



















T H E  
L U S I A D;  
O R,  
THE DISCOVERY OF INDIA.  
A N  
E P I C P O E M.  
TRANSLATED FROM  
The Original Portugese of LUIS DE CAMOËNS.

By *WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.*

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

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M,DCC,LXXVI.



TO THE  
DUKE of BUCCLEUGH.

MY LORD,

THE first Idea of offering my LUSIAD to some distinguished Personage, inspired the earnest wish, that it might be accepted by the illustrious Representative of that Family, under which my Father, for many years, discharged the duties of a Clergyman.

Both the late Duke of BUCCLEUGH, and the Earl of DALKEITH, distinguished Him by particular marks of their favour; and I must have forgotten Him, if I could have wished to offer the first Dedication of my literary Labours to any other than the Duke of BUCCLEUGH.

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## E R R A T A.

p. xxxv. l. 29. for left, read left.

p. 149. in the notes, second column, l. 4, for where, read and.

p. 156. l. 9. for spear-staff, read spear-staffs.

p. 204. second column of notes, for faccs, read focs.

p. 224. l. 14. for streams, read steams.

p. 256. l. 8. for closen, read cloven.

And in p. 293, first column of the notes, and first line, in place of ten thousand, read ten millions. Some other errors, mostly of punctuation and orthography, will be obvious to the reader; who will perceive, that the note on p. 279, and p. vii. of the Introduction, were at press ere the peace between the Russians and Turks, and ere the present unhappy commotions in America.

In p. xxxiv. of the Introduction, l. 16. first column of the notes, after this sentence, All a mistake——the reader is desired to add the following: Nor is the Author of *Histoire Philosophique*, &c. less unhappy. Mistaken by the common opinion of Columbus, he has thus pompously clothed it in the dress of imagination — *Un homme obscur*, says he, *plus avancé que son siècle*, &c.—thus literally, an obscure man, more advanced than his age in the knowledge of astronomy and navigation, proposed to Spain, happy in her internal dominion, to aggrandise herself abroad. Christopher Columbus felt, as if by instinct, that there must be another continent, and that he was to discover it. The Antipodes, treated by reason itself as a chimera, and by superstition, as error and impiety, were in the eyes of this man of genius an incontestible truth. Full of this idea, one of the grandest which could enter the human mind, he proposed, &c.——The ministers of this Princess (Isabel of Spain) esteemed at first as a visionary, a man who pretended to discover a world——Thus the Abbe R—— But be it our's to restore his due honours to the Prince of Portugal. Henry, &c.

In p. clvii. of the Introduction, l. 11. after, a Hector and a Priam, the reader is also desired to add: If Camoens has happily avoided the exhausted contrast of fierce and mild heroes, he has nevertheless been able to give his poem more manners than the Eneid. And if his subject obliged him to have less action than the Iliad, it has allowed him to display more *empressment* and fire, more of the real action of the conduct, divested of the epifodes, than the Odyssey, though the Odyssey be esteemed the most perfect model of Epic composition.

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# INTRODUCTION

TO THE

# LUSIAD.

**I**F a concatenation of events centered in one great action, events which gave birth to the present Commercial System of the World, if these be of the first importance in the civil history of mankind, the *Lusiad*, of all other poems, challenges the attention of the Philosopher, the Politician, and the Gentleman.

In contradistinction to the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, the *Paradise Lost* has been called the Epic Poem of Religion. In the same manner may the *Lusiad* be named the Epic Poem of Commerce. The happy completion of the most important designs of Henry Duke of Viseo, Prince of Portugal, to whom Europe owes both Gama and Columbus, both the Eastern and the Western Worlds, constitutes the subject of that celebrated Epic Poem, (known hitherto in England almost only by name) which is now offered to the English Reader. But before we proceed to the historical introduction necessary to elucidate a poem founded on such an important period of history, some attention is due to the opinion of those Theorists in political philosophy who lament that either India was ever discovered, and who assert that the increase of Trade is only the parent of degeneracy, and the nurse of every vice.

Much indeed may be urged on this side of the question, but much also may be urged against every institution relative to man. Imperfection, if not necessary to humanity, is at least the certain attendant on every thing human. Though some part of the traffic with many countries resemble Solomon's importation of apes and peacocks; though the superfluities of life, the baubles of the opulent, and even the luxuries which

enervate the irresolute and administer disease, are introduced by commerce; the extent of the benefits which attend it are also to be considered, ere the man of cool reason will venture to pronounce that mankind are injured, are rendered less virtuous and less happy by the increase of Commerce.

If a view of the state of mankind, where Commerce opens no intercourse between nation and nation be neglected, unjust conclusions will certainly follow. Where the state of barbarians and of countries under the different degrees of civilization are candidly weighed, we may reasonably expect a just decision. As evidently as the appointment of Nature gives pasture to the herds, as evidently is man born for society. As every other animal is in its natural state when in the situation which its instinct requires; so man, when his reason is cultivated, is then, and only then, in the state proper to his nature. The life of the naked savage, who feeds on acorns and sleeps like a beast in his den, is commonly called the natural state of man; but if there be any propriety in this assertion, his rational faculties compose no part of his nature, and were given not to be used. If the savage therefore live in a state contrary to the appointment of nature, it must follow that he is not so happy as nature intended him to be. And a view of his true character will confirm this conclusion. The reveries, the fairy dreams of a Rousseau, may figure the paradisaical life of a Hottentot, but it is only in such dreams that the happiness of the barbarian exists. The savage, it is true, is reluctant to leave his manner of life; but unless we allow that he is a proper judge of the modes of living, his attachment to his own by no means proves that he is happier than he might otherwise have been. His attachment only exemplifies the amazing power of habit in reconciling the human breast to the most uncomfortable situations. If the intercourse of mankind in some instances be introductive of vice, the want of it as certainly excludes the exertion of the noblest virtues; and if the seeds of virtue are indeed in the heart, they often lie dormant, and unknown even to the savage possessor. The most beautiful description of a tribe of savages, which we may be assured is from real life, occurs in these words; And the five spies of Dan *“came to Laish, and saw the people that were there, how they dwelt carelessly after the manner of the Zidonians, quiet and secure, and there was no magistrate in the land that*

*that might put them to shame in any thing . . . .* And the spies said to their brethren, *Arise, that we may go up against them; for we have seen the land, and behold it is very good . . . . and they came unto Laish, unto a people that were quiet and secure, and they smote them with the edge of the sword, and burnt the city with fire; and there was no Deliverer, because it was far from Zidon, and they had no business with any man*—However the happy simplicity of this society may please the man of fine imagination, the true philosopher will view the men of Laish with other eyes. However virtuous he may suppose one generation, the children of the next were sure to sink into every vice of brutality. When his wants are easily supplied, the manners of the savage will be simple, and often humane, for the human heart is not vicious without objects of temptation. But these will soon occur; he that gathers the greatest quantity of fruit will be envied by the less industrious: The human passions will operate, and where there is no magistrate to put to shame in any thing, depredation will soon display all its horrors. And could such a tribe be secured from the consequences of their own unrestrained passions, could even this impossibility be surmounted, still are they a wretched prey to the first invaders, and because they have no business with any man, they will find no deliverer. While human nature is the same, the fate of Laish will always be the fate of the weak and defenceless; and thus the most amiable description of savage life, raises in our minds the strongest imagery of the misery and impossible continuance of such a state. But if the view of Laish then terminate in horror, with what contemplation shall we behold the wilds of Africa and America? Immense tracts peopled by a few tribes scattered at great distances, who esteem and treat each other as beasts of the chase. Attachment to their own tribe constitutes their highest idea of virtue; but this virtue includes the most brutal depravity, makes them consider the man of every other tribe as one with whom nature had placed them in a state of war, and had commanded to destroy\*.

\* This ferocity of savage manners affords a philosophical account how the most distant and inhospitable climes were first peopled. When a Romulus erects a monarchy and makes war on his neighbours, some naturally fly to the wilds. As their families in-

crease, the stronger commit depredations on the weaker; and thus from generation to generation, they who either dread just punishment or unjust oppression, fly farther and farther in search of that protection which is only to be found in civilized society.

And to this principle their customs and ideas of honour serve as rituals and ministers. The ancient cruelties practised by the American savages on their prisoners of war (and war was their chief employment) convey every idea expressed by the word diabolical, and give a most shocking view of the degradation of human nature. But what peculiarly completes the character of the savage, is his horrible superstition. In the most distant nations the savage is in this the same. The terror of evil spirits continually haunts him, and his God is beheld as a relentless tyrant, and is worshipped often with cruel rites, always with a heart full of horror and fear. In all the numerous accounts of savage worship, one trace of filial dependance is not to be found. The very reverse of that happy idea is the hell of the ignorant mind. Nor is this barbarism confined alone to those ignorant tribes, whom we call savages. The vulgar of every country possess it in certain degrees, proportionated to their opportunities of conversation with the more enlightened. Selfishness, cruel and often cowardly ferocity, together with the most unhappy superstition, are every where the proportionate attendants of ignorance and severe want. And ignorance and want are only removed by intercourse and the offices of society. So self-evident are these positions, that it requires an apology for insisting upon them; but the apology is at hand. He who has read knows how many eminent writers\*, and he who has conversed knows how many respectable

\* The author of that voluminous work, *Histoire Philosophique & Politique des Etablissements & du Commerce des Européens dans les deux Indes*, is one of the many who assert that the savage is happier than the civil life. His reasons are thus abridged: The savage has no care or fear for the future, his hunting and fishing give him a certain subsistence. He sleeps sound, and knows not the diseases of cities. He cannot want what he does not desire, nor desire that which he does not know, and vexation or grief do not enter his soul. He is not under the controul of a superior in his actions; in a word, says our author, the savage only suffers the evils of nature.

If the civilized, he adds, enjoy the elegancies of life, have better food, and are more comfortably defended against the change of seasons, it is use which makes

these things necessary, and they are purchased by the painful labours of the multitude who are the basis of society. To what outrages is not the man of civil life exposed? if he has property it is in danger; and government or authority is, according to our author, the greatest of all evils. If there is a famine in the north of America, the savage, led by the wind and the sun, can go to a better clime; but in the horrors of famine, war, or pestilence, the ports and barriers of polished states place the subjects in a prison, where they must perish—*In resteroit encore*—There still remains an infinite difference between the lot of the civilized and the savage; a difference, *toute entiere*, all entirely to the disadvantage of society, that injustice which reigns in the inequality of fortunes and conditions. “In fine, says he, as the wish for independence



names, connect the idea of innocence and happiness with the life of the savage and the unimproved rustic. To fix the character of the savage was therefore necessary, ere we examine the assertion, that it had been happy for both the old and the new worlds if the East and West Indies had never been discovered. The bloodshed and the attendant miseries which the unparral-

is one of the first instincts of man, he who can join to the possession of this primitive right, the moral security of a subsistence, (which we were just told the savage could do) is incomparably more happy than the rich man surrounded with laws, superiors, prejudices and fashions, which endanger his liberty."——

Such are the sentiments of a writer, whose historical intelligence has acquired him a reputation on the continent; and as he is not singular in his estimate of savage happiness, his absurdities merit some observation. And nothing can be more evident, than that if habit destroy the relish of the elegancies of life, habit also will destroy the pleasure of hunting and fishing, when these are the sole business of the savage. You may as well say, a postillion jaded with fatigue and shivering with wet and cold, is extremely happy because gentlemen ride on horseback for their pleasure. That we cannot want what we do not desire, nor desire what we do not know, are just positions; but does it follow, that such state is happier than that which brings the wishes and cares of civil life? By no means: For, according to this argument, insensibility and happiness proceed in the same gradation, and of consequence an oyster \* is the happiest of all animals. The advantages ascribed to the savage over the civilized in the time of war and famine, in the equality of rank, and security of liberty, outrage common sense, and are striking instances that no absurdities are too gross for the reveries of modern philosophy. This author quite forgets what dangers the savages are every

where exposed to, how their lands, if of any value, are sure to be seized by their more powerful neighbours, and millions of their persons enslaved by the more polished states. He quite forgets the *infinite distance* between the resources of the social and savage life; between the comforts administered by society to infirmity and old age, and the miserable state of the savage when he can no longer pursue his hunting and fishing. He also quite forgets the infinite difference between the discourse of the savage hut, and the *cœna deorum*, the friendship and conversation of refined and elevated understandings. But to philosophise is the contagion which infects the *esprits forts* of the continent; and under the mania of this disease, there is no wonder that common sense is so often crucified. It is only the reputation of those who support some opinions that will vindicate the use of refuting them. We may therefore, it is hoped, be forgiven, if, *en bagatelle*, we smile at the triumph of our author, who thus sums up his arguments: "*Après tout, un mot peut terminer ce grand procès*—After all, "one word will decide this grand dispute, "*si fortement débattue entre les philosophes*, "so strongly canvassed among philosophers: "Demand of the man of civil life, if he "is happy? Demand of the savage, if he "is miserable? If both answer, No, the "dispute is determined." By no means; for the beast that is contented to wallow in the mire, is by this argument in a happier state than the man who has one wish to satisfy, however reasonably he may hope to do it by his industry and virtue.

\* And our author in reality goes as far, "*Témoin cet Ecossais*,—Witness that Scotchman, says he, who being left alone on the isle of Fernandez, was only unhappy while his memory remained; but when his natural wants so engrossed him that he forgot his country, his language, his name, and even the articulation of words, this European, at the end of four years, found himself eased of the burden of social life, in having the happiness to lose the use of reflection, of these thoughts which led him back to the past, or taught him to dread the future." But this is as erroneous in fact, as such happiness is false in philosophy. Alexander Selkirk fell into no such state of happy idiotism; and on his return to England, the remembrance of his sufferings on the isle of Fernandez, afforded the hint of Robinson Crusoe.

lelled rapine and cruelties of the Spaniards spread over the new world, indeed disgrace human nature. The great and flourishing empires of Mexico and Peru, steeped in the blood of forty millions of their sons, present a melancholy prospect, which must excite the indignation of every good heart. Yet such desolation is not the certain consequence of discovery. And even should we allow that the depravity of human nature is so great, that the avarice of the merchant and rapacity of the soldier will overwhelm with misery every new discovered country, still are there other, more comprehensive views, to be taken, ere we decide against the intercourse introduced by navigation. When we weigh the happiness of Europe in the scale of political philosophy, we are not to confine our eye to the dreadful ravages of Attila the Hun, or of Alaric the Goth. If the waters of a stagnated lake are disturbed by the spade when led into new channels, we ought not to inveigh against the alteration because the waters are fouled at the first; we are to wait to see the streamlets refine and spread beauty and utility through a thousand vales which they never visited before. Such were the conquests of Alexander, temporary evils, but civilization and happiness followed in the bloody tract. And though disgraced with every barbarity, happiness has also followed the conquests of the Spaniards in the other hemisphere. Though the villainy of the Jesuits defeated their schemes of civilization in many countries, the labours of that society have been crowned with a success in Paraguay and in Canada, which does them the greatest honour. The customs and cruelties of many American tribes still disgrace human nature, but in Paraguay and Canada the natives have been brought to relish the blessings of society and the arts of virtuous and civil life. If Mexico is not so populous as it once was, neither is it so barbarous\* ; the

\* The innocent simplicity of the Americans in their conferences with the Spaniards, and the horrid cruelties they suffered, divert our view from their complete character. But almost every thing was horrid in their civil customs and religious rites. In some tribes, to cohabit with their mothers, sisters, and daughters, was esteemed the means of domestic peace. In others, catamites were maintained in every village; they went from house to house as they pleased, and it was unlawful to refuse them what victuals

they chused. In every tribe, the captives taken in war were murdered with the most wanton cruelty, and afterwards devoured by the victors. Their religious rites were, if possible, still more horrid. The abominations of ancient Moloch were here outnumbered; children, virgins, slaves, and captives, bled on different altars, to appease their various gods. If there was a scarcity of human victims, the priests announced that the gods were dying of thirst for human blood. And to prevent a threatened famine

by

shrieks of the human victim do not now resound from temple to temple, nor does the human heart, held up reeking to the Sun, imprecate the vengeance of heaven on the guilty empire. And however impolitically despotic the Spanish governments may be, still do these colonies enjoy the opportunities of improvement, which in every age arise from the knowledge of commerce and of letters, opportunities which were never enjoyed in South America under the reigns of Montezuma and Atabalipa. But if from Spanish we turn our eyes to British America, what a glorious prospect! Here once on the wild lawn, perhaps twice in the year, a few savage hunters kindled their evening fire, kindled it more to protect them from evil spirits and beasts of prey, than from the cold, and with their feet pointed to it, slept on the ground. Here now population spreads her thousands, and society appears in all its blessings of mutual help, and the mutual lights of intellectual improvement. “What work of art, or power, or public utility, has ever equalled the glory of having peopled a continent, without guilt or bloodshed, with a multitude of free and happy common-wealths, to have given them the best arts of life and government!” This, indeed, is the greatest glory of the British crown, “a greater than any other

by supplying the altars, the kings of Mexico were obliged to make war on the neighbouring states. The prisoners of either side died by the hand of the priest. But the number of the Mexican sacrifices so greatly exceeded those of other nations, that the Tlascalans, who were hunted down for this purpose, readily joined Cortez with about 200,000 men, and fired by the most fixed hatred, enabled him to make one great sacrifice of the Mexican nation. Who that views Mexico, steeped in her own blood, can restrain the emotion which whispers to him, This is the hand of heaven!—By the number of these sacred butcheries, one would think that cruelty was the greatest amusement of Mexico. At the dedication of the temple of Vitzliputzli, A. D. 1486, 64,080 human victims were sacrificed in four days. And, according to the best accounts, the annual sacrifices of Mexico required several thousands. The skulls of the victims sometimes were hung on strings which reached from tree to tree around their temples, and sometimes were built up in towers and

cemented with lime. In some of these towers Andrew de Tapia one day counted 136,000 skulls. During the war with Cortez they increased their usual sacrifices, till priest and people were tired of their bloody religion. Frequent embassies from different tribes complained to Cortez that they were weary of their rites, and intreated him to teach them his law. And though the Peruvians, it is said, were more polished, and did not sacrifice quite so many as the Mexicans, yet 200 children was the usual hecatomb for the health of the Ynca, and a much larger one of all ranks honoured his obsequies. The method of sacrificing was thus; Six priests laid the victim on an altar, which was narrow at top, when five bending him across, the sixth cut up his stomach with a sharp flint, and while he held up the heart reeking to the sun, the others tumbled the carcase down a flight of stairs near the altar, and immediately proceeded to the next sacrifice. See Acosta, Gomara, Careri, the Letters of Cortez to Charles V. &c. &c.

“ nation

“ nation ever acquired ;” and from the consequences of the genius of Henry, Duke of Viseo, did the British American empire arise, an empire which most probably will one day be the glory of the world.

Stubborn indeed must be the Theorist, who will deny the improvement, virtue and happiness, which in the result, the voyage of Columbus has spread over the Western World. The happiness which Europe and Asia have received from the intercourse with each other, cannot hitherto, it must be owned, be compared either with the possession of it, or the source of its increase established in America. Yet let the man of the most melancholy views estimate all the wars and depredations which are charged upon the Portuguese and other European nations, still will the Eastern World appear considerably advantaged by the voyage of Gama. If seas of blood have been shed by the Portuguese, nothing new was introduced into India. War and depredation were no unheard of strangers on the banks of the Ganges, nor could the nature of the civil establishments of the eastern nations secure a lasting peace. The ambition of their native princes was only diverted into new channels, into channels, which in the natural course of human affairs, will certainly lead to permanent governments, established on improved laws and just dominion. Yet even ere such governments are formed, is Asia no loser by the arrival of Europeans. The horrid massacres and unbounded rapine which, according to their own annals, followed the victories of their Asian conquerors, were never equalled by the worst of their European vanquishers. Nor is the establishment of improved governments in the East the dream of theory. The superiority of the civil and military arts of the British, notwithstanding the hateful character of some individuals, is at this day beheld in India with all the astonishment of admiration, and all the desire of imitation. This, however retarded by various causes, must in time have a most important effect, must fulfil the prophecy of Camoens, and transfer to the British the high compliment he pays to his countrymen ;

Beneath their sway majestic, wise and mild,  
Proud of her victor's laws thrice happier India smiled.

In former ages, and within these few years, the fertile empire of India has exhibited every scene of human misery, under the undistinguishing ravages of their Mohammedan and native princes; ravages only equalled in European history by those committed under Attila, surnamed the scourge of God, and the destroyer of nations. The ideas of patriotism and of honour were seldom known in the cabinets of the eastern princes till the arrival of the Europeans. Every species of assassination was the policy of their courts, and every act of unrestrained rapine and massacre followed the path of victory. But some of the Portuguese governors, and many of the English officers, have taught them, that humanity to the conquered is the best, the truest policy. The brutal ferocity of their own conquerors is now the object of their greatest dread; and the superiority of the British in war has convinced their \* princes, that an alliance with the British is the surest guarantee of their national peace and prosperity. While the English East India Company are possessed of their present greatness, it is in their power to diffuse over the East every blessing which flows from the wisest and most humane policy, a policy till of late unknown, even in idea, in Asia. Long ere the Europeans arrived, a failure of the crop of rice, the principal food of India, has spread the devastations of famine over the populous plains of Bengal. And never, from the seven years famine of ancient Egypt to the present day, was there a natural scarcity in any country which did not enrich the proprietors of the granaries. The Mohammedan princes and Moorish traders have often added all the horrors of an artificial to a natural famine. But however some Portuguese or other governors may stand accused, much was left for the humanity of the more exalted policy of an Albuquerque or a Castro. And under such European governors as these, the distresses of the East have often been alleviated by a generosity of conduct, and a train of resources formerly unknown in Asia. The introduction of the British laws into India, of laws already admired as the dictates of heaven, must, in the course of ages, have a wide and stupendous effect. The abject spirit of Asian submission, will be taught to see, and to claim those rights of nature, of which

\* Mahommed Ali Khan, Nabob of the Carnatic, declared, "I met the British with that freedom of openness which they love, and I esteem it my honour as well as security to be the ally of such a nation of princes."

the dispirited and passive \* Gentoo could, till lately, hardly form an idea. From this, as naturally as the noon succeeds the dawn, must the other blessings of civilization arise. And though the four great tribes of India are almost inaccessible to the introduction of other manners and of other literature than their own, happily there is one despised tribe, who are not bound by their superstition to reject the advantages which flow from an inter-community with civilized strangers. Nor may the political philosopher be deemed an enthusiast, who would boldly prophesy, that unless the British are driven from India, that tribe, the despised Mallachores, into which the refuse of the rest are now excommunicated, will in the course of a few centuries, from the advantages received from intercommunity, bear such a superiority over the others, that the others will be induced to break the shackles of their absurd superstitions, (which almost in every instance † are contrary to the feelings and wishes of nature) and will be led to partake of those advantages which arise from the free scope and due cultivation of the rational powers. Nor can the obstinacy even of the conceited Chinese always resist the desire of imitating the Europeans, a people who in arts and in arms are so greatly superior to themselves. The use of the twenty-four letters, by which we can express every language, appeared at first as miraculous to the Chinese. Prejudice cannot always deprive that people, who are not deficient in selfish cunning, of the ease and expedition of an alphabet; and it is easy to foresee, that, in the course of a few centuries, some alphabet will certainly take place of the 60,000 arbitrary marks, which now render the cultivation of the Chinese literature not only a labour of the utmost difficulty, but even impossible to attain, beyond a very limited degree. And from the introduction of an alphabet, what improvements may not be expected from the laborious industry of the Chinese! Though most obstinately attached to their old customs, yet there is a tide in the manners of nations which is sudden and rapid, and which acts with a kind of instinctive fury against ancient prejudice and absurdity. It was that nation of merchants, the Phœni-

\* See the note on the VII. Lusad.

† Every man must follow his father's trade, and must marry a daughter of the same occupation. Innumerable are their other barbarous restrictions of genius and inclination.

cians, which diffused the use of letters through the ancient, and Commerce will undoubtedly diffuse the same blessings through the modern world.

To this view of the political happiness, which is sure to be introduced in proportion to civilization, let the Divine add what may be reasonably expected from such opportunity of the increase of Religion. A factory of merchants, indeed, has seldom been found to be the school of piety; yet, when the general manners of a people become assimilated to those of a more rational worship, something more than ever was produced by an infant mission, or the neighbourhood of an infant colony, may then be reasonably expected, and even foretold.

In estimating the political happiness of a people, nothing is of greater importance than their capacity of, and tendency to, improvement. As a dead lake will continue in the same state for ages and ages, so would the bigotry and superstitions of the East continue the same. But if the lake is begun to be opened into a thousand rivulets, who knows over what unnumbered fields, barren before, they may diffuse the blessings of fertility, and turn a dreary wilderness into a land of society and joy.

In contrast to this, let the Golden Coast and other immense regions of Africa be contemplated :

Afric behold ; alas, what altered view !  
 Her lands uncultured, and her sons untrue ;  
 Ungraced with all that sweetens human life,  
 Savage and fierce they roam in brutal strife ;  
 Eager they grasp the gifts which culture yields,  
 Yet naked roam their own neglected fields . . . . .  
 Unnumber'd tribes as bestial grazers stray,  
 By laws unform'd, unform'd by Reason's sway.  
 Far inward stretch the mournful steril dales,  
 Where on the parch'd hill-side pale famine wails.

LUSIAD X.

Let us view what millions of these unhappy savages are dragged from their native fields, and cut off for ever from all the hopes and all the rights to which human birth entitled them. And who would hesitate to pronounce that Negro the greatest of patriots, who, by teaching his countrymen the arts of society

society, should teach them to defend themselves in the possession of their fields, their families, and their own personal liberties?

Evident however at it is, that the voyages of Gama and Columbus have already carried a superior degree of happiness, and the promise of infinitely more, to the Eastern and Western worlds; yet the advantages derived from the discovery of these regions to Europe may perhaps be denied. But let us view what Europe was, ere the genius of Don Henry gave birth to the spirit of modern discovery.

Several ages before this period the feudal system had degenerated into the most absolute tyranny. The barons exercised the most despotic authority over their vassals, and every scheme of public utility was rendered impracticable by their continual petty wars with each other; and to which they led their dependents as dogs to the chase. Unable to read, or to write his own name, the Chieftain was entirely possessed by the most romantic opinion of military glory, and the song of his domestic minstrel constituted his highest idea of fame. The Classics slept on the shelves of the monastries, their dark, but happy asylum, while the life of the monks resembled that of the fattened beeves which loaded their tables. Real abilities were indeed possessed by a Duns Scotus and a few others; but these were lost in the most trifling subtleties of a sophistry, which they dignified with the name of casuistical Divinity. Whether Adam and Eve were created with navels, and how many thousand angels might at the same instant dance upon the point of the finest needle without one jostling another, were two of the several topics of like importance which excited the acumen and engaged the controversies of the Learned. While every branch of philosophical, of rational investigation, was thus unpursued and unknown, Commerce, incompatible in itself with the feudal system, was equally neglected and unimproved. Where the mind is enlarged and enlightened by Learning, plans of Commerce will rise into action, and which, in return, will, from every part of the earth, bring new acquisitions to philosophy and science. The birth of Learning and Commerce may be different, but their growth is mutual and dependent upon each other. They not only assist each other, but the same enlargement of mind which is necessary for perfection



in the one, is also necessary for perfection in the other, and the same causes impede, and are alike destructive of both. The INTERCOURSE of mankind is the parent of both. According to the confinement or extent of Intercourse, barbarity or civilization proportionably prevail. In the dark Monkish ages, the Intercourse of the learned was as much impeded and confined as that of the merchant. A few unwieldy vessels coasted the shores of Europe, and mendicant friars and ignorant pilgrims carried a miserable account of what was passing in the world from monastery to monastery. What Doctor had last disputed on the peripatetic philosophy at some university, and what new heresy had last appeared, comprised the whole of their literary intelligence; and which was delivered with little accuracy, and received with as little attention. While this thick cloud of mental darkness overspread the western world, was Don Henry prince of Portugal born, born to set mankind free from the feudal system, and to give to the whole world every advantage, every light that may possibly be diffused by the Intercourse of unlimited commerce:

——— For then from ancient gloom emerg'd  
 The rising world of Trade: the Genius, then,  
 Of Navigation, that in hopeless sloth  
 Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep  
 For idle ages, starting heard at last  
 The Lusitanian Prince, who, heaven-inspir'd,  
 To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,  
 And in unbounded Commerce mixt the world. THOM.

In contrast to the melancholy view of human nature, sunk in barbarism and benighted with ignorance, let the present state of Europe be impartially estimated. Yet though the great increase of opulence and learning cannot be denied, there are some who assert, that virtue and happiness have as greatly declined. And the immense overflow of riches, from the East in particular, has been pronounced big with destruction to the British empire. Every thing human, it is true, has its dark as well as its bright side; but let these popular complaints be examined, and it will be found, that modern Europe, and the British empire in a very particular manner, have received the greatest and most solid advantages from the modern enlarged system of Commerce

merce. The magic of the old romances, which could make the most withered, deformed hag, **appear** as the most beautiful virgin, is every day verified in popular declamation. Ancient days are there painted in the most amiable simplicity, and the modern in the most odious colours. Yet what man of fortune in England lives in that stupendous gross luxury, which every day was exhibited in the Gothic castles of the old Chieftains! Four or five hundred knights and squires in the domestic retinue of a warlike earl was not uncommon, nor was the pomp of embroidery inferior to the profuse waste of their tables; in both instances unequalled by all the mad excesses of the present age.

While the Baron thus lived in all the wild glare of Gothic luxury, agriculture was almost totally neglected, and his meaner vassals fared harder, infinitely less comfortably, than the meanest industrious labourers of England do now. Where the lands are uncultivated, the peasants, ill-clothed, ill-lodged, and poorly fed, pass their miserable days in sloth and filth, totally ignorant of every advantage, of every comfort which nature lays at their feet. He who passes from the trading towns and cultured fields of England, to those remote villages of Scotland or Ireland, which claim this description, is astonished at the comparative wretchedness of their destitute inhabitants; but few consider, that these villages only exhibit a view of what Europe was, ere the spirit of Commerce diffused the blessings which naturally flow from her improvements. In the Hebrides the failure of a harvest almost depopulates an island. Having little or no traffic to purchase grain, numbers of the young and hale betake themselves to the continent in quest of employment and food, leaving a few, less adventurous, behind, to beget a new race, the heirs of the same fortune. Yet, from the same cause, from the want of traffic, the kingdom of England has often felt more dreadful effects than these. Even in the days when her Henries and Edwards plumed themselves with the trophies of France, how often has Famine spread all her horrors over city and village? Our modern histories neglect this characteristic feature of ancient days; but the rude chronicles of these ages inform us, that three or four times, in almost every reign of continuance, was England thus visited. The failure of the crop was then severely felt, and two bad harvests together were almost insupportable. But Commerce has now opened another scene, has  
armed

armed Government with the happiest power that can be exerted by the rulers of a nation ; the power to prevent every extremity \* which may possibly arise from bad harvests ; extremities, which, in former ages, were esteemed more dreadful visitations of the wrath of heaven, than the pestilence itself. Yet modern London is not so certainly defended against the latter, its antient visitor in almost every reign, than the Commonwealth by the means of Commerce, under a just and humane government, is secured against the ravages of the former. If, from these great outlines of the happiness enjoyed by a commercial over an uncommercial nation, we turn our eyes to the manners, the advantages will be found no less in favour of the civilized.

Whoever is inclined to declaim on the vices of the present age, let him read, and be convinced, that the Gothic ones were less virtuous. If the spirit of chivalry prevented effeminacy, it was the foster-father of a ferocity of manners, now happily unknown. Rapacity, avarice, and effeminacy are the vices ascribed to the increase of Commerce ; and in some degree, it must be confessed, they follow her steps. Yet infinitely more dreadful, as every palatinate in Europe often felt, were the effects of the two first under the feudal Lords, than possibly can be experienced under any system of trade. The virtues and vices of human nature are the same in every age : they only receive different modifications, and are dormant or awaked into action under different circumstances. The feudal Lord had it infinitely more in his power to be rapacious than the merchant. And whatever avarice may attend the trader, his intercourse with the rest of mankind lifts him greatly above that brutish ferocity which actuates the savage, often the rustic, and in general characterises the ignorant part of mankind. The abolition of the feudal system, a system of absolute slavery, and that equality of mankind, which affords the protection of property, and every other incitement to industry, are the glorious gifts which the spirit of Commerce, awaked by prince Henry of Portugal, has bestowed upon Europe in general ; and, as if directed by the manes of his mother, a daughter of England, upon the British empire in particular. In the vice

\* Extremity ; for it were both highly unjust and impolitic in government, to allow importation in such a degree as might be destructive of domestic agriculture, when there is a real failure of the harvest.

of effeminacy alone, perhaps, do we exceed our ancestors; yet even here we have infinitely the advantage over them. The brutal ferocity of former ages is now lost, and the general mind is humanised. The savage breast is the native foil of revenge; a vice, of all others, ingratitude excepted, peculiarly stamped with the character of hell. But the mention of this was reserved for the character of the savages of Europe. The savage of every country is implacable when injured, but among some, revenge has its measure. The wilds of America hear the hostile parties join in their mutual lamentations over the murdered, and whom, as an oblivion of malice, they bury together. But the measure of revenge, never to be full, was left for the demi-savages of Europe. The vassals of the feudal Lord entered into his quarrels with the most inexorable rage. Just or unjust was no consideration of theirs. It was a family feud; no farther enquiry was made; and from age to age, the parties, who never injured each other, breathed nothing but mutual rancour and revenge. And actions, suitable to this horrid spirit, every where confessed its violent influence. Such were the late days of Europe, admired by the ignorant for the innocence of manners. Repentment of injury indeed is natural; and there is a degree which is honest, and though warm, far from inhuman. But if it is the hard task of humanised virtue to preserve the feeling of an injury unmixed with the slightest criminal wish of revenge, how impossible is it for the savage, to attain the dignity of forgiveness, the greatest ornament of human nature. As in individuals, a virtue will rise into a vice, generosity into blind profusion, and even mercy into criminal lenity, so civilised manners will lead the opulent into effeminacy. But let it be considered, this consequence is by no means the certain result of civilization. Civilization, on the contrary, provides the certain preventive of this evil. When refinement degenerates into whatever enervates the mind, whenever frivolousness predominates, literary ignorance is sure to complete the effeminate character. A mediocrity of virtues and of talents is the lot of the great majority of mankind; and even this mediocrity, if cultivated by a liberal education, will infallibly secure its possessor against those excesses of effeminacy which are really culpable. To be of plain manners it is not necessary to be a clown, or to wear coarse cloaths; nor is it necessary

to

to lie on the ground and feed like the savage, to be truly manly. The beggar who, behind the hedge, divides his offals with his dog, has often more of the real sensualist than he who dines at an elegant table. Nor need we hesitate to assert, that he who, unable to preserve a manly elegance of manners, degenerates into the *petit maitre*, would have been, in any age or condition, equally insignificant and worthless. Some, when they talk of the debauchery of the present age, seem to think that the former were all innocence. But this is ignorance of human nature. The debauchery of a barbarous age is gross and brutal; that of a gloomy superstitious one, secret, excessive, and murderous: that of a more polished one, not to make an apology, much happier for the fair sex\*, and certainly not so bad. If one disease has been imported from Spanish America, the most valuable medicines have likewise been brought from these regions; and distempers, which were thought invincible by our forefathers, are now cured. If the luxuries of the Indies usher disease to our tables, the consequence is not unknown; the wise and the temperate receive no injury, and intemperance has been the destroyer of mankind in every age. The opulence of ancient Rome produced a luxury of manners which proved fatal to that mighty empire. But the effeminate sensualists of these ages were not men of intellectual cultivation. The enlarged ideas, the generous and manly feelings, inspired by a liberal education, were utterly unknown to them. Unformed by that wisdom which arises from science, they were gross barbarians, dressed in the mere outward tinsel of civilization †. Where

\* Even that warm admirer of savage happiness, the Author of *Histoire Philosophique & Politique des Etablissements*, &c. confesses, that the wild Americans seem destitute of the feeling of love. In a little while, says he, when the heat of passion is gratified, they lose all affection and attachment for their women, whom they degrade to the most servile offices.—A tender remembrance of the first endearments, a generous participation of care and hope, the compassionate sentiments of honour; all these delicate feelings, which arise into affection and bind attachment, are indeed incompatible with the ferocious and gross sensations of the barbarian of any country.

† The degeneracy of the Roman litera-

ture preceded the fate of the state, and the reason is obvious. The men of fortune grew frivolous, and superficial in every branch of knowledge, and were therefore unable to hold the reigns of empire. The degeneracy of literary taste is, therefore, the surest proof of the general ignorance. However foreigners may justly despise our theatrical taste, the justice of their contempt by no means fixes a stain on the national. A London audience is chiefly composed of those ranks who never, in any country, had any pretension to literary taste. Manly criticism, and every discussion of philosophy, never appeared in greater lustre than in the present age; and English literature is the study of Europe.

the enthusiasm of military honour characterises the rank of gentlemen, that nation will rise into empire. But no sooner does conquest give a continued security, than the mere soldier degenerates; and the old veterans are soon succeeded by a new generation, illiterate as their fathers, but destitute of their virtues and experience. Luxury prevails; titles and family are the only merit, and the whole body of the nobility are utterly ignorant of the principles of commerce and true policy. A stately grandeur is preserved, but it is only outward, all is decayed within, and on the first storm the weak fabric falls to the dust. Thus rose and thus fell the empire of Rome, and the much wider one of Portugal. But most essentially different from this is the present character of the British nation: Science and every branch of liberal study have here taken deep root, and spread their fruitful boughs wide over the unrivalled empire. Our politicians of the day may declaim as ignorant passion leads them, but the true character of the present age, compared with that of the last and the preceding centuries, does honour to human nature. Neither do the slavish principles of the Royalists of the last century, nor the unconstitutional fury of the Republicans, constitute the present general character. A spirit more manly than that of the former, more rational, more liberal than that of both, predominates in every branch of the people. The weakness of effeminacy has neither appeared in the Camp nor in the Senate. The advantages of cultivated talents, on the contrary, never shone forth with greater lustre, than the present age has beheld them displayed, in the disputes of the Senate and in the arts of war. And if thus we are defended against the evils of effeminacy, we may also presume, that the same liberal cultivation of the minds of the Great will preserve us from those evils which other nations have suffered from the sudden influx of enormous wealth. The wisdom of legislature might certainly have prevented every evil which Spain and Portugal have experienced from their acquisitions in the two Indies\*. But what other

\* The soldiers and navigators were the only considerable gainers by their acquisitions in the Indies. Though agriculture and manufactory are the natural strength of a nation; and though the true use of colonization is to increase these in the mother country, these received little or no increase in Spain and Portugal by the great acquisitions of these crowns. But of this hereafter.

than the total eclipse of their glory could be expected from a nobility, rude and unlettered as those of Portugal are described by the author of the *Lusiad*, a court and nobility, who sealed the truth of all his complaints against them, by suffering that great man, the light of their age, to die in an alms-house! What but the fall of their state could be expected from barbarians like these! Nor can the annals of mankind produce one instance of the fall of empire, where the character of the grandees was other than that ascribed to his countrymen by Camoens.

No lesson can be of greater national importance than the history of the rise and the fall of a commercial empire. The view of what advantages were acquired, and of what might have been still added; the means by which such empire might have been continued, and the errors by which it was lost, are as particularly conspicuous in the naval and commercial history of Portugal, as if Providence had intended to give a lasting example to mankind; a chart, where the course of the safe voyage is pointed out, and where the shelves and rocks, and the seasons of tempest are discovered, and foretold.

The history of Portugal, as a naval and commercial power, begins with the designs of Prince Henry. But as the enterprises of this great man, and the completion of his designs are intimately connected with the state of Portugal, a short view of the progress of the power, and of the character of that kingdom, will be necessary to elucidate the history of the revival of commerce, and the subject of the *Lusiad*.

During the centuries, when the effeminated Roman provinces of Europe were desolated by the irruptions of northern or Scythian barbarians, the Saracens, originally a wandering banditti of Asiatic Scythia, spread the same horrors of brutal conquest over the finest countries of the eastern world. The northern conquerors of the finer provinces of Europe embraced the Christian religion as professed by the monks, and, contented with the luxuries of their new settlements, their military spirit soon declined. Their ancient brothers, the Saracens, on the other hand, having embraced the religion of Mohammed, their rage of war received every addition which may possibly be inspired by religious enthusiasm. Not only the spoils of the vanquished, but their beloved Paradise itself was to be obtained by

their sabres, by extending the faith of their prophet by force of arms and usurpation of dominion. Strengthened and inspired by a commission, which they esteemed divine, the rapidity of their conquests far exceeded those of the Goths and Vandals. A great majority of the inhabitants of every country they subdued embraced their religion, imbibed their principles, united in their views, and the professors Mohammedism became the most formidable combination that ever was leagued together against the rest of mankind. Morocco and the adjacent countries, at this time amazingly populous, had now received the doctrines of the Koran, and incorporated with the Saracens. And the Turkish arms spread slaughter and desolation from the south of Spain to Italy and the islands of the Mediterranean. All the rapine and carnage committed by the Gothic conquerors were now amply returned on their less warlike posterity. In Spain, and the province now called Portugal, the Mohammedans erected powerful kingdoms, and their lust of conquest threatened destruction to every Christian power. But a romantic military spirit revived in Europe, under the auspices of Charlemagne. The Mohammedans, during the reign of this sovereign, made a most formidable irruption into Europe, and France in particular felt the weight of their fury; when that political monarch, by inventing new military honours, drew the adventurous youth of every Christian power to his standards, and in fact, a circumstance, however neglected by historians, gave birth to the Crusades, the beginning of which, in propriety, ought to be dated from his reign. Few indeed are the historians of this period, but enough remain to prove that though the writers of the old romance seized upon it, though they gave full room to the wildest flights of imagination, and added the inexhaustible machinery of magic to the adventures of their heroes, yet the origin of their fictions was founded on historical facts\*. Yet, however this period may thus resemble the fabulous ages of Greece, certain it is, that an Orlando, a Rinaldo, a Rugero, and other celebrated names in romance,

\* Ariosto, who adopted the legends of the old romance, chose this period for the subject of his Orlando Furioso. Paris besieged by the Saracens, Orlando and the other Christian knights assemble in aid of Charlemagne, who are opposed in their amours and in battle by Rodomont, Ferraw, and other infidel knights. That there was a noted Moorish Spaniard, named Ferraw, a redoubted champion of that age, we have the testimony of Marcus Antonius Sabellicus, a writer of note of the fifteenth century.



acquired great honour in the wars which were waged against the Saracens, the invaders of Europe. In these romantic wars, by which the power of the Mohammedans was checked, several centuries elapsed, when Alonzo, king of Castile, apprehensive that the whole force of the Mohammedans of Spain and Morocco was ready to fall upon him, prudently imitated the conduct of Charlemagne. He availed himself of the spirit of chivalry, and demanded leave of Philip I. of France, and of other princes, that volunteers from their dominions might be allowed to distinguish themselves under his banners against the infidels. His desire was no sooner known, than a brave romantic army thronged to his standards, and Alonzo was victorious. Honours and endowments were liberally distributed among the champions, and to one of the bravest of them, to Henry\*, a younger son of the duke of Burgundy, he gave his daughter Teresa in marriage, with the sovereignty of the countries south of Galicia in dowry, commissioning him to extend his dominions by the expulsion of the Moors. Henry, who reigned by the title of Count, improved every advantage which offered. The two rich provinces of *Entro Minho e Douro*, and *Fra los Montes*, yielded to his arms; great part of Beira also was subdued, and the Moorish king of Lamego became his tributary. Many thousands of Christians, who had lived in miserable subjection to the Moors, or in desolate independency in the mountains, took shelter under the generous protection of Count Henry. Great numbers also of the Moors changed their religion, and chose rather to continue in the land where they were born, under a mild government, than be exposed to the severities and injustice of their native governors. And thus, on one of the most ‡ beautiful and fertile spots of the world, and in the finest climate, in consequence of a Crusade † against the Mohammedans, was established the sovereignty of Portugal, a sovereignty which in time spread its influence over the world, and gave a new face to the manners of nations.

Count Henry, after a successful reign, was succeeded by his infant son Don Alonzo-Henry, who having surmounted several

\* See the notes on page 94 and 95.

† Small indeed in extent, but so rich in fertility, that it was called *Medulla Hispanica*, *The marrow of Spain*. Vid. Resandii Antiq. Lusit. l. iii.

‡ In propriety most certainly a Crusade, though that term has never before been applied to this war.

dangers which threatened his youth\*, became the founder of the Portuguese monarchy. In 1139 the Moors of Spain and Barbary united their forces to recover the dominions from which they had been driven by the Christians. According to the lowest accounts of the Portuguese writers, the army of the Moors amounted to near 400,000; nor is this number incredible, when we consider what armies they at other times brought to the field, and that at this time they came to take possession of the lands they expected to conquer. Don Alonzo, however, with a very small army, gave them battle on the plains of Ourique, and after a struggle of six hours, obtained a most glorious and compleat † victory, and which was crowned with an event of the utmost importance. On the field of battle Don Alonzo was proclaimed King of Portugal by his victorious soldiers, and he in return conferred the rank of nobility on the whole army. But the constitution of the monarchy was not settled, nor was Alonzo invested with the *Regalia* till six years after this memorable victory. The government the Portuguese had experienced under the Spaniards and Moors, and the advantages which they saw were derived from their own valour, had taught them a love of liberty, which was not to be complimented away in the joy of victory, or by the shouts of tumult. Alonzo himself understood their spirit too well to make the least attempt to erect himself a despotic Monarch, nor did he discover the least inclination to destroy that bold consciousness of freedom which had enabled his army to conquer and elect him their Sovereign. After six years spent in farther victories, in extending and securing his dominions, he called an assembly of the prelates, nobility and commons, to meet at Lamego. When the assembly opened, Alonzo appeared seated on the throne, but without any other mark of regal dignity. And ere he was crowned, the constitution of the state was settled, and eighteen statutes were solemnly confirmed by oath ‡ as the charter of king and people; statutes diametrically opposite to the *jure divino* and arbitrary power of kings, to the principles which in-

\* See the note on page 96.

† For an account of this battle, and the coronation of the first king of Portugal, see the note, p. 105.

‡ The power of deposing, and of electing their kings, under certain circumstances, is vested in the people by the statutes of Lamego. See the notes, p. 106 and 160.

culcate and demand the unlimited passive obedience of the subject.

Conscious of what they owed to their own valour, the founders of the Portuguese monarchy transmitted to their heirs those generous principles of liberty which compleat and adorn the martial character. The ardour of the volunteer, an ardour unknown to the slave and the mercenary, added to the most romantic ideas of military glory, characterised the Portuguese under the reigns of their first monarchs. In almost continual wars with the Moors, this spirit, on which the existence of their kingdom depended, rose higher and higher; and the desire to extirpate Mohammedism, the principle which animated the wish of victory in every battle, seemed to take deeper root in every age. Such were the manners, and such the principles of the people who were governed by the successors of Alonzo the First, a succession of great men, who proved themselves worthy to reign over so military and enterprising a nation.

By a continued train of victories Portugal increased considerably in strength, and the Portuguese had the honour to drive the Moors from Europe. The invasions of these people were now requited by successful expeditions into Africa. And such was the manly spirit of these ages, that the statutes of Lamego received additional articles in favour of liberty, a convincing proof that the general heroism of a people depends upon the principles of freedom. Alonzo IV. † though not an amiable character, was perhaps the greatest warrior, politician, and monarch of his age. After a reign of military splendor he left his throne to his son Pedro, who from his inflexible justice was surnamed the Just, or, the Lover of Justice. The ideas of equity and literature were now diffused by this great ‡ prince, who was himself a polite scholar, and most accomplished gentleman. And Portugal began to perceive the advantages of cultivated talents, and to feel its superiority over the barbarous politics of the ignorant Moors. The great Pedro, however, was succeeded by a weak prince, and the heroic spirit of the Portuguese seemed to exist no more under his son Fernando, surnamed the Careless.

† For the character of this prince, see the note, p. 136.

‡ For anecdotes of this monarch, see the notes, p. 138 and 140.

But the general character of the people was too deeply impressed to be obliterated by one inglorious reign, and under John I. § all the virtues of the Portuguese shone forth with redoubled lustre. Happy for Portugal his father bestowed a most excellent education upon this prince, which added to, and improving his great natural talents, rendered him one of the greatest of monarchs. Conscious of the superiority which his own liberal education gave him, he was assiduous to bestow the same advantages upon his children, and he himself often became their preceptor in the branches of science and useful knowledge. Fortunate in all his affairs, he was most of all fortunate in his family. He had many sons, and he lived to see them men, men of parts and of action, whose only emulation was to shew affection to his person, and to support his administration by their great abilities.

There is something exceeding pleasing in reading the history of a family which shews human nature in its most exalted virtues and most amiable colours; and the tribute of veneration is spontaneously paid to the father who distinguishes the different talents of his children, and places them in the proper lines of action. All the sons of John excelled in military exercises, and in the literature of their age; Don Edward and Don\* Pedro were particularly educated for the cabinet, and the mathematical genius of Don Henry, one of his youngest sons, received every encouragement which a king and a father could give, to ripen it into perfection and public utility.

History was well known to Prince Henry, and his turn of mind peculiarly enabled him to make political observations upon it. The wealth and power of ancient Tyre and Carthage shewed him what a maritime nation might hope; and the flourishing colonies of the Greeks were the frequent topic of his conversation. Where the Grecian commerce, confined as it

§ This great prince was the natural son of Pedro the Just. Some years after the murder of his beloved spouse Inez de Castro (of which see the text and notes, p. 130, &c.) left his father, whose severe temper he too well knew, should force him into a disagreeable marriage, Don Pedro commenced an amour with a Galician lady, who became the mother of John I. the preserver of the Portuguese monarchy. See the notes, p. 146 and 148.

\* The sons of John, who figure in history, were Edward, Juan, Fernando, Pedro, and Henry. Edward succeeded his father, (for whose reign and character, see the note p. 169.) Juan, distinguished both in the camp and cabinet, in the reign of his brother Edward had the honour to oppose the wild expedition against Tangier, which was proposed by his brother Fernando, in whose perpetual captivity it ended. Of Pedro afterwards.

was, extended its influence, the deserts became cultivated fields, cities rose, and men were drawn from the woods and caverns to unite in society. The Romans, on the other hand, when they destroyed Carthage, buried in her ruins, the fountain of civilization, of improvement and opulence. They extinguished the spirit of commerce; the agriculture of the conquered nations, Britannia \* alone, perhaps, excepted, was totally neglected. And thus, while the luxury of Rome consumed the wealth of her provinces, her uncommercial policy dried up the sources of its continuance. The egregious errors of the Romans, who perceived not the true use of their distant conquests, and the inexhaustible fountains of opulence which Phœnicia had established in her colonies, instructed Prince Henry what gifts to bestow upon his country, and in the result upon the whole world. Nor were the inestimable advantages of commerce the sole motives of Henry. All the ardour that the love of his country could awake, conspired to stimulate the natural turn of his genius for the improvement of navigation.

As the kingdom of Portugal had been wrested from the Moors and established by conquest, so its existence still subsisted on the superiority of the force of arms; and ere the birth of Henry, the superiority of the Portuguese navies had been of the utmost consequence to the protection of the state. Whatever therefore might curb or ruin the power of the Moors, was of the last importance to the existence of Portugal. Such were the views and the circumstances which united to inspire the designs of Henry, all which were powerfully enforced and invigorated by the religion of that prince. The desire to extirpate Mohammedism was patriotism in Portugal. It was the principle which gave birth to, and supported their monarchy. Their kings avowed it, and Prince Henry, the piety of whose heart cannot be questioned, always professed, that to propagate the gospel and extirpate Mohammedism, was the great purpose of his designs and enterprizes. And however both the one and the other, in the

\* The honour of this is due to Agricola. He employed his legions in cutting down forests and in clearing marshes. And

for several ages after, the Romans drew immense quantities of wheat from their British province.

event, were † neglected, certain it is, that the same principles inspired, and were § always professed by king Emmanuel, under whom the Eastern World was discovered by Gama.

The Crusades, to rescue the Holy Land from the infidels, which, however unregarded by historians, had already been of the greatest political service to Spain, and Portugal, || began now to have some effect upon the commerce of Europe. The Hans Towns had received charters of liberty, and had united together for the protection of their trade against the numerous pirates of the Baltic. A people of Italy, known by the name of the Lombards, had opened a lucrative traffic with the ports of Egypt, from whence they imported into Europe the riches of India; and Bruges in Flanders, the mart between them and the Hans Towns was, in consequence, surrounded with the best agriculture of these ages ‡. A certain proof of the dependance of agriculture upon the extent of commerce. Yet though these gleams of light, as morning stars, began to appear, it was not the gross multitude, it was only the eye of a Henry which could perceive what they prognosticated, and it was only a genius like his which could prevent them from again setting in the depths of night. The Hans Towns were liable to be buried in the victories of a Tyrant, and the trade with Egypt was exceedingly insecure and precarious. Europe was still enveloped in the dark mists of ignorance, and though the mariner's compass was invented before the birth of Henry, it was improved to no naval advantage. Traffic still crept, in an infant state, along the coasts, nor were the construction of ships adapted for other voyages. One successful Tyrant might have overwhelmed the system and extinguished the spirit of com-

† Neglected in the idea of the commanders; the idea of Henry however was greatly fulfilled. For the dominion of the Portuguese in the Indian sea cut the sinews of the Egyptian and other Mohammedan powers. But of this afterwards.

§ See the notes, p. 432.

|| See the note, p. 277.

‡ Flanders has been the school-mistress of husbandry to Europe. Sir Charles Lisle, a Royalist, resided in this country several years during the usurpation of the Regicides; and after the Restoration, rendered

England the greatest service, by introducing the present system of agriculture. Where trade increases, men's thoughts are set in action; hence the increase of food which is wanted, is supplied by a redoubled attention to husbandry; and hence it was that agriculture was of old improved and diffused by the Phœnician colonies. Some Theorists complain of the number of lives which are lost by navigation, but they totally forget that commerce is the parent of population.

merce, for it stood on a much narrower and much feebler basis, than in the days of Phœnician and Grecian colonization. Yet these mighty fabricks, many centuries before, had been swallowed up in the desolations of unpolitical conquest. A broader and more permanent foundation of commerce than the world had yet seen, an universal basis, was yet wanting to bless mankind, and Henry Duke of Viseo was born to give it.

On purpose to promote his designs, Prince Henry was by his father stationed the Commander in chief of the Portuguese forces in Africa. He had already, in 1412, three years before the reduction of Ceuta†, sent a ship to make discoveries on the Barbary coast. Cape Nam§, as its name intimates, was then the *Ne plus ultra* of European navigation; the ship sent by Henry however passed it sixty leagues, and reached Cape Bojador. Encouraged by this beginning, the Prince while he was in Africa acquired whatever information the most intelligent of the Moors of Fez and Morocco could give. About a league and one half from the Cape of St. Vincent, in the kingdom of Algarve, Don Henry had observed a small but commodious situation for a sea-port town. On this spot, supposed the Promontorium Sacrum of the Romans, he built his town of Sagrez, by much the best planned and fortified of any in Portugal. Here, where the view of the ocean, says Faria, inspired his hopes and endeavours, he erected his arsenals, and built and harboured his ships. And here, leaving the temporary bustle and cares of the state to his father and brothers, he retired like a philosopher from the world, on purpose to render his studies of the utmost importance to its happiness. Having received all the light which could be discovered in Africa, he continued unwearied in his mathematical and geographical studies; the art of ship-building received amazing improvement under his direction, and the truth of his ideas of the structure of the terraqueous globe are now confirmed. He it was who first suggested the use of the compass, and of longitude and latitude in navigation, and how these might be ascertained by astrono-

† At the reduction of Ceuta, and other engagements in Africa, Prince Henry displayed a military genius and valour of the first magnitude. The important fortress of Ceuta was in a manner won by his own

sword. Yet though even possessed by the enthusiasm of chivalry, his genius for navigation prevailed, and confined him to the rock of Sagrez.

§ *Nam*, in Portuguese, a negative.

mical observations, suggestions and discoveries which would have held no second place among the conjectures of a Bacon, or the improvements of a Newton. Naval adventurers were now invited from all parts to the town of Sagrez, and in 1418 Juan Gonfalez Zarco and Triftran Vaz set sail on an expedition of discovery, the circumstances of which give us a striking picture of the state of navigation, ere it was new modelled by the genius of Henry.

Cape Bojador, so named from its extent\*, runs about forty leagues to the westward, and for about six leagues off land there is a most violent current, which dashing upon the shelves, makes a tempestuous sea. This was deemed impassible, for it was not considered, that by standing out to the ocean the current might be avoided. To pass this formidable cape was the commission of Zarco and Vaz, who were also ordered to proceed as far as they could to discover the African coast, which, according to the information given to Henry by the Moors and Arabs, extended at least to the equinoctial line. Zarco and Vaz, however, lost their course in a storm, and were driven to a little island, which, in the joy of their deliverance, they named Puerto Santo, or the Holy Haven. Nor was Prince Henry, on their return, less joyful of their discovery, than they had been of their escape: A striking proof of the miserable state of navigation; for this island is only the voyage of a few days, in favourable weather, from the promontary of Sagrez.

The Discoverers of Puerto Santo, accompanied by Bartholomew Perestrello, were with three ships sent out on farther trial. Perestrello, having sowed some seeds and left some cattle on Holy Haven, returned to Portugal †. But Zarco and Vaz directing their course southward, in 1419, perceived something like a cloud on the water, and sailing toward it, discovered an island covered with wood, which from thence they named Madeira. And this rich and beautiful island, which soon yielded a considerable revenue, was the first reward of the enterprizes of Prince Henry.

\* Forty leagues appeared as a vast distance to the sailors of that age, who named this Cape Bojador, from the Spanish, *bojar*, to compass or go about.

† Unluckily also were left on this island two rabbits, whose young so increased, that in a few years it was found not habitable, every vegetable being destroyed by the great increase of these animals.



If the Duke of Viseo's liberal ideas of establishing colonies, those views of a commercial state, or his views of African and Indian commerce, were too refined to strike the gross multitude; yet other advantages resulting from his designs, one would conclude, were self-evident. Nature calls upon Portugal to be a maritime power, and her naval superiority over the Moors, was, in the time of Henry, the surest defence of her existence as a kingdom. Yet though all his labours tended to establish that naval superiority on the surest basis, though even the religion of the age added its authority to the clearest political principles in favour of Henry; yet were his enterprizes and his expected discoveries derided with all the insolence of ignorance and bitterness of popular clamour. Barren deserts like Lybia, it was said, were all that could be found, and a thousand disadvantages, drawn from these data, were foreseen and foretold. The great mind and better knowledge of Henry, however, were not thus to be shaken. Though twelve years from the discovery of Madeira had elapsed in unsuccessful endeavours to carry his navigation farther, he was now more happy; for one of his captains, named Galianez, in 1434 passed the Cape of Bojador, till then invincible; an action, says Faria, in the common opinion, not inferior to the labours of Hercules.

Gilianez, the next year, accompanied by Gonfalez Baldaya, carried his discoveries many leagues farther. Having put two horsemen on shore, to discover the face of the country, the adventurers, after riding several hours, saw nineteen men armed with javelins. The natives fled, and the two horsemen pursued, till one of the Portuguese, being wounded, lost the first blood that was sacrificed to the new system of commerce. A small beginning, a very small streamlet, some perhaps may exclaim, but which soon swelled into oceans, and deluged the eastern and western worlds. Let such philosophers, however, be desired to name the design of public utility, which has been unpolluted by the depravity of the human passions. To suppose that Heaven itself could give an institution which could not be perverted, and to suppose no previous alteration in human nature, is a contradiction in proposition; for as human nature now exists, power cannot be equally possessed by all, and whenever the selfish or vicious passions predominate, that power will certainly be abused. The cruelties therefore of Cortez, and that

that more horrid barbarian Pizarro\*, are no more to be charged upon Don Henry and Columbus, than the villainies of the Jesuits and the horrors of the Inquisition are to be ascribed to him, whose precepts are summed up in the great command, To do to your neighbour as you would wish your neighbour to do to you. But if it is still alledged that he who plans a discovery ought to foresee the miseries which the vicious will engraft upon his enterprize, let the objector be told, that the miseries are uncertain, while the advantages are real and sure; and that the true philosopher will not confine his eye to the Spanish campaigns in Mexico and Peru, but will extend his prospect to all the inestimable benefits, all the improvements of laws, opinions, and of manners, which have been introduced by the intercourse of universal commerce.

In 1440 Anthony Gonzalez brought some Moors prisoners to Lisbon. These he took two and forty leagues beyond Cape Bojador, and in 1442 he returned with his captives. One Moor escaped, but ten blacks of Guinea and a considerable quantity

\* Some eminent writers, both at home and abroad, have of late endeavoured to soften the character of Cortez, and have urged the necessity of war for the slaughters he committed. These authors have also greatly softened the horrid features of the Mexicans. If one, however, would trace the true character of Cortez and the Americans, he must have recourse to the numerous Spanish writers, who were either witnesses of the first wars, or soon after travelled in these countries. In these he will find many anecdotes which afford a light, not to be found in our modernised histories. In these it will be found, that Cortez set out to take gold by force, and not by establishing any system of commerce with the natives, the only just reason of effecting a settlement in a foreign country. He was asked by various states, what commodities or drugs he wanted, and was promised abundant supply. He and his Spaniards, he answered, had a disease at their hearts, which nothing but gold could cure; and he received intelligence, that Mexico abounded with it. Under pretence of a friendly conference, he made Montezuma his prisoner, and ordered him to pay tribute to Charles V. Immense sums were paid, but the demand was boundless. Tumults en-

sued. Cortez displayed amazing generalship, and some millions of those, who in enumerating to the Spaniards the greatness of Montezuma, boasted that his yearly sacrifices consumed 20,000 men, were now sacrificed to the disease of Cortez's heart. Pizarro, however, in the barbarity of his soul, far exceeded him. There is a very bright side of the character of Cortez. If we forget that his avarice was the cause of a most unjust and most bloody war, in every other respect he will appear one of the greatest of heroes. But Pizarro is a character completely detestable, destitute of every spark of generosity. He massacred the Peruvians, he said, because they were barbarians, and he himself could not read. Atabalipa, amazed at the art of reading, got a Spaniard to write the word Dios (the Spanish for God) on his finger. On trying if the Spaniards agreed in what it signified, he discovered that Pizarro could not read. And Pizarro, in revenge of the contempt he perceived in the face of Atabalipa, ordered that prince to be tried for his life, for having concubines, and being an idolater. Atabalipa was condemned to be burned; but on submitting to baptism, he was only hanged.

of gold dust were given in ransom for two others. A rivulet at the place of landing was named by Gonfalez, Rio del Oro, or the River of Gold. And the islands of Adeget, Arguim, and *de las Garças*, were now discovered.

The Guínea blacks, the first ever seen in Portugal, and the gold dust, excited other passions beside admiration. A company was formed at Lagos, under the auspices of Prince Henry, to carry on a traffic with the new discovered countries; and as the Portuguese considered themselves in a state of continual hostility with the Moors, about two hundred of these people, inhabitants of the Islands of Nar and Tider, in 1444, were brought prisoners to Portugal. And Gonzalo de Cintra was the next year attacked by the Moors, fourteen leagues beyond Rio del Oro, where with seven of his men he was killed.

This hostile proceeding displeas'd Prince Henry, and in 1446 Anthony Gonfalez and two other captains were sent to enter into a treaty of peace and traffic with the natives of Rio del Oro, and also to attempt their conversion. But these proposals were rejected by the barbarians, one of whom, however, came voluntarily to Portugal, and Juan Fernandez remained with the natives, to observe their manners and the products of the country. In the year following Fernandez was found in good health and brought home to Portugal. The account he gave of the country and people affords a striking instance of the misery of barbarians. The land an open, barren, sandy plain, where the wandering natives were guided in their journeys by the stars and flights of birds; their food milk, lizards, locusts, and such herbs as the soil produced without culture; and their only defence from the scorching heat of the sun some miserable tents which they pitch as occasion requires on the burning sands.

In 1447 upwards of thirty ships followed the route of traffic which was now opened; and John de Castilla obtained the infamy to stand the first on the list of those names, whose villainies have disgraced the spirit of commerce, and afforded the loudest complaints against the progress of navigation. Dissatisfied with the value of his cargo, he ungratefully seized twenty of the natives of Gomera, (one of the Canaries) who had assisted him, and with whom he was in friendly alliance, and brought them as slaves to Portugal. But Prince Henry resented this outrage, and having given them some valuable presents of clothes, restored the captives to freedom and their native country.

The conversion and reduction of the Canaries was also this year attempted; but Spain having challenged the discovery of these islands, the expedition was discontinued. In the Canary islands was found a feudal custom; the chief man or governor was gratified with the first night of every bride in his district.

In 1448 Fernando Alonzo was sent ambassador to the King of Cabo Verde with a treaty of trade and conversion, which was defeated at that time by the treachery of the natives. In 1449 the Azores were discovered by Gonfalo Vello, and the coast sixty leagues beyond Cape Verde was visited by the fleets of Henry. It is also certain that some of his commanders passed the equinoctial line. It was the custom of his sailors to leave his motto *TALENT DE BIEN FAIRE*, wherever they came; and in 1525 Loaya, a Spanish captain, found that device carved on the bark of a tree in the isle of St. Matthew, in the second degree of south latitude.

Prince Henry had now with the most inflexible perseverance prosecuted his discoveries for upwards of forty years. His father, John I. concurred with him in his views, and gave him every assistance; his brother, King Edward, during his short reign, was the same as his father had been; nor was the eleven years regency of his brother Don Pedro less auspicious to him\*. But the misunderstanding between Pedro and his nephew Alonzo V. who took upon him the reins of government in his seventeenth year, retarded the designs of Henry, and gave him much unhappiness †. At his town of Sagrez, from whence he had not moved for many years, except when called to court on some emergency of state, Don Henry, now in his sixty-seventh year, yielded to the stroke of fate, in the year of our Lord 1463, gratified with the certain prospect, that the route to the eastern world would one day crown the enterprises to which he had given birth. He had the happiness to see the naval superiority of his country over the Moors established

\* The difficulties he surmounted, and the assistance he received, are incontestible proofs, that an adventurer of inferior birth could never have carried his designs into execution.

† Don Pedro was villainously accused of treacherous designs by his bastard brother, the first Duke of Braganza. Henry left his

town of Sagrez to defend his brother at court, but in vain. Pedro, finding the young king in the power of Braganza, fled, and soon after was killed in defending himself against a party who were sent to seize him. His innocence, after his death, was fully proved, and his nephew Alonzo V. gave him an honourable burial.

on the most solid basis, its trade greatly upon the increase, and what he esteemed his greatest happiness, for the piety of his heart was sincere, he flattered himself that he had given a mortal wound to Mohammedism, and had opened the door to an universal propagation of christianity and the civilization of mankind. And to him, as to their primary author, are due all the inestimable advantages which ever have flowed, or ever will flow from the discovery of the greatest part of Africa, of the East and West Indies. Every Improvement in the state and manners of these countries, or whatever country may be yet discovered, is strictly due to him; nor is the difference between the present state of Europe and the monkish age in which he was born, less the result of his genius and toils. What is an Alexander crowned with trophies at the head of his army compared with a Henry contemplating the ocean from his window on the rock of Sagrez! The one suggests the idea of the evil demon, the other of the Deity.

From the year 1448, when Alonzo V. assumed the power of government, till the end of his reign in 1471, little progress was made in maritime affairs, and Cape Catharine was only added to the former discoveries. But under his son John II. the designs of Prince Henry were prosecuted with renewed vigour. In 1481 the Portuguese built a fort on the Golden Coast, and the King of Portugal took the title of Lord of Guinea. Bartholomew Diaz, in 1486, reached the river which he named dell Infante on the eastern side of Africa, but deterred by the storms of that region from proceeding farther, on his return he had the happiness to be the Discoverer of the Promontory, unknown for many ages, which bounds the south of Afric. This, from the storms he there encountered, he named the Cape of Tempests; but John, elated with the promise of India, which this discovery, as he justly deemed, included, gave it the name of the Cape of Good Hope. The arts and valour of the Portuguese had now made a great impression on the minds of the Africans. The King of Congo, a dominion of great extent, sent the sons of some of his principal officers to Lisbon to be instructed in arts and religion; and ambassadors from the King of Benin requested teachers to be sent to his kingdom. On the return of his subjects, the King and Queen of Congo, with 100,000 of their

their people, were baptized. An ambassador also arrived from the Christian Emperor of Abyssinia, and Pedro de Covillam and Alonzo de Payva were sent by land to penetrate into the East, that they might acquire whatever intelligence might facilitate the desired navigation to India. Covillam and Payva parted at Toro in Arabia and took different routs. The former having visited Conanor, Calicut, and Goa in India, returned to Grand Cairo, where he heard of the death of his companion. Here also he met the Rabbi Abraham of Beja, who was employed for the same purpose by king John. Covillam sent the Rabbi home with an account of what countries he had seen, and he himself proceeded to Ormuz and Ethiopia, but as Camoens expresses it :

————— to *his* native shore,  
Enrich'd with knowledge, *he* return'd no more.

Men, whose genius led them to maritime affairs, began now to be possessed by an ardent ambition to distinguish themselves; and the famous Columbus offered his service to King John, and was rejected. Every one knows the discoveries of this great adventurer, but his history is generally misunderstood\*. It is by some believed, that his ideas of the sphere of the earth

\* Greatly misunderstood, even by the ingenious author of the *Account of the European Settlements in America*. Having mentioned the barbarous state of Europe; "Mathematical learning, says he, was little valued or cultivated. The true system of the heavens was not dreamed of. There was no knowledge at all of the real form of the earth, and in general the ideas of mankind were not extended beyond their sensible horizon. In this state of affairs Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa, undertook to extend the boundaries which ignorance had given to the world. This man's design arose from the just idea he had formed of the figure of the earth"——All a mistake. Henry, who undertook to extend the boundaries which ignorance had given to the world, had extended them much beyond the sensible horizon long ere Columbus appeared. Columbus indeed taught the Spaniards the use of longitude and latitude in navigation, but that great

mathematician Henry was the author of that grand discovery, and of the *use* of the compass. Every alteration here ascribed to Columbus, had almost fifty years before been effected by Henry. Even Henry's idea of sailing to India was adopted by Columbus. It was every where his proposal. When he arrived in the West Indies, he thought he had found the Ophir of Solomon, and thence these islands received their general name, and on his return he told John II. that he had been at the islands of India. To find the spice islands of the East was his proposal at the court of Spain; and even on his fourth and last voyage in 1502, three years after Gama's return, he promised the king of Spain to find India by a westward passage. But though great discoveries rewarded his toils, his first and last purpose he never completed. It was reserved for Magalhaens to discover the westward route to the Eastern World.

gave birth to his opinion, that there must be an immense unknown continent in the west, such as America is now known to be; and that his proposals were to go in search of it\*. But the simple truth is, Columbus, who, as we have certain evidence, acquired his skill in navigation among the Portuguese, could be no stranger to the design long meditated in that kingdom, of discovering a naval route to India, which, according to ancient geographers and the opinion of that age, was supposed to be the next land to the west of Spain. And that India and the adjacent islands were the regions sought by Columbus, is also certain. John, who esteemed the route to India as almost discovered, and in the power of his own subjects, rejected the proposals of the foreigner. But Columbus met a more favourable reception from Ferdinand and Isabella, the king and queen of Castile. To interfere with the route or discoveries, opened and enjoyed by another power, was at this time esteemed contrary to the laws of nations. Columbus, therefore, though the object was one, proposed, as Magalhaens afterwards did for the same reason, to steer the westward course, and having in 1492 discovered some western islands, in 1493, on his return to Spain, he put into the Tagus with great tokens of the riches of his discovery. Some of the Portuguese courtiers, the same ungenerous minds perhaps who advised the rejection of Columbus because he was a foreigner, proposed the assassination of that great man, thereby to conceal from Spain the advantages of his navigation. But John, though Columbus rather roughly upbraided him, looked upon him now with a generous regret, and dismissed him with honour. The king of Portugal, however, was alarmed, lest the discoveries of Columbus, interfered with those of his crown, and gave orders to equip a war fleet to protect his rights. But matters were adjusted by embassies, and that celebrated treaty by which Spain and Portugal divided the Western and Eastern Worlds between themselves. The eastern half of the world was allotted for the Portuguese, and the western for the Spanish navigation. The line of meridian

\* Gomara and other Spanish writers relate, that while Columbus lived in Madeira, a pilot, the only survivor of a ship's crew, died at his house. This pilot, they say, had been driven to the West Indies or America by tempest, and on his death-bed com-

municated the journal of his voyage to Columbus. But this story, as it stands at large, is involved in contradiction without proof, and is every where esteemed a fable of malice.

from the north to the south pole was their boundary, and thus each nation had one hundred and eighty degrees, within which they might establish settlements and extend their discoveries. And a Papal Bull, which, for obvious reasons, prohibited the propagation of the gospel in these bounds by the subjects of any other state, confirmed this amicable and extraordinary treaty.

Soon after this, while the thoughts of king John were intent on the discovery of India, his preparations were interrupted by his death. But his earnest desires and great designs were inherited, together with his crown, by his cousin Emmanuel. And in 1497, the year before Columbus made the voyage which discovered the mouth of the river Orinoko, Vasco de Gama sailed from the Tagus on the discovery of India.

Of this voyage, the subject of the *Lusiad*, many particulars are necessarily mentioned in the notes; we shall therefore only allude to these, but be more explicit on the others, which are omitted by Camoens in obedience to the rules of the *Epopæa*.

Notwithstanding the full torrent of popular clamour against the undertaking, Emmanuel was determined to prosecute the views of Prince Henry and John II. Three sloopes of war and a store ship manned with only 160 men were fitted out; for hostility, was not the purpose of this humane expedition. Vasco de Gama, a gentleman of good family, who, in a war with the French, had given signal proofs of his naval skill, was commissioned admiral and general, and his brother Paul, for whom he bore the sincerest affection, with his friend Nicholas Coello, were at his request appointed to command under him. It is the greatest honour of kings, to distinguish the characters of their officers, and to employ them accordingly. Emmanuel in many instances was happy in this talent, particularly in the choice of his admiral for the discovery of India. All the enthusiasm of desire to accomplish his end, joined with the greatest heroism, the quickest penetration, and coolest prudence, united to form the character of Gama. On his appointment to the command, he confessed to the king that his mind had long aspired to this expedition. The king expressed great confidence in his prudence and honour, and gave him, with his own hand, the colours which he was to carry. On this banner, which bore the cross of the military order of Christ, Gama,  
with



with great enthusiasm to merit the honours bestowed upon him, took the oath of fidelity.

About four miles from Lisbon there is a chapel on the sea side. To this, the day before their departure, Gama conducted the companions of his expedition. He was to encounter an ocean untried, and dreaded as unnavigable, and he knew the force of the ties of religion on minds which are not inclined to dispute its authority. The whole night was spent in the chapel in prayers for success, and in the rites of their devotion. On the next day, when the adventurers marched to the fleet, the shore of Belem \* presented one of the most solemn and affecting scenes perhaps recorded in history. The beach was covered with the inhabitants of Lisbon. A numerous procession of priests in their robes sung anthems and offered up invocations to heaven. Every one beheld the adventurers as brave innocent men going to a dreadful execution, as rushing upon certain death; and the vast multitude caught the fire of devotion, and joined aloud in the prayers for success. The relations, friends, and acquaintances of the voyagers wept; all were affected; the sigh was general; Gama himself shed some manly tears on parting with his friends, but he hurried over the tender scene, and hastened aboard with all the alacrity of hope. Immediately he gave his sails to the wind, and so much affected were the many thousands who beheld his departure, that they remained unmoveable on the shore till the fleet, under full sail, vanished from their sight.

It was on the 8th of July when Gama left the Tagus. The flag ship was commanded by himself, the second by his brother, the third by Coello, and the store ship by Gonfalo Nunio. Several interpreters, skilled in the Ethiopian, Arabic, and other oriental languages, went along with them. Ten malefactors, men of abilities, whose sentences of death were reversed, on condition of their obedience to Gama in whatever embassies or dangers among the barbarians he might think proper to employ them, were also on board. The fleet, favoured by the weather, passed the Canary and Cape de Verde islands, but had now to encounter other fortune. Sometimes stopped by dead calms, but for the most part tost by tempests, which increased their

\* Or Bethlehem, so named from the chapel.

violence and horrors as they proceeded to the south. Thus driven far to sea they laboured through that wide ocean which surrounds St. Helena, in seas, says Faria, unknown to the Portuguese discoverers, none of whom had sailed so far to the west. From the 28th of July, the day they passed the isle of St. James, they had seen no shore, and now on November the 4th they were happily relieved by the sight of land. The fleet anchored in a large \* bay, and Coello was sent in search of a river where they might take in wood and fresh water. Having found one convenient for their purpose the fleet made toward it, and Gama, whose orders were to acquaint himself with the manners of the people wherever he touched, ordered a party of his men to bring him some of the natives by force or stratagem. One they caught as he was gathering honey on the side of a mountain, and brought him to the fleet. He expressed the greatest indifference of the gold and fine clothes which they shewed him, but was greatly delighted with some glasses and little brass bells. These with great joy he accepted, and was set on shore; and soon after many of the blacks came for, and were gratified with the like trifles; and for which in return they gave great plenty of their best provisions. None of Gama's interpreters, however, could understand a word of their language or receive any information of India. And the friendly intercourse between the fleet and the natives was soon interrupted by the imprudence of Velofo, a young Portuguese, which occasioned a scuffle, wherein Gama's life was endangered. Gama and some others were on shore taking the altitude of the sun, when in consequence of Velofo's rashness they were attacked by the blacks with great fury. Gama defended himself with an oar, and received a dart in his foot. Several others were likewise wounded, and they found their safety in retreat. The shot from the ships facilitated their escape, and Gama esteeming it imprudent to waste his strength in attempts entirely foreign to the design of his voyage, weighed anchor, and steered in search of the extremity of Afric.

In this part of the voyage, says Osorius, *in illo autem cursu valde Gamæ virtus enituit*—The heroism of Gama was greatly displayed. The waves swelled like mountains in height, the

\* Now called St. Helen's.

ships seemed now heaved up to the clouds, and now appeared as precipitated by gulphy whirlpools to the bed of the ocean. The winds were piercing cold, and so boisterous that the pilot's voice could seldom be heard, and a dismal, almost continual darkness, which at that tempestuous season involves these seas, added all its horrors. Sometimes the storm drove them southward, at other times they were obliged to stand on the tack and yield to its fury, preserving what they had gained with the greatest difficulty.

With such mad seas the daring Gama fought  
 For many a day, and many a dreadful night,  
 Incessant labouring round the stormy Cape,  
 By bold ambition led—— THOMSON.

During any gloomy interval of the storm, the sailors, wearied out with fatigue, and abandoned to despair, surrounded Gama, and implored him not to suffer himself, and those committed to his care, to perish by so dreadful a death. The impossibility that men so weakened should stand it much longer, and the opinion that this ocean was torn by eternal tempests, and therefore had hitherto been, and was unpassable, were urged. But Gama's resolution to proceed was unalterable\*. A formidable conspiracy was then formed against his

\* The voyage of Gama has been called merely a coasting one, and therefore much less dangerous and heroic than that of Columbus, or of Magalhaens. But this, it is presumed, is one of the opinions hastily taken up, and founded on ignorance. Columbus and Magalhaens undertook to navigate unknown oceans, and so did Gama; with this difference, that the ocean around the Cape of Good Hope, which Gama was to encounter, was believed to be, and had been avoided by Diaz, as unpassable. Prince Henry suggested that the current of Cape Bajador might be avoided by standing to sea, and thus that Cape was first passed. Gama for this reason did not coast, but stood to sea for upwards of three months of tempestuous weather. The tempests which afflicted Columbus and Magalhaens are by their different historians described with circumstances of less horror and danger than

those which attacked Gama. All the three commanders were endangered by mutiny; but none of their crews, save Gama's, could urge the opinion of ages, and the example of a living captain, that the dreadful ocean which they attempted was impassable. Columbus and Magalhaens always found means, after detecting a conspiracy, to keep the rest in hope; but Gama's men, when he put the pilots in irons, continued in the utmost despair. Columbus was indeed ill obeyed; Magalhaens sometimes little better; but nothing, save the wonderful authority of Gama's command, could have led his crew through the tempest which he surmounted ere he doubled the Cape of Good Hope. Columbus, with his crew, must have returned. The expedients with which he used to soothe them, would, under his authority, have had no avail in the tempest which Gama rode through.

life. But his brother discovered it, and the courage and prudence of Gama defeated its design. He put the chief conspirators and all the pilots in irons, and he himself, his brother, Coello, and some others, stood night and day to the helms and directed the course. At last, after having many days, with unconquered mind, withstood the tempest and an enraged mutiny (*molem perfidie*) the storm suddenly ceased, and they beheld the Cape of Good Hope.

On November the 20th all the fleet doubled that promontory, and steering northward, coasted along a rich and beautiful shore, adorned with large forests and numberless herds of cattle. All was now alacrity; the hope that they had surmounted every danger revived their spirits, and the admiral was beloved and admired. Here, and at the bay, which they named St. Blas, they took in provisions, and beheld these beautiful rural scenes, described by Camoens. And here the store sloop, now of no farther service, was burnt by order of the admiral. On December the 8th a violent tempest drove the fleet from the sight of land, and carried them to that dreadful current which made the Moors deem it impossible to double the Cape. Gama, however, though unlucky in the time of navigating these seas, was safely carried over the current by the violence

through. From every circumstance it is evident that Gama had determined not to return, unless he found India. Nothing less than such resolution to perish or attain his point could have led him on. But Columbus, ill obeyed indeed, returned from the mouth of the river Oronoko, before he had made a certain discovery whether the land was isle or continent. When Gama met a strong current off Ethiopia he bore on, though driven from his course. Columbus steering southward in search of continent met great currents. He imagined they were the rising of the sea towards the canopy of heaven, which for ought he knew, say the Universal Historians, they might touch towards the south. He therefore turned his course, and steered to the west. The passing of the straits of Magellan, however hazardous, was not attended with such danger as Gama experienced at the Cape. The attempt to cross the Pacific was greatly daring, but his voyage

in that sea was happy. The navigation of the straits of Magellan and the Pacific are in this country little known; but the course of Gama is at this day infinitely more hazardous than that of Columbus. If Columbus found no pilots to conduct him, but encountered *his* greatest dangers in founding his course among the numerous western islands, Gama, though in the Indian ocean assisted by pilots, had as great trials of his valour, and much greater ones of his prudence. The force and the deep treacherous arts of the Moors, were not found in the west. All was simplicity among the natives there. The prudence and foresight of Gama and Columbus were of the highest rate; Magalhaens was in these sometimes rather inferior. He lost his own, and the lives of the greatest part of his crew, by hazarding a land engagement at the advice of a judicial astrologer. See the note, p. 477.

of a tempest; and having recovered the sight of land, as his safest course, he steered northward along the coast. On the 10th of January they descried, about 230 miles from their last watering place, some beautiful islands, with herds of cattle frisking in the meadows. It was a profound calm, and Gama stood near to land. The natives were better dressed and more civilized than those they had hitherto seen. An exchange of presents was made, and the black king was so pleased with the politeness of Gama, that he came aboard his ship to see him. At this place, which he named Terra de Natal, Gama left two of the malefactors, to procure what information they could against his return. On the 15th of January, in the dusk of the evening, they came to the mouth of a large river, whose banks were shaded with trees loaded with fruit. On the return of day they saw several little boats with palm-tree leaves making towards them, and the natives came aboard without hesitation or fear. Gama received them kindly, gave them an entertainment, and some silken garments, which they received with visible joy. Only one of them however could speak a little broken Arabic. From him Fernan Martinho learned, that not far distant was a country where ships, in shape and size like Gama's, frequently resorted. This gave the fleet great spirits, and the admiral named this place The River of Good Signs.

Here, while Gama careened and refitted his ships, the crews were attacked with a violent scurvy, which carried off several of his men. Having taken in fresh provisions, on the 24th of February he set sail, and on the first of March they descried four islands on the coast of Mozambic. From one of these they perceived seven vessels in full sail bearing to the fleet. These knew Gama's ship by the admiral's ensign, and made up to her, saluting her with loud huzzas and their instruments of music. Gama received them aboard, and entertained them with great kindness. The interpreters talked with them in Arabic. The island, in which was the principal harbour and trading town, they said, was governed by a deputy of the king of Quiloa; and many Saracen merchants, they added, were settled here, who traded with Arabia, India, and other parts of the world. Gama was overjoyed, and the crew with uplifted hands returned thanks to heaven.

Pleased with the presents which Gama sent him, and imagining that the Portuguese were Mohammedans from Morocco, Zacocia the governor, dressed in rich embroidery, came to congratulate the admiral on his arrival in the East. As he approached the fleet in great pomp, Gama removed the sick out of sight, and ordered all those in health to attend above deck, armed in the Portuguese manner; for he foresaw what would happen when the Mohammedans should discover it was a Christian fleet. During the entertainment provided for him, Zacocia seemed highly pleased, and asked several questions about the arms and religion of the strangers. Gama shewed him his arms, and explained the force of his cannon, but he did not affect to know much about religion; however he frankly promised to shew him his books of devotion whenever a few days refreshment would give him a more convenient time. In the meanwhile he intreated Zacocia to send him some pilots who might conduct him to India. Two pilots were next day brought by the governor, a treaty of peace was solemnly concluded, and every office of mutual friendship seemed to promise a lasting harmony. But it was soon interrupted. Zacocia, as soon as he found the Portuguese were Christians, used every endeavour to destroy the fleet. The life of Gama was attempted. One of the Moorish pilots deserted, and some of the Portuguese, who were on shore to get fresh water, were attacked by seven barks of the natives, but were rescued by a timely assistance from the ships.

Besides the hatred of the Christian name, inspired by their religion, the Mohammedan Arabs had other reasons to wish the destruction of Gama. Before this period, these Arabs were almost the only merchants of the East; they had colonies in every place convenient for trade, and were the sole masters of the Ethiopian, Arabian, and Indian seas. They clearly foresaw the consequences of the arrival of Europeans, and every art was soon exerted to prevent such formidable rivals from effecting any footing in the East. To these Mohammedan traders, the Portuguese, on account of their religion, gave the name of Moors.

Immediately after the skirmish at the watering-place, Gama, having one Moorish pilot, set sail, but was soon driven back to the same island by tempestuous weather. He now resolved to take

take in fresh water by force. The Moors perceived his intention, about two thousand of whom rising from ambush, attacked the Portuguese detachment. But the prudence of Gama had not been asleep. His ships were stationed with art, and his artillery not only dispersed the hostile Moors, but reduced their town, which was built of wood, into a heap of ashes. Among some prisoners taken by Paulus de Gama was a pilot, and Zacocia begging forgiveness for his treachery, sent another, whose skill in navigation he greatly commended.

A war with the Moors was now begun. Gama perceived that their jealousy of European rivals gave him nothing to expect but open hostility and secret treachery; and he knew what numerous colonies they had on every trading coast of the East. To impress them therefore with the terror of his arms on their first act of treachery, was worthy of a great commander. Nor was he remiss in his attention to the chief pilot, who had been last sent. He perceived in him a kind of anxious endeavour to bear near some little islands, and suspecting there were unseen rocks in that course, he confidently charged the pilot with guilt, and ordered him to be severely whipped. The punishment produced a confession and promises of fidelity. And he now advised Gama to stand for Quiloa, which he assured him was inhabited by Christians. Three Ethiopian Christians had come aboard the fleet while at Zacocia's island, and the current opinions of Prester John's country inclined Gama to try if he could find a port, where he might expect the assistance of a people of his own religion. A violent storm however drove the fleet from Quiloa, and being now near Mombaze, the pilot advised him to enter that harbour, where, he said, there were also many Christians.

The city of Mombaza is agreeably situated on an island, formed by a river which empties itself into the sea by two mouths. The buildings are lofty and of firm stone, and the country abounds with fruit trees and cattle. Gama, happy to find a harbour where every thing wore the appearance of civilization, ordered the fleet to cast anchor, which was scarcely done, when a galley, in which were 100 men in Turkish habit, armed with bucklers and sabres, rowed up to the flag ship. All of these seemed desirous to come aboard, but only four, who by their dress seemed officers, were admitted; nor

were these allowed, till stript of their arms. As soon as on board, they extolled the prudence of Gama in refusing admittance to armed strangers; and by their behaviour, seemed desirous to gain the good opinion of the fleet. Their country, they boasted, contained all the riches of India, and their king, they professed, was ambitious of entering into a friendly treaty with the Portuguese, with whose renown he was well acquainted. And that a conference with his majesty and the offices of friendship might be rendered more convenient, Gama was requested and advised to enter the harbour. As no place could be more commodious for the recovery of the sick, and the whole fleet was sickly, Gama resolved to enter the port; and in the meanwhile sent two of the pardoned criminals as an embassy to the king. These the king treated with the greatest kindness, ordered his officers to shew them the strength and opulence of his city; and on their return to the navy, he sent a present to Gama of the most valuable spices, of which he boasted such abundance, that the Portuguese, he said, if they regarded their own interest, would seek for no other India.

To make treaties of commerce was the business of Gama; one so advantageous, and so desired by the natives, was therefore not to be refused. Fully satisfied by the report of his spies, he ordered to weigh anchor and enter the harbour. His own ship led the way, when a sudden violence of the tide, made Gama apprehensive of running aground. He therefore ordered the sails to be furled and the anchors to be dropt, and gave a signal for the rest of the fleet to follow his example. This mainœuvre, and the cries of the sailors in executing it, alarmed the Mozambic pilots. Conscious of their treachery, they thought their design was discovered, and leapt into the sea. Some boats of Mombaza took them up, and refusing to put them on board, set them safely on shore, though the admiral repeatedly demanded the restoration of the pilots. These circumstances, evident proofs of treachery, were farther confirmed by the behaviour of the king of Mombaza. In the middle of the night Gama thought he heard some noise, and on examination, found his fleet surrounded by a great number of Moors, who, in the utmost privacy, endeavoured to cut his cables. But their scheme was defeated; and some Arabs, who remained on board, confessed that no Christians were resident either at  
Quiloa



Quiloa or Mombaza. The storm which drove them from the one place, and their late escape at the other, were now beheld as manifestations of the Divine favour, and Gama, holding up his hands to heaven, ascribed his safety to the care of Providence \*. Two days, however, elapsed, before they could get clear of the rocky bay of Mombaze, and having now ventured to hoist their sails, they steered for Melinda, a port, they had been told, where many merchants from India resorted. In their way thither they took a Moorish vessel, out of which Gama selected fourteen prisoners, one of whom he perceived by his mein to be a person of distinction. By this Saracen, Gama was informed, that he was near Melinda, that the king was hospitable, and celebrated for his faith, and that four ships from India, commanded by Christian masters, were in that harbour. The Saracen also offered to go as Gama's messenger to the king, and promised to procure him an able pilot to conduct him to Calicut, the chief port of India.

As the coast of Melinda appeared to be dangerous, Gama anchored at some distance from the city, and unwilling to hazard any of his men, he landed the Saracen on an island opposite to Melinda. This was observed, and the stranger was brought before the king, to whom he gave so favourable an account of the politeness and humanity of Gama, that a present of several sheep, and fruits of all sorts, was sent by his majesty to the admiral, who had the happiness to find the truth of what his prisoner had told him, confirmed by the masters of the four ships from India. These were Christians from Cambaya. They were transported with joy on the arrival of the Portuguese, and gave several useful instructions to the admiral.

The city of Melinda was situated in a fertile plain, surrounded with gardens and groves of orange-trees, whose flowers diffused a most grateful odour. The pastures were covered with herds, and the houses built of square stones, were both elegant and magnificent. Desirous to make an alliance with such a state, Gama requited the civility of the king with great generosity. He drew nearer the shore, and urged his instructions as apology for not landing to wait upon his majesty in person.

\* It afterwards appeared, that the Moorish king of Mombaza had been informed of what happened at Mozambic, and intended to revenge it by the total destruction of the fleet.

The apology was accepted, and the king, whose age and infirmity prevented himself, sent his son to congratulate Gama, and enter into a treaty of friendship. The prince, who had sometime governed under the direction of his father, came in great pomp. His dress was royally magnificent, the nobles who attended him displayed all the riches of silk and embroidery, and the music of Melinda resounded all over the bay. Gama, to express his regard, met him in the admiral's barge. The prince, as soon as he came up, leapt into it, and distinguishing the admiral by his habit, embraced him with all the intimacy of old friendship. In their conversation, which was long and sprightly, he discovered nothing of the barbarian, says Oforius, but in every thing shewed an intelligence and politeness worthy of his high rank. He accepted the fourteen Moors, whom Gama gave to him, with great pleasure. He seemed to view Gama with enthusiasm, and confessed that the make of the Portuguese ships, so much superior to what he had seen, convinced him of the greatness of that people. He gave Gama an able pilot, named Melemo Cana, to conduct him to Calicut; and requested, that on his return to Europe, he would carry an ambassador with him to the Court of Lisbon. During the few days the fleet stayed at Melinda, the mutual friendship increased, and a treaty of alliance was concluded. And now, on April 22, resigning the helm to his skillful and honest pilot, Gama hoisted sail and steered to the north. In a few days they passed the line, and the Portuguese with extacy beheld the appearance of their native sky. Orion, Ursa major and minor, and the other stars about the northern pole, were now a more joyful discovery than the south ‡ pole had formerly been to them.

† A circumstance in the letters of Amerigo Vespucci deserves remark. Describing his voyage to America. Having past the line, says he, “*e come desideroso d'essere Autore che segnassi la stella*—desirous to be the namer and discoverer of the pole star of the other hemisphere, I lost my sleep many nights in contemplating the stars of the other pole.” He then laments, that as his instruments could not discover any star of less motion than ten degrees, he had not the satisfaction to give a name to any one. But as he observed four stars, in form of an almond, which had but little motion, he hoped in his next voyage he should be able

to mark them out. — All this is truly curious, and affords a good comment on the temper of the man who had the art to defraud Columbus, by giving his own name to America; of which he challenged the discovery. Near fifty years before the voyage of Amerigo Vespucci, the Portuguese had crossed the line; and Diaz fourteen, and Gama near three years before, had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, had discovered seven stars in the constellation of the south pole, and from the appearance of the four most luminous, had given it the name of *The Cross*, a figure which it better resembles than that of an almond.

The pilot now stood to the east, through the Indian ocean, and after sailing about three weeks, he had the happiness to congratulate Gama on the view of the mountains of Calicut. Gama, transported with extacy, returned thanks to heaven, and ordered all his prisoners to be set at liberty, that every heart might taste of the joy of his successful voyage.

About two leagues from Calicut Gama ordered the fleet to anchor, and was soon surrounded by a number of boats. By one of these he sent one of the pardoned criminals to the city. The appearance of an unknown fleet on their coast brought immense crowds around the stranger, who no sooner entered Calicut, than he was lifted from his feet and carried hither and thither by the concourse. Though the populace and the stranger were alike earnest to be understood, their language was unintelligible to each other, till, happy for Gama in the event, a Moorish merchant accosted his messenger in the Spanish tongue. The next day this Moor, who was named Monzaida, waited upon Gama on board his ship. He was a native of Tunis, and the chief person, he said, with whom John II. had at that port contracted for military stores. He was a man of abilities and great intelligence of the world, and an admirer of the Portuguese valour and honour. The engaging behaviour of Gama heightened his esteem into the sincerest attachment. He offered to be interpreter for the admiral, and to serve him in whatever besides he might possibly befriend him. And thus, by one of those unforeseen circumstances, which often decide the greatest events, Gama received a friend, who soon rendered him the most critical and important service.

At the first interview, Monzaida gave Gama the fullest information of the clime, extent, customs, religions, and various riches of India, the commerce of the Moors, and the character of the sovereign. Calicut was not only the imperial city, but the greatest port. The king or Zamorim, who resided here, was acknowledged as emperor by the neighbouring princes; and as his revenue consisted chiefly of duties on merchandize, he had always encouraged the resort of foreigners to his harbours.

Pleased with this promising prospect, Gama sent two of his officers with Monzaida to wait upon the Zamorim at his palace of Pandarene, a few miles from the city. They were admitted

to

to the royal apartment, and delivered their embassy; to which the Zamorim replied, that the arrival of the admiral of so great a prince as Emmanuel, gave him inexpressible pleasure, and that he would willingly embrace the offered alliance. In the meanwhile, as their present station was extremely dangerous, he advised them to bring the ships nearer to Pandarene, and for this purpose he sent a pilot to the fleet.

A few days after this, the Zamorim sent his first minister, or Cautal, attended by several of the Nayres, or nobility, to conduct Gama to the royal palace. As an interview with the Zamorim was absolutely necessary to complete the purpose of his voyage, Gama immediately agreed to it, though the treachery he had already experienced since his arrival in the eastern seas, shewed him the personal danger which he thus hazarded. He gave his brother Paulus and Coello the command of the fleet in his absence; and in the orders he left them, displayed a heroism superior to that of Alexander, when he crossed the Granicus. That of the Macedonian was ferocious and frantic, the offspring of vicious ambition; that of Gama was the child of the strongest reason, begotten upon the most valorous mental dignity: It was the high pride of honour, a pride, of which the man, who in the fury of battle can rush on to the mouth of a cannon, may be utterly incapable.

The revenue of the Zamorim arose chiefly from the traffic of the Moors; the various colonies of these people were combined in one interest, and the jealousy and consternation which his arrival in the eastern seas had spread among them, were circumstances well known to Gama: And he knew also what he had to expect, both from their force and their fraud. But duty and honour required him to complete the purpose of his voyage. He left peremptory command, that if he was detained a prisoner, or any attempt made upon his life, they should take no step to save him, or to reverse his fate; to give ear to no message which might come in his name for such purpose, and to enter into no negotiation on his behalf. Though they were to keep some boats near the shore, to favour his escape if he perceived treachery ere detained by force; yet the moment that force rendered his escape impracticable, they were to set sail, and carry the tidings to the king. For as this was his only concern, he would suffer no risk that might lose a man, or endanger

danger the homeward voyage. Having left these unalterable orders, he went ashore with the Catual, attended only by twelve of his own men, for he would not weaken his fleet, though he knew the pomp of attendance would in one respect have been greatly in his favour at the first court of India.

As soon as landed, he and the Catual were carried in great pomp, in sofas, upon mens shoulders, to the chief temple, and from thence, amid immense crouds, to the royal palace. The apartment and drefs of the Zamorim were such as might be expected from the luxury and wealth of India. The emperor lay reclined on a magnificent couch, furrounded with his nobility and officers of state. Gama was introduced to him by a venerable old man, the chief Bramin. His majesty, by a gentle nod, appointed the Admiral to sit on one of the steps of his sofa, and then demanded his embassy. It was against the custom of his country, Gama replied, to deliver his instructions in a public assembly, he therefore desired that the king and a few of his ministers would grant him a private audience. This was complied with, and Gama, in a manly speech, set forth the greatness of his sovereign Emmanuel, the fame he had heard of the Zamorim, and the desire he had to enter into an alliance with so great a prince; nor were the mutual advantages of such a treaty omitted by the Admiral. The Zamorim, in reply, professed great esteem for the friendship of the king of Portugal, and declared his readiness to enter into a friendly alliance. He then ordered the Catual to provide proper apartments for Gama in his own house; and having promised another conference, he dismissed the Admiral with all the appearance of sincerity.

The character of this monarch is strongly marked in the history of Portuguese Asia. Avarice was his ruling passion; he was haughty or mean, bold or timorous, as his interest rose or fell in the ballance of his judgment; wavering and irresolute whenever the scales seemed doubtful which to preponderate. He was pleased with the prospect of bringing the commerce of Europe to his harbours, but he was also influenced by the threats of the Moors.

Three days elapsed ere Gama was again permitted to see the Zamorim. At this second audience he presented the letter and presents of Emmanuel. The letter was received with politeness, but the presents were viewed with an eye of contempt.

Gama beheld it, and said he only came to discover the route to India, and therefore was not charged with valuable gifts, ere the friendship of the state, where they might chuse to traffic, was known. Yet that indeed he brought the most valuable of all gifts, the offer of the friendship of his sovereign, and the commerce of his country. He then entreated the king not to reveal the contents of Emmanuel's letter to the Moors, and the king with great seeming friendship desired Gama to guard against the perfidy of that people. And at this time, it is highly probable, the Zamorim was sincere.

Every hour since the arrival of the fleet, the Moors had held secret conferences. That one man of it might not return was their purpose; and every method to accomplish this was meditated. To influence the king against the Portuguese, to assassinate Gama, to raise a general insurrection to destroy the foreign navy, and to bribe the Catual, were determined. And the Catual, the master of the house where Gama was lodged, accepted the bribe, and entered into their interest. Of all these circumstances, however, Gama was apprised by his faithful interpreter Monzaida, whose affection to the foreign Admiral the Moors hitherto had not suspected. Thus informed, and having obtained the faith of an alliance from the sovereign of the first port of India, Gama resolved to elude the plots of the Moors; and accordingly, before the dawn, he set out for Pandarene, in hope to get aboard his fleet by some of the boats which he had ordered to hover about the shore.

But the Moors were vigilant. His escape was immediately known, and the Catual, by the king's order, pursued and brought him back by force. The Catual, however, for it was necessary for their schemes to have the ships in their power, behaved with politeness to the Admiral, and promised to use all his interest in his behalf.

The eagerness of the Moors now contributed to the safety of Gama. Their principal merchants were admitted to a formal audience, when one of their orators accused the Portuguese as a nation of faithless plunderers: Gama, he said, was an exiled pirate, who had marked his course with blood and depredation. If he were not a pirate, still there was no excuse for giving such warlike foreigners any footing in a country already supplied with all that nature and commerce could give. He expatiated  
on

on the great services which the Moorish traders had rendered to Calicut, or wherever they settled; and ended with a threat, that all the Moors would leave the Zamorim's ports, and find some other settlement, if he permitted these foreigners any share in the commerce of his dominions.

However staggered with these arguments and threats, the Zamorim was not blind to the self-interest and malice of the Moors. He therefore ordered, that the Admiral should once more be brought before him. In the meanwhile the Catal tried many stratagems to get the fleet into the harbour; and at last, in the name of his master, made an absolute demand that the sails and rudders should be delivered up, as the pledge of Gama's honesty. But these demands were as absolutely refused by Gama, who sent a letter to his brother by Monzaida, enforcing his former orders in the strongest manner, declaring that his fate gave him no concern, that he was only unhappy lest the fruits of all their fatigue and dangers should be lost. After two days spent in vain altercation with the Catal, Gama was brought as a prisoner before the king. The king repeated his accusation, upbraided him with non-compliance to the requests of his minister, yet urged him, if he were an exile or pirate, to confess freely, in which case he promised to take him into his service, and highly promote him on account of his abilities. But Gama, who with great spirit had baffled all the stratagems of the Catal, behaved with the same undaunted bravery before the king. He asserted his innocence, pointed out the malice of the Moors, and the improbability of his piracy; boasted of the safety of his fleet, offered his life rather than his sails and rudders, and concluded with threats in the name of his sovereign. The Zamorim, during the whole conference, eyed Gama with the keenest attention, and clearly perceived in his unflinching mein the dignity of truth, and the consciousness that he was the Admiral of a great monarch. In their late address, the Moors had treated the Zamorim as somewhat dependant upon them, and he saw that a commerce with other nations would certainly lessen their dangerous importance. His avarice strongly desired the commerce of Portugal; and his pride was flattered in humbling the Moors. After many proposals, it was at last agreed, that of his twelve attendants he should leave seven as hostages, that what goods were aboard his

fleet should be landed, and that Gama should be safely conducted to his ship, after which the treaty of commerce and alliance was to be finally settled. And thus, when the assassination of Gama seemed inevitable, the Zamorim suddenly dropt the demand of the sails and the rudders, rescued him from his determined enemies, and restored him to liberty and the command of his navy.

As soon as he was aboard \* the goods were landed, accompanied by a letter from Gama to the Zamorim, wherein he boldly complained of the treachery of the Catual. The Zamorim, in answer, promised to make enquiry, and to punish him if guilty, but did nothing in the affair. Gama, who had now anchored nearer to the city, every day sent two or three different persons on some business to Calicut, that as many of his men as possible might be able to give some account of India. The Moors, in the meanwhile, every day assaulted the ears of the king, who now began to waver; when Gama, who had given every proof of his desire of peace and friendship, sent another letter, in which he requested the Zamorim to permit him to leave a consul at Calicut to manage the affairs of king Emmanuel. But to this request, the most reasonable result of a commercial treaty, the Zamorim returned a refusal full of rage and indignation. Gama, now fully master of the character of the Zamorim, resolved to treat a man of such an inconstant dishonourable disposition with a contemptuous silence. This contempt was felt by the king, who yielding to the advice of the Catual and the entreaties of the Moors, seized the Portuguese goods, and ordered two of the seven hostages, the two who had the charge of the cargo, to be put in irons. The Admiral remonstrated by the means of Monzaida, but the king still persisted in his treacherous breach of royal faith. Repeated solicitations made him more haughty, and it was now the duty and interest of Gama to use force. He took a vessel, in which were six Nayres or noblemen, and nineteen of their servants. The servants he set ashore to relate the tidings, the noblemen he detained. As soon as the news had time to spread through the city, he hoisted his sails, and, though with a slow motion, seemed to proceed on his homeward voyage. The city was

\* Faria y Soufa.



## INTRODUCTION.

now in an uproar; the friends of the captive noblemen surrounded the palace, and loudly accused the policy of the king. The king, in all the perplexed distress of a haughty, avaritious, weak prince, sent after Gama, delivered up all the hostages, and submitted to his proposals; nay, even solicited that an agent should be left, and even descended to the meanness of a palpable lie. The two factors, he said, he had put in irons, only to detain them till he might write letters to his brother Emmanuel, and the goods he had kept on shore that an agent might be sent to dispose of them. Gama, however, perceived a mysterious trifling, and, previous to any treaty, insisted upon the restoration of the goods.

The day after this altercation Monzaida came aboard the fleet in great perturbation. The Moors, he said, had raised great commotions, and had enraged the king against the Portuguese. The king's ships were getting ready, and a numerous Moorish fleet from Mecca was daily expected. To delay Gama till this force arrived, was the purpose of the court and of the Moors, who were now confident of success. To this information Monzaida added, that the Moors, suspecting his attachment to Gama, had determined to assassinate him. That he had narrowly escaped from them; that it was impossible for him to recover his effects, and that his only hope was in the protection of Gama. Gama rewarded him with the friendship he merited, took him with him, as he desired, to Lisbon, and procured him a recompence for his services.

Almost immediately after Monzaida, seven boats arrived, loaded with the goods, and demanded the restoration of the captive noblemen. Gama took the goods on board, but refused to examine if they were entire, and also refused to deliver the prisoners. He had been promised an ambassador to his sovereign, he said, but had been so often deluded, he could trust such a faithless people no longer, and would therefore carry the captives in his power to convince the king of Portugal what insults and injustice his ambassador and admiral had suffered from the Zamorim of Calicut. Having thus dismissed the Indians, he fired his cannon and hoisted his sails. A calm, however, detained him on the coast some days, and the Zamorim seizing the opportunity, sent what vessels he could fit out, twenty of a larger size, sixty in all, full of armed men, to attack

tack him. Though Gama's cannon were well played, confident of their numbers, they pressed on to board him, when a sudden tempest, which Gama's ships rode out in safety, miserably dispersed the Indian fleet, and completed their ruin.

After this victory the Admiral made a halt at a little island near the shore, where he erected a cross\*, bearing the name and arms of his Portuguese majesty. And from this place, by the hand of Monzaida, he wrote a letter to the Zamorim, wherein he gave a full and circumstantial account of all the plots of the Cutual and the Moors. Still, however, he professed his desire of a commercial treaty, and promised to represent the Zamorim in the best light to Emmanuel. The prisoners, he said, should be kindly used, were only kept as ambassadors to his sovereign, and should be returned to India when they were enabled from experience to give an account of Portugal. The letter he sent by one of the captives, who by this means obtained his liberty.

The fame of Gama had now spread over the Indian seas, and the Moors were every where intent on his destruction. As he was near the shore of Anchediva, he beheld the appearance of a floating isle, covered with trees, advance towards him. But his prudence was not to be thus deceived. A bold pirate, named Timoja, by linking together eight vessels full of men and covered with green boughs, thought to board him by surprize. But Gama's cannon made seven of them fly; the eighth, loaded with fruits and provision, he took. The beautiful island of Anchediva now offered a convenient place to careen his ships and refresh his men. While he staid here, the first minister of Zabajo king of Goa, one of the most powerful princes of India, came on board, and in the name of his master, congratulated the Admiral in the Italian tongue. Provisions, arms and money were offered to Gama, and he was entreated to accept the friendship of Zabajo. The Admiral was struck with admiration, the address and abilities of the minister appeared so conspicuous. He said he was an Italian by birth, but in sailing to Greece, had been taken by pirates, and after various misfor-

\* It was the custom of the first discoverers to erect crosses on places remarkable in their voyage. Gama erected six; one, dedicated to St. Raphael, at the river of Good Signs,

one to St. George, at Mozambic, one to St. Stephen, at Melinda, one to St. Gabriel, at Calicut, and one to St. Mary, at the island thence named, near Anchediva.

tunes, had been necessitated to enter into the service of a Mohammedan prince, the nobleness of whose disposition he commended in the highest terms. Yet, with all his abilities, Gama perceived an artful inquisitiveness, that nameless something which does not accompany simple honesty. After a long conference, Gama abruptly upbraided him as a spy, and ordered him to be put to the torture—And this soon brought a confession, that he was a Polonian Jew by birth, and was sent to examine the strength of the fleet by Zabajo, who was mustering all his power to attack the Portuguese. Gama on this immediately set sail, and took the spy along with him, who soon after was baptized, and named Jasper de Gama, the Admiral being his godfather. Afterwards he became of great service to Emmanuel.

Gama now stood westward through the Indian ocean, and after being long delayed by calms, arrived off Magadoxa, on the coast of Africa. This place was a principal port of the Moors; he therefore levelled the walls of the city with his cannon, and burned and destroyed all the ships in the harbour. Soon after this he descried eight Moorish vessels bearing down upon him; his artillery, however, soon made them use their oars in flight, nor could Gama overtake any of them for want of wind. The hospitable harbour of Melinda was the next place he reached. His men, almost worn out with fatigue and sickness, here received, a second time, every assistance which an accomplished and generous prince could bestow. And having taken an ambassador on board, he again set sail, in hope that he might pass the Cape of Good Hope while the favourable weather continued, for his acquaintance with the eastern seas now suggested to him, that the tempestuous season was periodical. Soon after he set sail his brother's ship struck on a sand bank, and was burnt by order of the admiral. His brother and part of the crew he took into his own ship, the rest he sent on board of Coello; nor were more hands now alive than were necessary to man the two vessels which remained. Having taken in provisions at the island of Zanzibar, where they were kindly entertained by a Mohammedan prince of the same sect with the king of Melinda, they safely doubled the Cape of Good Hope on April 26, 1499, and continued till they reached the island of St. Iago in favourable weather. But a tempest here separated the two ships, and gave Gama and Coello an opportunity to  
shew

shew the goodness of their hearts, in a manner which does honour to human nature.

The Admiral was now near the Azores, when Paulus de Gama, long worn with fatigue and sickness, was unable to endure the motion of the ship. Vasco, therefore, put into the island of Tercera, in hope of his brother's recovery. And such was his affection, that rather than leave him, he gave the command of his ship to one of his officers. But the hope of recovery was vain. John de Sa proceeded to Lisbon with the flag ship, while the admiral remained behind to soothe the death bed of his brother, and perform his funeral rites. Coello, in the mean while, landed at Lisbon, and hearing that Gama was not arrived, imagined he might either be shipwrecked or beating about in distress. Without seeing one of his family, he immediately set sail, on purpose to bring relief to his friend and Admiral. But this generous design, more the effect of friendship than just consideration, was prevented by an order from the king, ere he got out of the Tagus.

The particulars of the voyage were now diffused by Coello, and the joy of the king was only equalled by the admiration of the people. Yet while all the nation was fired with zeal to express their esteem of the happy Admiral, he himself, the man who was such an enthusiast to the success of his voyage, that he would willingly have sacrificed his life in India to secure that success, was now in the completion of it a dejected mourner. The compliments of the court and the shouts of the street were irksome to him, for his brother, the companion of his toils and dangers, was not there to share the joy. As soon as he had waited on the king, he shut himself up in a lonely house near the sea side at Bethlehem, from whence it was sometime ere he was drawn to mingle in public life.

During this important expedition, two years and almost two months elapsed. Of 160 men who went out, only 55 returned. These were all rewarded by the king. Coello was pensioned with 100 ducats a year and made a fidalgo, or gentleman of the king's household, a degree of nobility in Portugal. The title of Don was annexed to the family of Vasco de Gama; he was appointed admiral of the eastern seas, with an annual salary of 3000 ducats, and a part of the king's arms was added to his. Public thanksgivings to heaven were celebrated throughout

throughout the churches of the kingdom, and feasts, interludes, and chivalrous entertainments, the taste of that age, demonstrated the joy of Portugal.

As the prophetic Song in the tenth *Lusiad* requires a commentary, we shall now proceed to a compendious history of the negotiations and wars of the Portuguese in India; a history, though very little known, of the utmost importance to every commercial state, particularly to that nation which now commands the trade of the East.

The power, interest, and disposition of the Moors, the masters of the eastern seas, pointed out to Emmanuel what course he ought to follow, if he intended to reap either honour or advantage from the discovery of India. The accumulated treachery of the Moors had kindled a war; force was now necessary; a fleet therefore of thirteen sail and 1500 men was fitted out for India, and the command of it given to an experienced officer, Pedro Alvarez de Cabral.

The chief instructions of Cabral, were to enter into a treaty of friendship with the Zamorim, and to obtain leave to build a fort and factory near Calicut. But if he found that prince still perfidious and averse to an alliance, he was to proceed to hostilities on the first instance of treachery.

Cabral, in this voyage, was driven to America by a tempest, and was the first who discovered the Brazils. As he doubled the south of Africa, he encountered a most dreadful storm; the heavens were covered with pitchy darkness for many days, and the waves and winds vied with each other in noise and fury. Four ships, with all their crews, perished; among whom was the celebrated Bartholomew Diaz, the discoverer of the Cape of Good Hope, which, as if prophetic of his fate, he had named the Cape of Tempests.

When Cabral reached the coast of Zofala, he had only six ships. Here he engaged two Moorish vessels, laden mostly with gold dust, and took them. But finding they were commanded by, and belonged to Foteyma, an uncle of the king of Melinda, he not only restored the prizes, but treated the Xequc with the greatest courtesy. At Mozambique he agreed with a pilot to conduct him to Quiloa. The king of this place and the admiral had a pompous interview. An alliance was solemnly concluded. But Homeris, brother to the king of Melinda, was at Quiloa; and

by him Cabral was informed of a treacherous preparation to attack him. As his destination was for Calicut, he delayed revenge, and proceeded to Melinda. Here he landed the Melindian ambassador, who had been sent to Portugal; and here his generous treatment of the Xequé Foteyma strengthened the friendship and good offices which had begun with Gama.

When he arrived at Calicut, whether he was conducted by two Melindian pilots, he sent Ayres Correa on shore to settle the manner how the Zamorim and the admiral were to meet. Six principal Bramins, whose names were brought from Portugal by the advice of Monzaida, were given as hostages for the safety of the admiral; and the Indian noblemen, who had been carried away by Gama, were returned. After much delay with the wavering Zamorim, a commercial alliance, by which the Portuguese vessels were to receive their lading before those of any other nation, was solemnly confirmed by oath, and a house was appointed as a factory for the Portuguese; of which Correa, with seventy men under his command, took immediate possession.

The history of an infant settlement is like that of infant Rome; if the smallest circumstances are not attended to, the secret springs of action escape us, and we are sure to be led into error. Cabral's fleet was to be laded with spicery; but the Moorish merchants, still intent on the ruin of their rivals the Portuguese, did every thing in their power to retard it, in hope of another rupture. While promises to Cabral trifled away the time, the Zamorim desired his assistance to take a large ship belonging to the king of Cochin, who not only intended to invade his dominions, but also had refused to sell him an elephant which was now aboard that ship. There were two Moorish agents with whom Cabral was obliged to transact business. To Coje Bequi he paid the greatest respect, for he found him most worthy of it; but Cemireci, the other, pretending great friendship to Cabral, advised him by all means to gratify the Zamorim by taking the ship of Cochin. This vessel was large and full of soldiers, but Cabral appointed one of his smallest, commanded by Pedro Ataide, not a sixth part of her size, to attack her. When Ataide first made towards the enemy, the Indian insulted him with every sign of reproach; but the Portuguese cannon drove her into the port of Cananor, a place  
forty

forty miles to the north of Calicut. Here she lay all the night, while Ataide watched the mouth of the harbour; and fearing to be burnt in the port, in the morning she again took to sea. But Ataide soon came up with her, and by the dexterous use of his artillery, made her steer what course he pleased, and at last drove her in triumph before him into the harbour of Calicut.

This affair was of great consequence to the Portuguese. It not only raised a high idea of their valour and art of war, but it discovered a scene of treachery, and gave them a most beneficial opportunity to display their integrity and honour. When Cabral conversed with the captives, he found that the story of the elephant and the invasion were false, and that they had been warned by Cemireci, that the Portuguese, a set of lawless pirates, intended to attack them. On this, Cabral not only restored the ship to the king of Cochin, but paid for what damage she had sustained, and assured him he had been abused by the villainy of the Moors.

The Zamorim professed the greatest admiration of the Portuguese valour, yet while he pretended to value their friendship at the highest rate, he used every art to delay the lading of their ships. Twenty days was the time stipulated for this purpose, but three months were now elapsed, and nothing done. Cabral several times complained to the Zamorim of the infringement of treaty, that many Moorish vessels had been suffered to lade, while he could obtain no cargo. The Zamorim complained of the arts of the Moors, and gave Cabral an order, on paying for the goods, to unlade whatever Moorish vessels he pleased, and to supply his own. Cabral, however, was apprehensive of some deep design, and delayed to put this order in execution: urged by Correa, who severely upbraided him with neglect of duty, he at last seized a vessel which happened to belong to one of the richest of the Moors. A tumult was immediately raised, the Portuguese factory was suddenly beset by four thousand of that people, and before any assistance could come from the ships, Correa, and the greatest part of his companions, were massacred. Cabral, though greatly enraged, waited sufficient time to hear the excuse of the Zamorim, but waited in vain. Ten large Moorish vessels burnt in the harbour, the city of Calicut bombarded one day, and 600 of its inhabitants slain, revenged the death of Correa.

The king of Cochin, when Cabral returned the ship which he had taken, highly pleased with his honour, invited him to traffic in his port. Cabral now sailed thither, and was treated in the most friendly manner. A strong house was appointed for a factory, and a treaty of commerce solemnly concluded. Ambassadors also arrived from the kings of Cananor, Caulan, and other places, intreating the alliance of the Portuguese, whom they invited to their harbours.

About eight hundred years before this period, according to tradition \*, Perimal, the sovereign of India, having embraced the religion of Mohammed, in which he had been instructed by some Arabian merchants, resolved to end his days as a hermit at Mecca. He therefore divided his empire into different sovereignties, but rendered them all tributary to the Zamorim of Calicut. From this port Perimal set sail, and the Arab merchants conceived such a superstitious affection for this harbour, though not so commodious as many others around, that on the arrival of Gama it was the great centre of the Moorish commerce in India. The tributary kings, says the author of *Histoire Philosophique*, &c. desirous to throw off their dependence on the Zamorim, invited the Portuguese to their harbours. He ought to have added, that it was impossible they should have acted so, unless they had conceived a high idea of the Portuguese virtue and valour, which was thus rewarded by the friendship of some powerful princes, who ever after remained true to the Portuguese.

When Cabral was about to sail from Cochin, he received information from the king, that the Zamorim, with a large fleet, containing 15,000 soldiers, intended to attack him. Cabral prepared for battle, and the Indian fleet fled. He afterwards touched at Cananor, where he entered into a friendly alliance with the king, who suspecting from the small quantity of spicery which he bought that the Admiral was in want of money, intreated him to give a mark of his friendship by accepting of what he pleased. But Cabral shewed a considerable quantity of gold to the king's messengers, politely thanked him, and said he was already sufficiently loaded. Having left factors on shore, and received ambassadors on board, he proceeded on his homeward voyage. Near Melinda he took a large ship, but finding she belonged to

\* See the notes, Book VII.



a merchant of Cananor, he set her at liberty, and told the commander, “that the Portuguese monarch was only at war with the Zamorim and the Moors of Mecca, from whom he had received the greatest injuries and indignities.” The king of Melinda, and other Mohammedan princes, who had entered into alliances with Gama and Cabral, were not of the tribe or confederacy of those who had in different parts attempted the ruin of the Portuguese. That people were now distinguished by the name of the Moors of Mecca: and to distress this port became now a principal object of the Portuguese.

Emmanuel, now fully informed by Cabral of the states and traffic of the Indian seas, perceiving that the reinforcement of three vessels, which he had sent under John de Nova \*, could little avail, fitted out twenty ships, the command of which warlike fleet was given to the celebrated Vasco de Gama. At the same time the Pope issued a Bull, in which he styled Emmanuel, Lord of the Navigation, Conquests and Trade, of Æthiopia, Arabia, Persia, and India.

Gama, having doubled the Cape of Good Hope, touched at Sofala, and made a treaty with the Mohammedan sovereign of that rich country. Mozambique was now governed by a new monarch, who entreated an alliance with the Portuguese, which was granted; and the isle where Gama had the battle with the Moors †, became, for long after, a most convenient watering-place for the Portuguese navies. In revenge of the plots against himself; and the injuries received by Cabral, he battered the city of Quiloa with his cannon, and made the king submit to pay tribute to Emmanuel. As he proceeded for Calicut, he met a large ship of Mecca, which, with many people of distinction who were going on a pilgrimage to the tomb of their prophet, had lately left that harbour. This vessel, after an obstinate struggle, in which 300 Moors were † killed, he took and burnt. And from some vessels of Calicut, as he approached that port, he took about thirty prisoners. As soon as he anchored near the city, the Zamorim sent a message to offer terms of friend-

\* This officer defeated a large fleet of the Zamorim, but could not be supposed to effect any thing of permanency. On his return to Europe, Nova discovered the isle of St. Helena. † See the first Lusiad.

† Twenty children were saved. These were sent to Lisbon, where they were baptized and educated in the service of Emmanuel. Their happy fate, boasted of by the Portuguese writers, shews us the character of these times.

ship, to excuse the massacre of the Portuguese under Correa, as the sole action of an enraged populace, with which government had no concern; and added, that the fate of the ship of Mecca he hoped would suffice for revenge. Gama, previous to any new treaty, demanded a restitution of the goods of which the Portuguese factory had been plundered, and threatened to put his prisoners to death and batter the city in case of refusal. After waiting some time in vain for an answer, Gama ordered his thirty prisoners to be hanged and their bodies to be sent ashore, together with a letter, declaring war against the Zamorim, in the name of the king of Portugal. And next day, having for several hours played his cannon upon the city, he steered his course for the more friendly port of Cochin.

Here the factors who had been left by Cabral gave Gama the highest character of the faith of the king, and his earnest desire to cultivate the friendship of the Portuguese; and the former alliance was mutually confirmed by the king and the admiral. The Zamorim, who with rage and regret beheld the commerce of Europe carried to other harbours, sent a Bramin to Gama, while he was lading at Cochin, intreating an oblivion of past injuries, and a renewal of the league of amity. The Admiral, still desirous to cultivate friendship, gave the command of the fleet to his cousin Stephen de Gama, and with two ships only sailed for Calicut; yet, lest treachery should be intended, he ordered Vincent Sodre with five ships to follow him. On his arrival at the city, he found that dissimulation was still the character of the Zamorim. Four and thirty vessels, full of armed men, attacked Gama's ship with great fury, for the other vessel he had sent to hasten the squadron of Sodre. In this situation nothing but a brisk wind could possibly save Gama, and a brisk gale in this extremity rose and carried him beyond the reach of the fleet of Calicut. But having met the reinforcement of Sodre, the Admiral immediately returned, and totally destroyed the fleet of the enemy.

Disappointed in war, the Zamorim now by intreaties and threats endeavoured to bring the king of Cochin into his interest. But that prince, with the greatest honour, refused to betray the Portuguese; and Gama having promised to leave a squadron to protect his harbour, sailed with thirteen loaded ships for the port of Cananor. On his way thither, as he past  
within

within a few miles of Calicut, he was again vigorously attacked by twenty-nine vessels, fitted out by the Zamorim, on purpose to intercept him. Gama ordered three ships, which had the least loading, to begin the engagement, and victory soon declared in his favour. He then proceeded to Cananor, where he entered into a treaty with the sovereign, who bound himself never to make war on the king of Cochin, or to assist the Zamorim. And Gama, having left six ships under the command of Sodre, for the protection of Cochin and Cananor, sailed for Portugal, where, after a prosperous voyage, he arrived with twelve ships, loaded with the riches of the East.

As soon as Gama's departure was known, the Zamorim made great preparations to attack Cochin. It was the purpose of Emmanuel, that Sodre should be left with a squadron to cruise about the mouth of the Red Sea, and annoy the Moors of Mecca; but Gama, whose power was discretionary, ordered him not to leave Cochin, unless every thing bore the appearance of peace with the Zamorim. Sodre, however, though hostility was every day expected, prepared to depart. Diego Correa, the Portuguese agent left at Cochin, in the strongest manner urged him to do his duty and continue at that port, but in vain. While the king of Cochin resolutely refused, though advised by many of his council, to deliver up the Portuguese residents to the Zamorim, Sodre, contrary to the orders of Gama, sailed for the Red Sea, in hope of the rich prizes of Mecca; and thus basely deserted his countrymen, and a prince, whose faith to the Portuguese had involved him in a war which threatened destruction to his kingdom.

The city of Cochin is situated on an island, divided from the continent by an arm of the sea, one part of which, at low water, is fordable. At this pass the Zamorim began the war, and met some defeats. At last, by the force of numbers and the power of bribery, he took the city, and the king of Cochin fled to the island of Viopia. Yet, though stripped of his dominions, he retained his faith to the Portuguese. He took them with him to this place, where a few men could defend themselves; and though the Zamorim offered to restore him to his throne if he would deliver them up, he replied, "that his enemy might strip him of his dominions and his life, but it was not in his power to deprive him of his fidelity."

While

While Trimumpara, king of Cochin, was thus shut up on a little rock, Sodre suffered a punishment worthy of his perfidy. His ship was beaten to pieces by a tempest, and he and his brother lost their lives. The other commanders considered this as the judgment of heaven, and hastened back to the relief of Cochin: by stress of weather, however, they were obliged to put into one of the Anchidivian islands. Here they were joined by Francis Albuquerque, who, on hearing the fate of Cochin, though in the rigour of winter, set sail for its relief. When the fleet appeared in sight of Viopia, Trimumpara exclaiming Portugal, Portugal, ran in an extacy to the Portuguese; and they in return, with shouts of triumph, announced the restoration of his crown. The garrison left in Cochin by the Zamorim immediately fled. Trimumpara was restored to his throne without a battle, and Albuquerque gave an instance of his masterly policy. Together with the thanks of Emmanuel, he made the king of Cochin a present of 10,000 ducats. An act which wonderfully excited the admiration of the princes of India, and was a severe wound to the Zamorim.

Francis and Alonzo Albuquerque and Duarte Pacheco were now at Cochin. The princes, tributary to Trimumpara, who had deserted to the Zamorim, were severely punished by the troops of Cochin, headed by the Portuguese, and their depredations were carried into the Zamorim's own dominions. A treaty of peace was at last concluded, on terms greatly advantageous to the Portuguese commerce. But that honour which had been of the greatest benefit to their affairs, was now stained. A ship of Calicut was unjustly seized by the Portuguese agent at Cochin; nor would Francis Albuquerque make restitution, though required by the Zamorim. Soon after this, Francis sailed for Europe, but gave another instance of his infamy ere he left India. The Zamorim had again declared war against the king of Cochin, and Francis Albuquerque left only one ship, three barges, and about one hundred and fifty men, for the defence of Trimumpara; but this small body was commanded by Pacheco. Francis Albuquerque, and Nicholas Coello, celebrated in the Lusiad, sailed for Europe, but were heard of no more.

Anthony Saldanna and Roderic Ravaſco were at this time sent from Lisbon to cruise about the mouth of the Red Sea.

The

The king of Melinda was engaged in a dangerous war with the king of Mombassa, and Saldanna procured him an honourable peace. But Ravaſco acted as a lawleſs pirate on the coaſt of Zanzibar. Though the innocent inhabitants were in a treaty of peace with Gama, he took many of their ſhips, for which he extorted large ranſoms, and compelled the prince of Zanzibar to pay an annual tribute and own himſelf the vaſſal of Emmanuel. The Pope's Bull, which gave all the Eaſt to the king of Portugal, began now to operate. The Portugueſe eſteemed it as a ſacred charter, the natives of the Eaſt felt the conſequence of it, and conceived a ſecret jealousy and diſlike of their new maſters. The exalted policy and honour of many of the Portugueſe governors delayed the evil operation of this jealousy, but the remedy was only temporary. The Portugueſe believed they had a right to demand the vaſſallage of the princes of the Eaſt, and to prohibit them the navigation of their own ſeas. When the uſurpation of dominion proceeds from a fixed principle, the wiſdom of the ableſt Governor can only ſkin over the mortal wound; for the groſſeſt barbarians are moſt acutely ſenſible of injuſtice, and carefully remember the breaches of honour.

The Zamorim had now collected a formidable power for the deſtruction of Cochin. But before we mention the wonderful victories of Pacheco, it will be neceſſary to give ſome account of the land and maritime forces of the Eaſt. And here it is to be lamented, that the Portugueſe authors have given us but very imperfect accounts of the military arts of India. Yet it is to be gathered from them, that though fire arms were not unknown, they were very little uſed before the arrival of the Portugueſe. Two natives of Milan, who were brought to India by Gama on his ſecond voyage, deſerted to the Zamorim, and were of great ſervice to him in making of powder and caſting of cannon. The Perſians deſpiſed the uſe of fire arms, as unmanly, and the uſe of artillery on board of a fleet, is ſeveral times mentioned, as peculiar to the Moors of Mecca. The veſſels of the Zamorim were large barges rowed with oars, and crouded with men, who fought with darts and other miſſile weapons. We are told by Oſorius, that the pilot of Melinda, who conducted Gama to Calicut, deſpiſed the Aſtrolabe, as if uſed to ſuperior inſtruments. We doubt, however, of his ſuperior knowledge, for we know that he coaſted northward to a particular limit, and

then stood directly for the rising sun. We are also told by the Jesuits of the perfection of the Chinese navigation, and that they have had the use of the compass for 3000 years; but this is also doubtful. For there is not a name in any eastern language for that instrument; nor do they know how to make one, or to arm the loadstone. They purchase them of Europeans, and the Italian word *Bussola* is the name of the compass among the natives of the East.

While the Zamorim was preparing his formidable armament against Cochin, the security which appeared on the mein of Pacheco, prompted Trimumpara to suspect some fraud: and he intreated that captain to confess what he intended. Pacheco felt all the resentment of honour, and assured him of victory. He called a meeting of the principal inhabitants, and uttered the severest threats against any person who should dare to desert to the Zamorim, or to leave the island. Soon after, two fishermen were brought before him, who had been following their employment beyond the limits he had prescribed. Pacheco ordered them to be hanged in prison. The king pleaded for their lives, but Pacheco in public was inexorable. In the night, however, he sent the two fishermen to the king's palace, where he desired they might be concealed with the greatest secrecy; and the severity of their fate was publicly believed. Every precaution, by which the passage to the island of Cochin might be secured, was taken by Pacheco. The Portuguese took the sacrament, and devoted themselves to death. The king of Cochin's troops amounted only to 5000; the fleet and army of the Zamorim consisted of 57,000 men. Yet this great army, though provided with brass cannon, and otherwise assisted by the two Milanese engineers, was defeated by Pacheco. Seven times the Zamorim raised new armies, some of them more numerous than the first, but all of them were defeated at the fords of Cochin, by the stratagems and intrepidity of Pacheco. Though the Zamorim in the latter battles exposed his own person to the greatest danger, and was sometimes sprinkled with the blood of his attendants; though he had recourse to poison and every art of fraud, all his attempts, open and private, were baffled. At last, in despair of revenge, he resigned his crown, and shut himself up for the remainder of his days in one of his idol temples. Soon after the kingdom of Cochin was thus restored  
to

to prosperity, Pacheco was recalled to Europe. The king of Portugal paid the highest compliments to his valour; and as he had acquired no fortune in India, in reward of his services he gave him a lucrative government in Africa. But merit always has enemies. Pacheco was accused, and by the king's order brought to Lisbon in irons; and those hands which preserved the interest of Portugal in India, were in Portugal chained in a dungeon a considerable time, ere a legal trial determined the justice of this severity. He was at last tried, and honourably acquitted; but his merit was thought of no more, and he died in an alms-house. Merit thus repaid, is a severe wound to an empire. The generous ardour of military spirit cannot receive a colder check, than such examples are sure to give it.

Before the departure of Pacheco, a fleet of thirteen ships, commanded by Lopez Soarez, arrived in India. The new Zamorim beheld with regret the ruined condition of his kingdom, his tributary princes not only now independent, but possessed of the commerce which formerly enriched Calicut, the fatal consequence of his uncle and predecessor's obstinacy. Taught by these examples, he desired a peace with the Portuguese; but Soarez would hear nothing till the two Milanese deserters were delivered up. This perfidy to men who had been promised protection, the Zamorim generously refused. And Soarez, regardless of the fate of some Portuguese who had been left at Calicut by Cabral, battered the city two days, in place of granting an honourable and commercial peace. Nor was this his only impolitical error. By shewing such eagerness to secure the Milanese engineers, he told the Zamorim the value of these European artists. And that prince soon after applied to the Soldan of Egypt, who sent him four Venetians, able engineers, and masters of the art of the foundery of cannon.

In the stately spirit of conquest Soarez traversed the Indian seas, destroyed many Calicutian and Moorish vessels, and made various princes pay tribute and confess themselves the vassals of Emmanuel. But the Soldan of Egypt began now to threaten hostilities, and a stronger force of the Portuguese was necessary. Francisco d'Almeida, an officer of distinguished merit, was therefore appointed Viceroy of India, and was sent with two and twenty ships to assert his jurisdiction. And according to the uncommercial ideas of Gothic conquest with which he set out,

he proceeded. On his arrival at Quiloa, a meeting between him and the king was appointed. Almeyda attended, but the king did not, for a black cat, as he set out, happened to cross his way, and intimidated by this evil omen, he declined the interview. On this, Almeyda levelled his city with the ground, and appointed another king, tributary to Emmanuel. Some late treacheries of Mombassa were also revenged by the destruction of that city and the vassalage of its monarch. When the Viceroy arrived in India, he defeated the king of Onor, built forts and left garrisons in various places. Trimumpara, king of Cochin, had now retired to spend the evening of his life in a Brahmin temple, and his nephew, who with great pomp was crowned by Almeyda, acknowledged himself the tributary of the king of Portugal.

The Soldan of Egypt was at this time one of the greatest princes of the world. The lucrative commerce of the East had long flowed to the West through his dominions. His fleets and his armies were thus rendered numerous and powerful, and bound by their political religion, in a war with the Christians, every Mohammedan prince was his ally. A heavy revenge of the Crusades was in meditation, and Europe miserably divided in itself, invited its own ruin; when, says an author\*, accurate in historical facts, the liberties of mankind were saved by the voyage of Vasco de Gama: The sinews of the Egyptian and Turkish strength were cut asunder by the destruction of their commerce with the eastern world.

Enraged with the interruption which his trade had already received, the Soldan resolved to prevent its utter ruin. He threatened the extirpation of all the Christians † in his dominions, if the court of Rome would not order the king of Portugal to withdraw his fleets for ever from the eastern seas. One Maurus, a monk, was his ambassador to Rome and Lisbon, but in place of compliance, he returned with the severer threats of Emmanuel. War was now determined, and a most formidable fleet, sixty vessels of which were larger than the Portuguese, manned with Turks experienced in war, were sent to the assistance of the Zamorim. But by the superior naval skill

\* See *Histoire Philosophique & Politique des Etablissmens & du Commerce des Européens. dans les deux Indes.*

† See the note, p. 432.



and romantic bravery of Almeyda and his son Lorenzo, this mighty armament was defeated.

At this time Tristan de Cugna and the celebrated Alphonso Albuquerque arrived in the East, and carried war and victory from Sofala to India. Allured by the honour and truly commercial treaties of Gama and Cabral, several princes of India invited these strangers to their harbours. But the alteration of the behaviour and claims of the Portuguese, had altered the sentiments of the natives. Almost every port now opposed the entrance of the Portuguese, and the cargo of almost every ship they loaded was purchased with blood. At the sack of the city of Lamo, some of the soldiers under Cugna cut off the hands and ears of the women to get their bracelets and earrings with more expedition. But though these villains, by overloading their boat with their plunder, were all drowned, this stain on the Portuguese character made war against the Portuguese name and interest. When Albuquerque arrived before Ormuz, he summoned the king to become the vassal of Emmanuel, and to be happy under the protection of so great a prince. The king of Ormuz, who expected such a visit, had provided an army of 33,000 men, 6000 of which were expert archers, auxiliaries of Persia. Yet these were defeated by 460 disciplined men, well played cannon, and the dauntless valour of Albuquerque. And the king of Ormuz submitted to vassalage. Lords of the seas also, the Portuguese permitted no ship to sail without a Portuguese passport. Nor was this regarded, when avarice prompted that the passport was forged. A rich ship of Cananor was on this pretence taken and plundered, and the unhappy crew, to conceal the villany, were sewed up in the sail cloths and drowned. Vaz, it is true, the commander of this horrid deed, was broken. But the bodies of the Moors were thrown on shore, and the king of Cananor, the valuable ally of Portugal, in revenge of this treachery, joined the Zamorim, and declared war against the Portuguese. Another powerful armament, commanded by Mir Hocem, a chief of great valour, was sent by the Soldan. Persia also assisted. And even the mountains of Dalmatia\*, by the conni-

\* The timber was brought through the Mediterranean to Cairo, and from thence was carried by camels to the port of Suez.

vance of Venice, were robbed of their forests, to build navies in Arabia against the Portuguese.

Almeyda sent his brave son Lorenzo to give battle to Mir Hocem, but Lorenzo fell the victim of his romantic bravery. While the father prepared to revenge the death of his son, his recall, and the appointment of Albuquerque to succeed him, arrived from Europe; but Almeyda refused to resign till he had revenged his son's defeat. On this, a dispute between the two governors arose, of fatal consequence to the Portuguese interest in Asia. Albuquerque was imprisoned, and future governors often urged this example on both sides of the question, both to protract the continuance, and press the instant surrender of office. Almeyda, having defeated the Zamorim and his Egyptian allies, sailed for Europe\*, crowned with military laurels. But though thus plumed in the vulgar eye, his establishments were contrary to the spirit of commerce. He fought, indeed, and conquered; but he left more enemies of the Portuguese in the East than he found there. The honours he attained were like his, who having extinguished a few fires in a city, marches out in triumph, but leaves glowing embers in every house, ready to burst forth in a general flame. It was left for the great Albuquerque to establish the Portuguese empire in Asia on a surer basis, on acts of mutual benefit to the foreign colonists and native princes.

Albuquerque, whose power was somewhat limited by that of Coutinho, now turned his thoughts to the solid establishment of the Portuguese empire. To extinguish the power of Calicut, and to erect a fortified capital for the seat of government, were his designs; and in these he was greatly assisted, both by the arms and the counsel of Timoja, the pirate, who, greatly injured by the Indian princes, was glad to enter into alliance with the Portuguese. With thirty vessels and 2400 men, Albuquerque and Fernando Coutinho sailed from Cochin to besiege Calicut. It was agreed, that the troops under Coutinho, should have the honour to land first. Those under Albuquerque, however, galled by the enemy, leapt first ashore. Coutinho, on this, roughly upbraided him: To conquer the feeble Indians, he said, was no such honour as some thought. And I will tell the king of Portugal, he added, that

\* See his fate, p. 208.

I entered the palace of the Zamorim with only my cane in my hand. Albuquerque remonstrated the danger of rashness in vain. Coutinho ordered Jasper de Gama, the Polonian Jew, to conduct him to the palace; to which, with 800 men, he marched in confused speed. Albuquerque, whose magnanimity could revenge no insult when his country's interest was at stake in the hour of battle, followed in good order with 600 men, and left others properly stationed, to secure a retreat, for he foresaw destruction. Coutinho, after several attacks, at last, with the loss of many men, entered the palace, and gave his soldiers liberty to plunder. All was now disorder among them. And Albuquerque, who perceived it, entreated Coutinho, by message, to beware of a fiercer attack. He was answered, he might take care of the troops under his own command. After two hours spent in plundering the palace, Coutinho set fire to it and marched out. But ere he could join Albuquerque, both parties were surrounded by enraged multitudes. Coutinho and his bravest officers fell; Albuquerque was wounded by arrows in the neck and left arm. At last, struck on the breast by a large stone, he dropped down, to appearance dead. On his shield he was carried off with great difficulty. All was confusion in the retreat, till the body of reserve, placed by Albuquerque, came up, and repulsed the enemy. Albuquerque was carried on board without hope of recovery. His health, however, was restored at Cochin, and the Zamorim allowed a fort to be built near Calicut, and submitted to the terms of peace proposed by the Portuguese governor.

The island of Goa, on the coast of Decan, a most commodious situation for the seat of empire, and whose prince had been treacherous to Gama, after various desperate engagements, was at last yielded to Albuquerque. According to his design, he fortified it in the best manner, and rendered it of the utmost consequence to the preservation of the Portuguese power. He now turned his thoughts to Malaca, the great mart of the eastern half of the oriental world. Under the government of Almeyda, Sequeira had sailed thither, and while about settling a treaty with the natives, narrowly escaped a treacherous massacre, in which several of his men were slain. Albuquerque offered peace and commerce, but demanded atonement for this injury. His terms were rejected, and this important place, won by most  
astonishing

astounding victories, was now added to the Portuguese dominion. Here, as at Goa, the governor coined money; regulated the courts of justice, and by his generous behaviour, won the affection and esteem of the people whom he had conquered. He received from, and sent ambassadors to the king of Siam and other princes; to whom he offered the trade of Malaca on more advantageous conditions than it had hitherto been. And an immense commerce from China and all the adjacent regions soon filled that harbour. For here, as at Ormuz and Goa, the reduction which he made in the customs, gave an increase of trade which almost doubled the revenue of the king of Portugal. At every place where he made a settlement, Albuquerque promoted the marriage of his soldiers with the natives, and thus secured the means of mutual defence: a piece of the best policy, though seldom adopted by other nations\*. When the governor returned to Goa, he was received, says Faria, as a father by his family. The island was at this time besieged by 20,000 of Hydal Can, the lord of Decan's troops, yet victory declared for Albuquerque. But to display the terror of the Portuguese arms was only the second motive of this great man. To convince the Indian princes of the value of his friendship was his first care, and treaties of commerce were with mutual satisfaction concluded with the king of Bijnagar, the king of Narsinga, and other powerful princes. The city of Aden, near the mouth of the Red Sea, was of great importance to the fleets of the Soldan. Albuquerque twice attacked this place, but could not carry it for want of military stores. By the vessels, however, which he kept on these coasts, he gave a severe wound to the Egyptian and Moorish commerce; and by the establishments which he made in India, entirely ruined it. Mahomet, the expelled tyrant of Malaca, assisted by 20,000 Javans, attempted to recover his throne; but the wish of the people was fulfilled, and Albuquerque was again victorious. The Persians, to whom Ormuz had been tributary, endeavoured to bring it again under their yoke †; but Albuquerque hastened from Malaca and totally

\* The offspring of the Portuguese marriages at this day people many of the coasts of India and Africa; and were Portugal what Great Britain now is, might be of the utmost service to her commercial interest.

† When the Persians sent a demand of tribute, Albuquerque said it should be paid; and a large silver basin, under cover, was presented to the ambassador. When uncovered, leaden bullets and points of spears appeared: There, said Albuquerque, is the tribute which the kings of Portugal pay. defeated

defeated them, to the great joy of the inhabitants. Here he fell sick, and being advised by his physicians to go to India for the recovery of his health, the king of Ormuz, who called him his father, parted from him with tears. On his way to India he received intelligence, that a fleet, arrived from Portugal, had brought his recall, that Lopez Soarez was appointed to succeed him, and that Iago Mendez was come to be governor of Cochin. When he heard this, he exclaimed, "Are these whom I sent prisoners to Portugal for heinous crimes, are these returned to be governors! Old man, Oh, for thy grave! Thou hast incurred the king's displeasure for the sake of the subjects, and the subjects for the sake of the king! Old man, fly to thy grave, and retain that honour thou has ever preserved!" A profound melancholy now seized him; but finding the certain approaches of death, he recovered his cheerfulness, and with great fervor gave thanks to God, that a new governor was ready to succeed him. On the bar of Goa, in the sixty-third year of his age, he breathed his last\*, after a regency of little more than five years. Yet, in this short space, he not only opened all the eastern world to the commerce of Portugal, but by the regulations of his humane and exalted policy, by the strict distribution of justice which he established, secured its power on a basis, which nothing but the discontinuance of his measures could subvert. Under Albuquerque the proud boast of the historian Faria was justified. *The trophies of our victories, says he, are not bruised helmets and warlike engines hung on the trees of the mountains; but cities, islands, and kingdoms, first humbled under our feet, and then joyfully worshipping our government.* The princes of India, who viewed Albuquerque as their father, clothed themselves in mourning on his death, for they had experienced the happiness

\* A little before he died he wrote this manly letter to the king of Portugal, "*Under the pangs of death, in the difficult breathing of the last hour, I write this my last letter to your Highness; the last of many I have written to you full of life, for I was then employed in your service. I have a son, Blas de Albuquerque; I entreat your Highness to make him as great as my service deserves. The affairs of India will answer for themselves, and for me.*" Oforius says, the latter part of the Gospel of John, was, at his desire, repeat-

edly read to him; and he expired with the greatest composure. Long after his death his bones were brought to Portugal; but it was with great difficulty, and after long delays, ere the inhabitants of Goa would consent to part with his remains. Goa was populous, its inhabitants chiefly Moors and Indians. These, when injured by the Portuguese, would come and weep at the tomb of Albuquerque, utter their complaints to his manes, and call on his God to revenge their wrongs.

and protection which his friendship gave them. And the sincerity of their grief shewed Emmanuel what a subject he had lost. The affairs of the Portuguese in India were now in the happiest condition ; but there was a disease at the court of Lisbon, which exerted its fatal malignity, that disease of all governments, particularly the despotic, the false accusation of the absent, by those who are present at the fountain of power.

Accustomed to the affable manners of Albuquerque, the reserved haughty dignity assumed by Soarez, gave the Indian allies of Portugal the first proof that the mourning which they wore for his predecessor was not in vain. Now, say the Portuguese authors, commenced the period when the soldier no more followed the dictates of honour, when those who had been captains turned traders, and procured the loading of their ships in the military way, as if upon the forage in an enemy's country. After having performed the parade of a new governor in visiting the forts, and in breaking and raising officers, Soarez prepared, according to his orders, to reduce the coasts of the Red Sea to the obedience of Portugal. Another great Egyptian fleet, commanded by a Turk, named Ræz Solyman, had sailed from Suez, and Soarez, with twenty-seven ships, set sail in search of it. When he came before Aden, he found that strong city defenceless. Solyman, by order of the Soldan, with whom the governor had quarrelled, had levelled a part of the wall. The governor, thus at his mercy, artfully offered the keys to Soarez, and entreated his friendship. Secure of the Moor's honesty, Soarez delayed to take possession, till he had given battle to the Soldan's fleet. This he found in the port of Gidda or Jodda, defended by the cannon of the walls. He therefore did not attempt it ; and after burning a few defenceless towns, he returned to Aden. But the breaches were now repaired, and his own force, which had suffered greatly by tempestuous weather in the Red Sea, was, he deemed, unable to take that city, which now refused to surrender. While Soarez was employed in this inglorious expedition, Goa was reduced to the greatest danger. A quarrel about a Portuguese deserter had kindled a war, and Hydal Can, with an army of 30,000 men, laid siege to that important fortress. But the arrival of three Portuguese ships raised the siege, at a time when famine had almost brought the garrison to despair. Nor was Malaca happier

pier than Goa. The uncurbed tyranny of the Portuguese had almost driven trade from that harbour, and the dethroned king once more invaded the island with a great army. But Alexis de Menezes, appointed governor of that place, arrived, in the most critical time, with 300 men, and saved Malaca. The trade with China after this greatly increased, and the king of Ceylon, with whom Albuquerque had established a valuable commerce, was compelled by Soarez to pay tribute to the king of Portugal. A surveyor of the king's revenue about this time arrived in India, vested with a power, which interfered with, and lessened that of the governor. Hence complaints and appeals were by every fleet carried to Europe, and by every fleet that returned the removal of officers was brought. Integrity now afforded no protection, and to amass wealth with the utmost expedition, was now the best way to secure its possession. Rapacity prevailed among the Portuguese, and all was discontent among the natives, when in 1518, after a regency of about three years, Soarez was recalled, and in power and title of governor succeeded by Iago Lopez de Sequeyra. Albuquerque was dreadful to his enemies in war, and to his soldiers on the least appearance of disobedience. But at other times, his engaging manners won the hearts of all. And his knowledge of human nature, which formed his political conduct, was of the first rate. Soarez, on the contrary, the man who refused an equitable treaty offered by the Zamorim, and was for such errors of incapacity sent prisoner to Lisbon by Albuquerque, displayed in all his transactions the meanest abilities. All his capacity seemed to reach no farther than to preserve that solemn face of dignity, that haughty reserved importance with which the dull transact the most trifling affairs; a solemnity of which heavy intellects are extremely jealous and careful, which the ignorant revere, and which the intelligent despise. When the court of Lisbon sent a Soarez to supercede an Albuquerque, they gave a prophecy of the fall of their empire.

Sequeyra, the discover of Malaca, began his regency with the relief of that important mart; and the king of Bintam, the besieger; after several attempts, was compelled to submit to a treaty dictated by the Portuguese. Forty-eight ships, under the command of the governor, failed to reduce the strong fort and harbour of Diu or Dio, on the coast of Cambaya, an object of

great importance to the Portuguese, but nothing was attempted. Continual Skirmishes, however, dyed every shore with blood, while no method of cultivating the friendship of the hostile natives was thought of. Every thing on the contrary tended to inflame them. John de Borba, shipwrecked on the coast of Achem, was generously relieved by the sovereign. George de Brito arrived soon after, and Borba informed him, that in the sepulchres of the kings were immense treasures of gold; and that the present king, his benefactor, had formerly robbed some Portuguese vessels. Brito, at the head of 200 men, immediately began hostilities, but was defeated and killed, and the kings of Achem became the inveterate enemies of the Portuguese, and often gave them infinite trouble. The Maluco islands were now discovered. The kings of these at strife with each other, were each earnest for the alliance of the Portuguese. But they, led by their usual ideas, soon involved themselves in war and slaughter. Ormuz, where Albuquerque was beloved as a father, was now unable to bear the Portuguese yoke. The tribute was raised, and the king complained that his revenues could not afford to pay it. Sequeyra on this sent Portuguese officers to impose and collect the king's customs. This impolitical step was followed by its natural consequence. The insolence and oppression of the officers produced a revolt. Sequeyra, however, defeated the people of Ormuz, and almost doubled the tribute which before they were unable to pay. It is truly astonishing how men should expect that dominion thus supported should continue long; that they could not see that such victories both sowed and nourished the seeds of future war. Even the Portuguese historians adopted the impolitical uncommercial ideas of their governors. The villainy of the Portuguese merchants lost the profitable trade of Canton, and only a few escaped with great hazard, obliged to fight their way through the Chinese fleet. Next year Alonzo de Melo, ignorant of this, entered that harbour with four ships, which were instantly seized and the crews massacred by the enraged \* Chinese. Faria y Souza

\* The Chinese, however, had too much Dutch policy utterly to expel any merchandize from their harbours. A few years after this, the Portuguese who brought gold from Africa and Spicery from India were allowed to purchase the silks, porcelain, and

tea of China, at the port of Sanciam. And an event which refutes all the Jesuitical accounts of the greatness of the power and perfection of the Chinese government, soon gave them a better settlement. A pirate, named Tchang-si-lao, made



makes an apology for mentioning this, and calls it a matter of trade, a subject unworthy of grave history.

While Sequeyra was engaged in a second attempt upon Dio, Duarte de Menezes arrived in India, and succeeded him in office. Unmeaning slaughter on the coasts of Madagascar, the Red Sea, India, and the Maluco islands, comprise the whole history of his regency.

About this time died Emmanuel, king of Portugal. If this history seem to arraign his government, it will also prove how difficult it is for the most vigilant king always to receive just intelligence. For Emmanuel was both a great and a good king. Of great vigilance in council, of great magnanimity in the execution of all his enterprizes: Of great capacity in distinguishing the abilities of men, and naturally liberal in the reward of merit. If such a prince as Emmanuel erred, if his administration of Indian affairs in any instance arraign his policy, let it thence be inferred, what exactitude of intelligence is necessary to the happy government of a distant colony.

The maladministration of Indian affairs was now the popular complaint at the court of Lisbon. The traffic of India which had raised the Caliphs of Egypt to the height of their formidable power, and which had enriched Venice, was now found scarcely sufficient to support the military method of commanding it, practised by the Portuguese. A General of the first abilities was wanted, and the celebrated Vasco de Gama, old as he now was, honoured with the title of Count de Vidigueyra, was appointed Viceroy by John III. In 1524 Gama arrived the third time in India. Cochin, the faithful ally and chief trading port of the Portuguese, was threatened by a powerful army of the Zamorim, and the Indian seas were infested by numberless fleets of Moors, whom their enemies called pirates. To suppress these Gama sent different squadrons, who were successful in executing their orders. But while he meditated far greater

made himself master of the little island of Macao. Here he built fleets which blocked up the ports of China, and laid siege to Canton itself. In this crisis of distress the Chinese implored the assistance of the Portuguese, whom they had lately expelled as the worst of mankind. Two or three Portuguese sloops effected what the potent em-

pire of China could not do, and the island of Macao was given them by the emperor, in reward of this eminent service. The porcelain of China is not so brittle, nor the figures upon it more awkward, than the Chinese strength and policy must appear in the light which this event throws upon them.

designs.

designs, designs of the same exalted and liberal policy which had been begun by himself, and so gloriously prosecuted by Albuquerque, death, at the end of three months, closed the regency of Gama. It was the custom of the kings of Portugal to send commissions sealed up to India, with orders, which should be first opened when a successor to government was wanted. Gama, who brought with him three of these, finding the approach of dissolution, opened the first commission. And as Henry de Menezes, therein named, was at Goa, he appointed Lopez Vaz de Sampayo, a man of great abilities, to take the command till Menezes arrived. When Menezes arrived at Cochin, he prohibited the usual marks of public joy on his elevation, and said, it was more necessary to mourn for the loss of their late Viceroy. Nor did the public conduct of the new governor, the first, says Faria, who honoured the memory of his predecessor, deviate from this generous principle. A Portuguese vessel at this time committed several depredations on states at peace with Portugal. This ship, by order of Menezes, was taken, and the crew were impaled. A noble instance of justice, of more political service than all the victories of a Soarez. The danger of Cochin required war, and Menezes carried it into the territories of the Zamorim, whom he severely humbled. The Portuguese arms cleared the seas of pirates, took the strong city of Sofar, and reduced some valuable islands on the Red Sea. Great preparations were also made for the reduction of Dio, when Menezes, after a regency of thirteen months, died of a mortification in his leg. That he left the military power of the Portuguese much more formidable than he found it, is the least of his praise. Every where, at Ormuz in particular, he curbed the insolence and rapacity of his countrymen, and proved that time was only wanting for him to have restored the situation of India as left by Albuquerque. He convinced the Indian princes that rapacity was not the character of all the Portuguese, for he accepted of no present, though many, as the custom of the country, were offered to him. At his death, which happened in his thirtieth year, thirteen reals and an half, not a crown in the whole, was all the private property found in the possession of this young governor.

Other transactions now succeed. The second and third commissions, brought by Gama, were unopened, and left  
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he who was first named should be distant, Menezes, on his death-bed, appointed Francis de Sa to assume the command till the arrival of the proper governor. On opening the second commission, Pedro de Mascarenhas was found named. As this officer was at Malaca, a council was held, wherein it was resolved to set aside Francis de Sa, and open the third commission. Sampayo, who in this was appointed, took an oath to resign on the arrival of Mascarene, and immediately he assumed the power of government. Mascarene about this time performed some actions of great military splendor in defence of Malaca. The king of Bintam, with several auxiliary princes, who with numerous armies threatened destruction to the Portuguese settlement, were defeated by this brave officer. The Spaniards about this time took possession of some of the Maluco islands, where the treachery of the Portuguese had made their name odious. Don George de Menezes and Don Garcia Enriquez, two captains on this station, put one another alternately in irons. They at last came to a civil war, wherein Garcia was worsted; and Menezes was defeated by the Spaniards, who publicly executed some of his officers, as traitors to Charles V. to whom they owed no allegiance. Oppressed by the tyranny of the Moors, the king of Sunda implored the protection of the Portuguese, offered to pay a considerable tribute, and entreated them to build a fort in his dominions. Yet it was not in the power of Sampayo to restore the tranquillity of the Malucos, or to improve the offers of Sunda. He had engaged in a scheme of policy which fettered his operations. One villainy must be defended by another, and the public interest must be secondary in the politics of the most able Usurper of unjust power. Sampayo was resolved to withhold the regency from Mascarene, and therefore to strengthen himself at Cochin was his first care. Where his own interest and that of the public were one, Sampayo behaved as a great commander; but where they were less immediately connected, that of the latter was even necessarily neglected, and fell into ruin. It was his interest to crush the Zamorim, and he gained considerable victories over Cutial, admiral of the most formidable fleet which had hitherto been fitted out from the ports of Calicut. Sampayo then sailed to Goa, where Francis de Sa refused to acknowledge him as governor. This dispute was submitted to the council of the city,

city, and the man in power was confirmed. Sa was then sent to build a fort in Sunda, but the politics of Sampayo could not spare a force sufficient to overawe the Moors, and Francis de Sa could not effect his design.

The artful Sampayo now wrote to the king of Portugal, that a most formidable hostile alliance was in meditation. The northern princes were ready to assist the king of Cambaya, and Solyman, the Turkish admiral, had promised the Soldan to drive the Portuguese from India, if he would give him a competent armament. It was the interest of Sampayo to make every preparation of defence, and every excuse for preparation. But he still kept near Cochin. The brave Hector de Sylveyra was sent to Dio and other places, and the reputation of the actions he performed strengthened the authority of the Usurper. A fleet of five ships now arrived from Portugal, and brought two new commissions. These were opened by Mexia, inspector of the revenue, and Lopez Vaz de Sampayo, contrary to the former commissions, was here named prior to Pedro de Mascarene. What an infatuation of government was this! Had all been happy in India, this must have banished harmony from the councils of the Portuguese, and for a time unhinged the operations of just authority. Sampayo, when he took the oath to resign to Mascarene, dispatched a message to Malaca with the tidings. Mascarene immediately assumed his power there, and Sampayo, who now expected his arrival, held a council at Cochin. It is almost needless to name the result. He was present, and in power; and it was resolved that Mascarene should not be acknowledged as governor. Sampayo then retired to Goa, and left Mexia at Cochin to give Mascarene the reception concerted between them. Immediately as Mascarene landed, Mexia's spear run him through the arm, several of his company were wounded by the armed attendants of Mexia, and a retreat to the fleet saved the lives of Mascarene and his friends.

When the tidings of this reached Goa, Henry Figuera supposed the friend of the ejected governor was dispossessed of the command of Coulam, and Mexia was by Sampayo appointed to succeed. Anthony de Sylveyra was sent to take Mascarene at sea, to put him in irons, and to deliver him prisoner to Simon de Menezes, commander of Conanor; all which was performed. This haughty tyranny, however, produced loud complaints.

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The murmur was general at Goa. Souza, commander of Chaul, remonstrated, and the brave Hector de Sylveyra boldly upbraided Sampayo for his unworthy treatment of Mascarene, to whom a trial had been refused. Sampayo, fierce, resolute to persist; Hector retired, and summoned the council of Goa. A letter signed by three hundred, who promised to support him as governor, was sent to Mascarene. It was also agreed to seize Sampayo, but he was no stranger to this design, and imprisonment was the fortune of the brave Hector. Menezes, governor of Cananor, as soon as he received information from Goa of the cause why Mascarene was in chains, set him free, and, together with Souza, commandant of Chaul, and Anthony de Azevedo, admiral of the Indian seas, acknowledged him governor. The Portuguese were now on the eve of a war among themselves, when Azevedo and other leaders proposed to accommodate disputes by arbitration. Sampayo with great cunning managed this affair. He delayed his consent, though on the brink of ruin, till he knew who were named as judges, and till he had procured a pardon for Alonzo Mexia, his friend, who had attempted the life of Mascarene. Yet, though the defenders of this brave officer had influence to remove one of the appointed judges, and to add five others of their own nomination, the arts of Sampayo prevailed. The chief inhabitants of Cochin attended, and conscious of their former vote in council against Mascarene, declared, that if his title was preferred, they would revolt to the Moors. He who does a man an injury, generally becomes the rancorous enemy of the injured man; and even the friends of him whose power is on the decline, cautiously withdraw from his interest. The council of Goa, who had promised to support, now deserted Mascarene, forward to make their peace where they feared to oppose. Sampayo was declared lawful governor, and Mascarene embarked for Lisbon, where he was honourably received by the king, and in reward of his merit, appointed governor of Azamor in Africa; on his return from whence he perished at sea.

Sampayo, now undisturbed by a rival, but conscious of the accusations which Mascarene would lay against him, exerted all his abilities to recommend himself to his sovereign. But Almeyda, not Albuquerque, was the pattern he imitated. The principal leaders of the Turkish fleet had been assassinated by the

friends of each other, and their war ships were scattered in different places. Sampayo sent Azevedo to destroy all he could find, and Alonzo de Melo was dispatched with a proper force to erect a fort on the island of Sunda. What heavy accusation of his former conduct, devoted to his private interest, was this late execution of these important designs! Other captains were sent upon various expeditions. Hector de Sylveyra, one of the most gallant officers ever sent from Portugal to India, greatly distinguished himself; John Deza destroyed the remains of the Zamorim's fleets, commanded by Cutiale, a Chinese admiral; and Sampayo himself spread slaughter and devastation over the seas and shores of India. Every where, says Faria, there was fire and sword, ruin and destruction. In the midst of this bloody career, Nunio de Cunha arrived with a commission to succeed Sampayo. Sampayo pleaded to finish what he had begun, to clear the seas of pirates; and Nunio, according to the honour of that age, granted his request, that it might not be said he had reaped the laurels already grasped by another. Some time after this, Nunio, in his way to Cochin, put into the harbour of Cananor. Sampayo, who happened to be there, sent his brother in law, John Deza, to Nunio, inviting him to come ashore and receive the resignation of the governor. But Nunio perhaps feared a snare, and he insisted that Sampayo should come on board. He came, and having resigned with the usual solemnities, was ordered by Nunio to attend him to Cochin, where, by order of the new governor, his effects were seized and his person imprisoned. And soon after, amid the insults of the croud, he was put aboard a ship and sent prisoner to Lisbon, where his life and his property were left to the determination of the sovereign\*.

\* When Sampayo was arrested, "Tell Nunio, said he, *I have imprisoned others, and am now imprisoned, and one will come to imprison him.*" When this was reported, "Tell Sampayo, said Nunio, *that I doubt it not; but there shall be this difference between us; he deserves imprisonment, but I shall not deserve it.*" When the ship which carried Sampayo arrived at the isle of Terceira, an officer, who waited his arrival, put him in irons. When he landed at Lisbon, he was set upon a mule, loaded with chains, and amid the insults of the populace,

carried to the castle, and there confined in a dungeon, where not even his wife was permitted to see him. After two years, the Duke of Braganza, who admired his military exploits, procured his trial. When he was brought before the king, who was surrounded with his council and judges, his long white beard which covered his face, and the other tokens of his sufferings, says Faria, might have moved Mascarene himself to forgiveness. He made a long masterly speech, wherein he enumerated his services, pleaded the necessities of public affairs, and

The acts and character of this extraordinary man demand the attention of every country possessed of colonies. His abilities were certainly of the first rate, but having made one step of villany, the necessity of self-defence rendered his talents of little benefit, rather of great prejudice to his country. The Portuguese writers, indeed, talk in high terms of his eminent services and military glory. But there is a surer test than their opinion. The Indian princes sincerely mourned over the ashes of Albuquerque, whom they called their father; but there was a general joy on the departure of their tyrant Sampayo; a certain proof that his conduct was of infinite prejudice to the interest of Portugal. However high and dreadful they may seem, men in his situation never dare to punish without respect of the offender's connections. The tyranny of George de Menezes, governor of Maluco, under Sampayo, disgraces human nature. He openly robbed the houses of the Moorish merchants, cut off the hands of some, and looked on, while a magistrate, who had dared to complain, was, by his order, devoured by dogs\*. If the embarrassment of Sampayo was the only protection of this miscreant, others, however, had his sanction. Camoens, that enthusiast of his nation's honour, in an apostrophe to Mascarene, thus characterises the regency of the Usurper, "Avarice and ambition now in India set their face openly against God and justice; a grief to thee, but not thy shame!" And Camoens is exceeding accurate in the facts of history, and with the rest of his countrymen, admires the military renown of Sampayo. But if Sampayo humbled the Moors, it should also be remembered that, according to Faria, these people had improved the

and urged the examples of others, who had been rewarded. His defence staggered the king's resolution against him, but his usurpation could not be forgiven. He was sentenced to pay Mascarene 10,000 ducats, to forfeit his allowance as governor, and to be banished into Africa. But he was afterwards allowed to return in a private station to Portugal. His friend Alonzo Mexia, the inspector of the revenue, was also severely punished, if less than his rapacity deserved, may be called severe.

\* This tyrant, on his return to Lisbon, was banished to the Brazils, where, in a rencounter with the natives, he was taken prisoner, and died the death of an American

captive. The victim is tied to a tree, his teeth and nails are drawn, burning wood is held to every tender part, his roasted fingers are put into the bowl of a pipe and smoked by the savages; his tormentors with horrid howls dance round him, wounding him at every turn with their poignards; his eyes are at last thrust out, and he is let loose to stagger about as his torture impels him. As soon as he expires, his dismembered limbs are boiled in the war-kettle, and devoured by his executioners. While George de Menezes suffered this torture, charity would hope that the remembrance of his cruelties in India gave him his severest pains.

divisions made by his politics, greatly to the hurt of the Portuguese settlements. And when he did conquer, pushed on by the rage to do something eminent, every victory was truly Gothic, and was in its consequence uncommercial. It is not earthquakes and whirlwinds that revive a blighted harvest; the gentle rains and mild dews of heaven alone diffuse fertility, and heal the chafms of the withered soil. Malaca, while governed by the injured Mascarene, was the only division of Portuguese Asia where commerce flourished. After his departure, all was wretchedness; Portuguese against Portuguese, piracy and rapine here and at the Malucos. In what condition the rest were left by Sampayo will soon appear.

The king of Cochin, the valuable ally and auxiliary of the Portuguese, was confined by the small-pox when Nunio arrived. Nunio offered to wait upon him, but the king declined the interview on account of the infection, though a sight of the new governor, he added, he was sure would cure his fever. Nunio waited upon him, and heard a long list of the injuries and rapine committed by Sampayo and Mexia. These, in true policy, Nunio redressed; and the king, who complained that he had been kept as a slave in his own palace, was now made happy. Nunio visited the other princes in alliance with Portugal, and at every court and harbour found oppression and injustice. At Ormuz in particular, tyranny and extortion had defied resistance. Nunio soothed and redressed the wrongs of the various princes. Proclamation was made every where, inviting the injured Moors and Indians to appear before him and receive redress. Many appeared, and to the astonishment of all India, justice was conspicuously distributed. Racz Xaraso, the creature of Sampayo, prime minister, or rather tyrant of the king of Ormuz, stood accused of the most horrid crimes of office. Rapine was defended by murder; and the spirit of industry, crushed to the ground, sighed for support amid the desolate streets. Innocence and industry were now protected by Nunio, and Xaraso, though a native of India, was sent in irons to Lisbon to take his trial. Nor was Nunio forgetful of the enemies, while thus employed in restoring to prosperity the allies of Portugal\*. Hector de

\* Before his arrival, Nunio greatly distinguished himself on the Ethiopian coast. The king of Mombaza, in hatred to the Portuguese, had again reduced the kings of

Melinda and Zanzibar to great distress. Nunio reduced Mombaza to ashes, and left a garrison at Melinda, which afterwards rendered considerable service to that city.



Sylveyra; with a large fleet, made a line across the gulph at the mouth of the Red Sea, and let not a Moorish or Egyptian vessel escape. Anthony Galvam, a very enthusiast in honesty, was sent by Nunio to succeed Ataide, governor of the Malucos, a villain who trod in the steps of Menezes. All was in confusion when Galvam arrived; but he had infinitely more difficulty, says Faria, to suppress the villainy of the Portuguese, than to quell the hostile natives. By his wisdom, however, resolution, and most scrupulous integrity, the Malucos once more became a flourishing settlement, and the neighbouring kings, some of whom he had vanquished, entreated his continuance when he received his recal. Anthony de Sylveyra spread the terror of his arms along the hostile coast of Cambaya, and from thence to Bengal. Stephen de Gama, son of the great Vasco, was sent to Malaca, which he effectually secured, by the repeated defeats of the neighbouring princes in hostility. And the governor himself attempted Dio; but while employed in the reduction of the strongly fortified island of Beth, where the brave Hector de Sylveyra fell, a great reinforcement, commanded by Mustapha, a Turk, entered Dio, and enabled that city to hold out against all the vigorous attacks of Nunio.

While the governor was thus employed in restoring the strength of the Portuguese settlements, scenes, new to the Portuguese, opened, and demanded the exertion of all his wisdom and abilities. One of those brutal wars, during which the eastern princes desolate kingdoms and shed the blood of millions, now broke forth. Badur, king of Guzarat or Cambaya, one of those horrid characters common in oriental history, ascended the throne, through the blood of his father and elder brothers. Innumerable other murders, acts of perfidy and unjust invasions of his neighbours, increased his territories, when the Mogul, or king of Delhi, sent a demand of homage and tribute. Badur flayed the ambassadors alive, and boasted that thus he would always pay his tribute and homage. Armies of about 200,000 men were raised on each side, and alternately destroyed, sometimes by the sword, sometimes by famine. New armies were repeatedly mustered, inferior kingdoms were desolated as they marched along, but Badur was at last reduced to the lowest extremity. In his distress he implored the assistance of the Portuguese, and not only yielded Dio, a city among  
almost

almost inaccessible rocks, but gave permission to Nunio to fortify it as he pleased\*. The Mogul also made large offers, but those of Badur were accepted, and the king of Delhi's army soon after withdrew from Cambaya. Abraham, king of Decan, entitled Hydal Can, had about this time laid siege to Golconda with an army of near half a million, but Cotamaluco, the prince whom he besieged, found means to defeat him by famine. Abraham had dethroned his own brother, Mulacham, and thrust out his eyes. Azadacam, an expert Mohammedan, at the head of a large army, endeavoured to revenge Mulacham, when the people of Decan, desolated by these brutal wars, entreated Nunio to take the dominion of their country, and deliver them from utter ruin. As the Decan forms the continent opposite to Goa, the offer was accepted, and ratified by the consent of Azadacam. Azadacam now fled to the king of Bifnagar, the old enemy of the Decan, and Abraham, now assisted by Catamaluco, the prince whom he besieged in Golconda, invaded Bifnagar with an army of 400,000 men and 700 elephants. But while human blood flowed in rivulets, Azadacam made his peace with Abraham, and Cotamaluco joined the king of Bifnagar. King Badur, who owed his crown to the Portuguese, now meditating their destruction, entered into a league with the Hydal Can. And Azadacam, who had ratified the treaty, by which the miserable inhabitants of Decan had put themselves under the Portuguese dominion, now advised his master to recover his territory by force of arms. A war ensued, but neither Azadacam, nor Solyman Aga with his Persian auxiliaries, could expel the Portuguese. Hydal Can, tired by the groans of the people, ordered hostilities to cease, but was not obeyed by Azadacam, who, to cover his treason, attempted to poison Hydal Can. Yet soon after the traitor bought his par-

\* One Iago Botello performed the most wonderful voyage, perhaps, upon record, on this occasion. He was an exile in India, and as he knew how earnestly the king of Portugal desired the possession of Diu, he hoped, that to be the messenger of the agreeable tidings would procure his pardon. Having got a draught of the fort, and a copy of the treaty with Badur, he set sail on pretence for Cambaya, in a vessel only sixteen feet and an half long, nine broad,

and four and a half deep. Three Portuguese, his servants, and some Indian slaves, were his crew. When out at sea he discovered his true purpose: this produced a mutiny, in which all that were sailors were killed. Botello, however, proceeded, and arrived at Lisbon, where his pardon was all his reward. His vessel, by the king's order, was immediately burned, that such evidence of the safety and ease of the voyage to India might not remain.

don with gold, for gold is omnipotent in the fordid courts of the East. Nunio, however, compelled Azadacam to a truce, but a new enemy immediately arose. The Zamorim, encouraged by Badur, raised an army of about 50,000 men, but was six times defeated by the Portuguese. Badur had now recourse to perfidy. He entreated a conference with Nunio at Diu, and with Souza, the governor of the fort, with intention to assassinate them both. But ere his scheme was ripe, Souza, one day, in stepping into Badur's barge, fell into the water. He was taken up in safety, but some Portuguese, who at a distance beheld his danger, rowed up hastily to his assistance, when Badur, troubled with a villain's fears, ordered Souza to be killed. Four Portuguese gentlemen immediately boarded his barge, and rushed on the tyrant. Iago de Mesqueta wounded him, but though these brave men lost their lives in the attempt, they forced Badur to leap over board for safety. A commotion in the bay ensued, and the king, unable to swim any longer, called out aloud who he was, and begged assistance. A Portuguese officer held out an oar, but as Badur laid hold of it, a common foldier, moved with honest indignation, struck him over the face with a halbert, and repeating his blows, delivered the world of a tyrant, whose remorseless perfidy and cruelty had long disgraced human nature.

In this abridged view of the dark barbarous politics, unblushing perfidy, and desolating wars of king Badur, the king of Delhi, and the Hydal Can, we have a complete epitome of the history of India. Century after century contains only a repetition of the same changes in policy, the same desolations, and the same deluges of spilt blood. And who can behold so horrid a picture without perceiving the inestimable benefits which MAY BE DIFFUSED over the East by a potent settlement of Europeans, benefits which true policy, which their own interest demand from their hands, which have in part been given, and certainly will one day be largely diffused. Nunio, as much as possibly he could, improved every opportunity of convincing the natives, that the friendship of his countrymen was capable of affording them the surest defence. Greatly superior to the gross ideas of Gothic conquest he addressed himself to the reason and the interests of those with whom he negotiated. He called a meeting of the principal inhabitants and merchants of Cambaya,

baya, and laid the papers of the dead king before them. By these, the treacherous designs of king Badur fully appeared, and his negotiation to engage the Grand Turk to drive the Portuguese from India was detected. Coje Zofar, one of the first officers of Badur, and who was present at his death, with several others, witnessed the manner of it. And Moors and Pagans alike acquitted the Portuguese. Letters, to this purpose, in Arabic and Persian, signed by Coje Zofar and the chief men of Cambaya, were dispersed by Nunio every where in India and the coasts of Arabia. Nor did this great politician stop here. Superior to bigotry, he did not look to the Pope's Bull for the foundation of authority. The free exercise of the Mohammedan and Brahmin religions was permitted in every Portuguese territory, and not only the laws, the officers appointed, but even the pensions given by king Badur, were continued. The Portuguese settlements now enjoyed prosperity. A privateering war with the Moors of Mecca, and some hostilities in defence of the princes, his allies, were the sole incumbrances of Nunio, while India was again steeped in her own blood. While the new king of Cambaya was dethroned, while Omaum king of Delhi lost an army of above 400,000 men in Bengal, and while Xercham, the king of that country, together with his own life, lost almost as many in the siege of Calijor, Nunio preserved his territory in the Decan in a state of peace and safety, the envy of the other provinces of India. But the armament of the Turk, procured by Badur, now arrived, and threatened the destruction of the Portuguese. Selim, Sultan of Constantinople, a few years before, had defeated the Soldan of Egypt, and annexed his dominions to the Turkish empire. The Mohammedan strength was now more consolidated than ever. The Grand Turk was at war, and meditated conquests in Europe. The traffic of India was the mother and nurse of his naval strength, and the presents sent by king Badur gave him the highest idea of the riches of Indostan. Seventy large vessels, well supplied with cannon and all military stores, under the command of Solyman, Bahaw of Cairo, sailed from the port of Suez, to extirpate the Portuguese from India. The seamen were of different nations, many of them Venetian galley-slaves, taken in war, all of them trained sailors; and 7000 Janinaries were destined to act on shore. Some Portuguese Renegados

gados were also in the fleet; and Coje Zofar, who had hitherto been the friend of Nunio, with a party of Cambayans, joined Solyman. The hostile operations began with the siege of Dio, but when Nunio was ready to fail to its relief with a fleet of eighty vessels, Garcia de Noronha arrived with a commission to succeed him as governor. Nunio immediately resigned, and Noronha, in providing a greater fleet, by a criminal loss of time, reduced the garrison of Dio to the greatest extremity. Here the Portuguese shewed miracles of bravery. Anthony de Sylveyra, the commander, was in every place. Even the women took arms; the officers ladies went from rampart to rampart upbraiding the least appearance of langour. Juan Roderigo, with a barrel of powder in his arms, passed his companions, *make way*, he cried, *I carry my own and many a man's death*. His own, however, he did not, for he returned safe to his station; but above a hundred of the enemy were destroyed by the explosion of the powder, which he threw upon one of their batteries. Of 600 men who at first were in the garrison, forty were not now able to bear arms, when Coje Zofar, irritated by the insolence of Solyman, forged a letter to the garrison, which promised the immediate arrival of Noronha. This, as he designed, fell into the hands of Solyman, who immediately hoisted his sails, and with the shattered remains of his formidable fleet, fled to Arabia, where, to avoid punishment, he died by his own hands.

But while Nunio restored the affairs of India, the political canker at the court of Lisbon accumulated its malignity. He did not amuse them with the glare of unmeaning Gothic conquests, and the wisdom of his policy was unperceived. Even their historians seem insensible of it, and even the author of *Histoire Philosophique*, in his account of the Portuguese politics, pays no attention to Nunio, though he even improved upon the ideas of Albuquerque. In place of rewards, chains were prepared in Portugal for this great commander; but his death at sea, after a happy regency of about ten years, prevented the completion of his country's ingratitude.

When Noronha was sent to supersede Nunio, an allegorical poet might feign that the dæmon of infatuation directed the councils of Lisbon. Noronha's regency began with an infamous delay of the succours destined by Nunio for Dio. Coje Zofar,

by the same spirit of delay, was permitted, long after the departure of Solyman, to harrass the Portuguese of that important place. The Hydal Can, many other princes, and even the Zamorim himself, awed by the dignity and justice of Nunio's government, entreated the alliance of Portugal, and Noronha had the honour to negotiate a general peace; a peace, which on the part of the Zamorim, gave the Portuguese every opportunity to strengthen their empire, for it continued thirty years.

These transactions, the privateering war with the Moors, some skirmishes in Ceylon, the design, contrary to the king's commission, to appoint his son to succeed him, his death, and the public joy which it occasioned, comprise the history of the regency of the unworthy successor of the generous Nunio.

Both the Portuguese and the natives gave unfeigned demonstrations of joy on the appointment of Stephen de Gama, the son of the great Vasco. By his first act he ordered his private estate to be publicly valued, and by his second he lent a great sum to the treasury, which by Noronha was left exhausted. He visited and repaired the forts, and refitted the fleets in every harbour. By his officers he defeated the king of Achem, who disturbed Malaca. He restored tranquility in Cambaya, where the Portuguese territory was invaded by a powerful army, led by Bramaluco, a prince who had been dethroned by king Badur. His brother Christoval he sent on an expedition into Ethiopia\*, and the governor himself sailed to the Red Sea with a fleet, equipped at his own expence. Here he gave a severe wound to the Turkish naval strength. But while every thing was in prosperity under the brave and generous Stephen, he was suddenly superceded by the elevation of Martin Alonzo de Souza. Though no policy can be more palpably ruinous than that which recalls a governor of decided abilities ere he can possibly complete any plan of importance; yet such recalls, ere now, had been issued from the court of Lisbon. But none of them, perhaps, gave a deeper wound to the Portuguese interest than this. Stephen de Gama trod in the steps of his father and of Albuquerque. Souza's actions were of a different character. He began his government with every exertion to get witnesses to impeach his predecessor, but though he pardoned a murderer on

\* For his melancholy fate, see p. 451.

that condition, every accusation was refuted, and Stephen de Gama was received with great honour at Lisbon. Having refused to give his hand, however, to a bride, chosen for him by John III. he found it convenient to banish himself from his native country, the country which his father had raised to its highest honours. He retired therefore to Venice, his estate 40,000 crowns less than when he entered upon his short government of two years and one month.

Wars of a new character now took place. By the toleration which Nunio gave to the religions of the natives, he rendered the Portuguese settlements happy and flourishing. But gloomy superstition now prevailed, and Souza was under the direction of priests, who esteemed the butcheries of religious persecution as the service of heaven. The temples of Malabar were laid in ashes, and thousands of the unhappy natives, for the crime of idolatry, were slaughtered upon their ruined altars. This the Portuguese historians mention as the greatest honour of the piety of their countrymen, ignorant of the detestation which such cruelty must certainly bring upon the religion which inspires it: ignorant too, that true religion, under the toleration of a Nunio, possesses its best opportunity to conquer the heart by the display of its superior excellence. At the siege of Batecala, the Portuguese soldiers quarrelled about the booty, and while fighting with each other, were attacked by the natives and driven to their ships. The pay of the common soldiers had been diminished by Souza, and they freely owned that this was the cause of the mutiny. The city afterward was taken, and the streets ran with blood; such was the rage of the army to recompence themselves by plunder. The king of Ormuz, unable to pay the exorbitant tribute exacted from him, which was now six times more than the tax imposed by Albuquerque, resigned his revenues to the Portuguese. Azadacam, now in open war with his master the Hydal Can Abraham, drew Souza to his party. The design was to dethrone Abraham, who had been always friendly to the Portuguese, and to place Meale Can his brother in his dominions. The Portuguese officers murmured at this shameless injustice, but only Pedro de Faria, trusting to his venerable years, had the courage to remonstrate with the governor. Souza, haughty as he was, listened to the man of fourscore, and confessed that he had saved both his life

and his honour. The attempt, however, was highly repented by the Hydal Can, who gathered such a storm to crush the Portuguese, that Souza, foreseeing the tempest that was hovering over him, threatened to open the commissions, and resign to the governor next named. He complained that he could not govern men who had neither truth nor honour; he did not consider, however, that his unjust treatment of the common soldiers occasioned their disorder and disobedience. But while he thus meditated a cowardly and treacherous retreat, treacherous because it was to desert his post in the hour of danger, a fleet from Portugal brought the great John de Castro, the successor of the embarrassed undetermined Souza.

The naval and military strength of the Portuguese in India was in a sickly condition. Great discontent among the few who were honest; all was villainy and disorder among the rest. The natives, earnest for their total extirpation, from different provinces joined Hydal Can, and their warlike operations began with the siege of Diu. John de Mascarene, the governor, made a brave defence, and the Portuguese displayed many prodigies of valour. Azadacam, Coje Zofar, and others, of the greatest military reputation, directed the attacks, and lost their lives in the siege. Whenever a breach was made, the Turks and Indians pressed on by ten thousands, but were always repulsed. Unnumbered artillery thundered on every side, and mines were sprung, by one of which Fernando, the son of Castro, was with his battallion blown up in the air. After eight months Castro arrived with a large fleet, and without opposition entered the fort. From thence he marched out at the head of 2500 Portuguese and some auxiliaries of Cochin. The numerous army of Hydal Can continued in their trenches, which were defended with ramparts and a profusion of artillery. But the enemy were driven from their works, and pursued with incredible slaughter through the streets of the city. Rume Can, the son of Zofar, rallied about 8000 of his bravest troops, and was totally defeated by Castro\*. It was necessary to prosecute the war, and the

\* During the heat of this engagement, Father Casal, with a crucifix on the point of a spear, greatly animated the Portuguese. Rume Can, notwithstanding all the efforts of Castro, put his troops at last in great disorder. But though the General could

not, the Priest led them to victory. A weapon broke off an arm of the crucifix, and Casal exclaiming aloud, *sacrilege, sacrilege, revenge the sacrilege*, inspired a fury which determined the battle. In many other engagements the leaders promoted their



governor, in great want of money to carry it on, desired the citizens of Goa to advance a loan of 20,000 pardaos, for which he sent them a lock of his mustacheos in pledge. A security indeed uncommon; but which included in it a signal pawn of his honour. More money than he required was sent, and even the women stripped themselves of their bracelets and other jewels to supply his want. The jewels, however, he returned, and having with great assiduity improved his naval and military strength, he and his captains carried fire and sword over the dominions of the hostile princes, while Hydal Can, with an army of 150,000 men, retired before him. The king of Achem was also defeated at Malaca, and the stubborn villainy of the debauched Portuguese soldiers and traders was the only enemy unsubdued. While he laboured in this much more arduous war, in correcting the abuses of the revenue, and the distribution of justice, grief, it is said, impaired Castro's health and hastened his end, at a time when Hydal Can and all who had been in arms against the Portuguese were suing for peace. On the approach of death he appointed a council of select persons to take the management of affairs. And so poor was the great Castro, that the first act of this committee was an order to supply the expences of his death-bed from the king's revenue; for a few reals, not half a dozen, was all the property found in his cabinet.

Garcia de Sa, an experienced officer, succeeded this great man, and concluded the various treaties of peace, procured by the arms, and in agitation at the death of Castro, greatly to the advantage and honour of Portugal. Here Camoens ends his prophetic song, and here also the most important period of the history of the Portuguese empire in Asia is naturally wound up. A repetition of the same oppressive impolitical measures, which had often armed the East against them, describes the conduct of the governors who ruled India for twenty years after Castro. But the rapine of individuals every year became more shameless and more general. Indian women of quality were publickly

their interest in this manner. They often saw the sign of the cross in the air, and at different times some Moorish prisoners enquired after the beautiful young woman, and venerable old man, who appeared in the

front of the Portuguese squadrons. And the Portuguese soldiers, who saw no such personages, were thus taught to believe themselves under the particular care of the Virgin and St. Joseph.

dragged

dragged from their friends by Portuguese ravishers. When the Count de Redonda was governor, a Portuguese ship, contrary to the treaty of peace, was attacked by three vessels of Malabar. Redonda complained, and was answered by the Zamorim, that some rebels had done it, whom he was welcome to seize and chastise. Irritated by this reply, he sent Dominic de Mesquita with three ships to scour the coast of Malabar. And Mesquita soon murdered above 2000 Malabrians, the greatest part of whom were sewed up in their own sail cloths and wantonly drowned. When the Zamorim complained, Redonda retorted his own reply, "It was done by rebels, whom he was welcome to seize and chastise." A spirited reprisal is often the most decisive measure; but this inhuman one, surely, was not dictated by wisdom. Harassed by their cruel awful tyrants, who trampled on every law of humanity and good policy, the princes of India combined in a general league for the utter extirpation of the Portuguese. Eastern politics never produced a better concerted plan of operation than this, and so confident were the natives of success, that not only the possessions of the Portuguese, but the most beautiful of their wives and daughters were also divided among them. Five years was this league in forming; at last, at the same instant, the king of Ternate attacked the Malucos, the king of Achem invaded Malaca, the queen of Garzopa carried her arms against Onor; Surat was seized by Agalachem, a prince tributary to the Mogul; the Hydal Can attacked Chaul, Daman, Bazaim and Goa; and the Zamorim laid siege to Mangalor, Cochin and Cananor. And even the ancient Christians of St. Thomas, persecuted by the archbishops of Goa, for non-submission to the See of Rome, joined the Pagans and Mohammedans against the natives of Portugal. But where even the embers of virtue remain, danger and an able general will awake them into a flame. Luis de Ataide, the Portuguese governor, was advised to withdraw his troops from the exterior parts for the support of Goa, the seat of their empire. But this he gallantly refused, and even permitted a fleet with 400 men to sail for Portugal. No sooner did he gain an advantage in one place than he sent relief to another. He and the best troops hastened from fort to fort, and victory followed victory, till the leaders of this most formidable combination sued

fued for peace. A fignal proof of what valour and military art may do againft the greateft multitudes of undifciplined militia.

The brave Ataide, after his return to Portugal, was fent a fecond time Viceroy to India\*, where, foon after the defeat of king Sebaftian in Africa, he died of melancholy, fo deeply was he affected with the fall of his country, which he forefaw and foretold. Gama, Albuquerque, and Nunio de Cunha, certainly underftood the great principles upon which a foreign commerce can only be eftablifhed and rendered feure. But the court of Lifbon, and moft of the other governors, never perceived the true intereft of their empire. When errors in government begin, the wife fee the feeret difeafe, but it is the next generation that feels the worft of its effects. Camoens, whofe political penetration was perhaps unequalled in his age and country, faw the declenfion of manners, and foretold in vain the fall of empire. Portugal owed its exiftence to the fpirit of chivalry and the ideas of liberty, which were confirmed by the ftatutes of Lamego. Camoens, in a fine allegory, laments the decay of the ancient virtues. Under the character of a huntsman he paints the wild romantic purfuits of king Sebaftian, and wifhes that he may not fall the victim of his blind paffion. The courtiers he characterifes,

\* Ataide often checked the wild purfuits of the young king Sebaftian, and ftroglly oppofed his romantic defire to head an expedition in Africa. The Prince, to be eafed of the reftRAINT of his prefence, fent Ataide a fecond time to India, and in a fpeech which he made to him, ftroglly characterifed the frivoloufnefs which now prevailed in the cabinet of Portugal. Don Conftantine de Braganza, of the blood royal, one of Ataide's fucceffors, never performed one action which did honour to his abilities. The officers he fent out on various expeditions were generally defeated. He himfelf fhared the fame fate, and once faved his life by inglorious flight. His views were of no importance. He imprifoned Luis de Melo for lofing too much time in a victorious expedition on the coaft of Malabar. In a defcent on Ceylon the Portuguefe feized the tooth of a monkey, a relic held facred by the Pagans, for which, according to Lin-

fhoten, 700,000 ducats were offered in ranfom; but Conftantine ordered it to be burned. The kings of Siam and Pegu pretended the real tooth was faved by a Banian, and each afserting he was in poffeffion of the genuine one, bloody wars, which much endangered the Portuguefe eaftern fettlements, were kindled; and Conftantine, finding himfelf embarrassed, refigned, contrary to the defire of Sebaftian. Ataide, on the contrary, had performed moft incredible actions, had faved the Portuguefe from the greateft dangers they ever furmounted in Afta. Yet when the fecond time Ataide went out Viceroy, Sebaftian did not bid him reign as he had formerly done. No, he bade him reign like Don Conftantine — a whiffler, whofe abilities reached no farther than perhaps to open a ball gracefully, for his politenefs was his only commendation.

—— each for some base interest of his own,  
With flattery's manna'd lips assails the throne.

And the clergy, the men of letters ——

—— trim'd the lamp at night's mid hour,  
To plan new laws to arm the regal power,  
Sleepless at night's mid hour to raze the laws,  
The sacred bulwarks of the people's cause,  
Framed ere the blood of hard-earn'd victory  
On their brave father's helm-hackt swords was dry.

Unperceived by the unlettered nobility, the principles of the constitution gradually expired under the artful increase of the royal prerogative. If Sebastian was more absolute than John the First, his power was bought by the degeneracy and weakness of his subjects, the certain price with which monarchs purchase their beloved despotism. The neglect of one man of merit is the signal for the worthless, if rich, to crowd to court. Many of these signals were given in the reigns of Emmanuel, John III. Sebastian, and his successor the Cardinal Henry; and thus the labours of an Albuquerque, a Nunio, a Castro, and an Ataide, were frustrated and reversed. These governors, bred in war, enthusiasts in honour, all died poor. Xaraso, the creature of Sampayo, the tyrant of his master the king of Ormuz, charged with murders and the most unbounded extortion, was sent in irons to Lisbon. But he carried his treasures with him, and was restored to his employments. Anthony Galvam, the most honest of men, saved the Malucos, returned poor to Portugal, and like Pacheco, died in an alms-house. Some of the first nobility and princes of the blood were after Castro made Viceroys of India. Nor came they there on purpose to return with empty coffers\*. Under the shade of silken umbrellas they rode to

\* The governors of India, about this time, cleared 800,000 ducats per annum. 200,000 was the salary of the commanders of some forts, beside the profits of trade, which were immense, for the ships they sent to Europe were loaded with the plunder of their rapine. Yet at this time all the royal revenue which arose from the customs, and all the tribute paid by the acquired

territory and vassal princes, afforded only 1,000,000 crowns, the highest annual sum received by the kings of Portugal, a sum often purchased by armaments of much superior expence. Though a king of Ceylon was so ignorant as to refuse a present of tapestry from the Portuguese, his allies, because the figures upon it, he said, were enchanted men, who would kill him in the night time;

battle in chairs carried on men's shoulders. All was luxury, weakness, and unlimited oppression. Ataide effected a glorious recovery of the Portuguese affairs, but they soon relapsed with doubled confusion into their former disorder. Both before and after this period, a long succession of governors, in one uniform course, regardless of the injury which the commerce of their country sustained by their depredations, studiously kindled unjust wars, that they might enrich themselves by the enormous plunder. Sebastian lost his crown in Africa, and was succeeded by an old weak man, his grand uncle Cardinal Henrico. Two years closed Henry's pusillanimous sway, and Philip II. of Spain soon after made himself master of the kingdom of Portugal. Totally engrossed by their immense American empire and the politics of Europe, the Spanish court paid little attention to Portuguese India. Little or no supplies arrived from Europe. The commanders on the different stations ceased to act in concert with each other. Unrestrained by a regular government, each endeavoured to enrich himself. Their mother country groaned under the yoke of Spain. Mostly natives of the East, the Portuguese in India lost all affection for Portugal, and indeed the political chain which bound them together was now but a slender thread. The will of the captain of the fort was absolute, and his protection of the most audacious plunderers was the support of his power. Around the Malucos, fort after fort fell into the hands of the neighbouring princes. Some of the Portuguese were impaled, others entered into the service of their conquerors, and in many actions fought against each other with the greatest rancour. In this wretched condition of Portuguese Asia, Houtman, a Dutch merchant, in jail for debt at Lisbon, planned the establishment of his countrymen in the East. The Hollanders paid his debts; he sailed for the East, and returned with credentials of his promise, which gave birth to the Dutch India company, an institution of deep commercial

time; Though the general opinion of India esteemed the Portuguese as a race superior to other men; You are among men, said an Indian, what lions are among beasts, and nature has appointed that your species should be equally few for the same reason; Though such ignorance of the natives facilitated the Portuguese victories, some, however, had more reason. Let them alone, said one

Indian prince to another, their management of their revenue, and their love of luxury, will soon ruin them. And a king of Persia asked a Portuguese captain, how many of their Indian Viceroy's had been beheaded by the kings of Portugal? None, replied the officer: then you will not long, returned the Persian, be the masters of India.

wisdom. In Java and the Malucos, where the Portuguese were weakest, the Dutch began their operations, and from thence carried their hostilities into Bengal and the other parts of India. The Portuguese valour seemed to revive, and the Dutch, in many engagements, were defeated. Their vanquished fleets, however, carried rich cargoes to Europe, and brought fresh supplies. The Portuguese Jesuits omitted no invention that might inflame the natives against them; even their republican form of government was urged as big with ruin to the Indian princes. But the detestation of the Portuguese name was deep in India; and that rooted odium, to which their villainies and cruelties had given birth and had long nourished, was now felt to militate against them more than millions in arms. Had the general conduct of the Portuguese governors been like that of Albuquerque, had the princes of India mourned over their graves, no strangers had ever established themselves on the ruin of such allies. Though repeatedly defeated in war, the Dutch commerce increased, the harbours of India received them with kindness, and gave them assistance, while the friendless detested Portuguese, though victorious in almost every skirmish, were harassed out and daily weakened. Like beasts of prey in their dens, or mountaineer banditti, they kept their gloomy fortresses, their destruction the wish of the natives, who yet were afraid too openly to provoke the rage of these wolves and tygers. Five years after the arrival of the Dutch, the English also appeared in India. The Dutch, who pleaded the law of nature, without ceremony entered the best harbours, and endeavoured to drive the Portuguese from their settlements. The English, in 1601, under Sir James Lancaster, erected several factories in India, but they went to ports open to all, and interfered with neither Dutch, Portuguese, nor Moorish settlement. Twenty English fleets made the voyage to India without hostility, when the Portuguese Jesuits brought on a rupture, which ended in the loss of the Portuguese military reputation. Every treacherous art which the Moors practised against Gama was repeated by the Jesuits, and the event was the same. The Jesuit Pinneus influenced the Mogul against the English, and commerce with them was interdicted. While Captain Best in a large ship, and Captain Salmon in a bomb ketch, lay near Surat, Nunio de Cunha, with four large galliots and twenty-five frigates, was sent

sent to destroy them. An Indian, who had been aboard the English ships, told Nunio that they had not above a week's provision, and that he had nothing to do but to prevent them to take in fresh water. Nunio replied, that *he would not spend a week's provisions upon his own men to purchase a victory that might be gained in an hour.* And in the same high spirit he sent Canning, an English prisoner in his custody, to help his countrymen to fight, boasting, that *he would soon take him again with more company.* As Nunio advanced, with red banners displayed, Best weighed his anchors, and began the fight in the centre of the four large galliots; and Captain Salmon, in the bomb ketch, behaved with equal courage\*. The Mogul had an army at this time upon the shore. The beach and the eminences were covered with spectators. And now those who had deemed the Portuguese invincible at sea, with astonishment beheld nine and twenty ships vanquished and put to flight by two vessels. But they knew not that the victors had fought under a Drake and a Raleigh. After the arrival of the Dutch, the Spanish court began to pay some attention to India, and supplies were sent against them and the English. But Thomas Best, in a harder conflict, was again victorious. Azevedo, the Viceroy nominated by Spain, prepared an armament of eight vessels, each of about 600 tons, and sixty frigates; but though often braved by the English, reinforced only with four ships, to the deeper astonishment of all India, he declined the combat, and suffered the English, unmolested, to proceed homeward with loaded ships. The reputation of the Portuguese valour was now no more. The Dutch power increased, and the natives in every

\* Withington, a writer of king James's time, thus mentions this engagement, "Capt. Salmon, of the bomb ketch, the *Osiander*, was like a Salamander amid the fire, dancing the hay about the Portuguese, friking and playing like a salmon." The Portuguese writers ascribe these victories to the excellence of the English and incapacity of their own gunners. Soon after, however, the English commerce in India greatly declined. The Dutch pretended that their hostilities in India were in revenge of the Spanish tyranny in the Netherlands. Portugal also bended down beneath the same cruel yoke; yet this, in the

Dutch logic, was her crime; and thus, because the Portuguese groaned under Spanish oppression, the Spanish oppression in the Netherlands was revenged upon them. The truth is, the Portuguese settlements were little regarded by Spain, and the Dutch intruded upon them as the stronger boars in a German forest shoulder the weaker ones from the best fall of acorns. Though beat off by the herdsmen, the stronger boars persist and return; so the Dutch persisted, till they secured possession. Every thing, however, was different in the first settlement of the English. The Author of *Histoire Philosophique*, &c. seems to decry the policy

place openly declared war against them. Philip de Brito Nicote, whose bravery and villainy were the scourge and terror of Siam and the adjacent regions, after a brave defence, was overpowered in his strong fort of Siriam. His wife and soldiers were maimed and sent into slavery. He himself and his male-kindred were impaled on the ramparts of his garrison. While the memory of the injuries suffered by the natives thus poured destruction upon the unpitied Portuguese, the Spanish court completed the ruin of their eastern empire. The expence of the supplies lately sent, far exceeded the advantages reaped by Spain. And Azevedo, the Viceroy, received an order from the court of Madrid, to dispose of every employment, of every office under him, by public sale, that money might be raised to support his government. We now need add no circumstance more. The history of the fall of the Portuguese empire is here complete. Every thing after was headlong declension. A succession of governors continued, and still continue; but of all their numerous settlements on every coast of the eastern world,

policy of their first captains, who made themselves masters of no port, but bought their cargoes of the native merchants, an uncertain foundation of continuance, according to him, though the English trade with China is now carried on in this manner. With all the *jang froid* of a materialist philosopher, the English perceived, says he, *that great riches could not be acquired without great injustice*, and that to attain the advantages enjoyed by the Portuguese and Dutch, they must also adopt their measures, and establish themselves by force of arms. But James, he adds, as if he condemned such narrow policy, was too pusillanimous, and too much engaged in controversial divinity, to allow warlike operations. The treaty of the English with the potent king of Persia, however, he mentions as an effort of great political wisdom. But Sir D. Cotton's embassy into Persia, in the Clarendon State Papers, Vol. I. p. 36. fol. throws another light upon this affair. The treaty with Persia was the idlest step the English could possibly have taken. According to this authentic record, the great monarch of Persia appears little better than a captain of Italian banditti; and his prime minister, raised from the meanest station,

was a greater flatterer and villain than his master. The treaty with Persia, indeed, alarmed the Mogul, the Portuguese and the Dutch, and brought hostilities upon the English, which the pusillanimous James would not allow them to punish as justice required. But it was not two months together in the mind, nor was it in the power of the tyrant of Persia to give any effectual assistance to the English. A Persian boxed Lord Shirley, the Sophi's ambassador, in the presence of James, and each charged the other with imposture. And the king of Persia and his minister did nothing but scruple the credentials sent from England, and endeavour to extort presents. While James thus amused himself with his Persian negotiation, as sagacious and fruitless as those he held with the court of Spain and the Prince Palatine, the commerce of his subjects languished in India. Hopeless of any help from Persia, they entered into a kind of partnership in some of the Dutch settlements. But when the Hollander found his opportunity, the English of Amboyna and other places experienced injuries and cruelties, which are yet unatoned, and which for many years rendered them of little or no consequence in the East.

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the ports of Goa and Diu in India, and the isle of Macao in the bay of Canton, only remain in the possession of the Portuguese. Two small vessels, often Chinese, once in the year carry some porcelaine to Goa and Diu, but these must touch at Surat and other ports to complete their return of silk and spicery. And one ship, with a poor cargo, according to *Histoire Philosophique*, partly furnished by the two floops of Macao, and partly purchased from the English, sails once in the year from Goa for Lisbon. Such is the fall of that power which once commanded the commerce of Africa and Asia from the straits of Gibraltar to the eastern side of Japan.

The author, just now mentioned, in his reflections on the fate of the Portuguese, informs his reader, that while the court of Lisbon projected the discovery of India, and expected inexhaustible riches, the more moderate and enlightened foresaw and foretold the evils which would follow success. And time, says he, the supreme judge of politics, hastened to fulfill their predictions. He, however, who is acquainted with the Portuguese Historians, must perceive the errors of this misrepresentation. The objections against the voyage of Gama, were by no means of the enlightened kind. They were these: Nothing but barren deserts, like Lybia, were to be found; or, if the discovered lands were rich, the length of the voyage would render it unprofitable; or if profitable, the introduction of wealth would beget a degeneracy of manners fatal to the kingdom. Foreign settlements would produce a depopulation and neglect of agriculture; or if foreign colonies were necessary, Ethiopia offered both nearer and better settlements. And the wrath of the Soldan of Egypt, and a combination of all Europe against Portugal, completed the prophecy of the threatened evils. But it was neither foreseen nor foretold, that the unexampled misconduct of the Portuguese would render the most lucrative commerce of the world an heavy, and at last insupportable expence on the treasury of Lisbon or Madrid; nor was it foretold, that the shameless villainy, the faithless piracies and rapine of their countrymen would bring down destruction upon their empire. Of the objections here enumerated, few are named by our author. Nor does the evil of the increase of wealth, the depopulation and neglect of agriculture, which he mentions as the consequences of the navigation to India, do honour to the wisdom

wisdom of those who foretold them, or to that of those who adopt the opinion. Many have pronounced, that the same evils which overwhelmed the Portuguese, are ready to burst upon the British empire; an enquiry, therefore, into the cause from whence these evils sprung, is of no trivial importance to the British nation.

Mines of gold, though most earnestly desired, are the least valuable parts of foreign acquisition. To encrease the population of the mother country is the only real wealth, and this can only be attained by increasing the means of employment, in such manner as will naturally inspire the spirit of industry. The staple commodities of a country must therefore be manufactured at home, and from hence, agriculture will of necessity be improved. To export the domestic manufacture, and import the commodities of foreign countries, are the great, the only real uses of foreign settlements. But did Spain and Portugal derive these advantages from their immense acquisitions in the East and West? Every thing contrary. The gold of Mexico and Peru levied the armies of Charles V. but established or encouraged no trade in his kingdom. Poverty and depopulation, therefore, was not the natural consequence of the discoveries of Columbus, but the certain result of the evil policy of Spain. We have seen how the traffic of India was managed by Portugal. That commerce which was the foundation of the maritime strength of the Mohammedan powers, and which enriched Venice, was not only all in the power of the Portuguese, but it was their's also to purchase that traffic on their own terms with the commodities of Europe. Had these methods been pursued, Portugal, a much finer country, had soon been more populous than Holland is now. He who foretells the neglect of agriculture on the increase of commerce, foretells an event contrary to the nature of things; and nothing but an infatuation, which cannot at a distance be foreseen, may possibly fulfil the prediction. Ignorance of the true principles of commerce, that great cause of the fall of the Portuguese empire, does not at present threaten the British; nor is the only natural reason of that fall applicable to Great Britain. The territory of Portugal is too small to be the head of so extensive an empire as once owned its authority. Auxiliaries may occasionally assist, but permanency of dominion can only be ensured by native troops. The nu-

merous garrisons of Portugal in Brazil, in Africa and Asia, required more supplies than the feat of empire could afford without depriving itself of defence in case of invasion. In the event, the foreign garrisons were lost for want of supplies, and the feat of empire, on the shock of one disaster, fell an easy prey to the usurpation of Spain. Great Britain, on the contrary, by the appointment of nature, reigns the commercial empress of the world. The unrivalled island is neither too large nor too small. Ten millions of inhabitants are naturally sufficient to afford armies to defend themselves against the greatest power; nor is such radical strength liable to fall asunder by its own weight. Neither is nature less kind in the variety of the climate of the British isles. That variety in her different provinces alike contributes to the production of her invaluable staples and hardy troops. Won and defended from the Mohammedans in wars esteemed religious, the circumstances of Portugal, produced a high and ardent spirit of chivalry, which raised her to empire; but when success gave a relaxation to the action of this spirit, the general ignorance of all ranks sunk her into ruin. The circumstances of the British empire are greatly different. Her military spirit is neither cherished by, nor dependent upon causes which exist in one age and not in another; and deep, indeed, must be her degeneracy, when all her ranks are as ignorant of her true interest as those of Portugal were, previous to her fall. Nor is the increase of wealth big with such evils as some esteem. Portugal did not owe her fall to it, for she was not enriched by the commerce of India. And if Great Britain ever suffer by enormous wealth, it must be by a general corruption of manners. This, however, is infinitely more in the power of government than some surmise. To remedy an evil we must trace its source. And never was there national corruption of manners which did not flow from the vices and errors of government. Where merit is the only passport to promotion, corruption of manners cannot be general. Where the worthless can purchase the offices of trust, universal profligacy must follow. It was not the acquisitions given by Columbus, it was the dull ignorant politics of Madrid which rendered America in any degree a curse to Spain. It was not the fall of Carthage that corrupted Rome, it was the want of knowledge and the want of virtue in the Roman Senate which introduced

introduced that venality, which, as a hectic fever, consumed the Roman strength. Mankind, it may be said, are liable to be corrupted, and wealth affords the opportunity. But this axiom will greatly mislead us from the line of truth, if taken in a general sense. The middle rank of men is infinitely more virtuous than the lowest. Profligacy of manners is not therefore the natural consequence of affluence, it is the accident which attends a vulgar mind in whatever external situation. And when vulgar minds are preferred to the high offices of church or state, it is the negligence, or wickedness of government, and not the increase of wealth, which is the source of national corruption. Some articles of traffic have an evil influence on a people. But neither is this in justice to be charged on the increase of national trade. The true principles of commerce on the contrary, require the restriction of many\*, and perhaps the prohibition of some articles. And ignorance of the true spirit of commerce, and neglect in the legislature, are therefore the only sources of these evils. The ascendancy of this ignorance and this neglect, are always attended with venality, and must prove fatal in every country. The two first fatal to the commercial strength, venality to the national power and manners. When the king of Spain commanded Azevedo, his Viceroy of India, to dispose of every office by public sale, he made an edict, that merit should be neglected, and that the most worthless and unfit should only be entrusted with the public affairs. Exactly proportioned to the degrees of venality, as it is checked or predominant, does the constitutional health of every empire recover or decline. That of Portuguese Asia, from the complex variety

\* That private vices, the luxury and extravagance of individuals, are public benefits, has been confidently asserted, yet no theoretical paradox was ever more false. Luxuries, indeed, employ many hands, but all hands in employment conduce not alike to the service of the state. Those employed on the natural staples are of the first rate service; but those engaged on luxuries often require materials which contribute to turn the balance of trade against the country where they reside; and as the sale of their labours depends upon fashion and caprice, not upon the real wants of life, they are apt to be thrown out of employ, and to

become a dangerous burden on the common wealth. Nor is all which is spent by individuals, gained, as some assert, by the public. A young merchant who dissipates 10,000 l. in debauchery among sharpers and courtezans, people of no labour, does not advantage the public in any degree equal to the loss which it sustains in the distresses of his industrious creditors. Nor is even this all; where private luxury is cherished as a public benefit, a national corruption of manners, the most dreadful political disease, will be sure to prevail, sure to reduce the most flourishing kingdom to the most critical weakness.

of causes we have traced, had long struggled in a deep consumption, and was now in the last stage, when Philip II. made an edict in open favour of venality, an act which almost immediately ended her political existence.

If happily many of the causes of the fall of Portugal do not threaten the British empire; yet against those causes last mentioned, Great Britain cannot be too well guarded; and may He who foretells her danger from them, never prove a Cassandra in prophecy; may He never have the gift of foretelling what is true, and yet be fated to obtain no credit!—But if the fall of the Portuguese empire be an example peculiarly held up to the British, still more particularly does the history of Portuguese Asia demand the attention of that stupendous Common Wealth, the United East India Company.

The histories of wars, from the earliest times, are much alike; the names of the countries ravished, the towns destroyed, and captains slain, are different; the motives and conduct of the oppressors, and the miseries of the oppressed, are the same. Portugal raised the first commercial empire of the modern world; the history of her fate therefore opens a new field for the most important speculation. The transactions of the Portuguese in India are peculiarly the wars and negociations of commerce, and therefore offer instructions to every trading country, which are not to be found in the campaigns of a Cæsar or a Marlborough. The prosperity and declension of foreign settlements, resulting from the wisdom or errors of the supreme power at home, from the wisdom or imprudence, the virtues or vices of governors abroad; The stupendous effects of unstained honour and faith; The miserable ruinous embarrassments which attend dishonest policy, though supported by the greatest abilities in the field or in the council; The uncommercial and dreadful consequences of wars unjustly provoked, though crowned with a long series of victories; The self-destructive measures, uncommercial spirit and inherent weakness of despotic rule; The power, affluence, and stability which reward the liberal policy of humane government; in a word, All those causes which nourish the infancy, all those which as a secret disease undermine, or as a violent poison suddenly destroy the vital strength of a commercial empire; all these are developed and

displayed, in the most exemplary manner, in the history of the transactions of Portuguese Asia.

And all these combine to ascertain the one great principle upon which the British East India Company must exist or fall. The viceroy or governor always finds two interests, often different from each other, soliciting his attention; the public interest and his own private one. If institutions cannot be devised to render it the true interest of governors, to make that of the public their first care, stability cannot be preserved\*. — But it were unjust to require the poverty of an Albuquerque or a Nunio. He who devotes his life to the service of his country, merits a reward adequate to his station. An estimate of the reward which true policy will give, may be drawn from the fate of the Dutch settlement at Brazil. Prince Maurice of Nassau, the general of a Dutch West India company, expelled the Portuguese from one half of this rich and extensive country. In reward of his service he was appointed governor, but his mercantile masters, earnest for immediate gain, and ignorant of what was necessary for future security, were offended at the grandeur in which he lived, the number of fortresses which he built, and the expence of the troops which he kept. They forced him by ill treatment to resign, and the ideas of the compting-house were now adopted. The expence of troops and of fortresses was greatly reduced; even that of the court of justice was retrenched; in their commerce with their new subjects every advantage of the sordid trader was taken, and payment was enforced with the utmost rigour. Cent. per cent. was now divided in Holland, and all was happy in the idea of the Burgo-masters, the Lords of this colony; when the Portuguese, invited by the defenceless state, and joined by the discontented subjects of the Dutch, overwhelmed them with ruin.

\* Nor is it enough to suppress the means of private villainy: To render a settlement prosperous, the honest merchant must have every possible encouragement. If it is easy to acquire an handsome independence in an honourable channel, the sons of men of property and of connexions, will adventure; and where capital and real abilities are best rewarded, commerce must greatly increase. If on the other hand, the

merchant is fettered by difficulties, only men of desperate fortune will settle in a distant climate. And these, conscious of the restraints under which they labour, conscious that they have much to gain and little to lose, will, in the nature of things, be solely influenced by the spirit of the mere adventurer; by that spirit which utterly ruined the Portuguese in India.

Though

Though the States now interested themselves vigourously, all the great expence of their armaments was lost. Brazil was recovered by the Portuguesé, and the Dutch East India Company was utterly extinguished.

Nor can we close our observations without one more. Nunio acquired an extensive territory in India. Harrassed by the horrible wars of their native princes, the regions around Goa implored the Portuguesé to take them under protection. And safe and happy, while all around was steeped in blood, the territory under the dominion of Nunio was the envy and wonder of India. Taught by this example, every humane breast must warm on the view of the happiness which the British India Company MAY diffuse over the East, a happiness which the British,\* are peculiarly enabled to bestow. Besides the many instances of Portuguesé tyranny and misconduct already enumerated, there was a defect in their government which must ever prove fatal to a commercial empire. All the stupendous efforts of Portuguesé colonization were only founded on the sands, on the quick-sands of human caprice and arbitrary power. They governed by no certain system of laws. Their governors carried to India the image of the court of Lisbon, and against the will of the Ruler there was no appeal to the civil power. Confidence in the high justice of a Nunio may give nations habituated to oppression a temporary spirit of industry; but temporary it must be, as a hasty journey made in the uncertain interval of a tempest. The cheerful vigour of commerce can only be uniform and continued where the merchant is conscious of protection on his appeal to known laws of supreme authority. On the firm basis of her laws the colonies of Great Britain have wonderfully prospered, for she gave them an image of her own constitution. And even where the government of

\* The form of the government, and the national character of the British, peculiarly enable them to diffuse the blessings which flow from the true spirit of commerce. The Dutch have a penuriousness in their manners, and a palpable selfishness in their laws, ill relished by the neighbours of their settlements. They want a mixture of the blood of gentlemen; or to drop the metaphor, they want that liberal turn of idea and sentiment which arises from the intercourse and conversation of the merchant with the man of

property, educated in independance. India, perhaps the most fertile country in the world, has suffered more by famine than any other. For the thousands who have died of hunger in other countries, India has buried millions of her sons, who have thus perished. Amazingly populous, the failure of a crop of rice is here dreadful. It is the true spirit of commerce to prevent famine, to bring provision from one country to another. And may this true spirit of it be exerted by the British in India!

the natives cannot be new modelled, an easy appeal to the supremacy of her civil laws, must place her commerce upon the surest foundation. It is not the spirit of Gothic conquest, it is not the little cunning finesse of embroiling the Indian princes among themselves; of cajoling one and winning another; it is not the groveling arts of intrigue, often embarrassed, always shifting, which can give lasting security. An essential decisive predominancy of the justice of laws like the British, can alone secure the prosperity of the most powerful commercial system, or render its existence ADVANTAGEOUS or even SAFE to the seat of Empire.

The next period of the Introduction to the *Lusiad* requires

### The LIFE of the AUTHOR.

**W**HEN the glory of the arms of Portugal had reached its meridian splendor, Nature, as if in pity of the literary rudeness of that nation, produced one great Poet, to record the numberless actions of high spirit performed by his countrymen. Except Oforius, the historians of Portugal are little better than dry journalists. But it is not their inelegance which rendered the poet necessary. It is the peculiar nature of poetry to give a colouring to heroic actions, and to express an indignation against the breaches of honour, in a spirit which at once seizes the heart of the man feeling, and carries with it an instantaneous conviction. The brilliant actions of the Portuguese form the great hinge which opened the door to the most important alteration in the civil history of mankind. And to place these actions in the light and enthusiasm of poetry, that enthusiasm which particularly assimilates the youthful breast to its own fires, was Luis de Camoens, the poet of Portugal, born.

Different cities claimed the honour of his birth. But according to N. Antonio, and Manuel Correa his intimate friend, this event happened at Lisbon in 1517. His family was of considerable note, and originally Spanish. In 1370, Vasco Perez de Caamans, disgusted at the court of Castile, fled to that of Lisbon, where king Ferdinand immediately admitted him into his council, and gave him the lordships of Sardoal, Punnete, Marano, Amendo, and other considerable lands; a certain proof of the eminence of his rank and abilities. In the war for the succession, which broke out on the death of Ferdinand, Caamans, sided with the king of Castile, and was killed in the battle of Aljabarrota. But though John I. the victor,



victor, seized a great part of his estate, his widow, the daughter of Gonfalo Tereyro, grand master of the order of Christ, and general of the Portuguese army, was not reduced beneath her rank. She had three sons, who took the name of Camöens. The family of the eldest inter-married with the first nobility of Portugal, and even, according to Castera, with the blood royal. But the family of the second brother, whose fortune was slender, had the superior honour to produce the Author of the Lusiad.

Early in his life the misfortunes of the Poet began. In his infancy, Simon Vaz de Camoens, his father, commander of a vessel, was shipwrecked at Goa, where, with his life, the greatest part of his fortune was lost. His mother, however, Anne de Macedo of Santarene, provided for the education of her son Luis at the university of Coimbra. What he acquired there his works discover: An intimacy with the classics, equal to that of a Scaliger, but directed by the taste of a Milton or a Pope.

When he left the university he appeared at court. He was handsome\*, had speaking eyes, it is said, and the finest complexion. Certain it is, however, he was a polished scholar, which, added to the natural ardour and gay vivacity of his disposition, rendered him an accomplished gentleman. Courts are the scenes of intrigue, and intrigue was fashionable at Lisbon. But the particulars of the amours of Camoens rest unknown. This only appears: He had aspired above his rank, for he was banished from the court; and in several of his sonnets he ascribes this misfortune to love.

He now retired to his mother's friends at Santarene. Here he renewed his studies, and began his Poem on the Discovery of India. John III. at this time prepared an armament against Africa. Camoens, tired of his inactive obscure life, went to Ceuta in this expedition, and greatly distinguished his valour in several rencounters. In a naval engagement with the Moors in the straits of Gibraltar, in the conflict of boarding he was among the foremost, and lost his right eye. Yet neither the

\* The French Translator gives us so fine a description of the person of Camoens, that it seems to be borrowed from the Fairy Tales. It is universally agreed, however, that he was handsome, and had a most engaging mein and address. He is thus described by

Nicolas Antonio, "*Mediocris statura fuit, et carne plena, capillis usque ad croci colorem flavescens, maxime in juventute. Eminabat ei frons, & medius nasus, cætera longius, et in fine crassiusculus.*"

hurry of actual service nor the dissipation of the camp could stifle his genius. He continued his *Lusiadas*, and several of his most beautiful sonnets were written in Africa, while, as he expresses it,

One hand the pen, and one the sword employ'd.

The fame of his valour had now reached the court, and he obtained permission to return to Lisbon. But while he solicited an establishment which he had merited in the ranks of battle, the malignity of evil tongues, as he calls it in one of his letters, was injuriously poured upon him. Though the bloom of his early youth was effaced by several years residence under the scorching heavens of Africa, and though altered by the loss of an eye, his presence gave uneasiness to the gentlemen of some families of the first rank where he had formerly visited. Jealousy is the characteristic of the Spanish and Portuguese; its resentment knows no bounds, and Camoens now found it prudent to banish himself from his native country. Accordingly, in 1553, he sailed for India, with a resolution never to return. As the ship left the Tagus he exclaimed, in the words of the sepulchral monument of Scipio Africanus, *Ingrata patria, non possidebis ossa mea!* Ungrateful country, thou shalt not possess my bones! But he knew not what evils in the East would awake the remembrance of his native fields.

When Camoens arrived in India, an expedition was ready to sail to revenge the king of Cochin on the king of Pimenta. Without any rest on shore after his long voyage, he joined this armament, and in the conquest of the Alagada islands, displayed his usual bravery. But his modesty, perhaps, is his greatest praise. In a sonnet he mentions this expedition: We went to punish the king of Pimenta, says he, *e succedentes bem, and we succeeded well.* When it is considered that the Poet bore no inconsiderable share in the victory, no ode can conclude more elegantly, more happily than this.

In the year following he attended Manuel de Vasconcello in an expedition to the Red Sea. Here, says Faria, as Camoens had no use for his sword he employed his pen. Nor was his activity confined in the fleet or camp. He visited Mount Felix and the adjacent inhospitable regions of Africa, which he so  
strongly

strongly pictures in the *Lusiad*, and in one of his little pieces, where he laments the absence of his mistress.

When he returned to Goa he enjoyed a tranquility which enabled him to bestow his attention on his Epic Poem. But this serenity was interrupted, perhaps by his own imprudence. He wrote some satyrs which gave offence, and by order of the Viceroy Francisco Barreto he was banished to China.

Men of dull abilities are more conscious of their embarrassment and errors than is commonly believed. When men of this kind are in power, they affect great solemnity; and every expression of the most distant tendency to lessen their dignity, is held as the greatest of crimes. Conscious also how severely the man of genius can hurt their interest, they bear an instinctive antipathy against him, are uneasy even in his company, and on the slightest pretence are happy to drive him from them. Camoens was thus situated at Goa; and never was there a fairer field for satyr than the rulers of India at this time afforded. Yet whatever esteem the prudence of Camoens may lose in our idea, the nobleness of his disposition will doubly gain. And so conscious was he of his real integrity and innocence, that in one of his sonnets he wishes no other revenge on Barreto, than that the cruelty of his exile should ever be remembered\*.

\* Castera, who always condemns Camoens as if guilty of sacrilege, when the slightest reproach of a grandee appears, tells us, "that posterity by no means enters into the resentment of our poet, and that the Portuguese historians make glorious mention of Barreto, who was a man of true merit." The Portuguese historians, however, knew not what true merit was. The brutal uncommercial wars of Sampayo are by them mentioned as much more glorious than the less bloody campaigns of a Nunio, which established commerce and empire. But the actions of Barreto shall be called to witness for Camoens.

We have seen Souza's villainous negotiation in favour of Meale Can, and the dangerous war which it kindled. Barreto took up the same business, and Meale Can, in breach of the treaty with his brother Hydal Can, was by him proclaimed king of Vispor. This begat a war, which ended in the captivity of Meale Can and the disgrace of the Portuguese, who were stript

of the territory and revenues promised them by the Usurper. In the spirit of Sampayo, Barreto's officers desolated the coasts of Malabar and Ceylon. Because Hydal Can sought revenge for the favour shewed to the Usurper, Barreto sent Coutinho to attack Salfete and Bardes, all the sea ports of which he destroyed with fire and sword, and returned, says Faria, with *honor* and riches to Goa. Hydal Can on this raised a great army. Barreto did the same; but though he made a winter campaign, did nothing, says Faria, worthy of history. The king of Cinde desired Barreto's assistance to crush a neighbouring prince who had invaded his dominions. Barreto went himself to relieve him; but having disagreed about the reward he required, for the king had made peace with his enemy, he burned Tata the royal city, killed above 8000 of the people he came to protect, for eight days destroyed every thing on the banks of the Indus, and loaded his vessels, says our author, with the richest booty hitherto taken in India. The

The accomplishments and manners of Camoens soon found him friends, though under the disgrace of banishment. He was appointed commissary of the Defunct in the island of Macao, a Portuguese settlement in the bay of Canton. Here he continued his *Lusiad*; and here also, after five years residence, he acquired a fortune, though small, yet equal to his wishes. Don Constantine de Braganza was now Viceroy of India, and Camoens, desirous to return to Goa, resigned his charge. In a ship, freighted by himself, he set sail, but was shipwrecked in the gulph near the mouth of the river Mehon on the coast of China. All he had acquired was lost in the waves: his poems, which he held in one hand, while he swam with the other, were all he found himself possessed of, when he stood friendless on the unknown shore. But the natives gave him a most humane reception: this he has immortalised in the prophetic song in the tenth *Lusiad*\*; and in the seventh, he tells us, that here he lost the wealth which satisfied his wishes.

*Agora da esperança ja adquirida, &c.*

Now blest with all the wealth fond hope could crave,  
 Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the wave  
 Forever lost; ———  
 My life like Judah's heaven-doom'd king of yore  
 By miracle prolong'd ———

On the banks of the Mehon, he wrote his beautiful paraphrase of the psalm, where the Jews, in the finest strain of poetry, are represented as hanging their harps on the willows

war with Hydal Can, kindled by Barreto's treachery, continued. The city of Dabul was destroyed by the viceroy, who, soon after, at the head of 17,000 men, defeated the injured Hydal Can's army of 20,000. While horrid desolation followed these victories, and while Hydal Can raised new armies, Duarte Deza treacherously imprisoned the king of Ternate and his whole family, though in alliance with Portugal, and ordered them to be starved to death. This kindled a war, which endangered the Malucos, and ended in the submission of the Portuguese. Such was the monster Barreto, the man who exiled Camoens,

and such were the villains who acted under him.

\* Having named the Mehon;

*Este recebera placido, e brando,*

*No seu regaço o Canto, que molhado, &c.*

Literally thus: "On his gentle hospitable bosom (*sic brando poeticè*) shall he receive the song, wet from woe'sful unhappy shipwreck, escaped from destroying tempests, from ravenous dangers, the effect of the unjust sentence upon him, whose lyre shall be more renowned than enriched." When Camoens was commissary, he visited the islands of Ternate, Timor, &c. described in the *Lusiad*.

by

by the rivers of Babylon, and weeping their exile from their native country. Here Camoens continued some time, till an opportunity offered to carry him to Goa. When he arrived at that city, Don Constantine de Braganza, the Viceroy, whose characteristic was politeness, admitted him into intimate friendship, and Camoens was happy till Count Redondo assumed the government. Those who had formerly procured the banishment of the satyrist, were silent while Constantine was in power. But now they exerted all their arts against him. Redondo, when he entered on office, pretended to be the friend of Camoens; yet, with all that unfeeling indifference with which he made his most horrible witticisms on the Zamorim, he suffered the innocent man to be thrown into the common prison. After all the delay of bringing witnesses, Camoens, in a public trial, fully refuted every accusation of his conduct, while commissary at Macao, and his enemies were loaded with ignominy and reproach. But Camoens had some creditors; and these detained him in prison a considerable time, till the gentlemen of Goa began to be ashamed, that a man of his singular merit should experience such treatment among them. He was set at liberty; and again he assumed the profession of arms, and received the allowance of a gentleman volunteer, a character at this time common in Portuguese India. Soon after, Pedro Barreto, appointed governor of the fort at Sofala, by high promises, allured the poet to attend him thither. The governor of a distant fort, in a barbarous country, shares in some measure the fate of an exile. Yet, though the only motive of Barreto was, in this unpleasant situation, to retain the conversation of Camoens at his table, it was his least care to render the life of his guest agreeable. Chagrined with his treatment, and a considerable time having elapsed in vain dependence upon Barreto, Camoens resolved to return to his native country. A ship, on the homeward voyage, at this time touched at Sofala, and several gentlemen \* who were on board were desirous that Camoens should accompany them. But this the governor ungenerously endeavoured to prevent, and charged him

\* According to the Portuguese Life of Camoens, prefixed to Gedron's, the best edition of his works, Diogo de Couto, the historian, one of the company in this home-

ward voyage, wrote annotations upon the *Lusiad*, under the eye of its author. But these unhappily have never appeared in public.

with a debt for board. Anthony de Cabral, however, and Hector de Sylveyra, paid the demand, and Camoens, says Faria, and the honour of Barreto, were sold together.

After an absence of sixteen years, Camoens, in 1569, returned to Lisbon, unhappy even in his arrival, for the pestilence then raged in that city, and prevented his publication for three years. At last, in 1572, he printed his *Lusiad*, which, in the opening of the first book, in a most elegant turn of compliment he addressed to his prince, king Sebastian, then in his eighteenth year. The king, says the French translator, was so pleased with his merit, that he gave the Author a pension of 4000 reals, on condition that he should reside at court. But this salary, says the same writer, was withdrawn by Cardinal Henry, who succeeded to the crown of Portugal, lost by Sebastian at the battle of Alcazar.

But this story of the pension is very doubtful. Correa, and other cotemporary authors, do not mention it, though some late writers have given credit to it. If Camoens, however, had a pension, it is highly probable that Henry deprived him of it. While Sebastian was devoted to the chase, his grand uncle, the Cardinal, presided at the council board, and Camoens, in his address to the king, which closes the *Lusiad*, advises him to exclude the clergy from state affairs. It was easy to see that the Cardinal was here intended. And Henry, besides, was one of those statesmen who can perceive no benefit resulting to the public from elegant literature. But it ought also to be added in completion of his character, that under the narrow views and weak hands of this Henry, the kingdom of Portugal fell into utter ruin; and on his death, which closed a short inglorious reign, the crown of Lisbon, after a faint struggle, was annexed to that of Madrid. Such was the degeneracy of the Portuguese, a degeneracy lamented in vain by Camoens, and whose observation of it was imputed to him as a crime.

Though the great \* patron of one species of literature, a

\* Cardinal Henry's patronage of learning and learned men is mentioned with cordial esteem by the Portuguese writers. Happily they also tell us what that learning was. It was to him the Romish Friars of the East transmitted their childish forgeries of inscriptions and miracles (*for some of which,*

*see the note, p. 456.*) He corresponded with them, directed their labours, and received the first accounts of their successes. Under his patronage it was discovered, that St. Thomas ordered the Indians to worship the Cross; and that the Moorish tradition of Perimal, (who, having embraced Mohammedism,

species the reverse of that of Camoens, certain it is, that the author of the *Lusiad* was utterly neglected by Henry, under whose inglorious reign he died in all the misery of poverty. By some, it is said, he died in an alms-house. It appears, however, that he had not even the certainty of subsistence, which these houses provide. He had a black servant, who had grown old with him, and who had long experienced his master's humanity. This grateful Indian, a native of Java, who, according to some writers, saved his master's life in the unhappy shipwreck where he lost his effects, begged in the streets of Lisbon for the only man in Portugal on whom God had bestowed those talents, which have a tendency to erect the spirit of a downward age. To the eye of a careful observer, the fate of Camoens throws great light on that of his country, and will appear strictly connected with it. The same ignorance, the same degenerated spirit, which suffered Camoens to depend on his share of the alms begged in the streets by his old hoary servant, the same spirit which caused this, sunk the kingdom of Portugal into the most abject vassalage ever experienced by a conquered nation. While the grandees of Portugal were blind to the ruin

Mohammedism, divided his kingdom among his officers, whom he rendered tributary to the Zamorim,) was a malicious misrepresentation, for that Perimal, having turned Christian, resigned his kingdom and became a monk. Such was the learning patronised by Henry, under whose auspices, that horrid tribunal, the inquisition was erected at Lisbon. And he himself long presided as inquisitor general. Nor was he content with this, he established an inquisition also at Goa, and sent a whole apparatus of holy fathers to form a court of inquisitors, to suppress the Jews and reduce the native Christians to the See of Rome. Nor must the treatment experienced by Buchanan at Lisbon be here omitted, as it affords a convincing proof that the fine genius of Camoens, was the true source of his misfortunes. John III. earnest to promote the cultivation of polite literature among his subjects, engaged Buchanan, the most elegant Latinist, perhaps, of modern times, to teach philosophy and the *Belles Lettres* at Lisbon. But the design of the monarch was soon frustrated by the clergy, at the head of whom was Henry,

afterwards the sovereign. Buchanan was committed to prison, because it was alledged he had eaten flesh in Lent, and because in his early youth, at St. Andrews in Scotland, he had written a satyr against the Franciscans; for which, however, ere he would venture to Lisbon, John had promised absolute indemnity. John, with much difficulty, procured his release from a loathsome jail, but could not effect his restoration as a teacher. No, he only changed his prison, for Buchanan was sent to a monastery to be instructed by the monks, the men of letters patronised by Henry. These are thus characterised by their pupil Buchanan,—*nec inhumani, nec malis, sed omnis religionis ignavis*. "Not uncivilized, not flagitious, but ignorant of every religion." A satyrical negative compliment, followed by a charge of gross barbarism. In this confinement Buchanan wrote his elegant version of the psalms, Camoens, about the same time, failed for India. The blessed effects of the spirit which persecuted such men, are well expressed in the proverb, *A Spaniard, stript of all his virtues, makes a good Portuguese*.

which impended over them, Camoens beheld it with a pungency of grief which hastened his exit. In one of his letters he has these remarkable words, “ *Em fim accaberey à vida, e verràm todos que fuy afeiçoada a minho patria, &c.*” I am ending the course of my life, the world will witness how I have loved my country. I have returned, not only to die in her bosom, but to die with her.” In another letter, written a little before his death, he thus, yet with dignity, complains, “ Who has seen on so small a theatre as my poor bed, such a representation of the disappointments of fortune. And I, as if she could not herself subdue me, I have yielded and become of her party; for it were wild audacity to hope to surmount such accumulated evils.”

In this unhappy situation, in 1579, in his sixty-second year, the year after the fatal defeat of Don Sebastian, died Luis de Camoens, the greatest literary genius ever produced by Portugal; in martial courage and spirit of honour, nothing inferior to her greatest heroes. And in a manner suitable to the poverty in which he died was he buried. Soon after, however, many epitaphs honoured his memory; the greatness of his merit was universally confessed, and his *Lusiad* was translated into various languages\*. Nor ought it to be omitted, that the man so miserably neglected by the weak king Henry, was earnestly enquired after by Philip of Spain, when he assumed the crown of Lisbon. When Philip heard that Camoens was dead, both his words and his countenance expressed his disappointment and grief.

From the whole tenor of his life, and from that spirit which glows throughout the *Lusiad*, it evidently appears that the courage and manners of Camoens flowed from true greatness and dignity of soul. Though his polished conversation † was often courted

\* According to Gedron, a second edition of the *Lusiad* appeared in the same year with the first. There are two Italian and four Spanish translations of it. An hundred years before Casters's version it appeared in French. Thomas de Faria, Bp. of Targa in Africa, translated it into Latin, and printed it without either his own or the name of Camoens: a mean but vain attempt to pass his version upon the public as an original. Le P. Nicéron says there were two other Latin translations. It is transla-

ted also into Hebrew with great elegance and spirit by one Luzzetto, a learned and ingenious Jew, author of several poems in that language, and who, about thirty years ago, died in the Holy Land.

† Camoens has not escaped the fate of other eminent wits. Their ignorant admirers contrive anecdotes of their humour, which in reality disgrace them. Camoens, it is said, one day heard a potter singing some of his verses in a miserable mangled manner, and by way of retaliation, broke a parcel



by the great, he appears so distant from fervility, that his imprudence in this respect is by some highly blamed. Yet the instances of it by no means deserve that severity of censure with which some writers have condemned him. Unconscious of the feelings of a Camoens, they knew not that a carelessness in securing the smiles of fortune, and an open honesty of indignation, are almost inseparable from the enthusiasm of fine imagination. The truth is, the man possessed of true genius feels his greatest happiness in the pursuits and excursions of the mind, and therefore makes an estimate of things, very different from that of him whose unremitting attention is devoted to his external interest. The profusion of Camoens is also censured. Had he dissipated the wealth he acquired at Macao, his profusion indeed had been criminal; but it does not appear that he ever enjoyed any other opportunity of acquiring independence. But Camoens was unfortunate, and the unfortunate man is viewed

—— through the dim shade his fate casts o'er him :

A shade that spreads its evening darkness o'er  
His brightest virtues, while it shews his foibles  
Crowding and obvious as the midnight stars,  
Which in the sunshine of prosperity  
Never had been descried ———

Yet after the strictest discussion, when all the causes are weighed together, the misfortunes of Camoens will appear the fault and disgrace of his age and country, and not of the man. His talents would have secured him an apartment in the palace of Augustus, but such talents are a curse to their possessor in an illiterate nation. After all, however, if he was imprudent on his first appearance at the court of John III. if the honesty of his indignation led him into great imprudence, as certainly it did, when at Goa he satyrised the Viceroy and the first Goths

a parcel of his earthen ware. "Friend, said he, you destroy my verses and I destroy your goods." The same foolish story is told of Ariosto; nay, we are even informed, that Rinaldo's speech to his horse in the first book,

*Ferma Baiardo mio, &c.*

was the passage mistuned; and that on the potter's complaint, the injured poet replied,

"I have only broken a few base pots of thine not worth a groat, but thou hast murdered a fine stanza of mine worth a mark of gold." But both these silly tales are borrowed from Plutarch's life of Arcesilaus, where the same dull humour is told of Philoxenus. "He heard some brick-makers mistune one of his songs, and in return he destroyed a number of their bricks."

in power; yet let it also be remembered, that “ The gifts of  
 “ imagination bring the heaviest task upon the vigilance of  
 “ reason; and to bear those faculties with unerring rectitude or  
 “ invariable propriety, requires a degree of firmness and of cool  
 “ attention, which doth not always attend the higher gifts of  
 “ the mind. Yet difficult as nature herself seems to have ren-  
 “ dered the task of regularity to genius, it is the supreme con-  
 “ solation of dullness and of folly to point with Gothic triumph  
 “ to those excesses which are the overflowings of faculties they  
 “ never enjoyed. Perfectly unconscious that they are indebted  
 “ to their stupidity for the consistency of their conduct, they  
 “ plume themselves on an imaginary virtue, which has its  
 “ origin in what is really their disgrace.—Let such, if such  
 “ dare approach the shrine of Camoens, withdraw to a respect-  
 “ ful distance; and should they behold the ruins of genius, or  
 “ the weakness of an exalted mind, let them be taught to la-  
 “ ment, that nature has left the noblest of her works im-  
 “ perfect\*.”

And Poetry is not only the noblest, but also not the least useful, if civilization of manners be of advantage to mankind. No moral truth may be more certainly demonstrated, than that a Virgil or a Milton are not only the first ornaments of a state, but also of the first consequence if the last refinement of the mental powers be of importance. Strange as this might appear to a † Burleigh or a Locke, it is philosophically accounted for by Bacon; nor is

\* This passage in inverted commas is cited, with the alteration of the name only, from Langhorne's account of the life of William Collins.

† Burleigh, though a deep politician in state intrigue, had no idea, that to introduce polite literature into the vernacular tongue, was of any benefit to a nation, though her vernacular literature was the glory of Rome when at the height of empire, and though empire fell with its declension. Spenser, the man who greatly conduced to refine the English Muses, was by Burleigh esteemed a ballad-maker, unworthy of regard. Yet the English polite literature is at this day, in the esteem which it commands abroad, is of more real service to England, than all the reputation or intrigues of Burleigh. And ten thousand Burleighs, according to Sir W. Temple, are born for

one Spenser. Ten thousand are born, says Sir William, with abilities requisite to form a great Statesman, for one who is born with the talents or genius of a great Poet. Locke's ideas of poetry are accounted for in one short sentence; HE KNEW NOTHING ABOUT THE MATTER. An extract from his correspondence with Mr. Molyneux, and a citation from one of his treatises, shall demonstrate the truth of this assertion.

Molyneux writes to Locke :

“ Mr. Churchill favoured me with the present of Sir R. Blackmore's *K. Arthur*. I had read *Pr. Arthur* before, and read it, with admiration, which is not at all lessened, by this second piece. *All our English poets, (except Milton) have been mere ballad-makers in comparison to him.* Upon the publication of his first poem, I intimated to him, through Mr.

Locke's opinion either inexplicable, or irrefutable. The great genius of Aristotle, and that of his great ressembler, Sir Francis

Mr. Churchill's hands, how excellently I thought he might perform a philosophic poem, from many touches he gave in his Pr. Arthur, particularly from Mopas's song. And I perceive by his preface to K. Arthur he has had the like intimations from others, but rejects them as being an enemy to all philosophic hypotheses."

Mr. Locke answers ;

" I shall, when I see Sir R. Blackmore, discourse him as you desire. There is, I with pleasure find, a strange harmony throughout, between your thoughts and mine."

Molyneux replies ;

" I perceive you are so happy as to be acquainted with Sir Rich. Blackmore ; he is an extraordinary person, and I admire his two prefaces as much as I do any parts of his books : The first, wherein he exposes " the licentiousness and immorality of our late poetry" is incomparable, and the second, wherein he prosecutes the same subject, and delivers his thoughts concerning hypotheses, is no less judicious, and I am wholly of his opinion relating to the latter. However the history and phenomena of nature we may venture at ; and this is what I propose to be the subject of a philosophic poem. Sir R. Blackmore has exquisite touches of this kind, dispersed in many places of his books : (to pass over Mopas's song) I'll instance one particular in the most profound speculations of Mr. Newton's philosophy, thus curiously touched in King Arthur, Book IX. p. 243.

The constellations shine at his command ;  
He form'd their radiant orbs, and with his hand  
He weigh'd, and put them off with such a force  
As might preserve an everlasting course \*.

" I doubt not but Sir R. Blackmore, in these lines, had a regard to the proportionment of the projective motion of the *vis centripeta*, that keeps the planets in their continued courses.

" I have by me some observations, made by a judicious friend of mine on both of Sir R. Blackmore's poems. If they may be

any ways acceptable to Sir R. I shall send them to you."

Mr. Locke again replies ;

" Though Sir R. B's vein in poetry be what every body must allow him to have an extraordinary talent in, and though, with you, I exceedingly valued his first preface, yet I must own to you, there was nothing that I so much admired him for, as for what he says of hypotheses in his last. It seems to me so right, and is yet so much out of the way of the ordinary writers, and practitioners in that faculty, that it shows as great a strength and penetration of judgment as his poetry has shown flights of fancy."

As the best comment on this, let an extract from Locke's Essay on Education fully explain his ideas.

" If he have a poetic vein, 'tis to me the strangest thing in the world, that the father should desire or suffer it to be cherished or improved. Methinks the parents should labour to have it stifled and suppressed as much as may be, and I know not what reason a father can have to wish his son a poet, who does not desire to have him bid defiance to all other callings or business, which is not yet the worst of the case ; for if he proves a successful rhymèr, and gets once the reputation of a wit, I desire it may be considered, what company and places he is like to spend his time in, nay, and estate too ; for it is very seldom seen that any one discovers mines of gold or silver in Parnassus. 'Tis a pleasant air but a barren soil, and there are very few instances of those who have added to their patrimony by any thing they have reaped from thence. Poetry and Gaming, which usually go together, are alike in this too, that they seldom bring any advantage but to those who have nothing else to live on. Men of estates almost constantly go away losers, and 'tis well if they escape at a cheaper rate, than their whole estates or the greatest part of them. If therefore you would not have your son the fiddle to every jovial company, without whom the sparks could not relish their wine, nor know how to spend an afternoon idly ; if you would not have him waste his time and

\* These lines, however, are a dull wretched paraphrase of some parts of the Psalms,

Bacon, saw deeper into the true spirit of poetry and the human affections than a Burleigh. In ancient Greece, the works of Homer were called the lesson or philosophy of kings; and Bacon describes the effects of poetry in the most exalted terms. What is deficient of perfection in history and nature poetry supplies; it thus erects the mind, and confers magnanimity, morality, and delight; “and therefore, says he, it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness\*.” The love of poetry is so

and estate to divert others, and condemn the dirty acres left him by his ancestors, I do not think you will much care he should be a poet.”

This ignorance of poetry is even worse than the Dutch idea of it. But this, and his opinion of Blackmore fully prove, that Locke, however great in other respects, knew no difference between a Shakespeare, that unequalled philosopher of the passions, and the dullest Grub-street plodder; Between a Milton and the tavern rhymers of the days of the second Charles. But Milton's knowledge of the affections discovered in the civilization of the Muses a use of the first importance. A taste formed by the great poetry he esteems as the ultimate refinement of the understanding. “This, (says he, in his Tractate on the Education of Youth) would make them soon perceive, what despicable creatures our common rhymers and play writers be, and shew them what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of poetry, both in divine and human things. From hence, and not till now, will be the right season of forming them to be able writers and composers in every excellent matter . . . whether they be to speak in parliament or council, honour and attention would be waiting on their lips. There would then also appear in pulpits other visages, other gestures, and stuff otherwise wrought than what we now sit under” ———

\* His high idea of poetry is thus philosophically explained by the great Bacon:

“So likewise I finde, some particular writings of an elegant nature, touching some of the affections, as of *anger*, of *comfort*, upon *adverse accidents*, of tenderness of countenance, and other. But the poets and writers of histories are the best doctors of this knowledge, where we find painted forth with the life, how affections are kin-

dled and incited, and how pacified and restrained: and how againe contained from act and farther degree: how they disclose themselves, how they worke, how they vary, how they gather and fortify, how they are inwrapped one within another, and how they doe fight and encounter one with another, and other the like particularities, amongst the which this last is of special use in moral and civile matters.”

Here poetry is ranked with history; in the following its effects on the passions is preferred.

“The use of this fained History (*Poetry*) hath been to give some shadowe of satisfaction to the mind of man in those points in which nature doth deny it: the world being in proportion inferior to the soul: By reason whereof there is agreeable to the spirit of man a more ample greatness, a more exact goodnesse, and a more absolute variety then can be found in the nature of things. Therefore because the events of true history have not that magnitude which satisfieth the mind of man, Poesy fayneth acts and events greater and more heroically; because true history propoundeth the successes and issues of actions not so agreeable to the merits of virtue and vice, therefore Poesy faynes them more just in retribution, and more according to revealed Providence; because true History representeth actions and events more ordinary and less interchanged, therefore Poesy endueth them with more rarenesse, and more unexpected and alternative variations. So then it appeareth that Poesy serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and delectation, and therefore it was ever thought to have some participation of divinenesse, because it doth raise and crest the mind, by submitting the shewes of things to the desires of the mind, whereas reason doth humble and bow the mind unto the nature of things.”

natural

natural to the stronger affections, that the most barbarous nations delight in it. And always it is found, that as the rude war song and eulogy of the dead hero refine, the manners of the age refine also. The history of the stages of poetry is the philosophical history of manners; the only history in which, with certainty, we can behold the true character of past ages. True civilization and a humanised taste of the mental pleasures, are therefore synonymous terms. And most certain it is, where feeling and affection reside in the breast, these must be most forcibly kindled and called into action by the animated representations and living fire of the great poetry. Nor may Milton's evidence be rejected, for though a poet himself, his judgment is founded on nature. According to him, a true taste for the great poetry gives a refinement and energy to all other studies, and is of the last importance in forming the senator and the gentleman. That the poetry of Camoens merits this high character in a singular manner, he that reads it with taste and attention must own: A Dissertation on it, however, is the duty of the Translator——

But this must be introduced by an examination of the criticism of Voltaire, a criticism which, though most amazingly erroneous, is generally esteemed in several countries of Europe as the true character of the *Lusiad*.

When Voltaire was in England, previous to his publication of his *Henriade*, he published in English an *Essay on the Epic Poetry of the European nations*. In this he highly praised and severely attacked the *Lusiad*. In his French editions of this *Essay*, he has made various alterations at different times in the article of Camoens. The original English, however, shall be here cited, and the French alterations attended to as they occur. Nor is it improper to premise, that some most amazing falsities will be detected; the gross misrepresentation of every objection refuted; and demonstration brought, that when Voltaire wrote his English *Essay*, his knowledge of the *Lusiad* was entirely borrowed from the bald, harsh, unpoetical version of Fanshaw.

“While Triflino, says Voltaire, was clearing away the rubbish in Italy, which barbarity and ignorance had heap'd up for ten centuries, in the way of the arts and sciences, Camoens in Portugal steer'd a new course, and acquir'd a reputation which

lasts still among his countrymen, who pay as much respect to his memory, as the English to Milton.

“ He was a strong instance of the irresistible impulse of nature, which determines a true genius to follow the bent of his talents, in spite of all the obstacles which could check his course.

“ His infancy lost amidst the idleness and ignorance of the court of Lisbon; his youth spent in romantic loves, or in the war against the Moors; his long voyages at sea, in his riper years; his misfortunes at court, the revolutions of his country, none of all these could suppress his genius.

“ Emanuel the second king of Portugal, having a mind to find a new way to the East Indies by the ocean, sent Velasco de Gama with a fleet in the year 1497, to that undertaking, which being new, was accounted rash and impracticable, and which of course gained him a great reputation when it succeeded.

“ Camouens follow'd Velasco de Gama in that dangerous voyage, led by his friendship to him, and by a noble curiosity, which seldom fails to be the character of men born with a great imagination.

“ He took his voyage for the subject of his poem; he enjoy'd the sensible pleasure, which nobody had known before him, to celebrate his friend, and the things he was an eye witness of.

“ He wrote his Poem, part on the Atlantic Sea, and part on the Indian shore. I ought not to omit, that in a shipwreck on the coasts of Malabar, he swam a shore, holding-up his poem in one hand, which otherwise had been perhaps lost for ever.

“ Such a new subject, manag'd by an uncommon genius, could not but produce a sort of Epic Poetry unheard of before. There no bloody wars are fought, no heroes wounded in a thousand different ways; no woman enticed away, and the world over-turn'd for her cause; no empire founded; in short, nothing of what was deem'd before the only subject of poetry.

“ The Poet conducts the Portuguese fleet to the mouth of the Ganges, round the coasts of Africk. He takes notice in the way, of many nations who live upon the African shore. He interweaves artfully the history of Portugal. The simplicity of his subject, is rais'd by some fictions of different kinds, which I think not improper to acquaint the Reader with.

“ When the fleet is sailing in the sight of the Cape of Good Hope, call'd then the Cape of the Storms, a formidable shape appears

appears to them, walking in the depth of the sea; his head reaches to the clouds, the storms, the winds, the thunders, and the lightnings hang about him; his arms are extended over the waves. 'Tis the guardian of that foreign ocean unplow'd before by any ship. He complains of being oblig'd to submit to fate, and to the audacious undertaking of the Portuguese, and foretells them all the misfortunes which they must undergo in the Indies. I believe, that such a fiction would be thought noble and proper, in all ages, and in all nations.

“ There is another, which perhaps would have pleas'd the Italians as well as the Portuguese, but no other nation besides: It is the enchanted island, call'd the Island of Bliss, which the fleet finds in her way home, just rising from the sea, for their comfort and for their reward: Camouens describes that place, as Tasso did some years after, his island of Armida. There a supernatural power, brings in all the beauties, and presents all the pleasures which nature can afford, and which the heart may wish for; a Goddess enamour'd with Velasco de Gama, carries him to the top of an high mountain, from whence she shews him all the kingdoms of the earth, and foretells the fate of Portugal.

“ After Camouens hath given loose to his fancy, in the lascivious description of the pleasures which Gama and his crew enjoy'd in the island, he takes care to inform the Reader, that he ought to understand by this fiction, nothing but the satisfaction which the virtuous man feels, and the glory which accrues to him by the practice of virtue; but the best excuse for such an invention, is, the charming stile in which it is deliver'd (if we believe the Portuguese) for the beauty of the elocution makes sometimes amends for the faults of the poets, as the colouring of Rubens make some defects in his figures pass unregarded.

“ There is *another* kind of machinery continued throughout all the Poem, which nothing can excuse, in any country whatever; 'tis an unjudicious mixture of the Heathen Gods with our Religion. Gama in a storm address'd his prayers to Christ, but 'tis Venus who comes to his relief; the heroes are christians, and the poet heathen. The main design which the Portuguese are suppos'd to have (next to promoting their trade) is to propagate Christianity; yet Jupiter, Bacchus, and Venus, have in their hands, all the management of the voyage. So incongruous a machinery, casts

a blemish upon the whole Poem ; yet shews at the same time, how prevailing are its beauties, since the Portuguese like it with all its faults.

“ Camouens hath a great deal of true wit, and not a little share of false ; his imagination hurries him into great absurdities. I remember, that after Velasco de Gama, hath related his adventures to the king of Melinda, now, says he, O king, judge if Ulysses, and Æneas, have travell'd so far, and undergone so many hardships. As if that barbarous African was acquainted with Homer and Virgil.

“ His poem, in my opinion, is full of numberless faults and beauties, thick sown near one another ; and almost in every page, there is something to laugh at, and something to be delighted with. Among his most lucky thoughts, I must take notice of two for the likenesses, which they bear to two most celebrated passages of Waller, and Sir John Denham.

“ Waller says, in his Epistle to Zelinda ;

Thy matchless form will credit bring,  
To all the wonders I can sing.

“ Camouens says, in speaking of the voyages of the Argonauts, and of Ulysses, that the undertaking of the Portuguese shall give credit to all those fables, in surpassing them.

“ Sir John Denham, in his Poem on Cooper's-Hill, says to the Thames ;

O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream,  
My great example, as it is my theme ;  
Tho' deep, yet clear, tho' gentle, yet not dull,  
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

“ Camouens addresses the Nymphs of Tagus in the like manner ;  
“ O Nymphs, if ever I sung of you, inspire me now with new and strong lays ; let my style flow like your waves ; let it be deep and clear, as your waters, &c.”

Such is the original criticism of Voltaire on the *Lusiad*. And never, perhaps, was there such a random reverie, such a mass of misrepresentations and falsities as the whole of it exhibits. The most excusable parts of it are superficial in the highest degree.



degree. Both the poet and the hero are misnamed by him. The name of the hero has been corrected, that of *Camoens* remains still in Voltaire, the only author who ever spelled it in this manner. There never was an Emmanuel the second of Portugal. Camoens was not shipwrecked on the coast of Malabar, but on the river Mehon in China. "That Gama went a *new way* to the East Indies *by the ocean*," though corrected in the edition of 1768, affords a most striking proof of Voltaire's very careless perusal of the *Lusiad* at the time when he first presumed to condemn it. For it is often repeated in the poem, that there was no way to India by the ocean before. That *the infancy* of Camoens was *lost amidst the idleness and ignorance of the court of Lisbon*, is certainly false. His *youth* could not have been spent in idleness or ignorance, for his works display a most masterly accuracy in every branch of ancient literature.

Though Voltaire has corrected his error in sending Camoens to the East Indies along with Gama, such an original unparalleled romance ought to be recorded. Gama failed on the discovery of India in 1497. Camoens was born in 1517, and was not seven years of age when Gama died. These facts were immediately objected to Voltaire, but, at first, he would not yield. Contrary to the testimony of Camoens himself, and every circumstance of his life, an \* hypothesis must defend this favourite supposition. In his Amsterdam edition of 1738, Voltaire boldly asserts that Camoens was a Spaniard, born in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabel, that he came to Lisbon in the first year of Emmanuel, and was in intimate friendship with Gama,

\* This *honest* hypothesis which makes Camoens a Spaniard, is of a piece with another of the same ingenious Author. In his *unhappy* Essay on Epic Poetry he asserted, that Milton built his Paradise Lost upon an Italian Comedy, written by one Andreino. This was immediately denied, and even some Italian Literati declared, that no such Author or Comedy was known in Italy. Voltaire, however, would not yield, and very gravely he tells the reader, "*Il n'est pas etonnant*—it is not at all astonishing, that having carefully searched in England for whatever related to that great man (*Milton*) I should discover circumstances of his life, of which the public were ignorant."—This, therefore, is the authority

from which we are to believe that Milton borrowed his Paradise Lost from a Comedy which nobody ever saw. From the same researches in England, Voltaire also learned other circumstances, of which the public were totally ignorant. The writing by which Milton sold his Paradise Lost to one Simmonds, a Bookseller, is still extant. But Voltaire discovered that he sold it to *Tompson* for thirty pistoles, "*enfin Tompson lui donna trente pistoles de cet ouvrage*. Lord Sommers and Dr. Atterbury, he adds, resolving that England should have an Epic Poem, prevailed on the heirs of *Tompson* to print a splendid edition of it. And Addison wrote, says he, and the English were persuaded, that they had an Epic Poem."

whom

whom he accompanied in his first voyage. Certain it is, however, by the archives of Portugal, that Camoens was in India about seventy-two years after this voyage, and that, according to this hypothesis of Voltaire, he must have been near an hundred years old when he published his *Lusiad*. Voltaire, however, at last, confesses that Camoens did not accompany Gama. Yet such is his accuracy, that even in the edition of 1768, in an essay which he calls *Idée de la Henriade*, a few pages before this confession, the old assertion is still retained. "*Le Camoëns, qui est le Virgile de Portugais a célébré un événement dont il avait été témoin lui-même.* Camouens, the Portuguese Virgil, has celebrated an event of which he himself had been witness."

No anecdotes ever threw more light upon a character than these throw upon that of Voltaire. The assertion that the Epic Poet *enjoyed the sensible pleasure, which nobody had known before him, to celebrate his friend and the things he was an eye witness of*, can only be accounted for by the supposition, that Voltaire was pleased with the idea, and in a little while mistook his strong impression for the remembrance of a fact. The laboured absurd hypothesis, which would defend this fanciful error, cannot be placed in so fair a light. And the error confessed, and still retained, is a true *Voltairism*. Yet the idea of his accuracy which these accounts of the Poet must inspire, will even be heightened by the examination of his criticism on the poem. The narrative of a voyage constitutes the *Odyssèy*, the half of the *Eneid*, and forms the body of the *Lusiad*. Yet the *Lusiad*, says Voltaire, contains *nothing of what was deemed before the only subject of poetry*. It forms, indeed, *a sort of Epic poetry unheard of before*: But Voltaire's objection to this points out its true praise. *No heroes, says he, are wounded a thousand different ways, no woman enticed away and the world overturned for her cause*—And must the fate of Helen, and the thousand different wounds described by Homer, be copied by every Epic Poet? If this sentence has any meaning this is included. Yet what is this *puerility* of criticism in comparison of Voltaire's assertions, that in the *Lusiad no bloody wars are fought, no empire founded*.—If the destruction of Troy be allowed to be in the *Eneid*, there are wars enough in the poem of Camoens. The effect of fire-arms on people who never before beheld these dreadful engines, and a hostile town burnt by a fleet, are finely described

described in that part which is called the action of the Epic Poem. But Voltaire was as utter a stranger to the first book of the *Lusiad*, as to the ONE subject of the poem, The founding of the Portuguese empire in the East.—*No battle fought, no empire founded!* What insult to the literary world is this! A late correction will never disprove his ignorance when he wrote this. Should a pretended critic on Virgil tell his reader that the poet conducted Eneas to the mouth of the Thames, could we believe he was acquainted with his Author? Yet Voltaire tells us, that Camoens *conducts the Portuguese fleet to the mouth of the Ganges round the coasts of Afric.*—Camoens, indeed, conducts his fleet to Calicut on the coast of Malabar. But though the scene of the action of the four last books lie upon this coast, Voltaire was not happy enough to *dip* into any of the numerous passages which fix the geography. He has therefore given the voyage of Gama a dimension almost as much beyond the real one given by Camoens, as the West Indies are distant from England. Such errors are convincing proofs that Voltaire only *dip*t here and there into the *Lusiad*, even after the critics set him right in some places; for this gross error is still retained. But a misrepresentation, not founded on ignorance, now offers itself. *Gama, in a storm, says Voltaire, addresses his prayers to Christ, but 'tis Venus who comes to his relief.*—A bold assertion still also retained, but there is no such passage in the *Lusiad*. Gama, in a tempest, prays to the holy Power, to whom nothing is impossible, the sovereign of earth, sea, and land, who led Israel through the waves, who delivered Paul, and who protected the children of the second father of the world from the deluge. But Christ is not once mentioned in the whole passage. To say that Gama was a good Catholic, and intended Christ under these appellations, is unworthy of poetical criticism, where the whole ridicule consists in the opposition of the name of Christ and Venus. Such is the candour of Voltaire! Nor is it difficult to trace the source of this unfair representation. Fanshew thus translates the mention of Paul,

Thou who didst keep and save *thy servant* Paul—

Monſieur Voltaire wanted no more. *Thy servant* Paul was to him enough to vindicate the ridicule he chused to bestow. But unhappily for the misguided critic, the original says only, *Tu que livraſte Paulo* \*—thou who deliveredst Paul.—And thus

\* See *Lusiadas*, Cant. VI. St. 81.

we are furnished with a sure hint of the medium by which our critic studied the *Lusiad*. To this last unblushing falsity, that *Gama prays to Christ*, is added, in the edition of 1768, "*Bacchus & la Vierge Marie se trouveront tout naturellement ensemble.* Bacchus and the Virgin Mary are very naturally found together." If words have meaning, this informs the reader, that they are found together in the *Lusiad*. Yet the truth is, in the whole poem there is no such personage as the Virgin Mary.

After these gross falsities, Voltaire adds, "*A parler serieusement, un merveilleux si absurde, défiguré tout l'ouvrage aux yeux de lecteurs sensés,*—To speak seriously, such an absurdity in the marvellous, disfigures the whole work in the eyes of the sensible readers."—To such as take Voltaire's word for it, it must indeed seem disfigured; but what literary murder is this! Nor does it end here. A simile must enforce the shameless misrepresentation, "*It is like the works of Paul Veronese, who has placed Benedictine fathers and Swiss soldiers among his paintings from the Old Testament.*" And to this also is added, "*Le Camouens tombe presque toujours dans de telles disparates.* Camouens almost continually falls into such extravagancies." Yet with equal justice may this sentence be applied to Virgil; and peculiarly unhappy is the instance which Voltaire immediately gives: "*I remember, says he, Vasco de Gama says to the king of Melinda, O king, judge if Ulysses and Eneas have travelled so far, and undergone so many hardships: as if that barbarous African was acquainted with Homer and Virgil.*" This sentence is still retained in Voltaire's last edition of his works. But, according to history, the Melindians were a humane and polished people; their buildings elegant, and in the manner of Spain. The royal family and grandes were Mohammedan Arabs, descended of those tribes, whose learning, when it suits his purpose, is the boast of Voltaire. The prince of Melinda, with whom Gama conversed, is thus described by the excellent historian Oforius: "*In omni autem sermone princeps ille non hominis barbari specimen dabat, sed ingenium et prudentiam eo loco dignam præ se ferebat*—In the whole conversation the Prince betrayed no sign of the barbarian; on the contrary, he carried himself with a politeness and intelligence worthy of his rank."—It is also certain, that this Prince, whom Voltaire is pleased to call a barbarous African, had sufficient opportunity to be acquainted with Homer,

for

for the writings of Homer are translated into the Syriac, in a dialect of which the interpreters of Gama talked with the prince of Melinda †.

The *Lusiad*, in my opinion, says Voltaire, is full of numberless faults and beauties, thick sown near one another, and almost in every page there is something to laugh at, and something to be delighted with." This sentence, though omitted in the French editions, had some source, and that source we shall easily trace. Nor is the character of the king of Melinda so grossly falsified by Voltaire, as the character of the *Lusiad* of Camoens is here misrepresented. Except the polite repartee of Veloso (of which see p. 203.) there are not above two or three passages in the whole poem which even border upon conceit. The most uniform simplicity of manly diction is the true character of the Portuguese *Lusiad*: Where then did Voltaire find the *false wit*, and *something to laugh at almost in every page*? If there be a translation which strictly deserves this character, we cannot suppose that Voltaire hit *this* character, and at the same time was so wide of the original, merely by chance. No, he dived into Fanshew's *Lusiad*, where, in every page, there are puns, conceits, and low quaint expressions, uncountenanced by the original. Some citations from Fanshew will soon justify this assertion. Yet, however decisive this proof may be, it is not the only one. The resemblance found by Voltaire between Sir John Denham's address to the Thames, and that of Camoens to the nymphs of the Tagus, does not exist in the original. *Let my stile flow like your waves, let it be deep and clear as your waters*

† The Arabs have not only innumerable volumes of their own, but their language is also enriched with translations of several Greek writers. The fate of Euclid is well known. And to mention only two of their authors, Ben-Shohna, who died in 1478, a little before the arrival of Gama, wrote an universal history, which he calls *Rawdhat almenadhir fi ilm alarwail walawachir*; that is, The meadow of the Eye of ancient and modern knowledge. And Abul Pharajius, who lived in the thirteenth century, wrote an history in Arabic, in ten chapters, the first of which treats of the Patriarchs from Adam to Moses; the second of the Judges and Kings of Israel; the third of the Jewish

Kings; the fourth of the Kings of Chaldea; the fifth of the Kings of the Magi; the sixth of the ancient Pagan Greeks; the seventh of the Romans; the eighth of the Constantinopolitan Emperors; the ninth of the Arabian Mohammedan Kings; and the tenth of the Moguls. The same author acquaints us that Homer's two works are elegantly translated into the Syriac; which language is sister to that spoken by the Arabs of Melinda. Camoens, who was in the country, knew the learning of the Arabians. Voltaire, led by the desire to condemn, was hurried into absurdities, from which a moment's consideration would have preserved him.

—contains indeed the same allusion as that expressed in the lines cited by Voltaire from Denham. But no such idea or allusion exists in the Portuguese. Though Voltaire still retains this sentence, its unauthenticity has been detected by several critics. But it was left for the present Translator to discover the source of this wide mistranslation. He suspected the allusion might be in Fanshaw, and in Fanshaw he found it. The nymphs of the Tagus are in Sir Richard's version thus addressed :

If I in low, yet tuneful verse, the praise  
Of your sweet river always did proclaim,  
Inspire me now with high and thundering lays,  
*Give me them clear and flowing like his stream.*

He who has read Camoens and Fanshaw, will be convinced where Voltaire found the *something to laugh at in every page*. He who has read neither the original nor that translation, will now perceive that Voltaire's opinion of the *Lusiad* was drawn from a very partial acquaintance with the unfaithful and unpoetical version of Fanshaw.

And, as if all his misrepresentations of the *Lusiad* were not enough, a new and most capital objection is added in the late editions of Voltaire. "*Mais de tous les défauts de ce poëme, &c.*"—"But of all the faults of this poem, the greatest is the want of connection, which reigns in every part of it. It resembles the voyage which is its subject. The adventures succeed one another, (*a wonderful objection*) and the poet has no other art, than to tell his tales well." Indeed! but the reader cannot *now* be surprised at any of our Critic's misrepresentations—Though he has condemned the machinery of the *Lusiad* UPON CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH HAVE NO PLACE IN IT, the mixture of Christian and Pagan mythology, which he in general ascribes to it, requires some attention. A short Dissertation on the poem is therefore necessary; and an examen of its conduct will clearly evince, that the *Eneid* itself is not more perfect than the *Lusiad* in that connection, which is requisite to form One whole, according to the strictest rules of Epic Unity.

The term *Epopœia* is derived from the Greek *ἔπος*, *discourse*, and hence the Epic, may be rendered the narrative poem. In the full latitude of this definition some Italian critics have contended,

tended, that the poems of Dante and Ariosto were Epic. And in the same manner Telemachus and the Faerie Queen are Epic poems. A definition more restricted however, a definition descriptive of the noblest species of poetry, has been given by Aristotle; and the greatest critics have followed him, in appropriating to this species the term of *Epopœia*, or Epic. The subject of the *Epopœia*, according to that great father of criticism, must be One. One action must be invariably pursued, and heightened through different stages, till the Catastrophe close it in so complete a manner, that any farther addition would only inform the reader of what he already perceives. Yet in pursuing this One end, collateral Epifodes not only give that variety so essential to good poetry, but, under judicious management, assist in the most pleasing manner to facilitate and produce the Unravelment, or Catastrophe. Thus the anger of Achilles is the subject of the *Iliad*. He withdraws his assistance from the Greeks. The efforts and distresses of the Grecian army in his absence, and the triumphs of Hector, are the consequences of his rage. In the utmost danger of the Greeks, he permits his friend Patroclus to go to battle. Patroclus is killed by Hector. Achilles, to revenge his fall, rushes to the field. Hector is killed, the Trojans defeated, and the rage of Achilles is soothed by the obsequies of his friend. And thus also the subject of the *Eneid* is One. The remains of the Trojan nation, to whom a seat of empire is promised by the oracle, are represented as endangered by a tempest at sea. They land at Carthage. Eneas, their leader, relates the fate of Troy to the hospitable queen; but is ordered by Jupiter to fulfil the prophecies, and go in search of the promised seat of that empire, which was one day to command the world. Eneas again sets sail, many adventures befall him. He at last lands in Italy, where prophecies of his arrival were acknowledged. His fated bride, however, is betrothed to Turnus. A war ensues, and the poem concludes with the death of the rival of Eneas. In both these great poems a machinery suitable to the allegorical religion of these times is preserved. Juno is the guardian of the Greeks, Venus of the Trojans. Narrative poetry without fiction can never please. Without fiction it must want the marvellous, which is the very soul of poesy; and hence a machinery is indispensable in the Epic poem. The conduct and

machinery of the *Lusiad* are as follow : The poem opens with a view of the Portuguese fleet before a prosperous gale on the coast of Ethiopia. The crews, however, are worn with labour, and their safety depends upon their fortune in a friendly harbour. The Gods of ancient or poetical mythology are represented as in council. The fate of the Eastern world depends upon the success of the fleet. But as we trace the machinery of the *Lusiad*, let us remember that, like the machinery of Homer and Virgil, it is also allegorical. Jupiter, or the Lord of Fate, pronounces that the Lusians shall be prosperous. Bacchus, the evil dæmon or genius of Mohammedism, who was worshipped in the East, foreseeing that his empire and altars would be overturned, opposes Jove, or Fate. The celestial Venus, or heavenly Love, pleads for the Lusians. Mars, or divine Fortitude, encourages the Lord of Fate to remain unaltered ; and Maia's son, the Messenger of Heaven, is sent to lead the navy to a friendly harbour. The fleet arrives at Mozambic. Bacchus, like Juno in the *Eneid*, raises a commotion against the Lusians. A battle ensues, and the victorious fleet pursue their voyage, under the care of a Moorish pilot, who advises them to enter the harbour of Quiloa. According to history they attempted this harbour, where their destruction would have been inevitable ; but they were driven from it by the violence of a sudden tempest. The poet ascribes this to the celestial Venus,

——— whose watchful care  
Had ever been their guide ——

They now arrive at Mombassa. The malice of the evil dæmon or genius of Mohammedism, still excites the arts of treachery against them. Hermes, the messenger of heaven, in a dream, in the style of Homer, warns the hero of the poem of his danger, and commands him to steer for Melinda. There he arrives, and is received by the prince in the most friendly manner. Here the hero receives the first certain intelligence or hope of India. The prince of Melinda's admiration of the fortitude and prowess of his guests, the first who had ever dared to pass the unknown ocean by the tempestuous Cape, artfully prepares the reader for a long episode. The poem of Virgil contains the history of the Roman empire to his own time.

Camoens



Camoens perceived this, and trod in his steps. The history of Portugal, which Gama relates to the king of Melinda, is not only necessary to give their new ally an high idea of the Lusian prowess and spirit, but also naturally leads to, and accounts for the voyage of Gama; the event, which in its consequences, sums up the Portuguese honours. It is as requisite for Gama to tell the rise of his nation to the king of Melinda, as it is for Eneas to relate to Dido the cause of his voyage, the destruction of Troy. And Gama's long account of his own voyage, will bear to be read after the similar parts of either the *Odyssy* or the *Eneid*. Pleased with the fame of their nation, the king of Melinda vows lasting friendship with the Lusians, and gives them a faithful pilot. As they sail across the great Indian ocean the machinery is again employed. The evil dæmon implores Neptune and the powers of the sea to raise a tempest to destroy the fleet. The sailors on the night watch, fortify their courage by the valiant acts of their countrymen, and an episode in the true poetical spirit of chivalry is introduced. Thus Achilles in his tent is represented as singing to his lyre the praises of heroes. And in the Epic conduct, this narrative and the tales told by Nestor, either to restrain or inflame the rage of the Grecian chiefs, are certainly the same.

The accumulation of the tempest in the meanwhile is finely described. It now descends. Celestial Venus perceives the danger of her fleet. She is introduced by the appearance of her star, a stroke of poetry which would have shined in the *Eneid*. The tempest is in its utmost rage,

The sky and ocean blending, each on fire,  
 Seem'd as all nature struggled to expire.  
 When now the silver star of Love appear'd;  
 Bright in her east her radiant front she rear'd;  
 Fair through the horrid storm the gentle ray  
 Announced the promise of the cheerful day.  
 From her bright throne Celestial Love beheld  
 The tempest burn ——

And in the true spirit of Homer's allegory (*See the note, p. 266.*) she calls her nymphs, and by their ministry stills the tempest. Gama now arrives in India. Every circumstance rises from the preceding one; and, as fully pointed out in the notes, the conduct

duct in every circumstance is as exactly Virgilian, as any two tragedies may possibly be alike in adherence to the rules of the drama. Gama, having accomplished his purpose in India, sets sail for Europe, and the machinery is the last time employed. Venus, to reward her heroes, raises a Paradisaical island in the sea. Voltaire, in his English essay, has said, that no nation but the Portuguese and Italians could bear such lascivious description. In the French he has suppressed this sentence, but has compared it to a Dutch brothel allowed for the sailors. Yet this idea of it is as false as it is gross. Every thing in the island of Love resembles the statue of Venus de Medicis. The description is warm indeed, but it is chaste as the first loves of Adam and Eve in Milton. And so far from deserving the censure of Voltaire (*See the note, p. 394.*) were Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, Spenser, and even Milton himself, to contend with him for the palm of modesty, there could be no hesitation in fixing it upon the brow of Camoens. After the poet has explained the allegory of the island of Love, the Goddess of the ocean gives her hand and commits her empire to Gama, whom she conducts to her palace, where, in a prophetic song, he hears the actions of the heroes who were to establish the Portuguese empire in the East. In Epic conduct nothing can be more masterly. The funeral games in honour of Patroclus, after the Iliad has turned upon its great hinge, the death of Hector, are here most happily imitated after the Lusiad has also turned upon its great hinge, the discovery of India. The conduct is the same, though not one feature is borrowed. Ulysses and Eneas are sent to visit the regions of the dead; and Voltaire's hero must also be conveyed to Hell and Heaven. But how superior is the spirit of Camoens! He parallels these striking adventures by a new fiction of his own. Gama in the island of Bliss, and Eneas in Hell, are in Epic conduct exactly the same; and in this unborrowing sameness, he *artfully interweaves the history of Portugal: artfully* as Voltaire himself confesses. The episode with the king of Melinda, the description of the painted ensigns, and the prophetic song, are parallel in manner and purpose with the episode of Dido, the shield of Eneas, and the vision in Elysium. To revenge the rage of Achilles, and to lay the foundation of the Roman empire, are the grand purposes of the Iliad and Eneid; the one effected by the

the

the death of Hector; the other by the alliance of Latinus and Eneas, accomplished in the death of Turnus. In like manner, to establish the Portuguese Christian empire in the East, is the grand design of the Lusiad, accomplished in the happy return of Gama. And thus, in the true spirit of the Epopœia, ends the Lusiad, a poem where every circumstance rises in just gradation, till the whole is summed up in the most perfect unity of Epic action.

The machinery of Homer (*See the note, p. 266.*) contains a most perfect and masterly allegory. To imitate the ancients was the prevailing taste when Camoens wrote; and their poetical manners were every where adopted. That he esteemed his own as allegorical he assures us in the end of the ninth book, and in one of his letters. But a proof even more determinate, occurs in the opening of the poem. Castora, the French Translator, by his over refinement, has much misrepresented the allegory of the Lusiad. Mars, who never appears but once in the first book, he tells us, signifies Jesus Christ. This explanation, so open to ridicule, is every way unnecessary, and surely never entered the thought of Camoens. It is evident, however, that he intended the guardian powers of Christianity and Mohammedism under the two principal personages of his machinery. Words cannot be plainer :

Where'er this people should their empire raise,  
 She knew her altars should unnumber'd blaze;  
 And barbarous nations at her holy shrine  
 Be humanised and taught her lore divine:  
 Her spreading honours thus the one inspir'd,  
 And one the dread to lose his worship fir'd.

And the same idea is on every opportunity repeated and enforced. Pagan mythology had its Celestial, as well as Terrestrial Venus\*.

\* The celestial Venus, according to Plato, was the daughter of Ouranus or Heaven, and thence called Urania. The passage stands in the Symposium of that author as follows :  
 Παιδες γαρ ισμεν οτι εκ εστιν ανευ Ερωτος Αφροδιτη\*  
 ταιης δε μιας μεν εστις, εις αν ην Ερωτος\* επει δε  
 δυο εστιν, δυο αναγκη και Ερωτε ειναι. πως δ'δυ  
 διο τα θεα; η μεν γε που, πρεσβυτερα, και  
 αρητερ, Ουρανυ θυγατηρ, ην δη και ουρανιαν  
 επινομαζομεν η δε νεωτερα, Διου κ' Διωνης, ην δη  
 πανδημον καλομεν.

This Urania-Venus, according to Pausanias and other writers, had sumptuous temples in Athens, Phœnicia, &c. She was painted in complete armour; her priestesses were virgins; and no man was allowed to approach her shrine. Xenophon says, she presided over the love of wisdom and virtue, which are the pleasures of the soul, as the terrestrial Venus presided over the pleasures of the body.

The Celestial Venus is therefore the most proper personage of that mythology to figure Christianity. And Bacchus, the conqueror of the East, is, in the ancient poetical allegory, the most natural protector of the altars of India. Whatever may be said against the use of the ancient machinery in a modern poem, candour must confess, that the allegory of Camoens which arms the genius of Mohammedism † against the expedition of his heroes, is both sublime and most happily interesting. Nor must his choice of the ancient poetical machinery be condemned without examination. It has been the language of poetry these three thousand years, and its allegory is perfectly understood. If not impossible, it will certainly be very difficult to find a new, or a better machinery for an Epic poem. That of Tasso is condemned by Boileau, yet, that of Camoens may plead the authority of that celebrated critic, and is even vindicated, undesignedly, by Voltaire himself. In an essay prefixed to his *Henriade*, *Le mot d' Amphitrite*, says he, *dans notre poésie, ne signifie que la Mer, & non l'Épouse de Neptune*—the word Amphitrite in our poetry signifies only the Sea, and not the wife of Neptune.” And why may not the word Venus in Camoens signify divine Love, and not the wife of Vulcan? “Love, says Voltaire, in the same essay, has his arrows, and Justice a ballance, in our most christian writings, in our paintings, in our tapestry, without being esteemed as the least mixture of Paganism.” And if this criticism has justice in it, why not apply it to the *Lusiad* as well as the \* *Henriade*? Candour will not only apply it to the *Lusiad*, but will also add the authority of Boileau. He is giving rules for an Epic poem :

† This, as observed, is expressly suggested in the first book. For several collateral proofs, see the note, p. 215, and text, p. 339. where Bacchus, the evil demon, takes the form of Mohammed, and appears in a dream to a priest of the Koran.

\* Thus, when the *Henriade* is to be defended, the arrows of Cupid convey no mixture of Paganism. But when the island of Love in the *Lusiad* is to be condemned, our *bonnête* critic must ridicule the use of these very arrows—*C'est la que Venus, aidée des conseils du Père Éternel, et secondée en même tems des fleches de Cupidon.*—It is there that Venus, aided by the counsels of the Eternal

Father, and at the same time, seconded by the arrows of Cupid, renders the Nereides amorous of the Portuguese.”—But this, one of his latest additions, is as unlucky as all the rest. The Eternal Father is the same Jove, who is represented as the *supreme Father* in the first book, (*St. 22. Portugese.*) and in book 9. st. 18. is only said to have ordained Venus to be the good genius of the Lusitanians. There is not a word about the *assistance of his counsel*; that was introduced by Voltaire, solely to throw ridicule upon an allegory, which, by the bye, when used in the *Henriade*, has not the least fault; but is there every way in the true style of poetry.

*Dans*

*Dans le vaste récit d'une longue action,  
 Se soutient par la fable, et vit de fiction.  
 Là pour nous enchanter tout est mis en usage :  
 Tout prend un corps, une ame, un esprit, un visage ;  
 Chaque vertu devient une divinité ;  
 Minerve est la prudence, & Venus la beauté.  
 Ce n'est plus la vapeur qui produit le tonnerre,  
 C'est Jupiter armé pour effrayer la terre.  
 Un orage terrible aux yeux des matelots,  
 C'est Neptune en courroux, qui gourmande les flots . . . .  
 Sans tous ces ornemens le vers tombe en langueur ;  
 La poésie est morte, ou rampe sans vigueur :  
 Le poète n'est plus qu'un orateur timide,  
 Qu'un froid historien d'une fable insipide.*

Every idea of these lines strongly defends the *Lusiad*. Yet, it must not be concealed, a distinction follows which may appear against it. Boileau requires a profane subject for the Epic Muse. But his reason for it is not just :

*De la foi d'un Chrétien les mysteres terribles  
 D'ornemens égayés ne sont point susceptibles.  
 L'évangile à l'esprit n'offre de tous cotés  
 Que pénitence à faire, & tourmens mérités :  
 Et de vos fictions le mélange coupable  
 Même à ses vérités donne l'air de la fable.*

The *mysteres terribles* afford indeed no subject for poetry. But the Bible offers to the Muse something besides *penitence* and *merited torments*. The *Paradise Lost*, and the works of the greatest Painters, evince this. Nor does this criticism, false as it is, contain one argument which excludes the heroes of a Christian nation from being the subject of poetry. Modern subjects are indeed condemned by Boileau, and ancient fable, with its Ulysses, Agamemnon, &c. — *noms heureux semblent nés pour les vers*—are recommended to the poet. But, happy for Camoens, his feelings directed him to another choice. For, in contradiction of a thousand Boileaus, no compositions are so miserably uninteresting as our modern poems, where the heroes of ancient fable are the personages of the action. Unless, therefore,

therefore, the subject of Camoens † may thus seem condemned by the celebrated French critic, every other rule he proposes is in favour of the machinery of the *Lusiad*. For whatever report Falseness and Voltaire may have raised against it, in the machinery there is no mixture of Pagan and Christian personages. The heroes, indeed, are Christians, and *Santa Fe*, holy faith, is sometimes mentioned. But the allegorical and historical parts of an Epic poem are essentially different, though the historical part be even often conducted under the veil of allegory; as, according to the precepts of Boileau, the deliverance of the Lufian fleet is ascribed to the celestial Venus. Nor is poetical use the only defence of our injured author. In the age of Camoens, Bacchus was esteemed a real \* dæmon: And celestial

† But to carry the restriction so far, was certainly not the meaning of Boileau: for he himself uses the Pagan mythology in his poem on the passage of the Rhine by the French army in 1672.

\* It was the belief of the first ages of Christianity, that the Pagan Gods were fallen angels. Milton, with admirable judgment, has adopted this system. His Mammon, the architect of Pandæmonium, he also calls Vulcan:

Nor was his name unheard or unador'd  
In ancient Greece, and in Ausonian land,  
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell  
From heaven, they fabled, thrown by angry  
Jove—

On Lemnos, th' Egæan isle: Thus they relate  
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout  
Fell long before.

Moloch and Vulcan are therefore mentioned together with great propriety in the *Paradise Lost*. The belief of the first Christians, with respect to dæmons, was unabated in the age of Camoens; for the oracles of the Pagan deities were then believed to have been given by evil spirits. Bacchus might therefore in a Christian poem of such ages represent the Evil dæmon; and it was on this principle that Tasso felt no impropriety in calling Pluto his king of hell, *the grand foe of mankind*, and making him talk of the birth of Christ. In like manner, when Camoens says that the Christian altar raised (book II.) to deceive the Lufians, was the illusion of Bacchus; he says no more than what was agreeable to the popular belief, which esteemed the Pagan gods real dæmons,

and no more than what poetry allows when a storm is ascribed to Neptune: In a word, it is not the illusions which Tasso ascribes to his magic, or Camoens to Bacchus; it is the unallegorical opposition or concert of Christian and Pagan ideas, which forms the absurd, and disfigures a poem. But this absurd opposition or concert of personages has no place in the machinery of the *Lusiad*, though it is found in the greatest of modern poets. The power of magic opposes the power of God and his arch-angel Michael in Tasso. But from Milton both the allowable and blameable mixture of Christian and Pagan ideas may be best exemplified. With great judgment, as already observed, he ranks the Pagan deities among the fallen angels. When he alludes to Pagan mythology, he sometimes says, “as fables feign;” and sometimes he mentions these deities in the allegory of poetical style; as thus,

——— When Bellona storms,  
With all her battering engines bent to raise  
Some capital city ———

And thus, when Adam smiles on Eve;

——— as Jupiter  
On Juno smiles when he impregns the clouds  
That shed May flowers ———

Here the personages are mentioned expressly in their allegorical capacity, a use recommended by Boileau. In the following the blameable mixture occurs. He is describing *Paradise* ———

——— Universal

Venus was considered as the name by which the Ethnics expressed the divine Love. But if the cold hyper-critic will still blame our author for his allegory, let it also be remembered, that of all Christian poets, Camoens is in this the least reprehensible. The Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise of Dante, form one continued texture of Pagan and Scriptural names, descriptions, and ideas. Ariosto is continually in the same fault; and in this, and his addition of Gothic enchantment, he is followed by Tasso. The Paradise Lost also has this mixture, in a manner not to be found in the *Lusiad*. And if it is a fault to use the ancient poetical machinery in a poem where the heroes are Christians, Voltaire himself has infinitely more of the *melange coupable* than Camoens. The machinery of his *Henriade* is, as confessed by himself, upon the idea of the Pagan mythology. He cites Boileau,

*C'est d'un scrupule vain s'allarmer sottement,  
Et vouloir aux lecteurs plaire sans agrément  
Bien-tot ils defendront de peindre la prudence,  
De donner a Thémis ni bandeau, ni balance . . . . .  
Et par-tout des discours, comme une idolatrie,  
Dans leur faux zèle iront chasser l'allegorie.*

But he suppresses the verses which immediately follow, where the introduction of the true God is prohibited by the critic,

*Et fabuleux chrétiens, n'allons point dans nos songes,  
Du Dieu de vérité faire un Dieu de mensonges.*

——— Universal Pan  
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance  
Led on th' eternal spring. Not that fair field  
Of Enna, where Proserpin, gathering flowers,  
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis  
Was gather'd: which cost Ceres all that pain  
To seek her through the world ———

——— might with this Paradise  
Of Eden strive ———

The mention of Pan, the Graces and Hours, is here in the pure allegorical style of poetry. But the story of Proserpin is not in allegory; it is mentioned in the same manner of authenticity as the many Scripture histories introduced into the *Paradise Lost*. When the angel brings Eve to Adam, she appears

——— in naked beauty more adorn'd  
More lovely than Pandora, whom the Gods  
Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like  
In sad event, when to th' unwifer son  
Of Japhet brought by Hermes she ensnar'd  
Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged  
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

Here we have the heathen Gods, another origin of evil, and a whole string of fables, alluded to as real events, on a level with his subject. Nor are these the only instances; the death of Hercules, and several others in Milton, demerit the censure of an unjudicious mixture of sacred and profane mythology and history.

Yet, the God of truth according to the Christian idea, in direct violation of this precept, is a considerable personage in the Pagan allegorical machinery of the *Henriade*. But the couplet last cited, though as direct against the *Henriade* as if it had been written to condemn it, is not in the least degree applicable to the machinery of the *Lusiad*; a machinery much less culpable, according to the severest criticism, than that of Tasso, and infinitely superior in every respect to that of † Voltaire, though Camoens wrote at the revival of learning, ere criticism had given her best rules to the modern Muse.

The poem of Camoens, indeed, so fully vindicates itself, that this defence of it perhaps may seem unnecessary. Yet one consideration will vindicate this defence. The poem is written in a language unknown in polite literature. Few are able to judge of the Original, and the unjust clamour raised against it by Rapin \* and Voltaire, has been received in Europe as its true character. Lord Kaimes †, and other authors, very cordially

† See the Dissertation on the Machinery of Tasso and Voltaire.

\* It is an unhappy thing to write in an unread tongue. Never was author so misrepresented by ignorance as the poet of Portugal. Rapin, that cold-blooded critic, tells us, that to write a good Epic, *Il faut observer de la proportion dans le dessein*, it is necessary to observe proportion in the design, justness in the thought, and not to fall into rambling."—He then asserts, that Camoens trespassed against all these rules—that he wants discernment, and conduct—that he thought of nothing but to express the pride of his nation, for his style, he says, *est fier & fallueux*, fierce and stilted. In another place he says, "poetical diction ought to be clear, natural, and harmonious, and that obscurity is its greatest blemish,"—to which, having named Camoens, he adds, "*ses vers sont si obscurs, qu'ils pourroient passer pour des mysteres*—his verses are so obscure that they may pass for mysteries."—Perhaps the old French version may deserve this character; but certain it is from hence, that Rapin never read the original. Periphrasticity, elegant simplicity, and the most natural unstrained harmony, is the just characteristic of the style of Camoens. The appeal is to the world. And the first Linguist of the age, has given the style of Ca-

moens a very different character from this of Rapin: *Camoensium Lusitanum, cujus poesis adeo venusta est, adeo polita, ut nihil esse possit jucundius; interdum vero, adeo elata, grandiloqua, ac sonora, ut nihil fingi possit magnificentius.* JONES, *Poeseos Asiaticae* Comment.

Montesquieu's high idea of the *Lusiad* is cited p. 227. We shall only add the suffrage of the great Cervantes, who, in his *Don Quixote*, C. iv. l. 6. most warmly expresses his idea of the excellence of the genius of Camoens.

† Lord Kaimes thus follows Voltaire: "Portugal was rising in power and splendor (it was hastening to the very last stages of declension) when Camoens wrote the *Lusiad*, and with respect to the music of verse it has merit. The author however is far from shining in point of taste (most masterly description and boundless variety however are his characteristics. He has given the two finest fictions in poetry. And according to Voltaire the story of Inez is equal to the best-written parts of Virgil.) He makes a strange jumble of Heathen and Christian Deities. "Gama" observes Voltaire, "in a storm addresses his prayers to Christ, but it is Venus who comes to his relief." Voltaire's observation is but too well founded (and is it indeed in the name of honesty!) In the "first



condemn its mixture of Pagan and Christian mythology; even condemn it in terms, as if the *Lusiad*, the poem which of all other modern ones is the most unexceptionable in this, were in this mixture the most egregiously unfufferable — Besides, whatever has the sanction of the celebrated name of Voltaire will be remembered, and unless circumstantially refuted, may

“ first book, Jove summons a council of  
 “ the Gods, which is described at great  
 “ length, for no earthly purpose but to shew  
 “ that he favoured the Portuguese: Bac-  
 “ chus, on the other hand, declares against  
 “ them on the following account, that he  
 “ himself had gained immortal glory as  
 “ conqueror of India; which would be  
 “ eclipsed if the Indies should be conquered  
 “ a second time by the Portuguese. A  
 “ Moorish commander having received  
 “ Gama with smiles, but with hatred in  
 “ his heart, the poet brings down Bacchus  
 “ from heaven to confirm the Moor in his  
 “ wicked purposes, which would have been  
 “ perpetrated, had not Venus interposed in  
 “ Gama’s behalf. In the second canto  
 “ Bacchus feigns himself to be a Christian,  
 “ in order to deceive the Portuguese, but  
 “ Venus implores her father Jupiter to pro-  
 “ tect them.”

Such is the view of the *Lusiad* given by a professed Critic. It is impossible to make any remark on it without giving offence to False Delicacy. But to that goddess the Translator of the injured Camoens will offer no sacrifice. What ignorance of the Epic poem, unpardonable in a professed dictator in criticism, does the whole of it betray! Lucan has been severely censured by the greatest of ancient and modern critics, for the want of poetical cloathing or allegory. But we have already been explicit on that allegorical personification in which the true spirit of poetry exists. In this manner Virgil and Homer conduct their poems. (*See the note*, p. 267.) But our critic perceives nothing of this kind in Camoens. Though the whole conduct of the *Lusiad* depends upon the council held by Jove, upon the allegorical parts taken by the personages,

Her spreading honours thus the one inspir’d,  
 And one the dread to lose his worship fir’d—

and though this allegory is finely sustained

throughout the whole poem, where Celestial Love is ever mindful (*See B. 9.*) that Jove or fate had decreed her altars should be reared in consequence of the success of her heroes; though all this is truly Homeric, is what the world ever esteemed the true Epic conduct, our critic can see no *earthly purpose* in the council of Jove, but to shew that he favoured the Lusians; no reason for the opposition of Bacchus, but that he had been conqueror of India, and was averse it should be conquered a second time. In the same ignorance of the Epic conduct is the *vacant* account of Bacchus and the Moor. But let our critic be told, that through the sides of Camoens, if his blow will avail, he has murdered both Homer and Virgil. What condemns Bacchus and the Moor, condemns the part of Juno in the *Eneid*, and every interposition of Juno and Neptune in Homer. To make the Lusians believe that Mombassa was inhabited by Christians, the Moors took the Ambassadors of Gama to a house, where they shewed them a Christian altar. This is history. Camoens, in the true spirit of the Epic poetry, ascribes this appearance to the illusion of Bacchus. Hector and Turnus are both thus deceived. And Bacchus, as already proved, was esteemed a fallen angel when our poet wrote. Nor are the ancients alone thus reprobated in the sentence passed upon Camoens. If his machinery must be condemned, with what accumulated weight must his sentence fall upon the greatest of our modern poets! But the mystery is easily explained: There are a race of Critics, who cannot perceive the noble profopœia of Milton’s angels, who would reduce a Virgil to a Lucan, a Camoens to a mere historian; who would strip poetry of all her ornaments, because they cannot see them, of all her passions, because they cannot feel them; in a word, who would leave her nothing but the neatness, the cadence, and tinkle of verse.

one time perhaps \* be appealed to, as decisive, in the controversies of literary † merit.

Other views of the conduct of the *Lusiad* now offer themselves. Besides the above remarks, many observations on the machinery and poetical conduct, are in their proper places scattered throughout the notes. The exuberant exclamations

\* Voltaire's description of the apparition near the Cape of Good Hope, is just as wide of the original as bombast is from the true sublime; yet it has been cited by several writers. In Camoens a dark cloud hovers over the fleet; a tremendous noise is heard, Gama exclaims in amazement, and the apparition appears in the air,

——— rising thro' the darken'd air,  
Appall'd we saw an hideous Phantom glare.—

Every part of the description in Camoens is sublime and nobly adapted for the pencil. In Voltaire's last edition, the passage is thus rendered — “ *C'est une fantôme, que l'éléve* — it is a phantome which rises from the bottom of the sea; his head touches the clouds; the tempests, the winds, the thunders are around him, his arms are stretched afar over the surface of the waters” — Yet not one picturesque idea of this is in the Original. If the phantom's arms are stretched upon the surface of the waters, his shoulders, and his head which touches the clouds, must only be above the tide. Yet, though this imageric, with tempests, winds and thunders *hanging* around him, would be truly absurd upon canvas, a celebrated Italian writer has not only cited Voltaire's description, as that of the Original, but has mended that of the Frenchman by a stroke of his own. The feet of the Phantom, says *Signor Algarotti*, are in the unfathomable abyfs of the sea.” (*See his treatise on Newton's Theory of Light and Colours*) And certainly, if his shoulders and head reached from the surface of the waters to the clouds, the length which the *Signor* has given to his parts under the water was no bad calculation. Nor is Algarotti the only absurd retailer of

Voltaire's misrepresentations. An English Traveller, who lately published an account of Spain and Portugal, has quite compleated the figure. “ *Ses bras s'étendent au loin sur la surface des eaux*, says Voltaire; and our Traveller thus translates it, His arms extend over the *whole* surface of the waters.” And thus the burlesque painter is furnished with the finest design imaginable for the mock sublime. A figure up to the arm-pits in the water, its arms extending over the *whole* surface of the sea, its head in the clouds, and its feet in the unfathomable abyfs of the ocean! Very fine indeed, it is impossible to mend it farther. Nor is our Traveller's specimen of the Portuguese literature less happy. He *very candidly*, and *with much knowledge of his subject*, retails several of the gross misrepresentations and falsties of Voltaire; and also adds a little blunder or two of his own †. And though this Traveller could not perceive || any beauty in the episode of the sixth *Lusiad*, that episode will not yield in poetical merit to all the tales of Nestor in Homer.

† As we have paid attention to the strictures of Voltaire, some is also due to the praises which he bestows on the *Lusiad*. Though he falsely asserts that it wants connection, he immediately adds, “ *Tout cela prouve enfin, que l'ouvrage est plein des grandes beautés* — This only proves, in fine, that the work is full of grand beauties, since these two hundred years it has been the delight of an ingenious nation.” — The fiction of the apparition, he owns, will please in every age; and of the episode of Inez, he says, *Il y a peu d'endroits dans Virgile plus attendrissans & mieux écrits* — There are few parts of Virgil more tender or better written.”

‡ As for example, Camoens, he says, was born in 1523, whilst John III. reigned, whose successor, Don Emmanuel, sent Vasco de Gama on the discovery of India.” But this is just the same as if a Portuguese should give his countrymen an account of England, and tell them that George I. was succeeded by Queen Anne; and that Shakspeare was born in the reign of King James.

|| He thus *wittily* ridicules it: A tale is told *as how* twelve Portuguese went to England, &c.

of Camoens are there defended. Here let it only be added, that the unity of action is not interrupted by these Parentheses, and that if Milton's beautiful complaint of his blindness be not an imitation of them, it is in the same manner and spirit. Nor will we scruple to pronounce that such addresses to the Muse would have been admired in Homer, are an interesting improvement on the Epopœia, and will certainly be imitated if ever the world shall behold another real Epic poem.

The *Lusiad*, says Voltaire, contains *a sort of Epic poetry unheard of before. No heroes are wounded a thousand different ways; no woman enticed away and the world overturned for her cause.*—But the very want of these, in place of supporting the objection intended by Voltaire, points out the happy judgment and peculiar excellence of Camoens. If Homer has given us all the fire and hurry of battles, he has also given us all the uninteresting tiresome detail. What reader but must be tired with the deaths of a thousand heroes, who are never mentioned before nor afterwards in the poem. Yet in every battle we are wearied out with such *Gazette* returns of the slain and wounded——

Ἐνθα τίνα πρῶτον, τίνα δ' ὕψιλον ἐξενάρειξεν  
 Ἐκλωρ Πριαμίδης, ὅτε οἱ Ζεὺς κῦδος ἔδωκεν ;  
 Ἄσσαϊον μὲν πρῶτα, ἢ Αὐτόνοον, ἢ Ὀπίτην,  
 Καὶ Δόλοπα Κλυτίδην, ἢ Ὀφέλλιον, ἢ δ' Ἀγέλαον,  
 Αἰσυμνόν τ' Ὠρον τε, ἢ Ἰππόνοον μενεχάρμη·  
 Τὲς ἄρ' ὄγ' ἠγεμόνας Δαναῶν ἔλεν· αὐτὰρ ἐπειῖα  
 Πληθύν· ὡς ὁπότε, &c.

Il. Lib. XI. lin. 299.

Thus imitated by Virgil,

Cædicus Alcathoum obtruncat, Sacrator Hydaspem :  
 Partheniumque Rapo, & prædurum viribus Oriên :  
 Messapus Cloniumque, Lycaoniumque Ericetem :  
 Illum, infrænis equi lapsu tellure jacentem ;  
 Hunc, peditem pedes. Et Lycius processerat Agis,  
 Quem tamen haud expers Valerus virtutis avitæ  
 Dejecit : Atronium Salius ; Saliumque Nealces——

Æn. l. x. 747.

With such catalogues is every battle extended ; and what can be more tiresome than such uninteresting descriptions and their imitations ! If the idea of the battle be raised by such enumeration, still the copy and original are so near each other, that they can never please in two separate poems. Nor are the greater parts of the battles of the Eneid much more distant from those of the Iliad. Though Virgil with great art has introduced a Camilla, a Pallas, and a Lausus, still in many particulars, and in the action upon the whole, there is such a sameness with the Iliad, that the learned reader of the Eneid is deprived of the pleasure inspired by originality. If the man of taste, however, will be pleased to mark how the genius of a Virgil has managed a war after a Homer, he will certainly be tired with a dozen of Epic poems in the same style. Where the siege of a town and battles are the subject of an Epic, there will of necessity, in the characters and circumstances, be a resemblance to Homer ; and such poem must therefore want originality. Happy for Tasso, the variation of manners, and his masterly superiority over Homer in describing his duels, has given his Jerusalem an air of novelty. Yet with all the difference between Christian and Pagan heroes, we have a Priam, an Agamamnon, an Achilles, &c. armies slaughtered, and a city besieged. In a word, we have a handsome copy of the Iliad in the Jerusalem Delivered. If some imitations, however, have been successful, how many other Epics of ancient and modern times have hurried down the stream of oblivion ! Some of their authors had poetical merit, but the fault was in the choice of their subjects. So fully is the strife of war exhausted by Homer, that Virgil and Tasso could add to it but little novelty ; no wonder, therefore, that so many Epics on battles and sieges have been suffered to sink into utter neglect. Camoens, perhaps, did not weigh these circumstances, but the strength of his poetical genius directed him. He could not but feel what it was to read Virgil after Homer ; and the original turn and force of his mind led him from the beaten tract of Helen's and Lavinia's, Achilles's and Hector's, sieges and slaughters, where the hero hews down and drives to flight whole armies with his own sword. Camoens was the first who wooed the Modern Epic Muse, and she gave him the wreath of a first Lover : *A sort of Epic Poetry unheard of before* ; or, as

Voltaire

Voltaire calls it in his last edition, *une nouvelle espèce d'Épopée*. And the grandest subject it is (of profane history) which the world has ever beheld\*. A voyage esteemed too great for man to dare; the adventures of this voyage through unknown oceans deemed unnavigable; the Eastern World happily discovered, and for ever indissolubly joined and given to the Western; the grand Portuguese empire in the East founded; the humanization of mankind and universal commerce the consequence! What are the adventures of an old fabulous hero's arrival in Britain, what are Greece and Latium in arms for a woman, compared to this! Troy is in ashes, and even the Roman empire is no more. But the effects of the voyage, adventures, and bravery of the Hero of the *Lusiad*, will be felt and beheld, and perhaps increase in importance, while the world shall remain.

Happy in his choice, happy also was the genius of Camoens in the method of pursuing his subject. He has not, like Tasso, given it a total appearance of fiction; nor has he, like Lucan, excluded allegory and poetical machinery. Whether he intended it or not, for his genius was sufficient to suggest its propriety, the judicious precept of Petronius is the model of the *Lusiad*. That elegant writer proposes a poem on the civil war; *Ecce Belli Civiles*, says he, *ingens opus*—*Non enim res gestæ versibus comprehendendæ sunt (quod longè melius historici faciunt) sed per ambages Deorumque ministeria, & fabulosum sententiarum tormentum præcipitandus est liber spiritus: ut potius furentis animi vaticinatio appareat, quam religiose orationis sub testibus fides*—No poem, ancient or modern, merits this character in any degree comparative to the *Lusiad*. A truth of history is preserved, yet, what is improper for the historian, the ministry of heaven is employed, and the free spirit of poetry throws itself into fictions, which makes the whole appear as an effusion of prophetic

\* The Drama and the *Épopée* are in nothing so different as in this: The subjects of the Drama are inexhaustible, those of the *Épopée* are perhaps exhausted. He who chuse, war and the warlike characters, cannot appear as an original. It was well for the memory of Pope, that he did not write the Epic poem he intended. It would have been only a copy of Virgil. Camoens and Milton have been happy in the novelty of their subjects; and these they have ex-

hausted. There cannot possibly be so important a voyage as that which gave the Eastern world to the Western. And did even the story of Columbus afford materials equal to that of Gama, the adventures of the hero, and the view of the extent of his discoveries, must now appear as fervid copies of the *Lusiad*. The view of Spanish America, given in the *Auracana*, is not only a mere copy, but is introduced even by the very machinery of Camoens.

fury, and not like a rigid detail of facts given under the sanction of witnesses. Contrary to Lucan, who, in the above rules drawn from the nature of poetry, is severely censored by Petronius, Camoens conducts his poem *per ambages Deorumque ministeria*. The apparition, which in the night hovers athwart the fleet near the Cape of Good Hope, is the grandest fiction in human composition; the invention his own! In the Island of Venus, the use of which fiction in an Epic poem is also his own, he has given the completest assemblage of all the flowers which have ever adorned the bowers of love. And never was the *furētis animi vaticinatio*, more conspicuously displayed than in the prophetic song, the view of the spheres, and of the globe of the earth. Tasso's imitation of the Island of Venus is not equal to the original; and though "Virgil's myrtles \* dropping blood are nothing to Tasso's enchanted forest," what are all Ismeno's enchantments to the grandeur and horror of the appearance, prophecy, and evanishment of the spectre of Camoens! †—It has been long agreed among the critics, that the solemnity of religious observances gives great dignity to the historical narrative of the Epopœia. Camoens, in the embarkation of the fleet, and in several other places, is peculiarly happy in the dignity of religious allusions. Manners and character are also required in the Epic poem. But all the Epics which have appeared, are, except two, mere copies of the Iliad in these. Every one has its Agamemnon, Achilles, Ajax, and Ulysses, its calm, furious, gross and intelligent hero. Camoens and Milton happily left this beaten tract, this exhausted field, and have given us pictures of manners unknown in the Iliad, the Eneid, and all those poems which may be classed with the Thebaid. The Lusiad abounds with pictures of manners, from those of the highest chivalry, to those of the rudest, fiercest, and most innocent barbarism. In the fifth, sixth, and ninth books, Leonardo and Veloso are painted in stronger colours than any of the inferior characters in Virgil. But striking character, indeed, is not the excellence of the Eneid. That of Monzaida,

\* See Letters on Chivalry and Romance.

† The Lusiad is also rendered poetical by other fictions. The elegant satyr on king Sebastian, under the name of Acteon; and the prosopopœia of the populace of Portu-

gal venting their murmurs upon the beach when Gama sets sail, display the richness of our Author's poetical genius, and are not inferior to any thing of the kind in the Classics.

the friend of Gama, is much superior to that of Achates. The base, selfish, perfidious and cruel characters of the Zamorim and the Moors, are painted in the strongest colours; and the character of Gama himself, is that of the finished hero. His cool command of his passions, his deep sagacity, his fixed intrepidity, his tenderness of heart, his manly piety, and his high enthusiasm in the love of his country, are all displayed in the superlative degree——Let him who objects the want of character to the *Lusiad*, beware lest he stumble upon its praise; lest he only say, it wants an Achilles, a Hector, and a Priam. And to the novelty of the manners of the *Lusiad* let the novelty of fire-arms also be added. It has been said, that the buckler, the bow, and the spear, must continue the arms of poetry. Yet, however unsuccessful others may have been, Camoens has proved that fire-arms may be introduced with the greatest dignity and finest effect in the Epic Poem.

As the grand interest of commerce and of mankind forms the subject of the *Lusiad*, so with great propriety, as necessary accompaniments to the voyage of his Hero, the Author has given poetical pictures of the four parts of the world. In the third book, a view of Europe; in the fifth, a view of Africa; and in the tenth, a picture of Asia and America. Homer and Virgil have been highly praised for their judgment in the choice of subjects which interested their countrymen, and Statius has been as severely condemned for his uninteresting choice. But though the subject of Camoens be particularly interesting to his countrymen, it has also the peculiar happiness to be the Poem of every trading nation. It is the Epic Poem of the Birth of Commerce. And in a particular manner the Epic Poem of whatever country has the controul and possession of the commerce of India.

An unexhausted fertility and variety of poetical description, an unexhausted elevation of sentiment, and a constant tenor of the grand simplicity of diction, complete the character of the *Lusiad* of Camoens: A poem which, though it has hitherto received from the public most unmerited neglect, and from the critics most flagrant injustice, was yet better understood by the greatest poet of Italy. Tasso never did his judgment more credit, than when he confessed that he dreaded Camoens as a

rival ; or his generofity more honour, than when he addreffed this elegant Sonnet to the Hero of the Lufiad :

## S O N N E T T O .

Vafco, le cui felici, ardite antenne  
 In contro al fol, che ne riporta il giorno  
 Spiegar le vele, e fer colà ritorno,  
 Dove egli par che di cadere accenne :

Non piú di te per afpro mar foftenne  
 Quel, che fece al Ciclope oltraggio, e fcorno :  
 Ne chi turbó l'Arpie nel fuo foggiorno,  
 Ne dié piú bel foggetto a colte penne.

Et hor quella del colto, e buon' Luigi,  
 Tant' oltre ftende il gloriofo volo  
 Che i tuoi fpalmati legni andar men lunge.  
 Ond' a quelli, a cui s'alza il noftro polo,  
 Et a chi ferma in contra i fuoi veftigi,  
 Per lui del corfo tuo la fama aggiunge.

## S O N N E T .

Vafco, whofe bold and happy bowsprit bore  
 Againft the rifing morn ; and, homeward fraught,  
 Whofe fails came weftward with the day, and brought  
 The wealth of India to thy native fhore :

Ne'er did the Greek fuch length of feas explore :  
 The Greek, who forrow to the Cyclop wrought,  
 And he, who, Victor, with the Harpies fought,  
 Never fuch pomp of naval honours wore.

Great as thou art, and peerlefs in renown,  
 Yet thou to Camoens ow'ft thy nobleft fame ;  
 Farther than thou didft fail, his deathlefs fong  
 Shall bear the dazzling fplendor of thy name ;  
 And under many a fky thy actions crown,  
 While Time and Fame together glide along.



It only remains to give some account of the Version of the *Lusiad*, which is now offered to the Public. Besides the Translations mentioned in the life of Camoens, M. Duperron De Caſtera, in 1735, gave in French proſe a looſe unpoetical paraphraſe \* of the *Lusiad*. Nor does Sir Richard Fanſhaw's English verſion, publiſhed during the uſurpation of Cromwell, merit a better character. Though ſtanza be rendered for ſtanza, though at firſt view it has the appearance of being exceedingly literal, this verſion is nevertheless exceedingly unfaithful. Uncountenanced by his original, Fanſhaw

—— teems with many a dead-born jeſt †.

Nor had he the leaſt idea of the dignity of the Epic ‡ ſtyle, or of the true ſpirit of poetical tranſlation. For this, indeed, no definite rule can be given. The Tranſlator's feelings alone muſt direct him, for the ſpirit of poetry is ſure to evaporate in literal tranſlation.

Literal tranſlation of poetry is in reality a ſolecism. You may conſtrue your author, indeed, but if with ſome Tranſlators you boaſt that you have left your author to ſpeak for himſelf,

\* Caſtera was every way unequal to his taſk. He did not perceive his author's beauties. He either ſuppreſſes or lowers the moſt poetical paſſages, and ſubſtitutes French tinfel and impertinence in their place. In the neceſſary illuſtrations in the notes, the citations from Caſtera will vindicate this character.

† Pope, *Odyſſ.* xx.

‡ Richard Fanſhaw, Eſq; afterwards Sir Richard, was English Ambaſſador both at Madrid and Liſbon. He had a taſte for literature, and tranſlated from the Italian ſeveral pieces, which were of ſervice in the refinement of our poetry. Though his *Lusiad*, by the dedication of it to *William Earl of Strafford*, dated May 1, 1655, ſeems as publiſhed by himſelf, we are told by the Editor of his Letters, that “ during the “ unſettled times of our *Anarchy*, ſome of “ his MSS. falling by miſfortune into un- “ ſkilful hands, were printed and publiſhed “ without his conſent or knowledge, and “ before he could give them his laſt finiſhing ſtrokes: Such was his tranſlation of “ the *Lusiads*.”

The great reſpect due to the memory of a gentleman, who, in the unpropitious age of a Cromwell, endeavoured to cultivate the English Muſes, and the acknowledgement of his friend, that his *Lusiad* received not his finiſhing ſtrokes, may ſeem to demand that a veil ſhould be thrown over its faults. And not a blemiſh ſhould have been pointed out by the preſent Tranſlator, if the reputation of Camoens were unconcerned, and if it were not a duty he owed his reader to give a ſpecimen of the former tranſlation. We have proved that Voltaire read and drew his opinion of the *Lusiad* from Fanſhaw. And Rapin moſt probably drew his from the ſame ſource. Perſpicuity is the characteristic of Camoens; yet Rapin ſays, his verſes are ſo obſcure they appear like myſteries. Fanſhaw is indeed ſo obſcure, that in dipping into him, into parts which he had even then tranſlated, the preſent Tranſlator has often been obliged to have re- courſe to the Portuguese, to diſcover his meaning. Sancho Panza was not fonder of proverbs. He has thruſt many into his verſion.

that you have neither added nor diminished, you have in reality grossly abused him, and deceived yourself. Your literal translation can have no claim to the original felicities of expression; the energy, elegance, and fire of the original poetry. It may bear indeed a resemblance, but such a one as a corps in the sepulchre bears to the former man when he moved in the bloom and vigour of life.

*Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus  
Interpres*——

was the taste of the Augustan age. None but a Poet can translate a Poet. The freedom which this precept gives, will, therefore, in a poet's hands, not only infuse the energy, elegance, and fire of his author's poetry into his own version, but will give it also the spirit of an original.

He who can construe may perform all that is claimed by the literal Translator. He who attempts the manner of translation prescribed by Horace, ventures upon a task of genius. Yet however daring the undertaking, and however he may have failed in it, the Translator acknowledges, that in this spirit he endeavoured to give the *Lusiad* in English. Even farther liberties in one or two instances seemed to him advantageous——

version. He can never have enough of conceits, low allusions, and expressions. When gathering of flowers, "*as boninas apaubando,*" is simply mentioned (C. 9. st. 24.) he gives it, *gather'd flowers by pecks.* And the Indian Regent is avaricious (C. 8. st. 95.)

*Meaning a better penny thence to get.*

But enough of these have already appeared in the notes. It is necessary now to give a few of his stanzas entire, that the reader may form an idea of the manner and spirit of the old translation. Nor shall we select the specimens. The noble attitude of Mars in the first book, is the first striking description in the poem, and is thus rendered;

Lifting a little up his Helmet-tight  
(*'T*was adamant) with confidence enough,  
'To give his vote himself he placed right:  
Before the throne of Jove, arm'd, valiant, tough:  
And (giving with the butt-end of his pyke  
A great thump on the floor of parent stufte)  
The heavens did tremble, and Apollo's light  
It went, and came, like colour in a fright.

And the appearance of Indians in canoes approaching the fleet, is the very next description which occurs;

For freight out of that Isle which seem'd most near  
Unto the continent, Behold a number  
Of little Boats in companie appear,  
Which (clapping all wings on) the long Sea sunder'  
The men are rapt with joy, and, with the meer  
Excess of it, can only look, and wonder.

What nation's this, (within themselves they say)  
What rites, what laws, what king do they obey?

Their coming thus: In boats with fins; nor flat,  
But apt t' o're-set (as being pinch'd and long)  
*And then they'd swim like rats* \*. The sayles, of mat  
Made of palm-leaves, wave curiously and strong.  
The mens complexion, the self-same with that  
HEN gave the earth's burnt parts (from heaven flung)  
Who was more brave than wife; 'That this is true  
The Po doth know and Lampetusa true.

It may be necessary to add, the version of Fanshew, though the *Lusiad* very particularly requires them, was given to the Public without one note.

\* Not in the Original.

But a minuteness \* in the mention of these will not appear with a good grace in the first (perhaps last) Edition of his work : And the original is in the hands of the world.

Though unwilling to enter into the controversy on the superiority of blank verse or rhyme, as the Translator has chosen the latter, he presumes it may not be improper to offer to the Reader the reasons which directed his choice. But he gives them not as decisive. He only confesses, that such is his taste——In Shakespear, and in the best parts of Otway and Southern, the English blank verse appears in great perfection and propriety. But this is of the Iambic or Dramatic kind, a kind very different from the Heroic. This, if not attainable, has never yet in perfection been attained in the English language ; for certain it is, that in Milton, and every other writer of heroic blank verse, almost every four or five lines are interrupted with other two or three, which are absolute prose. Every objection against rhyme recurs with accumulated charge against blank heroics. The monotony of the Night Thoughts, The Seasons, and of Leonidas, is infinitely

\* Some liberties of a less poetical kind, however, require to be mentioned. In Homer and Virgil's lists of slain warriors, Dryden and Pope have omitted several names which would have rendered English versification dull and tiresome. Several allusions to ancient history and fable have for this reason been abridged. e. g. In the prayer of Gama (Book 6.) the mention of Paul, " thou who deliveredit Paul and defendedit him from quicksands and wild waves—

*Das seyrtes arenças & endas seas——*"

is omitted. However excellent in the original, the prayer in English, such is the difference of languages, would lose both its dignity and ardour, if burthened with a farther enumeration. Nor let the critic, if he find the meaning of Camoens in some instances altered, imagine that he has found a blunder in the Translator. He who chuses to see a slight alteration of this kind, will find an instance, which will give him an idea of others, in Can. 8. st. 48. and another in Can. 7. st. 41. It was not so gratify the dull few, whose greatest plea-

sure in reading a translation is to see what the author exactly says ; it was to give a poem that might live in the English language which was the ambition of the Translator. And for the same reason, he has not confined himself to the Portuguese or Spanish pronunciation of proper names. It is ingeniously observed in the Rambler, that Milton, by the introduction of proper names, often gives great dignity to his verse. Regardless therefore of Spanish pronunciation, the Translator has accented Granada, Evora, &c. in the manner which seemed to him to give most dignity to English versification. In the word Sofala he has even rejected the authority of Milton, and followed the more sonorous usage of Fanshawe. Thus Sir Richard : " *Against Sofala's batter'd fort.*" And thus Milton : " *And Sofala thought Ophir—*" Which is the most sonorous there can be no dispute. If the Translator, however, is found to have trespassed against good taste in these liberties in the pronunciation of proper names, he will be very willing to acknowledge and correct his error.

more tiresome than the sameness of Dryden and Pope. Unnatural distortion of language seems peculiar to blank verse. It is therefore a sure method to spoil the style and expression of youth, who, by the way, are generally its warmest advocates. That rhyme makes the poet walk in shackles is denied. He that feels it so, is forbidden by nature to write in verse; and let him obey the admonition, and presume not to dictate to others from his own feelings—Every advantage of imitative harmony, of running the lines into each other, is enjoyed by rhyme in as high a degree as blank verse. Other arguments in favour of rhyme, are founded on the nature of our language: The repetition of sound, unless murdered indeed in the reading, produces a short rest; and this rest fixes the numerosness of the ten syllables, which in blank heroics, when the lines run into each other, is often totally lost. For the ear seldom perceives, in this case, where the harmony of the line ends, and thence it necessarily becomes prosaic, and is therefore contrary to the genius of our language. And the numerosness thus produced by repetition of sound leads even to a greater advantage. Rhyme admits and delights in the most elegant ease both of the natural simplicity and force of expression. But blank heroics, alas!—Yet, peace to its admirers. These observations are not obtruded as criticisms, they are only offered as the reasons which induced the Translator to give the English *Lusiad* that dress, in which he has presented it to the Public.

To his Subscribers the Translator begs leave to offer his most grateful acknowledgements of the honour they have done him. If the time of his publication exceed the period he at first proposed, the idea he then conceived, and his *proposals*, are also much exceeded by the Introduction and Notes which he found necessary to give. As he advanced in his undertaking, new views opened upon him, and to render his work as useful and as complete as he possibly could, was his first care. Nor is his thanks alone due to his Subscribers in general. Many of the most respectable names have honoured his *Lusiad* with their countenance, and have promoted its success. His list of subscribers will shew the respect that was paid to the opinion of some Gentlemen of the University of Oxford, who have interested themselves in its favour. And that his work may vindicate their good opinion, is not only his first ambition, but,

but, if so happy, the best return he could possibly make them.—The manner in which his Grace the Duke of Buccleugh took the English *Lusiad* under his patronage, infinitely enhanced the honour of his acceptance—To Governor Johnstone, whose ancestors have been the hereditary patrons of the ancestors of the Translator, he is under every obligation which the warmest zeal to promote the success of his undertaking can possibly confer. To this Gentleman, in a great measure, the appearance of the *Lusiad* in English is due.—To the Gentlemen of the East India Company, who are his Subscribers, the Translator offers his singular thanks; and with pleasure he assures them, that their desire to see an Epic Poem, particularly their own, in English, greatly encouraged him in the prosecution of his laborious work—To Thomas Pearson, Esq; of the East India Company's Service, he owes the assistance of some Portuguese Historians and other books, which have enabled him to elucidate his author. To this Gentleman he also owes the acknowledgement for a numerous list of Subscribers. But these, in themselves, he esteems the least of Major Pearson's favours. The manner of conferring them, and the continuance of his friendly wishes, cannot be repaid by the warmest acknowledgements—To James Boswell, Esq; he confesses many obligations. To the friendship of Mr. Hoole, the elegant Translator of Tasso, he is peculiarly indebted.—And while thus he recollects with pleasure the names of many gentlemen from whom he has received assistance or encouragement; he is happy to be enabled to add Dr. Johnson to the number of those, whose kindness for the man, and good wishes for the Translation, call for his sincerest gratitude. Nor must a tribute to the memory of Dr. Goldsmith be neglected. He saw a part of this version; but he cannot now receive the thanks of the Translator. Neither must another circumstance, which he esteems so flattering an honour, be passed over in silence: Various specimens of this translation have been seen by Portuguese Literati, and the Translator has been favoured with their earnest desire to complete his undertaking. The ingenious Mr. Magellan, of the family of the celebrated Navigator, has been even an enthusiast in promoting its interest. By his means, some of the most respectable literary names of Portugal and of Paris have honoured his list. From Mr. Magellan and some other Portuguese gentlemen.

tlemen he has received considerable information on various parts of his subject. For these favours, and particularly for the honour they did him, in wishing him to be the Translator of the Poet of their nation, he returns them his most respectful thanks. Yet, though flattered with the approbation of some of those literary names, for whom the Public bear the greatest respect, Though he has introduced to the English Reader a Poem, truly Virgilian, the Translator confesses he has his fears for its fate. His execution——but no apology will supply the defects of elegance and poetical spirit; no apology shall therefore be offered. Yet whatever anxiety the conscience of his inability may give him, he also feels other considerations, which seem to authenticate his fears. We are not, indeed, in the condition of ancient Rome, when, in the declension of her literature, the Latin tongue was despised, and the Greek only admired. Yet, though a masterly treatise in some branches of literature would immediately receive the approbation due to merit, ere the just reputation of his poetry be fixed, an Author perhaps may be where the applause of the world cannot come. Long after Shakespeare wrote, and thirty years after the *Paradise Lost* was published, Shaftsbury pronounced that the English Muses were lisping in their cradles. And Temple, a much greater authority in poetical taste, esteems Sidney the greatest of all modern poets. Nor was his neglect of Milton singular. Even though that immortal Author's reputation be now fixed, I have known a learned gentleman who could not endure a line of the *Paradise Lost*, who yet, with seeming rapture, would repeat whole pages of Ovid. There is a charm in the sound of a language which is not debased by familiar use. And as it was in falling Rome, nothing in his vernacular tongue will be highly esteemed by the Scholar of dull taste. A work which claims poetical merit, while its reputation is unestablished, is beheld, by the great majority, with a cold and a jealous eye. The present age, indeed, is happily auspicious to Science and the Arts; but Poetry is neither the general taste nor the fashionable favourite of these times. Often, in the dispirited hour, have these views obtruded upon the Translator. Whilst he has left his Author upon the table and wandered in the fields, these views have clothed themselves almost imperceptibly in the stanza and

allegory

allegory of Spenser. Thus connected with the Translation of Camoens, unfinished as they are, they shall close the Introduction to the English Lusiad.

Hence, vagrant Minstrel, from my thriving farm,  
 Far hence, nor ween to shed thy poison here :  
 My hinds despise thy lyre's ignoble charm ;  
 Seek in the Sloggard's bowers thy ill earn'd cheer :  
 There while thy idle chaunting sooths their ear,  
 The noxious thistle choaks their sickly corn ;  
 Their apple boughs, ungraft'd, four wildings bear,  
 And o'er the ill-fenced dales with fleeces torn  
 Unguarded from the fox, their lambkins stray forlorn.

Such ruin withers the neglected soil,  
 When to the song the ill-starr'd swain attends.  
 And well thy meed repays thy worthless toil ;  
 Upon thy houseless head pale want descends  
 In bitter shower : And taunting scorn still rends,  
 And wakes thee trembling from thy golden dream :  
 In vetchy bed, or loathly dungeon ends  
 Thy idled life——What fitter may beseem,  
 Who poisons thus the fount, should drink the poison'd stream.

And is it thus, the heart-stung Minstrel cry'd,  
 While indignation shook his silver'd head,  
 And is it thus, the gross-fed lordling's pride,  
 And hind's base tongue the gentle Bard upbraid!  
 And must the holy song be thus repaid  
 By sun-bask'd ignorance, and chorlish scorn!  
 While listless drooping in the languid shade  
 Of cold neglect, the sacred Bard must mourn,  
 Though in his hallowed breast heaven's purest ardours burn!

Yet how sublime, O Bard, the dread behest,  
 The awful trust to thee by heaven assign'd!  
 'Tis thine to humanise the savage breast,  
 And form in Virtue's mould the youthful mind;  
 Where lurks the latent spark of generous kind,  
 'Tis thine to bid the dormant ember blaze:  
 Heroic rage with gentlest worth combin'd  
 Wide through the land thy forming power displays.  
 So spread the olive boughs beneath Dan Phœbus rays.

When Heaven decreed to soothe the feuds that tore  
 The wolf-eyed Barons, whose unletter'd rage  
 Spurn'd the fair Muse, Heaven bade on Avon's shore  
 A Shakespeare rise and soothe the barbarous age:  
 A Shakespeare rose; the barbarous heats aswage——  
 At distance due how many bards attend!  
 Enlarged and liberal from the narrow cage  
 Of blinded zeal new manners wide extend,  
 And o'er the generous breast the dews of heaven descend.

And



And fits it you, ye fons of hallowed power,  
 To hear, unmoved, the tongue of scorn upbraid  
 The Muse neglected in her wintry bower,  
 While proudly flourishing in princely shade  
 Her younger sisters lift the laurel'd head——  
 And shall the pencil's boldest mimic rage,  
 Or softest charms foredoom'd in time to fade,  
 Shall these be vaunted o'er th' immortal page,  
 Where passion's living fires burn unimpair'd by age!

And shall the warbled strain or sweetest lyre,  
 Thrilling the palace roof at night's deep hour ;  
 And shall the nightingales in woodland choir  
 The voice of heaven in sweeter raptures pour !  
 Ah no, their song is transient as the flower  
 Of April morn : In vain the shepherd boy  
 Sits listning in the silent Autumn bower ;  
 The year no more restores the short-lived joy,  
 And never more his harp shall Orpheus' hands employ.

Eternal Silence in her cold deaf ear  
 Has closed his strain ; deep as eternal night  
 Has o'er Apelles' tints, so bright while-ere,  
 Drawn her blank curtains——never to the fight  
 More to be given——But cloath'd in heaven's own light  
 Homer's bold painting shall immortal shine,  
 Wide o'er the world shall ever sound the might,  
 The raptured music of each deathless line,  
 For death nor time may touch their living soul divine.

And

And what the strain, though Perez swell the note,  
High though its rapture, to the Muse of fire !  
Yes, what the transient sounds, devoid of thought,  
To th' unabated flood of Shakespeare's ire,  
Or Milton's giant sway, till time expire  
Foredoom'd to live ; as heaven's dread energy  
Unconscious of the bounds of place——

# DISSERTATION

*On the Machinery of Tasso's Jerusalem, and Voltaire's Henriade.*

Camoens, unheard, unread by the critics, has been represented to the world as the most extravagant, most absurd of all poets, in the injudicious profane mixture of Christian and Pagan ideas. The gross falsity of this charge we have fully detected. But justice to the reputation of my Author demands something farther. If the great Tasso be guilty of the fault injuriously ascribed to Camoens, and if his arch-accuser Voltaire has adopted a machinery infinitely less worthy of the Epic Muse, what must we think of the unjust condemnation of the poet of Portugal! The machinery of the Jerusalem is thus abridged: God sends the angel Gabriel to Godfrey: Gabriel announces him general by the will of heaven, and incites him to a vigorous prosecution of the war, to rescue the tomb of Christ from the Infidels. A magician, an apostate Christian, who could alarm Pluto in his own regions,

*Sin ne la regia sua Pluton speraventa*—

and who still mixed some Christian rites with his profane incantations, advises Aladine king of Jerusalem to seize a statue of the Virgin and place it in his mosque, assuring him, that while it continued there, his spells should protect the city. The image is accordingly placed in the mosque, contrary to Mohammedan manners, from whence it miraculously disappears. The war commences. The foe of man, afterwards named Pluto, calls a council of the infernal powers. Polypheme, Gorgon, Cerberus, &c. are here. Pluto relates his own fall from heaven, the birth of Christ, Christ's descent into hell, his rescue of captive souls; and then proposes to destroy the Christian army, particularly by the snares of love. Armida, a most beautiful enchantress, is sent by her uncle, the king of Damascus, who is also a magician, to delude the Christian chiefs. She arrives at the camp; pretends to be a dethroned princess, and begs assistance. The flower of the Christian warriors are eager to go with her: ten are appointed by lot, and many others follow her by stealth.

These, like Circe, she enchants, and turns them into fishes. Beelzebub and Alecto are alternately introduced, as exciting the Infidels to treachery. God now sends the arch-angel Michael to drive the demons from the battle. The magician Ismeno excites the Soldan Solyman against the Christians, and conveys him in an enchanted chariot to Jerusalem. The demons, who had been driven by Michael to Acheron, are recalled by Ismeno, and ordered to take possession of a forest, from whence it was necessary for the Christians to cut timber to carry on the siege. Tancred, terrified by apparitions, desists from his attempt to cut down the forest. The hermit Peter pronounces that this service was decreed for Rinaldo, who is in the power of the enchantress Armida. Peter informs Ubald and Charles, that a Christian magician at Ascalon will assist them to relieve the hero from her enchantment. The episode of Armida, abounding in poetry, is now introduced. Rinaldo is relieved, and the enchanted forest by him cut down. The poem now draws to the hurry of conclusion. The wall of Jerusalem is assailed; Ismeno and two other magicians, in defence of the Infidels, endeavour to change the course of nature with their incantments,

*Ritentur velle l'arti sue fallaci  
Per sforzar la natura* —

And the arch-angel Michael appears to Godfrey, to whom he shews the souls of the Christian heroes who had fallen in the war still fighting under his banners, and the host of heaven ready to oppose the enemy. The assault is successful. The Infidel chiefs are killed by different Christian heroes. Armida, who fought in the Egyptian army, submits to Rinaldo, and Godfrey is completely victorious.

Such is the machinery of a poem, universally and justly admired. Yet whatever praise is due to the grandeur of Gothic incantment, the opposition of it to the arch-angel Michael, the immediate messenger of God, carries

carries in it a something which must displease. No popular belief of the power of magic will palliate the disgust of the sensible reader. Had the hermit Peter, who is represented as a prophet, worked miracles, such as abound in the monkish legends; these, the objects of firm popular belief, with greater propriety and even more poetry might have opposed the power of infernal magicians. But as the machinery stands in Tasso, that of Camoens, which is purely the well known allegory of poetry, is infinitely less culpable in the mixture of ideas.

As the machinery of the *Henriade* cannot be traced without a view of the whole action of the poem, a dissection of the whole shall be accurately given. It has been said, that the French language is incapable of Epic dignity. The *Henriade* proves the justice of this observation. The Reader, who is acquainted with Virgil, must perceive the miserable comparative poverty of the *Henriade*; he will also observe, that the following citations are made in examination of the machinery, and not selected with a view to the want of Epic dignity.

The action of the *Henriade* is founded on French history. Soon after the horrid massacre of Paris, an association against the protestants was formed under the Duke of Guise. The power of this association, called the Holy League, began to give uneasiness to Henry III. a weak dissipated prince, and Guise, by his order, was assassinated. The League, however, became more formidable, and Henry was driven from his capital. He implored the assistance of his former enemy, Henry of Navarre, the head of the protestant party. While the two kings assailed Paris, Henry III. was stabbed by a young friar, and Henry of Navarre, the legal heir of the crown, continued the siege. Paris, though reduced to the most dreadful extremities of famine, still held out, till Henry, perceiving the unalterable hatred which the League bore to his religion, abjured the protestant doctrine, and Paris opened her gates and received him with joy. And thus, says Voltaire, in his English introduction to the *Henriade*, (omitted in his French copies) "What his valour and magnanimity could never bring about, was easily obtained by going to mass, and by receiving absolution of the Pope."

However bold it may seem to condemn this subject as unworthy of the Epic Muse,

there needs no argument to prove it infinitely inferior to that of the *Lusiad*. In dignity and conduct Camoens is every where Virgilian: Voltaire shall speak for himself. The state of France, at the commencement of the action, is thus described:

*Les loix étoient sans force, et les droits confondus,  
Ou plutôt en effet Valois ne regnoit plus—  
On voyoit dans Paris la Discorde infernale  
Excitant aux combats, & la Ligue & Mayene—  
Ce monstre impétueux, Janguiuaire, inflexible,  
De ses propres sujets l'ennemi terrible.*

In the machinery which is now introduced, the soul of St. Louis acts the part of Venus in the *Eneid*. From the height of the heavens he beholds and protects Henry of Navarre, but he conceals the arm which he spreads to guard him, lest the hero, too sure of victory, and with less danger, should acquire less glory. The lines are these: frigid indeed!

*Le Père de Bourbons, du sein des immortels,  
Louis, fixoit sur lui ses regards paternels—  
Mais Henri s'avançoit vers sa grandeur suprême,  
Par des chemins secrets, inconnus à lui même:  
Louis du haut de cieus lui prêtait son appui;  
Mais il cachoit le bras qu'il étendoit pour lui,  
De peur que ce héros, trop sûr de sa victoire,  
Avec moins de danger n'eût acquis moins de gloire.*

Having thus introduced the reader to the leading personage of the machinery, Paris is besieged by the two kings, we are told, and the demon of carnage has carried his rage from sea to sea. The action now commences, Henry III. of the house of Valois, deploras his situation to Henry of Navarre, tells him that the papal thunders are issued against him, and that Spain is about to send auxiliaries to the League. He therefore entreats him to go to England to solicit an army to assist them.

Henry then sails from Dieppe.

*L'impétueux Borée, enchaîné dans les airs,  
Au souffle de Zéphyre abandonnoit les mers.*

Then comes a storm, in very common place description, in which Henry thought of nothing but the evils of his country;

*Ne songe en ce danger qu'aux maux de sa patrie.*

Then the God of the Universe commands the storm to carry the vessel to the isle of Jersey. Here the hero lands and finds a venerable old man, who fought peace far from

from the court, *loin de la cour*, and God, it seems, had sent Wisdom to open the book of Fate to this same hermit ;

*Ce Dieu qu'il adorait, prit soin de sa sagesse,  
Il fit dans son désert descendre la Sagesse ;  
Et prodigue envers lui de ses trésors divins,  
Il ouvrit à ses yeux le livre de Destin.*

And here Mornay, the Calvinist friend of Henry, who

*Prêtait au Calvinisme un appui redoutable—*

and the hermit, hold a discourse upon theology, in which the old prophet execrates Calvinism, and foretells, that a worship so new, could not always continue ;

*Un culte si nouveau ne peut durer toujours.  
Des caprices de l'homme il a tiré son être ;  
On le verra périr ainsi qu'on la vu naître.*

The hermit then prophesies, that Henry should turn papist and be king. An idle declamation on the English, who are unfit either to be slaves or freemen,

*Qui ne peut ni servir, ni vivre en liberté—*

and the character of Elizabeth, who chained destiny at her feet, and astonished the world with the eclat of her reign,

*Une femme à ses pieds enchaînant les destins,  
De l'éclat de son règne étonnait les humains —*

conclude the interview with the hermit of Jersey ; an episode of no use in the conduct of the poem, and a dull imitation of the part acted by the hermit Peter in Tasso. *What strange fancy*, says Voltaire in his English critique on *The Jerusalem*, to send Ubaldo and his companion to an holy conjurer." Yet this part in Tasso is not only conducted in the true spirit of the grand machinery of Gothic enchantment, a machinery proper to the age of his heroes, but is also intimately connected with the catastrophe of the poem. But in no circumstance does this defence of Tasso plead for Voltaire.

Henry is now introduced to the queen of England, who with impatience demands an account of the troubles of France :

*Elizabeth alors avec impatience,  
Demande le récit des troubles de la France,  
Veut savoir quels ressorts, & quel enchaînement  
Ont produit dans Paris un si grand changement.*

The massacre of Paris is now related, with

several digressive observations on tyranny, without either force or novelty, and after a long *tête à tête* on laws and liberty, &c. &c. Elizabeth allows the Earl of Essex and a thousand English youth to accompany Henry, whom she dismisses in the true spirit of *petit maitrisme*. Of her troops, she says ;

*Au milieu des combats vous les voyez courir  
Plus pour vous imiter que pour vous secourir.  
Formés par votre exemple au grand art de la  
guerre,  
Ils apprendront sous vous à servir l'Angleterre—*

*i. e.* In the midst of battles you shall see them hasten more to imitate you than to help you. Formed by your example in the great art of war, they shall learn under you to serve England." And himself she politely compliments, as only worthy to talk of himself ;

*Vous seul pouvez parler dignement de vous-même.*

And thus ends in mere *bagatelle* the embassy which ought to have been of the utmost importance throughout the Poem. The embassy of king Latinus to Diomed, and the journey of Eneas to king Evander, are with admirable art worked into the great action of the *Eneid*. The refusal of Diomed to make war against Eneas, greatly heightens the character of the hero. The absence and return of Eneas are both most happily interesting, and the fate of his new friend and auxiliary, the son of Evander, gives the highest importance to the journey of the hero, by constituting a principal part of the action and catastrophe of the *Eneid*. In the *Henriade* every thing is different. The hero leaves the siege of Paris, hears the effusions of monkish bigotry poured forth by a hermit at the isle of Jersey, comes to London, and in the true style of coffee-house politicians, has a long *talk* with queen Elizabeth. The earl of Essex, it is true, and a thousand of the English youth accompany him to France ; but there is not one circumstance performed by them, which even gives a colour of importance to this embassy of the hero of the *Henriade*. In his first editions, Voltaire twice mentions the English, but nothing particular is ascribed to them : and so little did he regard the spirit of Virgil in the part of Pallas, that in his last edition, the English auxiliaries are only once mentioned as in battle, and that in a manner utterly uninteresting, of no consequence to the conduct of the poem.

Henry's journey to England, therefore, is in direct contradiction to that great rule of the Epopœia, which requires unity of action; or in other words, which demands that every circumstance should conduce, according to its degree, to the completion of the whole.

In the fourth book, at last, some business commences. D'Aumale in the night attacks the besiegers. Henry arrives, and turns the fortune of war, not as a modern general, but as an Achilles or Eneas, who drove whole squadrons before their single swords. But not a word is here mentioned of the help of his English auxiliaries. Now the machinery takes place. D'Aumale is in danger of being killed; but Discorde saw it,

*La Discorde le vit, & trembla pour d'Aumale—  
Elle s'élève en l'air, & vole à son secours.*

Then covering him with her *iron immense impenetrable* buckler, this *fille de l'Enfer*, daughter of hell, carries him to the gates of Paris, where she cures him of the wounds, which he had never felt;

*Sanglant, couvert de coups qu'il n'avait point sentis.  
Elle applique à ses maux une main salutaire—*

Then Discorde comforts Mayenne, the chief of the League, who is in great distress. She then flies in a whirlwind to Rome, which is described in the true spirit of declamation. La Politique is found in the Vatican,

*Au fond du Vatican régnait la Politique—*

Discorde and she embrace each other. Politique laments that she could not now from the Vatican lance her thunders and rule the world. She complains that the Senate of France had unmasked her, and agrees with Discorde to resume their lost power. Humble Religion, in the meanwhile, is in a desert far from the pomp of Rome, fighting for the day when Henry was to embrace popery and revenge her altars. La Politique and Discorde seize upon Humble Religion, and God, to try her, gives her up to their fury,

*Son Dieu pour l'éprouver la livre à leurs fureurs.*

They strip her of her sacred vestments, and having covered their own impure heads with them, they go to Paris to accomplish their designs. La Politique gets into the Sorbonne and corrupts the doctors; to some she offers the Mitre,

*Par l'éclat d'une Mitre elle ébluit leur vue—*

and others she intimidates. Truth flies away weeping, and an old man of the Sorbonne speaks for his brethren, "The church has the power to dethrone kings; we are the church, and we dethrone Valois. Oaths, hitherto sacred, we break your chain." Scarce had he spoke, when Discorde wrote the *odious decree* in blood, and

*Chacun jure par elle, & signe sous ses yeux.*

Now in the habit of an Augustin, and now in the frock of a Franciscan, she flies from church to church, calls herself Religion, and excites to the most dreadful massacres. Then she makes Sixteen of the heads of the faction (whose names may be seen in the notes to the Geneva edition) ride beside her in her bloody chariot; and Pride, Treason, Fury, and Death, march before them in streams of blood. During the management of this machinery, our Author talks of Christ, the church, and the children of Israel; he now talks of the heathen goddesses Themis. She resisteth the general contagion,

*La soif de s'agrandir, la crainte, l'espérance,  
Rien n'avait dans ses mains fait pencher sa balance;  
Son temple était sans tache—*

In this temple of Themis sat a venerable senate, propitious to innocence, dreadful to guilt,

*Il était dans ce temple un Sénat vénérable,  
Propice à innocence, au crime redoutable—*

Then the tyrants of the League lay siege to this temple,

*Des tyrans de la Ligue une affreuse cohorte,  
Du temple de Themis environne la porte.*

A *wile gladiator* then bullies the Senate, and by the help of the Sixteen, sends them in chains to the Bastille. Clement, a young Dominican friar, longs to kill Henry of Valois, the king. He prays, and is heard by Discorde, who instantly flies to Hell in search of FANATICISM,

*Le plus cruel tyran de l'empire des ombres.*

Which goddess, our Poet tells us, was the author of the sacrifices of Moloch, of Jephtha's vow, of the death of Agamemnon's daughter, of the human sacrifices offered by the priests of the Teutates, and by the Druids; and of the first persecution of the Christians

Christians at Rome. Afterward, he adds, she passed to the church and made the Christians persecute each other; was the cause of the death of Charles I. at London, and established the inquisition at Madrid and Lisbon, on purpose to burn the Jews. This Goddess, clothed in the habit of which she had plundered Humble Religion, appears to Clement in a dream, encourages him by the example of Judith to assassinate the king, and giving him a sword, flies to her infernal abode. The Sixteen heads of the faction are next represented at a magical sacrifice, enquiring after the decrees of Fate. It is midnight. They have an altar on a tomb, where they place the images of the two kings, Henry of Valois, and Henry of Bourbon or Navarre,

*Leurs sacrilèges mains ont mêlé sur l'autel,  
A des noms infernaux, le nom de l'Eternel.*

Their lances are ranged along the walls with their points in vessels of blood, and they have a Jew for their priest,

*Leurs parricides bras se lavent dans le sang ;  
De Valois sur l'autel ils vont percer le flanc ;  
Avec plus de terreur, & plus encor de rage  
De Henri sous leurs pieds ils renversent l'image—  
L'Hebreu joint cependant la prière au bla phème :  
Il invoque l'abîme, et les cieux, & Dieu même ;  
Tous ces impurs esprits qui troublent l'univers,  
Et le feu de la foudre & celui des Enfers.*

While the Sixteen wait for the oracular response, Heaven, to punish them, consents to give a true one. Sudden lightnings flash, and Henry of Bourbon appears riding in the chariot of victory,

*Au milieu de ces feux, Henri brillant de gloire,  
Apparait à leurs yeux sur un char de victoire . . .  
Et le sceptre des Rois éclatait dans sa main.*

Thunder then overturns the altar and disperses the sacrificers; but Clement, nevertheless, slabs Valois—in Ariosto, Discord is found in a monastery. This, and the part she acts, are copied by Voltaire. The magical sacrifice in Camoens is also imitated. But though the machinery of Discord, Fanaticism, &c. in the *Henriade* be destitute of poetical novelty, it is strongly marked with an originality of another kind. The allegorical personages are dressed, and act, in the very *bagatelle* of conceit and quaintness. Jephtha's Vow, the Death of king Charles the First, and the other exploits ascribed to Fanaticism, are in a strange spirit of *Je ne sçai quoi*, knick-knack, or school-

boy composition: in that spirit, perhaps, which Shaftesbury intended, when he condemned the great Milton for his want of *the fashionable turn of modern wit*. In the *Orlando Furioso*, a poem much in the spirit of *Don Quixote*, satyrical quaintness and conceit, indeed, are in their proper place; but the quaint attempts of wit, that mere punning in poetical painting, with which Voltaire draws his *Politique*, *Fanaticism*, &c. are utterly inconsistent with Epic solemnity—But to return to the progress of the *Henriade*: A long debate ensues in Paris on the choice of a king. Henry and the army attack the city, and are on the point of forcing their way into the gates, when St. Louis appears,

————— *du profond d'une nue  
Un fantôme éclatant se présente à sa vue.*

and orders Henry to stop; tells him he was St. Louis, the father of the Bourbons, his protector and sire, reproves him for deserting the faith, and foretells his advancement to the throne. Thrice Henry tries to embrace the shade of his father, but in vain. He then, as commanded, leaves the scene and marches to Vincennes. And thus all the great and just designs of the war, are absurdly set aside, to make room for a piece of machinery in direct imitation of Homer and Virgil. The difference of conduct, however, must be observed. Ulysses and Eneas, in great distress and uncertainty, are desirous to consult the fates, and are favoured with a view of the regions of the dead, according to the mythology of their age. By these interviews their distresses are alleviated, and their future conduct is formed. And thus the unity of each poem is admirably preserved. Henry, on the contrary, is absurdly driven from complete victory, to be carried through heaven and hell, though his advancement to the throne, the only part of the vision connected with the interest of the poem, had been already twice foretold. And thus the *Liaison*, or connection of operations necessary in an Epic Poem, is grossly violated in the conduct of the *Henriade*.

No less inferior to the solemn horror of the *Odyssey*, and sublime poetry of the *Eneid*, where the regions of the dead are described, is the poetical colouring of the vision of Henry. This will soon appear.

While he remains at Vincennes, whither he fled from victory, and to do what no critic

can possibly guess, St. Louis sends Sleep and Slope to comfort him. The Saint appears to him in a dream, crowns him, and placing him beside himself in a chariot of light, they traverse the heavens together ;

*Louis en ce moment prenant son diadème  
Sur le front du vainqueur il le posa lui-même : —  
L'un & l'autre à ces mots dans un char de lumière  
Des Cieux en un moment traversent la carrière.*

Then passing the sun we have a view of the worlds around him, according to the Newtonian system, in poetical colouring a very poor imitation of the Ptolemaic, as described in Camoens\*. Henry passes,

*A des mondes divers autour de lui flottans —*

Then they come to space,

*Où la matière nage, & que Dieu seul embrasse,  
Sont de Soleils sans nombre, & des mondes sans fin.*

He then comes, where the ghosts of Brahmins, Bonzes, Monks, wild Americans and Mohammedans, wait the hour of judgment. Here he makes a speech of twelve lines on the salvation of Heathens and Christians. A voice, which shakes the heavens and makes the universe groan, answers from the throne of God. Henry is then carried by a whirlwind to an abode, the abominable image of Chaos ;

*Vers un séjour informe, aride, affreux, sauvage,  
De l'antique Chaos abominable image.*

Hell is now described, where they see the assassin Clement. Then comes an Elyzium, where St. Louis prebides over Charlemagne and other kings and heroes of France. The palace of Deiliny then opens its hundred brass gates, and Henry is reproved by St. Louis, his guide, for being a protestant. And after having seen some of the great men of France, who were then unborn, the hero awakes ; and thus closes a most servile uninventive imitation of the sixth Æneid. Yet, uninventive as it is, original in nothing but the extravagance about the sal-

vation of Bonzes and Brahmins, Marmontel has not scrupled to pronounce it, “*voilà seul toute l'Iliade, worth alone all the Iliad.*”

Hitherto has the Henriade been without *Liaison*. The real action has, *like a wounded snake, dragg'd its slow length along*. But some business is now resumed. The eighth book opens with the confusion of the Leaguers, who neither durst degrade nor crown Mayenne ; when Discorde, hurlling from a cloud, appears in a luminous chariot, and inspires their courage ;

*La Discorde à l'instant entr'ouvrant une nue,  
Sur un char lumineux se présente à leur vue,  
Courage, leur dit elle —*

The Spaniards under Egmont, and the Leaguers under Mayenne prepare for war. Henry advances to the plains of Ivry. Discorde blows her infernal trumpet to animate the Leaguers,

*Elle vole à leur tête, et sa bouche fatale  
Fait retentir au loin sa trompette infernale.  
Par ces sons trop connus d'humale est excité,  
Aussi prompt que le trait dans les airs emporté.*

This battle is well described, but without originality. Mayenne and the Leaguers are defeated. St. Louis, surrounded with the souls of the other Bourbons, from the height of the firmament observes how Henry will use his victory,

*— du haut de firmament  
Vint contempler Henri dans ce fameux moment.*

and the result of the battle is like a newspaper in verse. Discorde goes now to find out Love. And the ninth book opens with a description of his temple. A description, where one might have expected original poetry from the genius of Voltaire. But every thing is contrary here. The descriptive part is most *hackneyed* common place ; every expression of it may be selected from Cowley's poems. Darts, flames, sighs, tears, rapture and misery, are hustled together, and then strung in verse without gradation, without novelty. The reader is entreated

\* In the edition of London, 1727, Voltaire seems to have imitated the celestial sphere of Camoens. He sends his hero,

*Parmi ces tourbillons, que d'une main seconde  
Disposa l'Éternel au premier jour du monde,  
Est un globe élevé dans le faîte des cieux  
Dont l'Éclat se dérobe à nos présences yeux.*

But these whirlwinds and the globe where the Most High creates the spirits, and whither they are returned by death, are omitted in the latter editions. The citations made in this Dissertation are taken from the Geneva edition of 1768, which was published under Voltaire's own inspection.



entreated to compare the Temple of Love in Dryden's Palemon and Arcite with that in the *Henriade*; and he is promised that he will find them as different as mere versification is from real poetry. But to return to the fable of the *Henriade*. Love, who by the bye is Discord's brother, makes a long speech about Hercules and Cleopatra. He then flies over Troy, and other places most famous in the classics, and arrives at last at Ivry. He beholds the camp as his prey, and feels an inhuman joy,

*L'Amour sent à sa vue une joie inhumaine.*

In imitation of Virgil, a storm is raised, which drives Henry to the Chateau of the celebrated Madam d'Éstrée, where

*Sa vertu l'abandonne, & son ame enivrée  
N'aime, ne voit, n'entend, ne connaît que d'Éstrée.*

his virtue abandons him, and his intoxicated soul loves, sees, hears, and knows nothing but d'Éstrée." The danger of d'Éstrée's virtue, a poor subaltern's daughter, is thus pompously bewailed:

*Contre un pouvoir si grand qu'eût pu faire d'Éstrée?  
Par un charme indomtable elle était attirée;  
Elle avait à combattre, en ce funeste jour,  
Sa jeunesse, son cœur, un Héros, & l'Amour!*

*i. e.* Against so great power what could d'Éstrée do? By an irresistible charm she was attracted; in that fatal day she had to combat her youth, her heart, a hero, and Love!

The French, indeed, may admire this. No nation but themselves, however, could bear such impertinence. What would be thought of an English writer, who would describe the first meeting of Charles II. and Nell Gwynne, or Louis XV. and Pompadour, as an incident worthy of Epic dignity? The episode of Dido affords no defence for this parody upon it. A fugitive prince, married to the queen of a powerful state, is as different in Epic grandeur from the amour of Henry with a Subaltern's daughter, as are the manners of the age of Eneas from those of the days of the French Hero; as different as the true dignity of Virgil is from the French *complaisance* and mock dignity of Madam d'Éstrée. During the amour of Henry all is in danger; the camp is all licentiousness,

*Où du soldat vainqueur s'emporte l'insolence —*

But St. Louis sends the genius of France to put this to rights. The genius employs Mornay, the Calvinist, to rescue Henry from the snares of Love. And this, says the poet, was to instruct us that reason was often sufficient to guide us, and thus Marcus Aurelius and Plato are a disgrace to Christians;

*Il s'adresse à Mornay, c'était pour nous instruire,  
Que souvent la raison suffit à nous conduire;  
Ainsi qu'elle guida chez des peuples Payens  
Marc-Aurèle, ou Platon, la bonte des Chrétiens.*

Love, however, is very angry at this choice, but Mornay despises his rage and his charms,

*Mais Mornay méprisait sa colère, & ses charmes.*

Discorde, in the meanwhile, irritates the Leaguers. Mornay finds the king and his mistress. The king, athamed, leaves d'Éstrée and attacks Paris. The battle of Ivry, the best part of the whole poem, is now described, but is as like Tasso, as the closest imitations of Virgil resemble Homer. In book X. Henry returns to the siege, is just on the point of taking the city, when the angel of France stops him,

*Quand l'Ange de la France, apaisant son courroux,  
Retint son bras vainqueur, & suspendit ses coups.*

A duel, in imitation of Homer, Virgil and Tasso, between d'Aumale and Turenne, is now described. This is greatly admired in France, and is perhaps the first of the *Henriade* in true merit; but it is also a close copy, and much inferior to the duels of Tasso. A black cloud, during this combat, vomits the monsters of hell over Paris,

*Cependant sur Paris s'élevait un nuage,  
Qui semblait apporter le tonnerre & l'orage;  
Ses flancs noirs & brûlans tout-à-coup entr'ouverts,  
L'émissent dans ces lieux les monstres des Enfers.*

Fanaticism, Discorde, and dark Politique with false heart and squint eye,

*La sombre Politique, au cœur faux, & l'œil louche—  
And the dæmon of battles,*

*Dieux enivrés de sang, Dieux dignes des Ligueurs—*

all fly to the aid of d'Aumale. But the height of the heavens opens, and an Angel descends on the throne of the air, with the olive of peace in one hand, and the sword of God's vengeance in the other;

*Voilà qu'au même instant, du haut de cieux ouverts,  
Un Ange est descendu sur le trône des airs,*

The

The infernal monsters are dismayed ; then

*Paris, le Roi, l'Armée, & l'Enfer, & les Cieux,  
Sur ce combat illustre avoient fixé les yeux —*

Paris, the king, the army, hell and heaven  
fix their eyes on the illustrious fight.”  
d'Aumale falls, the monsters of hell groan,  
and voices are heard in the air,

*Ces lugubres accens dans les airs s'entendirent—*

acknowledging that their reign is past.  
The army of Henry demand leave to assail  
the city, but St. Louis will not allow it, and  
Henry acts upon a sentiment very unworthy  
of an Epic poem. He chuses rather to re-  
duce the city by famine, as a method more  
powerful than his arms,

*Il crut que sans assauts, sans combats, sans allarmes,  
La disette & la faim, plus fortes que ses armes,  
Lui livreraient sans peine un peuple unanime.*

The horrors of famine are now described in  
lively colours, but too shocking to incite  
any one to a second reading. The besieged  
are willing to submit, and Henry promises  
forgiveness and mercy. But the priests tell  
them that they are the soldiers of God, and  
that a tyrant heretic will not keep his word.  
And by the priests they are ordered to de-  
fend their temples from his heresy,

*Sauvons nos temples saints de son culte hérétique.*

What now is to be done? The faction are  
again outrageous, and the besieged may eat  
one another, nay, as both history and the  
poem tell us, may open the graves in the  
church-yards for food †; but St. Louis will  
not allow Henry to take the city by force.  
What must be done in this most admirable

——— *dignus vindice nodus?*

why truly St. Louis must take the business  
upon himself. The throne of God is now  
described in twenty-four lines, and here St.  
Louis approaches,

*Le père de Bourbons a ses yeux se présente,  
Et lui parle en ces mots d'une voix gémissante.*

† They ground the bones of the dead into a flour, of which they made bread.

\* The old monkish rhymes of friar Bafton,

*De planctu cudo metrum cum carmine nudo,  
Rifon retrudo, cum tali themate ludo—*

in harmony and energy are hardly inferior to many passages of the Henriade. But this perhaps is not  
the fault of Voltaire; but of the language.

In his speech he tells the Almighty, that if  
the French disobeyed the laws of heaven, it  
was on purpose to obey them; for that his  
son, the *grand Henri*, their lawful king,  
was an heretic. His conversion is therefore  
implored. Of this, the Eternal, by a word  
of his mouth, assures St. Louis,

*Par un mot de sa bouche il daigna l'assurer.*

Truth then descends from the height of  
the heavens to the hero's tents,

*Dans les tentes du Roi, descend du haut des cieux.*

Henry then turns Roman Catholic, and be-  
lieves in the doctrine of Transubstantiation;  
for Truth,

*—lui découvre un Dieu sous un pain, qui n'est plus.*

Then St. Louis, with an olive bough in his  
hand, descends from the height of the hea-  
vens, and leads Henry to the ramparts of  
Paris, which open at his call, and receive  
him in the name of God:

*Louis dans ce moment, qui comble ses souhaits,  
Louis tenant en main l'olive de la paix,  
Descend du haut du Cieux vers les Héros qu'il aime;  
Aux remparts de Paris il le conduit lui-même;  
Les remparts ébranlés s'entr'ouvrent à sa voix;  
Il entre au nom de Dieu, qui fait regner les Rois.*

And thus ends the Henriade; a poem in  
every respect unworthy of the name of Epic.

Every reader who has an ear must per-  
ceive how distant from the dignity of Virgil  
are French heroics, *even in the hands of*  
Voltaire\*. The conduct of the fable is  
not Epic, for it is not ONE. The cata-  
strophe has not the least dependance  
upon the long episode of the journey to  
England, though this episode is almost one  
third of the whole poem. In the action  
there is no gradation. Henry vanquishes  
his foes, but St. Louis will not allow him  
to reap the fruits of victory. Nothing there-  
fore results from the real action, but contrary  
to Homer and Virgil, ALL is left to the ma-  
chinery. After the long tale which Henry  
tells Elizabeth, the real action or fable  
would fill but a few pages; five parts of six  
are

are machinery, a machinery the most ridiculous and puerile ever adopted by the heroes of the *Lutrin*. If any French critic be offended at this, let him renounce his admiration of Boileau, by whom the machinery of the *Henriade*, as already observed, is as severely condemned, as if he had written his celebrated critique on Epic poetry on purpose to condemn it. However superior Voltaire may be in the other walks of poetry, certain it is, no originality, no strength of colouring, shines in the *Henriade*. The following lines, said of Mornay, are admired in France as the finest sublime,

*Mais il ne permet pas à ses stoïques mains  
De se souiller du sang des malheureux humains.  
De son Roi seulement son ame est occupée :  
Pour sa déjense seule il a tiré l'épée ;  
Et son rare courage, ennemi des combats,  
Sait affronter la mort, & ne la donne pas.*

But surely that cannot be the true sublime which contains the true absurd. Mornay will not stain his hands with human blood. He is only anxious to defend his king, for his defence only he draws his sword. "His rare courage, enemy to battles, knows how to dare death but not to give it;" that is, Mornay is earnest to defend his king, but he will kill no body in his defence. In the heat of battle he only parries the swords which attack him. The enemy may return to the charge in a moment; three or four swords may attack the king at a time, but Mornay will not lessen their number or prevent a second attack. A most excellent method, indeed, to defend one's sovereign! Yet such is the most admired beauty in the *Henriade* †!—Mr. Locke was highly pleased with the *epic poems* of Blackmore: And there are a race of critics, of Mr.

Locke's taste, who admire the *Henriade*, who call it *All Sense*, who are pleased with *Discorde* in her chariot, and *La Politique*, sometimes in one monk's frock, and sometimes in another, the very Dutch style of painting; but who yet decry the grand personifications of Milton's angels, as the most absurd and *bizarre* extravagance. Nor is their resemblance to Locke's taste less remarkable, than the likeness between Blackmore's *Arthurs* and the *Henriade*. That *sense* which is admired in the French poem, abounds in the *Arthurs*. In their machinery of Angels and Souls is a striking likeness; the same strain of common place description, the same round of servile imitations, the same idle pretences to moderation in theology, and same want of poetical novelty, characterise the *Henriade* and the Ten epic poems of Blackmore. To constitute a poem worthy of the name of Epic in the strictest and highest sense, some grand characteristics of subject and conduct, peculiarly its own, are absolutely necessary. Of all the moderns, Camoens and Milton have alone attained this grand peculiarity in an eminent degree. Tasso has something of it, but Voltaire has not the least claim to this essential constituent of a real Epic. In a word, let our cold-blooded critics admire him as they please, the total want of originality, both in the circumstances and poetical colouring, the want of that connection and gradation necessary to the Epic unity; the deficiency of grandeur, the idle spirit of theological *nibbling* about Plato, Bramins, and Bonzes, which runs through the whole; and *such a machinery*, all combine to vindicate the man who is bold enough to pronounce that France has as yet no Epic poem, though Voltaire has written the *Henriade*.

† Voltaire informs us, that the judicious Critics, with whom France abounds, despite the Pandæmonium of Milton, and cannot bear his Death and Sin. He tells us that we know not what angels are, and therefore cannot be interested for them; and that it is absurd to arm spirits with swords, for they cannot hurt each other with them. For these reasons, he says, the battle of the angels appears to the judicious French critics as void of taste, verisimilitude, or reason.—But let the reputation of Voltaire be as high as it will, who can forbear to call this criticism an utter ignorance of the spirit of poetry. It is true we know neither the form nor the arms of an angel. But what then, in the name of all the Muses? Will not true poetry personify them in the manner of a Milton? Must *Discorde* have a trumpet and ride about in a chariot; and must not Milton arm a warrior angel with a sword! Must the passions be personified, and must not an angel be represented as the most graceful figure! But this needs no enforcement.—That nation which can condemn the personifications of Milton, and admire those of the *Henriade*, highly merit the character which Voltaire tells us (Genev. Edit. vol. 1. p. 314.) Monsieur Maccieux, in conversation with himself, gave them—"Les Français n'ont pas la tête épique"—The French have not heads for Epic Poetry."



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T H E  
L U S I A D.<sup>a</sup>

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B O O K I.

**A** RMS and the Heroes, who from Lisbon's shore,  
Thro' Seas<sup>b</sup> where sail was never spread before,  
Beyond where Ceylon lifts her spicy breast,  
And waves her woods above the watery waste,

<sup>a</sup> *The Lusiad*; in the original, *Os Lusíadas*, *The Lusíads*, from the Latin name of Portugal, derived from *Lufus* or *Lyfas*, the companion of Bacchus in his travels, and who settled a colony in Lusitania. See *Plin.* l. iii. c. 1.

<sup>b</sup> *Thro' Seas where sail was never spread before*.—*M. Duperron de Castera*, who has given a French prose translation, or rather paraphrase of the *Lusiad*, has a long note on this passage, which he tells us, must not be understood literally. Our author, he says, could not be ignorant that the African and Indian Oceans had been navigated before

the times of the Portuguese. The Phœnicians whose fleets passed the straits of Gibraltar, made frequent voyages in these seas, though they carefully concealed the course of their navigation that other nations might not become partakers of their lucrative traffic. It is certain that Solomon, and Hiram king of Tyre, sent ships to the East by the Red Sea. It is also certain that Hanno a Carthaginian captain made a voyage round the whole coast of Africa, as is evident from the history of the expedition, written by himself in the Punic language; a Greek translation of which is now extant. Besides,

With prowess more than human forc'd their way  
 To the fair kingdoms of the rising day :  
 What wars they wag'd, what seas, what dangers past,  
 What glorious Empire crown'd their toils at last,  
 Vent'rous I sing, on soaring pinions borne,  
 ° And all my Country's wars the song adorn ;

rides, Pliny, Pomponius Mela, Ptolomy and Strabo, assure us, that Mozambic and the adjacent islands and some parts of India were known to the Romans : and these words of Macrobius, *Sed nec monstruosos carnibus abstinetis, inferentes poculis testiculos Castorum et venenata corpora Viperarum; quibus admiscetis quidquid India nutrit*, sufficiently prove that they carried on a considerable traffic with the East. From all which, says M. Castera, we may conclude that the Portuguese were rather the Restorers than the Discoverers of the navigation to the Indies.

In this first book, and throughout the whole Poem, Camoens frequently describes his Heroes as passing through seas which had never before been navigated ; and

*Que só dos feyos focas se navega.  
 Where but Sea-monsters cut the waves before.*

That this supposition afforded our author a number of poetical images, and adds a solemn grandeur to his subject, might perhaps with M. Castera be esteemed a sufficient apology for the poetical licence in such a violation of historical truth. Yet whatever liberties an Epic or Tragic Poet may commendably take in embellishing the actions of his heroes, an assertion relating to the scene where his Poem opens, if false, must be equally ridiculous as to call Vespasian the first who had ever assumed the title of Cesar. But it will be found that Camoens has not fallen into such absurdity. The Poem opens with a description of the Lusitanian fleet, after having doubled the Cape of Hope, driving about in the great Ethiopian Ocean, so far from land that it required the care of the Gods to conduct it to some hospitable shore. Therefore, though it is certain that the Phœnicians passed the *Né plus ultra* of the ancients; though it is probable they traded on the coast of Corn-

wall, and the isles of Scilly; though there is some reason to believe that the Madeiras and Carribees were known to them; and though it has been *supposed* that some of their ships *might* have been driven by storm to the Brazils or North-America; yet there is not the least foundation in history to suppose that they traded to the Indies by the Cape of Good Hope. There is rather a demonstration of the contrary; for it is certain they carried on their traffic with the East, by a much nearer and safer way, by the two ports of Elath and Eziongeber on the Red Sea. Neither is it known in what particular part, whether in the Persian gulph, or in the Indian Ocean, the Tarshish and Ophir of the ancients are situated. Though it is certain that Hanno doubled the Cape of Good Hope, it is also equally certain that his voyage was merely a coasting one, like that of Nearchus in Alexander's time, and that he never ventured into the great Ocean, or went so far as Gama. The citation from Macrobius proves nothing at all relative to the point in question, for it is certain that the Romans received the Merchandise of India by the way of Syria and the Mediterranean, in the same manner as the Venetians imported the commodities of the East from Alexandria before the discoveries of the Portuguese. It remains, therefore, that Gama, who sailed by the Compass, after having gone further than his cotemporary Bartholomew Diaz, was literally the first who ever spread sail in the great southern Ocean, and that the Portuguese were not the Restorers, but literally the Discoverers of the present rout of Navigation to the East Indies.

° *And all my Country's wars.*—He interweaves artfully the history of Portugal.—Veltaire.

What

What Kings, what Heroes of my native land  
 Thunder'd on Asia's and on Afric's strand:  
 Illustrious shades, who levell'd in the dust  
 The idol-temples and the shrines of lust;  
 And where, erewhile, foul demons were rever'd,  
<sup>d</sup> To Holy Faith unnumber'd altars rear'd:  
 Illustrious names, with deathless laurels crown'd,  
 While time rolls on in every clime renown'd!

Let Fame with wonder name the Greek no more,  
 What lands he saw, what toils at sea he bore;  
 Nor more the Trojan's wandering voyage boast,  
 What storms he brav'd, how driven on many a coast:

<sup>d</sup> *To Holy Faith unnumber'd altars rear'd.*  
 —In no period of History does Human Nature appear with more shocking, more diabolical features than in the wars of Cortez, and the Spanish Conquerors of South America. To the immortal honour of the Portuguese Discoverers, their conduct was in every respect the reverse. To establish a traffic equally advantageous to the natives as to themselves, was the motive on which they acted; the strictest honour, and that humanity which is ever inseparable from true bravery, presided over their transactions; nor did they ever proceed to hostilities till provoked, either by the open violence or by the perfidy of the Natives. Their honour was admired, and their friendship courted by the Indian Princes. To mention no more, the name of Gama was dear to them, and the great Albuquerque was beloved as a father, and his memory honoured with every token of affection and respect by the people and princes of India, though his conquests in the East were so great, that his Countrymen, without offering any injury to the fame of Alexander, compared him to that renowned Hero. It was owing to this spirit of honour

and humanity, which in the heroical days of Portugal characterised that nation, that the religion of the Portuguese was eagerly embraced by many kings and provinces of Africa and India; while the Mexicans with manly disdain rejected the faith of the Spaniards, professing they would rather go to hell to escape these cruel Tyrants, than go to heaven, where they were told, they would meet them. Zeal for the Christian religion was esteemed, at the time of the Portuguese grandeur, as the most cardinal Virtue, and to propagate Christianity and extirpate Mohammedism were the most certain proofs of that zeal. In all their expeditions this was professedly a principal motive of the Lusitanian Monarchs, and Camoëns understood the nature of Epic poetry too well to omit, That the design of his Hero was to divulge the Law of heaven, a circumstance which gives a noble air of importance to his Subject. To take notice of the vast success of the Portuguese in propagating their religion, a success so different from that of our modern missionaries, is a necessary Elucidation of this, and of several other passages of the *Lusiad*.

No more let Rome exult in Trajan's name,  
 Nor eastern conquests Ammon's pride proclaim ;  
 A nobler Hero's deeds demand my lays  
 Than e'er adorn'd the song of ancient days,  
 Illustrious GAMA, whom the waves obey'd,  
 And whose dread sword the fate of Empire sway'd.

And you, fair Nymphs of Tagus, parent stream,  
 If e'er your meadows were my pastoral theme,  
 While you have listen'd, and by moonshine seen  
 My footsteps wander o'er your banks of green,  
 O come auspicious, and the song inspire  
 With all the boldness of your Hero's fire :  
 Deep and majestic let the numbers flow,  
 And, rapt to heaven, with ardent fury glow,  
 Unlike the verse that speaks the lover's grief,  
 When heaving sighs afford their soft relief,  
 And humble reeds bewail the shepherd's pain :  
 But like the warlike trumpet be the strain  
 To rouse the Hero's rage, and far around,  
 With equal powers, your warriors' deeds resound.

And thou, † O born the pledge of happier days,  
 To guard our freedom and our glories raise,

† King Sebastian, who came to the throne in his minority. Though the warm imagination of Camoens anticipated the praises of the future Hero, the young monarch,

like Virgil's Pollio, had not the happiness to fulfil the prophecy. His endowments and enterprising genius promised indeed a glorious reign. Ambitious of military laurels,  
 he



Given to the world to spread religion's sway,  
 And pour o'er many a land the mental day,  
 Thy future honours on thy shield behold,  
 The cross, and victor's wreath, embost in gold :

he led a powerful army into Africa, on purpose to replace Muley Hamet on the throne of Morocco, from which he had been deposed by Muley Molucco. On the 4th of August, 1578, in the 25th year of his age, he gave battle to the Usurper on the plains of Alcazar. This was that memorable engagement, to which the Moorish Emperor, extremely weakened by sickness, was carried in his litter. By the impetuosity of the attack, the first line of the Moorish infantry was broken, and the second disordered. Muley Molucco on this mounted his horse, drew his sabre, and would have put himself at the head of his troops, but was prevented by his attendants. On this act of violence, his emotion of mind was so great that he fell from his horse, and one of his guards having caught him in his arms, conveyed him to his litter, where, putting his finger on his lips to enjoin them silence, he immediately expired. Hamet Taba stood by the curtains of the carriage, opened them from time to time, and gave out orders as if he had received them from the Emperor. Victory declared for the Moors, and the defeat of the Portuguese was so total, that not above fifty of their whole army escaped. Hieron de Mendoca, and Sebastian de Mefa relate, that Don Sebastian, after having two horses killed under him, was surrounded and taken; but the party who had secured him quarrelling among themselves whose prisoner he was, a Moorish officer rode up and struck the King a blow over the right eye which brought him to the ground; when, despairing of ransom, the others killed him. Faria y Soufa, an exact and judicious historian reports, that Lewis de Brito meeting the King with the royal standard wrapped round him, Sebastian cried out, "Hold it fast, let us die upon it." Brito affirmed, that after he himself was taken prisoner, he saw the King at a distance unpursued. Don Lewis de Lima afterwards met him making

towards the river; and this, says the historian, was the last time he was ever seen alive. About twenty years after this fatal defeat there appeared a stranger at Venice, who called himself Sebastian, King of Portugal, whom he so perfectly resembled, that the Portuguese of that city acknowledged him for their Sovereign. Philip II. of Spain was now Master of the crown and kingdom of Portugal. His ambassador at Venice charged this stranger with many atrocious crimes, and had interest to get him apprehended and thrown into prison as an impostor. He underwent twenty-eight examinations before a committee of the nobles, in which he clearly acquitted himself of all the crimes that had been laid to his charge; he gave a distinct account of the manner in which he had passed his time from the fatal defeat at Alcazar. It was objected, that the successor of Muley Molucco sent a corps to Portugal which had been owned as that of the King by the Portuguese nobility who survived the battle. To this he replied, that his valet de chambre had produced that body to facilitate his escape, and that the nobility acted upon the same motive, and Mefa and Baena confess, that some of the nobility, after their return to Portugal, acknowledged, that the corps was so disguised with wounds that it was impossible to know it. He shewed natural marks on his body, which many remembered on the person of the King whose name he assumed. He entered into a minute detail of the transactions that had passed between himself and the republic, and mentioned the secrets of several conversations with the Venetian ambassadors in the palace of Lisbon. The Committee were astonished, and shewed no disposition to declare him an impostor; the Senate however refused to discuss the great point, unless requested by some Prince or State in alliance with them. This generous part was performed by the Prince of Orange, and an

At thy commanding frown we trust to see,  
 The Turk and Arab bend the suppliant knee :  
 Beneath the morn, dread King, thine Empire lies,  
 When midnight veils thy Lusitanian skies ;  
 And when descending in the western main  
 The sun still rises on thy lengthening reign :

examination was made with great solemnity, but no decision followed, only the Senate set him at liberty, and ordered him to depart their dominions in three days. In his flight he fell into the hands of the Spaniards, who conducted him to Naples, where they treated him with the most barbarous indignities. After they had often exposed him, mounted on an ass, to the cruel insults of the brutal mob, he was shipped on board a galley as a slave. He was then carried to St. Lucar, from thence to a castle in the heart of Castile, and never was heard of more. The firmness of his behaviour, his singular modesty and heroic patience, are mentioned with admiration by Le Clede. To the last he maintained the truth of his assertions ; a word never slipped from his lips which might countenance the charge of Imposture, or justify the cruelty of his persecutors. All Europe were astonished at the Ministry of Spain, who, by their method of conducting it, had made an affair so little to their credit, the topic of general conversation ; and their assertion, that the unhappy sufferer was a magician, was looked upon as a tacit acknowledgement of the truth of his pretensions.

Portugal, when Camoens wrote his *Lusiad*, was at the zenith of its power and splendor. The glorious successes which had attended the arms of the Portuguese in Africa, had gained them the highest military reputation. Their fleets covered the Ocean. Their dominions and settlements extended along the western and eastern sides of the vast African continent. From the Red Sea to China and Japan they were sole masters of the riches of the East ; and in America, the fertile and extensive regions of

Brazil completed their Empire. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that the imagination of Camoens was warmed with the view of his Country's greatness, and that he talks of its power and grandeur in a strain, which must appear as mere hyperbole to those whose ideas of Portugal are drawn from its present diminished state. After the defeat of Don Sebastian at Alcazar, which was the first step of the declension of the Portuguese grandeur, his uncle Cardinal Enricus ascended the throne ; but he dying after a reign of two years, Philip II. of Spain made himself master of the kingdom of Portugal, which remained under the Spanish yoke for about sixty years. During this period, the Dutch possessed themselves of the best Portuguese settlements in the East Indies, in Africa and America ; and thus, a sudden evening interrupted the grandeur of the Portuguese : So just is the observation of Goldsmith,

That Trade's proud Empire hastes to swift decay,

As Ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away ;  
 While self-dependent power can time defy,  
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

May the English East India Company, in the midst of their successes, remember the fate of their predecessors, and ever be guarded against that politic people, who, according to the principles on which they have always acted, would take the same advantages of the weakness of England, which heretofore they took of the distresses of Portugal !

<sup>h</sup> *The Sun*—Imitated perhaps from Rutilius, speaking of the Roman Empire,

*Voluitur ipse tibi, qui conspicit omnia, Phœbus,  
 Atque tuas ortos in tua condit equos.*

Thou blooming Scion of the noblest stem,  
 Our nation's safety, and our age's gem,  
 O young Sebastian, hasten to the prime  
 Of manly youth, to Fame's high temple climb :  
 Yet now attentive hear the Muse's lay  
 While thy green years to manhood speed away :  
 The youthful terrors of thy brow suspend,  
 And, O propitious, to the song attend,  
 The numerous song, by Patriot-passion fir'd,  
 And by the glories of thy race inspir'd :  
 To be the Herald of my Country's fame  
 My first ambition and my dearest aim :  
 Nor conquests fabulous, nor actions vain,  
 The Muse's pastime, here adorn the strain :  
 Orlando's fury, and Rugero's rage,  
 And all the heroes of th' Aonian page,  
 The dreams of Bards surpass'd the world shall view,  
 And own their boldest fictions may be true ;  
 Surpass'd, and dimm'd by the superior blaze  
 Of GAMA's mighty deeds, which here bright Truth displays.  
 Nor more let History boast her heroes old,  
 Their glorious rivals here, dread Prince, behold :  
 Here shine the valiant Nunio's deeds unfeign'd,  
 Whose single arm the falling state sustain'd ;

or more probably from these lines of Buchanan, addressed to John III. king of Portugal, the grand father of Sebastian.

*Inque tuis Phœbus regnis orientisque caenique  
 Vix longum fesso conderet axe diem.  
 Et quæcunque vago se circumvolvit Olympo  
 Affulget ratibus flamma ministra tuis.*

Here

Here fearless Egas' wars, and, Fuas, thine,  
 To give full ardour to the song combine;  
 But ardour equal to your martial ire  
 Demands the thundering sounds of Homer's lyre.  
 † To match the Twelve so long by Bards renown'd,  
 Here brave Magrizo and his Peers are crown'd  
 (A glorious Twelve!) with deathless laurels, won  
 In gallant arms before the English throne.  
 Unmatch'd no more the Gallic Charles shall stand,  
 Nor Cæsar's name the first of praise command:  
 Of nobler acts the crown'd Alphonso see,  
 Thy valiant Sires, to whom the bended knee  
 Of vanquish'd Afric bow'd. Nor less in fame,  
 He who confin'd the rage of civil flame,  
 The godlike John, beneath whose awful sword  
 Rebellion crouch'd, and trembling own'd him Lord.  
 Those Heroes too, who thy bold flag unfurl'd,  
 And spread thy banners o'er the eastern world,  
 Whose spears subdued the kingdoms of the morn,  
 Their names, and glorious wars the song adorn:  
 The daring GAMA, whose unequal'd name  
 Proud monarch shines o'er all of naval fame:  
 Castro the bold, in arms a peerless knight,  
 And stern Pacheco, dreadful in the fight:

† *To match the Twelve so long by Bards  
 renown'd.*—The Twelve Peers of France,  
 often mentioned in the old Romances. For

the Episode of Magrizo and his eleven com-  
 panions, see the sixth Lusiad.

The two Almeidas, names for ever dear,  
 By Tago's nymphs embalm'd with many a tear ;  
 Ah, still their early fate the nymphs shall mourn,  
 And bathe with many a tear their hapless urn :  
 Nor shall the godlike Albuquerque restrain  
 The Muse's fury ; o'er the purpled plain  
 The Muse shall lead him in his thundering car  
 Amidst his glorious brothers of the war,  
 Whose fame in arms resounds from sky to sky,  
 And bids their deeds the power of death defy.  
 And while, to thee, I tune the dutious lay,  
 Assume, O potent King, thine Empire's sway ;  
 With thy brave host through Afric march along,  
 And give new triumphs to immortal song :  
 On thee with earnest eyes the nations wait,  
 And cold with dread the Moor expects his fate ;  
 The barbarous Mountaineer on Taurus' brows  
 To thy expected yoke his shoulder bows ;  
 To thee, fair Thetis yields her blue domain,  
 And binds her daughter with thy nuptial chain ;  
 And from the bowers of heaven thy Grandfires<sup>k</sup> see  
 Their various virtues bloom afresh in thee ;  
 One for the joyful days of Peace renown'd,  
 And one with War's triumphant laurels crown'd :

<sup>k</sup> *Thy Grandfires*—John III. King of Portugal, celebrated for a long and peaceful reign ;

and the Emperor Charles V. who was engaged in almost continual wars.

With joyful hands, to deck thy manly brow,  
 They twine the laurel and the olive-bough;  
 With joyful eyes a glorious throne they see,  
 In Fame's eternal dome, reserv'd<sup>1</sup> for thee.  
 Yet while thy youthful hand delays to wield  
 The scepter'd power, or thunder of the field,  
 Here view thine Argonauts, in seas unknown,  
 And all the terrors of the burning zone,  
 Till their proud standards, rear'd in other skies,  
 And all their conquests meet thy wondering<sup>m</sup> eyes.

Now far from land, o'er Neptune's dread abode  
 The Lusitanian fleet triumphant rode;  
 Onward they traced the wide and lonesome main,  
 Where changeful Proteus leads his scaly train;  
 The dancing vanes before the Zephyrs flow'd,  
 And their bold keels the tractless Ocean plow'd;  
 Unplow'd before, the green-ting'd billows rose,  
 And curl'd and whiten'd round the nodding prows.  
 When Jove, the God who with a thought controuls  
 The raging seas, and balances the poles,

<sup>1</sup> *Anne novum tardis fides te mensibus addas,  
 Qua locus Erigonen inter chelaeque sequentes  
 Panditur: ipse tibi jam brachia contrahit  
 ardens*

*Scorpius, et caeli iusta plus parte reliquit.*

VIRG. G. I.

<sup>m</sup> Some Critics have condemned Virgil for stopping his narrative to introduce even a short observation of his own. Milton's

beautiful complaint of his blindness has been blamed for the same reason, as being no part of the subject of his Poem. The address of Camoens to Don Sebastian has not escaped the same censure; though in some measure undeservedly, as the Poet has had the art to interweave therein some part of the general argument of his poem.

From

From heav'n beheld, and will'd, in sovereign state,  
To fix the eastern World's depending fate:  
Swift at his nod th' Olympian herald flies,  
And calls th' immortal senate of the skies;  
Where, from the sovereign throne of earth and heaven,  
Th' immutable decrees of fate are given.  
Instant the Regents of the spheres of light,  
And those who rule the paler orbs of night,  
With those, the gods whose delegated sway  
The burning South and frozen North obey;  
And they whose empires see the day-star rise,  
And evening Phœbus leave the western skies,  
All instant pour'd along the milky road,  
Heaven's chrystal pavements glittering as they trode:  
And now, obedient to the dread command,  
Before their awful Lord in order stand.

Sublime and dreadful on his regal throne,  
That glow'd with stars, and bright as lightning shone,  
Th' immortal Sire, who darts the thunder, fate,  
The crown and sceptre added solemn state;  
The crown, of heaven's own pearls, whose ardent rays,  
Flam'd round his brows, outshone the diamond's blaze:  
His breath such gales of vital fragrance shed,  
As might, with sudden life, inspire the dead:

Supreme Controul throned in his awful eyes:  
Appear'd, and mark'd the Monarch of the skies.  
On seats that burn'd with pearl and ruddy gold,  
The subject Gods their sovereign Lord enfold,  
Each in his rank, when, with a voice that shook  
The towers of heaven the world's dread Ruler spoke:

Immortal heirs of light, my purpose hear,  
My counsels ponder, and the Fates revere:  
Unless Oblivion o'er your minds has thrown  
Her dark blank shades, to you, ye Gods, are known  
The Fate's Decree, and ancient warlike Fame  
Of that bold race which boasts of Lufus' name;  
That bold advent'rous race the Fates declare,  
A potent empire in the East shall rear,  
Surpassing Babel's or the Persian fame,  
Proud Grecia's boast, or Rome's illustrious name.  
Oft from those brilliant seats have you beheld  
The sons of Lufus on the dusty field,  
With few triumphant o'er the numerous Moors,  
Till from the beauteous lawns on Tagus' shores  
They drove the cruel foe. And oft has heaven  
Before their troops the proud Castilians driven;  
While Victory her eagle-wings display'd  
Where'er their Warriors waved the shining blade.

Nor



Nor rests unknown how Lusius' heroes stood  
 When Rome's ambition dy'd the world with blood ;  
 What glorious laurels Viriatus <sup>n</sup> gain'd,  
 How oft his sword with Roman gore was stain'd ;  
 And what fair palms their martial ardour crown'd,  
 When led to battle by the Chief renown'd,  
 Who <sup>o</sup> feign'd a dæmon, in a deer conceal'd,  
 To him the counsels of the Gods reveal'd.

<sup>n</sup> This brave Lusitanian, who was first a shepherd and a famous hunter, and afterwards a captain of banditti, exasperated at the tyranny of the Romans, encouraged his countrymen to revolt and shake off the yoke. Being appointed General, he defeated Vetilius the Prætor, who commanded in Lusitania, or farther Spain. After this he defeated in three pitched battles, the Prætors C. Plautius Hypsæus, and Claudius Unimanus, though they led against him very numerous armies. For six years he continued victorious, putting the Romans to flight wherever he met them, and laying waste the countries of their allies. Having obtained such advantages over the Proconsul Servilianus, that the only choice which was left to the Roman army was death or slavery ; the brave Viriatus, instead of putting them all to the sword, as he could easily have done, sent a deputation to the General, offering to conclude a peace with him on this single condition, *That he should continue Master of the Country now in his power, and that the Romans should remain possessed of the rest of Spain.*

The Proconsul, who expected nothing but death or slavery, thought these very favourable and moderate terms, and without hesitation concluded a peace, which was soon after ratified by the Roman senate and people. Viriatus, by this treaty, completed the glorious design he had always in view,

which was to erect a kingdom in the vast country he had conquered from the Republic. And had it not been for the treachery of the Romans, he would have become, as Florus calls him, the Romulus of Spain : He would have founded a monarchy capable of counterbalancing the power of Rome.

The Senate, still desirous to revenge their late defeat, soon after this peace ordered Q. Servilius Cæpio to exasperate Viriatus, and force him by repeated affronts to commit the first acts of hostility. But this mean artifice did not succeed : Viriatus would not be provoked to a breach of the peace. On this the Conscript Fathers, to the eternal disgrace of their Republic, ordered Cæpio to declare war, and to proclaim Viriatus, who had given no provocation, an enemy to Rome. To this baseness Cæpio added still a greater ; he corrupted the ambassadors which Viriatus had sent to negotiate with him, who, at the instigation of the Roman, treacherously murdered their Protector and General while he slept.---UNIV. HIST.

<sup>o</sup> Sertorius, who was invited by the Lusitanians to defend them against the Romans. He had a tame white Hind, which he had accustomed to follow him, and from which he pretended to receive the instructions of Diana. By this artifice he imposed upon the superstition of that people.

Vid. PLUT.

And

And now ambitious to extend their sway  
Beyond their conquests on the southmost bay  
Of Afric's swarthy coast, on floating wood  
They brave the terrors of the dreary flood,  
Where only black-wing'd mists have hover'd o'er,  
Or driving clouds have fail'd the wave before ;  
Beneath new skies they hold their dreadful way  
To reach the cradle of the new-born day :  
And Fate, whose mandates unrevok'd remain,  
Has will'd, that long shall Lufus' offspring reign  
The lords of that wide sea, whose waves behold  
The sun come forth enthroned in burning gold.  
But now the tedious length of winter past,  
Distress'd and weak, the heroes faint at last.  
What gulphs they dared, you saw, what storms they braved,  
Beneath what various heavens their banners waved !  
Now Mercy pleads, and soon the rising land  
To their glad eyes shall o'er the waves expand ;  
As welcome friends the natives shall receive,  
With bounty feast them, and with joy relieve.  
And when refreshment shall their strength renew,  
Thence shall they turn, and their bold rout pursue.

So spoke high Jove : The Gods in silence heard,  
Then rising each, by turns, his thoughts preferr'd :

But

But chief was Bacchus <sup>p</sup> of the adverse train ;  
 Fearful he was, nor fear'd his pride in vain,  
 Should Lufus' race arrive on India's shore,  
 His ancient honours would be named no more ;  
 No more in Nyfa <sup>q</sup> should the natives tell  
 What kings, what mighty hosts before him fell.  
 The fertile vales beneath the rising sun  
 He view'd as his, by right of victory won,  
 And deem'd that ever in immortal song  
 The Conqueror's title should to him belong.  
 Yet Fate, he knew, had will'd, that loos'd from Spain  
 Boldly advent'rous thro' the polar main,  
 A warlike race should come, renown'd in arms,  
 And shake the eastern world with war's alarms,  
 Whose glorious conquests and eternal fame  
 In black Oblivion's waves should whelm his name.

Urânia-Venus <sup>r</sup>, Queen of sacred Love,  
 Arose a pleader on the part of Jove ;

<sup>p</sup> *But chief was Bacchus.*—The French Translator has the following note on this place: *Le Camoens n'a pou tant fait en cela que suivre l'exemple de l'Ecriture, comme on le voit dans ces paroles du premiere chapitre de Job. Quidam autem die cum venissent, &c. Un jour que les enfans du Seigneur s'etioient assemble devant son trone, Satan y vint aussi, &c.*

<sup>q</sup> *No more in Nyfa.*—An antient city in India sacred to Bacchus.

<sup>r</sup> *Urcnia-Venus.*—An Italian poet has

given the following description of the celestial Venus.

*Questa è vaga di Dio Venere bella  
 Vicina al Sole, e sopra ogni altra estel'a  
 Questa è quella beata, a cui s'inchina,  
 A cui si volge desiando amore,  
 Chiamata cui del Ciel rara e divina  
 Beltà che vien tra noi per nostro honore,  
 Per far le menti desando al Cielo  
 Obliare l'altrui col proprio velo.*

MARTEL.

Her

Her eyes, well pleas'd, in Lufus' fons could trace  
 A kindred likenefs to the Roman race,  
 For whom of old fuch kind regard ſhe ' bore ;  
 The fame their triumphs on Barbaria's ſhore,  
 The fame the ardour of their warlike flame,  
 The manly muſic of their tongue the ' fame :  
 Affection thus the lovely Goddeſs ſway'd,  
 Nor leſs what Fate's unblotted page diſplay'd,  
 Where'er this people ſhould their empire raiſe,  
 She knew her altars would unnumbered blaze,  
 And barbarous nations at her holy ſhrine  
 Be humaniz'd, and taught her lore divine.  
 Her ſpreading honours thus the one inſpired,  
 And one the dread to loſe his worſhip fired.  
 Their ſtruggling factions ſhook th' Olympian ſtate  
 With all the clamorous tempeſt of debate.  
 Thus when the ſtorm with ſudden guſt invades  
 The antient foreſt's deep and lofty ſhades,  
 The burſting whirlwinds tear their rapid courſe,  
 The ſhatter'd oaks craſh, and with echoes hoarſe  
 The mountains groan, while whirling on the blaſt  
 The thickening leaves a gloomy darkneſs caſt ;

\* See the note in the Second Book on the following paſſage ;—

*As when in Ida's bower ſhe ſtood of yore, &c.*

\* *The manly muſic of their tongue the ſame.*

-- Cameens ſays,

*E na lingua, na qual quando imagina,*

*Com pouca corrupçao cró que he Latina.*  
 Qualifications are never elegant in poetry.  
 Fanſhaw's tranſlation, and the original, both  
 prove this.

————— *their tongue*  
*Which ſhe thinks Latin with ſmall drofs*  
*among.*

Such

Such was the tumult in the blest abodes,  
 When Mars, high towering o'er the rival Gods,  
 Stept forth : stern sparkles from his eye balls glanc'd,  
 And now, before the throne of Jove advanc'd,  
 O'er his left shoulder his broad shield he throws,  
 And lifts his helm above his dreadful brows :  
 Bold and enrag'd he stands, and, frowning round,  
 Strikes his tall spear-staff on the sounding ground ;  
 Heaven trembled, and the light turn'd pale<sup>a</sup>---Such dread  
 His fierce demeanour o'er Olympus spread :  
 When thus the Warrior,---O Eternal Sire,  
 Thine is the sceptre, thine the thunder's fire,  
 Supreme dominion thine ; then, Father, hear,  
 Shall that bold Race which once to thee was dear,  
 Who now fulfilling thy decrees of old,  
 Through these wild waves their fearless journey hold,  
 Shall that bold Race no more thy care engage,  
 But sink the victims of unhallowed rage !  
 Did Bacchus yield to Reason's voice divine,  
 Bacchus the cause of Lusus' sons would join,  
 Lusus, the lov'd companion of his cares,  
 His earthly toils, his dangers, and his wars :  
 But Envy still a foe to worth will prove,  
 To worth though guarded by the arm of Jove.

<sup>a</sup> ———and the light turn'd pale———The thought in the Original has something in it wildly great, though it is not expressed in

the happiest manner of Camoens,  
*O ceo tremeo, e Apollo detorvado*  
*Hum pouco a luz perdeo, como inflado.*

Then thou, dread Lord of Fate, unmov'd remain,  
 Nor let weak change thine awful counfels stain,  
 For Lufus' Race thy promis'd favour shew :  
 Swift as the arrow from Apollo's bow  
 Let Maia's fon explore the watery way,  
 Where spent with toil, with weary hopes, they stray ;  
 And safe to harbour, through the deep untried,  
 Let him, impower'd, their wandering veffels guide ;  
 There let them hear of India's wish'd-for shore,  
 And balmy rest their fainting strength restore.

He fpoke: high Jove affenting bow'd the head,  
 And floating clouds of nectar'd fragrance fhed :  
 Then lowly bending to th' Eternal Sire,  
 Each in his duteous rank, the Gods retire.

Whilst thus in Heaven's bright palace Fate was weigh'd,  
 Right onward ftill the brave Armada stray'd :  
 Right on they fteer by Ethiopia's ftand  
 And pastoral Madagafcar's <sup>b</sup> verdant land.  
 Before the balmy gales of cheerful fpring,  
 With heav'n their friend, they fspread the canvas wing ;  
 The fky cerulean, and the breathing air,  
 The lafting promise of a calm declare.

<sup>b</sup> *And pastoral Madagafcar* — Called by the ancient Geographers Menuthia, and Cerna Ethiopia; by the natives, the Ifland

of the Moon; and by the Portugefe, the Ifle of St. Laurence, on whole festival they discovered it.

Behind them now the Cape of Prafo bends,  
 Another Ocean to their view extends,  
 Where black-topt islands, to their longing eyes,  
 Lav'd by the gentle waves<sup>c</sup>, in prospect rise.  
 But GAMA, (captain of the vent'rous band,  
 Of bold emprize, and born for high command,  
 Whose martial fires, with prudence close allied,  
 Ensured the smiles of fortune on his side)  
 Bears off those shores which waste and wild appear'd,  
 And eastward still for happier climates steer'd :  
 When gathering round and blackening o'er the tide,  
 A fleet of small canoes the Pilot spied ;  
 Hoisting their sails of palm-tree leaves, inwove  
 With curious art, a swarming crowd they move :  
 Long were their boats, and sharp to bound along  
 Through the dash'd waters, broad their oars and strong :  
 The bending rowers on their features bore  
 The swartly marks of Phaeton's<sup>d</sup> fall of yore :

<sup>c</sup> *Lav'd by the gentle waves*—The Original says, the Sea shewed them new islands, which it encircled and laved. Thus rendered by Fanshaw,  
*Neptune disclos'd new isles which he did play  
 About, and with his billows danc'd the bay.*

<sup>d</sup> ——— of Phaeton's fall—  
*—ferunt luctu Cygnum Phaëtonis amati,  
 Populeas inter frondes umbramque sororum  
 Dum canit, & maestum musa solatur amorem :  
 Canentem molli pluma duxisse senectam,  
 Linqwentem terras, et sidera voce sequentem.*

VIRG. EN.

The historical foundation of the fable of

Phaeton is this. Phaeton was a young enterprising Prince of Libya. Crossing the Mediterranean in quest of adventures he landed at Epirus, from whence he went to Italy to see his intimate friend Cygnus. Phaeton was skilled in astrology, from whence he arrogated to himself the title of the son of Apollo. One day in the heat of summer as he was riding along the banks of the Po, his horses took fright at a clap of thunder, and plunged into the river, where together with their master they perished. Cygnus, who was a Poet, celebrated the death of his friend in verse, from whence the fable.

Vid. Plutar. in vit. Pyrr.

When flaming lightnings scorch'd the banks of Po,  
And nations blacken'd in the dread o'erthrow.  
Their garb, discover'd as approaching nigh,  
Was cotton strip'd with many a gaudy dye :  
'Twas one whole piece beneath one arm confin'd,  
The rest hung loose and flutter'd on the wind ;  
All, but one breast, above the loins was bare,  
And swelling turbans bound their jetty hair :  
Their arms were bearded darts and faulchions broad,  
And warlike music founded as they row'd.  
With joy the sailors saw the boats draw near,  
With joy beheld the human face appear :  
What nations these, their wondering thoughts explore,  
What rites they follow, and what God adore !  
And now with hands and kerchiefs wav'd in air  
The barb'rous race their friendly mind declare.  
Glad were the crew, and ween'd that happy day  
Should end their dangers and their toils repay.  
The lofty masts the nimble youths ascend,  
The ropes they haule, and o'er the yard-arms bend ;  
And now their bowsprits pointing to the shore,  
A safe moon'd bay, with slacken'd fails they bore :  
With cheerful shouts they furl the gather'd fail  
That left and left flaps quivering on the gale ;  
The prows, their speed stopt, o'er the surges nod,  
The falling anchors dash the foaming flood ;

When



When fudden as they ftopt, the fwarthy race  
With fmiles of friendly welcome on each face,  
Alert and bounding, by the cordage climb :  
Illuftrious GAMA, with an air fublime,  
Soften'd by mild humanity, receives,  
And to their chief the hand of friendship gives,  
Bids fpread the board, and, infant as he faid,  
Along the deck the feftive board is fpread :  
The fparkling wine in chryftal goblets glows,  
And round and round with cheerful welcome flows.  
While thus the Vine its fpriightly glee infpires,  
From whence the fleet, the fwarthy Chief enquires,  
What feas they paff, what vantage would attain,  
And what the fhore their purpofe hop'd to gain ?  
From fartheft weft, the Lufian race reply,  
'To reach the golden eaftern fhores we try.  
Through that unbounded fea whose billows roll  
From the cold northern to the fouthern pole ;  
And by the wide extent, the dreary vaft  
Of Afric's bays, already have we paff ;  
And many a fky have feen, and many a fhore,  
Where but fea-monfters cut the waves before.  
To fpread the glories of our Monarch's reign,  
For India's fhore we brave the tracklefs main,  
Our glorious toil, and at his nod would brave  
The difmal gulphs of Acheron's black wave.

And

And now, in turn, your race, your Country tell,  
 If on your lips fair truth delights to dwell,  
 To us, unconscious of the falsehood, shew  
 What of these seas and India's site you know.

Rude are the natives here, the Moor reply'd,  
 Dark are their minds, and brute-desire their guide :  
 But we of alien blood, and strangers here,  
 Nor hold their customs nor their laws revere.  
 From Abram's <sup>c</sup> race our holy prophet sprung,  
 An Angel taught, and heaven inspir'd his tongue ;  
 His sacred rites and mandates we obey,  
 And distant Empires own his holy sway.  
 From isle to isle our trading vessels roam,  
 Mozambic's harbour our commodious home.  
 If then your sails for India's shores expand,  
 For fultry Ganges or Hydaspes' strand,  
 Here shall you find a Pilot skill'd to guide  
 Through all the dangers of the per'lous tide,  
 Though wide spread shelves, and cruel rocks unseen,  
 Lurk in the way, and whirlpools rage between.  
 Accept, mean while, what fruits these islands hold,  
 And to the Regent let your wish be told.

<sup>c</sup> From Abram's race our holy prophet sprung.—Mohammed, who was descended from Ishmael, the son of Abraham by Hagar.

Then

Then may your mates the needful stores provide,  
And all your various wants be here supplied.

So spake the Moor, and bearing smiles untrue  
And signs of friendship, with his bands withdrew.  
O'erpower'd with joy unhop'd the sailors stood,  
To find such kindness on a shore so rude.

Now shooting o'er the flood his fervid blaze,  
The red-brow'd Sun withdraws his beamy rays ;  
Safe in the bay the crew forget their cares,  
And peaceful rest their wearied strength repairs.  
Calm Twilight † now his drowsy mantle spreads,  
And shade on shade, the gloom still deepening sheds.  
The Moon, full orb'd, forfakes her watery cave,  
And lifts her lovely head above the wave.  
The snowy splendors of her modest ray  
Stream o'er the glist'ning waves, and quivering play :  
Around her, glittering on the heav'ns arch'd brow,  
Unnumber'd stars, enclos'd in azure, glow,

† *Calm Twilight now*—Camœns, in this passage, has imitated Homer in the manner of Virgil : by diversifying the scene he has made the description his own. The passage alluded to is in the eighth Iliad :

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐν ἑρανῷ ἄστρα φαεινὰ ἀμφὶ σελήνῃ  
φαίνετ' ἀριστερία, &c.

Thus elegantly translated by Pope :

*As when the moon, resplendent lamp of night,  
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred  
light,*

*When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,  
And not a cloud obscures the solemn scene ;  
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,  
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,  
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,  
And tip with silver every mountain's head ;  
Then shine the walls, the rocks in prospect rise,  
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies :  
The conscious javains rejoicing in the fight,  
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.*

Thick

Thick as the dew-drops of the rofy dawn,  
 Or May-flowers crouding o'er the daify-lawn:  
 The canvas whitens in the filvery beam,  
 And with a paier red the pendants gleam:  
 The mafts' tall fhadows tremble o'er the deep;  
 The peaceful winds an holy filence keep;  
 The watchman's carol echo'd from the prows,  
 Alone, at times, awakes the fill refofe.

Aurora now, with dewy luftre bright,  
 Appears, afcending on the rear of night.  
 With gentle hand, as feeming oft to paufe,  
 The purple curtains of the morn ſhe draws;  
 The fun comes forth, and foon the joyful crew,  
 Each aiding each, their joyful tasks purfue.  
 Wide o'er the decks the ſpreading fails they throw;  
 From each tall maft the waving ſtreamers flow;  
 All feems a feftive holiday on board  
 To welcome to the fleet the ifland's Lord.  
 With equal joy the Regent fails to meet,  
 And brings fresh cates, his offerings, to the fleet:  
 For 'of his kindred Race their line he deems,  
 That favage Race who rufh'd from Caspia's ſtreams,  
 And triumph'd o'er the Eaft, and, Afia won,  
 In proud Byzantium fixt their haughty throne.

Brave

Brave VASCO hails the chief with honest smiles,  
And gift for gift with liberal hand he piles.  
His gifts, the boast of Europe's arts disclose,  
And sparkling red the wine of Tagus flows.  
High on the shrouds the wondering sailor's hung,  
To note the Moorish garb, and barbarous tongue:  
Nor less the subtle Moor, with wonder fired,  
Their mien, their dress, and lordly ships admired:  
Much he enquires their King's, their Country's name,  
And, if from Turkey's fertile shores they came?  
What God they worshipp'd, what their sacred lore,  
What arms they wielded, and what armour wore?  
To whom brave GAMA; Nor of Hagar's blood  
Am I, nor plow from Izmael's shores the flood;  
From Europe's strand I trace the foamy way,  
To find the regions of the infant day.  
The God we worship stretch'd yon heaven's high bow,  
And gave these swelling waves to roll below;  
The hemispheres of night and day he spread,  
He scoop'd each vale, and rear'd each mountain's head;  
His Word produc'd the nations of the earth,  
And gave the spirits of the sky their birth;  
On Earth, by him, his holy lore was given,  
On Earth he came to raise mankind to heaven.  
And now behold, what most your eyes desire,  
Our shining armour, and our arms of fire;

For who has once in friendly peace beheld,  
Will dread to meet them on the battle field.

Strait <sup>6</sup> as he spoke the Magazines display'd  
Their glorious shew, where, tire on tire inlaid,  
Appear'd of glittering steel the carabines,  
There the plumed helms, and ponderous brigandines ;  
O'er the broad bucklers sculptur'd orbs embost  
The crooked faulchions dreadful blades were crost :  
Here clasping greaves, and plated mail-quilts strong,  
The long-bows here, and rattling quivers hung,  
And like a grove the burnish'd spears were seen,  
With darts, and halberts double-edged between ;  
Here dread grenadoes, and tremendous bombs,  
With deaths ten thousand lurking in their wombs,  
And far around of brown, and dusky red  
The pointed piles of iron balls were spread.  
The Bombadeers, now to the Regent's view  
The thundering mortars and the cannon drew ;  
Yet at their Leader's nod, the fons of flame  
(For brave and generous ever are the same)

<sup>6</sup> *Strait as he spoke*—The description of the armoury, and the account which Vasco de Gama gives of his religion, consists, in the Original, of thirty-two lines, which M. Castéra has reduced into the following sentence: *Leur Gouverneur fait différentes questions au Capitaine, qui pour le satisfaire lui*

*explique en peu des mots la Religion que les Portugais suivent, l'usage des armes dont ils se servent dans la guerre, et le dessein qui les amene.*

This omission affords us one of the numberless instances of the unpoetical taste of the French Paraphrast.

Withheld

Withheld their hands, nor gave the seeds of fire  
 To rouse the thunders of the dreadful ire.  
 For GAMA's foul disdain'd the pride of shew  
 Which acts the lion o'er the trembling roe.

His joy and wonder oft the Moor express,  
 But rankling hate lay brooding in his breast;  
 With smiles obedient to his will's controul,  
 He veils the purpose of his treacherous soul:  
 For Pilots, conscious of the Indian strand  
 Brave VASCO goes, and bids the Moor command  
 What bounteous gifts shall recompence their toils;  
 The Moor prevents him with assenting smiles,  
 Resolved that deeds of death, not words of air,  
 Shall first the hatred of his soul declare;  
 Such sudden rage his rankling mind possess,  
 When <sup>3</sup>GAMA's lips Messiah's name confess.  
 Oh depth of heaven's dread will, that rancorous hate  
 On heaven's best lov'd in every clime should wait;

<sup>3</sup> *When Gama's lips Messiah's name confess.*  
 —This, and of consequence, the reason of  
 the Moor's hate, is entirely omitted by  
 Castéra. The original is, the Moor con-  
 ceived hatred, "knowing they were fol-  
 "lowers of the truth which the Son of  
 "David taught." Thus rendered by Fan-  
 shaw,

*Knowing they follow that unerring light,  
 The Son of David holds out in his Book.*

By this Solomon must be understood, not  
 the Messiah, as meant by Camoens.

Zacocia, (governor of Mozambic) made  
 no doubt but our people were of some Mo-  
 hammedan country.—The mutual exchange  
 of good offices between our people and these  
 islanders promised a long continuance of  
 friendship, but it proved otherwise. No  
 sooner did Zacocia understand they were  
 Christians, than all his kindness was turned  
 into the most bitter hatred; he began to  
 meditate their ruin, and fought by every  
 means to destroy the fleet.----Oforio, Bp.  
 of Sylves, Hist. of the Portug. Discov.

Now smiling round on all the wondering crew  
 The Moor attended by his bands withdrew ;  
 His nimble barges soon approach'd the land,  
 And shouts of joy received him on the strand.

From heaven's high dome the Vintage-God beheld ;  
 (Whom <sup>h</sup> nine long months his father's thigh conceal'd)  
 Well-pleas'd he mark'd the Moor's determined hate  
 And thus his mind revolved in self-debate :

Has heaven, indeed; such glorious lot ordain'd!  
 By Lufus' race such conquests to be gain'd  
 O'er warlike nations, and on India's shore,  
 Where I unrival'd, claim'd the palm before !  
 I sprung from Jove ! and shall these wandering few,  
 What Ammon's son unconquer'd left, subdue !  
 Ammon's brave son who led the God of war  
 His slave auxiliar at his thundering car !  
 Must these possess what Jove to him deny'd,  
 Possess what never sooth'd the Roman pride !  
 Must these the Victor's lordly flag display  
 With hateful blaze beneath the rising day,

<sup>h</sup> *Whom nine long months his father's thigh conceal'd.*---According to the Arabians, Bacchus was nourished during his

infancy in a cave of mount Meros, which in Greek signifies a thigh. Hence the fable.



My name dishonour'd, and my victories stain'd,  
 O'erturn'd my altars, and my shrines profaned !  
 No---be it mine to fan the Regent's hate ;  
 Occasion feized commands the action's fate.  
 'Tis mine---this captain now my dread no more,  
 Shall never shake his spear on India's shore.

So spake the Power, and with the lightning's flight  
 For Afric darted thro' the fields of light.

<sup>1</sup> His form divine he cloath'd in human shape,  
 And rush'd impetuous o'er the rocky cape :  
 In the dark semblance of a Moor he came  
 For art and old experience known to fame :  
 Him all his peers with humble deference heard  
 And all Mozambic and its prince rever'd :  
 The Prince in haste he fought, and thus exprest  
 His guileful hate in friendly counsel drest :

And to the Regent of this isle alone  
 Are these Adventurers and their fraud unknown ?  
 Has Fame conceal'd their rapine from his ear ?  
 Nor brought the groans of plunder'd nations here ?

<sup>1</sup> *His form divine he cloath'd in human shape.*

*Aleto torvam faciem et furialia membra*

*Exiit : in cultus sese transformat aniles,*

*Et frontem obsecanum rugis arat.*-----VIR. EM. 7.

Yet still their hands the peaceful olive bore  
Whene'er they anchor'd on a foreign shore :  
But nor their seeming, nor their oaths I trust,  
For Afric knows them bloody and unjust.  
The nations sink beneath their lawless force,  
And fire and blood have mark'd their deadly course.  
We too, unless kind heaven and Thou prevent,  
Must fall the victims of their dire intent,  
And, gasping in the pangs of death, behold  
Our wives led captive, and our daughters sold.  
By stealth they come, ere morrow dawn, to bring  
The healthful beverage from the living spring :  
Arm'd with his troop the Captain will appear ;  
For conscious fraud is ever prone to fear.  
To meet them there select a trusty band,  
And in close ambush take thy silent stand,  
There wait, and sudden on the heedless foe  
Rush, and destroy them ere they dread the blow.  
Or say should some escape the secret snare  
Saved by their fate, their valour, or their care,  
Yet their dread fall shall celebrate our isle,  
If fate consent, and thou approve the guile.  
Give then a Pilot to their wandering fleet,  
Bold in his art, and tutor'd in deceit ;  
Whose hand adventurous shall their helms misguide,  
To hostile shores, or whelm them in the tide.

So spoke the God, in semblance of a sage  
Renown'd for counsel and the craft of age.  
The Moor with transport glowing in his face  
Approved, and caught him in a kind embrace ;  
And instant at the word his bands prepare  
Their bearded darts and implements of war,  
That Lufus' sons, might purple with their gore,  
The chrystal fountain which they fought on shore :  
And still regardful of his dire intent,  
A skilful pilot to the bay he sent ;  
Of honest mien, yet practis'd in deceit,  
Who far at distance on the beach should wait,  
And to the 'scaped, if some should 'scape the snare  
Should offer friendship and the pilot's care,  
But when at sea, on rocks should dash their pride,  
And whelm their lofty vanes beneath the tide.

Apollo now had left his watery bed,  
And o'er the mountains of Arabia spread  
His rays that glow'd with gold ; when GAMA rose,  
And from his bands a trusty squadron chose :  
Three speedy barges brought their casks to fill  
From gurgling fountain, or the chrystal rill :  
Full-arm'd they came, for brave defence prepared,  
For martial care is ever on the guard :

And

And ſecret warnings ever are impreſt  
On wiſdom ſuch as waked in GAMA's breaſt.

And now, as ſwiftly ſpringing o'er the tide  
Advanced the boats, a troop of Moors they ſpy'd ;  
O'er the pale ſands the fable warriors crowd,  
And toſs their threatening darts, and ſhout aloud.  
Yet ſeeming artleſs, though they dared the fight,  
Their eager hope they placed in artful flight,  
To lead brave GAMA where unſeen by day  
In dark-brow'd ſhades their ſilent ambuſh lay.  
With ſcornful geſtures o'er the beach they ſtride,  
And puſh their level'd ſpears with barbarous pride,  
Then fix the arrow to the bended bow,  
— And ſtrike their ſounding ſhields, and dare the foe.  
With generous rage the Luſian Race beheld,  
And each brave breaſt with indignation ſwell'd,  
To view ſuch foes like ſnarling dogs diſplay  
Their threatening tuſks, and brave the fanguine fray :  
Together with a bound they ſpring to land,  
Unknown whoſe ſtep firſt trode the hoſtile ſtrand.

Thus <sup>k</sup>, when to gain his beauteous Charmer's ſmile,  
The youthful Lover dares the bloody toil,

<sup>k</sup> Thus when to gain his beauteous Charmer's  
ſmile,

The youthful Lover dares the bloody toil.

This ſimilitude is taken from a favourite ex-

erciſe in Spain, where it is uſual to ſee  
young Gentlemen of the beſt families enter-  
ing the liſts to fight with a Bull, adorned  
with ribbons, and armed with a javelin or  
kind

Before the nodding Bull's stern front he stands,  
 He leaps, he wheels, he shouts, and waves his hands :  
 The lordly brute disdains the stripling's rage,  
 His nostrils smoke, and, eager to engage,  
 His horned brows he levels with the ground,  
 And shuts his flaming eyes, and wheeling round  
 With dreadful bellowing rushes on the foe,  
 And lays the boastful gaudy champion low.  
 Thus to the fight the sons of Lusus sprung,  
 Nor slow to fall their ample vengeance hung :  
 With sudden roar the carabines resound,  
 And bursting echoes from the hills rebound ;  
 The lead flies hissing through the trembling air,  
 And death's fell dæmons through the flashes glare.  
 Where, up the land, a grove of palms enclose,  
 And cast their shadows where the fountain flows,  
 The lurking ambush from their treacherous stand  
 Beheld the combat burning on the strand :  
 They see the flash with sudden lightnings flare,  
 And the blue smoke flow rolling on the air :  
 They see their warriors drop, and, starting, hear  
 The lingering thunders bursting on their ear.

kind of cutlas, which the Spaniards call *Machete*. Though Camoens in this description of it has given the victory to the Bull, it very seldom so happens, the young Cabal-

leros being very expert at this valorous exercise, and ambitious to display their dexterity, which is a sure recommendation to the favour and good opinion of the Ladies.

F

Amaz'd,

Amazed, appall'd, the treacherous ambush fled,  
 And rag'd<sup>1</sup>, and curst their birth, and quaked with dread.  
 The bands that vaunting shew'd their threaten'd might,  
 With slaughter gored, precipitate in flight;  
 Yet oft, though trembling, on the foe they turn  
 Their eyes that red with lust of vengeance burn:  
 Aghast with fear and stern with desperate rage  
 The flying war with dreadful howls they wage,  
 Flints<sup>m</sup>, clods, and javelins hurling as they fly,  
 As rage and wild despair their hands supply:  
 And soon dispers'd, their bands attempt no more  
 To guard the fountain or defend the shore:  
 O'er the wide lawns no more their troops appear:  
 Nor sleeps the vengeance of the Victor here;  
 To teach the nations what tremendous fate  
 From his right arm on perjur'd vows should wait,  
 He seiz'd the time to awe the eastern world,  
 And on the breach of faith his thunders hurl'd.  
 From his black ships the sudden lightnings blaze,  
 And o'er old Ocean flash their dreadful rays:

<sup>1</sup> ————— *e maldixia*  
*O velho inerte, e a mãy, que o filho cria.*

Thus translated by Fanshew,  
 ————— *curst their ill luck,*  
*'Tis old Devil, and the Dam that gave them*  
*suck.*

<sup>m</sup> *Flints, clods, and javelins hurling as they*  
*fly,*  
*As rage, &c.*

*Jamque faces et saxa volant, furor arma*  
*ministrat.* VIRG. EN. I.

The Spanish Commentator on this Place relates a very extraordinary instance of the *furor arma ministrans*. A Portuguese Soldier at the siege of Diu in the Indies being surrounded by the enemy, and having no ball to charge his musket, pulled out one of his teeth, and with it supplied the place of a bullet.

White clouds on clouds inroll'd the smoke ascends,  
The bursting tumult heaven's wide concave rends :  
The bays and caverns of the winding shore  
Repeat the cannon's and the mortar's roar :  
The bombs, far-flaming, hiss along the sky,  
And whirring through the air the bullets fly ;  
The wounded air with hollow deafen'd sound,  
Groans to the direful strife, and trembles round.

Now from the Moorish town the sheets of fire,  
Wide blaze succeeding blaze, to heaven aspire.  
Black rise the clouds of smoke, and by the gales  
Borne down, in streams hang hovering o'er the vales ;  
And slowly floating round the mountain's head  
Their pitchy mantle o'er the landscape spread.  
Unnumber'd sea-fowl rising from the shore,  
Beat round in whirls at every cannon's roar :  
Where o'er the smoke the masts' tall heads appear,  
Hovering they scream, then dart with sudden fear,  
On trembling wings far round and round they fly,  
And fill with dismal clang their native sky.  
Thus fled in rout confus'd the treacherous Moors  
From field to field, then, hastning to the shores,  
Some trust in boats their wealth and lives to save,  
And wild with dread they plunge into the wave ;

Some spread their arms to swim, and some beneath  
 The whelming billows, struggling, pant for breath,  
 Then whirl'd aloft their nostrils spout the brine ;  
 While showering still from many a carabine  
 The leaden hail their sails and vessels tore ;  
 Till struggling hard they reach'd the neighb'ring shore :  
 Due vengeance thus their perfidy repay'd,  
 And GAMA's terrors to the East display'd.

Imbrown'd with dust a beaten pathway shews  
 Where 'midst unbrageous palms the fountain flows ;  
 From thence at will they bear the liquid health ;  
 And now sole masters of the island's wealth,  
 With costly spoils and eastern robes adorn'd,  
 The joyful victors to the fleet return'd.

With hell's keen fires still for revenge athirst,  
 The Regent burns, and weens, by fraud accurst,  
 To strike a furer, yet a secret blow,  
 And in one general death to whelm the foe.  
 The promised Pilot to the fleet he sends  
 And deep repentance for his crime pretends.  
 Sincere the Herald seems, and while he speaks,  
 The winning tears steal down his hoary cheeks.  
 Brave GAMA, touch'd with generous woe, believes,  
 And from his hand the Pilot's hand receives :

A dreadful



A dreadful gift! instructed to decoy,  
In gulphs to whelm them, or on rocks destroy.

The valiant Chief, impatient of delay,  
For India now resumes the watery way ;  
Bids weigh the anchor and unfurl the fail,  
Spread full the canvas to the rising gale ;  
He spoke ; and proudly o'er the foaming tide,  
Borne on the wind, the full-wing'd vessels ride ;  
While as they rode before the bounding prows  
The lovely forms of sea-born nymphs arose.  
The while brave Vasco's unsuspecting mind  
Yet fear'd not ought the crafty Moor design'd :  
Much of the coast he asks, and much demands  
Of Afric's shores and India's spicy lands.  
The crafty Moor by vengeful Bacchus taught  
Empic'd on deadly guile his baneful thought ;  
In his dark mind he plann'd, on GAMA's head  
Full to revenge Mozambic and the dead.  
Yet all the Chief demanded he reveal'd,  
Nor ought of truth, that truth he knew, conceal'd :  
For thus he ween'd to gain his easy faith,  
And gain'd, betray to slavery or to death.  
And now securely trusting to destroy,  
As erst false Sinon snared the sons of Troy,

Behold,

Behold, disclosing from the sky, he cries,  
 Far to the north, yon cloud-like isle arise:  
 From ancient times the natives of the shore  
 The blood-stain'd Image on the Cross adore.  
 Swift at the word, the joyful GAMA cry'd,  
 For that fair island turn the helm aside,  
 O bring my vessels where the Christians dwell,  
 And thy glad lips my gratitude shall tell:  
 With sullen joy the treacherous Moor comply'd,  
 And for that island turn'd the helm aside.  
 For well Quiloa's swarthy race he knew,  
 Their laws and faith to Hagar's offspring true;  
 Their strength in war, through all the nations round,  
 Above Mozambic and her powers renown'd;  
 He knew what hate the Christian name they bore,  
 And hoped that hate on VASCO's bands to pour.

Right to the land the faithless Pilot steers,  
 Right to the land the glad Armada bears;  
 But heavenly Love's fair Queen<sup>n</sup>, whose watchful care  
 Had ever been their guide, beheld the snare.

<sup>n</sup> *But heavenly Love's fair Queen*—When GAMA arrived in the East, the Moors were the only people who engrossed the trade of those parts. Jealous of such formidable rivals as the Portuguese, they employed every artifice to accomplish the destruction of GAMA's fleet, for they foresaw the consequences of his return to Portugal. As the Moors were acquainted with these seas and

spoke the Arabic language, GAMA was obliged to employ them both as Pilots and Interpreters. The circumstance now mentioned by Camoens is an historical fact. The Moorish Pilot, says De Barros, intended to conduct the Portuguese into Quiloa, telling them that place was inhabited by Christians, but a sudden storm arising, drove the fleet from that shore, where death

A sudden storm she rais'd: Loud howl'd the blast,  
 The yard-arms rattled, and each groaning mast  
 Bended beneath the weight. Deep sunk the prows,  
 And creaking ropes the creaking ropes oppose;  
 In vain the Pilot would the speed restrain,  
 The Captain shouts, the Sailors toil in vain;  
 Aslope and gliding on the leeward side  
 The bounding vessels cut the roaring tide:  
 Soon far they past; and now the slacken'd sail  
 Trembles and bellies to the gentle gale:  
 Now many a league before the tempest tost  
 The treacherous Pilot sees his purpose crost:  
 Yet vengeful still, and still intent on guile,  
 Behold, he cries, yon dim emerging isle:  
 There live the votaries of Messiah's lore  
 In faithful peace and friendship with the Moor.  
 Yet all was false, for there Messiah's name,  
 Reviled and scorn'd, was only known by fame.  
 The groveling natives there, a brutal herd,  
 The sensual lore of Hagar's son preferr'd.

or slavery would have been the certain fate of GAMA and his companions. The villany of the Pilot was afterwards discovered. As GAMA was endeavouring to enter the port of Mombaze his ship struck on a sand bank, and finding their purpose of bringing him into the harbour defeated, two of the Moorish Pilots leaped into the sea and swam ashore. Alarmed at this tacit acknowledgement of guilt, GAMA ordered two other

Moorish Pilots who remained on board to be examined by whipping, who, after some time, made a full confession of their intended villany. This discovery greatly encouraged GAMA and his men, who now interpreted the sudden storm which had driven them from Quiloa as a miraculous interposition of the Divine Providence in their favour.

With

With joy brave GAMA hears the artful tale,  
 Bears to the harbour, and bids furl the fail.  
 Yet watchful still fair Love's celestial Queen  
 Prevents the danger with an hand unseen ;  
 Nor past the bar his ventrous vessels guides,  
 And safe at anchor in the road he rides.

Between the isle and Ethiopia's land  
 A narrow current laves each adverse strand ;  
 Close by the margin where the green tide flows,  
 Full to the bay a lordly city rose ;  
 With fervid blaze the glowing Evening pours  
 Its purple splendors o'er the lofty towers ;  
 The lofty towers with milder lustre gleam,  
 And gently tremble in the glassy stream.  
 Here reign'd an hoary King of ancient fame ;  
 Mombaze the town, and fertile island's name.

As when the Pilgrim, who with weary pace  
 Through lonely wastes untrod by human race,  
 For many a day disconsolate has stray'd,  
 The turf his bed, the wild-wood boughs his shade,  
 O'erjoy'd beholds the cheerful seats of men  
 In grateful prospect rising on his ken :  
 So GAMA joy'd, who many a dreary day  
 Had trac'd the vast, the lonesome watery way,

Had seen new stars, unknown to Europe, rise,  
And brav'd the horrors of the polar skies :  
So joy'd his bounding heart, when proudly rear'd,  
The splendid City o'er the wave appear'd,  
Where heaven's own lore, he trusted, was obey'd,  
And Holy Faith her sacred rites display'd.  
And now swift crowding through the horned bay  
The Moorish barges wing'd their foamy way,  
To GAMA'S fleet with friendly smiles they bore  
The choicest products of their cultured shore.  
But there fell rancour veil'd its serpent-head,  
Though festive roses o'er the gifts were spread.  
For Bacchus veil'd, in human shape, was here,  
And pour'd his counsel in the Sovereign's ear.

O piteous lot of Man's uncertain state!  
What woes on life's unhappy journey wait!  
When joyful hope would grasp its fond desire,  
The long-fought transports in the grasp expire.  
By sea what treacherous calms, what rushing storms,  
And death attendant in a thousand forms!  
By land what strife, what plots of secret guile,  
How many a wound from many a treacherous smile!  
O where shall Man escape his numerous foes,  
And rest his weary head in safe repose!

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.



---

T H E  
L U S I A D.

B O O K II.

---

**T**HE fervent lustre of the evening ray  
Behind the western hills now died away,  
And night, ascending from the dim-brow'd east,  
The twilight gloom with deeper shades increast ;  
When GAMA heard the creaking of the oar,  
And markt the white waves lengthening from the shore ;  
In many a skiff the eager natives came,  
Their semblance friendship, but deceit their aim.  
And now by GAMA's anchor'd ships they ride,  
And, Hail illustrious chief, their leader cried,  
Your fame already these our regions own,  
How your bold prows from worlds to us unknown

Have braved the horrors of the southern main,  
Where storms and darkness hold their endless reign,  
Whose whelmy waves our westward prows have barr'd  
From oldest times, and ne'er before were dared  
By boldest Leader: Earnest to behold  
The wondrous hero of a toil so bold,  
To you the Sovereign of these islands sends  
The holy vows of peace, and hails you friends.  
If friendship you accept, whate'er kind heaven  
In various bounty to these shores has given,  
Whate'er your wants, your wants shall here supply,  
And safe in port your gallant fleet shall lie ;  
Safe from the dangers of the faithless tide,  
And sudden bursting storms, by you untry'd ;  
Yours every bounty of the fertile shore,  
'Till balmy rest your wearied crew restore.  
Or if your toils and ardent hopes demand  
The various treasures of the Indian strand,  
The fragrant cinnamon, the glowing clove,  
And all the riches of the spicy grove ;  
Or drugs of power the fever's rage to bound,  
Or give soft languor to the smarting wound ;  
Or if the splendor of the diamond's rays,  
The sapphire's azure, or the ruby's blaze,  
Invite your sails to search the Eastern world,  
Here may these sails in happy hour be fur'd :



For here the splendid treasures of the mine,  
 And richest offspring of the field combine  
 To give each boon that human want requires,  
 And every gem that lofty pride desires ;  
 Then here, a potent King your generous friend,  
 Here let your per'ulous toils and wandering searches <sup>a</sup> end.

He said: brave GAMA finiles with heart sincere,  
 And prays the herald to the king to bear  
 The thanks of grateful joy : but now, he cries,  
 The black'ning evening veils the coast and skies,  
 And through these rocks unknown forbids to steer ;  
 Yet when the streaks of milky dawn appear  
 Edging the eastern wave with silver hore  
 My ready prows shall gladly point to shore ;  
 Assured of friendship, and a kind retreat,  
 Assured and proffer'd by a King so great.  
 Yet mindful still of what his hopes had cheer'd,  
 That here his nation's holy shrines were rear'd,

<sup>a</sup> After Gama had been driven from Quiloa by a sudden storm, the assurances of the Mozambic pilot that the city was chiefly inhabited by Christians, strongly inclined him to enter the harbour of Mombaze ; " Nec ullum locum (says Oforius) magis opportunum curandis atque reficiendis ægrotis posse reperiri. Jam eo tempore bona pars eorum, qui cum Gama confecerant, variis morbis consumpta fuerat, et qui evaserant, erant gravi invaletudine debilitati. . . . Tellus abundat fructibus et oleribus, et frugibus, et pecorum et armentorum gregibus,

et aquis dulcibus. Utitur præterea mira cælitemperie. Homines vivunt admodum laute, et domos more nostro ædificant.---Mittit rex nuncios, qui Gamam nomine illius salutarerent. . . . Aiunt deinde regionem illam esse opulentissimam, quarum gratia multi in Indiam navigabant. Regem adeo esse in illos voluntate propensum ut nihil esset tam difficile, quod non se eorum gratia facturum polliceretur." Oforius Silvenfis Episc. de Rebus Emman. Regis Lusit. gestis.

He asks, if certain as the Pilot told,  
 Messiah's lore had flourished there of old,  
 And flourished still? The Herald mark'd with joy  
 The pious wish, and watchful to decoy,  
 Messiah here, he cries, has altars more  
 Than all the various shrines of other lore.  
 O'erjoyed brave VASCO heard the pleasing tale,  
 Yet fear'd that fraud its viper-sting might veil  
 Beneath the glitter of a shew so fair,  
 He half believes the tale, and arms against the snare.

<sup>b</sup> With GAMA sail'd a bold advent'rous band,  
 Whose headlong rage had urg'd the guilty hand :  
 Stern Justice for their crimes had ask'd their blood,  
 And pale in chains condemn'd to death they stood ;  
 But sav'd by GAMA from the shameful death,  
 The <sup>b</sup> bread of peace had seal'd their plighted faith,

<sup>b</sup> Erant enim in ea classe decem homines capite damnati, quibus fuerat ea lege vita concessa, ut quibuscunque in locis a Gama relicti fuissent, regiones lustrarent, hominumque mores et instituta cognescerent. Ofor.

During the reign of Emmanuel, and his predecessor John II. few criminals were executed in Portugal. These great and political princes employed the lives which were forfeited to the public in the most dangerous undertakings of public utility. In their foreign expeditions the condemned criminals were sent upon the most hazardous emergencies. If death was their fate, it was the punishment they had merited: if successful in what was required, their crimes were expiated; and often, as in the voyage of GAMA, they rendered their country the

greatest atonement for their guilt which men in their circumstances could possibly make. Where the subject thus obtrudes the occasion, a short digression, it is hoped, will be pardoned. While every feeling breast must be pleased with the wisdom and humanity of the Portuguese monarchs, indignation and regret must rise on the view of the present state of the penal laws of England. What multitudes every year, in the prime of their life, end their days by the hand of the executioner! That the Legislature *might* devise means to make the greatest part of these lives useful to society is a fact, which surely cannot be disputed; though perhaps the remedy of an evil so shocking to humanity may be at some distance.

The

'The desolate coast, when ordered, to explore,  
 And dare each danger of the hostile shore :  
 From this bold band he chose the subtlest two,  
 The port, the city, and its strength to view,  
 To mark if fraud its secret head betrayed,  
 Or if the rites of heaven were there displayed.  
 With costly gifts, as of their truth secure,  
 The pledge that GAMA deem'd their faith was pure.  
 These two his Heralds to the King he sends :  
 The faithless Moors depart as smiling friends.  
 Now thro' the wave they cut their foamy way,  
 Their chearful songs resounding through the bay :  
 And now on shore the wondering natives greet,  
 And fondly hail the strangers from the fleet.  
 The prince their gifts with friendly vows receives,  
 And joyful welcome to the Lusians gives ;  
 Where'er they pass, the joyful tumult bends,  
 And through the town the glad applause attends.  
 But he whose cheeks with youth immortal shone,  
 The God whose wondrous birth two mothers own,  
 Whose rage had still the wandering fleet annoyed,  
 Now in the town his guileful rage employed.  
 A Christian priest he seem'd ; a sumptuous <sup>c</sup> shrine  
 He rear'd, and tended with the rites divine :

<sup>c</sup> On it, the picture of that shape he plac'd.  
 In which the Holy Spirit did alight,  
 The picture of the Dove, so white, so chaste,  
 On the blest Virgin's head, so chaste, so white.

In these lines, the best of all Fanshaw,  
 the happy repetition "so chaste, so white,"  
 is a beauty which, though not contained in  
 the original, the present translator was un-  
 willing to lose.

O'er the fair altar waved the crofs on high,  
Upheld by angels leaning from the fky ;  
Defcending o'er the Virgin's facred head  
So white, fo pure, the Holy Spirit fpread  
The dove-like pictured wings, fo pure, fo white ;  
And, hovering o'er the chofen twelve, alight  
The tongues of hallowed fire. Amazed, opprest,  
With facred awe their troubled looks confest  
The infpiring Godhead, and the prophet's glow,  
Which gave each language from their lips to flow.  
Where <sup>d</sup> thus the guileful Power his magic wrought  
DE GAMA's heralds by the guides are brought:  
On bended knees low to the earth they fall,  
And to the Lord of heaven in tranfport call,  
While the feign'd Priefl awakes the cenfer's fire,  
And clouds of incenfe round the fhrine afpire.  
With chearful welcome here, carefs'd, they ftay  
Till bright Aurora, meffenger of day,  
Walk'd forth ; and now the fun's reflplendent rays,  
Yet half emerging o'er the waters, blaze,  
When to the fleet the Moorifh oars again  
Dash the curl'd waves, and waft the guileful train :  
The lofty decks they mount. With joy elate,  
Their friendly welcome at the palace-gate,

<sup>d</sup> See the Preface.

The King's sincerity, the people's care,  
 And treasures of the coast the spies declare:  
 Nor past untold what most their joys inspired,  
 What most to hear the valiant chief desired,  
 That their glad eyes had seen the rites divine,  
 Their <sup>d</sup>country's worship, and the sacred shrine.  
 The pleasing tale the joyful GAMA hears;  
 Dark fraud no more his generous bosom fears:  
 As friends sincere, himself sincere, he gives  
 The hand of welcome, and the Moors receives.  
 And now, as conscious of the destin'd prey,  
 The faithless race, with smiles and gestures gay,  
 Their skiffs forsaking, GAMA'S ships ascend,  
 And deep to strike the treacherous blow attend.

<sup>d</sup> When GAMA lay at anchor among the islands of *St. George*, near to Mozambic, "there came three Ethiopians on board, (says *Faria y Sousa*) who, seeing *St. Gabriel* painted on the poop, fell on their knees in token of their Christianity, which had been preached to them in the primitive times, though now corrupted." Barros, c. 4. and Castaneda, l. i. c. 9. report, that the Portuguese found two or three Abyssinian Christians in the city of Mombaze, who had an oratory in their house. The following short account of the Christians of the East may perhaps be acceptable. In the south parts of Malabar, about 200000 of the inhabitants professed Christianity before the arrival of the Portuguese. They called themselves the Christians of Saint Thomas, by which apostle their ancestors had been converted. For 1300 years they had been under the Patriarch of Babylon, who appointed their *Meterane* or archbishop.

Dr. Geddes, in his History of the Church of Malabar, relates, that *Francisco Roz*, a jesuit missionary, complained to Menezes, the Portuguese archbishop of Goa, that when he shewed these people an image of our Lady, they cried out, "Away with that filthiness, we are Christians, and do not adore idols or pagods."

*Dom Frey Alvaro de Menezes*, archbishop of Goa, did "endeavour to thrust upon the church of Malabar the whole mass of popery, which they were before unacquainted with." To this purpose he had engaged all the neighbouring princes to assist him, "and had secured the major part of the priests present, in all one hundred and fifty three, whereof two-thirds were ordained by himself, and made them abjure their old religion, and subscribe the creed of pope Pius IV." Millar's History of the Propag. of Christianity.

On shore the truthless monarch arms his bands,  
 And for the fleet's approach impatient stands ;  
 That soon as anchor'd in the port they rode  
 Brave GAMA's decks might reek with Lusian blood :  
 Thus weening to revenge Mozambic's fate,  
 And give full surfeit to the Moorish hate ;  
 And now their bowsprits bending to the bay  
 The joyful crew the ponderous anchors weigh,  
 Their shouts the while resounding. To the gale  
 With eager hands they spread the fore-mast sail.  
 But Love's fair Queen the secret fraud beheld :  
 Swift as an arrow o'er the battle-field,  
 From heaven she darted to the watery plain,  
 And call'd the sea-born nymphs, a lovely train,  
 From Nereus sprung ; the ready nymphs obey,  
 Proud ° of her kindred birth, and own her sway.

° *Proud of her kindred birth*—The French translator has the following note on this place, “Cet endroit est l'un de ceux qui montrent combien l'Auteur est habile dans la mythologie, et en même tems combien de pénétration son allégorie demande. Il y a bien peu de gens, qui en lisant ici, &c.—This is one of the places which discover our Author's intimate acquaintance with Mythology, and at the same time how much attention his allegory requires. Many readers, on finding that the protectress of the Lusians sprung from the sea, would be apt to exclaim, Behold, the birth of the terrestrial Venus ! How can a nativity so infamous be ascribed to the celestial Venus, who represents Religion ? I answer, that Camoens had not his eye on those fables, which derive the birth of Venus from the foam of the waves, mixed with the blood

which flowed from the dishonest wound of Saturn ; he carries his views higher ; his Venus is from a fable more noble. Nigidius relates, that two fishes one day conveyed an egg to the sea shore : This egg was hatched by two pigeons whiter than snow, and gave birth to the Assyrian Venus, which, in the Pagan theology, is the same with the celestial : She instructed mankind in Religion, gave them the lessons of virtue and the laws of equity. Jupiter, in reward of her labours, promised to grant her whatever she desired. She prayed him to give immortality to the two fishes, who had been instrumental in her birth, and the fishes were accordingly placed in the Zodiac. . . . This fable agrees perfectly with Religion, as I could clearly shew ; but I think it more proper to leave to the ingenious reader the pleasure of tracing the allegory.” Thus the

She tells what ruin threatens her fav'rite race ;  
 Unwonted ardour glows on every face ;  
 With keen rapidity they bound away,  
 Dash'd by their silver limbs, the billows grey  
 Foam round : Fair Doto, fir'd with rage divine,  
 Darts through the wave, and onward o'er the brine  
 The lovely Nyse and Nerine spring  
 With all the vehemence and speed of wing.  
 The curving billows to their breasts divide  
 And give a yielding passage through the tide.

grave Castera.—Besides the above, Mythology gives two other accounts of the origin of the sign Pisces. When Venus and Cupid fled from the rage of Typhon, they were saved by two fishes, who carried them over the river Euphrates. The fishes, in return, were placed in the Zodiac. Another fable says, that that favour was obtained by Neptune for the two Dolphins, who first brought him his beloved Amphitrite. This variety in the Pagan Mythology is, at least, a proof that the allegory of a Poet ought not, without full examination, to be condemned on the appearance of inconsistency.

*Doto, Nyse, and Nerine*—Cloto, or Clotho, as Castera observes, has by some error crept into almost all the Portuguese editions of the Lusiad. Clotho was one of the Fates, and neither Hesiod, Homer, nor Virgil have given such a name to any of the Nereides; but in the ninth Eneid Doto is mentioned,

————— *Magnique jubebo*

*Æquoris esse Deas, qualis Nereia Doto  
 Et Galatea secat spumantem pectore pontum.*

The Nereides, in the Lusiad, says Castera, are the virtues divine and human. In the first book they accompany the Portuguese fleet ;

————— *before the bounding provos*

*The lovely forms of sea-born nymphs arose.*

“ And without doubt, says he, this allegory, in a lively manner, represents the condition of mankind. The virtues languish in repose; adversities animate and awake them. The fleet sailing before a favourable wind is followed by the Nereides, but the Nereides are scattered about in the sea. When danger becomes imminent, Venus, or Religion, assembles them to its safety.” Whatever the reader may think of the intention of Camoens, there is undoubtedly a prettiness in this explication. The following part is indeed highly pedantic. “ Doto, continues Castera, is derived from the verb *δοταμι*, *I give*. According to this etymology Doto is Charity. Nyse is Hope, and Nerine Faith. For the name Nyse comes from *Νηω*, *I swim*. For the action of Hope agrees with that of swimming, and is the symbol of it. Nerine is a term composed of *νηρις*, an old word, which signifies *the waters of the sea*, and of *νηρις*, *a file*; as if one should say, *the file of the sea-waters*, a mysterious expression, applicable to Faith, which is the file of our soul, and which is rendered perfect by the water of baptism.” Our French Translator wisely adds, that perhaps some persons may despise this etymology, but that for his part, he is unwilling to reject it, as it tends to unravel the allegory of his author.

With furious speed the Goddeſs ruſh'd before,  
 Her beauteous form a joyful Triton bore,  
 Whoſe eager face with glowing rapture fired,  
 Betray'd the pride which ſuch a taſk inſpired.  
 And now arriv'd, where to the whiſtling wind  
 The warlike Navy's bending maſts reclin'd,  
 As through the billows ruſh'd the ſpeedy prows,  
 The nymphs dividing, each her ſtation choſe.  
 Againſt the Leader's prow, her lovely breaſt  
 With more than mortal force the Goddeſs preſt ;  
 The ſhip recoiling trembles on the tide,  
 The nymphs in help pour round on every ſide,  
 From the dread bar the threaten'd keels to ſave ;  
 The ſhip bounds up, half liſted from the wave,  
 And trembling, hovers o'er the watry grave.  
 As when alarm'd, to ſave the hoarded grain,  
 The care-earn'd ſtore for Winter's dreary reign,  
 So toil, ſo tug, ſo pant, the labouring Emmet train.  
 So toil'd the Nymphs, and ſtrain'd their panting force  
 To turn \* the Navy from its fatal courſe :  
 Back, back the ſhip recedes ; in vain the crew  
 With ſhouts on ſhouts their various toils renew ;  
 In vain each nerve, each nautic art they ſtrain,  
 And the rough wind diſtends the fail in vain :

\* Imitated from Virgil.

*Cymothœ ſimul, et Triton adnixus acuto  
 Detradunt navis ſcopulo.*———VIRG. EN. I.



Enraged, the Sailors see their labours crost ;  
 From side to side the reeling helm is tost ;  
 High on the poop the skilful master stands ;  
 Sudden he shrieks aloud, and spreads his hands.  
 A lurking rock its dreadful rifts betrays,  
 And right before the prow its ridge displays ;  
 Loud shrieks of horror from the yard-arms rise,  
 And a dire general yell invades the skies.  
 The Moors start, fear-struck, at the horrid found,  
 As if the rage of combat roar'd around.  
 Pale are their lips, each look in wild amaze  
 The horror of detected guilt betrays.  
 Pierc'd by the glance of GAMA's awful eyes  
 The conscious Pilot quits the helm and flies,  
 From the high deck he plunges in the brine ;  
 His mates their safety to the waves consign ;  
 Dash'd by their plunging falls on every side  
 Foams and boils up around the rolling tide.  
 Thus <sup>h</sup> the hoarse tenants of the sylvan lake,  
 A Lycian race of old, to flight betake,

<sup>h</sup> Latona, says the fable, flying from the serpent Python, and faint with thirst, came to a pond, where some Lycian peasants were cutting the bulrushes. In revenge of the insults which they offered her in preventing her to drink, she changed them into frogs. This fable, says Caistera, like almost all the rest, is drawn from history. Philocorus, as cited by Boccace, relates, that the Rhodians having declared war against the Lycians, were assisted by some troops from Delos, who carried the image of Latona on their

standards. A detachment of these going to drink at a lake in Lycia, a croud of peasants endeavoured to prevent them. An encounter ensued ; the peasants fled to the lake for shelter, and were there slain. Some months afterwards their companions came in search of their corpses, and finding an unusual quantity of frogs, imagined, according to the superstition of their age, that the souls of their friends appeared to them under that metamorphosis.

Is it allowable in Epic Poetry to introduce  
 a com-

At every found they dread Latona's hate,  
 And doubled vengeance of their former fate;  
 All sudden plunging leave the margin green,  
 And but their heads above the pool are seen.  
 So plung'd the Moors, when, horrid to behold!  
 From the bar'd rock's dread jaws the billows roll'd,  
 Opening in instant fate the fleet to whelm,  
 When ready VASCO caught the staggering helm:  
 Swift as his lofty voice rebounds aloud  
 The ponderous anchors dash the whitening flood,  
 And round his vessel, nodding o'er the tide,  
 His other ships, bound by their anchors, ride.  
 And now revolving in his piercing thought  
 These various scenes with hidden import fraught;

a comparison taken from a low image? This is a question which has exercised the abilities of Critics and Translators, till criticism has degenerated into trifling, and learning into pedantry. To some it may perhaps appear needless to vindicate Camoens, in a point wherein he is supported by the authority of Homer and Virgil. Yet as many readers are infected with the *fang froid* of a Bossu or a Perrault, an observation in defence of our Poet cannot be thought impertinent. If we examine the finest effusions of genius, we shall find, that the most genuine poetical feeling has often dictated those similes which are drawn from familiar and low objects. The Sacred Writers, and the greatest Poets of every nation, have used them. We may therefore conclude, that the criticism which condemns them is a refinement not founded on Nature. But, allowing them admissible, it must be observed, that to render them pleasing re-

quires a peculiar happiness and delicacy of management. When the Poet attains this indispensable point, he gives a striking proof of his elegance, and of his mastery in his art. That the similes of the Emmets and of the Frogs in Camoens are happily expressed and applied, is indisputable. In that of the Frogs there is a peculiar propriety, both in the comparison itself, and in the allusion to the fable; as it was the intent of the Poet to represent not only the flight, but the baseness of the Moors. The simile he seems to have copied from Dante, *Inf.* Cant. 9.

*Come le rane innanzi a la nemica  
 Bisca per l'acqua si diliguan' tutte  
 Fin che a la terra ciasuna s'abbica.*  
 And Cant. 22.

*E come a l'orlo de l'acqua d'un scifo  
 Stan' li ranocchi pur col mujo fuori  
 S' che celano i piedi, e l'altro grosso.*

The

The boastful Pilot's self-accusing flight,  
 The former treason of the Moorish spight;  
 How to the fatal rock the furious wind,  
 The rushing current, and their art combin'd;  
 Yet though the groaning blast the canvas swell'd,  
 Some wondrous cause, unknown, their speed withheld:  
 Amaz'd, with hands high rais'd, and sparkling eyes,  
 A <sup>1</sup> miracle! the raptur'd GAMA cries,  
 A miracle! O hail, thou sacred sign,  
 Thou pledge illustrious of the Care Divine.  
 Ah! fraudulent Malice! how shall Wisdom's care  
 Escape the poison of thy gilded snare!  
 The front of honesty, the faintly shew,  
 The smile of friendship, and the holy vow;  
 All, all conjoin'd our easy faith to gain,  
 To whelm us, shipwreck'd, in the ruthless main;

<sup>1</sup> Oforius gives the following account of this adventure. Talking of the two Exiles whom Gama had sent on shore; Rex læta et hilari fronte exules accepit, imperavitque domesticis suis, ut illis urbis situm et pulchritudinem demonstrarent. Ubi vero reversi sunt. Rex multa aromatum genera, quæ ex India deportari solent, illis ostendit, et quantum visum est donat, ut Gamæ monilrare possent, et admonere, quanto esset utilius apud Regem amicum rem gerere, quam vitam tam periculose navigationi committere. Cum his mandatis redeunt exules in classem, Gama mirificè lætatus est, et postridie anchoras tolli jubet, et naves prope urbem constitui. Cùm verò illius navis æstus incitati vi celerius, quam commodum esset, inveheret, timens ille nè in vadum incidere, vela contrahere et anchoras demittere concessim jusit. . . . Quo factò Mozambi-

quenses gubernatores metu repentino percussi, se præcipites in mare dejiciunt, et ad lintres quasdam, quæ non procul aberat, nando confugiunt. . . . At Gama magnis vocibus ad eos, qui in lintribus erant, inclamavit, ut sibi suos gubernatores redderent: at illi clamores illius aspernati, gubernatores in terram expofuerunt. Hic Gama cum et conjectura, et aliquo etiam Arabis gubernatoris indicio, et multis præterea signis, perspexisset è quanto periculo fuisset auxilio divino liberatus, manus in cælum sustulit. Barros and Castaneda, in relating this part of the voyage of Gama, say, that the fleet, just as they were entering the port of Mombassa were driven back, as it were, by an invisible hand. By a subsequent note it will appear, that the safety of the Armada depended upon this circumstance.

But

But where our prudence no deceit could spy,  
 There, heavenly Guardian, there thy watchful eye  
 Beheld our danger: still, O still prevent,  
 Where human foresight fails, the dire intent,  
 The lurking treason of the smiling foe ;  
 And let our toils, our days of lengthning woe,  
 Our weary wanderings end. If still for thee,  
 To spread thy rites, our toils and vows agree,  
 On India's strand thy sacred shrines to rear,  
 Oh, let some friendly land of rest appear :  
 If for thine honour we these toils have dar'd,  
 These toils let India's long-fought shore reward.

So spoke the Chief: the pious accents move  
 The gentle bosom of Celestial Love:  
 The beauteous Queen to heaven now darts away ;  
 In vain the weeping nymphs implore her stay :  
 Behind her now, the morning star she leaves,  
 And the <sup>k</sup> sixth heaven her lovely form receives.  
 Her radiant eyes such living splendors cast,  
 The sparkling stars were brighten'd as she past ;  
 The frozen pole with fudden streamlets flow'd,  
 And as the burning zone with fervor glow'd.

<sup>k</sup> As the planet of Jupiter is in the sixth heaven, the Author has with propriety there placed the throne of that God. C.

And

And now confest before the throne of Jove,  
 In all her charms appears the queen of Love :  
 Flush'd by the ardour of her rapid flight  
 Through fields of æther and the realms of light,  
 Bright as the blushes of the roseate morn,  
 New blooming tints her glowing cheeks adorn ;  
 And all that pride of beauteous grace she wore,  
 As <sup>1</sup> when in Ida's bower she stood of yore,  
 When every charm and every hope of joy  
 Enraptured and allured the Trojan boy.  
 Ah ! <sup>m</sup> had that hunter, whose unhappy fate  
 The human visage lost by Dian's hate,

<sup>1</sup> *J'entends les censeurs, says Caſtera, ſe récrier que cet endroit-ci ne convient nullement à la Venus céleſte.*—I am aware of the objection, that this paſſage is by no means applicable to the celeftial Venus. I answer once for all, that the names and adventures of the Pagan Divinities are ſo blended and uncertain in Mythology, that a Poet is at great liberty to adapt them to his allegory as he pleaſes. Even the fables, which, to thoſe who penetrate no deeper than the Rhind, may appear as profane, even theſe contain hiſtorical, phyſical, and moral truths, which fully atone for the ſeeming licentiouſneſs of the letter. I could prove this in many inſtances, but let the preſent ſuffice. Paris, ſon of Priam, king of Troy, ſpent his firſt years as a ſhepherd in the country. At this time Juno, Minerva, and Venus diſputed for the apple of gold, which was deſtined to be given to the moſt beautiful goddeſs. They conſented that Paris ſhould be their judge. His equity claimed this honour. He ſaw them all naked. Juno promiſed him riches, Minerva the ſciences, but he decided in favour of Venus, who pro-

miſed him the poſſeſſion of the moſt beautiful woman. What a ray of light is contained in this philoſophical fable ! Paris repreſents a ſtudious man, who, in the ſilence of ſolitude, ſeeks the ſupreme good. Juno is the emblem of riches and dignities, Minerva, that of the ſciences purely human, Venus is that of Religion, which contains the ſciences both human and divine ; the charming female, which ſhe promiſes to the Trojan ſhepherd, is that Divine Wiſdom which gives tranquillity of heart. A Judge ſo philoſophical as Paris would not hesitate a moment to whom to give the apple of gold. Thus Caſtera. The above may likewiſe ſerve as a comment on the paſſage in the firſt book. See pag. 16, l. 5.

<sup>m</sup> “The allegory of Camoens is here obvious. If Aëteon, and the ſlaves of their violent paſſions could diſcover the beauties of true religion, they would be aſtoniſhed and reclaimed ; according to the expreſſion of Seneca, “ Si virtus cerni poſſet oculis corporeis, omnes ad amorem ſuum pelli- ceret.” *Caſtera.*

Had he beheld this fairer goddess move  
 Not hounds had slain him, but the fires of love.  
 Adown her neck, more white than virgin snow,  
 Of softest hue the golden tresses flow ;  
 Her heaving breasts of purer, softer white,  
 Than snow hills glistening in the moon's pale light,  
 Except where covered by the fash, were bare,  
 And <sup>n</sup> Love, unseen, smil'd soft, and panted there :  
 Nor less the zone the god's fond zeal employs,  
 The zone awakes the flames of secret joys.  
 As ivy tendrils round her limbs divine  
 Their spreading arms the young desires entwine ;  
 Below her waist, and quivering on the gale,  
 Of thinnest texture, flows the silken veil :

<sup>n</sup> " That is Divine Love, which always accompanies Religion. Behold how our Author insinuates the excellence of his moral!" *Castera*.

As the French Translator has acknowledged, there is no doubt but several Readers will be apt to decry this allegorical interpretation of the machinery of Camoens. Indeed there is nothing more easy for a fanciful genius, than to discover a system of allegory in the simplest narrative. The reign of Henry VIII. is as susceptible of it as any fable in the heathen Mythology. Nay, perhaps, more so. Under the names of Henry, More, Wolfey, Cromwell, Pole, Cranmer, &c. all the war of the passions, with their different catastrophes, might be delineated. But though it may be easy to find a metaphorical meaning, which was never intended by the Author, in what manner the Poets of the two last centuries adopted the

use of allegory, is the question at present to be considered. Though it may be difficult to determine how far, yet one may venture to affirm, that Homer and Virgil sometime allegorised. The poets, however, who wrote on the revival of letters, have left us in no doubt; we have their own authority for it, that their machinery is allegorical. Not only the Pagan Deities, but the more modern adventures of enchantment were used by them to delineate the affections; and the trials and rewards of the virtues and vices. Tasso published a treatise to prove that his *Gerusalemme Liberata* is no other than the Christian spiritual warfare. And Camoens, as observed in the preface, has twice asserted, that his machinery is allegorical. The Poet's assertion, and the taste of the age in which he wrote, sufficiently vindicate the *Endeavour* to unravel and explain the allegory of the Lusiad.

(Ah !

(Ah! where the lucid curtain dimly shows,  
 With doubled fires the roving fancy glows!)  
 The hand of modesty the foldings threw,  
 Nor all conceal'd, nor all was given to view;  
 Yet her deep grief her lovely face betrays,  
 Though on her cheek the soft smile faltering plays.  
 All heaven was mov'd---as when some damsel coy,  
 Hurt by the rudeness of the amorous boy,  
 Offended chides and smiles; with angry mien  
 Thus mixt with smiles, advanc'd the plaintive queen;  
 And ° thus: O Thunderer! O potent Sire!  
 Shall I in vain thy kind regard require!  
 Alas! and cherish still the fond deceit,  
 That yet on me thy kindest smiles await.  
 Ah heaven! and must that valour which I love  
 Awake the vengeance and the rage of Jove!  
 Yet mov'd with pity for my fav'rite race  
 I speak, though frowning on thine awful face,  
 I mark the tenor of the dread decree,  
 That to thy wrath consigns my sons and me.  
 Yes! let stern Bacchus bless thy partial care,  
 His be the triumph, and be mine despair.  
 The bold advent'rous sons of Tajo's clime  
 I loved---alas! that love is now their crime:

° The following speech of Venus and the reply of Jupiter, are a fine imitation from

the first Eneid, and do great honour to the Classical taste of the Portuguese Poet.

O happy they, and prosp'rous gales their fate,  
 Had I purfued them with relentless hate !  
 Yes ! let my woeful sighs in vain implore,  
 Yes ! let them perish on some barb'rous shore,  
 For I have loved them---Here, the swelling sigh  
 And pearly tear-drop rushing in her eye,  
 As morning dew hangs trembling on the rose,  
 Though fond to speak, her further speech oppose---  
 Her lips, then moving, as the pause of woe  
 Were now to give the voice of grief to flow ;  
 When kindled by those charms, whose woes might move,  
 And melt the prowling Tyger's rage to love,  
 The thundering God her weeping forrows ey'd,  
 And sudden threw his awful state aside :  
 With <sup>p</sup> that mild look which stills the driving storm,  
 When black roll'd clouds the face of heaven deform ;  
 With that mild visage and benignant mien  
 Which to the sky restores the blue serene,  
 Her snowy neck and glowing cheek he prest,  
 And wip'd her tears, and clasp'd her to his breast ;  
 Yet she, still sighing, dropt the trickling tear,  
 As the chid nursling, mov'd with pride and fear,

<sup>p</sup> Imitated from VIRG. EN I.

*Olli subridens hominum fator atque Deorum,  
 Vultu, quo cælum tempestateſque ſerenat,  
 Oscula libavit natæ.*—



Still fights and moans, though fondled and carest;  
 Till thus great Jove the Fates' decrees confest:  
 O thou, my daughter, still belov'd as fair,  
 Vain are thy fears, thy heroes claim my care:  
 No power of gods could e'er my heart incline,  
 Like one fond smile, one powerful tear of thine.  
 Wide o'er the eastern shores shalt thou behold  
 Thy flags far streaming, and thy thunders roll'd;  
 Where nobler triumphs shall thy nation crown,  
 Than those of Roman or of Greek renown.

If by mine aid the sapient Greek could brave  
 Th' Ogycian seas, nor <sup>1</sup> sink a deathless slave;  
 If through th' Illyrian shelves Antenor bore,  
 Till safe he landed on 'Timavus' shore;  
 If, by his fate, the pious Trojan led,  
 Safe through Charibdis' <sup>2</sup> barking whirlpools sped:  
 Shall thy bold Heroes, by my care disclaim'd,  
 Be left to perish, who, to worlds unnam'd  
 By vaunting Rome, pursue their dauntless way?  
 No---soon shalt thou with ravish'd eyes survey,  
 From stream to stream their lofty cities spread,  
 And their proud turrets rear the warlike head:

<sup>1</sup> i. e. The slave of Calypso, who offered  
 Ulysses immortality on condition he would  
 live with her

<sup>2</sup> ————— *sub antro*  
*Scyllam, et cæruleis canibus resonantia saxa.*  
 VIRG. EN. III.

The stern-brow'd Turk shall bend the suppliant knee,  
 And Indian Monarchs, now secure and free,  
 Beneath thy potent Monarch's yoke shall bend,  
 And thy just Laws, wide o'er the East, extend.  
 Thy Chief, who now in Error's circling maze,  
 For India's shore through shelves and tempests strays ;  
 Thy chief shalt thou behold, with lordly pride,  
 O'er Neptune's trembling realm triumphant ride.  
 O wondrous fate ! when not a breathing \* gale  
 Shall curl the billows, or distend the fail,  
 The waves shall boil and tremble, aw'd with dread,  
 And own the terror o'er their empire spread.  
 That barb'rous coast, with various streams supplied,  
 Which, to his wants, the fountain's gifts deny'd ;  
 That coast shalt thou behold his Port supply,  
 Where oft thy weary fleets in rest shall lie.  
 Each shore which weav'd for him the snares of death,  
 To him these shores shall pledge their offerr'd faith ;  
 To him their haughty Lords shall lowly bend,  
 And yield him tribute for the name of friend.

\* After the Portuguese had made great conquests in India, Gama had the honour to be appointed Viceroy. In 1524, when sailing thither to take possession of his government, his fleet was so becalmed on the coast Cambaya, that the ships stood motionless on the water, when in an instant, without the least change of the weather, the waves were shaken with a violent agitation, like trembling. The ships were tossed about,

The sailors were terrified, and in the utmost confusion, thinking themselves lost. When Gama, perceiving it to be the effect of an earthquake, with his wonted heroism and prudence, exclaimed, "*Of what are you afraid? Do you not see how the Ocean trembles under its Sovereigns!*" Barros, L. 9. C. 1. and Faria, C. 9. who says, that such as lay sick of fevers were cured by the fright.

The Red-sea wave shall darken in the shade  
 Of thy broad sails in frequent pomp display'd;  
 Thine eyes shall see the golden Ormuz' shore,  
 Twice thine, twice conquered, while the furious Moor,  
 Amazed, shall view his arrows backward 'driven,  
 Showered on his legions by the hand of heaven.  
 Though twice assailed by many a vengeful band,  
 Unconquered still shall Dio's ramparts stand,  
 Such prowess there shall raise the Lusian name  
 That Mars shall tremble for his blighted fame;  
 There shall the Moors blaspheming sink in death,  
 And curse their prophet with their parting breath.

Where Goa's warlike ramparts frown on high,  
 Pleas'd shalt thou see thy Lusian banners fly;  
 The Pagan tribes in chains shall crowd her gate,  
 While she sublime shall tower in royal state,  
 The fatal scourge, the dread of all who dare  
 Against thy sons to plan the future war.  
 Though few thy troops who Conanour sustain,  
 The foe, though numerous, shall assault in vain.  
 Great Calicut, for potent hosts renown'd,  
 By Lisbon's sons assail'd shall strew the ground:

<sup>1</sup> Both Barros and Castaneda relate this fact. Albuquerque, during the war of Ormuz, having given battle to the Persians and Moors, by the violence of a sudden

wind the arrows of the latter were driven back upon themselves, whereby many of their troops were wounded.

By Cochin's walls, against whole troops of foes,  
 Shall one brave Lusian his proud breast oppose :  
 Ne'er did the lyre resound a hero's name  
 More brave, more worthy of immortal fame.  
 When ' blackening broad and far o'er Actium's tide  
 Augustus' fleets the slave of love defy'd,  
 When that fallen Hero to the combat led  
 The bravest troops in Bactrian Scythia bred,  
 With Asian legions, and, his shameful bane,  
 The Egyptian Queen attendant in the train ;  
 Though Mars raged high, and all his fury pour'd,  
 Till with the storm the boiling surges roar'd,  
 Yet shall thine eyes more dreadful scenes behold,  
 On burning surges burning surges roll'd,  
 The sheets of fire far billowing o'er the brine,  
 While I my thunder to thy fons resign.  
 Thus many a sea shall blaze, and many a shore  
 Resound the horror of the combat's roar,  
 While thy bold prows triumphant ride along  
 By trembling China to the isles un Sung

*Hinc ope barbarica variisq;æ Antonius  
 armis  
 Victor, ab Aurora populis & litore rubro  
 Ægyptum, viresq;æ Orientis, & ultima se-  
 cum  
 Bactra vehit : sequiturque nefas! Ægyptia  
 conjux.  
 Unâ omnes rueri, ac totum spumare reducis  
 Convulsam remis rostrisque tridentibus æquor.*

*Alta petunt : pelago credas innare revulsas  
 Cycladas, aut montes concurrere montibus altos:  
 Tanta mole viri turritis puppibus instant.  
 Stupea flamma manu, telisque volatile ferrum  
 Spargitur : arva novâ Neptunia cæde rubef-  
 cunt,  
 ——— sævit medio in certamine Mævors.  
 VIRG. ÆN. VIII.*

By ancient bard, by ancient chief unknown,  
Till Ocean's utmost shore thy bondage own.

Thus from the Ganges to the Gadian strand,  
From the most northern wave to southmost land ;  
That land which first, the Lusian shame and <sup>u</sup> pride,  
The brave neglected Magalhaens descryed,  
From all that Vast, though crown'd with heroes old,  
Who with the gods were demi-gods enroll'd :  
From all that Vast no equal heroes shine  
To match in arms, O lovely daughter, thine.

So spake the awful Ruler of the skies,  
And Maia's son swift at his mandate flies :  
His charge, from treason and Mombassa's king  
The weary fleet to friendly port to bring,  
And while in sleep the brave DE GAMA lay,  
To warn, and fair the shore of rest display.  
Fleet through the yielding air Cyllenius glides,  
As to the light, the nimble air divides.  
The mystic helmet on his head he wore,  
And in his right the fatal rod he <sup>w</sup> bore ;

<sup>u</sup> *The Lusian shame and pride*.---Magalhaens, a most celebrated navigator. Neglected by Emmanuel king of Portugal, he offered his service to the king of Spain, under whom he made most important discoveries round the Straits, which bear his name, and in the back parts of South America ; acquisitions, which

at this day are of the utmost value to the Spanish Empire. Of this hero see further, X. Lusiad, in the notes.

<sup>w</sup> *Tum virgam capis: hac animas ille evocat Orco*

*Pallente, alias sub tristia Tartara mittit, Dat somnos adimitque, & lumina morte resignat.* VIRG. ÆN. IV.

K

That

That rod, of power to wake the silent dead,  
 Or o'er the lids of care soft slumbers shed.  
 And now, attended by the herald Fame,  
 To fair Melinda's gate conceal'd he came ;  
 And soon loud Rumour echoed through the town,  
 How from the western world, from waves unknown,  
 A noble band had reach'd the Æthiop shore,  
 Through seas and dangers never dared before :  
 The godlike dread attempt their wonder fires,  
 Their generous wonder fond regard inspires,  
 And all the city glows their aid to give,  
 To view the heroes, and their wants relieve.

'Twas now the solemn hour when midnight reigns,  
 And dimly twinkling o'er the ethereal plains  
 The starry host, by gloomy silence led,  
 O'er earth and sea a glimmering paleness shed ;  
 When to the fleet, which hemm'd with dangers lay,  
 The silver-wing'd Cyllenius darts away.  
 Each care was now in soft oblivion steep'd,  
 The Watch alone accustom'd vigils kept ;  
 E'en GAMA, wearied by the day's alarms,  
 Forgets his cares, reclined in slumber's arms.  
 Scarce had he closed his careful eyes in rest,  
 When Maia's son in vision stood confest :  
 And fly, he cried, O Lusitanian, fly ;  
 Here guile and treason every nerve apply :

An

An impious king for thee the toil prepares,  
 An impious people weave a thousand snares :  
 Oh fly these shores, unfurl the gather'd sail,  
 Lo, heaven, thy guide, commands the rising gale.  
 Hark, loud it rustles, see, the gentle tide  
 Invites thy prow; the winds thy lingering chide.  
 Here such dire welcome is for thee prepared  
 As \* Diomed's unhappy strangers shared ;  
 His hapless guests at silent midnight bled,  
 On their torn limbs his snorting courfers fed.  
 Oh fly, or here with strangers' blood imbrew'd  
 Bufiris' altars thou shalt find renew'd :  
 Amidst his slaughter'd guests his altars stood  
 Obscene with gore, and bark'd with human blood :  
 Then thou, beloved of heaven, my counsel hear ;  
 Right by the coast thine onward journey steer,  
 Till where the sun of noon no shade begets,  
 But day with night in equal tenor sets.  
 A Sovereign there, of generous faith unstain'd,  
 With ancient bounty, and with joy unfeign'd  
 Your glad arrival on his shore shall greet,  
 And soothe with every care your weary fleet.

\* Diomede, a tyrant of Thrace, who fed his horses with human flesh ; a thing, says the grave Caſſera, *preſque incroyable*, almost incredible. Bufiris, was a king of Egypt, who ſacrificed ſtrangers.

*Quis—illaudati neſcit Buſiridis aras ?*  
 VIRG. GEOR. jii.

Hercules vanquiſhed both theſe tyrants, and put them to the ſame puniſhments which their cruelty had inflicted on others. Ho- crates compoſed an oration in honour of Bufiris ; a maſterly example of Attic raillery and fatire. To this Caſſera wiſely appeals, to prove the truth of the hiſtory of that tyrant.

And when again for India's golden strand  
 Before the prosperous gale your sails expand,  
 A skilful Pilot oft in danger try'd,  
 Of heart sincere, shall prove your faithful guide.

Thus Hermes spoke, and as his flight he takes  
 Melting in ambient air, DE GAMA wakes.  
 Chill'd with amaze he stood, when through the night  
 With sudden ray appear'd the bursting light ;  
 The winds loud whizzing through the cordage sigh'd,  
 Spread, spread the sail, the raptur'd VASCO cried ;  
 Aloft, aloft, this, this the gale of heaven,  
 By heaven our guide, th' auspicious sign is given ;  
 Mine eyes beheld the messenger divine,  
 O fly, he cried, and gave the favouring sign,  
 Here treason lurks.—Swift as the Captain spake  
 The mariners spring bounding to the deck,  
 And now with shouts far-ecchoing o'er the sea,  
 Proud of their strength the ponderous anchors weigh.  
 When <sup>y</sup> heaven again its guardian care display'd ;  
 Above the wave rose many a Moorish head,  
 Conceal'd by night they gently swam along,  
 And with their weapons sawed the cables strong,

<sup>y</sup> Having mentioned the escape of the Moorish pilots, Oforius proceeds: Rex deinde homines magno cum silentio scaphis & lintribus submittebat, qui securibus anchoralia nocte præciderent. Quod nisi fuif-

set à nostris singulari Gamæ industria vigilatum, et insidiis scelerati illius regis occursum, nostri in summum vitæ discrimen incidissent.



That by the fwelling currents whirl'd and toft,  
The navy's wrecks might ftrew the rocky coaft.  
But now difcover'd, every nerve they ply,  
And dive, and fwift as frighten'd vermin fly.

Now through the filver waves that curling rofe,  
And gently murmur'd round the floping prows,  
The gallant fleet before the fteady wind  
Sweeps on, and leaves long foamy trafts behind;  
While as they fail the joyful crew relate  
Their wondrous fafety from impending fate;  
And every bofom feels how fwet the joy  
When dangers paff the grateful tongue employ.

The fun had now his annual journey run,  
And blazing forth another courfe begun,  
When fmoothly gliding o'er the hoary tide  
Two floops afar the watchful mafter fpied;  
Their Moorifh make the feaman's art difplay'd;  
Here GAMA weens to force the Pilot's aid:  
One, bafe with fear, to certain fhipwreck flew;  
The keel dafh'd on the fhore, escap'd the crew.  
The other bravely trusts the generous foe,  
And yields, ere Slaughter ftruck the lifted blow,  
Ere Vulcan's thunders bellowed. Yet again  
The Captain's prudence and his wifh were vain;

No Pilot here his wandering course to guide,  
No lip to tell where rolls the Indian tide ;  
The voyage calm, or perilous, or afar,  
Beneath what heaven, or which the guiding star :  
Yet this they told, that by the neighbouring bay  
A potent monarch reign'd, whose pious fway  
For truth and noblest bounty far renown'd,  
Still with the Stranger's grateful praise was crown'd.  
O'erjoyed brave GAMA heard the tale, which seal'd  
The sacred truth that Maia's son reveal'd ;  
And bids the Pilot, warn'd by heaven his guide,  
For fair Melinda turn the helm aside.

'Twas now the jovial season, when the morn  
From Taurus flames, when Amalthea's horn  
O'er hill and dale the rose-crown'd Flora pours,  
And scatters corn and wine, and fruits and flowers.  
Right to the port their course the fleet pursued,  
And the glad dawn that sacred day renewed,  
When with the spoils of vanquish'd death adorn'd  
To heaven the Victor of the tomb return'd.  
And soon Melinda's shore the failors spy ;  
From every mast the purple streamers fly ;  
Rich-figured tap'stry now supplies the fail,  
The gold and scarlet tremble in the gale ;  
The standard broad its brilliant hues bewrays,  
And floating on the wind wide-billowing plays ;

Shrill

Shrill through the air the quivering trumpet founds,  
And the rough drum the rousing march rebounds.  
As thus regardful of the sacred day  
The festive navy cut the watery way,  
Melinda's sons the shore in thousands crowd,  
And offering joyful welcome shout aloud:  
And truth the voice inspired. Unawed by fear,  
With warlike pomp adorn'd, himself sincere,  
Into the port the generous GAMA rides;  
His stately vessels range their pitchy sides  
Around their chief; the bowsprits nod the head,  
And the barb'd anchors gripe the harbour's bed.  
Strait to the king, as friends to generous friends,  
A captive Moor the valiant GAMA sends.  
The Lusian fame the king already knew,  
What gulphs unknown the fleet had labour'd through,  
What shelves, what tempests dared: His liberal mind  
Exults the Captain's manly trust to find;  
With that ennobling worth, whose fond employ  
Befriends the brave, the Monarch owns his joy,  
Entreats the Leader and his weary band  
To taste the dews of sweet repose on land,  
And all the riches of his cultured fields  
Obedient to the nod of GAMA yields.  
His care meanwhile their present want attends,  
And various fowl, and various fruits he sends;

The oxen low, the fleecy lambkins bleat,  
 And rural sounds are echoed through the fleet.  
 His gifts with joy the valiant Chief receives,  
 And gifts in turn, confirming friendship, gives.  
 Here the proud scarlet darts its ardent rays,  
 And there the purple and the orange blaze ;  
 O'er these profuse the branching coral spread,  
 The <sup>2</sup> coral wondrous in its watery bed ;  
 Soft there it creeps, in curving branches thrown,  
 In air it hardens to a precious stone.  
 With these an Herald, on whose melting tongue  
 The <sup>3</sup> copious rhet'ric of Arabia hung,  
 He fends, his wants and purpose to reveal,  
 And holy vows of lasting peace to seal.  
 The Monarch sits amidst his splendid bands,  
 Before the regal throne the Herald stands,  
 And thus, as eloquence his lips inspired,  
 O King, he cries, for sacred truth admired,  
 Ordain'd by heaven to bend the stubborn knees  
 Of haughtiest nations to thy just decrees ;  
 Fear'd as thou art, yet sent by heaven to prove  
 That Empire's strength results from Public love :

<sup>2</sup> *Vimen erat dum stagna subit, procefferat undis  
 Gemma fuit.  
 Sic et coraliū, quo primum contigit auras,  
 Tempore durefcit, mollis fuit herba sub undis.*

CLAUD.

OVID.

<sup>3</sup> There were on board Gama's fleet several persons skilled in the Oriental languages.

OSOR.

To thee, O King, for friendly aid we come ;  
 Nor lawless Robbers o'er the seas we roam :  
 No lust of gold could e'er our breasts inflame  
 To scatter fire and slaughter where we came ;  
 Nor sword, nor spear our harmless hands employ  
 To seize the careless, or the weak destroy.  
 At our most potent Monarch's dread command  
 We spread the sail from lordly Europe's strand ;  
 Through seas unknown, through gulphs untry'd before,  
 We force our journey to the Indian shore.

Alas, what rancour fires the human breast !  
 By what stern tribes are Afric's shores possess'd !  
 How many a wile they try'd, how many a snare !  
 Not wisdom fav'd us, 'twas the heaven's own care :  
 Not harbours only, e'en the barren sands  
 A place of rest deny'd our weary bands :  
 From us, alas, what harm could prudence fear !  
 From us so few, their numerous friends so near !  
 While thus from shore to cruel shore long driven,  
 To thee conducted by a guide from heaven,  
 We come, O Monarch, of thy truth assured,  
 Of hospitable rites by heaven secured ;  
 Such <sup>a</sup> rites as old Alcinous' palace graced,  
 When Iorn Ulysses sat his favour'd guest.

<sup>a</sup> See the Eighth Odyssy, &c.

Nor deem, O King, that cold suspicion taints  
 Our valiant Leader, or his wish prevents;  
 Great is our Monarch, and his dread command  
 To our brave Captain interdicts the land  
 Till Indian earth he tread: What nobler cause  
 Than loyal faith can wake thy fond applause,  
 O thou, who know'st the ever-pressing weight  
 Of kingly <sup>b</sup> office, and the cares of state!  
 And hear, ye conscious heavens, if GAMA'S heart  
 Forget thy kindness, or from truth depart,  
 The sacred light shall perish from the Sun,  
 And Rivers to the sea shall cease to <sup>c</sup> run.

<sup>b</sup> Castéra's note on this place is so characteristic of a Frenchman, that the Reader will perhaps be pleased to see it transcribed. In his text he says, "*Toi qui occupes si dignement le rang suprême—Le Poète dit, says he, in the note, Tens de Rey o officio, Toi qui fais le metier de Roi—The Poet says, thou who holdest the business of a king.* I confess, he adds, I found a strong inclination to translate this sentence literally. I find much nobleness in it. However, I submitted to the opinion of some friends, who were afraid that the ears of Frenchmen would be shocked at the word *business* applied to a King. It is true, nevertheless, that Royalty is a *business*. Philip II. of Spain was convinced of it, as we may discern from one of his letters. *Hallo, says he, me muy embaraçado, &c. I am so entangled and incumbered with the multiplicity of business, that I have not a moment to myself. In truth, we kings hold a laborious office; (or trade) t'ere is little reason to envy us.*" May the politeness of England never be disgusted with the word *business* applied to a king!

<sup>c</sup> The propriety and artfulness of Homer's speeches have been often and justly admired. Camoens is peculiarly happy in the same department of the Epopœa. The speech of Gama's herald to the King of Melinda is a

striking instance of it. The compliments with which it begins have a direct tendency to the favours afterward to be asked. The assurances of the innocence, the purpose of the Voyagers, and the greatness of their king, are happily touched. The exclamation on the barbarous treatment they had experienced, "Not wisdom saved us, but heaven's own care," are masterly insinuations. Their barbarous treatment is again repeated in a manner to move compassion: Alas! what could they fear, &c. is reasoning joined with the pathos. That they were conducted to the King of Melinda by heaven, and were by heaven assured of his truth, is a most delicate compliment, and in the true spirit of the Epic Poem. The allusion to Alcinoüs is well timed. The apology for Gama's refusal to come on shore, is exceeding artful. It conveys a proof of the greatness of the Portuguese Sovereign, and affords a compliment to Loyalty, which could not fail to be acceptable to a Monarch. In short, the whole of the speech supplicates warmly, but at the same time in the most manly manner; and the adjuration concludes it with all the appearance of warmth and sincerity. Eustathius would have written a whole chapter on such a speech in the Iliad or Odyssey.

He

He spoke; a murmur of applause succeeds,  
And each with wonder own'd the val'rous deeds  
Of that bold race, whose flowing vanes had wav'd  
Beneath so many a sky, so many an Ocean brav'd.  
Nor less the King their loyal faith reveres,  
And Lisbon's Lord in awful state appears,  
Whose least command on farthest shores obey'd,  
His sovereign grandeur to the world display'd.  
Elate with joy, arose the royal Moor,  
And smiling thus,— O welcome to my shore!  
If yet in you the fear of treason dwell,  
Far from your thoughts th' ungenerous fear expel:  
Still with the brave, the brave will honour find,  
And equal ardour will their friendship bind.  
But those who spurn'd you, men alone in shew,  
Rude as the bestial herd, no worth they know;  
Such dwell not here: and since your laws require  
Obedience strict, I yield my fond desire.  
Though much I wish'd your Chief to grace my board,  
Fair be his duty to his sovereign Lord:  
Yet when the morn walks forth with dewy feet  
My barge shall waft me to the warlike fleet;  
There shall my longing eyes the heroes view,  
And holy vows the mutual peace renew.  
What from the blustering winds and lengthening tide  
Your ships have suffer'd, shall be here supply'd.

Arms and provisions I myself will fend,  
And, great of skill, a Pilot shall attend.

So spoke the King: and now, with purpled ray,  
Beneath the shining wave the god of day  
Retiring, left the evening shades to spread;  
And to the fleet the joyful herald sped:  
To find such friends each breast with rapture glows,  
The feast is kindled, and the goblet flows;  
The trembling Comet's imitated rays  
Bound to the skies, and trail a sparkling blaze:  
The vaulting bombs awake their sleeping fire;  
And like the Cyclops' bolts, to heaven aspire:  
The Bombadeers their roaring engines ply,  
And earth and ocean thunder to the sky.  
The trump and fyfe's shrill clarion far around  
The glorious music of the fight resound;  
Nor less the joy Melinda's sons display,  
The sulphur bursts in many an ardent ray,  
And to the heaven ascends in whizzing gyres,  
And Ocean flames with artificial fires.  
In festive war the sea and land engage,  
And echoing shouts confess the joyful rage.  
So past the night: and now with silvery ray  
The Star of morning usher'd in the day.



The shadows fly before the roseate hours,  
And the chill dew hangs glittering on the flowers.  
The pruning hook or humble spade to wield,  
The chearful labourer hastens to the field ;  
When to the fleet with many a founding oar  
The Monarch fails ; the natives croud the shore ;  
Their various robes in one bright splendor join,  
The purple blazes, and the gold-stripes shine ;  
Nor as stern warriors with the quivering lance,  
Or moon-arch'd bow, Melinda's sons advance ;  
Green boughs of palm with joyful hands they wave,  
An omen of the meed that crowns the Brave :  
Fair was the show the royal Barge display'd,  
With many a flag of glistning silk array'd,  
Whose various hues, as nodding thro' the bay,  
Return'd the lustre of the rising day :  
And onward as they came, in sovereign state  
The mighty King amid his Princes fate :  
His robes the pomp of eastern splendor shew,  
A proud Tiara decks his lordly brow :  
The various tissue shines in every fold,  
The silken lustre and the rays of gold.  
His purple mantle boasts the dye of Tyre,  
And in the sun-beam glows with living fire.  
A golden chain, the skilful Artift's pride,  
Hung from his neck ; and glittering by his side

The dagger's hilt of star-bright diamond shone,  
 The girding baldrick burns with precious stone ;  
 And precious stone in studs of gold enchas'd,  
 The shaggy velvet of his buskins graced :  
 Wide o'er his head, of various filks inlaid,  
 A fair umbrella cast a grateful shade.  
 A band of menials, bending o'er the prow,  
 Of horn-wreath'd round the crooked trumpets blow ;  
 And each attendant barge aloud rebounds  
 A barbarous discord of rejoicing sounds.  
 With equal pomp the Captain leaves the fleet,  
 Melinda's Monarch on the tide to meet :  
 His barge nods on amidst a splendid train,  
 Himself adorn'd in <sup>d</sup> all the pride of Spain :  
 With fair embroidery shone his armed breast,  
 For polish'd steel supply'd the warrior's vest ;  
 His sleeves, beneath, were silk of paly blue,  
 Above, more loose, the purple's brightest hue  
 Hung as a scarf in equal gatherings roll'd,  
 With golden buttons and with loops of gold :  
 Bright in the Sun the polish'd radiance burns,  
 And the dimm'd eyeball from the lustre turns.

<sup>d</sup> Camoens seems to have his eye on the picture of Gama, which is thus described by *Faria y Sousa*. " He is painted with a black cap, cloak and breeches edged with

velvet, all flash'd, through which appears the crimson lining, the doublet of crimson fatten, and over 'it his armour inlaid with gold."

Of crimfon fatten, dazzling to behold  
His caffoc fwell'd in many a curving fold,  
The make was Gallic, but the lively bloom  
Confeft the labour of Venetia's loom ;  
Gold was his fword, and warlike trowfers laced  
With thongs of gold his manly legs embraced.  
With graceful mien his cap aflant was turn'd,  
The velvet cap a nodding plume adorn'd.  
His noble afpect, and the purple's ray,  
Amidft his train the gallant Chief bewray.  
The various veftments of the warrior train,  
Like flowers of various colours on the plain,  
Attract the pleafed beholders wondering eye,  
And with the fplendor of the rainbow vie.  
Now GAMA's bands the quivering trumpet blow,  
Thick o'er the wave the crowding barges row,  
The Moorifh flags the curling waters fweep,  
The Lufian mortars thunder o'er the deep ;  
Again the fiery roar heaven's concave tears,  
The Moors aftonifhed ftop their wounded ears ;  
Again loud thunders rattle o'er the bay,  
And clouds of fmoke wide-rolling blot the day ;  
The Captain's barge the generous King afcends,  
His arms the Chief enfold, the Captain bends,  
A reverence to the fcepter'd grandeur due :  
In filent awe the Monarch's wondering view

Is fixt <sup>c</sup> on VASCO's noble mien ; the while  
 His thoughts with wonder weigh the Hero's toil.  
 Esteem and friendship with his wonder rise,  
 And free to GAMA all his kingdom lies.  
 Though never son of Lufus' race before  
 Had met his eye, or trod Melinda's shore,  
 To him familiar was the mighty name,  
 And much his talk extols the Lufian fame ;  
 How through the vast of Afric's wildest bound  
 Their deathless feats in gallant arms resound ;  
 When that fair land where Hesper's offspring reign'd,  
 Their valour's prize the Lufian youth obtain'd.  
 Much still he talk'd, enraptured of the theme,  
 Though but the faint vibrations of their fame  
 To him had echoed. Pleased his warmth to view,  
 Convinced his promise and his heart were true,  
 The illustrious GAMA thus his soul express'd  
 And own'd the joy that labour'd in his breast :  
 Oh thou, benign, of all the tribes alone,  
 Who feel the rigour of the burning zone,  
 Whose piety, with mercy's gentle eye  
 Beholds our wants, and gives the wish'd supply ;  
 Our navy driven from many a barbarous coast,  
 On many a tempest-harrowed ocean tost,

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<sup>c</sup> The admiration and friendship of the king of Melinda, so much insisted on by Camoens, is a judicious imitation of Vir-

gil's Dido. In both cases such preparation was necessary to introduce the long episodes which follow.

At

At last with thee a kindly refuge finds,  
Safe from the fury of the howling winds.  
O generous King, may He whose mandate rolls  
The circling heavens, and human pride controuls,  
May the Great Spirit to thy breast return  
That needful aid, bestowed on us forlorn !  
And while yon Sun emits his rays divine,  
And while the stars in midnight azure shine,  
Where'er my sails are stretch'd the world around,  
Thy praise shall brighten, and thy name resound.

He spoke; the painted barges swept the flood,  
Where, proudly gay, the anchored navy rode ;  
Earnest the King the lordly fleet surveys ;  
The mortars thunder, and the trumpets raise  
Their martial sounds Melinda's sons to greet,  
Melinda's sons with timbrels hail the fleet.  
And now no more the sulphury tempest roars,  
The boatmen leaning on the rested oars  
Breathe short ; the barges now at anchor moor'd,  
The King, while silence listen'd round, implored  
The glories of the Lufian wars to hear,  
Whose faintest echoes long had pleased his ear :  
Their various triumphs on the Afric shore  
O'er those who hold the son of Hagar's lore

Fond he demands, and now demands again  
Their various triumphs on the western main :  
Again, ere readiest answer found a place,  
He asks the story of the Lusian race ;  
What God was founder of the mighty line,  
Beneath what heaven their land, what shores adjoin ;  
And what their climate, where the sinking day  
Gives the last glimpse of twilight's silvery ray.  
But most, O Chief, the zealous monarch cries,  
What raging seas you braved, what lowering skies ;  
What tribes, what rites you saw ; what savage hate  
On our rude Afric proved your hapless fate :  
Oh tell, for lo, the chilly dawning star  
Yet rides before the morning's purple car ;  
And o'er the wave the sun's bold couriers raise  
Their flaming fronts, and give the opening blaze ;  
Soft on the glassy wave the zephyrs sleep,  
And the still billows holy silence keep.  
Nor less are we, undaunted Chief, prepared  
To hear thy nation's gallant deeds declared ;  
Nor think, tho' scorched beneath the car of day,  
Our minds too dull the debt of praise to pay ;  
Melinda's sons the test of greatness know,  
And on the Lusian race the palm bestow.

If Titan's <sup>9</sup> giant brood with impious arms  
Shook high Olympus' brow with rude alarms ;  
If Theseus and Perithous dared invade  
The dismal horrors of the Stygian shade,  
Nor less your glory, nor your boldness less  
That thus exploring Neptune's last recess  
Contemns his waves and tempests. If the thirst  
To live in fame, though famed for deeds accurst,  
Could urge the caitiff, who to win a name  
Gave Dian's temple to the wasting flame :  
If such the ardour to attain renown,  
How bright the lustre of the hero's crown,  
Whose deeds of fair emprise his honours raise,  
And bind his brows, like thine, with deathless bays !

<sup>9</sup> For a defence of the king of Melinda's learning, ignorantly objected to by Voltaire, see the Preface.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.





---

T H E  
L U S I A D.

---

B O O K III.

O H now, Calliope, thy potent aid!  
What to the King th' illustrious GAMA said  
Cloath in immortal verse. With sacred fire  
My breast, if e'er it loved thy lore, inspire :  
So may the patron of the healing art,  
The blooming God, to thee incline his heart ;  
From thee, the Mother of his darling <sup>a</sup> Son,  
May never wandering thought to Daphne run :

<sup>a</sup> *Calliope*—the Muse of Epic Poesy, and mother of Orpheus. Daphne, daughter of the river Peneus, flying from Apollo, was turned into the laurel. Clytia was metamorphosed into the Sun-flower, and Leu-

cothoe, who was buried alive by her Father for yielding to the solicitations of Apollo, was by her Lover changed into an Incense tree. The physical meaning of these fables is obvious.

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

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

<sup>b</sup> The preface to the speech of Gama, and the description of Europe which follows, are happy imitations of the manner of Homer. When Camoens describes countries, or musters an army, it is after the ex-

ample of the great models of antiquity: By adding some characteristical feature of the climate or people, he renders his narrative pleasing, picturesque, and poetical.

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

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

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

<sup>c</sup> In the year 409 the city of Rome was sacked, and Italy laid desolate by Alaric, king of the Scandian and other northern tribes. In mentioning this circumstance Camoens has not fallen into the common error of little Poets, who on every occasion bewail the outrage which the Goths and Vandals did to the Arts and Sciences. A complaint founded on ignorance. The Southern nations of Europe were sunk into the most contemptible degeneracy. The

Sciences, with every branch of manly literature, were almost unknown. For near two centuries no Poet of note had adorned the Roman Empire. Those arts only, the abuse of which have a certain and fatal tendency to enervate the mind, the arts of Music and Cookery, were passionately cultivated in all the refinements of effeminate abuse. The art of war was too laborious for their delicacy, and the generous warmth of heroism and patriotism was incompatible with their effeminacy.

When summer bursts stern winter's icy chain,  
 Here the bold Swede, the Prussian, and the Dane  
 Hoist the white sail and plough the foamy way,  
 Chear'd by whole months of one continual day :  
 Between these shores and Tanais' rushing tide  
 Livonia's sons and Ruffia's hords reside.  
 Stern as their clime the tribes, whose fires of yore  
 The name, far dreaded, of Sarmatians bore.  
 Where, famed of old, th' Hircinian forest lour'd,  
 Oft seen in arms the Polish troops are pour'd  
 Wide foraging the downs. The Saxon race,  
 The Hungar dextrous in the wild-boar chace,  
 The various nations whom the Rhine's cold wave  
 The Elbe, Amasis, and the Danube lave,  
 Of various tongues, for various princes known,  
 Their mighty Lord the German emperor own.  
 Between the Danube and the lucid tide  
 Where hapless Helle left her name, and died :

On these despicable Sybarites <sup>a</sup> the North poured her brave and hardy sons, who, though ignorant of polite literature, were possessed of all the manly virtues of the Scythians in a high degree. Under their conquests Europe wore a new face, which however rude, was infinitely preferable to that which it had lately worn. And however Ignorance may talk of their barbarity, it is to them that England owes her constitution, which, as Montefquieu observes, they brought from the woods of Saxony. The

spirit of gallantry and romantic attachment to the fair sex, which distinguished the Northern Heroes, will make their manners admired, while, considered in the same point, the polished ages of Greece and Rome excite our horror and detestation. To add no more, it is to the irruption of these brave barbarians that modern Europe owes those remains of the spirit of Liberty, and some other of the greatest advantages, which she may at present possess.

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

The dreadful god of battles' kindred race,  
Degenerate now, possess the hills of Thrace.  
Mount Hæmus here, and Rhodope renown'd,  
And proud Byzantium, long with empire crown'd ;  
Their ancient pride, their ancient virtue fled,  
Low to the Turk now bend the fervile head.  
Here spread the fields of warlike Macedon,  
And here those happy lands where genius shone  
In all the arts, in all the Muses' charms,  
In all the pride of elegance and arms,  
Which to the heavens refounded Grecia's name,  
And left in every age a deathless fame.  
The stern Dalmatians till the neighbouring ground ;  
And where Antenor anchor'd in the found  
Proud Venice as a queen majestic towers,  
And o'er the trembling waves her thunder pours.  
For learning glorious, glorious for the sword,  
While Rome's proud monarch reign'd the world's dread lord,  
Here Italy her beauteous landscapes shews ;  
Around her sides his arms old Ocean throws ;  
The dashing waves the ramparts force supply ;  
The hoary Alps high towering to the sky,  
From shore to shore a rugged barrier spread,  
And lour destruction on the hostile tread.  
But now no more her hostile spirit burns,  
There now the faint in humble vespers mourns ;

To heaven more grateful than the pride of war,  
 And all the triumphs of the Victor's car,  
 Onward fair Gallia opens to the view  
 Her groves of olive, and her vineyards blue:  
 Wide spread her harvests o'er the scenes renown'd,  
 Where Julius proudly strode with laurel crown'd.  
 Here Seyn, how fair when glistening to the moon!  
 Rolls his white wave, and here the cold Garoon;  
 Here the deep Rhine the flowery margin laves,  
 And here the rapid Rhone impervious raves.  
 Here the gruff mountains, faithless to the vows  
 Of loft Pyrene<sup>d</sup> rear their cloudy brows;  
 Whence, when of old the flames their woods devour'd,  
 Streams of red gold and melted silver pour'd.  
 And now, as head of all the lordly train  
 Of Europe's realms, appears illustrious Spain.  
 Alas, what various fortunes has she known!  
 Yet ever did her fons her wrongs atone;  
 Short was the triumph of her haughty foes,  
 And still with fairer bloom her honours rose.  
 Against one coast the Punic strand extends,  
 Each shore to close the midland ocean bends,

<sup>d</sup> *Faithless to the vows of loft Pyrene, &c.*  
 —She was daughter to Bcbryx, a king of Spain, and concubine to Hercules. Haying wandered one day from her lover she was destroyed by wild beasts, on one of the mountains which bear her name. Diodorus Siculus, and others, derive the name of the Pyrenians from  $\pi\tilde{\nu}\rho$ , *fire*. To support which

etymology they relate, that by the negligence of some shepherds the ancient forests on these mountains were set on fire, and burned with such vehemence, that the melted metals spouted out and ran down from the sides of the hills. The allusion to this old tradition is in the true spirit of Homer and Virgil. C.

Where lock'd with land the struggling currents boil,  
 Famed for the godlike Theban's latest toil \*,  
 Around her shores two various oceans swell,  
 And various nations in her bosom dwell ;  
 Such deeds of valour dignify their names,  
 That each the lordly right of honour claims.  
 Proud Arragon, who twice her standard rear'd  
 In conquer'd Naples ; and for art revered,  
 Galicia's prudent sons ; the fierce Navar,  
 And he far dreaded in the Moorish war,  
 The bold Asturian ; nor Sevilla's race,  
 Nor thine, Granada, claim the second place.  
 Here too the heroes who command the plain  
 By Betis water'd ; here, the pride of Spain,  
 The brave Castilian pauses o'er his sword,  
 His country's dread deliverer and lord.  
 Proud o'er the rest, with splendid wealth array'd,  
 As crown to this wide empire, Europe's head,  
 Fair Lusitania smiles, the western bound,  
 Whose verdant breast the rolling waves surround,  
 Where gentle evening pours her lambent ray,  
 The last pale gleaming of departing day ;

\* Hercules, says the fable, to crown his labours, separated the two mountains Calpe and Abyla, the one now in Spain, the other in Africa, in order to open a canal for the

benefit of commerce ; on which the ocean rushed in, and formed the Mediterranean, the Egean, and Euxin seas.

This,



This, this, O mighty King, the sacred earth,  
This the loved parent-soil that gave me birth.  
And oh, would bounteous heaven my prayer regard,  
And fair success my perilous toils reward,  
May that dear land my latest breath receive,  
And give my weary bones a peaceful grave.

Sublime the honours of my native land,  
And high in heaven's regard her heroes stand;  
By heaven's decree 'twas theirs the first to quell  
The Moorish tyrants, and from Spain expel;  
Nor could their burning wilds conceal their flight,  
Their burning wilds confessed the Lusian might.  
From Lusus famed, whose honour'd name we bear,  
(The son of Bacchus or the bold compeer,)  
The glorious name of Lusitania rose,  
A name tremendous to the Roman foes,  
When her bold troops the valiant shepherd led,  
And foul with rout the Roman eagles fled;  
When haughty Rome achiev'd the treacherous blow,  
That own'd her terror of the matchless foe<sup>1</sup>.  
But when no more her Viriatus fought,  
Age after age her deeper thraldom brought;  
Her broken sons by ruthless tyrants spurn'd,  
Her vineyards languish'd, and her pastures mourn'd;

<sup>1</sup> The assassination of Viriatus. See the note on Book I. p. 13.

Till time revolving raised her drooping head,  
 And o'er the wondering world her conquests spread.  
 Thus rose her power : the lands of lordly Spain  
 Were now the brave Alonzo's wide domain ;  
 Great were his honours in the bloody fight,  
 And Fame proclaim'd him champion of the right.  
 And oft the groaning Saracen's proud crest  
 And shatter'd mail his awful force confess'd.  
 From Calpe's summits to the Caspian shore  
 Loud-tongued Renown his godlike actions bore.  
 And many a chief from distant regions <sup>§</sup> came  
 To share the laurels of Alonzo's fame ;  
 Yet more for holy faith's unspotted cause  
 Their spears they wielded, than for Fame's applause.  
 Great were the deeds their thundering arms display'd,  
 And still their foremost swords the battle sway'd.

§ Don Alonzo, king of Spain, apprehensive of the superior number of the Moors, with whom he was at war, demanded assistance from Philip I. of France, and of the duke of Burgundy. According to the military spirit of the nobility of that age, no sooner was his desire known than numerous bodies of troops thronged to his standard. These, in the course of a few years, having shewn signal proofs of their courage, the king distinguished the leaders with different marks of his regard. To Henry, a younger son of the duke of Burgundy he gave his daughter Teresa in marriage, with the sovereignty of the countries to the south of Galicia, commissioning him to enlarge his boundaries by the expulsion of the infidels. Under the government of this great man, who reigned by the title of Count, his dominion was greatly enlarged,

and became more rich and populous than before. The two provinces of *Entre Minho e Douro*, and *Fra los Montes*, were subdued, with that part of *Beira* which was held by the Moorish king of *Lamego*, whom he constrained to pay tribute. Many thousands of Christians, who had either lived in miserable subjection to the Moors, or in desolate independency in the mountains, took shelter under the protection of Count Henry. Great multitudes of the Moors also chose rather to submit and remain in their native country under a mild government, than be exposed to the severities and the continual feuds and seditions of their own governors. These advantages, added to the great fertility of the soil of Henry's dominions, will account for the numerous armies and the frequent wars of the first sovereigns of Portugal.

And

And now to honour with distinguish'd meed  
 Each hero's worth the generous king decreed.  
 The first and bravest of the foreign bands  
 Hungaria's younger son brave Henry <sup>h</sup> stands.  
 To him are given the fields where Tagus flows,  
 And the glad King his daughter's hand bestows ;  
 The fair Teresa shines his blooming bride,  
 And owns her father's love, and Henry's pride.  
 With her, besides, the sire confirms in dower  
 Whate'er his sword might rescue from the Moor ;  
 And soon on Hagar's race the hero pours  
 His warlike fury—soon the vanquish'd Moors  
 To him far round the neighbouring lands resign,  
 And heaven rewards him with a glorious line.  
 To him is born, heaven's gift, a gallant son,  
 The glorious founder of the Lusian throne.

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

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

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

Nor Spain's wide lands alone his deeds attest,  
 Delivered Judah Henry's might <sup>i</sup> confest.  
 On Jordan's bank the victor-hero strode,  
 Whose hallowed waters bathed the Saviour-God ;  
 And Salem's gate her open folds display'd,  
 When Godfrey conquer'd by the hero's aid.  
 But now no more in tented fields opposed,  
 By Tagus' stream his honoured age he clos'd ;  
 Yet still his dauntless worth, his virtue lived,  
 And all the father in the son survived.  
 And soon his worth was proved, the parent dame  
 Avow'd a second hymeneal flame <sup>k</sup>.  
 The low-born spouse assumes the monarch's place,  
 And from the throne expels the orphan race.  
 But young Alphonso, like his fires of yore,  
 (His grandfire's virtues as his name he bore)

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

<sup>k</sup> Don Alonzo Enriquez, son of Count Henry, was only entered into his third year when his father died. His mother assumed the reins of government, and appointed Don *Fernando Perez de Traba* to be her minister. When the young prince was in his eighteenth year, some of the nobility, who either envied the power of Don *Perez*, or were really offended with the reports that

were spread of his familiarity with the prince's mother, of his intention to marry her, and to exclude the lawful heir, easily persuaded the young Count to take arms, and assume the sovereignty. A battle ensued, in which the prince was victorious. *Teresa* it is said, retired into the castle of *Legonise*, where she was taken prisoner by her son, who condemned her to perpetual imprisonment, and ordered chains to be put upon her legs. That Don Alonzo made war against his mother, vanquished her party, and that she died in prison about two years after, A. D. 1130, are certain. But the cause of the war, that his mother was married to, or intended to marry Don *Perez*, and that she was put in chains, are uncertain.

Arms for the fight, his ravish'd throne to win,  
 And the laced helmet grasps his beardless chin.  
 Her fiercest firebrands Civil Discord waved,  
 Before her troops the lustful mother raved ;  
 Lost to maternal love, and lost to shame,  
 Unawed she saw heaven's awful vengeance flame ;  
 The brother's sword the brother's bosom tore,  
 And sad Guimaria's meadows blush'd with gore ;  
 With Lusian gore the Peasant's cot was stain'd,  
 And kindred blood the sacred shrine profaned.

Here, cruel Progne, here, O Jason's wife,  
 Yet reeking with your childrens' purple life,  
 Here glut your eyes with deeper guilt than yours ;  
 Here fiercer rage her fiercer rancour pours.  
 Your crime was vengeance on the faithless fires,  
 But here ambition with foul lust conspires.  
 'Twas rage of love, O Scylla, urged the knife<sup>2</sup>  
 That robb'd thy father of his fated life ;  
 Here grosser rage the mother's breast inflames,  
 And at her guiltless son the vengeance aims.  
 But aims in vain ; her slaughter'd forces yield,  
 And the brave youth rides Victor o'er the field.

<sup>2</sup> The Scylla here alluded to was, according to fable, the daughter of Nisus king of Megara, who had a purple lock, in which lay the fate of his kingdom. Minos of Crete made war against him, for whom Scylla conceived so violent a passion, that she cut off

the fatal lock while her father slept. Minos on this was victorious, but rejected the love of the unnatural daughter, who in despair flung herself from a rock, and in the fall was changed into a lark.

No more his subjects lift the thirsty sword,  
And the glad realm proclaims the youthful Lord.  
But ah, how wild the noblest tempers run !  
His filial duty now forsakes the son ;  
Secluded from the day, in clanking chains  
His rage the parents aged limbs constrains.  
Heaven frown'd—Dark vengeance lowring on his brows,  
And sheath'd in brass the proud Castilian rose,  
Resolved the rigour to his daughter shewn,  
The battle should avenge, and blood atone.  
A numerous host against the prince he sped,  
The valiant prince his little army led :  
Dire was the shock ; the whizzing javelins sung,  
The Hauberks rattled, and the buckler's rung.  
Yet though around the Stripling's sacred head  
By angel hands ethereal shields were spread ;  
Though glorious triumph on his valour smiled,  
Soon on his van the baffled foe recoil'd :  
With bands more numerous to the field he came,  
His proud heart burning with the rage of shame.  
And now in turn Guimaria's lofty wall,  
That saw his triumph, saw the hero fall ;  
Within the town immured, distressed he lay,  
To stern Castilia's sword a certain prey.  
When now the guardian of his infant years,  
The valiant Egas, as a god appears ;

To

To proud Casteel the suppliant noble bows,  
And faithful homage for his prince he vows.  
The proud Casteel accepts his honour'd faith,  
And peace succeeds the dreadful scenes of death.  
Yet well, alas, the generous Egas knew  
His high-soul'd Prince to man would never sue :  
Would never stoop to brook the servile stain,  
To hold a borrow'd, a dependent reign.  
And now with gloomy aspect rose the day,  
Decreed the plighted servile rites to pay ;  
When Egas to redeem his faith's disgrace  
Devotes himself, his spouse, and infant race.  
In gowns of white, as sentenced felons clad,  
When to the stake the sons of guilt are led,  
With feet unshod they slowly moved along,  
And from their necks the knotted halters hung.  
And now, O King, the kneeling Egas cries,  
Behold my perjured honour's sacrifice :  
If such mean victims can atone thine ire,  
Here let my wife, my babes, myself expire.  
If generous bosoms such revenge can take,  
Here let them perish for the father's sake :  
The guilty tongue, the guilty hands are these,  
Nor let a common death thy wrath appease ;  
For us let all the rage of torture burn,  
But to my Prince, thy son, in friendship turn.

He fpoke, and bow'd his prostrate body low,  
 As one who waits the lifted fabre's blow ;  
 When o'er the block his languid arms are fpread,  
 And death, foretafted, whelms the heart with dread :  
 So great a Leader thus in humbled ftate,  
 So firm his loyalty, his zeal fo great,  
 The brave Alonzo's kindled ire subdued,  
 And loft in filent joy the Monarch ftood ;  
 Then gave the hand, and fheath'd the hostile fword,  
 And to fuch honour honour'd peace <sup>m</sup> reftored.

Oh Lufian faith ! oh zeal beyond compare !  
 What greater danger could the Perfian dare,  
 Whofe prince in tears, to view his mangled woe,  
 Forgot the joy for Babylon's <sup>n</sup> o'erthrow.  
 And now the youthful hero fhines in arms,  
 The banks of Tagus eccho war's alarms :  
 O'er Ourique's wide campaign his enfigns wave,  
 And the proud Saracen to combat brave.  
 Though prudence might arraign his fiery rage  
 That dared with one, each hundred fpears engage,

<sup>m</sup> The Univerfal Hiftorians having related this ftory of Egas, add, " All this is very pleafant and entertaining, but we fee no fufficient reafon to affirm that there is one fyllable of it true."

<sup>n</sup> When Darius laid feige to Babylon, one

of his Lords, named Zopyrus, having cut off his nofe and ears, perfuaded the enemy that he had received thefe indignities from the cruelty of his mafter. Being appointed to a chief command in Babylon, he betrayed the city to Darius. Vid. Juftin.



In heaven's protecting care his courage lies,  
 And heaven his friend superior force supplies.  
 Five Moorish Kings against him march along,  
 Ismar the noblest of the armed throng ;  
 Yet each brave Monarch claim'd the Soldier's name,  
 And far o'er many a land was known to fame.  
 In all the beauteous glow of blooming ° years,  
 Beside each King a warrior Nymph appears ;  
 Each with her sword her valiant Lover guards,  
 With smiles inspires him, and with smiles rewards.  
 Such was the valour of the beauteous <sup>p</sup> Maid,  
 Whose warlike arm proud Ilion's fate delay'd.  
 Such in the field the virgin warriors shone,  
 Who drank the limpid wave of <sup>q</sup> Thermodon.

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

° The Spanish and Portuguese histories afford several instances of the Moorish Chiefs being attended in the field of battle by their mistresses, and of the romantic gallantry and Amazonian courage of these ladies.

<sup>p</sup> Penthesilea, Queen of the Amazons, who, after having signalized her valour at the siege of Troy, was killed by Achilles.

<sup>q</sup> Thermodon, a river of Scythia in the country of the Amazons.

*Quales Threicia cum flumina Thermodontis  
 Pulsant, et piliis bellantur Amazones armis :  
 Seu circum Hippolyten, seu cum se Martia  
 curru  
 Penthesilea refert : magnoque ululante tu-  
 multu  
 Fœminea exultant lunatis agmina peltis.*

Oh, not to me, who well thy grandeur know,  
But to the Pagan herd thy wonders shew.

The Lufian host, enraptured, mark'd the sign  
That witness'd to their Chief the aid divine :  
Right on the foe they shake the beamy lance,  
And with firm strides, and heaving breasts, advance ;  
Then burst the silence, Hail, O King, they cry ;  
Our King, our King, the echoing dales reply :  
Fired at the sound, with fiercer ardour glows  
The heaven-made Monarch ; on the wareless foes  
Rushing, he speeds his ardent bands along :  
So when the chace excites the rustic throng,  
Roused to fierce madness by their mingled cries  
On the wild bull the red-eyed mastiff flies.  
The stern-brow'd tyrant trusts his potent horns,  
Around and round the nimble mastiff turns ;  
Now by the neck, now by the gory sides  
He hangs, and all his bellowing rage derides :  
In vain his eye-balls burn with living fire,  
In vain his nostrils clouds of smoke respire,  
His gorge torn out, down falls the furious prize  
With ° hollow thundering sound, and raging dies :

° It may, perhaps, be agreeable to the Reader, to see the description of a Bull-fight, as managed by Homer.

*As when a lion, rushing from his den,  
Amidst the plain of some wide-water'd fen,  
(If here num'rous oxen, as at ease they feed,  
At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead ;)  
Leaps on the herds before the herdsman's eyes ;  
The trembling herdsman far to distance flies :*

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

*Some lovely bull (the rest dispers'd and fled)  
 He singles out, arrests, and lays him dead.  
 Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew  
 All Greece in heaps ; but one he seiz'd, and flew ;  
 Mycenian Periphas.——*

POPE. IL. XV.

The

The mailcoats, hauberks, and the harness steel'd,  
 Bruis'd, hackt, and torn, lie scatter'd o'er the field ;  
 Beneath the Lusian sweepy force o'erthrown,  
 Crush'd by their batter'd mails the wounded groan ;  
 Burning with thirst they draw their panting breath,  
 And curse their Prophet as they writhe in death.  
 Arms sever'd from the trunks still grasp the † steel,  
 Heads gasping rowl ; the fighting squadrons reel ;  
 Fainty and weak with languid arms they close,  
 And staggering grapple with the staggering foes.  
 So when an oak falls headlong on the lake,  
 The troubled waters slowly settling shake :

† There is a passage in Xenophon, upon which perhaps Camoens had his eye. *Ἐπεὶ δὲ ἔδοξεν ἢ μάχην παρὲν ἰδεῖν, τὸν μὲν γὰρ αἰμάδι περιεμένον, &c.* “When the battle was over one might behold, through the whole extent of the field, the ground purpl’d with blood, the bodies of friends and enemies stretched over each other, the shields pierc’d, the spears broken, and the drawn swords, some scatter’d on the earth, some plung’d in the boïoms of the slain, and some yet grasp’d in the hands of the dead soldiers.”

As it was necessary in the preface to give a character of the French translation of the Lusiad, some support of that character is necessary in the notes. To point out every instance of the unpoetical taste of Castera, were to give his paraphrase of every fine passage in Camoens. His management of this battle will give an idea of his manner, it is therefore transcribed. “*Le Portugais heurte impetueusement les soldats d’Ismar, les renverse et leur ouvre le sein à coups de lance ; on se renvotr, on se choque avec une fureur qui ébranloit le sommet de montagnes. La terre tombe sous les pas des coursiers bougueux ; l’insupportable Erinnyis voit des blessures énormes et de coups dignes d’elles : les guerriers de Lusius brisent, coapent, taillent, enfoncent plastrons, armures, boucliers, cuirasses et turbans ; la Parque étend ses ailes affreuses sur les Mauritains, l’un expire en mordant la poussière, l’autre implore le secours de son prophete ; têtes jambes et bras volent et bondissent de toutes parts, l’œil n’apperçoit que visages couverts d’une pœleur livide, que corps déchirés et qu’entrailles palpitantes.*” Had Castera seriously intended to banter his Author he could scarcely have better succeeded. As translation cannot convey a perfect idea of an author’s manner, it is therefore not attempted. *The attack was with such fury that it shook the tops of the mountains :* This bombast, and the wretched anticlimax ending with turbans, are not in the original ; from which indeed the whole is extremely wide. Had he added any poetical image, any flower to the embroidery of his Author, the increase of the richness of the tissue would have rendered his work more pleasing. It was therefore his interest to do so. But it was not in the feelings of Castera to translate the Lusiad with the spirit of Camoens.

So faints the languid combat on the plain,  
 And settling staggers o'er the heaps of slain.  
 Again the Lufian fury wakes its fires,  
 The terror of the Moors new strength inspires :  
 The scatter'd few in wild confusion fly,  
 And total rout refounds the yelling cry.  
 Defiled with one wide sheet of reeking gore,  
 The verdure of the lawn appears no more :  
 In bubbling streams the lazy currents run,  
 And shoot red flames beneath the evening sun.  
 With spoils enrich'd, with glorious trophies ' crown'd  
 The heaven-made Sovereign on the battle ground

\* This memorable battle was fought in the plains of *Ourique*, in 1139. The engagement lasted six hours; the Moors were totally routed with incredible slaughter. On the field of battle Alonzo was proclaimed king of Portugal. The Portuguese writers have given many fabulous accounts of this victory. Some affirm, that the Moorish army amounted to 380,000, others, 480,000, and others swell it to 600,000, whereas Don Alonzo's did not exceed 13,000. Miracles must also be added. Alonzo, they tell us, being in great perplexity, sat down to comfort his mind by the perusal of the Holy Scriptures. Having read the story of *Gideon*, he sunk into a deep sleep, in which he saw a very old man in a remarkable dress come into his tent, and assure him of victory. His chamberlain coming in, waked him, and told him there was an old man very importunate to speak with him. Don Alonzo ordered him to be brought in, and no sooner saw him than he knew him to be the old man whom he had seen in his dream. This venerable person acquainted him, that he was a fisherman, and had led a life of penance for sixty years on an adjacent rock, where it had been revealed to him, that if the Count marched his army the next morn-

ing, as soon as he heard a certain bell ring, he should receive the strongest assurance of victory. Accordingly, at the ringing of the bell, the Count put his army in motion, and suddenly beheld in the eastern sky, the figure of the Cross, and Christ upon it, who promised him a complete victory, and commanded him to accept the title of King, if it was offered him by the army. The same writers add, that as a standing memorial of this miraculous event, Don Alonzo changed the arms which his father had given, of a cross azure in a field argent, for five escutcheons, each charged with five bezants, in memory of the wounds of Christ. Others assert, that he gave in a field argent five escutcheons azure, in the form of a Cross, each charged with five bezants argent, placed falterwise, with a point fable, in memory of five wounds he himself received, and of five Moorish kings slain in the battle. There is an old record, said to be written by Don Alonzo, in which the story of the vision is related upon his Majesty's oath. The Spanish Critics, however, have discovered many inconsistencies in it. They find the language intermixed with phrases not then in use: it bears the date of the year of our Lord, at a time when that era had not been introduced

Three days encampt, to rest his weary train,  
 Whose dauntless valour drove the Moors from Spain.  
 And now in honour of the glorious day,  
 When five proud Monarchs fell his vanquish'd prey,  
 On his broad buckler, unadorn'd before,  
 Placed as a Cross, five azure shields he ' wore,

roduced into Spain; and John, Bishop of Coimbra, signs as a witness before John, Metropolitan of Braja, which is contrary to ecclesiastical rule. These circumstances, however, are not mentioned to prove the falsehood of the vision, but to vindicate the character of Don Alonzo from any share in the oath which passes under his name. The truth is, the Portuguese were always unwilling to pay any homage to the King of Castile. They adorned the battle which gave birth to their Monarchy, with miracle, and the new Sovereignty with a command from heaven, circumstances extremely agreeable both to the military pride and the superstition of these times. The regal dignity and constitution of the Monarchy, however, were not settled till about six years after the battle of *Ourique*. For mankind, say the Universal Historians, were not then so ignorant and barbarous, as to suffer a change of government to be made without any farther ceremony, than a tumultuous huzza. An account of the coronation of the first king of Portugal, and the principles of liberty which then prevailed in that kingdom, are worthy of our attention. The arms of Don Alonzo having been attended with glorious successes, in 1145 he called an assembly of the Prelates, Nobility, and Commons, at *Lamego*. When the assembly opened, he appeared, seated on the throne, but without any other marks of regal dignity. *Laurence de Viegas* then demanded of the assembly, whether, according to the election on the field of battle at *Ourique*, and the briefs of Pope Eugenius III. they chused to have Don *Alonzo Enriquez* for their king? To this they answered they were willing. He then demanded, if they desired the Monarchy should be elective or hereditary. They declared their in-

tention to be, that the crown should descend to the heirs male of *Alonzo*. *Laurence de Viegas* then asked, "Is it your pleasure that he be invested with the ensigns of Royalty? He was answered in the affirmative, and the Archbishop of *Braga* placed the crown upon his head, the king having his sword drawn in his hand. As soon as crowned Alonzo thus addressed the assembly; "Blessed be God, who has always assisted me, and has enabled me, with this sword, to deliver you from all your enemies. I shall ever wear it for your defence. You have made me a king, and it is but just that you should share with me in taking care of the state. I am your king, and as such let us make laws to secure the happiness of this kingdom." Eighteen short statutes were then framed and assented to by the people. *Laurence de Viegas* at length proposed the great question, Whether it was their pleasure that the king should go to *Leon*, do homage and pay tribute to that prince, or to any other. Upon which, every man drawing his sword, cried with a loud voice, "We are free, and our king is free; we owe our liberty to our courage. If the king shall at any time submit to such an act, he deserves death, and shall not reign either over us, or among us." The king rising up, approved this declaration, and declared, that if any of his descendants consented to such a submission, he was unworthy to succeed, and should be reputed incapable of wearing the crown.

† Fanshaw's translation of this is curious. He is literal in the circumstances, but the debasements marked in italic are his own:

In these five shields he paints the *recompense* (*Os trinta Dinheiros*; the thirty Denarii, says Camoens.)

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

Nor long his faulchion in the scabbard slept,  
His warlike arm increasing laurels reapt :  
From Leyra's walls the baffled Ismar flies,  
And strong Arroncha falls his conquer'd prize ;  
That honour'd town, through whose Elyfian groves  
Thy smooth and limpid wave, O Tagus, roves.  
Th' illustrious Santarène confest his power,  
And vanquish'd Mafra yields her proudest tower.  
The Lunar mountains saw his troops display  
Their marching banners and their brave array :  
To him submits fair Cintra's cold domain,  
The soothing refuge of the Nayad train :  
When Love's sweet snares the pining Nymphs would shun :  
Alas, in vain from warmer climes they run :  
The cooling shades awake the young desires,  
And the cold fountains cherish love's soft fires.  
And thou, famed Lisbon, whose embattled wall  
Rose by the hand that wrought proud Ilion's <sup>u</sup> fall ;

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

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

In every of the five he paints *five-pence*  
So sums the thirty *by a cinque-fold cinque*

Accounting that which is the center, twice,  
Of the five cinques, which he doth place cross-wise.

<sup>u</sup> The tradition, that Lisbon was built by  
Ulysses, and thence called *Olyfipolis*, is as  
common as, and of equal authority with  
that, which says, that Brute landed a co-  
lony of Trojans in England, and gave the  
name of Britannia to the island.

Thou queen of Cities, whom the seas obey,  
 Thy dreaded ramparts own'd the Hero's sway.  
 Far from the north a warlike navy bore  
 From Elbe, from Rhinè, and Albion's misty <sup>w</sup> shore;  
 To rescue Salem's long-polluted shrine  
 Their force to great Alonzo's force they join:  
 Before Ulysses' walls the navy rides,  
 The joyful Tagus laves their pitchy fides.  
 Five times the Moon her empty horns conceal'd,  
 Five times her broad effulgence shone reveal'd,  
 When, wrapt in clouds of dust, her mural pride  
 Falls thundering,—black the smoaking breach yawns wide.  
 As when th' imprison'd waters burst the mounds,  
 And roar, wide sweeping, o'er the cultured grounds;  
 Nor cot nor fold withstand their furious course;  
 So headlong rush'd along the Hero's force.  
 The thirst of vengeance the assailants fires,  
 The madness of despair the Moors inspires;

<sup>w</sup> The conquest of Lisbon was of the utmost importance to the infant Monarchy. It is one of the finest ports in the world, and ere the invention of cannon, was of great strength. The old Moorish wall was flanked by seventy-seven towers, was about six miles in length, and fourteen in circumference. When besieged by Don Alonzo, according to some, it was garrisoned by an army of 200,000 men. This, not to say impossible, is highly incredible. However, that it was strong and well garrisoned is certain, as also that Alonzo owed the conquest

of it to a fleet of adventurers, who were going to the Holy Land, the greatest part of which were English. One *Udal op Rhys*, in his tour through Portugal, says, that Alonzo gave them *Almada*, on the side of the Tagus opposite to Lisbon, and that *Villa Franca* was peopled by them, which they called *Cornualla*, either in honour of their native country, or from the rich meadows in its neighbourhood, where immense herds of cattle are kept, as in the English Cornwall.

Each



Each lane, each street resounds the conflict's roar,  
And every threshold reeks with tepid gore.

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

When Lisbon's towers before the Lusian fell,  
What fort, what rampart might his arms repell!  
Estremadura's region owns him Lord,  
And Torres-vedras bends beneath his sword;  
Obidos humbles, and Alamquer yields,  
Alamquer famous for her verdant fields,  
Whose murmuring rivulets cheer the traveller's way,  
As the chill waters o'er the pebbles stray.  
Elva the green, and Moura's fertile dales,  
Fair Serpa's tillage and Alcazar's vales  
Not for himself the Moorish peasant sows;  
For Lusian hands the yellow harvest glows:

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

And you, fair lawns, beyond the Tagus' wave,  
 Your golden burdens for Alonzo save ;  
 Soon shall his thundering might your wealth reclaim,  
 And your glad valleys hail their monarch's name.

Nor sleep his captains while the sovereign wars ;  
 The brave Giraldo's sword in conquest shares,  
 Evora's frowning walls, the castled hold  
 Of that proud Roman chief, and rebel bold,  
 Sertorius dread, whose labours still remain ;  
 Two hundred arches, stretch'd in length, sustain  
 The marble duct, where, glistening to the sun,  
 Of silver hue the shining waters run.

Evora's frowning walls now shake with fear,  
 And yield obedient to Giraldo's spear.

Nor rests the monarch while his servants toil,  
 Around him still increasing trophies smile,  
 And deathless fame repays the hapless fate  
 That gives to human life so short a date.

Proud Beja's castled walls his fury storms,  
 And one red slaughter every lane deforms.

The ghosts, whose mangled limbs, yet scarcely cold,  
 Heapt sad Trancofo's streets in carnage roll'd,  
 Appeas'd, the vengeance of their slaughter see,  
 And hail th' indignant king's severe decree.

<sup>2</sup> The aqueduct of Sertorius, here mentioned, is one of the grandest remains of

antiquity. It was repaired by John III. of Portugal, about A. D. 1540.

Palmela trembles on her mountain's height,  
And sea-laved Zambra owns the hero's might.  
Nor these alone confest his happy star,  
Their fated doom produced a noble war.  
Badaja's king, an haughty Moor, beheld  
His towns besieged, and hasted to the field.  
Four thousand courfers in his army neigh'd,  
Unnumber'd spears his infantry display'd ;  
Proudly they march'd, and glorious to behold,  
In silver belts they shone, and plates of gold.  
Along a mountain's side secure they trod,  
Steep on each hand, and rugged was the road ;  
When as a bull, whose lustful veins betray  
The mad'ning tumult of inspiring May ;  
If, when his rage with fiercest ardour glows,  
When in the shade the fragrant heifer lows,  
If then perchance his jealous burning eye  
Behold a careless traveller wander by,  
With dreadful bellowing on the wretch he flies,  
The wretch defenceless torn and trampled dies.  
So rush'd Alonzo on the gaudy train,  
And pour'd victorious o'er the mangled slain ;  
The royal Moor precipitates in flight,  
The mountain echoes with the wild affright  
Of flying squadrons, down their arms they throw,  
And dash from rock to rock to shun the foe.

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

\* The history of this battle wants authenticity.

And

And heaven assented — Now the hour was come,  
 And the dire curse was fallen Alonzo's <sup>b</sup> doom.

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

<sup>b</sup> As already observed, there is no authentic proof that Don Alonzo used such severity to his mother as to put her in chains. Brandan says it was reported that Don Alonzo was born with both his legs growing together, and that he was cured by the prayers of his tutor *Egar Nunio*. Legendary as this may appear, this however is deduceable from it, that from his birth there was something amiss about his legs. When he was prisoner to his son in law Don *Fernando* king of Leon, he recovered his liberty ere his leg, which was

fractured in the battle, was restored, on condition that as soon as he was able to mount on horseback, he should come to *Leon*, and in person do homage for his dominions. This condition, so contrary to his coronation agreement, he found means to avoid. He ever after affected to drive in a calash, and would never mount on horseback more. This his natural and afterwards political infirmity, the superstitious of those days ascribed to the curses of his mother.

Q

Though

'Though Cappadocia's realm thy mandate fway'd,  
And bafe Sopenia's fons thy nod obey'd ;  
Though vext Cicilia's pirates wore thy bands,  
And thofe who cultured fair Armenia's lands,  
Where from the facred mount two rivers flow,  
And what was Eden to the Pilgrim fhew ;  
Though from the vaft Atlantic's bounding wave  
To where the northern tempefts howl and rave  
Round Taurus' lofty brows : though vaft and wide  
The various climes that bended to thy pride ;  
No more with pining anguish of regret  
Bewail the horrors of Pharfalia's fate :  
For great Alonzo, whose fuperior name  
Unequal'd victories confign to fame,  
The great Alonzo fell—like thine his woe ;  
From nuptial kindred came the fatal blow.

When now the hero, humbled in the duft,  
His crime atoned, confeft that heaven was juft,  
Again in fplendor he the throne afcends :  
Again his bow the Moorifh chieftain bends.  
Wide round th' embattled gates of Santareen  
Their fhining fpears and banner'd moons are feen.  
But holy rites the pious king preferr'd ;  
The Martyr's bones on Vincent's Cape interr'd,

(His fainted name the Cape shall ever <sup>c</sup> bear)  
 To Lisbon's walls he brought with votive care,  
 And now the monarch, old and feeble grown,  
 Refigns the faulchion to his valiant son.  
 O'er Tagus' waves the youthful hero past,  
 And bleeding hofts before him shrunk aghast.  
 Choak'd with the slain, with Moorish carnage dy'd,  
 Sevilia's river roll'd the purple tide.  
 Burning for victory the warlike boy  
 Spares not a day to thoughtless rest or joy.  
 Nor long his wish unsatisfied remains :  
 With the besiegers' gore he dies the plains  
 That circle Beja's wall : yet still untamed,  
 With all the fierceness of despair inflamed,  
 The raging Moor collects his distant might ;  
 Wide from the shores of Atlas' starry height,  
 From Amphelusia's cape, and Tingia's bay,  
 Where stern Antæus held his brutal sway,  
 The Mauritanian trumpet sounds to arms,  
 And Juba's realm returns the hoarse alarms ;  
 The swarthy tribes in burnish'd armour shine,  
 Their warlike march Abeyla's shepherds join.  
 The great Miramolín on Tagus' shores  
 Far o'er the coast his banner'd thousands pours ;

<sup>c</sup> *Tu quoque littoribus nostris, Æneia nutrit,*  
*Æternam moriens famam, Caieta dedisti.*

VIRG. ÆN. VII.

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

In that fair city, round whose verdant meads  
The branching river of Mondego spreads,  
Long worn with warlike toils, and bent with years  
The king reposed, when Sanco's fate he hears.  
His limbs forget the feeble steps of age,  
And the hoar warrior burns with youthful rage.  
His daring Veterans, long to conquest train'd,  
He leads—the ground with Moorish blood is stain'd ;

Turbaus



Turbans, and robes of various colours wrought,  
 And shiver'd spears in streaming carnage float.  
 In harness gay lies many a weltering steed,  
 And low in dust the groaning masters bleed.  
 As proud Miramolin in horror <sup>d</sup> fled,  
 Don Sanco's javelin stretch'd him with the dead.  
 In wild dismay, and torn with gushing wounds  
 The rout wide scatter'd fly the Lusian bounds.  
 Their hands to heaven the joyful victors raise,  
 And every voice resounds the song of praise ;  
 " Nor was it stumbling chance, nor human might,  
 " 'Twas guardian heaven," they sung, " that ruled the fight."

This blissful day Alonzo's glories crown'd ;  
 And pale disease soon gave the secret wound ;  
 Her icy hand his feeble limbs invades,  
 And pining languor through his vitals spreads.  
 The glorious monarch to the tomb descends,  
 A nation's grief the funeral torch attends.  
 Each winding shore for thee, Alonzo, <sup>e</sup> mourns,  
 Alonzo's name each woful bay returns ;

<sup>d</sup> *Miramolin*, not the name of a person, but a title, *quasi, Soldan*. The Arabs call it Emir-Almoumini, *the Emperor of the Faithful*.

<sup>e</sup> In this poetical exclamation, expressive of the sorrow of Portugal on the death of Alonzo, Camoens has happily imitated some passages of Virgil.

— *Ipsæ te, Tityre, pinus,  
 Ipsæ te fontes, ipsa hæc arbuta vocabant.*

ECL. I.

— *Eurydicen vox ipsa et frigida lingua,  
 Ab miseram Eurydicen, anima fugiente, vocabat :*

*Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ.*

G. IV.

— *litus, Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret.*

ECL. VI.

For thee the rivers sigh their groves among,  
 And funeral murmurs wailing, roll along;  
 Their swelling tears o'erflow the wide campaign;  
 With floating heads, for thee, the yellow grain,  
 For thee the willow bowers and copses weep,  
 As their tall boughs lie trembling on the deep;  
 Adown the streams the tangled vine-leaves flow,  
 And all the landscape wears the look of woe.  
 Thus o'er the wondering world thy glories spread,  
 And thus thy mournful people bow the head;  
 While still, at eve, each dale Alonzo sighs,  
 And, oh, Alonzo! every hill replies;  
 And still the mountain echoes trill the lay,  
 'Till blushing morn brings on the noiseful day.

The youthful Sanco to the throne succeeds,  
 Already far renown'd for valorous deeds;  
 Let Betis' tinged with blood his prowess tell,  
 And Beja's lawns, where boastful Afric fell.  
 Nor less when king his martial ardour glows,  
 Proud Sylves' royal walls his troops enclose!  
 Fair Sylves' lawns the Moorish peasant plough'd,  
 Her vineyards cultured, and her valleys sow'd;  
 But Lisbon's monarch reapt. The winds of ' heaven  
 Roar'd high—and headlong by the tempest driven,

<sup>1</sup> The Portuguese, in their wars with the Moors, were several times assisted by the

English and German crusades. In the present instance the fleet was mostly English, the

In Tagus' breast a gallant navy fought  
 The sheltering port, and glad assistance brought.  
 The warlike crew, by Frederic the Red,  
 To rescue Judah's prostrate land were led ;  
 When Guido's troops, by burning thirst subdued,  
 To Saladine the foe for mercy sued.  
 Their vows were holy, and the cause the same,  
 To blot from Europe's shores the Moorish name.  
 In Sanco's cause the gallant navy joins,  
 And royal Sylves to their force resigns.  
 Thus sent by heaven a foreign naval band  
 Gave Lisbon's ramparts to the Sire's command.

Nor Moorish trophies did alone adorn  
 The Hero's name ; in warlike camps though born,  
 Though fenced with mountains, Leon's martial race  
 Smile at the battle-sign, yet foul disgrace  
 To Leon's haughty fons his sword atchieved ;  
 Proud Tui's neck his servile yoke received ;  
 And far around falls many a wealthy town,  
 O valiant Sanco, humbled to thy frown.

While thus his laurels flourish'd wide and fair  
 He dies : Alonzo reigns, his much-loved heir.

the troops of which nation were, according  
 to agreement, rewarded with the plunder,  
 which was exceeding rich, of the city of

Silves. *Nuniz de Leon as cronicas das Reis  
 de Port.*

Alcazar

Alcazar lately conquer'd from the Moor,  
Reconquer'd, streams with the defenders' gore.

Alonzo dead, another Sanco reigns :  
Alas, with many a sigh the land complains !  
Unlike his Sire, a vain unthinking boy,  
His servants now a jarring sway enjoy.  
As his the power, his were the crimes of those  
Whom to dispense that sacred power he chose.  
By various counsels waver'd and confused,  
By seeming friends, by various arts abused ;  
Long undetermined, blindly rash at last,  
Enraged, unmann'd, untutor'd by the past.  
Yet not like Nero, cruel and unjust,  
The slave capricious of unnatural lust.  
Nor had he smiled had flames consumed his Troy ;  
Nor could his people's groans afford him joy ;  
Nor did his woes from female manners spring,  
Unlike the <sup>s</sup> Syrian, or Sicilia's king.  
No hundred cooks his costly meal prepared,  
As heapt the board when Rome's proud tyrant <sup>b</sup> fared.  
Nor dared the artist hope his ear to <sup>i</sup> gain,  
By new-form'd arts to point the stings of pain.

<sup>a</sup> *Unlike the Syrian*—Sardinapalus.

<sup>b</sup> —*When Rome's proud tyrant far'd*---

Heliogabalus, infamous for his gluttony.

<sup>i</sup> Alluding to the history of Phalaris.

But

But proud and high the Lusian spirit soar'd,  
 And ask'd a godlike hero for their Lord.  
 To none accusom'd but an hero's sway,  
 Great must he be whom that bold race obey.

Complaint, loud murmur'd, every city fills,  
 Complaint, loud murmur'd, vibrates through the hills.  
 Alarm'd, Bolonia's warlike Earl<sup>i</sup> awakes,  
 And from his listless brother's minions takes  
 The awful sceptre.—Soon was joy restored,  
 And soon, by just succession, Lisbon's Lord,  
 Beloved, Alonzo named the bold, he reigns;  
 Nor may the limits of his Sire's domains

<sup>i</sup> Camoens, who was quite an enthusiast for the honour of his country, has in this instance disguised the truth of history. Don Sancho was by no means the weak Prince here represented, nor did the miseries of his reign proceed from himself. The clergy were the sole authors of his and the public calamities. The Roman See was then in the height of its power, which it exerted in the most tyrannical manner. The ecclesiastical courts had long claimed the sole right to try an ecclesiastic, and to prohibit a Priest to say mass for a twelvemonth, was by the brethren his judges, esteemed a sufficient punishment for murder, or any other capital crime. Alonzo II. the father of Don Sancho, attempted to establish the authority of the King's courts of justice over the offending Clergy. For this the Archbishop of *Braga* excommunicated *Gonzalo Mendez*, the Chancellor, and Honorius the Pope excommunicated the King, and put his dominions under an interdict. The exterior offices of Religion were suspended, the vulgar fell into the utmost dissoluteness of manners; Mahommedism made great advances, and public confusion every where

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

Confine his mounting spirit. When he led  
 His smiling Confort to the bridal bed,  
 Algarbia's realm, he said, shall prove thy dower,  
 And soon Algarbia conquer'd own'd his power.  
 The vanquish'd Moor with total rout expell'd,  
 All Lusuf's shores his might unrivall'd held.  
 And now brave Diniz reigns, whose noble fire  
 Bespoke the genuine lineage of his Sire.  
 Now heavenly peace wide waved her olive bough,  
 Each vale display'd the labours of the plough  
 And smiled with joy: the rocks on every shore  
 Resound the dashing of the merchant-oar.  
 Wise laws are form'd, and constitutions weigh'd,  
 And the deep-rooted base of Empire laid.  
 Not Ammon's son with larger heart bestow'd,  
 Not such the grace to him the Muses owed.  
 From Helicon the Muses wing their way,  
 Mondego's flowery banks invite their stay.  
 Now Coimbra shines Minerva's proud abode;  
 And fired with joy, Parnassus' bloomy God  
 Beholds another dear-loved Athens rise,  
 And spread her laurels in indulgent skies;  
 Her wreath of laurels ever green he twines  
 With threads of gold, and Baccaris<sup>k</sup> adjoins.

<sup>k</sup> The *Baccaris*, or Lady's glove, an herb to which the Druids and ancient Poets ascribed magical virtues.

————— *Baccare frontem*  
*Cingite, ne vati noccat mala lingua futuro.*  
 VIRG. Ecl. VII.

Here castle walls in warlike grandeur lour,  
Here cities swell and lofty temples tower :  
In wealth and grandeur each with other vies ;  
When old and loved the parent-monarch dies.  
His son, alas, reminds in filial deeds,  
But wise in peace and bold in fight, succeeds,  
The fourth Alonzo : Ever arm'd for war  
He views the stern Castle with watchful care.  
Yet when the Lybian nations cross the main,  
And spread their thousands o'er the fields of Spain,  
The brave Alonzo drew his awful steel  
And sprung to battle for the proud Castle.

When Babel's haughty Empress bared the sword,  
And o'er Hydaspes' lawns her legions pour'd ;  
When dreadful Attila, to whom was <sup>1</sup> given  
That fearful name, the Scourge of angry heaven,  
The fields of trembling Italy o'erran  
With many a Gothic tribe and northern clan ;  
Not such unnumber'd banners then were seen,  
As now in fair Tartesia's dales convene ;  
Numidia's bow and Mauritania's spear,  
And all the might of Hagar's race was here ;

<sup>1</sup> Attila, a king of the Huns, surnamed The Scourge of God. He lived in the fifth century. He may be reckoned among the greatest conquerors.

Granada's mongrels join their numerous host,  
 To those who dared the seas from Lybia's coast.  
 Awed by the fury of such ponderous force  
 The proud Castilian tries each hoped resource ;  
 Yet not by terror for himself inspired,  
 For Spain he trembled, and for Spain was fired.  
 His much-loved bride his messenger he <sup>m</sup> sends,  
 And to the hostile Lusian lowly bends.  
 The much-loved daughter of the King implored,  
 Now sues her father for her wedded Lord.  
 The beauteous dame approach'd the palace gate,  
 Where her great Sire was throned in regal state :  
 On her fair face deep-settled grief appears,  
 And her mild eyes were bathed in glistening tears ;  
 Her careless ringlets, as a mourner's, flow  
 Adown her shoulders and her breasts of snow :  
 A secret transport through the father ran,  
 While thus, in sighs, the royal bride began :

And know'st thou not, O warlike King, the cry'd,  
 That furious Afric pours her peopled tide ;  
 Her barbarous nations o'er the fields of Spain ?  
 Morocco's Lord commands the dreadful train.

<sup>m</sup> *His much-loved bride*—The Princess Mary. She was a Lady of great beauty and virtue, but was exceedingly ill used by her husband, who was violently attached to

his mistresses, though he owed his crown to the assistance of his father-in-law, the king of Portugal.



Ne'er since the furies bathed the circling coast,  
 Beneath one standard march'd so dread an host :  
 Such the dire fierceness of their brutal rage,  
 Pale are our bravest youth as pallid age.  
 By night our father's shades confess their <sup>n</sup> fear,  
 Their shrieks of terror from the tombs we hear :  
 To stem the rage of these unnumber'd bands,  
 Alone, O Sire, my gallant husband stands ;  
 His little host alone their breasts oppose  
 To the barb'd darts of Spain's innumerable foes :  
 Then haste, O Monarch, thou whose conquering spear  
 Has chill'd Malucca's sultry waves with fear ;  
 Haste to the rescue of distress'd Castel,  
 (Oh ! be that smile thy dear affection's seal !)  
 And speed, my father, ere my husband's fate  
 Be fixt, and I, deprived of regal state,  
 Be left in captive solitude forlorn,  
 My spouse, my kingdom, and my birth to mourn.

In tears, and trembling, spoke the filial queen.  
 So lost in grief was lovely Venus <sup>o</sup> seen,

<sup>n</sup> *By night our fathers' shades confess their fear,  
 Their shrieks of terror from the tombs we hear.*  
 Camoens says, " A mortos faz espanto,"  
 to give this elegance in English required a  
 paraphrase. There is something wildly  
 great, and agreeable to the superstition of  
 that age, to suppose that the dead were trou-  
 bled in their graves, on the approach of so

terrible an army. The French translator,  
 contrary to the original, ascribes this terror  
 to the ghost of only one Prince, by which  
 this stroke of Camoens, in the spirit of  
 Shakespeare, is reduced to a piece of unmean-  
 ing frippery.

<sup>c</sup> See the first Æneid.

When Jove, her Sire, the beauteous mourner pray'd  
To grant her wandering son the promised aid.  
Great Jove was moved to hear the fair deplore,  
Gave all she ask'd, and grieved she ask'd no more.  
So grieved Alonzo's noble heart. And now  
The warrior binds in steel his awful brow ;  
The glittering squadrons march in proud array,  
On burnish'd shields the trembling sun-beams play :  
The blaze of arms the warlike rage inspires,  
And wakes from slothful peace the hero's fires.  
With trampling hoofs Evora's plains rebound,  
And sprightly neighings echo far around ;  
Far on each side the clouds of dust arise,  
The drum's rough rattling rows along the skies ;  
The trumpet's shrilly clangor sounds alarms,  
And each heart burns, and ardent pants for arms.  
Where their bright blaze the royal ensigns pour'd,  
High o'er the rest the great Alonzo tower'd ;  
High o'er the rest was his bold front admired,  
And his keen eyes new warmth, new force inspired.  
Proudly he march'd, and now in Tarif's plain  
The two Alonzoes join their martial train :  
Right to the foe, in battle-rank updrawn,  
They pause—the mountain and the wide-spread lawn  
Afford not foot-room for the crowded foe :  
Awed with the horrors of the lifted blow

Pale look'd our bravest heroes. Swell'd with pride,  
The foes already conquer'd Spain divide,  
And lordly o'er the field the promised victors stride.  
So strode in Elah's vale the towering height  
Of Gath's proud champion; so with pale affright  
The Hebrews trembled, while with impious pride  
The large-limb'd foe the shepherd boy defy'd:  
The valiant boy advancing fits the string,  
And round his head he whirls the founding sling;  
The monster staggers with the forceful wound,  
And his huge bulk lies groaning on the ground.  
Such impious scorn the Moor's proud bosom swell'd,  
When our thin squadrons took the battle-field;  
Unconscious of the Power who led us on,  
That Power whose nod confounds th' infernal throne;  
Led by that Power, the brave Castilian bared  
The shining blade, and proud Morocco dared;  
His conquering brand the Lusian hero drew,  
And on Granada's sons resistless flew;  
The lances rattle and the splinters sing,  
And the broad faulchions on the bucklers ring:  
With piercing shrieks the Moors their Prophet's name,  
And ours their guardian Saint aloud acclaim.  
Wounds gush on wounds, and blows rebound to blows,  
A lake of blood the level plain o'erflows;

The wounded gasping in the purple tide,  
 Now find the death the sword but half supplied.  
 Though <sup>9</sup> wove and quilted by their Ladies' hands,  
 Vain were the mail-plates of Granada's bands.  
 With such dread force the Lusian rush'd along,  
 Steep'd in red carnage lay the boastful throng.  
 Yet now disdainful of so light a prize,  
 Sheer o'er the field the thundering hero flies;  
 And his bold arm the brave Castilian joins  
 In dreadful conflict with the Moorish lines.

The parting Sun now pour'd the ruddy blaze,  
 And twinkling Vesper shot his silvery rays  
 Athwart the gloom, and clos'd the glorious day,  
 When low in dust the strength of Afric lay.  
 Such dreadful slaughter of the boastful Moor  
 Never on battle-field was heap'd before;  
 Not he whose childhood vow'd eternal hate  
 And desperate war against the Roman state:  
 Though three strong Courfers bent beneath the weight  
 Of rings of gold, by many a Roman Knight,

<sup>9</sup> *Though wove*—It may perhaps be objected, that this is ungrammatical. But

Ufus  
 Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus et norma loquendi.  
 and Dryden, Pope, &c. often use *wove* as

a participle in place of the harsh sounding *woven*, a word almost incompatible with the elegance of versification. The more harmonious word ought therefore to be used; and use will ascertain its definition in grammar.

Erewhile, the badge of rank distinguish'd, worn,  
 From their cold hands at Cannæ's slaughter torn;  
 Not his dread sword bespread the reeking plain  
 With such wide streams of gore, and hills of slain;  
 Nor thine, O Titus, to the Stygian coast,  
 From blood-stain'd Salem sent so many a ghost;  
 Though ages ere she fell, the Prophets old  
 The dreadful scene of Salem's fall foretold,  
 In words that breathe wild horror: Nor the shore,  
 When carnage choak'd the stream, so smok'd with gore,  
 When Marius' fainting legions drank the flood,  
 Yet warm and purpled with Ambronian <sup>9</sup> blood;  
 Not such the heaps as now the plains of Tarif strew'd.

While glory thus Alonzo's name adorn'd,  
 To Lisbon's shores the happy Chief return'd,  
 In glorious peace and well-deserved repose,  
 His course of fame, and honoured age to close.  
 When now, O king, a Damsel's fate <sup>r</sup> severe,  
 A fate which ever claims the woful tear,

<sup>9</sup> When the soldiers of Marius complained of thirst, he pointed to a river near the camp of the Ambrones; there, says he, you may drink, but it must be purchased with blood. Lead us on, they replied, that we may have something liquid, though it be blood. The Romans forcing their way to the river, the channel was filled with the dead bodies of the slain. Vid. Plut.

<sup>r</sup> This unfortunate lady, Donna Inez de Castro, was the daughter of a Castilian gentleman, who had taken refuge in the court of Portugal. Her beauty and accomplishments attracted the regard of Don Pedro, the king's eldest son, a prince of a brave and noble dis-

position. *La Neufville, Le Clede*, and other historians, assert, that she was privately married to the prince ere she had any share in his bed. Nor was his conjugal fidelity less remarkable than the ardour of his passion. Afraid, however, of his father's resentment, the feverity of whose temper he knew, his intercourse with Donna Inez passed at the court as an intrigue of gallantry. On the accession of Don Pedro the Cruel to the throne of Castile, many of the disgusted nobility were kindly received by Don Pedro, thro' the interest of his beloved Inez. The favour shewn to these Castilians gave great uneasiness to the politicians. A thousand

Disgraced his honours——On the Nymph's lorn head  
 Relentless rage its bitterest rancour shed :  
 Yet such the zeal her princely lover bore,  
 Her breathless corse the crown of Lisbon wore.  
 'Twas thou, O Love, whose dreaded shafts controul'd  
 The hind's rude heart, and tear the hero's soul ;  
 Thou ruthless power, with bloodshed never cloyed,  
 'Twas thou thy lovely votary destroyed.  
 Thy thirst still burning for a deeper woe,  
 In vain to thee the tears of beauty flow ;  
 The breast that feels thy purest flames divine,  
 With spouting gore must bathe thy cruel shrine.  
 Such thy dire triumphs !—Thou, O Nymph, the while,  
 Prophetic of the god's unpitying guile,  
 In tender scenes by love-sick fancy wrought,  
 By fear oft shifted as by fancy brought,  
 In sweet Mondego's ever-verdant bowers,  
 Languish'd away the slow and lonely hours :  
 While now, as terror waked thy boding fears,  
 The conscious stream received thy pearly tears ;  
 And now, as hope revived the brighter flame,  
 Each eccho sigh'd thy princely lover's name.  
 Nor less could absence from thy prince remove  
 The dear remembrance of his distant love :

said evils were foreseen from the Prince's attachment to his Castilian mistress : even the murder of his children by his deceased spouse, the princess's *Constantia*, was furnished ; and the caquies of Donna

Inez, finding the king willing to listen, omitted no opportunity to increase his resentment against the unfortunate lady. The prince was about his 28th year when his amour with his beloved Inez commenced.

Thy

Thy looks, thy smiles, still meet his ravish'd eyes,  
And all thy beauteous charms before him rise:  
By night his slumbers bring thee to his arms,  
By day his thoughts still wander o'er thy charms:  
By night, by day, each thought thy loves employ,  
Each thought the memory or the hope of joy.  
Though fairest princely dames invok'd his love,  
No princely dame his constant faith could move:  
For thee alone his constant passion burn'd,  
For thee the proffer'd royal maids he scorn'd.  
Ah, hope of bliss too high—the princely dames  
Refused, dread rage the father's breast inflames;  
He, with an old man's wintery eye, surveys  
The youth's fond love, and coldly with it weighs  
The peoples' murmurs of his son's delay  
To bless the nation with his nuptial day.  
(Alas, the nuptial day was past unknown,  
Which but when crown'd the prince could dare to own.)  
And with the Fair One's blood the vengeful fire  
Resolves to quench his Pedro's faithful fire.  
Oh, thou dread sword, oft stain'd with heroes' gore,  
Thou awful terror of the prostrate Moor,  
What rage could aim thee at a female breast,  
Unarm'd, by softness and by love possess'd!

Dragg'd from her bower by murderous ruffian hands,  
Before the frowning king fair Inez stands;

Her tears of artless innocence, her air  
 So mild, so lovely, and her face so fair,  
 Moved the stern Monarch; when with eager zeal  
 Her fierce Destroyers urged the public weal;  
 Dread rage again the Tyrant's soul possess'd,  
 And his dark brow his cruel thoughts confess'd;  
 O'er her fair face a sudden paleness spread,  
 Her throbbing heart with generous anguish bled,  
 Anguish to view her lover's hopeless woes,  
 And all the mother in her bosom rose.  
 Her beautiful eyes in trembling tear-drops drown'd,  
 To heaven she lifted, for her hands were bound;  
 Then on her infants turn'd the piteous glance,  
 The look of bleeding woe; the babes advance,  
 Smiling in innocence of infant age,  
 Unawed, unconscious of their grandfire's rage;  
 To whom, as bursting sorrow gave the flow,  
 The native heart-sprung eloquence of woe,  
 The lovely captive thus: — O Monarch, hear,  
 If e'er to thee the name of man was dear,  
 If prowling tygers, or the wolf's wild brood,  
 Inspired by nature with the lust of blood,  
 Have yet been moved the weeping babe to spare,  
 Nor left, but tended with a nurse's care,

<sup>1</sup> *Ad cælum tendens ardentia lumina frustra,  
 Lumina nam teneras arcabant vincula palmas.*



As Rome's great founders to the world were given ;  
 Shalt thou, who wear'st the sacred stamp of heaven,  
 The human form divine, shalt thou deny  
 That aid, that pity, which e'en beasts supply !  
 Oh, that thy heart were, as thy looks declare,  
 Of human mould, superfluous were my prayer ;  
 Thou could'st not then a helpless damsel slay,  
 Whose sole offence in fond affection lay,  
 In faith to him who first his love confess't,  
 Who first to love allured her virgin breast.  
 In these my babes shalt thou thine image see,  
 And still tremendous hurl thy rage on me ?  
 Me, for their sakes, if yet thou wilt not spare,  
 Oh, let these infants prove thy pious <sup>k</sup> care !

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

the attention of the world. Tasso and Spenser have copied from his *Island of Bliss*, and three tragedies have been formed from this Episode of the unhappy Inez. One in English, by Mr. Mallet—but of this we need say nothing : it is one of the many neglected unsufferable loads of unanimated dulness, which, though honoured with the approbation of Mr. Garrick, have disgraced the English theatre, and rendered *Modern Tragedy* a name of contempt. The other two are by *M. de la Motte*, and *Luis Velez de Guevara*, a Spaniard. How these different writers have handled the same subject is not unworthy of the attention of the critic. The tragedy of *M. de la Motte*, from which Mallet's *Elvira* is copied, is highly characteristic of the French drama. In the *Lusiad* the beautiful victim expresses the strong emotions of genuine nature. She feels for what her lover will feel for her ; the mother rises in her breast, she implores pity for her children ; she feels the horrors of death,  
 and

Yet Pity's lenient current ever flows  
 From that brave breast where genuine valour glows;  
 That thou art brave, let vanquish'd Afric tell,  
 Then let thy pity o'er mine anguish swell;  
 Ah, let my woes, unconscious of a crime,  
 Procure mine exile to some barbarous clime:

and would be glad to wander an exile with her babes, where her only solace would be the remembrance of her faithful passion. This however, it appears, would not suit the taste of a Paris audience. On the French stage the stern Roman heroes must be polite *Petit-Maitres*, and the tender Inez a blustering amazon. Lee's Alexander cannot talk in a higher rant. She not only wishes to die herself, but desires that her children and her husband Don Pedro may also be put to death.

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

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

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

*Rey.* Llevaldos, Alvar Gonçalez.

*Inez.* Hijos míos, donde vais ?  
 Donde vais fin vuestra madre ?  
 Falta en los hombres picdad ?  
 Adonde vais luzes mais ?  
 Como, que assi me dexais  
 En el mayor desconuelo  
 En manos de la crueldad.

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

*Inez.* Possibile es, señor, Rey mio,  
 Padre, que así me cerreis  
 La puerta para el perdon ?

\* \* \* \*

Aora, señor, aora,  
 Aora es tiempo de mostrar  
 El mucho poder que tiene  
 Vuestra real Magestad.

\* \* \* \*

Como, señor ? vos os vais  
 Y a Alvar Gonçalez, y a Coello  
 Inhumanos me entregais ?  
 Hijos, hijos de mi vida,  
 Dexad me los abraçar ;  
 Alonso, mi vida hijo,  
 Dionis, a mores, ternad,  
 Tornad a ver vuestra madre :  
 Pedro mio, donde estas  
 Que así te olvidas de mi ?  
 Possibile es que en tanto mal  
 Me falta tu vista, esposo ?  
 Quicn te pudiera avisar  
 Del peligro en que assigida  
 Dona Inez tu esposa esta.

The drama, from which these extracts are taken, is entitled, *Reynar después de morir*.

Give

Give me to wander o'er the burning plains  
Of Libya's deserts, or the wild domains  
Of Scythia's snow-clad rocks and frozen shore;  
There let me, hopeless of return, deplore:  
Where ghastly horror fills the dreary vale,  
Where shrieks and howlings die on every gale;  
The lions roaring, and the tigers yell,  
There with mine infant race, consign'd to dwell,  
There let me try that piety to find,  
In vain by Me implored from human kind:  
There in some dreary cavern's rocky womb,  
Amid the horrors of sepulchral gloom,  
For him whose love I mourn, my love shall glow,  
The sigh shall murmur, and the tear shall flow:  
All my fond wish, and all my hope, to rear  
These infant pledges of a love so dear,  
Amidst my griefs a soothing glad employ,  
Amidst my fears a woful, hopeless joy.

In tears she utter'd — as the frozen snow  
Touch'd by the spring's mild ray, begins to flow,  
So just began to melt his stubborn soul  
As mild-ray'd Pity o'er the Tyrant stole;  
But destiny forbade: with eager zeal,  
Again pretended for the public weal,

Her fierce accusers urged her speedy doom ;  
 Again dark rage diffused its horrid gloom  
 O'er stern Alonzo's brow : swift at the sign,  
 Their swords unsheathed around her brandish'd shine.  
 O foul disgrace, of knighthood lasting stain,  
 By men of arms an helpless lady ' slain !

Thus Pyrrhus, burning with unmanly ire,  
 Fulfill'd the mandate of his furious fire ;  
 Disdainful of the frantic matron's prayer,  
 On fair Polyxena, her last fond care,  
 He rush'd, his blade yet warm with Priam's gore,  
 And dash'd the daughter on the sacred floor ;  
 While mildly she her raving mother eyed,  
 Resign'd her bosom to the sword, and died.  
 Thus Inez, while her eyes to heaven appeal,  
 Resigns her bosom to the murdering steel :

<sup>1</sup> To give the character of Alphonso IV. will throw light on this inhuman transaction. He was an undutiful son, an unnatural brother, and a cruel father ; a great and fortunate warrior, diligent in the execution of the laws, and a *Machavilian* politician. That good might be attained by villainous means, was his favourite maxim. When the enemies of Inez had persuaded him that her death was necessary to the welfare of the state, he took a journey to *Coimbra*, that he might see the lady, when the prince his son was absent on a hunting party. Donna Inez with her children threw herself at his

feet. The king was moved with the distresses of the beautiful suppliant, when his three counsellors, *Alvaro Gonfalez*, *Diego Lopez Pacheco*, and *Pedro Coello*, reproaching him for his disregard to the state, he relapied to his former resolution. She was dragged from his presence, and brutally murdered by the hands of his three counsellors, who immediately returned to the king with their daggers reeking with the innocent blood of the princess his daughter-in-law. Alonzo, says *La Neufville*, avowed the horrid assassination, as if he had done nothing for which he ought to be ashamed.

That

That snowy neck, whose matchless form sustain'd  
The loveliest face where all the Graces reign'd,  
Whose charms so long the gallant Prince inflamed,  
That her pale corse was Lisbon's queen proclaimed,  
That snowy neck was stain'd with spouting gore,  
Another sword her lovely bosom tore.  
The flowers that glisten'd with her tears bedew'd,  
Now shrunk and languish'd with her blood imbrew'd.  
As when a rose, ere while of bloom so gay,  
Thrown from the careless virgin's breast away,  
Lies faded on the plain, the living red,  
The snowy white, and all its fragrance fled;  
So from her cheeks the roses dy'd away,  
And pale in death the beauteous Inez lay:  
With dreadful smiles, and crimson'd with her blood,  
Round the wan victim the stern murderers stood,  
Unmindful of the sure, though future hour,  
Sacred to vengeance and her Lover's power.

O Sun, couldst thou so foul a crime behold,  
Nor veil thine head in darkness, as of old  
A sudden night unwonted horror cast  
O'er that dire banquet, where the fire's repast  
The son's torn limbs supplied!—Yet you, ye vales!  
Ye distant forests, and ye flowery dales!

When pale and sinking to the dreadful fall,  
 You heard her quivering lips on Pedro call ;  
 Your faithful echoes caught the parting sound,  
 And Pedro ! Pedro ! mournful, sigh'd around.  
 Nor less the wood-nymphs of Mondego's groves  
 Bewail'd the memory of her hapless loves :  
 Her griefs they wept, and to a plaintive rill  
 Transform'd their tears, which weeps and murmurs still.  
 To give immortal pity to her woe  
 They taught the riv'let through her bowers to flow,  
 And still through violet beds the fountain pours  
 Its \* plaintive wailing, and is named Amours.  
 Nor long her blood for vengeance cry'd in vain :  
 Her gallant Lord begins his awful reign,  
 In vain her murderers for refuge fly,  
 Spain's wildest hills no place of rest supply.  
 The injur'd Lover's and the Monarch's ire,  
 And stern-brow'd Justice in their doom conspire :  
 In hissing flames they die, and yield their souls in \* fire.

\* At an old royal castle near Mondego, there is a rivulet called the fountain of Amours. According to tradition, it was here that Don Pedro resided with his beloved Inez. The fiction of Camocns, founded on the popular name of the rivulet, is in the spirit of Homer.

\* When the Prince was informed of the death of his beloved Inez, he was transported into the most violent fury. He took arms against his father. The country between the rivers *Ilinho* and *Doura* was laid desolate: but by the interposition of the

Queen and the Archbishop of *Braga* the Prince relented, and the further horrors of a civil war were prevented. Don Alonzo was not only reconciled to his son, but laboured by every means to oblige him, and to efface from his memory the injury and insult he had received. The Prince, however, still continued to discover the strongest marks of affection and grief. When he succeeded to the crown, one of his first acts was a treaty with the King of Castile, whereby each Monarch engaged to give up such malecontents, as should take refuge in each other's

Nor this alone his stedfast foul display'd :  
 Wide o'er the land he waved the awful blade  
 Of red-arm'd Justice. From the shades of night  
 He dragg'd the foul adulterer to light :  
 The robber from his dark retreat was led,  
 And he, who spilt the blood of murder, bled.

other's dominions. In consequence of this, *Pedro Coello* and *Alvaro Gonzalez*, who, on the death of *Alonzo*, had fled to Castile, were sent prisoners to Don Pedro. *Diego Pebecco*, the third murderer, made his escape. The other two were put to death with the most exquisite tortures, and most justly merited, if exquisite torture is in any instance to be allowed. After this the King, Don Pedro, summoned an assembly of the states at *Cantanedes*. Here, in the presence of the Pope's nuncio, he solemnly swore on the holy Gospels, that having obtained a dispensation from *Rome*, he had secretly, at *Braganza*, espoused the Lady *Inez de Castro*, in the presence of the Bishop of *Guarda*, and of his master of the wardrobe ; both of whom confirmed the truth of the oath. The Pope's Bull, containing the dispensation, was published ; the body of *Inez* was lifted from the grave, was placed on a magnificent throne, and with the proper Regalia, crowned Queen of Portugal. The nobility did homage to her skeleton, and kissed the bones of her hand. The corps was then interred at the royal monastery of *Alcobaca*, with a pomp before unknown in Portugal, and with all the honours due to a Queen. Her monument is still extant, where her statue is adorned with the diadem and the royal robe. This, with the legitimation of her children, and the care he took of all who had been in her service, consoled him in some degree, and rendered him more conversable than he had hitherto been ; but the cloud which the death of his *Inez* brought over the natural cheerfulness of his temper, was never totally dispersed.—A circumstance strongly characteristic of the rage of his resentment must not be omitted. When

the murderers were brought before him, he was so transported with indignation, that he struck *Pedro Coello* several blows on the face with the shaft of his whip. Some grave writers have branded this action as unworthy of the Magistrate and the Hero ; those who will, may add, of the Philosopher too : Something greater however belongs to Don Pedro : A regard which we do not feel for any of the three, will, in every bosom, capable of genuine love, inspire a tender sympathy for the agonies of his heart, when the presence of the inhuman murderers presented to his mind the horrid scene of the butchery of his beloved spouse.

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

Unmoved he heard the proudest Noble plead,  
 Where Justice aim'd her sword, with stubborn speed  
 Fell the dire stroke. Nor cruelty inspired,  
 Noblest humanity his bosom fired.  
 The Caitiff, starting at his thoughts, repress'd  
 The seeds of murder springing in his breast.  
 His outstretch'd arm the lurking thief withheld,  
 For fixt as fate he knew his doom was seal'd.  
 Safe in his Monarch's care the Ploughman toil'd,  
 And force and violence was far exiled.  
 Pedro <sup>y</sup> the just the peopled towns proclaim,  
 And every field resounds her Monarch's name.

<sup>y</sup> *Pedro the just*—History cannot afford an instance of any Prince who has a more eminent claim to the title of just than Pedro I. His diligence to correct every abuse was indefatigable, and when guilt was proved his justice was inexorable. He was dreadful to the evil, and beloved by the good, for he respected no persons, and his inflexible severity never digressed from the line of strict justice. An anecdote or two will throw some light on his character. A Priest having killed a Mason, the king dissembled his knowledge of the crime, and left the issue to the Ecclesiastical Court, where the Priest was punished by one year's suspension from saying mass. The king on this privately ordered the Mason's son to revenge the murder of his father. The young man obeyed, was apprehended, and condemned to death. When his sentence was to be confirmed by the king, Pedro enquired, what was the young man's trade. He was answered, that he followed his father's. Well then, said the king, I shall commute his punishment,

and interdict him from meddling with stone or mortar for a twelvemonth. After this he fully established the authority of the king's courts over the Clergy, whom he punished with death when their crimes were capital. When solicited to refer the causes of such criminals to a higher tribunal, he would answer very calmly, That is what I intend to do: I will send them to the highest of all tribunals, to that of their Maker and mine. Against Adulterers he was particularly severe, often declaring it his opinion, that conjugal infidelity was the source of the greatest evils, and that therefore to restrain it was the interest and duty of the Sovereign. Though the fate of his beloved Inez chagrined and soured his temper, he was so far from being naturally fullen or passionate, that he was rather of a gay and sprightly disposition, affable and easy of access; delighted in music and dancing; a lover of learning, was himself a man of letters, and an elegant Poet. Vide *Le Châle, Mariana, Faria*.



Of this brave Prince the soft degenerate son,  
 Fernando the remiss, ascends the throne.  
 With arm unnerved the listless foldier lay  
 And own'd the influence of a nerveless sway :  
 The stern Castilian drew the vengeful brand,  
 And strode proud victor o'er the trembling land.  
 How terrible the hour, when heaven, in rage,  
 Thunders its vengeance on a guilty age !  
 Unmanly sloth the King, the nation stain'd ;  
 And lewdness foster'd by the Monarch reign'd :  
 The Monarch own'd that first of crimes unjust,  
 The wanton revels of adulterous lust :  
 Such was his rage for *beauteous* <sup>2</sup> Leonore,  
 Her from her husband's widow'd arms he tore :  
 Then with unblest, unhallow'd nuptials stain'd  
 The sacred altar, and its rites profaned.  
 Alas ! the splendor of a crown, how vain,  
 From heaven's dread eye to veil the dimmest stain !

<sup>1</sup> This lady, named *Leonora de Telles*, was the wife of Don *Juan Lorenzo deugna*, a nobleman of one of the most distinguished families in Portugal. After a sham process this marriage was dissolved, and the king privately espoused to her, though at this time he was publicly married by proxy to Donna Leonora of Arragon. A dangerous insurrection, headed by one *Velasquez*, a taylor, drove the king and his adulterous bride from Lisbon. Soon after he caused his marriage to be publicly celebrated in

the province between the *Douro* and *Alinho*. Henry king of Castile, being informed of the general discontent that reigned in Portugal, marched a formidable army into that kingdom, to revenge the injury offered to some of his subjects, whose ships had been unjustly seized at Lisbon. The desolation hinted at by Camoens ensued. After the subjects of both kingdoms had severely suffered, the two kings ended the war, much to their mutual satisfaction, by an inter-marriage of their bastard children.

To conquering Greece, to ruin'd Troy, what woes,  
 What ills on ills, from Helen's rape arose !  
 Let Appius own, let banish'd Tarquin tell  
 On their hot rage what heavy vengeance fell.  
 One female ravish'd Gibeah's streets <sup>a</sup> beheld,  
 O'er Gibeah's streets the blood of thousands swell'd  
 In vengeance of the crime; and streams of blood  
 The guilt of Zion's sacred bard <sup>b</sup> pursued.

Yet Love full oft with wild delirium blinds,  
 And fans his basest fires in noblest minds;  
 The female garb the great Alcides wore,  
 And for his Omphale the distaff <sup>c</sup> bore.  
 For Cleopatra's smiles the world was lost:  
 The Roman terror, and the Punic boast,  
 Cannæ's great victor, for a harlot's smile,  
 Resign'd the harvest of his glorious toil.  
 And who can boast he never felt the fires,  
 The trembling throbbings of the young desires,  
 When he beheld the breathing roses glow,  
 And the soft heavings of the living snow;  
 The waving ringlets of the auburn hair,  
 And all the rapturous graces of the Fair!

<sup>a</sup> Judges, chap. xix. and xx.

<sup>b</sup> 2 Samuel, chap. iii. 10. "The sword

shall never depart from thine house."

<sup>c</sup> *Alcidem lanas nere coëgit amor.* OVID.

Oh!

Oh! what defence, if fixt on him, he spy  
 The languid sweetness of the stedfast eye!  
 Ye who have felt the dear luxurious smart,  
 When angel charms oppress the powerless heart,  
 In pity here relent the brow severe,  
 And o'er Fernando's weakness drop the tear.

To conclude the notes on this book, it may not be unnecessary to observe, that Camoens, in this Episode, has happily adhered to a principal rule of the Epopea. To paint the manners and characters of the age in which the action is placed, is as requisite in the Epic Poem, as it is to preserve the unity of the character of an Individual. That gallantry of bravery and romantic cast of the military adventures, which characterised the Spaniards and Portuguese during the Moorish wars, is happily supported by Camoens in its most just and striking colours. In history we find surprising vic-

tories obtained over the Infidels: In the Lusiad we find the heroes breathing that enthusiasm which led them to conquest, that enthusiasm of military honours so strongly expressed by Alonzo V. of Portugal, at the siege of *Arzila*. In storming the citadel, the Count de Marialva, a brave old officer, lost his life. The King leading his only son, the Prince Don Juan, to the body of the Count, while the blood yet streamed from his wounds; "Behold, he cried, that great man! May God grant you, my son, to imitate his virtues. May your honour, like his, be complete!"

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.



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T H E  
L U S I A D.

---

B O O K IV.

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

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

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

<sup>a</sup> *A cradled infant gave the wondrous sign*—No circumstance has ever been more ridiculed by the ancient and modern pedants than Alexander's pretensions to divinity. Some of his courtiers expostulating with him one day on the absurdity of such claim, he replied, "I know 'the truth of what you say, but these," (pointing to a crowd of Persians) "these know no better." The report that the Grecian army was commanded by a son of Jupiter spread terror through the East, and greatly facilitated the operations of the Conqueror. The miraculous speech of the infant, attested by a few monks, was adapted to the superstition of the age of

John I. and as he was a bastard, was of infinite service to his cause. The pretended fact however is differently related. By some thus: When Don John, then regent of Portugal, was going to Coimbra, to assist at an assembly of the states, at a little distance from the city he was met by a great number of children riding upon sticks, who no sooner saw him than they cried out, "Blessed be Don John king of Portugal; the king is coming, Don John shall be king." Whether this was owing to art or accident, it had a great effect. At the assembly the regent was elected king.

Through

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

With all the fierceness of the female ire,  
 When rage and grief to tear the breast conspire,

<sup>b</sup> *The mitred head.*—Don Martin, bishop of Lisbon, a man of an exemplary life. He was by birth a Castilian, which was esteemed a sufficient reason to murder

him, as of the queen's party. He was thrown from the tower of his own cathedral, whither he had fled to avoid the popular fury.

The queen beheld her power, her honours ' lost,  
 And ever when she slept th' adulterer's ghost,  
 All pale, and pointing at his bloody shroud,  
 Seem'd ever for revenge to scream aloud.

Castel's proud monarch to the nuptial bed  
 In happier days her royal daughter led.  
 To him the furious queen for vengeance cries,  
 Implores to vindicate his lawful prize,

<sup>c</sup> *The queen beheld her power, her honours lost*—Possessed of great beauty and great abilities, this bad woman was a disgrace to her sex, and a curse to the age and country which gave her birth. Her sister, Donna Maria, a lady of unblemished virtue, had been secretly married to the infant Don Juan, the king's brother, who was passionately attached to her. Donna Maria had formerly endeavoured to dissuade her sister from the adulterous marriage with the king. In revenge of this, the queen Leonora persuaded Don Juan that her sister was unfaithful to his bed. The enraged husband hastened to his wife, and without enquiry or expostulation, says *Mariana*, dispatched her with two strokes of his dagger. He was afterwards convinced of her innocence. Having sacrificed her honour and her first husband to a king, says *Faria*, Leonora soon sacrificed that king to a wicked gallant, a Castilian nobleman, named Don Juan Fernandez de *Andeyro*. An unjust war with *Castile*, wherein the Portuguese were defeated by sea and land, was the first fruits of the policy of the new favourite. *Andeyro* one day being in a great sweat by some military exercise, the queen tore her veil, and publicly gave it him to wipe his face. The grand master of *Avis*, the king's bastard brother, afterwards John I. and some others, expostulated with her on the indecency of this behaviour. She dissembled her resentment, but soon after they were seized and commi-

ted to the castle of *Evora*, where a forged order for their execution was sent; but the governor suspecting some fraud, shewed it to the king. Yet such was her ascendancy over Fernando, that though convinced of her guilt, he ordered his brother to kiss the queen's hand, and thank her for his life. Soon after Fernando died, but not till he was fully convinced of the queen's conjugal infidelity, and had given an order for the assassination of the gallant. Not long after the death of the king, the favourite *Andeyro* was stabbed in the palace by the grand master of *Avis*, and Don *Ruy de Pereyra*. The queen expressed all the transport of grief and rage, and declared she would undergo the trial ordeal in vindication of his and her innocence. But this she never performed: in her vows of revenge, however, she was more punctual. Don Juan king of *Castile*, who had married her only daughter and heiress, at her earnest entreaties invaded Portugal, and was proclaimed king. Don John, grand master of *Avis*, was proclaimed by the people protector and regent. A desperate war ensued. Queen Leonora, treated with indifference by her daughter and son-in-law, resolved on the murder of the latter, but the plot was discovered, and she was sent prisoner to *Castile*. The regent was besieged in *Lisbon*, and the city reduced to the utmost extremities, when an epidemical distemper broke out in the Castilian army, and made such devastation that the king sud-

denly



The Lusian sceptre, his by spousal right ;  
 The proud Castilian arms and dares the fight.  
 To join his standard as it waves along,  
 The warlike troops from various regions throng :  
 Those who possess the lands by Rodrick <sup>d</sup> given,  
 What time the Moor from Turia's banks was driven ;  
 That race who joyful smile at war's alarms,  
 And scorn each danger that attends on arms ;

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

Don John I. one of the greatest of the Portuguese monarchs, was the natural son

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

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

<sup>d</sup> — by Rodrick given The celebrated hero of Corneille's tragedy of the Cid.

Whose

Whose crooked ploughshares Leon's uplands tear,  
Now cas'd in steel in glittering arms appear,  
Those arms erewhile so dreadful to the Moor:  
The Vandals glorying in their might of yore  
March on; their helms and moving lances gleam  
Along the flowery vales of Betis' stream:  
Nor staid the Tyrian islanders behind,  
On whose proud ensigns floating on the <sup>d</sup> wind  
Alcides' pillars tower'd: Nor wonted fear  
Withheld the base Galician's fordid spear;  
Though still his crimson foamy scars reveal  
The sure-aim'd vengeance of the Lusian steel.  
Where tumbling down Cuenca's mountain side  
The murmuring Tagus rolls his foamy tide,  
Along Toledo's lawns, the pride of Spain,  
Toledo's warriors join the martial train:  
Nor less the furious lust of war inspires  
The Biscayneer, and wakes his barbarous fires,  
Which ever burn for vengeance, if the tongue  
Of hapless stranger give the fancy'd wrong.  
Nor bold Asturia, nor Guispucoa's shore,  
Famed for their steely wealth, and iron ore,  
Delay'd their vaunting squadrons; o'er the dales  
Cas'd in their native steel, and belted mails,

<sup>d</sup> Cadiz; of old a Phœnician colony.

Blue gleaming from afar they march along,  
 And join with many a spear the warlike throng.  
 And thus, wide sweeping o'er the trembling coast,  
 The proud Castilian leads his numerous host ;  
 The valiant John for brave defence prepares,  
 And in himself collected greatly dares :  
 For such high valour in his bosom glow'd,  
 As Samson's locks by miracle bestow'd :  
 Safe in himself resolved the hero stands,  
 Yet calls the leaders of his anxious bands :  
 The council summon'd, some with prudent mien,  
 And words of grave advice their terrors screen.  
 By sloth debas'd, no more the ancient fire  
 Of patriot loyalty can now inspire ;  
 And each pale lip seem'd opening to declare  
 For tame submission, and to shun the war ;  
 When glorious Nunio, starting from his seat,  
 Claim'd every eye, and clos'd the cold debate :  
 Singling his brothers from the dastard train,  
 His rowling looks, that flash'd with stern disdain,  
 On them he fixt, then snatch'd his hilt in ire,  
 While his bold speech bewray'd the foldier's fire,  
 Bold and unpolish'd ; while his burning <sup>s</sup> eyes  
 Seem'd as he dared the ocean, earth, and skies..

<sup>s</sup> This speech in the original has been much admired by the foreign critics, as a model of military eloquence. The critic,

it is hoped, will perceive that the Translator has endeavoured to support the character of the Speaker.

Heavens! shall the Lusian nobles tamely yield!  
Oh shame! and yield untry'd the martial field!  
That land whose genius, as the God of war,  
Was own'd, where'er approach'd her thundering car;  
Shall now her sons their faith, their love deny,  
And, while their country sinks, ignobly fly!  
Ye timorous herd, are you the genuine line  
Of those illustrious shades, whose rage divine,  
Beneath great Henry's standards awed the foe,  
For whom you tremble and would stoop so low!  
That foe, who, boastful now, then basely fled,  
When your undaunted fires the hero led,  
When seven bold Earls in chains the spoil adorn'd,  
And proud Castle through all her kindreds mourn'd,  
Castle, your awful dread—yet, conscious, say,  
When Diniz reign'd, when his bold son bore sway,  
By whom were trodden down the bravest bands  
That ever march'd from proud Castilia's lands?  
'Twas your brave fires—and has one languid reign  
Fix'd in your tainted souls so deep a stain,  
That now degenerate from your noble fires,  
The last dim spark of Lusian flame expires?  
Though weak Fernando reign'd in war unskill'd,  
A godlike king now calls you to the field.  
Oh! could like his your mounting valour glow,  
Vain were the threatnings of the vaunting foe.

Not proud Casteel, oft by your fires o'erthrown,  
 But every land your dauntless rage should own.  
 Still if your hands benumb'd by female fear,  
 Shun the bold war, hark ! on my sword I swear,  
 Myself alone the dreadful war shall wage,  
 Mine be the fight — and trembling with the rage  
 Of valorous fire, his hand half-drawn display'd  
 The awful terror of his shining blade —  
 I and my vassals dare the dreadful shock ;  
 My shoulders never to a foreign yoke  
 Shall bend ; and by my Sovereign's wrath I vow,  
 And by that loyal faith renounced by you,  
 My native land unconquer'd shall remain,  
 And all my Monarch's foes shall heap the plain.

The hero paused — 'Twas thus the youth of Rome,  
 The trembling few who 'scaped the bloody doom  
 That dy'd with slaughter Cannæ's purple field,  
 Assembled stood, and bow'd their necks to yield ;  
 When nobly rising with a like disdain  
 The young Cornelius raged, nor raged in <sup>h</sup> vain :

<sup>h</sup> This was the famous P. Corn. Scipio Africanus. The fact, somewhat differently related by Livy, is this. After the defeat at Cannæ, a considerable body of Romans fled to Canusium, and appointed Scipio and Ap. Claudius their commanders. While they remained there, it was told Scipio, that some of his chief officers, at the head of whom was Cæcilius Metellus, were taking measures to transport themselves out of Italy. He went immediately to their assembly;

and drawing his sword, said, *I swear that I will not desert the Commonwealth of Rome, nor suffer any other citizen to do it. The same oath I require of you, Cæcilius, and of all present ; whoever refuses, let him know that this sword is drawn against him.* The Historian adds, that they were as terrified by this, as if they had beheld the face of their conqueror Hannibal. They all swore, and submitted themselves to Scipio. Vid. Liv. B. 22. C. 53.

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On his dread sword his daunted peers he swore,  
(The reeking blade yet black with Punic gore)  
While life remain'd their arms for Rome to wield,  
And but with life their conquer'd arms to yield.  
Such martial rage brave Nunio's mien inspired;  
Fear was no more: with rapturous ardour fired,  
To horse, to horse, the gallant Lusians cry'd;  
Rattled the belted mails on every side,  
The spear-staff trembled; round their heads they waved  
Their shining faulchions, and in transport raved,  
The King our guardian — loud their shouts rebound,  
And the fierce commons ecchoe back the sound.  
The mails that long in rusting peace had hung,  
Now on the hammer'd anvils hoarfely rung:  
Some soft with wool the plummy helmets line,  
And some the breast-plate's scaly belts entwine:  
The gaudy mantles some, and scarfs prepare,  
Where various lightfome colours gaily flare;  
And golden tissue, with the warp enwove,  
Displays the emblems of their youthful love.

The valiant John, begirt with warlike state,  
Now leads his bands from fair Abrantes' gate;  
Whose lawns of green the infant Tagus laves,  
As from his spring he rolls his coolly waves.



The daring van in Nunio's care could boast  
 A general worthy of th' unnumber'd host,  
 Whose gaudy banners trembling Greece defy'd,  
 When boastful Xerxes lash'd the Sessian tide:  
 Nunio, to proud Casteel as dread a name,  
 As erst to Gaul and Italy the fame  
 Of Attila's impending rage. The right  
 Brave Roderic led, a Chieftain train'd in fight:  
 Before the left the bold Almada rode,  
 And proudly waving o'er the center nod  
 The royal ensigns, glittering from afar,  
 Where godlike John inspires and leads the war.

'Twas now the time, when from the stubbly plain  
 The labouring hinds had borne the yellow grain;  
 The purple vintage heapt the foamy tun,  
 And fierce and red the sun of August shone;  
 When from the gate the squadrons march along:  
 Crowds prest on crowds, the walls and ramparts throng:  
 Here the sad mother rends her hoary hair,  
 While hope's fond whispers struggle with despair:  
 The weeping spouse to heaven extends her hands:  
 And cold with dread the modest virgin stands,  
 Her earnest eyes, suffused with trembling dew,  
 Far o'er the plain the plighted youth pursue:

And prayers and tears and all the female wail,  
And holy vows the throne of heaven assail.

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

Shriek'd

Shriek'd at the found; with fudden cold impreſt,  
 The mothers ſtrain'd their infants to the breaſt,  
 And ſhook with horror — now, far round, begin  
 The bow ſtrings whizzing, and the brazen \* din  
 Of arms on armour rattling; either van  
 Are mingled now, and man oppoſed to man:  
 To guard his native fields the one inſpires,  
 And one the raging luſt of conqueſt fires:  
 Now with fixt teeth, their writhing lips of blue,  
 Their eye-balls glaring of the purple hue,  
 Each arm ſtrains ſwifteſt to impell the blow;  
 Nor wounds they value now, nor fear they know,  
 Their only paſſion to offend the foe.

In might and fury, like the warrior God,  
 Before his troops the glorious Nunio rode:  
 That land, the proud invaders claim'd, he ſows  
 With their ſpilt blood, and with their corſes ſtrews;  
 Their forceful volleys now the croſs bows pour,  
 The clouds are darken'd with the arrowy ſhower;  
 The white foam reeking o'er their wavy mane,  
 The ſnorting courſers rage and paw the plain;

}

\* Homer and Virgil have, with great art, gradually heightened the fury of every battle, till the laſt efforts of their genius were lavished in deſcribing the ſuperior prowels of the Hero in the deciſive engagement. Camoens, in like manner, has beſtowed his utmoſt attention on this his principal battle.

The circumſtances preparatory to the engagement are happily imagined, and ſolemnly conducted, and the fury of the combat is ſupported with a poetical heat, and a variety of imagery, which, one need not hesitate to affirm, would do honour to an ancient claſſic.

Beat by their iron hoofs, the plain rebounds,  
 As distant thunder through the mountains sounds :  
 The ponderous spears crash, splintering far around ;  
 The horse and horsemen flounder on the ground ;  
 The ground groans with the sudden weight oppress'd,  
 And many a buckler rings on many a crest.  
 Where wide around the raging Nunio's sword  
 With furious sway the bravest squadrons gored,  
 The raging foes in closer ranks advance,  
 And his own brothers shake the hostile <sup>1</sup> lance.  
 Oh ! horrid fight ! yet not the ties of blood,  
 Nor yearning memory his rage withstood ;

<sup>1</sup> *And his own brothers shake the hostile lance*—The just indignation with which Camoens treats the kindred of the brave *Nunio Alvaro de Pereyra*, is condemned by the French Translator. “ *Dans le fond*, says he, *les Pereyras ne meritoient aucune flétrissure*, &c.—The Pereyras deserve no stain on their memory for joining the king of Castile, whose title to the crown of Portugal was infinitely more just and solid than that of Don John.” Caſtera, however, is grossly mistaken. Don *Alonzo Enriquez*, the first king of Portugal, was elected by the people, who had recovered their liberties at the glorious battle of Ourique. At the election the constitution of the kingdom was settled in eighteen short statutes, wherein it is expressly provided, that none but a Portuguese can be king of Portugal ; that if an Infanta marry a foreign Prince, he shall not, in her right, become king of Portugal, and a new election of a king, in case of the failure of the male line, is by these statutes supposed legal. By the treaty of marriage between the king of Castile and Donna *Beatrix*, the heiress of Fernando of Portugal, it was agreed, that only their children

should succeed to the Portuguese crown ; and that, in case the throne became vacant ere such children were born, the queen-dowager *Leonora* should govern with the title of Regent. Thus, neither by the original constitution, nor the treaty of marriage, could the king of Castile succeed to the throne of Portugal. And any pretence he might found on the marriage contract was already forfeited ; for he caused himself and his queen to be proclaimed, added Portugal to his titles, coined Portuguese money with his bust, deposed the queen Regent, and afterwards sent her prisoner to Castile. The lawful heir, Don Juan, the son of Inez de Castro, was kept in prison by his rival the king of Castile ; and as before observed, a new election was, by the original statutes, supposed legal in cases of emergency. These facts, added to the consideration of the tyranny of the king of Castile, and the great services Don John had rendered his country, upon whom its existence, as a kingdom, depended, fully vindicate the indignation of Camoens against the traitorous Pereyras.

With

With proud disdain his honest eyes behold  
Who e'er the traitor, who his king has sold.  
Nor want there others in the hostile band  
Who draw their swords against their native land ;  
And headlong driven, by impious rage accurst,  
In rank were foremost, and in fight the first.  
So sons and fathers, by each other slain,  
With horrid slaughter dyed Pharfalia's plain.  
Ye dreary ghosts, who now for treasons foul,  
Amidst the gloom of Stygian darkness howl ;  
Thou Cataline, and, stern Sertorius, tell  
Your brother shades, and soothe the pains of hell ;  
With triumph tell them, some of Lusian race  
Like you have earn'd the Traitor's foul disgrace.

As waves on waves, the foes encreasing weight  
Bears down our foremost ranks and shakes the fight ;  
Yet firm and undismay'd great Nunio stands,  
And braves the tumult of surrounding bands.  
So, from high Ceuta's rocky mountains stray'd,  
The ranging Lion braves the shepherd's shade ;  
The shepherds hastening o'er the Tetuan plain,  
With shouts surround him, and with spears restrain :  
He stops, with grinning teeth his breath he draws,  
Nor is it fear, but rage, that makes him pause ;

His threatening eyeballs burn with sparkling fire,  
 And his stern heart forbids him to retire :  
 Amidst the thickness of the spears he flings,  
 So midst his foes the furious Nunio springs :  
 The Lusian grasps with foreign gore distain'd,  
 Displays the carnage of the hero's hand.

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

<sup>m</sup> *Through the fierce Brigians*——The Castilians, so called from one of their ancient kings, named Brix, or Brigus, whom

the Monkish fabulists call the grandson of Noah.

Transfix'd

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

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

<sup>n</sup> These lines marked in the text with turned commas, are not in the common editions of Camoens. They consist of three stanzas in the Portuguese, and are said to have been left out by the author himself in his second edition. The translator, however, as they breathe the true spirit of Vir-

gil, was willing to preserve them with this acknowledgement ; in this he has followed the example of Castler.

<sup>o</sup> Massyilia, a province in Numidia, greatly infested with lions, particularly that part of it called *Os sete montes irmaos*, the seven brother mountains.

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

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

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

*Muitos lançaraõ o ultimo suspiro*—

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

*E sepefando a lança quatro vezes*—

are poetical, and in the spirit of Homer. They are omitted, however, by Castera, who substitutes the following in their place, "*Il dit, et d'un bras, &c.*" He said, and with an arm whose blows are inevitable, he threw his javelin against the fierce Maldonat. Death and the weapon went together. Maldonat fell, pierced with a large wound, and his horse tumbled over him." Besides Maldonat, Castera has, in this battle, introduced several other names which have no place in Camoens. Carrillo, Robledo, John of Lorca, Salazar of Seville were killed, he tells us: And, "Velasques and Sanches, natives of Toledo, Galbes, surnamed the Soldier without Fear, Montanches, Oropeza, and Mondonedo,

all six of proved valour, fell by the hand of young Antony, *qui porte dans le combat ou plus d'adresse ou plus de bonheur qu'eux*, who brought to the fight either more address or better fortune than these." Not a word of this is in the Portuguese.

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

With



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

The first in honour of Saint Jago's <sup>r</sup> band,  
 A naked ghost now fought the gloomy strand ;  
 And he, of Calatrave the sovereign knight,  
 Girt with whole troops his arm had slain in fight,  
 Descended murmuring to the shades of night.  
 Blaspheming heaven, and gash'd with many a wound  
 Brave Nunio's rebel kindred gnaw'd the ground,  
 And curst their fate, and dy'd. Ten thousands more  
 Who held no title and no office bore,  
 And nameless nobles who, promiscuous fell,  
 Appeas'd that day the foaming dog of hell.  
 Now low the proud Castilian standard lies  
 Beneath the Lusian flag, a vanquish'd prize.

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

Their bucklers clash ; thick blows descend from  
 high,

And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly.

DRYD. VIRG. EN. XII.

<sup>r</sup> Grand Master of the order of St. James, named Don Pedro Nunio. He was not killed, however, in this battle, which was

fought on the plains of *Aljubarota*, but in that of *Valkverda*, which immediately followed. The Reader may perhaps be surprised to find, that every soldier mentioned in these notes is a Don, a *Lord*. The following piece of history will account for the number of the Portuguese nobles. Don *Alonzo Enriquez*, Count of Portugal, was saluted king by his army at the battle of *Ou-rigue*; in return, his Majesty dignified every man in his army with the rank of nobility. Vid. the 9th of the Stat. of *Lamego*.

With furious madness fired, and stern disdain,  
 The fierce Iberians to the fight again  
 Rush headlong; groans and yellings of ' despair  
 With horrid uproar rend the trembling air.  
 Hot boils the blood, thirst burns, and every breast  
 Pants, every limb with fainty weight oppress'd  
 Slow now obeys the will's stern ire, and slow  
 From every sword descends the feeble blow;  
 Till rage grew languid, and tired slaughter found  
 No arm to combat, and no breast to wound.  
 Now from the field Casteel's proud monarch<sup>s</sup> flies,  
 In wild dismay he rows his maddening eyes,  
 And leads the pale-lipt flight, who, wing'd with fear,  
 As drifted smoke at distance disappear,

<sup>r</sup> The last efforts of rage and despair are thus described in Pope's translation of the fifth battle at the ships. IL. XV.

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

<sup>s</sup> This tyrant, whose unjust pretensions to the crown of Portugal laid his own and that kingdom in blood, was on his final defeat overwhelmed with all the frenzy of grief. In the night after the decisive battle of *Aljubarota*, he fled upwards of thirty miles upon a mule. Don *Laurence*, archbishop of *Braga*, in a letter written in old Portuguese to Don *John*, abbot of *Alcobaza*, gives this account of his behaviour. “ *O condestrabre*  
 “ *à me far saber ca o rey de Castella se viera*

“ *à Santaren como homem tresvaliado, quem*  
 “ *maldezia seu viver, e puxava pelas bar-*  
 “ *bas; e à bo fê, bom amigo, melhor e que*  
 “ *o faga ca non fagermolo nos, ca homem,*  
 “ *quem suas barbas arrepela mao lavor fa-*  
 “ *ria das albeas.* i. e. The constable has  
 “ informed me that he saw the king of  
 “ Castile at Santaren, who behaved as a  
 “ madman, cursing his existence, and  
 “ tearing the hairs of his beard. And in  
 “ good faith, my good friend, it is better  
 “ that he should do so to himself than to  
 “ us; the man who thus plucks his own  
 “ beard, would be much better pleased to  
 “ do so to others.” The writer of this  
 letter, though a prelate, fought at the battle  
 of *Aljubarota*, where he received on the  
 face a large wound from a sabre. *Castera*  
 relates this anecdote of him. The flattery  
 of a sculptor had omitted the deep scar:  
 when the archbishop saw the statue, he laid  
 hold of an attendant's sword, with which  
 he disfigured the face. I have now, said  
 he, supplied what it wanted.

Blaspheming

Blaspheming fate, and cursing him who first  
Forged horrid arms, and led to wars accurst.

The festive days by heroes old 'ordain'd  
The glorious victor on the field remain'd.  
The funeral rites and holy vows he paid :  
Yet not the while the restless Nunio staid ;  
O'er Tago's waves his gallant bands he led,  
And humbled Spain in every province bled :  
Sevilia's standard on his spear he bore,  
And Andalusia's ensigns steep in gore.  
Low in the dust distress'd Castilia mourn'd;  
And bathed in tears each eye to heaven was turn'd ;  
The orphan's, widow's, and the hoary fire's ;  
And heaven relenting quench'd the raging fires .  
Of mutual hate : from England's happy shore .  
The peaceful seas two lovely sisters " bore . .

<sup>1</sup> *The festive days by heroes old ordain'd.*  
—As a certain proof of the victory, it was required, by the honour of these ages, that the victor should encamp three days on the field of battle. By this knight-errantry, the advantages which ought to have been pursued were frequently lost. Don John, however, though he complied with the reigning ideas of honour, sent Don Nunio, with a proper army, to reap the fruits of his victory.

<sup>2</sup> Castera's note on this place is literally thus: "They were the daughters of John duke of Lancaster, son of Edward IV. of England, both of great beauty: the eldest, named Catharine, was married to the king of Castile, the youngest, Isabel, to the king of Portugal." This is all a mistake. John of Portugal, about a year after the battle of *Aljubarota*, married *Philippus*, eldest daughter of *John of Gaunt*,

duke of Lancaster, son of Edward III. who assisted the king, his son-in-law, in an irruption into Castile, and at the end of the campaign promised to return with more numerous forces for the next. But this was prevented by the marriage of his youngest daughter *Catalina* with *Don Henry*, eldest son of the king of Castile. The king of Portugal on this entered Galicia, and reduced the cities of *Tuy* and *Salvaterra*. A truce followed. While the tyrant of Castile meditated a new war, he was killed by a fall from his horse, and leaving no issue by his queen *Beatrice*, the king of Portugal's daughter, all pretensions on that crown ceased. The truce was now prolonged for fifteen years, and though not strictly kept, yet at last the influence of the English queen *Catalina* prevailed, and a long peace, happy for both kingdoms, ensued.

The rival monarchs to the nuptial bed  
 In joyful hour the royal virgins led,  
 And holy peace assum'd her blissful reign;  
 Again the peasant joy'd, the landscape smiled again.

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

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

\* The character of this great prince  
 claims a place in these notes, as it affords a

comment on the enthusiasm of Camoens,  
 who has made him the hero of his episode.

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

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

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

forty-eighth of his reign. His affection to his queen *Philippa* made him fond of the English, whose friendship he cultivated, and by whom he was frequently assisted.

\* Camoens, in this instance, has raised the character of one brother at the other's expence, to give his poem an air of the old romance. The siege of Tangier was proposed. The king's brothers differed in their opinions: that of Don Fernand, tho' a knight errant adventure, was approved of by the young nobility. The infants Henry and Fernand, at the head of 7000 men, laid siege to Tangier, and were surrounded by a numerous army of Moors, some writers say six hundred thousand. On condition that the Portuguese army should be allowed to return home, the infants promised to deliver Ceuta. The Moors gladly accepted of the terms, but demanded one of the infants as an hostage. Fernand offered himself, and was left. The king was willing to comply with the terms to relieve his brother, but the court considered the value of Ceuta, and would not consent. The Pope also interposed his authority, that Ceuta should be kept as a check on the infidels, and proposed to raise a Crusade for the delivery of Fernand. In the meanwhile large offers were made for his liberty. These were rejected by the Moors, who would accept of nothing but Ceuta, of whose vast importance they were no strangers. When negotiation failed, king Edward assembled a large army to effect his brother's release, but just as he was setting out, he was seized with the plague, and died, leaving orders with his queen

Thy nation proffer'd, and the foe with joy  
 For Ceuta's towers prepared to yield the boy ;  
 The princely hostage nobly spurns the thought  
 Of freedom and of life so dearly bought :  
 The raging vengeance of the Moors defies,  
 Gives to the clanking chains his limbs, and dies  
 A dreary prison death. Let noisy fame  
 No more unequall'd hold her Codrus' name ;  
 Her Regulus, her Curtius boast no more,  
 Nor those the honour'd Decian name who bore.  
 The splendor of a court, to them unknown,  
 Exchang'd for deathful Fate's most awful frown  
 To distant times through every land shall blaze  
 The self-devoted Lusian's nobler praise.

Now to the tomb the hapless king descends,  
 His son Alonzo brighter fate attends.

queen to deliver up Ceuta for the release of his brother. This, however, was never performed. Don Fernand remained with the Moors till his death. The magnanimity of his behaviour gained him their esteem and admiration, nor is there good proof that he received any extraordinary rigorous treatment ; the contrary is rather to be inferred from the romantic notions of military honour which then prevailed among the Moors. Some, however, whom Castera follows, make his sufferings little inferior to those, without proof likewise, ascribed to Regulus. Don Fernand is to this day esteemed as a saint and martyr in Portugal, and his memory is commemorated on the fifth of June. King Edward reigned only five years and a month. He was the most

eloquent man in his dominions, spoke and wrote Latin elegantly, was author of several books, one on horsemanship, in which art he excelled. He was brave in the field, active in business, and rendered his country infinite service by reducing the laws to a regular code. He was knight of the order of the Garter, which honour was conferred upon him by his cousin Henry V. of England. In one instance he gave great offence to the superstitious populace. He despised the advice of a Jew astrologer, who entreated him to delay his coronation, because the stars that day were unfavourable. To this the misfortune of Tangier was ascribed, and the people were always on the alarm, as if some terrible disaster were impending over them.

Alonzo!

Alonzo ! dear to Lufus' race the name ;  
 Nor his the meanest in the rolls of fame.  
 His might resistless prostrate Afric own'd,  
 Beneath his yoke the Mauritians groan'd,  
 And still they groan beneath the Lusian sway.  
 'Twas his in victor-pomp to bear away  
 The golden apples from Hesperia's shore,  
 Which but the son of Jove had snatch'd before.  
 The palm and laurel round his temples bound,  
 Display'd his triumphs on the Moorish ground.  
 When proud Arzilla's strength, Alcazer's towers,  
 And Tingia, boastful of her numerous powers,  
 Beheld their adamantine walls o'erturn'd,  
 Their ramparts levell'd, and their temples burn'd.  
 Great was the day : the meanest sword that fought  
 Beneath the Lusian flag such wonders wrought  
 As from the Muse might challenge endless fame,  
 Though low their station, and without a name.

Now stung with wild Ambition's madning fires,  
 To proud Castilia's throne the king <sup>y</sup> aspires.  
 The Lord of Arragon, from Cadiz' walls,  
 And hoar Pyrene's fides his legions calls ;

<sup>y</sup> When Henry IV. of Castile died, he declared that the infanta *Joanna* was his heiress, in preference to his sister, Donna *Isabella*, married to Don Ferdinand, son to the king of Arragon. In hopes to attain

the kingdom of Castile, Don Alonzo, king of Portugal, obtained a dispensation from the pope to marry his niece, Donna *Joanna*. After a bloody war, the ambitious views of Alonzo and his courtiers were defeated.

The numerous legions to his standards throng,  
 And war, with horrid strides, now stalks along.  
 With emulation fired, the \* prince beheld  
 His warlike fire ambitious of the field ;  
 Scornful of ease, to aid his arms he sped,  
 Nor sped in vain : The raging combat bled ;  
 Alonzo's ranks with carnage gored, Dismay  
 Spread her cold wings, and shook his firm array,  
 To flight she hurried ; while with brow serene  
 The martial boy beheld the deathful scene.  
 With curving movement o'er the field he rode,  
 Th' opposing troops his wheeling squadrons mow'd :  
 The purple dawn and evening sun beheld  
 His tents encamp't assert the conquer'd field.  
 Thus when the ghost of Julius hover'd o'er  
 Philippi's plain, appeas'd with Roman gore,  
 Octavius' legions left the field in flight,  
 While happier Marcus triumph'd in the fight.

When endless night had seal'd his mortal eyes,  
 And brave Alonzo's spirit fought the skies,  
 The second of the name, the valiant John,  
 Our thirteenth monarch, now ascends the throne.  
 To seize immortal fame, his mighty mind,  
 What man had never dared before, design'd ;

\* The Prince of Portugal.

That



That glorious labour which I now pursue,  
 Through seas unsail'd to find the shores that view  
 The day-star, rising from his watery bed,  
 The first grey beams of infant morning shed.  
 Selected messengers his will obey ;  
 Through Spain and France they hold their vent'rous way.  
 Through Italy they reach the port that gave  
 The fair Parthenope an honour'd <sup>z</sup> grave ;  
 That shore which oft has felt the fervile chain,  
 But now smiles happy in the care of Spain.  
 Now from the port the brave advent'ers bore,  
 And cut the billows of the Rhodian shore ;  
 Now reach the strand where noble Pompey <sup>a</sup> bled ;  
 And now, repair'd with rest, to Memphis sped ;  
 And now, ascending by the vales of Nile,  
 Whose waves pour fatness o'er the grateful soil,  
 Through Ethiopia's peaceful dales they stray'd,  
 Where their glad eyes Messiah's rites <sup>b</sup> survey'd :  
 And now they pass the famed Arabian flood,  
 Whose waves of old in wondrous ridges stood,  
 While Israel's favour'd race the fable bottom trode :  
 Behind them glistening to the morning skies,  
 The mountains named from Izmael's offspring <sup>c</sup> rise ;

<sup>z</sup> Parthenope was one of the Syrens. Enraged because she could not allure Ulysses, she threw herself into the sea. Her corps was thrown ashore, and buried where Naples now stands.

<sup>a</sup> The coast of Alexandria.

<sup>b</sup> Among the Christians of *Prester John*, or Abyssinia.

<sup>c</sup> The Nabathean mountains ; so named from Nabaoth, the son of Ishmael.

Now round their steps the blest Arabia spreads  
 Her groves of odour, and her balmy meads,  
 And every breast, inspired with glee, inhales  
 The grateful fragrance of Sabæa's gales :  
 Now past the Persian gulph their rout ascends  
 Where Tygris wave with proud Euphrates blends ;  
 Illustrious streams, where still the native shews  
 Where Babel's haughty tower unfinish'd rose :  
 From thence through climes unknown, their daring course  
 Beyond where Trajan forced his way, they ' force ;  
 Carmanian hords, and Indian tribes they saw,  
 And many a barbarous rite, and many a <sup>d</sup> law  
 Their search explored ; but to their native shore,  
 Enrich'd with knowledge, they return'd no more.  
 The glad completion of the Fate's decree,  
 Kind heaven reserved, Emmanuel, for thee.  
 The crown, and high ambition of thy <sup>e</sup> fires,  
 To thee descending, waked thy latent fires,  
 And to command the sea from pole to pole,  
 With restless wish inflamed thy mighty soul.

Now from the sky the sacred light withdrawn,  
 O'er heaven's clear azure shone the stars of dawn,

<sup>e</sup> Beyond where Trajan—The Emperor Trajan extended the bounds of the Roman Empire in the East, far beyond any of his predecessors. His conquests reached to the river Tigris, near which stood the city of Ctesiphon, which he subdued. The Roman Historians boasted that India was entirely conquered by him ; but they could only mean

Arabia Fœlix. Vid. Dion. Cass. Euseb. Chron. p. 206.

<sup>d</sup> *Qui mores hominum multos non vidit.*—  
 HOR.

<sup>e</sup> Emmanuel was cousin to the late king John II. and grandson to king Edward, son of John I.

Deep Silence spread her gloomy wings around,  
And human griefs were wrapt in sleep profound.  
The monarch flumber'd on his golden bed,  
Yet anxious cares possess'd his thoughtful head ;  
His generous soul, intent on public good,  
The glorious duties of his birth review'd.  
When sent by heaven a sacred dream inspired  
His labouring mind, and with its radiance fired :  
High to the clouds his towering head was rear'd,  
New worlds, and nations fierce and strange appear'd ;  
The purple dawning o'er the mountains flow'd,  
The forest-boughs with yellow splendor glow'd ;  
High from the steep two copious glassy streams  
Roll'd down, and glitter'd in the morning beams ;  
Here various monsters of the wild were seen,  
And birds of plumage, azure, scarlet, green :  
Here various herbs, and flowers of various bloom ;  
There black as night the forest's horrid gloom,  
Whose shaggy brakes, by human step untrod,  
Darken'd the glaring lion's dread abode.  
Here as the monarch fix'd his wondering eyes,  
Two hoary fathers from the streams arise ;  
Their aspect rustic, yet a reverend grace  
Appeared majestic on their wrinkled face :  
Their tawny beards uncomb'd, and sweepy long,  
Adown their knees in shaggy ringlets hung ;

From every lock the chryſtal drops diſtill,  
And bathe their limbs as in a trickling rill ;  
Gay wreaths of flowers, of fruitage, and of boughs,  
Nameleſs in Europe, crown'd their furrow'd brows,  
Bent o'er his ſtaff, more ſilver'd o'er with years,  
Worn with a longer way, the One appears ;  
Who now flow beckoning with his wither'd hand,  
As now advanced before the king they ſtand ;

O thou, whom worlds to Europe yet unknown,  
Are doom'd to yield, and dignify thy crown ;  
To thee our golden ſhores the Fates decree ;  
Our necks, unbow'd before, ſhall bend to thee.  
Wide thro' the world reſounds our wealthy fame ;  
Haſte, ſpeed thy prows, that fated wealth to claim.  
From Paradife my hallowed waters ſpring ;  
The ſacred Ganges I, my brother king  
Th' illuſtrious author of the Indian name :  
Yet toil ſhall languish, and the fight ſhall flame ;  
Our faireſt lawns with ſtreaming gore ſhall ſmoke,  
Ere yet our ſhoulders bend beneath thy yoke ;  
But thou ſhalt conquer : all thine eyes ſurvey,  
With all our various tribes ſhall own thy ſway.

He ſpoke; and melting in a ſilvery ſtream  
Both diſappear'd ; when waking from his dream,

The wondering monarch thrill'd with awe divine,  
Weighs in his lofty thoughts the sacred sign.

Now morning bursting from the eastern sky  
Spreads o'er the clouds the blushing rose's dye,  
The nations wake, and at the sovereign's call  
The Lusian nobles crowd the palace hall.  
The vision of his sleep the monarch tells ;  
Each heaving breast with joyful wonder swells :  
Fulfil, they cry, the sacred sign obey,  
And spread the canvas for the Indian sea.  
Instant My looks with troubled ardour burn'd,  
When keen on Me his eyes the monarch turn'd :  
What he beheld I know not, but I know,  
Big swell'd my bosom with a prophet's glow :  
And long my mind, with wondrous bodings fired,  
Had to the glorious dreadful toil aspired :  
Yet to the king, whate'er my looks betrayed,  
My looks the omen of success displayed.  
When with that sweetness in his mien express'd,  
Which unresisted wins the generous breast,  
Great are the dangers, great the toils, he cried,  
Ere glorious honours crown the victor's pride.  
If in the glorious strife the hero fall,  
He proves no danger could his soul appall ;

And

And but to dare fo great a toil, fhall raife  
 Each age's wonder, and immortal praife.  
 For this dread toil new oceans to explore,  
 To fpread the fail where fail ne'er flow'd before,  
 For this dread labour, to your valour due,  
 From all your peers I chufe, O VASCO, you.  
 Dread as it is, yet light the task fhall be  
 To you my GAMA, as perform'd for Me.—  
 My heart could bear no more——Let fkies on fire,  
 Let frozen feas, let horrid war confpire,  
 I dare them all, I cried, and but repine  
 That one poor life is all I can refign.  
 Did to my lot Alcides' labours fall,  
 For you my joyful heart would dare them all ;  
 The ghafly realms of death could man invade  
 For you my steps fhould trace the ghafly fhade.

While thus with loyal zeal my bofom fwel'd,  
 That panting zeal my Prince with joy beheld :  
 Honour'd with gifts I flood, but honour'd more  
 By that eftcem my joyful Sovereign bore.  
 That generous praife which fires the foul of worth,  
 And gives new virtues unexpected birth,  
 That praife even now my heaving bofom fires,  
 Inflames my courage, and each wifh inspires.

Moved

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

With such bold rage the youth of Mynia glow'd,  
 When the first keel the Euxine furges plow'd ;  
 When bravely venturous for the golden fleece  
 Orac'lous Argo fail'd from wondering † Greece.

† *Orac'lous Argo* — According to fable, the vessel of the Argonauts spoke and prophesied. The ancients, I suppose, by this meant to insinuate, that those who trust

their lives to the caprices of the waves have need of a penetrating foresight, that they may not be surpris'd by sudden tempests. *Castro.*

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

Where foaming on the shore the tide appears,  
 A sacred fane its hoary arches rears :  
 Dim o'er the sea the evening shades descend,  
 And at the holy shrine devout we bend :  
 There, while the tapers o'er the altar blaze,  
 Our prayers and earnest vows to heaven we raise.  
 " Safe through the deep, where every yawning wave  
 " Still to the Sailor's eye displays his grave ;  
 " Through howling tempests, and through gulphs untry'd,  
 " O! mighty God! be thou our watchful guide."

While



While kneeling thus before the sacred shrine,  
 In Holy Faith's most solemn rite we join ;  
 Our peace with heaven the bread of peace confirms,  
 And meek contrition every bosom warms :  
 Sudden the lights extinguish'd, all around  
 Dread silence reigns, and midnight gloom profound :  
 A sacred horror pants on every breath,  
 And each firm breast devotes itself to death,  
 An offer'd sacrifice, sworn to obey  
 My nod, and follow where I lead the way ;  
 Now prostrate round the hallow'd shrine we <sup>8</sup> lie,  
 Till rosy morn bespreads the eastern sky ;  
 Then, breathing fixt resolves, my daring mates  
 March to the ships, while pour'd from Lisbon's gates,  
 Thousands on thousands crowding, press along,  
 A woeful, weeping, melancholy throng.  
 A thousand white-robed priests our steps attend,  
 And prayers, and holy vows to heaven ascend ;  
 A scene so solemn, and the tender woe  
 Of parting friends, constrained my tears to flow.

<sup>8</sup> This fact is according to history : Aberrat Olyssipone prope littus quatuor passuum millia templum sanè religiosum et sanctum ab Henrico in honorem sanctissimæ virginis edificatum. . . . . In id Gama pridie illius diei, quo erat navem conscensurus, se recepit, ut noctem cum religiosis hominibus qui in ædibus templo conjunctis habitabant, in precibus et votis confunderet. Sequenti

die cum multi non illius tantum gratia, sed aliorum etiam, qui illi comites erant, convenissent, fuit ab omnibus in scaphis deductus. Neque solum homines religiosi, sed reliqui omnes voce maxima cum lacrymis à Deo precabantur, ut bene & prosperè illa tam periculosa navigatio omnibus eveniret, & universi re bene gesta incolumes in patriam redirent.

To weigh our anchors from our native shore —

To dare new oceans never dared before —

Perhaps to see my native coast no more —

Forgive, O king, if as a man I feel,

I bear no bosom of obdurate steel.

(The godlike hero here suppress the sigh,

And wiped the tear-drop from his manly eye ;

Then thus resum'g —) All the peopled shore

An awful, silent look of anguish wore ;

Affection, friendship, all the kindred ties

Of spouse and parent languish'd in their eyes :

As men they never should again behold,

Self-offer'd victims to destruction fold,

On us they fixt the eager look of woe,

While tears o'er every cheek began to flow ;

When thus aloud, Alas ! my son, my son,

An hoary Sire exclaims, oh ! whither run,

My heart's sole joy, my trembling age's stay,

To yield thy limbs the dread sea-monster's prey !

To seek thy burial in the raging wave,

And leave me cheerless sinking to the grave !

Was it for this I watch'd thy tender years,

And bore each fever of a father's fears !

Alas ! my boy ! — His voice is heard no more,

The female shriek resounds along the shore :

With

With hair dishevell'd, through the yielding crowd  
A lovely bride springs on, and screams aloud ;  
Oh ! where, my husband, where to seas unknown,  
Where would'st thou fly me, and my love difown !  
And wilt thou, cruel, to the deep consign  
That valued life, the joy, the soul of mine :  
And must our loves, and all our kindred train  
Of rapt endearments, all expire in vain !  
All the dear transports of the warm embrace,  
When mutual love inspired each raptur'd face !  
Must all, alas ! be scatter'd in the wind,  
Nor thou bestow one lingering look behind !

Such the lorn parents' and the spouses' woes,  
Such o'er the strand the voice of wailing rose ;  
From breast to breast the soft contagion crept,  
Moved by the woeful sound the children wept ;  
The mountain echoes catch the big-swoin sighs,  
And through the dales prolong the matron's cries ;  
The yellow sands with tears are silver'd o'er,  
Our fate the mountains and the beach deplore.  
Yet firm we march, nor turn one glance aside  
On hoary parent, or on lovely bride.  
Though glory fired our hearts, too well we knew  
What soft affection and what love could do.

The last embrace the bravest worst can bear :  
 The bitter yearnings of the parting tear  
 Sullen we shun, unable to sustain  
 The melting passion of such tender pain.

Now on the lofty decks prepared we stand,  
 When towering o'er the crowd that veil'd the strand,  
 A reverend <sup>h</sup> figure fixt each wondering eye,  
 And beckoning thrice he waved his hand on high,  
 And thrice his hoary curls he sternly shook,  
 While grief and anger mingled in his look ;

<sup>h</sup> By this old man is personified the populace of Portugal. The endeavours to discover the East-Indies by the Southern ocean, for about eighty years had been the favourite topic of complaint; and never was any measure of government more unpopular than the expedition of Gama. Emanuel's council were almost unanimous against the attempt. Some dreaded the introduction of wealth, and its attendants luxury and effeminacy; while others affirmed, that no adequate advantages could arise from so perilous and remote a navigation. Others, with a foresight peculiar to Politicians, were alarmed, lest the Egyptian Sultan, who was powerful in the East, should signify his displeasure; and others foresaw, that success would combine all the Princes of Christendom in a league for the destruction of Portugal. In short, if glory, interest, or the propagation of the gospel, were desired, Africa and Ethiopia, they said, afforded, both nearer and more advantageous fields. The expressions of the thousands who crowded the shore when Gama gave his sails to the wind, are thus expressed by Oforius, from whom the above facts are selected.—

A multis tamen interim is fletus atque lamentatio fiebat, ut funus efferre viderentur. Sic enim dicebant: En quo miseros mortales provexit cupiditas et ambitio? Potuistine gravius supplicium hominibus istis consistui, si in se scelestum aliquod facinus admisissent? Est enim illis immensi maris longitudo peragranda, fluctus immanes difficillima navigatione superandi, vitæ discrimen in locis infinitis obeundum. Non fuit multò tolerabilius, in terra quovis genere mortis absumi, quàm tam procul à patria marinis fluctibus sepeliri. Hæc et alia multa in hanc sententiam dicebant, cum omnia multò trilliora fingere præ metu cogentur.—The tender emotion and fixt resolution of Gama, and the earnest passion of the multitudes on the shore, are thus added by the same venerable historian: Gama tamen quamvis lacrymas fuorum desiderio funderet, rei tamen benè gerendæ fiducia confirmatus, alacriter in navem faustis ominibus conscendit. . . . Qui in litore consistebant, non prius abscedere voluerunt, quàm naves vento secundo plenissimis velis ab omnium conspectu remotæ sunt.

Then

Then to its height his faltering voice he rear'd,  
And through the fleet these awful words were heard :

O frantic thirst of honour and of fame,  
The crowd's blind tribute, a fallacious name ;  
What stings, what plagues, what secret scourges curst,  
Torment those bosoms where thy pride is nurs't !  
What dangers threaten, and what deaths destroy  
The hapless youth, whom thy vain gleams decoy !  
By thee, dire Tyrant of the noble mind,  
What dreadful woes are pour'd on human kind :  
Kingdoms and Empires in confusion hurl'd,  
What streams of gore have drench'd the hapless world !  
Thou dazzling meteor, vain as fleeting air,  
What new-dread horror dost thou now prepare !  
High sounds thy voice of India's pearly shore,  
Of endless triumphs and of countless store :  
Of other worlds so tower'd thy swelling boast,  
Thy golden dreams when Paradise was lost,  
When thy big promise steep'd the world in gore,  
And simple innocence was known no more.  
And say, has fame so dear, so dazzling charms ?  
Must brutal fierceness and the trade of arms,  
Conquest, and laurels dipt in blood, be prized,  
While life is scorn'd, and all its joys despis'd.  
And say, does zeal for holy faith inspire  
To spread its mandates, thy avow'd desire ?

Behold

Behold the Hagarene in armour stands,  
Treads on thy borders, and the foe demands :  
A thousand cities own his lordly sway,  
A thousand various shores his nod obey.  
Through all these regions, all these cities, scorn'd  
Is thy religion, and thine altars sprun'd.  
A foe renown'd in arms the brave require ;  
That high-plumed foe, renown'd for martial fire,  
Before thy gates his shining spear displays,  
Whilst thou wouldst fondly dare the watery maze,  
Enfeebled leave thy native land behind,  
On shores unknown a foe unknown to find.  
Oh ! madness of ambition ! thus to dare  
Dangers so fruitless, so remote a war !  
That Fame's vain flattery may thy name adorn,  
And thy proud titles on her flag be borne :  
Thee, Lord of Persia, thee, of India Lord,  
O'er Ethiopia's vast, and Araby adored !

Curst be the man who first on floating wood,  
Forsook the beach, and braved the treacherous flood !  
Oh ! never, never may the sacred Nine,  
To crown his brows, the hallow'd wreath entwine ;  
Nor may his name to future times resound,  
Oblivion be his meed, and hell profound !

Curst

Curst be the wretch, the fire of heaven who stole,  
 And with ambition first debauch'd the soul!  
 What woes, Prometheus, walk the frighten'd earth!  
 To what dread slaughter has thy pride given birth!  
 On proud Ambition's pleasing gales upborne,  
 One boasts to guide the chariot of the morn;  
 And one on treacherous pinions soaring <sup>1</sup> high,  
 O'er ocean's waves would sail the liquid sky:  
 Dash'd from their height they mourn'd their blighted aim;  
 One gives a river, one a sea the name!  
 Alas! the poor reward of that gay meteor Fame!  
 Yet such the fury of the mortal race,  
 Though Fame's fair promise ends in foul disgrace,  
 Though conquest still the victor's hope betrays,  
 The prize a shadow, or a rainbow blaze,  
 Yet still through fire and raging seas they run  
 To catch the gilded shade, and sink undone!

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the fables of Phaeton and Icarus.

*The departure of the fleet from the Tagus.*  
 —In no circumstance does the judgment and art of Homer appear more conspicuous, than in the constant attention he pays to his proposed subjects, the wrath of Achilles, and the sufferings of Ulysses. He bestows the utmost care on every incident that could possibly impress our minds with high ideas of the determined rage of the injured hero, and of the invincible patience of the *πολιτάρχης* *Διὸς Ὀδυσσεύς*. Virgil throughout the *Æneid* has followed the same course. Every incident

that could possibly tend to magnify the dangers and difficulties of the wanderings of Æneas, in his long search for the promised Italy, is set before us in the fullest magnitude. But, however, this method of ennobling the Epic by paying the utmost attention to give a grandeur to every circumstance of the proposed subject, may have been neglected by Voltaire in his *Henriade*, (where political declamation seems to have been his principal care,) and by some other moderns, who have attempted the *Epopœa*; it has not been omitted by Camoens. The Portuguese Poet has, with great art, conducted the voyage of Gama. Every cir-

circumstance attending it is represented with magnificence and dignity. John II. designs what had never been attempted before. Messengers are sent by land to discover the climate and riches of India. Their rout is described in the manner of Homer. The palm of discovery, however, is reserved for a succeeding monarch. Emmanuel is warned by a dream, which affords another striking instance of the spirit of the Grecian Bard. The enthusiasm which the king beholds on the aspect of Gama is a noble stroke of poetry; the solemnity of the night

spent in devotion; the full resolution of the Adventurers when going aboard the fleet; the affecting grief of their friends and fellow-citizens, who viewed them as self-devoted victims, whom they were never more to behold; and the angry exclamations of the venerable old man, give a dignity and interesting pathos to the departure of the fleet of Gama, greatly superior to that in the Eneid, where the Trojans leave a colony of Invalids in Sicily. In the Odyfey there is nothing which can be called similar.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.



---

T H E  
L U S I A D.

---

B O O K V.

**W**HILE on the beach the hoary father stood  
And spoke the murmurs of the multitude,  
We spread the canvas to the rising gales,  
The gentle winds distend the snowy sails.  
As from our dear-loved native shore we fly  
Our votive shouts, redoubled, rend the sky ;  
“ Success, success,” far echoes o’er the tide,  
While our broad hulks the foamy waves divide.  
From Leo now, the lordly star of day,  
Intensely blazing, shot his fiercest ray ;  
When slowly gliding from our wishful eyes,  
The Lusian mountains mingled with the skies ;

Tago's loved stream, and Syntra's mountains cold  
 Dim fading now, we now no more behold ;  
 And still with yearning hearts our eyes explore,  
 Till one dim speck of land appears no more.  
 Our native foil now far behind, we ply  
 The lonely dreary waste of seas and boundless sky :  
 Through the wild deep our venturous navy bore,  
 Where but our Henry plough'd the wave <sup>a</sup> before :  
 The verdant islands, first by him descry'd,  
 We past ; and now in prospect opening wide,  
 Far to the left, increasing on the view,  
 Rose Mauritania's hills of paly blue :  
 Far to the right the restless ocean roared,  
 Whose bounding furges never keel explored ;  
 If bounding shore, as Reason deems, divide  
 The vast Atlantic from the Indian <sup>b</sup> tide.

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

<sup>a</sup> See the life of Don Henry, Prince of Portugal, in the Preface.

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

<sup>c</sup> Called by the ancients *Insula Purpuraria*. Now *Madeira* and *Porto Santo*. The former was so named by Juan Gonzales, and Trifan Vaz, from the Spanish word *Madera*, wood. These discoverers were sent out by the great Don Henry.

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

<sup>d</sup> Called by Ptolemy *Caput Afferarium*.

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

<sup>a</sup> The province of Jalofo lies between the two rivers, the Gambia and the Zanago. The latter has other names in the several countries through which it runs. In its course it makes many islands, inhabited only by wild beasts. It is navigable 150 leagues, at the end of which it is crossed by a stupendous ridge of perpendicular rocks, over which the river rushes with such violence,

that travellers pass under it without any other inconveniency than the prodigious noise. The Gambia, or *Rio Grande* runs 180 leagues, but is not so far navigable. It carries more water, and runs with less noise than the other, though filled with many rivers which water the country of Mandinga. Both rivers are branches of the Niger. Their waters have this remarkable quality :  
 when

Whose mountains' sides, though parch'd and barren, hold,  
 In copious store, the seeds of beamy <sup>f</sup> gold.  
 The Gambia here his serpent journey takes,  
 And through the lawns a thousand windings makes ;  
 A thousand swarthy tribes his current laves  
 Ere mix his waters with th' Atlantic waves.  
 The Gorgades we past, that hated <sup>g</sup> shore,  
 Famed for its terrors by the bards of yore ;  
 Where but one eye by Phorcus' daughters shared,  
 The lorn beholders into marble stared ;  
 Three dreadful sisters ! down whose temples roll'd  
 Their hair of snakes in many a hissing fold,  
 And scattering horror o'er the dreary strand,  
 With swarms of vipers sow'd the burning sand.  
 Still to the south our pointed keels we guide,  
 And through the Austral gulph still onward ride :  
 Her palmy forests mingling with the skies,  
 Leona's rugged steep behind us flies ;

when mixed together they operate as an emetic, but when separate do not. They abound with great variety of fishes, and their banks are covered with horses, crocodiles, winged serpents, elephants, ounces, wild boars, with great numbers of others, wonderful for the variety of their nature and different forms. *Faria y Sousa.*

<sup>f</sup> *Tombetu*, the mart of Mandinga gold, was greatly resorted to by the merchants of Grand Cairo, Tanis, Oran, Tremisen, Fez, Morecco, &c.

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

The cape of palms that jut'ing land we name,  
 Already conscious of our nation's <sup>h</sup> fame.  
 Where the vex'd waves against our bulwarks roar,  
 And Lusian towers o'erlook the bending shore :  
 Our sails wide swelling to the constant blast,  
 Now by the isle from Thomas named we pass ;  
 And Congo's spacious realm before us rose,  
 Where copious Layra's limpid billow flows ;  
 A flood by ancient hero never seen,  
 Where many a temple o'er the banks of <sup>i</sup> green,  
 Rear'd by the Lusian heroes, through the night  
 Of Pagan dark'ness, pours the mental light.

Behind us now the northern ocean streams ;  
 Lower and lower still the Pole-star gleams,

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

<sup>i</sup> The Portuguese having brought an Ambassador from Congo to Lisbon sent him back instructed in the faith. By this means the King, Queen, and about 100,000 of the people were baptized ; the idols were destroyed and churches built. Soon after

the Prince, who was then absent at war, was baptized by the name of *Alonso*. His younger brother, *Aquitimo*, however, would not receive the faith, and the father, because allowed only one wife, turned apostate, and left the crown to his Pagan son, who, with a great army, surrounded his brother, when only attended by some Portuguese and Christian Blacks, in all only thirty-seven. By the bravery of these, however, *Aquitimo* was defeated, taken, and slain. One of *Aquitimo's* officers declared, they were not defeated by the thirty-seven Christians, but by a glorious army who fought under a shining cross. The idols were again destroyed, and *Afonso* sent his sons, grandsons, and nephews to Portugal to study ; two of whom were afterwards bishops in Congo. Extracted from *Faria y Sousa*.

Till

Till past the limit, where the car of day  
 Roll'd o'er our heads, and pour'd the downward ray.  
 We now beheld Calisto's star <sup>k</sup> retire  
 Beneath the waves, unawed by Juno's ire.  
 Here, while the Sun his polar journeys takes,  
 His visit doubled, double seasons makes ;  
 Stern winter twice deforms the changeful year,  
 And twice the spring's gay flowers their honours rear.  
 Now pressing onward, past the burning zone,  
 Another heaven to ancient times unknown,  
 Its arch'd expanse of deeper azure shews ;  
 Before us now another Pole Star glows :  
 Here gloomy night assumes a darker reign,  
 And fewer stars inspire the heavenly plain ;  
 Fewer than those that gild the northern pole,  
 And o'er our seas their glittering chariots roll :  
 Full to the south a shining cross <sup>l</sup> appears,  
 Our heaving breasts the blissful Omen cheers :

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

<sup>l</sup> The constellation of the southern pole was called *The Cross* by the Portuguese sailors,

from the appearance of that figure formed by seven stars, four of which are particularly luminous. Dante, who wrote before the discovery of the southern hemisphere, has these remarkable lines in the first canto of his *Purgatorio*.

*P mi vegli a man d'ora, e post niente  
 All'altri polo, e with quattro stelle  
 Non v'istè mai, fuor ch' all'a prima gente.*

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

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

Seven radiant stars compose the hallow'd sign  
 That rose still higher o'er the wavy brine.  
 Beneath this southern axle of the world  
 Never, with daring search, was flag unfurl'd;  
 Nor pilot knows if bounding shores are placed,  
 Or if one dreary sea o'erflow the lonely waste.

While thus our keels still onward boldly stray'd,  
 Now tost by tempests, now by calms delay'd,  
 To tell the terrors of the deep untry'd,  
 What toils we suffer'd, and what storms defy'd;  
 What rattling deluges the black clouds pour'd,  
 What dreary weeks of solid darkness lour'd;  
 What mountain furies mountain furies lash'd,  
 What fudden hurricanes the canvas dash'd;  
 What bursting lightnings, with incessant flare,  
 Kindled in one wide flame the burning air;  
 What roaring thunders bellow'd o'er our head,  
 And seem'd to shake the reeling ocean's bed:  
 To tell each horror on the deep reveal'd,  
 Would ask an iron throat with tenfold vigour<sup>m</sup> steel'd:  
 Those dreadful wonders of the deep I saw,  
 Which fill the sailor's breast with sacred awe;

<sup>m</sup> *Non, mihi si linguæ centum sunt, oraque centum,  
 Ferrea vox, omnes scelerum comprehendere formas.*



And which the fages, of their learning vain,  
Esteem the phantoms of the dreamful brain :  
That living fire, by sea-men held <sup>n</sup> divine,  
Of heaven's own care in forms the holy sign,  
Which midst the horrors of the tempest plays,  
And on the blast's dark wings will gaily blaze ;  
Those eyes distinct have seen that living fire  
Glide through the storm, and round my sails aspire.  
And oft, while wonder thrill'd my breast, mine eyes  
To heaven have seen the watery columns rise.  
Slender at first the subtle fume appears,  
And writhing round and round its volume rears :  
Thick as a mast the vapour swells its size,  
A curling whirlwind lifts it to the skies ;  
The tube now straitens, now in width extends,  
And in a hovering cloud its summit ends :  
Still gulp on gulp it sucks the rising tide,  
And now the cloud, with cumbrous weight supply'd,

<sup>n</sup> *That living fire, by sea-men held divine*  
—Is thus accounted for in natural history. The sulphureous vapours of the air, after being violently agitated by a tempest, unite, and when the humidity begins to subside, as is the case when the storm is almost exhausted, by the agitation of their atoms they take fire, and are attracted by the masts and cordage of the ship. Being thus naturally the pledges of the approaching calm, it is no wonder that the superstition of sailors should in all ages have esteemed them divine, and

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

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

Ναύταις σήματα καλὰ πόνῃ σφίσι, οἱ δὲ ἰδόντες  
Γήθησαν, πάσαιτο δ' ἄριζενῶ πόνῳ.

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

Thus when to shun the summer's sultry beam  
The thirsty heifer seeks the cooling stream,  
The eager horse-leech fixing on her lips,  
Her blood with ardent throat insatiate sips,  
Till the gorged glutton, swell'd beyond her size,  
Drops from her wounded hold, and bursting dies.

So bursts the cloud, o'erloaded with its freight,  
And the dash'd ocean staggers with the weight.

But say, ye sages, who can weigh the cause,  
And trace the secret springs of Nature's laws,  
Say, why the wave, of bitter brine erewhile,  
Should to the bosom of the deep recoil

Robb'd of its salt, and from the cloud distill  
Sweet as the waters of the limpid ° rill?

Ye sons of boastful wisdom, famed of yore,  
Whose feet unwearied wander'd many a shore,  
From Nature's wonders to withdraw the veil,  
Had you with me unfurl'd the daring sail,

° In this book, particularly in the description of Mafilia, the Gorgades, the fires called Castor and Pollux, and the water-spout, Camoens has happily imitated the manner of Lucan. It is probable that Camoens, in his voyage to the East-Indies, was an eye witness of the phenomena of the fires and water-spout. The latter is thus described by Pliny, l. 2. c. 51. *Fit et caetero, bellua pmitis nubes dira navigantibus*

*vocatur et columna, cum suffusus humor rigensque ipse se sustinet, et in longam veluti fistulam nubes equam trahit.* When the violent heat attracts the waters to rise in the form of a tube, the marine salts are left behind by the action of rarefaction, being too gross and fixed to ascend. It is thus, when the overloaded vapour bursts, that it descends

*Sweet as the waters of the limpid rill.*

Had

Had view'd the wondrous scenes mine eyes survey'd,  
What seeming miracles the deep display'd,  
What secret virtues various Nature shew'd,  
Oh! heaven! with what a fire your page had glow'd!

And now since wandering o'er the foamy spray,  
Our brave Armada held her venturous way,  
Five times the changeful Empress of the night  
Had fill'd her shining horns with silver light,  
When sudden from the main-top's airy round  
Land, land, is echoed — At the joyful sound,  
Swift to the crowded decks the bounding crew  
On wings of hope and fluttering transport flew,  
And each strain'd eye with aching sight explores  
The wide horizon of the eastern shores:  
As thin blue clouds the mountain summits rise,  
And now the lawns salute our joyful eyes;  
Loud through the fleet the echoing shouts prevail,  
We drop the anchor, and restrain the sail;  
And now descending in a spacious bay,  
Wide o'er the coast the venturous soldiers stray,  
To spy the wonders of the spacious shore,  
Where stranger's foot had never trod before.  
I and my pilots on the yellow sand  
Explore beneath what sky the shores expand.

That

That sage device, whose wonderous use proclaims  
 Th' immortal honour of its authors' <sup>r</sup> names,  
 The Sun's height measured, and my compass scann'd,  
 The painted globe of ocean and of land.  
 Here we perceived our venturous keels had past  
 Unharm'd the wintery tropick's howling blast ;  
 And now approach'd dread Neptune's secret reign,  
 Where the stern Power, as o'er the frozen plain  
 He rides, wide scatters from the polar star  
 Hail, ice, and snow, and all the wintery war.  
 While thus attentive on the beach we stood,  
 My soldiers, hastening from the upland wood,  
 Right to the shore a trembling Negro brought,  
 Whom on the forest-height by force they caught,  
 As distant wander'd from the call of home,  
 He suck'd the honey from the porous comb.  
 Horror glared in his look, and fear extreme  
 In mein more wild than brutal Polypheme :  
 No word of rich Arabia's tongue he knew,  
 Nor sign could answer, nor our gems would view :  
 From garments striped with shining gold he turn'd,  
 The starry diamond and the silver spurn'd.

<sup>r</sup> *That sage device* — The Astrolabium, an instrument of infinite service in navigation, by which the altitude of the sun, and distance of the stars is taken. It was invented in Portugal during the reign of John

II. by two Jew Physicians, named Roderic and Joseph. It is asserted by some that they were assisted by Martin of Bohemia, a celebrated Mathematician. Partly from Castler. Vid. Barros, Dec. 1. l. 4. c. 2.

Strait at my nod are worthless trinkets brought ;  
Round beads of chryftal as a bracelet wrought,  
A cap of red, and dangling on a string  
Some little bells of brafs before him ring :  
A wide-mouth'd laugh confest his barbarous joy,  
And both his hands he raifed to grasp the toy.  
Pleased with these gifts we fet the savage free,  
Homeward he fprings away, and bounds with glee.

    Soon as the gleamy ftreaks of purple morn  
The lofty forest's topmoft boughs adorn,  
Down the fteep mountain's fide, yet hoar with dew,  
A naked crowd, and black as night their hue,  
Come tripping to the fhore : Their wifhful eyes  
Declare what tawdry trifles moft they prize :  
These to their hopes were given, and, void of fear,  
Mild seem'd their manners, and their looks fincere.  
A bold rash youth, ambitious of the fame  
Of brave adventurer, Velofe his name,  
Through pathlefs brakes their homeward fteps attends,  
And on his fingle arm for help depends.  
Long was his ftay : my earneft eyes explore,  
When rufhing down the mountain to the fhore  
I mark'd him ; terror urged his rapid ftrides,  
And foon Coëlle's fkiiff the wave divides.

Yet

Yet ere his friends advanced, the treacherous foe  
 Trod on his latest steps, and aim'd the blow.  
 Moved by the danger of a youth so brave,  
 Myself now snatch'd an oar, and sprung to save:  
 When sudden, blackening down the mountain's height,  
 Another crowd pursued his panting flight;  
 And soon an arrowy and a flinty shower  
 Thick o'er our heads the fierce barbarians pour.  
 Nor pour'd in vain; a feather'd arrow stood  
 Fix'd<sup>9</sup> in my leg, and drank the gushing blood.

<sup>9</sup> Camoens, in describing the adventure of *Fernando Veloz*, by departing from the truth of history, has shewn his judgment as a Poet. The Place where the Portuguese landed they named the Bay of *St. Helena*. They caught one of two negroes, says *Faria*, who were busied in gathering honey on a mountain. Their behaviour to this savage, whom they gratified with a red cap, some glasses and bells, induced him to bring a number of his companions for the like trifles. Though some who accompanied Gama were skilled in the various Ethiopic languages, not one of the natives could understand them. A commerce however was commenced by signs and gestures. Gama behaved to them with great civility; the fleet was cheerfully supplied with fresh provisions, for which the natives received cloaths and trinkets. But this friendship was soon interrupted by a young rash Portuguese. Having contracted an intimacy with some of the negroes, he obtained leave to penetrate into the country along with them, to observe their habitations and manners. They conducted him to their king, with great good nature, and plaid before him, what they esteemed an elegant repast, a banquet dressed in the way of that country. This so much disgusted the delicate Portuguese, that he instantly got up and abruptly left them. Nor did they oppose his departure, but accompanied him

with the greatest innocence. As fear, however is always jealous, he imagined they were leading him as a victim to slaughter. No sooner did he come near the ships, than he called aloud for assistance. Celso's boat immediately set off for his relief. The Ethiopians fled to the woods; and now esteeming the Portuguese as a band of lawless plunderers, they provided themselves with arms, and lay in ambush. Their weapons were javelins, headed with short pieces of horn, which they throw with great dexterity. Soon after, while Gama and some of his officers were on the shore taking the altitude of the sun by the astrolabium, they were suddenly and with great fury attacked by the ambush from the woods. Several were much wounded, *multos convulserunt, inter quos Gama in pede vulnus accepit*, and Gama received a wound in the foot. The Admiral made a speedy retreat to the fleet, prudently chusing rather to leave the negroes the honour of the victory, than to risque the life of one man in a quarrel so foreign to the destination of his expedition, and where, to impress the terror of his arms could be of no service to his interest. When he came nearer to the East-Indies he acted in a different manner. He then made himself dreaded whenever the treachery of the natives provoked his resentment. Collected from *Faria* and *Ojorina*.

Vengeance

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

' The critics, particularly the French, have vehemently declaimed against the least mixture of the Comic, with the dignity of the Epic Poem. It is needless to enter into any defence of this passage of Camoens, farther than to observe, that Homer, Virgil, and Milton have offended the critics in the same manner, and that this piece of raillery in the Lusiad is by much the politest, and the least reprehensible of any thing of the kind in the four Poets. In Homer are several strokes of low raillery. Patroclus having killed Hector's charioteer, puns thus on his sudden fall. " *It is a pity he is not nearer the sea! He would soon catch abundance of*

*oysters, nor would the storms frighten him. See how he dives from his chariot down to the sand! What excellent divers are the Trojans!* Virgil, the most judicious of all Poets, descends even to burlesque, where the commander of a galley tumbles the Pilot into the sea:

— Segnemque Menaten  
*In mare præcipitem puppi deturbat ab alia.  
 At gravis ut fundo vix tandem reditus imo est  
 Jam senior, madidæque fluens in veste Menates,  
 Summa petit scopuli siccaque in rupe resedit,  
 Illum et labentem Teucrici, et risere natantem;  
 Et salfos ridens revocantem pectore fluctus.*

And though the character of the speaker, the ingenious defence which has been offered

He now the treason of the foe relates,  
 How soon, as past the mountain's upland fraits,  
 They changed the colour of their friendly shew,  
 And force forbade his steps to tread below :  
 How down the coverts of the steepy brake  
 Their lurking stand a treacherous ambush take ;  
 On us, when speeding to defend his flight,  
 To rush, and plunge us in the shades of night :  
 Nor while in friendship would their lips unfold  
 Where India's ocean laved the orient shores of gold.

Now prosp'rous gales the bending canvas swell'd ;  
 From these rude shores our fearless course we held :  
 Beneath the glistening wave the God of day  
 Had now five times withdrawn the parting ray,  
 When o'er the prow a sudden darkness spread,  
 And slowly floating o'er the mast's tall head  
 A black cloud hover'd : nor appear'd from far  
 The moon's pale glimpse, nor faintly twinkling star ;  
 So deep a gloom the louring vapour cast,  
 Transfixt with awe the bravest stood aghast.

ferred for Milton, may, in some measure, vindicate the raillery which he puts into the mouths of Satan and Belial, the lowness of it, when compared with that of Camoens, must still be acknowledged. Talking of the execution of the diabolical artillery among the good angels, they, says Satan,  
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell

As they would dance, yet for a dance they seem'd  
 Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps  
 For joy of offer'd peace. —  
 To whom thus Belial, in like gamefome mood,  
 Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,  
 Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,  
 Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,  
 And stumbled many —  
 ————this gift they have beside,  
 They shew us when our faces walk not upright.

Meanwhile



Meanwhile a hollow bursting roar resounds,  
 As when hoarse surges lash their rocky mounds ;  
 Nor had the blackening wave, nor frowning heaven  
 The wonted signs of gathering tempest given.  
 Amazed we stood — O thou, our fortune's guide,  
 Avert this Omen, mighty God, — I cried ;  
 Or through forbidden climes adventurous stray'd,  
 Have we the secrets of the deep survey'd,  
 Which these wide solitudes of seas and sky  
 Were doom'd to hide from man's unhallow'd eye ?  
 Whate'er this prodigy, it threatens more  
 Than midnight tempests and the mingled roar,  
 When sea and sky combine to rock the marble shore.

I spoke, when rising through the darken'd air,  
 Appall'd we saw an hideous Phantom glare ;  
 High and enormous o'er the flood he tower'd,  
 And thwart our way with fullen aspect lour'd :  
 An earthy paleness o'er his cheeks was spread,  
 Erect uprose his hairs of wither'd red ;  
 Writhing to speak his fable lips disclose,  
 Sharp and disjoint, his gnashing teeth's blue rows ;  
 His haggard beard flow'd quivering on the wind,  
 Revenge and horror in his mien combined ;  
 His clouded front, by withering lightnings scared,  
 The inward anguish of his soul declared.

His red eyes glowing from their dusky caves  
 Shot livid fires : Far echoing o'er the waves  
 His voice resounded, as the cavern'd shore  
 With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar.  
 Cold gliding horrors thrill'd each hero's breast,  
 Our bristling hairs and tottering knees confess  
 Wild dread, the while with visage ghastly wan,  
 His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began : \*

\* The partiality of Translators and Editors is become almost proverbial. The admiration of their author is supposed when they undertake to introduce him to the public ; that admiration therefore, may without a blush be confessed ; but if the reputation of judgment is valued, all the jealousy of circumsppection is necessary, for the transition from admiration to partiality and hypercriticism is not only easy, but to oneself often imperceptible. Yet however guarded against this partiality of hypercriticism the Translator of Camoens may deem himself, he is aware that some of his colder readers, may perhaps, in the following instance accuse him of it. Regardless however of the *sang froid* of those who judge by authority and not by their own feelings, he will venture to appeal to the few whose taste, though formed by the classics, is untainted with classical prejudices. To these he will appeal, and to these he will venture the assertion, that the fiction of the apparition of the Cape of Tempests, in sublimity and awful grandeur of imagination, stands unsurpassed in human composition.—Voltaire, and the foreign Critics, have confessed its merit.—In the prodigy of the Harpies in the Æneid, neither the

*Ungues volucrium cælitus, sædissimi ventris  
 Præloviæ, unæque manus, et pallida siner  
 Ora fame :*

Though Virgil, to heighten the description, introduces it with

*— nec seavior ulla  
 Efficit in ira Læon Sygnis sese extulit undis :*

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

*Fama, malum quo non aliud velocius ullum :  
 Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo :  
 Parva metu primo ; mox sese attollit in auras,  
 Ingrediturque solo, & caput inter nubila condit :  
 Illam Terra parens, ira irritata Deorum,  
 Extremam (ut perhibent) Cæo Enceladique sororem  
 Progenit, præibus celerem et pernicibus alis :  
 Monstrum horrendum, ingens ; cui quot sunt corpore  
 plumæ,  
 Tot angiles oculi subter (mirabile dictu)  
 Tot linguæ, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit aures.  
 Næte volat cæli medio terræque, per umbram  
 Stridens, nec dulci declinat lumine somno :  
 Luce sedet custos, aut summi culmine testæ,  
 Turribus aut altis, et magnus territat urbes.*

Fame, the great ill, from small beginnings grows ;  
 Swift from the first, and every moment brings  
 New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her  
 wings

Soon grows the Pinnay to gigantic size,  
 Her feet on earth, 'till feet ead in the skies :  
 Er rared against the clouds, revengeful Earth  
 Produced her last of the Titanian birth.  
 Swift in her walk, more swift her winged haste,  
 A monstrous phantem horrible and vast ;  
 As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,  
 So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight :  
 Millions of opening mouths to Fame belong,  
 And every no uth is furnish'd with a tongue,  
 And round with listening ears the flying plague  
 is hung ;

She fills the peaceful universe with cries,  
 No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes :  
 By day from lofty towers her head she shews.—

DRYD.  
 The

O you, the boldest of the nations, fired  
 By daring pride, by lust of fame inspired,  
 Who scornful of the bowers of sweet repose,  
 Through these my waves advance your daring prow,  
 Regardless of the lengthening watery way,  
 And all the storms that own my sovereign sway,  
 Who mid surrounding rocks and shelves explore  
 Where never hero braved my rage before;  
 Ye sons of Lusus, who with eyes profane  
 Have view'd the secrets of my awful reign,  
 Have pass'd the bounds which jealous Nature drew  
 To veil her secret shrine from mortal view;

The *Mobilitate viget*, the *Vires acquirit eundo*, the *'arva metu primo*, &c. the *Caput inter nubila condit*, the *plumæ, oculi linguæ, ora*, and *aures*, the *Nictæ volat*, the *Luce fidet custos*, and the *Magnas territat urbes*, are all very great, and finely imagined. But the whole picture is the offspring of careful attention and judgment; it is a noble display of the calm majesty of Virgil. but it has not the enthusiasm of that heat of spontaneous conception, which the ancients honoured with the name of inspiration. The fiction of Camoens, on the contrary, is the genuine effusion of the glow of poetical imagination. The description of the spectre, the awfulness of the prediction, and the horror that breathes through the whole, till the phantom is interrupted by Gama, are in the true spirit of the wild and grand terrific of an Homer, or a Shakspeare. But however Camoens may, in this passage, have excelled Virgil, he himself is infinitely surpassed by two passages of Holy Writ. "*A thing was secretly brought to me,*" says the Author of the book of Job, "*and mine ear received a little thereof. In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me*

*and trembling, which made all my bones to shake: then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice: Shall mortal man be more just than God! shall a man be more pure than his Maker! Behold he put no trust in his servants, and his angels he charged with folly: how much less them that dwell in houses of clay, whose foundation is in the dust, and who are crush'd before the moth!*

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

Hear

Hear from my lips what direful woes attend,  
And bursting soon shall o'er your race descend.

With every bounding keel that dares my rage,  
Eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage,  
The next proud fleet that through my drear 'domain,  
With daring search shall hoist the streaming vane,  
That gallant navy by my whirlwinds tost,  
And raging seas shall perish on my coast :  
Then He who first my secret reign descried  
A naked corse wide floating o'er the tide  
Shall drive——Unless my heart's full raptures fail,  
O Lusus ! oft shalt thou thy children wail ;  
Each year thy shipwreck'd sons shalt thou deplore,  
Each year thy sheeted masts shall strew my shore.

With trophies plumed behold an Hero come',  
Ye dreary wilds, prepare his yawning tomb.

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

<sup>t</sup> *Behold an hero come*—Don Francisco de Almeida. He was the first Portuguese viceroy of India, in which country he ob-

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

Though

Though smiling fortune blest his youthful morn,  
Though glory's rays his laurel'd brows adorn,  
Full oft though he beheld with sparkling eye  
The Turkish moons in wild confusion fly,  
While he, proud victor, thunder'd in the rear,  
All, all his mighty fame shall vanish here.  
Quiloa's sons, and thine Mombaze, shall see  
Their conqueror bend his laurel'd head to me;  
While proudly mingling with the tempest's sound,  
Their shouts of joy from every cliff rebound.

    The howling blast, ye slumbering storms prepare,  
A youthful Lover and his beauteous Fair,  
Triumphant sail from India's ravaged land;  
His evil angel leads him to my strand.  
Through the torn hulk the dashing waves shall roar,  
The shatter'd wrecks shall blacken all my shore.  
Themselves escaped, despoil'd by savage hands,  
Shall naked wander o'er the burning sands,  
Spared by the waves far deeper woes to bear,  
Woes even by me acknowledged with a tear.  
Their infant race, the promised heirs of joy,  
Shall now no more an hundred hands employ;  
By cruel want, beneath the parents' eye,  
In these wide wastes their infant race shall die;  
Through dreary wilds where never Pilgrim trod,  
Where caverns yawn and rocky fragments nod,

The hapless Lover and his Bride shall stray,  
 By night unshelter'd, and forlorn by day.  
 In vain the Lover o'er the trackless plain  
 Shall dart his eyes, and cheer his spouse in vain.  
 Her tender limbs, and breast of mountain snow,  
 Where ne'er before intruding blast might blow,  
 Parch'd by the sun, and shrivell'd by the cold  
 Of dewy night, shall he, fond man, behold.  
 Thus wand'ring wide, a thousand ills o'erpass,  
 In fond embraces they shall sink at last;  
 While pitying tears their dying eyes o'erflow,  
 And the last sigh shall wail each other's "woe.

<sup>u</sup> This poetical description of the miserable catastrophe of Don Emmanuel de Souza, and his beautiful spouse Leonora de Sà, is by no means exaggerated. He was several years governor of Diu in India, where he amassed immense wealth. On his return to his native country, the ship in which was his lady, all his riches, and five hundred men, his sailors and domestics, was dashed to pieces on the rocks at the Cape of Good Hope. Don Emmanuel, his lady, and three children, with four hundred of the crew escaped, having only saved a few arms and provisions. As they marched through the wild uncultivated deserts, some died of famine, of thirst, and fatigue; others, who wandered from the main body in search of water, were murdered by the savages, or destroyed by the wild beasts. They arrived at last at a village inhabited by Ethiopian banditti. At first they were courteously received, but the barbarians, having unexpectedly seized their arms, stripped the whole company naked, and left them destitute to the mercy of the desert. The wretchedness of the delicate and exposed Leonora was increased by the brutal insults of the negroes. Her

husband, unable to relieve, beheld her miseries. After having travelled about 300 leagues, her legs swelled, her feet bleeding at every step, and her strength exhausted, she sunk down, and with the sand covered herself to the neck, to conceal her nakedness. In this dreadful situation, she beheld two of her children expire. Her own death soon followed. Her husband, who had been long enamoured of her beauty, received her last breath in a distracted embrace. Immediately he snatched his third child in his arms, and uttering the most lamentable cries, he ran into the thickest of the wood, where the wild beasts were soon heard to growl over their prey. Of the whole four hundred who escaped the waves, only six and twenty arrived at another Ethiopian village, whose inhabitants were more civilized, and traded with the merchants of the Red sea, from whence they found a passage to Europe, and brought the tidings of the unhappy fate of their companions. Jerome de Cortereal, a Portuguese poet, has written an affecting poem on the shipwreck and deplorable catastrophe of Don Emmanuel and his beloved spouse. *Partly from Casiera.*

Some

Some few, the sad companions of their fate,  
 Shall yet survive, protected by my hate,  
 On Tagus' banks the dismal tale to tell  
 How blasted by my frown your heroes fell.

He paus'd, in act still farther to disclose  
 A long, a dreary prophecy of woes:  
 When springing onward, loud my voice resounds,  
 And midst his rage the threatening Shade confounds.  
 What art thou, Horrid Form, that ridest the air?  
 By heaven's eternal light, stern Fiend, declare.  
 His lips he writhes, his eyes far round he throws,  
 And from his breast deep hollow groans arose,  
 Sternly aſkaunce he ſtood: with wounded pride  
 And anguish torn, In me, behold, he cried,  
 While dark-red ſparkles from his eyeballs roll'd,  
 In me the Spirit of the Cape behold,  
 That rock by you the Cape of Tempeſts named,  
 By Neptune's rage in horrid earthquakes framed,  
 When Jove's red bolts o'er Titan's offspring flamed. }  
 With wide-ſtretch'd piles I guard the pathleſs ſtrand,  
 And Afric's ſouthern mound unmoved I ſtand:  
 Nor Roman prow, nor daring Tyrian oar  
 Ere daſh'd the white wave foaming to my ſhore;  
 Nor Greece nor Carthage ever ſpread the ſail  
 On theſe my ſeas to catch the trading gale.

You, you alone have dared to plough my main,  
And with the human voice disturb my lonesome reign.

Sprung from th' embrace of Titan and of Earth,  
The hundred-handed giant at a birth,  
And Me the rock-ribb'd mother gave to fame,  
Great Adamaſtor then my dreaded name.  
In my bold brothers' glorious hopes engaged,  
Tremendous war againſt the gods I waged :  
Yet not to reach the throne of heaven I try,  
With mountain piled on mountain to the ſky ;  
To me the conqueſt of the ſeas beſel,  
In his green realm the ſecond Jove to quell.  
Nor did ambition all my paſſions hold,  
'Twas love that prompted an attempt ſo bold.  
Ah me, one ſummer in the cool of day  
I ſaw the Nereids on the ſandy bay  
With lovely Thetis from the wave advance  
In mirthful frolic, and the naked dance.  
In all her charms reveal'd the goddeſs trode,  
With fierceſt fires my ſtruggling boſom glow'd ;  
Yet, yet I feel them burning in my heart,  
And hopeleſs languish with the raging ſmart.  
For her, each goddeſs of the heavens I ſcorn'd,  
For her alone my fervent ardour burn'd.



In vain I woo'd her to the lover's bed,  
 From my grim form with horror mute she fled.  
 Madning with love, by force I ween to gain  
 The silver goddess of the blue domain:  
 To the hoar mother of the Nereid \* band  
 I tell my purpose, and her aid command:  
 By fear impell'd, old Doris tries to move,  
 And win the spouse of Peleus to my love.  
 The silver goddess with a smile replies,  
 What nymph can yield her charms a giant's prize!  
 Yet from the horrors of a war to save,  
 And guard in peace our empire of the wave,  
 Whate'er with honour he may hope to gain,  
 That let him hope his wish shall soon attain.  
 The promised grace infused a bolder fire,  
 And shook my mighty limbs with fierce desire.  
 But ah, what error spreads its dreamful night,  
 What phantoms hover o'er the lover's fight!  
 The war resign'd, my steps by Doris led,  
 While gentle eve her shadowy mantle spread,  
 Before my steps the snowy Thetis shone  
 In all her charms, all naked, and alone.

\* Doris, the sister and spouse of Ne-reus, and mother of the Nereides. By Ne-reus, in the physical sense of the fable, is understood the water of the sea, and by

Doris, the bitterness or salt, the supposed cause of its prolific quality in the generation of fishes.

Swift as the wind with open arms I sprung,  
And round her waist with joy delirious clung :  
In all the transports of the warm embrace,  
An hundred kisses on her angel face,  
On all its various charms my rage bestows,  
And on her cheek my cheek enraptured glows.  
When, oh, what anguish while my flame I tell !  
What fixt despair, what rage my bosom swell !  
Here was no goddess, here no heavenly charms,  
A rugged mountain fill'd my eager arms,  
Whose rocky top o'erhung with matted brier,  
Received the kisses of my amorous fire.  
Waked from my dream cold horror freezed my blood ;  
Fixt as a rock before the rock I stood ;  
O fairest goddess of the ocean train,  
Behold the triumph of thy proud disdain ;  
Yet why, I cried, with all I wish'd decoy,  
And when exulting in the dream of joy,  
An horrid mountain to mine arms convey !——  
Madning I spoke, and furious sprung away.  
Far to the south I sought the world unknown,  
Where I unheard, uncorn'd, might wail alone,  
My foul dishonour, and my tears to hide,  
And shun the triumph of the goddess' pride.  
My brothers now by Jove's red arm o'erthrown,  
Beneath huge mountains piled on mountains groan ;

And

And I, who taught each eccho to deplore,  
 And tell my sorrows to the desert shore,  
 I felt the hand of Jove my crimes pursue,  
 My stiffening flesh to earthy ridges grew,  
 And my huge bones, no more by marrow warm'd,  
 To horrid piles and ribs of rock transform'd,  
 Yon dark-brow'd cape of monstrous size became,  
 Where round me still, in triumph o'er my shame,  
 The silvery Thetis bids her surges roar,  
 And waft my groans along the dreary shore.

He spoke, and deep a lengthen'd sigh he drew;  
 A doleful sound, and vanish'd from the view;  
 The frighten'd billows gave a rolling swell,  
 And distant far prolong'd the dismal yell;  
 Faint and more faint the howling ecchoes die,  
 And the black cloud dispersing leaves the \* sky.

\* The circumstances of the disappearance of the spectre are in the same poetical spirit of the introduction. If we may be allowed to allegorise the amour of Adamastor, it will be found a necessary part of the fiction, and, at any rate, to suppose the spectre the Spirit of that huge promontory the Cape of Tempests, which by night makes its awful appearance to the fleet of Gama, while wandering in an unknown ocean, is a noble flight of imagination; nor need one scruple to affirm, that the deception of the lover, and the metamorphosis, are in the best manner of Ovid. As already observed in the preface, the poem of Camoens is often allegorical: To establish Christianity in the East, is expressly said in the Lusiad to be the great purpose of the Hero. By Bacchus, the demon who oppo-

ses the expedition, must, of consequence, be meant the genius of Mohammedism: and accordingly in the eighth book, the Evil Spirit and Bacchus are mentioned as the same personage; where, in the figure of Mohammed, he appears in a dream to a Mohammedan priest. In like manner by Adamastor, the genius of Mohammedism must be supposed to be meant. The Moors, who professed that religion, till the arrival of Gama, were the first navigators of the eastern seas, and by every exertion of force and fraud they endeavoured to prevent the settlements of the Christians. In the figure of the spectre, the French translator finds an exact description of the person of Mohammed, his fierce demeanour and pale complexion, but he certainly carries his *unwarrantable* too far in several instances.

High to the angel host, whose guardian care  
 Had ever round us watch'd, my hands I rear,  
 And heaven's dread king implore, As o'er our head  
 The fiend dissolved, an empty shadow fled ;  
 So may his curses by the winds of heaven  
 Far o'er the deep, their idle sport, be driven!

Now from the wave the chariot of the day  
 Whirl'd by the fiery courfers springs away,  
 When full in view the giant Cape appears,  
 Wide spreads its limbs, and high its shoulders rears ;  
 Behind us now it curves the bending side,  
 And our bold vessels plow the eastern tide.  
 Nor long excursive off at sea we stand,  
 A cultured shore invites us to the land.  
 Here their sweet scenes the rural joys bestow,  
 And give our wearied minds a lively glow.

stances : to mention only two ; “ Moham-  
 med (says he) was a false prophet, so is Ada-  
 maſtor, who ſays Emmanuel de Souza and  
 his ſpouſe ſhall die in one another's arms,  
 whereas, the huſband was devoured by wild  
 beaſts in the wood. . . . By the metaphor-  
 iſis of Adamaſtor into an huge maſs of  
 earth and rock, lived by the waves, is  
 meant the death and tomb of Mohammed.  
 He died of a dropſy, behold the waters  
 which ſurround him ; *voilà les eaux qui  
 l'entourent.*—His tomb was exceeding high,  
 behold the height of the pronontory.” By  
 ſuch latitude of interpretation, the allegory  
 which was really intended by an author,  
 becomes ſuſpected by the reader. As Ca-  
 moens, however, has aſſured us that he did

allegoriſe, one need not hesitate to affirm,  
 that the amour of Adamaſtor is an in-  
 ſtance of it. By Thetis is figured Renown,  
 or true Glory, by the fierce paſſion of the  
 giant, the fierce rage of ambition, and by  
 the rugged mountain that filled his deluded  
 arms, the infamy acquired by the brutal  
 conqueror Mohammed. The hint of this  
 laſt circumſtance is adopted from *Castera*.

*And give our wearied minds a lively  
 glow.*—Variety is no leſs delightful to the  
 reader than to the traveller, and the ima-  
 gination of Camoens gave an abundant  
 ſupply. The inſertion of this paſtoral land-  
 ſcape, between the terrific ſcenes which  
 precede and follow, has a fine effect. “Va-  
 riety,” ſays Pope, in one of his notes on  
 the

The tenants of the coast, a festive band,  
 With dances meet us on the yellow sand ;  
 Their brides on slow-paced oxen rode behind ;  
 The spreading horns with flowery garlands twined,  
 Bespoke the dew-lapt beeves their proudest boast,  
 Of all their bestial store the valued most.  
 By turns the husbands and the brides prolong  
 The various measures of the rural song.  
 Now to the dance the rustic reeds resound ;  
 The dancers' heels light-quivering beat the ground,  
 And now the lambs around them bleating stray,  
 Feed from their hands, or round them frisking play.  
 Methought I saw the sylvan reign of Pan,  
 And heard the music of the Mantuan swan :  
 With smiles we hail them, and with joy behold  
 The blissful manners of the age of gold.  
 With that mild kindness, by their looks display'd,  
 Fresh stores they bring, with cloth of red repay'd :

the *Odyssey*, " gives life and delight ; and  
 " it is much more necessary in epic than in  
 " comic or tragic poetry sometimes to shift  
 " the scenes to diversify and embellish the  
 " story " The authority of another celebrated  
 " writer offers itself : "*Les Portugais*  
 " *naviguant sur l'Océan Atlantique, décou-*  
 " *vriront la pointe la plus méridionale de*  
 " *l'Afrique ; ils virent une vaste mer ; elle*  
 " *les porta aux Indes Orientales ; leurs périls*  
 " *sur cette mer, et la découverte de Mozam-*  
 " *bique, de Melinde, et de Calicut, ont été*  
 " *chanés par le Camoëns, dont le poëme fait*

" *sentir quelque chose de charmes de l'Odyf-*  
 " *sée, et de la magnificence de l'Énéide.*" i. e.  
 The Portuguese sailing upon the Atlantic  
 ocean discovered the most southern point  
 of Africa : here they found an immense  
 sea, which carried them to the East Indies.  
 The dangers they encountered in the voy-  
 age, the discovery of Mozambique, of Melin-  
 da, and of Calicut, have been sung by Ca-  
 moëns, whose poem recalls to our minds  
 the charms of the *Odyssey*, and the magni-  
 ficence of the *Eneid*. Montefquieu, *Spirit*  
*of Laws*, b. xxi. c. 21.

Yet

Yet from their lips no word we knew could flow,  
 No sign of India's strand their hands bestow.  
 Fair blow the winds; again with sails unfurl'd  
 We dare the main, and seek the eastern world.  
 Now round black Afric's coast our navy veer'd,  
 And to the world's mid circle northward steer'd:  
 The southern pole low to the wave declined,  
 We leave the isle of Holy Cross <sup>a</sup> behind;  
 That isle where erst a Lusian, when he past  
 The tempest-beaten cape, his anchors cast,  
 And own'd his proud ambition to explore  
 The kingdoms of the morn could dare no more.  
 From thence, still on, our daring course we hold  
 Through trackless gulphs, whose billows never roll'd  
 Around the vessel's pitchy sides before;  
 Through trackless gulphs, where mountain surges roar,  
 For many a night, when not a star appear'd,  
 Nor infant moon's dim horns the darkness cheer'd;  
 For many a dreary night, and cheerless day,  
 In calms now fetter'd, now the whirlwind's play,  
 By ardent hope still fired, we forced our dreadful way.  
 Now smooth as glass the shining waters lie,  
 No cloud flow moving fails the azure sky;

<sup>a</sup> A small island, named *Santa Cruz* by Bartholomew Diaz, who discovered it. According to *Faria y Sousa*, he went twenty-

five leagues further, to the river *del Infante*, which, till past by Gama, was the utmost extent of the Portuguese discoveries.

Slack from their height the fails unmoved decline,  
 The airy streamers form the downward line ;  
 No gentle quiver owns the gentle gale,  
 Nor gentlest swell distends the ready fail ;  
 Fixt as in ice the flumbering prows remain,  
 And filence wide extends her solemn reign.  
 Now to the waves the burfling clouds defcend,  
 And heaven and fea in meeting tempefts blend ;  
 The black-wing'd whirlwinds o'er the ocean fweep,  
 And from his bottom roars the ftaggering deep.  
 Driven by the yelling blaft's impetuous fway  
 Staggering we bound, yet onward bound away :  
 And now efcap'd the fury of the ftorm,  
 New danger threatens in a various form ;  
 Though fresh the breeze the fwelling canvas fwelld,  
 A current's headlong fweep our prows withheld :  
 The rapid force impreft on every keel,  
 Backward, o'erpower'd, our rolling veffels reel :  
 When from their fouthern caves the winds, enraged  
 In horrid conflict with the waves engaged ;  
 Beneath the tempeft groans each loaded maft,  
 And o'er the rufhing tide our bounding navy <sup>b</sup> paf't.

<sup>b</sup> It was the force of this rufhing current which retarded the further difcoveries of Diaz. Gama got over it by the affiftance

of a tempeft. The feafons, when thefe feas are fafely navigable, are now perfectly known.

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

Behold, O King, how many a shore we try'd!  
 How many a fierce barbarian's rage defy'd!  
 Yet still in vain for India's shores we try,  
 The long-fought shores our daring search defy.  
 Beneath new heavens, where not a star we knew,  
 Through changing climes, where poison'd air we drew;  
 Wandering new seas, in gulphs unknown, forlorn,  
 By labour weaken'd, and by famine worn;  
 Our food corrupted, pregnant with disease,  
 And pestilence on each expected breeze;

<sup>c</sup> The frequent disappointments of the Portuguese, when they expect to hear some account of India, is a judicious imitation of several parts of Virgil; who, in the same manner, magnifies the distresses of the Trojans in their search for the fated seat of Empire:

————— *O gens*  
*Infelix! cui te exitio fortuna referuat?*  
*Septima post Trojæ excidium jam vertitur æstas;*  
*Cum freta, cum terras omnes, tet inopsita saxa*  
*Sideraque onosa ferimur: dum per mare magnum*  
*Italiam sequimur jugentem, et volucimur urdis.*

EN. V.



Not even a gleam of hope's delusive ray  
 To lead us onward through the devious way;  
 That kind delusion which full oft has cheer'd  
 The bravest minds, till glad success appear'd  
 Worn as we were each night with hopeless care,  
 Each day with danger that increased despair;  
 Oh! Monarch, judge, what less than Lusian fire  
 Could still the daring scorn of fate inspire!  
 What less, O King, than Lusian faith withstand,  
 When dire despair and famine gave command  
 Their chief to murder, and with lawless power  
 Sweep Afric's seas, and every coast devour!  
 What more than Men in wild despair still bold!  
 These more than Men in these my band behold!  
 Sacred to death, by death alone subdued,  
 These all the rage of fierce despair<sup>d</sup> withstood;

<sup>d</sup> It had been extremely impolitic in Gama to mention the mutiny of his followers to the king Melinda. The boast of their loyalty besides, has a good effect in the poem, as it elevates the heroes, and gives uniformity to the character of bravery, which the dignity of the *Æpopæa* required to be ascribed to them. History relates the matter differently. In standing for the Cape of Good Hope, Gama gave the highest proofs of his resolution, "*In illo au em cursu valde Gama virtus enituit.*" The fleet seemed now tossed to the clouds, *ut modo nubes contingere*, and now sunk to the lowest whirlpools of the abyss. The winds were unfufferably cold, and to the rage of the tempest was added the horror of an almost continual darkness. The crew expected

every moment to be swallowed up in the deep. At every interval of the storm, they came round Gama, asserting the impossibility to proceed further, and imploring to return. This he resolutely refused. A conspiracy against his life was formed, but was discovered by his brother. He guarded against it with the greatest courage and prudence, he put all the pilots in chains, and he himself, with some others, took the management of the helms. At last, after having many days withstood the tempest, and a perfidious combination, *invidi animo*, with an unconquered mind, a favourable change of weather revived the spirits of the fleet, and allowed them to double the Cape of Good Hope. Extr. from Ofor.

Firm to their faith, though fondest hope no more  
Could give the promise of their native shore!

Now the sweet waters of the stream we leave,  
And the salt waves our gliding ships receive ;  
Here to the left, between the bending shores,  
Torn by the winds the whirling billow roars :  
And boiling raves against the founding coast,  
Whose mines of gold Sofala's merchants boast :  
Full to the gulph the showery south-winds howl,  
Aflant against the wind our vessels rowl :  
Far from the land, wide o'er the ocean driven,  
Our helms resigning to the care of heaven,  
By hope and fear's keen passion tost, we roam,  
When our glad eyes beheld the surges foam  
Against the beacons of a cultured bay,  
Where sloops and barges cut the watery way.  
The river's opening breast some upward ply'd,  
And some came gliding down the sweepy tide.  
Quick throbs of transport heaved in every heart  
To view the knowledge of the seaman's art ;  
For here we hoped our ardent wish to gain,  
To hear of India's strand, nor hoped in vain.  
Though Ethiopia's fable hue they bore  
No look of wild surprize the natives wore :

Wide

Wide o'er their heads the cotton turban fwell'd,  
 And cloth of blue the decent loins conceal'd.  
 Their speech, though rude and dissonant of sound.  
 Their speech a mixture of Arabian own'd.  
 Fernando, skill'd in all the copious store  
 Of fair Arabia's speech and flowery lore,  
 In joyful converse heard the pleasing tale,  
 That o'er these seas full oft the frequent fail,  
 And lordly vessels, tall as ours, appear'd,  
 Which to the regions of the morning steer'd,  
 And back returning to the southmost land,  
 Convey'd the treasures of the Indian strand;  
 Whose chearful crews, resembling ours, display  
 The kindred face and colour of the <sup>c</sup> day.  
 Elate with joy we raise the glad acclaim,  
 And, ' River of good signs, the port we name:  
 Then, sacred to the angel guide, who led  
 The young Tobiah to the spousal bed,  
 And safe return'd<sup>d</sup> him through the perilous way,  
 We rear a column on the friendly <sup>e</sup> bay.

<sup>c</sup> When Gama arrived in the East, a considerable commerce was carried on between the Indies and the Red Sea by the Moorish traders, by whom the gold mines of Sofala, and the riches of the oriental or Ethiopic coast of Africa were enjoyed. The traffic of the East was by land brought to Grand Cairo, from whence Europe was supplied by the Venetian and Antwerpian merchants.

<sup>d</sup> *Rio des bons sinais.*

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

Our keels, that now had steer'd through many a clime,  
 By shell-fish roughen'd, and incas'd with slime,  
 Joyful we clean, while bleating from the field  
 The fleecy dams the smiling natives yield:  
 But while each face an honest welcome shews,  
 And big with sprightly hope each bosom glows,  
 (Alas! how vain the bloom of human joy!  
 How soon the blasts of woe that bloom destroy!)  
 A dread disease its rankling horrors shed,  
 And death's dire ravage through mine army spread.  
 Never mine eyes such dreary sight beheld,  
 Ghastly the mouth and gums enormous <sup>h</sup> swell'd;  
 And instant, putrid like a dead man's wound,  
 Poisoned with fœtid streams the air around.  
 No sage physician's ever-watchful zeal,  
 No skilful surgeon's gentle hand to heal,  
 Were found: each dreary mournful hour we gave  
 Some brave companion to a foreign grave.  
 A grave, the awful gift of every shore! —  
 Alas! what weary toils with us they bore!  
 Long, long endear'd by fellowship in woe,  
 O'er their cold dust we give the tears to flow;

<sup>h</sup> This poetical description of the Scurvy is by no means exaggerated above what some times really happens in the course of a long voyage.

And

And in their hapless lot forbode our own,  
A foreign burial, and a grave unknown !

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

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

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

<sup>i</sup> See En. V. 833.

<sup>k</sup> The Lotophagi, fo named from the plant Lotus, are thus defcribed by Homer.

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

(Thence call'd Lotophagi) which whofo taftes,  
 Infatiate riots in the fweet repafts,  
 Nor other home, nor other care intends,  
 But quits his houfe, his country, and his friends :  
 The three we fent, from off th' enchanting ground  
 We dragg'd reluctant, and by force we bound :  
 The reft in hafte forfook the pleafing fhore,  
 Or, the charm tafted, had return'd no more.

POPE, Odyf. ix.

The

In all their charms display Calypso's smiles,  
 Her flowery arbours and her amorous wiles ;  
 In skins confined the blustering winds,<sup>l</sup> controul,  
 Or o'er the feast bid loathsome harpies<sup>m</sup> prow! ;  
 And lead your heroes through the dread abodes  
 Of tortured spectres and infernal<sup>n</sup> gods ;  
 Give every flower that decks Aonia's hill  
 To grace your fables with divinest skill ;  
 Beneath the wonders of my tale they fall,  
 Where truth all unadorn'd and pure exceeds them all.

While thus illustrious GAMA charm'd their ears,  
 The look of wonder each Melindian wears,  
 And pleas'd attention witness'd the command  
 Of every movement of his lips or hand.  
 The king enraptured own'd the glorious fame  
 Of Lisbon's monarchs, and the Lusian name ;

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

<sup>l</sup> *In skins confin'd the blustering winds controul*—The gift of Æolus to Ulysses.

The adverse winds in leathern bags he brac'd,  
 Compress'd their force, and lock'd each struggling  
 blast :

For him the mighty fire of gods assign'd,  
 The tempest's lord, the tyrant of the wind ;

His word alone the list'ning storms obey,  
 To smoothe the deep, or swell the foamy sea.  
 These in my hollow ship the monarch hung,  
 Securely fetter'd by a silver thong ;  
 But Zephyrus exempt, with friendly gales  
 He charg'd to fill, and guide the swelling sails : }  
 Rare gift ! but oh, what gift to fools avails. }  
 POPE, Odyss. x.

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

<sup>m</sup> See the third Eneid.

<sup>n</sup> See the sixth Eneid, and the eleventh Odyssy.

What warlike rage the victor-kings inspired !  
Nor less their armies loyal faith admired.  
Nor less his menial train, in wonder lost,  
Repeat the gallant deeds that please them most,  
Each to his mate, while fixed in fond amaze  
The Lufian features every eye surveys ;  
While present to the view, by Fancy brought,  
Arise the wonders by the Lufians wrought,  
And each bold feature to their wondering sight  
Displays the raptured ardour of the fight.

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

What boundless joys are thine, O just Renown,  
Thou hope of Virtue, and her noblest crown ;  
By thee the seeds of conscious worth are fired,  
Hero by hero, fame by fame inspired :  
Without thine aid how soon the hero dies !  
By thee upborne his name ascends the skies.  
This Ammon knew, and own'd his Homer's lyre  
The noblest glory of Pelides' ire.

This



This knew Augustus, and from Mantua's shade  
To courtly ease the Roman bard convey'd;  
And soon exulting flow'd the song divine,  
The noblest glory of the Roman line.  
Dear was the Muse to Julius; ever dear  
To gallant Scipio, though the victor-spear  
One hand employed, yet on the martial field  
The other knew th' immortal pen to wield.  
Each glorious chief the victor's palm who bore  
In Greece, in Latium, or on barbarous shore,  
Each glorious name, e'er to the Muse endear'd,  
Or wooed the Muses, or the Muse revered.  
Alas, on Tago's hapless shores alone  
The Muse is slighted, and her charms unknown;  
For this, no Virgil here attunes the lyre,  
No Homer here awakes the hero's fire.  
On Tago's shores are Scipios, Cæsars born,  
And Alexanders Lisbon's clime adorn;  
But heaven has stamp'd them in a rougher mould,  
Nor gave the polish to their genuine gold.  
Careless and rude or to be known or know,  
In vain to them the sweetest numbers flow:  
Unheard, in vain their native poet sings,  
And cold neglect weighs down the Muse's wings,

Even he whose veins the blood of GAMA warms,  
 Walks by, unconscious of the Muse's charms :  
 For him no Muse shall leave her golden loom,  
 No palm shall blossom, and no wreath shall bloom ;  
 Yet shall my labours and my cares be paid  
 By fame immortal, and by GAMA's shade :  
 Him shall the song on every shore proclaim,  
 The first of heroes, first of naval fame.  
 Rude and ungrateful though my country be,  
 This proud example shall be taught by Me,  
 " Where'er the hero's worth demands the skies,  
 " To crown that worth some generous bard shall rise !"

Aristotle has pronounced, that the works of Homer contain the perfect model of the epic poem. Homer never gives us any digressive declamation spoken in the person of the poet, or interruptive of the thread of his narration. For this reason Milton's beautiful complaint of his blindness has been censured as a violation of the rules of the Epopea. But it may be presumed there is an appeal beyond the writings of Homer, an appeal to the reason of these rules. When Homer laid the plan of his works, he felt that to write a poem like an history, whose parts had no necessary dependence and connexion with each other, must be uninteresting and tiresome to the reader of real genius. The unity of one action adorned with proper collateral episodes therefore presented itself in its progressive dependencies of beginning, middle, and end ; or in other words, a description of certain circumstances, the actions which these produce, and the catastrophe. This unity of conduct, as most interesting, is indispensably necessary to the epic poem. But it does not follow, that a declamation in the person of the poet,

at the beginning or end of a book, is properly a breach of the unity of the conduct of the action ; therefore the omission of such declamations by Homer, as not founded on the nature of the epic poem, is no argument against the use of them. If this however will not be allowed by the critic, let the critic remember, that Homer has many digressive histories, which have no dependence on, or connexion with the action of the poem. If the declamation of Camoens in praise of Poetry must be condemned, what defence can be offered for the long story of Maron's wine in the ninth *Odysey*, to which even the numbers of a Pope could give no dignity ! Yet however a *Bossu* or a *Rapin* may condemn the digressive exclamations of Camoens, the reader of taste, who judges from what he feels, would certainly be unwilling to have them expunged. The declamation with which he concludes the seventh *Lusiad*, must please, must touch every breast. The feelings of a great spirit in the evening of an active and military life, sinking under the pressure of neglect and dependence, yet the complaint expressed with the most manly resentment, cannot

cannot fail to interest the generous, and, if adorned with the dress of poetry, to plead an excuse for its admission with the man of taste. The declamation which concludes the present book, has also some arguments to offer in its defence. As the fleet of Gama have now safely conquered many difficulties, and are promised a pilot to conduct them to India, it is a proper contrast to the murmurings of the populace, expres-

sed by the old Man, at the end of the fourth Lusiad, and is by no means an improper conclusion to the episode which so highly extols the military fame of the Lusian warriors.

In the works of *Aaron Hill*, Esq; there is a loose paraphrase of the conclusion of this book, in the elegiac or alternate measure.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.



---

T H E  
L U S I A D.

---

B O O K VI.

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

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

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

<sup>a</sup> Every display of eastern luxury and magnificence was lavished in the fishing parties on the Nile, with which Cleopatra amused Mark Antony, when at any time he shewed symptoms of uneasiness, or seemed inclined to abandon the effeminate life which he led with his mistress. At one of these parties, Mark Antony having procured Divers to put fishes upon his hooks while under the water, he very gallantly

boasted to his mistress of his great dexterity in angling. Cleopatra perceived his art, and as gallantly outwitted him. Some other Divers received her orders, and in a little while Mark Antony's line brought up a fried fish in place of a live one, to the vast entertainment of the queen and all the convivial company. Octavius was at this time on his march to decide who should be master of the world.\*

That

That Lufus' heroes in his port fupplied,  
 And tafted reft, he own'd his deareft pride,  
 And vow'd that ever while the feas they roam,  
 The Lufian fleets fhould find a bounteous home,  
 And ever from the generous fhore receive  
 Whate'er his port, whate'er his land could <sup>b</sup> give.  
 Nor lefs his joy the grateful Chief declared;  
 And now to feize the valued hours prepared.  
 Full to the wind the fwelling fails he gave,  
 And his red prows divide the foamy wave:  
 Full to the rifing fun the pilot fteers,  
 And far from fhore through middle ocean bears.  
 The vaulted fky now widens o'er their heads,  
 Where firft the infant morn his radiance fheds.  
 And now with transport fparkling in his eyes  
 Keen to behold the Indian mountains rife,  
 High on the decks each Lufian heroe fmiles,  
 And proudly in his thoughts reviews his toils.  
 When the ftern Dæmon, burning with difdain,  
 Beheld the fleet triumphant plow the main:  
 The Powers of heaven, and heaven's dread Lord he knew,  
 Refolved in Lifbon glorious to renew

<sup>b</sup> The friendship of the Portuguefe and Melindians was of long continuance. Alvaro Cabral, the fecond admiral who made the voyage to India, in an engagement with the Moors off the coaft of Zofala, took two fhips richly freighted from the mines of that country. On finding that Xeques Fonteyma, the commander, was uncle to the king of Melinda, he reftored the valuable prize,

and treated him with the utmoft courtefy. Their good offices were reciprocal. By the information of the king of Melinda, Cabral efcaped the treachery of the king of Calicut. The kings of Mombaze and Quiloa, irritated at the alliance with Portugal, made feveral depredations on the fubjects of Melinda, who in return were effectually revenged by their European allies.

The Roman honours---raging with despair  
From high Olympus' brow he cleaves the air,  
On earth new hopes of vengeance to devise,  
And sue that aid deny'd him in the skies ;  
Blaspheming heaven, he pierced the dread abode  
Of ocean's Lord, and fought the ocean's God.  
Deep where the bases of the hills extend,  
And earth's huge ribs of rock enormous bend,  
Where roaring through the caverns rowl the waves  
Responsive as the aërial tempest raves,  
The Ocean's Monarch, by the Nereid train,  
And watery Gods encircled, holds his reign.  
Wide o'er the deep, which line could ne'er explore,  
Shining with hoary sands of silver ore,  
Extends the level, where the palace rears  
Its chrystal towers, and emulates the spheres ;  
So starry bright the lofty turrets blaze,  
And vie in lustre with the diamond's rays.  
Adorn'd with pillars and with roofs of gold,  
The golden gates their massy leaves unfold :  
Inwrought with pearl the lordly pillars shine,  
The sculptured walls confess an hand divine.  
Here various colours in confusion lost,  
Old Chaos' face and troubled image boast.  
Here rising from the mass distinct and clear  
Apart the four fair Elements appear.



High o'er the rest ascends the blaze of fire,  
Nor fed by matter did the rays aspire,  
But glow'd ætherial, as the living flame,  
Which, stolen from heaven, inspired the vital frame.  
Next, all-embracing Air was spread around,  
Thin as the light, incapable of wound ;  
The subtle power the burning south pervades,  
And penetrates the depth of polar shades.  
Here mother Earth, with mountains crown'd, is seen,  
Her trees in blossom, and her lawns in green ;  
The lowing bees adorn the clover vales,  
The fleecy dams bespread the sloping dales ;  
Here land from land the silver streams divide ;  
The sportive fishes through the chrystal tide,  
Bedropt with gold their shining sides display :  
And here old Ocean rolls his billows gray :  
Beneath the moon's pale orb his current flows,  
And round the earth his giant arms he throws.  
Another scene display'd the dread alarms  
Of war in heaven, and mighty Jove in arms ;  
Here Titan's race their swelling nerves distend  
Like knotted oaks, and from their bases rend  
And tower the mountains to the thundering sky,  
While round their heads the forky lightnings fly ;  
Beneath huge Etna vanquish'd Typhon lies,  
And vomits smoke and fire against the darken'd skies.

Here seems the pictured wall possess'd of <sup>c</sup> life ;  
 Two Gods contending in the noble strife,  
 The choicest boon to human kind to give,  
 Their toils to lighten, or their wants relieve :  
 While Pallas here appears to wave her <sup>d</sup> hand,  
 The peaceful olive's golden boughs expand :  
 Here, while the Ocean's God indignant frown'd,  
 And rais'd his trident from the wounded ground,  
 As yet intangled in the earth appears  
 The warrior horse, his ample chest he rears,  
 His wide red nostrils smoke, his eye-balls glare,  
 And his fore-hoofs, high pawing, lash the air.

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

<sup>c</sup> *Two Gods contending*—According to fable, Neptune and Minerva disputed the honour of giving a name to the city of Athens. They agreed to determine the contest by a display of their wisdom and power, in conferring the most beneficial gift on mankind. Neptune struck the earth with his trident and produced the horse, whose bounding motions are emblematical of the agitation of the sea. Minerva commanded the olive tree, the symbol of peace and of riches, to spring forth. The victory was adjudged to the goddess, from whom the city was named Athens. As the Egyptians and Mexicans wrote their history in hieroglyphics, the taste of the ancient Grecians clothed almost every occurrence in mythological allegory. The founders of Athens, it is most probable, disputed whether their new city should be named from the fertility of the soil or from the marine situation of Attica. The former opinion prevailed, and the town received its name in honour of the goddess of the olive tree.

<sup>d</sup> *While Pallas here appears to wave her*

*hand*—As Neptune struck the earth with his trident, Minerva, says the fable, struck the earth with her lance. That she waved her hand while the olive boughs spread, is a fine poetical attitude, and varies the picture from that of Neptune, which follows.

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

The

On speed the vengeful Dæmon views no more :  
 Forward he rushes through the golden door,  
 Where Ocean's king, enclosed with nymphs divine,  
 In regal state receives the king of Wine :  
 O Neptune ! instant as he came, he cries,  
 Here let my presence breed no cold surprize,  
 A friend I come, your friendship to implore  
 Against the Fates unjust, and Fortune's power ;  
 Beneath whose shafts the great Celestials bow,  
 Yet ere I more, if more you wish to know,  
 The watery Gods in awful senate call,  
 For all should hear the wrong that touches all.  
 Neptune alarm'd, with instant speed commands  
 From every shore to call the watery bands :  
 Triton, who boasts his high Neptunian race,  
 Sprung from the God by Salace's embrace,  
 Attendant on his fire the trumpet sounds,  
 Or through the yielding waves, his herald, bounds :  
 Huge is his bulk deform'd, and dark his hue ;  
 His bushy beard and hairs that never knew  
 The smoothing comb, of sea-weed rank and long,  
 Around his breast and shoulders dangling hung,  
 And on the matted locks black muffels clung ;  
 A <sup>t</sup> shell of purple on his head he bore,  
 Around his loins no tangling garb he wore,

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

*Na cabeça por gorra tinba posta  
 Humã mui grande casca de lagosta.*

But all was cover'd with the slimy brood,  
 The snailly offspring of the unctuous flood ;  
 And now obedient to his dreadful fire,  
 High o'er the wave his brawny arms aspire ;  
 To his black mouth his crooked shell applied,  
 The blast rebellows o'er the ocean wide :  
 Wide o'er their shores, where'er their waters flow,  
 The watery powers the awful summons know ;  
 And instant darting to the palace hall,  
 Attend the founder of the Dardan <sup>ε</sup> wall ;  
 Old father Ocean, with his numerous race  
 Of daughters and of sons, was first in place.  
 Nereus and Doris, from whose nuptials sprung  
 The lovely Nereid train for ever young,

Thus rendered by Fanshew,

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

The description of Triton, who, as Fanshew says,

Was a great nasty clown——

is in the style of the classics. His parentage is differently related. Hesiod makes him the son of Neptune and Amphitrité. By Triton, in the physical sense of the fable, is meant the noise, and by Salacé, the mother by some ascribed to him, the salt of the ocean. The origin of the fable of Triton, it is probable, was founded on the appearance of a sea animal, which, according to some ancient and modern Naturalists, in the upward parts resembles the human figure. Pausanias relates a wonderful story of a monstrously large one, which often

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

came ashore on the meadows of Boetia. Over his head was a kind of finny cartilage, which, at a distance, appeared like hair, the body covered with brown scales ; the nose and ears like the human, the mouth of a dreadful width, jagged with the teeth of a Panther ; the eyes of a greenish hue ; the hands divided into fingers, the nails of which were crooked, and of a shelly substance. This monster, whose extremities ended in a tail like a dolphin's, devoured both men and beasts as they chanced in his way. The citizens of Tanagra, at last, contrived his destruction. They set a large vessel full of wine on the sea shore. Triton got drunk with it, and fell into a profound sleep, in which condition the Tanagrians beheaded him, and afterwards, with great propriety, hung up his body in the temple of Bacchus ; where, says Pausanias, it continued a long time.

ε Neptune.

Who

Who people every fea on every strand  
 Appear'd, attended with their filial band ;  
 And changeful Proteus, whose prophetic <sup>h</sup> mind  
 The secret cause of Bacchus' rage divined,  
 Attending, left the flocks, his scaly charge,  
 To graze the bitter weedy foam at large.  
 In charms of power the raging waves to tame,  
 The lovely spouse of Ocean's sovereign <sup>i</sup> came.  
 From Heaven and Vesta sprung the birth divine,  
 Her snowy limbs bright through the vestments shine.  
 Here with the dolphin, who persuasive <sup>k</sup> led  
 Her modest steps to Neptune's spoufal bed,  
 Fair Amphitrité moved, more sweet, more gay  
 Than vernal fragrance and the flowers of May ;  
 Together with her sister spouse she came,  
 The same their wedded Lord, their love the same ;  
 The same the brightness of their sparkling eyes,  
 Bright as the sun and azure as the skies.  
 She who the rage of Athamas to <sup>l</sup> shun  
 Plunged in the billows with her infant son ;

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

<sup>i</sup> Thetis.

<sup>k</sup> *Here with the Dolphin*—Castera has a most absurd note on this passage. Neptune, says he, is the vivifying spirit, and Amphitrité the humidity of the sea, which the Dolphin, the Divine Intelligence, unites for the generation and nourishment of fishes. Who, says he, cannot but be

struck with admiration to find how consonant this is to the sacred Scripture ; *Spiritus Domini fertur super aquas ; The spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.*

<sup>l</sup> *She who the rage of Athamas to shun*—Ino, the daughter of Cadmus and Hermione, and second spouse of Athamas, king of Thebes. The fables of her fate are various. That which Camoens follows is the most common. Athamas seized with madness imagined that his spouse was a lioness,

A Goddess now, a God the smiling boy  
 Together sped; and Glaucus lost to <sup>m</sup> joy,  
 Curst in his love by vengeful Circé's hate,  
 Attending wept his Scylla's hapless fate.

And now assembled in the hall divine,  
 The ocean Gods in solemn council join;  
 The Goddesses on pearl embroidery fate,  
 The Gods on sparkling chrystal chairs of state,  
 And proudly honour'd on the regal throne,  
 Beside the ocean's Lord, Thyoneus <sup>n</sup> shone.  
 High from the roof the living amber <sup>o</sup> glows,  
 High from the roof the stream of glory flows,  
 And richer fragrance far around exhales  
 Than that which breathes on fair Arabia's gales.

Attention now in listening silence waits:  
 The Power, whose bosom raged against the Fates,

lions, and her two sons young lions. In this frenzy he slew Learchus, and drove the mother and her other son Melicertus into the sea. The corpse of the mother was thrown ashore on Megaria, and that of the son at Corinth. They were afterwards deified, the one as a sea Goddess, the other as the God of harbours.

<sup>m</sup> ——— and Glaucus lost to joy—— A fisherman, says the fable, who, on eating a certain herb, was turned into a sea God. Circé was enamoured of him, and in revenge of her slighted love, poisoned the fountain where his mistress usually bathed. By the force of the enchantment the favoured Scylla was changed into a hideous monster, whose loins were surrounded with

the ever barking heads of dogs and wolves. Scylla, on this, threw herself into the sea, and was metamorphosed into the rock which bears her name. The rock Scylla at a distance appears like the statue of a woman: The furious dashing of the waves in the cavities which are level with the water, resembles the barking of wolves and dogs. Hence the fable.

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

<sup>o</sup> High from the roof the living amber glows——

——— From the arched roof,

Pendent by subtle magic, many a row  
 Of starry lamps, and blazing cressets, fed  
 With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light  
 As from a sky.

MILTON.

Rising,

Rifing, cafts round his vengeful eyes, while rage  
Spread o'er his brows the wrinkled feams of age ;  
O thou, he cries, whose birthright fovereign fway,  
From pole to pole, the raging waves obey ;  
Of human race 'tis thine to fix the bounds,  
And fence the nations with thy watery mounds :  
And thou, dread Power, O father Ocean, hear,  
Thou, whose wide arms embrace the world's wide fphere,  
'Tis thine the haughtieft victor to refrain,  
And bind each nation in its own domain :  
And you, ye Gods, to whom the feas are given,  
Your juft partition with the Gods of heaven ;  
You who, of old unpunifh'd never bore  
The daring trefpafs of a foreign oar ;  
You who beheld, when Earth's dread offspring ftrove  
To fcale the vaulted fky, the feat of Jove :  
Indignant Jove deep to the nether world  
The rebel band in blazing thunders hurl'd.  
Alas ! the great monition loft on you,  
Supine you flumber, while a roving crew,  
With impious fearch, explore the watery way,  
And unrefifted through your empire ftray :  
To feize the facred treasures of the main  
Their fearless prows your ancient laws difdain :  
Where far from mortal fight his hoary head  
Old Ocean hides, their daring fails they fpread,

And their glad shouts are echoed where the roar  
 Of mounting billows only howl'd before.  
 In wonder, silent, ready Boreas fees  
 Your passive languor, and neglectful ease ;  
 Ready with force auxiliar to restrain  
 The bold intruders on your awful reign ;  
 Prepared to burst his tempests, as of old,  
 When his black whirlwinds o'er the ocean roll'd,  
 And rent the Mynian <sup>p</sup> fails, whose impious pride  
 First braved their fury, and your power defied.  
 Nor deem that fraudulent I my hope deny ;  
 My darken'd glory sped me from the sky.  
 How high my honours on the Indian shore !  
 How soon these honours must avail no more !  
 Unless these rovers, who with doubled shame  
 To stain my conquests, bear my vassal's <sup>q</sup> name,  
 Unless they perish on the billowy way——  
 Then rouse, ye Gods, and vindicate your sway.  
 The Powers of heaven in vengeful anguish see  
 The Tyrant of the skies, and Fate's decree ;  
 The dread decree, that to the Lusian train  
 Consigns, betrays your empire of the main :  
 Say, shall your wrong alarm the high abodes,  
 And men exalted to the rank of gods,

<sup>p</sup> *And rent the Mynian fails*---The fails  
of the Aigenauts, inhabitants of Mynia.

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



O'er you exalted, while in careless ease  
You yield the wrested trident of the seas,  
Usurp'd your monarchy, your honours stained,  
Your birth-right ravish'd, and your waves profaned !  
Alike the daring wrong to me, to you,  
And shall my lips in vain your vengeance sue !  
This, this to sue from high Olympus bore——  
More he attempts, but rage permits no more.  
Fierce bursting wrath the watery gods inspires,  
And their red eye-balls burn with livid fires :  
Heaving and panting struggles every breast,  
With the fierce billows of hot ire oppress'd.  
Twice from his seat divining Proteus rose,  
And twice he shook enraged his sedge brows :  
In vain ; the mandate was already given,  
From Neptune sent, to loose the winds of heaven :  
In vain ; though prophecy his lips inspired,  
The ocean's queen his silent lips required.  
Nor less the storm of headlong rage denies,  
Or council to debate, or thought to rise.  
And now the God of Tempests swift unbinds  
From their dark caves the various rushing winds :  
High o'er the storm the Power impetuous rides,  
His howling voice the roaring tempest guides ;  
Right to the dauntless fleet their rage he pours,  
And first their headlong outrage tears the shores :

A deeper night involves the darken'd air,  
And livid flashes through the mountains glare :  
Up-rooted oaks, with all their leafy pride,  
Rowl thundering down the groaning mountains' side ;  
And men and herds in clamorous uproar run,  
The rocking towers and crashing woods to shun.

While thus the council of the watery state  
Enraged decreed the Lufian heroes' fate,  
The weary fleet before the gentle gale  
With joyful hope displayed the steady sail ;  
Thro' the smooth deep they plough'd the lengthening way ;  
Beneath the wave the purple car of day  
To fable night the eastern sky resign'd,  
And o'er the decks cold breath'd the midnight wind.  
All but the watch in warm pavilions slept,  
The second watch the wonted vigils kept :  
Supine their limbs, the mast supports the head,  
And the broad yard sail o'er their shoulders spread  
A grateful cover from the chilly gale,  
And sleep's soft dews their heavy eyes assail.  
Languid against the languid Power they strive,  
And sweet discourse preserves their thoughts alive.  
When Leonardo, whose enamoured thought  
In every dream the plighted fair-one fought,

The dews of sleep what better to remove  
 Than the soft, woful, pleasing tales of love?  
 Ill timed, alas, the brave VELOSO cries,  
 The tales of love, that melt the heart and eyes.  
 The dear enchantments of the fair I know,  
 The fearful transport and the rapturous woe:  
 But with our state ill suits the grief or joy;  
 Let war, let gallant war our thoughts employ:  
 With dangers threaten'd, let the tale inspire  
 The scorn of danger, and the hero's fire.  
 His mates with joy the brave VELOSO hear,  
 And on the youth the speaker's toil confer.  
 The brave VELOSO takes the word with joy,  
 And truth, he cries, shall these flow hours decoy.  
 The warlike tale adorns our nation's fame,  
 The twelve of England give the noble theme.

When Pedro's gallant heir, the valiant John,  
 Gave war's full splendor to the Lusian throne,  
 In haughty England, where the winter spreads  
 His snowy mantle o'er the shining meads<sup>1</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> *In haughty England where the winter  
 spreads  
 His snowy mantle o'er the shining meads.*

In the original,

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

That is, "In illustrious England, always  
 covered with northern snow." Though  
 the translator was willing to retain the

manner of Homer, he thought it proper to  
 correct the error in natural history fallen  
 into by Camoens. Fanshaw seems to have  
 been sensible of the mistake of his author,  
 and has given the following, uncountenanced  
 by the Portuguese, in place of the eternal  
 snows ascribed to his country.

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

The

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

' *What knighthood asks the proud accusers  
 yield,*  
*And dare the damsels' champions to the field.*

The translator, either by his own researches, or by his application to some gentlemen who were most likely to inform him, has not been able to discover the slightest vestige of this chivalrous adventure in any memoirs of the English history. It is probable, nevertheless, that however adorned with romantic ornament, it is not entirely without foundation in truth. Castéra, who unhappily does not cite his authority, gives the names of the twelve Portuguese champions; Alvaro Vaz d'Almada, afterwards count d'Avranches in Normandy; another Alvaro d'Almada, surnamed the Juster, from his dexterity at that warlike exercise; Lopez Fernando Pacheco; Pedro Homen D'Acoſta; Juan Augustin Pereyra; Luis Gonſalez de Malafay; the two brothers Alvaro and Rodrigo Mendez de Cerveyra; Ruy Gomez de Sylva; Soueyro d'Acoſta, who gave his name to the river Acoſta in Africa; Martin Lopez d'Azevedo; and

Alvaro Gonſalez de Coutigno, surnamed Magricio. The names of the English champions and of the ladies, he confesses are unknown, nor does history positively explain the injury of which the dames complained. It must however, he adds, have been such as required the atonement of blood; *il falloit qu'elle fût sanglante*, since two sovereigns allowed to determine it by the sword. "Some critics, says Castéra, " may perhaps condemn this episode of " Camoens; but for my part (he continues) " I think the adventure of Olindo and Sophronia, in Tasso, is much more to be " blamed. The episode of the Italian " poet is totally exuberant, *est tout-à-fait p.ſtiche*, whereas that of the Portuguese " has a direct relation to his proposed " subject; the wars of his country, a vast " field, in which he has admirably succeeded, without prejudice to the first rule " of the epopea, the unity of the action." To this may be added the suffrage of Voltaire, who acknowledges that Camoens artfully interweaves the history of Portugal.

And

" There let the cause, as honour wills, be tried,  
 " And let the lance and ruthless sword decide."  
 The lovely dames implore the courtly train,  
 With tears implore them, but implore in vain.  
 So famed, so dreaded tower'd each boastful knight,  
 The damsels' lovers shunn'd the proffer'd fight.  
 Of arm unable to repel the strong,  
 The heart's each feeling conscious of the wrong,  
 When robb'd of all the female breast holds dear,  
 Ah heaven, how bitter flows the female tear!  
 To Lancafter's bold duke the damsels sue;  
 Adown their cheeks, now paler than the hue  
 Of snowdrops trembling to the chilly gale,  
 The slow-paced chrystal tears their wrongs bewail.  
 When down the beauteous face the dew-drop flows,  
 What manly bosom can its force oppose!

And the severest critic must allow that the episode related by Veloso, is happily introduced. To one who has ever been at sea, the scene must be particularly pleasing. The fleet is under sail, they plough the smooth deep,

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

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

With dangers threaten'd, let the tale inspire  
 The scorn of danger, and the hero's fire.

is better adapted to the circumstances of the speaker and his audience, than almost any of the long histories which on all occasions, and sometimes in the heat of battle, the heroes of the *Iliad* relate to each other. Pope has been already cited, as giving his sanction to the fine effect of variety in the epic poem. The present instance, which has a peculiar advantage, in agreeably suspending the mind of the reader after the storm is raised by the machinations of Baccus, may be cited as a confirmation of the opinion of that judicious poet. Yet however defensible this episode of Camoens may appear to the translator, he can by no means agree with Caſſera that the adventure of Olindo and Sophronia, in Tasso, is totally exuberant. Like the episode of Veloso, it is intimately connected with the subject and action of the poem. See the second book of the *Gerusalemme Liberata*.

His

His hoary curls th' indignant hero shakes,  
 And all his youthful rage restored awakes :  
 Though loth, he cries, to plunge my bold compeers  
 In civil discord, yet appease your tears :  
 From Lusitania — for on Lusian ground  
 Brave Lancafter had strode with lawrel crown'd ;  
 Had mark'd how bold the Lusian heroes shone,  
 What time he claim'd the proud Castilian throne,  
 How matchless pour'd the tempest of their might,  
 When thundering at his side they ruled the fight :  
 Nor less their ardent passion for the fair,  
 Generous and brave, he view'd with wondering care,  
 When crown'd with roses to the nuptial bed  
 The warlike John his lovely daughter led —  
 From Lusitania's clime, the hero cries,  
 The gallant champions of your fame shall rise.  
 Their hearts will burn, for well their hearts I know,  
 To pour your vengeance on the guilty foe.  
 Let courtly phrase the heroes' worth admire,  
 And for your injured names that worth require :  
 Let all the soft endearments of the fair,  
 And words that weep your wrongs, your wrongs declare.  
 Myself the heralds to the chiefs will send,  
 And to the king my valiant son commend.

\* *What time he claim'd the proud Castilian throne.*—*John of Gaunt*, duke of Lancafter, claimed the crown of Castile in the right of his wife, *Donna Constantia*, daughter of *Don Pedro*, the late king. Assisted by his son-in-law, *John I.* of Portugal, he en-

tered Galicia, and was proclaimed king of Castile at the city of *St. Jago de Compostella*. He afterwards relinquished his pretensions on the marriage of his daughter *Catalina* with the infant *Don Henry* of Castile. See the second note, p. 167.

He spoke ; and twelve of Lufian race he names,  
 All noble youths, the champions of the dames.  
 The dames by lot their gallant champions ' chufe,  
 And each her hero's name exulting views.  
 Each in a various letter hails her chief,  
 And earnest for his aid relates her grief :  
 Each to the king her courtly homage fends,  
 And valiant Lancafter their caufe commends.  
 Soon as to Tagus' fhores the heralds came,  
 Swift through the palace pours the fprightly flame  
 Of high-foul'd chivalry ; the monarch glows  
 Firft on the lifted field to dare the foes ;  
 But regal ftate withheld. Alike their fires  
 Each courtly noble to the toil afpires :  
 High on his helm, the envy of his peers,  
 Each chofen knight the plume of combat wears.  
 In that proud port half circled by the <sup>u</sup> wave,  
 Which Portugallia to the nation gave,  
 A deathlefs name, a speedy floop receives  
 The fculptured bucklers, and the clafping greaves,  
 The fwords of Ebro, fpears of lofty fize,  
 And breaft-plates flaming with a thoufand dyes,

<sup>t</sup> *The dames by lot their gallant champions chufe.*—The ten champions, who in the fifth book of the *Jerufalem* are fent by Godfrey for the affiftance of Armida, are chofen by lot. Taffo, who had read the *Lufiad*, and admired its author, undoubtedly had the Portuguefe poet in his eye.

<sup>u</sup> *In that proud port half circled by the wave,*  
*Which Portugallia to the nation gave,*  
*A deathlefs name*———Oporto, called by the Romans *Calla*. Hence Portugal.

Helmets high plumed, and, pawing for the fight,  
 Bold steeds, whose harness shone with silvery light  
 Dazzling the day. And now the rising gale  
 Invites the heroes, and demands the sail,  
 When brave Magricio thus his peers address,  
 Oh, friends in arms, of equal powers confess,  
 Long have I hoped through foreign climes to stray,  
 Where other streams than Douro wind their way;  
 To note what various shares of bliss and woe  
 From various laws and various customs flow;  
 Nor deem that artful I the fight decline;  
 England shall know the combat shall be mine.  
 By land I speed, and should dark fate prevent,  
 For death alone shall blight my firm intent,  
 Small may the sorrow for my absence be,  
 For yours were conquest, though unshared by me.  
 Yet something more than human warms my<sup>x</sup> breast,  
 And sudden whispers, In our fortunes blest,  
 Nor envious chance, nor rocks, nor whelmy tide,  
 Shall our glad meeting at the list divide.

He said; and now the rites of parting friends  
 Sufficed, through Leon and Castel he bends.

<sup>x</sup> *Yet something more than human warms  
 my breast,*  
*And sudden whispers*——  
 In the Portuguese,  
*Mas se a verdade o espirito me aduzinha,*

Literally, “But if my spirit truly divine.”  
 Thus rendered by Fanshew,

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



On many a field enrapt the hero stood,  
And the proud scenes of Lusian conquest viewed.  
Navar he past, and past the dreary wild,  
Where rocks on rocks o'er yawning glyns are piled;  
The wolf's dread range, where to the evening skies  
In clouds involved the cold Pyrenians rise.  
Through Gallia's flowery vales and wheaten plains  
He strays, and Belgia now his steps detains.  
There, as forgetful of his vow'd intent,  
In various cares the fleeting days he spent:  
His peers the while direct to England's strand,  
Plough the chill northern wave; and now at land,  
Adorn'd in armour, and embroidery gay,  
To lordly London hold the crowded way:  
Bold Lancafter receives the knights with joy,  
The feast and warlike song each hour employ.  
The beauteous dames attending wake their fire,  
With tears enrage them, and with smiles inspire.  
And now with doubtful blushes rose the day,  
Decreed the rites of wounded fame to pay.  
The English monarch gives the lifted bounds,  
And, fixt in rank, with shining spears furrounds.  
Before their dames the gallant knights advance,  
Each like a Mars, and shake the beamy lance:  
The dames, adorn'd in silk and gold, display  
A thousand colours glittering to the day;

Alone in tears, and doleful mourning, came,  
Unhonour'd by her knight, Magricio's dame.  
Fear not our prowess, cry the bold Eleven,  
In numbers, not in might, we stand uneven.  
More could we spare, secure of dauntless might,  
When for the injured female name we fight.

Beneath a canopy of regal state,  
High on a throne the English monarch fate,  
All round the ladies and the barons bold,  
Shining in proud array their stations hold.  
Now o'er the theatre the champions pour,  
And facing three to three, and four to four,  
Flourish their arms in prelude. From the bay  
Where flows the Tagus to the Indian sea,  
The sun beholds not in his annual race  
A twelve more fightly, more of manly grace  
Than tower'd the English knights. With froathing jaws  
Furious each steed the bit restrictive gnaws,  
And rearing to approach the rearing foe,  
Their wavy manes are dash'd with foamy snow:  
Cross-darting to the sun a thousand rays  
The champions' helmets as the chrystal blaze.  
Ah now, the trembling ladies' cheeks how wan!  
Cold crept their blood; when through the tumult ran

A shout

A shout loud gathering ; turn'd was every eye  
Where rose the shout, the sudden cause to spy.  
And lo, in shining arms a warrior rode,  
With conscious pride his snorting courser trod ;  
Low to the monarch and the dames he bends,  
And now the great Magricio joins his friends.  
With looks that glowed, exulting rose the fair,  
Whose wounded honour claim'd the hero's care.  
Aside the doleful weeds of mourning thrown,  
In dazzling purple and in gold she shone.  
Now loud the signal of the fight rebounds  
Quivering the air, the meeting shock resounds  
Hoarse uproar ; bucklers dashed on bucklers ring,  
The splintered lances round their helmets sing.  
Their swords flash lightning, darkly reeking o'er  
The shining mail-plates flows the purple gore.  
Torn by the spur, the loosened reins at large,  
Furious the steeds in thundering plunges charge ;  
Trembles beneath their hoofs the solid ground,  
And thick the fiery sparkles flash around,  
A dreadful blaze ! with pleasing horror thrill'd  
The croud behold the terrors of the field.  
Here stunn'd and staggering with the forceful blow,  
A bending champion grasps the saddle-bow ;  
Here backward bent a falling knight reclines,  
His plumes dishonour'd lash the courser's loins.

So tired and stagger'd toil'd the doubtful fight,  
When great Magricio kindling all his might  
Gave all his rage to burn : with headlong force,  
Conscious of victory, his bounding horse  
Wheels round and round the foe ; the hero's spear  
Now on the front, now flaming on the rear,  
Mows down their firmest battle ; groans the ground,  
The splinter'd shields and closen helms resound  
Beneath his courser ; torn the harness gay  
Here from the master springs the steed away ;  
Obscene with dust and gore, flow from the ground  
Rising, the master rolls his eyes around,  
Pale as a spectre on the Stygian coast,  
In all the rage of shame confused and lost :  
Here low on earth, and o'er the riders thrown,  
The wallowing coursers and the riders groan :  
Before their glimmering vision dies the light,  
And deep descends the gloom of death's eternal night.  
They now who boasted, " Let the sword decide,"  
Alone in flight's ignoble aid confide :  
Loud to the skies the shout of joy proclaims  
The spotless honour of the ladies' names.

In painted halls of state and rosy bowers,  
The twelve brave Lusians crown the festive hours.

Bold Lancafter the princely feaft beftows,  
 The goblet circles, and the mufic flows ;  
 And every care, the tranfport of their joy,  
 To tend the knights the lovely dames employ ;  
 The green-boughed forefts by the lawns of Thames  
 Behold the victor-champions and the dames  
 Roufe the tall roe-buck o'er the dews of morn,  
 While through the dales of Kent refounds the bugle-horn.  
 The fultry noon the princely banquet owns,  
 The minftrel's fong of war the banquet crowns ;  
 And when the fhades of gentle evening fall,  
 Loud with the dance refounds the lordly hall :  
 The golden roofs, while Vefper fhines, prolong  
 The meafured cadence, and accomp'nied fong.  
 Thus paff the days on England's happy ftrand,  
 Till the dear memory of their natal land  
 Sigh'd for the banks of Tagus. Yet the breaft  
 Of brave Magricio fpurns the thoughts of reft.  
 In Gaul's proud court he fought the lifted plain,  
 In arms an injured lady's knight again.  
 As Rome's Corvinus o'er the field he ' ftrode,  
 And on the foe's huge cuirafs proudly trod.

*y* *As Rome's Corvinus*—Valerius Maximus, a Roman tribune, who fought and flew a Gaul of enormous ftature, in fingle combat. During the duel a raven perched on the helm of his antagonift, fometimes

pecked his face and hand, and fometimes blinded him with the flapping of his wings. The victor was thence named Corvinus. Vid. Liv. l. 7. c. 26.

No more by Tyranny's proud tongue reviled,  
 The Flandrian countess on her hero <sup>2</sup> smiled.  
 The Rhine another past, and proved his <sup>3</sup> might,  
 A fraudulent German dared him to the fight.  
 Strain'd in his grasp the fraudulent boaster fell——  
 Here sudden stopt the youth ; the distant yell  
 Of gathering tempest founded in his ears,  
 Unheard, unheeded by his listening peers.  
 Earnest at full they urge him to relate  
 Magricio's combat, and the German's fate.

<sup>2</sup> *The Flandrian countess on her hero smiled.*  
 —The princess, for whom Magricio signa-  
 lized his valour, was Isabella of Portugal,  
 and spouse to Philip the Good, duke of  
 Burgundy, and earl of Flanders. Some  
 Spanish chronicles relate, that Charles VII.  
 of France, having assembled the states of  
 his kingdom, cited Philip to appear with  
 his other vassals. Isabella, who was present,  
 solemnly protested that the earls of Flan-  
 ders were not obliged to do homage. A  
 dispute arose, on which she offered, accord-  
 ing to the custom of that age, to appeal to  
 the fate of arms. The proposal was accep-  
 ted, and Magricio the champion of Isabella  
 vanquished a French chevalier, appointed  
 by Charles. Though our authors do not  
 mention this adventure, and though Em-  
 manuel de Faria, and the best Portuguese  
 writers treat it with doubt, nothing to the  
 disadvantage of Camoens is thence to be  
 inferred. A poet is not obliged always to  
 follow the truth of history.

<sup>3</sup> *The Rhine another past, and prov'd his  
 might*—This was Alvaro Vaz d'Almada.  
 The chronicle of Garibay relates, that at  
 Basil he received from a German a chal-  
 lenge to measure swords, on condition that  
 each should fight with the right side un-  
 armed; the German by this hoping to be  
 victorious, for he was left-handed. The  
 Portuguese, suspecting no fraud, accepted.

When the combat began he perceived the  
 inequality. His right side unarmed was  
 exposed to the enemy, whose left side,  
 which was nearest to him, was defended  
 with half a cuirass. Notwithstanding all  
 this, the brave Alvaro obtained the vic-  
 tory. He sprung upon the German, seized  
 him, and grasping him forcibly in his  
 arms, stifled and crushed him to death ;  
 imitating the conduct of Hercules, who in  
 the same manner slew the cruel Anteus.  
 Here we ought to remark the address of  
 our author ; he describes at length the in-  
 jury and grief of the English Ladies, the  
 voyage of the twelve champions to Eng-  
 land, and the prowess they there displayed.  
 When Veloso relates these, the sea is calm ;  
 but no sooner does it begin to be troubled,  
 than the foldier abridges his recital : we  
 see him follow by degrees the preludes of  
 the storm, we perceive the anxiety of his  
 mind on the view of the approaching dan-  
 ger, hastening his narration to an end.  
*Voilà ce que s'appelle des coups de maître.*  
 Behold the strokes of a master. This note,  
 and the one preceding, are from Caſſera.

Joam Franco Barreto, whose short nomen-  
 clator is printed as an index to the Portu-  
 guese editions of the Lusiad, informs us, that  
 Magricio was son of the marſhal Conçalo  
 Coutinho, and brother to Don Vasco Cou-  
 tinho, the first count de Marialva.

When

When shrilly whistling through the decks resounds  
The master's call, and loud his voice rebounds :  
Instant from converse and from slumber start  
Both bands, and instant to their toils they dart.  
Aloft, oh speed, down, down the topfails, cries  
The Master, fudden from my earnest eyes  
Vanish'd the stars, flow rowls the hollow sigh,  
The storm's dread herald.—To the topfails fly  
The bounding youths, and o'er the yard-arms whirl  
The whizzing ropes, and swift the canvas furl ;  
When from their grasp the bursting tempests bore  
The sheets half-gathered, and in fragments tore.  
Strike, strike the mainfail, loud again he rears  
His ecchoing voice ; when roaring in their ears,  
As if the stary vault by thunders riven,  
Rush'd downward to the deep the walls of heaven,  
With headlong weight a fiercer blast descends,  
And with sharp whirring crash the main-fail rends ;  
Loud shrieks of horror through the fleet resound,  
Bursts the torn cordage, rattle far around  
The splinter'd yard-arms ; from each bending mast,  
In many a shred, far streaming on the blast  
The canvas floats ; low sinks the leeward side,  
O'er the broad vessels rolls the swelling tide ;  
O strain each nerve, the frantic Pilot cries,  
Oh now — and instant every nerve applies,

Tugging what cumbrous lay with strainful force ;  
Dash'd by the ponderous loads the furies hoarse  
Roar in new whirls : the dauntless soldiers ran  
To pump, yet ere the groaning pump began  
The wave to vomit, o'er the decks o'erthrown  
In groveling heaps the stagger'd soldiers groan :  
So rows the vessel, not the boldest Three,  
Of arm robustest, and of firmest knee,  
Can guide the starting rudder ; from their hands  
The helm bursts ; scarce a cable's strength commands  
The staggering fury of its starting bounds,  
While to the forceful beating surge resounds  
The hollow crazing hulk : with kindling rage  
The adverse winds the adverse winds engage,  
As from its base of rock their banded power  
Strove in the dust to strew some lordly tower,  
Whose dented battlements in middle sky  
Frown on the tempest and its rage defy ;  
So roar'd the winds : high o'er the rest upborne  
On the wide mountain-wave's slant ridge forlorn,  
At times discover'd by the lightnings blue,  
Hangs GAMA's lofty vessel, to the view  
Small as her boat ; o'er Paulus' shatter'd prore  
Falls the tall main-mast prone with crashing roar ;  
Their hands, yet grasping their uprooted hair,  
The sailors lift to heaven in wild despair,



The Saviour God each yelling voice implores,  
Nor less from brave Coello's war-ship pours  
The shriek shrill rolling on the tempest's wings :  
Dire as the bird of death at midnight sings  
His dreary howlings in the sick man's ear,  
The answering shriek from ship to ship they hear.  
Now on the mountain-billows upward driven,  
The navy mingles with the clouds of heaven ;  
Now rushing downward with the sinking waves,  
Bare they behold old Ocean's vaulty caves.  
The eastern blast against the western pours,  
Against the southern storm the northern roars :  
From pole to pole the flashy lightnings glare,  
One pale blue twinkling sheet enwraps the air,  
In swift succession now the volleys fly  
Darted in pointed curvings o'er the sky ;  
And through the horrors of the dreadful night,  
O'er the torn waves they shed a ghastly light ;  
The breaking surges flame with burning red,  
Wider and louder still the thunders spread,  
As if the solid heavens together crush'd,  
Expiring worlds on worlds expiring rush'd,  
And dim-brow'd Chaos struggled to regain  
The wild confusion of his ancient reign.  
Not such the volley when the arm of Jove  
From heaven's high gates the rebel Titans drove ;

Not such fierce lightnings blazed athwart the flood,  
 When, saved by heaven, Deucalion's vessel rode  
 High o'er the deluged hills. Along the shore  
 The Halcyons, mindful of their fate, <sup>a</sup> deplore ;  
 As beating round on trembling wings they fly,  
 Shrill through the storm their woeful clamours die.  
 So from the tomb, when midnight veils the plains,  
 With <sup>b</sup> shrill, faint voice, th' untimely ghost complains.  
 The amorous dolphins to their deepest caves  
 In vain retreat to fly the furious waves ;

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

<sup>b</sup> *With shrill faint voice th' untimely ghost complains*—It may not perhaps be unentertaining to cite Madam *Dacier*, and Mr. *Pope* on the voices of the dead. It will, at least, afford a critical observation, which appears to have escaped them both. “The

shades of the suitors, (observes *Dacier*) when they are summoned by *Mercury* out of the palace of *Ulysses*, emit a feeble, plaintive, inarticulate sound, *ῥεῖλασι, ἄφροντες* : whereas *Agamemnon*, and the shades that have been long in the state of the dead, speak articulately. I doubt not but *Homer* intended to shew, by the former description, that when the soul is separated from the organs of the body, it ceases to act after the same manner as while it was joined to it ; but how the dead recover their voices afterwards is not easy to understand. In other respects *Virgil* paints after *Homer* :

————— *Pars tollere vocem*  
*Exiguam : inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes.*”

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

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

*Dacier* conjectures, that the power of speech ceases in the dead, till they are admitted into a state of rest ; but *Patroclus* is an in-

stance

High o'er the mountain-capes the ocean flows,  
 And tears the aged forests from their brows :  
 The pine and oak's huge finewy roots upturn,  
 And from their beds the dusky sands, upborne  
 On the rude whirlings of the billowy sweep,  
 Imbrown the surface of the boiling deep.  
 High to the poop the valiant GAMA springs,  
 And all the rage of grief his bosom wrings,  
 Grief to behold, the while fond hope enjoy'd  
 The meed of all his toils, that hope destroy'd.  
 In awful horror lost the hero stands,  
 And rows his eyes to heaven, and spreads his hands,  
 While to the clouds his vessel rides the swell,  
 And now her black keel strikes the gates of hell ;

stance to the contrary in the *Iliad*, and *Elpenor* in the *Odyssey*, for they both speak before their funeral rites are performed, and consequently before they enter into a state of repose amongst the shades of the happy."

The Critic, in his search for distant proofs, often omits the most material one immediately at hand. Had Madam *Dacier* attended to the episode of the souls of the suitors, the world had never seen her ingenuity in these mythological conjectures ; nor had Mr. *Pope* any need to bring the case of *Patroclus* or *Elpenor* to overthrow her system. *Amphimedon*, one of the suitors, in the very episode which gave birth to *Dacier's* conjecture, tells his story very articulately to the shade of *Agamemnon*, though he had not received the funeral rites :

Our mangled bodies now deform'd with gore,  
 Cold and neglected spread the marble floor :

No friend to bathe our wounds! or tears to shed  
 O'er the pale corse! the honours of the dead.  
 ODYSSEY. XXIV.

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

Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth——

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

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

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

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

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

He spoke; redoubled raged the mingled blasts;  
Through the torn cordage and the shatter'd masts  
The winds loud whistled, fiercer lightnings blazed,  
And louder roars the doubled thunders raised,  
The sky and ocean blending, each on fire,  
Seem'd as all Nature struggled to expire.  
When now the silver star of Love appear'd,  
Bright in her east her radiant front she rear'd;  
Fair through the horrid storm the gentle ray  
Announced the promise of the cheerful day;  
From her bright throne Celestial Love beheld  
The tempest burn, and blast on blast impell'd:  
And must the furious Dæmon still, she cries,  
Still urge his rage, nor all the past suffice!  
Yet as the past, shall all his rage be vain —  
She spoke, and darted to the roaring main;  
Her lovely nymphs she calls, the nymphs obey,  
Her nymphs the Virtues who confess her sway;  
Round every brow she bids the rose-buds twine,  
And every flower adown the locks to shine,  
The snow-white lily and the laurel green,  
And pink and yellow as at strife be seen.  
Instant amidst their golden ringlets strove  
Each flowret planted by the hand of Love;  
At strife, who first th' enamour'd Powers to gain,  
Who rule the tempests and the waves restrain:

Bright as a starry band the Nercids shone,  
 Instant old Eolus' sons their presence own ;  
 The winds die faintly, and in softest sighs  
 Each at his Fair one's feet desponding lies.  
 The bright Orithia, threatening, sternly chides  
 The furious Boreas, and his faith derides ;  
 The furious Boreas owns her powerful bands :  
 Fair Galatea, with a smile commands  
 The raging Notus, for his love, how true,  
 His fervent passion and his faith she knew.  
 Thus every nymph her various Lover chides ;  
 The silent winds are fetter'd by their brides ;  
 And to the Goddess of Celestial loves,  
 Mild as her look, and gentle as her doves  
 In flowery bands are brought. Their amorous flame  
 The Queen approves, and ever burn the same,  
 She cries, and joyful on the Nymphs' fair hands,  
 Th' Eolian race receive the Queen's commands,  
 And vow, that henceforth her Armada's sails  
 Should gently swell with fair propitious <sup>d</sup> gales.

<sup>c</sup> For the fable of Eolus see the tenth Odyfsey.

<sup>d</sup> *And vow, that henceforth her Armada's sails*

*Should gently swell with fair propitious gales.*  
 —In innumerable instances Camoens discovers himself a judicious imitator of the ancients. In the two great masters of the Epic are several prophecies oracular of the fate of different heroes, which give an air of solemn importance to the Poem. The fate of

the Armada thus obscurely anticipated, resembles in particular the prophecy of the safe return of Ulyfles to Ithaca, foretold by the shade of *Tirefias*, which was afterwards fulfilled by the Phæacians. It remains now to make some observations on the machinery used by Camoens in this book. The necessity of machinery in the Epopea, and the perhaps insurmountable difficulty of finding one unexceptionably adapted to a Poem where the heroes are Christians,

Now morn arose serene in dappled grey,  
 Pale gleamed the wave beneath the golden ray ;  
 Blue o'er the silver flood the mountains rose,  
 Where, crown'd with palm, the murmuring Ganges flows ;  
 The sailors on the main-top's airy round,  
 With waving hand, Land, land, aloud resound ;  
 Aloud the Pilot of Melinda cries,  
 Behold, O Chief, the shores of India rise !  
 Elate the joyful crew on tip-toe tread,  
 And every breast with swelling raptures glow'd ;  
 GAMA's great soul confess the rushing swell,  
 Prone on his manly knees the Hero fell,

Christians, or, in other words, to a Poem whose subject is modern, have already been observed in the Preface. The machinery of Camoens has also been proved, in every respect, to be less exceptionable than that of Tasso in his *Jerusalem*, or that of Voltaire in his *Henriade*. To imitate the manners of the ancients, was the reigning taste at the revival of letters. If therefore we excuse Camoens for writing in the taste of his age, the executive part of his machinery, it is presumed, will require no apology. The descent of Bacchus to the palace of Neptune in the depths of the sea, and his address to the watery Gods are noble imitations of Virgil's Juno in the first *Eneid*. The description of the storm is also masterly. In both instances the conduct of the *Eneid* is joined with the descriptive exuberance of the *Odyssey*. The appearance of the star of Venus through the storm is finely imagined, the influence of the nymphs of that Goddesses over the winds, and their subsequent nuptials, are in the spirit of the promise of Juno to Eolus ;

*Sunt mihi bis septem præstanti corpore nymphæ :*  
*Quarum, quæ forma pulcherrima, D. Ipeiam*  
*Connubio Jungam stabili, propriamque dabo :*  
*Omnes ut tecum meritis pro talibus annis*  
*Exigat, & pulchra faciat te prole parentem.*

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

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

It has been observed by the critics, that *Homer*, in the battle of the Gods, has, with great propriety, divided their auxiliary forces. On the side of the *Greeks* he places all the Gods who preside over the arts and

Oh bounteous heaven, he cries, and spreads his hands  
 To bounteous heaven, while boundless joy commands  
 No farther word to flow. In wonder lost,  
 As one in horrid dreams through whirlpools tost,  
 Now snatch'd by Dæmons rides the flaming air,  
 And howls, and hears the howlings of despair;  
 Awaked, amazed, confused with transport glows.  
 And, trembling still, with troubled joy o'erflows;  
 So yet affected with the sickly weight  
 Left by the horrors of the dreadful night,  
 The Hero wakes in raptures to behold  
 The Indian shores before his prows unfold:  
 Bounding he rises, and with eyes on fire  
 Surveys the limits of his proud desire.

sciences. Mars and Venus favour the adultery of Paris, and Apollo is for the Trojans, as their strength consisted chiefly in the use of the bow. Talking of the battle, "With what art, says *Eustatius*, as cited by *Pope*, does the Poet engage the Gods in this conflict! *Neptune* opposes *Apollo*, which implies, that things moist and dry are in continual discord. *Pallas* fights with *Mars*, which signifies that rashness and wisdom always disagree: *Juno* is against *Diana*, that is, nothing more differs from a marriage state than celibacy: *Vulcan* engages *Xanthus*, that is, fire and water are in perpetual variance. Thus we have a fine allegory concealed under the veil of excellent poetry, and the Reader conceives a double satisfaction at the same time, from the beautiful verses and an instructive moral." And again, "The combat of *Mars* and *Pallas* is plainly allegorical. Justice and Wisdom demanded, that an end should be put to this terrible war:

the God of war opposes this, but is worsted: — No sooner has our reason subdued one temptation, but another succeeds to reinforce it, thus *Venus* succours *Mars*.—*Pallas* retreated from *Mars* in order to conquer him; this shews us that the best way to subdue a temptation is to retreat from it."

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

O glorious



O glorious chief, while storms and oceans raved,  
What hopeless toils thy dauntless valour braved !  
By toils like thine the brave ascend to heaven,  
By toils like thine immortal fame is given.  
Not he, who daily moves in ermine gown,  
Who nightly slumbers on the couch of down ;  
Who proudly boasts through heroes old to trace  
The lordly lineage of his titled race ;  
Proud of the smiles of every courtier lord,  
A welcome guest at every courtier's board ;  
Not he, the feeble son of ease, may claim  
Thy wreath, O GAMA, or may hope thy fame.  
'Tis he, who nurtured on the tented field,  
From whose brown cheek each tint of fear expell'd,  
With manly face unmoved, secure, serene,  
Amidst the thunders of the deathful scene,  
From horror's mouth dares snatch the warrior's crown,  
His own his honours, all his fame his own :  
Who proudly just to honour's stern commands,  
The dogstar's rage on Afric's burning sands,  
Or the keen air of midnight polar skies,  
Long watchful by the helm, alike defies :  
Who on his front, the trophies of the wars,  
Bears his proud knighthood's badge, his honest scars ;  
Who cloath'd in steel, by thirst, by famine worn,  
Through raging seas by bold ambition borne,

Scornful of gold, by noblest ardour fired,  
 Each with by mental dignity inspired,  
 Prepared each ill to suffer or to dare,  
 To bless mankind, his great, his only care ;  
 Him whom her son mature Experience owns,  
 Him, him alone Heroic Glory crowns.

Once more the translator is tempted to confess his opinion, that the contrary practice of Homer and Virgil affords in reality no reasonable objection against the exclamatory exuberances of Camoens. Homer, though the father of the epic poem, has his exuberances, as has been observed in the preface, which violently trespass against the first rule of the Epopea, the unity of the action. A rule which, strictly speaking, is not outraged by the digressive exclamations of Camoens. The one now before us, as the severest critic must allow, is happily adapted to the subject of the book. The great dangers which the hero had hitherto encountered, are particularly described. He is afterwards brought in safety to the Indian shore, the object of his ambition, and of all his toils. The exclamation therefore on the grand hinge of the poem, has its propriety, and discovers the warmth of its author's genius. It must also please, as it is

strongly characteristic of the temper of our military poet. The manly contempt with which he speaks of the luxurious inactive courtier, and the delight and honour with which he talks of the toils of the soldier, present his own active life to the reader of sensibility. His campaigns in Africa, where in a gallant attack he lost an eye, his dangerous life at sea, and the military fatigues and the battles in which he bore an honourable share in India, rise to our idea, and possess us with an esteem and admiration of our martial poet, who thus could look back with a gallant enthusiasm, though his modesty does not mention himself, on all the hardships he had endured : who thus could bravely esteem the dangers to which he had been exposed, and by which he had severely suffered, as the most desirable occurrences of his life, and the ornament of his name.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

---

T H E  
L U S I A D.

---

B O O K VII.

**H**AIL glorious Chief! where never chief before  
Forced his bold way, all hail on India's shore!  
And hail, ye Lusian heroes, fair and wide  
What groves of palm, to haughty Rome deny'd,  
For you by Ganges' lengthening banks unfold!  
What laurel forests on the shores of gold  
For you their honours ever verdant rear,  
Proud with their leaves to twine the Lusian spear!

Ah heaven! what fury Europe's sons controuls!  
What self-consuming discord fires their souls!  
'Gainst her own breast her sword Germania turns,  
Through all her states fraternal rancour burns;

Some blindly wandering holy Faith <sup>a</sup> disclaim,  
 And fierce through all wild rages civil flame.  
 High found the titles of the English crown,  
 King of Jerufalem, his own <sup>b</sup> renown!  
 Alas, delighted with an airy name,  
 The thin dim shadow of departed fame,  
 England's stern Monarch, sunk in soft repose,  
 Luxurious riots mid his northern fnows :  
 Or if the starting burft of rage fucceed,  
 His brethren are his foes, and Christians bleed ;  
 While Hagar's brutal race his titles ftain,  
 In weeping Salem unmolefted reign,  
 And with their rites impure her holy shrines profane.  
 And thou, O Gaul, with gaudy trophies plumed,  
 Moft Christian named ; alas, in vain affumed !  
 What impious luft of empire ftels thy <sup>c</sup> breaft  
 From their juft Lords the Christian lands to wrefl !

<sup>a</sup> *Some blindly wandering holy Faith disclaim*—The constitution of Germany, observes Puffendorf, may be faid to verify the fable of the Hydra, with this difference, that the heads of the German ftate bite and devour each other. At the time when Camoens wrote, the German empire was plunged into all the miferies of a religious war, the Catholics uſing every endeavour to rivet the chains of Popery, the adherents of Luther as ftrenuouſly endeavouring to ſhake them off.

<sup>b</sup> *High found the titles of the English crown, King of Jerufalem*—This is a miſtake. The title of King of Jerufalem was never aſſumed by the Kings of England. Robert, Duke of Normandy, ſon of William the Conqueror, was elected King of Jerufalem by the army in Syria, but declined it in

hope of aſcending the throne of England, which attempt was defeated. Regnier, Count d'Anjou, father of Margaret, queen of Henry VI. was flattered with the mock royalty of Naples, Cyprus, and Jerufalem, his armorial bearing for the latter, Luna, a crofs potent, between four croſſes Sol. Hen. VIII. filled the throne of England when our author wrote: his gothic luxury and conjugal brutality amply deſerved the cenſure of the honeſt Poet.

<sup>c</sup> *What impious luft of empire ſtels thy breaſt*—The French Tranſlator very cordially agrees with the Portugueſe Poet in the ſtriſtures upon Germany, England, and Italy. But when his own country is touched upon, "*Malgré Peſtime, ſays he, que j'ai pour mon auteur, je ne craindrai pas de dire qu'il tombe ici dans une grande injuſtice*:" For all the

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

the regard I have for my Author, I will not hesitate to say, that here he has committed an enormous injustice." All Europe besides however will witness the truth of the assertion, which stigmatizes the French politics with the lust of extending their monarchy.

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

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

That Italy can boast many individuals of a different character, will by no means overthrow these general observations founded on the testimony of the most authentic Writers. Our Poet is besides justifiable, in his censures, for he only follows the severe reflections of the greatest of the Italian Poets. It were easy to give fifty instances, two or three however shall suffice. Dante in his sixth Canto, del Purg.

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

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

Ariosto, Canto 17.

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

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

And Petrarch;

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

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

A much

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

Ah, Europe's sons, ye brother-powers, in you  
The fables old of Cadmus now are <sup>f</sup> true :  
Fierce rose the brothers from the dragon teeth,  
And each fell crimson'd with a brother's death.  
So fall the bravest of the Christian <sup>e</sup> name,  
While dogs unclean Messiah's lore blaspheme,

A much admired Sonnet from the same  
Author shall close these citations.

S O N N E T T O.

*La gola, e'l sonno, e l'otiose piume  
Hanno del mondo ogni virtù spentuta ;  
Ond' è dal corso suo quasi smarrita  
Nostra natura vinta dal costume :  
Ed è spento ogni benigno lume  
Del ciel, per cui s'informa humana vita  
Che per cosa mirabile s'addita  
Chi vuol far d'Helicon nascer fume  
Qual vaghezza di lauro, qual di mirto ?  
Povera e nuda vai Filesefia,  
Dice la turba al vil guadagno intesa.  
Pochi compagni avrai per l'alta via ;  
Tanto ti prego più ; gentile spirito,  
Non lassâr la magnanima tua impresa.*

Though this elegant little Poem is general, yet as the Author and the friend to whom he addresses it, were Italians, that he had a particular regard to the state of their own country must be allowed. I have thus attempted it in English.

S O N N E T.

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

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

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

It is supposed that this was addressed to a friend, engaged in some literary undertaking of importance and novelty.

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

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

*Terrigenæ percunt per mutua vulnera fratris.*

<sup>e</sup> *So fall the bravest of the Christian name, While dogs unclean*—Imitated from this fine passage in Lucan :

*Quis furor, O Cives ! que tanta licentia ferri,  
Gentibus inuisa Latium prætere cruerem ?  
Cumque superba foret Babylon spolianda trophæis  
Ausoniis, unbraque erant Cræsus inulta,  
Belligeri placuit nullis habitura triumphos ?  
Hæc, quantum potuit terræ præcipue parari  
Hæc, quem cives hauserunt, sanguine, dextæ !*

And

And howl their curses o'er the holy tomb,  
As to the sword the Christian race they doom.  
From age to age, from shore to distant shore,  
By various princes led, their legions pour ;  
United all in one determined aim,  
From every land to blot the Christian name.  
Then wake, ye brother-powers, combined awake,  
And from the foe the great example take.  
If empire tempt ye, lo, the east expands,  
Fair and immense her summer-garden lands :  
Here boastful wealth displays her radiant store,  
Pactol and Hermus' stream o'er golden ore,  
Rowl their long way ; but not for you they flow,  
Their treasures blaze on the stern Soldan's brow :  
For him Assyria plies the loom of gold,  
And Afric's fons their deepest mines unfold  
To give his throne to blaze—Ye western powers,  
To throw the mimic bolt of Jove is yours,  
Yours all the art to wield the arms of fire,  
Then bid the thunders of the dreadful tire  
Against the walls of dread Byzantium roar,  
Till headlong driven from Europe's ravish'd shore  
To their cold Scythian wilds, and dreary dens,  
By Caspian mountains, and uncultured fens,  
Their fathers' feats beyond the Wolgian <sup>h</sup> lake,  
The barbarous race of Saracen betake.

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

And hark, to you the woeful Greek exclaims ;  
 The Georgian fathers and th' Armenian dames,  
 Their fairest offspring from their bosoms torn,  
 A dreadful tribute, loud imploring <sup>i</sup> mourn.  
 Alas, in vain ! their offspring captive led,  
 In Hagar's fons unhallow'd temples bred,  
 To rapine train'd, arise a brutal host,  
 The Christian terror, and the Turkish boast.

Yet sleep, ye powers of Europe, careless sleep,  
 To you in vain your eastern brethren weep ;  
 Yet not in vain their woe-wrung tears shall sue,  
 Though small the Lusian realms, her legions few,  
 The guardian oft by heaven ordain'd before,  
 The Lusian race shall guard Messiah's lore.  
 When heaven decreed to crush the Moorish foe  
 Heaven gave the Lusian spear to strike the blow.  
 When heaven's own laws o'er Afric's shores were heard,  
 The sacred shrines the Lusian heroes <sup>k</sup> rear'd ;  
 Nor shall their zeal in Asia's bounds expire,  
 Asia subdued shall fume with hallowed fire.  
 When the red sun the Lusian shore forsakes,  
 And on the lap of deepest west <sup>l</sup> awakes,

<sup>i</sup> *Their fairest offspring from their bosoms torn,*  
*A dreadful tribute !*— By this barbarous policy the tyranny of the Ottomans has been long sustained. The troops of the Turkish infantry and cavalry, known by the name of Janizaries and Spahis, are thus supported ; and the scribes in office called Mufti, says Sandys, “ are the fons of Christians (and “ those the most completely furnished by

“ nature) taken in their childhood from “ their miserable parents by a levy made “ every five years, or oftener or seldomer, “ as occasion requireth.”

<sup>k</sup> ——— *O'er Afric's shores* ———  
*The sacred shrines the Lusian heroes rear'd*—  
 See the note on page 194.

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



O'er the wild plains, beneath unincens'd skies  
 The sun shall view the Lusian altars rise.  
 And could new worlds by human step be trod,  
 Those worlds should tremble at the Lusian<sup>m</sup> nod.

<sup>m</sup> If our former defences of the exuberant declamations of Camoens are allowed by the critic, we doubt not but the digression, now concluded, will appear with peculiar propriety. The poet having brought his heroes to the shore of India, indulges himself with a review of the state of the western and eastern worlds; the latter of which is now, by the labour of his heroes, rendered accessible to the former. The purpose of his poem is also strictly kept in view. The West and the East he considers as two great empires, the one of the true religion, the other of a false. The professors of the true, disunited and destroying one another; the professors of the false one all combined to extirpate the other. He upbraids the professors of the true religion for their vices, particularly for their disunion and for deserting the interests of holy faith. His countrymen, however, he boasts, have been its defenders and planters, and, without the assistance of their brother powers, will plant it in Asia. This, as it is the purpose of his hero, is directly to the subject of the poem, and the honour, which heaven he says vouchsafed to his countrymen, in chusing them to defend and propagate its laws, is in the genuine spirit of that religious enthusiasm which breathes through the two great epic poems of Greece and Rome, and which gives an air of the most solemn importance to the Gierusalemme of Tasso.

Yet whatever liberties a poet may be allowed to take when he treats of the fabulous ages, any absurdity of opinion, where authentic history, and the state of modern nations afford the topic, must to the intelligent reader appear ridiculous, and therefore a blemish in a solemn poem. There are many, the translator is aware, to whom a serious and warm exhortation to a general crusade will appear as an absurdity, and a blemish of this kind. "The crusaders," according to what M. Voltaire calls their true charac-

ter, *des brigands ligés pour venir, &c.* "were a band of vagabond thieves, " who had agreed to ramble from the heart " of Europe in order to desolate a country " they had no right to, and massacre, in " cold blood, a venerable prince more than " fourscore years old, and his whole peo- " ple, against whom they had no pretence " of complaint."

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

Were the Aborigines of all America to form one general confederacy against the descendants of those Europeans, who under that brutal conqueror Fernando Cortez, massacred upwards of forty millions of Mexicans, and other American natives, and were the confederates totally to dispossess the present possessors of an empire so unjustly acquired, no man, it is presumed, would pronounce that their combination and hostilities were against the law of nature or nations. Yet, whatever Voltaire may please to assert, this supposition is by no means unapplicable to the confederacy of the cross. A party of wandering Arabs are joined by the Turks or Turcomans, who inhabited the frozen wilds of mount Caucasus, and whose name signifies wanderers; these, incorporated with other banditti, from the deserts of Scythia, now called Tartary, overrun the regions of Syria, to which they had no title, whose inhabitants had given them no offence. They profess that they are commissioned by heaven to establish the religion of Mohammed by violence and the sword. In a few ages they subdue the finest countries around the Euphrates, and the Christian inhabitants, the rightful possessors, are treated with the brutal policy and

And now their ensigns blazing o'er the tide  
 On India's shore the Lusian heroes ride.  
 High to the fleecy clouds resplendant far  
 Appear the regal towers of Malabar,

cruelty of a Cortez. Bound by their creed to make war on the Christians, their ambition neglects no opportunity to extend their conquests; and already possessed of immense territory, their acknowledged purpose and their power threaten destruction to the Christian empire of the Greeks.

Having conquered and profelited Africa, from the Nile to the Straits of Gibraltar, the princes of that country, their tributaries and allies, combining in the great design to extirpate Christianity, turn their arms against Europe, and are successful: they establish kingdoms in Spain and Portugal; and France, Italy, and the western islands of the mediterranean, suffer by their excursions; while Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, and Italy itself, from its vicinage to Dalmatia, are immediately concerned in the impending fate of the Grecian empire. To these considerations let it be added, that several eastern Christians fled to Europe, and begging as pilgrims from country to country, implored the assistance of the Christian powers to dispossess the cruel and unjust usurpers of their lands. At this period the crusades commence. To suppose that the princes of Europe were so insensible to the danger which threatened them, as some modern writers who have touched upon that subject, appear to be, is to ascribe a degree of stupidity to them by no means applicable to their military character. Though superstition inflamed the multitude, we may be assured however, that several princes found it their political interest to fan the flames of that superstition; and accordingly we find that the princes of Spain and Portugal often greatly availed themselves of it. The immense resources which the Turks received from Egypt, and the neighbouring coun-

tries, which had not been attempted by Godfrey and the first crusaders, determined their successors to alter the plan of their operations. They began their hostilities in Spain and Portugal, and proceeded through Barbary to Egypt. By this new route of the crosses, the Spaniards and Portuguese were \* enabled not only to drive the Moors from Europe, but to give a fatal blow to their power in Africa. Nor was the safety of the Greek empire less necessary to Italy and the eastern kingdoms of Europe. Injuries, however, offered by the crusaders, who even seized the throne of Constantinople, upon which they placed an earl of Flanders, excited the resentment of the Greeks; and their aversion † to the papal supremacy rendered them so jealous of the crusaders, that the successors of Godfrey, for want of auxiliary support, after about ninety years possession, were totally driven from their new-erected kingdom in the Holy Land. By the fall of the Greek empire, an event which followed, and which had been long foreseen, the Venetians, the Austrians, the Poles, and the Russians became the natural enemies of the Turks; and many desperate wars, attended with various success, have been continued to the present time. Not much above fifty years ago, their formidable efforts to possess themselves of the Venetian dominions alarmed all the Christian powers; and had it not been for the repeated defeats they received from prince Eugene, a great part of the Austrian territories must have yielded to their yoke. However overlooked, it requires but little political philosophy to perceive the security which would result to Europe were there a powerful and warlike kingdom on the eastern side of the Turkish empire. The western conquests of that

\* Lisbon itself was taken from the Moors, by the assistance of an English fleet of crusaders. See the note, p. 108.

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

Imperial Calicut, the lordly feat  
 Of the first monarch of the Indian state.  
 Right to the port the valiant GAMA bends,  
 With joyful shouts a fleet of boats attends :

ferce warrior Bajazet I. were interrupted by Tamerlane, and by the enemy they found in Kouli Khan, the enraged Porte was prevented from revenging the triumphs of Eugene. A few years ago we beheld them trample on the law of nations, send an ambassador to prison, and command the Russian empress to desert her allies. A war, which now continues, ensued. And however the foresight of the narrow politician may dread the rising power of the Russ, it is to be wished that the arms of Muscovy may fix such barriers to the Turkish empire as will for ever prevent their long meditated and often attempted design to possess themselves of the Venetian dominions, or to extend their conquests on the West, conquests which would render them the most dangerous power to the peace of Europe.

In a word, the crusades, a combination which tended to support the Greek empire for the security of the eastern, and to drive the enemy from the southern parts of Europe, can by no means deserve to be called a most singular monument of human folly, whatever the superstition of its promoters and conductors might be. And however the inutility and absurdity of their professed aim, to rescue the tomb of Christ, may excite the ridicule of the modern philosopher, it was a motive admirably adapted to the superstition of that age; and where it is necessary that an enemy should be restrained, an able politician will avail himself of the most powerful of all incitements to hostility, the superstition or religious fervour of his army.

Having entered so far into the history of the crusades, it may not be improper to take a view of the happy consequences which flowed from them. "To these wild expeditions," says Robertson, "the effect of superstition or folly, we owe the first gleams of light which tended to dispel barbarity and ignorance, and introduce any change in government or manners." Constantinople, at that time the seat of elegance, of arts and commerce, was the prin-

cipal rendezvous of the European armies. The Greek writers of that age speak of the Latins as the most ignorant barbarians; the Latins, on the other hand, talk with astonishment of the grandeur, elegance, and commerce of Constantinople. The most stupid barbarians, when they have the opportunity of comparison, are sensible of the superiority of civilized nations, and by an acquaintance with them begin to resemble their manners, and emulate their advantages. The fleets which attended the crosses introduced commerce, and the freedom of commercial cities into their mother countries. This, as Robertson observes, proved destructive to the feudal system, which had now degenerated into the most gloomy oppression, and introduced the plans of regular government. "This acquisition of liberty," says the same most ingenious historian, "made such a happy change in the condition of all the members of communities as roused them from that stupidity and inaction into which they had been sunk by the wretchedness of their former state. The spirit of industry revived, commerce became an object of attention, and began to flourish. Population increased. Independence was established, and wealth flowed into cities which had long been the seat of poverty and oppression."

Upon the whole it will be found, that the Portuguese poet talks of the political reasons of a crusade, with an accuracy in the philosophy of history, as superior to that of Voltaire as the poetical merit of the *Lusiad* surpasses that of the *Henriade*. And the critic in poetry must allow, that to suppose the discovery of Gama the completion of all the endeavours to overthrow the great enemies of the true religion gives a dignity to the poem, and an importance to the hero, similar to that which Voltaire, on the same supposition, allows to the subject of the *Jerusalem of Tasso*.

Joyful their nets they leave and finny prey,  
 And crouding round the Lufians, point the way.  
 A herald now, by VASCO'S high command  
 Sent to the monarch, treads the Indian strand ;  
 The sacred staff he bears, in gold he shines,  
 And tells his office by majestic signs.  
 As to and fro, recumbent to the gale,  
 The harvest waves along the yellow dale,  
 So round the herald prefs the wondering throng,  
 Recumbent waving as they pour along,  
 And much his manly port and strange attire,  
 And much his fair and ruddy hue admire :  
 When speeding through the crowd with eager haste,  
 And honest smiles, a son of Afric prest :  
 Enrapt with joy the wondering herald hears  
 Castilia's manly tongue salute his <sup>n</sup> ears.  
 What friendly angel from thy Tago's shore  
 Has led thee hither ? cries the joyful Moor.  
 Then hand in hand, the pledge of faith, conjoin'd,  
 O joy beyond the dream of hope to find,  
 To hear a kindred voice, the Lufian cried,  
 Beyond unmeasured gulphs and seas untry'd ;

<sup>n</sup> ————— *the herald bears*  
*Castilia's manly tongue salute his ears.* ———  
 'This is according to the truth of history.  
 While the messenger sent ashore by Gama  
 was borne here and there, and carried off  
 his feet by the throng, who understood not  
 a word of his language, he was accosted in  
 Spanish by a Moorish merchant, a native of

Tunis, who, according to Oforius, had been  
 the chief person with whom king Ferdinand  
 had formerly contracted for military stores.  
 He proved himself an honest agent, and of  
 infinite service to Gama, with whom he  
 returned to Portugal, where, according to  
 Faria, he died in the Christian communion.  
 He was named Monzaida.

Untry'd

Untry'd before our daring keels explored  
 Our fearless way—Oh heaven, what tempests roared,  
 While round the vast of Afric's southmost land  
 Our eastward bowsprits fought the Indian strand.  
 Amazed, o'erpower'd, the friendly stranger stood ;  
 A passage open'd through the boundless flood,  
 The hope of ages, and the dread despair,  
 Accomplish'd now, and conquer'd — stiff his hair  
 Rose thrilling, while his labouring thoughts pursued  
 The dreadful course by GAMA's fate subdued.  
 Homeward, with generous warmth o'erflow'd, he leads  
 The Lusian guest, and swift the feast succeeds ;  
 The purple grape and golden fruitage smile ;  
 And each choice viand of the Indian foil  
 Heapt o'er the board, the master's zeal declare ;  
 The social feast the guest and master share :  
 The sacred pledge of eastern faith ° approved,  
 By wrath unalter'd, and by wrong unmoved.  
 Now to the fleet the joyful herald bends,  
 With earnest pace the heaven-sent friend attends :

• *The sacred pledge of eastern faith.*—To eat together was in the east looked upon as the inviolable pledge of protection. As a Persian nobleman was one day walking in his garden, a wretch in the utmost terror prostrated himself before him, and implored to be protected from the rage of a multitude who were in pursuit of him, to take his life. The nobleman took a peach, eat part of it, and gave the rest to the fugitive, assuring him of safety. As they approached

the house, they met a crowd who carried the murdered corpse of the nobleman's beloved son. The incensed populace demanded the murderer, who stood beside him, to be delivered to their fury. The father, though overwhelmed with grief and anger, replied, " We have eaten together, and I will not betray him." He protected the murderer of his son from the fury of his domestics and neighbours, and in the night facilitated his escape.

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

<sup>p</sup> *In Rhodope*—The well-known fable of the descent of Orpheus to hell, and the second loss of his wife, is thus explained. Aëdoneus, king of Thesprotia, whose cruelty procured

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

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

procured him the name of Pluto, tyrant of hell, having seized Eurydice, as she fled from his friend Aristæus, detained her as a captive. Orpheus having charmed the tyrant with his music, his wife was restored, on condition that he should not look upon her, till he had conducted her out of Thesprotia. Orpheus, on his journey, forfeited the condition, and irrecoverably lost his spouse.

<sup>a</sup> For now the banquet on the tented plain,  
And *shikoon* chase his careless hours employ —  
The Great Mogul and other eastern sovereigns, attended with their courtiers, spend annually some months of the finest season in encampments in the field, in hunting parties, and military amusements.

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

Vast are the shores of India's wealthy soil ;  
 Southward sea-girt she forms a demi-isle :  
 His cavern'd cliffs with dark-brow'd forests crown'd,  
 Hemodian Taurus frowns her northern bound :  
 From Caspia's lake th' enormous mountain ' spreads,  
 And bending eastward rears a thousand heads ;

' —th' enormous mountain—Properly an immense chain of mountains, known by various names, Caucasus, Taurus, Hemodus,

Paropamisus, Orontes, Imaus, &c. and from Imaus extended through Tartary to the sea of Kamchatka.



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

<sup>s</sup> —to *Ceylon's isle*—One Captain Knox, who published an account of Ceylon, in 1681, has the following curious passage. "This for certain, says he, I can affirm, that oftentimes the Devil doth cry with an audible voice in the night : It is very shrill, almost like the barking of a dog. This I have often heard myself, but never heard that he did any body any harm. Only this observation the inhabitants of the land have made of this voice, and I have made it also, that either just before, or very suddenly

after this voice, the king always cuts off people. To believe that this is the voice of the Devil these reasons urge ; because there is no creature known to the inhabitants that cries like it, and because it will on a sudden depart from one place, and make a noise in another, quicker than any fowl can fly, and because the very dogs will tremble when they hear it ; and it is so counted by all the people."—Knox, *Hist. Ceyl.* p. 78.

Some as from heaven receive the Koran's lore,  
 Some the dread monsters of the wild adore ;  
 Some bend to wood and stone the prostrate head,  
 And rear unhallow'd altars to the dead.  
 By Ganges' banks, as wild traditions ' tell,  
 Of old the tribes lived healthful by the smell ;  
 No food they knew, such fragrant vapours rose  
 Rich from the flowery lawns where Ganges flows :  
 Here now the Delhian, and the fierce Patan  
 Feed their fair flocks ; and here, an heathen clan,  
 Stern Decan's sons the fertile valleys till,  
 A clan, whose hope to shun eternal ill,  
 Whose trust from every stain of guilt to save,  
 Is fondly plac'd in Ganges' holy " wave ;  
 If to the stream the breathless corpse be given  
 They deem the spirit wings her way to heaven.  
 Here by the mouths, where hallowed Ganges ends,  
 Bengala's beauteous Eden wide extends,  
 Unrivall'd smile her fair luxurious vales :  
 And here Cambaya spreads her palmy \* dales ;

\* —as wild traditions tell—Pliny, imposed upon by some Greeks, who pretended to have been in India, relates this fable. Vid. Nat. Hist. Lib. 12.

" *Is fondly plac'd in Ganges' holy wave*—Almost all the Indian nations attribute to the Ganges, the virtue of cleansing the soul from the stains of sin. They have such veneration for this river, that if any one in their presence were to throw any filth into the stream, an instant death would punish his audacity. As St. Thomas preached the faith in the east, it is probable that these

ablutions are a gross imitation of that baptism, which he published. *Castera*.

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

A warlike

A warlike realm, where still the martial race  
 From Porus famed of yore their lineage trace.  
 Narfinga \* here displays her spacious line,  
 In native gold her sons and ruby shine :  
 Alas, how vain ! these gaudy sons of fear,  
 Trembling, bow down before each hostile spear.

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

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

“ At this time (1710) died the Prince of Marata, aged above eighty years. The ceremony of his funeral, where his forty-seven wives were burned with his corpse, was thus : A deep circular pit was dug in a field without the town ; in the middle of the trench was erected a pile of wood, on the top of which, on a couch richly ornamented, lay the body of the deceased Prince in his finest robes. After numberless rituals performed by the Bramins, the pile was set on fire, and immediately the unhappy Ladies appeared, sparkling with jewels and adorned with flowers. These victims of this diabolical sacrifice walked several times about the burning pile, the heat whereof was felt at a considerable distance. The principal Lady then, holding the dagger of her late husband, thus addressed herself to the Prince his successor : Here, said she, is the dagger which the King made use of, to triumph over his enemies : beware never to employ it to other purpose, never to embrace it with the blood of your subjects. Govern them as a father, as he has done, and you shall live long and happy, as he did. Since he is no more, nothing can keep me longer in the world ; all that remains for me is to follow him. With these words, she resigned the dagger into the Prince’s hands, who took it from her without shewing the least

sign of grief or compassion. The Princess now appeared agitated. One of her domestics, a Christian woman, had frequently talked with her on religion, and though she never renounced her idols, had made some impressions on her mind. Perhaps these impressions now revived. With a most expressive look she exclaimed, Alas ! what is the end of human happiness ! I know I shall plunge myself headlong into hell. On these words, a horror was visible on every countenance ; when resuming her courage, she boldly turned her face to the burning pile, and calling upon her gods, flung herself into the midst of the flames. The second Lady was the sister of a Prince of the blood, who was present, and assisted at the detestable sacrifice. She advanced to her brother, and gave him the jewels, wherewith she was adorned. His passion gave way, he burst into tears, and fell upon her neck in the most tender embraces. She, however, remained unmoved, and, with a resolute countenance, sometimes viewed the pile, and sometimes the assistants. Then loudly exclaiming, *Chiva, Chiva*, the name of one of her idols, she precipitated herself into the flames, as the former had done. The other Ladies soon followed after, some decently composed, and some with the most bewildered, down-cast, sorrowful looks. One of them, shocked above the rest, ran to a Christian soldier, whom she beheld among the guards, and hanging about his neck, implored him to save her. The new convert, stunned with surprize, pushed the unfortunate Lady from him ; and shrieking aloud she fell into the fiery trench. The soldier, all shivering with terror, immediately retired, and a delirious fever ended his life in the following night. Though many of the unhappy victims, discovered at first the ut-  
 most

And now behold ;—and while he spoke he rose,  
 Now with extended arm the prospect shews,——  
 Behold these mountain-tops of various size  
 Blend their dim ridges with the fleecy skies ;  
 Nature's rude wall, against the fierce Canar  
 They guard the fertile lawns of Malabar.  
 Here from the mountain to the surgy main,  
 Fair as a garden spreads the smiling plain :  
 And lo, the Empress of the Indian powers,  
 There lofty Calicut resplendent towers ;  
 Her's every fragrance of the spicy shore,  
 Her's every gem of India's countless store :  
 Great Samoreem, her Lord's imperial style,  
 The mighty Lord of India's utmost soil :  
 To him the kings their duteous tribute pay,  
 And at his feet confess their borrow'd sway.  
 Yet higher tower'd the monarchs ancient <sup>y</sup> boast,  
 Of old one sovereign ruled the spacious coast.

most intrepidity, yet no sooner did they feel the flames, than they roared out in the most dreadful manner ; and, weltering over each other, strove to gain the brim of the pit ; but in vain : the assistants forced them back with their poles, and heaped new fuel upon them. The next day the *Bramins* gathered the bones, and threw them into the sea. The pit was levelled, a temple built on the spot, and the deceased Prince and his wives were reckoned among the Deities. To conclude, this detestable cruelty has the appearance of the free choice of the women. But that freedom is only specious ; it is almost impossible to avoid it. If they do, they must lie under perpetual infamy, and

the relations, who esteem themselves highly disgraced, leave no means untried to oblige them to it. Princesses, and Concubines of Princes, however, are the only persons from whom this species of suicide is expected. When women of inferior rank submit to this abominable custom, they are only urged to it by the impulse of a barbarous pride and vanity of ostentation." Extracted from a letter from Father Martin, on the mission of Coromandel, to Father de Villete, of the Society of Jesus, published at Paris, in 1719.

<sup>y</sup> *Of old one sovereign ruled the spacious coast*—Whatever Monzaida relates of the people and their manners, is confirmed by the histories of India, according to Barros,

A votive train, who brought the Koran's lore,  
 What time great Perimal the sceptre bore,  
 From blest Arabia's groves to India came ;  
 Life were their words, their eloquence a flame  
 Of holy zeal : fired by the powerful strain  
 The lofty monarch joins the faithful train,  
 And vows, at fair Medina's shrine, to close  
 His life's mild eve in prayer and sweet repose.  
 Gifts he prepares to deck the Prophet's tomb,  
 The glowing labours of the Indian loom,  
 Orixá's spices and Golconda's gems ;  
 Yet, ere the fleet th' Arabian ocean stems,  
 His final care his potent regions claim,  
 Nor his the transport of a father's name ;  
 His servants now the regal purple wear,  
 And high enthroned the golden sceptres bear.  
 Proud Cochim one, and one fair Chalé fways,  
 The spicy Isle another Lord obeys ;  
 Coulam and Cananoor's luxurious fields,  
 And Cranganore to various Lords he yields.  
 While these and others thus the monarch graced,  
 A noble youth his care unmindful past :  
 Save Calicut, a city poor and small,  
 Though lordly now, no more remain'd to fall :

Castaneda, Maffeus, and Don Oforius. Our Author, in this, imitates Homer and Virgil, who are fond of every opportunity to intro-

duce any curious custom or vestige of anti-  
 quity. *Castora.*

Grieved

Grieved to behold such merit thus repay'd,  
 The sapient youth the king of kings he made,  
 And honour'd with the name, great Samoreem,  
 The lordly titled boast of power supreme.  
 And now great Perimal resigns his reign,  
 The blissful bowers of Paradise to gain :  
 Before the gale his gaudy navy flies,  
 And India sinks for ever from his eyes.  
 And soon to Calicut's commodious port  
 The fleets, deep-edging with the wave, resort :  
 Wide o'er the shore extend the warlike piles,  
 And all the landscape round luxurious smiles.  
 And now her flag to every gale unfurl'd,  
 She towers the Empress of the eastern world :  
 Such are the blessings sapient kings bestow,  
 And from thy stream such gifts, O Commerce, flow.

From that sage youth, who first reign'd king of kings,  
 He now who sways the tribes of India springs.  
 Various the tribes, all led by fables vain,  
 Their rites the dotage of the dreamful brain.  
 All, save where Nature whispers modest care,  
 Naked, they blacken in the sultry air.  
 The haughty nobles and the vulgar race  
 Never must join the conjugal embrace ;

Nor

Nor may the stripling, nor the blooming maid,  
 Oh lost to joy, by cruel rites betray'd !  
 To spouse of other than their father's art,  
 At Love's connubial shrine unite the heart :  
 Nor may their sons, the genius and the view  
 Confined and fetter'd, other art pursue.  
 Vile were the stain, and deep the foul disgrace,  
 Should other tribe touch one of noble race ;  
 A thousand rites, and washings o'er and o'er,  
 Can scarce his tainted purity restore.  
 Poleas the labouring lower clans are named :  
 By the proud Nayres the noble rank is claimed ;  
 The toils of culture, and of art they scorn,  
 The warrior's plumes their haughty brows adorn ;  
 The shining faulchion brandish'd in the right,  
 Their left arm wields the target in the fight ;  
 Of danger scornful, ever arm'd they stand  
 Around the king, a stern barbarian band.  
 Whate'er in India holds the sacred name  
 Of piety or lore, the Brahmins claim :  
 In wildest rituals, vain and painful, lost,  
 Brahma their founder as a God they boast <sup>a</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> *Brahma their founder as a god they boast.*  
 — Antiquity has talked much, but knew little with certainty of the Brahmins, and their philosophy. Porphyry and others esteem them the same as the Gymnosophists of the Greeks, and divide them into several sects, the Samanæi, the Germanes, the Pramnæ, the Gymnetæ, &c. Their terrible penances are often mentioned by heathen authors, and by the earliest of the Christian fa-

thers. The story of Calanus, who burnt himself in the camp of Alexander, is well known. The Brahmin Mandanis, however, deserves more honour: he rejected with scorn the gifts of the conqueror, and ridiculed his pretensions to divinity. Several ambassadors were sent by a king of India, a king of six hundred kings, to Augustus Cæsar. (Sueton. c. 21.) One of these, a Brahmin philosopher, burned himself at Athens. His life

To crown their meal no meanest life expires,  
 Pulse, fruit, and herbs alone their board requires :  
 Alone in lewdness riotous and free,  
 No spousal ties with-hold, and no degree :

had been extremely prosperous, and he took this method, he said, to prevent a reverse of fortune. Amid a great concourse of people he entered the fire, naked, anointed, and laughing. The epitaph which he desired might be inscribed on his tomb, was, "Here rests *Zarmanochagas*, the Indian of Bargosa, who, according to the custom of his country, made himself immortal." On the approach of age or disease, according to antiquity, they had recourse to this means, and it was on the advances of a dilemma that Calanus amused Alexander with this exhibition of Indian philosophy. The custom of the wife being burned with the corpse of her deceased husband is also very ancient. It is mentioned by Hierome, (*Adv. Jov. l. i.*) and several others. Postellus (*de Orig. c. 13. et 15.*) fancies that the Brahmins are descended of Abraham by Keturah, and named Brachmanes, *quasi Abrahames*. Pliny, *l. vii. c. 2.* relates, that the Indian philosophers called Gynnetæ, from the sun rising to his setting, by way of divination, kept their eyes unalterably fixed on the orb of that luminary. Besides these relations, which correspond with later accounts, the antients had innumerable fables. Pliny talks of men in India with dogs heads; others with only one leg, yet *Achilleses* for swiftness of foot; of a nation of pigmies; of some, (as already observed in these notes) who lived by the smell; of tribes who had only one eye in their forehead; and of some whose ears hung down to the ground. Others talked of fountains, in India, of liquid gold. But enough. Though Pliny, no doubt, had his admirers, these stories were ridiculed by some, and Horace genteely laughs at them in a single expression.

—*Quæ loca fabulosos  
 Lambit Hydaspes.*

From the earliest times the Indians have been divided into distinct tribes. The four principal ones are, the Brahmins, (who like

the Levites among the Hebrews, are hereditary priests) the soldiers, the mechanics, and the labourers. As these tribes never intermarry, India may properly be said to contain four different nations. They will neither eat together, nor drink out of the same vessel. If they trespass in these or in many other similar points, they are held as polluted, rejected from their tribe, and are obliged to herd with a despised crew, called the *Hallachores*, who are the lowest of the community, the rabble of India. Among these only, says Scrafton, the popish missionaries have had any success. Urbano Cerri, in his account of the Catholic religion, mentions a Jesuit named Robertus de Nobili, who preached that every one ought to remain in his own tribe, and by that means made many converts. He also proposed to erect a seminary of Christian Brahmins. But the Holy See disapproved of this rational design, and defeated his labours. Jealousy of the secular arts of the Portuguese, was also a powerful preventive of the labours of their priests. A Spaniard being asked by an Indian king, how his Spanish majesty was able to subdue such immense countries as they boasted to belong to him: The Don honestly answered, "that he first sent priests to convert the people, and having thus gained a party of the natives, he sent fleets and soldiers, who with the assistance of the new proselytes subdued the rest." The truth of this confession, which has been often proved, will never be forgotten in the East. But if the bigotted adherence of the Indians to the rites of their tribes, and other causes, have been a bar to the propagation of Christianity among them, the same reasons have also prevented the success of Mohammedism, a religion much more palatable to the luxurious and ignorant. Though the Mogul, and almost all the princes of India, have these many centuries professed the religion of the Koran, Mr. Orme computes that all the Mohammedans of Hindostan do not exceed



Loſt to the heart-ties, to his neighbour's arms  
 The willing huſband yields his ſpouſe's charms :  
 In unendear'd embraces free they blend ;  
 Yet but the huſband's kindred may aſcend

ten thouſand ; whereas the Indians, he ſays, amount to about an hundred millions.

Almoſt innumerable, and ſometimes as whimſically abſurd as the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, are the holy legends of India. The accounts of the god Brahma, or Brimha, are more various than thoſe of any fable in the Grecian mythology. According to Father *Bebours*, in his life of *Xavier*, the Brahmins hold, that the Great God having a deſire to become viſible, became man. In this ſtate he produced three ſons, *Mayfo*, *Viſnu*, and *Brahma* ; the firſt, born of his mouth, the ſecond, of his breaſt, the third, of his belly. Being about to return to his inviſibility, he aſſigned various departments to his three ſons. To Brahma he gave the third heaven, with the ſuperintendance of the rites of religion. Brahma having a deſire for children, begot the Brahmins, who are the prieſts of India, and who are believed by the other tribes to be a race of demi-gods, who have the blood of heaven running in their veins. Other accounts ſay, that Brahma produced the prieſts from his head, the more ignoble tribes from his breaſt, thighs, and feet.

According to the learned *Kircher's* account of the theology of the Brahmins, the ſole and ſupreme god *Viſnu*, formed the ſecondary god *Brahma*, out of a flower that floated on the ſurface of the great deep before the creation. And afterwards, in reward of the virtue, fidelity, and gratitude of Brahma, gave him power to create the univerſe.

According to the Daniſh miſſionaries\*, the Firſt Being, ſay the Brahmins, begat Eternity, Eternity begat *Tſchibien*, *Tſchibinen* begat *Tſchaddy*, *Tſchaddy* begat *Putady*, or the elementary world, *Putady* begat *Sound*, *Sound* begat *Nature*, *Nature* begat

the great god *Tſchatatſchibinen*, from whom Brahma was the fourth in a like deſcent. Brahma produced the ſoul, the ſoul produced the viſible heaven, the heaven produced the air, the air the fire, the fire the water, and the water the earth. A legend ſomething ſimilar to this appears in Mr. *Dow's* Diſſertation on the Brahmins, prefixed to his ingenious hiſtory of Hindoſtan.

This genealogical nonſenſe, however, is not confined to India. Heſiod's genealogy of the gods, though refined upon by the ſchools of Plato, is of the ſame claſs. The Jewiſh fables, fooliſh queſtions and genealogies, reproved by ſaint Paul, (epiſt. Tit.) were probably of this kind, for the Talmudical legends were not then ſprung up. *Binah*, or Underſtanding, ſaid the cabaliſts, begat *Cochmah*, or Wiſdom, &c. till at laſt comes *Milcab*, the Kingdom, who begat *Shekinah*, the Divine Preſence. In the ſame manner the Chriſtian Gnoſtics, of the ſect of *Valentinus*, held their *Πνεύματα*, and their thirty ages. *Ampſiu* and *Awaan*, they tell us, i. e. Profundity and Silence, begat *Bacua* and *Tbarthuu*, Mind and Truth ; theſe begat *Ubuca* and *Tbardeadi'e*, Word and Life, and theſe *Merexa* and *Atarbarba*, Man and Church. The other conjunctions of their thirty *Æones* are of ſimilar ingenuity. The prevalence of the ſame ſpirit of mythological allegory in ſuch different nations, affords the philoſopher a worthy field of ſpeculation.

Almoſt as innumerable as their legends are the dreadful penances to which the religioniſts of India ſubmit themſelves for the expiation of ſins. Some hold the tranſmigration of ſouls, and of conſequence abſtain from all animal food †. Yet however aſtere in other reſpects, they freely abandon them-

\* See *Phillips's* Collection of their Letters publiſhed at London in 1717.

† Though from the extracts given by Mr. *Dow*, the philoſopher *Goutam* appears to have been a very *Duns Scotus* or *Aquinas* in metaphyſics, the Pythagorean reaſon why the Brahmins abſtain from animal food, is a convincing proof of their ignorance in natural philoſophy. Some will let vermin over-run them ; ſome of the *Banians* cover their mouth with a cloth, leaſt they ſhould ſuck in a gnat with their breath ; and ſome carefully ſweep the floor ere they tread upon it, leaſt they diſlodge the ſoul of an inſect. And yet they do not know that in the water they drink, and in every ſallad they eat, they cauſe the death of innumerable living creatures.

The nuptial couch : alas, too blest, they know  
 Nor jealousy's suspense, nor burning woe ;  
 The bitter drops which o'ft from dear affection flow.

elves to every species of lechery, some of them esteeming the most unnatural abominations as the privilege of their sanctity. The cow they venerate as sacred. If a dying man can lay hold of a cow's tail †, and expire with it in his hands, his soul is sure to be purified, and perhaps will enjoy the signal favour to transmigrate into the body of one of those animals. The temples of India, which are numerous, are filled with innumerable idols of the most horrid figures. Brahma, in particular, appears in many forms : in one as a fat old man, sitting cross-legged, with four faces, and four hands. A species of the antient manicheism of Persia is mixed with their religion, and the Destroyer, or the Frightful Demon, is worshipped by the authority of their sacred books. The first thing they meet in the morning, be it ass, hog, or dog, they worship during the course of the day. Scarcely more stupid were the Pelusians : *Crepitus ventris inflati*, says Hierome, *Pelusiaca religio est*. The Brahmins are allowed to eat nothing but what is cooked by themselves. Astrology is their principal study ; yet, though they are mostly a despicable set of fortune-tellers, some of them are excellent moralists, and particularly inculcate the comprehensive virtue of humanity, which is enforced by the opinion, that Divine Beings often assume the habit of mendicants, in order to distinguish the charitable from the inhuman. The Malabrians have several traditions of the virtuous on these happy trials being translated into heaven ; the best designed incitement to virtue, perhaps, which their religion contains. Besides the Brahmins, the principal sect of that vast region called India, there are several others, who are divided and subdivided, according to innumerable variations in every province. In Cambaya, the Banians, a sect who strictly abstain from all animal food, are numerous.

Such are the general accounts of the Indian opinions, which till lately have been received in Europe. Accounts much more to

† Bohours.

\* This Akbar chose, as his last and best religion, to worship the sun. While he performed his public devotions to that bright deity, he himself, by his own order, was worshipped by the crowd below. See *circumstances*.

the honour of the Indian philosophy have within these few years been laid before the public, by some gentlemen, who, by conversing with some eminent Brahmins, have enjoyed the best opportunities of information. Yet these gentlemen do not agree among themselves. Colonel Dow confesses, that he finds himself obliged to differ from Mr. Holwell almost in every particular concerning the religion of the Hindoos. " The Bedang or Shaster, the sacred book of the Brahmins, says Dow, contains various accounts of the creation, one philosophical, the others allegorical. These latter, says he, have afforded ample field for the invention of the Brahmins. From the many allegorical systems of creation contained in the Shasters, many different accounts of the cosmogony of the Hindoos have been promulgated in Europe, some travellers adopting one system, some another." From this confession we are led to infer, that the different accounts given by our modern travellers, arise from their having conversed with different Brahmins ; a circumstance by no means favourable to the opinion of the consistency of the moral and philosophically religious system, which we have been told is contained in the sacred books of India. If we cannot be so warm in our admiration of the religious philosophy of the Hindoos, as some late writers have been, some circumstances of that philosophy, as delivered by themselves, it is hoped, will exculpate our coolness.

The sacred books of the Hindoos are written in a dead language, the Sanscrita, which none but the Brahmins are allowed to study. So strict in this are they, says Mr. Dow, that only one Musselman was ever instructed in it, and his knowledge was obtained by fraud. Mahumud Akbar, emperor of India, though bred a Mohammedan, studied several religions. In the christian he was instructed by a Portuguese. But finding that of the Hindoos inaccessible, he

But should my lips each wond'rous scene unfold,  
 Which your glad eyes will soon amazed behold,  
 Oh, long before the various tale could run,  
 Deep in the west would sink yon eastern sun.

had recourse to art. A boy of parts, named Feizi, was, as the orphan of a Brahmin, put under the care of one of the most eminent of these philosophers, and obtained full knowledge of their hidden religion. But the fraud being discovered, he was laid under the restraint of an oath, and it does not appear that he ever communicated the knowledge thus acquired.

True or false, this story, which is firmly believed in Hindostan, sufficiently shews the great care with which they conceal their tenets, of which even the Mohammedans, their masters, have little or no knowledge. Different from every other sect, the Brahmins admit of no proselytes, a circumstance of unparalleled policy. Some may venerate, on this account, the wisdom and sacredness of their doctrines. For our part we cannot help being led, by this very cue, to suspect that there is something extremely absurd, frivolous, and childish, in what is thus religiously enveloped in the veil of darkness. Were analogy allowed us in proof, our suspicion would amount to an assertion. The sacred books, or Shasters, are divided into four Bedas; the first contains principally the science of divination, the second treats of religious and moral duties, the third the rites of religion, sacrifices, penances, &c. and the fourth, the knowledge of the Good Being; and certainly, says our author, the whole science of theology and metaphysical philosophy.

Thus, according to Mr. Dow, the Brahmins now, and their sacred book contains, that most despicable of all pretensions to learning, judicial astrology; that mother of superstition in every country, that engine of villany, by which the priests of India, and the gypsies of England, impose on the credulous and ignorant. Nor can we pass unobserved the rejection of the fourth Beda. By its subject it seems to be the most valuable of the whole, except the second. Yet the Brahmins, says Mr. Dow, have long rejected it, because the Mohammedan religion, they say, is borrowed from it. On

the supposition, which they pretend, that their sacred books were dictated by divine authority, the rejection of any part is as unwarrantable as the reason for rejecting the fourth Beda is submissive and ridiculous. Another shrewd suspicion from this also arises. The Brahmins reject a fourth part of their sacred canon, and they have ever kept the whole most carefully concealed from the eyes of every enquirer. Who, that considers these circumstances, can heartily believe the pretended antiquity or the unadulterated text of the sacred records of India?

A philosopher, named Goutam, who lived about 4000 years ago, is acknowledged to have written many of the treatises which are held sacred by the Neadirsen sect; a sect, whose doctrines are professed by the generality of the Brahmins of Bengal, and of the northern provinces. "This philosopher, says Mr. Dow, supposes that the Deity never exerts the power of a providence, but that he remains in eternal rest, taking no concern *either* in human affairs, *nor* in the course of the operations of Nature." This may be called philosophy, but this article in the creed of Goutam is incompatible with the idea of religion, the philosophical definition of which is certainly thus, *A dependence on the Creator, similar to that of a Child on his Father.*

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

"Shibah, says the same author, among many others, is known by the names of  
 " Mahoisür,

In few, all wealth from China to the Nile,  
All balsams, fruit, and gold on India's bosom smile.

While thus the Moor his faithful tale reveal'd,  
Wide o'er the coast the voice of Rumour swell'd ;

“ Mahoisur, the Great Demon ; Bamdebo, the Frightful Spirit ; and Mohilla, the Destroyer.”

The same authority also informs us, that they erect temples to Granesh, or Policy, whom they worship at the commencement of any design, represented with the head of an elephant with only one tooth. That they worship Kartic, or Fame ; Cobere, or Wealth ; Soorage, or the sun ; Chunder, or the moon ; the deities of water, fire, &c. besides an innumerable herd of local divinities \*. In another place, our author confesses that the vulgar revere all the elements, and receive as an article of belief every holy legend.

An account of the celebrated sect of the Brahmins, and an enquiry into their philosophy, are undoubtedly requisite in the notes of a Poem which celebrates the discovery of the Eastern World ; of a poem where their rites and opinions are necessarily mentioned. To set the subject in the clearest and most just view, as far as his abilities will serve him, is the intention of the translator. The admirers of the Hindoos philosophy will therefore excuse him, should he venture to give his opinion against the apology for the polytheism of the Brahmins. To call it only a symbolical worship of the Divine Attributes, is only to present to us a specious shadow, which will

vanish on the slightest touch of examination.

That the polytheism of Egypt, the worship of dogs, crocodiles, and onions, was only a symbolical worship of the divine attributes, has been often said, and with equal justice. For our part we can distinguish no difference between the worship of Janus with two faces, or of Brahma with four. The philosophers of Rome were as able to allegorise as those of India. The apology for the idolatry of the Brahmins is applicable to that of every nation, and, as an argument, falls nothing short of that of a learned Arab, who about the eleventh century wrote a treatise to prove that there never was such a thing as idolatry in the world, for that every man intended to worship some attribute of the divinity, which he believed to reside in his idol.

Nor is a sentiment of Mr. Dow inapplicable to this : “ Let us rest assured, says he, that whatever the external ceremonies of religion may be, the self same infinite Being is the object of universal adoration.” Yet whatever the metaphysician may think of this ingenious refinement, the moral philosopher will be little pleased with it, when he considers that the vulgar, that is ninety-nine of every hundred, are utterly incapable of practising their idolatry, according to this philosophical definition.

\* Perimal, who, according to some of their holy legends, was the son of a cow, was worshipped as a god in the kingdom of Narsinga. Near the city of Prefeti was a wood full of apes, esteemed of a divine race, and of the household of Perimal, in whom some thousands of the gods had taken refuge. In the city of Cidanbaram was a stately temple erected to one of these apes, named HANIMANT. Being threatened with some danger, Hanimant put himself at the head of many thousand of his brother gods, and led them to the sea side ; where finding no ship, he took a leap into the ocean, and an island immediately rose under his feet. At every leap the miracle was repeated, and in this manner he brought his divine brotherhood all safe to the island of Ceylon. A tooth of Hanimant was kept there as a sacred relic, and many pilgrimages were made to visit it. In 1554, the Portuguese made a descent on that island, and among other things seized the holy tooth. The Indian princes (says Linfchoten, c. 44.) offered 700,000 ducats in ransom, but by the persuasion of the archbishop, the Portuguese viceroy burned it in the presence of the Indian ambassadors. A BANIAN, however, had the art to persuade his countrymen that he was invisibly present when the Portuguese burnt the tooth, that he had secreted the holy one, and put another in its place, which was the one committed to the flames. His story was believed, says our author, and the king of Bishnagar gave him a great sum for a tooth which he produced as the sacred relic. The striking resemblance which this fable of the apes bears to the Egyptian mythology, which tells us that their gods had taken refuge in dogs, crocodiles, onions, frogs, and even in *baecis*, is worthy of observation.

As first some upland vapour seems to float  
 Small as the smoke of lonely shepherd cot,  
 Soon o'er the dales the rolling darkness spreads,  
 And wraps in hazy clouds the mountain heads,

That the *learned* Brahmins with one voice assert there is but one Supreme God, has been acknowledged by almost all modern travellers. Xavier himself confesses this, and tells us from the authority of a Brahmin, that the ten commandments made a part of their hidden religion. But be their hidden religion what it will, the Brahmins, in public, worship and teach the worship of idols. To give an account both of the popular and what is called the philosophical religion of India, is the purpose of this essay. To abstract our view therefore from the popular practice of the country, and to indulge the spirit of encomium on the enlarged tenets of the learned few, is not here to be expected. To follow this method, a traveller may tell us there is no popery at Rome, or that the divine mission of Mohammed is denied at Constantinople, because at the one he conversed with a deistical Bishop, or at the other with a philosophical Musli. However pleased therefore the metaphysician may be with ingenious refinement, the moralist will consider, that the question is not, how the philosopher may refine upon any system, but how the people will, of consequence, practise under its influence. And on this view alone, he will pronounce it reprehensible or commendable. That the religion of the Brahmins is highly reprehensible every moralist must allow, when he considers, that the most unworthy ideas of the Divinity, ideas destructive of morality, naturally arise from idol worship; and the vulgar, it is every where confessed, cannot avoid the abuse. What can he think of the piety of a poor superstitious Indian, when he worships the Great Dæmon, the Destroyer, and Frightful Spirit? Does he love what he worships? And can piety exist where the

object of adoration is hated? What can the moralist think of the Indian, who, upon religious principles, drowns himself in the Ganges, or throws himself under the wheels of his pagod's chariot, to be crushed to death by the holy load? The duties we owe to our relatives in particular, and to society in general, the Author of Nature has imposed upon us by an indispenfible canon. Yet these duties by the pious suicide are refused on the principles of the weakest superstition. Nor can the moralist view the dreadful austerities to which the Brahmin philosophers submit themselves in any other light. He who fixes his eyes on his nose till he can see in no other direction; he who clenches his fist till the nails grow out at the back of his hand; and he who twists his neck about, till his face is fixed unalterably backward; (three modes of penance mentioned by Mr. Dow) and he who drowns himself at once, equally incapacitate themselves for the duties of society. Nor ought other parts of the Brahmin superstition, in our examination of their tenets and practices, to be here omitted. From the concurrent accounts of many travellers who understood their language, and conversed with the Brahmins, among many other most absurd rites, we are informed that they pay a superstitious regard, and ascribe great holiness to the ashes of burned cowdung; that they persuade the people that their idols eat and drink, and for this purpose extort contributions from the multitude; and for this purpose too, prostitution is enjoyed, and the price of it received from the hands of poor women. If all this is not gross idolatry, nothing ever transacted on earth can deserve the name.

If we may be allowed to digress a little from the subject of the Brahmins, the futi-

\* Abraham Roger, in particular. He lived fifteen years among the Brahmins, and was in intimate friendship with one of them, named *Padmanaba*. He returned to Holland in 1647, where he published his writings, which prove him to have been a learned man, and a diligent enquirer. Of his good sense let one sentiment bear testimony. "Can we believe, says he, that there is a generous spirit residing in a people who for two or three thousand years have placed the greatest degree of sanctity and prudence in half-starving themselves, and in depriving themselves of the lawful conveniences of life? Yet such austerities were the chief employments of the ancient *Blackmans*, and are now of the modern *Brahmins*."

The leafless forest and the utmost lea ;  
 And wide its black wings hover o'er the sea :  
 The tear-dropt bough hangs weeping in the vale,  
 And distant navies rear the mist-wet sail.

lity of our refined apology for idolatry will still appear in a stronger light. What will the definition avail in the ballance of morality, when all the inhuman, impure, and immoral rites of idolatry are laid in the other scale ? Palestine, Tyre, and Carthage made their children " pass through the fire unto " Moloch ;" and human sacrifices have prevailed at one time or other in every land. No philosophers ever entertained sublimer ideas of the Divinity, and of the human soul, than the antient Druids. Yet what shall we think of the *Wicker Man* ! A gigantic figure ! the body, each leg and arm was a malt, to which an hundred or more human victims were bound with wicker. When there was a deficiency of malefactors or prisoners of war, the innocent helpless were seized, that the horrid sacrifice might be complete. When all the rites were performed, the sublime Druids gave the hecatomb to the flames, as an offering grateful to their gods, as the assurance of protection\*. In the most polished ages of antient Greece and Rome, the rites of religion were often highly immoral, basely impure. To mention any particular would be an insult to the scholar. Impurities which make the blood recoil, which, like Swift, make one detest the *Yaboo* species, are a part of the religious *externals* of many barbarous tribes. A citation from Baumgarten's travels, as quoted by Mr. Locke, here offers itself. " In " *super sanctum illum, quem eo loco [in*  
 " *Egypt]* vidimus, publicitus apprimé com-  
 " mendari, cum esse hominem sanctum,  
 " divinum à integritate præcipuum ; eo  
 " quod, nec foeminarum unquam esset,  
 " nec puerorum, sed tantummodo afela-  
 " rum cuncubitor atque mularum." Decency will allow no translation of this. In a word, where idolatry is practised, whether in the churches of Rome, or in the temples of Brahma, the consequences are felt, and a remedy is wanted : the vulgar are gross ido-

lators ; the wiser part see the cheat, and become almost indifferent to every tie of religion.

To all this let it be added, that as Mr. Holwell's and Mr. Dow's Brahmins did not give the same accounts of their hidden religion to these gentlemen ; so it is an observation founded on experience, that the zealot of any sect, in giving an account of his religion to one who knows nothing about it, will give every circumstance the best gloss, and strain every feature, as much as possible, to a conformity to the ideas of his intelligent friend. In this manner Josephus, a man of great abilities, wrote his history of the Jews. He has altered, suppressed, glossed, and falsified, on purpose to adopt the manners and opinions of his countrymen, as much as possible, to the taste of the Greek and Roman philosophers. In the same manner, we believe, it may be asserted, that every jesuit behaves, when he defends popery in conversation with an intelligent dissentor from the church of Rome, who has the art to appear ignorant of the doctrines of the papacy, and of the writers of that communion. One may often meet with a sensible papist, who either from ignorance of the history of his own religion, or from prejudice in its favour, will very confidently deny the horrid cruelties, superstitions, and villainous arts of Holy Church ; those intrigues and transactions which form the principal part of the history of Europe during six or seven monkish centuries. Yet what wise man will upon such evidence reject the testimony of ages. The allusion is apt, and the inference is the same. Every one, who is acquainted with the history of the human mind, knows what an alteration in the manners of that most bigotted people the Jews, was introduced by the Babylonian captivity. Before that period amazingly dull and stupid, after their return from Assyria they began to philosophize. The superstition and idolatry of

\* To have represented the Devil on a neighbouring mountain, delighted with the yells and steam of this sacrifice, would have been an incident worthy of the Paradise Lost, and might have come in excellent place, had the great author continued the visions of the eleventh, in place of the far inferior narrative of the twelfth book.

So Fame increafing, loud and louder grew,  
 And to the fylvan camp refounding flew ;  
 A lordly band, the cries, of warlike mien,  
 Of face and garb in India never feen,

the modern Brahmins have certainly, in the fame manner, received great improvement of features from the converfation of Europeans, whose example, however otherwife vicious, could not fail to convince them of the abfurdity of fuch mental weaknefs. The horrible cuftom of burning the wives with the corpe of the deceafed husband, is now, fays Mr. Dow, in difufe. From whence the late alteration? Not furely from any text of their *biddén* facred canon, which they pretend to have enjoyed fo many thoufand years \*.

By the light of all thefe confiderations it will appear, that the accounts of the fuperftition and idolatry of the Brahmins, which, till lately were received, were by no means without foundation. And indeed it were an unparalleled circumftance, were the concurrent teftimony of the moft authentic writers and intelligent travellers of the 16th and 17th centuries, to deserve no credit. The difference of the religious legends, by thefe writers afcribed to the

Indians, is fairly accounted for by Mr. Dow; by whom alfo, as juft cited, every charge of fuperftition is virtually confirmed.

Two cardinal points of the philofophy of the Brahmins remain to be mentioned. They hold that difolutions of the univerfe, and new creations, at certain periods, fhall fucceed one another to all eternity†. Of the human foul they fay, that after various tranfmigrations and purifications, it fhall be abforbed in the Deity and confcioufnefs loft in blifs. By this unintelligible fublimity, we are put in mind of fome of the reveries of a Shaftesbury or a Malebranche; but wild imaginations are the growth of every country.

Nor muft the religious feft of the Fakier be omitted. Thefe, according to Mr. Dow, are a fet of fturdy beggars, who admit any ruffian of good parts, to join them; and, under pretence of religious pilgrimages, ramble about in armies of ten or twelve thoufand men. The country people fly before them, leaving their goods and their wives, (who efteem it a holinefs to be embraced by a

\* Nay, a text of the facred Shafter plainly encourages the horrid praftice. "The woman who dies with her husband, fhall enjoy life eternal with him in heaven." Feeble minds, fays Mr. Dow, mif-interpreted this into a precept. To thofe however who are unkilld in cafeuifry, no admonition can be more obvious.

† According to Jeannes Oranus, the Brahmins of Agra fay, that the world fhall laft four ages or worlds, three whereof are paft. The firft continued one million feven hundred and twenty-eight thoufand years. Men in that world lived ten thoufand years, were of enormous ftature, and of great integrity. Thrice in that period did God vifibly appear upon the earth. Firft in the form of a fifh, that he might recover the book of Brahma (for almoft the fame legend, fee Dow) which one *Caufacar* had thrown into the fea. The fecond time in the form of a fnail, (See Dow's account of the fymbolical representations of Brahma) that he might make the earth dry and folid. The other time like a hog, to deftroy one who called himfelf God, or as others fay, to recover the earth from the fea, which had fwallowed it. The fecond world lafted one million ninety-two thoufand and fix years, in which period men were as tall as before, but only lived a thoufand years. In this, God appeared four times, once as a monftreous lion, with the lower parts of a woman, to reprefs the wickednefs of a pretender to deity. Secondly, like a poor Brahmin, to punifh the impiety of a king who had invented a method to fly to heaven. Thirdly, he came in the likenefs of a man called *Paracaram*, to revenge the death of a poor religious man. And laftly in the likenefs of one *Ram*, who flew *Paracaram*. The third continued eight hundred and four thoufand years, in which time God appeared twice. The fourth world fhall endure four hundred thoufand years, whereof only four thoufand fix hundred and ninety-two are elapfed. In this period God is to appear once, and fome hold that he has already appeared in the perfon of the emperor *Echibar*, the fame Mahummud Akbar already mentioned. The wifer part of the Brahmins, fays Oranus, decry the abfurdity of thefe fables, yet fupport them before the multitude, left their influence, their wealth and fuperftition, fhould vanifh together. That thefe fables are very antient, we have the authority of Strabo, who tells us that Calanus told Oneficritus of a golden world, where the fountains freamed with milk, honey, wine, and oil, and where the wheat was as plentiful as duft; that God had in punifhment of human wickednefs altered it, and impofed a life of labour on men. Oneficritus was willing to hear farther, but one of the Brahmin penances being enjoyed as the condition, the Greck philofopher was contented with what he had heard.

Of tongue unknown, through gulphs undared before,  
 Unknown their aim, have reach'd the Indian shore.  
 To hail their Chief the Indian Lord prepares,  
 And to the fleet he sends his banner'd Nayres :  
 As to the bay the nobles press along,  
 The wondering city pours th'unnumber'd throng.  
 And now brave GAMA and his splendid train,  
 Himself adorn'd in all the pride of Spain,  
 In gilded barges slowly bend to shore,  
 While to the lute the gently-falling oar  
 Now breaks the surges of the briny tide,  
 And now the strokes the cold fresh stream divide.  
 Pleased with the splendour of the Lusian band,  
 On every bank the crowded thousands stand.  
 Begirt with high-plumed nobles, by the flood  
 The first great Minister of India stood,

Fakier) to the mercy and lust of these villains. The prayers of a Fakier are highly esteemed, and often implored, in cases of sterility. The wife and the Fakier retire together to prayer, a signal is left that the Fakier is with the lady, and a sound drubbing is the reward should the husband dare to interrupt their devotions.

We cannot finish this note, long as it is, without observing the vast similarity which obtains among all barbarous nations. When the Portuguese admiral, Pedro de Cabral, discovered the Brazils, he found a sect of religionists called *Pages*, who were venerated in the same manner as the Fakiers of India. "*Hi quo-  
cunque veniunt, says Osorius, summo omnium  
plausu recipiuntur, &c.* Wherever these come, they are received with the loudest acclamations, the ways are crowded, verses sung to the music of the country, and dances

are performed before them. The most beautiful women, whether virgins or wives, are submitted to their embraces. *Opiniuntur enim miseri, si illos placatos habuerint, omnia sibi feliciter eventura*; for these wretched ignorants believe, that if they can please these men, every thing will happen well to them."

To conclude: The writers who have treated of the mission of Xavier, relate, that there is extant in India the writings of a Malabar poet, who wrote nine hundred epigrams, each consisting of eight verses, in ridicule of the worship of the Brahmins, whom he treats with great asperity and contempt. Would any of our diligent enquirers after oriental learning favour the Public with an authentic account of the works of this poet of Malabar, he would undoubtedly confer a singular favour on the republic of letters.

The



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

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

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

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

Pope's II. vi.

<sup>c</sup> *So Titan's son.*—Priareus.

<sup>d</sup> *Before these shrines the blinded Indians bow.*—In this instance, Camoens has with great art deviated from the truth of history. As it was the great purpose of his hero to propagate the law of heaven in the East, it would have been highly absurd to have represented Gama and his attendants as on their knees in a Pagan temple. This, however, was the case. “Gama, who had been told, says Oforius, that there were many Christians in India, conjectured that the temple, to

which the Catal led him, was a Christian church. At their entrance they were met by four priests, who seemed to make crosses on their foreheads. The walls were painted with many images. In the middle was a little round chapel, in the wall of which, opposite to the entrance, stood an image which could hardly be discovered; *Erat enim locus ita ab omni solis radio seclusus, ut vix aliquis malignæ lucis splen'or in eum penetraret.* The four priests ascending, some entered the chapel by a little brass door, and pointing to the benighted image, cried aloud, *Mary, Mary.* The Catal and his attendants prostrated themselves on the ground, while the Lusians on their bended knees adored the blessed virgin. *Virginemque Dei-matrem more vestris usitato venerantur.*” Thus Oforius. Another writer says, that a Portuguese having some doubt exclaimed, *If this be the Devil's image, I however worship God.*

To view the glorious Leader of the fleet  
 Increasing thousands swell o'er every street ;  
 High o'er the roofs the struggling youths ascend,  
 The hoary fathers o'er the portals bend,  
 The windows sparkle with the female blaze  
 Of eyes, of rubies, and the diamond's rays.  
 And now the train with solemn state and flow,  
 Approach the royal gate, through many a row  
 Of fragrant wood walks, and of balmy bowers,  
 Radiant with fruitage, ever gay with flowers.  
 Spacious the dome its pillar'd grandeur spread,  
 Nor to the burning day high tower'd the head ;  
 The citron groves around the windows glow'd,  
 And branching palms their grateful shade bestow'd ;  
 The mellow light a pleasing radiance cast ;  
 The marble walls Dædalian sculpture graced.  
 Here India's fate, from darkest times of <sup>e</sup> old,  
 The wondrous artist on the stone inroll'd ;

<sup>e</sup> *Here India's fate*—The description of the palace of the Zamorim, situated among aromatic groves, is according to history ; the embellishment of the walls is in imitation of Virgil's description of the palace of king Latinus :

*Tectum augustum, ingens, centum sublimis columnis,  
 Urbe fuit summa, &c.*

The palace built by Picus, vast and proud,  
 Supported by a hundred pillars stood }  
 And round encompass'd with a rising wood, }  
 The pile o'erlook'd the town, and drew the sight,  
 Surprised at once with reverence and delight. . . . }  
 Above the portal, carved in cedar wood,  
 Placed in their ranks their godlike grandfires stood.

Old Saturn, with his crooked scythe on high ;  
 And Italus, that led the colony ;  
 And ancient Janus with his double face,  
 And bunch of keys, the porter of the place,  
 There stood Sabinus, planter of the vines, }  
 On a short pruning hook his head reclines ; }  
 And studiously surveys his generous wines.  
 Then warlike kings—who for their country fought,  
 And honourable wounds from battle brought,  
 Around the posts hung helmets, darts, and spears ; }  
 And captive chariots, axes, shields, and bars ; }  
 And broken beaks of ships, the trophies of their }  
 wars.  
 Above the rest, as chief of all the band }  
 Was Picus placed, a buckler in his hand ; }  
 His other waved a long divining wand.  
 Girt in his Gabin gown the hero sat—

.DAVID. EN. VII.

Here

Here o'er the meadows, by Hydaspes' stream,  
 In fair array the marshall'd legions seem :  
 A youth of gleeful eye the squadrons led,  
 Smooth was his cheek, and glow'd with purest red ;  
 Around his spear the curling vine-leaves waved ;  
 And by a streamlet of the river laved,  
 Behind her founder Nyfa's walls were rear'd \* ;  
 So breathing life the ruddy god appear'd,  
 Had † Semele beheld the smiling boy,  
 The mother's heart had proudly heav'd with joy.  
 Unnumber'd here were seen th'Assyrian throng,  
 That drank whole rivers as they march'd along :  
 Each eye seem'd earnest on their warrior queen,  
 High was her port, and furious was her mien ;  
 Her valour only equal'd by her lust ;  
 Fast by her side her courser paw'd the dust,  
 Her son's ‡ vile rival ; reeking to the plain  
 Fell the hot sweat-drops as he champ't the rein.  
 And here display'd, most glorious to behold,  
 The Grecian banners opening many a fold

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

—————at distance far

The Ganges laved the wide-extended war—  
 This is in the perspective manner of the beautiful descriptions of the figures on the shield of Achilles. IL. XVIII.

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

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

Seem'd trembling on the gale ; at distance far  
 The Ganges lav'd the wide-extended war.  
 Here the blue marble gives the helmets' gleam,  
 Here from the cuiras shoots the golden beam.  
 A proud-ey'd youth, with palms unnumber'd gay,  
 Of the bold veterans led the brown array ;  
 Scornful of mortal birth enshrin'd he rode,  
 Call'd Jove his father <sup>h</sup>, and assumed the god.

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

<sup>h</sup> *Call'd Jove his father.*—The bon mot of Olympias on this pretension of her son Alexander, was admired by the ancients.

“ This hot-headed youth, forsooth, cannot  
 “ be at rest unless he embroil me in a quarrel  
 “ with Juno.” QUINT. CURT.

Unknown their tongue, their face, and strange attire,  
 And their bold eye-balls burn'd with warlike ire :  
 They saw the chief o'er prostrate India rear  
 The glittering terrors of his awful spear.  
 But swift behind these wintery days of woe  
 A spring of joy arose in liveliest glow,  
 Such gentle manners leagued with wisdom reign'd  
 In the dread victors, and their rage restrain'd.  
 Beneath their sway majestic, wise, and mild,  
 Proud of her victors' laws thrice happier India smiled.  
 So to the prophets of the Magi train  
 The visions rose, that never rose in vain.

The Regent ceased ; and now with solemn pace  
 The Chiefs approach the regal hall of grace.  
 The tapstried walls with gold were pictured <sup>k</sup> o'er,  
 And flowery velvet spread the marble floor.  
 In all the grandeur of the Indian state  
 High on a blazing couch the Monarch sat,  
 With starry gems the purple curtains shined,  
 And ruby flowers and golden foliage twined  
 Around the silver pillars : High o'er head  
 The golden canopy its radiance shed :  
 Of cloth of gold the sovereign's mantle shone,  
 And his high turban flamed with precious stone.

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

Sublime and awful was his sapient mien,  
 Lordly his posture, and his brow serene.  
 An hoary fire submits on bended knee,  
 (Low bow'd his head,) in India's luxury,  
 A leaf<sup>1</sup>, all fragrance to the glowing taste,  
 Before the king each little while replaced.  
 The patriarch Brahmin, soft and slow he rose,  
 Advancing now to lordly GAMA bows,  
 And leads him to the throne; in silent state  
 The Monarch's nod assigns the Captain's feat;  
 The Lusian train in humbler distance stand:  
 Silent the Monarch eyes the foreign band  
 With awful mien; when valiant GAMA broke  
 The solemn pause, and thus majestic spoke;

From where the crimson sun of evening laves  
 His blazing chariot in the western waves,  
 I come, the herald of a mighty King,  
 And holy vows of lasting friendship bring  
 To thee, O Monarch, for resounding Fame  
 Far to the west has borne thy princely name,  
 All India's sovereign thou! Nor deem I sue,  
 Great as thou art, the humble suppliant's due.  
 Whate'er from western Tagus to the Nile,  
 Inspires the monarch's wish, the merchants' toil,

<sup>1</sup> *A leaf.*—The Betel.

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

Brave GAMA spake : the Pagan King replies,  
From lands which now behold the morning rise,

While



While eve's dim clouds the Indian sky enfold,  
 Glorious to us an offer'd league we hold.  
 Yet shall our will in silence rest unknown,  
 Till what your laud, and who the King you own,  
 Our Council deeply weigh. Let joy the while,  
 And the glad feast the fleeting hours beguile.  
 Ah! to the wearied mariner, long tost  
 O'er briny waves, how sweet the long-fought coast!  
 The night now darkens; on the friendly shore  
 Let soft repose your wearied strength restore,  
 Assured an answer from our lips to bear,  
 Which, not displeas'd, your Sovereign Lord shall hear.  
 More <sup>1</sup> now we add not—From the hall of state  
 Withdrawn, they now approach the Regent's gate;  
 The sumptuous banquet glows; all India's pride  
 Heap'd on the board the royal feast supplied.  
 Now o'er the dew-drops of the eastern lawn  
 Gleamed the pale radiance of the star of dawn,  
 The valiant GAMA on his couch reposed,  
 And balmy rest each Lusian eye-lid clos'd;  
 When the high Catual, watchful to fulfill  
 The cautious mandates of his Sovereign's will,  
 In secret converse with the Moor retires,  
 And, earnest, much of Lufus' sons enquires;

<sup>1</sup> *More now we add not*—The tenor of this first conversation between the Zamorim and Gama, is according to the truth of history.

What laws, what holy rites, what monarch sway'd  
The warlike race? When thus the just Mozaide;

The land from whence these warriors well I know,  
(To neighbouring earth my hapless birth I owe)  
Illustrious Spain, along whose western shores  
Grey-dappled eve the dying twilight pours.—  
A wondrous prophet gave their holy lore,  
The godlike Seer a virgin-mother bore,  
Th' Eternal Spirit on the human race,  
So be they taught, bestow'd such awful grace.  
In war unmatched they rear the trophied crest:  
What <sup>m</sup> terrors oft have thrill'd my infant breast,  
When their brave deeds my wondering fathers told;  
How from the lawns, where, chrySTALLINE and cold,  
The Guadiana rows his murmuring tide,  
And those where purple by the Tago's side,  
The lengthening vineyards glisten o'er the field,  
Their warlike fires my routed fires expell'd:  
Nor paused their rage; the furious seas they braved,  
Nor loftiest walls, nor castled mountains faved;  
Round Afric's thousand bays their navies rode,  
And their proud armies o'er our armies trod.

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

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

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

Nor less, let Spain through all her kingdoms own,  
O'er other foes their dauntless valour shone :  
Let Gaul confess, her mountain ramparts wild,  
Nature in vain the hoar Pyrenians piled.  
No foreign lance could e'er their rage restrain,  
Unconquer'd still the warrior race remain.  
More would you hear, secure your care may trust  
The answer of their lips, so nobly just,  
Conscious of inward worth, of manners plain,  
Their manly souls the gilded lye disdain.  
Then let thine eyes their lordly might admire,  
And mark the thunder of their arms of fire :  
The shore with trembling hears the dreadful sound,  
And rampired walls lie smoaking on the ground.  
Speed to the fleet ; their arts, their prudence weigh,  
How wise in peace, in war how dread, survey.

With keen desire the craftful Pagan burn'd ;  
Soon as the morn in orient blaze return'd,  
To view the fleet his splendid train prepares ;  
And now attended by the lordly Nayres,  
The shore they cover, now the oarsmen sweep  
The foamy surface of the azure deep :  
And now brave PAULUS gives the friendly hand,  
And high on GAMA's lofty deck they stand.

Bright to the day the purple fail-cloaths glow,  
 Wide to the gale the filken ensigns flow ;  
 The pictured flags display the warlike strife ;  
 Bold seem the heroes as inspired by life.  
 Here arm to arm the single combat strains,  
 Here burns the combat on the tented plains  
 General and fierce ; the meeting lances thrust,  
 And the black blood seems smoaking on the dust.  
 With earnest eyes the wondering Regent views  
 The pictured warriors, and their history sues.  
 But now the ruddy juice, by Noah <sup>n</sup> found,  
 In foaming goblets circled swiftly round,  
 And o'er the deck swift rose the festive board ;  
 Yet, smiling oft, refrains the Indian Lord :  
 His faith forbade with other tribe to join  
 The sacred meal, esteem'd a rite <sup>o</sup> divine.

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

<sup>o</sup> *His faith forbade with other tribe to join The sacred meal, esteem'd a rite divine.*—  
 The opinion of the sacredness of the table is very ancient in the East. It is plainly to be discovered in the history of Abraham. When Melchizedek, a king and priest, blessed Abraham, it is said, *And he brought forth bread and wine and he blessed him.* Gen. xiv. 18. The Patriarchs only drank wine, says Dr. Stukely, on their more solemn festivals, when they were said to rejoice before the Lord. Other customs of the Indians are mentioned by Camoëns in this book. If a noble should touch a person of another another tribe,

*A thousand rites, and washings o'er and o'er  
 Can scarce his tainted purity restore.*

Nothing, says Oforius, but the death of the unhappy commoner can wipe off the pollution. Yet we are told by the same author, that Indian nobility cannot be forfeited, or even tarnished by the basest and greatest of crimes ; nor can one of mean birth become great or noble by the most illustrious actions. The noblemen, says the same writer, adopt the children of their sisters, esteeming there can be no other certainty of the relationship of their heirs. But what above all may be called the characteristic of the Indian, is his total insensibility to the passion of Love ;

*Loft to the heart-ties, to his neighbour's arms  
 The willing husband yields his spouse's charms.*

To

In bold vibrations, thrilling on the ear,  
 The battle founds the Lufian trumpets rear;  
 Loud burst the thunders of the arms of fire,  
 Slow round the fails the clouds of smoke aspire,  
 And rolling their dark volumes o'er the day  
 The Lufian war, in dreadful pomp, display.  
 In deepest thought the careful Regent weigh'd  
 The pomp and power at GAMA's nod bewray'd,  
 Yet seem'd alone in wonder to behold  
 The glorious heroes and the wars half told

To some perhaps the feebleness of the constitutions of the Gentoos may account for this apathy; and to several circumstances may their feebleness be attributed. The men marry before fourteen and the women at about ten or eleven. Rice, their principal food, affords but little nourishment, and they are extremely averse to any manly exercise. It is better to sit than to walk, they say, to lie down than to sit, to sleep than to wake, and death is better than all. The unparalleled pusillanimity with which they have long submitted to the oppressions of a few Arabs, their Mohammedan masters, likewise, shews their deadness to every manly repentment. Yet, notwithstanding all this, though incapable of the passion of love, they prove the position, (for which physicians can easily account) that debility and lechery go hand in hand. Montesquieu, in enumerating his reasons why Christianity will never prevail in the East, advances, as one, the prohibition of polygamy, which he mentions as the appointment of nature, and necessary in these climates. Tristram Shandy tells us, that his father was a most excellent system-builder, was sure to make his Theory look well, though no man ever crucified the truth at such an unmerciful rate. With all due deference to the great genius of Montesquieu, his blunder here is

rather ludicrous. In every country the births of males and females are nearly proportioned to each other. "Polygamy, says Mr. Dow, is permitted in Hindostan, but seldom practised; for they very rationally think, that one wife is sufficient for one man." If in any country polygamy is the appointment of nature, the more athletic nations of Europe have the best claim. But the warlike independent spirit of the northern tribes, who viewed their princes as their companions in war, would never allow their leaders to appropriate eight hundred or a thousand of the finest women, each for his own particular luxury. Their natural ideas of liberty forbade it; while on the other hand the slavish Asiatics, who viewed their masters as beings of a superior rank, submitted to the lust of these masters, whose debility prompted the desire of unbounded variety. This history of polygamy will be found to be just. It is not the child of nature, it is the offspring of tyranny, and is only to be found where the most absolute tyranny subsists. Neither to the genial vigour of passion, but to raging, irritated debility, both the philosopher and physician will attribute the unblushing prevalence of some crimes, crimes which disgrace human nature, and which particularly characterise the depraved manners of the enfeebled East.

In filent pofy——Swift from the board  
 High crown'd with wine, uprofe the Indian Lord ;  
 Both the bold GAMAS, and their generous Peer,  
 The brave COELLO, rofe, prepared to hear  
 With meet attendance, or the meet reply :  
 Fixt and enquiring was the Regent's eye :  
 The warlike image of an hoary fire,  
 Whofe name fhall live till earth and time expire,  
 His wonder fixt ; and more than human glow'd  
 The hero's look ; his robes of Grecian mode ;  
 A bough, his enfign, in his right he waved,  
 A leafy bough——But I, fond man depraved !  
 Where would I fpeed, as mad'ning in a dream,  
 Without your aid, ye Nymphs of Tago's fream !  
 Or yours, ye Dryads of Mondego's bowers !  
 Without your aid how vain my wearied powers !  
 Long yet and various lies my arduous way  
 Through louring tempefts and a boundlefs fea.  
 Oh then, propitious hear your fon implore,  
 And guide my vefsel to the happy fhore.  
 Ah ! fee how long what per'lous days, what woes  
 On many a foreign coaft around me rofe,  
 As dragg'd by Fortune's chariot wheels along  
 I footh'd my forrows with the warlike ° fong ;

° —— *the warlike fong* —— Though  
 Camoens began his *Lufiad* in Portugal,  
 almoft the whole of it was written while on

the ocean, while in Africa, and in India.  
 See his Life.

Wide ocean's horrors lengthening now around,  
 And now my footsteps trod the hostile ground ;  
 Yet midst each danger of tumultuous war  
 Your Lusian heroes ever claim'd my care :  
 As Canace of old, ere <sup>p</sup> self-destroy'd,  
 One hand the pen, and one the sword employ'd.  
 Degraded now, by poverty abhorr'd,  
 The guest dependent at the Lordling's board ;  
 Now blest with all the wealth fond hope could crave,  
 Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the <sup>q</sup> wave  
 For ever lost ; myself escaped alone,  
 On the wild shore all friendless, hopeless, thrown ;  
 My life, like Judah's heaven-doom'd king of <sup>r</sup> yore,  
 By miracle prolong'd ; yet not the more  
 To end my sorrows : woes succeeding woes  
 Belied my earnest hopes of sweet repose :  
 In place of bays around my brows to shed  
 Their sacred honours, o'er my destined head  
 Foul Calumny proclaim'd the fraudulent tale,  
 And left me mourning in a dreary <sup>s</sup> jail.

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

*Dextra tenet calammum, sinistra tenet altera ferrum.*

<sup>q</sup> *Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the wave*  
*For ever lost*— See the Life of Camoens.

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

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

*Degraded now, by poverty abhorr'd*—

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

Such was the meed, alas ! on me bestow'd,  
 Bestow'd by those for whom my numbers glow'd,  
 By those who to my toils their laurel honours owed.

}

Ye gentle Nymphs of Tago's rofy bowers,  
 Ah, see what letter'd Patron-Lords are yours !  
 Dull as the herds that graze their flowery dales,  
 To them in vain the injured Muse bewails :  
 No fostering care their barb'rous hands bestow,  
 Though to the Muse their fairest fame they owe.  
 Ah, cold may prove the future Priest of Fame  
 Taught by my fate : yet will I not disclaim  
 Your smiles, ye Muses of Mondego's shade,  
 Be still my dearest joy your happy aid !  
 And hear my vow ; Nor king, nor loftiest peer  
 Shall e'er from Me the song of flattery hear ;  
 Nor crafty tyrant, who in office reigns,  
 Smiles on his king, and binds the land in chains ;  
 His king's worst foe : Nor he whose raging ire,  
 And raging wants, to shape his course, conspire ;  
 True to the clamours of the blinded crowd,  
 Their changeful Proteus, insolent and loud :  
 Nor he whose honest mien secures applause,  
 Grave though he seem, and father of the laws,  
 Who, but half-patriot, niggardly denies  
 Each other's merit, and withholds the prize :

Who



Who <sup>p</sup> spurns the Muse, nor feels the raptur'd strain,  
 Useless by him esteem'd, and idly vain :  
 For him, for these, no wreath my hand shall twine ;  
 On other brows th' immortal rays shall shine :

<sup>p</sup> *Who spurns the Muse*—Similarity of condition has produced similarity of sentiment in Camoens and Spenser. Each was the ornament of his country and of his age, and each was cruelly neglected by the Men of Power, who, in truth, were incapable to judge of their merit, or to relish their writings. We have seen several of the strictures of Camoens on the barbarous Nobility of Portugal. The similar complaints of Spenser will shew that neglect of Genius, however, was not confined to the court of Lisbon.

O Grief of griefs! O Gall of all good hearts!  
 To see that Virtue should despised be  
 Of such as first were raised for Virtue's parts,  
 And now broad spreading like an aged tree,  
 Let none shoot up that nigh them planted be.  
 O let not those of whom the Muse is scorned,  
 Alive or dead be by the Muse adorned.

*Ruins of Time.*

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

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

*Mother Hubbard's Tale.*

These lines exasperated still more the elegant, the illiberal Burleigh. So true is the observation of Mr. Hughes, that, "even the sighs of a miserable man are sometimes referred as an affront by him that is the occasion of them."

*The arrival of Gama in India*—In several parts of the Lusiad the Portuguese Poet has given ample proof that he could catch the genuine spirit of Homer and Virgil. The seventh Lusiad throughout bears a striking resemblance to the seventh and eighth Æneid. Much of the action is naturally the same ; Æneas lands in Italy, and Gama in India ; but the conduct of Camoens, in his masterly imitation of his great master, particularly demands observation. Had Statius or Ovid described the landing or reception of Æneas, we should undoubtedly have been presented with pictures different from those of the pencil of Virgil. We should have seen much buile and fire, and perhaps much smoke and false dignity. Yet if we may judge from the *Odyssey*, Homer, had he written the Æneid, would have written as the Roman Poet wrote, would have presented us with a calm majestic narrative, till every circumstance was explained, and then would have given the concluding books of hurry and fire. In this manner has Virgil written, and in this manner has Camoens followed him, as far as the different nature of his subject would allow. In Virgil, king Latinus is informed by prodigies and prophecy of the fate of his kingdom, and of the new-landed strangers. Æneas enters Latium. The dinner on the grass, and the prophecy of famine turned into a jest. He sends ambassadors to Latinus, whose palace is described. The embassy is received in a friendly manner. Juno, enraged, calls the assistance of the Fiends, and the truce is broken. Æneas, admonished in a dream, seeks the aid of Evander. The voyage up the Tyber, the court of Evander, and the sacrifices in which he was employed are particularly described. In all this there is no blaze of fire, no earnest hurry. These are judiciously reserved for their after and proper place. In the same manner Camoens lands his hero in India, and though in some circumstances the resemblance to Virgil is evident, yet he has followed him as a free imitator, who was

He who the path of honour ever trod,  
True to his King, his Country, and his God,  
On his blest head my hands shall fix the crown  
Wove of the deathless laurels of Renown.

conscious of his own strength, and not as a Copyist. He has not deserved that shrewd satire which Mr. Pope, not unjustly, throws on Virgil himself. "Had the galley of *Sergestus* been broken, says he, if the chariot of *Eumelus* had not been demolished? Or *Mæstheus* been cast from the helm, had not the other been thrown from his seat?"

In a word, that calm dignity of poetical narrative which breathes through the seventh and eighth *Æneid*, is judiciously copied, as most proper for the subject; and with the hand of a master characteristically sustained throughout the seventh book of the Poem which celebrates the discovery of the Eastern World.

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

T H E  
L U S I A D.

---

B O O K VIII.

**W** I T H eye unmoved the silent CATUAL view'd  
The pictured fire with seeming life endued ;  
A verdant vine-bough waving in his right,  
Smooth flowed his sweepy beard of glossy white,  
When thus, as swift the Moor unfolds the word,  
The valiant Paulus to the Indian Lord ;

Bold though these figures frown, yet bolder far  
These godlike heroes shined in ancient war.  
In that hoar fire, of mien serene, august,  
Lufus behold, no robber-chief unjust ;

His

His cluster'd bough, the fame which Bacchus bore <sup>a</sup>,  
 He waves, the emblem of his care of yore ;  
 The friend of savage man, to Bacchus dear,  
 The son of Bacchus, or the bold compeer,  
 What time his yellow locks with vine-leaves curl'd,  
 The youthful god subdued the savage world,  
 Bade vineyards glisten o'er the dreary waste,  
 And humanized the nations as he past.  
 Lusus, the loved companion of the god,  
 In Spain's fair bosom fixt his last abode,  
 Our kingdom founded, and illustrious reign'd  
 In those fair lawns, the blest Elysium <sup>b</sup> feign'd,

<sup>a</sup> *His cluster'd bough, the same which Bacchus bore.*—Camoens immediately before, and in the former book, calls the ensign of Lusus a bough; here he calls it the green thyrsus of Bacchus,

*O verde Tyrso foi de Bacco usado.*

The thyrsus however was a javelin twisted with ivy-leaves, used in the sacrifices of Bacchus.

<sup>b</sup> *In those fair lawns the blest Elysium feign'd*—In this assertion our author has the authority of Strabo, a foundation sufficient for a poet. Nor are there wanting several Spanish writers, particularly *Barbosa*, who seriously affirm that Homer drew the fine description of Elysium, in his fourth *Odyssy*, from the beautiful valleys of Spain, where in one of his voyages, they say, he arrived. Egypt, however, seems to have a better title to this honour. The fable of Charon, and the judges of the poetical hell, are evidently borrowed from the Egyptian rites of burial, and are older than Homer. After a ferryman had conveyed the corpse over a lake, certain judges examined the life of the deceased, particularly his claim to the virtue of loyalty, and, according to the report, decreed or refused the honours of sepulture. The place of the Catacombs, according to *Diodorus Siculus*, was surrounded

with deep canals, beautiful meadows, and a wilderness of groves. And it is universally known the greatest part of the Grecian fables were fabricated from the customs and opinions of Egypt. Several other nations have also claimed the honour of affording the idea of the fields of the Blessed. Even the Scotch challenge it. Many Grecian fables, says an author of that country, are evidently founded on the reports of the Phœnician sailors. That these navigators traded to the coasts of Britain is certain. In the middle of summer, the season when the ancients performed their voyages, for about six weeks there is no night over the Orkney islands; the disk of the sun during that time scarcely sinking below the horizon. This appearance, together with the calm which usually prevails at that season, and the beautiful verdure of the islands, could not fail to excite the admiration of the Tyrians; and their accounts of the place naturally afforded the idea that these islands were inhabited by the spirits of the Just. This, says our author, is countenanced by Homer, who places his islands of the Happy at the extremity of the ocean. That the fables of *Scylla*, the *Gorgades*, and several others, were founded on the accounts of navigators, seems probable; and on this supposition the *Insule Fortunatæ*, and *Purpuraria*,

Where winding oft the Guadiana roves,  
 And Douro murmurs through the flowery groves.  
 Here with his bones he left his deathless fame,  
 And Lusitania's clime shall ever bear his name.  
 That other chief th'embroider'd filk displays,  
 Toft o'er the deep whole years of weary days  
 On Tago's banks at last his vows he paid :  
 To Wisdom's godlike power, the Jove-born Maid,  
 Who fired his lips with eloquence divine,  
 On Tago's banks he reared the hallowed shrine.  
 Ulysses he, though fated to destroy  
 On Asian ground the heaven-built towers of <sup>c</sup> Troy,  
 On Europe's strand, more grateful to the skies,  
 He bade th' eternal walls of Lisbon <sup>d</sup> rise.

But who that godlike terror of the plain,  
 Who strews the smoaking field with heaps of slain ?

nix, now the Canary and Madeira islands, also claim the honour of giving colours to the description of Elysium. The truth however appears to be this ; That a place of happiness is reserved for the spirits of the Good is the natural suggestion of that anxiety and hope concerning the future, which animates the human breast. All the barbarous nations of Africa and America agree in placing their heaven in beautiful islands at an immense distance over the ocean. The idea is universal, and is natural to every nation in the state of barbarous simplicity.

<sup>c</sup> — *The heaven-built towers of Troy* — Alluding to the fable of Neptune, Apollo, and Laomedon.

<sup>d</sup> *On Europe's strand, more grateful to the skies,*

*He bade th' eternal walls of Lisbon rise.* — For some account of this tradition see the note p. 107. Antient traditions, however fabulous, have a good effect in poetry. Virgil has not scrupled to insert one, which required an apology.

— *Prisca fides sacro, sed fama perennis.* Spenser has given us the history of Brute and his descendants at full length in the *Faerie Queene*; and Milton, it is known, was so fond of that absurd legend, that he intended to write a poem on the subject; and by this fondness was induced to mention it as a truth in his introduction to the history of England.

What

What numerous legions fly in dire dismay,  
 Whose standards wide the eagle's wings display ?  
 The Pagan asks; the brother \* Chief replies,  
 Unconquer'd deem'd, proud Rome's dread standard flies.  
 His crook thrown by, fired by his nation's woes,  
 The hero shepherd Viriatus rose ;  
 His country saved proclaim'd his warlike fame,  
 And Rome's wide empire trembled at his name.  
 That generous pride which Rome to Pyrrhus bore †,  
 To him they shew'd not ; for they fear'd him more.  
 Not on the field o'ercome by manly force,  
 Peaceful he slept, and now a murdered corpse  
 By treason slain he lay. How stern, behold,  
 That other hero, firm, erect, and bold :  
 The power by which he boasted he devined,  
 Beside him pictur'd stands, the milk-white hind :  
 Injured by Rome, the stern Sertorius fled  
 To Tago's shore, and Lufus' offspring led ;  
 Their worth he knew ; in scatter'd flight he drove  
 The standards painted with the birds of Jove.  
 And lo, the flag whose shining colours own  
 The glorious Founder of the Lusian throne !

\* —the brother Chief—Paulus de Gama.

† That generous pride which Rome to Pyrrhus bore.—When Pyrrhus king of Epirus was at war with the Romans, his physician offered to poison him. The senate rejected the proposal, and acquainted Pyrrhus of the designed treason. Florus remarks on the in-

famous assassination of Viriatus, that the Roman senate did him great honour ; *ut videtur aliter vinci non potuisse* ; it was a confession that they could not otherwise conquer him. Vid. Flor. l. 17. For a fuller account of this great man, see the note on p. 13.

Some deem the warrior of Hungarian <sup>e</sup> race,  
 Some from Loraine the godlike hero trace.  
 From Tagus' banks the haughty Moor expell'd,  
 Galicia's fons, and Leon's warriors quell'd,  
 To weeping Salem's ever-hallowed meads,  
 His warlike bands the holy Henry leads,  
 By holy war to sanctify his crown,  
 And to his latest race auspicious waft it down.

And who this awful Chief? aloud exclaims  
 The wondering Regent, o'er the field he flames  
 In dazzling steel, wheree'r he bends his course  
 The battle sinks beneath his headlong force;  
 Against his troops, though few, the numerous foes  
 In vain their spears and towery walls oppose.  
 With smoking blood his armour sprinkled o'er,  
 High to the knees his courser paws in gore;  
 O'er crowns and blood-stain'd ensigns scatter'd round  
 He rides; his courser's brazen hoofs resound.  
 In that great chief, the second GAMA cries,  
 The first <sup>h</sup> Alonzo strikes thy wondering eyes.  
 From Lufus' realm the Pagan Moors he drove;  
 Heaven, whom he loved, bestow'd on him such love,

<sup>e</sup> Some deem the hero of Hungarian race—  
 See the note on p. 95.

<sup>h</sup> The first Alonzo—King of Portugal.  
 See p. 96, &c.

Beneath him, bleeding of its mortal wound,  
 The Moorish strength lay prostrate on the ground.  
 Nor Ammon's son, nor greater Julius dared  
 With troops so few, with hosts so numerous warr'd :  
 Fame saw his godlike deeds, and solemn swore,  
 To boast unmatch'd the Roman name no more.  
 Nor less shall Fame the subject heroes own :  
 Behold that hoary warrior's rageful frown !  
 On his young pupil's flight his burning <sup>1</sup> eyes  
 He darts, and, Turn thy flying host, he cries,  
 Back to the field——The Veteran and the Boy  
 Back to the field exult with furious joy :  
 Their ranks mow'd down, the boastful foe recedes,  
 The vanquish'd triumph, and the victor bleeds.  
 Again, that mirror of unshaken faith,  
 Egaz behold, a chief self-doom'd to <sup>k</sup> death.  
 Beneath Castilia's sword his monarch lay ;  
 Homage he vow'd his helpless king should pay ;  
 His haughty king relieved, the treaty spurns,  
 With conscious pride the noble Egaz burns ;

<sup>1</sup> *On his young pupil's flight.*——“ Some, indeed, most writers say, that the queen (of whom see p. 96.) advancing with her army towards Guimaraez, the king, without waiting till his governor joined him, engaged them and was routed: but that afterwards the remains of his army being joined by the troops under the command of Egaz Munitz, engaged the army of the queen a second time, and gained a complete victory.” Univ. Hist.

<sup>k</sup> *Egaz behold, a chief self-doom'd to death.*——See the same story, p. 99. Though history affords no authentic document of this transaction, tradition, the Poet's authority, is not silent. And the monument of Egaz in the monastery of Paço de Souza gives it countenance. Egaz and his family are there represented, in bas relief, in the attitude and garb, says Castrera, as described by Camoens.



His comely spouse and infant race he leads,  
 Himself the same, in sentenced felons' weeds,  
 Around their necks the knotted halters bound,  
 With naked feet they tread the flinty ground ;  
 And prostrate now before Castilia's throne  
 Their offer'd lives their monarch's pride atone.  
 Ah ! Rome no more thy generous consul <sup>1</sup> boast,  
 Whose lorn submission saved his ruin'd host :  
 No father's woes assail'd his stedfast mind ;  
 The dearest ties the Lusian chief resign'd.

There, by the stream, a Town besieged behold,  
 The Moorish tents the shatter'd walls infold.  
 Fierce as the lion from the covert springs,  
 When hunger gives his rage the whirlwind's wings ;  
 From ambush, lo, the valiant Fuaz pours,  
 And whelms in sudden rout th' astonish'd Moors.  
 The Moorish king in captive chains he <sup>m</sup> sends ;  
 And low at Lisbon's throne the royal captive bends.  
 Fuaz again the artist's skill displays ;  
 Far o'er the ocean shine his ensign's rays :

<sup>1</sup> *Ab Rome! no more thy generous consul boast*—Sc. Posthumus, who, overpowered by the Samnites, submitted to the indignity of passing under the yoke or gallows.

<sup>m</sup> *The Moorish king*—The Alcaydes, or tributary Governors under the Miramolin or Emperor of Morocco, are often by the Spanish and Portuguese writers stiled kings. He who was surprized and taken prisoner by

Don Fuaz Roupinho was named *Gama*. Fuaz, after having gained the first naval victory of the Portuguese, also experienced their first defeat. With one and twenty sail he attacked fifty-four large galleys of the Moors. The sea, says Brandan, which had lately furnished him with trophies, now supplied him with a tomb.

In crackling flames the Moorish galleys fly,  
 And the red blaze ascends the blushing sky :  
 O'er Avila's high steep the flames aspire,  
 And wrap the forests in a sheet of fire :  
 There seem the waves beneath the prows to boil ;  
 And distant far around for many a mile  
 The glassy deep reflects the ruddy blaze ;  
 Far on the edge the yellow light decays,  
 And blends with hovering blackness. Great and dread  
 Thus shone the day when first the combat bled,  
 The first our heroes battled on the main,  
 The glorious prelude of our naval reign,  
 Which now the waves beyond the burning zone,  
 And northern Greenland's frost-bound billows own.  
 Again behold brave Fuaz dares the fight !  
 O'erpower'd he sinks beneath the Moorish might ;  
 Smiling in death the martyr-hero lies,  
 And lo, his foul triumphant mounts the skies.  
 Here now behold, in warlike pomp pourtray'd,  
 A foreign navy brings the pious <sup>r</sup> aid.  
 Lo, marching from the decks the squadrons spread,  
 Strange their attire, their aspect firm and dread.  
 The holy Cross their ensigns bold display,  
 To Salem's aid they plough'd the watery way ;

<sup>r</sup> *A foreign navy brings the pious aid*—A navy of crusaders, mostly English. See p. 108.

Yet first, the cause the same, on Tago's shore  
 They dye their maiden swords in Pagan gore.  
 Proud stood the Moor on Lisbon's warlike towers,  
 From Lisbon's walls they drive the Moorish powers :  
 Amid the thickest of the glorious fight,  
 Lo, Henry falls, a gallant German knight,  
 A martyr falls : That holy tomb behold,  
 There waves the blossom'd palm the boughs of gold :  
 O'er Henry's grave the sacred plant arose,  
 And from the leaves, heaven's gift, gay health redundant ° flows.

Aloft, unfurl ; the valiant Paulus cries,  
 Infant new wars on new-spread ensigns rise.  
 In robes of white behold a priest <sup>p</sup> advance !  
 His sword in splinters smites the Moorish lance :  
 Arronchez won revenges Lira's fall :  
 And lo, on fair Savilia's batter'd wall,  
 How boldly calm amid the crashing spears,  
 That hero-form the Lusian standard rears.  
 There bleeds the war on fair Vandalia's plain :  
 Lo, rushing through the Moors o'er hills of flain

° *And from the leaves*—This Legend is mentioned by some ancient Portuguese chronicles. Homer would have availed himself, as Camoens has done, of a tradition so enthusiastic, and characteristic of the age. Henry was a native of Bonneville near Cologne. His tomb, says Caſtera, is

still to be seen in the Monastery of St. Vincent, but without the palm.

<sup>p</sup> *In robes of white behold a priest advance.*—Theotonius, prior of the regulars of St. Augustine of Conymbra. Some ancient Chronicles relate this circumstance as mentioned by Camoens. Modern writers assert, that he never quitted his breviary. *Caſtera.*

The hero rides, and proves by genuine claim  
 The son of Egas <sup>1</sup>, and his worth the fame.  
 Pierced by his dart the standard-bearer dies ;  
 Beneath his feet the Moorish standard lies :  
 High o'er the field, behold the glorious blaze !  
 The victor-youth the Lusian flag displays.  
 Lo, while the moon through midnight azure rides,  
 From the high wall adown his spear-staff glides  
 The dauntless Gerrald : in his left he ' bears  
 Two watchmen's heads, his right the faulchion rears :  
 The gate he opens, swift from ambush rise  
 His ready bands, the city falls his prize :  
 Evora still the grateful honour pays,  
 Her banner'd flag the mighty deed displays :  
 There frowns the hero ; in his left he bears  
 The two cold heads, his right the faulchion rears.  
 Wrong'd by his king, and burning for ' revenge,  
 Behold his arms that proud Castilian change ;

<sup>1</sup> *The son of Egas*—He was named Mem Moniz, and was son of Egas Moniz, celebrated for the surrender of himself and family to the king of Castile, as already mentioned.

<sup>2</sup> *The dauntless Gerrald*—“ He was a man of rank, who, in order to avoid the legal punishment to which several crimes rendered him obnoxious, put himself at the head of a party of Freebooters. Tiring however of that life, he resolved to reconcile himself to his sovereign by some noble action. Full of this idea, one evening he entered Evora, which then belonged to the Moors. In the night he killed the centinel: of one of the gates, which he opened to his companions,

who soon became masters of the place. This exploit had its desired effect. The king pardoned Gerrald, and made him governor of Evora. A knight with a sword in one hand, and two heads in the other, from that time became the armorial bearing of the city.” *Castro*.

<sup>3</sup> *Wrong'd by his king*—Don Pedro Fernando de Castro, injured by the family of Lara, and denied redress by the king of Castile, took the infamous revenge of bearing arms against his native country. At the head of a Moorish army he committed several outrages in Spain ; but was totally defeated in Portugal.

The Moorish buckler on his breast he bears,  
 And leads the fiercest of the Pagan spears.  
 Abrantes falls beneath his raging force,  
 And now to Tagus bends his furious course.  
 Another fate he met on Tagus' shore,  
 Brave Lopez from his brows the laurels tore ;  
 His bleeding army strew'd the thirsty ground,  
 And captive chains the rageful Leader bound.  
 Resplendant far that holy chief behold !  
 Aside he throws the sacred staff of gold  
 And wields the spear of steel. How bold advance  
 The numerous Moors, and with the rested lance  
 Hem round the trembling Lusians. Calm and bold  
 Still towers the priest, and lo, the skies ' unfold :  
 Cheer'd by the vision brighter than the day  
 The Lusians trample down the dread array  
 Of Hagar's legions : on the reeking plain  
 Low with their slaves four haughty kings lie slain.  
 In vain Alcazar rears her brazen walls,  
 Before his rushing host Alcazar falls.  
 There, by his altar, now the hero shines,  
 And with the warrior's palm his mitre twines.

' —and lo, the skies unfold—“ According to some ancient Portuguese histories, Don Matthew, Bishop of Lisbon, in the reign of Alonzo I. attempted to reduce Alcazar, then in possession of the Moors. His troops being suddenly surrounded by a numerous party of the enemy, were ready to

fly, when, at the prayers of the Bishop, a venerable old man, clothed in white, with a red cross on his breast, appeared in the air. The miracle dispelled the fears of the Portuguese ; the Moors were defeated, and the conquest of Alcazar crowned the victory.” *Castera*.

That chief behold : though proud Castilia's host  
 He leads, his birth shall Tagus ever boast.  
 As a pent flood bursts headlong o'er the strand  
 So pours his fury o'er Algarbia's land :  
 Nor rampired town, nor castled rock afford  
 The refuge of defence from Payo's sword.  
 By night-veil'd art proud Sylves falls his prey,  
 And Tavila's high walls at middle day  
 Fearless he scales : her streets in blood deplore  
 The seven brave hunters murder'd by the \* Moor.  
 These three bold knights how dread ! Thro' Spain and \* France  
 At just and tourney with the tilted lance  
 Victors they rode : Castilia's court beheld  
 Her peers o'erthrown ; the peers with rancour swell'd :  
 The bravest of the Three their swords surround ;  
 Brave Ribeir strews them vanquish'd o'er the ground.  
 Now let thy thoughts, all wonder and on fire,  
 That darling son of warlike Fame admire.

\* ——— *her streets in blood deplore*  
*The seven brave hunters murder'd by the Moor*  
 ———“ During a truce with the Moors, six cavaliers of the order of St. James were, while on a hunting party, surrounded and killed by a numerous body of the Moors. During the fight, in which the gentlemen sold their lives dear, a common carter, named Garcias Rodrigo, who chanced to pass that way, came generously to their assistance, and lost his life along with them. The Poet, in giving all seven the same title, shews us that virtue constitutes true nobility. Don Payo de Correa, grand master of the order of St. James, revenged the death of

these brave unfortunates, by the sack of Tavila, where his just rage put the garrison to the sword.” *Castera.*

\* *These Three bold knights how dread !*— Nothing can give us a stronger picture of the romantic character of their age, than the manners of these champions, who were gentlemen of birth ; and who, in the true spirit of knight-errantry, went about from court to court in quest of adventures. Their names were, Gonçalo Ribeiro ; Ferdando Martínez de Santarene ; and Vasco Anez, foster-brother to Mary, queen of Castile, daughter of Alonzo IV. of Portugal.

Prostrate at proud Castilia's monarch's feet  
His land lies trembling: lo, the nobles meet:  
Softly they seem to breathe, and forward bend  
The servile neck; each eye distrusts his friend;  
Fearful each tongue to speak; each bosom cold:  
When colour'd with stern rage, erect and bold  
The hero rises; Here no foreign throne  
shall fix its base; my native king alone  
Shall reign——Then rushing to the fight he leads;  
Low vanquish'd in the dust Castilia bleeds.  
Where proudest hope might deem it vain to dare,  
God led him on, and crown'd the glorious war.  
Though fierce as numerous are the hosts that dwell  
By Betis' stream, these hosts before him fell.  
The fight behold: while absent from his bands,  
Prest on the step of flight his army stands,  
To call the chief an herald speeds away:  
Low on his knees the gallant chief survey!  
He pours his soul, with lifted hands implores,  
And heaven's assisting arm, inspired, adores.  
Panting and pale the herald urges speed:  
With holy trust of victory decreed,  
Careless he answers, Nothing urgent calls:  
And soon the bleeding foe before him falls.  
To Numa thus the pale Patricians fled;  
The hostile squadrons o'er the kingdom spread,

They cry; unmoved the holy king replies,  
 And I, behold, am offering <sup>x</sup> sacrifice!  
 Earnest I see thy wondering eyes enquire  
 Who this illustrious chief, his country's sire?  
 The Lusian Scipio well might speak his <sup>y</sup> fame,  
 But nobler Nunio shines a greater name:  
 On earth's green bosom, or on ocean grey,  
 A greater never shall the Sun survey.

Known by the silver cross and sable <sup>z</sup> shield  
 Two knights of Malta there command the field;  
 From Tago's banks they drive the fleecy prey,  
 And the tired ox lows on his weary way:  
 When, as the falcon through the forest glade  
 Darts on the leveret, from the brown-wood shade  
 Darts Roderic on their rear; in scatter'd flight  
 They leave the goodly herds the victor's right.

<sup>x</sup> *And I, behold, am offering sacrifice—*  
 This line, the simplicity of which, I think,  
 contains great dignity, is adopted from  
 Fanshew,

And I, ye see, am offering sacrifice.—  
 who has here caught the spirit of the ori-  
 ginal:

*A quem lbe a dura nova esclava dando,  
 Pois eu responde estou sacrificando.*

i. e. To whom when they told the dreadful  
 tidings, "And I, he replies, am sacrificing."  
 The piety of Numa was crowned with vic-  
 tory. Vid. Plut. in vit. Num.

<sup>y</sup> *The Lusian Scipio well might speak his  
 fame,  
 But nobler Nunio shines a greater name—*  
 Castra justly observes the happiness with

which Camoens introduces the name of this  
 truly great man. *Il va, says he, le nommer  
 tout à l'heure avec une adresse et une magnifi-  
 cence digne d'un si beau sujet.*

<sup>z</sup> *Two knights of Malta—* These knights  
 were first named knights Hospitallars of  
 St. John of Jerusalem, afterwards knights  
 of Rhodes, from whence they were driven  
 to Messina, ere Malta was assigned to them,  
 where they now remain. By their oath of  
 knighthood they are bound to protect the  
 Holy Sepulchre from the profanation of In-  
 fidels; and immediately on taking this oath,  
 they retire to their colleges, where they live on  
 their revenues in all the idleness of monkish  
 luxury. Their original habit was black  
 with a white cross; their arms Gules, a  
 Cross, Argent.

Again



Again, behold, in gore he bathes his sword ;  
 His captive friend, to liberty <sup>a</sup> restor'd,  
 Glows to review the cause that wrought his woe,  
 The cause, his loyalty as taintless snow.  
 Here Treason's well-earn'd meed allures thine eyes,  
 Low groveling in the dust the Traytor dies ;  
 Great Elvas gave the blow : Again, <sup>b</sup> behold,  
 Chariot and steed in purple slaughter roll'd :  
 Great Elvas triumphs ; wide o'er Xeres' plain  
 Around him reeks the noblest blood of Spain.

Here Lisbon's spacious harbour meets the view ;  
 How vast the foe's, the Lusian fleet how few !  
 Casteel's proud war-ships, circling round, enclose  
 The Lusian galleys ; through their thundering rows,  
 Fierce pressing on, Pereira fearless rides,  
 His hooked irons grasp the Amm'ral's sides :  
 Confusion maddens ; on the dreadless knight  
 Castilia's navy pours its gather'd might :

<sup>a</sup> *His captive friend*—Before John I. mounted the throne of Portugal, one Vasco Forcallo was governor of Villaviciosa. Roderic de Landroal and his friend Alvarez Cuytado, having discovered that he was in the interest of the king of Castile, drove him from his town and fortress. On the establishment of king John, Porcallo had the art to obtain the favour of that prince, but no sooner was he re-instated in the garri-son, than he delivered it-up to the Castilians ; and plundered the house of Cuytado, whom, with his wife, he made prisoner ; and under a numerous party, ordered to be sent to Olivença. Roderic de Landroal hearing of this, attacked and defeated the escort, and set his friend at liberty. *Castela.*

<sup>b</sup> *Here treason's well-earn'd meed allures*

*thine eyes*—While the kingdom of Portugal was divided, some holding with John the newly elected king, and others with the king of Castile, Roderic Marin, governor of Campo-Major, declared for the latter. Fernando d'Elvas endeavoured to gain him to the interest of his native prince, and a conference, with the usual assurances of safety, was agreed to. Marin, at this meeting, seized upon Elvas, and sent him prisoner to his castle. Elvas having recovered his liberty, a few days after met his enemy in the field, whom in his turn he made captive ; and the traiterous Marin, notwithstanding the endeavours of their captain to save his life, met the reward of his treason from the soldiers of Elvas. *Partly from Castela.*

Pereira dies, their self-devoted prey,  
And safe the Lusian galleys speed <sup>c</sup> away.

Lo, where the lemon-trees from yon green hill  
Throw their cool shadows o'er the chrystal rill;  
There twice two hundred fierce Castilian foes  
Twice eight, forlorn, of Lusian race enclose:  
Forlorn they seem; but taintless flow'd their blood  
From those three hundred who of old withstood,  
Withstood, and from a thousand Romans tore  
The victor-wreath, what time the <sup>d</sup> shepherd bore  
The leader's staff of Lusus: equal <sup>e</sup> flame  
Inspired these few, their victory the same.  
Though twenty lances brave each single spear,  
Never the foes superior might to fear  
Is our inheritance, our native right,  
Well tried, well proved in many a dreadful fight.

That dauntless earl behold; on Libya's coast,  
Far from the succour of the Lusian <sup>f</sup> host,

<sup>c</sup> *And safe the Lusian galleys speed away.*  
—A numerous fleet of the Castilians being on their way to lay siege to Lisbon, Ruy Pereira, the Portuguese commander, seeing no possibility of victory, boldly attacked the Spanish admiral. The fury of his onset put the Castilians in disorder, and allowed the Portuguese galleys a safe escape. In this brave piece of service the gallant Pereira lost his life. *Castera.*

<sup>d</sup> — *the shepherd*—Viriatius.

<sup>e</sup> — *equal flame inspired these few*—  
The Castilians having laid siege to Almada, a fortress on a mountain near Lisbon, the garrison, in the utmost distress for water,

were obliged at times to make sallies to the bottom of the hill in quest of it. Seventeen Portuguese thus employed, were one day attacked by four hundred of the enemy. They made a brave defence and happy retreat into their fortrefs. *Castera.*

<sup>f</sup> *Far from the succour of the Lusian host*—  
When Alonzo V. took Ceuta, Don Pedro de Menezes, was the only officer in the army who was willing to become governor of that fortrefs; which, on account of the uncertainty of succour from Portugal, and the earnest desire of the Moors to regain it, was deemed untenable. He gallantly defended his post in two severe sieges.

Twice

Twice hard besieged he holds the Ceutan towers  
 Against the banded might of Afric's powers.  
 That ° other earl;—behold the port he bore,  
 So trod stern Mars on Thracia's hills of yore.  
 What groves of spears Alcazar's gates furround !  
 There Afric's nations blacken o'er the ground.  
 A thousand ensigns glittering to the day  
 The waning moon's slant silver horns display.  
 In vain their rage; no gate, no turret falls,  
 The brave De Vian guards Alcazar's walls.  
 In hopeless conflict lost, his king appears;  
 Amid the thickest of the Moorish spears  
 Plunges bold Vian: in the glorious strife  
 He dies, and dying saves his sovereign's life.

Illustrious, lo, two brother-heroes shine,  
 Their birth, their deeds, adorn the royal line;  
 To every king of princely Europe known †,  
 In every court the gallant Pedro shone.  
 The glorious ‡ Henry — kindling at his name  
 Behold my sailors' eyes all sparkle flame !

° *That other earl*—He was the natural son of Don Pedro de Menezes. Alonzo V. one day having rode out from Ceuta with a few attendants was attacked by a numerous party of the Moors, when De Vian, and some others under him, at the expence of their own lives, purchased the safe retreat of their sovereign.

† —*two brother-heroes shine*—The sons of John I. Don Pedro was called the Ulysses of his age, on account both of his eloquence and his voyages. He visited al-

most every court of Europe, but he principally distinguished himself in Germany, where, under the standards of the emperor Sigismund, he signalised his valour in the war against the Turks. *Castera.*

‡ *The glorious Henry*—In pursuance of the reason assigned in the preface, the translator has here taken the liberty to make a transposition in the order of his author. In Camoens, Don Pedro de Menezes, and his son De Vian, conclude the description of the pictured ensigns. Don Henry, the greatest man

Henry the chief, who first, by heaven inspired,  
 To deeds unknown before, the sailer fired,  
 The conscious sailer left the fight of shore,  
 And dared new oceans never ploughed before.

man perhaps that ever Portugal produced, has certainly the best title to close this procession of the Lusian heroes. And as he was the father of navigation, particularly of the voyage of Gama, to sum up the narrative with his encomium, it may be hoped has even some critical propriety. It remains now to make a few observations on this seeming episode of Camoens. The shield of Achilles has had many imitators, some in one degree, others in another. The imitation of Ariosto, in the xxxiii canto of his Orlando Furioso, is most fancifully ingenious; and on this undoubtedly the Portuguese poet had his eye. Pharamond king of France, having resolved to conquer Italy, desires the friendship of Arthur king of Britain. Arthur sends Merlin the magician to assist him with advice. Merlin by his supernatural art raises a sumptuous hall, on the sides of which all the future wars, unfortunate to the French in their invasions of Italy, are painted in colours exceeding the pencils of the greatest masters. A description of these pictures, an episode much longer than this of Camoens, is given to the heroine Bramant, by the knight who kept the castle of Sir Trilbram, the place where the enchanted hall remained. But though the poetry be pleasing, the whole fiction, unless to amuse the warlike lady, has nothing to do with the action of the poem. Unity of design however, is neither claimed by Ariosto in the exordium of his work, nor attempted in the execution. An examination therefore of the conduct of Homer and Virgil will be more applicable to Camoens. To give a landscape of the face of the country which is the scene of action, or to describe the heroes and their armour, are the becoming ornaments of an epic poem. Milton's beautiful description of Eden, and the admirable painting of the shield of Achilles, are like the embroidery of a suit of cloaths, a part of the subject, and injure not the gracefulness of the make; or in other words, destroy not the unity of the action. Yet let it be

observed, that admirable as they are, the pictures on the shield of Achilles, considered by themselves, have no relation to the action of the Iliad. If six of the apartments may be said to rouse the hero to war, the other six may with equal justice be called an obvious admonition or a charge to turn husbandman. In that part of the Eneid where Virgil greatly improves upon his master, in the visions of his future race which Anchises gives to Eneas in Elysiun, the business of the poem is admirably sustained, and the hero is inspired to encounter every danger on the view of so great a reward. The description of the shield of Eneas however is less connected with the conduct of the fable. Virgil indeed intended that his poem should contain all the honours of his country, and has therefore charged the shield of his hero with what parts of the Roman history were omitted in the vision of Elysiun. But so foreign are these pictures to the war with Turnus, that the poet himself tells us Eneas was ignorant of the history which they contained.

*Talia, per clypeum Vulcani, dona parentis  
 Miratur: rerumque ignarus imagine gaudet.*

These observations, which the translator believes have escaped the critics, were suggested to him by the conduct of Camoens, whose design, like that of Virgil, was to write a poem which might contain all the triumphs of his country. As the shield of Eneas supplies what could not be introduced in the vision of Elysiun, so the ensigns of Gama complete the purpose of the third and fourth Lusads. The use of that long episode, the conversation with the king of Melinda, and its connection with the subject, have been already observed. The seeming episode of the pictures, while it fulfils the promise,

*And all my country's wars the song adorn—*  
 is also admirably connected with the conduct of the poem. The Indians naturally desire to be informed of the country, the history,  
 and

The various wealth of every distant land  
 He bade his fleets explore, his fleets command.  
 The ocean's great Discoverer he shines,  
 Nor less his honours in the martial lines:  
 The painted flag the cloud-wrapt siege displays,  
 There Ceuta's rocking wall its trust betrays.  
 Black yawns the breach; the point of many a spear  
 Gleams through the smoke; loud shouts astound the ear.  
 Whose step first trod the dreadful pass? whose sword  
 Hew'd its dark way, first with the foe begored?  
 'Twas thine, O glorious Henry, first to dare  
 The dreadful pass, and thine to close the war.

and power of their foreign visitors, and Paulus sets it before their eyes. In every progression of the scenery the business of the poem advances. The regent and his attendants are struck with the warlike grandeur and power of the strangers, and to accept of their friendship, or to prevent the forerunners of so martial a nation to carry home the tidings of the discovery of India, becomes the great object of their consideration. And from the passions of the Indians and Moors, thus agitated, the great catastrophe of the Lusiad is both naturally and artfully produced.

As every reader is not a critic in poetry, to some perhaps the expressions

And the tired ox lows on his weary way —  
 — loud shouts astound the ear—

And the abrupt speech of an enraged warrior, ascribed to a picture,

— Here no foreign throne  
 Shall fix its base, my native king alone  
 Shall reign —

may appear as unwarrantable. This however, let them be assured, is the language of the genuine spirit of poetry, when the productions of the sister muse are the object of description. Let one very bold instance of this appear in the picture of the dance of the

youths and maidens on the shield of Achilles, thus faithfully rendered by Mr. Pope;

Now all at once they rise, at once descend,  
 With well-taught feet: now shape, in oblique  
 ways,

Confus'dly regular, the moving maze:  
 Now forth at once, too swift for sight they spring,  
 And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring:  
 So whirls a wheel, in giddy circles tost,  
 And rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.  
 The gazing multitudes admire around:  
 Two active tumblers in the center bound;  
 Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they  
 bend:

And gen'ral songs the sprightly revel end.

IL. XVIII.

Sometimes when describing a picture, poetry will say, the figures seem to move, to tremble, or to sing. Homer has once or twice, on the shield of his hero, given this hint how to understand him. But often to repeat the qualification were quite opposite to the bold and free spirit of poetry, which delights in personification, and in giving life and passion to every thing it describes. It is owing to the superior force of this spirit, together with the more beautiful colouring of its landscape-views, that the shield of Achilles, in poetical merit, so greatly excels the buckler of Eneas, though the divine workman of the latter, had the former as a pattern before him.

Taught by his might, and humbled in her gore  
The boastful pride of Afric tower'd no more.

Numerous though these, more numerous warriors shine  
Th' illustrious glory of the Lusian line.  
But ah, forlorn, what shame to barbarous <sup>h</sup> pride !  
Friendless the master of the pencil died ;  
Immortal fame his deathless labours gave ;  
Poor man, He sunk neglected to the grave !

The gallant Paulus faithful thus explain'd  
The various deeds the pictured flags contain'd.  
Still o'er and o'er, and still again untired,  
The wondering Regent of the wars enquired ;  
Still wondering heard the various pleasing tale,  
Till o'er the decks cold sigh'd the evening gale :  
The falling darkness dimm'd the eastern shore,  
And twilight hover'd o'er the billows hoar  
Far to the west, when with his noble band  
The thoughtful Regent fought his native strand.

<sup>h</sup> *But ah, forlorn, what shame to barbarous pride*—In the original,

*Mas faltambes pínzel, faltambes cores,  
Honra, premio, favor, que as artes criço.*

“ But the pencil was wanting, colours were  
“ wanting, honour, reward, favour, the  
“ nourishers of the arts.” This seemed to  
the translator as an impropriety, and con-  
trary to the purpose of the whole speech of  
Paulus, which was to give the Catual a high  
idea of Portugal. In the fate of the ima-

ginary painter, the Lusian poet gives us the  
picture of his own, and resentment wrung  
this impropriety from him. The spirit of  
the complaint however is preserved in the  
translation. The couplet,

Immortal fame his deathless labours gave ;  
Poor man, He sunk neglected to the grave !

is not in the original. It is the sigh of in-  
dignation over the unworthy fate of the un-  
happy Camoens.

O'er the tall mountain-forest's waving boughs  
 Aflant the new moon's slender horns arose ;  
 Near her pale chariot shone a twinkling star,  
 And, save the murmuring of the wave afar,  
 Deep-brooding silence reign'd ; each labour closed,  
 In sleep's soft arms the sons of toil reposed.  
 And now no more the moon her glimpses shed,  
 A sudden black-wing'd cloud the sky o'erspread,  
 A fullen murmur through the woodland groan'd,  
 In woe-swoln sighs the hollow winds bemoan'd ;  
 Borne on the plaintive gale a pattering shower,  
 Increased the horrors of the evil hour.

Thus when the great Earthshaker rocks the ground,  
 He gives the prelude in a dreary sound ;  
 O'er Nature's face a horrid gloom he throws,  
 With dismal note the cock unusual crows,  
 A shrill-voiced howling trembles thro' the air  
 As passing ghosts were weeping in despair ;  
 In dismal yells the dogs confess their fear,  
 And shivering own some dreadful presence near.  
 So lower'd the night, the fullen howl the same,  
 And mid the black-wing'd gloom stern Bacchus came ;  
 The form and garb of Hagar's son he took,  
 The ghost-like aspect, and the threatening <sup>1</sup> look.

<sup>1</sup> *The ghost-like aspect and the threatening look.*—Mohammed, by all historians, is described as of a pale livid complexion, and *trux aspectus et vox terribilis*, of a fierce threatening aspect, voice, and demeanour.

Then o'er the pillow of a furious priest,  
Whose burning zeal the Koran's lore profess,  
Revealed he stood conspicuous in a dream,  
His semblance shining as the moon's pale gleam :  
And guard, he cries, my son, O timely guard,  
Timely defeat the dreadful snare prepar'd :  
And canst thou careless unaffected sleep,  
While these stern lawless rovers of the deep  
Fix on thy native shore a foreign throne,  
Before whose steps thy latest race shall groan !  
He spoke ; cold horror shook the Moorish priest ;  
He wakes, but soon reclines in wonted rest :  
An airy phantom of the slumbering brain  
He deem'd the vision ; when the Fiend again,  
With sterner mien and fiercer accent spoke ;  
Oh faithless ! worthy of the foreign yoke !  
And knowest thou not thy prophet sent by heaven,  
By whom the Koran's sacred lore was given,  
God's chiefest gift to men : And must I leave  
The bowers of Paradise, for you to grieve,  
For you to watch, while thoughtless of your woe  
Ye sleep, the careless victims of the foe ;  
The foe, whose rage will soon with cruel joy,  
If unopposed, my sacred shrines destroy.  
Then while kind heaven th' auspicious hour bestows,  
Let every nerve their infant strength oppose.

When



When softly ushered by the milky \* dawn  
 The sun first rises o'er the daisied lawn  
 His silver lustre, as the shining dew  
 Of radiance mild, unhurt the eye may view :  
 But when on high the noon-tide flaming rays  
 Give all the force of living fire to blaze,  
 A giddy darkness strikes the conquer'd sight,  
 That dares in all his glow the Lord of light.  
 Such, if on India's soil the tender shoot  
 Of these proud cedars fix the stubborn root,  
 Such shall your power before them sink decay'd,  
 And India's strength shall wither in their shade.

He spoke ; and instant from his vot'ry's bed  
 Together with repose, the dæmon fled ;

\* *When softly usher'd by the milky dawn  
 The sun first rises.*—“ I deceive myself  
 greatly, says Castera, if this simile is not the  
 most noble and the most natural that can be  
 found in any poem. It has been imitated  
 by the Spanish comedian, the illustrious Lo-  
 pez de Vega, in his comedy of Orpheus and  
 Eurydice, A& I. Scene I.

*Como mirar puede ser  
 El sol al amanecer,  
 I quando se enciende, no.”*

Castera adds a very loose translation of  
 these Spanish lines in French verse. The  
 literal English is, *As the sun may be beheld  
 at its rising, but when iustriously kindled,  
 cannot.* Naked however as this is, the  
 imitation of Camoens is evident. As Cas-  
 tera is so very bold in his encomium of this  
 fine simile of the sun, it is but justice to add  
 his translation of it, together with the origi-  
 nal Portuguese, and the translation of Fan-  
 shaw. Thus the French translator.

*Les yeux peuvent soutenir la clarté du soleil  
 naissant, mais lorsqu'il s'est avancé dans sa*

*carrière lumineuse, & que ses rayons répandent  
 les ardeurs du midi, on tacheroit en vain de  
 l'envisager; un prompt aveuglement seroit le  
 prix de cette audace.*

Thus elegantly in the original ;

Em quanto he fraca a força desta gente,  
 Ordena como em tudo se resista,  
 Porque quando o Sol sae, facilmente  
 Se pôde nelle por a aguda vista :  
 Porem depois que sobe claro, & ardente,  
 Se a agudeza dos olhos o conquista  
 Tao cega fica, quando ficareis,  
 Se raizes criar lhe nao tolheis.

And thus humbled by Fanshaw ;

Now whilst this people's strength is not yet  
 knit,

Think how ye may resist them by all ways.  
 For when the Sun is in his nonage yet,  
 Upon his morning beauty Men may gaze ;  
 But let him once up to his zenith git,  
 He strikes them blind with his meridian rays ;  
 So blind will ye be, if ye look not too't,  
 If ye permit these cedars to take root.

Again cold horror shook the zealot's frame,  
 And all his hatred of Messiah's name  
 Burn'd in his venom'd heart, while veil'd in night  
 Right to the palace sped the dæmon's flight.  
 Sleepless the king he found in dubious thought ;  
 His conscious fraud a thousand terrors brought :  
 All gloomy as the hour, around him stand  
 With haggard looks the hoary magi <sup>1</sup> band ;  
 To trace what fates on India's wide domain  
 Attend the rovers from unheard of Spain,  
 Prepared in dark futurity to prove  
 The hell-taught rituals of infernal Jove :  
 Muttering their charms and spells of dreary sound,  
 With naked feet they beat the hollow ground ;  
 Blue gleams the altar's flame along the walls,  
 With dismal hollow groans the victim falls ;  
 With earnest eyes the priestly band explore  
 The entrails throbbing in the living gore.  
 And lo, permitted by the power divine,  
 The hovering dæmon gives the dreadful <sup>m</sup> sign.

<sup>1</sup> ————— *Around him stand*  
*With haggard looks the hoary magi band*—Or  
 the Brahmins, the diviners of India. Am-  
 mianus Marcellinus, l. 23, says, that the  
 Persian Magi derived their knowledge from  
 the Brachmanes of India. And Arrianus,  
 l. 7, expressly gives the Brahmins the name  
 of Magi. The Magi of India, says he, told  
 Alexander on his pretensions to divinity, that  
 in every thing he was like other men, except  
 that he took less rest, and did more mischief.

The Brahmins are never among modern  
 writers called Magi.

<sup>m</sup> *The hovering dæmon gives the dreadful*  
*sign.*—This has an allusion to the truth of  
 history. Barros relates, that an Augur being  
 brought before the Zamorim, “ *Em hum*  
*vaso de agua lhe mostrara lunas naos, que*  
*vin ham de muy longe para a India, e que a*  
*gente d'ellas seria total destruiçam dos Mou-*  
*ros de aquellas partes.* In a vessel of water  
 he shewed him some ships which from a  
 great

Here furious War her gleamy faulchion draws,  
 Here lean ribb'd Famine writhes her falling jaws ;  
 Dire as the fiery pestilential star  
 Darting his eyes, high on his trophied car  
 Stern Tyranny sweeps wide o'er India's ground,  
 On vulture wings fierce Rapine hovers round ;  
 Ills after ills, and India's fetter'd might,  
 Th' eternal yoke——loud shrieking at the <sup>n</sup> fight  
 The starting wizards from the altar fly,  
 And silent horror glares in every eye :  
 Pale stands the Monarch, lost in cold dismay,  
 And now impatient waits the lingering day.

With gloomy aspect rose the lingering dawn,  
 And dropping tears flow'd slowly o'er the lawn ;  
 The Moorish Priest with fear and vengeance fraught,  
 Soon as the light appear'd his kindred fought ;

great distance came to India, the people of which would effect the utter subversion of the Moors." Camoens has certainly chosen a more poetical method of describing this divination, a method in the spirit of Virgil ; nor in this is he inferior to his great master. The supernatural flame which seizes on Lavinia, while assisting at the sacrifice, alone excepted, every other part of the augury of Latinus, and his dream in the Albunean forest, whither he went to consult his ancestor the god *Faunus*, in dignity and poetical colouring, cannot come in comparison with the divination of the Magi, and the appearance of the Dæmon in the dream of the Moorish priest.

<sup>n</sup> *Th' eternal yoke*—This picture, it may perhaps be said, is but a bad compliment to

the heroes of the *Lusiad*, and the fruits of their discovery. A little consideration however will vindicate Camoens. It is the Dæmon and the enemies of the Portuguese who procure this divination ; every thing in it is dreadful, on purpose to determine the Zamorim to destroy the fleet of Gama. In a former prophecy of the conquest of India, (when the *Catal* describes the sculpture of the royal palace) our poet has been careful to ascribe the happiest effects to the discovery of his heroes :

Beneath their sway majestic, wise, and mild,  
 Proud of her victors' laws thrice happier India smiled,

Would to God this may come to pass ! But  
 the prophecy of the Devil has hitherto, alas,  
 been the true one.

Appall'd

Appall'd and trembling with ungenerous fear,  
 In secret council met, his tale they hear ;  
 As check'd by terror or impell'd by hate  
 Of various means they ponder and debate,  
 Against the Lufian train what arts employ,  
 By force to slaughter, or by fraud destroy ;  
 Now black, now pale, their bearded cheeks appear,  
 As boiling rage prevail'd, or boding fear ;  
 Beneath their shady brows their eye-balls roll,  
 Nor one soft gleam bespeaks the generous soul ;  
 Through quivering lips they draw their panting breath,  
 While their dark fraud decrees the works of death ;  
 Nor unresolv'd the power of gold to try  
 Swift to the lordly CATUAL's gate they hie ——  
 Ah, what the wisdom, what the sleepless care  
 Efficient to avoid the traitor's snare !  
 What human power can give a king to know  
 The smiling aspect of the lurking foe !  
 So let the tyrant \* plead —— the patriot king  
 Knows men, knows whence the patriot virtues spring ;  
 From inward worth, from conscience firm and bold,  
 Not from the man whose honest name is sold,

\* *So let the tyrant plead* — In this short declamation, a seeming excrescence, the business of the poem in reality is carried on. The Zamorin, and his prime minister, the Catual, are artfully characterised in it ; and the assertion

*Lured was the Regent with the Moorish gold,*  
 is happily introduced by the manly declamatory reflections which immediately precede it.

He hopes that virtue, whose unalter'd weight  
 Stands fixt, unveering with the forms of state.

Lured was the Regent with the Moorish gold,  
 And now agreed their fraudulent course to hold,  
 Swift to the king the Regent's steps they tread ;  
 The king they found o'erwhelm'd in sacred dread.  
 The word they take, their ancient deeds relate,  
 Their ever faithful service of the <sup>p</sup> state ;  
 For ages long, from shore to distant shore  
 For thee our ready keels the traffic bore :

<sup>p</sup> *The Moors*— — — *their ancient deeds relate,*  
*Their ever faithful service of the state*—An explanation of the word *Moor* is here necessary. When the East afforded no more field for the sword of the conqueror, the Saracens, assisted by the Moors, who had embraced their religion, laid the finest countries in Europe in blood and desolation. As their various embarkations were from the empire of Morocco, the Europeans gave the name of *Moors* to all the professors of the Mohammedan religion. In the same manner the eastern nations blended all the armies of the Crusaders under one appellation, and the *Franks*, of whom the army of Godfrey was mostly composed, became their common name for all the inhabitants of the West. The appellation even reached China. When the Portuguese first arrived in that Empire, the Chinese softening the *r* into *l*, called both them and their cannon, by the name of *Falanks*, a name which is still retained at Canton, and other parts of the Chinese dominions. Before the arrival of Gama, as already observed, all the traffic of the East, from the Ethiopian side of Africa to China, was in the hands of Arabian Mohammedans, who, without incorporating with the pagan natives, had their colonies established in every country commodious for commerce. These

the Portuguese called Moors ; and at present the Mohammedans of India, are called the Moors of Hindostan by the latest of our English writers. The intelligence these Moors gave to one another, relative to the actions of Gama, the general terror with which they beheld the appearance of Europeans, whose rivalry they dreaded as the destruction of their power ; the various frauds and arts they employed to prevent the return of one man of Gama's fleet to Europe, and their threat to withdraw from the dominions of the Zamorim, are all according to the truth of history. The speeches of the Zamorim and of Gama, which follow, are also founded in truth. They are only poetical paraphrases of the speeches ascribed by Oforius, to the Indian sovereign and the Portuguese admiral. Where the subject was so happily adapted to the epic Muse, to neglect it would have been reprehensible : and Camoens, not unjustly, thought, that the reality of his hero's adventures gave a dignity to his poem. When Gama, in his discourse with the king of Melinda, finishes the description of his voyage, he makes a spirited apostrophe to Homer and Virgil ; and asserts, that the adventures which he had actually experienced, greatly exceeded all the wonders of their fables. Camoens also, in other parts of the poem, avails himself of the same assertion.

For

For thee we dared each horror of the wave ;  
Whate'er thy treasures boast our labours gave.  
And wilt thou now confer our long-earn'd due,  
Confer thy favour on a lawless crew ?  
The race they boast, as tygers of the wold  
Bear their proud sway by justice uncontroull'd.  
Yet for their crimes, expell'd that bloody home,  
These, o'er the deep, rapacious plunderers roam.  
Their deeds we know ; round Afric's shores they came  
And spread, where'er they past, devouring flame ;  
Mozambic's towers, enroll'd in sheets of fire,  
Blazed to the sky, her own funereal pyre.  
Imperial Calicut shall feel the fame,  
And these proud state-rooms feed the funeral flame ;  
While many a league far round, their joyful eyes  
Shall mark old ocean reddening to the skies.  
Such dreadful fates, o'er thee, O king, depend,  
Yet with thy fall our fate shall never blend :  
Ere o'er the east arise the second dawn  
Our fleets, our nation from thy land withdrawn,  
In other climes, beneath a kinder reign  
Shall fix their port : yet may the threat be vain !  
If wiser thou with us thy powers employ  
Soon shall our powers the robber-crew destroy,  
By their own arts and secret deeds o'ercome  
Here shall they meet the fate escap'd at home.

While

While thus the Priest detain'd the Monarch's ear,  
 His cheeks confess the quivering pulse of fear.  
 Unconscious of the worth that fires the brave,  
 In state a monarch, but in heart a slave,  
 He view'd brave VASCO and his generous train,  
 As his own passions stamp'd the conscious stain :  
 Nor less his rage the fraudulent Regent fired ;  
 And valiant GAMA's fate was now conspired.

Ambassadors from India GAMA sought,  
 And oaths of peace, for oaths of friendship brought ;  
 The glorious tale, 'twas all he wish'd, to tell ;  
 So Ilion's fate was seal'd when Hector fell.

Again convoked before the Indian throne,  
 The Monarch meets him with a rageful frown ;  
 And own, he cries, the naked truth reveal,  
 Then shall my bounteous grace thy pardon seal.  
 Feign'd is the treaty thou pretend'ft to bring,  
 No country owns thee, and thou own'ft no king.  
 Thy life, long roving o'er the deep, I know,  
 A lawless robber, every man thy foe.  
 And think'ft thou credit to thy tale to gain ?  
 Mad were the sovereign, and the hope were vain,  
 Through ways unknown, from utmost western shore,  
 To bid his fleets the utmost east explore.

Great is thy monarch, fo thy words declare ;  
 But fumptuous gifts the proof of greatness bear :  
 Kings thus to kings their empire's grandeur fhew ;  
 Thus prove thy truth, thus we thy truth allow.  
 If not, what credence will the wife afford ?  
 What monarch trust the wandering feaman's word ?  
 No fumptuous gift Thou <sup>a</sup> bring'ft — Yet, though fome crime  
 Has thrown thee banish'd from thy native clime,  
 (Such oft of old the hero's fate has been)  
 Here end thy toils, nor tempt new fates unfeen :  
 Each land the brave man nobly calls his home :  
 Or if, bold pyrates, o'er the deep you roam,  
 Skill'd the dread storm to brave, O welcome here !  
 Fearlefs of death or fhame confefs sincere :  
 My Name fhall then thy dread protection be,  
 My captain Thou, unrivall'd on the fea.

Oh now, ye Mufes, fing what goddefs fired  
 GAMA's proud bofom, and his lips inspired.

<sup>a</sup> *No fumptuous gift Thou bring'ft*—“ As the Portuguefe did not expect to find any people but favages beyond the Cape of Good Hope, they only brought with them fome preserves and confections, with trinkets of coral, of glafs, and other trifles. This opinion however deceived them. In Melinda and in Calicut they found civilized nations, where the arts flourifhed ; who wanted nothing ; who were poffeffed of all the refinements and delicacies on which we

value ourfelves. The king of Melinda had the generofity to be contented with the prefent which Gama made ; but the Zamorim, with a difdainful eye, beheld the gifts which were offered to him. The prefent was thus : Four mantles of fcarlet, fix hats adorned with feathers, four chaplets of coral beads, twelve Turky carpets, feven drinking cups of brafs, a cheft of fugar, two barrels of oil, and two of honey.” *Cafteva*.



Fair ACIDALIA, Love's celestial ' queen,  
 The goddess of the fearless, graceful mien,  
 Her graceful freedom on his look bestow'd,  
 And all collected in his bosom glow'd.  
 Sovereign, he cries, oft witness'd, well I know  
 The rageful fallhood of the Moorish foe,  
 Their fraudulent tales, from hatred bred, believed,  
 Thine ear is poison'd, and thine eye deceived.  
 What light, what shade the courtier's mirror gives,  
 That light, that shade the guarded king receives.  
 Me hast thou view'd in colours not mine own,  
 Yet bold I promise shall my truth be known.  
 If o'er the seas a lawless pest I roam,  
 A blood-stain'd exile from my native home,  
 How many a fertile shore and beauteous isle,  
 Where Nature's gifts unclaim'd, unbounded smile,  
 Mad have I left, to dare the burning zone,  
 And all the horrors of the gulphs unknown  
 That roar beneath the axle of the world,  
 Where ne'er before was daring sail unfurl'd !  
 And have I left these beauteous shores behind,  
 And have I dared the rage of every wind,  
 That now breathed fire, and now came wing'd with frost,  
 Lured by the plunder of an unknown coast ?

\* Fair Acidalia, Love's celestial queen—  
 Caspera derives Acidalia from ἀκιδής, which,  
 he says, implies to act without fear or re-

straint. Acidalia, is one of the Names of  
 Venus, in Virgil; derived from Acidalus,  
 a fountain sacred to her in Bœotia.

Not thus the robber leaves his certain prey  
 For the gay promise of a nameless day.  
 Dread and stupendous, more than death-doom'd man  
 Might hope to compass, more than wisdom plan,  
 To thee my toils, to thee my dangers rise :  
 Ah ! Lisbon's kings behold with other eyes.  
 Where virtue calls, where glory leads the way  
 No dangers move them, and no toils dismay.  
 Long have the kings of Lufus' daring race  
 Resolved the limits of the deep to trace,  
 Beneath the morn to' ride the farthest waves,  
 And pierce the farthest shore old Ocean laves.  
 Sprung from the ' Prince, before whose matchless power  
 The strength of Afric wither'd as a flower  
 Never to bloom again, great Henry shone,  
 Each gift of nature and of art his own ;  
 Bold as his fire, by toils on toils untired,  
 To find the Indian shore his pride aspired.  
 Beneath the stars that round the Hydra shine,  
 And where fam'd Argo hangs the heavenly sign,  
 Where thirst and fever burn on every gale  
 The dauntless Henry rear'd the Lusian fail.  
 Embolden'd by the meed that crown'd his toils,  
 Beyond the wide-spread shores and numerous isles,

• *Sprung from the Prince*—John I.

Where

Where both the tropics pour the burning day,  
 Succeeding heroes forced th' exploring way ;  
 That race which never view'd the Pleiad's car,  
 That barbarous race beneath the southern star,  
 Their eyes beheld—Dread roar'd the blast—the wave  
 Boils to the sky, the meeting whirlwinds rave  
 O'er the torn heavens ; loud on their awe-struck ear  
 Great Nature seem'd to call, Approach not here——  
 At Lisbon's court they told their dread escape,  
 And from her raging tempests, named the ' Cape.  
 " Thou southmost point," the joyful king exclaimed,  
 " Cape of Good Hope, be thou for ever named !  
 " Onward my fleets shall dare the dreadful way,  
 " And find the regions of the infant day."  
 In vain the dark and ever-howling blast  
 Proclaimed, This ocean never shall be past ;  
 Through that dread ocean, and the tempests' roar,  
 My king commanded, and my course I bore.  
 The pillar thus of deathless ° fame, begun  
 By other chiefs, beneath the rising sun

<sup>1</sup> *And from her raging tempests named the Cape.*—Bartholomew Diaz, was the first who discovered the southmost point of Africa. He was driven back by the storms, which on these seas were thought always to continue, and which the learned of former ages, says Oforius, thought impassable. Diaz, when he related his voyage to John II. called the southmost point the Cape of Tempests. The expectation of the king, however, was kind-

led by the account, and with inexpressible joy, says the same author, he immediately named it the Cape of Good Hope.

<sup>2</sup> *The pillar thus of deathless fame, begun By other chiefs, &c.*——

Till I now ending what those did begin,  
 The furthest pillar in thy realm advance ;  
 Breaking the element of molten tin,  
 Through horrid storms I lead to thee the dance.

FANSHAW.

In thy great realm now to the skies I raise,  
 The deathless pillar of my nation's praise.  
 Through these wild seas no costly gift I brought;  
 Thy shore alone and friendly peace I fought.  
 And yet to thee the noblest gift I bring  
 The world can boast, the friendship of my King.  
 And mark the word, his greatness shall appear  
 When next my course to India's strand I steer,  
 Such proofs I'll bring as never man before  
 In deeds of strife or peaceful friendship bore.  
 Weigh now my words, my truth demands the light,  
 For truth shall ever boast, at last, resistless might.

Boldly the Hero spake with brow severe,  
 Of fraud alike unconscious as of fear :  
 His noble confidence with truth imprest  
 Sunk deep, unwelcome, in the Monarch's breast,  
 Nor wanting charms his avarice to gain  
 Appear'd the commerce of illustrious Spain.  
 Yet as the sick man loaths the bitter draught,  
 Though rich with health he knows the cup comes fraught ;  
 His health without it, self-deceiv'd, he weighs,  
 Now hastes to quaff the drug, and now delays ;  
 Reluctant thus as wavering passion veer'd,  
 The Indian Lord the dauntless GAMA heard :

The

The Moorish threats yet founding in his ear,  
 He acts with caution, and is led by fear.  
 With solemn pomp he bids his lords prepare  
 The friendly banquet, to the Regent's care  
 Commends brave GAMA, and with pomp retires :  
 The Regent's hearths awake the social fires ;  
 Wide o'er the board the royal feast is spread,  
 And fair embroidered shines DE GAMA's bed.  
 The Regent's palace high o'erlook'd the bay  
 Where GAMA's black-ribb'd fleet at anchor \* lay.

Ah, why the voice of ire and bitter woe  
 O'er Tago's banks, ye nymphs of Tagus, flew ;  
 The flowery garlands from your ringlets torn,  
 Why wandering wild with trembling steps forlorn !  
 The Dæmon's rage you saw, and markt his flight  
 To the dark mansions of eternal night :  
 You saw how howling through the shades beneath  
 He waked new horrors in the realms of death.  
 What trembling tempests shook the thrones of hell,  
 And groan'd along her caves, ye Muses, tell.  
 The rage of baffled fraud, and all the fire  
 Of powerless hate, with tenfold flames conspire ;

\* *The Regent's palace high o'erlook'd the bay,  
 Where Gama's black-ribb'd fleet at anchor lay.*

—The resemblance of this couplet to many passages in Homer, must be obvious to the intelligent critic.

From every eye the tawney lightnings glare,  
And hell, illumined by the ghastly flare,  
A drear blue gleam, in tenfold horror shews  
Her darkling caverns ; from his dungeon rose  
Stern Mahomet, pale was his earthy hue,  
And from his eye-balls flash'd the lightnings blue ;  
Convulged with rage the dreadful Shade demands  
The last assistance of th' infernal bands.  
As when the whirlwinds, sudden bursting, bear  
Th' autumnal leaves high floating through the air ;  
So rose the legions of th' infernal state,  
Dark Fraud, base Art, fierce Rage, and burning Hate :  
Wing'd by the Furies to the Indian strand  
They bend ; the Dæmon leads the dreadful band,  
And in the bosoms of the raging Moors  
All their collected living strength he pours.  
One breast alone against his rage was steel'd,  
Secure in spotless Truth's celestial shield.

One evening past, another evening clos'd,  
The Regent still brave GAMA's suit oppos'd ;  
The Lusian Chief his guarded guest detain'd,  
With arts on arts, and vows of friendship feign'd.  
His fraudulent art, though veil'd in deep disguise,  
Shone bright to GAMA's manner-piercing eyes.

As in the sun's bright <sup>1</sup> beam the gamesome boy  
 Plays with the shining steel or chrystal toy,  
 Swift and irregular, by sudden starts,  
 The living ray with viewless motion darts,  
 Swift o'er the wall, the floor, the roof, by turns  
 The sun-beam dances, and the radiance burns.  
 In quick succession thus a thousand views  
 The sapient Lusian's lively thought pursues;  
 Quick as the lightning every view revolves,  
 And, weighing all, fixt are his dread resolves.  
 O'er India's shore the fable night descends,  
 And GAMA, now, secluded from his friends,

<sup>1</sup> *As in the sun's bright beam*—Imitated from Virgil, who, by the same simile, describes the fluctuation of the thoughts of Eneas, on the eve of the Latian war:

—Laomedontius heros  
 Cuncta videns, magno curarum fluctuat æstu,  
 Atque animum nunc celerem, nunc dividit  
 illuc,

In partefque rapit varias, perque omnia versat.  
 Sicut aquæ tremulum labris ubi lumen ahenis  
 Sole repercussum, aut radiantis imagine Lunæ,  
 Omnia pervolat late loca: jamque sub auras  
 Erigitur, summiq; ferit laquearia tecti.

This way and that he turns his anxious mind,  
 Thinks, and rejects the counsels he design'd;  
 Explores himself in vain, in every part,  
 And gives no rest to his distracted heart:  
 So when the sun by day or moon by night  
 Strike on the polish'd brass their trembling light,  
 The glittering species here and there divide,  
 And cast their dubious beams from side to side;  
 Now on the walls, now on the pavement play,  
 And to the cieling flash the glaring day.

Ariosto has also adopted this simile in the eighth book of his Orlando Furioso:

Qual d'acqua chiara il tremolante lume  
 Dal Sol percossa, o da' notturni rat,  
 Per gli ampli tetti vâ con lungo salto  
 A destra, ed a sinistra, e basso, ed alto.

So from a water clear, the trembling light  
 Of Phœbus, or the silver ray of night,  
 Along the spacious rooms with splendor plays,  
 Now high, now low, and shifts a thousand ways.  
 HOOLE.

But the happiest circumstance belongs to Camoens. The velocity and various shiftings of the sun-beam, reflected from a piece of chrystal or polished steel in the hand of a boy, give a much stronger idea of the violent agitation and sudden shiftings of thought, than the image of the trembling light of the sun or moon reflected from a vessel of water. The brazen vessel however, and not the water, is only mentioned by Dryden. Nor must another inaccuracy pass unobserved. That the reflection of the moon *flashed the glaring day* is not countenanced by the original. The critic however, who, from the mention of these, will infer any disrespect to the name of Dryden, is, as critics often are, ignorant of the writer's meaning. A very different inference is intended: If so great a master as Dryden has erred, let the critic remember, that other translators are liable to fail, and that a few inaccuracies ought, by no means, to be produced as the specimens of any composition.

Detain'd a captive in the room of state,  
 Anticipates in thought to-morrow's fate;  
 For just Mozaide no generous care delays,  
 And Vasco's trust with friendly toils repays.

We have already seen the warm encomium paid by Tasso to his cotemporary, Camoens. That great poet, the ornament of Italy, has also testified his approbation by several imitations of the *Lusiad*. Virgil, in no instance, has more closely copied Homer, than Tasso has imitated the appearance of Bacchus, or the evil Dæmon, in the dream of the Moorish priest. The enchanter Iſimeno thus appears to the sleeping Solyman:

Soliman' Solimano, i tuoi filenti  
 Riposi à miglior tempo homai riserva:  
 Che sotto il giogo de straniere genti  
 La patria, ove regnasti, ancor e serva.

In questa terra dormi, e non rammenti,  
 Ch' insepolti de' tuoi l'ossa conserva?  
 Ove si gran' vestigio e del tuo scorno,  
 Tu neghittoso aspetti il novo giorno?

Thus elegantly translated by Mr. Hoole,

Oh! Solyman, regardless Chief, awake!  
 In happier hours thy grateful slumber take:  
 Beneath a foreign yoke thy subjects bend,  
 And strangers o'er thy land their rule extend:  
 Here dost thou sleep? here close thy careless eyes,  
 While uninterr'd each lov'd associate lies?  
 Here where thy fame has felt the hostile scorn,  
 Canst thou, unthinking, wait the rising morn?

END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.



---

T H E  
L U S I A D.

---

B O O K IX.

**R**E D rose the dawn ; roll'd o'er the low'ring sky,  
The scattering clouds of tawny purple fly.  
While yet the day-spring struggled with the gloom,  
The Indian Monarch fought the Regent's dome.  
In all the luxury of Asian state  
High on a star-gemm'd couch the Monarch fate ;  
'Then on th' illustrious Captive, bending down  
His eyes, stern darken'd with a threatening frown,  
Thy truthless tale, he cries, thy art appears,  
Confest inglorious by thy cautious fears.  
Yet still if friendship, honest, thou implore,  
Yet now command thy vessels to the shore :

Generous as to thy friends thy fails resign,  
 My will commands it, and the power is mine :  
 In vain thy art, in vain thy might withstands,  
 Thy fails, and rudders too, my will <sup>a</sup> demands :  
 Such be the test, thy boasted truth to try,  
 Each other test despis'd, I first deny.  
 And has my Regent sued two days in vain !  
 In vain my mandate, and the captive chain !  
 Yet not in vain, proud Chief, Ourself shall sue  
 From thee the honour to my friendship due :  
 Ere force compel thee, let the grace be thine,  
 Our grace permits it, freely to resign,  
 Freely to trust our friendship, ere too late  
 Our injured honour fix thy dreadful fate.

While thus he spake his changeful look declared,  
 In his proud breast what starting passions warr'd.  
 No feature mov'd on GAMA's face was seen,  
 Stern he replies, with bold yet anxious mien,  
 In me my Sovereign represented see,  
 His state is wounded, and he speaks in me ;  
 Unawed by threats, by dangers uncontroul'd,  
 The laws of nations bid my tongue be bold.  
 No more thy justice holds the righteous scale,  
 The arts of falshood and the Moors prevail ;

<sup>a</sup> *Thy fails, and rudders too, my will demands*—According to History. See the life of Gama in the Preface.

I see the doom my favour'd foes decree,  
 Yet, though in chains I stand, my fleet is free.  
 The bitter taunts of scorn the brave disdain ;  
 Few be my words, your arts, your threats are vain.  
 My Sovereign's fleet I yield not to your <sup>b</sup> sway ;  
 Safe shall my fleet to Lisboa's strand convey  
 The glorious tale of all the toils I bore,  
 Afric surrounded, and the Indian shore  
 Discovered——These I pledged my life to gain,  
 These to my country shall my life maintain.  
 One wish alone my earnest heart desires,  
 The sole impassion'd hope my breast respire ;  
 My finish'd labours may my Sovereign hear !  
 Besides that wish, nor hope I know, nor fear.  
 And lo, the victim of your rage I <sup>c</sup> stand,  
 And bare my bosom to the murderer's hand.

With lofty mien he spake. In stern disdain,  
 My threats, the Monarch cries, were never vain :  
 Swift give the sign——Swift as he spake, appear'd  
 The dancing streamer o'er the palace rear'd ;  
 Instant another ensign distant rose,  
 Where, jutting through the flood, the mountain throws

<sup>b</sup> *My Sovereign's fleet I yield not to your sway*——The circumstance of Gama's refusing to put his fleet into the power of the Zamorim, is thus rendered by Fanshaw ;

The Malabar protests that he shall rot  
 In prison, if he send not for the *ships*.  
*He* (*constant*, and with noble *anger* hot)  
 His haughty *menace* weighs not at *two chips*.

A ridge enormous, and on either side  
Defends the harbours from the furious tide.  
Proud on his couch th' indignant Monarch fate,  
And awful silence fill'd the room of state.  
With secret joy the Moors, exulting, glow'd,  
And bent their eyes where GAMA's navy rode,  
Then, proudly heaved with panting hope, explore  
The wood-crown'd upland of the bending shore.  
Soon o'er the palms a mast's tall pendant flows,  
Bright to the sun the purple radiance glows ;  
In martial pomp, far streaming to the skies,  
Vanes after vanes in swift succession rise,  
And through the opening forest-boughs of green  
The sails' white lustre moving on is seen ;  
When sudden rushing by the point of land  
The bowsprits nod, and wide the sails expand ;  
Full pouring on the fight, in warlike pride,  
Extending still the rising squadrons ride :  
O'er every deck, beneath the morning rays,  
Like melted gold the brazen spear-points blaze ;  
Each prore surrounded with an hundred oars,  
Old Ocean boils around the crowded prores :  
And five times now in number GAMA's might,  
Proudly their boastful shouts provoke the fight ;  
Far round the shore the echoing peal rebounds,  
Behind the hull an answering shout resounds :

Still

Still by the point new-spreading fails appear,  
Till seven times GAMA's fleet concludes the rear.  
Again the shout triumphant shakes the bay;  
Form'd as a crescent, wedg'd in firm array,  
Their fleet's wide horns the Lusian ships inclasp,  
Prepared to crush them in their iron grasp.  
Shouts eccho shouts — with stern disdainful eyes  
The Indian King to manly GAMA cries,  
Not one of thine on Lisboa's shore shall tell  
The glorious tale, how bold thy heroes fell.  
With alter'd visage, for his eyes flash'd fire,  
God sent me here, and God's avengeful ire  
Shall smite thy perfidy, great VASCO cried,  
And humble in the dust thy withered pride.  
A prophet's glow inspired his panting breast,  
Indignant smiles the Monarch's scorn confess.  
Again deep silence fills the room of state,  
And the proud Moors, secure, exulting wait:  
And now inclasp<sup>ing</sup> GAMA's in a ring,  
Their fleet nods on — loud whizzing from the string:  
The black-wing'd arrows float along the sky,  
And rising clouds the falling clouds supply.  
The lofty crowding spears that bristling stood  
Wide o'er the galleys as an upright wood,  
Bend sudden, levell'd for the closing fight,  
The points wide-waving shed a gleamy light.

Elate with joy the king his aspect rears,  
And valiant GAMA, thrill'd with transport, hears  
His drums' bold rattling raise the battle sound ;  
Eccho deep-toned hoarse vibrates far around ;  
The shivering trumpets rear the shrill-voiced air,  
Quivering the gale, the flashing lightnings flare,  
The smoke rolls wide, and sudden bursts the roar,  
The lifted waves fall trembling, deep the shore  
Groans ; quick and quicker blaze embraces blaze  
In flashing arms ; louder the thunders raise  
Their roaring, rolling o'er the bended skies  
The burst incessant ; awe-struck Eccho dies  
Faultering and deafen'd ; from the brazen throats,  
Cloud after cloud, inroll'd in darkness, floats,  
Curling their sulphurous folds of fiery blue,  
Till their huge volumes take the fleecy hue,  
And rowl wide o'er the sky ; wide as the fight  
Can measure heaven, flow rowls the cloudy white :  
Beneath, the smoky blackness spreads afar  
Its hovering wings, and veils the dreadful war  
Deep in its horrid breast ; the fierce red glare  
Chequering the rifted darkness, fires the air,  
Each moment lost and kindled, while around,  
The mingling thunders swell the lengthen'd sound.  
When piercing sudden through the dreadful roar  
The yelling shrieks of thousands strike the shore :

Prefaging

Prefaging horror through the Monarch's breast  
 Crept cold, and gloomy o'er the distant east,  
 Through Gata's hills the whirling tempest <sup>d</sup> sigh'd,  
 And westward sweeping to the blacken'd tide,  
 Howl'd o'er the trembling palace as it past,  
 And o'er the gilded walls a gloomy twilight cast ;  
 Then, furious rushing to the darken'd <sup>e</sup> bay,  
 Resistless swept the black-wing'd night away,  
 With all the clouds that hover'd o'er the fight,  
 And o'er the weary combat pour'd the light.

As by an Alpine mountain's pathless side  
 Some traveller strays, unfriended of a guide ;  
 If o'er the hills the fable night descend,  
 And gathering tempest with the darkness blend,  
 Deep from the cavern'd rocks beneath, aghast  
 He hears the howling of the whirlwind's blast ;  
 Above, resounds the crash, and down the steep  
 Some rolling weight groans on with foundering sweep ;  
 Aghast he stands amid the shades of night,  
 And all his soul implores the friendly light :

<sup>d</sup> *Through Gata's hills*—The hills of Gata or Gate, mountains which form a natural barrier on the eastern side of the kingdom of Malabar.

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

LUSIAD, VII.

<sup>e</sup> *Then furious rushing to the darken'd bay*  
 —For the circumstances of the battle,  
 and the tempest which then happened, see  
 the life of Gama.

Dire shines the ray, the lightning's quivering blaze  
The yawning depth beneath his step betrays,  
But one half footstep faithful to the tread ;  
Torn from the rock, the fragment o'er his head  
Nods crashing ——loft in horror at the sight,  
His knees no more support their sickly weight,  
Powerless he sinks, no more his heart-blood flows ;  
So sunk the Monarch, and his heart-blood froze ;  
So sunk he down, when o'er the clouded bay  
The rushing whirlwind pour'd the sudden day :  
Disaster's giant arm in one wide sweep  
Appear'd, and ruin blacken'd o'er the deep ;  
The sheeted masts drove floating o'er the tide,  
And the torn hulks rowl'd tumbling on the side ;  
Some shatter'd plank each heaving billow tost,  
And by the hand of heaven dash'd on the coast  
Groan'd proes ingulph'd, the lashing surges rave  
O'er the black keels upturn'd, the swelling wave  
Kisses the lofty mast's reclining head ;  
And far at sea some few torn galleys fled.  
Amid the dreadful scene triumphant rode  
The Lusian war-ships, and their aid bestow'd :  
Their speedy boats far round assisting ply'd,  
Where plunging, struggling, in the rolling tide,  
Grasping the shatter'd wrecks, the vanquish'd foes  
Rear'd o'er the dashing waves their haggard brows.



No word of scorn the lofty GAMA spoke,  
 Nor India's King the dreadful silence broke.  
 Slow past the hour, when to the trembling shore  
 In awful pomp the victor-navy bore :  
 Terrific, nodding on, the bowsprits bend,  
 And the red streamers other war portend :  
 Soon bursts the roar ; the bombs tremendous rise,  
 And trail their blackening rainbows o'er the skies ;  
 O'er Calicut's proud domes their rage they pour,  
 And wrap her temples in a fulphrous shower.  
 'Tis o'er——In threatening silence rides the fleet :  
 Wild rage and horror yell in every street ;  
 Ten thousands pouring round the palace<sup>r</sup> gate,  
 In clamorous uproar wail their wretched fate :  
 While round the dome with lifted hands they kneel'd,  
 Give justice, justice to the strangers yield ——  
 Our friends, our husbands, sons, and fathers slain !  
 Happier, alas, than these that yet remain ——  
 Curst be the counsels, and the arts unjust ——  
 Our friends in chains——our city in the dust ——  
 Yet, yet prevent——

—— The silent VASCO saw  
 The weight of horror and o'erpowering awe

<sup>r</sup> Ten thousands pouring round the palace gate,  
 In clamorous uproar——See the history in the life of Gama.

That shook the Moors, that shook the Regent's knees,  
 And sunk the Monarch down——By swift degrees  
 The popular clamour rises. Lost, unmann'd,  
 Around the King the trembling Council stand ;  
 While wildly glaring on each other's eyes  
 Each lip in vain the trembling accent tries ;  
 With anguish sicken'd, and of strength bereft,  
 Earnest each look enquires, What hope is left !  
 In all the rage of shame and grief aghast,  
 The Monarch, faltering, takes the word at last :  
 By whom, great Chief, are these proud war-ships sway'd,  
 Are there thy mandates honour'd and obey'd ?  
 Forgive, great Chief, let gifts of price restrain  
 Thy just revenge—Shall India's gifts be vain!——  
 Oh spare my people and their doom'd abodes——  
 Prayers, vows, and gifts appease the injured gods :  
 Shall man deny——Swift are the brave to spare :  
 The weak, the innocent confess their care ——  
 Helpless as innocent of guile to thee,  
 Behold these thousands bend the suppliant knee ——  
 Thy navy's thundering sides black to the land  
 Display their terrors—yet mayst thou command ——

O'erpower'd he paused. Majestic and serene  
 Great VASCO rose, then pointing to the scene

Where

Where bled the war, Thy fleet, proud King, behold  
 O'er ocean and the strand in carnage roll'd !  
 So shall this palace smoking in the dust,  
 And yon proud city weep thy arts unjust.  
 The Moors I knew, and for their fraud prepared,  
 I left my fixt command my navy's <sup>e</sup> guard :  
 Whate'er from shore my name or seal convey'd  
 Of other weight, that fixt command forbade ;  
 Thus, ere its birth destroy'd, prevented fell  
 What fraud might dictate, or what force compel.  
 This morn the sacrifice of Fraud I stood,  
 But hark, there lives the brother of my blood,  
 And lives the friend, whose cares conjoin'd controul  
 These floating towers, both brothers of my soul.  
 If thrice, I said, arise the golden morn,  
 Ere to my fleet you mark my glad return,  
 Dark Fraud with all her Moorish arts withstands,  
 And force or death withholds me from my bands :  
 Thus judge, and swift unfurl the homeward fail,  
 Catch the first breathing of the eastern gale,  
 Unmindful of my fate on India's <sup>b</sup> shore :  
 Let but my Monarch know, I wish no more —  
 Each, panting while I spoke, impatient cries,  
 The tear-drop bursting in their manly eyes.

<sup>e</sup> *I left my fixt command my navy's guard :*  
 — See the life of Gama.

<sup>b</sup> *Unmindful of my fate on India's shore—*

This most magnanimous resolution, to sacrifice his own safety or his life for the safe return of the fleet, is strictly true. See the life of Gama.

In all but one thy mandates we obey,  
 In one we yield not to thy generous sway :  
 Without thee never shall our fails return ;  
 India shall bleed, and Calicut shall burn——  
 Thrice shall the morn arise ; a flight of bombs  
 Shall then speak vengeance to their guilty domes :  
 Till noon we pause ; then shall our thunders roar,  
 And desolation sweep the treacherous shore ——  
 Behold, proud King, their signal in the sky,  
 Near his meridian tower the Sun rides high.  
 O'er Calicut no more the evening shade  
 Shall spread her peaceful wings, my wrath unstay'd ;  
 Dire through the night her smoking dust shall gleam,  
 Dire thro' the night shall shriek the female scream.

Thy worth, great Chief, the pale-lipt Regent cries,  
 Thy worth we own ; Oh, may these woes suffice !  
 To thee each proof of India's wealth we send ;  
 Ambassadors, of noblest race, attend——  
 Slow as he falter'd, GAMA catch'd the word,  
 On terms I talk not, and no truce afford :  
 Captives enough shall reach the Lusian shore :  
 Once you deceived me, and I treat no more.  
 Even now my faithful sailors, pale with rage,  
 Gnaw their blue lips, impatient to engage ;

Ranged

Ranged by their brazen tubes, the thundering band  
 Watch the first movement of my brother's hand ;  
 E'en now, impatient, o'er the dreadful tire  
 They wave their eager canes betipt with fire ;  
 Methinks my brother's anguish'd look I see,  
 The panting nostril and the trembling knee,  
 While keen he eyes the Sun : On hasty strides,  
 Hurried along the deck, Coello chides  
 His cold flow lingering, and impatient cries,  
 Oh, give the sign, illumine the sacrifice,  
 A brother's vengeance for a brother's blood —

He spake ; and stern the dreadful warrior stood ;  
 So seem'd the terrors of his awful nod,  
 The Monarch trembled as before a God ;  
 The treacherous Moors sunk down in faint dismay,  
 And speechless at his feet the Council lay :  
 Abrupt, with outstretch'd arms, the Monarch <sup>h</sup> cries,  
 What yet — but dared not meet the Hero's eyes,  
 What yet may save !—Great Vasco stern rejoins,  
 Swift, undisputing, give th' appointed signs :  
 High o'er thy loftiest tower my flag display,  
 Me and my train swift to my fleet convey :

<sup>h</sup> *Abrupt—the Monarch cries—What yet may save*—Gama's declaration, that no message from him to the fleet could alter the orders he had already left, and his rejection of any farther treaty, have a neces-

sary effect in the conduct of the poem. They hasten the catastrophe, and give a verisimilitude to the abrupt and full submission of the Zamorim.

Infant command—behold the Sun rides high——  
 He spake, and rapture glow'd in every eye ;  
 The Lufian standard o'er the palace flow'd,  
 Swift o'er the bay the royal barges row'd.  
 A dreary gloom a sudden whirlwind threw,  
 Amid the howling blast, enraged, withdrew  
 The vanquish'd Dæmon—Soon in lustre mild,  
 As April smiles, the Sun auspicious smiled :  
 Elate with joy, the shouting thousands trod,  
 And GAMA to his fleet triumphant rode.

Soft came the eastern gale on balmy wings :  
 Each joyful failor to his labour springs ;  
 Some o'er the bars their breasts robust recline,  
 And with firm tugs the <sup>i</sup> rollers from the brine,  
 Reluctant dragg'd, the slime-brown'd anchors raise ;  
 Each gliding rope some nimble hand obeys ;  
 Some bending o'er the yard-arm's length on high  
 With nimble hands the canvas wings untye,  
 The flapping fails their widening folds distend,  
 And measured echoing shouts their sweaty toils attend.

<sup>h</sup> —— *the rollers*——The capstones.  
 —The capstone is a cylindrical windlass,  
 worked with bars, which are moved from  
 hole to hole as it turns round. It is used to  
 weigh the anchors, raise masts, &c. The  
 name *roller* describes both the machine  
 and its use, and it may be presumed, is a  
 more poetical word than capstone. The

verification of this passage in the original  
 affords a most noble example of imitative  
 harmony :

Mas ja nas naos os bons trabalhadores  
 Volem o cabrestante, & repartidos  
 Pello trabalho, huns puxao pella amarra,  
 Outros quebrao co peito duro a barra.

Nor had the captives lost the Leader's care,  
 Some to the shore the Indian barges bear ;  
 The noblest few the Chief detains to own  
 His glorious deeds before the Lusian throne ;  
 To own the conquest of the Indian shore :  
 Nor wanted every proof of India's store.  
 What fruits in Ceylon's fragrant woods abound,  
 With woods of cinnamon her hills are crown'd :  
 Dry'd in its flower the nut of Banda's grove,  
 The burning pepper and the fable clove ;  
 The clove, whose odour on the breathing gale  
 Far to the sea Malucco's plains exhale ;  
 All these provided by the faithful Moor,  
 All these, and India's gems, the navy bore :  
 The Moor attends, Mozaide, whose zealous care  
 To GAMA's eyes unveil'd each treachrous <sup>1</sup> snare :  
 So burn'd his breast with heaven-illumined flame,  
 And holy reverence of Messiah's name.  
 Oh, favour'd African, by heaven's own light  
 Call'd from the dreary shades of error's night ;  
 What man may dare his seeming ills arraign,  
 Or what the grace of heaven's designs explain !

<sup>1</sup> ———— *Mozaide, whose zealous care  
 To Gama's eyes reveal'd each treachrous snare*  
 —Had this been mentioned sooner, the inter-  
 est of the catastrophe of the poem must  
 have languished. Though he is not a war-

rior, the unexpected friend of Gama, bears  
 a much more considerable part in the action  
 of the Lusiad, than the faithful Achates, the  
 friend of the hero, bears in the business  
 of the Eneid.

Far didst thou from thy friends a stranger roam,  
There wast thou call'd to thy celestial \* home.

Now swell'd on every side the steady fail ;  
The lofty masts reclining to the gale  
On full spread wings the navy springs away,  
And far behind them foams the Ocean grey :  
Afar the lessening hills of Gata fly,  
And mix their dim blue summits with the sky :  
Beneath the wave low sinks the spicy shore,  
And roaring through the tide each nodding prore  
Points to the Cape, Great Nature's southmost bound,  
The Cape of Tempests, now of Hope renown'd.  
Their glorious tale on Lisboa's shore to tell  
Inspires each bosom with a rapt'rous swell ;  
Now through their breasts the chilly tremors glide,  
To dare once more the dangers dearly try'd —

\* *There wast thou call'd to thy celestial home* — This exclamatory address to the Moor Monzaïda, however it may appear digressive, has a double propriety. The conversion of the Eastern world is the great purpose of the expedition of Gama, and Monzaïda is the first fruits of that conversion. The good characters of the victorious heroes, however neglected by the great genius of Homer, have a fine effect in making an Epic Poem interest us and please. It might have been said, that Monzaïda was a traitor to his friends, and who crowned his villany with apostacy. Camoens has therefore wisely drawn him with other features, worthy of the friendship of Gama. Had this been neglected, the hero of the Lusïad might have shared the fate of the

wife Ulysses of the Iliad, against whom, as Voltaire justly observes, every reader bears a secret ill will. Nor is the poetical character of Monzaïda unsupported by history. He was not an Arab Moor, so he did not desert his countrymen. By force these Moors had determined on the destruction of Gama: Monzaïda admired and esteem'd him, and therefore generously revealed to him his danger. By his attachment to Gama he lost all his effects in India, a circumstance which his prudence and knowledge of affairs must have certainly foreseen. By the known dangers he encountered, by the loss he thus voluntarily sustained, and by his after constancy, his sincerity is undoubtedly proved.



Soon to the winds are these cold fears resign'd,  
 And all their country rushes on the mind;  
 How sweet to view their native land, how sweet  
 The father, brother, and the bride to greet!  
 While listening round the hoary parent's board  
 The wondering kindred glow at every word,  
 How sweet to tell what woes, what toils they bore,  
 The tribes and wonders of each various shore!  
 These thoughts, the traveller's loved reward, employ,  
 And swell each bosom with unutter'd <sup>1</sup> joy.

The Queen of Love, by Heaven's eternal grace,  
 The guardian goddess of the Lusian race;  
 The Queen of Love, elate with joy, surveys  
 Her heroes, happy, plow the watry maze:  
 Their dreary toils revolving in her thought,  
 And all the woes by vengeful Bacchus wrought;

<sup>1</sup> *The joy of the fleet on the homeward departure from India*—We are now come to that part of the *Lusiad*, which, in the conduct of the poem, is parallel to the great catastrophe of the *Iliad*, when on the death of Hector, Achilles thus addresses the Grecian army,

— Ye sons of Greece, in triumph bring  
 The corpse of Hector, and your *Paeans* sing:  
 Be this the song, slow moving tow'rd the shore,  
 "Hector is dead, and Ilium is no more."

Our Portuguese Poet, who in his machinery, and many other instances, has followed the manner of Virgil, now forsakes him. In a very bold and masterly spirit he now models his poem by the steps of Homer. What of the *Lusiad* yet remains, in poetical

conduct, though not in an imitation of circumstances, exactly resembles the latter part of the *Iliad*. The games at the funeral of Patroclus, and the redemption of the body of Hector, are the completion of the rage of Achilles. In the same manner, the reward of the heroes, and the consequences of their expedition, complete the unity of the *Lusiad*. I cannot say it appears that Milton ever read our Poet; (though Fanshew's translation was published in his time) yet no instance can be given of a more striking resemblance of plan and conduct, than may be produced in two principal parts of the poem of Camoens, and of the *Paradise Lost*. Of this however hereafter in its proper place.

These toils, these woes, her yearning cares employ,  
 To bathe, to balm in the streams of joy.  
 Amid the bosom of the watry waste,  
 Near where the bowers of Paradise were <sup>m</sup> placed,  
 An isle, array'd in all the pride of flowers,  
 Of fruits, of fountains, and of fragrant bowers,  
 She means to offer to their homeward prow,  
 The place of glad repast and sweet repose ;  
 And there before their raptur'd view to raise  
 The heaven-topt column of their deathless praise.

The Goddess now ascends her silver car,  
 Bright was its hue as Love's tranfluent star ;  
 Beneath the reins the stately birds, that sing  
 Their sweet-toned death-song, spread the snowy wings ;  
 The gentle winds beneath her chariot sigh,  
 And virgin blushes purple o'er the sky :  
 On milk white pinions borne, her cooing doves  
 Form playful circles round her as she moves ;  
 And now their beaks in fondling kisses join,  
 In amorous nods their fondling necks entwine.  
 O'er fair Idalia's bowers the goddess rode,  
 And by her altars fought Idalia's god :

<sup>m</sup> *Near where the bowers of Paradise were placed*—Between the mouths of the Ganges and Euphrates.

The youthful bowyer of the heart was there ;  
 His falling kingdom claim'd his earnest <sup>n</sup> care.  
 His bands he musters, through the myrtle groves  
 On buxom wings he trains the little Loves.  
 Against the world, rebellious and astray,  
 He means to lead them, and resume his sway :  
 For base-born passions, at his shrine 'twas told,  
 Each nobler transport of the breast controul'd.  
 A young Actæon, scornful of his <sup>o</sup> lore,  
 Morn after morn pursues the foamy boar,

<sup>n</sup> *His falling kingdom claim'd his earnest care*—This fiction, in poetical conduct, bears a striking resemblance to the digressive histories, with which Homer enriches and adorns his poems, particularly to the beautiful description of the feast of the Gods with the blameless Ethiopians. It also contains a masterly commentary on the machinery of the *Lusiad*. The Divine Love conducts Gama to India. The same Divine Love is represented as preparing to reform the corrupted world, when its attention is particularly called to bestow a foretaste of immortality on the heroes of the expedition which discovered the Eastern World. Nor do the wild phantastic loves, mentioned in this little episode, afford any objection against this explanation, an explanation which is expressly given in the episode itself. These wild phantastic amours signify, in the allegory, the wild sects of different enthusiasts, which spring up under the wings of the best and most rational institutions; and which, however contrary to each other, all agree in deriving their authority from the same source.

<sup>o</sup> *A young Actæon*—The French translator has the following characteristic note: "This passage is an eternal monument of the freedoms taken by Camoens, and at the same time a proof of the imprudence of Poets; an authentic proof of that prejudice which sometimes blinds them, notwithstanding all the light of their genius.

The modern Actæon, of whom he speaks, was king Sebastian. He loved the chase; but that pleasure, which is one of the most innocent, and one of the most noble we can possibly taste, did not at all interrupt his attention to the affairs of state, and did not render him savage as our author pretends. On this point the Historians are rather to be believed. And what would the lot of princes be, were they allowed no relaxation from their toils, while they allow that privilege to their people? Subjects as we are, let us venerate the amusements of our Sovereigns; let us believe that the august cares for our good, which employ them, follow them often even to the very bosom of their pleasures."

Many are the strokes in the *Lusiad* which must endear the character of Camoens to every reader of sensibility. The noble freedom and manly indignation with which he mentions the foible of his prince, and the flatterers of his court, would do honour to the greatest names of Greece or Rome. While the shadow of freedom remained in Portugal, the greatest men of that nation, in the days of Lusian heroism, thought and conducted themselves in the spirit of Camoens. A noble anecdote of this brave spirit offers itself. Alonzo IV. surnamed *the Brave*, ascended the throne of Portugal in the vigour of his age. The pleasures of the chase engrossed all his attention. His confidants and favourites encouraged, and allured

In desert wilds devoted to the chace ;  
 Each dear enchantment of the female face  
 Spurn'd and neglected : Him enraged he sees,  
 And sweet, and dread his punishment decrees.  
 Before his ravish'd sight, in sweet surprise,  
 Naked in all her charms shall Dian rise ;  
 With love's fierce flames his frozen heart shall <sup>P</sup> burn,  
 Coldly his suit, the nymph, unmoved, shall spurn.

allured him to it. His time was spent in the forests of *Cintra*, while the affairs of government were neglected, or executed by those whose interest it was to keep their sovereign in ignorance. His presence, at last, being necessary at Lisbon, he entered the council with all the brisk impetuosity of a young sportsman, and with great familiarity and gaiety entertained his nobles with the history of a whole month spent in hunting, in fishing, and shooting. When he had finished his narrative, a nobleman of the first rank rose up: Courts and camps, said he, were allotted for kings, not woods and deserts. Even the affairs of private men suffer when recreation is preferred to business. But when the whims of pleasure engross the thoughts of a king, a whole nation is consigned to ruin. We came here for other purposes than to hear the exploits of the chace, exploits which are only intelligible to grooms and falconers. If your majesty will attend to the wants, and remove the grievances of your people, you will find them obedient subjects; if not — The king, starting with rage, interrupted him, If not, what — If not, resumed the nobleman, in a firm tone, they will look for another and a better king. Alonzo, in the highest transport of passion, expressed his resentment, and hastened out of the room. In a little while however he returned, calm and reconciled; I perceive, said he, the truth of what you say. He who will not execute the duties of a king, cannot long have good subjects. Remember, from this day, you have nothing more to do with Alonzo the sportsman, but with

Alonzo the king of Portugal. His majesty was as good as his promise, and became as a warrior and politician, one of the greatest of the Portuguese monarchs.

<sup>P</sup> *With love's fierce flames his frozen heart shall burn*—“ It is said, that upon the faith of a portrait Don Sebastian fell in love with Margaret of France, daughter of Henry II. and demanded her in marriage, but was refused. The Spaniards treated him no less unfavourably, for they also rejected his proposals for one of the daughters of Philip II. Our author considers these refusals as the punishment of Don Sebastian's excessive attachment to the chace; but this is only a consequence of the prejudice with which he viewed the amusements of his prince. The truth is, these princesses were refused for political reasons, and not with any regard to the manner in which he filled up his moments of leisure.”

Thus Castera, who, with the same spirit of sagacity, starts and answers the following objections: “ But here is a difficulty: Camoens wrote during the life of Don Sebastian, but the circumstance he relates (*the return of Gama*) happened several years before, under the reign of Emmanuel. How therefore could he say that Cupid then saw Don Sebastian at the chace, when that prince was not then born? The answer is easy: Cupid, in the allegory of this work, represents the love of God, the Holy Spirit, who is God himself. Now the Divinity admits of no distinction of time; one glance of his eye beholds the past, the present, and the future; every thing is present before him.”

This

Of these loved dogs that now his passions sway,  
Ah, may he never fall the hapless prey !

Enraged he sees a venal herd, the <sup>9</sup> shame  
Of human race, assume the titled name ;  
And each, for some base interest of his own,  
With Flattery's manna'd lips assail the throne.  
He sees the men, whom holiest functions bind  
To poverty, and love of human kind ;

This defence of the fiction of Actæon, is not more absurd than useless. The free and bold spirit of poetry, and in particular the nature of allegory, defend it. The poet might easily have said, that Cupid *sereserav* ; but had he said so his satire had been much less genteel. As the sentiments of *Castera* on this passage are extremely characteristic of the French ideas, another note from him will perhaps be agreeable. "Several Portuguese writers have remarked, says he, that the with

Of these loved dogs that now his passions sway,  
Ah ! may he never fall the hapless prey !

Had in it an air of prophecy ; and Fate in effect, seemed careful to accomplish it, in making the presaged woes to fall upon Don Sebastian. If he did not fall a prey to his pack of hounds, we may however say that he was devoured by his favourites, who misled his youth and his great soul. But at any rate our poet has carried the similitude too far. It was certainly injurious to Don Sebastian, who nevertheless had the bounty not only not to punish this audacity, but to reward the just eulogies which the author had bestowed on him in other places. As much as the indiscretion of Camoens ought to surprise us, as much ought we to admire the generosity of his master."

This foppery, this slavery in thinking, cannot fail to rouse the indignation of every manly breast, when the facts are fairly stated. Don Sebastian, who ascended the throne when a child, was a prince of great

abilities and great spirit, but his youth was poisoned with the most romantic ideas of military glory. The affairs of state were left to his ministers, (*for whose character see the next note*) his other studies were neglected, and military exercises, of which he not unjustly esteemed the chase a principal, were almost his sole employ. Camoens beheld this romantic turn, and in a genteel allegorical satire foreboded its consequences. The wish, that his prince might not fall the prey of his favourite passion, was in vain. In a rash, ill-concerted expedition into Africa, Don Sebastian lost his crown in his twenty-fifth year, an event which soon after produced the fall of the Portuguese empire. Had the nobility possessed the spirit of Camoens, had they, like him, endeavoured to check the Quixotism of a young generous prince, that prince might have reigned long and happy, and Portugal might have escaped the Spanish yoke, which soon followed his defeat at Alcazar ; a yoke which sunk Portugal into an abyss of misery, from which, in all probability, she will never emerge in her former splendor.

<sup>9</sup> *Enraged he sees a vena' herd, the shame  
Of human race, assume the titled name.*—  
"After having ridiculed all the pleasures of Don Sebastian, the author now proceeds to his courtiers, to whom he has done no injustice. Those who are acquainted with the Portuguese history, will readily acknowledge this." *Castera*.

While

While soft as drop the dews of balmy May,  
 Their words preach virtue and her charms display,  
 He sees with lust of gold their eyes on fire,  
 And every wish to lordly state aspire ;  
 He sees them trim the lamp at night's mid hour,  
 To plan new laws to arm the regal power ;  
 Sleepless at night's mid-hour to raze the laws,  
 The sacred bulwarks of the peoples' cause,  
 Framed ere the blood of hard-earn'd-victory  
 On their brave fathers' helm-hackt swords was dry.

Nor these alone, each rank, debased and rude,  
 Mean objects, worthless of their love, pursued :  
 Their passions thus rebellious to his lore,  
 The God decrees to punish and restore.  
 The little loves, light hovering in the air,  
 Twang their silk bow-strings; and their aims prepare :  
 Some on th' immortal anvils point the dart,  
 With power resistless to inflame the heart ;  
 Their arrow heads they tip with soft desires,  
 And all the warmth of love's celestial fires ;  
 Some sprinkle o'er the shafts the tears of woe,  
 Some store the quiver, some relax the bow ;  
 Each chanting as he works the tuneful strain  
 Of love's dear joys, of love's luxurious pain ;

Charm'd

Charm'd was the lay to conquer and refine,  
Divine the melody, the song divine.

Already now began the vengeful war,  
The witness of the God's benignant care ;  
On the hard bosoms of the stubborn ' crowd  
An arrowy shower the bowyer train bestow'd ;  
Pierced by the whizzing shafts deep sighs the air,  
And answering sighs the wounds of love declare.  
Though various featured and of various hue,  
Each nymph seems loveliest in her lover's view ;  
Fired by the darts, by novice archers sped,  
Ten thousand wild fantastic loves are bred :  
In wildest dreams the rustic hind aspires,  
And haughtiest lords confess the humblest fires.

The snowy swans of Love's celestial Queen  
Now land her chariot on the shore of green ;  
One knee display'd she treads the flowery strand,  
The gather'd robe falls loosely from her hand ;  
Half-seen her bosom heaves the living snow,  
And on her smiles the living roses glow.

<sup>r</sup> *On the hard bosoms of the stubborn crowd*—There is an elegance in the original of this line, which the English language will not admit ;

Nos duros coraçoes de plebe dura.——

In the hard hearts of the hard vulgar.——

The bowyer God whose subtle shafts ne'er fly  
Mifaim'd, in vain, in vain on earth or sky,  
With rosy smiles the Mother Power receives ;  
Around her climbing, thick as ivy leaves,  
The vassal Loves in fond contention join  
Who first and most shall kiss her hand divine.  
Swift in her arms she caught her wanton Boy,  
And, Oh, my son, she cries, my pride, my joy,  
Against thy might the dreadful Typhon fail'd,  
Against thy shaft nor heaven, nor Jove prevail'd ;  
Unless thine arrow wake the young desires,  
My strength, my power, in vain each charm expires :  
My son, my hope, I claim thy powerful aid,  
Nor be the boon, thy mother sues, delay'd :  
Where-e'er, so will th' Eternal Fates, where-e'er  
The Lusian race the victor standards rear,  
There shall my hymns resound, my altars flame,  
And heavenly Love her joyful lore proclaim.  
My Lusian heroes, as my Romans, brave,  
Long tost, long hopeless on the storm-torn wave,  
Wearied and weak, at last on India's shore  
Arrived, new toils, repose denied, they bore ;  
For Bacchus there with tenfold rage pursued  
My dauntless sons, but now his might subdued,  
Amid these raging seas, the scene of woes,  
Theirs shall be now the balm of sweet repose ;

Theirs



Theirs every joy the noblest heroes claim,  
 The raptur'd foretaste of immortal fame.  
 Then bend thy bow and wound the Nereid train,  
 The lovely daughters of the azure main ;  
 And lead them, while they pant with amorous fire,  
 Right to the isle which all my smiles inspire :  
 Soon shall my care that beauteous isle supply,  
 Where Zephyr breathing love, on Flora's lap shall sigh,  
 There let the nymphs the gallant heroes meet,  
 And strew the pink and rose beneath their feet :  
 In chrystal halls the feast divine prolong,  
 With wine nectareous and immortal song :  
 Let every nymph the snow white bed prepare,  
 And, fairer far, resign her bosom there ;  
 There to the greedy riotous embrace  
 Resign each hidden charm with dearest grace.  
 Thus from my native waves a hero line  
 Shall rise, and o'er the East illustrious <sup>s</sup> shine ;  
 Thus shall the rebel world thy prowess know,  
 And what the boundless joys our friendly powers bestow.

She said ; and smiling view'd her mighty Boy ;  
 Swift to the chariot springs the god of joy ;

*\* Thus from my native waves a hero line  
 Shall rise, and o'er the East illustrious shine—*  
 “ By the line of heroes to be produced by  
 the union of the Portuguese with the Ne-

reids, is to be understood the other Portu-  
 guese, who, following the steps of Gama,  
 established illustrious colonies in India.”—  
*Castera.*

His ivory bow, and arrows tipt with gold,  
 Blaz'd to the sun-beam as the chariot roll'd :  
 Their silver harness shining to the day  
 The swans on milk-white pinions spring away,  
 Smooth gliding o'er the clouds of lovely blue ;  
 And Fame, ' so will'd the God, before them flew :  
 A giant goddess, whose ungovern'd tongue  
 With equal zeal proclaims or right or wrong ;  
 Oft had her lips the god of love blasphem'd,  
 And oft with tenfold praise his conquests nam'd :  
 An hundred eyes she rolls with ceaseless care,  
 A thousand tongues what these behold declare :  
 Fleet is her flight, the lightning's wing she rides,  
 And though she shifts her colours swift as glides  
 The April rainbow, still the croud she guides. }  
 And now aloft her wondering voice she rais'd,  
 And with a thousand glowing tongues she prais'd  
 The bold Discoverers of the eastern world ———  
 In gentle swells the listening surges curl'd,  
 And murmur'd to the founts of plaintive love  
 Along the grottoes where the Nereids rove.  
 The drowsy Power on whose smooth easy mein  
 The smiles of wonder and delight are seen,

<sup>1</sup> *And Fame*——*a giant-goddess*——This passage affords a striking instance of the judgment of Camoens. Virgil's celebrated description of Fame, (see p. 206.) is in his eye, but he copies it, as Virgil, in his best

imitations, copies after Homer. He adopts some circumstances, but by adding others, he makes a new picture, which justly may be called his own.

Whose glossy simpering eye bespeaks her name,  
 Credulity, attends the goddess's Fame.  
 Fired by the heroes' praise, the watery gods<sup>u</sup>,  
 With ardent speed forsake their deep abodes;  
 Their rage by vengeful Bacchus rais'd of late,  
 Now stung remorse, and love succeeds to hate.  
 Ah, where remorse in female bosom bleeds,  
 The tenderest love in all its glow succeeds.  
 When fancy glows, how strong, O Love, thy power!  
 Nor slipt the eager God the happy hour;  
 Swift fly his arrows o'er the billowy main,  
 Wing'd with his fires, nor flies a shaft in vain:  
 Thus, ere the face the lover's breast inspires,  
 The voice of fame awakes the soft desires.  
 While from the bow-string start the shafts divine,  
 His ivory moon's wide horns incessant join,  
 Swift twinkling to the view; and wide he pours  
 Omnipotent in love his arrowy showers.  
 E'en Thetis' self confess the tender smart,  
 And pour'd the murmurs of the wounded heart:

<sup>u</sup> ——— *The watery gods*——To mention the gods in the masculine gender, and immediately to apply to them,

O peito feminil, que levemente  
 Muda qualyquer propósitos tomados.—

The ease with which the female breast changes its resolutions, may to the hyper-critic appear reprehensible. The expression

however is classical, and therefore retained. Virgil uses it, where Eneas is conducted by Venus through the flames of Troy;

Descendo, ac ducente Deo, flammam inter et  
 hostes  
 Expedior ———

This is in the manner of the Greek Poets, who use the word θεός for God or Goddess.

Soft o'er the billows pants the amorous sigh ;  
 With wishful langour melting on each eye  
 The love-sick nymphs explore the tardy sails  
 That waft the heroes on the lingering gales.

Give way, ye lofty billows, low subside,  
 Smooth as the level plain, your swelling pride,  
 Lo, Venus comes ! Oh, soft, ye surges, sleep,  
 Smooth be the bosom of the azure deep,  
 Lo, Venus comes ! and in her vigorous train  
 She brings the healing balm of love-sick pain.  
 White as her swans<sup>w</sup>, and stately as they rear  
 Their snowy crests when o'er the lake they steer,  
 Slow moving on, behold, the fleet appears,  
 And o'er the distant billow onward steers.  
 The beauteous Nereids flush'd in all their charms  
 Surround the Goddess of the soft alarms :  
 Right to the isle she leads the smiling train,  
 And all her arts her balmy lips explain ;  
 The fearful langour of the asking eye,  
 The lovely blush of yielding modesty,  
 The grieving look, the sigh, the favouring smile,  
 And all th' endearments of the open wile,

<sup>w</sup> *White as her swans*—A distant fleet compared to swans on a lake is certainly an happy thought. The allusion to the pomp of Venus, whose agency is immediately concerned, gives it besides a peculiar propriety. This simile however is not in

the original. It is adopted from an uncommon liberty taken by Fanshaw ;

The pregnant *sayles* on Neptune's surface creep,  
 Like her own *Swans*, in *gate*, *out-chest*, and  
*fether*.

She taught the nymphs——in willing breasts that heaved  
To hear her lore, her lore the nymphs received.

As now triumphant to their native shore  
Through the wide deep the joyful navy bore,  
Earnest the pilot's eyes sought cape or bay,  
For long was yet the various watery way ;  
Sought cape or isle from whence their boats might bring  
The healthful bounty of the chrystal spring :  
When sudden, all in nature's pride array'd,  
The Isle of Love its glowing breast display'd.  
O'er the green bosom of the dewy lawn  
Soft blazing flow'd the silver of the dawn,  
The gentle waves the glowing lustre share,  
Arabia's balm was sprinkled o'er the air.  
Before the fleet, to catch the heroes' view,  
The floating isle fair Acidalia drew :  
Soon as the floating verdure caught their <sup>x</sup> sight,  
She fixt, unmov'd, the island of delight.  
So when in child-birth of her Jove-sprung load,  
The sylvan goddess and the bowyer god,

<sup>x</sup> *Soon as the floating verdure caught their sight*——As the departure of Gama from India was abrupt (see his life) he put into one of the beautiful islands of Anchediva for fresh water. While he was here careening his ships, says Faria, a pirate named Timoja, attacked him with eight small vessels, so linked together and covered with boughs, that they formed the appearance of a floating island. This, says Castera, afforded the fiction of the floating island of

Venus. “ The fictions of Camoens, says he, *sont d'autant plus merveilleses, qu'elles ont toutes leur fondement dans l'histoire*, are the more marvellous, because they are all founded in history. It is not difficult to find why he makes his island of Anchediva to wander on the waves; it is in allusion to a singular event related by Barros.” He then proceeds to the story of Timoja, as if the genius of Camoens stood in need of so weak an assistance.

In friendly pity of Latona's woes<sup>y</sup>,  
 Amid the waves the Delian isle arose.  
 And now led smoothly o'er the furrow'd tide,  
 Right to the isle of joy the vessels glide:  
 The bay they enter, where on every hand,  
 Around them clasps the flower-enamell'd land;  
 A safe retreat, where not a blast may shake  
 Its fluttering pinions o'er the stilly lake.  
 With purple shells, transfus'd as marble veins,  
 The yellow sands celestial Venus stains.  
 With graceful pride three hills of softest green  
 Rear their fair bosoms o'er the sylvan scene;  
 Their sides embroider'd boast the rich array  
 Of flowery shrubs in all the pride of May;  
 The purple lotos and the snowy thorn,  
 And yellow pod-flowers every slope adorn.  
 From the green summits of the leafy hills  
 Descend with murmuring lapse three limpid rills;  
 Beneath the rose-trees loitering slow they glide,  
 Now tumbles o'er some rock their chrystal pride;  
 Sonorous now they roll adown the glade,  
 Now plaintive tinkle in the secret shade,  
 Now from the darkling grove, beneath the beam  
 Of ruddy morn, like melted silver stream,

<sup>y</sup> *In friendly pity of Latona's woes*—  
 Latona, in pregnancy by Jupiter, was persecuted by Juao, who sent the serpent Python in pursuit of her. Neptune, in pity of her

distress, raised the island of Delos for her refuge, where she was delivered of Apollo and Diana.—OVID. MET.

Edging the painted margins of the bowers,  
 And breathing liquid freshness on the flowers.  
 Where bright reflected in the pool below  
 The vermilion apples tremble on the bough ;  
 Where o'er the yellow sands the waters sleep  
 The primrosed banks, inverted, dew drops weep ;  
 Where murmuring o'er the pebbles purls the stream  
 The silver trouts in playful curvings gleam.  
 Long thus and various every riv'let strays,  
 Till closing now their long meandering maze,  
 Where in a smiling vale the mountains end,  
 Form'd in a chrystal lake the waters blend<sup>z</sup> :  
 Fring'd was the border with a woodland shade,  
 In every leaf of various green array'd,  
 Each yellow-ting'd, each mingling tint between  
 The dark ash-verdure and the silvery green.  
 The trees now bending forward slowly shake  
 Their lofty honours o'er the chrystal lake ;  
 Now from the flood the graceful boughs retire  
 With coy reserve, and now again admire  
 Their various liveries by the summer drest,  
 Smooth-gloss'd and soft'ned in the mirror's breast.

<sup>z</sup> *Form'd in a chrystal lake the waters blend.* — Castéra also attributes this to history. “ The Portuguese actually found in this island, says he, a fine piece of water ornamented with hewn stones and magnificent aqueducts ; an ancient and superb work, of which no body knew the author.”

In 1505 Don Francisco Almeyda built a fort in this island. In digging among some ancient ruins he found many crucifixes of black and red colour, from whence the Portuguese conjectured, says Oforius, that the Anchedivian islands had in former ages been inhabited by Christians. Vid. Ofor. L. iv.

So by her glafs the wishful virgin ftays,  
 And oft retiring ftals the lingering gaze.  
 A thoufand boughs aloft to heaven difplay  
 Their fragrant apples fhining to the day ;  
 The orange here perfumes the buxom <sup>a</sup> air,  
 And boafts the golden hue of Daphne's hair.  
 Near to the ground each fpreading bough descends,  
 Beneath her yellow load the citron bends ;  
 The fragrant lemon fcents the cool grove ;  
 Fair as when ripening for the days of love  
 The virgin's breasts the gentle fwell avow,  
 So the twin fruitage fwell on every bough.  
 Wild foreft trees the mountain fides array'd  
 With curling foliage and romantic fhade :  
 Here fpreads the poplar, to Alcides dear ;  
 And dear to Phœbus, ever verdant here,

<sup>a</sup> *The orange here perfumes the buxom air, And boafts the golden hue of Daphne's hair.*—Frequent allufions to the fables of the antients form a characteriftical feature of the poetry of the 16th and 17th centuries. A profufion of it is pedantry ; a moderate ufe of it however in a poem of thefe times pleafes, becaufe it difcovers the ftages of compofition, and has in itfelf a fine effect, as it illuftrates its fubject by prefenting the claffical reader with fome little landfcapes of that country through which he has travelled. The defcription of forefts is a favourite topic in poetry. Chaucer, Taffo, and Spenser, have been happy in it, but both have copied an admired paffage in Statius ;

————— Cadit ardua fagus,  
 Chaoniamque nemus, brumæque illæfa cupref-  
 fus ;  
 Procumbunt picæ, flammis alimenta fupremis,

Ornique, ilicæque trabes, metuandaque fulco  
 Taxus, & infandos belli potura cruores  
 Fraxinus, atque fitu non expugnabile robur :  
 Hinc audax abies, & odoro vulnere pinus  
 Scinditur, acclinant intonfa cacumina terræ  
 Alnus amica fretis, nec inhospita vitibus ulmus.

In rural defcriptions three things are neceffary to render them poetical ; the happinefs of epithet, of picturefque arrangement, and of little landfcape views. Without thefe, all the names of trees and flowers, though ftrung together in tolerable numbers, contain no more poetry than a nurferyman or a florift's catalogue. In Statius, in Taffo and Spenser's admired forefts, (Gier. Liber. C. 3. St. 75, 76, and F. Queen, B. 1. C. 1. St. 8, 9.) the poetry confifts entirely in the happinefs of the epithets. In Camoens, all the three requifites are admirably attained, and blended together.



The laurel joins the bowers for ever green,  
The myrtle bowers belov'd of beauty's queen.  
To Jove the oak his wide spread branches rears ;  
And high to heaven the fragrant cedar bears ;  
Where through the glades appear the cavern'd rocks,  
The lofty pine-tree waves her sable locks ;  
Sacred to Cybele the whispering pine  
Loves the wild grottoes where the white cliffs shine ;  
Here towers the cypress, preacher to the wife,  
Lefs'ning from earth her spiral honours rise,  
Till, as a spear-point rear'd, the topmost spray  
Points to the Eden of eternal day.  
Here round her fostering elm the smiling vine  
In fond embraces gives her arms to twine,  
The numerous clusters pendant from the boughs,  
The green here glistens, here the purple glows ;  
For here the genial seasons of the year  
Danc'd hand in hand, no place for winter here ;  
His grisly visage from the shore expell'd,  
United sway the smiling seasons held.  
Around the swelling fruits of deepening red,  
Their snowy hues the fragrant blossoms spread ;  
Between the bursting buds of lucid green  
The apple's ripe vermilion blush is seen ;  
For here each gift Pomona's hand bestows  
In cultur'd garden, free, uncultur'd flows,

The flavour sweeter, and the hue more fair,  
 Than e'er was foster'd by the hand of care.  
 The cherry here in shining crimson glows ;  
 And stain'd with lover's blood <sup>b</sup>, in pendant rows,  
 The bending boughs the mulberries o'erload ;  
 The bending boughs carefs'd by Zephyr nod.  
 The generous peach, that strengthens in exile  
 Far from his native earth, the Persian soil,  
 The velvet peach of softest glossy blue  
 Hangs by the pomgranate of orange hue,  
 Whose open heart a brighter red displays.  
 Than that which sparkles in the ruby's blaze.  
 Here, trembling with their weight, the branches bear,  
 Delicious as profuse, the tapering pear.  
 For thee, fair fruit, the songsters of the grove  
 With hungry bills from bower to arbour rove.  
 Ah, if ambitious thou wilt own the care  
 To grace the feast of heroes and the fair,  
 Soft let the leaves with grateful umbrage hide  
 The green-ting'd orange of thy mellow side.  
 A thousand flowers of gold, of white and red  
 Far o'er the shadowy <sup>c</sup> vale their carpets spread,

<sup>b</sup> *And stain'd with Lover's blood.*—Pyramus and Thisbe :

Arbori factus aspergine cædis in atram  
 Vertuntur faciem : madefactaque sanguine radix  
 Puniceo tingit pendentiâ mora colore . . . . .  
 At tu quo ramis arbor miserabile corpus  
 Nunc tegis unius, mox es tectura duorum ;

Signa tene cædis : pullosque et luctibus aptos  
 Semper habe fetus gemini monumenta cruoris.  
 OVID. MET. .

<sup>c</sup> ——— *The shadowy vale* ——— Literal  
 from the original, ——— *O sombrio valle,* ———  
 which Fanshew however has translated, “ the  
 gloomy

Of fairer tapestry, and of richer bloom,  
 Than ever glow'd in Persia's boasted loom :  
 As glittering rainbows o'er the verdure thrown,  
 O'er every woodland walk th' embroidery shone.  
 Here o'er the watery mirror's lucid bed  
 Narcissus, self-enamour'd, hangs the head ;  
 And here, bedew'd with love's celestial tears,  
 The woe-markt flower of slain Adonis <sup>d</sup> rears  
 Its purple head, prophetic of the reign,  
 When lost Adonis shall revive again.  
 At strife appear the lawns and purpled skies,  
 Which from each other stole the beauteous <sup>e</sup> dyes :

gloomy valley," and thus has given us a funereal, where the author intended a festive landscape. It must be confessed however, that the description of the island of Venus, is infinitely the best part all of Fanshawe's translation. And indeed the dullest prose translation might obscure, but could not possibly throw a total eclipse over so admirable an original.

<sup>d</sup> *The woe-markt flower of slain Adonis—water'd by the tears of love.*—The Aeneid. "This, says Castler, is applicable to the celestial Venus, for according to mythology, her amour with Adonis had nothing in it impure, but was only the love which nature bears to the sun." The fables of antiquity have generally a threefold interpretation, an historical allusion, a physical and a metaphysical allegory. In the latter view, the fable of Adonis is only applicable to the celestial Venus. A divine youth is outrageously slain, but shall revive again at the restoration of the golden age. Several nations, it is well known, under different names, celebrated the mysteries, or the death and resurrection of Adonis ; among whom

were the British Druids, as we are told by Dr. Stukely. In the same manner Cupid, in the fable of Phycbe, is interpreted by mythologists, to signify the divine love weeping over the degeneracy of human nature.

<sup>e</sup> *At strife appear the lawns and purpled skies, who from each other stole the beauteous dyes.*—On this passage Castler has the following sensible though turgid note : " This thought, says he, is taken from the idyllium of Ausonius on the rose ;

" Ambigeres raperetne rosis Aurora ruborem,  
 " Au daret, & flores tingere tota dies.

" Camoens who had a genius rich of itself,  
 " still farther enriched it at the expence of  
 " the ancients. Behold what makes great  
 " authors! Those who pretend to give us  
 " nothing but the fruits of their own  
 " growth, soon fail, like the little rivulets  
 " which dry up in the summer, very dif-  
 " ferent from the floods, who receive in  
 " their course the tribute of an hundred and  
 " an hundred rivers, and which even in  
 " the dog-days carry their waves triumphant  
 " to the ocean."

The lawn in all Aurora's lustre glows,  
 Aurora steals the blushes of the rose,  
 The rose displays the blushes that adorn  
 The spotless virgin on the nuptial morn.  
 Zephyr and Flora emulous conspire  
 To breathe their graces o'er the field's attire ;  
 The one gives healthful freshness, one the hue,  
 Fairer than e'er creative pencil drew.  
 Pale as the love-sick hopeless maid they dye  
 The modest violet ; from the curious eye  
 The modest violet turns her gentle head,  
 And by the thorn weeps o'er her lowly bed.  
 Bending beneath the tears of pearly dawn  
 The snow white lilly glitters o'er the lawn ;  
 Low from the bough reclines the damask rose,  
 And o'er the lilly's milk white bosom glows.  
 Fresh in the dew far o'er the painted dales,  
 Each fragrant herb her sweetest scent exhales.  
 The hyacinth bewrays the doleful *Ai*<sup>f</sup>,  
 And calls the tribute of Apollo's sigh ;  
 Still on it's bloom the mournful flower retains  
 The lovely blue that dy'd the stripling's veins.

<sup>f</sup> *The hyacinth bewrays the doleful Ai.*—  
 Hyacinthus, a youth beloved of Apollo, by  
 whom he was accidentally slain, and after-  
 wards turned into a flower :

————— 'Tyrisque nitentior ostro  
 Flos oritur, formamque capit, quam lilia: si  
 non,

Purpureus color huic, argenteus effert in illis.  
 Non satis hoc Phæbo est: is enim fuit auctor  
 honoris.  
 Ipse suos gemitus foliis inscribit; & Ai, Ai,  
 Flos habet inscriptum: funestaque littera ducta  
 est.

OVID. MET.

Pomona fir'd with rival envy views  
The glaring pride of Flora's darling hues ;  
Where Flora bids the purple iris spread,  
She hangs the wilding's blossom white and red ;  
Where wild thyme purples, where the daisy snows  
The curving slopes, the melon's pride she throws ;  
Where by the stream the lilly of the vale,  
Primrose, and cowslip meek, perfume the gale,  
Beneath the lilly and the cowslip's bell  
The scarlet strawberries luxurious swell.  
Nor these alone the teeming Eden yields,  
Each harmless bestial crops the flowery fields ;  
And birds of every note and every wing  
Their loves responsive thro' the branches sing :  
In sweet vibrations thrilling o'er the skies,  
High pois'd in air the lark his warbling tries ;  
The swan slow sailing o'er the chrystal lake  
Tunes his melodious note ; from every brake  
The glowing strain the nightingale returns,  
And in the bowers of love the turtle mourns.  
Pleas'd to behold his branching horns appear,  
O'er the bright fountain bends the fearless deer ;  
The hare starts trembling from the bushy shade,  
And swiftly circling, crosses oft the glade.  
Where from the rocks the bubbling founts distil,  
The milk-white lambs come bleating down the hill ;

The dappled heifer seeks the vales below,  
 And from the thicket springs the bounding doe.  
 To his lov'd nest, on fondly fluttering wings,  
 In chirping bill the little songster brings  
 The food untasted ; transport thrills his breast ;  
 'Tis nature's touch, 'tis instinct's heav'n-like feast.  
 Thus bower and lawn were deckt with Eden's flowers,  
 And song and joy imparadised the bowers.

And soon the fleet their ready anchors threw :  
 Lifted on eager tip-toe at the view,  
 On nimble feet that bounded to the strand  
 The second Argonauts <sup>s</sup> elance to land.  
 Wide o'er the beauteous ile <sup>h</sup> the lovely Fair  
 Stray through the distant glades, devoid of care.

<sup>s</sup> *The second Argonauts.*—The expedition of the Golden Fleece was esteemed in ancient poetry, one of the most daring adventures, the success of which was accounted miraculous. The allusions of Camoens to this voyage, though in the spirit of his age, are by no means improper.

<sup>h</sup> *Wide o'er the beauteous ile the lovely Fair.*  
 —We now come to the passage condemned by Voltaire as so lascivious, that no nation in Europe, except the Portuguese and Italians could bear it. But the author of the detestable poem *La Pucelle d'Orleans*, talks of the island of Venus with that same knowledge of his subject with which he made Camoens, who was not then born, a companion to Gama in the expedition which discovered the route to India. Though Voltaire's cavils, I trust, are in general fully answered in the preface, a particular examination of the charge of indecency may not be unnecessary ere the reader enter upon the passage itself. No painter then,

let it be remembered, was ever blamed for drawing the graces unveiled or naked. In sculpture, in painting, and poetry, it is not nakedness, it is the expression or manner only that offends decency. It is this which constitutes the difference between a Venus de Medicis and the lascivious paintings in the apartments of a Tiberius. The fate of Camoens has hitherto been very peculiar. The mixture of Pagan and Christian mythology in his machinery has been anathematized, and his island of Love represented as a brothel. Yet both accusations are arrogant assertions of the most superficial acquaintance with his works, a *Heavenly*, echoed from critic to critic. His poem itself, and a comparison of its parts with the similar conduct of the greatest modern poets, will clearly evince, that in both instances no modern Epic Writer of note has given less offence to true criticism.

Not to mention Ariosto, whose descriptions will often admit of no palliation, Tasso, Spenser,

From lowly valley and from mountain grove  
The lovely nymphs renew the strains of love.

Spenser, and Milton, have always been esteemed among the chafest of poets, yet in that delicacy of warm description, which Milton has so finely exemplified in the nuptials of our first parents, none of them can boast the continued uniformity of the Portuguese Poet. Though there is a warmth in the colouring of Camoens which even the genius of Tasso has not reached; and though the island of Armida is evidently copied from the Lusiad, yet those who are possessed of the finer feelings, will easily discover an essential difference between the love-scenes of the two poets, a difference greatly in favour of the delicacy of the former. Though the nymphs in Camoens are detected naked in the woods and in the stream, and though desirous to captivate, still their behaviour is that of the virgin who hopes to be the spouse. They act the part of offended modesty; even when they yield they are silent, and behave in every respect like Milton's Eve, in the state of innocence, who

— — — What was honour knew—

And who displayed

Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,  
That would be wooed, and not unlought be won.

To sum up all, the nuptial sanctity draws its hallowed curtains, and a masterly allegory shuts up the love-scenes of Camoens.

How different from all this is the island of *Armida* in Tasso, and its translation, the bower of *Acrasia*, in Spenser! In these virtue is seduced; the scene therefore is less delicate. The nymphs, while they are bathing, in place of the modesty of the bride as in Camoens, employ all the arts of the lascivious wanton. They stay not to be wooed; but, as Spenser gives it,

*The amorous sweet spoils to greedy eyes reveal.*

One stanza from our English poet, which however is rather fuller than the original, shall here suffice:

Withal she laughed and she blush'd withal,  
That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,  
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall.  
Now when they spy'd the knight to slack his pace,  
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face  
*The secret signs of kindled lust appear,*  
Their wanton merriments they did increase,

And to him becken'd to approach more near,  
*And sever'd him many fights, that courage cold  
could rear.*

This and other descriptions,

Upon a bed of roses she was laid  
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin—

present every idea of lascivious voluptuousness. The allurements of speech are also added. Songs, which breathe every persuasive, are heard; and the nymphs boldly call to the beholder;

*E' dolce campo di battaglia il letto  
Fiavi, e l'herbetta morbida de' prati.—*

TASSO.

Our field of battle is the downy bed,  
Or flowery turf amid the smiling mead.—

HOOLE.

These, and the whole scenes in the domains of *Armida* and *Acrasia*, are in a turn of manner the reverse of the island of *Venus*. In these the expression and idea are metreticous. In Camoens, though the colouring is even warmer, yet the modesty of the *Venus de Medicis* is still preserved. In every thing he describes there is still something strongly similar to the modest attitude of the arms of that celebrated statue. Though prudery, that usual mask of the impurest minds, may condemn him, yet those of the most chaste, though less gloomy turn, will allow, that in comparison with others, he might say,—*Virginibus puerisque canto.*

Spenser also, where he does not follow Tasso, is often gross; and even in some instances, where the expression is most delicate, the picture is nevertheless indecently lascivious. The third and fourth of the five concluding stanzas, which in his second edition he added to the third book of the *Faerie Queene*, afford a striking example. The virgin *Eritomart*, the pattern of chastity, stands by, while *Sir Scudamore* and *Amoret*,

— — — — — With sweet countervail  
Each other of love's bitter fruit despoile—

But this shall not here be cited; only,

That *Eritomart*, half envying their bliss,  
Was much empation'd in her gentle sprite,  
And to herself oft wish'd like happiness;  
In vain she wish'd, that fate would let her  
yet possess.

Here from the bowers that crown the plaintive rill  
 The solemn harp's melodious warblings thrill;  
 Here from the shadows of the upland grott  
 The mellow lute renews the swelling note.  
 As fair Diana and her virgin train  
 Some gayly ramble o'er the flowery plain,

Nor is Spenser's wife of Malbecco more indelicate than some lines of the Paradise Lost. The reply of the Angel to Adam's description of his nuptials, contains some strokes intolerably disgusting. And the first effect of the forbidden fruit offers a remarkable contrast to that delicacy of expression which adorns the first loves of Adam and Eve. If there is propriety however in thus representing the amours of guilty intoxication, by which figure Milton calls it, some of the terms of expression are still indefensibly indelicate.

Nor may Thomson, the man

————— who never wrote  
 One line which, dying, he would wish to blot—

plead a greater delicacy of description than Camoens. Indeed one can scarcely call the adventure of Damon, when he sees his mistress strip and bathe, so handsomely managed as the similar scenes in the island of Venus:

————— desperate youth,  
 How durt thou risque the soul distracting view—

And,

————— Damon drew  
 Such madding draughts of beauty to the soul,  
 As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought  
 With luxury too daring—————

not only seem to want some of that dignity which lifts description above the ludicrous, but seem also to have a *je ne sais quoi* of perturbation not quite delicate. The heroes of the Lusiad indeed do not kiss the trees or write *billets doux* when they see the nymphs naked before them. But though Thomson with great propriety has made his lovers fly

from each other, in modest awe, after having left the means of discovery,

————— But first these lines  
 Traced by his ready pencil, on the bank  
 With trembling hand he threw—————

Which she snatched up, and answered on the spreading beech,

————— She with the sylvan pen  
 Of rural lovers this confession carv'd,  
 Which soon her Damon kiss'd with weeping  
 joy—————  
 \* \* \* \* \* be still as now  
 Discreet; the time may come you need not fly.

Yet this difference of conduct in the two poets, affords no objection against either. In each circumstance propriety is preserved. In a word, so unjust is the censure of Voltaire, a censure which never arose from a comparison of Camoens with other poets, so ill grounded is the charge against him, that we cannot but admire his superior delicacy; a delicacy not even understood in England in his age, when the grossest imagery often found a place in the pulpits of the most pious divines; when in the old liturgy itself it was esteemed no indelicacy of expression to enjoin the wife *to be buxom in bed and at board*. We know what liberties were taken by the poetical writers of the Augustan age; and such is the change of manners, that Shakespeare and Spenser might with justice appeal from the judgment of the present, when it condemns them for indecency. Camoens, however, may appeal to the most polished age; let him be heard for himself, let his name be compared with others of the first name, and his earnest descriptions need not dread the decision.



In feign'd pursuit of hare or bounding roe,  
Their graceful mein and beauteous limbs to shew ;  
Now seeming careless, fearful now and coy,  
So taught the goddesses of unutter'd joy,  
And gliding through the distant glades display  
Each limb, each movement, naked as the day.  
Some light with glee in careless freedom take  
Their playful revels in the chrystal lake ;  
One trembling stands no deeper than the knee  
To plunge reluctant, while in sportful glee  
Another o'er her sudden laves the tide ;  
In pearly drops the wishful waters glide,  
Reluctant dropping from her breasts of snow ;  
Beneath the wave another seems to glow ;  
The amorous waves her bosom fondly kiss'd,  
And rose and fell, as panting, on her breast.  
Another swims along with graceful pride,  
Her silver arms the glistening waves divide,  
Her shining sides the fondling waters lave,  
Her glowing cheeks are brighten'd by the wave ;  
Her hair, of mildest yellow, flows from side  
To side, as o'er it plays the wanton tide,  
And careless as she turns, her thighs of snow  
Their tapering rounds in deeper lustre shew.

Where some bold Lufians fought the woodland prey,  
And thro' the thickets forc'd the pathless way ;  
Where some in shades impervious to the beam,  
Supinely listen'd to the murmuring stream :  
Bright sudden through the boughs the various dyes  
Of pink, of scarlet, and of azure rise.  
Swift from the verdant banks the loiterers spring,  
Down drops the arrow from the half drawn string :  
Soon they behold 'twas not the rose's hue,  
The jonquil's yellow, nor the pansie's blue :  
Dazzling the shades the nymphs appear——the zone  
And flowing scarf in gold and azure shone.  
Naked as Venus stood in Ida's bower,  
Some trust the dazzling charms of native power ;  
Through the green boughs and darkling shades they shew  
The shining lustre of their native snow,  
And every tapering, every rounded swell  
Of thigh, of bosom, as they glide, reveal.  
As visions cloath'd in dazzling white they rise,  
Then steal unnoted from the flurried eyes :  
Again apparent, and again withdrawn,  
They shine and wanton o'er the smiling lawn.  
Amazed and lost in rapture of surprize,  
All joy, my friends, the brave VELOSO cries,  
Whate'er of goddesses old fable told,  
Or poet sung of sacred groves, behold.

Sacred to goddesses divinely bright  
These beauteous forests own their guardian might.  
From eyes profane, from every age conceal'd,  
To us, behold, all Paradise reveal'd!  
Swift let us try if phantoms of the air,  
Or living charms appear, divinely fair!  
Swift at the word the gallant Lusians bound,  
Their rapid footsteps scarcely touch the ground;  
Through copse, through brake, impatient of their prey,  
Swift as the wounded deer they spring away:  
Fleet through the winding shades in rapid flight  
The nymphs as wing'd with terror fly their fight;  
Fleet though they fled the mild reverted eye,  
And dimpling smile their seeming fear deny.  
Fleet through the shades in parted rout they glide:  
If winding path the chosen pairs divide,  
Another path by sweet mistake betrays,  
And throws the lover on the lover's gaze:  
If dark-brow'd bower conceal the lovely fair,  
The laugh, the shriek, confess the charmer there.

Luxurious here the wanton zephyrs toy,  
And every fondling favouring art employ.  
Fleet as the Fair Ones speed, the busy gale  
In wanton frolic lifts the trembling veil;

White though the veil, in fairer brighter glow,  
 The lifted robe displays the living snow :  
 Quick fluttering on the gale the robe conceals,  
 Then instant to the glance each charm reveals ;  
 Reveals, and covers from the eyes on fire,  
 Reveals, and with the shade inflames desire.  
 One as her breathless lover hastens on,  
 With wily stumble sudden lies o'erthrown ;  
 Confus'd, she rises with a blushing smile ;  
 The lover falls the captive of her guile :  
 Tript by the Fair he tumbles on the mead,  
 The joyful victim of his eager speed.

Afar, where sport the wantons in the lake,  
 Another band of gallant youths betake ;  
 The laugh, the shriek, the revel and the toy,  
 Bespeak the innocence of youthful joy.  
 The laugh, the shriek, the gallant Lusians hear  
 As through the forest glades they chase the deer ;  
 For arm'd to chase the bounding roe they came,  
 Unhop'd the transport of a nobler game.  
 The naked wantons, as the youths appear,  
 Shill through the woods rebound the shriek of fear.  
 Can such a sign such terror of the forced embrace,  
 This virgin modesty to this gives place,

Naked they spring to land and speed away  
 To deepest shades unpierc'd by glaring day ;  
 Thus yielding freely to the amorous eyes  
 What to the amorous hands their fear denies.  
 Some well assume Diana's virgin shame,  
 When on her naked sports the hunter <sup>1</sup> came  
 Unwelcome——plunging in the chrystal tide,  
 In vain they strive their beauteous limbs to hide ;  
 The lucid waves, 'twas all they could, bestow  
 A milder lustre and a softer glow.  
 As lost in earnest care of future need,  
 Some to the banks to snatch their mantles speed,  
 Of present view regardless ; every wile  
 Was yet, and every net of amorous guile.  
 Whate'er the terror of the feign'd alarm,  
 Display'd, in various force, was every charm.  
 Nor idle stood the gallant youth ; the wing  
 Of rapture lifts them, to the Fair they spring ;  
 Some to the copse pursue their lovely prey ;  
 Some cloath'd and shod, impatient of delay,  
 Impatient of the stings of fierce desire,  
 Plunge headlong in the tide to quench their fire.  
 So when the fowler to his cheek uprears  
 The hollow steel, and on the mallard bears,  
 His eager dog, ere bursts the flashing roar,  
 Fierce for the prey springs headlong from the shore,

<sup>1</sup> *The hunter.*——Ateon.

And barking cuts the wave with furious joy :  
So mid the billow springs each eager boy,  
Springs to the nymph whose eyes from all the rest  
By singling him her secret wish confess.

A son of Mars was there, of generous race,  
His every elegance of manly grace ;  
Amorous and brave, the bloom of April youth  
Glow'd on his cheek, his eye spoke simplest truth ;  
Yet love, capricious to th' accomplish'd boy,  
Had ever turn'd to gall each promis'd joy,  
Had ever spurn'd his vows ; yet still his heart  
Would hope, and nourish still the tender smart :  
The purest delicacy fann'd his fires,  
And proudest honour nurs'd his fond desires.  
Not on the first that fair before him glow'd,  
Not on the first the youth his love bestow'd.  
In all her charms the fair Ephyre came,  
And Leonardo's heart was all on flame.  
Affection's melting transport o'er him stole,  
And Love's all generous glow intranced his soul ;  
Of selfish joy unconscious, every thought  
On sweet delirium's ocean streamed afloat.  
Pattern of beauty did Ephyre shine,  
Nor less she wish'd these beauties to resign :

More

More than her sisters long'd her heart to yield,  
Yet swifter fled she o'er the smiling field.  
The youth now panting with the hopeless chase,  
Oh turn, he cries, Oh turn thy angel face :  
False to themselves can charms like these conceal  
The hateful rigour of relentless steel ;  
And did the stream deceive me when I stood  
Amid my peers reflected in the flood ?  
The easiest port and fairest bloom I bore——  
False was the stream——while I in vain deplore,  
My peers are happy ; lo, in every shade,  
In every bower, their love with love repaid !  
I, I alone through brakes, through thorns pursue  
A cruel Fair——Ah, still my fate proves true,  
True to its rigour——who, fair nymph, to thee  
Reveal'd, 'twas I that sued ! unhappy me !  
Born to be spurn'd though honesty inspire——  
Alas, I faint, my languid sinews tire ;  
Oh stay thee——powerless to sustain their weight  
My knees sink down, I sink beneath my fate !  
He spoke ; a rustling urges thro' the trees,  
Instant new vigour strings his active knees,  
Wildly he glares around, and raging cries,  
And must another snatch my lovely prize !  
In savage grasp thy beauteous limbs constrain !  
I feel, I madden while I feel the pain !

Oh loſt, thou fly'ſt the ſafety of my arms,  
My hand ſhall guard thee, ſoftly ſeize thy charms,  
No brutal rage inflames me, yet I burn!  
Die ſhall thy raviſher——Oh goddeſs, turn,  
And ſmiling view the error of my fear;  
No brutal force, no raviſher is near;  
A harmleſs roebuck gave the ruſtling ſounds,  
Lo, from the thicket ſwift as thee he bounds!  
Ah, vain the hope to tire thee in the chace!  
I faint, yet hear, yet turn thy lovely face.  
Vain are thy fears; were ev'n thy will to yield  
The harveſt of my hope, that harveſt field  
My fate would guard, and walls of braſs would rear  
Between my ſickle and the golden ear.  
Yet fly me not; ſo may thy youthful prime  
Ne'er fly thy cheek on the grey wings of time.  
Yet hear, the laſt my panting breath can ſay,  
Nor proudeſt kings, nor mightieſt hoſts can ſway  
Fate's dread decrees; yet thou, O nymph, divine,  
Yet thou canſt more, yet thou canſt conquer mine.  
Unmoved each other yielding nymph I ſee;  
Joy to their lovers, for they touch not thee!  
But thee——Oh, every tranſport of deſire,  
'That melts to mingle with its kindred fire,  
For thee reſpires——alone I feel for thee  
The dear wild rage of longing extacy:

By



By all the flames of sympathy divine  
 To thee united, thou by right art mine.  
 From thee, from thee the hallowed transport flows  
 That fevered rages, and for union glows ;  
 Heaven owns the claim—Hah, did the lightning glare :  
 Yes, I beheld my rival, though the air  
 Grew dim ; even now I heard him softly tread.  
 Oh rage, he waits thee on the flowery bed !  
 I see, I see thee rushing to his arms,  
 And sinking on his bosom, all thy charms  
 To him resigning in an eager kiss,  
 All I implor'd, the whelming tide of bliss !  
 And shall I see him riot on thy charms,  
 Dissolved in joy exulting in thine arms——  
 Oh burst, ye lightnings, round my destin'd head,  
 Oh pour your flashes——madning <sup>1</sup> as he said,  
 Amid the windings of the bowery wood  
 His trembling footsteps still the nymph pursued.

<sup>1</sup> —— *Madning as he said*—At the end of his Homer Mr. Pope has given an index of the instances of imitative and sentimental harmony contained in his translations. He has also often in his notes pointed out the adoption of sound to sense. The Translator of the Lusiad hopes he may for once say, that he has not been inattentive to this great essential of good versification ; how he has succeeded the judicious only must determine. The speech of Leonard to the curfory reader may perhaps sometimes appear careless, and sometimes turgid and stiff. That speech, however, is an attempt at the imitative and sentimental harmony, and with the judicious

he rests its fate. As the translation in this instance exceeds the original in length, the objection of a foreign critic requires attention. An old purfy Abbé, (and Critics are apt to judge by themselves) may indeed be surprized that a man out of breath with running should be able to talk so long. But had he consulted the experience of others, he would have found it was no wonderful matter for a stout and young Cavalier to talk twice as much, though fatigued with the chace of a couple of miles, provided the supposition is allowed, that he treads on the last steps of his flying mistress.

Woo'd to the flight she wing'd her speed to hear  
 His amorous accents melting on her ear.  
 And now she turns the wild walk's serpent maze ;  
 A roseate bower its velvet couch displays ;  
 The thickest moss its softest verdure spread,  
 Crocus and mingling pansie fring'd the bed,  
 The woodbine dropt its honey from above,  
 And various roses crown'd the sweet alcove.  
 Here as she hastens, on the hopeless boy  
 She turns her face all bathed in smiles of joy ;  
 Then, sinking down, her eyes, sufficed with love  
 Glowing on his, one moment lost reprove.  
 Here was no rival, all he wish'd his own ;  
 Lock'd in her arms soft sinks the stripling down——  
 Ah, what soft murmurs panting thro' the bowers  
 Sigh'd to the raptures of the paramours ;  
 The wishful sigh and melting smile conspire,  
 Devouring kisses fan the fiercer fire ;  
 Sweet violence with drearest grace assails,  
 Soft o'er the purpos'd frown the smile prevails,  
 The purpos'd frown betrays its own deceit,  
 In well-pleas'd laughter ends the rising threat ;  
 The coy delay glides off in yielding love,  
 And transport murmurs thro' the sacred grove.  
 The joy of pleasing adds its sacred zest,  
 And all is love, embracing and embraced.

The golden morn beheld the scenes of joy ;  
Nor, fultry noon, mayst thou the bowers annoy ;  
The fultry noon-beam shines the lover's aid,  
And sends him glowing to the secret shade.  
O'er every shade and every nuptial bower  
The love-sick strain the virgin turtles pour ;  
For nuptial faith and holy rites combin'd,  
The Lusian heroes and the nymphs conjoin'd.  
With flowery wreaths, and laurel chaplets, bound  
With ductile gold, the nymphs the heroes crown'd :  
By every spoufal holy ritual ty'd,  
No chance they vow shall e'er their hands divide,  
In life, in death attendant as their fame ;  
Such was the oath of ocean's sovereign Dame :  
The Dame, (from Heaven and holy Vesta sprung,  
For ever beauteous and for ever young,)  
Enraptured views the Chief whose deathless name  
The wondering world and conquer'd seas proclaim.  
With stately pomp she holds the Hero's hand,  
And gives her empire to his dread command,  
By spoufal ties confirm'd ; nor past untold  
What Fate's unalter'd page had will'd of old :  
The world's vast globe in radiant sphere she shew'd,  
The shores immense, and seas unknown, unplow'd ;  
The seas, the shores, due to the Lusian keel  
And Lusian sword, she hastens to reveal.

The glorious Leader by the hand she takes,  
 And dim below the flowery bowers forsakes.  
 High on a mountain's starry top divine  
 Her palace walls of living chrystal shine ;  
 Of gold and chrystal blaze the lofty towers ;  
 Here bathed in joy they pass the blifsful hours :  
 Ingulph'd in tides on tides of joy, the day  
 On downy pinions glides unknown away.  
 While thus the soveraigns in the palace reign,  
 Like transport riots o'er the humbler plain,  
 Where each in generous triumph o'er his peers  
 His lovely bride to every bride prefers.

Hence, ye <sup>m</sup> profane——the song melodious rose,  
 By mildest zephyrs wafted through the boughs,  
 Unseen the warblers of the holy strain——  
 Far from these sacred bowers, ye leud profane !  
 Hence each unhallowed eye, each vulgar ear ;  
 Chaste and divine are all the raptures here.  
 The nymphs of ocean, and the ocean's Queen.  
 The isle angelic, every raptured scene

<sup>m</sup> Hence, ye profane——We have already observed, that in every other poet the love-scenes are generally described as those of guilt and remorse. The contrary character of those of Camoens, not only gives them

a delicacy unknown to other moderns ; but by the fiction of the spousal rites, the allegory and machinery of the poem are most happily conducted. See the Introduction.

The charms of honour and its meed confests,  
These are the raptures, these the wedded bliss :  
The glorious triumph and the laurel crown,  
The ever blossom'd palms of fair renown,  
By time unwither'd and untaught to cloy ;  
These are the transports of the Isle of Joy.  
Such was Olympus and the bright abodes ;  
Renown was heaven, and heroes were the gods.  
Thus ancient times, to virtue ever just,  
To arts and valour rear'd the worshipp'd bust.  
High, steep and rugged, painful to be trod,  
With toils on toils immense is virtue's road ;  
But smooth at last the walks umbrageous smile,  
Smooth as our lawns, and cheerful as our isle.  
Up the rough road Alcides, Hermes, strove,  
All men like you, Apollo, Mars, and Jove :  
Like you to bless mankind Minerva toil'd ;  
Diana bound the tyrants of the wild ;  
O'er the waste desert Bacchus spread the vine ;  
And Ceres taught the harvest field to shine.  
Fame rear'd her trumpet ; to the blest abodes  
She rais'd, and hail'd them gods and sprung of gods.

The love of Fame, by heaven's own hand impress'd,  
The first and noblest passion of the breast,

May yet mislead——Oh guard, ye hero train,  
 No harlot robes of honours false and vain,  
 No tinsel yours, be yours all native gold,  
 Well-earn'd each honour, each respect you hold :  
 To your loved King return a guardian band,  
 Return the guardians of your native land ;  
 To tyrant power be dreadful ; from the jaws  
 Of fierce oppression guard the peasant's cause.  
 If youthful fury pant for shining arms,  
 Spread o'er the Eastern World the dread <sup>a</sup> alarms ;  
 There bends the Saracen the hostile bow,  
 The Saracen thy faith, thy nation's foe ;  
 There from his cruel gripe tear empire's reins,  
 And break his tyrant sceptre o'er his chains.  
 On adamantine pillars thus shall stand  
 The throne, the glory of your native land,  
 And Lusian heroes, an immortal line,  
 Shall ever with us share our Isle Divine.

<sup>a</sup> *Spread o'er the Eastern World the dread alarms.*—This admonition places the whole design of the poem before us. To extirpate Mohammedism and propagate Christianity were professed as the principal purpose of the discoveries of Prince Henry and King Emmanuel. In the beginning of the Seventh Lusiad, the nations of Europe are upbraided for permitting the Saracens to erect and possess an empire, whose power alike threatened Europe and Christianity. The Portuguese, however, the patriot poet concludes, will themselves overthrow their enormous power: an event which is the proposed subject of the Lusiad, and which is represented as, in effect, completed in the last book. On this system, adopted by the

poet, and which on every occasion was avowed by their Kings, the Portuguese made immense conquests in the East. Yet, let it be remembered, to the honour of Gama and the first commanders who followed his route, that the plots of the Moors, and their various breaches of treaty, gave rise to the first wars which the Portuguese waged in Asia. On finding that all the colonies of the Moors were combined for their destruction, the Portuguese declared war against the eastern Moors and their allies wherever they found them. The course of human things however soon took place, and the sword of victory and power soon became the sword of tyranny and rapine.

## DISSERTATION on the FICTION of the ISLAND of VENUS.

FROM the earliest ages, and in the most distant nations, palaces, forests and gardens, have been the favourite themes of poets. And though, as in Homer's island of Rhadamanthus, the description is sometimes only cursory; at other times they have lavished all their powers, and have vied with each other in adorning their edifices and landscapes. The gardens of Alcinoüs in the *Odyssey*, and the *Elysium* in the *Æneid*, have excited the ambition of many imitators. Many instances of these occur in the later writers. These subjects however, it must be owned, are so natural to the genius of poetry, that it is scarcely fair to attribute to an imitation of the classics, the innumerable descriptions of this kind, which abound in the old Romances. In these, under different allegorical names, every passion, every virtue and vice, had its palace, its enchanted bowyer, or its dreary cave. Among the Italians, on the revival of letters, Pulci, Boyardo, and others, borrowed these fictions from the Gothic Romancers; Ariosto borrowed from them, and Spenser has copied Ariosto and Tasso. In the sixth and seventh books of the *Orlando Furioso*, there is a fine description of the island and palace of Alcina or Vice; and in the tenth book, but inferior to the other in poetical colouring, we have a view of the country of Loggillilla or Virtue. The passage, of this kind, however, where Ariosto has displayed the richest poetical painting, is in the xxxiv book, in the description of Paradise, whither he sends Astolpho the English Duke, to ask the help of St. John to recover the wits of Orlando. The whole is most admirably fanciful. Astolpho mounts the clouds on the winged horse, sees Paradise, and, accompanied by the Evangelist, visits the moon; the adventures in which orb are almost literally translated in Milton's *Limbo*. But the passage which may be said to bear the nearest resemblance to the descriptive part of the island of Venus, is the landscape of Paradise, of which the ingenious Mr. Hoole, to whose many acts of friendship I am proud to acknowledge myself indebted, has obliged me with his translation, though only ten books of his Ariosto are yet published.

O'er the glad earth the blissful season pours  
The vernal beauties of a thousand flowers  
In vary'd tints: there shew'd the ruby's hue,  
The yellow topaz, and the sapphire blue.  
The mead appears one intermingled blaze  
Where pearls and diamonds dart their trem-  
bling rays.

Not emerald here so bright a verdure yields  
As the fair turf of those celestial fields.  
On every tree the leaves unfading grow,  
The fruitage ripens and the slowrets blow!  
The frolic birds, gay-plum'd, of various wing  
Amid the boughs their notes melodious sing:  
Still lakes, and murmuring streams, with wa-  
ters clear,

Charm the fix'd eye, and lull the listening ear.  
A softening genial air, that ever seems  
In even tenor, cools the solar beams  
With fanning breeze; while from th' enamell'd  
field,

Whate'er the fruits, the plants, the blossoms  
yield

Of grateful scent, the stealing gales disperse  
The blended sweets to feed th' immortal sense.

Amid the plain a palace dazzling bright,  
Like living flame emits a streamy light,  
And wrapt in splendor of resplendent day  
Outlines the strength of every mortal ray.

Astolpho gently now directs his speed  
To where the spacious pile enfolds the mead  
In circuit wide, and views with eager eyes  
Each nameless charm that happy soil supplies.  
With this compar'd he deems the world below  
A dreary desert and a seat of woe!  
By Heaven and Nature, in their wrath bestow'd,  
In evil hour for man's unblest abode.

Near and more near the stately walls he drew,  
In steadfast gaze transported at the view:  
They seem'd one gem entire, of purer red  
Than deepening gleams transparent rubies  
shed.

Stupendous work! by art Dædalian rais'd,  
Transcending all, by feeble mortals prais'd!  
No more henceforth let boasting tongues proclaim  
Those wonders of the world, so chronicled by  
fame!

Camoens read and admired Ariosto; but  
it by no means follows that he borrowed  
the hint of his island of Venus from that  
poet. The luxury of flowery description is  
as common in poetry as are the tales of love.  
The heroes of Ariosto meet beautiful women  
in the palace of Alcina:

Before the threshold wanton damsels wait,  
Or sport between the pillars of the gate :  
But beauty more had brighten'd in their face  
Had modestly attemp'rd every grace ;  
In vesture green each damsel swept the ground,  
Their temples fair with leafy garlands crown'd.  
These, with a courteous welcome, led the knight  
To this sweet Paradise of soft delight. . . .  
Enamour'd youths and tender damsels seem  
To chant their loves beside a purling stream.  
Some by a branching tree or mountain's shade  
In sports and dances press the downy glade,  
While one discloses to his friend, apart,  
The secret transports of his amorous heart.

B. VI.

But these descriptions also, which bring the heroes of knight errantry into the way of beautiful wantons, are as common in the old romances as the use of the alphabet; and indeed the greatest part of these love adventures are evidently borrowed from the fable of Circe. Astolpho, who was transformed into a myrtle by Alcina, thus informs Rogero ;

Her former lovers she esteem'd no more,  
For many lovers she possess'd before ;  
I was her joy ———  
Too late, alas, I found her wavering mind  
In love inconstant as the changing wind !  
Scarce had I held two months the Fairy's grace,  
When a new youth was taken to my place :  
Rejected then I join'd the banish'd herd  
That lost her love, as others were prefer'd. . . .  
Some here, some there, her potent charms retain,  
In diverse forms imprison'd to remain ;  
In beeches, olives, palms, or cedars clos'd,  
Or such as me you here behold expos'd ;  
In fountains some, and some in beasts confin'd,  
As suits the wayward Fairy's cruel mind.

Hoole, Ar. B. VI.

When incidents, character and conduct confess the resemblance, we may with certainty pronounce from whence the copy is taken. Where only a similar stroke of passion or description occurs, it belongs alone to the arrogance of dulness, to tell us on what passage the poet had his eye. Every great poet has been persecuted in this manner ; Milton in particular. His commentators have not left him a flower of his own growth. Yet like the creed of the Atheist, their system is involved in the deepest absurdity. It is easy to suppose, that men of poetical feelings, in describing the same thing, should give us the same picture. But that the Paradise Lost, which forms one animated whole of the noblest poetry, is a mere cento,

compiled from innumerable authors, ancient and modern, is a supposition which gives Milton a cast of talents infinitely more extraordinary and inexplicable, than the greatest poetical genius. When *Gasper Poussin* painted clouds and trees in his landscapes, he did not borrow the green and the blue of the leaf and the sky from *Claud Lorrain*. Neither did Camoens, when he painted his island of Venus, spend the half of his life in collecting his colours from all his predecessors, who had described the beauties of the vernal year or the stages of passion. Camoens knew how others had painted the flowery bowers of love ; these formed his taste and corrected his judgment. He viewed the beauties of nature with poetical eyes, from thence he drew his landscapes ; he had felt all the allurements of love, and from thence he describes the agitations of that passion.

Nor is the description of fairy bowers and palaces, though most favourite topics, peculiar to the romances of chivalry. The poetry of the Orientals also abounds with them, yet with some characteristic differences. Like the constitutions and dress of the Asiatics, the landscapes of the eastern Muse are warm and feeble, brilliant and slight, and, like the manners of the people, wear an eternal sameness. The western Muse, on the contrary, is nervous as her heroes, sometimes flowery as her Italian or English fields, sometimes majestically great as her Runic forests of oak and pine ; and always various as the character of her inhabitants. Yet with all these differences of feature, several Oriental fictions greatly resemble the island of Circe and the flowery dominions of Alcina. In particular, the adventures of Prince *Agib*, or the third *Calander*, in the *Arabian Tales*, afford a striking likeness of painting and catastrophe.

If Ariosto however seem to resemble any eastern fiction, the Island of Venus in Camoens bears a more striking resemblance to a passage in Chaucer. The following beautiful piece of poetical painting occurs in the Assembly of the Fowles :

The birch Oak, and eke the hardie Ashe,  
The pillir Elme, the colfir unto caraine,  
The Boxe pipetre, the Holme to whippis lasse,  
The sailing Firre, the Cypres deth to plaine,  
The shortir Ewe, the Aspe for thastis plaine,  
The Olive of pcece, and eke the dronkin Vine,  
The wister Palme, the Laurir to Divine.

A garden



A gardein sawe I full of blofomed bowis,  
 Upon a River, in a grené Meude  
 There as swetenefs evirmore inough is,  
 With flouris white, and blewe, yelowé, and  
 rede,  
 And colde and clere Wellefremis, nothing dede,  
 That swommin full of smale fishis light,  
 With finnis rede, and fealis silver bright.

On every bough the birdis herd I syng  
 With voice of angell, in ther harmonie  
 That busied hem, ther birdis forthe to bryng,  
 And little pretie conies to ther plaic gan lie ;  
 And furthir all about I gan espie  
 The dreddful roe, the buck, the hart and hind,  
 Squinils, and bellis final of gentle kind.

Of instrumentes of stringis, in accorde  
 Heud I fo plaic a ravishyng swetneffe,  
 That God, that makir is of all ind Lorde,  
 Ne herd nevir a better, as I gesse,  
 There with a winde, unneht it might be lesse,  
 Made in the levis grene a noiffé soft  
 Accordant to the foulis song on loft.

The aire of the place fo attempre was,  
 That ner was there grevaunce of hot ne cold—  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Under a tre beside a well I feye  
 Cupid our lorde his arrowes forge and file,  
 And at his fete his bowe all redie laye,  
 And well his doughtir tempid all the while  
 The heddis in the well, and with her wile  
 She couchid hem afur as thei should serve,  
 Some for to flea, and some to wound and carve.

\* \* \* \* \*

And upon pillirs grete of Jaspir long  
 I saw a temple of Brasse sfoundid strong.

And about the temple dauncid alwaie  
 Women inow, of which some there ywere  
 Faire of hemself, and some of hem were gaie,  
 In kirills all desheved went thei there,  
 That was ther office er from yere to yere,  
 And on the temple sawe I white and faire  
 Of doves fityng many a thoulande paire.

Here we have Cupid forging his arrows, the woodland, the streams, the music of instruments and birds, the frolicks of deer and other animals; and *women inow*. In a word, the Island of Venus is here sketched out, yet Chaucer was never translated into Latin or any language of the Continent, nor did Camoens understand a line of English. The subject was common, and the same poetical feelings in Chaucer and Camoens, pointed out to each what were the beauties of landscapes and of bowers devoted to pleasure.

Yet, though the fiction of bowers, of islands, and palaces, was no novelty in poetry, much however remains to be attributed to the poetical powers and invention of Camoens. The island of Venus contains, of all others, by much the completest gradation, and fullest assemblage of that species of luxuriant painting. Nothing in the older writers is equal to it in fullness. Nor can the island of Armida in Tasso be compared to it, in poetical embroidery or passionate expression; though Tasso as undoubtedly built upon the model of Camoens, as Spenser appropriated the imagery of Tasso, when he described the bower of Acrasia, part of which he has literally translated from the Italian poet. The beautiful fictions of Armida and Acrasia however are much too long to be here inserted, and they are well known to every reader of taste.

But the chief praise of our Poet is yet unmentioned. The introduction of so beautiful a fiction, as an essential part of the conduct and machinery of an Epic Poem, does the greatest honour to the invention of Camoens. The machinery of the former part of the poem not only acquires dignity but is completed by it. And the conduct of Homer and Virgil, has in this not only received a fine imitation, but a masterly contrast. In the finest allegory the heroes of the Lusiad receive their reward; and by means of this allegory our Poet gives a noble imitation of the noblest part of the *Eneid*. In the tenth Lusiad, Gama and his heroes hear the nymphs in the divine palace of Thetis sing the triumphs of their countrymen in the conquest of India: after this the Goddess shews Gama a view of the Eastern World, from the Cape of Good Hope to the furthest islands of Japan. She poetically describes every region and the principal islands, and concludes, *All these are given to the Western World by You*. It is impossible any poem can be summed up with greater sublimity. The Fall of Troy is nothing to this. Nor is this all: the most masterly fiction, finest compliment, and ultimate purpose of the *Eneid*, is not only nobly imitated, but the conduct of Homer, in concluding the *Iliad*, as already observed, is paralleled, without one circumstance being borrowed. Poetical conduct cannot possibly bear a stronger resemblance, than the reward of the heroes of the Lusiad, the prophetic song, and the vision shewn

to Gama, bear to the games at the funeral of Patroclus and the redemption of the body of Hector, considered as the completion of the anger of Achilles, the subject of the Iliad. Nor is it a greater honour to resemble a Homer and a Virgil, than it is to be resembled by a Milton. Milton certainly heard of Fanshawe's translation of the Lusiad, though he might never have seen the original, for it was published fourteen years before he gave his Paradise Lost to the world. But whatever he knew of it, had the last book of the Lusiad been two thousand years known to the learned, every one would have owned that the two last books of the Paradise Lost were evidently formed upon it. But

whether Milton borrowed any hint from Camoens, is of little consequence. That the genius of the great Milton suggested the conclusion of his immortal Poem in the manner and machinery of the Lusiad, is enough. It is enough that the part of Michael and Adam in the two last books of the Paradise Lost, are in point of conduct exactly the same with the part of Thetis and Gama in the conclusion of the Lusiad. Yet this difference must be observed; in the narrative of his last book, Milton has flagged, as Addison calls it, and fallen infinitely short of the untired spirit of the Portuguese Poet.

E N D   O F   T H E   N I N T H   B O O K.

---

T H E  
L U S I A D.

---

B O O K X.

FAR o'er the western ocean's distant bed  
Apollo now his fiery courfers sped,  
Far o'er the silver lake of Mexic<sup>a</sup> roll'd  
His rapid chariot wheels of burning gold :

<sup>a</sup> *Far o'er the silver lake of Mexic.*—  
The city of Mexico is environed with an extensive lake ; or, according to Cortez, in his second narration to Charles V. with two lakes, one of fresh, the other of salt water, in circuit about fifty leagues. This situation, said the Mexicans, was appointed by their God *Vitziliputzli*, who, according to the explanation of their picture-histories, led their fore-fathers a journey of fourscore years, in search of the promised land ; the apish Devil, say some Spanish writers, in this imitating the journeys of the Israelites. Four of the principal priests carried the Idol in a coffer of reeds. Whenever they halted they built a tabernacle for their God

in the middle of their camp, where they placed the coffer and the altar. They then sowed the land, and their stay or departure, without regard to the harvest, was directed by the orders received from their idol, till at last by his command they fixed their abode on the site of Mexico. The origin of the Mexicans is represented by men coming out of caves, and their different journeys and encampments are portrayed in their picture-histories ; one of which was sent to Charles V. and is said to be still extant in the Escorial. According to the reigns of their kings, their first emigration was about A. D. 720. Vide Boterus, Gomara, Acosta, and other Spanish writers.

The

The eastern sky was left to dusky grey,  
And o'er the last hot breath of parting day,  
Cool o'er the sultry noon's remaining flame,  
On gentle gales the grateful twilight came.  
Dimpling the lucid pools the fragrant breeze  
Sighs o'er the lawns and whispers thro' the trees ;  
Refresh'd the lilly rears the silver head,  
And opening jefmines o'er the arbours spread.  
Fair o'er the wave that gleam'd like distant snow,  
Graceful arose the moon, serenely flow ;  
Not yet full orb'd, in clouded splendor drest,  
Her married arms embrace her pregnant breast.  
Sweet to his mate, recumbent o'er his young,  
The nightingale his spoufal anthem sung ;  
From every bower the holy chorus rose,  
From every bower the rival anthem flows.  
Translucent twinkling through the upland grove  
In all her lustre shines the star of love ;  
Led by the sacred ray from every bower,  
A joyful train, the wedded lovers pour :  
Each with the youth above the rest approved,  
Each with the nymph above the rest beloved,  
They seek the palace of the sovereign dame ;  
High on a mountain glow'd the wondrous frame :  
Of gold the towers, of gold the pillars shone,  
The walls were chrystal itarr'd with precious stone.

Amid

Amid the hall arose the festive board  
With nature's choicest gifts promiscuous stor'd :  
So will'd the Goddess to renew the smile  
Of vital strength, long worn by days of toil.  
On chrystal chairs that shined as lambent flame  
Each gallant youth attends his lovely dame ;  
Beneath a purple canopy of state  
The beauteous goddess and the leader fate :  
The banquet glows—Not such the feast, when all  
The pride of luxury in Egypt's hall  
Before the love-sick <sup>b</sup> Roman spread the boast  
Of every teeming sea and fertile coast.  
Sacred to noblest worth and Virtue's ear,  
Divine as genial was the banquet here ;  
The wine, the song, by sweet returns inspire,  
Now wake the lover's, now the hero's fire.  
On gold and silver from th' Atlantic main,  
The sumptuous tribute of the sea's wide reign,  
Of various favour was the banquet piled ;  
Amid the fruitage mingling roses smiled.  
In cups of gold that shed a yellow light,  
In silver shining as the moon of night,  
Amid the banquet flow'd the sparkling wine,  
Nor gave Falernia's fields the parent vine :  
Falernia's vintage nor the fabled power  
Of Jove's ambrosia in th' Olympian bower

<sup>b</sup> *Before the love-sick Roman.*—Mark Anthony.

To this compare not ; wild nor frantic fires,  
 Divineſt tranſport this alone inſpires.  
 The beverage foaming o'er the goblet's breaſt  
 The chryſtal fountain's cooling aid <sup>c</sup> confeſt ;  
 The while, as circling flow'd the cheerful bowl,  
 Sapient diſcourſe, the banquet of the ſoul,  
 Of richeſt argument and brighteſt glow,  
 Array'd in dimpling ſmiles, in eaſieſt flow  
 Pour'd all its graces : nor in ſilence ſtood  
 The powers of muſic, ſuch as erſt ſubdued  
 The horrid frown of Hell's profound <sup>d</sup> domains,  
 And ſooth'd the tortur'd ghoſts to ſlumber on their chains.  
 To muſic's ſweeteſt chords in loſtieſt vein,  
 An angel Syren joins the vocal ſtrain ;  
 The ſilver roofs reſound the living ſong,  
 The harp and organ's lofty mood prolong  
 The hallowed warblings ; liſtning Silence rides  
 The ſky, and o'er the bridled winds preſides ;

<sup>c</sup> *The beverage—the fountain's cooling aid confeſt.*—It was a cuſtom of the ancients in warm climates to mix the cooleſt ſpring water with their wine, immediately before drinking ; not, we may ſuppoſe, to render it leſs intoxicating, but on account of the cooling flavour it thereby received. Homer tells us that the wine which Ulyſſes gave to Polypheme would bear twenty meaſures of water. Modern luxury has ſubſtituted preſerved ice, in place of the more ancient mixture.

<sup>d</sup> *Muſic, ſuch as erſt ſubdued the horrid frown of Hell, &c.*—Alluding to the fable of Orpheus. Fanſhaw's tranſlation, as already obſerved, was published fourteen years

before the *Paradiſe Loſt*. Theſe lines of Milton,

What could it leſs when ſpirits immortal ſung ?  
 Their ſong was partial, but the harmony  
 Suſpended Hell, and took with raviſhment  
 The thronging audience——

bear a reſemblance to theſe of Fanſhaw,

Muſical inſtruments not wanting, ſuch  
 As to the damned ſpirits once gave eaſe  
 In the dark vaults of the internal Hall.—

To *ſlumber* amid their puniſhment, though omitted by Fanſhaw, is literal,

Fizerao deſcançar da eterna pena——

In

In softest murmurs flows the glassy deep,  
 And each, lull'd in his shade, the bestials sleep.  
 The lofty song ascends the thrilling skies,  
 The song of godlike heroes yet to rise ;  
 Jove gave the dream, whose glow the Syren fired,  
 And present Jove the prophecy inspired.  
 Not he, the bard of love-sick Dido's board,  
 Nor he the minstrel of Phœacia's lord,  
 Though fam'd in song, could touch the warbling string,  
 Or with a voice so sweet, melodious sing.  
 And thou, my Muse, O fairest of the train,  
 Calliope, inspire my closing strain.  
 No more the summer of my life \* remains,  
 My autumn's lengthening evenings chill my veins ;  
 Down the bleak stream of years by woes on woes  
 Wing'd on, I hasten to the tomb's repose,  
 The port whose deep dark bottom shall detain  
 My anchor never to be weigh'd again,  
 Never on other sea of life to steer  
 The human course——Yet thou, O goddess, hear,

\* *No more the summer of my life remains.*  
 —It is not certain when Camoens wrote this. It seems however not long to precede the publication of his poem, at which time he was in his fifty-fifth year. This apostrophe to his Muse may perhaps by some be blamed as another digression ; but so little does it require defence, that one need not hesitate to affirm, that had Homer, who

often talks to his Muse, introduced, on these favourable opportunities, any little picture or history of himself, these digressions would have been the most interesting parts of his works. Had any such little history of Homer complained like this of Camoens, it would have been bedewed with the tears of ages.

Yet let me live, though round my silver'd head  
 Misfortune's bitterest rage unpitying shed  
 Her coldest storms ; yet let me live to crown  
 The song that boasts my nation's proud renown.

Of godlike heroes sung the nymph divine,  
 Heroes whose deeds on Gama's crest shall shine ;  
 Who through the seas by Gama first explor'd  
 Shall bear the Lusian standard and the sword,  
 Till every coast where roars the orient main,  
 Blest in its sway, shall own the Lusian reign ;  
 Till every Pagan king his neck shall yield,  
 Or vanquish'd gnaw the dust on battle field.

High Priest of Malabar, the goddess sung,  
 Thy faith repent not, nor lament thy ' wrong ;  
 Though for thy faith to Lusus' generous race  
 The raging Zamoreem thy fields deface :  
 From Tagus, lo, the great Pacheco fails,  
 To India wafted on auspicious gales.  
 Soon as his crooked prow the tide shall press,  
 A new Achilles shall the tide confess ;

<sup>1</sup> *Thy faith repent not, nor lament thy wrong.*—P. Alvarez Cabral, the second Portuguese commander who failed to India, entered into a treaty of alliance with Trimumpara king of Cochin and high priest of Malabar. The Zamorim raised powerful

armies to dethrone him. His fidelity to the Portuguese was unalterable, though his affairs were brought to the lowest ebb. For an account of this war, and the almost incredible achievements of Pacheco, see the history in the preface.



His ship's strong sides shall groan beneath his <sup>s</sup> weight,  
 And deeper waves receive the sacred freight.  
 Soon as on India's strand he shakes his spear,  
 The burning East shall tremble, chill'd with fear;  
 Reeking with noble blood Cambalao's stream  
 Shall blaze impurpled to the evening beam;  
 Urged on by raging shame the Monarch brings,  
 Banded with all their powers, his vassal kings:  
 Narsinga's rocks their cruel thousands pour,  
 Bipur's stern king attends, and thine, Tanore:  
 To guard proud Calicut's imperial pride  
 All the wide North sweeps down its peopled tide:

<sup>s</sup> *His ship's strong sides shall groan beneath their weight, And deeper waves receive the sacred freight.*—Thus Virgil;

————— simul accipit alveo  
 Ingentem Æneam. Gemuit sub pondere cymba  
 Sutilis, & multam accipit rimola paludem.

That the visionary boat of Charon groaned under the weight of Æneas is a fine poetical stroke; but that the crazy rents let in the water is certainly lowering the image. The thought however, as managed in Camoens, is much grander than in Virgil, and affords a happy instance, where the hyperbole is truly poetical.

Poetical allusions to, or abridgements of historical events, are either extremely insipid and obscure, or particularly pleasing to the reader. To be pleasing, a previous acquaintance with the history is necessary, and for this reason the poems of Homer and Virgil were peculiarly relished by their countrymen. When a known circumstance is placed in an animated poetical view, and clothed with the graces of poetical language, a sensible mind must feel the effect. But when the circumstance is unknown, nothing but the most lively imagery and finest colouring can prevent it from being tiresome.

The *Lusiad* affords many instances which must be highly pleasing to the Portuguese, but dry to those who are unacquainted with their history. Nor need one hesitate to assert, that were we not acquainted with the Roman history from our childhood, a great part of the *Æneid* would appear to us intolerably uninteresting. Sensible of this disadvantage which every version of historical poetry must suffer, the Translator has not only in the notes added every incident which might elucidate the subject, but has also, all along, in the episode in the third and fourth books, in the description of the painted ensigns in the eighth, and in the allusions in the present book, endeavoured to throw every historical incident into that universal language, the picturesque of poetry. The circumstances unsusceptible of imagery are hastened over, and those which can best receive it, presented to the view. When Hector storms the Grecian camp, when Achilles marches to battle, every reader understands and is affected with the bold painting. But when Nestor talks of his exploits at the funereal games of *Amaryncees*, (*Iliad*. xxiii.) the critics themselves cannot comprehend him, and have vied with each other in inventing explanations.

Join'd are the fects that never touch'd before,  
 By land the Pagan, and by sea the Moor.  
 O'er land, o'er sea the great Pacheco strews  
 The prostrate spearmen, and the founder'd <sup>h</sup> proas.  
 Submis and silent, palsied with amaze  
 Proud Malabar th' unnumbered slain surveys :  
 Yet burns the Monarch ; to his shrine he speeds ;  
 Dire howl the priests, the groaning victim bleeds ;  
 The ground they stamp, and from the dark abodes  
 With tears and vows they call th' infernal gods.  
 Enrag'd with dog-like madness to behold  
 His temples and his towns in flames enroll'd,  
 Secure of promised victory, again  
 He fires the war, the lawns are heapt with slain.  
 With stern reproach he brands his routed Nayres,  
 And for the dreadful field Himself prepares ;  
 His harness'd thousands to the fight he leads,  
 And rides exulting where the combat bleeds :  
 Amid his pomp his robes are sprinkled o'er,  
 And his proud face dash'd with his <sup>i</sup> menials' gore :  
 From his high couch he leaps, and speeds to flight  
 On foot inglorious, in his army's fight.  
 Hell then he calls, and all the powers of hell,  
 The secret poison, and the charmed spell ;

<sup>h</sup> *Proas*—or *paraos*, Indian vessels which lie low on the water, are worked with oars, and carry 100 men and upwards apiece.

<sup>i</sup> ——— *his robes are sprinkled o'er, And his proud face dash'd with his menials' gore.*—See the history in the preface.

Vain as the spell the poison's rage is shed,  
 For Heaven defends the hero's sacred head.  
 Still fiercer from each wound the Tyrant burns,  
 Still to the field with heavier force returns ;  
 The seventh dread war he kindles ; high in air  
 The hills dishonour'd lift their shoulders bare ;  
 Their woods roll'd down now strew the river's side,  
 Now rise in mountain turrets o'er the tide ;  
 Mountains of fire and spires of bickering flame,  
 While either bank refounds the proud acclaim,  
 Come floating down, round Lufus' fleet to pour  
 Their sulphurous entrails in a burning <sup>k</sup> shower.  
 Oh vain the hope——Let Rome her boast resign ;  
 Her palms, Pacheco, never bloom'd like thine ;  
 Nor Tyber's bridge, nor Marathon's <sup>1</sup> red field,  
 Nor thine, Thermopylæ, such deeds beheld ;  
 Nor Fabius' arts such rushing storms repell'd.  
 Swift as repulsed the 'famished wolf' returns  
 Fierce to the fold, and, wounded, fiercer burns ;  
 So swift, so fierce, seven times, all India's might  
 Returns unnumber'd to the dreadful fight ;

<sup>k</sup> ——— round Lufus' fleet to pour their sulphurous entrails.—How Pacheco avoided this formidable danger, see the history in the preface.

<sup>1</sup> *Nor Tyber's bridge.*—When Porfenna besieged Rome, Horatius Coeles defended the pass of a bridge till the Romans destroyed it behind him. Having thus saved the pass, heavy armed as he was, he swam across the river to his companions. The

Roman history, however, at this period, is often mixt with fable. Miltiades obtained a great victory over Darius at Marathon. The stand of Leonidas is well known. The battles of Pacheco were in defence of the fords by which the city of Cochin could only be entered. The numbers he withstood by land and sea, and the victories he obtained, are much more astonishing than the stand at Thermopylæ. See the preface.

One hundred spears, seven times in dreadful flower,  
Strews in the dust all India's raging power.

The lofty song, for paleneſs o'er her ſpread,  
The nymph ſuſpends, and bows the languid head ;  
Her faltering words are breath'd on plaintive ſighs,  
Ah, Belifarius, injured Chief, ſhe cries,  
Ah, wipe thy tears ; in war thy rival ſee,  
Injured Pacheco falls deſpoil'd like thee ;  
In him, in thee diſhonour'd virtue bleeds,  
And valour weeps to view her faireſt deeds,  
Weeps o'er Pacheco, where, forlorn he lies  
Low on an alms-houſe <sup>m</sup> bed, and friendleſs dies.  
Yet ſhall the Muſes plume his humble bier,  
And ever o'er him pour th' immortal tear ;  
Though by thy king, alone to thee unjuſt,  
Thy head, great Chief, was humbled in the duſt,  
Loud ſhall the Muſe indignant ſound thy praiſe,  
“ Thou gav'ſt thy Monarch's throne its proudeſt blaze.”  
While round the world the ſun's bright car ſhall ride,  
So bright ſhall ſhine thy name's illuſtrious pride ;  
Thy Monarch's glory, as the moon's pale beam,  
Eclipſed by thine, ſhall ſhed a ſickly gleam.  
Such meed attends when ſoothing flattery ſways,  
And blinded State its ſacred truſt betrays !

<sup>m</sup> Low on an alms-houſe bed. — See the hiſtory in the preface.

Again the Nymph exalts her brow, again  
Her swelling voice resounds the lofty strain :  
Almeyda comes, the kingly name he bears,  
Deputed royalty his standard rears :  
In all the generous rage of youthful fire  
The warlike son attends the warlike fire.  
Quiloa's blood-stain'd tyrant now shall feel  
The righteous vengeance of the Lusian steel.  
Another prince, by Lisbon's throne beloved,  
Shall bless the land, for faithful deeds approved.  
Mombaze shall now her treason's meed behold,  
When curling flames her proudest domes enfold :  
Involved in smoak, loud crashing, low shall fall  
The mounded temple and the castled wall.  
O'er India's seas the young Almeyda pours,  
Scorching the wither'd air, his iron showers ;  
Torn masts and rudders, hulks and canvas riven,  
Month after month before his prows are driven ;  
But Heaven's dread will, where clouds of darkness rest,  
That awful will, which knows alone the best,  
Now blunts his spear : Cambaya's squadrons joined  
With Egypt's fleets, in pagan rage combined,  
Engrasp him round ; red boils the staggering flood,  
Purpled with volleying flames and hot with blood :  
Whirl'd by an iron thunder bolt, his thigh  
In shivers torn flies hissing o'er the sky :

Bound to the mast the godlike hero <sup>n</sup> stands,  
 Waves his proud sword and cheers his woeful bands.  
 Though winds and seas their wonted aid deny,  
 To yield he knows not, but he knows to die :  
 Another thunder tears his manly breast :  
 Oh fly, blest spirit, to thy heavenly rest —  
 Hark, rolling on the groaning storm I hear,  
 Resistless vengeance thundering on the rear !  
 I see the transports of the furious fire,  
 As o'er the mangled corse his eyes flash fire.  
 Swift to the fight, with stern though weeping eyes,  
 Fixt rage fierce burning in his breast, he flies ;  
 Fierce as the bull that sees his rival rove  
 Free with the heifers through the mounded grove,  
 On oak or beech his madning fury pours ;  
 So pours Almeyda's rage on Dabul's towers.  
 His vanes wide waving o'er the Indian sky,  
 Before his prows the fleets of India <sup>o</sup> fly ;

<sup>n</sup> *Bound to the mast the godlike hero stands.*  
 —The English history affords an instance of similar resolution in Admiral Bembo, who was supported in a wooden frame, and continued the engagement after his legs and thighs were shivered in splinters. Contrary to the advice of his officers the young Almeyda refused to bear off, though almost certain to be overpowered, and though both wind and tide were critically against him. His father had sharply upbraided him for a former retreat, where victory was thought impossible. He now fell the victim of his father's ideas of military glory. See the preface.

<sup>o</sup> ————— *the fleets of India fly.*—After having cleared the Indian seas, the Viceroy

Almeyda attacked the combined fleets of Egypt, Cambaya, and the Zamorim, in the entrance and harbour of Diu, or Dio. The fleet of the Zamorim almost immediately fled. That of Melique Yaz, Lord of Diu, suffered much ; but the greatest slaughter fell upon the Egyptians and Turks, commanded by Mir-Hocem, who had defeated and killed the young Almeyda. Of 800 Mamulucks or Turks, who fought under Mir-Hocem, only 22, says *Ossorius*, survived this engagement. Melique Yaz, says *Faria y Sousa*, was born in slavery, and descended of the Christians of Roxia. The road to preferment is often a dirty one ; but Melique's was much less so than that of many. As the king of Cambaya was one day riding in  
 state,

On Egypt's chief his mortars' dreadful tire  
 Shall vomit all the rage of prison'd fire :  
 Heads, limbs and trunks shall choak the struggling tide,  
 Till every surge with reeking crimson dyed,  
 Around the young Almeyda's hapless urn  
 His conquerors' naked ghosts shall howl and mourn,  
 As meteors flashing through the darken'd air  
 I see the victors' whirling falchions glare ;  
 Dark rolls the sulphurous smoke o'er Dio's skies,  
 And shrieks of death and shouts of conquest rise,  
 In one wide tumult blended : The rough roar  
 Shakes the brown tents on Ganges' trembling shore ;  
 The waves of Indus from the banks recoil ;  
 And matrons howling on the strand of Nile,  
 By the pale moon their absent sons deplore ;  
 Long shall they wail ; their sons return no more.

Ah, strike the notes of woe, the Syren cries,  
 A dreary vision swims before my eyes.  
 To Tagus' shore triumphant as he bends,  
 Low in the dust the Hero's glory ends :  
 Though bended bow, nor thundering engine's hail,  
 Nor Egypt's sword, nor India's spear prevail,

state, an unlucky kite dinged upon his royal head. His majesty in great wrath swore he would give all he was worth to have the offender killed. Melique, who was an expert archer, immediately dispatched an arrow, which brought the audacious hawk to

the ground. For the merit of this eminent service he was made Lord of Diu, or Dio, a considerable city, the strongest and most important fortrefs at that time in all India. See *Faria*, L. 2. c. 2.

Fall shall the <sup>p</sup> Chief before a naked foe,  
 Rough clubs and rude hurl'd stones shall strike the blow;  
 The Cape of Tempests shall his tomb supply,  
 And in the desert sands his bones shall lie,  
 No boastful trophy o'er his ashes rear'd:  
 Such Heaven's dread will, and be that will rever'd!

But lo, resplendent shines another star,  
 Loud she resounds, in all the blaze of war!  
 Great <sup>q</sup> Cunia guards Melinda's friendly shore,  
 And dyes her seas with Oja's hostile gore;  
 Lamo and Brava's towers his vengeance tell:  
 Green Madagascar's flowery dales shall swell  
 His echoed fame, till ocean's fouthmost bound  
 On isles and shores unknown his name resound.

Another blaze, behold, of fire and arms!  
 Great Albuquerque awakes the dread alarms:  
 O'er Ormuz' walls his thundering flames he pours,  
 While Heaven, the Hero's guide, indignant <sup>r</sup> showers  
 Their arrows backward on the Persian foe,  
 Tearing the breasts and arms that twang'd the bow.

<sup>p</sup> *Fall shall the Chief.*—See the note on page 208.

<sup>q</sup> *Great Cunia.*—Tristan de Cunha, or d'Acugna. See the history in the preface.

<sup>r</sup> *Heaven's indignant showers their arrows backward.*—See the note on page 63. Some writers relate, that when Albuquerque besieged Ormuz, a violent wind drove the

arrows of the enemy backward upon their own ranks. Oforius says, that many of the dead Persians and Moors were found to have died by arrows. But as that weapon was not used by the Portuguese, he conjectures, that in their despair of victory many of the enemy had thus killed themselves, rather than survive the defeat.



Mountains of falt and fragrant gums in vain  
 Were spent untainted to embalm the flain.  
 Such heaps fhall ftrew the feas and faithlefs ftand  
 Of Gerum, Mazcate, and Calayat's land,  
 Till faithlefs Ormuz own the Lufian fway,  
 And Barem's pearls her yearly fafety pay.

What glorious palms on Goa's <sup>s</sup> ifle I fee,  
 Their bloffoms fpread, great Albuquerque, for thee!  
 Through caftled walls the Hero breaks his way,  
 And opens with his fword the dread array  
 Of Moors and Pagans; through their depth he rides,  
 Through fpears and fhowering fire the battle guides.  
 As bulls enraged, or lions fmeared with gore,  
 His bands fwEEP wide o'er Goa's purpled fhore.  
 Nor eaftward far though fair Malacca <sup>t</sup> lie,  
 Her groves embofom'd in the morning fky;  
 Though with her amorous fons the valiant line  
 Of Java's ifle in battle rank combine,

<sup>s</sup> *What glorious palms on Goa's ifle I fee.*  
 — This important place was made an  
 Archbifhoprick, the capital of the Portu-  
 guese empire in the Eaft, and the feat of  
 their Viceroy's; for which purpofes it is ad-  
 vantageoufly fituated on the coaft of Decan.  
 It ftill remains in the poffeffion of the Por-  
 tuguese.

<sup>t</sup> *Malacca.* — The conqueft of this place  
 was one of the greateft actions of Albuquer-  
 que. It became the chief port of the eaftern  
 part of Portuguese India, and fecond only to  
 Goa. Befides a great many pieces of ord-  
 nance which were carried away by the Moors  
 who efcape, 3000 large caanon remained

the prize of the victors. When Albuquerque  
 was on the way to Malacca, he attacked a  
 large fhip, but juft as his men were going to  
 board her, fhe fuddenly appeared all in  
 flames, which obliged the Portuguese to  
 bear off. Three days afterward the fame  
 vefsel fent a boat to Albuquerque, offering an  
 alliance, which was accepted. The flames,  
 fays Oforius, were only artificial, and did  
 not the leaft damage. Another wonderful  
 adventure immediately happened. The ad-  
 miral foon after fent his long boats to attack  
 a fhip commanded by one Nechoada Beeguea.  
 The enemy made an obftinate refiftance. Ne-  
 choada himfelf was pierced with feveral mortal  
 wounds,

Though poison'd shafts their ponderous quivers store ;  
 Malacca's spicy groves and golden ore,  
 Great Albuquerque, thy dauntless toils shall crown !  
 Yet art thou ' stain'd——Here with a fighful frown  
 The Goddesses paused, for much remain'd un Sung,  
 But blotted with an humble soldier's wrong.

wounds, but lost not one drop of blood, till a bracelet was taken off his arm, when immediately the blood gashed out. According to Oforius, this was said to be occasioned by the virtue of a stone in the bracelet taken out of an animal called Cabrisia, which when worn on the body could prevent the effusion of blood from the most grievous wounds.

*Yet art thou stain'd.*——A detail of all the great actions of Albuquerque would have been tedious and unpoetical. Camoens has chosen the most brilliant, and has happily suppressed the rest by a display of indignation. The French translator has the following note on this passage, “ Behold another instance of our Author's prejudice ! The action which he condemns had nothing in it blameable : but as he was of a most amorous constitution, he thought every fault which could plead an amour in its excuse ought to be pardoned ; but true heroes, such as Albuquerque, follow other maxims. This great man had in his palace a beautiful Indian slave. He viewed her with the eyes of a father, and the care of her education was his pleasure. A Portuguese soldier, named Ruy Diaz, had the boldness to enter the General's apartment, where he succeeded so well with the girl, that he obtained his desire. When Albuquerque heard of it, he immediately ordered him to the gallows.”

Camoens, however, was no such undistinguishing libertine as this would represent him. In a few pages we find him praising the continence of Don Henry de Meneses, whose victory over his passions he calls the highest excellence of youth. Nor does it appear by what authority the Frenchman assures us of the chaste paternal affection which Albuquerque bore to this Indian girl. It was the great aim of Albuquerque to esta-

blish colonies in India, and for that purpose he encouraged his soldiers to marry with the natives. The most flighty girls were selected, and educated in the religion and household arts of Portugal, and portioned at the expence of the General. These he called his daughters, and with great pleasure he used to attend their weddings, several couples being usually joined together at one time. At one of these nuptials, says *Faria*, the festivity having continued late, and the brides being mixed together, several of the bridegrooms committed a blunder. The mistakes of the night however, as they were all equal in point of honour, were mutually forgiven in the morning, and each man took his proper wife whom he had received at the altar. This delicate anecdote of Albuquerque's sons and daughters, is as bad a commentary on the note of Castera, as it is on the severity which the commander shewed to poor Diaz. Nor does Camoens stand alone in the condemnation of the General. The Historian agrees with the Poet. Mentioning the death of D. Antonio Noronha, “ This gentleman, says *Faria*, used to moderate the violent temper of his uncle Albuquerque, which soon after shewed itself in rigid severity. He ordered a soldier to be hanged for an amour with one of the slaves whom he called daughters, and whom he used to give in marriage. When some of his officers asked him what authority he had to take the poor man's life, he drew his sword, told them that was his commission, and instantly broke them.” To marry his soldiers with the natives was the plan of Albuquerque, his severity therefore seems unaccountable, unless we admit the perhaps of Camoens, *ou de cieço*, perhaps it was jealousy.——But whatever incensed the General, the execution of the soldier was contrary

Alas, she cries, when war's dread horrors reign,  
 And thundering batteries rock the fiery plain,  
 When ghastly famine on a hostile soil,  
 When pale disease attends on weary toil,  
 When patient under all the soldier stands,  
 Detested be the rage which then demands  
 The humble soldier's blood, his only crime  
 The amorous frailty of the youthful prime!  
 Incest's cold horror here no glow restrained,  
 Nor sacred nuptial bed was here prophaned,  
 Nor here unwelcome force the virgin seized;  
 A slave lascivious, in his fondling pleased,  
 Resigns her breast — Ah, stain to Lusian fame!  
 ('Twas lust of blood, perhaps 'twas jealous flame;)  
 The Leader's rage, unworthy of the brave,  
 Consigns the youthful soldier to the grave.  
 Not Ammon thus Apelles' love \* repaid,  
 Great Ammon's bed resign'd the lovely maid;

contrary to the laws of every nation\*; and the honest indignation of Camoens against one of the greatest of his countrymen, one who was the grand architect of the Portuguese empire in the East, affords a noble instance of that manly freedom of sentiment which knows no right by which king or peer may do injustice to the meanest subject. Nor can we omit the observation, that the above note of Castéra is of a piece with the French devotion we have already seen him pay to the name of king, a devotion which breathes the true spirit of the blessed

advice given by Father Paul to the republic of Venice: "When a nobleman commits an offence against a subject, says the Jesuit, let every means be tried to justify him. But if a subject has offended a nobleman, let him be punished with the utmost severity."

\* *Not Ammon.* — Campaspe, the most beautiful concubine of Alexander, was given by that monarch to Apelles, whom he perceived in love with her. Araspas had strict charge of the fair captive Panthea. His attempt on her virtue was forgiven by Cyrus.

\* Oforius relates the affair of Diaz with some other circumstances; but with no difference that affects this assertion.

Nor Cyrus thus reproved Araspas' fire ;  
 Nor haughtier Carlo thus assumed the fire,  
 Though iron Baldwin to his daughter's bower,  
 An ill-match'd lover, stole in secret hour :  
 With nobler rage the lofty monarch glow'd,  
 And Flandria's <sup>w</sup> earldom on the knight bestow'd.

Again the nymph the song of fame resounds ;  
 Lo, sweeping wide o'er Ethiopia's bounds,  
 Wide o'er Arabia's purple shore on high  
 The Lufian ensigus blaze along the sky :  
 Mecca, aghast, beholds the standards shine,  
 And midnight horror shakes Medina's <sup>x</sup> shrine ;

<sup>w</sup> *And Flandria's earldom on the knight bestow'd.*—“ Baldwin, surnamed Iron-arm, Grand Forester of Flanders, being in love with Judith, the daughter of Charles the Bald and widow of Ethelwolfe, king of England, obtained his desire by force. Charles, though at first he highly resented, afterwards pardoned his crime, and consented to his marriage with the Princesses.”

*Castera.*

This digression in the song of the nymph bears, in manner, a striking resemblance to the histories which often, even in the heat of battle, the heroes of Homer relate to each other. That these little episodes have their beauty and propriety in an Epic poem, will strongly appear from a view of M. de la Motte's translation of the Iliad into French verse. The four and twenty books of Homer he has contracted into twelve, and these contain no more lines than about four books of the original. A thousand embellishments which the warm poetical feelings of Homer suggested to him, are thus thrown out by the Frenchman. But what is the consequence of this improvement ? The work of la Motte

is unread, even by his own countrymen, and despised by every Foreigner who has the least relish for poetry and Homer.

<sup>x</sup> *And midnight horror shakes Medina's shrine.*—Medina, the city where Mohammed is buried. About six years after Gama's discovery of India, the Sultan of Egypt sent Maurus, the abbot of the monks at Jerusalem, who inhabit Mount Sion, on an embassy to Pope Julius II. The Sultan, with severe threats to the Christians of the East in case of refusal, intreated the Pope to desire Emmanuel king of Portugal to send no more fleets to the Indian seas. The Pope sent Maurus to Emmanuel, who returned a very spirited answer to his Holiness, assuring him that no threats, no dangers could make him alter his resolutions, and lamenting that it had not yet been in his power to fulfil his purpose of demolishing the sepulchre and erasing the memorials of Mohammed from the earth. This, he says, was the first purpose of sending his fleets to India. *Nobis enim, cum iter in Indiam classibus nostris aperire, & regiones majoribus nostris incognitas explorare decrevimus, hoc propositum fuit, ut ipsum Mahumetane*

Th' unhallowed altar bodes th' approaching foe,  
 Foredoom'd in dust its prophet's tomb to strew.  
 Nor Ceylon's isle, brave Soarez, shall with-hold  
 Its incense, precious as the burnish'd gold,  
 What time o'er proud Columbo's loftiest spire  
 Thy flag shall blaze : Nor shall th' immortal lyre  
 Forget thy praise, Sequeyra ! To the shore  
 Where Sheba's sapient queen the <sup>y</sup> sceptre bore,  
 Braving the Red Sea's dangers shalt thou force  
 To Abyffinia's realm thy novel course ;  
 And isles, by jealous nature long conceal'd,  
 Shall to the wondering world be now reveal'd.  
 Great Menez next the Lufian sword shall bear ;  
 Menez, the dread of Afric, high shall rear  
 His victor sword, till deep shall Ormuz groan,  
 And tribute doubled her revolt atone.

Now shines thy glory in meridian height,  
 And loud her voice she raised ; O matchless Knight,  
 Thou, thou, illustrious Gama, thou shalt bring  
 The olive bough of peace, deputed King !

*tunc seque caput . . . . . extinguemus—*  
 It is with great art that Camoens so often reminds us of the grand design of the expedition of his heroes, to subvert Mohammedism and found a Christian empire in the East. But the dignity which this gives his poem is already observed in the preface.

*y Where Sheba's sapient queen the sceptre bore.—* The Abyffinians contend that their country is the Sheba mentioned in the scripture, and that the queen who visited Solomon bore a son to that monarch, from whom their royal family, to the present time, is descended.

The lands by Thee discover'd shall obey  
 Thy scepter'd power, and blefs thy regal sway.  
 But India's crimes, outrageous to the skies,  
 A length of these Saturnian days denies :  
 Snatch'd from thy golden throne the heavens shall claim  
 Thy deathless soul, the world thy deathless <sup>y</sup> name.

Now o'er the coast of faithless Malabar  
 Victorious Henry <sup>z</sup> pours the rage of war ;  
 Nor less the youth a nobler strife shall wage,  
 Great victor of himself though green in age ;  
 No restless slave of wanton amorous fire,  
 No lust of gold shall taint his generous ire.  
 While youth's bold pulse beats high, how brave the boy  
 Whom harlot smiles nor pride of power decoy !  
 Immortal be his name ! Nor less thy praise,  
 Great <sup>a</sup> Mascarene, shall future ages raise :

<sup>y</sup> *Snatch'd from thy golden throne.*—Gama only reigned three months Viceroy of India. During his second voyage, the third which the Portuguese made to India, he gave the Zamorim some considerable defeats by sea, besides his victories over the Moors. These, however, are judiciously omitted by Camoens, as the less striking part of his character.

The French Translator is highly pleased with the prediction of Gama's death, delivered to himself at the feast. "The Syren," says he, persuaded that Gama is a hero exempt from weakness, does not hesitate to mention the end of his life. Gama listens without any mark of emotion ;

"the feast and the song continue. If I am not deceived, this is truly great."

<sup>z</sup> *Victorious Henry.*—Don Henry de Menezes. He was only twenty-eight when appointed to the government of India. He died in his thirtieth year, a noble example of the most disinterested heroism. See the preface

<sup>a</sup> *Great Mascarene.*—Pedro de Mascarenhas. The injustice done to this brave officer, and the usurpation of his governmentship by Lopez Vaz de Sampayo, afford one of the most interesting periods of the history of the Portuguese in India. See the preface.

Though

Though power, unjust, with-hold the splendid ray  
 That dignifies the crest of sovereign sway,  
 Thy deeds, great Chief, on Bintam's humbled shore,  
 Deeds such as Asia never view'd before,  
 Shall give thy honest fame a brighter blaze  
 Than tyrant pomp in golden robes displays.  
 Though bold in war the fierce Ufurper shine,  
 Though Cutial's potent navy o'er the brine  
 Drive vanquish'd ; though the Lusian Hector's sword  
 For him reap conquest, and confirm him Lord ;  
 Thy deeds, great Peer, the wonder of thy foes,  
 Thy glorious chains unjust, and generous woes,  
 Shall dim the fierce Sampayo's fairest fame,  
 And o'er his honours thine aloud proclaim.  
 Thy generous woes ! Ah gallant injured Chief,  
 Not thy own sorrows give the sharpest grief.  
 Thou seest the Lusian name her honours stain,  
 And lust of gold her heroes' breasts profane ;  
 Thou seest ambition lift the impious head,  
 Nor God's red arm, nor lingering justice dread ;  
 O'er India's bounds thou seest these vultures prowl,  
 Full gorged with blood, and dreadful of controul ;  
 Thou seest and weepst thy country's blotted name,  
 The generous sorrow thine, but not the shame.  
 Nor long the Lusian ensigns stain'd remain ;  
 Great Nunio <sup>b</sup> comes, and razes every stain.

<sup>b</sup> *Great Nunio.*—Nunio de Cunha, one of the most worthy of the Portuguese governors.  
 See the preface.

Though lofty Calè's warlike towers he rear ;  
 Though haughty Melic groan beneath his spear ;  
 Though Dio owe her safety to his name,  
 These are the tinsel of his nobler fame.  
 Far haughtier foes of Lusian race he braves ;  
 The awful sword of justice high he waves :  
 Before his bar the injured Indian stands,  
 And justice boldly on his foe demands,  
 The Lusian foe ; in wonder lost the Moor  
 Beholds proud Rapine's vulture gripe restore ;  
 Beholds the Lusian hands in fetters bound  
 By Lusian hands, and wound repay'd for wound.  
 Oh, more shall thus by Nunio's worth be won,  
 Than conquest reaps from high plumed hosts o'erthrown.  
 Long shall the generous Nunio's blissful sway  
 Command supreme. In Dio's hopeless day  
 The sovereign toil the brave Noronha takes ;  
 Awed by his fame the fierce-soul'd Rumien <sup>c</sup> shakes,  
 And Dio's open'd walls in sudden flight forsakes. }  
 A son of thine, O Gama, now shall <sup>d</sup> hold  
 The helm of empire, prudent, wise and bold :

<sup>c</sup> *Awed by his fame.* — That brave generous spirit, which prompted Camoens to condemn the great Albuquerque for injustice to a common soldier, has here deserted him. In place of poetical compliment, on the terrors of his name, Noronha deserved infamy. The siege of Dio, it is true, was raised on the report of his approach, but that report was the stratagem of

*Coje Zofar*, one of the general officers of the assailants. The delays of Noronha were as highly blameable, as his treatment of his predecessor, the excellent Nunio, was unworthy of a gentleman. See the history of the Portuguese Commanders in India, in the preface.

<sup>d</sup> *A son of thine, O Gama.* — Stephen de Gama. See the preface.



Malacca saved and strengthen'd by his arms,  
 The banks of Tor shall eccho his alarms ;  
 His worth shall blefs the kingdoms of the morn,  
 For all thy virtues shall his foul adorn.  
 When fate resigns thy hero to the skies,  
 A Veteran, famed on Brazil's shore, shall \* rise :  
 The wide Atlantic and the Indian main,  
 By turns shall own the terrors of his reign.  
 His aid the proud Cambayan king implores,  
 His potent aid Cambaya's king restores.  
 The dread Mogul with all his thousands flies,  
 And Dio's towers are Souza's well-earn'd prize.  
 Nor less the Zamorim o'er blood-stain'd † ground  
 Shall speed his legions, torn with many a wound,  
 In headlong rout. Nor shall the boastful pride  
 Of India's navy, though the shaded tide  
 Around the squadron'd masts appear the down  
 Of some wide forest, other fate renown.  
 Loud rattling through the hills of Cape Camore  
 I hear the tempest of the battle roar !  
 Clung to the splinter'd masts I see the dead  
 Badala's shore with horrid wreck bespread ;

\* *A Veteran fam'd on Brazil's shore.*—  
 Martin Alonzo de Souza. He was cele-  
 brated for clearing the coast of Brazil of  
 several pirates, who were formidable to that  
 infant colony.

† *o'er blood-stain'd ground.*—  
 This is as near the original as elegance will

allow—*de sangue cheyo*—which Fan-  
 shaw has thus punned,

— with no little loss,  
 Sending him home again by *Weeping-Cross*.—

a place near Banbury in Oxfordshire.

Baticala inflamed by treachrous hate,  
 Provokes the horrors of Badala's fate :  
 Her seas in blood, her skies enwrapt in fire  
 Confess the sweeping storm of Souza's ire.  
 No hostile spear now rear'd on sea or strand,  
 The awful sceptre graces Souza's hand ;  
 Peaceful he reigns, in counsel just and wise ;  
 And glorious Castro now his throne supplies :  
 Castro, the boast of generous fame, afar  
 From Dio's strand shall sway the glorious war.  
 Madning with rage to view the Lusian band,  
 A troop so few, proud Dio's towers command,  
 The cruel Ethiop Moor to heaven complains,  
 And the stern Persian foe his peers arraigns.  
 The Rumien fierce, who boasts the name of <sup>s</sup> Rome,  
 With these conspires, and vows the Lusians' doom.  
 A thousand barbarous nations join their powers  
 To bathe with Lusian blood the Dion towers.  
 Dark rolling sheets forth belch'd from brazen wombs,  
 Bored, as the showering cloud, with hailing bombs,

<sup>s</sup> *The Rumien fierce who boasts the name of Rome.*—When the victories of the Portuguese began to overspread the East, several Indian princes, by the counsels of the Moors, applied for assistance to the Sultan of Egypt and the Grand Signior. The troops of these Mohammedan princes were in the highest reputation for bravery, and though composed of many different nations, were known among the orientals by one common name. Ignorance delights in the marvellous. The history of ancient Rome made

the same figure among the Easterns, as that of the fabulous or heroic ages, does with us, with this difference, it was better believed. The Turks of Romania pretended to be the descendants of the Roman Conquerors, and the Indians gave them and their auxiliaries the name of Rumes, or Romans. In the same manner the fame of Godfrey in the East conferred the name of Franks on all the western Christians, who on their part gave the name of Moors to all the Mohammedans of the East.

O'er

O'er Dio's sky spread the black shades of death,  
 The mine's dread earthquakes shake the ground beneath.  
 No hope, bold <sup>h</sup> Mascarene, mayst thou respire,  
 A glorious fall alone, thy just desire.  
 When lo, his gallant son brave Castro fends —  
 Ah heaven, what fate the hapless youth attends!  
 In vain the terrors of his faulchion glare;  
 The cavern'd mine bursts, high in pitchy air  
 Rampire and squadron whirl'd convulsive, borne  
 To heaven, the hero dies in fragments torn.  
 His loftiest bough though fall'n, the generous fire  
 His living hope devotes with Roman ire.  
 On wings of fury flies the brave Alvar  
 Through oceans howling with the wintery war,  
 Through skies of snow his brother's vengeance bears;  
 And soon in arms the valiant fire appears:  
 Before him victory spreads her eagle-wing  
 Wide sweeping o'er Cambaya's haughty king.  
 In vain his thundering courfers shake the ground,  
 Cambaya bleeding of his might's last wound  
 Sinks pale in dust: Fierce Hydal-Kan <sup>i</sup> in vain  
 Wakes war on war; he bites his iron chain.

<sup>h</sup> *No hope, bold Mascarene.* — The commander of Diu, or Dio, during this siege, one of the most memorable in the Portuguese history.

<sup>i</sup> *Fierce Hydal Kan.* — The title of the Lords or Princes of Decan, who in their wars with the Portuguese have sometimes brought 400,000 men into the field. The

prince here mentioned, after many revolts, was at last finally subdued by Don John de Castro, the fourth Viceroy of India, with whose reign our Poet judiciously ends the prophetic song. Albuquerque laid the plan, and Castro compleatd the system of the Portuguese empire in the East. (*For an account of which, see the preface.*) It is with propriety

O'er Indus' banks, o'er Ganges' smiling vales  
 No more the hind his plunder'd field bewails :  
 O'er every field, O Peace, thy blossoms glow,  
 The golden blossoms of thy olive bough ;  
 Firm based on wisest laws great Castro crowns,  
 And the wide East the Lusian Empire owns.

These warlike Chiefs, the sons of thy renown,  
 And thousands more, O VASCO, doom'd to crown  
 Thy glorious toils, shall through these seas unfold  
 Their victor-standards blazed with Indian gold ;  
 And in the bosom of our flowery isle,  
 Embathed in joy shall o'er their labours smile.  
 Their nymphs like your's, their feast divine the same,  
 The raptur'd foretaste of immortal fame.

So sung the Goddess, while the sister train  
 With joyful anthem close the sacred strain ;  
 Though Fortune from her whirling sphere bestow  
 Her gifts capricious in unconstant flow,

priety therefore that the prophecy given to Gama is here fumm'd up. Nor is the discretion of Camoens in this instance inferior to his judgment. He is now within a few years of his own times, when he himself was upon the scene in India. But whatever he had said of his contemporaries would have been liable to misconstruction, and every sentence would have been branded with the epithets of flattery or malice. A little Poet would have been happy in such an opportunity to resent his wrongs. But the silent

contempt of Camoens does him true honour.

In this historical song, as already hinted, the Translator has been attentive, as much as he could, to throw it into these universal languages, the picturesque and characteristic. To convey the sublimest instruction to princes, is, according to Aristotle, the peculiar province of the Epic Muse. The striking points of view, in which the different characters of the Governors of India are here placed, are in the most happy conformity to this ingenious canon of the Stageryte.

Yet

Yet laurel'd honour and immortal fame  
Shall ever constant grace the Lusian name.  
So sung the joyful chorus, while around  
The silver roofs the lofty notes resound.  
The song prophetic, and the sacred feast,  
Now shed the glow of strength through every breast,  
When with the grace and majesty divine,  
Which round immortals when enamour'd shine,  
To crown the banquet of their deathless fame,  
To happy GAMA thus the sovereign Dame :  
O loved of heaven, what never man before,  
What wandering science never might explore,  
By heaven's high will, with mortal eyes to see  
Great Nature's face unveil'd, is given to Thee.  
Thou and thy warriors follow where I lead :  
Firm be your steps, for arduous to the tread  
Through matted brakes of thorn and brier, bestrew'd  
With splinter'd flint, winds the steep slippery road.  
She spake, and smiling caught the hero's hand,  
And on the mountain's summit soon they stand ;  
A beauteous lawn with pearl enamell'd o'er,  
Emerald and ruby, as the gods of yore  
Had sported here. Here in the fragrant air  
A wondrous globe appear'd, divinely fair !  
Through every part the light transparent flow'd,  
And in the centre as the surface glow'd.

The frame ethereal various orbs compose,  
 In whirling <sup>i</sup> circles now they fell, now rose ;  
 Yet never rose nor fell, for still the same  
 Was every movement of the wondrous frame ;  
 Each movement still beginning, still compleat,  
 It's Author's type, self-poised, perfection's feat.

Great Vasco thrill'd with reverential awe,  
 And rapt with keen desire, the wonder saw.  
 The Goddess markt the language of his eyes,  
 And here, she cried, thy largest wish suffice.  
 Great Nature's fabric thou dost here behold,  
 Th' ethereal pure, and elemental mould  
 In pattern shewn complete, as Nature's God  
 Ordain'd the world's great frame, his dread abode ;  
 For every part the power divine pervades,  
 The sun's bright radiance and the central shades ;  
 Yet let not haughty reason's bounded line  
 Explore the boundless God, or where define,

<sup>i</sup> *In whirling circles now they fell, now rose,—Yet never rose nor fell*——The motions of the heavenly bodies, in every system, bear, at all times, the same uniform relation to each other; these expressions, therefore, are strictly just. The first relates to the appearance, the second to the reality. Thus while to us the sun appears to go down, to more western inhabitants of the globe he appears to rise, and while he rises to us, he is going down to the more eastern; the difference being entirely relative to the various parts of the earth. And in this the expressions of our Poet are equally applicable to the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems. The ancient hypothesis which made

our earth the centre of the Universe, is the system adopted by Camoens, a happiness, in the opinion of the Translator, to the English Lusiad. The new system is so well known, that a poetical description of it would have been no novelty to the English reader. The other has not only that advantage in its favour; but this description is perhaps the finest and fullest that ever was given of it in poetry, that of Lucretius, l. v. being chiefly argumentative, and therefore less picturesque.

Our Author studied at the university of Coimbra, where the ancient system and other doctrines of the Aristotelians then, and long afterward, prevailed.

Where

Where in Himself in uncreated light,  
 (While all his worlds around seem wrapt in night,)  
 He holds his loftiest <sup>1</sup> state. By primal laws  
 Imposed on Nature's birth, Himself the cause,  
 By her own ministry through every maze  
 Nature in all her walks unseen he fways.  
 These spheres <sup>k</sup> behold; the first in wide embrace  
 Surrounds the lesser orbs of various face;  
 The Empyrean this, the holiest heaven,  
 To the pure spirits of the Blest is given:  
 No mortal eye its splendid rays may bear,  
 No mortal bosom feel the raptures there.  
 The earth in all her summer pride array'd  
 To this might seem a drear sepulchral shade.  
 Unmoved it stands: within its shining frame,  
 In motion swifter than the lightning's flame,  
 Swifter than light the moving parts may spy,  
 Another sphere whirls round its rapid sky.  
 Hence Motion <sup>l</sup> darts its force, impulsive draws,  
 And on the other orbs impresses laws;  
 The Sun's bright car attentive to its force  
 Gives night and day, and shapes his yearly course;

<sup>1</sup> *He holds his loftiest state.*—Called by the old philosophers and school divines the *Sensorium* of the Deity.

<sup>k</sup> *These spheres behold.*—According to the Peripatetics the universe consisted of Eleven Spheres inclosed within each other, as Fanshaw has familiarly expressed it by a simile which he has lent our Author. The first of these spheres, he says,

—doth (*as in a nest of boxes*) all the other orbs comprize—

In their accounts of this first mentioned, but Eleventh Sphere, which they called the Empyrean or heaven of the Blest, the disciples of Aristotle, and the Arab Moors, gave a loose to all the warmth of imagination. And several of the Christian Fathers applied to it the descriptions of heaven which are found in the Holy Scripture.

<sup>l</sup> *Hence Motion darts its force.*—This is the Tenth Sphere, the *Primum Mobile* of the ancient

Its force stupendous asks a pondrous sphere  
 To poise its fury and its weight to bear :  
 Slow moves that pondrous orb ; the stiff, slow pace  
 One step scarce gains, while wide his annual race  
 Two hundred times the sun triumphant rides ;  
 The Chrystal Heaven is this, whose rigour guides  
 And binds the starry <sup>m</sup> sphere : That sphere behold,  
 With diamonds spangled, and emblazed with gold ;  
 What radiant orbs that azure sky adorn,  
 Fair o'er the night in rapid motion borne !  
 Swift as they trace the heaven's wide circling line,  
 Whirl'd on their proper axles bright they shine.

ancient system. To account for the appearances of the heavens, the Peripatetics ascribed double motion to it. While its influence drew the other orbs from east to west, they supposed it had a motion of its own from west to east. To effect this, the ponderous weight and interposition of the Ninth Sphere, or Crystalline Heaven, was necessary. The ancient Astronomers observed that the stars shifted their places. This they called the motion of the Crystalline Heaven, expressed by our Poet at the rate of one pace during two hundred solar years. The famous Arab astronomer Abulhafan, in his Meadows of Gold, calculates the revolution of this sphere to consist of 49,000 of our years. But modern discoveries have not only corrected the calculation\*, but have also ascertained the reason of the apparent motion of the fixt stars. The earth is not a perfect sphere ; the quantity of matter is greater at the equator ; hence the earth turns on her axis in a rocking motion, revolving round the axis of the ecliptic, which is called the procession of the equinoxes, and makes the stars seem to shift their places at about the rate of a degree in 72 years ; ac-

ording to which all the stars seem to perform one revolution in the space of 25,920 years, after which they return exactly to the same situation as at the beginning of this period. However imperfect in their calculations, the Chaldaic astronomers perceived that the motions of the heavens composed one great revolution. This they called the *Annus Magnus*, which those who did not understand them mistook for a re-formation of all things to their first originals, and that the world was at that period to begin anew in every respect. Hence the old Egyptian notion, that every one was at the end of thirty-nine thousand years to resume every circumstance of his present life, to be exactly the same in every contingency. And hence also the Legends of the Bramins and Mandarins, their periods of fifty thousand years, and the worlds which they tell us are already past and eternally to succeed each other.

<sup>m</sup> *And binds the starry sphere.*—This was called the Firmament or Eighth Heaven. Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Apollo, Venus, Mercury, and Diana, were the planets which gave name to, and whose orbits composed the other spheres or heavens.

\* However deficient the astronomy of Abulhafan may be, it is nothing to the calculation of his Prophet Mohammed, who tells his disciples, that the stars were each about the bigness of an house, and hung from the sky on chains of gold.



Wide o'er this heaven a golden belt displays  
 Twelve various forms ; behold the glittering blaze !  
 Through these the sun in annual journey towers,  
 And o'er each clime their various tempers pours ;  
 In gold and silver of celestial mine  
 How rich far round the constellations shine !  
 Lo, bright emerging o'er the polar tides  
 In shining frost the northern <sup>1</sup> chariot rides ;  
 Mid treasured snows here gleams the grizzly bear,  
 And icy flakes incrust his shaggy hair.  
 Here fair Andromeda of heaven beloved,  
 Her vengeful fire, and by the gods reprov'd  
 Beauteous Cassiope. Here fierce and red  
 Portending storms Orion lifts his head ;  
 And here the dogs their raging fury shed.  
 The swan, sweet melodist, in death he sings,  
 The milder swan here spreads his silver wings,

}  
}

<sup>1</sup> *In shining frost the northern Chariot rides.* — Commonly called Charleswain. Of Calisto, or the Bear, see the note on page 195. Andromeda was the daughter of Cepheus, king of Ethiopia, and of Cassiope. Cassiope boasted that she and her daughter were more beautiful than Juno and the Nereids. Andromeda, to appease the goddess, was, at her father's command, chained to a rock to be devoured by a sea-monster, but was saved by Perseus, who obtained of Jupiter that all the family should be placed among the stars. Orion was a hunter, who, for an attempt on Diana, was slung to death by a serpent. The star of his name portends tempests. The Dogs; Fable gives this honour to those of different hunters. The faithful dog of

Erigone, however, that died mad with grief for the death of his mistress, has the best title to preside over the dog-days. The Swan ; that whose form Jupiter borrowed to enjoy Leda. The Hare, when pursued by Orion, was saved by Mercury, and placed in heaven, to signify that Mercury presides over melancholy dispositions. The Lyre, with which Orpheus charmed Pluto. The Dragon which guarded the golden apples of the Hesperides, and the ship Argo, complete the number of the constellations mentioned by Camoens. If our Author has blended the appearances of heaven with those of the painted artificial sphere, it is in the manner of the classics. Ovid, in particular, thus describes the heavens, in the second book of his *Metamorphoses*.

Here Orpheus' lyre, the melancholy hare,  
 And here the watchful dragon's eye-balls glare ;  
 And Theseus' ship, Oh, less renown'd than thine,  
 Shall ever o'er these skies illustrious shine.  
 Beneath this radiant firmament behold  
 The various Planets in their orbits roll'd :  
 Here in cold twilight hoary Saturn rides,  
 Here Jove shines mild, here fiery Mars presides,  
 Apollo here enthroned in light appears  
 The eye of heaven, emblazer of the spheres ;  
 Beneath him beauteous glows the Queen of Love,  
 The proudest hearts her sacred influence prove ;  
 Here Hermes famed for eloquence divine,  
 And here Diana's various faces shine ;  
 Lowest she rides, and through the shadowy night  
 Pours on the glistening earth her silver light.  
 These various orbs, behold, in various speed  
 Pursue the journeys at their birth decreed.  
 Now from the centre far impell'd they fly,  
 Now nearer earth they sail a lower sky,  
 A shorten'd course : Such are their laws impress'd  
 By God's dread Will, that Will<sup>m</sup> forever best.

<sup>m</sup> *Such are their laws impress'd by God's dread will*—Though a modern narrative of bawdy-house adventures by no means requires the supposition of a particular Providence, that supposition, however, is absolutely necessary to the grandeur of an Epic Poem. The great examples of Homer and Virgil prove it ; and Camoens understood and felt its force. While his fleet

combat all the horrors of unplow'd oceans, we do not view his heroes as idle wanderers ; the care of heaven gives their voyage the greatest importance. When Gama falls on his knees and spreads his hands to heaven on the discovery of India, we are presented with a figure infinitely more noble than that of the most successful Conqueror, who is supposed to act under the influence of fatalism

The yellow earth, the centre of the whole,  
There lordly rests sustain'd on either pole.

talism or chance. The human mind is conscious of its own weakness. It expects an elevation in poetry, and demands a degree of importance superior to the caprices of unmeaning accident. The poetical reader cannot admit the hero who is subject to such blind fortuity. He appears to us with an abject unpoetical littleness. Our poetical ideas of permanent greatness demand a Gama, a hero whose enterprises and whose person interest the care of heaven and the happiness of his people. Nor must this supposition be confined merely to the machinery. The reason why it pleases also requires that the supposition should be uniform throughout the whole poem. Virgil, by dismissing *Æneas* through the ivory gate of Elysium, has hinted that all his pictures of a future state were merely dreams, and has thus destroyed the highest merit of the compliment to his patron Augustus. But Camoens has certainly been more happy. A fair opportunity offered itself to indulge the opinions of Lucretius and the Academic Grove; but Camoens, in ascribing the government of the Universe to the Will of God, has not only preserved the philosophy of his poem perfectly uniform, but has also shewn that the Peripatetic system is, in this instance, exactly conformable to the Newtonian. But this leads us from one defence of our Author to another. We have seen that the supposition of a Providence is certainly allowable in a Poet: nor can we think it is highly to be blamed even in a philosopher. The Principia of Newton offer, what some perhaps may esteem, a demonstration of the truth of this opinion. Matter appeared to Sir Isaac as possessed of no property but one, the *vis inertia*, or dead inactivity. Motion, the centripetal and centrifugal force, appeared therefore to that great man, as added by the agency of something distinct from matter, by a Being of other properties. And from the infinite combinations of the universe united in one great design, he inferred the omnipotence and omniscience of that primary Being.

If we admit, and who can possibly deny it, that man has an idea of right and wrong, and a power of agency in both, he is then a moral, or in other words, a reasonable

agent; a Being placed in circumstances, where his agency is infallibly attended with degrees of happiness or misery infinitely more real and durable than any animal sensation. Now to suppose that the Being who has provided for every want of animal nature, who has placed even the meanest insect in its proper line, and has rendered every purpose of its agency or existence complete, to suppose that he has placed the infinitely superior intellectual nature of man in an agency of infinitely greater consequence, but an agency of which he takes no superintendance—to suppose this, is only to suppose that the Author of Nature is a very imperfect Being. For no proposition can be more self-evident, than that an attention to the mere comparative trifles, attended with a neglect of infinitely greater concerns, implies an intellectual imperfection. Yet some philosophers, who tell us there never was an Athiest, some who are not only in raptures with the great machinery of the universe, but are lost in admiration at the admirable adaption of an oyster-shell to the wants of the animal; some of these philosophers, with the utmost contempt of the contrary opinion, make no scruple to exclude the care of the Deity from any concern in the moral world. Dazzled, perhaps, by the mathematics, the case of many a feeble intellect; or bewildered and benighted in metaphysics, the case of many an ingenious philosopher; they erect a standard of truth in their own minds, and utterly forgetting that this standard must be founded on partial views, with the utmost assurance they reject whatever does not agree with the infallibility of their beloved test. There is another cast of philosophers no less ingenious, whose minds, absorbed in the innumerable wonders of natural enquiry, can perceive nothing but a God of cockle-shells, and of grubs turned into butterflies. With all the arrogance of superior knowledge these virtuosi smile at the opinion which interests the Deity in the moral happiness or misery of man. Nay, they will gravely tell you, that such misery or happiness does not exist. At ease themselves in their elbow chairs, they cannot conceive there is such a thing in the world as oppressed innocence feeling

The limpid air enfolds in soft embrace  
 The ponderous orb, and brightens o'er her face.  
 Here softly floating o'er th' aerial blue,  
 Fringed with the purple and the golden hue,  
 The fleecy clouds their swelling sides display;  
 From whence fermented by the sulphurous ray  
 The lightnings blaze, and heat spreads wide and rare;  
 And now in fierce embrace with frozen air,  
 Their wombs compressed soon feel parturient throws,  
 And white wing'd gales bear wide the teeming snows.

feeling its only consolation in an appeal to heaven, and its only hope, a trust in its care. Though the Author of Nature has placed man in a state of moral agency, and made his happiness and misery to depend upon it, and though every page of human history is stained with the tears of injured innocence and the triumphs of guilt, with miseries which must affect a moral or thinking being, yet we have been told, that God perceiveth it not, and that what mortals call moral evil vanishes from before his more perfect sight. Thus the appeal of injured innocence, and the tear of bleeding virtue fall unregarded, unworthy of the attention of the Deity †. Yet with what raptures do these enlarged virtuous behold the infinite wisdom and care of their Beelzebub, their god of flies, in the admirable and various provision he has made for the preservation of the eggs of vermin, and the generation of maggots.\*

Much more might be said in proof that

our Poet's philosophy does not altogether deserve ridicule. And those who allow a general, but deny a particular Providence, will, it is hoped, excuse Camoens, on the consideration, that if we estimate a general moral providence by analogy of that providence which presides over vegetable and animal nature, a more particular one cannot possibly be wanted. If a particular providence, however, is still denied, another consideration obtrudes itself; if one pang of a moral agent is unregarded, one tear of injured innocence left to fall unpitied, by the Deity, if *Ludit in humanis Divina potent. a rebus*, the consequence is, that the human conception can form an idea of a much better God: And it may modestly be presumed we may hazard the laugh of the wisest philosopher, and without scruple assert, that it is impossible that a created mind should conceive an idea of perfection, superior to that which is possessed by the Creator and Author of existence.

† Perhaps, like Lucretius, some philosophers think this would be too much trouble to the Deity. But the idea of trouble to the Divine Nature, is much the same as another argument of the same philosopher, who having asserted, that before the creation the gods could not know what seed would produce, from thence wisely concludes, that the world was made by chance.

\* Ray, in his wisdom of God in the creation, (though he did not deny the moral providence) has carried this extravagance to the highest pitch. "To give life, says he, is the intention of the creation; and how wonderful does the goodness of God appear in this, that the death and putrefaction of one animal is the life of thousands." So the misery of a family on the death of a parent is nothing, for ten thousand maggots are made happy by it.—Oh, Philosophy, when wilt thou forget the dreams of thy slumbers in Bedlam!

Thus

Thus cold and heat their warring empires hold,  
 Averse yet mingling, each by each controul'd,  
 The highest air and ocean's bed they pierce,  
 And earth's dark centre feels their struggles fierce.

The feat of Man, the Earth's fair breast, behold ;  
 Here wood-crown'd islands wave their locks of gold,  
 Here spread wide continents their bosoms green,  
 And hoary ocean heaves his breast between.  
 Yet not th' inconstant ocean's furious tide  
 May fix the dreadful bounds of human pride.  
 What madning seas between these nations roar !  
 Yet Lusus' race shall visit every shore.  
 What thousand tribes whom various customs sway,  
 And various rites, these countless shores display !  
 Queen of the world supreme in shining arms,  
 Her's every art, and her's all wisdom's charms,  
 Each nation's tribute round her foot-stool spread,  
 Here Christian Europe ° lifts the regal head.  
 Afric ° behold, alas, what alter'd view !  
 Her lands uncultured, and her sons untrue ;  
 Ungraced with all that sweetens human life,  
 Savage and fierce they roam in brutal strife ;

° Here Christian Europe.—*Ves Europa Christian.*—As Europe is already described in the Third Lusiad, this short account of it has as great propriety, as the manner of it contains dignity.

° *Afric behold.*—This just and strongly

picturesque description of Africa is finely contrasted with the character of Europe. It contains also a masterly compliment to the expedition of Gama, which is all along represented as the harbinger and diffuser of the blessings of civilization.

Eager they grasp the gifts which culture yields,  
 Yet naked roam their own neglected fields.  
 Lo, here enrich'd with hills of golden ore,  
 Monomotapa's empire hems the shore,  
 Where round the Cape, great Afric's dreadful bound  
 Array'd in storms, by You first compass'd round ;  
 Unnumber'd tribes as bestial grazers stray,  
 By laws unform'd, unform'd by reason's sway :  
 Far inward stretch the mournful steril dales,  
 Where on the parch'd hill side pale Famine wails.  
 On gold in vain the naked savage treads ;  
 Low clay built huts, behold, and reedy sheds,  
 Their dreary towns. Gonfalo's <sup>p</sup> zeal shall glow  
 To these dark minds the path of light to shew :  
 His toils to humanize the barbarous mind  
 Shall with the martyr's palms his holy temples bind.  
 Great Naya <sup>q</sup> too shall glorious here display  
 His God's dread might : Behold, in black array,  
 Numerous and thick as when in evil hour,  
 The feathered race whole harvest fields devour,  
 So thick, so numerous round Sofala's towers  
 Her barbarous hords remotest Afric pours,

<sup>p</sup> *Gonfalo's zeal shall glow.*—Gonfalo de Sylveira, a Portuguese Jesuit, in 1555 sailed from Lisbon on a mission to Monomotapa. His labours were at first successful; but ere he effected any regular establishment he was murdered by the Barbarians.

*Cajtera abridged.*

<sup>q</sup> *Great Naya too.*—“Don Pedro de Naya . . . . In 1505 he erected a fort in

the kingdom of Sofala, which is subject to Monomotapa. Six thousand Moors and Cafres laid siege to this garrison, which he defended with only thirty-five men. After having several times suffered by unexpected sallies, the Barbarians fled, exclaiming to their king that he had led them to fight against God.” *Cajtera abridged.*

In vain ; Heaven's vengeance on their souls imprest,  
 They fly, wide scatter'd as the driving mist.  
 Lo, Quama there, and there the fertile Nile,  
 Curst with that gorging fiend the chrocodile,  
 Wind their long way : The parent lake behold,  
 Great Nilus' fount, unseen, unknown of old,  
 From whence diffusing plenty as he glides,  
 Wide Abyssinia's realm the stream divides.  
 In Abyssinia † heaven's own altars blaze,  
 And hallowed anthems chant Messiah's praise.  
 In Nile's wide breast the isle of Meroe see !  
 Near these rude shores an Hero sprung from thee,  
 Thy son, ‡ brave GAMA, shall his lineage shew  
 In glorious triumphs o'er the Turkish foe.  
 There by the rapid Ob, her friendly breast  
 Melinda spreads, thy place of grateful rest.

† *In Abyssinia heaven's own altars blaze.*  
 —Christianity was planted here in the first century, but mixed with many Jewish rites unused by other Christians of the East. This appears to give some countenance to the pretensions of their Emperors, who claim their descent from Solomon and the queen of Sheba, and at least reminds us of Acts 8. 27. where we are told, that the Treasurer of the queen of Ethiopia came to worship at Jerusalem. Innumerable monasteries, we are told, are in this country. But the clergy are very ignorant, and the laity gross barbarians. Much has been said of the hill Amara,

Where Abyssin kings their issue guard——  
 by some supposed,  
 True Paradise, under the Ethiop line  
 By Nilus head, inclosed with flaming rock,  
 A whole day's journey high.—MILTON.

and where, according to Urreta, a Spanish Jesuit, is the library founded by the queen

of Sheba, and increased with all those writings, of which we have either possession or only the names. The works of Noah, and the lectures on the mathematics which Abraham read in the plains of Mamre, are here. And so many are the volumes, that 200 monks are employed as librarians. It is needless to add, that Father Urreta is a second Sir John Mandeville.

‡ *Thy son, brave Gama.*—When Don Stephen de Gama was governor of India, the Christian Emperor and Empress-mother of Ethiopia, solicited the assistance of the Portuguese against the usurpations of the Pagan king of Zeyla. Don Stephen sent his brother Don Christoval with 500 men. The prodigies of their valour astonished the Ethiopians. But after having twice defeated the Tyrant, and reduced his great army to the last extremity, Don Christoval, urged too far by the impetuosity of his youthful valour, was taken prisoner. He was brought before the Usurper, and put to death

Cape Aromata there the gulph defends,  
 Where by the Red Sea wave great Afric ends.  
 Illustrious Suez, feat of heroes old,  
 Famed Hierapolis, high-tower'd, behold.  
 Here Egypt's shelter'd fleets at anchor ride,  
 And hence in squadrons sweep the eastern tide.  
 And lo, the waves that aw'd by Moses' rod,  
 While the dry bottom Israel's armies trod,  
 On either hand roll'd back their frothy might,  
 And stood like hoary rocks in cloudy height.  
 Here Asia, rich in every precious mine,  
 In realms immense, begins her western line.  
 Sinai behold, whose trembling cliffs of yore  
 In fire and darkness, deep pavilion'd, bore  
 The Hebrews' God, while day with awful brow  
 Gleam'd pale on Israel's wandering tents below.  
 The pilgrim now the lonely hill ascends,  
 And when the evening raven homeward bends,  
 Before the Virgin-Martyr's ' tomb he pays  
 His mournful vespers and his vows of praise.

death in the most cruel manner. Waxed threads were twisted with his beard and afterwards set on fire. He was then dipped in boiling wax, and at last beheaded by the hand of the 'Tyrant. The Portuguese esteem him a martyr, and say that his torments and death were inflicted because he would not renounce the Faith. See *Faria y Souza*.

' *Before the Virgin-Martyr's tomb.*—He must be a dull Reader indeed who cannot perceive and relish the amazing variety which prevails in our poet. In every page it appears. In the historical narrative of wars,

where it is most necessary, yet from the sameness of the subject, most difficult to attain, our author always attains it with the most graceful ease. In the description of countries he not only follows the manner of Homer and Virgil, not only distinguishes each region by its most striking characteristic, but he also diversifies his geography with other incidents introduced by the mention of the place. St. Catherine, Virgin and Martyr, according to Romish histories, was buried on Sinai, and a chapel erected over her grave.

Gidda



Gidda behold, and Aden's parch'd domain  
 Girt by Arzira's rock, where never rain  
 Yet fell from heaven ; where never from the dale  
 The chrystal rivulet murmured to the vale.  
 The three Arabias here their breasts unfold,  
 Here breathing incense, here a rocky wold ;  
 O'er Dofar's plain the richest incense breathes,  
 That round the sacred shrine its vapour wreathes ;  
 Here the proud war-steed glories in his force,  
 As fleetier than the gale he holds the course.  
 Here, with his spouse and household lodged in wains,  
 The Arab's camp shifts wandering o'er the plains,  
 The merchant's dread, what time from eastern soil  
 His burthen'd camels seek the land of Nile.  
 Here Rosalgate and Farthac stretch their arms,  
 And point to Ormuz, famed for war's alarms ;  
 Ormuz, decreed full oft to quake with dread  
 Beneath the Lusian heroes' hostile tread,  
 Shall see the Turkish moons with slaughter gor'd  
 Shrink from the lightning of De Branco's \* sword  
 There on the gulph that laves the Persian shore,  
 Far through the furlges bends Cape Afabore.  
 There Barem's \* isle ; her rocks with diamonds blaze,  
 And emulate Aurora's glittering rays.

\* ——— *De Branco's sword.*—Don Pedro de Castel-Branco. He obtained a great victory, near Ormuz, over the combined fleets of the Moors, Turks, and Persians.

\* *Here Barem's isle*———The island of Barem is situated in the Persian gulph, near the influx of the Euphrates and Tygris. It is celebrated for the plenty, variety and fineness of its diamonds.

From Baram's shore Euphrates' flood is seen,  
 And Tygris' waters, through the waves of green  
 In yellowy currents many a league extend,  
 As with the darker waves averſe they blend.  
 Lo, Perſia there her empire wide unfolds !  
 In tented camp his ſtate the monarch holds :  
 Her warrior ſons diſdain the arms of <sup>y</sup> fire,  
 And with the pointed ſteel to fame aſpire ;  
 Their ſpringy ſhoulders ſtretching to the blow,  
 Their ſweepy ſabres hew the ſhrieking foe.  
 There Gerum's iſle the hoary ruin <sup>z</sup> wears  
 Where Time has trod : there ſhall the dreadful ſpears  
 Of Soufa and Menezes ſtrew the ſhore  
 With Perſian ſabres, and embathe with gore.  
 Carpella's cape, and ſad Carmania's ſtrand,  
 There parch'd and bare their dreary waſtes expand.  
 A fairer landſcape here delights the view ;  
 From theſe green hills beneath the clouds of blue,  
 The Indus and the Ganges roll the wave,  
 And many a ſmiling field propitious lave.

<sup>y</sup> Her warrior ſons diſdain the arms of fire.—This was the character of the Perſians when Gama arrived in the Eaſt. Yet though they thought it diſhonourable to uſe the muſket, they eſteemed it no diſgrace to ruſh from a thicket on an unarmed foe. This reminds one of the ſpirit of the old romance. Orlando having taken the firſt invented cannon from the king of Friza, throws it into the ſea with the moſt heroic execrations. Yet the heroes of chivalry think it no diſgrace to take every advan-

tage afforded by invulnerable hides, and enchanted armour.

<sup>z</sup> There Gerum's iſle the hoary ruin wears, Where Time has trod.—Preſuming on the ruins which are found on this iſland, the natives pretend that the Armuzia of Pliny and Strabo was here ſituated. But this is a miſtake, for that city ſtood on the continent. The Moors, however, have built a city in this iſle, which they call by the ancient name.

Luxurious here Ulcinda's harvests smile,  
 And here, disdainful of the seaman's toil,  
 The whirling tides of Jaquet furious roar;  
 Alike their rage when swelling to the shore,  
 Or tumbling backward to the deep, they force  
 The boiling fury of their gulphy course:  
 Against their headlong rage nor oars nor sails,  
 The stemming prow alone, hard toiled, prevails.  
 Cambaya here begins her wide domain;  
 A thousand cities here shall own the reign  
 Of Lisboa's monarchs: He who first shall crown  
 Thy <sup>b</sup> labours, GAMA, here shall boast his own.  
 The lengthening sea that washes India's strand  
 And laves the cape that points to Ceylon's land,  
 (The Taprobanian isle, renown'd of yore)  
 Shall see his ensigns blaze from shore to shore.  
 Behold how many a realm array'd in green  
 The Ganges' shore and Indus' bank between!  
 Here tribes unnumber'd and of various lore  
 With woeful penance fiend-like shapes adore;  
 Some Macon's <sup>c</sup> orgies, all confess the sway  
 Of rites that shun, like trembling ghosts, the day.  
 Narfinga's fair domain behold; of yore  
 Here shone the gilded towers of Meliapore.

<sup>b</sup> *He who first shall crown thy labours, Gama.*—Pedro de Cabral, of whom see the preface.

<sup>c</sup> *Some Macon's orgies.*—Macon, a name of Mecca, the birth place of Mohammed.

Here India's angels weeping o'er <sup>d</sup> the tomb

Where Thomas sleeps, implore the day to come,

<sup>d</sup> ——— *the tomb where Thomas sleeps.*  
 — There are, to talk in the Indian style, a *cast* of gentleman, whose hearts are all impartiality and candour to every religion, except one, the most moral one which ever the world heard. A tale of a Bramin or a priest of Jupiter would to them appear worthy of poetry. But to introduce an Apostle — Common sense, however, will prevail; and the episode of St. Thomas will appear to the true Critic equal in dignity and propriety. In propriety, for

To renew and compleat the labours of the Apostle, the messenger of heaven, is the great design of the hero of the poem, and of the future missions in consequence of the discoveries which are the subject of it.

The Christians of St. Thomas, found in Malabar on the arrival of Gama, we have already mentioned, p. 49. but some farther account of the subject will certainly be agreeable to the curious. The Jesuit missionaries have given most pompous accounts of the Christian antiquities of India and China. When the Portuguese arrived in India, the head of the Malabar Christians, named Jacob, stiled himself Metropolitain of India and China. And a Chaldaic breviary\* of the Indian Christians offers praise to God for sending St. Thomas to India and China. In 1625, in digging for a foundation near *Siganju*, metropolis of the province of *Xenfi*, was found a stone with a cross on it, full of Chinese, and some Syriac characters, containing the names of bishops, and an account of the Christian religion, "that it was brought from Judea; that having been weakened, it was renewed under the reign of the great *Tam*," (cir. A. D. 630.) But the Christians, say the Jesuits, siding with the Tartars, cir. A. D. 1200, were extirpated by the Chinese. In 1543, *Fernand Pinto*, observing some ruins near Peking, was told by the people, that 200 years before, a holy man, who worshipped Jesus Christ, born of a Virgin, lived there; and being murdered, was thrown

into a river, but his body would not sink; and soon after the city was destroyed by earthquake. The same Jesuit found people at Caminam who knew the doctrines of Christianity, which they said was preached to their fathers by John the disciple of Thomas. In 1635, some heathens by night passing through a village in the province of Fokien saw some stones which emitted light, under which were found the figure of crosses. From China St. Thomas returned to Meliapore in Malabar, at a time when a prodigious beam of timber floated on the sea near the coast. The king endeavoured to bring it ashore, but all the force of men and elephants was in vain. St. Thomas desired leave to build a church with it, and immediately dragged it to shore with a single thread. A church was built, and the king baptized. This enraged the Bramins, the chief of whom killed his own son, and accused Thomas of the murder. But the Saint, by restoring the youth to life, discovered the wickedness of his enemies. He was afterwards killed by a lance while kneeling at the altar; after, according to tradition, he had built 3300 stately churches, many of which were rebuilt, cir. 800, by an Armenian, named Thomas Cananeus. In 1523, the body of the Apostle, with the head of the lance beside him, was found in his church by D. Duarte de Meneses; and in 1558 was by D. Constantine de Braganza removed to Goa. To these accounts, selected from *Faria y Sousa*, let two from Osorius be added. When Martin Alonzo de Souza was viceroy, some brazen tables were brought to him, inscribed with unusual characters, which were explained by a learned Jew, and imported that St. Thomas had built a church in Meliapore. And by an account sent to Cardinal Henrico, by the Bp. of Cochin, in 1562, when the Portuguese repaired the ancient chapel of St. Thomas, † there was found a stone cross with several characters on it, which the best antiquarians could not interpret, till at last a Bramin

\* The existence of this breviary is a certain fact. These Christians had the Scripture also in the Chaldaic language.

† This was a very ancient building, in the very first style of Christian churches. The Portuguese have now disfigured it with their repairs and new buildings.

The day foretold when India's utmost shore  
 Again shall hear Messiah's blissful lore.  
 By Indus' banks the holy Prophet trod,  
 And Ganges heard him preach the Saviour-God ;  
 Where pale disease erewhile the cheek consumed,  
 Health at his word in ruddy fragrance bloom'd ;  
 The grave's dark womb his awful voice obey'd,  
 And to the cheerful day restored the dead ;  
 By heavenly power he rear'd the sacred shrine,  
 And gain'd the nations by his life divine.  
 The priests of Brahma's hidden rites beheld,  
 And envy's bitterest gall their bosoms swell'd.  
 A thousand deathful snares in vain they spread ;  
 When now the Chief that wore the Triple ° Thread,

Bramin translated it, " That in the reign of Sagam, Thomas was sent by the Son of God, whose disciple he was, to teach the law of heaven in India ; that he built a church, and was killed by a Bramin at the altar."

A view of Portuguese Asia, which must include the labours of the Jesuits, forms a necessary part in the comment on the Lusiad : This note, therefore, and some obvious reflections upon it, are in place. It is as easy to bury an inscription and find it again, as it is to invent a silly tale ; but though suspicion of fraud on the one hand, and silly absurdity on the other, lead us to despise the authority of the Jesuits, yet one fact remains indisputable. Christianity had been much better known in the East, several centuries before, than it was at the arrival of Gama. Where the name was unknown, and where the Jesuits were unconcerned, crosses were found. The long existence of the Christians of St. Thomas in the midst of a vast Pagan empire, proves that the learned of that empire must have some knowledge of their doctrines. And these

facts give countenance to some material conjectures concerning the religion of the Bramins. For these we shall give scope immediately.

*° When now the Chief who wore the Triple Thread.*—Of this, thus Oforius ; "*Terna fila ab humero dextero in latus sinistrum gerunt, ut designent trinam in natura divina rationem.*" They (*the Bramins*) wear three threads, which reach from the right shoulder to the left side, as significant of the trinal distinction in the Divine Nature." That some sects of the Bramins wear a symbolical Tessera of three threads, is acknowledged on all hands ; but from whatever the custom arose, it is not to be supposed that the Bramins, who have thousands of ridiculous contradictory legends, should agree in their accounts or explanations of it. Faria says, that according to the sacred books of the Malabrians, the religion of the Bramins proceeded from fishermen, who left the charge of the temples to their successors, on condition they should wear some threads of their nets, in remembrance of their

Fired by the rage that gnaws the conscious breast  
Of holy fraud, when worth shines forth confest,

their original. They have various accounts of a Divine Person having assumed human nature. And the God Brahma, as observed by Cudworth, is generally mentioned as united in the government of the universe with two others, sometimes of different names. They have also images with three heads rising out of one body, which they say represent the Divine Nature\*. But are there any traces of these opinions in the accounts which the Greek and Roman writers have given us of the Bramins? And will the wise pay any credit to the authority of those books which the public never saw, and which, by the obligation of their keepers, they are never to see? and some of which, by the confession of their keepers, since the appearance of Mohammed, have been rejected? The Platonic idea of a trinity of divine attributes was well known to the ancients, yet perhaps the Athanasian controversy offers a fairer field to the conjecturist. That controversy for several ages engrossed the conversation of the East. All the subtilty of the Greeks was called forth, and no speculative contest was ever more universally or warmly disputed; so warmly, that it is a certain fact that Mohammed, by inserting into his Koran some declarations in favour of the Ariens, gained innumerable profelytes to his new religion. Abyssinia, Egypt, Syria, Persia, and Armenia, were perplexed with this unhappy dispute, and from the earliest times these countries have had a commercial intercourse with India. The number, blasphemy, and absurdity of the Jewish legends of the Talmuds and Targums, bear a striking resemblance to the holy legends of the Bramins. The Jews also assert the great antiquity of their Talmudical legends. Adam, Enoch and Noah are named among their authors; but we know their date; Jerusalem, ere their birth, was destroyed by Titus. We also know that

the accounts which the Greek writers give of the Bramins fall infinitely short of those extravagancies which are confessed even by their modern admirers. And Mohammedism is not more different from Christianity, than the account which even these gentlemen give, is from that of Porphyry. That laborious philosopher, though possessed of all the knowledge of his age, though he mentions their metempsychosis and penances, has not a word of any of their idols, or the legends of Brahma or his brothers. On the contrary he represents their worship as extremely pure and simple. Strabo's account of them is similar. And Eusebius has assured us they worshipped no images †. Yet on the arrival of the modern Europeans in India, innumerable were their idols, and all the superstition of ancient Egypt in the adoration of animals and vegetables, seemed more than revived by the Bramins. Who that considers this striking alteration in their features, can withhold his contempt when he is told of the religious care with which these philosophers have these four thousand years preserved their sacred rites: An absurdity only equal to that of those who tell us that God instructed Adam in the mysteries of free masonry, and that Noah every new moon held a mason's lodge in the ark.

Ignorant or unmindful of what the Greeks and Romans have related of the Bramins, and unacquainted with the respectable authorities of many modern travellers, some gentlemen have lately assumed to themselves the only knowledge of the true doctrines of the East. Other Enquirers, and their means of intelligence, have been compared to an Indian receiving his knowledge of Christianity from a London carman. Yet alas, duped by the conversation of a learned Bramin, an adept in Jesuitism, who is sure to give an intelligent stranger the most glossing account, and not only thus

duped

\* To these undoubted facts the author will not add the authority of a Xavier, who tells us, that he prevailed upon a Bramin to explain to him some part of their hidden religion; when to his surprize, the Indian, in a low voice, repeated the Ten Commandments.

† ——— χιλιάδες πολλὰ τῶν λεγομένων Βραχμάνων, οἵτινες κατὰ παραδοξὸν τῶν παργόνων καὶ ἱμάτων, εἰς φιλοθεσμίας, ΟΥΤΕ ΘΕΟΝΑ ΣΕΒΟΝΤΑΙ ———

Euseb. Prep. Evan. Lib. 6. c. 10. p. 275. Ed. Paris. 1628.

Hell he invokes, nor hell in vain he sues ;  
 His son's life-gore his wither'd hands imbrews ;  
 Then bold assuming the vindictive ire,  
 And all the passions of the woful fire,

ignorant and duped, but also strongly tinctured with the zeal of enthusiasm for their beloved researches, more than one of these gentlemen have contradicted each other, and have gravely pronounced, that every account of the Bramins, prior to his, was grossly erroneous, and that he himself has enjoyed the only means of knowledge, the friendship and instruction of an Indian philosopher—— But let these gentlemen read, and be modest ; let them learn to excuse those who cannot so warmly admire the wisdom of India ; and let them consider how complete is the ridicule, when, on publishing their discoveries in England, they are obliged to confess that they entirely disagree with each other, though each confidently boasts the infallibility of his learned and honest Bramin——But the whole of the matter appears plainly to be this ; The philosophy and mythology of the Bramins form such a boundless chaos of confusion and contradictions, that no two of these philosophers, unacquainted with each other, can possibly give the same or a consistent account of their tenets : And whenever one of superior ingenuity vamps up a fine philosophical theory out of the original mass, another, perhaps equally ingenious, puts one in mind of the spider in Swift's battle of the books, when the bee had destroyed her web. " A plague split you, (quoth the spider) for a giddy whorson, is it you, with a vengeance, have made all this litter . . . . and do you think I have nothing else to do, in the devil's name, but to mend and repair after your a—— ?" In this strain, verily, may the Bramins of some modern discoverers exclaim to each other.

In the dissertation on the religion of the Bramins, (Lusiad VII.) several specimens of their legends are already given. The Translator, however, is tempted to add another, from Faria's account of the sacred books of the Malabrians. They hold an

eternal succession of worlds, each to take place after an Annus Magnus. Every thing at the end of these periods is destroyed, except *Ixoreta* or the Deity, which is then reduced to the size of a dew drop ; when, having chirped like a cricket, the divine substance in itself produces the five element, (for what they call the heavenly matter they esteem the fifth) and then dividing itself, the heavens and the earth are formed. In terra, simulac forinata est, apparet mons argenteus, cujus in vertice conspiciuntur *et ædificia*, quæ verum *Ixoreta* sive Numen appellant, et causam causarum. Tum deus *Ixora* pene suo, insigni magnitudine, terrarum orbem in septem maria, septemque terras arando dividit. *Liræ* montes sunt, sulci vero valles ac flumina. Exoritur e tergo dei *Ixora* femina *Chati*, verbis quibusdam magicis evocata. Hi duo coire concupiunt, sed obstat longitudo membri dei *Ixora* ; ille vero abscindit partes octodecim, ex quibus arma facta sunt, nimirum hasta, arcus, ensis, &c. Deinde nimis arctam in femina *Chati* digito aperit viam, et sanguinem vulneris in palma receptum, in aerem dispergit, ex quo Sol, luna, stellæ, rosæ, herbæ odoriferæ, et angues, (quod genus animalium apud eos sacrum est) protinus formantur ; et impedimento omni jam sublato, coeunt *Ixora* et *Chati*, procreantque ad terram incolendam homines, bruta, et dæmones malignos ; in cælo autem generant animarum 33,000,000. Besides this, almost infinite are the absurd legends of the god *Ixora*, and his brothers *Vistnu* and *Brama*. One other shall only be added. *Vistnu*, having metamorphosed himself into his younger brother *Siri Christna*, overcame the serpent *Caliga*, of nine leagues in length, which lived in a lake made by its own venom. This, and the origin of *Chati*, afford some obvious hints to the investigators of mythology.

Weeping he bends before the Indian throne,  
 Arraigns the holy man, and wails his son :  
 A band of hoary priests attest the deed,  
 And India's king condemns the Seer to bleed.  
 Inspired by heaven the holy victim stands,  
 And o'er the murder'd corse extends his hands,  
 In God's dread power, thou slaughter'd youth, arise,  
 And name thy murderer ; aloud he cries.  
 When, dread to view, the deep wounds instant close,  
 And fresh in life the slaughter'd youth arose,  
 And named his treachrous fire : The conscious air  
 Quiver'd, and awful horror rais'd the hair  
 On every head. From Thomas India's king  
 The holy sprinkling of the living spring  
 Receives, and wide o'er all his regal bounds  
 The God of Thomas every tongue resounds.  
 Long taught the holy Seer the words of life ;  
 The priests of Brahma still to deeds of strife,  
 So boiled their ire, the blinded herd impell'd,  
 And high to deathful rage their rancour swell'd.  
 'Twas on a day, when melting on his tongue  
 Heaven's offer'd mercies glow'd, the impious throng  
 Rising in madning tempest round him shower'd  
 The splinter'd flint ; in vain the flint was pour'd :  
 But heaven had now his finish'd labours seal'd ;  
 His angel guards withdraw th' ethereal shield ;

A Bramin's



A Bramin's javelin tears his holy breast——  
 Ah heaven, what woes the widowed land exprest !  
 Thee, Thomas, ° thee, the plaintive Ganges mourn'd,  
 And Indus' banks the murmuring moan return'd ;  
 O'er every valley where thy footstep stray'd,  
 The hollow winds the gliding sighs convey'd.  
 What woes the mournful face of India wore,  
 These woes in living pangs his people bore.  
 His sons, to whose illumined minds he gave  
 To view the ray that shines beyond the grave,  
 His pastoral sons bedew'd his corse with tears,  
 While high triumphant through the heavenly spheres,  
 With songs of joy the smiling angels wing  
 His raptur'd spirit to th' eternal King.  
 O you, the followers of the holy Seer,  
 Foredoom'd the shrines of heavens own lore to rear,  
 You sent by heaven his labours to renew,  
 Like him, ye Lusians, simplest Truth † pursue.

° *Thee, Thomas, thee, the plaintive Ganges mourn'd.*—The versification of the original is here exceedingly fine. Even those who are unacquainted with the Portuguese may perceive it.

Choraraote Thomé, o Gange, o Indo,  
 Cheroute toda a terra, que pisaste ;  
 Mas mais te chorão as almas, que vestindo  
 Se hião da Santa Fê, que lhe enfiaste :  
 Mas os anjos do ceo cantando, & riudo,  
 Te recebem na gloria ——

† *Like him, ye Lusians, simplest truth pursue.*—It is now the time to sum up what has been said of the labours of the Jesuits. Diametrically opposite to this advice was their conduct in every Asiatic country

where they pretended to propagate the gospel. Sometimes we find an individual sincere and pious, but the great principle which always actuated them as an united body was the lust of power and secular emolument, the possession of which they thought could not be better secured, than by rendering themselves of the utmost importance to the See of Rome. In consequence of these principles, where ever they came, their first care was to find what were the great objects of the fear and adoration of the people. If the Sun was esteemed the giver of life, Jesus Christ was the son of that luminary, and they were his younger brethren, sent to instruct the ignorant. If the barbarians were in dread of evil spirits, Jesus

Vain is the impious toil with borrow'd grace,  
To deck one feature of her angel face;

Jesus Christ came on purpose to banish them from the world, had driven them from Europe\*, and the Jesuits were sent to the East to complete his unfinished mission. If the Indian converts still retained a veneration for the powder of burned cow-dung, the Jesuits made the sign of the cross over it, and the Indian besmeared himself with it as usual. Heaven, or universal matter, they told the Chinese, was the God of the Christians, and the sacrifices of Confucius were solemnized in the churches of the Jesuits. This worship of Confucius, Voltaire (Gen. Hist.) with his wonted accuracy denies. But he ought to have known, that this, with the worship of *Tien* or Heaven, had been long complained of at the court of Rome, (see Dupin) and that after the strictest scrutiny the charge was fully proved, and Clement XI. in 1703, sent Cardinal Tournon to the small remains of the Jesuits in the East with a papal decree to reform these abuses. But the Cardinal, soon after his arrival, was poisoned in Siam by the holy fathers. Xavier, and the other Jesuits who succeeded him, by the dextrous use of the great maxims of their master Loyala, *Omnibus omnia, et omnia mundi mundis*, gained innumerable proselytes. They contradicted none of the favourite opinions of their converts, they only baptized, and gave them crucifixes to worship, and all was well. But their zeal in uniting to the See of Rome the Christians found in the East descended to the minutest particulars. And the native Christians of Malabar were so violently persecuted as schismatics, that the heathen princes took arms in their defence in 1570, (see Geddes, Hist. of Malab.) and the Portuguese were almost driven from India. Abyssinia, by the same arts, was steeped in blood, and two or three emperors lost their lives in endeavouring to establish the Pope's supremacy. An order at last was given from the throne, to hang every missionary without trial, wherever apprehended, the

Emperor himself complaining that he could not enjoy a day in quiet for the intrigues of the Romish friars. In China also they soon rendered themselves insufferable. Their skill in mathematics and the dependent arts introduced them to great favour at court, but all their cunning could not conceal their villainy. Their unwillingness to ordain the natives raised suspicions against a profession thus monopolized by strangers; their earnest zeal in amassing riches, and their interference with, and deep designs on secular power, the fatal rock on which they have so often been shipwrecked, appeared, and their churches were levelled with the ground. About 90000 of the new converts, together with their teachers, were massacred, and their religion was prohibited. In Japan the rage of government even exceeded that of China, and in allusion to their chief object of adoration, the cross, several of the Jesuit fathers were crucified by the Japanese, and the revival of the Christian name was interdicted by the severest laws. Thus, in a great measure, ended in the East the labours of the society of Ignatius Loyala, a society which might have diffused the greatest blessings to mankind, could honestly have been added to their great learning and abilities. Had that zeal which laboured to promote the interests of their own brotherhood and the Roman See, had that indefatigable zeal been employed in the real interests of humanity and civilization, the great design of diffusing the law of heaven, challenged by its author as the purpose of the *Lusiad*, would have been amply completed, and the remotest hords of Tartary and Africa ere now had been happily civilized. But though the Jesuits have failed, they have afforded a noble lesson to mankind,

Though fortified with all the brazen moulds  
That art can rear, and watch'd by eagle eyes,  
Still will some rotten part betray the structure  
That is not based on simple honesty.

\* This trick, it is said, has been played in America within these twenty years, where the notion of evil spirits gives the poor Indians their greatest misery. The French Jesuits told the six nations, that Jesus Christ was a Frenchman, and had driven all evil demons from France; that he had a great love for the Indians, whom he intended also to deliver, but taking England in his way, he was crucified by the wicked Londoners.

Behind

Behind the veil's broad glare she glides away,  
And leaves a rotten form of lifeless painted clay.

Much have you view'd of future Lusian reign ;  
Broad empires yet and kingdoms wide remain,  
Scenes of your future toils and glorious sway——  
And lo, how wide expands the Gangic bay.  
Narfinga here in numerous legions bold,  
And here Oryxa boasts her cloth of gold.  
The Ganges here in many a stream divides,  
Diffusing plenty from his fattening tides,  
As through Bengala's ripening vales he glides ;  
Nor may the fleetest hawk, untired, explore  
Where end the ricey groves that crown the shore.  
There view what woes demand your pious aid !  
On beds and litters o'er the margin laid  
The dying lift their hollow eyes, and crave  
Some pitying hand to hurl them in the <sup>s</sup> wave.  
Thus heaven they deem, though vilest guilt they bore  
Unwept, unchanged, will view that guilt no more.  
There, eastward, Arracan her line extends ;  
And Pegu's mighty empire southward bends :

<sup>s</sup> *The dying* —— The innumerable superstitions performed on the banks of this river, afford a pityable picture of the weakness of humanity. These circumstances here men-

tioned are literally true. And it is no uncommon scene for the English ships to be surrounded with the corpses which come floating down this hallowed stream.

Pegu, whose sons, so held old <sup>b</sup> faith, confess  
 A dog their sire ; their deeds the tale attest.  
 A pious queen their horrid <sup>1</sup> rage restrain'd ;  
 Yet still their fury Nature's God arraign'd.  
 Ah, mark the thunders rolling o'er the sky !  
 Yes, bathed in gore shall rank pollution lie.

Where to the morn the towers of Tava shine,  
 Begins great Siam's empire's far stretch'd line.  
 On Queda's fields the genial rays inspire  
 The richest gust of spicery's fragrant fire.  
 Malacca's castled harbour here survey,  
 The wealthful feat foredoom'd of Lusian sway.

<sup>b</sup> *Pegu, whose sons, so held old faith, confess, A dog their sire.*—The tradition of this country boasted this infamous and impossible original. While other nations pretend to be descended of demi-gods, the Pegusians were contented to trace their pedigree from a Chinese woman and a dog, the only living creatures which survived a shipwreck on their coast. See *Faria*. This infamy, however, they could not deserve. Animals of a different species may generate together, but nature immediately displays her abhorrence, in unvariably depriving the unnatural production of the power of procreation.

<sup>1</sup> *A pious queen their horrid rage restrain'd.*  
 —Thus in the original :

Aqui soante arame no instrumento  
 Da geração costumão, o que usarão  
 Por manha da Raynha, que inventando  
 Tal uso, deitou fóra o error nefando.

Relatum est de Regina quadam terræ Peguensis, quod ad coercendum crimen turpissimam subditorum suorum, legem tulit, ut universi mares orbiculum vel orbiculos quosdam aratos in penem illatos gererent. Ita fit : Cultro penis cuticulam dividunt, eam-

que in orbiculos hosce superinducunt : statim a prima septimana vulnus conglutinatur. Inferuntur plerumque tres orbiculi : magnitudine infimus ad modum juglandis, primus ferme ad tenerioris gallinæ ovi modum extat. Trium liberorum parens ad libitum onus excutiat. Si horum aliquis a rege dono detur, ut gemma quantivis pretii æstimatur. To this let the testimony of G. Arthus, (*Hist. Ind. Orient.* p. 313.) be added, *Virgines in hoc regno omnino nullas reperire licet : Puellæ enim omnes statim a pueritia sua medicamentum quoddam usurpant, quo muliebria distenduntur & aperta continentur : idque propter globulos quos in virgis viri gestant ; illis enim admittendis virgines arctiores nullo modo sufficerent.*

According to Balby, and Cesar Frederic, the empire of Pegu, which the year before sent armies of two millions to the field, was in 1598, by famine and the arms of the neighbouring princes of Ava, Brama, and Siam, reduced to the most miserable state of desolation, the few natives who survived having left their country an habitation for wild beasts.

Here

Here to their port the Lusian fleets shall steer,  
 From every shore far round assembling here  
 The fragrant treasures of the eastern world :  
 Here from the shore by rolling earthquakes hurl'd,  
 Through waves all foam, Sumatra's isle was riven,  
 And mid white whirlpools down the <sup>k</sup> ocean driven.  
 To this fair isle, the golden Chersonese,  
 Some deem the sapient Monarch plow'd the seas,  
 Ophir <sup>l</sup> its Tyrian name. In whirling roars  
 How fierce the tide boils down these clasping shores !  
 High from the strait the lengthening coast afar,  
 Its moon-like curve points to the northern star,  
 Opening its bosom to the silver ray  
 When fair Aurora pours the infant day.  
 Patane and Pam, and nameless nations more,  
 Who rear their tents on Menam's winding shore,  
 Their vassal tribute yield to Siam's throne ;  
 And thousands <sup>m</sup> more, of laws, of names unknown,  
 That vast of land inhabit. Proud and bold,  
 Proud of their numbers here the Laos hold

<sup>k</sup> *And mid white whirlpools down the ocean driven.*—See the same account of Sicily. Virg. En. III.

<sup>l</sup> *Ophir its Tyrian name.*—Sumatra has been by some esteemed the Ophir of the Holy Scriptures ; but the superior fineness of the gold of Sofala, and its situation, favour the claim of that Ethiopian isle. See Bochart. Geog. Sacr.

<sup>m</sup> *And thousands more.*—The extensive countries between India and China, where Ptolemy places his man-eaters, and where

Mandeville found men without heads, who saw and spoke through holes in their breasts, continues still very imperfectly known. The Jesuits have told many extravagant lies of the wealth of these provinces. By the most authentic accounts they seem to have been peopled by colonies from China. The religion and manufactures of the Siamese, in particular, confess the resemblance. In some districts, however, they have greatly degenerated from the civilization of the mother country.

The far spread lawns; the skirting hills obey  
 The barbarous Avas and the Bramas' fway.  
 Lo, distant far another mountain chain  
 Rears its rude cliffs, the Guios' dread domain;  
 Here brutalized the human form is seen,  
 The manners fiend-like as the brutal mein:  
 With frothing jaws they suck the human blood  
 And gnaw the reeking <sup>1</sup> limbs, their sweetest food;

<sup>1</sup> *And gnaw the reeking limbs.*—Much has been said on this subject, some denying and others asserting the existence of Anthropophagi or man-eaters. Porphyry, (de Abilin. l. 4. § 21. \*) says that the Massagetæ and Derbices (people of north-eastern Asia) esteeming those most miserable who died of sickness, when their parents and relations grew old, killed and eat them, holding it more honourable thus to consume them, than that they should be destroyed by vermin. Hieronymus has adopted this word for word, and has added to it an authority of his own, Quid loquar, says he, (Adv. Jov. l. 2. c. 6.) de cæteris nationibus; cum ipse adolescentulus in Gallia viderim Scotos, gentem Britannicam, humanis vesci carnibus, et cum per sylvas porcorum greges & armentorum, pecudumque reperiant, pastorum nates, et fæminarum papillas solere abscondere, & has solas ciborum delicias arbitrari? Mandeville ought next to be cited. “Afterwarde men gon be many yles be see unto a yle that men clepen Milhe: there is a full curied peple: thei deyten in ne thing more than to fighten and to fle men, and to drynken gladlyest mannes blood, which they clepen Dieu.” p. 235. Yet whatever absurdity may appear on the face of these tales; and what can be more absurd, than to suppose that a few wild Scots or Irish (for the name was

then proper to Ireland) should so lord it in Gaul, as to eat the breasts of the women and the hips of the shepherds? Yet whatever absurdities our Mandevilles may have intruded on the public, the evidence of the fact is not thereby wholly destroyed. Though Dampier and other visitors of barbarous nations have assured us that they never met with any man-eaters, and though Voltaire has ridiculed the opinion, yet one may venture the assertion of their existence, without partaking of a credulity similar to that of those foreigners, who believed that the men of Kent were born with tails like sheep, (see Lambert's Peramb.) the punishment inflicted upon them for the murder of Thomas a Becket. Many are the credible accounts, that different barbarous nations used to eat their prisoners of war. According to the authentic testimony of the best Portuguese writers, the natives of Brazil, on their high festivals, brought forth their captives, and after many barbarous ceremonies, at last roasted and greedily devoured their mangled limbs. During his torture, the unhappy victim prided himself in his manly courage, upbraiding their want of skill in the art of tormenting, and telling his murderers that his belly had been the grave of many of their relations. Thus the fact was certain, long before a late voyage discovered the horrid practice in New Zealand.

\* Ἰσχυροὶ γὰρ Μασσαγῆται καὶ Δερβίνοι ἀδελφῶδες ἠγεῖσθαι τῶν οἰκείων τὰ ἀλοπάτους τελευτήσαντας ἐὼ καὶ φθίσαντας κἀνούσων καὶ ἐπιβίαι τῶν φιλιότων τὰ γιγχεσκότας.

Horrid with figured seams of burning steel  
 Their wolf-like frowns their ruthless lust reveal.  
 Cambaya there the blue-tinged Mecon laves,  
 Mecon the eastern Nile, whose swelling waves,  
 Captain of rivers named, o'er many a clime  
 In annual period pour their fattening slime.  
 The simple natives of these lawns believe  
 That other worlds the souls of beasts <sup>m</sup> receive ;

land. To drink human blood has been more common. The Gauls and other ancient nations practised it. When Magalhaens proposed Christianity to the King of Subo, a north eastern Asiatic island, and when Francis de Castro discovered Santi-gana and other islands, an hundred leagues north of the Maluccos, the conversion of their kings was confirmed by each party drinking of the blood of the other. Our poet Spenser tells us, in his View of the State of Ireland, that he has seen the Irish drink human blood, particularly he adds, "at the execution of a notable traitor at Limerick, called Murrough O'Brien, I saw an old woman, who was his foster-mother, take up his head whilst he was quartering, and suck up all the blood that run thereout, saying, that the earth was not worthy to drink it, and therewith also steeped her face and breast and tore her hair, crying out and shrieking most terribly." It is worthy of regard that the custom of marking themselves with hot irons, and *tattooing*, is the characteristic both of the Guinos of Camoens and of the present inhabitants of New Zealand. And if, as its animals indicate, the island of Otaheite was first peopled by a shipwreck, the friendship existing in a small society might easily obliterate the memory of one custom, while the less unfriendly one of *tattooing* was handed down, a memorial that they owed their origin to the north eastern parts of Asia, where that custom particularly prevails.

<sup>m</sup> ——— *other worlds the souls of beasts receive.* ——— That queen Elizabeth reigned in England, is not more certain than that the most ignorant nations in all ages have had the idea of a state after death. The sense faculty which is conscious of existence, whif-

pers the wish for it; and so little acquainted with the deductions of reasoning have some tribes been, that not only their animals, but even the ghosts of their domestic utensils have been believed to accompany them in the islands of the Blessed. Long ere the voice of philosophy was heard, the opinion of an after state was popular in Greece. The works of Homer bear incontestible evidence of this. And there is not a feature in the history of the human mind better ascertained, than that no sooner did speculation seize upon the topic, than belief declined, and as the great Bacon observes, the most learned became the most atheistical ages. The reason of this is obvious. While the human mind is all simplicity, popular opinion is cordially received; but when reasoning begins, proof is expected, and deficiency of demonstration being perceived, doubt and disbelief naturally follow. Yet strange as it may appear, if the writer's memory does not greatly deceive him, these certain facts were denied by Hobbes. If he is not greatly mistaken, that gentleman, who gave a wretched, a most unpoetical translation of Homer, has so grossly misunderstood his author, as to assert that his mention of a future state was not in conformity to the popular opinion of his age, but only his own poetical fiction. He might as well have assured us, that the sacrifices of Homer had never any existence in Greece. But as no absurdity is too gross for some geniuses, our murderer of Homer, our Hobbes, has likewise asserted, that the belief of the immortality of the human mind was the child of pride and speculation, unknown in Greece till long after the appearance of the Iliad.

Where the fierce murderer wolf, to pains decreed,  
 Sees the mild lamb enjoy the heavenly mead.  
 Oh gentle Mecon, on thy friendly shore  
 Long shall the Muse her sweetest offerings pour !  
 When tyrant ire chaff'd by the blended lust  
 Of Pride outrageous, and Revenge unjust,  
 Shall on the guiltless Exile burst their rage,  
 And madning tempests on their side engage,  
 Preserved by heaven the song of Lusian fame,  
 The song, O VASCO, sacred to thy name,  
 Wet from the whelming surge shall triumph o'er  
 The fate of shipwreck on the Mecon's <sup>n</sup> shore,  
 Here rest secure as on the Muse's breast !  
 Happy the deathless song, the Bard, alas, unblest !

Chiampa there her fragrant coast extends,  
 There Cochinchina's cultured land ascends :  
 From Ainam bay begins the ancient reign  
 Of China's beauteous art-adorn'd domain ;  
 Wide from the burning to the frozen skies  
 O'erflow'd with wealth the potent empire lies.  
 Here ere the cannon's rage in Europe ° roar'd,  
 The cannon's thunder on the foe was pour'd :

<sup>n</sup> *Oh gentle Mecon.*——It was on the mouth of this river that Camoens suffered the unhappy shipwreck which rendered him the sport of fortune during the remainder of his life. Our Poet mentions himself and the saving of his Lusians with the greatest modesty. But though this indifference has its beauty in the original, it is certainly the

part of a Translator to add a warmth of colouring to a passage of this nature. For the literal translation of this place and farther particulars, see the *Life of Camoens*.

<sup>o</sup> *Here ere the cannon's rage in Europe roar'd*——According to *Le Comte's* memoirs of China, and those of other travellers, the mariner's compass, fire-arms, and printing



And here the trembling needle fought the north,  
Ere Time in Europe brought the wonder forth.

printing were known in that empire, long ere the invention of these arts in Europe. But the accounts of Du Halde, Le Compte, and the other Jesuits, are by no means to be depended on. It was their interest, in order to gain credit in Europe and at the court of Rome, to magnify the splendor of the empire where their mission lay, and they have magnified it into Romance itself. It is pretended that the Chinese used fire-arms in their wars with Zenghis Khan, and Tamerlane; but it is also said that the Sogdianians used cannon against Alexander. The mention of any sulphurous composition in an old writer is with some immediately converted into a regular tire of artillery. The Chinese, indeed, on the first arrival of Europeans, had a kind of mortars, which they called fire-pans, but they were utter strangers to the smaller fire-arms. Verbiest, a Jesuit, was the first who taught them to make brass cannon set upon wheels. And even so late as the hostile menance which Anson gave them, they knew not how to level or manage their ordnance to any advantage. Their printing is indeed much more ancient than that of Europe, but it does not deserve the same name, the blocks of wood with which they stamp their sheets being as inferior to the use of, as different from the moveable types of Europe. The Chinese have no idea of the graces of fine writing; here most probably the fault exists in their language; but the total want of nature in their painting and of symmetry in their architecture, in both of which they have so long been experienced, afford a heavy accusation against their genius. But in planning gardens, and in the arts of beautifying the face of their country, they are unequalled. Yet even in their boasted gardening their genius stands accused. The art of ingrafting, so long known to Europe, is still unknown to them. And hence their fruits are vastly inferior in flavour to those of the western world. The amazing wall of defence against the Tartars, though 1500 miles in extent, is a labour inferior to the canals, lined on the sides with hewn stone, which every where enrich and adorn their country; some of which reach 1000 miles,

and are of depth to carry vessels of burthen. These grand remains of antiquity prove there was a time when the Chinese were a much more accomplished people than at present. Though their princes for these many centuries have discovered no such efforts of genius as these, the industry of the people still remains, in which they rival and resemble the Dutch. In every other respect they are the most unamiable of mankind: Amazingly uninventive, for, though possessed of them, the arts have made no progress among the Chinese these many centuries: Even what they were taught by the Jesuits is almost lost: So false in their dealings, they boast that none but a Chinese can cheat a Chinese: The crime which disgraces human nature, is in this nation of atheists and the most stupid of all idolaters, common as *that charter'd libertine, the Air*. Destitute even in idea of that elevation of soul, which is expressed by the best sense of the word piety, in the time of calamity whole provinces are desolated by self-murder; an end, as Hume says of some of the admired names of antiquity, not unworthy of so detestable a character: And, as it is always found congenial to baseness of heart, the most dastardly cowardice compleats the description of that of the Chinese.

Unimproved as their arts is their learning. Though their language consists of few words, it is almost impossible for a stranger to attain the art of speaking it. And what an European learns ere he is seven years old, to read, is the labour of the life of a Chinese. In place of our 24 letters, they have more than 60,000 marks, which compose their writings; and their purity of words, all of which may be attained in a few hours, requires such an infinite variety of tone and action, that the slightest mistake in modulation renders the speaker unintelligible. And in addressing a great man, in place of my Lord, you may call him a *beast*, the word being the same, all the difference consisting in the tone of it. A language like this must ever be a bar to the progress and accomplishments of literature. Of medicine they are very ignorant. The ginseng, which

No more let Egypt boast her mountain pyres ;  
To prouder fame yon bounding wall aspires,

they pretended was an univerfal remedy, is found to be a root of no fingular virtue. Their books confift of odes without poetry, and of moral maxims, excellent in themfelves, but without investigation or reafoning. For to philofophical difcuflion and the metaphysics they feem utterly ftrangers, and when taught the mathematics by the Jefuits, their greateft men were loft in aftonifhment. Whatever their political wifdom has been, at prefent it is narrow and barbarous. Jealous leaft ftrangers steal their arts, arts which are excelled at Dresden and other parts of Europe, they preclude themfelves from the great advantages which arife from an intercourfe with civilized nations. Yet in the laws which they impofe on every foreign fhip which enters their ports for traffick, they even exceed the cunning and avarice of the Hollanders. In their internal policy the military government of Rome under the emperors is reviv'd with accumulated barbarifm. In every city and province the military are the confidables and peace officers. What a picture is this! Nothing but Chinefe or Dutch induftry could preferve the traffick and population of a country under the controul of armed ruffians. But hence the emperor has leisure to cultivate his gardens, and to write defpicable odes to his concubines.

Whatever was their moft ancient doctrine, certain it is that the legiflators who formed the prefent fyftem of China prefented to their people no other object of worfhip than *Tien Kowti*, the material heavens and their influencing power; by which an intelligent principle is excluded. Yet finding that the human mind in the rudeft breaths is confcious of its weaknefs, and prone to believe the occurrences of life under the power of lucky or unlucky obfervances, they permitted their people the ufe of facrifices to thefe Lucretian Gods of fuperftitious fear. Nor was the principle of devotion imprinted by heaven in the human heart alone perverted; another unextinguifhable paffion was alfo mifled. On tables, in every family, are written the names of the laft three of their anceftors, added to each, *Here refts his foul*; and before thefe tables they burn incenfe and

pay adoration. Confucius, who, according to their hiftories, had been in the Weft about 500 years before the Chriftian æra, appears to be only the confirmer of their old opinions; but the accounts of him and his doctrine are involved in uncertainty. In their places of worfhip however, boards are fet up, infcribed, *This is the feat of the foul of Confucius*, and to thefe and their anceftors they celebrate folemn facrifices, without feeming to poffefs any idea of the intellectual exiftence of the departed mind. The Jefuit Ricci, and his brethren of the Chinefe miffion, *very honeftly* told their converts, that *Tien* was the God of the Chriftians, and that the label of Confucius was the term by which they expreffed his divine majefty. But after a long and fevere scrutiny at the Court of Rome, Tien was found to fignify nothing more than *heavenly* or *univerfal matter*, and the Jefuits of China were ordered to renounce this herefy. Among all the fefts who worfhip different idols in China, there is only one who have any tolerable idea of the immortality of the foul; and among thefe, fays Leland, Chriftianity at prefent obtains fome footing. But the moft interefling particular of China yet remains to be mentioned. Confcious of the obvious tendency, Voltaire and others have triumphed in the great antiquity of the Chinefe, and in the diftant period they afcribe to the creation. But the bubble cannot bear the touch. If fome Chinefe accounts fix the æra of creation 40000 years ago, others are contented with no lefs than 884953. But who knows not that every nation has its *Geoffry of Monmouth*? And we have already obferved the legends which took their rife from the *Annus Magnus* of the Chaldean and Egyptian aftronomers, an apparent revolution of the ftars, which in reality has no exiftence. To the fanciful, who held this *Annus Magnus*, it feemed hard to fuppofe that our world was in its firft revolution of the great year, and to fuppofe that many were paff was eafy. And that this was the cafe we have abfolute proof in the doctrines of the Bramins, (fee the note on the VII. Lufiad) who, though they talk of hundreds of thoufands of years which

A prouder boast of regal power displays  
Than all the world beheld in ancient days.

which are past, yet confess, that this, the fourth world, has not yet attained its 6000th year. And much within this compass are all the credible proofs of Chinese antiquity comprehended. To three heads all these proofs are reduceable. Their form of government, which, till the conquest of the Tartars in 1644, bore the marks of the highest antiquity; their astronomical observations, and their history.

Simply and purely patriarchal every father was the magistrate in his own family, and the emperor, who acted by his substitutes the Mandarines, was venerated and obeyed as the father of all. The most passive submission to authority thus branched out was inculcated by Confucius and their other philosophers as the greatest duty of morality. But if there is an age in sacred or profane history, where the manners of mankind are thus delineated, no superior antiquity is proved by the form of Chinese government. Their ignorance of the very ancient art of ingrafting fruit-trees, and the state of their language, so like the Hebrew in its paucity of words, a paucity characteristic of the ages when the ideas of men required few syllables to clothe them, prove nothing farther than the early separation of the Chinese colony \* from the rest of mankind. Nothing farther, except that they have continued till very lately without any material intercourse with the other nations of the world.

A continued succession of astronomical

observations, for 4000 years, was claimed by the Chinese, when they were first visited by the Europeans. Voltaire, that *son of truth*, has often with great triumph mentioned the undubitable proofs of Chinese antiquity; but at these times he must have received his information from the same dream which told him that Camoens accompanied his friend Gama in the voyage which discovered the East Indies. If Voltaire and his disciples will talk of Chinese astronomy and the 4000 years antiquity of its perfection, let them enjoy every consequence which may possibly result from it. But let them allow the same liberty to others. Let them allow others to draw *their* inferences from a few stubborn facts, facts which demonstrate the ignorance of the Chinese in astronomy. The earth, they imagined, was a great plain, of which their country was the middle; and so ignorant were they of the cause of eclipses, that they believed the sun and moon were assailed, and in danger of being devoured by a huge dragon. The stars were considered as the directors of human affairs, and thus their boasted astronomy ends in that silly imposition, judicial astrology. Though they had made some observations on the revolutions of the planets, and though in the emperor's palace there was an observatory, the first apparatus of proper instruments ever known in China was introduced by father Verbiest. After this it need scarcely be added, that their astronomical observations which pretend

\* The Chinese Colony! Yes, let philosophy smile; let her talk of the different species of men which are found in every country, let her brand as absurd the opinion of Montaigne, which derives all the human race from one family. Let her enjoy her triumph. Peace to her insolence, peace to her dreams and her reveries. But let common sense be contented with the demonstration (See Whiston, Bentley, &c.) that a Creation in every country is not wanted, and that one family is sufficient in every respect for the purpose. If philosophy will talk of black and white men as different in species, let common sense ask her for a demonstration, that climate and manner of life cannot produce this difference, and let her add, that there is the strongest presumptive experimental proof, that the difference thus happens. If philosophy draw her inferences from the different passions of different tribes; let common sense reply, that script of every accident of brutalization and urbanity, the human mind in all its faculties, all its motives, hope, and fears, is most wonderfully the same in every age and country. If philosophy talk of the impossibility of peopling distant islands and continents from one family, let common sense tell her to read Bryant's Mythology. If philosophy assert that the Celts where ever they came found Aborigines, let common sense reply, there were tyrants enough almost 2000 years before their emigrations, to drive the wretched survivors of slaughtered hosts to the remotest wilds. She may also add, that many islands have been found which bore not one trace of mankind, and that even Otaheite bears the evident marks of receiving its inhabitants from a shipwreck, its only animals being the hog, the dog, and the rat. In a word, let common sense say to philosophy, "I open my egg with a pen-knife, but you open yours with the blow of a sledgehammer."

Not built, created seems the frowning mound ;  
 O'er loftiest mountain tops and vales profound  
 Extends the wondrous length, with warlike castles crown'd. }  
 Immense the northern wastes their horrors <sup>p</sup> spread ;  
 In frost and snow the seas and shores are clad.  
 These shores forsake, to future ages due :  
 A world of islands claims thy happier view,  
 Where lavish Nature all her bounty pours,  
 And flowers and fruits of every fragrance showers.  
 Japan behold ; beneath the globe's broad face  
 Northward she sinks, the nether seas embrace

pretend an antiquity of 4000 years, are as false as a Welch genealogy, and that the Chinese themselves, when instructed by the Jesuits, were obliged to own that their calculations were erroneous and impossible. The great credit and admiration which their astronomical and mathematical knowledge procured to the Jesuits, afford an indubitable confirmation of these facts.

Ridiculous as their astronomical, are their historical antiquities. After all Voltaire has said of it, the oldest date to which their history pretends is not much above 4000 years. During this period 236 kings have reigned, of 22 different families. The first king reigned 100 years, then we have the names of some others, but without any detail of actions, or that concatenation of events which distinguishes authentic history. That mark of truth does not begin to appear for upwards of 2000 years of the Chinese legends. Little more than the names of kings, and these often interrupted with wide chasms, compose all the annals of China, till about the period of the Christian era. Something like a history then commences, but that is again interrupted by a wide chasm, which the Chinese know not how to fill up otherwise, than by asserting that a century or two elapsed in the time, and that at such a period a new family mounted the throne. Such is the history of China,

full brother in every family feature to those Monkish tales, which sent a daughter of Pharaoh to be queen of Scotland, which sent Brutus to England, and a grandson of Noah to teach school among the mountains in Wales.

<sup>p</sup> *Immense the northern wastes their horrors spread.* — Tartary, Siberia, Samoyada, Kamchatki, &c. A short account of the Grand Lama of Thibet Tartary shall complete our view of the superstitions of the East. While the other Pagans of Asia worship the most ugly monstrous idols, the Tartars of Thibet adore a real living God. He sits cross-legged on his throne in the great Temple, adorned with gold and diamonds. He never speaks, but sometimes elevates his hand in token that he approves of the prayers of his worshippers. He is a ruddy well looking young man, about 25 or 27, and is the most miserable wretch on earth, being the mere puppet of his priests, who dispatch him whenever age or sickness make any alteration in his features; and another, instructed to act his part, is put in his place. Princes of very distant provinces send tribute to this Deity and implore his blessing, and as Voltaire has merrily told us, think themselves secure of benediction, if favoured with something from his Godship, esteemed more sacred than the hallowed cow-dung of the Bramins.

Her

Her eastern bounds ; what glorious fruitage there,  
 Illustrious GAMA, shall thy labours bear !  
 How bright a silver mine ! when heaven's own <sup>a</sup> lore  
 From Pagan dross shall purify her ore.

Beneath the purple wings of spreading morn,  
 Behold what isles these glistening seas adorn !  
 Mid hundreds yet unnamed, Ternate behold !  
 By day her hills in pitchy clouds inroll'd,  
 By night like rolling waves the sheets of fire  
 Blaze o'er the seas, and high to heaven aspire.  
 For Lusian hands here blooms the fragrant clove,  
 But Lusian blood shall sprinkle every grove.  
 The golden birds that ever sail the skies  
 Here to the sun display their shining dyes,  
 Each want supplied on air they ever soar ;  
 The ground they touch not till they breathe no<sup>r</sup> more.  
 Here Banda's isles their fair embroidery spread  
 Of various fruitage, azure, white, and red ;

<sup>a</sup> *How bright a silver mine.*—By this beautiful metaphor, omitted by Casiera, Camoens alludes to the great success, which in his time attended the Jesuit missionaries in Japan. James I. sent an embassy to the sovereign, and opened a trade with this country, but it was soon suffered to decline. The Dutch are the only Europeans who now traffic with the Japonese, which it is said they obtain by trampling on the cross and by abjuring the Christian name. In religion the Japonese are much the same as their neighbours of China. And in the

frequency of self-murder, says Voltaire, they vie with their brother islanders of England.

<sup>r</sup> *The ground they touch not.*—These are commonly called the birds of Paradise. It was the old erroneous opinion that they always soared in the air, and that the female hatched her young on the back of the male. Their feathers bear a mixture of the most beautiful azure, purple and golden colours, which have a fine effect in the rays of the sun.

And birds of every beauteous plume display  
 Their glittering radiance, as from spray to spray,  
 From bower to bower on busy wings they rove,  
 To seize the tribute of the spicy grove.  
 Borneo here expands her ample breast,  
 By Nature's hand in woods of camphire drest;  
 The precious liquid weeping from the trees  
 Glows warm with health, the balsom of disease.  
 Fair are Timora's dales with groves array'd,  
 Each rivulet murmurs in the fragrant shade,  
 And in its chrystal breast displays the bowers  
 Of Sanders, blest with health-restoring powers.  
 Where to the south the world's broad surface bends,  
 Lo, Sunda's realm her spreading arms extends.  
 From hence the pilgrim brings the wondrous <sup>s</sup> tale,  
 A river groaning through a dreary dale,  
 For all is stone around, converts to stone  
 Whate'er of verdure in its breast is thrown.  
 Lo, gleaming blue o'er fair Sumatra's skies  
 Another mountain's trembling flames arise;  
 Here from the trees the gum all fragrance swells,  
 And softest <sup>t</sup> oil a wondrous fountain wells.

<sup>s</sup> From hence the pilgrim brings the wondrous tale——Streams of this kind are common in many countries. Callera attributes this quality to the excessive cold of the waters, but this is a mistake. The waters of some springs are impregnated with sparry particles, which adhering to the herbage or the clay on the banks of their

channel, harden into stone and incrust the original retainers.

<sup>t</sup> Here from the trees the gum——Benjamin, a species of frankincense. The oil mentioned in the next line, is that called the rock oil, a black foetid mineral oilum, good for bruises and sprains.

Nor these alone the happy isle bestows,  
 Fine is her gold, her filk resplendent glows.  
 Wide forests there beneath Maldivia's <sup>u</sup> tide  
 From withering air their wondrous fruitage hide.  
 The green-hair'd Nereids tend the bowery dells,  
 Whose wondrous fruitage poison's rage expells.  
 In Ceylon, lo, how high yon mountain's brows !  
 The sailing clouds its middle height enclose.  
 Holy the hill is deem'd, the hallowed <sup>w</sup> tread  
 Of fainted footstep marks its rocky head.  
 Laved by the Red-sea gulph Socotra's bowers  
 There boast the tardy aloe's beauteous flowers.  
 On Afric's strand foredoom'd to Lusian sway  
 Behold these isles, and rocks of dusky gray ;  
 From cells unknown here bounteous ocean pours  
 The fragrant amber on the sandy shores.  
 And lo, the Island of the <sup>x</sup> Moon displays  
 Her vernal lawns, and numerous peaceful bays ;

<sup>u</sup> *Wide forests there beneath Maldivia's tide.*—A sea plant, resembling the palm, grows in great abundance in the bays about the Maldivian islands. The boughs rise to the top of the water, and bear a kind of apple, called the coco of Maldivia, which is esteemed an antidote against poison.

<sup>w</sup> — *the tread of fainted footstep* — The imprint of a human foot is found on the high mountain, called the Pic of Adam. Legendary tradition says, that Adam, after he was expelled from Paradise, did penance 300 years on this hill, on which he left the print of his footstep.

This tale seems to be Jewish or Mohammedan, for the natives, according to Capt. Knox, who was twenty years a captive in Ceylon, pretend the impression was made by the God *Buddow*, when he ascended to heaven, after having for the salvation of mankind, appeared on the earth. His priests beg charity for the sake of *Buddow*, whose worship they perform among groves of the Bogahah-tree, under which, when on earth, they say he usually sat and taught.

<sup>x</sup> *And lo, the Island of the Moon.*—Madagascar is thus named by the natives.

The halcyons hovering o'er the bays are seen,  
And lowing herds adorn the vales of green.

Thus from the cape where fail was ne'er unfurl'd  
Till thine auspicious fought the Eastern World,  
To utmost wave where first the morning star  
Sheds the pale lustre of her silver car,  
Thine eyes have view'd the empires and the isles,  
The world immense that crowns thy glorious toils.  
That world where every boon is shower'd from heaven,  
Now to the West, by Thee, Great Chief, is <sup>y</sup> given.

And still, oh Blest, thy peerless honours grow,  
New opening views the smiling Fates bestow.  
With alter'd face the moving globe behold;  
There ruddy evening sheds her beams of gold.  
While now on Afric's bosom faintly die  
The last pale glimpses of the twilight sky,  
Bright o'er the wide Atlantic rides the morn,  
And dawning rays another world adorn:  
To farthest north that world enormous bends,  
And cold beneath the southern pole-star ends.  
Near either <sup>z</sup> pole the barbarous hunter drest  
In skins of bears explores the frozen waste:

<sup>y</sup> *Now to the West, by Thee, Great Chief, is given*—The sublimity of this eulogy on the expedition of the Lusiad has been already observed. What follows is a natural completion of the whole; and, the digressive exclamation at the end excepted, is exactly similar to the manner in which

Homer has concluded the Iliad.

<sup>z</sup> *Near either pole*—We are now presented with a beautiful view of the American world. Columbus discovered the West Indies before, but not the Continent till 1498, the year after Gama failed from Lisbon.

Where



Where smiles the genial sun with kinder rays,  
 Proud cities tower, and gold-roofed temples blaze.  
 This golden empire, by the heaven's decree,  
 Is due, Casteel, O favour'd Power, to Thee!  
 Even now Columbus o'er the hoary tide  
 Pursues the evening sun, his navy's guide.  
 Yet shall the kindred Lusian share the reign,  
 What time this world shall own the yoke of Spain.  
 The first bold <sup>a</sup> hero who to India's shores  
 Through vanquish'd waves thy open'd path explores,  
 Driven by the winds of heaven from Afric's strand  
 Shall fix the Holy Cross on yon fair land.  
 That mighty realm for purple wood renown'd,  
 Shall stretch the Lusian empire's western bound.  
 Fired by thy fame, and with his king in ire,  
 To match thy deeds shall Magalhaens <sup>b</sup> aspire.

<sup>a</sup> *The first bold hero* — Cabral, the first after Gama who failed to India, was driven by Tempest to the Brazils, a proof that more ancient voyagers might have met with the same fate. He named the country Santa Cruz, or Holy Cross; it was afterward named Brazil, from the colour of the wood, with which it abounds. It is one of the finest countries in the new world, and still remains subject to the crown of Portugal.

<sup>b</sup> *To match thy deeds shall Magalhaens aspire* — Camoens, though he boasts of the actions of Magalhaens as an honour to Portugal, yet condemns his defection to the king of Spain, and calls him

*O Magalhaens, no feito com verdade  
 Portuguez, porèm nao na lealdade.*

“In deeds truly a Portuguese, but not in loyalty.” And others have bestowed upon him the name of Traytor, but perhaps un-

deservedly. Justice to the name of this great man requires an examination of the charge. Ere he entered into the service of the king of Spain by a solemn act he unnaturalized himself. Oforius is very severe against this unavailing rite, and argues that no injury which a prince may possibly give, can authorize a subject to act the part of a traitor against his native country. This is certainly true, but it is not strictly applicable to the case of Magalhaens. Many eminent services performed in Africa and India entitled him to a certain allowance, which, though inconsiderable in itself, was esteemed as the reward of distinguished merit, and therefore highly valued. For this Magalhaens petitioned in vain. He found, says Faria, that the malicious accusations of some men had more weight with his sovereign than all his services. After this unworthy repulse, what patronage at the court

In all, but loyalty, of Lusian soul,  
No fear, no danger shall his toils controul.

of Lisbon could he hope? And though no injury can vindicate the man who draws his sword against his native country, yet no moral duty requires that he who has some important discovery in meditation should stifle his design, if uncountenanced by his native prince. It has been alledged, that he embroiled his country in disputes with Spain. But neither is this strictly applicable to the neglected Magalhaens. The courts of Spain and Portugal had solemnly settled the limits within which they were to make discoveries and settlements, and within these did Magalhaens and the court of Spain propose that his discoveries should terminate. And allowing that his calculations might mislead him beyond the bounds prescribed to the Spaniards, still his apology is clear, for it would have been injurious to each court, had he supposed that the faith of the boundary treaty would be trampled upon by either power. If it is said that he aggrandised the enemies of his country, the Spaniards, and introduced them to a dangerous rivalship with the Portuguese settlements; let the sentence of Faria on this subject be remembered, "let princes beware, says he, how by neglect or injustice they force into desperate actions the men who have merited rewards." As to rivalship, the case of Mr. Law, a North Briton, is apposite. This gentleman wrote an excellent treatise on the improvement of the trade and fisheries of his native country, but his proposals were totally neglected by the commissioners, whose office and duty it was to have patronised him. Was Law, therefore, to sit down in obscurity on a barren field, to stifle his genius, lest a foreign power, who might one day be at war with Great Britain, should be aggrandised by his efforts in commercial policy? No, surely. Deprived of the power of raising himself at home, Mr. Law went to France, where he became the founder of the Mississippi and other important schemes of commerce; yet Law was never branded with the name of traitor. The reason is obvious. The government of Great Britain was careless of what they lost in Mr. Law, but the Portu-

guese perceived their loss in Magalhaens, and their anger was vented in reproaches.

In the end of the 15th and beginning of the 16th centuries, the spirit of discovery broke forth in its greatest vigour. The east and the west had been visited by Gama and Columbus; and the bold idea of sailing to the east by the west was revived by Magalhaens. Revived, for mislead by Strabo and Pliny, who place India near to the west of Spain, Columbus expecting to find the India of the ancients when he landed on Hispaniola, thought he had discovered the Ophir of Solomon. And hence the name of Indies was given to that and the neighbouring islands. Though America and the Moluccas were now found to be at a great distance, the genius of Magalhaens still suggested the possibility of a western passage. And accordingly, possessed of his great design, and neglected with contempt at home, he offered his service to the court of Spain, and was accepted. With five ships and 250 men he sailed from Spain in September 1519, and after many difficulties, occasioned by mutiny and the extreme cold, he entered the great Pacific Ocean or South Seas by those straits which bear his Spanish name Magellan. From these straits, in the 52½ degree of southern latitude, he traversed that great ocean, till in the 10th degree of North latitude he landed on the island of Subo or Marten. The king of this country was then at war with a neighbouring prince, and Magalhaens, on condition of his conversion to christianity, became his auxiliary. In two battles the Spaniards were victorious, but in the third, Magalhaens, together with one Martinho, a judicial astrologer, whom he usually consulted, was unfortunately killed. Chagrined with the disappointment of promised victory, the new baptized king of Subo made peace with his enemies, and having invited to an entertainment the Spaniards on shore, he treacherously poisoned them all. The wretched remains of the fleet arrived at the Portuguese settlements in the isles of Banda and Ternate, where they were received, says Faria, as friends, and  
not

Along these regions from the burning zone  
 To deepest south he dares the course unknown.  
 While to the kingdoms of the rising day,  
 To rival Thee he holds the western way,  
 A land of <sup>c</sup> giants shall his eyes behold,  
 Of camel strength, surpassing human mould :  
 And onward still, thy fame his proud heart's guide  
 Haunting him unappeas'd, the dreary tide  
 Beneath the southern star's cold gleam he braves,  
 And stems the whirls of land-surrounded waves.  
 Forever sacred to the hero's fame  
 These foaming straits shall bear his deathless name.  
 Through these dread jaws of rock he presses on,  
 Another ocean's breast, immense, unknown,  
 Beneath the south's cold wings, unmeasured, wide,  
 Receives his vessels ; through the dreary tide

not as intruding strangers ; a proof that the boundary treaty was esteemed sufficiently sacred. Several of the adventurers were sent to India, and from thence to Spain, in Portuguese ships, one ship only being in a condition to return to Europe by the Cape of Good Hope. This vessel, named the *Victoria*, however, had the honour to be the first which ever surrounded the globe ; an honour by some ignorantly attributed to the ship of Sir Francis Drake. Thus unhappily ended, says Oforius, the expedition of Magalhaens. But the good Bishop was mistaken, for a few years after he wrote, and somewhat upwards of fifty after the return of the *Victoria*, Philip II. of Spain availed himself of the discoveries of Magalhaens. And the navigation of the South Seas between Spanish America and the Asian Archipelago, at this day forms the basis of the power of Spain. A basis, however,

which is at the mercy of Great Britain, while her ministers are wise enough to preserve her great naval superiority. A Gibraltar in the South Seas is only wanting. But when this is mentioned, who can withhold his eyes from the isthmus of Darien ? the rendezvous appointed by nature for the fleets which may one day give law to the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans : A settlement which to-day might have owned subjection to Great Britain, if justice and honour had always presided in the cabinet of William the Third.

<sup>c</sup> *A land of giants*—The Patagonians. Various are the fables of navigators concerning these people. The Spaniards who went with Magalhaens affirmed they were about ten feet in height, since which voyage they have risen and fallen in their stature, according to the different humours of our sea wits.

In darkling shades, where never man before  
Heard the waves howl, he dares the nameless shore.

Thus far, O favoured Lusians, bounteous heaven  
Your nation's glories to your view has given.  
What ensigns, blazing to the morn, pursue  
The path of heroes, open'd first by You!  
Still be it your's the first in fame to shine:  
Thus shall your brides new chaplets still entwine,  
With laurels ever new your brows enfold,  
And braid your wavy locks with radiant gold.

How calm the waves, how mild the balmy gale!  
The halcyons call, ye Lusians, spread the sail!  
Old ocean now appeas'd shall rage no more,  
Haste, point the bowsprit to your native shore:  
Soon shall the transports of the natal soil  
O'erwhelm in bounding joy the thoughts of every toil.

The Goddesses<sup>d</sup> spake; and VASCO waved his hand,  
And soon the joyful heroes crowd the strand.

<sup>d</sup> *The Goddesses spake*——We are now come to the conclusion of the fiction of the island of Venus, a fiction which is divided into three principal parts. In each of these the poetical merit is obvious, nor need we fear to assert that the happiness of our author, in uniting all these parts together in one great episode, would have excited the admiration of Longinus. The heroes of the *Lusiad* receive their reward in the island

of Love. They are led to the palace of Thetis, where, during a divine feast, they hear the glorious victories and conquests of the heroes who are to succeed them in their Indian expedition, sung by a Syren; and the face of the globe itself, described by the Goddesses, discovers the universe, and particularly the extent of the Eastern World, now given to Europe by the success of Gama. Neither in grandeur nor in happiness of completion

The lofty ships with deepen'd burthens prove  
The various bounties of the Isle of Love.

completion may the *Eneid* or *Odyſſey* be mentioned in compariſon. The *Iliad* alone, in Epic conduct (as already obſerved) bears a ſtrong reſemblance. But however great in other views of poetical merit, the games at the funeral of *Patroclus* and the redemption of the body of *Hector*, conſidered as the intereſting concluſion of a great whole, can never in propriety and grandeur be brought into competition with the admirable epiſode which concludes the Poem on the Diſcovery of *India*.

Soon after the appearance of the *Lusiad*, the language of Spain was alſo enriched with an heroic poem. The author of which has often imitated the Portugueſe poet, particularly in the fiction of the globe of the world, which is ſhewed to *Gama*. In the *Araucana*, a globe ſurrounded with a radiant ſphere, is alſo miraculoſly ſupported in the air; and on this an enchanter ſhews to the Spaniards the extent of their dominions in the new world. But *Don Alonzo d'Arcilla* is in this, as in every other part of his poem, greatly inferior to the poetical ſpirit of *Camoens*. *Milton*, whoſe poetical conduct in concluding the action of his *Paradiſe Loſt*, as already pointed out, ſeems formed upon the *Lusiad*, appears to have had this paſſage particularly in his eye. For though the machinery of a viſionary ſphere was rather improper for the ſituation of his perſonages, he has nevertheleſs, though at the expence of an impoſſible ſuppoſition, given *Adam* a view of the terreſtrial globe. *Michael* ſets the father of mankind on a mountain.

From whoſe top  
The hemisphere of earth in cleareſt ken  
Stretch'd out to th' ampleſt reach of proſpect  
lay . . . .

His eye might there command wherever ſtood  
City of old or modern fame, the ſeat  
Of mightieſt empire, from the deſtined walls  
Of *Cambalu* ———, &c.  
On *Europe* thence and where *Rome* was to ſway  
The world ———

And even the mention of *America* ſeems copied by *Milton*,

in ſpirit perhaps he alſo ſaw  
*Rich Mexico*, the ſeat of *Montezume*,  
And *Cuſco* in *Peru*, the richer ſeat

Of *Atabalipa*, and yet unſpoiled  
*Guiana*, whoſe great city *Geryon's ſons*  
Call *El Dorado* ———

It muſt alſo be owned by the warmeſt admirer of the *Paradiſe Loſt*, that the deſcription of *America* in *Camoens*,

Vedes a grande terra, que continua  
Vai de *Calisto* no ſeu contrario polo.

To fartheſt north that world enormous bends,  
And cold beneath the ſouthern pole-ſtar ends—

Conveys a bolder and a grander idea than all the names enumerated by *Milton*.

Some ſhort account of the Writers, whoſe authorities have been adduced in the courſe of theſe notes, may not now be improper. *Fernando Lopez de Caſtagneda* went to *India* on purpoſe to do honour to his countrymen, by enabling himſelf to record their actions and conqueſts in the Eaſt. As he was one of the firſt writers on that ſubject, his geography is often imperfect. This defect is remedied in the writings of *John de Barros*, who was particularly attentive to this head. But the two moſt eminent, as well as fulleſt, writers on the tranſactions of the Portugueſe in the Eaſt, are *Manuel de Faria y Soufa*, knight of the order of *Chriſt*, and *Hieronimus Oforius*, biſhop of *Sylves*. *Faria*, who wrote in *Spaniſh*, was a laborious enquirer, and is very full and circumſtantial. With honeſt indignation he reprehends the rapine of commanders and the errors and unworthy reſentments of kings. But he is often ſo dryly particular, that he may rather be called a journaliſt than an hiſtorian. And by this uninterreſting minuteſs, his ſtyle for the greateſt part is rendered elegant. The Biſhop of *Sylves*, however, claims a different character. His latin is elegant, and his manly and ſentimental manner entitles him to the name of Hiſtorian, even where a *Livy*, or a *Tacitus*, are mentioned. But a ſentence from himſelf, unexpected in a Father of the communion of *Rome*, will characteriſe the liberality of his mind. Talking of the edict of king *Emmanuel*, which compelled the Jews to embrace *Chriſtianity*, under ſevere

Nor leave the youths their lovely brides behind,  
 In wedded bands, while time glides on, conjoin'd;  
 Fair as immortal fame in smiles array'd,  
 In bridal smiles, attends each lovely maid.  
 O'er India's Sea, wing'd on by balmy gales  
 That whisper'd peace, soft swell'd the steady sails:  
 Smooth as on wing unmoved the eagle flies,  
 When to his eyrie cliff he sails the skies,  
 Swift o'er the gentle billows of the tide,  
 So smooth, so soft, the prows of GAMA glide;  
 And now their native fields, for ever dear,  
 In all their wild transporting charms appear;  
 And Tago's bosom, while his banks repeat  
 The founding peals of joy, receives the fleet.  
 With orient titles and immortal fame  
 The hero band adorn their Monarch's name;  
 Sceptres and crowns beneath his feet they lay,  
 And the wide East is doom'd to Lusian<sup>c</sup> sway.

severe perfection; *Nec ex lege, nec ex religione factum . . . . . tibi assumas, says he, ut libertatem voluntatis impediās, et vincula mentibus effrenatis injicias? At id neque fieri potest, neque Christi sanctissimum numen approbat. Voluntarium enim sacrificium non vi malo coactum ab hominibus expetit: Neque vim mentibus inferri, sed voluntates ad studium veræ religionis allici & invitari jubet.*

It is said, in the preface to Oforius, that his writings were highly esteemed by Queen Mary of England, wife of Philip II. What a pity is it, that this manly indignation of the good Bishop against the impiety of re-

ligious persecution, made no impression on the mind of that bigotted Princess!

<sup>c</sup> *And the wide East is doom'd to Lusian sway*—Thus in all the force of ancient simplicity, and the true sublime ends the Poem of Camoens. What follows, is one of those exuberances we have already endeavoured to defend in our Author, nor in the strictest sense is this concluding one without propriety. A part of the proposition of the Poem is artfully addressed to King Sebastian, and he is now called upon in an address, which is an artful second part to the former, to behold and preserve the glories of his throne.

Enough,

Enough, my Muse, thy wearied wing no more  
 Must to the feat of Jove triumphant soar.  
 Chill'd by my nation's cold neglect, thy fires  
 Glow bold no more, and all thy rage expires.  
 Yet thou, Sebastian, thou, my king, attend ;  
 Behold what glories on thy throne descend !  
 Shall haughty Gaul or sterner Albion boast  
 That all the Lusian fame in Thee is lost !  
 Oh, be it thine these glories to renew,  
 And John's bold path and Pedro's course<sup>e</sup> pursue :  
 Snatch from the tyrant Noble's hand the sword,  
 And be the rights of human-kind restored.  
 The statesman prelate, to his vows confine,  
 Alone auspicious at the holy shrine ;  
 The priest, in whose meek heart heaven pours its fires,  
 Alone to heaven, not earth's vain pomp, aspires.  
 Nor let the Muse, great King, on Tago's shore,  
 In dying notes the barbarous age deplore.  
 The king or hero to the Muse unjust  
 Sinks as the nameless slave, extinct in dust.  
 But such the deeds thy radiant morn portends,  
 Aw'd by thy frown ev'n now old Atlas bends  
 His hoary head, and Ampeluza's fields  
 Expect thy founding steeds and rattling shields.

<sup>e</sup> *And John's bold path and Pedro's course pursue.*—John I. and Pedro the Just, two of the greatest of the Portuguese monarchs.

And shall these deeds unſung, unknown, expire !  
 Oh, would thy ſmiles relume my fainting ire !  
 I, then inſpired, the wondering world ſhould ſee  
 Great Ammon's warlike ſon revived in Thee ;  
 Revived, ' unenvious of the Muſe's flame  
 That o'er the world reſounds Pelides' name.

<sup>1</sup> *Reviſe'd, unenvious*—Thus imitated,  
 or rather tranſlated into Italian by Guarini.

Con ſi ſublime ſtil' forſe cantato  
 Havrei del mio Signor l'armi e l'honori,  
 Ch' or non havria de la Meonia tromba  
 Da invidiar Achille—

Similarity of condition, we have already  
 obſerved, produced ſimilarity of complaint  
 and ſentiment in Spenſer and Camoens.  
 Each was unworthily neglected by the Gothic  
 grandees of his age, yet both their names  
 will live, when the remembrance of the  
 courtiers who ſpurned them ſhall *ſink beneath  
 their mountain tombs*. Three beautiful ſtan-  
 zas from Phinehas Fletcher on the memory  
 of Spenſer, may alſo ſerve as an epitaph  
 for Camoens. The unworthy neglect, which  
 was the lot of the Portugueſe Bard, but  
 too well appropriates to him the elegy of  
 Spenſer. And every Reader of taſte, who  
 has peruſed the Luſiad, will think of the  
 Cardinal Henrico, and feel the indignation  
 of theſe manly lines.

\* Colin Clout, Spenſer.

† Glorian, Elizabeth in the *Færic Queen*.

‡ Lord Burleigh.

§ The Earl of Eſſex.

Witneſſe our Colin \*, whom tho' all the Graces  
 And all the Muſes nurſt; whoſe well taught ſong  
 Parnuſſus ſelf and Glorian † embraces,  
 And all the learn'd and all the ſhepherds throng;  
 Yet all his hopes were croſt, all ſuits deni'd;  
 Diſcourag'd, ſcorn'd, his writings vilifi'd:  
 Poorly (poor man) he liv'd; poorly (poor man) he  
 di'd.

And had not that great hart (whoſe honour'd || head  
 Ah lies full low) piti'd thy woful plight,  
 There hadſt thou lien unwept, unburied,  
 Unbleſt, nor grac'd with any common rite:  
 Yet ſhalt thou live, when thy great ‡ ſhall ſink  
 Beneath his mountain tombe, whoſe fame ſhall ſink;  
 And time his blacker name ſhall blurle with blackeſt  
 ink.

O let th' Iambic Muſe revenge that wrong  
 Which cannot ſlumber in thy ſheets of lead;  
 Let thy abuſed honour crie as long  
 As there be quills to write, or eyes to read:  
 On his rank name let thine own votes be turn'd,  
 Oh may that man that hath the Muſes ſcorn'd,  
 Alive, nor dead, be ever of a Muſe adorn'd.

T H E E N D.





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