THE LUSIAD:

OR

THE DISCOVERY OF INDIA:

AN EPIC POEM.

TRANSLATED

FROM THE ORIGINAL PORTUGUESE

OF

LUIS DE CAMOËNS,

BY

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

Nec verbum, verbo curabis reddere, fidus
Interpres.

Hor. Art. Poet.

INTRODUCTION.

IF a concatenation of events centred 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 the 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 big with the real misery of mankind, and that commerce 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 the intercourse of navigation; the extent of the benefits which attend it is also to be considered, ere the man of cool reason will venture to pronounce that the world is injured, and 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, so 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 Rousseau may figure the paradisiacal life of a Hottentot, but it is only in such dreams that the superior 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 even unknown 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 careless after the manner of the Zidonians, quiet and

secure, and there was no magistrate in the land 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, it requires an alteration of human nature, to preserve the children of the next in the same generous estrangement from the selfish passions, from those passions which are the parents of the acts of injustice. 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 uninformed mind seems insensible of the idea of the right of possession which the labour of acquirement gives. When want is pressing, and the supply at hand, the only consideration with such minds is the danger of seizing it; and where there is "no magistrate to put to shame in any thing," depredation will soon display all its horrours. Let it be even admitted that the innocence of the men of Laish could secure them from the consequences of their own unrestrained desires; could even this impossibility be surmounted; still they are 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 these innocent people terminate in horrour, with what contemplation shall we behold the wilds of Africa and America? The tribes of America, it is true, have degrees of policy greatly superior to any thing understood by the men of Laish. Great masters of martial oratory, their popular assemblies are schools open to all their youth. In these they not only learn the history of their nation, and what they have to fear from the strength and designs of their enemies, but they also imbibe the most ardent spirit of war. The arts of stratagem are their study, and the most athletic exercises of the field their employment and delight. And what is their greatest praise, they have "magistrates to put to shame." They inflict no corporeal punishment on their countrymen, it is true; but a reprimand from an elder, delivered in the assembly, is esteemed by them a deeper degradation, and severer punishment, than any of those, too often most impolitically adopted by civilized nations. Yet, though possessed of this advantage, an advantage impossible to exist in a large commercial empire, and though masters of great martial policy, their condition, upon the whole, is big with the most striking demonstration of the misery and UNNATURAL state of such very imperfect civilization. "Multiply, and replenish the earth," is an injunction of the best political philosophy ever given to man. Nature has appointed man to cultivate the earth, to increase in number by the food which its culture gives, and by this increase of brethren to remove some, and to mitigate all the natural miseries of human life. But in direct opposition to this is the political state of the wild Americans. Their lands, luxuriant in climate, are often desolate wastes, where thousands of miles hardly support a few hundreds of savage hunters. Attachment to their own tribe constitutes their highest idea of virtue; but this virtue includes the most brutal depravity, makes them esteem the man of every other tribe as an enemy, as one with whom Nature has placed them in a state of war, and had commanded to destroy [1]. And to this principle, their customs and ideas of honour serve as rituals and ministers. The cruelties practised by the American savages on their prisoners of war (and war is their chief employment) convey every idea expressed by the word diabolical, and give a most shocking view of the degradation of human nature [2].

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

[2] Unless when compelled by European troops, the exchange of prisoners is never practised by the American savages. Sometimes, when a savage loses a son in war, he adopts one of the captives in his stead; but this seldom occurs; for the death of the prisoner seems to give them much more satisfaction. 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 poniards; 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 dissevered

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 terrour of evil spirits continually haunts him; his God is beheld as a relentless tyrant, and is worshipped often with cruel rites, always with a heart full of horrour and fear. In all the numerous accounts of savage worship, one trace of filial dependence 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. All the virtues and charities, which either dignify human nature or render it amiable, are cultivated and called forth into action by society. The savage life on the contrary, if we may be allowed the expression, instinctively narrows the mind; and thus, by the exclusion of the nobler feelings, prepares it, as a soil, ready for every vice. Sordid disposition and base 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[3], and he who has conversed knows how many respectable names, limbs are boiled in the war kettle, and devoured by his executioners. And such is the power of custom and the ideas of honour, that the unhappy sufferer under all this torment betrays no sign of fear or grief. On the contrary, he upbraids his executioners with their ignorance of the art of tormenting, and boasts how many of their kindred had found their grave in his belly, whom he had put to death in a much severer manner.

[3] The author of that voluminous work, Histoire Philosophique et Politique des Etablissemens et 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 does not enter his soul. He is not under the control 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 the 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 this 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 climate; but in the horrours of famine, war, or pestilence, the ports and barriers of polished states place the subjects in a prison, where they must perish. Il 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 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 the abbé Raynal, a writer whose spirited manner and interesting subject have acquired him many readers. As he is not singular in his estimate of savage happiness, his arguments merit examination; and a view of the full tendency of his assertions will sufficiently refute his conclusions. Nothing can be more evident than that if habit destroy the relish of the elegancies of life, habit will also destroy the pleasure of hunting and fishing, when these are the sole business of the savage. If the savage has no care and no superior, these very circumstances naturally brutalize his mind, and render him vicious, fierce, and selfish. Nor is he so free from care, as some philosophers on their couches of down are apt to dream. Because hunting and fishing seem pleasant to us, are they also a pleasure to the wretch who in all seasons must follow them for his daily sustenance? You may as well maintain that 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 a 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 life, in the time of war and famine, in the equality of rank, and security of liberty, offer an outrage to common sense, and are striking instances that no paradox is 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 betwen the resources of the social and savage life; between

* And our author in reality goes as far, "Temoin cet Ecossois,—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 bur-

connect the idea of innocence and happiness with the life of the savage and the unimproved rustic. To fix the character of the savage is therefore necessary, ere we examine the assertion, that "it had been happy for both the old and new worlds, if the East and West Indies had never been discovered." The bloodshed and the attendant miseries which the unparalleled 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 track. And though disgraced with every barbarity, happiness has also followed the conquests of the Spaniards in the other hemisphere. Though the villany 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 reflects upon their industry 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 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

---

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 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 philosophize 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 apologize for the labour 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, 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.

---

den of social life, in having the happiness to lose the use of reflection, of those 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. By his own account he acquired indeed the greatest tranquillity of mind, which arose from religious submission to his fate. He had with him a Bible, some books of mathematics and practical divinity; the daily perusal of which both fortified his patience and amused his tedious hours. And he professed that he feared he would never again be so good a Christian. In his domestic economy he showed every exertion of an intelligent mind. When captain Rogers found him in 1709, the accounts which he gave of the springs and vegetables of the island, were of the greatest service to the ship's company. And the captain found him so able a sailor, that he immediately made him mate of his ship. Having seen captain Rogers's vessel at sea, he made a fire in the night, in consequence of which a boat was sent to examine the shore. He said he had seen some Spaniards at different times land on the island, but he had always fled from them, judging they would certainly put him to death, in order to prevent any account which he might be able to give of the South Seas. This is not the reasoning of the man who has forgotten his name and his country. And even his amusements discover humour, and a mind by no means wrapt up in dull or savage tranquillity. He had taught a number of his tame goats and cats to dance on their hinder legs; and he himself sang and danced along with them. This he exhibited to captain Rogers and his company. The captain, indeed, says he seemed to have forgotten part of his language, as he spoke his words by halves. But let it be remembered, that Selkirk was born in a county of Scotland where the vulgar say, *fat ir ye deein*, and *far ir ya gawn*, in place of *what are you doing*, and *where are you going*. Selkirk, it is true, had been some little while on board Dampier's ship; but not to mention what little improvement of his speech might from thence be received, certain it is that disuse of the acquired tongue, as well as sudden passion, will recall the native dialect.—It is no wonder, therefore, that an Englishman should think he spoke his words by halves. Selkirk had not been full four years on the island of Fernandez, and on his return to England, the narrative which he gave of his sufferings afforded the hint of Robinson Crusoe.

Heaven on the guilty empire [4]. 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 under the dominion of Montezuma and Atabalipa. But if from Spanish, we turn our eyes to British America, what a glorious prospect! Here formerly 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 [5], 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 commonwealths, to have given them the best arts of life and government!" To have given a savage continent an image of the British constitution is indeed the greatest glory of the British crown, "a greater than any other nation ever acquired;" and from the consequences of the genius of Henry duke of Viseo did the British American empire arise, an empire which, unless retarded by the illiberal and inhuman spirit of religious fanaticism, will in a few centuries, perhaps, 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

[4] The innocent simplicity of the Americans in their conferences with the Spaniards, and the dreadful 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; these went from house to house, as they pleased, and it was unlawful to refuse them what victuals they choosed. 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 the kings of Mexico were obliged to make war on the neighbouring states, to supply the altars. 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. Without the assistance of these potent auxiliaries Cortez never could have conquered Mexico. And thus the barbarous cruelty of the Mexicans was the real cause of their very signal destruction. As the horrid scenes of gladiators amused ancient Rome, so their more horrid sacrifices seem to have formed the chief entertainment of Mexico. At the dedication of the temple of Vitzuliputzli, (A.D. 1486,) 64,080 human victims were sacrificed in four days. And, according to the best accounts, their annual sacrifices 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 *. When the Spaniards gave to the Mexicans a pompous display of the greatness of their monarch Charles V. Montezuma's orators in return boasted of the power of their emperor, and enumerated among the proofs of it, the great number of his human sacrifices. He could easily conquer that great people, the Tlascalans, they said, but he chooses to preserve them to supply his altars. During the war with the Spaniards 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 entreated 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.

[5] This was written ere the commencement of the unhappy civil war in America. And under the influence of the spirit of the British constitution, that country may perhaps again deserve this character.

* By multiplying the numbers, no doubt, of the horizontal and perpendicular rows into each other.

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 admiration is always followed, though often with retarded steps, by the strong desire of similar improvement. Long after the fall of the Roman empire, the Roman laws were adopted by nations which ancient Rome esteemed as barbarous. And thus, in the course of ages, the British laws, according to every test of probability, will, in India, have a most important effect, will fulfil the prophecy of Camoëns, 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 smil'd.

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[6], 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. Long ere the Europeans arrived, a failure of the crop of rice, the principal food of India, had 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 horrours 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. Absurd and impracticable were that scheme, which would introduce the British laws into India, without the deepest regard to the manners and circumstances peculiar to the people. But that spirit of liberty upon which they are founded, and that security of property which is their leading principle, must, in time, have a wide and stupendous effect. The abject spirit of Asiatic submission will be taught to see, and to claim those rights of nature, of which the dispirited and passive Gentoos could, till lately, hardly form an idea.

From this, as naturally as the noon succeeds the dawn, must the other blessings of civilization arise. For 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 in human nature a propensity to change. Nor may the political philosopher be deemed an enthusiast, who would boldly prophesy, that unless the British be driven from India, the general superiority which they bear, will, ere many generations shall have passed, induce the most intelligent of India to break the shackles of their absurd superstitions, and lead them to partake of those advantages which arise from the free scope and due cultivation of the rational powers. In almost every instance the Indian institutions are contrary to the feelings and wishes of nature[7]. And ignorance and bigotry, their two chief pillars, can never secure unalterable du-

[6] Mohammed 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."

[7] 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.

sation[8]. We have certain proof, that the horrid custom of burning the wives along with the body of the deceased husband, has continued for upwards of 1500 years; we are also certain, that within these twenty years it has begun to fall into disuse. Together with the alteration of this most striking feature of Indian manners, other assimilations to European sentiments have already taken place[9]. 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 the attainment of it impossible, 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 Phœnicians, 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 (to continue our former allusion) will remain 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 alter'd view!
> Her lands uncultur'd, and her sons untrue;
> Ungrac'd 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 parcht 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, should teach them to defend themselves in the possession of their fields, their families, and their own personal liberties?

Evident however as 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

[8] The impossibility of alteration in the religion of the Bramins, is an assertion against facts. The high antiquity and unadulterated sameness of their religion are impositions on Europe. For a clear demonstration of this, see the Inquiry, &c. at the end of the viith Lusiad.

[9] See the above Inquiry, &c.

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 monasteries, 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 jostling one 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 these, in return, will, from every part of the world, bring new acquirements 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 each. 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, or what new heresy had last appeared, not only comprised the whole of their literary intelligence, but 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 the 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 mix'd the world. Thomson.

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. 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 now 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 were 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 horrours over city and village! Our modern histories neglect this characteristical 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 one crop was then severely felt, and two bad harvests together were almost insupportable. But commerce has now opened another scene, has armed government with the happiest power that can be exerted by the rulers of a nation; the power to prevent every extremity[10] 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 ancient visitor in almost every reign, as 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 ages 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 lie dormant or are 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 characterizes 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, called forth 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 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 humanized. The savage breast is the native soil 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. When an American Indian is murdered, his kindred pursue the murderer, and soon as blood has atoned for blood, the wilds of America hear the hostile parties join in their mutual lamentations over the dead; and, as an oblivion of malice, the murdered and the murderer are buried 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 further inquiry 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 virulent influence. Such were the late days of Europe, admired by the ignorant for the innocence of manners. Resentment 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 humanized virtue to preserve the feeling of an injury unmixt 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 civilized manners will lead the opulent into

[10] 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, even when there is a real failure of the harvest.

effeminacy. But let it be considered, this consequence is by no means the certain result of civilization. Civilization, on the contrary, provides the most effectual preventive of this evil. Where classical literature prevails, the manly spirit which it breathes must be diffused. Whenever frivolousness predominates, when refinement degenerates into whatever enervates the mind, 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 clothes; nor is it necessary 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 [11], and certainly in no circumstance so big with political unhappiness. 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 those ages were men of no intellectual cultivation. The enlarged ideas, the generous and manly feelings inspired by liberal study, were utterly unknown to them. Unformed by that wisdom which arises from science and true philosophy, they were gross barbarians, dressed in the mere outward tinsel of civilization [12]. Where the enthusiasm of military honour characterizes 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. Polite literature not only humanizes the heart, but also wonderfully strengthens and enlarges the mind. Moral and political philosophy are its peculiar provinces, and are never happily cultivated without its assistance. But where ignorance characterizes the body of the nobility, the most insipid dissipation, and the very idleness and effeminacy of luxury, are sure to follow. Titles and family are then the only merit; and the few men of business who surround the throne, have it then in their power to aggrandize themselves by riveting the chains of slavery. 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. Though the increase of wealth did indeed contribute to that corruption of manners which unnerved the Portuguese, certain it is, the wisdom of legislature might have prevented every evil which Spain and Portugal have experienced from their acquisitions in the two Indies. Every evil which they have suffered from their acquirements arose, as shall be hereafter demonstrated, from their general ignorance, an ignorance which rendered them unable to investigate, or apprehend, even the first principles of civil and commercial philosophy. And what other 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 Camoëns.

[11] Even that warm admirer of savage happiness, the author of the Histoire Philosophique et Politique des Etablissemens, &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 those delicate feelings, which arise into affection and bind attachment, are indeed incompatible with the ferocious and gross sensations of the barbarian of any country.

[12] The degeneracy of the Roman literature preceded the fate of that empire, 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 reins of empire. The degeneracy of literary taste is, therefore, the surest proof of the general declension.

THE HISTORY OF THE DISCOVERY OF INDIA.

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 errours 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 enterprises of prince Henry. But as the improvements introduced by this great man, and the completion of his designs, are intimately connected with the political state of his age and country, a concise 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 of the same race, a wandering banditti of Asiatic Scythia, spread the same horrours 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, were 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 which they subdued, embraced their religion, imbibed their principles, united in their views; and the professors of 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 infidel 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. Several religious military orders were established. Celibacy, the study of religion, and the exercise of arms, were the conditions of their vow, and the defence of their country and of the faith, their ambition and sole purpose. He who fell in battle was honoured and envied as a martyr. And most wonderful victories crowned the ardour of these religious warriors. The Mohammedans, during the reign of Charlemagne, made a most formidable irruption into Europe, and France in particular felt the weight of their fury; but the honour which was paid to the knights who wore the badge of the cross, drew the adventurous youth of every Christian power to the standards of that political monarch, 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 age, but enough remain to prove that though the writers of the old romance have greatly disguised it, though they have given full room to the wildest flights of imagination, and have added the inexhaustible machinery of magic to the adventures of their heroes, yet the origin of their fictions was founded on historical facts[1]. And, however

[1] 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.

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, 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 distributed among the champions, and to one of the bravest of them, to Henry [2], 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 Tra los Montes, yielded to his arms; great part of Beira was also 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 on the mountains, took shelter under the generous protectiou 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, thar. be exposed to the severities and injustice of their native governors. And thus, on one of the most beautiful and fertile spots [3] of the world, and in the finest climate, in consequence of a crusade [4] 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 dangers which threatened his youth [5], became the first of the Portuguese kings. In 1159 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 400,000; nor is this number incredible, when we consider what great armies they at other times brought to the field; and that at this time they came to take possession of the lands which 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 complete victory [6], 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 day. The government the Portuguese had experienced under the Spaniards and Moors, and the advantages which they saw were derived by 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 venture the least attempt to make 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 to elect him their sovereign. After six years spent in further 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 [7]; statutes diametrically opposite to the jus divinum of kings, to the principles which inculcate 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 complete and adorn the martial charac-

[2] See the notes to book iii. ver. 197 and 206.

[3] 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.

[4] In propriety most certainly a crusade, though that term has never before been applied to this war.

[5] See the note to book iii. ver. 229.

[6] For an account of this battle, and the coronation of the first king of Portugal, see the noteto book iii. ver. 417.

[7] The power of deposing, and of electing their kings, under certain circumstances, is vested in the people by the statutes of Lamego. See the note to book iii. ver. 417.

ter. The ardour of the volunteer, an ardour unknown to the slave and the mercenary, added to the most romantic ideas of military glory, characterized 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.[8] though not an amiable character, was perhaps the greatest warrior, politician, and monarch of his age. After a reign of military splendour 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[9], 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.

But the general character of the people was too deeply impressed, to be obliterated by one inglorious reign; and under John I.[10] 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 show affection to his person, and to support his administration by their great abilities.

There is something exceedingly pleasing in the history of a family which shows 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[11] 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 showed 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 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[12] alone, perhaps, excepted, was totally neglected. And thus, while

[8] For the character of this prince, see the note to book iii. ver. 1045.

[9] For anecdotes of this monarch, see the note to book iii. ver. 1118.

[10] 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 note to book iii. ver. 923.) lest 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 note to book iv. line 49.

[11] The sons of John, who figure in history, were Edward, Juan, Fernando, Pedro and Henry. Edward succeeded his father, (for whose character see the note to book iv. ver. 405.) 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.

[12] 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 his time, the Romans drew immense quantities of wheat from their British province.

the luxury of Rome consumed the wealth of her provinces, her uncommercial policy dried up the sources of its continuance. The egregious errours 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 which 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 depended 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. Such were 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 was the great purpose of his designs and enterprises. And however this, in the event, was neglected [13], certainly 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 had already been, however, unregarded by historians, of the greatest political service to Spain and Portugal [14], 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 the east; and Bruges in Flanders, the mart between them and the Hans Towns, was, in consequence, surrounded with the best agriculture of these ages [15]: a certain proof of the dependence 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 was the construction of ships adapted for other voyages. One successful tyrant might have overwhelmed the system and extinguished the spirit of commerce, for it stood on a much narrower and much feebler basis, than in the days of Phœnician and Grecian colonization. Yet these mighty fabrics, 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 [16], sent a ship to make discoveries on the Barbary coast. Cape Nam [17], as its name intimates, was then the ne plus ultra of European navigation; the ship sent by Henry however passed it sixty

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

[14] See the note on the crusades, Lusiad vii.

[15] 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.

[16] 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 Sagres.

[17] Nam, in Portuguese, a negative.

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 very great improvement under his direction, and the truth of his ideas of the structure of the terraqueous globe is 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 astronomical 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 1481 Juan Gonsalez Zarco and Tristran 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 [18], 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 impassable, 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 [19]. Zarco and Vaz, however, lost their course in a storm, and were driven on 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 about 160 leagues, the voyage now of three or four days in moderate weather, from the promontory of Sagrez.

The discoverers of Puerto Santo, accompanied by Bartholomew Perestrello, were with three ships sent out on further trial. Perestrello, having sowed some seeds, and left some cattle on Holy Haven [20], 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 [21]. And this rich and beautiful island, which soon yielded a considerable revenue, was the first reward of the enterprises of prince Henry.

If the duke of Viseo's liberal ideas of establishing colonies, those sinews of a commercial state, or his views of African and Indian commerce, were too refined to strike the gross multitude; yet other advan-

[18] 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.

[19] It was known that the Arabian sea washed the eastern side of Africa: it was surmised therefore that a southern promontory bounded that continent. And certain it is, from the concurrent testimony of all the writers who treat of Don Henry's discoveries, that Africa was supposed to terminate near to the equinoctial line. The account of Marco Paolo's map, which, it is said, placed the southern cape in its proper latitude, seems to have been propagated on purpose to discredit prince Henry's reputation. The story stands thus: Anthony Galvin relates, that Fran. de Sousa Tavares told him that Don Ferdinand told him that in 1526, he found, in the monastery of Acobaça, a chart of Africa, 120 years old, which was said to have been copied from one at Venice, which also was believed to have been copied from one of Marco Paolo, which, according to Ramusius, marked the Cape of Good Hope. Marco Paolo is said to have travelled into India and China in the fourteenth century.

[20] 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.

[21] The discovery of Madeira by prince Henry was followed by the first settlement of that island since the days of Carthaginian commerce. The Azores, Canaries, and Cape de Verde islands, were frequented by that trading people; but such was the grossness of the Roman policy, that after the fall of Carthage the navigation to these parts ceased. One Macham, an Englishman, it is said, (Harris's Voyages,) buried his mistress in Madeira, in 1344. Some vessels driven by tempest, had, perhaps, before the time of Don Henry, described the Madeira islands, but the regular navigation to them was unknown till established by this great prince. Vid. Faria, tom. i. c. 1.

tages resulting from his de igns, 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 enterprises and his expected discoveries derided with all the insolence of ignorance, and the bitterness of popular clamour. Barren deserts like Libya, 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 further, 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.

Galianez, the next year, accompanied by Gonsalez Baldaya, carried his discoveries many leagues further. 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 point out 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 contradictory 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 more horrid barbarian Pizarro [28], are no more to be charged upon Don Henry, and Columbus, than the villanies of the Jesuits and the horrours 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 alleged that he who plans a discovery ought to foresee the miseries which the vicious will engraft upon his enterprise, 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 manners, which have been introduced by the interpourse of universal commerce.

In 1440 Anthony Gonsalez brought some Moors prisoners to Lisbon. These he took two and forty leagues beyond Cape Bojador, and in 1442 he returned to Africa with his captives. One Moor escaped,

[28] 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 those 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 Montezume his prisoner, and ordered him to pay tribute to Charles V. Immense sums were paid, but the demand was boundless. Tumults ensued. 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 as 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 the revenge of the contempt he perceived in the face of Atabelipa, ordered the 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.

from him, but ten blacks of Guinea and a considerable quantity of gold dust were given in ransom for two others. A rivulet at the place of landing was named by Gonsalez, Rio del Oro, or the River of Gold. And the islands of Adeget, Arguim, and de las Garças, were now discovered.

These Guinea 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. This was soon revenged. 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.

These hostile proceedings displeased prince Henry, and in 1446 Anthony Gonsalez 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 pitched, as occasion required, 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 villanies 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 claimed a right to these islands[23], 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 Gonsalo 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[24]. 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[25]. 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

[23] Some time before this period, John de Betancour, a Frenchman, under the king of Castile, had made a settlement in the Canaries, which had been discovered, it is said, about 1340, by some Biscayneers.

[24] The difficulties he surmounted, and the assistance he received, are incontestable proofs, that an adventurer of inferior birth could never have carried his designs into execution.

[25] Don Pedro was villanously 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.

over the Moors established on the most solid basis, its trade greatly upon the increase, and, what he esteemed his greatest happiness, 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 civilisation of mankind. And to him, as to their primary author, are due all the inestimable advantages which ever have flowed, or 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[46] 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 a tutelary angel.

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 only was 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 del Infante, on the eastern side of Africa; but deterred by the storms of that region from proceeding further, on his return he had the happiness to be 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 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 these his subjects, the king and queen of Congo, with 100,000 of 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 routes. The former having visited Comanor, 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 Camoëns 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 the king of Portugal. Every one knows the discoveries of this great adventurer, but his history is generally misunderstood[47]. It is by some believed that his ideas of the sphere of the Earth gave birth to his opinion that there must

[46] It has been said by some French writers, that the conquests of Alexander were intended to civilize, and unite the world in one grand interest; and that for this great purpose he built cities and established colonies in Asia. Those, however, who have studied the true character of that vain-glorious conqueror, the wild delirium of his ambition, and his as wild fondness of Asiatic manners, will allow this refinement of design to hold no place in the motives of the pretended son of Jupiter.

[47] 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."—But this is all a mistake. Nor is the author of the Histoire Philosophique, &c. less unhappy. Misled 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 siecle, &c.—thus literally. "An obscure man, more advanced than his cotemporaries 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 errour and impiety, were in the eyes of this man of genius an incontestable 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 as a visionary, a man who pretended to discover a world——." But

be an immense unknown continent in the west [28], such as America is now known to be; and that his proposals were to go in search of it. But the simple truth is, that 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 they endeavoured to find by compassing the coast of Africa. According to ancient geographers and the opinion of that age, India was supposed to be the next land to the west of Spain. And the idea of discovering a western passage to the east, is due to the genius of Columbus; but no more: to discover India and the adjacent islands of spices, already famous over all Europe, was every where the avowed and sole idea of Columbus [29]. A proposal of this kind to the king of Portugal, whose fleets had already passed the Cape of Good Hope, and who esteemed the route to India as almost discovered, and in the power of his own subjects, could at the court of Lisbon expect no success. And the offered services of the foreigner were rejected, even with some degree of contempt. Columbus, however, 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 should interfere 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. A line from pole to pole, drawn a hundred leagues to the westward of the Azores, 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 Oronoko, Vasco de Gama sailed from the Tagus on the discovery of India.

this dream of discovering a world never entered the head of Columbus. And be it ours to restore his due honours to the prince of Portugal. By the most indubitable and concurrent testimony of all the Portuguese historians of this period, Henry had undertaken to extend the boundaries which ignorance had given to the world, and 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 he himself learned these among the Portuguese. Every alteration here ascribed to Columbus, had almost fifty years before been effected by Henry. Even Henry's design 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. When he landed in Cuba, he inquired for Cipango, the name of Japan, according to Marco Paolo, and by the mistake of the natives, who thought he said Cibao, he was informed of the richest mines of Hispaniola. 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.

[28] 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 communicated 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.

[29] And so deeply had ancient geography fixed this idea, that Sebastian Cabot's proposal to Henry VII. 1497, was to discover Cathay, and thence India, by the north-west. See Hakluit, tom. iii. p. 7. and Ramusius, Prefat. tom. iii.—Columbus endeavoured, first, to discover India directly by the west, and afterward, by the south-west.

* Peter Martyr (who lived at that time at the court of Spain). Dec. 1. l. 1.

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 Camoëns, in obedience to the rules of the epopœia.

Notwithstanding the full torrent of popular clamour against the undertaking, Emmanuel was determined to prosecute the views of prince Henry and John II. Three sloops 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. 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 declared 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 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 ships, the shore of Belem [30] 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 acquaintance 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 immoveable on the shore till the fleet, under full sail, evanished from their sight.

It was on the eighth 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 Gonsalo 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 violence and horrours 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 [31], 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 ships. He expressed the greatest indifference for the gold and fine clothes which they showed 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 Veloso [32], a young Portuguese, which occasioned a scuffle,

[30] Or Bethlehem, so named from the chapel.

[31] Now called St. Helen's.

[32] See the note to book v. ver. 274.

wherein Gama's life was endangered. Gama and some others were on shore taking the altitude of the Sun, when, in consequence of Veloso'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 Africa.

In this part of the voyage, says Osorius, the heroism of Gama was greatly displayed. The waves swelled like mountains in height, the ships seemed now heaved up to the clouds, and now appeared as precipitated by gulfy 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 horrours. 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 this 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 impassable, were urged. But Gama's resolution to proceed was unalterable. A formidable conspiracy was then formed against his life; but his brother discovered it, and the courage and prudence of Gama defeated its design [33]. He put the chief conspirators and all the pilots in irons; and he himself, his

[33] The voyage of Gama has been called merely a coasting one, and therefore much less dangerous and heroical 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 impassable. Prince Henry suggested that the current of Cape Bojador 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 horrour 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 unnavigable. 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. 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 aught he knew, say the authors of the Universal History, 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 sounding 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 warlike strength, and 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 on this line:

To match thy deeds shall Magalhaens aspire. Lusiad x.

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 perfidiæ) 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 those beautiful rural scenes described by Camoëns. And here the store-sloop, now of no further service, was burnt by order of the admiral. On December the 8th a violent storm drove the fleet from the sight of land, and carried them to that dreadful current [34] which made the Moors deem it impossible to double the Cape. Gama, however, though unhappy in the time of navigating these seas, was safely carried over the current by the violence 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 of this place, which he named Terra de Natal, 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. 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. Hitherto Gama had found only the rudest barbarians on the coasts of Africa, alike ignorant of India and of the naval art. The information he here received, that he was drawing near to civilized countries, gave the adventurers 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 toward them. 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 Heavon.

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 ships 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 their mistake. During the entertainment provided for him, Zacocia seemed highly pleased, and asked several questions about the arms and religion of the strangers. Gama showed them his arms, and explained the force of his cannon, but he did not affect to know much about religion: however, he frankly promised to show him his books of devotion whenever a few days refreshment should give him a more convenient time. In the meanwhile he entreated 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 them. 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.

[34] This current runs between the cape from thence named Corrientes, and the south-west extremity of Madagascar.

Besides the hatred of the Christian name, inspired by their religion, these Mohammedan Arabs had other reasons to wish the destruction of Gama. Before this period, they were almost the only merchants of the east. Though without any empire in a mother country, they were bound together by language and religion, and, like the modern Jews, were united together, though scattered over various countries. Though they esteemed the current off Cape Corrientes, and the tempestuous seas around the Cape of Good Hope, as impassable, they were the sole masters of the Ethiopian, Arabian, and Indian seas; and had colonies in every place convenient for trade on these coasts. This crafty mercantile people clearly foresaw the consequences of the arrival of Europeans, and every art was soon exerted to prevent such formidable rivals from effecting any settlement 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 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 secret treachery and open hostility; and he knew what numerous colonies they had on every trading coast of the east. To impress them therefore with the terrour 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 while at Zacocia's island, and the current opinions of Prestor 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 Mombaza, 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 ships 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 adventurers. 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 mean while sent two of the pardoned criminals as an embassy to the king. These the king treated with the greatest kindness, ordered his officers to show 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 his sails to be furled and the anchors to be dropt, and gave a signal for the others to follow his example. This manœuvre, 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 further 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 ships 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 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[35]. Two days, however, elapsed, before they could get clear of the rocky bay of Mombaza, 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 mien 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 the town. 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 the most grateful acknowledgments. He drew nearer the shore, and urged his instructions as apology for not landing to wait upon his majesty in person. The apology was accepted; and the king, whose age and infirmities prevented himself, sent his son to congratulate Gama, and enter into a treaty of friendship. The prince, who had some time 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 Osorius, but in every thing showed 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 skilful and honest pilot, Gama hoisted sail and steered to the north. In a few days they passed the line, and the Portuguese with ecstasy 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[36] pole had formerly been to them. Having passed the

[35] 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.

[36] A circumstance in the letters of Americo 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

meridian, the pilot now stood directly 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 India. Gama, transported with ecstasy, 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 ships 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 unknown vessels 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 could 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 merchandise, 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 on the zamorim at his palace of Pandarene, a few miles from the city. They were admitted 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, the zamorim sent his first minister, or catual, 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, showed him the personal danger which he thus hazarded. He gave the command of the ships during his absence to his brother Paulus and his friend Coello; and in the orders he left them he 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, and the most valorous mental dignity: it was the high pride of honour, a pride, which the man, who in the fury of battle may be able to rush on to the mouth of a cannon, may be utterly incapable of, even in idea.

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, 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 to carry the tidings of the discovery of India to the king of Portugal. For as this was his only concern, he would suffer no risk that might lose a man, or endanger the homeward voyage. Having left these unalterable orders, he went ashore with the catual, attended only by twelve of his own men; for

America, of which he challenged the discovery. Near fifty years before the voyage of Americo 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.

he would not weaken the naval force, though he knew that the pomp of attendance would have been greatly in his favour at the court of India.

As soon as landed, he and the catual were carried in great pomp, in sofas, upon men's shoulders, to the chief temple; and from thence, amid immense crowds, to the royal palace. The apartment and dress of the zamorim were such as might be expected from the luxury and wealth of India. The emperor lay reclined on a magnificent couch, surrounded with his nobility and ministers 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 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 balance of his judgement; 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 choose 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 Gama, the Moors had held secret conferences. That one man 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 lodged, accepted the bribe, and entered into their interest. Gama, however, was apprised of all these circumstances, by his faithful interpreter Monzaida, whose affection to the foreign admiral the Moors had hitherto 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 the sea shore, in hope to escape by some of the boats which he had ordered to hover about the coast.

But the Moors were vigilant. His absence 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 great politeness to the admiral, though now detained as a prisoner, and still continued his specious promises 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 depredation and blood. 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 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 to have 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 mean while the catual tried many stratagems to get the ships 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 labours and dangers should be lost. After two days spent in vain altercation with the catual, 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 catual, 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 unfaltering mien the dignity of truth, and the consciousness that he was the admiral of a greater monarch. In their late address, the Moors had treated the zamorim as somewhat dependent 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 Gama's twelve attendants, he should leave seven as hostages; that what goods were aboard his vessels 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 ships.

As soon as he was aboard[37] 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 inquiry, 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 now in an uproar: the friends of the captive noblemen surrounded the palace, and loudly accused the policy of the Moors. The king, in all the perplexed distress of a haughty, avaricious, 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 admiral's ship 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

[37] Faria y Sousa,

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 recompense 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 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 [38], 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 catual 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 surprise. But Gama's cannon made seven of them fly; the eighth, loaded with fruits and provisions, 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 misfortunes, 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 Portuguese by Zabajo, who was mustering all his power to attack them. 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. He afterwards 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. He now reached the hospitable harbour of Melinda. 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 gave his sails to the wind, in trust that he might pass the Cape of Good Hope while the favourable weather continued, for his acquaintance with

[38] 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.

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 show 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 of just consideration, was prevented by an order from the king, ere his ship 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 some time 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 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, yet of the utmost importance to every commercial state, particularly to that nation which now commands the trade of the eastern world.

THE HISTORY OF THE RISE AND FALL

OF

THE PORTUGUESE EMPIRE IN 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 were lost, and 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 and took two Moorish vessels, laden mostly with gold dust. But finding they belonged to the xeque Foteyma, an uncle of the king of Melinda, he not only restored the prizes, but treated the xeque 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 Foteyma strengthened the friendship and good offices which had begun with Gama.

When he arrived at Calicut, whither 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 this, Correa, with seventy men under his command, in the name of the king his master, took immediate possession.

If the smallest circumstances in the history of an infant colony are not attended to, the secret springs and principles of action escape us, and we are sure to be led into errour. 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, he said, but had also 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. One of these named Cemireci, pretending great friendship to the admiral, 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 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 encounter 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 villany 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. Correa, upon this, severely upbraided him with neglect of duty, and 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 he 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. A desire to throw off their dependence on the zamorim, without doubt had its influence in prompting the tributary kings to invite the Portuguese to their harbours. But it was impossible they should have so acted, 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 cause of Emmanuel.

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. The king, suspecting from the small quantity of spicery which he bought, that the admiral was in want of money, entreated him to give a mark of his friendship by accepting, upon credit, of what goods he pleased. But Cabral showed 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 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, their principal harbour; and therefore to distress that 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 [1], 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 Ethiopia, 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. Mozambic 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 [2], 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 [3], 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 friendship, 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, entreating 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, in order to try the zamorim's sincerity, 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 sovereign. 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 have saved Gama; and a brisk gale in this extremity arose, and carried him beyond the reach of the fleet of Calicut. But having met the reinforcement of Sodre, he immediately returned, and totally destroyed the fleet of the enemy.

Disappointed in war, the zamorim now by entreaties 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 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

[1] 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. A Portuguese, who in India had embraced Mohammedism, in contrition for his apostasy became its first inhabitant. He desired to be left ashore to do penance for his crime. Here he continued four years, and by his knowledge of the springs, and the vegetables and fruit-trees which he planted, rendered that isle an useful place of watering and rendezvous. He was named Fernando Lopez.

[2] See the first Lusiad.

[3] Twenty children were saved. These were sent to Lisbon, where they were baptized, and educated in the service of Emmanuel. The Portuguese writers mention their capture, and the care taken of them, as the happiest fortune which could possibly have attended them.

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 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, urged him in the strongest manner 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 stript of his dominions, he still 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 Trimumpara, king of Cochin, was thus shut up in 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 judgement 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 the tempestuous season, immediately set sail for that port. When the fleet appeared in sight of Viopia, Trimumpara, exclaiming "Portugal, Portugal," ran in an ecstasy 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 assurances of the friendship 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 on purpose to cruise about the mouth of the Red Sea. 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 vassalage 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 even the grossest barbarians are most acutely sensible of injustice, and carefully remember the breaches of honour.

Along with these ideas of their right to claim dominion and to conquer, the Portuguese brought to India an image of the degenerated constitution of Lisbon. The governor acted under a few general instructions, which contained rather advices[4] than orders, against what countries he should direct the force of his arms: and in the executive power he was arbitrary. The revenue and regulations of commerce were also left to his discretion; such was the insecure and capricious plan of the Portuguese commercial establishment in India. It was (of all, the most liable to abuse) the worst of all monopolies, a regal one. Every ship which sailed from Portugal to India was the king's property. Their Indian cargoes were deposited in the custom-house of Lisbon, and managed, for the use of the crown, by the revenue officers. The tribute paid by the vassal princes of Asia was the king's; and the factories and forts were built and supported at his charge[5]. In a word, a military government was established in India, and it was the duty of the governor to superintend his majesty's revenues and commercial monopoly.

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 but 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 crowded 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. Some have even supposed, that Marco Paolo, or some of the earliest mercantile pilgrims, carried the loadstone to China ere its use in navigation was fully known in Europe. Certain it is, that at this day the Chinese cannot arm the needle with the virtues of the loadstone, and of consequence have the compass in great imperfection. In place of hanging the needle, they lay the loadstone upon cork, and swim it in water. Vertomannus relates, that travelling to Mecca, he saw the Arabs use the compass to direct them through the sandy deserts of Arabia. But of this also we doubt; for there is not a name in any eastern language, except the Chinese, for that instrument; nor do the Arabs know how to make one. They purchase them of Europeans, and the Italian word bussola is the name of the compass among the Turks, and all the natives of the east on this side of China.

While the zamorim was preparing his formidable armament against Cochin, the security which appeared on the mien of Pacheco prompted Trimumpara to suspect some fraud: and he entreated 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[6]. 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

[4] See the commission of the Portuguese viceroys and the noticias, in the Appendix. See also the letters of the king, queen, and prince of Portugal, to John de Castro, in Andrada's life of that governor.

[5] See Osorius, Faria, Barros, Castanneda, Commentaries written by Albuquerque's son, Andrada's Life of John de Castro, &c. passim in locis.

[6] Soon after this order, 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. Such were the humanity and strict discipline of this brave officer.

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 battle 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 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 the zamorim resolutely 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 political errour. By showing 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'Almeyda, 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 continued to act. On his arrival at Quilos, 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 Mombasa 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. Much of 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, every Mohammedan prince, in a war with the Christians, was his ally. A heavy revenge of the crusades was in meditation, and Europe, miserably divided in itself, invited its own ruin; when, as it is expressed by the abbé Raynal, the liberties of mankind were saved by the voyage of Vasco de Gama. The arrival of the Portuguese in the eastern seas entirely unhinged the strongest fences of the Mohammedan power; and the sinews of the Egyptian and Turkish strength were cut asunder by that destruction of their commerce which followed the presence of the Europeans. And thus also Europe is taught the means which will for ever secure her against the ravages of the Saracens, and other eastern barbarians, whom she has already experienced as more cruel invaders, and whom Greece still feels as more dreadful tyrants, than the Goths and the Vandals[7].

[7] A view of the commerce of the eastern world, and the channels in which it flowed, before the arrival of the Portuguese, is thus accurately given by Faria y Sousa. "Before these our discoveries, the spicery and riches of the eastern world were brought to Europe with great charge and immense trouble. The merchandise of the clove of Malucca, the mace and nutmeg of Banda, the sandal-wood

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 promises of compliance, he returned with the severer threats of Emmanuel. War was now determined by the soldan, 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 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 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 ear-rings with more expedition. But though these miscreants, by overloading their boat with their plunder, were all drowned, this stain on the Portuguese character made destructive 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 whom 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 [8]. 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 by the tide, 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 [9], by the connivance of Venice, were robbed of their forests, to build navies in Arabia to militate 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

of Timor, the camphire of Borneo, the gold and silver of Luconia, the spices, drugs, dyes, and perfumes, and all the various riches of China, Java, Siam, and the adjacent kingdoms, centred in the city of Malaca, in the golden Chersonesus. Hither all the traders of the countries as far west as Ethiopia and the Red Sea resorted, and bartered their own commodities for those they received; for silver and gold were esteemed as the least valuable articles. By this trade the great cities of Calicut, Cambaya, Ormuz, and Aden, were enriched; nor was Malaca the only source of their wealth. The western regions of Asia had full possession of the commerce of the rubies of Pegu, the silks of Bengal, the pearls of Calicare, the diamonds of Narsinga, the cinnamon and rubies of Ceylon, the pepper and every spicery of Malabar, and wherever in the eastern islands and shores Nature had lavished her various riches. Of the more western commerce Ormuz was the great mart; for from thence the eastern commodities were conveyed up the Persian gulf to Bassora on the mouth of the Euphrates, and from thence distributed in caravans to Armenia, Trebisond, Tartary, Aleppo, Damascus, and the port of Barut on the Mediterranean. Suez on the Red Sea was also a most important mart. Here the caravans loaded and proceeded to Grand Cairo, from whence the Nile conveyed their riches to Alexandria; at which city and at Barut some Europeans, the Venetians in particular, loaded their vessels with the riches of the eastern world, which at immense prices they distributed throughout Europe." While the eastern commerce flowed through these channels, the eastern kingdoms were wonderfully strengthened and enriched by it. By the arrival of the Portuguese every thing was reversed, and the safety of Europe secured.

[8] Sometimes, in place of a pass, the Moorish vessels carried their own letters of condemnation. As thus, "The owner of this ship is a very wicked Moor. I desire the first Portuguese captain to whom this is shown may make prize of her." Vid. Faria.

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

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 [10], 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 houses on fire, marches out of a city in triumph, forgetful of the glowing embers left in every corner, 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, as soon as he entered upon his government, 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 first designs; and in these he was greatly assisted, both by the arms and the counsel of Timoja the pirate, who, very much injured by the Indian princes, was glad to enter into alliance with the Portuguese. Don Fernando Coutinho, previous to the advancement of Albuquerque, had arrived in India, vested with a discretionary power independent of the will of the governor. The natural consequences of this extraordinary policy soon appeared. With thirty vessels and 2400 men, Albuquerque and 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 boasted. And I will tell the king of Portugal," he added, "that 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 victories, was now added to the Portuguese dominion.

Albuquerque now devoted his attention to the grand object of his wishes, the permanent establishment of the Portuguese dominion in Asia. His ideas were great and comprehensive; and his plan, perhaps, the best ever produced under an arbitrary government. His predecessor Almeyda had the same object in view, but he thought the conquest and settlement of cities would weaken and divide the Portuguese strength. Superiority at sea he esteemed as the surest method to command all India; and one safe station, where the ships might winter, was all the establishment he desired. Albuquerque, on the contrary, deemed the possession of many harbours, and adjoining territory, as the only effectual means to ensure the continuance of the naval superiority. He esteemed the supply of the regal monopoly, says Osorius, as an inferior consideration; to enlarge and render permanent the revenues of sovereignty

[10] See his fate, in note to book V. ver. 372.

was his grand design. As one tempest might destroy the strength of their navy, while there was only one harbour to afford refuge, he considered the Portuguese dominion not only as very insecure, but also as extremely precarious, while they depended upon military and naval supplies from Lisbon. To prevent and remedy these apparent evils was therefore his ambition; and for these purposes he extended his settlements from Ormuz in Persia to the Chinese sea. He established custom-houses in every port, to receive the king's duties on merchandise; and the vast revenue which arose from these and the tribute of the vassal princes, gave a sanction to his system. At Goa, the capital of this new empire, he coined money, instituted a council-chamber for the government of the city, and here and at all his settlements he erected courts of justice [11], and gave new regulations to such as had been formerly established. And that this empire might be able to levy armies and build fleets in its own defence, he encouraged the marriage of the Portuguese with the natives [12]. His female captives he treated with the utmost kindness, and having married them to his soldiers, gave them settlements in the island of Goa. And hence, during the regency of John de Castro, little more than thirty years after, the island of Goa itself was able to build the fleets and to levy the armies, which, by saving the important fort and city of Dio, preserved the Portuguese interest in India.

In consequence of his plan of empire, Albuquerque constituted Malaca the capital of the eastern part of the Portuguese dominion. Here, as at Goa, he coined money, and by his justice, and affable, generous manner, 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. When Albuquerque 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 terrour 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 Bisnagar, 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, who sailed to its relief, was again victorious. The Persians, to whom Ormuz had been tributary, endeavoured to bring it again under their yoke [13]; but Albuquerque hastened from Malaca, and totally defeated them, to the sincere 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 hast ever preserved!" A profound melancholy now seized

[11] Utimutirajah, a native of Java, and one of the greatest men of Malaca, was, together with his son and son-in-law, detected in a conspiracy against the Portuguese. For this they were publicly tried in the court established by Albuquerque; were condemned, and publicly executed. This is the first instance of the execution of natives under the authority of European courts.

[12] The descendants of these marriages people the coasts of the east at this day. They are called Mesticos or Mestizes, are become savages, speak a broken Portuguese, called lingua Franca by the sailors. Many of the black servants brought to Europe are of this race.

[13] When the Persians sent a demand of tribute, Albuquerque said it should be paid; and a large silver bason, 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." Admiration of the virtues of their enemies was the ancient character of the Persians. Ismael, the sophi from whom Ormuz was rent, soon after professed the highest idea of the valour of Albuquerque. He courted his friendship, and sent ambassadors to Emmanuel. In this correspondence the progress of fire-arms in the east may be traced. In 1515 he solicited that Portuguese artists might be sent to teach his subjects the art of casting cannon. Vid. Osor. l. x.

him; but finding the certain approaches of death, he recovered his cheerfulness, and with great fervour 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[14], 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 and protection which his friendship gave them. And the sincerity of their grief showed Emmanuel what a subject he had lost. He was buried at Goa, and it became customary for the Mohamiredan and Gentoo inhabitants of that city, when injured by the Portuguese, to come and weep at his tomb, utter their complaints to his manes, and call upon his God to revenge their wrongs.

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 without cause. Now, say the Portuguese authors, commenced the period when the soldier no more followed the dictates of honour, when those who had been captains became traders, and rapacious plunderers of the innocent natives. Hitherto the loading of the king's vessels had been the principal mercantile business of the Portuguese. They now more particularly interfered with the commerce of the Moors and Indians. Many quitted the military service, and became private adventurers; and many who yearly arrived from Portugal, in place of entering into the king's service, followed this example. But their commerce was entirely confined to the harbours of the east, for it was the sole prerogative of the king to send cargoes to Europe. This coasting trade in the hands of the Portuguese increased the revenue of the royal custom-houses. But the sudden riches which it promised, drew into it many more adventurers than, it was feared, the military government of India could afford to lose. And thence the discouragement of this trade was esteemed the duty, and became a principal object of the Portuguese viceroys. And indeed in its best state it was only worthy of transported felons. It was governed by no certain laws. The courts established by Albuquerque were either corrupted or without power, and the petty governor of every petty fort was arbitrary in his harbour. Under these disadvantages, so inauspicious to honest industry, the Portuguese adventurers in this coasting trade became mere pirates, and it was usual for them to procure the loading of their ships, says Faria, in the military way, as if upon the forage in an enemy's country. Nor was this coasting trade solely in the hands of private adventurers. The king had a large share in it, and undoubtedly the most advantageous. This is confirmed by Faria (sub ann. 1540 and 1541) who mentions his majesty's goods, as carried from port to port, and committed from one officer to the charge of another. Such was the miserable state of the free trade of the Portuguese in India, a trade, whose superior advantages (for superior advantages must be implied in the argument) have lately been held forth[15] as an example and proof of the expediency of depriving the English East India company of their charter. In the conclusion we shall cite the words of the philosopher to whom we allude. And an attention to the facts of this history will prepare the reader for a discussion of that important question.

Where there are no fixed laws of supreme authority, immediate confusion must follow the removal of the best governor. Such confusion constituted the political character of the regency of Soarez. His military expeditions do him as little honour. 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 Raez Solyman, had sailed from Suez; and Soarez, with twenty-seven ships,

[14] 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 services deserve. The affairs of India will answer for themselves, and for me." Osorius says, the latter part of the Gospel of John was, at his desire, repeatedly 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.

[15] In Smith's Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations.

set sail in search of it. When he came before Aden, he found that strong city defenceless. The governor had offended the court of Egypt, and Solyman, by order of the soldan, had levelled a part of the wall. The governor of Aden, 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, under protection of the cannon of the walls. He therefore did not engage it; and after burning a few defenceless towns, he returned to Aden. But the breaches of the fort 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 city. 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 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 interferred 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 left Portuguese Asia in the most flourishing condition. Soarez left every thing embarrassed, and in the decline. 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 acts of incapacity sent prisoner to Lisbon by Albuquerque, betrayed in all his transactions the meanest abilities. All his capacity seemed to reach no further than to preserve that solemn face of dignity, that haughty reserved importance with which men of slender abilities 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.

Sequeyra, the discoverer 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, sailed 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 even in view. 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 soon 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. Faria y Sousa makes an apology for mentioning the fate of the first Portuguese who traded to China; calls it a matter of

commerce, a subject unworthy of grave history. The political philosopher, however, will esteem it of more importance, and will draw the best of precepts from it. The king of Portugal, desirous of the trade of China, sent an ambassador and one of his captains to propose a commercial alliance. The ambassador was gladly received, and sent by land to Nankin, and the honourable behaviour of Pedro de Andrade gained the important traffic of the harbour of Canton. On this officer's return to India, Sequeyra the governor sent Simon de Andrade, brother to Pedro, with five ships to China; and whatever were his instructions, the absurdity of his actions was only equalled by his gross insolence. As if he had arrived among beings of an inferior order, he assumed an authority like that which is claimed by man over the brute creation. He seized the island of Tamou, opposite to Canton. Here he erected a fort and a gallows; and while he plundered the merchants, the wives and daughters of the principal inhabitants were dragged from their friends to his garrison, and the gibbet punished resistance. Nor did he stop even here. The Portuguese in India wanted slaves, and Andrade thought he had found the proper nursery. He published his design to buy the youth of both sexes, and in this inhuman traffic he was supplied by the most profligate of the natives. These proceedings, however, were soon known to the emperor of China, and the Portuguese ambassador and his retinue died the death of spies. Andrade was attacked by the Chinese itao, or admiral, and escaped with much loss, by the favour of a tempest, after being forty days harassed by a fleet greatly superior to his own. Next year Alonzo de Melo, ignorant of these transactions, entered the harbour of Canton with four vessels. But his ships were instantly seized, and the crews massacred, as spies and robbers, by the enraged Chinese. And though the Portuguese afterwards were permitted to some trade with China, it was upon very restricted and disgraceful conditions[15], conditions which treated them as a nation of pirates, as men who were not to be trusted unless fettered and watched.

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 Magadascar, 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 prince 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 enterprises: 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 mal-administration 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 the Moors, whom their enemies called pirates. To suppress these Gama sent different squadrons, which were successful in executing his orders. But while he meditated far greater 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, or writs of succession, 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 writ

[15] The Chinese had too much Dutch policy utterly to expel any merchandize from their harbours. A few days 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 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 empire 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.

of succession. 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 Faira, 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 Dofar, 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 only was 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 a 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 lest he who was first named should be distant, Menezes, on his death-bed, appointed Francis de Sa to assume the command until 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 splendour 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 owned 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 villany must be defended by another, and the public interest must be secondary in the politics of the most able usurper of 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, 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 was unable to 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 sultan to drive the Portuguese from India, if he would give him a competent armament. It was the interest of Sampayo to make every preparation for 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 writs of succession. These, according to the royal authority, ought not to have been opened while an unrecalled governor was alive. But,

conscious undoubtedly of their contents[18], these, in defiance of the established rule, were opened by Mexia, inspector of the revenue, and Lopez Vaz de Sampayo, contrary to the former commissions, was found in these new writs prior to Pedro de Mascarene. The fraud of office is here evident; and from the resentment of the king, if we suppose he had one idea of justice, it afterwards appeared that this new commission was surreptitiously obtained. 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 ran 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 Conlam, 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 Cananor; all which was performed. This haughty tyranny, however, produced loud complaints. 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, and 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 address 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

[18] The historian Faria expressly says that Mexia opened them on purpose to kindle strife, and disturb the public tranquillity.

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; 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 crowd, he was put on board a ship, and sent prisoner to Lisbon, where his life and his property were left to the determination of the sovereign[17], by whom he was condemned and punished for usurpation. 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 connexions. 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[18]. If the embarrassment of Sampayo was the only protection of this miscreant, others, however, had his sanction. Camoëns, that enthusiast of his nation's honour, in an apostrophe to Mascarene, thus characterizes 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 Camoëns is exceeding accurate in the facts of history, though, with the rest of his countrymen, he admired 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 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. 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 relieved the wrongs of the various princes. Proclamation was every where made, 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.

[17] 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 Tercera, 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 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, Alonza Mexia, the inspector of the revenue, was also severely punished, if less than his rapacity deserved may be called severe.

[18] 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. A death proper to awake the remembrance of his own cruelties. See Introduction, p. 520.

Raez Xarafo, the creature of Sampayo, prime minister, or rather tyrant of the king of Ormuz, stood accused of the most horrid crimes of office. His rapine had been 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 Xarafo, 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 [19]. Hector de Sylveyra, with a large fleet, made a line across the gulph at the mouth of the Red Sea, and suffered not a Moorish or Egyptian vessel to escape. Anthony Galvam, a very enthusiast in honesty, was sent by Nunio to succeed Ataide, governor of the Malucos, a tyrant who trod in the steps of Menezes. All was confusion when Galvam arrived; but he had infinitely more difficulty, says Faria, to suppress the villany 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 recall. Anthony Sylveyra spread the terrour 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 he was 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 [20].

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 invasion of his neighbours, increased his territories. The Mogul, or king of Delhi, sent a demand of homage and tribute; but 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, and Badur was at last reduced to the lowest extremity. In his distress he implored the assistance of the Portuguese, and the Mogul had also made large offers to the governor; but Badur's terms were accepted. His territory lay nearest to Goa, and he not only yielded Dio, a city among almost inaccessible rocks, the great object of the Portuguese plan of empire, but gave permission to Nunio to fortify it as he pleased [21]. And the king of Delhi's army soon after withdrew from Cambaya. The 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 [22]. The Hydal Can

[19] 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 laid Mombaza in ashes, and left a garrison at Melinda, which afterwards rendered considerable service to that city.

[20] During this siege Nunio discovered the greatest personal bravery. One day, in attempting a most desperate landing, as his boat hastened from place to place, he was known by the enemy, for he was clothed in red, and stood up in the posture of command. All their artillery was now directed against him, and De Vasco de Lima's head was severed from his shoulders by a cannon ball. A gentleman who had entreated to accompany him, shocked with such danger, exclaimed, "Alas! was it for this I came hither——." To whom, and the others, Nunio replied, with a smile of unconcern, "Humilitate capita vestra." This allusion to a part of the Romish service, amid such imminent danger, was a handsome rebuke of their fears, and in the true high military spirit of Lusian heroism.

[21] 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 Dio, 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 a 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; though, in consequence of his intelligence, a fleet was immediately fitted out, to supply the new acquired garrison. 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

[22] The Asiatic armies, though immense in number, very seldom come to a general action. To cut off the enemy's provisions, which produces famine and pestilence among such enormous armies, is one of the greatest strokes of Indian generalship.

died suddenly; and Abraham, his son by a slave, one of his principal officers, usurped the throne, and thrust out the eyes of his legitimate son Mulacham, or Mealecan, who was yet in his nonage. Abraham continued the war, and 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 Bisnagar, the old enemy of the Decan, and Abraham, now assisted by Cotamaluco, the prince who had been besieged in Golconda, invaded Bisnagar 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, in disgust of the favour shown to his enemy, joined the king of Bisnagar. Badur, who owed the possession of his crown to the Portuguese, now meditating their ruin, entered into a league with the Hydal Can. And Azadacam, who had ratified the treaty, by which the miserable inhabitants of Decan put themselves under the protection of the Portuguese dominions, 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. His treachery was discovered, yet soon after the traitor bought his pardon with gold, for gold is omnipotent in the sordid courts of the east. Nunio, however, compelled Azadacam to a truce; when 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 Dio, 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, seeing Souza attacked, immediately boarded the 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 overboard for safety. A commotion in the bay ensued, and the king, unable to swim any longer, declared aloud who he was, and begged assistance. A Portuguese officer held out an oar; but as Badur laid hold of it, a common soldier, 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 of 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, 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 Persic, 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 wonder and 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, bashaw 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 janisaries were destined to act on shore. Some Portuguese renegadoes were also in the fleet; and Coje Zofar[23], 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 sail 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 force, by a criminal loss of time, reduced the garrison of Dio to the greatest extremity. Here the Portuguese showed 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 languor. 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 immediatly hoisted his sails, and, with the shattered remains of his formidable fleet, fled to Arabia, where, to avoid a more dreaded punishment, he died by his own hands.

But while Nunio thus restored the affairs of India, the uncommercial principles of the court of Lisbon accumulated their malignity. He did not amuse the king and nobility with the glare of unmeaning Gothic conquests, and the wisdom of his policy was by them unperceived. Even their historians seem insensible of it, and even the author of the Histoire Philosophique, in his account of Portuguese India, pays no attention to Nunio, though the wisdom and humanity of his politics do honour to human nature; though in the arts of peace he effected more than any of the Portuguese governors; and though he has left the noblest example for imitation which the history of Portuguese Asia affords. Recalled from his prosperous government by the mandate of a court blind to its true interest, chains in place of rewards 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.

Noronha, the new viceroy, the third who had been honoured with that superior title[24], began his government 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 harass 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, had 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 tranquillity in Cambaya, where the Portuguese territory was invaded by a very powerful army, led by Bramaluco, a prince who had been dethroned

[23] This officer was by birth an Albanese, of catholic parents, and had served in the wars in Italy and Flanders. Having commenced merchant, he was taken at sea by the Turks, and carried to Constantinople, from whence he went to Cambaya, where he embraced Mohammedism, and became the prime minister and favourite of king Badur.

[24] Almeyda and Gama were the only two who had been thus honoured before him.

by king Badur; and his brother Christoval he sent on an expedition into Ethiopia[25]. The Moors of Mecca, as already observed, were the most formidable enemies the Portuguese had hitherto found in the east. In naval art they were greatly superior to the other nations of Asia, and from their numerous fleets, which poured down the Red Sea, the Portuguese had often experienced the greatest injury; and a check to their power was now wanted. The governor himself undertook this expedition, and sailed to the Red Sea with a fleet equipped at his own private expense. Here he gave a severe wound to the naval strength of both the Turks and the Moors[26]. But while every thing was in prosperity under the brave and generous Stephen, he was suddenly superseded 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 frequently 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, of Albuquerque, and of Nunio. Souza's actions were of a different character. He began his government with every exertion to procure witnesses to impeach his predecessor; but though he pardoned a murderer [27] on that condition, every accusation was refuted, and Stephen de Gama was received with great honour at Lisbon. Having refused, however, to give his hand 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. And he retired 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. Nor was Souza's civil government of the Portuguese less capricious. Highly chagrined to see the military rank unenvied, and his forces weakened by the great numbers who quitted the service on purpose to enrich themselves in the coasting trade, he endeavoured to render commerce both disadvantageous and infamous. He laid the custom-houses under new regulations. He considerably lowered the duties on the traffic of all Moorish and Asiatic merchants, and greatly heightened the rates on the Portuguese traders. And felons and murderers, banished from Lisbon, were by Souza protected and encouraged to become merchants, as only proper for such employ. Yet while he thus laboured to render the military service as only worthy of Portuguese ambition, he began his regency with a reduction of the pay of the military. At the siege of Batecala, the Portuguese soldiers quarrelled about the booty, and, while fighting with each other, were attacked by the natives, and put to flight. Souza commanded them to return to the charge and revenge their repulse. "Let those who are rich revenge it," exclaimed the soldiers, "we came to make good by plunder the pay of which we are unjustly deprived."—"I do not know you," replied Souza, "you are not the same men I left in India two years ago." To this the soldiery loudly returned, "Yes, the men are the same, but the governor is not the same." Finding the mutiny violent, Souza retired to the ships; but the next day he renewed the siege, and the city was taken, and the streets ran with blood: such was the rage of the army to recompense themselves by plunder. The yearly tribute imposed by Albuquerque upon the king of Ormuz

[25] For his melancholy fate, see note to book x. ver. 686.

[26] During this expedition he took the important city and sea-port of Toro in Arabia; after which he marched to mount Sinai, where he knighted several of his officers, a romantic honour admired by Charles V. De Luis de Ataide, having behaved with great courage as a volunteer, at the battle where Charles V. defeated the duke of Saxony, was offered knighthood by the emperor; but he replied, he had already received that honour upon mount Sinai. The emperor, so far from being offended, declared in presence of his officers, that he more envied that honour than rejoiced in his victory. The same spirit of romantic gallantry, arising from religious veneration, seems to have possessed don Stephen himself. He ordered his epitaph to consist of these words, "He that made knights upon mount Sinai ended his course here." Don Alvaro, the son of the great John de Castro, was also one of these knights, and his father thought it so great an honour, that he took for his crest the Catherine-wheel, which his family still continue. There is a chapel dedicated to St. Catherine on mount Sinai, said, by the popish writers, to have been built by angels.

[27] Iago Saurez de Melo, who having fled from the sentence of death in Portugal, was at this time a pirate in the Indian seas, commander of two vessels and 120 men. Of this adventure afterwards.

was 12,000 ducats. It was now raised to 100,000, and the king, unable to discharge such an enormous burthen, was 500,000 ducats in arrear; and a resignation of all the revenues of his crown was proposed, and accepted by Souza. Azadacam, now in open war with his master the Hydal Can Abraham, drew Souza to his party. The design was to dethrone Abraham, who was then in alliance with the Portuguese, and to place Mealecan 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 resented by the Hydal Can, who gathered such a storm to crush the Portuguese, that Souza, foreseeing the tempest which was hovering over him, threatened to open the writs of succession, 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 treacherous and cowardly 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 very sickly condition. Great discontent among the few who were honest; all was villany and disorder, rapine and piracy among the rest. On the solicitations of Souza, Meale Can took refuge in Goa. When the Hydal Can made his formidable preparations for war, he demanded as the previous condition of peace, that Meale should be delivered up to him. This Souza refused, but promised to send him to Malaca, where he should remain under guard. Immediately on the accession of Castro, the Hydal Can renewed his proposal for the surrender of Meale, who was yet at Goa; but the new governor rejected this demand with firmness. It was deemed good policy by several of the Portuguese governors to espouse the cause of this injured prince[98]. They esteemed him as an engine, which, under their management, would either overawe the Hydal Can, or dethrone him when they pleased. But the event did not justify this theoretical wisdom. It had been pusillanimity in Castro, had he surrendered a prince who was under protection of the Portuguese faith; but the contrary conduct, the consequence of Souza's policy, produced an invasion of the Portuguese continental territory; and though Castro was victorious, the Hydal Can continued ever ready for hostilities, and occasion was ever at hand. Scarcely had Castro given Hydal Can the first repulse, when Mahumud, the nephew of king Badur, the heir of his crown and fierce disposition, instigated by Coje Zofar, and assisted by the Hydal Can and about 8000 troops from Constantinople, among whom were 1000 janisaries, commenced hostilities, and threatened the total extirpation of the Portuguese: their warlike operations began with the siege of Dio. 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 perished in their attempts. Whenever a breach was made, the Turks and Indians pressed on by ten thousands, but were always repulsed. Nor were the ladies of the officers less active and courageous than in the former siege. Various reinforcements were sent by the governor, one of which was commanded by his son don Fernando. Unnumbered artillery thundered on every side, and mines were sprung, by one of which Fernando was with his battalion blown up in the air. When Castro received the tidings of this disaster, he was at Goa. He bore it with the greatest composure, and though it was the tempestuous season, he immediately dispatched his other son don Alvaro with another reinforcement to Dio. After eight months had elapsed in this desperate siege, the governor 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 Mahumud 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[99]. It was necessary to prosecute the war; and the governor,

[98] The Portuguese historians disagree in their accounts of this Hydal Can Abraham. Barros says, he was not of the blood royal. But Faria, who selected his work from Barros, and several other authors, calls him the brother of Meale; whom he unjustly dethroned. When Souza, on pretence of doing justice, endeavoured to place Meale on the throne, the usurper in an artful epistle asked him what right the Portuguese had to dethrone the kings of the east, and then pretend to do justice to an exiled prince? Possession, he said, proved the approbation of God; and the Portuguese, he added, had no other title to dominion in Asia.

[99] During the heat of this engagement, father Cazal, with a crucifix on the point of a spear, greatly animated the Portuguese. Rume Can, notwithstanding all the efforts of Castro, put his troop,

in great want of money to carry it on, meditated a loan of 20,000 pardaos from the citizens of Goa. He ordered the grave of don Fernando his son to be opened, on purpose to send his bones as a pledge; but the putrid state of the carcase prevented this, and he sent a lock of his own mustacheos as a security for the loan; a security indeed uncommon, but which included in it a signal pawn of his honour. The pledge was respectfully returned, and more money than he required was sent; and even the women stripped themselves of their bracelets and other jewels to supply his want. The ladies of Chaul followed the example, and by the hands of their little daughters sent him their richest jewels. 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 villany of the debauched Portuguese soldiers and traders was the only enemy unsubdued. To prevent the ruin of the state, says his historian Andrada, he made it unlawful for a soldier to become merchant. But 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 expenses 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 [30].

With the eulogium of Castro, Camoëns concludes his prophetic song, and here also the most glorious period of the Portuguese empire in Asia terminates. But the circumstances of its fall, and the noble and partly successful struggles which it sometimes made, when its total extinction seemed inevitable, are highly worthy of the attention of the political philosopher, and form also the necessary conclusion of this history.

Garcia de Sa, an experienced officer, succeeded Castro, and concluded the various treaties of peace, procured by the arms, and in agitation at the death of that great man, highly to the advantage and honour of Portugal. The celebrated St. Francis Xavier was now a principal character in Portuguese Asia. And while the conversion of the east was all he professed, he rendered the throne of Portugal the most political services. His unremitting diligence, and the danger and toil of his journeys from kingdom to kingdom, bespeak a great mind, ardently devoted to his enterprise; and the various princes who received baptism from his hands, and the many thousands who, on his preaching, assumed the Christian name, displayed a success which his admirers esteemed miraculous. Nothing, however, could be easier than such conversion. Xavier troubled his new converts with no restraint, and required from them

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 Cazal exclaiming aloud, "Sacrilege, sacrilege, revenge the sacrilege," inspired a fury which determined the battle. In many other engagements the leaders promoted their interest in this manner. They often saw the sign of the cross in the air, and at different times some Moorish prisoners inquired 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.

[30] Castro, though he disdained private emolument, was fond of public magnificence. After his victories he frequently entered Goa in the manner of a Roman triumph. That, after his happy return from Dio, was so remarkably splendid, that the queen of Portugal said, he had conquered like a Christian, but had triumphed like a heathen. The gates and houses were hung with silk and tapestry. The cannon and arms taken from the enemy were carried in the front. The officers in armour, with plumed helmets, followed: Castro, crowned with laurel, and with a laurel bough in his hand, walked upon silk, while the ladies from the windows showered flowers and perfumes upon him; and Cazal, with the maimed crucifix, walked in his surplice immediately before him. Military and church music by turns resounded. And Juzarcan, the general of the Indian horse, and 600 prisoners, guarded and in chains, closed the procession. When he wrote to the king of Portugal the particulars of the relief of Dio, he solicited his recall; but this was rejected, and he was appointed to continue three years longer, with the additional honour of the title of viceroy. His school companion, the infant don Lewis, wrote him an affectionate letter requesting his acquiescence, in which he uses this expression: "After your performance of the royal will, I trust you will cover the tops of the rocks of Cintra with chapels and trophies of your victories, and long enjoy them in profound repose." Cintra, for rocky hills, woods, and rivers, the most romantic situation in nature, was the family estate of Castro. It is said he was the first who brought the orange-tree to Europe, and that he esteemed this gift to his country, as the greatest of his actions. Three orange-trees are still preserved at Cintra, in memorial of the place where he first planted that valuable fruitage. He died, soon after he was named viceroy, in his forty-eighth year. His family still remain.

no knowledge of the Christian principles. He baptized them, and gave them crucifixes to worship, and told them they were now sure of Heaven. But while he was thus superficial as an apostle, as a politician he was minute and comprehensive. Several friars of different orders had ere now attempted the conversion of some Indians; but a regular system, of the most extensive operation, was reserved for the sons of Ignatius Loyola; and Xavier, his friend and arch-disciple, laid the bold and arduous plan of reducing the whole east to the spiritual vassalage of the papal chair. What is implied in this he well knew, and every offer of religious instruction which he made, was attended with the most flattering proposals of alliances; of alliances, however, which were calculated to render the natives dependent on the Portuguese, and mere tributaries. In this plan of operation the great abilities of Xavier were crowned with rapid success. Kings and kingdoms, won by his preaching, sued for the friendship of the Portuguese. But while the olive of peace seemed ready to spread its boughs over India, the unrelenting villany of the Portuguese soldiers and merchants counteracted the labours of Xavier; and several of the new baptized princes, in resentment of the injuries they received, returned to paganism and hostility. Xavier, who acted as a spy on the military and civil government of India, not only, from time to time, laid these abuses before the king of Portugal, but also interested himself greatly both in the military [31] and civil councils of Portuguese Asia. He was the intimate friend and counsellor of the great Castro, and his political efforts were only baffled by the hardened corruption of the Portuguese manners.

While Xavier thus laboured in the direction of the springs of government, Garcia de Sa died suddenly, and in authority was succeeded by George de Cabral. The zamorim, the king of Pimenta, and eighteen vassal princes, among whom was the late converted king of Tanor, who now had renounced his baptism, joined in a league against the king of Cochin, the faithful ally of Portugal, and took the field with near 200,000 men. Cabral hasted to the assistance of Cochin, and in several expeditions gained considerable advantages over the enemy. The enemy's main army was now in the island of Cochin, and Cabral with 100 sail, and an army of 40,000 Cochinians, had reduced them to the lowest extremity; when, on the very day upon which the eighteen vassal princes were to have been given up as hostages, a new viceroy, don Alonzo de Noronha, arrived, and instantly stopped the operations of Cabral: and by the misunderstanding between the two governors, the whole army of the enemy escaped. Xavier remonstrated, by letter, in the strongest terms to the king of Portugal, and advised the severity of punishment; but to these salutary warnings no attention was paid by the court of Lisbon.

During Sá's government, the coasting trade of the private adventurers became more and more piratical, and continually gave birth to an endless succession of petty but bloody wars. Though the king of Cochin had ever been the faithful ally of Portugal, Cabral ordered, without even the pretence of complaint, one of his richest pagodas [32] to be plundered. This attempt, in the true spirit of the private traders, was defeated; but the royal monopoly, already miserably inadequate both to its means and object, suffered by this breach of faith. It was the cause, says Faria, that the homeward fleet, of only three ships, set out ill laden, and late in the season, when the tempests were coming on.

When Noronha opened his patent of commission, he found that his power had received a limitation unknown before. A council was therein nominated, by whose advice he was enjoined to govern. But it does not appear, from his envious and ruinous transaction with Cabral, or from any other of his measures, that he was either restrained or influenced by their control. Petty wars and usual depredation marked the beginning of his regency; the latter part of it was truly infamous. The Portuguese had valuable settlements in the rich island of Ceylon, and the king of Cota, their ally, was now treacherously invaded, in breach of a solemn peace, by Madune king of Ceytavaca. In one of the first battles the king of Cota lost his life, and his successor implored the stipulated assistance of the Portuguese. Noronha himself hastened to Ceylon, and his first action was to put to the rack some of the domestics of the king whom he came to defend, in order to make them discover their prince's treasures. He then

[31] In 1547 Malaca was saved by Xavier. The king of Achem, the inveterate enemy of Portugal, fitted out 60 vessels against that port. And when the governor refused to sail in search of the enemy, ere they were fully equipped, Xavier persuaded the merchants to fit out ten vessels. He went on board, and, by his persuasions and prophecies of success, so encouraged this small squadron, that they gained a complete victory over the fleet of Achem.

[32] The Indian pagodas or temples are the repositories of their most valuable treasures. When they intend to build a pagoda, says Faria, they sow the ground with kidney-beans. When these are green, they bring a gray cow to feed among them, and on the spot where she first dungs, they erect the throne of the idol to whom the pagoda, which they build around it, is to be dedicated. Pythagoras's veneration for beans, together with his metempsychosis, was perhaps borrowed from the Indians.

plundered the palace of the late king, and demanded 200,000 ducats to defray his charges, which sum was immediately given to him. He afterwards defeated Madune, and rased his city in search of treasure, and very considerable riches were found. By agreement one half of the booty was due to the king of Cota, but Noronha paid no regard to the faith of treaty. Nor would he leave one Portuguese soldier to defend his injured ally, though earnestly solicited, and though the king of Ceytavaca remained in the mountains ready for revenge on the departure of the viceroy [33].

The Grand Turk, still intent on the extirpation of the Portuguese from India, fitted out three formidable squadrons during the regency of Noronha. The first, commanded by a bold pirate named Pirbec, sailed from Suez with an armament of 16,000 men. He plundered the Portuguese settlement at Mascate, and even the city of Ormuz, though the fort held out against him. Having also plundered other coasts, he returned to Constantinople with great riches, which he presented to the sultan. But, as nothing effectual was done towards the extirpation of the Europeans, in place of reward, Pirbec's head was struck off by order of the grand signior.

The strenuous and long continued efforts of the Porte to expel the Portuguese from the eastern seas, display the vast importance of the naval superiority of the Europeans in Asia. Though immediate gain seems to have been the sole motive of the Europeans who first went to India, the Moors and Turks perceived the remote political consequences of their arrival, in the clearest light. Dissatisfied with the undecisive expedition of Pirbec, two other formidable Turkish squadrons were sent against the Portuguese. But both of these were commanded by officers of mean abilities, and were totally defeated by shipwreck and battle. The zamorim and the king of Pimenta, whose combined army Noronha had formerly permitted to escape, had continued, during the war in Ceylon and with the Turks, to harass the Portuguese fleets, and the king of Cochin, their ally. Noronha, now at leisure, went in person to revenge these insults, and the rich islands of Algada, subject to the king of Pimenta, after a desperate defence, were destroyed with fire and sword. Our military poet, Camoëns, at this time arrived in India, and discovered his valour as a volunteer in this expedition.

While the royal monopoly and the coasting trade were thus reduced and exposed, under the languor and weakness of the military operations, the active spirit of Xavier was untired. Having visited almost every settlement, every where endeavouring to inspire political vigour and unanimity, he was now busied in adding the Chinese language to his other laborious acquirements of the oriental tongues; for the spiritual dominion of China was the grand object of his stupendous plan. But, alarmed at the spreading odium raised by the cruel and unjust actions of Noronha in Ceylon, he hasted thither, for he foresaw the malign influence of the Portuguese insolence and oppression. From Ceylon he went to the Malucos and Japan, and when ready to enter China, his death in the isle of Sancyon closed his unwearied labours of twelve years in the east. To restrain the Portuguese injustice and tyranny, and to win the affection of the natives, were the means by which Xavier endeavoured to establish his stupendous plan of the vassalage of the eastern world. And, had he lived in the more virtuous days of Albuquerque, his views would probably have been crowned with success. By the mean artifices and frauds of the Jesuits who succeeded in his mission, whose narrow minds were earnest for present emolument, what good effects the superior mind of Xavier had produced, were soon counteracted, and totally lost.

After a regency of three years, don Alphonso de Noronha was succeeded by don Pedro de Mascarenhas, a gentleman in his seventieth year. Meale Can was now at Goa. Mascarene adopted the former policy of supporting Meale's title to the throne of Hydal Can, and proclaimed him king of Visapor. But Mascarene's death, ere he had governed thirteen months, closed his regency, and Francisco Barreto, his successor, entering into his views, and desirous of the immense emoluments of an Indian war, prosecuted his designs. The great Castro, by his patronage of Meale, had kept the Hydal Can in awe; but Castro's faith and abilities were now wanting. In breach of a treaty of peace with the Hydal Can, and on pretence of doing justice to an exiled prince, Barreto kindled a war, which proved highly injurious to the Portuguese. Meale was defeated and taken prisoner in his kingdom of Visapor; and several bloody undecisive campaigns displayed the resentment of the Hydal Can [34]. Nor were the affairs of the Malucos less unhappy. Deza, the Portuguese governor, treacherously imprisoned the king of Ternate and his whole family, and ordered them to be starved to death. He was relieved,

[33] By order of the king of Portugal, and by means of Xavier, the extortions of Noronha were afterwards restored to the king of Cota.

[34] See the note on Barreto, in the Life of Camoëns.

however, by the neighbouring princes, who took arms in his defence; and the submission of the Portuguese, who deprived Deza of his command, ended the war.

While the military reputation of the Portuguese had almost lost its terrours, while their empire in the east was thus hastening to its fall, John III was succeeded by Sebastian, an infant; and don Constantine de Braganza, of the blood-royal, was appointed deputy-king of India. He governed three years, and never performed one action which did honour to his abilities. The officers he sent out on various expeditions were generally defeated, particularly in a war with the Turks on the coasts of Arabia. He himself shared the same fate, and once saved his life, at the city of Jafanapatan, by inglorious flight. His views were of no importance. He imprisoned Luis de Melo for losing too much time in a victorious expedition on the coast of Malabar. In a descent on Ceylon, the Portuguese seized the tooth of a monkey, a relic held sacred by the pagans, for which, according to Linschoten, 700,000 ducats were offered in ransom; but Constantine ordered it to be burned. The kings of Siam and Pegu pretended the real tooth was saved by a Banian, and each asserting that he was in possession of the genuine one, bloody wars, which much endangered the Portuguese eastern settlements, were kindled; and Constantine, finding himself embarrassed, resigned, contrary to the desire of the council of Lisbon. He is celebrated for his great politeness and affability; and his government is distinguished by the establishment of the inquisition at Goa.

Don Constantine was succeeded by the count de Redondo. Petty wars continued as usual on every coast. In 1564, a Portuguese ship, contrary to the treaty of peace, was attacked by three vessels of Malabar; Redondo 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, and on purpose to retort it, 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 he sewed up in their own sail cloths and wantonly drowned. Redondo, however, died suddenly, ere the zamorim complained; but such was the sameness of idea among the Portuguese, that Juan de Mendoza, his successor, in answer to the zamorim's complaint, adopted the intended witticism of Redondo, and retorted the zamorim's 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. A bold woman of quality, whose husband had been murdered by Mesquita, with all the fury ascribed to an ancient druidess, ran from place to place, execrating the Portuguese, and exciting to revenge. Many of the Moors entered into an oath, never to lay down their arms till they had rooted the Portuguese out of India. They suddenly beset the fort of Cananor, and burned above thirty Portuguese ships that rode under its cannon; and a tedious war ensued. Mendoza, after six months, was superseded by don Antonio de Noronha, who ended the war of Cananor with the desolation of the adjacent country. Confusion and bloodshed covered the rich island of Ceylon, and the new converts, the allies of Portugal, were hunted down by the other natives. The king of Achem and other princes began now to meditate a general league for the extirpation of the Portuguese. And the Grand Turk, desirous of acquisition in India, became a zealous auxiliary. But though the first attempt upon Malaca was defeated by the valour of don Leonis, the commander, the league continued in agitation, while the Portuguese seemed to invite and to solicit their own destruction. The rapine of individuals became every year more shameless and general. While an idolatrous devotion to saints and images rendered them inexorable in their cruelty to those of a different worship, they abandoned themselves without restraint to the most lascivious luxury, and every officer had his seraglio of five, six, or eight of the finest women. Indian women of quality were publicly dragged from their kindred by Portuguese ravishers. The inhabitants of Amboyna had received the Portuguese with the greatest friendship. At a banquet given by the natives, a young officer, in the face of all the company, and in presence of her husband, attempted to ravish one of the principal ladies, and was unreproved by his countrymen. The tables were instantly overturned, and the Portuguese expelled the island. And here, as at Ceylon and other parts of India, the popular fury was first glutted with the blood of those natives, now esteemed as traitors, who had embraced the religion of the Portuguese. Immediately another most daring breach of humanity called aloud upon the princes of the east to unite in the defence of each other. Ayero [35], king of Ter-

[35] This is the same prince whom Deza treacherously imprisoned, and attempted to starve. He continued, however, faithful to the Portuguese, till his nephew was murdered by some of their officers. Three of the aggressors were seized by the king's order, and put to death. On renewing the alliance with the Portuguese, he was treacherously murdered by the commandant's nephew. As he was stab-

nate, had always been friendly and tributary to the Portuguese; yet on renewing a treaty of alliance, after having mutually sworn on the arms of Portugal, he was stabbed by order of the Portuguese commandant. Nor did this treachery appease the murderer. In presence of his queen and daughters, who in vain implored permission to bury him, his body was cut into pieces and salted, put into a chest, and thrown into the sea. He had a son, however, Chil Babu, who, in revenge of this, proved the most formidable enemy the Portuguese had ever known in the east. His ambassadors hasted from court to court, and the princes of India, harassed by their cruel awful tyrants, who trampled on every law of humanity and good policy, combined with him in a general league for the utter expulsion of the Portuguese; and so confident were the natives of success, that not only the division of the Portuguese settlements, but the possession of the most beautiful of their wives and daughters, was also settled among them. Five years was this league in forming, and eastern politics never produced a better concerted plan of operation. The various forts and territories of the Portuguese were allotted to the neighbouring princes. Goa, Onor, and Braçalor were to reward the victories of the Hydal Can; Chaul, Damaun, and Baçaim were to be taken by Nizamaluco, a king of the Decan; the zamorim was to possess himself of Cananor, Mangalor, Cochin, and Chale; the king of Achem was to reduce Malaca; and the king of Ternate was to attack the Malucos. Besides these, many other princes had their appointed lines of action; and this tremendous storm was to burst, in every quarter, at the same instant. Don Luis de Ataide was governor of India when this war began. The Hydal Can, with an army which consisted of 100,000 infantry, 35,000 horse, 2140 elephants, and 350 pieces of cannon, covered the continent opposite to Goa for several leagues, and the disposition of his extensive posts displayed great generalship. Every eminence was fortified, and his batteries, of two leagues in extent, thundered upon Goa. The dispositions of Ataide, however, not only protected that island, but his unexpected inroads often carried terror and slaughter through this immense encampment. The Hydal Can, though greatly dispirited, began to plant gardens and orchards, and build banqueting-houses, as if resolved to conquer, at whatever distance of time. While Goa was thus besieged, Chaul, a place of less defence, was infested by Nizamaluco, at the head of an army of 150,000 men, Turks, Moors, Ethiopians, Persians, and Indians. The king of Ternate attacked the Malucos; the queen of Garzopa carried her arms against Onor; and Surat was seized by Agalachem, a prince tributary to the Mogul. And even the ancient Christians of St. Thomas, persecuted by the inquisition of Goa, for non-submission to the see of Rome[36], joined the Pagans and Mohammedans against the natives of Portugal. But where even the embers of haughty valour remain, danger and an able general will awake them into a flame. Don Luis, the viceroy, was advised to withdraw the Portuguese 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[37]. The zamorim and the king of Achem, having met some repulses at sea, were not punctual in the agreed commencement of hostility. This favoured Ataide; and 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 for peace. A signal proof of what valour and military art may do against the greatest multitudes of undisciplined militia.

bed, he laid hold of a cannon which bore the arms of Portugal, and exclaimed, "Ah! cavaliers, is it thus you reward the most faithful subject of your king my sovereign!"

[36] See Geddes's History of the Malabrian Church. The Christians of St. Thomas, according to the Portuguese historians, disturbed the new converts, by telling them that the religion the Portuguese taught them was not Christianity. This gave great offence to the Jesuits, who in revenge persecuted the Thomists with all the horrours of the newly established inquisition. The following short account of the Christians of the east may perhaps be acceptable. In the south parts of Malabar, about 200,000 of the inhabitants professed Christianity before the arrival of the Portuguese. They called themselves the Christians of St. 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 Portugnese archbishop of Goa, that when he showed 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 Aleixo 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.

[37] This was the trading fleet, or regal monopoly, the delay of which might have produced his recall.

A highly honourable peace was concluded with Nizamaluco; but while the Hydal Can was in treaty, and while the zamorim, who was now in arms both by sea and land, proposed conditions to which Ataide would not listen[38], that brave commander was superseded by the arrival of his successor, Antonio de Noronha. When Ataide left India, the Hydal Can was still before Goa, and the new viceroy had the honour to conclude the treaty of peace. But the important fortress of Chale, near Calicut, surrendered to the zamorim, who was still in arms. And the new commission of Noronha involved the east in perplexities unknown before. At the very time when the league began to exert its apparently invincible force, at that very time king Sebastian, now about his sixteenth year, divided his eastern empire, as if it had been in the most flourishing condition, into three governments, independent of each other. Noronha was to command from Cape Gardafu, on the mouth of the Red Sea, to the coast of Pegu, with the title of viceroy of India. From Gardafu to Cape Corrientes, below Madagascar, was given to Francisco Barreto, late governor of Portuguese Asia, now entitled governor of Monomotapa; and from Pegu to China, with the title of governor of Malaca, was appointed to Antonio Moniz Barreto. In this pompous division of empire, Moniz Barreto was to be equipped from India; but Portuguese India could not afford the force which his patent appointed, and Moniz refused to sail to Malaca with an inferior equipment. The celebrated Echebar, the Great Mogul, or emperor of Hindostan, had now possessed himself of the throne of Cambaya[39], and as Baçaim and Damam had formerly belonged to that kingdom, he meditated the recovery of these territories from the Portuguese: but while he was ready to invest Damam, Noronha entered the river with so formidable a fleet, that Echebar consented to a peace which confirmed the Portuguese right of possession, on condition of their alliance. The king of Achem, who according to the league was to have invaded Malaca, now performed his part, and reduced that settlement, which had no governor, to the deepest distress. The arms of Ternate were also prosperous in the Malucos. To the relief of these Noronha sent some supplies, but while he was preparing to send more, an order from Portugal arrived, which empowered don Gasper archbishop of Goa to depose Noronha, and invest Moniz with the government of India. Don Leonis de Pereyra was at the same time appointed governor of Malaca. Moniz urged him to sail to the relief of his settlement, but Leonis refused to go thither with less than the appointed equipment. Though on the private accusations of Moniz, Noronha was degraded for a like refusal; though Noronha was then at war, and Moniz now at peace; and though Leonis abated in his demand, Moniz was immoveable. Leonis therefore sailed for Portugal, where his conduct was justified, yet no punishment allotted to Moniz; such was the unblushing partiality with which the ministers of Sebastian governed the falling empire of Portuguese Asia.

While Malaca was thus deserted by its governor, the king of Achem and the queen of Japara, with numerous fleets and armies, poured all the horrours of war upon that valuable territory. Time after time, as the shattered fleets of the one retired to repair, the new armaments of the other immediately filled their stations. And the king of Ternate, the author of the league, was victorious in the isles of Maluco. The several supplies of relief, sent by Moniz, one of which consisted of 2000 troops, all perished by shipwreck ere they reached their destined ports. The murderer of king Ayero was stabbed by the populace, and the Portuguese were totally expelled from this settlement, which commanded the spice islands. Nor was the government of Francis Barreto, in Monomotapa, less unhappy. He, who had been governor of India, says Faria, accepted of this diminished command for three reasons; because he was poor, because it was the king's will, and because it was a post of great danger. His commission was to make himself master of the mines which supply Sofala and the neighbouring ports with gold and silver: and one Monclaros, a jesuit, accompanied him, without whose concurrence he was prohibited to act. He sailed from Lisbon, with only three ships and a thousand men, in 1569, and having received some supplies at Mozambique, together with tools for miners, camels [40] and other beasts of burden,

[38] "He would make no peace," he said, "but upon such terms as the zamorim might expect, were the Portuguese in the most flourishing condition."

[39] Mahumud, nephew of king Badur, was betrayed into Echebar's hands by one of his officers. The traitor was beheaded by order of Echebar.

[40] Cortez is justly admired for the ready dexterity with which he improved every opinion of the Mexicans to his own advantage. Barreto gave an instance of this art upon this expedition. When the Cafres were suing for peace, and Barreto in great want of provisions, one of the camels having broke loose from its keepers, and after running till tired, happened to be met by Barreto, to whom it instantly kneeled, as is usual for that creature when it receives its burden. The Cafres, who had never before seen such an animal, thought it spoke to the governor, and earnestly asked what it said. "These creatures," replied Barreto, "live upon human flesh; and this one has been sent from its brethren to beg I would not make peace with you, otherwise they must be starved." After much entreaty, Barreto pro-

he proceeded to his visionary government. He landed in the river of Good Signs, and proposed to march to the mines by the route of Sofala. But to this Monclaros would not consent, and by his direction he took a more distant course. After a march of ten days along the river Zambeze, during which his small army suffered greatly by extreme heat and thirst, he saw the mountains and valleys covered with innumerable multitudes of armed men. These, however, were dispersed by his fire-arms; and soon after another army, as numerous as the former, shared the same fate. The Cafres now sued for peace, and offered to discover the mines. But when now on the eve of success, Monclaros commanded him to desist from his ruinous expedition, and immediately to return to Mozambique. And so deeply was Barreto affected with this disappointment and dishonour, that overwhelmed with the fever of indignation, without any other symptom of ail, he breathed out his life in sighs, after the violent mental agitation of two days. Among his papers was found a commission for Vasco Homem, his major, to succeed him; who, persuaded by the Jesuit, immediately returned to Mozambique. But Monclaros having sailed for Portugal, Homem, upbraided by the officers of that station, returned to Monomotapa. He landed at Sofala, and from thence, by a short and easy march, arrived at the place where the mines were expected. After some skirmishes with the Cafres, the king of Chicanga pretended to be friendly, and offered to show the mines. Having led the Portuguese from province to province, he at last brought them to a place where he had ordered some ore to be buried and scattered, and here he told them was a rich silver mine. While the Portuguese were several days busied in digging around, the Cafres escaped; and Homem, his provisions beginning to fail, retired to Sofala, leaving a captain named Cardoso, with 200 men, to make further trial. Fearless of this small party, the Cafres returned, and with confident promises offered to discover the richest and easiest worked mines in their country. Cardoso believed them, and was led into defiles, where he and all his men perished by the weapons of the artful barbarians. Such was the end of the government of Monomotapa, the golden dream, the ill-concerted and ill-conducted plan of the weak ministers of a giddy empire hastening to its fall.

Moniz, after he had governed three years, the term now usually named in the writs of succession, was succeeded by don Iago de Menezes, under whom the bloodshed of the usual petty wars with the Moors and Malabrians continued. His regency is distinguished by no warlike event of note: and after he had held the sword of command about two years, he was superseded by the brave Ataide count de Autouguia, whose art and valour had lately triumphed over the most formidable efforts of the general league.

To suppose that Sebastian or his ministers perceived the precarious and ruinous state of their eastern empire, when they appointed this able officer to that very critical command, were to allow them a merit, which every other part of their conduct relative to India disclaims. Don Sebastian's ideas were totally debauched by the most romantic thirst of military glory, and it was his ambition from his childhood to distinguish himself at the head of an army in Africa. Ataide strenuously opposed this wild expedition, which, he was justly convinced, was ill-adapted to the state of his country. But Sebastian, now in his twenty-fourth year, to be relieved of his disagreeable counsel, ordered him to resume the viceroyship of India. The speech which Sebastian made to Ataide, upon this his second appointment, strongly characterizes the frivolousness which now prevailed at the court of Lisbon. Don Constantine de Braganza, of the blood royal, was one of the weakest governors that ever ruled India. Ataide, on the contrary, had performed most incredible actions; had saved the Portuguese from the greatest dangers they ever surmounted in Asia. Yet Sebastian did not bid him reign as he had formerly done. No, he bid him reign like don Constantine—a man, whose abilities reached no further than perhaps to open a ball gracefully, for his politeness was his only commendation. When errours in government begin, the wise see the secret disease, but it is the next generation which feels the worst of its effects. Camoëns, whose political penetration was perhaps unequalled in his age and country, saw the declension of manners, and foretold in vain the fall of empire. Portugal owed its existence to the spirit of chivalry and the ideas of liberty, which were confirmed by the statutes of Lamego. Camoëns, in a fine allegory, laments the decay of the ancient virtues. Under the character of a huntsman he paints the wild romantic pursuits of king Sebastian, and wishes that he may not fall the victim of his blind passion. The courtiers he characterises, as the most venal of self-interested flatterers: and the clergy, the men of letters, he says,

—— trimm'd the lamp at night's mid hour,
To plan new laws to arm the regal power,

mised to persuade the camels to be contented with the flesh of beeves; upon which the Cafres gladly supplied them with as many herds as he desired.

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 fathers' helm-hackt swords was dry.

Unperceived by the unlettered nobility, the principles of the constitution gradually expired under the artful increase of the royal perogative. If Sebastian was more resolute than John I, his power was bought by the degeneracy of his subjects, and weakness of the state, 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, and Sebastian, 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. Xarafo, the creature of Sampayo, the tyrant of his master the king of Ormuz, justly accused of 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. But these, the errours and crimes of former reigns, were of little effect compared to the evil consequences of the inattention to, and ignorance of Indian affairs, discovered by the ministers of Sebastian. They ordered don George de Castro, who surrendered the fort of Chale to the zamorim, to be tried and beheaded; and he died on the scaffold at Goa. Yet a year after this, the court of Lisbon issued a commission appointing him to command on another station. The poverty of an Albuquerque, a Nunio, and a Castro, was now the public jest of the Portuguese [41] commandants. Under the shade of silken umbrellas, some of the late viceroys rode to battle, in chairs carried on men's shoulders. All was disunion, gross luxury, and audacious weakness in Portuguese Asia, when Sebastian lost his crown in his African expedition. And what greatly hastened their ruin, the natives now perceived their weakness, and foretold their approaching fall. About fifty years before this period, it was the general opinion of India, that the Portuguese were among men what lions are among beasts: "and for the same reason," said an Indian captive to a Portuguese officer, "nature has appointed that your species should be equally few." But as soon as their luxury began to appear, these sentiments were changed. "Let them alone," said one Indian prince to another, "the frauds of their revenue, and their love of luxury will soon ruin them. What they gain as brave soldiers they will soon lose as avaricious merchants. They now conquer Asia, but Asia will soon conquer them." And a king of Persia asked a Portuguese captain, "how many of the Indian viceroys 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."

When Ataide sailed for India on his second viceroyship, he dreaded the disasters which would follow the precipitate, ill-concerted expedition of Sebastian. And it was his first care, after his arrival in the east, to prevent the evil consequences of the unhappy event. He immediately fitted out a fleet which struck the princes of India with awe and terrour. Any particular destination of this armament was never known; for so formidable did Ataide appear, that the tidings of the death and total defeat of Sebastian in Africa produced no war in India. Sebastian was succeeded by an old weak man, his grand uncle, the cardinal Henry. Two years closed Henry's pusillanimous sway. And Philip II of Spain soon after made himself master of the kingdom of Portugal. The brave Ataide, after having humbled the Hydal Can for a breach of treaty, and concluded a peace, fell into a deep melancholy, of which he died in the third year of his regency; so sincerely was he affected with the fall of his country, which he foresaw and foretold [42]. He was succeeded by Hernan Tellez de Menezes, appointed by the five regents who governed Portugal after the demise of Henry. Under Menezes, Mascate was plundered by the Turks. A squadron was fitted out to its relief; but this the commander never attempted. He avoided the Turkish galleys, but plundered and laid in ashes the rich cities of Pesani, Gandel, and Teis, on the coast of the Naytaques, near Cambaya, with whom the Portuguese were not at war. After a government of six months, Menezes was superseded by don Francisco de Mascarenhas, the first viceroy appointed by Philip. His brave defence of Chaul against Nizamaluco entitled him to this distinction; and Philip

[41] In particular, don A. de Noronha, viceroy in 1568, is recorded for publicly branding such conduct as madness. But the motives of these heroes perhaps displayed the truest policy and highest magnanimity. Of this hereafter.

[42] So clear was his heart from the infection of avarice, says Faria, that while others carried immense treasures from Asia to Portugal, he only brought four jars of water, filled from the four great rivers, Tigris, Euphrates, Indus, and Ganges, which were many years preserved as his trophy in his castle of Peniche.

for obvious reasons loaded him with honours, powers, and emoluments, superior to those enjoyed by any former viceroy. He was commissioned to proclaim Philip in India; but Menezes, though he lost his reward, had already performed this confirmation of the usurper's title [43]. But though Mascarene found Philip peacefully acknowledged, all was confusion and weakness in the Portuguese settlements. Turks and Moguls, the zamorim, and other princes, in little squadrons unconnected with each other, spread all the horrours of piratical war from Melinda to Malaca. The Portuguese squadrons were frequently defeated, and their military reputation was in deep decline. Cochin had long been the faithful and valuable ally of Portugal; but the present king, unable to pay the enormous, ungenerous taxes demanded by Mascarene, resigned his revenues to the Portuguese. Twenty thousand Cochinians bound themselves in an oath to die in defence of their ancient rights, and Mascarene was necessitated to suspend his acquirement, an acquirement which was relinquished by don Duarte de Menezes, who, after the usual regency of three years, succeeded him in command. Malaca, invested by the king of Ujantana, was now desolated by famine. About a hundred people died every day, and mothers exchanged their children, that they might not eat their own offspring. The island of Ceylon was also steeped in blood, and the Portuguese there reduced to the deepest distress. But though don Paulo de Lima displayed the ancient valour of his countrymen in the relief of Malaca and the fort of Columbo in Ceylon, the frequent repulses of the Portuguese emboldened the natives to seize every opportunity of hostility.

Under the government of Menezes, a court of chancery, in 1586, was erected at Goa. The citizens, long oppressed by military tyrants, had requested Philip for such jurisdiction. But what chiefly distinguishes this period, is the alteration of the royal monopoly, and the establishment of a Portuguese East India company. The revenues of India, received by the exchequer of Lisbon, amounted to little more than a million of crowns. This, yearly sent to Portugal in Indian goods on board of his majesty's ships, had long been inadequate to the expense of the armaments almost annually equipped in Portugal for the support of the Indian dominion [44]. And Philip, unwilling to continue such preposterous course, farmed the trade of India to a company of merchants, under regulations of the same spirit by which the Spanish trade to Mexico and the Portuguese commerce with Brazil [45] have ever been governed. As in these the sovereign is sole master of the garrisons and territory, which are protected by his fleets and armies, so Philip remained sovereign of Portuguese India. And as the annual flotas which sail to Mexico and Brazil are under severe restrictions, but have the exclusive privilege of trading to those regions, so the merchants who undertook the annual equipment of the Indian squadron, in reward of the revenue stipulated to be paid, received the exclusive privilege of trading with India. An establishment upon other principles would have been inconsistent with every idea of colonization understood, or ever practised, by the courts of Spain and Portugal.

When this new commercial regulation was known in India, it excited the greatest discontent. And all the authority of the viceroy and of the clergy was hardly sufficient to suppress an insurrection at Goa. By its due operation, the lucrative licentiousness of the private traders would have received some bounds; and a check upon their immense profits gave a general alarm. There were stated voyages performed under the direction of the viceroy to collect the king's revenues in the different settlements. And the commanders of these squadrons, acted now, without restraint, as private merchants, and their profits were almost incredible [46]. The idea of preventing the military to become merchants was now no more. And even the viceroys, after Castro and Ataide, became private traders. Besides their yearly salaries now raised to 18,000 crowns, some of them cleared 3, some 5, and some 800,000 ducats, by their own merchandise. And those who bore the title of don were not now ashamed to command their own

[43] By the statutes of Lamego, the magna charta of Portugal, a foreigner cannot hold the Portuguese sceptre.

[44] According to Faria, the royal revenues, about this time, stood thus: The customs of Dio, above 100,000 crowns; those of Goa, 160,000; those of Malaca, 70,000; the tribute of princes and territories, 200,000; which, together with the king's share of the prizes taken by his own ships, amounted to above a million of crowns yearly. It ought to have been two millions, says our historian, but was thus reduced by the frauds of office, and enormous salaries of the commanders of the various forts, which article alone amounted to more than half a million per annum.

[45] The trade to these places is confined to particular ports, annual flotas and register ships, and even the quantity of goods limited. See Account of the European settlements in America, fifth edit. vol. i. p. 234, &c. and 315.

[46] According to Faria's estimate, the voyage from Goa to China and Japan brought the captain 100,000 crowns, for only the freight of the goods of others which he carried; that from Coromandel to Malaca, 20,000; from Goa to Mozambique, 24,000; and the short voyage to Ceylon, 4000. And the profits of their own trade were equally great.

piratical merchant ships. After Castro, some of the first nobility of Portugal were sent to govern India: and their historians bluntly confess, that they went thither to repair their fortunes. But though the new regulations were in the spirit of the Spanish trade to Mexico, nothing like the regularity of the flotas was attained in India. The viceroy still retained the care of fitting out the homeward ships, and the exigencies of India rendered their number and cargoes ever precarious.

Don Duarte de Menezes was succeeded, in 1588, by Emanuel de Souza Coutinno, who in 1590 resigned the sword to Matthias de Albuquerque, who governed about seven years. In 1597, don Francisco de Gama, count de Vidigueyra, and grandson of the discoverer of India, ascended the throne of Portuguese Asia. But not more degenerate were the times, than were his actions and manners from those of his illustrious ancestor. He was the most detested and most insulted ruler [47] that ever governed India; and the meanness of his abilities, the ferocious ungrateful haughtiness of his carriage, and his gross injustice, merited the signal contempt with which he was treated. The peninsula of Pudepatam, between Goa and Cochin, was at this time possessed by a Moorish pirate, named Mahomet Cunnale Marca, who made war alike on the Portuguese and the subjects of the zamorim. The zamorim and the viceroy entered into a treaty to crush this pirate; and the former, with an army of 20,000 men, and don Luis de Gama, brother of the latter, with a fleet of above fifty vessels, laid siege to Marca's peninsula; but both were ignominiously repulsed; and the Portuguese arms under don Luis received the greatest disgrace, says Faria, they had ever, except at Ormuz, experienced in the east. Andreas de Furtado, the only Portuguese officer of this period whose name is recorded with honour, soon after compelled Marca to surrender on condition of life; a condition which was brutally violated by the ungenerous Gama [48]. But what principally marks the fatal regency of this count de Vidigueyra, is the arrival of the first warlike squadron of the Dutch in India, the heralds of the total subversion of the Asiatic empire of Portugal.

For the last twelve years, the Portuguese cruelties in Ceylon had disgraced human nature [49]. And for many years, annual fleets had regularly been sent to the coasts of Malabar and the north of Goa, to make piratical wars, on pretence of the suppression of pirates. Yet, as if all their former cruelties had been too little, a bull of croisade, in 1594, arrived in India, commanding the Portuguese to reduce the infidels to the faith by the force of arms. This was a new pretence to plunder the pagodas, the repositories of the Gentoo treasures, and was procured by the Jesuits, who now governed the springs of action over all Portuguese Asia. Though most adroit in fraudful cabals, that which bears the dishonest name of low cunning was their only talent. Cruel, obstinate, and narrow in their minds, the grossest compulsion, and the horrours of the inquisition [50], were the methods by which they endeavoured to propagate their religion. Avaricious of power and riches, and eager for immediate possession, they thrust themselves into every public transaction. The idle luxurious military easily suffered themselves to be guided by them: and their intrigues and ignorance of the arts of civil and military government embroiled and perplexed every operation. In almost every expedition was a monclaros: and it became usual for the defeated commanders to vindicate themselves by accusing the Jesuits. Imprest with the enumeration of the facts from which the above conclusions are drawn, and having mentioned a dispute amicably adjusted by a Jesuit, "The religious," says the historian Sousa, "are successful agents in the promotion of peace between lay governors; but when they take upon themselves the government of secular affairs, they bring every thing to confusion and ruin."

While the Jesuits thus cankered and confounded every spring of government, the civil and military officers, intent only on their own present gain, beheld the public weakness with the most languid indifference. Almost totally engrossed by their immense American empire, and the politics of Europe, the

[47] For instances of these, see the Notes on the Life of Camoëns.

[48] Vid. Notes on the Life of Camoëns.

[49] Don Hierome de Azevedo commanded in Ceylon during the ruinous wars already mentioned. When he kept the field, and had gained any advantages, he compelled the Indian mothers to cast their children between millstones, and to look on while they were ground in pieces. At other times he ordered his soldiers to hold up the shrieking infants on the tops of their pikes. This he did for a most wretched pun. The natives of Ceylon called themselves Galas, and Gallos is Spanish for a cock. "Hark how these young cocks crow"—is recorded as his usual speech, when the infants screamed on the lance.

[50] So different from Xavier were the Jesuits of this period, that they totally impeded the conversion of the Gentoos, by the most absurd topics of contest. The Gentoos wear a teasera of three threads, (of which see note to book x. line 793) and are bigoted to the use of this their ancient badge. But the Jesuits, who said it was instituted by the devil, obstinately insisted that it should be relinquished by their new converts. The badge and their old religion were therefore continued.

Spanish court paid little attention to Portuguese India. The will of the viceroy, now more arbitrary than ever, was the supreme law; headlong in its operation in his presence, and headlong where his creatures, who shaped it to their pleasure, were armed with power; but it was feeble and misinterpreted, often contemned and disobeyed, in the distant settlements. The commanders on the different stations ceased to act in concert with each other; and their forts were often in a state of blockade, under all the miseries of famine. It was now usual for commanders and whole bands of the Portuguese, without the consent of their superiors, to undertake piratical expeditions, and to enter into the service of the Asiatic princes[81]: and in many actions they fought against each other with the greatest rancour. 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. Unrestrained by regular government, the will of the captain of the fort was absolute, and his protection of the most audacious plunderers was the support of his power. Detested by the natives, at strife among themselves, every circumstance concurred to invite other merchants to India. In this wretched condition of Portuguese Asia, Houtman, a Dutch merchant, while in jail for debt at Lisbon, planned the establishment of his countrymen in the east. The Hollanders paid his debts; he sailed for Asia, and returned with credentials of his promise, which gave birth to the Dutch India company, an institution of deep commercial wisdom; a regular machine, connected in all its operations, and the very reverse of that blind monster, that divided polypus, the Portuguese despotical anarchy.

The spice islands offered the fairest field for the Dutch operations. Here the Portuguese were both weakest and most detested. And at Amboina and Ternate the strangers were gladly received, and conditions of commerce settled[82]. In 1600, Ayres de Saldanna[83] succeeded the weak count de Vidigueyra; but he was equally remiss, and made no head against the Dutch. One of his captains only, the brave Furtado, for five years carried on a petty war with the Hollanders among the Malucos; but though he gained several victories, he was unable to expel the new intruders. And new squadrons from Holland arrived yearly, and carried their hostilities from Mozambique to Bengal and 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 Jesuits omitted no device, no fraud, that might inflame the natives against them; even their republican form of government was represented 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 villanies 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 In-

[81] About 1586, the Turks with powerful armies invaded Persia. Some years after the immense armies of the Mogul invaded the regions beyond the Ganges. And the great kingdoms of Pegu and Siam were alternately laid waste by each other. Portuguese adventurers distinguished themselves in all these wars; nor did they consult the viceroy when they went off with their shipping and soldiers. Two of these renegadoes, by the most detestable treachery and cruelty, rose to the sovereign rank; and, under the regal title, negotiated with the Portuguese viceroys. Of these hereafter.

The history of one of these renegadoes throws light on Portuguese Asia. Iago Soarez de Melo, guilty of murder, fled from the sentence of death in Portugal. He was several years a pirate in the eastern seas. On his promise to accuse don Stephen de Gama, he was pardoned by M. Alonzo de Souza, the new governor. He afterwards, with above 1000 Portuguese, who renounced allegiance to their sovereign, went to Pegu, where he was appointed general of the army, gratified with immense treasure, and entitled the king's brother. In this height of his fortune, he happened to pass by the house of a rich merchant on the day of his daughter's wedding. He entered in with his armed followers, and was invited to partake of the sumptuous entertainment. Struck with the beauty of the young lady, he attempted to take her away by force; the bridegroom and his kindred, who offered resistance, were slaughtered upon the banqueting tables; and the frantic bride fled from the scene of horrour, and ended her life with a cord. Soon after, however, the power of Melo, and the thousand Portuguese who served under him, were not sufficient to protect him from the rage of the people. The king delivered him up, and he was torn in pieces by the multitude.

[82] Nothing but the deep detestation of the Portuguese could have procured such favour; for previous to this, the very first operation of the Dutch had displayed their character. They were detected in offering money of base metal for the cargo of the first ship which they loaded with spicery. Those who offered it were seized by the natives; and the squadron which first arrived at Ternate endeavoured to rescue their countrymen at Java, by force of arms, but were repulsed, and compelled to pay the ransom which the natives demanded.

[83] He renewed the treaty of alliance with the celebrated Echebar, or Akbar, who was now master of all India, as far south as Visapor.

dia 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 such wolves and tigers. About four 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 offered injury to neither Dutch, Portuguese, nor Moorish settlement. Twenty English fleets made the voyage to India without hostility with the natives, 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: for he who fights with the weapons of fraud, whenever he misses his blow, stands naked and weakened, and every wound he receives is mortal.

In 1604 Saldanna the viceroy was succeeded in office and languid negligence by don Alonzo de Castro; and on Castro's death, in the third year of his government, don Frey Alexio de Menezes, archbishop of Goa, was invested with the authority, though not with the title of viceroy. The patronage of the inquisition, and the reduction of the Christians of St. Thomas, of Ethiopia and Armenia[54], to the see of Rome, were the sole employments of this governor. In 1609, the brave Furtado received the sword of command: he was a soldier; and his first ambition was the expulsion of the Hollanders. He called the council and principal citizens of Goa, and urged them to assist him in striking a decisive blow, which might ruin the Dutch. His speech was heard with joy; but when he had filled the port of Goa with a formidable navy, Ruy Lorenzo de Tavora arrived from Portugal, and superseded Furtado, in the third month of his regency. The only circumstance for which Tavora is distinguished is his generous acknowledgment, that he thought it was Furtado who governed, when he saw such warlike preparations, and that he was unhappy to supersede so worthy a governor. And unhappy it was for the Portuguese interest. It was now twelve years since the English, and fifteen since the Dutch, had portended the ruin of the Portuguese; yet, except the armament of Furtado, no regular plan had ever been concerted for the expulsion of such formidable rivals. About this time, captain Best, in a large English ship, and captain Salmon, in a bomb-ketch, lay near Surat; Nunno de Cunha, with four large galliots, and twenty-five frigates, part of the armament prepared by Furtado, was sent by Tavora to take or destroy them. 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[55]. And a few days after,

[54] For the miseries with which the Jesuits distressed Ethiopia, see the note to book x. line 843. Though attended with less bloodshed, their conduct was the same in Armenia. This archbishop was a most zealous patron of this method of conversion. See page 572.

[55] An Indian, who had been aboard the English ships, told Nunno 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. Nunno replied, that "he would not spend a week's provision 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 Nunno 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. Withington, a writer of king James's time, thus mentions the engagement: "Captain Salmon of the bomb-ketch, the Osiander, was like a salamander amid the fire, dancing the hay about the Portuguese, frisking 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 bowed 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 the Histoire Philosophique, &c. seems to decry the policy of the first captains, who made themselves masters of no port, but bought their cargoes of the native merchants. But he ought to have owned that the hostilities of the Turks, and Moguls, and the treachery of the latter in expelling the English factors, rendered retribution just.

Thomas Best, in a harder conflict, was again victorious. Don Hieronæ de Azevedo, whose cruelties in Ceylon disgraced the name of man, in 1612 succeeded Tavora in the viceroyship of India. In every view of importance, the history of Portuguese Asia terminates with his government. And the occurrences of his regency are strongly characteristic, not of a falling, but of a fallen empire.

The most fearless insolence and treachery were now the characteristics of the Portuguese commanders on every station. Pereyra, captain of the fort of Mombassa, treacherously bribed the Cafres to murder the king, whose head he sent as a trophy to the viceroy Azevedo. The insolence of don Luis de Gama brought the hostilities of the Turks and Persians upon Ormuz and the adjoining territories. In Ceylon the common soldiers robbed the natives at pleasure, and the commanders added rapes and adulteries; "till the people," says Faria, "sought refuge among the wild beasts of the mountains, to shun the more brutal outrage of men." Near Surat, a Portuguese captain, in breach of the peace, took a rich ship from Mecca, the property of the Mogul, and carried her in triumph into the harbour of Goa. Restitution was refused, and the Mogul, whose dominion was now extended from the kingdom of Delhi to the confines of Calicut, detained all the Portuguese ships in his harbours; and, together with his tributary the king of Decan, laid siege to Damam, Chaul, and Baçaim, and desolated the country around. Even the unwarlike Chinese were exasperated, and the humble submission of the Portuguese to new and severe laws preserved their continuance at Macao. In 1606, a Dutch fleet had blocked up the mouth of the Tagus, and prevented the annual supplies to India; and their power was now greatly increased in the east. The natives, in hatred of the Portuguese, in every part favoured them: the kings of Achem and Ternate often assisted them with powerful armies against Malaca and the Malucos, and the Hollanders were now frequently victorious. While the eastern world was thus in arms against the Portuguese, insurrections among themselves raged in every settlement. While the goldsmiths and mercers of Goa had a bloody engagement, the peace-officers robbed the shops of both parties. An armament of seven ships and 250 soldiers was found necessary to suppress the murderous tumults at Meliapor. In the tumults of Chaul, Beçaim, Trapor, and Tana, some of the Portuguese were almost daily slaughtered by each other; and while they were murdering one another in Ceylon, the natives issued from the forests and mountains, and reduced them to the greatest extremity. Iago Simoens, for services rendered to the emperor of Monomotapa, had received a grant of all the mines of that country in favour of the king of Portugal, and had built some forts on the river Zambeze. To ensure his success, he solicited a reinforcement from the viceroy, which was sent under the command of Fonseca Pinto, a lawyer. But this reinforcement turned their arms against Simoens, and brought him and his settlement to utter ruin. Fonseca, who was sent as judge to Mozambique, enriched himself by the most flagitious acts of injustice and tyranny [58], an example which was followed by his successors, who, without the authority of Azevedo, condemned an officer to the gibbet, and alternately imprisoned each other.

But with all the sang froid of a materialist, 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, as a greater shuffler 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 struck lord Shirley, the sophi's ambassador, in the presence of James, and each charged the other with imposture. 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.

[58] He even sold the provisions, implements, and mining tools which he carried to Simoens, whom he accused to the emperor as a rebel against the viceroy, and urged the emperor to kill him. He seized the lands of Simoens, and sold his slaves and effects. He deposed Ruy de Melo, governor of Mozambique, and also seized his estate, which he appropriated to himself. Melo was acquitted at Goa. Iago de

By concessions and presents the viceroy had now purchased peace with the Mogul, who, influenced by the arts of the Jesuit Pereyro, interdicted commerce with the English and Dutch; and the Portuguese merchant ships which were detained in his harbours were released. During the last thirty years, the strength and commerce of the Turks, had considerably increased on the coasts of Arabia[57]. Their trade with the ports of the Mogul was great, and considerable quantities of the produce of India were now again sent to Europe by Egypt and Constantinople. The subjects of the Mogul refused commerce with the English, and the Turks had offered hostilities to sir Henry Middleton in the Red Sea. Middleton therefore appealed to the force of arms; but he did not act as a pirate. He seized some Mogul vessels near Arden, but for the Indian traffic which he took from them, he gave them full value in English goods, according to the estimation of the east, professing that he only desired an equitable commerce. Fearful of such rivals, Azevedo fitted out a fleet of eight ships, some of 8, some of 6, 5, and 400 tons, besides 60 frigates, and some fly boats. But after a faint attack, Azevedo withdrew; and though often braved by the English, reinforced only with four vessels, to the deeper astonishment of India, he declined the combat, and suffered the enemy, unmolested, to proceed homeward with loaded ships.

Nor was Miranda, the admiral of the seas of Malaca, more prosperous. After a hard engagement with a great fleet of Achem, he was totally defeated[58] by a Dutch squadron of eight vessels. The trade with China was now annually interrupted by the Dutch, who, not satisfied with the route by the Cape of Good Hope, had now passed the straits of Magellan, and opened a trade with Japan[59]. A Portuguese adventurer, named Sebastian Gonsalez Tibao[60], who, by betraying the Indian princes who favoured him, established himself in Sundava, was there proclaimed king, and became an independent monarch. Conscious that the king of Arracam, his late ally, whom he had treacherously deserted when invaded by the Mogul, would meditate revenge, he sent an embassy to Azevedo, to whom he offered alliance, and proposed a war with the king of Arracam. Allured by Tibao's report of the immense treasures of that prince, Azevedo, contrary, says Faria, to all laws, human and divine, concluded the desired treaty with the renegado, and invaded Arracam. But here also the Portuguese arms were disgraced, and Tibao, deprived of every foot of territory, was reduced to his original meanness. Even more unfortunate was Philip de Brito e Nicote. By the most ungrateful treachery to the king of Tangu and other Indian princes, he also had raised himself to the sovereign power, had been proclaimed king of Pegu, and his name was the terrour of Siam and the neighbouring regions. The king of Ava, in revenge of his vassal the king of Tangu, with an army of 120,000 men, and a fleet of 400 vessels, laid siege to Brito in his strong fort of Siriam. Azevedo, in hope that he might prove an auspicious ally, sent an armament of five galliots to the support of Brito; but Brito, ere its arrival, was overpowered, after a brave defence[61]. His wife and soldiers were maimed and sent into slavery; and he himself and his male kindred were impaled on the ramparts of his garrison.

Such were now the civil insurrections, such the wars of the Portuguese[62]; the spirit of Azevedo's trea-

Cunha, another lawyer, was appointed to authority equal with Fonseca, with command to restore Melo. When they arrived, they imprisoned Fonseca, but an officer named Guerra relieved him, and imprisoned Cunha. And he, as Fonseca had done, bribed his keepers, and escaped to Mombassa, where Melo then was. Melo and Cunha now sailed for Mozambique, and Fonseca with immense wealth fled to Goa; but Guerra, who remained, was tried by Cunha, and executed.

[57] By this increase, the customs of Ormuz and Mascate were greatly reduced. Vid. Faria, sub ann. 1616.

[58] So completely was he defeated, that he escaped to shore with only six men.

[59] This country was discovered by the Portuguese, who opened a trade with it, about 1543.

[60] This adventurer went to India a private soldier. He deserted from the service, and became a seller of salt in Bengal. His profits increased, till he found himself master of a squadron of ten vessels, with which he commenced piratical wars; and having assumed regal power, he extended his territories, and made treaties with the neighbouring princes. The king of Arracam, threatened with an invasion from the Mogul, entered into a league with Tibao. But, bribed by the Mogul, he suffered his army to pass him; and while the Moguls plundered one part of the rich kingdom of Arracam, he plundered the cities of the other side.

[61] Brito had no powder to repel the enemy, an officer whom he had sent with money to purchase that article having never returned. He was impaled with his face to his house, and lived two days, says Faria, in that dreadful condition.

[62] Though under the same monarch, the Spanish governor of the Philippine isles sent a party of men, in 1602, who, in defiance of the remonstrances and threats of the Portuguese commander, built a fort at the port of Pinal. Some years after, however, the increase of the Dutch power inclined the governor of Manilla to solicit the assistance of Azevedo, to expel the Dutch from the Maluccs. But the viceroy could only afford an armament which consisted chiefly of transported felons. And these wholly deserted ere they came to action. The admiral having, contrary to his orders, touched at Malaca, gave them the final opportunity.

ties are even more characteristic. Won by Middleton's gallant behaviour, and regardless of the viceroy's resentment, the Mogul, contrary to the late treaty, not only admitted the English to free commerce with his subjects, but the English admiral was entertained, by his order, with all the splendour of eastern pomp. The zamorim, the king of Cochin, and the king of the little island of Paru, prepared for hostilities; Azevedo sent rich presents, and begged for peace: the presents were accepted, but the most contemptuous pretences excused delay, and the conditions were never settled. An embassy, with rich presents, was sent to Abas Xa, king of Persia, who meditated the conquest of Ormuz; but this was also treated with scorn; and the Persians, assisted by the English, soon after wrested Ormuz and its territory from the Portuguese. Idle, undetermined treaties, were renewed with the Mogul, and transacted with the king of Siam, who would not consent to expel the English from his harbours. The reasons he urged speak the deepest contempt: he excused the hostilities of the queen of Patana, his vassal, by saying she was mad; and he liked the English, he said, because they were useful to him, and showed him great respect. The prince of Pandar, a kingdom of Ceylon, though the Portuguese had lately murdered an ambassador from his neighbour the king of Candea, sent proposals of peace and offered tribute to the viceroy; but finding the Portuguese less formidable than he had esteemed, he recanted; and Azevedo concluded the treaty, on condition of only one half of the tribute first proposed. But the most contemptuous treatment is yet unmentioned. The king of Ava, alarmed at the treaty with Siam, and apprehensive of revenge for the death of Brito, sent an embassy to the viceroy. Azevedo accepted his proposals, and Martinho de Costa Falcam, his ambassador, went to ratify the treaty at the court of Ava. But the monarch's fears, and the reputation of the Portuguese valour, were now no more. After many days spent by Falcam in vain solicitations for an audience, the hour of midnight was at last appointed. In the dark he was brought to an apartment, and in the dark also was ordered to deliver his embassy, for the king, they said, was there, and listened. He delivered it, and received no answer. Yet though this haughty silence told him he had been talking to the walls, Falcam still meanly solicited to see the sovereign; and the former refined contempt was renewed. A day, and a place in the street were named, where Falcam might see his majesty as he rode out on his elephant. The day came, but the king never deigned to turn his eye to the place where the ambassador stood. And Falcam, thus loaded with the most contemptuous disgrace, returned to Goa.

On a voyage to Dio, Azevedo fell in with four English vessels. He held a council of war, and it was resolved not to fight, because the state of India, should victory declare against them, could not sustain the loss of the large galleon in which the admiral sailed. Such was the poverty of the Portuguese custom-houses in the east; and the exchequer of Lisbon received an equally small and precarious revenue from the company of merchants who were the proprietors of the goods brought to Portugal. In some of the last fifteen years, not a Portuguese ship sailed from India to Europe; and half of those which ventured out, were either taken by enemies, or, having sailed late in the season, were destroyed by tempest.

While thus degraded and broken down, the Spanish court completed the ruin of the Portuguese eastern empire. The expense of the supplies, lately sent against the Dutch and English, far exceeded the taxes of the company, reaped by Spain; and Azevedo 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 few circumstances more, for the history of the fall of the Portuguese empire in Asia is here essentially complete.

While the Indian state was so poor, that it could not afford to risk the loss of a single galleon, Azevedo the viceroy was immensely rich. As he complained one day of the great losses sustained by his trading vessels, near the latter part of his reign, one of his officers told him he was still worth 4 or 500,000 ducats. To this he replied, "I am still worth more than that sum in cattle only."

Though the ministry of Spain seemed to have abandoned India, they beheld the success of the Dutch with great resentment. Because he had not defeated the Dutch and English, Azevedo was recalled, was stripped of his riches, and condemned to a dungeon, in which[a] he ended his life, and in which he was maintained by the Jesuits, who afterwards honourably buried him: a debt, no doubt, of gratitude for the services which he had rendered that society in India.

Even deeper declension followed the reign of Azevedo. The numerous Portuguese forts, almost every where stripped of territory, had been long suffered to fall into decay; for their commanders were only intent on their own sudden aggrandisement. Shipwrecks and dreadful tempests added to the miseries of the

[a] To the instances of Azevedo's cruelties already mentioned, let another be added. He used to amuse himself and his soldiers, by throwing his prisoners over the bridge of Malvana, to see the crocodiles devour them. "The crocodiles," says Faria, "were so used to this food, that they would lift their heads above water and crowd to the place, at the sight of the victims."

Portuguese: and the most remarkable events of the government of John count de Redondo, who in 1617 superseded Azevedo, are the solemn fasts held at Goa. In some of these, the citizens lay day and night on the floors of the churches, imploring the divine mercy, in the deepest and most awful silence, while not a sound was to be heard in the mournful streets.

Though Azevedo was punished for not defeating the Dutch and English, so little regard did Spain pay to India, that Hernan de Albuquerque, who after Redondo governed for three years, never received one letter from the court of his sovereign. In 1622, don Francisco de Gama sailed from Lisbon with four ships, and the commission of viceroy. On his voyage, the three vessels which attended, contemptuously left him; and to save himself from a Dutch squadron, he burned his own ship on the coast of Mozambique, from whence, in a galliot, he proceeded to India. After a regency of five years, in which he neither executed nor planned one action of the smallest consequence, he resigned the government to don Luis de Brito, the bishop of Cochin. Malaca, again besieged by the king of Achem, was again reduced to the deepest distress; but the bishop would fit out no armament to its relief, jealous, it was thought, lest the commander of it should be appointed viceroy. On the bishop's death, which happened after his having benumbed every business of state for near two years, the writs of succession were opened, and two governors were found named, one for the civil, the other for the military department. But so vague were the terms of expression, that two gentlemen of different names claimed the sword of command. The dispute was submitted to the council of Goa, and Alvarez Botello was declared governor. By a vigorous effort he relieved Malaca; but he fell soon afterwards in an engagement where the Hollanders were victorious; and Malaca was again invested by the neighbouring princes, assisted by a squadron of twelve Dutch ships. Mozambique, Ceylon, various forts of the Moluccas and on every coast of India, were alternately lost and recovered, were again repeatedly attacked by the enemy, and at last finally abandoned by the Portuguese. In 1629, under the viceroyalty of the count de Linarez, "our European enemies," says Faria, "roved over the seas without opposition, took away many of our ships and ruined our trade. They also every where incensed the Indian princes against us: for we had no agents at any of their courts to vindicate our cause." Yet, deep as such declension appears, Linarez, on his return to Europe, presented the king of Spain with a hat-band, and the queen with a pair of pendants, a gift valued at 100,000 crowns. In 1639, while another archbishop of Goa was governor, a squadron of nine Dutch vessels rode in triumph in the river of Goa, and burnt three galleons in the harbour, without opposition; "for the fort," says Faria, "was destitute both of ammunition and men." In 1640, the kingdom of Portugal, by one of the noblest efforts upon record, threw off the yoke of Spain; and the Portuguese in India acknowledged the duke of Braganza as their sovereign. And in 1642, a viceroy was sent to India by John IV. But though the new monarch paid attention to India, and though the English, during their civil wars, abandoned the commerce of the east, the Dutch were now so formidable, and their operations so well connected and continued, that every exertion to recover the dominion of India was fruitless and lost. Soon after the civil wars, the English arose to more power and consequence, than even the Dutch in Asia; and many of the Portuguese merchants became their agents and naval carriers. Towards the end of the seventeenth century, the court of Lisbon turned its attention to the Brazils, and neglected India. A succession of viceroys was however continued; but of all their numerous settlements on every coast of the eastern world, the ports of Goa and Dio in India, and the isle of Macao in the bay of Canton, only remained in the possession of the Portuguese. And, according to the information procured by the abbé Raynal, (who published his Histoire Philosophique, &c. about ten years ago,) two small vessels, often Chinese, once in the year carry some porcelain to Goa and Dio: but these must touch at Surat and other ports to complete their return of silks and spicery. And one ship, with a poor cargo, partly furnished by the two sloops of Macao, and partly purchased from the English, sails once in the year from Goa to 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!

But Dio and Goa are unrivalled stations; and the island of Macao, on the coast of China, is a possession of the utmost value, a possession which might be envied by the first power of Europe. Would the Portuguese abolish the inquisition of Goa, says Raynal, and open their ports upon liberal principles, the Portuguese flag might again flow triumphant over the eastern ocean. But though this flourish cannot be realised, while the power of the British and Dutch continue, there is a wide and favourable field open for the increase of the Portuguese Indian commerce; and a beginning that promises future importance has already taken place. In 1773, the late king of Portugal new-modelled the government of his Asiatic settlements. By the new[66] laws the power of the governor is altered, and the

[66] For which see the Noticias, in the Appendix.

title of viceroy is changed to that of captain-general. The inquisition of Goa, formerly more dreadful in its cruelties than even that of Portugal, is utterly abolished; and about six or seven vessels are now annually cleared from Lisbon for India; but the commerce of these fleets is a royal monopoly, and regulated in the same spirit by which the trade to Brazil is now, and has always been, conducted and governed.

The histories of wars, from the earliest times, are much alike; the names of the countries ravaged, 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 negotiations 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 errours 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 great principles upon which that stupendous commonwealth the British East India company must exist or fall. The commerce of India is of most essential value to the British nation. By the Indian goods distributed over Europe, the essential balance of trade is preserved in our favour. But whether the Indian commerce should be conducted by an exclusive company, or laid open to every adventurer, is the question of the day, a question of the very first importance to the British empire. And to this question the example of the Portuguese is of the first consequence. Both in the senate, and in the works of some political writers, this example has been appealed to; an exact knowledge of the commercial principles of Portuguese Asia is therefore highly necessary; particularly, if the most gross misrepresentations of it have already been given, with the professed view of influencing the legislature. And an authenticated state of the principles of the Portuguese Asiatic commerce, were it only to guard us against the visionary and dangerous schemes of theory, cannot but be of some utility to that nation which now commands the commerce of India.

Throughout the foregoing history of Portuguese Asia, the characteristics and principles of the Portuguese military and commercial government have been stated and authenticated. But a retrospect will be necessary, to bring the Portuguese example decisively home; and several facts, as for their proper place, have been hitherto reserved for the following

RECAPITULATION.

When Gama arrived in India, the Moors, great masters of the arts of traffic, were the lords of the eastern seas. They had settlements on every convenient station, from Sofala to China; and, though under different governments, were in reality one great commonwealth. They clearly foresaw what injury their trade would sustain, were Europeans to become acquainted with the Asiatic seas. They exerted every fraudful art, that not one man of Gama's fleet might return to Europe. And when these arts were defeated, with the most determined zeal, they commenced hostilities [68].

Garrisons and warlike fleets were now absolutely necessary to the existence of a naval commerce between Europe and Asia. And on the return of Gama, Cabral was sent with an armed fleet of thirteen vessels. His commission was to make alliances, to establish forts and factories, and to repel hostilities. His commission he executed, and the commanders who succeeded him greatly extended the Portuguese settlements, which were reduced by Albuquerque into a regular plan of empire.

To increase the population and riches, and thence the strength of the mother country, by the exportation of her domestic manufactures, raised from her domestic staples, is the great and only real advantage of foreign settlement. But this was not understood by the Portuguese. To raise a revenue for

[68] To the above let it be added, that the soldan of Egypt, and the Grand Turk, for near a century, continued their strenuous efforts for the utter expulsion of the Portuguese.

the king his master, was the idea of Albuquerque. And the stupendous fabric which he raised does his genius immortal honour: for it must be remembered, that even had he understood the domestic advantages of a free trade, it was not in his power to open it. The king of Portugal was sole merchant, every factory was his, and the traffic between Portugal and India was, in the strictest sense, a regal monopoly. There was a species of free trade indeed allowed in the eastern seas; but from this the mother country received no benefit; and the principles upon which it existed, naturally produced the fall of the Portuguese eastern empire. We need not repeat its piratical anarchy. The greatest and most accomplished of the Portuguese governors saw its fatal tendency, and every method was attempted to restrict and render it infamous.

The tribute of the vassal princes, the territorial levies, and the duties of the various custom-houses, produced under some governors a considerable revenue. But how miserably obvious is this system to every abuse! The foregoing history demonstrates how, period after period, it fell into deeper and deeper disorder. The yearly salary of Almeyda, the first viceroy, was only 15,000 rials, (i. e. 1041*l.* 13*s.* 1½*d.* sterling;) about fourscore or a hundred years after, the salary and profits of three years viceroyalty amounted to about one million and a half of ducats. Faria y Sousa has given, from the archives of Portugal, an exact list of all the ships cleared from Portugal for India, from the discovery of Gama to the year 1640[66]. During the first fifty years, which was the most flourishing period of Portuguese Asia, only nine or ten vessels sailed yearly from Portugal to India. And from that period to the end of the Spanish usurpation, only one or two vessels carried the annual traffic of India to Portugal.

Besides the misconduct which naturally results from that worst of all monopolies, a regal one, many were the other circumstances which included the future ruin of the Portuguese.

The vague terms of the viceroy's commission (for which see the Appendix) and his arbitrary power, from which there was no appeal to any body of laws of supreme authority, naturally produced the unjust wars, the insolence, cruelty, and fearless rapine of the Portuguese governors and their dependent officers.

From every circumstance it appears, that the courts of Lisbon and Madrid never considered the commerce of India as an object worthy of their attention. Sovereignty and revenue were the advantages they expected, and endeavoured to find in the east.

Every historian of Portuguese Asia complains of the sudden recalls of the viceroys; and the stated term of three years viceroyalty is most apparently absurd and ruinous. Every historian of these transactions mentions it as the general practice, that the new viceroy stopped and reversed every preparation and plan of his predecessor.

Though no vessels but those of his majesty carried the commodities of India to Europe, a contraband traffic of the officers and sailors had been, most assuredly, of the earliest commencement. By a statute passed in 1687, it appears that the viceroys had formerly obtained the privilege for themselves, and of granting licenses to others, to carry certain articles and quantities of their own private traffic, on board of his majesty's vessels to Portugal. When this grant commenced, we have not been able to determine. Certain it is, however, that it must have been mentioned, had it been in existence when Castro, Ataide, and other viceroys exerted the most strenuous efforts to discourage the mercantile pursuits of the native Portuguese. Were we allowed to venture a conjecture, we would place this exclusive grant to the viceroy and his creatures in the reign of John IV. who made a faint and vain endeavour to recover the dominion of India. And it outrages probability to suppose it older than the extraordinary but uncertified emoluments recorded as given by Philip II. to the viceroys of India. Whenever it commenced, however, in 1687 the legal right to this private traffic was abolished; but the contraband practice, which certainly began with the first voyage of Cabral, was as certainly continued.

The exclusive company of merchants, who in 1587 contracted to fit out the Indian fleets, appear to

[66] From the commencement of the Indian commerce under Cabral, in 1500, to the death of the great Castro, in 1548, 494 ships sailed from Lisbon for India, of which 41 were lost on the voyage. On an average, therefore, about 19 ships in each two years arrived in India. As many of these were war ships, sent to continue in the east, we cannot suppose that, making allowance for shipwrecks, more than five returned annually to Portugal. From 1548 to the accession of Philip, 173 sailed from Lisbon for India, of which 17 were lost. The yearly average is therefore near five ships sent, and the return, as above proportioned, about three. During 57 years under the crown of Spain, only 285 sailed for India, whereof only 236 arrived. Some years not one ship sailed, either from Lisbon to India, or from India to Lisbon. At this period, say all our authors, the ships were mostly overloaded, and sailed at improper seasons, by which means many were lost, and many were taken by the Dutch and English. And thus, upon an average, at least, from about the year 1616, not more than three vessels in each two years arrived at Lisbon.

have had little influence in the affairs of India. The power of the viceroy and the piratical anarchy were still predominant. While only one or two sailed annually for Portugal, the sloops and other vessels employed in the trade of the private adventurers amounted to a considerable number. Captain Best met a trading fleet of 240 Portuguese vessels on the coast of Cambaya: and when the Mogul declared war against the Portuguese, in 1617, the number of their vessels detained in his harbours (Vid. Far. sub. an.) was 900. Yet were the adventurers in this trade liable to every inconvenience usually suffered by smugglers and freebooters. It is true they carried the commodities of Ethiopia and the coasts around Ormuz, to Malaca and China; and in return distributed the products of the eastern over the western shores of the Indian ocean. But they had no certain protection of their property, and they were surrounded with monopolies. The viceroys and commanders of forts had monopolies of their own in every station between Ethiopia and China. And it is easy to conceive how their creatures must have lorded it over all those who dared to interfere with their profits. To render a foreign trade prosperous, the honest merchant must have every possible encouragement. It is easy to acquire a handsome independence in an honourable channel, the sons of men of property and of connexions will adventure; and where capital stock and real abilities are best rewarded, commerce must greatly increase. If on the other hand, the merchant is fettered with 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.

Each of the fleets which sailed annually from Lisbon to India, carried out, upon an average, about 3000 men. Very few of these ever returned to settle in Portugal. They married in the east, and became one people with the descendants of those Portuguese, who, at various periods, had settled and married with the natives, in the numerous colonies of Portuguese Asia. Their great commonwealth, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, was a mere anarchy, and its revenue of so little value to the mother country, that Philip III. abandoned India in the most extraordinary manner: he made an edict, that every office under the government should be sold by public sale, an edict that merit should be neglected, and that only the most worthless and rapacious should be intrusted with the affairs of state.

THE APPLICATION

Of the example of Portuguese Asia cannot be better enforced than by an examination of the popular arguments relative to the British commerce with India. A recent writer on the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations, has stood forth as the philosophical champion for the abolition of the monopoly of the English united East India company. His arguments may be reduced to these four positions.

I. Exclusive companies are in every respect pernicious.

II. In the Portuguese commerce with India, for more than a century there was no exclusive company; such monopoly is therefore unnecessary for the support of the Indian commerce.

III. Under a free trade, factors will settle in India of their own accord, and every commercial accommodation of selling and purchasing cargo will naturally follow.

IV. Where forts and garrisons are absolutely necessary, these will be best under the immediate protection of the sovereign, under whose care his native subjects will find themselves perfectly safe and easy.

The fable of Procrustes, and his iron bed, was perhaps designed by the ancients to signify a system builder and his system. The reader will soon be enabled to form his own judgment on the justice of this explanation.

The first position is thus maintained by our author: "Of all the expedients that can well be contrived to stunt the natural growth of a new colony, that of an exclusive company is undoubtedly the most effectual." Vol. ii. p. 171.

Having distinguished monopolies into two kinds, our author thus concludes his chapter: "Such exclusive companies, therefore, are nuisances in every respect, always more or less inconvenient to the countries in which they are established, and destructive to those which have the misfortune to fall under their government." Vol. ii. p. 256.

Thus, and throughout our author's whole work, monopolies are represented as always, every where, and in every respect pernicious. Yet when some historical facts, and the manners of nations, are put in the other balance, the scale, loaded with these assertions, will instantly fly up and kick the beam.

However some men may declaim, there was a time when the founding of abbeys and monasteries was the most political method by which the monarchs of Europe could introduce civilization among their

barbarous subjects. And, however ill adapted to the present times, that old monopoly, the institution of corporations, was at one period highly political, and absolutely necessary to support infant commerce against the surrounding oppressions and uncommercial spirit of the feudal system. The commerce of the Hans Towns began not only with incorporated companies, but also with a general stipulated league of these companies; for such union was absolutely necessary to protect the infancy of their naval commercial intercourse against the numerous bands of savage pirates, who at that time infested the Baltic, the Danish, and the German seas.

When prince Henry of Portugal, at his own private expense, had discovered Madeira, his brother, king Edward, made him proprietor of that island. Henry divided it into districts, which he gave to some of his captains, who in return paid him a revenue. When the same prince had discovered the coast of Guinea, the united efforts of a company appeared to him as the most vigorous method of prosecuting his designs. Under a charter from him, and for which they paid him a revenue, several of his captains erected a commercial company at Lagos, and the vigour of their pursuits answered the expectations of Henry. In the third year of their establishment, fourteen ships sailed from that port upon trade and further discovery; and fifteen were the same year fitted out from Madeira. In 1471, Alonzo V, engrossed by domestic quarrels, and the affairs of Morocco, granted Fernando Gomez a monopoly of the Guinea trade, for the small sum of 500 ducats annually, but upon condition that during the first five years he should extend his discoveries 500 leagues further along the sea coast. This condition highly vindicates the wisdom of this monopoly; as the numerous fleets of Lagos and Madeira justify Henry. Discovery was a most unpopular measure, and neither the attention of Alonzo, nor the finances of the state, could afford to fit out squadrons on expeditions of hope. Even in 1497, two of the four ships which were sent to discover India, were purchased from subjects; (see Appendix;) so unable were the royal dock-yards of Portugal to fit out fleets for discovery.

Without the regular connexion of a company, under the sanction of legislative authority, the Dutch might have as rationally attempted to establish a commerce with the Moon as with India. The natives, it is true, received at first, both the Dutch and the English with joy. But the Portuguese were infinitely too strong for all the unconnected attempts of all the private merchants of Europe, and it was their interest to prevent intruders. Nor did the good-will of the natives arise from any other cause than their deep hatred of the Portuguese. It was the interest of the Moors, Egyptians, and Turks, that no Europeans should navigate the eastern seas; and had the Dutch and English been the first who discovered India, they must have encountered the whole force of the east, and all the rage of the Moors.

A sovereign who desires to open a commerce with a distant country, under the circumstances of India, has only this alternative: he must either give exclusive privileges to a company, or he must put his exchequer to the enormous expense of forts and garrisons, and warlike fleets year after year, to awe the hostile natives. In this last supposition, the trade with such countries may be either reserved as a monopoly of the crown, or laid open and free to all the subjects. Exclusive companies were chosen by the Dutch and English, in their prosecution of the commerce of India. And a crown monopoly was adopted by the kings of Portugal. But no sovereign was ever so deep a theorist as to take upon himself the enormous and uncertain expense of conquering and bridling distant and warlike nations, in order that, after enriching themselves with the commerce of such countries, his subjects might be better enabled to pay what future taxes he might think proper to impose upon them.

The second position ascribed to our author is deduced from these sentences: "The Portuguese carried on the trade both to Africa and the East Indies, without any exclusive companies." Vol. ii. p. 248.

"Except in Portugal, and within these few years in France, the trade to the East Indies has, in every European country, been subjected to an exclusive company." Vol. ii. p. 242.

"That such companies are not in general necessary for carrying on the East India trade, is sufficiently demonstrated by the experience of the Portuguese, who enjoyed almost the whole of it for more than a century together, without any exclusive company." Vol. ii. p. 246.

In political philosophy an exclusive company and exclusive trade are exactly the same. Our author himself gives the very worst of characters of a regal monopoly; but it seems to have been utterly unknown to him, that such ever was, and is, the Portuguese commerce between Europe and India; utterly unknown to him, that the Portuguese free trade in the Indian seas was a disgrace to commerce, was ruinous in every principle, was esteemed infamous, only fit for felons, in the days of the Portuguese prosperity; and, in order to its suppression, was taxed greatly beyond the trade carried on by the na-

tives. The continuance or abolition of the East India company is a matter of the first importance. If either method be adopted upon false principles, the consequences will be severely felt. We shall therefore claim some merit in holding up a conspicuous example to future philosophers, how imprudent it is to trust to the self-sufficiency of speculation, when, on the most important topics, they appeal to historical facts as a sufficient demonstration of the ease and safety of their theoretical schemes.

The third position ascribed to our author will be found at great length in his fourth book. In Sweden and Denmark he owns that the encouragement of a monopoly was necessary to their trade with India. But where monopolies are necessary, such countries, he says, ought not to trade directly to the East Indies. He takes it for granted, that the smallness of the national capital stock, which cannot be spared in the slow returns of so distant a trade, produces this necessity. And it were better, he adds, for such countries to buy their Indian goods "somewhat dearer" from other nations. But when a nation is rich enough to trade with India, a free commerce, according to our author, would naturally spring up in the most beautiful order. He states the objection of the impossibility of a private merchant's capital being able to support factors and agents in the different ports of India; to which he thus replies, (vol. ii. p. 246.) "There is no great branch of trade in which the capital of any one private merchant is sufficient for carrying on all the subordinate branches, which must be carried on in order to carry on the principal branch. But when a nation is ripe for any great branch of trade, some merchants naturally turn their capitals towards the principal, and some towards the subordinate branches of it..... If a nation therefore is ripe for the East India trade, a certain portion of its capital will naturally divide itself among all the different branches of that trade. Some of its merchants will find it for their interest to reside in the East Indies, and employ their capitals there in providing goods for the ships which are to be sent out by other merchants, who reside in Europe."

When this scheme of commerce with India cannot be effected, it is a proof, according to our author (p. 247.) that such country, at that particular time, was not ripe for that trade; and had better buy their Indian goods, "even at a higher price," from other nations. But had the Portuguese, Dutch, and English, waited for such theoretical ripeness, they had never yet set one foot in India.

In the most favourable view of such establishment of commerce with the great world of Asia, its perfection cannot spring up in a few years, and would be always precarious. When the Moors were in force, such peaceful establishments were impossible, for they knew their present interest too well to listen to the promises of European speculation; and the present character of the Indian nations gives no prophecy when forts and garrisons will become unnecessary to the European residents in India. Our author seems aware of this, in the sentence which immediately follows the last cited, and which vindicates the fourth position into which we have divided his argument.

But it will be here necessary to give a short analysis of the great principles of our author's system.

The wealth of nations, he says, arises from labour; the value of which, he often tells us, is only to be fixed by the higgling of the market. That share of land rent which is claimed by the sovereign, is his favourite source of revenue. And were every subject allowed a free trade too, the whole nation would be enriched, and this source of revenue, of consequence, greatly enlarged. But monopolies of all kinds, by stunting the use of stock and the consequent increase of riches, stunt the sources of revenue. Monopolies are therefore every where and in every respect prejudicial to sovereign and people. As the sovereign is chiefly interested in the flourishing state of the land-rent revenue, it is most likely to flourish under his care. And over and above, as the population of foreign colonies must enlarge the above natural source of revenue, for all other sources are round about; so the population of foreign colonies is the chief end of colonisation.

From this analysis, which challenges the severest test, the proposition to put the forts and territory of British India into the hands of the sovereign, naturally follows. We shall give it in our author's own words:

"The settlements," says he, "which different European nations have obtained in the East Indies, if they were taken from the exclusive companies to which they at present belong, and put under the immediate protection of the sovereign, would render this residence" (i. e. of the voluntary unconnected adventurers before mentioned) "both safe and easy, at least to the merchants of the particular nations to whom those settlements belong."

But ere we examine this bold proposition, our author's great objections against the Dutch and English East India companies require our previous attention. "These," says our author, "though possessed of many considerable settlements, both upon the coast of Africa and in the East Indies, have not yet established in either of those countries such numerous and thriving colonies as those in the islands

and continent of America. (p. 247.) .... In the spice islands, the Dutch burn all the spicery which a plentiful season produces, beyond what they expect to dispose of in Europe with such a profit as they think sufficient. ....They have reduced the population of several of the Moluccas. Under the government even of the Portuguese, however, those islands are said to have been tolerably well inhabited. The English company have not yet had time to establish in Bengal so perfectly destructive a system. The plan of their government, however, has had exactly the same tendency. It has not been uncommon, I am well assured, for the chief, that is the first clerk of a factory, to order a peasant to plough up a rich field of poppies, and sow it with rice or some other grain. The pretence was to prevent a scarcity of provisions; but the real reason to give the chief an opportunity of selling at a better price a large quantity of opium, which he happened then to have upon hand. Upon other occasions the order has been reversed, and a rich field of rice or other grain has been ploughed up, in order to make room for a plantation of poppies." p. 250. And thus, as our author expresses it, p. 253, "monopolies stunt the natural growth of some parts, at least, of the surplus produce of the country, to what is barely sufficient for answering the demand of the company."

Our author's abhorrence of commercial pursuits, and his keen predilection for land-rent revenue, are strongly marked in the following sentence: "A company of merchants are, it seems, incapable of considering themselves as sovereigns, even after they have become such. Trade, or buying in order to sell again, they still consider as their principal business, and, by a strange absurdity, regard the character of the sovereign as but an appendix to that of the merchant, as something which ought to be made subservient to it, or by means of which they may be enabled to buy cheaper in India, and thereby to sell with a better profit in Europe. They endeavour for this purpose to keep out, as much as possible, all competitors.... Their mercantile habits draw them in this manner, almost necessarily, though perhaps insensibly, to prefer, upon all ordinary occasions, the little and transitory profit of the monopolist, to the great and permanent revenue of the sovereign." p. 252.

Such are the evils which attend the Dutch and English East India companies: the advantages which would follow, were such monopolies to be abolished, and the sovereign to be sole master of Indian acquisition are these: all his subjects, who pleased, might turn their stock to the commerce of India. By such means, the population of the colonies, and, of consequence, the regal share of their revenue, would be greatly increased.

And thus, according to our author, commerce is of very inferior consequence; and the importation of the sovereign's revenue the very *summum bonum* of the political wisdom of colonization. But these very suspicious data demand a much deeper investigation than our author has bestowed upon them. In many places he expresses the most cordial affection for the kingly power. Because it is the sovereign's interest that his colonies should prosper, he supposes, therefore, that colonies, if under his immediate protection, will and must flourish [67]. And because a monarch, at the head of a standing army, may despise the rudest and most licentious libellers, he concludes, p. 311, that "a standing army is propitious to the cause of liberty [68]." That perfection of wisdom, magnanimity, and attention, which is most essentially implied in these suppositions, is not, however, to be found in a succession of monarchs. No, not in an individual sovereign, if we may believe an assertion which has escaped from our author, p. 441. "The servants," says he, "of the most careless private person are, perhaps, more under the eye of their master, than those of the most careful prince."

When the Portuguese Indian commerce was farmed by a company of merchants, in 1587, about 87 years after its commencement, the regal monopoly was altered, not abolished; for this commerce was continued, according to every idea ever known in the Spanish or Portuguese colonies. It was carried on in a limited number of register ships; and the sovereign authority of the Indian viceroys was still predominant. Our author confesses, p. 171, that the commerce of register ships is "very nearly upon the same principles as that of an exclusive company." And certainly, with respect to his system, they are exactly the same. In describing the management of trade, where it is the sole property of the sovereign, our author has given, though very undesignedly, a very accurate sketch of the regal monopoly of Portugal. Talking of the mercantile pursuits of princes; "They have scarce ever succeeded", says he, p. 414. "The profusion with which the affairs of princes are always managed, renders it almost im-

[67] This argument, absolutely essential to his system, is supported by our author, vol. ii. p. 251, &c.

[68] What a pity it is, that France and Spain have never found out this secret! What arbitrary imprisonments might be avoided, and what expence of legions of spies might be saved, could they perceive our author's advantages of a standing army!

possible that they should. The agents of a prince regard the wealth of their master as inexhaustible; are careless at what price they buy; are careless at what price they sell; are careless at what expense they transport his goods from one place to another. Those agents frequently live with the profusion of princes, and sometimes too, in spite of that profusion, and by a proper method of making up their accounts, acquire the fortunes of princes. It is thus, we are told by Machiavel, that the agents of Lorenzo of Medicis, not a prince of mean abilities, carried on his trade." And thus, also, the corrupted viceroys of India conducted the trade of the kings of Portugal.

But it may be said, the consequences of the above are inapplicable; for a regal monopoly of revenue, and not of trade, is our author's system. His system is held forth as such indeed, yet we apprehend its consequences would be the same. A hostile country, of vast extent, bridled and awed, and the revenue of an immense territory, governed by the troops and officers of a distant sovereign, is something exceedingly like the Portuguese plan. The consequences of the Portuguese system, therefore, require our strictest attention.

The Portuguese viceroys, it may be said, were arbitrary, and governed by no code of known laws: and the officers of a British sovereign will not be armed with such power. Yet our author is of opinion that the servants of the India company assume such power, and that it is completely foolish to expect they would not. Monopoly, he says, is the interest of a company and its servants. A free trade and revenue is the interest of a sovereign. But does it follow, as our author's argument implies, that such is the interest of his servants also? By no means. We may well inquire, what is that wonderful virtue, essential to our author's argument, which is conferred by the royal commission; that virtue, which would correct all the selfish passions which influence the clerks of a counting-house, and would save the poppies and the rice of Bengal from an untimely plough? If the territory of British India is to be the king's, he must have men in office to manage it under him, and these will have their private interests to serve, as well as the officers of a company. Whence, then, are we to expect their superior virtue? Not, surely, from their greater opportunities of extortion, and of evading inquiry.—But we shall here adopt a sentence from our author, (vol. ii. p. 253,) only substituting the word *king*, where he writes *counting-house:* "Nothing can be more completely foolish than to expect that the clerks of a great king, at ten thousand miles distance, and consequently almost quite out of sight, should, upon a simple order from their master, give up, at once, doing any sort of business upon their own account, abandon for ever all hopes of making a fortune, of which they have the means in their hands, and content themselves with the moderate salaries which their master allows them." Our author pursues his argument, how the servants of a company establish monopolies of their own; and such, attended with every circumstance of unrestrained enormity, was the conduct of the crown officers of Portuguese Asia.

The superior opportunities of extortion and rapine, enjoyed by the military governors of a very distant and rich country, are self-evident. The clerks of a crown office have infinitely better opportunities of evading detection, and of amassing perquisites, than those of a company. Our author has already been cited to explain how the servants of a prince abuse their trust. "It is perfectly indifferent," says he, vol. ii. p. 255, "to the servants of the India company, when they have carried their whole fortune with them, if, the day after they left it, the whole country was swallowed up by an earthquake." And, in the name of God, will not such disaster be equally indifferent to a royal general, or a royal custom-house officer, whenever he finds it convenient to retire from India?

But this is not applicable, it may be said, to our author's system, which is to plant colonies, like those of America, in India, on purpose to draw a revenue from them; and the prosperity of the country will then be the interest of the royal officers. But a hard question here obtrudes itself. Will it be the desire of fixed residents to export a revenue, or to be careful of it? Though many of the Portuguese were natives of the east, war was their harvest; and, like the savages of Louisiana, who cut down the tree when they desire the fruit, their rapacity destroyed the roots and sources of revenue. The nature of their situation, explained by our author in the case of Lorenzo of Medicis, vindicates this assertion, and every period of Portuguese Asia enforces its truth. Though all the artillery of arguments, drawn from the abuses committed by the servants of a company, may thus, with accumulated force, be turned against the servants of a prince; arguments of deeper import still remain.

Whenever a society emerges from what is called the shepherd state, luxuries become its inseparable attendants. And imported luxuries, however neglected and undervalued in our author's estimate, offer not only a plentiful, but the safest mode of taxing the wages of labour, the profits of stock, and the rent of land. The industry of the manufacturer and husbandman can never thus be impeded or in-

jured, which they most certainly are, for a time, by every new tax upon labour and land. The luxuries imported by the East India company have afforded a revenue [69] which has been equal to the land-tax of England. The question then is, whether would this valuable revenue be diminished or increased, were every port open, and every adventurer free to fit out what ships he pleased, to traffic with India?

But were this allowed, what an army of custom-house officers must there be in waiting at every port of the kingdom! for who knows what port a vessel from India once in seven years may choose to enter? What a door for smuggling the luxuries of India would this open! And we need not add, what a diminution of revenue!

Besides the great revenue which it pays, the East India company forms one of the most active sinews of the state. Public funds are peculiar to England. The credit and interest of the nation depend upon their support [70]; and the East India company is not the least of these. It has often supported government with immense loans, and its continuance includes the promise of future support on the like emergencies.

And must this stupendous and important fabric be demolished, to make way for an untried theory [71]?

For a free trade, which, while it increased our imported luxuries, would greatly diminish the revenue which arises from them:

For a trade, which would injure our own manufactures [72], were the present restrictions abolished:

For a trade, which could not be established in India for many years, and which, perhaps, is in its nature impracticable:

"For a transition, which, though possible, must be attended with innumerable difficulties, considering what convulsions, even the smallest stroke of legislative authority upon private property generally produces, notwithstanding all the precautions which may be used [73]:"

For a system, which must render the sovereign the military despot of an immense and rich territory [74], and make him the sole master of an unconstitutional revenue; a revenue, which, in the hands of a corrupt ministry, would easily defeat the noblest check against arbitrary power provided by the British constitution, the right of taxation in the house of commons.

America, passively submissive at the feet of a junto in power, could not, for several centuries, afford the means of corruption, which India, already deeply enslaved, would freely yield, for at least a few years.

In every probability, for only a few years—however highly our author may think of the great and

[69] The revenue paid by the goods of the company, and the ventures of their servants, together with the former annual donation, have been above two millions yearly. The land-tax falls short of two millions.

[70] "The credit and the interest of the nation depend on the support of the public funds.—While the annuities, and interest for money advanced, are there regularly paid, and the principal insured by both prince and people, (a security not to be had in other nations,) foreigners will lend us their property, and all Europe be interested in our welfare; the paper of the companies will be converted into money and merchandise, and Great Britain can never want cash to carry her schemes into execution. In other nations, credit is founded on the word of the prince, if a monarchy; or on that of the people, if a republic; but here it is established on the interests of both prince and people, which is the strongest security."—Guthrie.

[71] "In the progress of society, additional props and balances will often become necessary. That of pulling down a whole edifice, to erect a new building, generally ends in the destruction of the community, and always leads to convulsions which no one could foresee." See Governor Johnstone's Thoughts on our Acquisitions in the East Indies.

[72] Silks, muslins, callicoes, embroidery, cottons, toys, and many of the Indian manufactures, would greatly injure those of this country, were a free importation allowed. The woven manufactures of India, imported by the company, are restricted to foreign markets.

[73] This sentence in inverted commas is from a pamphlet, entitled Thoughts on our Acquisitions in the East Indies—written by Governor Johnstone.

[74] "The immense power which would be added to the crown, by our dominions in the east falling immediately under its management, must be a serious consideration, with every one who believes the preponderating weight which that part of the constitution already possesses; and who wishes, at the same time, to preserve the just balance. Every intelligent mind must foresee the immense additional influence that would accrue, by the command of such a number of troops, the administration of such extensive revenues, and the disposal of so many offices. The author of these Reflections is persuaded, we might expect the same effects that followed the annexation of the rich orders of St. Iago, Calatrava, and Alcantara, to the crown of Spain; which, a celebrated Spanish historian says, contributed more towards enslaving that country, than all the other insidious arts and expedients of Ferdinand and Isabella."—Gov. Johnstone's Thoughts, &c.

permanent revenue of the sovereign; and however he may despise the little and transitory profit of the merchant, we will venture to support the very opposite opinions.

Our author laments, that merchants will never consider themselves as sovereigns, when they have really become such. Commerce was despised, and sovereignty was the ambition of the Portuguese. Immense extension of dominion, greatly superior to the settlements of both the Dutch and English, became therefore their object: and uncommercial often unjust wars naturally followed this search for revenue. And this system as naturally produced the deepest ruin. Wars after wars will ever be produced by a sovereignty assumed in a distant region. The Spanish method of extirpation is the only preventive. Some territory is necessary to settlements in India. But such extension as would depress the grand system of the Indian commerce, must, like the Portuguese sovereignty, end in ruin. The plan of sovereignty directly leads to war with the jealous natives of India. Such revenue, therefore, cannot be permanent, and most probably will not be great for a length of years. Our author upbraids the India company, because their colonies in India are not so populous and thriving as those in America. But were the Indian colonies as safe from the natives, as his scheme of unconnected settlers requires; as populous, and their revenue as great, as his idea of perfection may possibly include, how long would he ensure the permanency of their revenue against the interruption of a revolt or rebellion, or such colonies themselves from a sudden and final dismemberment?—Alas! at this present hour we feel a most melancholy proof of the difficulties and disappointments of raising a revenue in a distant country. May God never curse Great Britain, by fixing her views and hopes on such distant, such little and transitory support!

If properly watched and defended, if not sacrificed to the dreams and dotage of theory, the grand machine of her commerce will ever render Great Britain both prosperous and formidable. In this grand machine the East India company forms a principal wheel. The concentred support which it gives to the public credit; the vast and most rational home tax which its imported luxuries afford, a tax which forms a constitutional source of revenue, ever in our own hands, never to be affected by the politics of distant colonies; the population which it gives to the mother country, by the domestic industry employed upon the staple commodities [75] which it exports; and the essential balance of trade given

[75] The first source of the wealth of nations, however neglected in our author's estimate, most certainly consists in its staples; and the plenty of these, and the degrees of their importance, in administering to the wants and desires of mankind, fix the natural difference between the riches of countries. And to this source, the labour necessary to fit these staples to their respective uses is dependent and secondary, if the fruit may be called dependent on, and secondary to, the root of the tree. It is therefore the great duty of the statesman to protect, direct and cherish the manufacture of staples; and by making colonies contribute to this purpose, he produces the natural, advantageous, and permanent use of foreign acquisition. This, however, is so far from being a part of our author's system, that he even reprobates the idea, that the legislature should give any protection or direction to any branch of manufacture. He calls it a power with which no minister can safely be trusted. Vol. ii. p. 36. "It is," he says, "in some measure to direct people in what manner they ought to employ their capitals," of which, he tells us, p. 35, they are much better judges than any statesman or lawgiver. Nay, he even asserts, p. 37, &c. that were any branch of manufacture, for he excepts none, to fall into utter decay, by the freedom of foreign importation, the country would lose nothing by it. The manufacturers, he owns, might sustain the loss of their tools and workshops *, but they would immediately turn their capitals and industry into other channels, which would be of equal advantage to their country. Nay, further, government bounty to the introduction of a new manufacture is hurtful; for that will diminish the revenue, and, of consequence, the national capital: p. 38.

Thus says theory. But let it be asked, if branches of our manufacture must thus, for the good of the nation, be suffered to fall into decay, what must become of the staples, for our author excepts no

* Some people are apt to apprehend the greatest inconveniency, from setting a number of artificers adrift in search of new employment. But this is nothing, according to our author, who tells us, that 100,000 soldiers and seamen, discharged at the last peace, immediately found employment. Very true; for the labourer took to his spade, the tailor to his needle, the shoe-maker to his awl, and the seaman to the merchant service. But were only 10,000 weavers thrown out of employ, the case would be widely altered. But the certainty of finding an unknown employment, fully as advantageous as the branch perfectly known, forms a part of our author's system. It was a silly notion, he tells us, vol. ii. p. 136. to defend Portugal, last war, for the sake of its trade. "Had that trade been lost," says he, "it would only have thrown the Portuguese merchants out of business for a year or two, till they found out as good a method of employing their capitals." Some politicians have thought, the more channels of commerce, the more success; but our author does not care how many were shut up; for this good reason, new ones are sure to be found. But this is like knocking a man down, because he is sure to get up again.

and secured by the exportation of its imports, are the great and permanent consequences of the commercial system, consequences which can never arise from the importation of the greatest revenue. And soon would all these advantages be lost, were the India company to relinquish the mercantile character, and, according to our author's plan[76], assume that of the sovereign. Nor can we take leave of our author, without remarking, that he has been rather unhappy in fixing upon the Portuguese as his favourites. His three great reasons for this predilection are obvious[77]; and that these reasons were extremely rash and ill-founded is also equally evident. His reasons are—the Portuguese had no exclusive African or Indian companies—A most unlucky mistake! And

The population and revenue of the Portuguese colonies are exactly in the spirit of his system.

But the kingdom of Portugal suffered the severest evils from its vain sovereignty of India; and the exclusive companies of England and Holland, however reprobated by our author, have long been, and still are, by their vast commerce, of the most essential advantage to their mother countries.

materials, upon which the abandoned manufacture was employed? Their former value must be greatly diminished, if sold unworked to foreigners; and if unsold, annihilated. And thus the national capital will be most effectually injured. Our author talks very confidently of the ease with which individuals will find a proper field for their industry; but, surely, where a number of the staples are thus reduced, the field for domestic industry must be proportionably narrowed; for it is hard to make bricks without straw. "Every individual," says our author, p. 32. "is continually exerting himself to find out the most advantageous employment for whatever capital he can command." But this position, absolutely necessary to our author's system, we flatly deny. There is not only a torpor on the general mind of such districts as are ignorant of commerce, which requires to be roused into action by those of superior intelligence; but there is also a stubborn attachment in such minds to their ancient usages, which half a century can hardly remove. Our author might have seen both this stupor and obstinacy strongly exemplified in the vast difficulty of introducing modern agriculture into a certain country. But, "No regulation of commerce," says he, p. *ib.* "can increase the quantity of industry in any society beyond what its capital can maintain." It is our author's great leading principle, that no nation ought to attempt any branch either of manufacture or commerce, till its capital be ripe for such branch; and till such time, it is their interest, he says, to buy the articles of such branches from their neighbours. But here let it be asked, how is the capital to be increased in this state of torpor? Elizabeth, and some of her predecessors, imagined that bounties and regulations of commerce would rouse to action, and thence to the increase of capital. At great expense they introduced the manufactures of the continent into their own dominions. And hence England became what she now is. But a view of the state of our author's native country will bring his theory to the fullest and fairest trial. According to his system, Scotland ought to be the most flourishing commercial country in Europe; for certain it is, and he himself often tells it, that the trade of North Britain is under much fewer regulations and restrictions than that of England, Holland, or any of her commercial neighbours. There was a time, indeed, before and in the fifteenth century, when her Jameses assumed the unsafe trust of directing the channels of industry; when they pensioned foreign artificers to settle in their kingdom, and made regulations of commerce. The consequence was, the Scots were the masters of their own fisheries, and the shipping of Scotland were then greatly superior to their present number. Soon after, however, our author's plan, that government should leave every subject to the course of his own industry, took place in the fullest latitude. And the consequence of government ceasing to watch over and direct the channels of commerce, as fully appeared. The Scottish navy fell into deep decline; and their fishery, perhaps the most valuable in the * world, was seized by those monopolists the Dutch, who now enjoy it. A most excellent proof how the unencouraged and undirected Scots turned their capitals and industry to the best advantage! Neglected by government, the Scottish commerce long and deeply languished, till Mr. Pelham, of late, endeavoured to rouse it into action. But the people still follow our author's precept, of buying, from their neighbours, the greatest part of the manufactures they use. And the consequence of all is, many thousands of the Scots find a field for their ingenuity and industry in every commercial country of the world, except in their own.

[76] Yet, strange as it may seem, our author, vol. ii. p. 415. condemns the East India company for adopting the ideas of sovereigns. It has made them bad traders, he there says, and, he adds, has almost brought them to bankruptcy.

[77] According to our author, vol. ii. p. 248. it is owing to the genius of exclusive companies that the colonies of other nations in India have been less populous than those of Portugal. He who reads this work, however, will find another cause for the Portuguese population; and never were any colonies so vexed with monopolies within monopolies, as those of Portuguese Asia. Our author, with the same knowledge of his subject, always represents the Portuguese colonies as of more advantage to the mother country than those of England in America. The latter, he says, "have been a source of expense and not of revenue. But the Portuguese colonies have contributed revenue towards the defence of the mother country, or the support of her civil government."——Vol. ii. p. 194.

* Of such value is this fishery, that the arrival of the first fleet of busses is celebrated in Holland with public rejoicings, similar to those of the Egyptians on the overflow of the Nile.

Having thus followed our author's argument for laying open the India trade, through every gradation of his reasoning, a retrospect may not now perhaps be improper. He founds his argument on the absolute perniciousness of all monopolies, in every circumstance: the safety of laying open the East India trade, he asserts, is sufficiently demonstrated by the experience of the Portuguese. Were the exclusive India companies abolished, European merchants, he says, would voluntarily settle in India, by whom every office of factorship would be discharged. And where forts are necessary, these and the settlements, he asserts, would be most advantageous and prosperous under the immediate protection of the sovereign. In support of this last argument, he appeals to the abuses committed by the servants of a company. And the advantages which he deduces from his system, are, a free trade with India, in which every subject may employ his capital, and the importation of a royal revenue; which last circumstance he estimates as of infinitely more real importance than all the benefits resulting from commerce. But we have proved, by historical evidence, that monopolies and exclusive associations were absolutely necessary in the infancy of trade, and that their effects were rapid, extensive, and highly prosperous. We have likewise brought demonstration, both from the history and the archives of Portugal, confirmed by every principle of Spanish or Portuguese commerce, that his appeal to the experience of the Portuguese is founded upon a most egregious and capital errour. Every page of the history of Portuguese Asia, and the present state of India, demonstrate the impossibility of the scheme of unconnected and unprotected settlers. And from the example of the Portuguese, confirmed by every experience, certain it is that every argument against the servants of a company may be turned, with redoubled force, against the officers of a crown. And were even this system, whose basis is overturned by historical facts, were it even founded on truth, the consequences which he deduces from it are neither certain nor advantageous. By an appeal to undeniable principles, we have held up to view the unavoidable disadvantages[76] of laying open the Indian commerce; and from other principles, equally fixed and evident, it amounts to demonstration, that a despotic revenue, raised in a distant country, must ever be productive of war, transitory, unconstitutional, and dangerous. On the contrary, we have evinced, that the benefits arising from the commerce of India, on the great principles of its present establishment, are important, domestic, and permanent. In an auspicious trade, therefore, we must submit to that necessity of circumstances which we cannot alter; we must not shut our eyes against the broad glare of the light of facts, and amputate the limbs and dislocate the joints of commerce, in order to shorten or to lengthen it to the standard of theory, as Procrustes is fabled to have fitted his unhappy captives to the standard of his iron bed.

Every institution relative to man is not only liable to corruption, but, such is the imperfection of human nature, is sure to be corrupted. Both the servants of a company, and the officers of a king, are liable to the influence of self-interest. But the monarch's ear is hard of access, and often guarded; and the regulations of a regal monopoly, or despotic revenue, are variable at his will. Appeal here must be hopeless. But, under a company, governed by fixed institutions, there exists not only a legal claim of redress, but a legal right of opposition. If errours and corruption, therefore, be natural to every system of human government, let the system most open to inspection and correction be preserved, and let its errours and corruptions be corrected. And happily the British parliament is possessed of the power of such inspection and correction; and happily also such authority is the very reverse of a regal power to raise a foreign revenue, this parliamentary power is constitutional.

The abbé Raynal, 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 fulfil their predictions. He, however, who is acquainted with the Portuguese historians must perceive the errours of this representation. The objections against the voyage of Gama were by no means of the enlightened kind. They were these: nothing but barren deserts, like Libya, 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

[76] That the India trade could not be carried on, with advantage to the nation, otherwise than by a company, is clearly proved by sir Josiah Child, whose arguments have had their due weight with former parliaments.

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 a heavy, and at last insupportable expense on the treasury of Lisbon or Madrid; nor was it foretold, that the shameless villany, 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 political wisdom, either of those who foretold them, or of those who adopt the opinion. The great population of Holland arises from its naval trade; and had the science of commerce been as well understood at the court of Lisbon as at Amsterdam, Portugal, a much finer country, had soon become more populous, and every way more flourishing than Holland is now.

Mines of gold, though most earnestly desired, are the least valuable parts of foreign acquisition. The produce of mines, like the importation of revenue, neither puts into motion nor cherishes domestic industry. To increase 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. He, therefore, who foretels the neglect of agriculture on the increase of commerce, foretels 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. 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, were not the natural consequences 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 theirs also to purchase that traffic on their own terms, with the commodities of Europe. But sovereignty, with its revenue, and not commerce, was the sole object of the Portuguese ambition.

Many have pronounced, that the same evils which overwhelmed the Portuguese are ready to burst upon the British empire. Ignorance of the true principles of commerce, that great cause of the fall of the Portuguese empire, does not at present, however, 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 insured by native troops. The numerous garrisons of Portugal in Brazil, in Africa, and Asia, required more supplies than the uncommercial seat 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 seat 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 and corruption 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. 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. 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 the many 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 errours 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. 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 the 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[79], and perhaps the prohibition of some articles. And ignorance of the true spirit of commerce, and neglect in the legislature, are therefore the real sources of these evils.

While our popular declaimers foresee nothing but ruin in the increase of commerce and wealth, they overlook, or know not, the greatest danger to which foreign acquisition lies open, and which it even invites. The rapacity of distant governors, so strongly exemplified by the Portuguese, has a direct tendency to the production of every evil which can affect a commercial empire. Every governor feels two objects soliciting his attention, objects frequently incompatible, at least not easily to be reconciled —the public, and his own private interest. 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. The voluntary poverty of Albuquerque and of Nunio was nobly adapted to the high and romantic ideas of Spanish honour, and without doubt had a wide effect. But no government has a right to require such an example; and in British India it would be useless and absurd, for we have no visionary principles on which it could possibly operate. 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 expense of the troops which he kept. They forced him by ill-treatment to resign, and the ideas of the mere counting-house were now adopted. The expense 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 condition, and joined by the discontented subjects of the Dutch, overwhelmed them with ruin. Though the states now interested themselves vigorously, all the great expense of their armaments was lost. Brazil was recovered by the Portuguese, and this Dutch West India company was utterly extinguished.

Nor can we close our observations without one more. Nunio acquired an extensive territory in India. Harassed by the horrible wars of their native princes, the regions around Goa implored the Portuguese 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[80] are peculiarly enabled to bestow. Besides the many in-

[79] 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 commonwealth. Nor is all which is spent by individuals gained, as some assert, by the public. National wealth consists of the labour of the people, added to the value of the materials laboured upon. Every bankruptcy, therefore, annihilates the value of as much labour as its deficiency of payment amounts to; and thus the public is injured. Nor is 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.

[80] 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

stances of Portuguese tyranny and misconduct already enumerated, there was a defect in their government, which must ever prove fatal to a commercial empire. All the stupendous fabrics of Portuguese 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 a supreme 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 intervals 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 natives cannot be new-modelled, an easy appeal to the supremacy of civil laws must place 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 grovelling 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.

with the man of property, educated in independence. 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, by bringing provision from one country to another. And may this true spirit of it be exerted by the British in India!

THE

LIFE OF LUIS DE CAMOENS.

When the glory of the arms of Portugal had reached its meridian splendour, 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 Osorius, 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 of 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 Camoëns, 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 seized a great part of his estate, his widow, the daughter of Gonsalo 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 Camoëns. The family of the eldest intermarried 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 Camoëns, 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[1], 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 Camoëns 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. Camoëns, 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 hurry of actual service,

[1] The French translator gives us so fine a description of the person of Camoëns, that it seems to be borrowed from the Fairy Tales. It is universally agreed, however, that he was handsome, and had a most engaging mien and address. He is thus described by Nicolas Antonio: Mediocri statura fuit, et carne plena, capillis usque ad croci colorem flavescentibus, maxime in juventute. Eminebat ei frons, et medius nasus, cætera longus, et in fine crassiusculus.

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 Camoëns 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 Camoëns arrived in India, an expedition was ready to sail to avenge 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 succedeones 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 Camoëns 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 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 tranquillity which enabled him to bestow his attention on his epic poem. But this serenity was interrupted, perhaps by his own imprudence. He wrote some satires which gave offence; and by order of the viceroy, Francisco Barreto, he was banished to China.

Men of poor abilities are more conscious of their embarrassment and errours 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. Camoëns was thus situated at Goa; and never was there a fairer field for satire than the rulers of India at this time afforded. Yet, whatever esteem the prudence of Camoëns 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[a].

The accomplishments and manners of Camoëns soon found him friends, though under the disgrace of banishment. He was appointed commissary of the estates of the defunct in the island of Macao, on the coast of China. Here he continued his Lusiad; and here also, after five years residence, he acquired a

[a] Castera, who always condemns Camoëns, 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 Camoëns.

We have already seen his ruinous treaty with Meale Can, which ended in the disgrace of the Portuguese arms. 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 he destroyed every thing on the banks of the Indus, and loaded his vessels, says Faria, with the richest booty hitherto taken in India. The 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 Hydal Can's army of 20,000. Horrid desolation followed these victories, and Hydal Can continued the implacable enemy of Portugal while he lived. Such was Barreto, the man who exiled Camoëns!

fortune, though small, yet equal to his wishes. Don Constantine de Braganza was now viceroy of India, and Camoëns, desirous to return to Goa, resigned his charge. In a ship, freighted by himself, he set sail, but was shipwrecked in the gulf near the mouth of the river Mecon, in Cochin-China. All he had acquired was lost in the waves: his poems, which he held in one hand, while he saved himself 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 immortalized in the prophetic song in the tenth Lusiad[3]; 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
For ever lost;——
My life, like Judah's heaven-doom'd king of yore,
By miracle prolong'd———

On the banks of the Mecon, 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 by the rivers of Babylon, and weeping their exile from their native country. Here Camoëns continued some time, till an opportunity offered to carry him to Goa. When he arrived at that city, don Constantine de Braganza, whose characteristic was politeness, admitted him into intimate friendship; and Camoëns was happy till count Redondo assumed the government. Those who had formerly procured the banishment of the satirist 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 Camoëns; yet, with all that unfeeling indifference with which he planned his most horrible witticism on the zamorim, he suffered the innocent man to be thrown into the common prison. After all the delay of bringing witnesses, Camoëns, in a public trial, fully refuted every accusation of his conduct while commissary of Macao, and his enemies were loaded with ignominy and reproach. But Camoëns 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 that 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 Camoëns 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, Camoëns resolved to return to his native country. A ship, on the homeward voyage, at this time touched at Sofala, and several gentlemen[4] who were on board were desirous that Camoëns should accompany them. But this the governor ungenerously endeavoured to prevent, and charged him with a debt for board. Anthony de Cabral, however, and Hector de Sylveyra, paid the demand; and Camoëns, says Faria, and the honour of Barreto, were sold together.

After an absence of sixteen years, Camoëns, 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 Camoëns, however, had a pension, it is

[3] Having named the Mecon:

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 woeful 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 Camoëns was commissary, he visited the islands of Ternate, Timor, &c. described in the Lusiad.

[4] According to the Portuguese Life of Camoëns, prefixed to Gedron's, the best edition of his works, Diego de Couto, the historian, one of the company in this homeward voyage, wrote annotations upon the Lusiad, under the eye of its author. But these unhappily have never appeared in public.

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 Camoëns, 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 Camoëns, and whose observation of it was imputed to him as a crime.

Though the great patron[5] of one species of literature, a species the reverse of that of Camoëns, 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 Camoëns throws great light on that of his country, and will appear strictly connected with it. The same ignorance, the same degenerated spirit, which suffered Camoëns 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 which impended over them, Camoëns beheld it with a pungency of grief which hastened his exit. In one of his letters he has these remarkable words, Em fim accabery à vida, e verrâm 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 Camoëns, 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

[5] 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 note on line 843, book x). He corresponded with them, directed their labours, and received the first accounts of their success. 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, 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, who was also a zealous patron of the inquisition at Lisbon, and the founder of the inquisition at Goa, to which place he sent a whole apparatus of holy fathers 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 Camoëns 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 cardinal Henry and the clergy. Buchanan was committed to prison, because it was alleged he had eaten flesh in Lent; and because, in his early youth, at St. Andrew's in Scotland, he had written a satire 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. He could only change 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 characterized by their pupil Buchanan,—nec inhumanis, nec malis, sed omnis religionis ignaris. "Not uncivilised, not flagitious, but ignorant of every religion." A satirical negative compliment, followed by a charge of gross barbarism. In this confinement, Buchanan wrote his elegant version of the Psalms. Camoëns, about the same time, sailed 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."

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[6]. Nor ought it to be omitted, that the man so miserably neglected by the weak king Henry, was earnestly inquired after by Philip of Spain, when he assumed the crown of Lisbon. When Philip heard that Camoëns was dead, both his words and his countenance expressed his disappointment and grief.

From the whole tenour of his life, and from that spirit which glows throughout the Lusiad, it evidently appears that the courage and manners of Camoëns flowed from true greatness and dignity of soul. Though his polished conversation[7] was often courted by the great, he appears so distant from servility, 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 Camoëns, 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 eternal interest. The profusion of Camoëns 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 Camoëns 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 shows its 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 Camoëns 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. In a beautiful digressive exclamation, at the end of the fifth Lusiad, he gives us a striking view of the neglect which he experienced. Having mentioned how the greatest heroes of antiquity revered and cherished the Muse, he thus characterizes the nobility of his own age and country:

> 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.
> Unheard, in vain their native poet sings,
> And cold neglect weighs down the Muse's wings.

And what particularly seems to have touched him—

> Even he whose veins the blood of Gama warms[8]
> Walks by, unconscious of the Muse's charms:

[6] 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. A hundred years before Castera's version it appeared in French. Thomas de Faria, bishop of Targa in Africa, translated it into Latin, and printed it without either his own or the name of Camoëns: a mean but vain attempt to pass his version upon the public as an original. Le P. Niceron says there were two other Latin translations. It is translated 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.

[7] Camoëns has not escaped the fate of other eminent wits. Their ignorant admirers contrive anecdotes of their humour, which in reality disgrace them. Camoëns, 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 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 brickmakers mistune one of his songs, and in return he destroyed a number of their bricks."

[8] The political evils impending over his country, which Camoëns almost alone foresaw, gave not, in

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 ——

In such an age, and among such barbarous nobility, what but wretched neglect could be the fate of Camoëns! 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 satirized the viceroy and the first Goths 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 rendered the task of regularity to genius, it is the supreme consolation 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 Camoëns, withdraw to a respectful distance; and should they behold the ruins of genius, or the weakness of an exalted mind, let them be taught to lament, that Nature has left the noblest of her works imperfect[9]."

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[10] or a Locke, it is

their fulfilment, a stronger proof of his superior abilities, than his prophecy of don Francisco de Gama—

Nem as Filhas do Tejo, que deixassem
As tellas douro fino, e que o cantassem.—

"No nymph of Tagus shall leave her golden embroidered web, and sing of him"—affords of his knowledge of men. Camoëns was superior to a mean resentment; he most undoubtedly perceived that ignorance, unmanly arrogance, and insignificance of abilities, which 18, and 38 years after his death, disgraced the two viceroyalties of his hero's grandson. Justice to the memory of Camoëns, and even to the cause of polite literature itself, requires some short account of this nobleman, who appears to have treated our author with the most mortifying neglect. He was named don Francisco de Gama, count de Vidigueyra. Facts will best give his character. He had not one idea that the elegant writer who immortalized his ancestor had the least title to his countenance. Several years after the death of Camoëns, he was made viceroy of India by the king of Spain. Here he carried himself with such state, says Faria, that he was hated by all men. When he entered upon his government, he bestowed every place in his gift upon his parasites, who publicly sold them to the best bidders. And though Cunnale, the pirate, who had disgracefully defeated don Luis de Gama, the viceroy's brother, had surrendered, upon the sole condition of life, to the brave Furtado, Cunnale, his nephew Cinale, and 40 Moors of rank, were brought to Goa. But the Moors were no sooner landed, than the lawless rabble tore them in pieces, and Cunnale and his nephew were publicly beheaded by order of the viceroy. And thus, says Faria, government and the rabble went hand in hand in murder and the breach of faith. Over the principal gate of Goa stood a marble statue of Vasco de Gama. This, in hatred of the grandson, the enraged inhabitants broke down in the night, and in the morning the quarters were found gibbeted in the most public parts of the city. And thus the man who despised the wreath with which Camoëns crowned his grandfather, brought that grandfather's effigies to the deepest insult which can be offered to the memory of the deceased. Nor were his own effigies happier. On his recall to Europe, the first object that struck him, when he went on board the ship appointed to carry him, was a figure hanging by the neck at the yard-arm, exactly like himself in feature and habit. He asked what it meant; and was resolutely answered, "It represents you, and these are the men who hung it up." Nor must another insult be omitted. After being a few days at sea, he was necessitated to return to the port from whence he had sailed, for fresh provisions, for all his live stock, it was found, was poisoned. After his return to Europe, he used all his interest to be reinstated in India, which, in his old days, after twenty years solicitation at the court of Madrid, he at last obtained. His second government, however, is wrapped in much obscurity, and is distinguished by no important action or event.

[9] This passage in inverted commas is cited, with the alteration of the name only, from Dr. Langhorne's Account of the Life of William Collins.

[10] Burleigh, though an able politician, and deep 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, so greatly indebted to Spenser, is at this day, in the esteem which it commands abroad, 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

philosophically accounted for by Bacon; nor is Locke's opinion either inexplicable or irrefutable. The great genius of Aristotle, and that of his great resembler, sir Francis 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

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 M. 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 King Arthur. I had read Prince 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 ballad-makers in comparison to him. Upon the publication of his first poem, I intimated to him, through Mr. Churchill's hands, how excellently I thought he might perform a philosophic poem, from many touches he gave in his Prince Arthur, particularly from Mopsa's song. And I perceive by his preface to King Arthur he has had the like intimations from others, but rejects them as being an enemy to all philosophic hypothesis."

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 part 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 phænomena 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 Mopsa'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 rhymer, 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. 'T is a pleasant air, but 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 estate to divert others, and contemn 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

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

some participation of divineness[11]." The love of poetry is so 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 Camoëns 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.

discovered in the cultivation of the Muses an 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 show 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."—Milton evidently alludes to the general dulness of the furious sectaries of his own time. The furious bigots of every sect have been as remarkable for their inelegance as for their rage. And the cultivation of polite literature has ever been found the best preventive of gloomy enthusiasm and religious intolerance. In Milton, and every great poet, the poet and sublime philosopher are united, though Milton was perhaps the only man of his age who perceived this union or sameness of character. Lord Clarendon seems to have considered poetry merely as a puerile sing-song. Waller, he says, addicted himself to poetry at thirty, the time when others leave it off. Nor was Charles I. less unhappy in his estimate of it. In the dedication of sir John Denham's works to Charles II. we have this remarkable passage: "One morning, waiting upon him (Charles I.) at Causham, smiling upon me, he said he could tell me some news of myself, which was that he had seen some verses of mine the evening before, and asking when I made them, I told him two or three years since; he was pleased to say, that having never seen them before, he was afraid I had written them since my return into England; and though he liked them well, he would advise me to write no more, alleging, that when men are young, and have little else to do, they might vent the overflowings of their fancy that way; but when they were thought fit for more serious employments, if they still persisted in that course, it would look as if they minded not the way to any better." Yet this monarch, who could perceive nothing but idle puerility in poetry, was the zealous patron of architecture, sculpture, and painting; and his favourite, the duke of Buckingham, laid out the enormous sum of 400,000*l.* on paintings and curiosities. But had Charles's bounty given a Shakespeare or a Milton to the public, he would have done his kingdoms infinitely more service than if he had imported into England all the pictures and all the antiques in the world.

The reader who is desirous to see a philosophical character of the natural and acquired qualifications necessary to form a great poet, will find it delineated, in a masterly manner, in Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, an eastern tale, by Dr. Johnson.

[11] 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 tendernesse 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 kindled 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 effect 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 greatnesse, a more exact goodnesse, and a more absolute variety than 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 heroicall; because true history propoundeth the succe ses 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 erect 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."

DISSERTATION ON THE LUSIAD,

AND

OBSERVATIONS UPON EPIC POETRY.

VOLTAIRE, when he was in England, previous to the publication of his Henriade, published in English an Essay on the Epic Poetry of the European nations [1]. In this he highly praised and severely

[1] In his French editions of this Essay, he has made various alterations, at different times, in the article of Camoëns. 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 curious 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 a very slight acquaintance with the bald, harsh, unpoetical version of Fanshaw.

"While Trissino" says Voltaire "was clearing away the rubbish in Italy, which barbarity and ignorance had heaped up for ten centuries, in the way of the arts and sciences, Camouëns in Portugal steered a new course, and acquired 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 would 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.

"Emmanuel 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.

"Camouëns followed 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 enjoyed 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 partly on the Indian shore. I ought not to omit, that on a shipwreck on the coasts of Malabar, he swam ashore, holding up his poem in one hand, which otherwise had been perhaps lost for ever.

"Such a new subject, managed 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 overturned for her cause; no empire founded; in short, nothing of what was deemed before the only subject of poetry.

"The poet conducts the Portuguese fleet to the mouth of the Ganges, round the coasts of Afric. 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 raised 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, called then the Cape of the Storms, a formidable shape 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. 'T is the guardian of that foreign ocean unploughed before by any ship. He complains of being obliged to submit to fate, and to the audacious undertaking of the Portuguese, and foretels 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 pleased the Italians as well as the Portuguese, but no other nation besides: it is the enchanted island, called the Island of Bliss, which the fleet finds in her way home, just rising from the sea, for their comfort and for their reward:—Camouëns 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, enamoured with Velasco de Gama, carries him to the top of a high mountain, from whence she shows him all the kingdoms of the Earth, and foretels the fate of Portugal.

attacked the Lusiad. Yet this criticism, though most superficial and erroneous, has been generally esteemed throughout Europe, as the true character of that poem. The great objections upon which he condemns it, are, an absurd mixture of Christian and Pagan mythology, and a want of unity in the action and conduct. For the mixture of mythology, a defence shall be offered, and the wild exaggerations of Voltaire exposed. And an examen of the conduct of the Lusiad will clearly evince, that the Eneid itself is not more perfect 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, that the poems of Dante and Ariosto were epic. But these consist of various detached actions, which do not constitute one whole. In this manner Telemachus and the Faerie Queene are also epic poems. A definition more restricted, however, a definition descriptive of the noblest species of poetry, has been given by

" After Camouëns hath given loose to his fancy, in the lascivious description of the pleasures which Gama and his crew enjoyed 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 style in which it is delivered (if we believe the Portuguese); for the beauty of the elocution makes sometimes amends for the faults of the poet, as the colouring of Rubens makes 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 injudicious mixture of the heathen gods with our religion. Gama in a storm addresses 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 supposed 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 shows at the same time, how prevailing are its beauties, since the Portuguese like it with all its faults.

" Camouëns 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 travelled 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 likeness 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.

" Camouëns says, in speaking of the voyages of the Argonautes 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;
> Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,
> Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

" Camouëns 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 excuseable parts of it are superficial in the highest degree. Both the poet and the hero are misnamed by him. The name of the hero has been corrected, that of *Camouëns* remains still in Voltaire, the only author who ever spelled it in this manner. There never was an Emmanuel the Second of Portugal. Camoëns was not shipwrecked on the coast of Malabar, but on the river Mecon in Cochin-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 Camoëns 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 errour in sending Camoëns to the East Indies along with Gama, such an original unparalleled romance ought to be recorded. Gama sailed on the discovery of India in 1497. Camoëns 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

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 the 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 further addition would only inform the reader of what he

Camoëns himself, and every circumstance of his life, an hypothesis * must defend this favourite supposition. In his Amsterdam edition of 1738, Voltaire boldly asserts that Camoëns 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, whom he accompanied in his first voyage. Certain it is, however, by the archives of Portugal, that Camoëns was in the east about seventy-two years after this voyage; and that, according to this hypothesis of Voltaire, he must have been near a hundred years old when he published his Lusiad. Voltaire, however, at last, confesses that Camoëns 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 Camouëns, qui est le Virgile de Portugais, a celebré un événement dont il avait été temoin lui-même.—"Camouëns, 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 time 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 great part of the Odyssey, and 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 here Voltaire's objection 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 Camoëns. The effect of fire-arms on people who never before beheld those dreadful engines, and a hostile town burnt by a fleet, are finely 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 Camoëns "conducts the Portuguese fleet to the mouth of the Ganges round the coasts of Afric."——Camoëns, indeed, conducts his fleet to Calicut on the coast of Malabar. But though the scene of the action of the four last books lies 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 Camoëns, as the West Indies are distant from England. Such errours are convincing proofs that Voltaire only *dipt* here and there into the Lusiad, even after the critics set him right in some places; for this gross errour is still retained. But a misrepresentation, not founded on ignorance, now offers itself. "Gama in a storm," says Voltaire,

*This honest hypothesis, which makes Camoëns 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 (he means Tonson, perhaps) to print a splendid edition of it. And Addison wrote (says he) and the English were persuaded, that they had an epic poem.

† Yet, in the same essay, he gives a true Voltairism; he condemns this very assertion. Talking of the plagiaries ascribed to Virgil, "All that," says he, "ought to be flatly denied.—'T is just as some people say Milton hath stolen his poem from an Italian stroller called Andreino."

already perceives. Yet in pursuing this one end, collateral episodes 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

" addresses his prayers to Christ, but 't is 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, for the whole ridicule consists in the opposition of the names of Christ and Venus. Such is the candour of Voltaire! Nor is it difficult to trace the source of this unfair representation. Fanshaw 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 choosed to bestow. But unhappily for the misguided critic, the original says only, Tuque livraste Paulo—"Thou who deliveredst Paul."—And thus 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 et 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 defigure 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 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 Camouëns tombe presque toujours dans les telles disparates. " Camoëns 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 grandees 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 Osorius: 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 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 Camoëns is here misrepresented. Except the polite repartee of Veloso, (of which see book v. lin. 280,) 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 Por-

* 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 a'menadhir si ilm alawail walawachir; that is, The meadow of the eye of antient and modern knowledge. And Abul Pharajius, who lived in the thirteenth century, wrote a 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. Camoëns, 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.

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 befal 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 those 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 demon 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

tuguese 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 dipt into Fanshaw's Lusiad, where, in every page, there are puns, conceits, and low quaint expressions, uncountenanced by the original. Some citations from Fanshaw will soon justify this character of his work. 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 Camoëns to the nymphs of the Tagus, does not exist in the original. This sentence, "Let my style flow like your waves, let it be deep and clear as your waters"—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 want of authenticity 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 Camoëns 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 defautes 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, a critic, who in many instances has violently condemned the Lusiad *upon circumstances which have no place in that poem.*

After publication of the first edition of the Lusiad, the translator was informed of the following anecdote:—When Voltaire's Essay on Epic Poetry was at the press in London, he happened to show a proof-sheet of it to colonel Bladon, the translator of Cæsar's Commentaries. The colonel, who had been in Portugal, asked him if had read the Lusiad: Voltaire confessed he had never seen it, and could not read Portuguese. The colonel put Fanshaw's translation into his hands, and in less than a fortnight after, Voltaire's critique made its appearance.

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, in the true spirit of Homer and Virgil, ascribes this to the celestial Venus,

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

They now arrive at Mombassa. The malice of the evil demon or genius of Mohammedism still excites the arts of treachery against them. Hermes, the messenger of Heaven, in a dream, in the spirit 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 Cape Corrientes, (see book v. line 612,) artfully prepares the reader for a long episode. The poem of Virgil contains the history of the Roman empire to his own time. Camoëns 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 a 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. 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 demon 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 relating 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 on book vi. line 716) 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 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 for 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 be pleased with this fiction. 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 entirely free from that grossness (see the note on book ix. line 780) often to be found in Dante, Ariosto, Spenser, and in Milton himself. 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 Camoëns! 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 appease 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 death of Hector; the other by the alliance of Latinus and Eneas, rendered certain by the death of Turnus. In like manner, to establish the Portuguese Christian empire in the east is the grand design of the Lusiad, rendered certain by 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 on book vi. line 716) contains a most perfect and masterly allegory. To imitate the ancients was the prevailing taste when Camoëns 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. Castera, 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 Camoëns. 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[2]. 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 Camoëns, which arms the genius of Mohammedism[3] 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[4], yet that of Camoëns 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 poesie, ne signifie que la mer, & non l' epouse 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 Camoëns signify divine love, and not the wife of Vulcan? "Love," says Voltaire, in the same essay, "has his arrows, and

[2] The celestial Venus, according to Plato, was the daughter of Ouranus or Heaven, and thence called Urania. The passage stands in the Symposion of that author as follows:

Παντες γαρ ισμεν οτι ουκ εστιν ανευ Ερωτος Αφροδιτη· ουσης δε μιας μεν ουσης, εις ων ην Ερως· νυν δε δυο εστην, δυο ανανκη και Ερωτα ειναι· πως δ' ου δυο ουσα θεα; η μεν γε πρεσβυτερα, και ανευ μητρος, Ουρανια θυγατηρ, ην δη και ουρανιαν ετονομαζομεν η δε νεωτερα, Διος και Διωνης, ην δη πανδημον καλουμεν.

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.

[3] For several collateral proofs, see the note on book v. line 439, and text in Lusiad VIII. where Bacchus, the evil demon, takes the form of Mohammed, and appears in a dream to a priest of the Koran.

[4] On account of his magic. But magic was the popular belief of Tasso's age, and has afforded him a fine machinery, though his use of it is sometimes highly blameable; as where he makes an enchanter oppose the arch-angel Michael, armed with the authority of the true God, &c. &c.

Justice a balance, 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 to the Henriade[5]? 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:

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, et Venus la beauté.
Ce n'est plus la vapeur qui produit le tonnere,
C'est Jupiter armé pour effrayer la terre.
Un orage terrible aux yeux des matelots,
C'est Neptune, en courroux, qui gourmande les stots....
Sans tous ces ornemens le vers tombe en langueur;
La poesie est morte, ou rampe sans vigueur:
Le poëte 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'evangile à l'esprit n'offre de tous cotés
Que penitence a faire, et tourmens meritès:
Et de vos fictions le melange 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 Camoëns, 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, the subject of Camoëns may thus seem condemned by the celebrated French critic, every other rule he proposes is in favour of the machinery of the Lusiad. And his own example proves, that he thought the Pagan machinery not improper in a poem where the heroes are modern[6]. But there is an essential distinction in the method of using it. And Camoëns has strictly adhered to this essential difference. The conduct of the epic poem is twofold; the historical, and allegorical. When Paganism was the popular belief, Diomed might wound Mars or Venus[7]; but when the names of these deities became merely allegorical, such also ought to be the actions ascribed to them. And Camoëns has strictly adhered to this rule. His heroes are Christians; and *Santa Fe*, Holy Faith, is often mentioned in the historical parts where his heroes speak and act. But it is only in the allegorical parts where the

[5] 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 *honnête* critic must ridicule the use of these very arrows—C'est là que Venus, aidée des conseils du Pere Eternel, 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. Portuguese.) and in book ix. 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 by, when used in the Henriade, has not the least fault, in his opinion; but is there every way in the true style of poetry.

[6] He uses the Pagan mythology in his poem on the passage of the Rhine by the French army in 1672.

[7] Thus it was the belief of the first ages of Christianity, that the Pagan gods were fallen angels. Mil-

Pagan or the poetical mythology is introduced. And in his machinery, as in his historical parts, there is no mixture of Pagan and Christian personages. The deliverance of the Lusian fleet, ascribed to the celestial Venus, so ridiculed by Voltaire, is exactly according to the precepts of Boileau. It is the historical 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 Lusiad, though it is found in the greatest of modern poets. From Milton both the allowable and blameable mixture of Christian and Pagan ideas may be fully exemplified. With great judgment, 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 raze
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, the use recommended by Boileau. In the following the blameable mixture occurs. He is describing Paradise ——

—— 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 gathered: 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' unwiser 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.

ton, with admirable judgment, has adopted this system. His Mammon, the architect of Pandemonium, 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 Heav'n, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove—
On Lemnos, th' Egean isle: Thus they relate
Erring; for he with this rebellious route
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 demons, was unabated in the age of Camoëns; 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 demon; 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 Camoëns says that the Christian altar raised (Book II.) to deceive the Lusians was the illusion of Bacchus, he says no more than what was agreeable to the popular belief of the Heathen oracles, and no more than what poetry allows when a storm is ascribed to Neptune, or arrows given to Cupid.

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[8].

Nor is poetical use the only defence of our injured author. In the age of Camoëns, Bacchus was esteemed a real demon: and celestial 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 be repeated, that of all Christian poets Camoëns is in this the least reprehensible. The Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise of Dante, form one continued unallegorical texture of Pagan and Scriptural names, descriptions, and ideas. Ariosto is continually in the same fault. 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 Camoëns. 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 un idolatrie,
Dans leur faux zele 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 Chrêtiens, n'allons point dans nos songes,
Du Dieu de vérité faire un Dieu de mensonges.

Yet the God of truth, according to the Christian idea, in direct violation of this precept, is a considerable person 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 infinitely superior in every respect to that of Voltaire[9], though Camoëns wrote at the revival of learning, ere criticism had given her best rules to the modern Muse.

The poem of Camoëns, 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[10], has been received in Europe as its true character. Lord Kaimes and

[8] Nor are these the only instances: the death of Hercules, and several others in Milton, fall under the censure of an injudicious mixture of sacred and profane mythology and history.

[9] The machinery of the Henriade is briefly thus: The soul of St. Louis acts the part of Venus in the Eneid, and always protects the hero. When D'Aumale is wounded, and in danger of being killed, La Discorde sees it, and covering him with her iron immense impenetrable buckler, flies away with him to the gates of Paris, where she cures his wounds. She then comforts Mayenne, the chief of the league against Henry. She then flies in a whirlwind to the Vatican, where she meets La Politique. They then find humble Religion in a desert, and clothing themselves in her sacred vestments, return to Paris, where they ride about in a bloody chariot, along with the authors of the league. These soon after are represented as at a magical sacrifice, an obvious imitation of that of Camoëns, (Lusiad VIII.) where they have a Jew for their priest: and Henry appears to them riding in a chariot of victory. St. Louis then takes Henry, in a dream, through Heaven and Hell. La Discorde goes in search of Love, who is her brother; and Love takes a journey to France, where, by the charms of Mademoiselle d'Etree, he entices Henry to neglect the war. St. Louis then sends the Genius of France to rouse Henry. He returns to the siege of Paris, but, on the point of carrying the city by storm, the angel of France prevents him. D'Aumale, on the part of the league, fights a duel; and all the monsters of Hell fly to his assistance. But the heavens now open, and an angel descends on the throne of the air, with the olive of peace, and the sword of God's vengeance, D'Aumale falls, and the infernal monsters fly away. But St. Louis will not allow Henry to take the city. The saint goes to the throne of God, and prays for Henry's conversion. The Eternal consents; Truth descends from Heaven to the hero, who turns Roman Catholic. St. Louis then appears, with an olive bough in his hand, and leads Henry to the gates of Paris, which now open at his call, and receive him in the name of God. And thus the machinery and the poem conclude together.

Nor is the ridicule of this machinery more evident, than the want of unity of action which characterizes the Henriade. Henry's journey to England, though it fills near three parts of the poem, has no connection with the other parts of the action; and the events do not arise from each other; for St. Louis prevents the effects of every victory. And the catastrophe is brought about by Henry's conversion, independent of every exertion of his generalship or valour, which are properly the subject of the poem.

[10] 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 Camoëns trespasses against all

other authors very cordially condemn its mixture of Pagan and Christian mythology [11]; even condemn it in terms as if the Lusiad, the poem which of all other modern ones is the most unexceptionable in this,

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 et fastueux, "fierce and stilted." In another place he says, "poetical diction ought to be clear, natural, and harmonious, and obscurity is its greatest blemish;" to which, having named Camoëns, 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. Perspicuity, elegant simplicity, and the most natural unstrained harmony, is the just characteristic of the style of Camoëns. The appeal is to the world. And the first linguist of the age has given the style of Camoëns a very different character from this of Rapin: Camoensium Lusitanum, cujus poesis adeò venusta est, adeò polita, ut nihil esse possit jucundius; interdum verò, adeò elata, grandiloqua, ac sonora, ut nihil fingi possit magnificentius.—Jones, Poeseos Asiat. Comment.

Montesquieu's high idea of the Lusiad is cited in the note on book v. line 558. 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 Camoëns.

[11] Lord Kaimes thus follows Voltaire: "Portugal was rising in power and splendour" [it was hastening to the very last stages of declension] "when Camoëns 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 truth!] "In the first book, Jove summons a council of the gods, which is described at great length, for no earthly purpose but to show that he favoured the Portuguese: Bacchus, 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 protect 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 Camoëns will offer no sacrifice. We have fully proved, and Bacon has been cited to explain the philosophical reason of it, that the spirit of poetry demands something supernatural. Lucan has been severely censured, by the greatest of ancient and modern critics, for the want of poetical clothing or allegory. The spirit of poetry exists in personification:

Tout prend un corps, une ame, un esprit, un visage ——

and an allegorical machinery is essential to the epopœia. In this manner Virgil and Homer conduct their poems. (See the note on b. vi. l. 716.) But our critic perceives nothing of this kind in Camoëns. Though the whole conduct of the Lusiad depends upon the council held by Jove, upon the allegorical parts taken by the personages of the machinery;

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. ix.) that Jove, or Fate, had decreed that 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 show 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 Camoëns, if his blow will avail, he has murdered both Homer and Virgil. What condemns the council of Jove in the Lusiad, condemns the councils of Jove in these models of the epopœia *. 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. Camoëns, 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 Camoëns. If

* It is truly astonishing, that one who has read the epic poets should have made this objection. A school-boy needs not to be told how often a council of the gods occurs in the Iliad, Odyssey, and Eneid. A part of Mr. Pope's note on the fifth Odyssey may with propriety be here cited. "This book, as well as the first," says he, "opens with an assembly of the gods. This is done to give an air of importance to his poem, and to prepare the mind of the reader to expect every thing that is great and noble, when Heaven is engaged in the care and protection of his heroes."

were in this mixture the most egregiously insufferable.—Besides, whatever has the sanction of the celebrated name of Voltaire will be remembered, and, unless circumstantially refuted, may one time, perhaps, be appealed to [12], as decisive, in the controversies of literary merit [13].

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 of Camoëns 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 superior excellence of Camoëns. 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 afterward in the poem. Yet in every battle we are wearied out with such gazette returns of the slain and wounded——

Ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον, τίνα δ' ὕστατον ἐξενάριξεν
Ἕκτωρ Πριαμίδης, ὅτε οἱ Ζεὺς κῦδος ἔδωκεν.
Ἄσκανίον μὲν πρῶτα, καὶ Ἀρνέον, καὶ Ὀφίτην,
Καὶ Δόλοπα Κλυτίδην, καὶ Ὀφέλτιον, ἠδ' Ἀγέλαον,
Αἴσυμνόν τ' Ὄρμενόν τε, καὶ Ἱππόνοον μαχέμην
Τὸν δ' ἔγ' ὀγμιόωντα Δαναῶν ἴλιν· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
Πλησίον, ὃς ἐτύχησε, &c. Il. lib. xi. lin. 299.

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 prosopopœia of Milton's angels, who prefer Voltaire's Henriade to the Paradise Lost, who reduce a Virgil to a Lucan, a Camoëns 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 the tinkle of verse.

[12] 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 Camoëns a dark cloud hovers over the fleet, a tremendous noise is heard, Gama exclaims in amazement, and the apparition appears in the air,

——rising through the darken'd air,
Appall'd we saw a hideous phantom glare.

Every part of the description in Camoëns is sublime and nobly adapted for the pencil. In Voltaire's last edition the passage is thus rendered—C'est une fantôme que s'élève—"it is a phantom 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 touch the clouds, must only be above the tide. Yet, though this imagerie, with tempests, winds, and thunders hanging around him, would be truly absurd upon canvass, 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 abyss 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 completed the figure. Ses bras s'etendent 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 abyss of the ocean! Very fine indeed, it is impossible to mend it further.

[13] As we have paid attention to the strictures of Voltaire, some is also due to the praises which he bestows upon 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

Thus servilely imitated by Virgil,

Cædicus Alcathoum obtruncat, Sacrator Hydaspem:
Partheniumque Rapo, et prædurum viribus Orsen:
Messapus Cloniumque, Lycaoniumque Ericetem:
Illum, infrænis equi lapsu tellure jacentem;
Hunc, peditem pedes. Et Lycius processerat Agis,
Quem tamen haud expers Valerus virtutis avitæ
Dejicit: 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 fights, there is, upon the whole, 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 strain. 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, have given his Jerusalem an air of novelty. Yet with all the difference between Christian and Pagan heroes, we have a Priam, an Agamemnon, 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. Camoëns, 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 track of Helens and Lavinias, Achilleses, and Hectors, sieges and slaughters, where the hero hews down and drives to flight whole armies with his own sword. To constitute a poem worthy of the name of epic in the highest and strictest sense, some grand characteristics of subject and conduct, peculiarly its own, are absolutely necessary. Of all the moderns, Camoëns and Milton have alone attained this grand peculiarity in an eminent degree. Camoëns was the first genuine and successful poet 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 calls it in his last edition, une nouvelle espèce d'epopée. And the grandest subject it is (of profane history) which the world has ever beheld [14]. 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.

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 attendrissants et mieux ecrits—"There are few parts of Virgil more tender or better written."

[14] The drama and the epopœia are in nothing so different as in this: the subjects of the drama are inexhaustible, those of the epopœia are perhaps exhausted. He who chooses 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. Camoëns and Milton have been happy in the novelty of their subjects; and these they have exhausted. 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 servile 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 Camoëns.

Happy in his choice, happy also was the genius of Camoëns 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 Civilis, says he, ingens opus—Non enim res gestæ versibus comprehendendæ sunt (quod longè melius historici faciunt) sed per ambages deorumque ministeria, et fabulosum sententiarum tormentum præcipitandus est liber spiritus: ut potiùs furentis animi vaticinatio appareat, quam religiosæ orationis sub testibus fides—No poem, antient 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 make the whole appear as an effusion of prophetic 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 condemned by Petronius, Camoëns 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 ever adorned the bowers of love. And never was the furentis animi vaticinatio more conspicuously displayed than in the prophetic song, the view of the spheres, and 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 [15]," what are all Ismeno's enchantments to the grandeur and horrour of the appearance, prophecy, and evanishment of the spectre of Camoëns [16]!—It has been long agreed among the critics, that the solemnity of religious observances gives great dignity to the historical narrative of the epopœia. Camoëns, 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. Camoëns and Milton happily left this beaten track, 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, the friend of Gama, is much superior to that of Achates. The base, selfish, perfidious, and cruel character 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. 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 ever continue the arms of poetry. Yet, however unsuccessful others may have been, Camoëns 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 their selection of subjects which interested their countrymen, and Statius has been as severely condemned for his uninteresting choice. But though the subject of Camoëns 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 that country which has the control and possession of the commerce of India.

An unexhausted fertility and variety of poetical description, an unexhausted elevation of sentiment,

[15] See Letters on Chivalry and Romance.

[16] The Lusiad is also rendered poetical by other fictions. The elegant satire on king Sebastian, under the name of Acteon; and the prosopopœia of the populace of Portugal 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.

and a constant tenour of the grand simplicity of diction, complete the character of the Lusiad of Camoëns: 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 Camoëns as a rival; or his generosity more honour, than when he addressed this elegant sonnet to the hero of the Lusiad:

SONNETTO.

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

Non più di te per aspro mar sostenne
Quel, che fece al Ciclope oltraggio, e scorno;
Ne chi torbò l'Arpie nel suo soggiorno;
Ne dié più bel soggetto a colte penne.

Et hor quella del colto, e buon' Luigi,
Tant oltre stende il glorioso volo
Che tuoi spalmati legni andar men lunge.
Ond' a quelli, a cui s'alza il nostro polo,
Et a chi ferma in contra i suoi vestigi,
Per lui del corso tuo la fama aggiunge.

SONNET.

Vasco, whose bold and happy bowsprit bore
Against the rising morn; and, homeward fraught,
Whose sails came westward with the day, and brought
The wealth of India to thy native shore:

Ne'er did the Greek such length of seas explore,
The Greek, who sorrow to the Cyclop wrought;
And he, who, victor, with the Harpies fought,
Never such pomp of naval honours wore.

Great as thou art, and peerless in renown,
Yet thou to Camoëns ow'st thy noblest fame;
Further than thou didst sail, his deathless song
Shall bear the dazzling splendour of thy name;
And under many a sky 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 Camoëns, M. Duperron de Castera, in 1735, gave in French prose a loose unpoetical paraphrase of the Lusiad [17]. Nor does sir Richard Fanshaw's English

[17] 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 tinsel and impertinence in their place. In the necessary illustrations in the notes, the citations from Castera will vindicate this character.

Soon after the first publication of the English Lusiad, a new French prose translation of Camoëns was published by M. de la Harpe. He confesses that he received a literal translation of his author, from a person well acquainted with the original. This, he says, he proposed to animate with the fire of poetry; and he owns he has sometimes abridged his text. His style, however, is much less poetical than even Castera's, whom he severely condemns. A literal prose translation of poetry is an attempt as absurd as to translate fire into water. What a wretched figure do the most elegant odes of Horace make in a literal prose translation! And no literal translation for the use of schools was ever more unlike the original, in spirit, vigour and elegance, than the sometimes literal, and sometimes mangled version of M. de la Harpe, which seems to be published as a sacrifice to the wounded vanity of his admired Voltaire. La Harpe stands forth, against Castera, as the defender of Voltaire's criticism on the Lusiad. Castera, indeed, has sometimes absurdly defended his author; but a translator of the Lusiad, who could not perceive the many gross misrepresentations of Voltaire, must have hurried over his author with very little attention. He adopts the spirit of all Voltaire's objections, and commends only where he commends. Want of unity in the epic conduct is Voltaire's very rash character of Camoëns. And la Harpe as rashly asserts that the poem ends in the seventh book when Gama arrives in India. But he might as well have asserted that the Eneid ends with the landing of Eneas in Italy. Both

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 [18]."—Nor had he the least idea of the dignity of the epic style [19], or of the true spirit of

heroes have much to accomplish after their arrival in the desired country. And the return of Gama, after having subdued every danger, is exactly parallel to the death of Turnus. And this return, without which Gama's enterprise is incomplete, is managed by Camoëns, at the close of his poem, in the concise and true spirit of Virgil. A translator of the Lusiad, who could not perceive this, is indeed most ingeniously superficial. But La Harpe's sentence on the Paradise Lost, which he calls digne d'un siecle de barbarie—" worthy of an age of barbarity," will give the English reader a just idea of his poetical taste.

[18] Pope, Odyss. xx.

[19] 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 unskilful 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 acknowledgment 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 Camoëns 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 Camoëns; yet Rapine says, his verses are so obscure they appear like mysteries. Fanshaw is indeed so obscure, that the present translator, in dipping into him, into parts which he had even then translated, has often been obliged to have recourse to the Portuguese to discover his meaning. Sancho Panza was not fonder of proverbs. He has thrust many into his version. He can never have enough of conceits, low allusions, and expressions. When gathering of flowers, as boninas apanhando, 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-sight
('Twas 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 thumpe on the floor of purest stuffe)
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 streight out of that isle which seem'd most neer
Unto the continent, behold a number
Of little boats in companie appeer,
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 pincht and long)
And then they'd swim like rats *. The sayles, of mat
Made of palm-leaves wove curiously and strong.
The men's complexion the self-same with that
Hee gave the Earth's burnt parts (from Heaven flung),
Who was more brave than wise; that this is true
The Po doth know and Lampetusa rue.

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

* Not in the original.

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, 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 an one as a corpse in the sepulchre bears to the former man, when he moved in the bloom and vigour of life.

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fides
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 further liberties, in one or two instances, seemed to him advantageous—But a minuteness in the mention of these [20] will not, in these pages, appear with a good grace. He shall only add, in this new edition, that some of the most eminent of the Portuguese literati, both in England and on the continent, have approved of these freedoms; and the original is in the hands of the world.

It is with particular pleasure that the translator renews his acknowledgments to those gentlemen who have patronised his work. On his first proposals to give the Lusiad in English, the ingenious Mr. Magellan, of the family of the celebrated navigator, was zealous to promote its success. To many Portuguese gentlemen he owes the assistance of books and information, conferred in the most liberal manner: and their approbation of his first edition reconciles him to a review of his labours. Both to public and private libraries he is much indebted; particularly to the valuable collection of Thomas Pearson, esq. of the East India company's service. The approbation expressed by several gentlemen of the East India company, on the appearance of the poem on the discovery of India in its English dress, gave the translator the sincerest satisfaction. 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 friendship of Mr. Hoole, the elegant translator of Tasso, he is peculiarly indebted. To James Boswell, esq. he confesses many obligations. 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

[20] 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 antient history and fable have for this reason been abridged. e. g. In the prayer of Gama (Book vi.) the mention of Paul, "thou who deliveredst Paul, and defendedst him from quicksands and wild waves—"

Das scyrtes arenosas et ondas feas—

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 burdened with a further enumeration. Nor let the critic, if he find the meaning of Camoëns in some instances altered, imagine that he has found a blunder in the translator. He who chooses 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 to gratify the dull few, whose greatest pleasure 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 Fanshaw. Thus sir Richard: "Against Sofala's batter'd fort." And thus Milton: "And Sófala 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 errour.

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.

But, though previous to publication the translator was thus flattered with the approbation of some names, for whom the public bear the greatest respect; though he introduced to the English reader a poem truly Virgilian, he confessed he had his fears for its fate. And however the approbation of some of the greatest names in the English polite literature may have since gratified his faultering hopes, the consciousness of his inability, and the character of the age, gave no false foundation to his uneasy apprehensions. 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 reward due to merit; ere the just reputation of his poetry be fixed, the 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[21]. Often, in the dispirited hour, have these views obtruded upon the translator. While 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 of Spenser. Thus connected with the translation of Camoëns, 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 soothes their ear,
The noxious thistle chokes their sickly corn;
Their apple boughs, ungraff'd, sour 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 cried,
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 churlish scorn!
While listless drooping in the languid shade

[21] "Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and at length supplant her; they engross all that favour once shown to her, and, though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birthright."—Goldsmith.

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!
'T is thine to humanise the savage breast,
And form in Virtue's mould the youthful mind;
Where lurks the latent spark of generous kind,
'T is 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 unlettered 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 fits it you, ye sons 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, fore-doomed 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 listening 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; and deep eternal night
Has o'er Apelles' tints, so bright while-ere,
Drawn her blank curtains—never to the sight
More to be given——But cloth'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 what the strain, though Perez swell the note,
High though its rapture, to the Muse of fire!
Ah what the transient sounds, devoid of thought,
To Shakespeare's flame of ever-burning ire,
Or Milton's flood of mind, till time expire
Fore-doom'd to flow; as Heaven's dread energy
Unconscious of the bounds of place——

APPENDIX.

Copia das patentes dos vice reis, e capitães generaes da India, conforme se achão no Concelho Ultramarino em Lisboa.

"D. N.... por graça de Deos rey de Portugal e dos Algarves, d'aquem e d'alem-mar em Africa, senhor de Guiné, e da conquista, navegação e commercio da Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, e da India, &c.

" Faço saber aos que esta minha carta-patente virem, que atendendo á qualidade, merecimento, e mais partes que concorrem na pessoa de N.... Hei por bem de o nomear (como por esta nomeio) no emprego de vice-rey, e capitão-general de mar e terra, dos estados da India, e suas dependencias, por tempo de trez annos, e o mais que eu for servido, em quanto lhe não nomear successor; e com o dito governo averá o soldo de 24,000 cruzados pagos em cada hum anno na forma das minhas ordens: e gozara de todas as honras, poderes, mando, jurisdição, e alçada, que tem, e deque gozárão os providos no dito governo; e do mais que por minhas ordens lhe for concedido, como vice-rey e capitão-general, meu lugartenente, e imediato á minha real pessoa. Peloque mando ao vice-rey seu antecessor, ou á pessoa que estiver governando dê posse do mesmo governo geral do estado da India ao dito N.... E outrosim ordeno a todos os officiais de guerra, justiça e fazenda, que em tudo lhe obedeção, e cumprão suas ordens, e mandados, como a seu vice-rey e capitão-general: e o tizoureiro, ou recebedor da minha fazenda, a quem o recebimento das rendas da India tocar, lhe fará pagamento do referido soldo aos quarteis, por esta carta-patente somente, sem para isto ser necessaria outra provizão minha, a qual se registará para o dito effeito nos livros da sua despeza, para se lhe levar em conta. E o dito N.... jurará em minha chancellaria, na forma costumada, deque se fará assento nas costas desta minha carta-patente; e antes de partir desta corte, fará em minhas maõs preito e omenagem pelo dito governo do estado da India, e suas conquistas dependentes. E por firmeza de tudo lhe mandei passar esta carta-patente por mim assignada, e sellada com o sello grande de minhas armas, &c.

" Dada na eidade de Lisboa, &c. El Rey."

NOTICIAS.

1. Os vice-reys da India tinhão huma jurisdição suprema, como se vê das suas patentes: e erão unicamente sujeitos, no fim do seu governo, a huma devaça de rezidencia, que el rey mandava tirar do seu procedimento, por hum ministro civil. Nesta devaça devião jurar todas as ordens do estado; principiando-se pela camera (ou seja concelho municipal); e continuando-se pelos officiaes das mais repartiçoens civis, como a relação de Goa, os ministros e officiaes da fazenda, os generais e officiais militares, sem excepção de pessoa alguma.

Esta devaça era remetida em direitura a Lisboa. Porem, se o novo vice-rey [tendo precedido queixas á corte do seo antecessor] trazia ordens particulares; podia mandalo logo prezo a Lisboa, achando-o culpado.

2. Na India avia alem do vice-rey e de dous secretarios de estado, os tribunaes seguintes em Goa: a inquizição para as couzas da religião: o tribunal do ordinario para os mais negocios ecclezias ticos: uma junta das missoens, independente do bispo, mas sujeita á inspecão dos vice-reys, na qual junta prezidia o superior dos jezuitas: huma relação (tribunal superior de judicatura) com hum chanceller-mór para os negocios civis, com appelação para o tribunal supremo do reino (em Portugal): hum concelho da fazenda, e o senado da camera.

3. O vice-rey era regedor das justiças & como tal era prezidente da sobredita relação & do referido concelho da fazendà: não se podendo dispender couza alguma sem hum despacho, ou portaria do mesmo vice-rey. Este, como lugartenente d'el rey, governava sem limitação sobre os militares; conferia patentes até o posto de capitaens inclusivè: nomeava interinamente todos os mais postos superiores; e conteria todos os governos da sua dependencia, que não vinhão providos pela corte. Nos cazos cri-

minses, assim civis, como militares, a relaç o e o concelho de guerra da India tinhão o direito supremo de vida e morte: e o vice-rey, como prezidente, tinha o direito de dezempate nos cazos de igoaldade de votos.

4. Alem dos referidos estabelecimentos, o senado da camera tinha os mesmos direitos de policia, que tem todos os do reino: e alem disso o direito de reprezentação a o mesmo vice-rey; e de se queixar, em corpo de tribunal, em direitura à sua magestade a Lisboa.

5. Quando avia vacancia de vice-reys, por cauza de morte. o arcebispo o chanceler da relação, e o official militar de maior patente, tomavão o governo do estado; e exercitavão promiscuamente todas as funçoens, assignando todos juntos as ordens que davão.

6. O commercio da Asia pertencia inteiramente a el rey, e tudo se fazia por conta da coroa, em navios proprios: paro o que tinhão estabelecido, por parte de mesma coroa, e á sua custa, differentes feitorias em todos os estabelecimentos da Asia, administrados por feitores e officiais da fazenda real, debaixo da jurisdição dos vice-reys; os quais davão contas no fim de 3 annos da sua administração, ao concelho da fazenda da India: e este as dava ao concelho-ultramarino de Lisboa, na sequinta monção. Este comercio se fazia em frotas, que partião da India e depozitavão tudo nos Armazaens reaes da caza assim chamada (da India) em Lisboa: donde se vendia por conta da fazenda real, aos nacionaes, e aos estranjeiros.

7. Os vice-reys obtiverão a liberdado de fazerem comercio para o reino; porem não podião exceder de huma porção limitade, que se lhes arbitrou. A mesma faculdade se estendeo aodepois disso a muitas outras pessoas, tanto civis, como militares; perem com grandes limitaçoens e rezervas; exceptuando sempre as pedras preciozas, perolas e aljofar, cujo comercio se deu excluzivamente ás rainhas de Portugal, para seo patrimonio: assim como tãobem o da pimênta. O comercio dos outras especiarias, do salitre, sandalo, e porcelana, sempre foi rezervada á coroa.

8. Prohibio-se em fim aos vice-reys e a todos os officiaes civis e militares de fazerem commercio algum por huma lei que foi promulgada no anno de 1687.

9. O governo da India foi alterado no anno de 1773. Abolio-se o vice-reynado, ficando em capitaens generaes. Deu-se uma nova formà à arrecadação da Fazenda, estabelecendo-se hum erario regio, na forma do erario de Lisboa. Abolio-se a inquizição, e o tribunal de relacão: ficando a administração da justiça, nas mãos dos ouvidores geraes, com appellação para Lisboa. Mandou-se estabelcer no mesmo estado o mesmo regulamento militar, que se practica em Portugal: e pagar as tropas por conta da coroa em dinheiro; porquanto esta despeza era feita d'antes pelos capitaens que exercião monopolios onerozos, pagando aos soldados o sustento e o fardamento por sua conta.

Copy of the king's letters patent, given to the vice-roys, supreme commanders of Portuguese East-India, according to the original kept in the king's office, called Concelho Ultramarino *in Lisbon.*

"Don N.... by the grace of God king of Portugal and Algarves, on this side of the sea, and on that of Africa; lord of Guinea, and of the conquest, navigation, and commerce of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, and India, &c.

"Be it known to all to whom this my letter patent may come, that, attentive to the qualities, merits, and talents of N... I am pleased to name him (as I do hereby) to the office of vice-roy and generalissimo of the sea and land, in the states of India, and dependencies thereon, for the space of three years, and till such time after as I shall appoint another to succeed him; and on account of this government I appoint him a salary of 24,000[1] cruzados, to be paid to him every year according to this my commission: and he shall enjoy all the honours, powers, command, jurisdiction, and authority, which now holds the present vice-roy, and formerly did his predecessors in the same government, and besides whatever further grants I may allow to him as vice-roy, generalissimo, and my locum-tenens immediate to my royal person. On account of which I order the till now vice-roy of India, or whosoever holds in his stead the government of that state, to deliver up to the said N.. the same government at his arrival. And moreover I order all the officers of war, of the king's-bench, and of the exchequer, to obey him in every respect, and execute his orders or commands, as their vice-roy and generalissimo: and the lord treasurer or high receiver of the revenue in that state, shall make him payment of the aforesaid salary quarterly, according to this present letter patent, without waiting for any further orders of mine;

[1] Two thousand six hundred and sixty-six pounds sterling.

which payment being registered in the book of the expenses of state, shall be reckoned as one of them. And the said N.... shall swear in the high court of my chancery in the accustomed form; an attestation of which shall be taken on the back of this letter patent: and before his departure from shore, he shall swear obedience, and do homage on my royal hands, for the said government of India and its dependencies: and as a test and confirmation of the whole, I have ordered this my letter patent to be passed, which shall be signed by me, and sealed with the great seal of my arms, &c.

"Given at Lisbon, &c. The King."

OBSERVATIONS.

1. The vice-roys of India held a supreme jurisdiction, as appears by their letters patent, and were only subject at the end of their government to an inquest on the discharge of their official duty and personal behaviour, which the king always ordered to be made by a civil magistrate. Into this inquest were to be sworn all ranks of the state, the members of the supreme council of the India administration, and those of all the other councils and courts, the king's bench of judges at Goa, the ministers and officers of the India exchequer and king's revenue, as well as all the generals and military officers of the state, without exception to any person soever.

The result of this general inquest was to be sent directly to the king's council at Lisbon: and there to be judged accordingly. But if the new vice-roy, in consequence of any complaints having been made to the king's privy council against his predecessor, had got particular orders from the king, he then could, on finding him guilty by the aforesaid inquest, commit him to prison, and send him under confinement to Lisbon, to be judged by the king's privy council, or by the king himself.

2. There were in India, besides the vice-roy and two secretaries of state, who acted with him as a kind of privy council, the following tribunals in Goa, viz. The inquisition of the affairs of religion: an ecclesiastical or spiritual court, with the bishop at their head, for the affairs which fall under the cognizance of the church: a board of council for the propagation of the Gospel, without any dependence upon the bishop, but only subject to the inspection of the vice-roys, of which council the superior of the Jesuits was president: the king's bench, consisting of a chancellor and a certain number of high judges, named by the king, for the civil affairs, from whom there could be no appeal but to the supreme king's bench of the high judges at Lisbon: a council or court of the exchequer for the king's revenue: and a kind of a court, [like the common council of London,] but very few in number, for the police of Goa.

3. The vice-roy being, on account of his office, a kind of high chancellor of the state, was in consequence thereof president of the supreme king's bench of high or great judges, and of the court of the exchequer already mentioned: nor could any expense or disbursement be made by this last, without consent and permission signed by himself. He, as a locum-tenens of the king, had an unlimited authority and command over the whole military departments: he conferred all the military commissions in the army, not above those of captains; and even appointed any superior officers, till these offices were filled up by the king's nomination; and, finally, he nominated and gave all other commissions and charges under him, which were not provided by the king. In all criminal cases, both civil and military, the above king's bench of high judges, and the council of war, or court martial, held the decisive authority of life and death: but the vice-roys had the casting-vote, as presidents of both, in case of an equality of votes.

4. Besides the aforesaid civil establishments, the municipal court, under the name of senate of the camera, [which was like the common council of London, though composed of much fewer members] was vested with the same authority and exclusive power, in regard to matters of police, as that of Portugal; it had also the right of addressing and petitioning the vice-roys, and even of applying by common consent, as a civil body, for redress, to the king himself, at Lisbon.

5. On the death of the vice-roy, during his government, the archbishop of Goa, the chancellor of the king's bench or council of justice, and the military officer of highest rank and of oldest commission, were to take the government of the state, and to exercise conjointly all its functions; all three signing together whatever orders they gave.

6. The whole commerce of Asia belonged solely to the king; and was carried on, on account of the crown, in the king's ships. To this end there were established different factories, by the authority, and at the expense of the crown, in all the settlements of Asia, with proper officers and clerks, under the jurisdiction of the vice-roys; who at the end of every three years were to render an account of their management to the India exchequer, by which it was sent to the high council ultramarine at Lisbon in the next *monçoon* [a]. This commerce was carried on by fleets, which sailed from India, and depo-

[a] *Monçoon* means here the stated times in which the Portuguese India ships used to sail to Lisbon.

sited their cargoes in the royal warehouses of the East India house at Lisbon; from whence they were sold on behalf of the royal revenue, both to the Portuguese and to foreigners[3].

7. In course of time the vice-roys obtained leave to trade, on their own account, from India to Portugal; but they were not allowed to exceed a limited and determined portion. Afterwards the same power was extended to many other persons, both of the civil and of the military profession: but this was to be done within great limitations and restrictions. The commerce of precious stones, and pearls of every size, was always excepted. The trade of these, and of pepper, was the exclusive right of the queens of Portugal, as a part of their patrimony[4]. The trade of the other spices, of nitre, sandalo[5], and that of porcelain, was always reserved to the crown.

8. In fine, the vice-roys of India, and all officers, both civil and military, were prohibited carrying on any kind of commerce between India and Portugal, by a law which was published in the year 1687.

9. The government of the Portuguese East India was lately altered, in the year 1773. The title of vice-roy was abolished, and changed into that of captain-general. A new form of levying the duties and managing the king's revenue was established. A new royal treasury or exchequer was erected, like that of Lisbon, known by the name of *royal erarium*. The court of inquisition was abolished, as well as the supreme tribunal of the king's bench, the administration of justice being put into the hands of auditors general, from whom there may be an appeal to the high tribunal at Lisbon. The same military regulations, as now practised in Portugal, were extended to India: and the troops were ordered to be paid in ready money, on account of the crown; the pay of the soldiers having formerly passed through the hands of the captains, who exercised considerable monopolies in the management of it, by paying them in provisions and clothes, &c. from their own warehouses.

Ambitious of giving his historical narrative the last confirmation, the translator applied for assistance to some gentlemen, who, on the appearance of the English Lusiad, honoured him with their correspondence. He entreated that, if possible, a copy of the commission of the viceroys might be procured, together with an abstract of the laws and constitution of Portuguese Asia. And the foregoing papers, of which he has given a translation, were remitted to him from the continent. During the Spanish usurpation, the affairs of India fell into the deepest anarchy. When John IV. ascended the throne of Portugal, he endeavoured to restore regularity to the government of his eastern empire; and from the regulations of that monarch and his successors the above *noticias* were carefully extracted. There is no copy of the viceroy's commission of older date than the beginning of the reign of John IV. the former papers relative to the government of India having probably been removed to Madrid. But the commission itself bears a proof that it was in the usual form; and the regulations of John, which remain upon record, appear, by the testimony of history, to be only a confirmation of the former government of India, with a great diminution of the viceroy's salary, and perhaps some few novel establishments which did not affect the spirit of the constitution. By the latest alterations, it appears that the constitution of Lisbon ever was, and is, the grand model of the government of Portuguese Asia.

*** Whatever circumstances have a tendency to elucidate the manners and policy of former times, or to give us an accurate idea of the energy and strength of her various governments, when Europe began to emerge from the inactivity of the Gothic ages, are highly worthy of the careful investigation of the philosopher and politician. Roused into action by prince Henry of Portugal, the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century became the great era of maritime discovery. The three grand expeditions were those of Gama, Columbus, and Magalhaens. And the object of all was the same, the discovery of India. The force of the various fleets which attempted this arduous undertaking will give us an idea of the state of maritime affairs in the reigns when they were fitted out. In 1486, Bartholomew Diaz, a Portuguese captain, with three ships, attempted the discovery of India by the coast of Africa; but, harassed by tempests, his crew mutinied, and having discovered the river del Infante, on the eastern side of Africa, he returned to Europe. About fourteen years after, this expedition was happily completed by Gama; and the force with which he went out is thus circumstantially described by Hernan Lopez de Castaneda, a cotemporary writer, and careful journalist of facts.

[3] Besides the East India warehouses at Lisbon, there were other warehouses at Antwerp, with a consul, and at Rotterdam and Amsterdam, with two respective factors, for the disposal of the India goods sent to them from Lisbon.

[4] The queens of Portugal have a kind of patrimony assigned to them by the state: it consists of different cities, towns, and villages, whose duties and customs belong to the queen's household or revenue. They have a secretary of state, with a council of their own, an exchequer for their own revenue: and all the justices of peace, judges, and officers of the queen's state are of her majesty's nomination.

[5] A kind of red wood, for dyeing with, like the Brazil wood.

"Emmanuel, earnest to prosecute what his predecessor don John had begun for the discovery of India, ordered Fernan Lorenzo, treasurer of the house of the Myna (on the golden coast), to build, with the timber that was bought in king John's time, two ships, which, after they were finished, he named the Angel Gabriel, being of one hundred and twenty tons burden, and the Saint Raphael, of one hundred tons. And to accompany these ships the king bought of a pilot who was born in Lagos, named Berrio, a caravel of fifty tons, which bore the name of the Pilot. Beside these, he bought a ship of two hundred tons of one Ayres Correa. . . . . The king also appointed Bartholomew Diaz to go along with him in a caravel to the Myna. And because the ships of war could not carry provisions sufficient for the voyage, the king gave orders that the ship of Correa should be laden with provisions, and accompany the fleet to the bay of St. Blass, where it would be necessary to take in fresh water; and the store-ship was to be there unloaded and burnt. The captain-general went in the ship called St. Gabriel, having for pilot one Pedro de Alanquer, who had been pilot to Bartholomew Diaz, when he discovered the river called El ryo del Ynfante. Paulus de Gama, brother of the captain-general, went in the ship called St. Raphael; Nicolas Coello went in the caravel named Berrio; and Gonsalo Gomez commanded the storeship." The number of the crews of this squadron, according to Castaneda, was 148 men; according to others 160. Gama and his brother, and the ten malefactors who were on board, were perhaps not included in Castaneda's account.

The voyage of Columbus has been called the most daring and grand ever attempted by man. Columbus himself, however, seems to have had a very different idea of it; for certain it is, he expected to reach India by the westward passage in the space of not many weeks. The squadron with which he attempted this discovery consisted of only three vessels. Dr. Robertson calls the largest which Columbus commanded, "of no considerable burden;" and the two others, "hardly superior in burden or force to large boats." The crew consisted of ninety men, and a few adventurers. And the expense of fitting out this equipment did not exceed 4000*l.* sterling, for which queen Isabella pawned her jewels.

The enterprise of Magalhaens was infinitely more daring than that of Columbus. India and the continent of America were now both discovered, and now known to be at vast distance from each other. To find a route to India beyond the great American continent was the bold design of Magalhaens; which he attempted, according to Faria, with 250 men and five ships; which, with respect to its purpose, Dr. Robertson calls, "a proper squadron."

When Gama sailed from Lisbon, it was unknown that a great and potent commonwealth of Mohammedan merchants, deeply skilled in all the arts and views of commerce, were scattered over the eastern world. Gama, therefore, did not sail to India with a warlike fleet, like that which first followed him under Cabral, but with a squadron every way proper for discovery. The Portuguese historians ascribe the shipwreck of many Portuguese vessels on the voyage between Europe and India to the avarice of their owners, in building them of an enormous bulk, of 4, 5, and 600 tons. The fleet of Gama was therefore not only of the most perfect size which the art of ship-building could then produce, but was also superior in number, and nearly of the draught of water with the vessels which at this day are sent out on voyages of discovery[6]. The disposition of Gama's voyage is also worthy of notice: the captain who had already passed the great southern promontory of Africa, to accompany him to a certain latitude; the pilot who had sailed with that captain, to go the whole voyage; the size of Coello's caravel, proper to enter creeks and rivers; and the appointment of the store-ship; are circumstances which display a knowledge of and attention to maritime affairs, greatly superior to any thing discovered by the court of Spain in the equipments of Columbus and Magalhaens. The warlike strength of Gama's fleet was greatly superior to that of the first voyage of Columbus, and little inferior to that of Magalhaens; though Magalhaens, who had been in India, well knew the hostile disposition of the natives. In the art of war the Indians were greatly inferior to the Moors, and the Moors were as inferior to the Portuguese. And the squadron of Gama not only defeated the whole naval force of the first maritime state of India, but in every attack was victorious over the superior numbers of the Moors. These circumstances are clearly evinced in our history of the discovery of India; and this comparative discussion will not only give an accurate idea of the progress which the Portuguese had made in navigation, but is also, perhaps, necessary in support of the reputation of this work. Had an author of ordinary rank represented the

[6] Capt. Cook's two vessels have, by the latest experience, been found the fittest for discovery. The one was of 462 tons burden, the other of 336; and built to draw little water. And certain it is that vessels of such burden are now built, which draw as little water as those of 120 tons in the infancy of modern navigation.

squadron of Gama as "extremely feeble, consisting only of three vessels[7], of neither burden nor force adequate to the service"—such condemnation of our narrative had been here unnoticed. But when a celebrated and justly admired historian, in a work published about one year and a half after the first appearance of the Lusiad, has given such representation of the equipment of Gama, directly contrary to the light in which it is there placed, the foregoing detail will not appear, it is hoped, an unnecessary or rude vindication. We have followed the ample and circumstantial accounts of the Portuguese writers, and not the imperfect and cursory abstracts of the Spanish historians when they allude to the affairs of their sister kingdom.

*** To our former accounts of Portuguese literature let the following be added:—In 1741, an heroic poem was published in Portuguese by the count de Ericeyra. It is named Henriqueida, and celebrates the establishment of the kingdom of Portugal. Though it has some extravagancies, it contains an ardent spirit of true poetry. And in the preface and notes the author has given many judicious criticisms, and by his opinion of Milton discovers a strength of mind greatly superior to that frivolousness, that poverty of taste, which the French generally betray, when they criticise the works of that great poet. The translator has been favoured with the following account of this noble author by a learned and ingenious gentleman of Portugal; for whose favours he here returns his acknowledgments.

"Dom Francisco Xavier de Menezes, fourth count of Ericeyra, was one of the most learned men of this age, and a great ornament to Portugal; he was born at Lisbon the 29th of January, 1673, and died in the same city the 21st of December, 1743. To the qualities of a soldier, a politician, a philosopher, a mathematician, an historian, and a poet, he joined that of a man of honour and probity. He was director and censor of the Royal Academy of Portuguese History; he spoke the Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish languages with as much ease and elegance as his own, and wrote in them all with accuracy. Although he never went out of Portugal, he was known and admired in all Europe, and obtained the esteem and the praises of pope Innocent XIII. and Lewis XIV. of France, as well as some of the most eminent men of that age, such as Muratori, Bianchini, Crescimbeni, Dumont, Garelli, Le Clerc, Bayle, Despreaux, Renandot, Bignon, Salazar, Feijoo, Mayans, &c. With all these he appears to have kept a literary correspondence; was member of the Arcadian Academy of Italy, and of the Royal Society of London, and much respected by the Russian Academy. He composed a great number of excellent pieces in prose and verse, many of which have been published."

[7] See Hist. Americ. vol. i. p. 145.

THE LUSIAD[1].

TRANSLATED BY MICKLE.

BOOK I.

Arms and the heroes, who from Lisbon's shore,
Through seas where sail was never spread before[2],

[1] In the original, *Os Lusiadas*, The Lusiads, from the Latin name of Portugal, derived from Lusus or Lysas, the companion of Bacchus in his travels, and who settled a colony in Lusitania. See Plin. l. iii. c. 1.

[2] M. Duperron de Castera, the French translator of the Lusiad, has given a long note on this passage, which, he tells us, must not be understood literally. His arguments are these: Our author, says he, 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, 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 monstruosis carnibus abstinetis, inserentes 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, Camoëns 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.

Beyond where Ceylon lifts her spicy breast,
And waves her woods above the watery waste,

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 license 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 relative 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 Cæsar. But it will be found that Camoëns has not fallen into such absurdity. The poem opens with a description of the Lusitanian fleet, after having doubled the Cape of Good 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 Ne plus ultra of the ancients; though it is probable they traded on the coast of Cornwall, 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 certainly known in what particular part, whether in the Persian gulf, 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

With prowess more than human forc'd their way
To the fair kingdoms of the rising day— [past,
What wars they wag'd, what seas, what dangers
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[3];
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,
To holy faith unnumber'd altars rear'd[4]:
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;

No more the Trojan's wandering voyage boast,
What storms he brav'd on many a per'lous coast:
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 ire; and far around,
With equal rage, your warriors' deeds resound.
And thou, O born the pledge of happier days[5],
To guard our freedom and our glories raise,

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 contemporary 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 route of navigation to the East Indies.

3 "He interweaves artfully the history of Portugal."—Voltaire.

4 In no period of history does human nature appear with more shocking features than in the Spanish conquest of South America. To the immortal honour of the first Portuguese discoverers, their conduct was in every respect the reverse. To establish a traffic equally advantageous to the natives as to themselves was the principle they professed, and 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. It was owing to this spirit of honour and humanity, which in the heroical days of Portugal characterized 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 should 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 deliver the law of Heaven to the eastern world; a circumstance which gives a noble air of importance and of interest to the business of his poem.

5 King Sebastian, who came to the throne in his minority. Though the warm imagination of Camoëns 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 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 twenty-fifth 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 fingers 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 Mendoça and Sebastian de Mesa 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 Sousa, 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

Given to the world to spread religion's sway,
And pour o'er many a land the mental day,

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. His person so perfectly resembled Sebastian, 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; and 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 corpse 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 Mesa and Baena confess that some of the nobility, after their return to Portugal, acknowledged that the corpse was so disfigured with wounds that it was impossible to know it. He showed 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 showed 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 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 Castille, and never was heard of more. The firmness of his behaviour, his singular modesty and heroical patience, are mentioned with admiration by Le Clede. To the last he maintained the truth of his assertions:—a word never slipt from his lips which might countenance the charge of imposture, or justify the cruelty of his persecutors. All Europe was 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.

Thy future honours on thy shield behold,
The cross, and victor's wreath, embost in gold:
At thy commanding frown we trust to see
The Turk and Arab bend the suppliant knee:
Beneath the morn, dread king, thine empire lies[6],
When midnight veils thy Lusitanian skies;
And when descending in the western main
The Sun still rises on thy lengthening reign[7]:
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 terrours 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 Rogero's rage,
And all the heroes of the 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;
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[8],
Here brave Magricio and his peers are crown'd
(A glorious twelve!) with deathless laurels, won
In gallant arms before the English throne.

[6] When we consider the glorious successes which had attended the arms of the Portuguese in Africa and India, and the high reputation of their military and naval prowess, for Portugal was then empress of the ocean, it is no matter of wonder that the imagination of Camoëns 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 broken spirit and diminished state.

[7] Imitated perhaps from Rutilius, speaking of the Roman empire,

Volvitur ipse tibi, qui conspicit omnia, Phœbus,
Atque tuis ortos in tua condit equos;

or more probably from these lines of Buchannan, addressed to John III. king of Portugal, the grandfather of Sebastian,

Inque tuis Phœbus regnis oriensque cadensque
Vix longum fesso conderet axè diem.
Et quæcunque vago se circumvolvit Olympo
Affulget ratibus flamma ministra tuis.

[8] The twelve peers of Charlemagne, often mentioned in the old romances. For the episode of Magricio and his eleven companions, see the Sixth Lusiad.

Unmatch'd no more the Gallic Charles shall stand,
Or Cæsar's name the first of praise command:
Of nobler acts the crown'd Alonzos see,
Thy valiant sires, to whom the bended knee
Of vanquish'd Afric bow'd. Nor less in fame,
He who confirm'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 unequall'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:
The two Almeydas, 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 Albuquerk 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 duteous 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;
Fair Thetis woos thee with her blue domain,
Her nuptial son, and fondly yields her reign;
And from the bowers of Heaven thy grandsires[9] 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:
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 for thee[10].
Yet while thy youthful hand delays to wield
The sceptre'd power, or thunder of the field,
Here view thine Argonauts, in seas unknown,
And all the terrours of the burning zone,
Till their proud standards, rear'd in other skies,
And all their conquests meet thy wondering eyes[11].

[9] John III. king of Portugal, celebrated for a long and peaceful reign; and the emperor Charles V. who was engaged in almost continual wars.

[10] Anne novum tardis sidus te mensibus addas,
Qua locus Erigonen inter, Chelasque sequentes
Panditur: ipse tibi jam brachia contrahit ardens
Scorpius, et cœli justa plus parte reliquit. Virg.

[11] 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 Camoëns 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.

Now far from land, o'er Neptune's dread abode,
The Lusitanian fleet triumphant rode;
Onward they trac'd the wide and lonesome main,
Where changeful Proteus leads his scaly train;
The dancing vanes before the zephyrs flow'd,
And their bold keels the trackless ocean plough'd;
Unplough'd before the green-tinged billows rose,
And curl'd and whiten'd round the nodding prows.
When Jove, the god who with a thought controls
The raging seas, and balances the poles,
From 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 sov'reign 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 crystal 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, sate,
The crown and sceptre added solemn state; [rays
The crown, of Heaven's own pearls, whose ardent
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 control thron'd 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 Fates' decree, and ancient warlike fame
Of that bold race which boasts of Lusus' 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 Græcia's boast, or Rome's illustrious name.
Oft from these brilliant seats have you beheld
The sons of Lusus on the dusty field,
Though few, triumphant o'er the numerous Moors,
Till from the beauteous lawns on Tago's 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 wave the shining blade.
Nor rests unknown how Lusus' heroes stood
When Rome's ambition dyed the world with blood;
What glorious laurels Viriatus[12] gain'd,
How oft his sword with Roman gore was stain'd;

[12] 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

And what fair palms their martial ardour crown'd,
When led to battle by the chief renown'd,
Who feign'd a demon, in a deer conceal'd [13],
To him the counsels of the gods reveal'd.
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 terrours of the dreary flood,
Where only black-wing'd mists have hover'd o'er,
Or driving clouds have sail'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 Lusus' offspring reign
The lords of that wide sea, whose waves behold
The Sun come forth enthron'd in burning gold.

But now, the tedious length of winter past,
Distress'd and weak, the heroes faint at last.
What gulfs they dar'd, you saw, what storms they brav'd,
Beneath what various heavens their banners wav'd!
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 route pursue."

So spoke high Jove: the gods in silence heard,
Then, rising, each, by turns, his thoughts preferr'd:
But chief was Bacchus of the adverse train [14];
Fearful he was, nor fear'd his pride in vain,
Should Lusus' race arrive on India's shore,
His ancient honours would be known no more;
No more in Nysa [15] should the native 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 through the polar main,
A warlike race should come, renown'd in arms,
And shake the eastern world with war's alarms,
Whose glorious conquest and eternal fame
In black oblivion's waves should whelm his name.

Urania-Venus [16], queen of sacred love,
Arose, and fix'd her asking eyes on Jove:
Her eyes, well pleas'd, in Lusus' sons could trace
A kindred likeness to the Roman race,
For whom of old such kind regard she bore [17];
The same their triumphs on Barbaria's shore,
The same the ardour of their warlike flame,
The manly music of their tongue [18] the same.

shake off the yoke. Being appointed general, he defeated Vetilius the prætor, who commanded in Lusitania, or further 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.

[13] 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.

[14] The French translator has the following note on this place: Le Camoëns n'a pourtant fait en cela que suivre l'example de l'Ecriture, comme on le voit dans ces paroles du premier chapitre de Job. Quidam autem die cum venissent, &c. Un jour que les enfans du Seigneur s'étoient assemblé devant son trone, Satan y vint aussi, &c.

[15] An ancient city in India, sacred to Bacchus.

[16] We have already observed, that an allegorical machinery has always been esteemed an essential requisite of the epopœia, and the reason upon which it is founded has been pointed out. The allegorical machinery of the Lusiad has now commenced; and throughout the poem the hero is guarded and conducted by the Celestial Venus, or Divine Love. The true poetical colouring is thus supported and preserved: but in illustration of this, see the Preface, and the note on the allegory of Homer, near the end of the Sixth Lusiad.

[17] See the note in the Second Book on the following passage:

As when in Ida's bower she stood of yore, &c.

[18] Camoëns says,

E na lingoa, na qual quando imagina,
Com pouca corrupçao cré 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 dross among.

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 unnumber'd blaze,
And barbarous nations at her holy shrine
Be humaniz'd, and taught her lore divine.
Her spreading honours thus the one inspir'd,
And one the dread to lose his worship fir'd.
Their struggling factions shook th' Olympian state
With all the clamorous tempest of debate.
Thus when the storm with sudden gust invades
The ancient 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.
Such was the tumult in the blest abodes,
When Mars, high tow'ring o'er the rival gods,
Stepp'd 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 [19].—Such
His fierce demeanour o'er Olympus spread: [dread
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, [hold,
Through these wild waves their fearless journey
Shall that bold race no more thy care engage,
But sink the victims of unhallow'd 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.
"Then thou, dread lord of fate, unmov'd remain,
Nor let weak change thine awful counsels stain,
For Lusus' race thy promis'd favour show:
Swift as the arrow from Apollo's bow
Let Maia's son 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 vessels guide;
There let them hear of India's wish'd-for shore,
And balmy rest their fainting strength restore."
He spoke: high Jove assenting bow'd the head,
And floating clouds of nectar'd fragrance shed:
Then lowly bending to th' eternal sire,
Each in his duteous rank, the gods retire. [weigh'd,
Whilst thus in Heaven's bright palace fate was
Right onward still the brave armada stray'd:
Right on they steer by Ethiopia's strand
And pastoral Madagascar's [20] verdant land.

Before the balmy gales of cheerful spring, [wing;
With Heav'n their friend, they spread the canvass
The sky cerulean, and the breathing air,
The lasting promise of a calm declare.
Behind them now the cape of Praso bends,
Another ocean to their view extends,
Where black-topp'd islands, to their longing eyes,
Lav'd by the gentle waves [21], 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,
Ensur'd the smiles of fortune on his side) [pear'd,
Bears off those shores which waste and wild ap-
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
The bending towers on their features bore [strong:
The swarthy marks of Phaëton's [22] fall of yore,
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:
'T was 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 falchions broad,
And warlike music sounded as they row'd.
With joy the sailors saw the boats draw near,
With joy beheld the human face appear: [plore,
What nations these, their wondering thoughts ex-
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 haul, and o'er the yard-arms bend;
And now their bowsprits pointing to the shore,
(A safe moon'd bay,) with slacken'd sails they bore:

[19] The thought in the original has something in it wildly great, though it is not expressed in the happiest manner of Camoëns,

O Ceo tremeo, e Apollo detorvado
Hum pouco a luz perdeo, como infiado.

[20] Called by the ancient geographers Menuthia, and Cerna Ethiopica; by the natives, the Island of the Moon; and by the Portuguese, the Isle of St. Laurence, on whose festival they discovered it.

[21] The original says, The sea showed 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't the bay.

[22] —— ferunt luctu Cycnum Phaëtonis amati,
Populeas inter frondes umbramque sororum
Dum canit, et mœstum musa solatur amorem:
Canentem molli plumæ duxisse senectam,
Linquentem terras, et sidera voce sequentem.
Virg. Æn. x. l. 189.

The historical foundation of the fable of Phaëton is this: Phaëton 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. Phaëton 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.

With cheerful shouts they furl the gather'd sail,
That less and less flaps quivering on the gale;
The prows, their speed stopp'd, o'er the surges nod,
The falling anchors dash the foaming flood:
When sudden as they stopp'd, the swarthy race
With smiles of friendly welcome on each face,
The ship's high sides swift by the cordage climb:
Illustrious Gama, with an air sublime,
Soften'd by mild humanity, receives,
And to their chief the hand of friendship gives;
Bids spread the board, and, instant as he said,
Along the deck the festive board is spread:
The sparkling wine in crystal goblets glows,
And round and round with cheerful welcome flows.
While thus the vine its sprightly glee inspires,
From whence the fleet, the swarthy chief inquires;
What seas they pass'd, what 'vantage would attain,
And what the shore their purpose hop'd to gain?
"From furthest west," the Lusian race reply,
"To teach the golden eastern shores we try.
Through that unbounded sea whose billows roll
From the cold northern to the southern pole;
And by the wide extent, the dreary vast
Of Afric's bays, already have we past;
And many a sky have seen, and many a shore,
Where but sea-monsters cut the waves before.
To spread the glories of our monarch's reign,
For India's shore we brave the trackless main,
Our glorious toil, and at his nod would brave
The dismal gulfs of Acheron's black wave.
And now, in turn, your race, your country tell,
If on your lips fair truth delights to dwell;
To us, unconscious of the falsehood, show,
What of these seas and India's site you know."

"Rude are the natives here," the Moor replied,
"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 race our holy prophet[23] 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 sultry Ganges or Hydaspes' strand,
Here shall you find the 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.
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[24] now his drowsy mantle spreads,
And shade on shade the gloom still deepening sheds.

The Moon, full-orb'd, forsakes her watery cave,
And lifts her lovely head above the wave.
The snowy splendours of her modest ray [play:
Stream o'er the glistening waves, and quivering
Around her, glittering on the Heaven's arch'd brow,
Unnumber'd stars, enclos'd in azure, glow,
Thick as the dew-drops of the April dawn,
Or May-flowers crowding o'er the daisy-lawn:
The canvass whitens in the silvery beam,
And with a mild pale red the pendants gleam:
The masts' tall shadows tremble o'er the deep;
The peaceful winds a holy silence keep;
The watchman's carol, echo'd from the prows,
Alone, at times, awakes the still repose.

Aurora now, with dewy lustre bright,
Appears ascending on the rear of night.
With gentle hand, as seeming oft to pause,
The purple curtains of the morn she draws;
The Sun comes forth, and soon the joyful crew,
Each aiding each, their joyful tasks pursue.
Wide o'er the decks the spreading sails they throw;
From each tall mast the waving streamers flow;
All seems a festive holiday on board
To welcome to the fleet the island's lord.
With equal joy the regent sails to meet,
And brings fresh cates, his offerings, to the fleet:
For of his kindred race their line he deems,
That savage race who rush'd from Caspia's streams,
And triumph'd o'er the east, and, Asia won,
In proud Byzantium fix'd their haughty throne.
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 sailors 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 inquires, 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 plough from Ismael's shores the flood;
From Europe's strand I trace the foamy way,
To find the regions of the infant day. [bow,
The God we worship stretch'd yon heaven's high
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.

[23] Mohammed, who was descended from Ishmael, the son of Abraham by Hagar.

[24] Camoëns, 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' ἰν ἠέρι δῆρα φαεινὴ ἀμφὶ σελήνῃ
Φαίνετ' ἀριζήλως, &c.

Thus elegantly translated by Pope:

As when the Moon, refulgent 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 o'ercasts 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 vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

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."
Straight as he spoke, the warlike stores display'd
Their glorious show, 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 falchions' 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 bombardeers now to the regent's view
The thundering mortars and the cannon drew;
Yet at their leader's nod, the sons of flame
(For brave and generous ever are the same)
Withheld their hands, nor gave the seeds of fire
To rouse the thunders of the dreadful tire.
For Gama's soul disdain'd the pride of show,
Which acts the lion o'er the trembling roe.
His joy and wonder oft the Moor exprest,
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 sues, and bids the Moor command
What bounteous gifts shall recompense 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 possest,
When Gama's lips Messiah's name confest[96].
O depth of Heaven's dread will, that rancorous hate
On Heaven's best lov'd in every clime should wait!
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 receiv'd him on the strand.
From Heaven's high dome the vintage-god beheld,
(Whom nine long months his father's thigh conceal'd[96])
Well-pleas'd he mark'd the Moor's determin'd hate,
And thus his mind revolv'd in self-debate:
"Has Heaven, indeed, such glorious lot ordain'd!
By Lusus' 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,
My name dishonour'd, and my victories stain'd,
O'erturn'd my altars, and my shrines profan'd!
No—be it mine to fan the regent's hate;
Occasion seiz'd commands the action's fate.
'T is 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 through the fields of light.
His form divine he cloth'd in human shape[97],
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 sought, 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?
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 troops 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
Sav'd by their fate, their valour, or their care,
Yet their dread fraud shall celebrate our isle,
If fate consent, and thou approve the guile.

[96] This, and of consequence, the reason of the Moor's hate, together with the fine description of the armoury, is entirely omitted by Castera. The original is, the Moor conceived hatred, "knowing they were followers of the truth which the son of David taught." Thus rendered by Fanshaw:

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 Camoëns.

"Zacocia (governor of Mozambic) made no doubt but our people were of some Mohammedan 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 the strangers were Christians, than all his kindness was turned into the most bitter hatred; he began to meditate their ruin, and sought by every means to destroy the fleet."—Osorius Silvensis Episc. de Rebus Eman. Regis Lusit. gestis.

[96] 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.

[97] Alecto torvam faciem et furialia membra
Exuit: in vultus sese transformat anilles,
Et frontem obscœnam rugis arat.——
Virg. Æn. vii. 415.

Give them a pilot to their wandering fleet,
Bold in his art, and tutor'd in deceit; [guide
Whose hand adventurous shall their helms mis-
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 prince, with transport glowing in his face,
Approv'd, and caught him in a kind embrace;
And instant at the word his bands prepare
Their bearded darts and iron fangs of war,
That Lusus' sons might purple with their gore
The crystal fountain which they sought 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 'scap'd, 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 crystal rill:
Full-arm'd they came, for brave defence prepar'd,
For martial care is ever on the guard:
And secret warnings ever are imprest
On wisdom such as wak'd in Gama's breast.
And now, as swiftly springing o'er the tide
Advanc'd the boats, a troop of Moors they spy'd;
O'er the pale sands the sable warriors crowd,
And toss their threatening darts, and shout aloud.
Yet seeming artless, though they dar'd the fight,
Their eager hope they plac'd 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 breach they stride,
And push their levell'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 sanguine
Together with a bound they spring to land, [fray:
Unknown whose step first trod the hostile strand.
Thus[28], when to gain his beauteous charmer's smile,
The youthful lover dares the bloody toil,
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 demons 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 slow rolling on the air:
They see their warriors drop, and, starting, hear
The lingering thunders bursting on their ear.
Amaz'd, appall'd, the treacherous ambush fled,
And rag'd[29], and curst their birth, and quak'd with dread.
The bands that vaunting show'd their threaten'd
With slaughter gor'd, precipitate in flight; [might,
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 bowls they wage,
Flints[30], clods, and javelins hurling as they fly,
As rage and wild despair their hands supply.
And soon disperst, 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 dread 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:
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 whirling 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:

[28] This simile is taken from a favourite exercise in Spain, where it is usual to see young gentlemen of the best families, adorned with ribbons, and armed with a javelin or kind of cutlass, which the Spaniards call machete, appear the candidates of fame in the lists of the bull-fight. Though Camoëns in this description of it has given the victory to the bull, it very seldom so happens, the young caballeros 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.

[29] ——— e maldizia
O velho inerte, e a may, que o filho cria.
Thus translated by Fanshaw,
——— curst their ill luck,
Th' old devil, and the dam that gave them suck.

[30] Jamque faces et saxa volant, furor arma ministrat. Virg. Æn. 1.
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.

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, hast'ning 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; 691
While showering still from many a carabine
The leaden hail their sails and vessels tore,
Till struggling hard they reach'd the neighb'ring
Due vengeance thus their perfidy repay'd, [shore:
And Gama's terrours to the east display'd.
Imbrown'd with dust a beaten pathway shows
Where 'midst umbrageous palms the fountain flows;
From thence at will they bear the liquid health;
And now sole masters of the island's wealth, 700
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 surer, yet a secret blow,
And in one general death to whelm the foe.
The promis'd 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. 710
Brave Gama, touch'd with generous woe, believes,
And from his hand the pilot's hand receives:
A dreadful gift! instructed to decoy,
In gulfs 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 sail,
Spread full the canvass to the rising gale:
He spoke; and proudly o'er the foaming tide,
Borne on the wind, the full-wing'd vessels ride; 720
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 aught 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,
Employ'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. 730
Yet all the chief demanded he reveal'd,
Nor aught 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 snar'd the sons of Troy,
"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." 740
Swift at the word the joyful Gama cried,
"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; 750
He knew what hate the Christian name they bore,
And hop'd 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[31], whose watchful care
Had ever been their guide, beheld the snare.
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; 760
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:
Till 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: 770
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,
Revil'd and scorn'd, was only known by fame.
The grovelling natives there, a brutal herd,
The sensual lore of Hagar's son preferr'd.
With joy brave Gama hears the artful tale,
Bears to the harbour, and bids furl the sail.
Yet watchful still fair love's celestial queen
Prevents the danger with a hand unseen; 780
Nor past the bar his vent'rous 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:

[31] 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 Camoëns is an historical truth. 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 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 acknowledgment 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 Divine Providence in their favour.

With fervid blaze the glowing evening pours
Its purple splendours o'er the lofty towers;
The lofty towers with milder lustre gleam,
And gently tremble in the glassy stream.
Here reign'd a hoary king of ancient fame,
Mombaze the town, Mombaze the 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 horrours 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 cultur'd 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-sought 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!

LUSIAD II.

The 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 increas'd;
When Gama heard the creaking of the oar,
And mark'd the white waves length'ning 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 brav'd the horrours 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 dar'd
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 strength 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,
And give soft languor to the smarting wound;
Or if the splendour 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 furl'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 gen'rous friend, [end."
Here let your per'lous toils and wand'ring searches
He said: Brave Gama smiles with heart sincere,
And prays the herald to the king to bear
The thanks of grateful joy: "But now," he cries,
"The blackening 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 hoar,
My ready prows shall gladly point to shore;
Assur'd of friendship, and a kind retreat,
Assur'd and proffer'd by a king so great."
Yet mindful still of what his hopes had cheer'd [1],
That here his nation's holy shrines were rear'd,
He asks, if certain as the pilot told,
Messiah's lore had flourish'd there of old,
And flourish'd 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'erjoy'd brave Vasco heard the pleasing tale,
Yet fear'd that fraud its viper-sting might veil
Beneath the glitter of a show so fair;
He half believes the tale, and arms against the snare.
With Gama sail'd a bold advent'rous band [2],
Whose headlong rage had urg'd the guilty hand:

[1] 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 Osorius, magis opportunum curandis atque reficiendis ægrotis posse reperiri. Jam eo tempore bona pars eorum, qui cum Gama conscenderant, 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.—Misit rex nuncios, qui Gamam nomine illius salutarent. . . . Aiunt deinde regionem illam esse opulentissimam, earumque rerum omnium plenissimam, quarum gratia multi in Indiam navigabant. Regem adeò esse in illos voluntate propensum ut nihil esset tam difficile, quod non se eorum gratia facturum polliceretur.—Osor.

[2] 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 cognoscerent.—Osor.

During the reign of Emmanuel, and his predecessor John II, few criminals were executed in

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 bread of peace had seal'd their plighted faith.
The coast unknown, when order'd 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 betray'd,
Or if the rites of Heaven were there display'd.
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 through the wave they cut their foamy way,
Their cheerful 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 annoy'd,
Now in the town his guileful rage employ'd.
A Christian priest he seem'd; a sumptuous shrine [3]
He rear'd, and tended with the rites divine:
O'er the fair altar waved the cross on high,
Upheld by angels leaning from the sky;
Descending o'er the Virgin's sacred head
So white, so pure, the Holy Spirit spread
The dove-like pictured wings, so pure, so white;
And, hovering o'er the chosen twelve, alight
The tongues of hallow'd fire. Amazed, oppress,
With sacred awe their troubled looks confess'd
The inspiring Godhead, and the prophet's glow,
Which gave each language from their lips to flow.
Where 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 transport call;
While the feign'd priest awakes the censer's fire,
And clouds of incense round the shrine aspire.
With cheerful welcome here, caress'd, they stay,
Till bright Aurora, messenger of day,
Walk'd forth; and now the Sun's resplendent rays,
Yet half emerging o'er the waters, blaze,
When to the fleet the Moorish 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,
The king's sincerity, the people's care,
And treasures of the coast the spies declare:
Nor pass'd untold what most their joys inspired,
What most to bear the valiant chief desired,
That their glad eyes had seen the riter divine,
Their 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 Moor's 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.
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 [4], and own her sway.

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. Besides the merit of thus rendering forfeited lives of service to the community, the Portuguese monarchs have the honour of carrying this idea still further. They were the first who devised that most political of all punishments, transportation to foreign settlements. India and the Brazils received their criminals; many of whom became afterwards useful members to society. When 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.

[3] On it, the picture of that shape he plac't,
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 unwilling to lose.

[4] 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 disgraceful be ascribed

She tells what ruin threats her fav'rite race;
Unwonted ardour glows on every face;
With keen rapidity they bound away,
Dash'd by their silver limbs, the billows gray
Foam round: fair Doto, fir'd with rage divine,
Darts through the wave; and onward o'er the brine
The lovely Nyse and Nerine[5] spring
With all the vehemence and the speed of wing.

to the celestial Venus, who represents religion?' I answer, that Camoëns 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 show; but I think it more proper to leave to the ingenious reader the pleasure of tracing the allegory." Thus 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.

[5] Cloto, or Clotho, as Castera observes, has by some errour 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 Æneid Doto is mentioned,

—— Magnique jubebo
Æquoris esse Deas: qualis Nerëia Doto
Et Galatea secant 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 prows
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." That this manner of allegory is in the true spirit of Homer, see the note on the allegorical machinery of that great father of poetry, near the end of the Sixth Lusiad. The following, from Castera, is indeed highly pedantic: "Doto," continues he, "is derived from the verb δίδωμι, *I give*. According to this etymology Doto is Charity, Nyse is Hope, and Nerine, Faith. For the name Nyse comes from νέω, *I swim*. For the action of Hope agrees with that of swimming, and is the symbol of it. Nereine is a term composed of νῆτις, an old word, which signifies *the waters of the sea*, and of εἶρω, *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 paraphrast 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.

The curving billows to their breasts divide,
And give a yielding passage through the tide.
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 press'd;
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 lifted from the wave,
And, trembling, hovers o'er the watery 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[6]:
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 sail in vain:
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 horrour from the yard-arms rise,
And a dire general yell invades the skies.
The Moors start, fear-struck, at the horrid sound,
As if the rage of combat roar'd around.
Pale are their lips, each look in wild amaze
The horrour 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 the hoarse tenants of the sylvan lake[7],
A Lycian race of old, to flight betake;

[6] Imitated from Virgil:

Cymothoë simul, et Triton adnixus, acuto
Detrudunt naves scopulo.——Virg. Æn. 1.

[7] Latona, says the fable, flying from the serpent Python, and faint with thirst, came to a pond

At every sound 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 resounds aloud
The ponderous anchors dash the whitening flood,

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 Castera, 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 crowd 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 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 Camoëns, in a point wherein he is supported by the authority of Homer and Virgil. Yet as many readers are infected with the sang froid of a Rollin 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 similies 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 requires 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 mastership in his art. That the similes of the emmets and of the frogs in Camoëns 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
Biscia per l'acqua si dileguan' tutte
Fin che a la terra ciascuna s'abbica.

And cant. 22.

E come a l'orlo de l'acqua d'un fosso
Stan' il ranocchi pur col muso fuori
Si' che celano i piedi, e l'altro grosso.

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;
The boastful pilot's self-accusing flight,
The former treason of the Moorish spite;
How headlong to the rock the furious wind,
The boiling current, and their art combin'd;
Yet though the groaning blast the canvass swell'd,
Some wondrous cause, unknown, their speed withheld:
Amaz'd, with hands high rais'd and sparkling eyes,
"A miracle[8]!" the raptur'd Gama cries,
"A miracle! O hail, thou sacred sign,
Thou pledge illustrious of the care divine!
Ah! fraudful malice! how shall wisdom's care
Escape the poison of thy gilded snare!
The front of honesty, the saintly show,
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;
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 lengthening 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-sought shore reward!"

[8] Osorius 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 ostentat, et quantulum visum est donat, ut Gamæ monstrare possent, et admonere, quanto esset utilius apud regem amicum rem gerere, quàm vitam tam periculosæ 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, inveherentur, timens ille nè in vadum incideret, vela contrahere et anchoras demittere confestim jussit. . . . . Quo facto Mozambiquenses gubernatores metu repentino perculsi, 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 asperuati, gubernatores in terram exposuerunt. 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 cœlum 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. The safety of the armada depended upon this circumstance.

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 sixth Heaven [9] her lovely form receives.
Her radiant eyes such living splendours cast,
The sparkling stars were brighten'd as she pass'd;
The frozen pole with sudden streamlets flow'd,
And as the burning zone with fervour glow'd.
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 ether 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 when in Ida's bower she stood of yore [10],
When every charm and every hope of joy
Enraptured and allured the Trojan boy.
Ah! had that hunter [11], whose unhappy fate
The human visage lost by Diau's hate,
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 sash, were bare.
And Love [12], unseen, smil'd soft, and panted there.
Nor less the zone the god's fond zeal employs;
The zone awakes the flame 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:
(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 [13]: "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 tenour 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 Tago's clime
I loved—alas! that love is now their crime:
O happy they, and prosp'rous gales their fate,
Had I pursued them with relentless hate!
Yes! let my woeful sighs in vain implore,
Yes! let them perish on some barb'rous shore,
For I have lov'd 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,
The thundering god her weeping sorrows ey'd,
And sudden threw his awful state aside:
With 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,

[9] As the planet of Jupiter is in the sixth Heaven, the author has with propriety there placed the throne of that god.—Castera.

[10] 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 celestial 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 rind, 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 promised 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."

[11] The allegory of Camoëns is here obvious. If Acteon 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 pelliceret.—Castera.

[12] "That is, divine love, which always accompanies religion. Behold how our author insinuates the excellence of his moral!"—Castera.

Camoëns, 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.

[13] The following speech of Venus and the reply of Jupiter are a fine imitation from the first Æneid, and do great honour to the classical taste of the Portuguese poet.

Her snowy neck and glowing cheek he press'd,
And wip'd her tears, and clasp'd her to his breast:
Yet she, still sighing, dropp'd the trickling tear,
As the child nursling, mov'd with pride and fear,
Still sighs and moans, though fondled and caress't;
Till thus great Jove the Fates' decrees confess'd:
" 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
The flags far streaming, and thy thunders roll'd;
While nobler triumphs shall thy nation crown,
Than those of Roman or of Greek renown.
" If by mine aid the sapient Greek could brave
The Ogycian seas, nor sink a deathless slave [14];
If through th' Illyrian shelves Antenor bore,
Till safe he landed on Timavus' shore;
If, by his fate, the pious Trojan led,
Safe through Charybdis' 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:
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,
Till thy just laws wide o'er the east extend.
Thy chief, who now in errour's circling maze
For India's shore through shelves and tempests strays;
That 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 sail [15],
The waves shall boil and tremble, aw'd with dread,
And own the terrour o'er their empire spread.
That hostile coast, with various streams supplied,
Whose treacherous sons 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 offer'd faith;
To him their haughty lords shall lowly bend,
And yield him tribute for the name of friend.
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,
Amaz'd, shall view his arrows, backward driven, [16]
Shower'd on his legions by the hand of Heaven.
Though twice assail'd by many a vengeful hand,
Unconquer'd 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 from 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 regal state,
The fatal scourge, the dread of all who dare
Against thy sons to plan the future war.
Though few thy troops who Cosnour sustain,
The foe, though numerous, shall assault in vain.
Great Calicut, for potent hosts renown'd,
By Lisboa's sons assail'd shall strew the ground:
What floods on floods of vengeful hosts shall wage
On Cochin's walls their swift repeated rage!
In vain: a Lusian hero [17] shall oppose
His dauntless bosom, and disperse the foes,
As high-swell'd waves, that thunder'd to the shock,
Disperse in feeble streamlets from the rock.
When blackening broad and far o'er Actium's tide [18]
Augustus' fleets the slave of love defy'd,
When that fallen warrior 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 sons resign.
Thus many a sea shall blaze, and many a shore
Resound the horrour of the combat's roar,
While thy bold prows triumphant ride along
By trembling China to the isles unsung

[14] i. e. the slave of Calypso, who offered Ulysses immortality on condition he would live with her.

[15] After the Portuguese had made great conquests in India, Gama had the honour to be appointed viceroy. In 1524, as he sailed thither to take possession of his government, his fleet was becalmed on the coast of Cambaya, and the ships stood motionless on the water: instantly, without the least change of weather, the waves were shaken with the most violent agitation. 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 (tom. 1. c. 9.) who says, that such as lay sick of fevers were cured by the fright.

[16] Both Barros and Castaneda relate this fact. Albuquerk, during the war of Ormus, 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.

[17] Pacheco;—in the siege of Cochin he defeated successively seven numerous armies raised by the zamorim for the reduction of that city.

[18] Hinc ope barbarica, variisque Antonius armis
Victor, ab Auroræ populis et litore rubro
Ægyptum, viresque Orientis, et ultima secum
Bactra vehit: sequiturque nefas! Ægyptia conjux.
Una omnes ruere, ac totum spumare reductis
Convulsum 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 nova Neptunia cæde rubescunt,
— sævit medio in certamine Mavors.
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 decreed to bear the injur'd name
Of Magalhaens, the Lusian pride and shame [19]; 420
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 in friendly port to bring,
And while in sleep the brave De Gama lay,
To warn, and fair the shore of rest display. 430
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 bore [20];
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, 441
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; 450
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: 460
An impious king for thee the toil prepares,
An impious people weave a thousand snares:
O 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 prows; the winds thy lingering chide.
Here such dire welcome is for thee prepared
As Diomede's unhappy strangers shared [21];
His hapless guests at silent midnight bled,
On their torn limbs his snorting coursers fed. 470
O fly, or here with strangers' blood imbrued
Busiris' 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, belov'd 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 tenour sets.
A sovereign there, of generous faith unstain'd,
With ancient bounty and with joy unfeign'd 480
Your glad arrival on his shore shall greet,
And soothe with every care your weary fleet.
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; 490
The winds loud whizzing through the cordage sigh'd—
" Spread, spread the sail," the raptured Vasco cried;
" Aloft, aloft, this, this the gale of Heaven;" [cried;
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-echoing o'er the sea,
Proud of their strength the ponderous anchors weigh. 500
When Heaven again its guardian care display'd [22];
Above the wave rose many a Moorish head——
Conceal'd by night they gently swam along,
And with their weapons sawed the cables strong,
That by the swelling currents whirl'd and tost,
The navy's wrecks might strew the rocky coast:
But now discover'd, every nerve they ply,
And dive, and swift as frighten'd vermin fly.
Now through the silver waves that curling rose,
And gently murmur'd round the sloping prows, 510
The gallant fleet before the steady wind
Sweeps on, and leaves long foamy tracks behind;

[19] Magalhaens, a most celebrated navigator. Neglected by John II. king of Portugal, he offered his service to the kingdom of Spain, under whom he made most important discoveries round the Straits which bear his name, and in the back parts of South America; acquirements, which at this day are of the utmost value to the Spanish empire. Of this hero see further Lusiad X. in the notes.

[20] Tum virgam capit. hac animas ille evocat Orco
Pallentes, alias sub tristia Tartara mittit,
Dat somnos adimitque, et lumina morte resignat.
Virg. Æn. iv.

[21] Diomede, a tyrant of Thrace, who fed his horses with human flesh; a thing, says the grave Castera, presque incroyable, almost incredible. Busiris was a king of Egypt, who sacrificed strangers.

Quis—illaudati nescit Busiridis aras?
Virg. Geor. iii.

Hercules vanquished both these tyrants, and put them to the same punishments which their cruelty had inflicted on others. Isocrates composed an oration in honour of Busiris; a masterly example of Attic raillery and satire. To this Castera wisely appeals, to prove the truth of the history of that tyrant.

[22] Having mentioned the escape of the Moorish pilots, Osorius proceeds: Rex deinde homines magno cum silentio scaphis et lintribus submittebat, qui securibus anchoralia nocte præciderent. Quod nisi fuisset à nostris singulari Gamæ industria vigilatum, et insidiis scelerati illius regis occursum, nostri in summum vitæ discrimen incidissent.

While as they sail the joyful crew relate
Their wondrous safety from impending fate;
And every bosom feels how sweet the joy
When dangers past the grateful tongue employ.
The Sun had now his annual journey run,
And blazing forth another course begun,
When smoothly gliding o'er the hoary tide
Two sloops afar the watchful master spied;
Their Moorish make the seaman's art display'd;
Here Gama weens to force the pilot's aid:
One, base with fear, to certain shipwreck flew;
The keel, dash'd on the shore, escap'd the crew.
The other bravely trusts the generous foe,
And yields, ere slaughter struck the lifted blow,
Ere Vulcan's thunders bellowed. Yet again
The captain's prudence and his wish 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 reigu'd, whose pious sway
For truth and noblest bounty far renown'd,
Still with the stranger's grateful praise was crown'd.
O'erjoy'd 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 renew'd,
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 sailors spy;
From every mast the purple streamers fly;
Rich-figur'd tap'stry now supplies the sail,
The gold and scarlet tremble in the gale;
The standard broad its brilliant hues bewrays,
And floating on the wind wide-billowing plays;
Shrill through the air the quivering trumpet sounds;
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,
Now in 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.
Straight to the king, as friends to generous friends,
A captive Moor the valiant Gama sends.
The Lusian fame the king already knew,
What gulfs 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 here the purple and the orange blaze:
O'er these profuse the branching coral spread,
The coral wondrous in its watery bed[23];
Soft there it creeps, in curving branches thrown;
In air it hardens to a precious stone.
With these a herald, on whose melting tongue
The copious rhet'ric of Ambia hung[24],
He sends, his wants and purpose to reveal,
And holy vows of lasting peace to seal.
The monarch sits amid 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;
To thee, O king, for friendly aid we come;
Nor lawless robbers o'er the deep 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 gulfs untried before,
We force our journey to the Indian shore.
"Alas, what rancour fires the human breast!
By what stern tribes are Afric's shores possest!
How many a wile they try'd, how many a snare!
Not wisdom sav'd us, 't was the Heaven's own care
Nor 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 rites as old Alcinous' palace graced[25],
When lorn Ulysses sat his favour'd guest.
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 office, and the cares of state[26]!

[23] Vimen erat dum stagna subit, processerat undis
Gemma fuit. Claud.

Sic et coralium, quo primum contigit auras,
Tempore durescit, mollis fuit herba sub undis.
Ovid.

[24] There were on board Gama's fleet several persons skilled in the oriental languages.—Osor.

[25] See the eighth Odyssey, &c.

[26] Castera's note on this place is so characteristical 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.—In the note he thus apologizes, Le poete dit, Tens de rey o officio, Toi qui fais le metier de Roi.—"The poet says, 'Thou who holdest the

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 run[87]."
He spoke:—a murmur of applause succeeds,
And each with wonder own'd the ral'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 Lisboa's lord in awful state appears,
Whose least command on furthest shores obey'd,
His sovereign grandeur to the world display'd.
Elate with joy, uprose 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 expell:
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 show,
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.

business of a king.' I confess 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 encumbered with the multiplicity of business, that I have not a moment to myself. In truth, we kings hold a laborious office, there is little reason to envy us.'" May the politeness of England never be disgusted with the word *business* applied to a king!

[87] The propriety and artfulness of Homer's speeches have been often and justly admired. Camoëns is peculiarly happy in the same department of the epopœia. 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 afterwards to be asked. The assurance 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 Alcinous 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.

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 send,
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 bombardiers their roaring engines ply,
And earth and ocean thunder to the sky,
The tarrup and fife'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 pass'd the night: and now with silvery ray
The star of morning ushers 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 cheerful labourer hastens to the field;
When to the fleet with many a sounding oar
The monarch sails; the natives crowd the shore.
Their various robes in one bright splendour 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 glistening silk array'd,
Whose various hues, as waving through the bay,
Return'd the lustre of the rising day:
And onward as they came, in sovereign state
The mighty king amid his princes sate:
His robes the pomp of eastern splendour show,
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 artist's pride,
Hung from his neck; and glittering by his side
The dagger's hilt of star-bright diamond shone,
The girding baldric burns with precious stone;
And precious stone in studs of gold enchased,
The shaggy velvet of his buskins graced:
Wide o'er his head, of various silks 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 greet:
His barge nods on amidst a splendid train,
Himself adorn'd in all the pride of Spain:
With fair embroidery shone his armed breast[28],
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 hoops of gold:
Bright in the sun the polish'd radiance burns,
And the dimm'd eye-ball from the lustre turns.
Of crimson satin, dazzling to behold,
His cassock swell'd in many a curving fold;
The make was Gallic, but the lively bloom
Confess'd the labour of Venetia's loom:
Gold was his sword, and warlike trowsers, laced
With thongs of gold, his manly legs embraced:
With graceful mien his cap aslant was turn'd;
The velvet cap a nodding plume adorn'd.
His noble aspect, and the purple's ray,
Amidst his train the gallant chief bewray.
The various vestments of the warrior train,
Like flowers of various colours on the plain,
Attract the pleased beholder's wondering eye,
And with the splendour of the rainbow vie.
Now Gama's bands the quivering trumpet blow,
Thick o'er the wave the crowding barges row,
The Moorish flags the curling waters sweep,
The Lusian mortars thunder o'er the deep;
Again the fiery roar Heaven's concave tears,
The Moors astonish'd stop their wounded ears:
Again loud thunders rattle o'er the bay,
And clouds of smoke wide-rolling blot the day;
The captain's barge the generous king ascends,
His arms the chief enfold; the captain bends,
A reverence to the sceptred grandeur due:
In silent awe the monarch's wondering view
Is fixt on Vasco's noble mien[29]; 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 Lusus' race before
Had met his eye, or trod Melinda's shore,
To him familiar was the mighty name,
And much his talk extols the Lusian 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 Lusian 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:

"O 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,
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 controls,
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 anchor'd 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 Lusian 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 lowring skies;
What tribes, what rites you saw; what savage hate
On our rude Afric proved your hapless fate:
O tell! for lo, the chilly dawning star
Yet rides before the morning's purple car;
And o'er the wave the Sun's bold coursers 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, though scorch'd 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 giant brood[30] with impious arms
Shook high Olympus' brow with rude alarms;
If Theseus and Pirithous dared invade
The dismal horrours of the Stygian shade,
Nor less your glory, nor your boldness less,
That thus exploring Neptune's last recess
Contemn 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;

[28] Camoëns 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 slashed, through which appears the crimson lining, the doublet of crimson satin, and over it his armour inlaid with gold."

[29] The admiration and friendship of the king of Melinda, so much insisted on by Camoëns, is a judicious imitation of Virgil's Dido. In both cases such preparation was necessary to introduce the long episodes which follow.

[30] For a defence of the king of Melinda's learning, ignorantly objected to by Voltaire, see the preface.

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!"

LUSIAD III.

On now, Calliope, thy potent aid!
What to the king th' illustrious Gama said
Clothe in immortal verse. With sacred fire
My breast, if e'er it loved thy lore, inspire:
So may the patron of the healing art,
The god of day, to thee consign his heart!
From thee, the mother of his darling son[1],
May never wandering thought to Daphne run!
May never Clytia, nor Leucothoe's pride
Henceforth with thee his changeful love divide!
Then aid, O fairest nymph, my fond desire,
And give my verse the Lusian warlike fire:
Fired by the song, the listening world shall know
That Aganippe's streams from Tagus flow.
Oh, let no more the flowers of Pindus shine
On thy fair breast, or round thy temples twine:
On Tago's banks a richer chaplet blows,
And with the tuneful god my bosom glows:
I feel, I feel the mighty power infuse,
And bathe my spirit in Aonian dews!

Now silence wooed th' illustrious chief's reply,
And keen attention watch'd on every eye;
When slowly turning with a modest grace,
The noble Vasco raised his manly face;
"O mighty king[2]," he cries, "at thy command
The martial story of my native land
I tell; but more my doubtful heart had joy'd
Had other wars my praiseful lips employ'd.
When men the honours of their race commend,
The doubts of strangers on the tale attend:
Yet though reluctance falter on my tongue,
Though day would fail a narrative so long,
Yet well assured no fiction's glare can raise,
Or give my country's fame a brighter praise;
Though less, far less, whate'er my lips can say,
Than truth must give it, I thy will obey.

"Between that zone where endless winter reigns,
And that where flaming heat consumes the plains;
Array'd in green, beneath indulgent skies,
The queen of arts and arms, fair Europe, lies.
Around her northern and her western shores,
Throng'd with the finny race old Ocean roars;
The midland sea, where tide ne'er swell'd the waves,
Her richest lawns, the southern border, laves.

Against the rising morn, the northmost bound
The whirling Tanais parts from Asian ground,
As tumbling from the Scythian mountains cold
Their crooked way the rapid waters hold
To dull Mæotis' lake: her eastern line.
More to the south, the Phrygian waves confine;
Those waves, which, black with many a navy, bore
The Grecian heroes to the Dardan shore;
Where now the seaman rapt in mournful joy
Explores in vain the sad remains of Troy.
Wide to the north beneath the pole she spreads;
Here piles of mountains rear their rugged heads,
Here winds on winds in endless tempests howl,
The valleys sigh, the lengthening echoes howl.
On the rude cliffs with frosty spangles gray,
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 control'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 horrour 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[3] dread footsteps yet Ausonia wears,
And yet proud Rome in mournful ruin bears.

[1] Calliope, the Muse of epic poesy, and mother of Orpheus. Daphne, daughter of the river Peneus, flying from Apollo, was turned into the laurel. Clytia was metamorphosed into the sun-flower; and Leucothoe, who was buried alive by her father for yielding to the solicitations of Apollo, was by her lover changed into an incense tree. The physical meaning of these fables is obvious.

[2] The preface to the speech of Gama, and the description of Europe which follows, are happy imitations of the manner of Homer. When Camoëns describes countries, or musters an army, it is after the example of the great models of antiquity. By adding some characteristical feature of the climate or people, he renders his narrative pleasing, picturesque, and poetical.

[3] 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 Camoëns has not fallen into the common errour of little poets, who on every occasion bewail the outrage which the Goths and Vandals did to the arts and sciences. Those arts and sciences, however, which give vigour to the mind, long ere the irruption of the northern tribes were in the most languid state. The southern nations of Europe were sunk into the most contemptible degeneracy. The sciences, with every branch of manly literature, were almost unknown. For near two centuries no poet or writer of note had adorned the Roman empire. Those arts only, the abuse of which has a certain and fatal tendency to enervate the mind, the arts of music and cookery, were passionately cultivated in all the refinements of effeminate abuse. The art of war was too laborious for their delicacy, and the generous warmth of heroism and patriotism was incompatible with their effeminacy. Whoever reads the history of the later emperors of Rome will find it hard to explain how minds illuminated, as it is pretended, by letters and science, could at the same time be so broken as to suffer the basest subjection to such weak and wanton tyrants. That the general mind of the empire did suffer, for several centuries, the weakest and most capricious tyranny, is a fact beyond dispute, a fact, which most strongly marks their degenerated character. On these despicable Sybarites* the North poured her brave and hardy sons, who, though ignorant of polite litera-

* 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.

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,
Cheer'd by whole months of one continual day.
Between these shores and Tanais' rushing tide
Livonia's sons and Russia's hordes reside.
Stern as their clime the tribes, whose sires of yore
The name, far dreaded, of Sarmatians bore.
Where, famed of old, th' Hercynian forest lour'd,
Oft seen in arms the Polish troops are pour'd
Wide foraging the downs. The Saxon race,
The Hungar dext'rous in the wild-boar chase,
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,
The dreadful god of battles' kindred race,
Degenerate now, possess the hills of Thrace.
Mount Hæmus here, and Rhodope renown'd,
And proud Byzantium, long with empire crown'd;
Their ancient pride, their ancient virtue fled,
Low to the Turk now bend the servile head.
Here spread the fields of warlike Macedon,
And here those happy lands where genius shone
In all the arts, in all the Muse's charms,
In all the pride of elegance and arms,
Which to the Heavens resounded 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 sound,
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,

ture, were possessed of all the manly virtues of the Scythians in a high degree*. Under their conquests Europe wore a new and a vigorous face; and which, however rude, was infinitely preferable to that languid and sickly female countenance which it had lately worn. Even the ideas of civil liberty were lost. But the rights of mankind were claimed, however rude their laws, by the northern invaders. And however ignorance may talk of their barbarity, it is to them that England owes her constitution, which, as Montesquieu 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 horrour and detestation. To add no more, it is to the irruption of these brave barbarians that modern Europe owes those remains of the spirit of liberty, and some other of the greatest advantages which she may at present possess. They introduced a vigour of mind, which, under the consequences of the crusades, and a variety of other causes, has not only been able to revive the arts and improve every science, but has also investigated and ascertained the political interest and rights of mankind, in a manner unknown to the brightest ages of the ancient world.

* See Warton's Hist. of Eng. Poetry, dissert. ii. p. 3.

Here Italy her beauteous landscapes shows;
Around her sides his arms old Ocean throws;
The dashing waves the rampart's aid supply;
The hoary Alps, high towering to the sky,
From shore to shore a rugged barrier spread,
And lour destruction on the hostile tread.
But now no more her hostile spirit burns;
There now the saint 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 lost Pyrene[4], 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[5], appears illustrious Spain.
Alas, what various fortunes has she known!
Yet ever did her sons her wrongs atone;
Short was the triumph of her haughty foes,
And still with fairer bloom her honours rose.
Where, lock'd with land the struggling currents boil,
Fam'd for the godlike Theban's latest toil[6],
Against one coast the Punic strand extends,
And round her breast the midland ocean bends:
Around her shores two various oceans swell,
And various nations in her bosom dwell;
Such deeds of valour dignify their names,
Each the imperial right of honour claims.
Proud Arragon, who twice her standard 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,

[4] She was daughter to Bebryx, a king of Spain, and concubine to Hercules. Having one day wandered from her lover, she was destroyed by wild beasts, on one of the mountains which bear her name. Diodorus Siculus, and others, derive the name of the Pyreneans from πῦρ, *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.*

[5] It is remarkable, that in this description of Europe, England should be entirely omitted; of so little consequence in the political scale did she then seem. The time when Camoëns wrote this may be estimated from the beginning of the seventh book, which appears to have been written in the reign of Henry VIII. though the Lusiad was not published till the fourteenth of Elizabeth.

[6] Hercules, says the fable, to crown his labours, separated the two mountains Calpe and Abyla, the one now in Spain, the other in Africa, in order to open a canal for the benefit of commerce. Upon this opening, the ocean rushed in, and formed the Mediterranean, the Egean, and Euxine seas.

The bold Asturias; nor Sevilia's race,
Nor thine, Granada, claim the second place.
Here too the heroes who command the plain
By Betis water'd; here, the pride of Spain,
The brave Castilian pauses o'er his sword,
His country's dread deliverer and lord.
Proud o'er the rest, with splendid wealth array'd,
As crown to this wide empire, Europe's head,
Fair Lusitania smiles, the western bound,
Whose verdant breast the rolling waves surround,
Where gentle evening pours her lambent ray,
The last pale gleaming of departing day:
This, this, O mighty king, the sacred earth,
This the lov'd parent-soil that gave me birth.
And oh, would bounteous Heaven my prayer regard,
And fair success my per'lous 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[7] 'twas theirs the first to quell
The Moorish tyrants, and from Spain expell;
Nor could their burning wilds conceal their flight,
Their burning wilds confess'd 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 treach'rous blow[8],
That own'd her terrour of the matchless foe.
But when no more her Viriatus fought,
Age after age her deeper thraldom brought;
Her broken sons by ruthless tyrants spurn'd,
Her vineyards languish'd, and her pastures mourn'd;
Till time revolving 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 came[9]
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.
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 stands[10].
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.

[7] This boast is according to the truth of history. In the days of Portuguese heroism, this first expulsion of the Moors was esteemed as a mark of the favour with which Heaven had crowned their defence of the Catholic faith. See the Preface.

[8] The assassination of Viriatus. See book i. note 12. p. 634.

[9] 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. Accordingly 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 shown 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 Tralos Montes, were subdued, with that part of Beira which was held by the Moorish king of Lamego, whom he constrained to pay tribute. Many thousands of Christians, who had fled to the mountains, took shelter under the protection of count Henry. Great multitudes of the Moors also chose to submit, and remain in their native country under a mild government. These advantages, added to the great fertility of the soil of Henry's dominions, will account for the numerous armies and the frequent wars of the first sovereigns of Portugal.

[10] Camoëns, 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 Lorain. 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. Fanshaw, 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,

Nor Spain's wide lands alone his deeds attest,
Deliver'd Judah Henry's might confess'd [11].
On Jordan's bank the victor-hero strode,
Whose hallow'd waters bath'd 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 honour'd age he closed;
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 [12]
Avow'd a second hymeneal flame.
The low-born spouse assumes the monarch's place,
And from the throne expels the orphan race.
But young Alphonso, like his sires of yore,
(His grandsire's virtues as his name he bore,)
Arms for the fight, his ravish'd throne to win,
And the laced helmet grasps his beardless chin.
Her fiercest firebrands Civil Discord waved;
Before her troops the lustful mother raved;
Lost to maternal love, and lost to shame,
Unnerved 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 children's 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 sires,
But here ambition with foul lust conspires.
'T was rage of love, O Scylla [13], urged the knife
That robb'd thy father of his fated life;
Here grosser rage the mother's breast inflames,
And at her guiltless son the vengeance aims;
But aims in vain; her slaughter'd forces yield,
And the brave youth rides victor o'er the field.
No more his subjects 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 parent's 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 shown
The battle should avenge, and blood atone.
A numerous host against the prince he sped,
The valiant prince his little army led:
Dire was the shock; the deep riven helms resound,
And foes with foes lie grappling on the ground.
Yet though around the stripling's sacred head
By angel hands ethereal shields were spread;
Though glorious triumph on his valour smiled,
Soon on his van the baffled foe recoil'd:
With bands more numerous to the field he came,
His proud heart burning with the rage of shame.
And now in turn Guimaria's lofty wall,
That saw his triumph, saw the hero fall:
Within the town immured, distrest he lay,
To stern Castilia's sword a certain prey.
When now the guardian of his infant years,
The valiant Egas, as a god appears;
To proud Casteel the suppliant noble bows,
And faithful homage for his prince he vows.
The proud Casteel accepts his honour'd faith,
And peace succeeds the dreadful scenes of death.
Yet well, alas, the generous Egas knew
His high-soul'd prince to man would never sue,
Would 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:

and other Portuguese historians, are at great pains to prove that she was the legitimate daughter of Alonzo and the beautiful Ximena de Guzman. But it appears from the more authentic chronicle of Fleury, that Ximena was only his concubine. And it is evident from all the historians, that donna Urraca, the heiress of her father's kingdom, was younger than her half-sister, the wife of count Henry.

[11] His expedition to the Holy Land is mentioned by some monkish writers, but from the other parts of his history it is highly improbable. Camoëns, however, shows his judgment in adopting every traditionary circumstance that might give an air of solemnity to his poem.

[12] 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 Legonaso, where she was taken captive by her son, who condemned her to perpetual imprisonment, and ordered chains to be put upon her legs. That don Alonzo made war against his mother, vanquished her party, and that she died in prison about two years after, A. D. 1130, are certain. But the cause of the war, that his mother was married to, or intended to marry, don Perez, and that she was put in chains, are uncertain.

[13] 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.

The guilty tongue, the guilty hands are these,
Nor let a common death thy wrath appease;
For us let all the rage of torture burn,
But to my prince, thy son, in friendship turn.'
"He spoke, and bow'd his prostrate body low,
As one who waits the lifted sabre's blow,
When o'er the block his languid arms are spread,
And death, foretasted, whelms the heart with dread.
So great a leader thus in humbled state,
So firm his loyalty, and zeal so great,
The brave Alonzo's kindled ire subdued,
And lost in silent joy the monarch stood;
Then gave the hand, and sheath'd the hostile sword,
And to such honour honour'd peace restored [14].
"O Lusian faith! o zeal beyond compare!
What greater danger could the Persian dare,
Whose prince in tears, to view his mangled woe,
Forgot the joy for Babylon's ov'rthrow [15]?
And now the youthful hero shines in arms,
The banks of Tagus echo war's alarms:
O'er Ourique's wide campaign his ensigns wave,
And the proud Saracen to combat brave.
Though prudence might arraign his fiery rage
That dared, with one, each hundred spears engage,
In Heaven's protecting care his courage lies,
And Heaven, his friend, superior force supplies.
Five Moorish kings against him march along,
Ismar, the noblest of the armed throng;
Yet each brave monarch claim'd the soldier's name,
And far o'er many a land was known to fame.
In all the beauteous glow of blooming years,
Beside each king a warrior nymph appears [16];
Each with her sword her valiant lover guards,
With smiles inspires him, and with smiles rewards.
Such was the valour of the beauteous maid [17],
Whose warlike arm proud Ilion's fate delay'd:
Such in the field the virgin warriors shone,
Who drank the limpid wave of Thermodon [18].
"'T was morn's still hour, before the dawning gray
The stars' bright twinkling radiance died away;
When lo, resplendent in the Heaven serene,
High o'er the prince the sacred cross was seen;
The godlike prince with faith's warm glow inflamed,
'Oh, not to me, my bounteous God,' exclaim'd;
'Oh, not to me, who well thy grandeur know,
But to the Pagan herd thy wonders show.'
"The Lusian host, enraptured, mark'd the sign
That witness'd to their chief the aid divine:
Right on the foe they shake the beamy lance,
And with firm strides, and heaving breasts, advance;
Then burst the silence, 'Hail, O king,' they cry;
'Our king, our king,' the echoing dales reply.
Fired at the sound, with fiercer ardour glows
The heaven-made monarch; on the wareless foes
Rushing, he speeds his ardent bands along:
So when the chase excites the rustic throng,
Roused to fierce madness by their mingled cries,
On the wild bull the red-eyed mastiff flies:
The stern-brow'd tyrant roars and tears the ground,
His watchful horns portend the deathful wound;
The nimble mastiff, springing on the foe,
Avoids the furious sharpness of the blow:
Now by the neck, now by the gory sides
Hangs fierce, and all his bellowing rage derides:
In vain his eye-balls burn with living fire,
In vain his nostrils clouds of smoke respire;
His gorge torn down, down falls the furious prize
With hollow thundering sound, and raging dies [19].
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:

[14] The authors of the Universal History, having related the story of Egas, add, "All this is very pleasant and entertaining, but we see no sufficient reason to affirm that there is one syllable of it true."

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

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

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

[17] Penthesilea, queen of the Amazons, who, after having signalized her valour at the siege of Troy, was killed by Achilles.

[18] A river of Scythia in the country of the Amazons.

[19] It may, perhaps, be agreeable to the reader to see Homer's description of a bull overpowered, as translated by Pope.

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

Rous'd by the crackling of the mounting blaze,
From sleep the shepherds start in wild amaze;
They snatch their clothes with many a woeful cry,
And, scatter'd devious, to the mountains fly.
Such sudden dread the trembling Moors alarms,
Wild and confused 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 horrour of the headlong shock,
With foot unshaken as the living rock,
Stands the bold Lusian firm; the purple wounds
Gush horrible, deep groaning rage resounds;
Reeking behind the Moorish backs appear
The shining points of many a Lusian spear;
The mail-coats, hauberks, and the harness steel'd,
Bruis'd, hackt, and torn, lie scatter'd o'er the field;
Beneath the Lusian sweepy force o'erthrown,
Crush'd by their batter'd mails the wounded groan;
Burning with thirst they draw their panting breath,
And curse their prophet as they writhe in death.
Arms sever'd from the trunks still grasp the steel [20],
Heads gasping roll; 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:
So faints the languid combat on the plain,
And settling staggers o'er the heaps of slain.
Again the Lusian fury wakes its fires,
The terrour of the Moors new strength inspires;
The scatter'd few in wild confusion fly,
And total rout resounds the yelling cry.
Defil'd 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 [21],
The heaven-made sovereign on the battle ground

[20] There is a passage in Xenophon, upon which perhaps Camoëns had his eye. Ἐπεὶ δὲ ἤλαυνεν ἡ μάχη, ἦν ἰδεῖν, τὴν μὲν γῆν αἵματι πεφυρμένην, &c. "When the battle was over one might behold, through the whole extent of the field, the ground purpled with blood, the bodies of friends and enemies stretched over each other, the shields pierced, the spears broken, and the drawn swords, some scattered on the earth, some plunged in the bosoms of the slain, and some yet grasped in the hands of the dead soldiers."

As it was necessary in the preface to give a character of the French translation of the Lusiad, some support of that character is necessary in the notes. To point out every instance of the unpoetical taste of Castera, were to give his paraphrase of every fine passage in Camoëns. 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 rencontre, on se choque avec une fureur qui ébranleroit le sommet de montagnes. La terre tremble sous les pas des coursiers fougueux; l'impitoyable Erinnys voit des blessures enormes et de coups dignes d'elles: les guerriers de Lusus brisent, coupent, taillent, enfoncent plastrons, armures, boucliers, cuirasses et turbans; la Parque étend ses ailes affreuses sur les Mauritains, l'un expire en mordant la poussiere, 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 paleur livide, que corps déchirés et qu'entrailles palpitantes. Had Castera seriously intended to burlesque his author, he could scarcely have better succeeded. As translation cannot convey a perfect idea of an author's manner, it is therefore not attempted. "The attack was with such fury that it might shake the tops of the mountains:" This bombast, 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 Camoëns.

[21] 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 morning, as soon as he heard a certain bell ring, he should receive the strongest assurance of victory. Accordingly, at the ringing of the bell, the count put his army in motion, and suddenly beheld in the eastern sky the figure of the cross, and Christ upon it, who promised him a complete victory, and commanded him to accept the title of king, if it was offered him by the army. The same writers add, that as a standing memorial of this miraculous event, don Alonzo changed the arms which his father had given, of a cross azure in a field argent, for five escutcheons, each charged with five bezants, in memory of the five wounds of Christ. Others assert, that he gave in a field argent five escutcheons azure, in the form of a cross, each charged with five bezants argent, placed saltierwise, with a point sable, 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 disco-

Three days encampt, to rest his weary train,
Whose dauntless valour drove the Moors from Spain. 420

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

And now in honour of the glorious day,
When five proud monarchs fell his vanquish'd prey,
On his broad buckler, unadorn'd before,
Plac'd as a cross, five azure shields he wore
In grateful memory of the heavenly sign,
The pledge of conquest by the aid divine [22].
Nor long his falchion 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; 430
That honour'd town, through whose Elysian groves
Thy smooth and limpid wave, O Tagus, roves.
Th' illustrious Santarene confess'd 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 Naiad train, [shun:
When love's sweet snares the pining nymphs would
Alas, in vain from warmer climes they run: 440
The cooling shades awake the young desires,
And the cold fountains cherish love's soft fires.
And thou, fam'd Lisbon, whose embattled wall
Rose by the hand that wrought proud Ilion's fall [23];
The queen of cities, whom the seas obey,
Thy dreaded ramparts own'd the hero's sway [24].

[22] Fanshaw's translation of this is curious. It 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 Camoëns.)
For which the Lord was sold, in various *ink*
Writing his history, who did dispense
Such favour to him, *more than heart could think.*
(Writing the remembrance of him, by whom he was favoured, in various colours. Camoëns.)
In every of the five he paints five-*pense*
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.

[23] The tradition that Lisbon was built by Ulysses, and thence called Olyssipolis, is as common as that (and of equal authority with it) which says that Brute landed a colony of Trojans in England, and gave the name of Britannia to the island.

[24] The conquest of Lisbon was of the utmost importance to the infant monarchy. It is one of the finest ports in the world, and, ere the invention of cannon, was of great strength. The old Moorish wall was flanked by seventy-seven towers, was about six miles in length, and fourteen in circumference. When besieged by don Alonzo, according to some, it was garrisoned by an army of 200,000 men. This, not to say impossible, is highly incredible. That it was strong, however, and well garrisoned, is certain. It is also certain, that Alonzo owed the conquest of it to a fleet of adventurers, who were going to the Holy Land, the greatest part of whom were English. One Udal ap Rhys, in his tour through Portugal, says that Alonzo gave them Almada, on the side of the Tagus opposite to Lisbon, and that Villa Franca

Far from the north a warlike navy bore
From Elbe, from Rhine, and Albion's misty shore,
To rescue Salem's long-polluted shrine;
Their force to great Alonzo's force they join:
Before Ulysses' walls the navy rides,
The joyful Tagus laves their pitchy sides.
Five times the Moon her empty horns conceal'd,
Five times her broad effulgence shone reveal'd,
When, wrapt in clouds of dust, her mural pride
Falls thundering,—black the smoking breach yawns wide.
As when th' imprison'd waters burst the mounds,
And roar, wide sweeping, o'er the cultur'd grounds,
Nor cot nor fold withstand their furious course;
So headlong rush'd along the hero's force.
The thirst of vengeance the assailants fires,
The madness of despair the Moors inspires;
Each lane, each street resounds the conflict's roar,
And every threshold reeks with tepid gore.
Thus fell the city, whose unconquer'd towers[95]
Defy'd of old the banded Gothic powers,
Whose harden'd nerves in rigorous climates train'd
The savage courage of their souls sustain'd;
Before whose sword the sons of Ebro fled,
And Tagus trembled in his oozy bed;
Aw'd by whose arms the lawns of Betis' shore
The name Vandalia from the Vandals bore.
When Lisboa's towers before the Lusian fell,
What fort, what rampart might his arms repell!
Estremadura's region owns him lord,
And Torres-vedras bends beneath his sword;
Obidos humbles, and 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 bands the yellow harvest glows:
And you, fair lawns, beyond the Tago's wave,
Your golden burdens for Alonzo save;
Soon shall his thundering might your wealth reclaim,
And your glad valleys hail the 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[96];
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 Trancoso's streets in carnage roll'd,
Appeas'd, the vengeance of their slaughter see,
And hail th' indignant king's severe decree.
Palmela trembles on her mountain's height,
And sea-lav'd Zambra owns the hero's might.
Nor these alone confest his happy star,
Their fated doom produc'd a nobler war.
Badaja's king, an haughty Moor, beheld
His towns besieg'd, and hasted to the field.
Four thousand coursers in his army neigh'd,
Unnumber'd spears his infantry display'd;
Proudly they march'd, and glorious to behold,
In silver belts they shone, and plates of gold.
Along a mountain's side secure they trod;
Steep on each hand, and rugged was the road;
When as a bull, whose lustful veins betray
The maddening tumult of inspiring May;
If, when his rage with fiercest ardour glows,
When in the shade the fragrant heifer lows,
If then perchance his jealous burning eye
Behold a careless traveller wander by,
With dreadful bellowing on the wretch he flies;
The wretch defenceless torn and trampled dies.
So rush'd Alonzo on the gaudy train,
And pour'd victorious o'er the mangled slain;
The royal Moor precipitates in flight;
The mountain echoes with the wild affright
Of flying squadrons; down their arms they throw,
And dash from rock to rock to shun the foe.
The foe! what wonders may not virtue dare!
But sixty horsemen wag'd the conquering war[97].
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 enrag'd proud Leon's king beheld
Those walls subdu'd which saw his troops expell'd;
Enrag'd he saw them own the victor's sway,
And hems them round with battalous array.
With generous ire the brave Alonzo glows,
By Heaven unguarded, on the numerous foes
He rushes, glorying in his wonted force,
And spurs with headlong rage his furious horse;
The combat burns, the snorting courser bounds,
And paws impetuous by the iron mounds:
O'er gasping foes and sounding bucklers trod
The raging steed, and headlong as he rode
Dash'd the fierce monarch on a rampire bar—
Low grovelling 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, [died;
"And steel revenge my chains:" she spoke, and
And Heaven assented.—Now the hour was come,
And the dire curse was fall'n Alonzo's[98] doom.

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.

[95] This assertion of Camoëns is not without foundation, for it was by treachery that Herimeneric, the Goth, got possession of Lisbon.

[96] 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.

[97] The history of this battle wants authenticity.

[98] As already observed, there is no authentic proof that don Alonzo used such severity to his mother as to put her in chains. Brandan says it was reported that don Alonzo was born with both his legs growing together, and that he was cured by the prayers of his tutor Egas Nunio. Legendary as this may appear, this however is deducible from it, that from his birth there was something amiss about his legs. When he was prisoner to his

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 terrours of thy name;
Though rich Arabia, and Sarmatia bold,
And Colchis, famous for the fleece of gold;
Though Judah's land, whose sacred rites implor'd
The one true God, and, as he taught, ador'd;
Though Cappadocia's realm thy mandate sway'd,
And base Sophenia's sons thy nod obey'd;
Though vext Cilicia's pirates wore thy bands,
And those who cultur'd fair Armenia's lands,
Where from the sacred mount two rivers flow,
And what was Eden to the pilgrim show;
Though from the vast Atlantic's bounding wave
To where the northern tempests howl and rave
Round Taurus' lofty brows: though vast and wide
The various climes that bended to thy pride;
No more with pining anguish of regret
Bewail the horrours of Pharsalia's fate:
For great Alonzo, whose superior name
Unequal'd victories consign to fame,
The great Alonzo fell—like thine his woe;
From nuptial kindred came the fatal blow.

When now the hero, humbled in the dust,
His crime aton'd, confess'd that Heaven was just,
Again in splendour he the throne ascends:
Again his bow the Moorish chieftain bends.
Wide round th' embattled gates of Santaren
Their shining spears and banner'd moons are seen.
But holy rites the pious king preferr'd;
The martyr's bones on Vincent's cape interr'd,
(His sainted name the cape shall ever bear [29],)
To Lisboa's walls he brought with votive care.
And now the monarch, old and feeble grown,
Resigns the falchion to his valiant son.
O'er Tago's waves the youthful hero past,
And bleeding hosts before him shrunk aghast:
Chok'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 dyes the plains
That circle Beja's wall: yet still untam'd,
With all the fierceness of despair inflam'd,
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 Miramolin [30] on Tago's shores
Far o'er the coast his banner'd thousands pours;
Twelve kings and one beneath his ensigns stand,
And wield their sabres at his dread command.
The plundering bands far round the region haste,
The mournful region lies a naked waste.
And now enclos'd in Santareen's high towers
The brave don Sancho 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, min'd beneath, the deep foundations quake:
But brave Alonzo's son, as danger grows,
His pride inflam'd, 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 repos'd, when Sancho's fate he hears.
His limbs forget the feeble steps of age,
And the hoar warrior burns with youthful rage.
His daring veterans, long to conquest train'd,
He leads;—the ground with Moorish blood is stain'd;
Turbans, and robes of various colours wrought,
And shiver'd spears in streaming carnage float.
In harness gay lies many a weltering steed,
And low in dust the groaning masters bleed.
As proud Miramolin in horrour 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,
"'T was guardian Heaven," they sung, "that rul'd the fight."

This blissful day Alonzo's glories crown'd;
But pale disease gave now the secret wound;
Her icy hand his feeble limbs invades,
And pining languor through his vitals spreads.
The glorious monarch to the tomb descends,
A nation's grief the funeral torch attends.
Each winding shore for thee, Alonzo, mourns,
Alonzo's name each woeful bay returns [31];

son-in-law don Fernando king of Leon, he recovered his liberty ere his leg, which was fractured in the battle, was restored to strength, on condition that as soon as he was able to mount on horseback, he should come to Leon, and in person do homage for his dominions. This condition, so contrary to his coronation agreement, he found means to avoid. He would never more mount on horseback, but, on pretence of lameness, ever after affected to ride in a calash. This his natural, and afterward political, infirmity, the superstitious of those days ascribed to the curses of his mother.

[29] Tu quoque littoribus nostris, Æneïa nutrix,
Æternam moriens famam, Caïeta, dedisti.
Virg. Æn. vii.

[30] Not the name of a person, but a title, quasi soldan. The Arabs call it emir-almoumini, the emperor of the faithful.

[31] In this poetical exclamation, expressive of the sorrow of Portugal on the death of Alonzo, Camoëns has happily imitated some passages of Virgil:

—— Ipsæ te, Tityre, pinus,
Ipsi te fontes, ipsa hæc arbusta vocabant. Ecl. i.

—— Eurydicen vox ipsa et frigida lingua,
Ah miseram Eurydicen, animâ fugiente, vocabat:
Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ. G. iv.

—— littus, 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 Sancho 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 cultur'd, and her valleys sow'd; 690
But Lisboa's monarch reap'd. The winds of Heaven
Roar'd high—and headlong by the tempest driven.
In Tago's breast a gallant navy sought
The sheltering port, and glad assistance brought [33].
The warlike crew, by Frederic the Red,
To rescue Judah's prostrate land were led;
When Guido's troops, by burning thirst subdu'd,
To Saladine the foe for mercy sued [33].
Their vows were holy, and the cause the same,
To blot from Europe's shores the Moorish name. 700
In Sancho's cause the gallant navy joins,
And royal Sylves to their force resigns.

Thus sent by Heaven a foreign naval band
Gave Lisboa's ramparts to the sire's command.
Nor Moorish trophies did alone adorn
The hero's name; in warlike camps though born,
Though fenc'd with mountains, Leon's martial race
Smile at the battle-sign, yet foul disgrace
To Leon's haughty sons his sword achiev'd;
Proud Tui's neck his servile yoke receiv'd; 710
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-lov'd heir.
Alcazar lately conquer'd by the Moor,
Reconquer'd, streams with the defenders' gore.
Alonzo dies: another Sancho reigns:
Alas, with many a sigh the land complains!
Unlike his sire, a vain unthinking boy,
His servants now a jarring sway enjoy. 720
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 undetermin'd, blindly rash at last,
Enrag'd, unmann'd, untutor'd by the past.
Yet not like Nero, cruel and unjust,
The slave capricious of unnatural lust:
Nor had he smil'd had flames consum'd his Troy;
Nor could his people's groans afford him joy; 730
Nor did his woes from female manners spring,
Unlike the Syrian [34], or Sicilia's king.
No hundred cooks his costly meal prepar'd,
As heap'd the board when Rome's proud tyrant [35]
Nor dar'd the artist hope his ear to gain, [fear'd;
By new-form'd arts to point the stings of pain [36].
But proud and high the Lusian spirit soar'd,
And ask'd a godlike hero for their lord.
To none accustom'd but an hero's sway,
Great must he be whom that bold race obey. 740

Complaint, loud murmur'd, every city fills,
Complaint, loud echo'd, murmurs through the hills.
Alarm'd, Bolonia's warlike earl awakes [37],
And from his listless brother's minions takes

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

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

[34] Sardanapalus.

[35] Heliogabalus, infamous for his gluttony.

[36] Alluding to the story of Phalaris.

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

The awful sceptre.—Soon was joy restor'd,
And sorrow, by just succession, Lisboa's lord,
Belov'd, Alonzo nam'd the Bold, he reigns;
Nor may the limits of his sire's domains
Confine his mounting spirit. When he led
His smiling consort to the bridal bed,
"Algarbia's realm," he cried, "shall prove thy dower,"
And soon Algarbia conquer'd own'd his power.
The vanquish'd Moor with total rout expell'd,
All Lusus' 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 wav'd her olive bough,
Each vale display'd the labours of the plough
And smil'd 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,
Nor such the grace to him the Muses ow'd.
From Helicon the Muses wing their way;
Mondego's flowery banks invite their stay.
Now Coimbra shines Minerva's proud abode;
And fir'd with joy, Parnassus' bloomy god
Beholds another dear-lov'd Athens rise,
And spread her laurels in indulgent skies;
Her wreath of laurels ever green he twines
With threads of gold, and Baccaris[38] adjoins.
Here castle walls in warlike grandeur lower,
Here cities swell and lofty temples tower:
In wealth and grandeur each with other vies;
When old and lov'd the parent-monarch dies.
His son, alas, remiss in filial deeds,
But wise in peace and bold in fight, succeeds,
The fourth Alonzo: ever arm'd for war
He views the stern Casteel with watchful care.
Yet when the Libyan nations cross'd 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 Casteel.

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 died at Toledo. The beautiful queen, donna Mencia, was seized as a prisoner, and conveyed away by one Raymond Portocarrero, and was never heard of more. Such are the triumphs of faction!

[38] Or lady's glove, an herb to which the Druids and ancient poets ascribed magical virtues.

—— Baccare frontem
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.
Virg. Ecl. vii.

When Babel's haughty queen unsheath'd the sword,
And o'er Hydaspes' lawns her legions pour'd;
When dreadful Attila, to whom was given
That fearful name, the Scourge of angry Heaven[39],
The fields of trembling Italy o'er-ran
With many a Gothic tribe and northern clan;
Not such unnumber'd banners then were seen,
As now in fair Tartesia's dales convene;
Numidia's bow and Mauritania's spear,
And all the might of Hagar's race was here;
Granada's mongrels join their numerous host,
To those who dar'd the seas from Libya's coast.
Awed by the fury of such ponderous force
The proud Castilian tries each hop'd resource;
Yet not by terrour for himself inspir'd,
For Spain he trembled, and for Spain was fir'd.
His much-lov'd bride his messenger he sends[40],
And to the hostile Lusian lowly bends.
The much-lov'd daughter of the king implor'd,
Now sues her father for her wedded lord.
The beauteous dame approach'd the palace gate,
Where her great sire was thron'd in regal state:
On her fair face deep-settled grief appears,
And her mild eyes are bath'd 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," she cried,
"That furious Afric pours her peopled tide,
Her barbarous nations o'er the fields of Spain?
Morocco's lord commands the dreadful train.
Ne'er since the surges bath'd 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 palsied age:
By night our fathers' shades confess their fear[41],
Their shrieks of terrour 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 innumerous foes:
Then haste, O monarch, thou whose conquering
Has chill'd Malucca's sultry waves with fear; [spear
Haste to the rescue of distress'd Casteel,
(Oh! be that smile thy dear affection's seal!)
And speed, my father, ere my husband's fate
Be fix't, and I, depriv'd of regal state,
Be left in captive solitude forlorn,
My spouse, my kingdom, and my birth to mourn."

[39] A king of the Huns, surnamed The Scourge of God. He lived in the fifth century. He may be reckoned among the greatest of barbarous conquerors.

[40] 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.

[41] Camoëns says, "A mortos faz espanto." To give this elegance in English required a paraphrase. There is something wildly great, and agreeable to the superstition of that age, to suppose that the dead were troubled in their graves, on the approach of so terrible an army. The French translator, contrary to the original, ascribes this terrour to the ghost only of one prince; by which, this stroke of Camoëns, in the spirit of Shakespeare, is greatly reduced.

In tears, and trembling, spoke the filial queen:
So lost in grief was lovely Venus seen[48],
When Jove, her sire, the beauteous mourner pray'd
To grant her wandering son the promis'd aid.
Great Jove was mov'd to hear the fair deplore,
Gave all she ask'd, and griev'd she ask'd no more.
So griev'd Alonzo's noble heart. And now
The warrior binds in steel his awful brow;
The glittering squadrons march in proud array,
On burnish'd shields the trembling sun-beams play:
The blaze of arms the warlike rage inspires,
And wakes from slothful peace the hero's fires.
With trampling hoofs Evora's plains rebound,
And sprightly neighings echo far around;
Far on each side the clouds of dust arise,
The drum's rough rattling rolls along the skies;
The trumpet's shrilly clangour 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 admir'd,
And his keen eyes new warmth, new force inspir'd.
Proudly he march'd, and now in Tarif's plain
The two Alonzos join their martial train:
Right to the foe, in battle-rank updrawn,
They pause;—the mountain and the wide-spread lawn
Afford not foot-room for the crowded foe:
Aw'd with the horrours 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 promis'd victors stride.
So strode in Elah's vale the towering height
Of Gath's proud champion; so with pale affright
The Hebrews trembled, while with impious pride
The huge-limb'd foe the shepherd boy defy'd:
The valiant boy advancing fits the string,
And round his head he whirls the sounding sling;
The monster staggers with the forceful wound,
And his vast bulk lies groaning on the ground.
Such impious scorn the Moor's proud bosom swell'd
When our thin squadrons took the battle-field;
Unconscious of the Power who led us on,
That Power whose nod confounds th' infernal throne;
Led by that Power, the brave Castilian bar'd
The shining blade, and proud Morocco dar'd;
His conquering brand the Lusian hero drew,
And on Granada's sons resistless flew;
The spear-staffs crash, the splinters hiss around,
And the broad bucklers rattle on the ground.
With piercing shrieks the Moors their prophet's name,
And ours their guardian saint aloud acclaim.
Wounds gush on wounds, and blows resound 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 wove and quilted by their ladies' hands[49],
Vain were the mail-plates of Granada's bands.

With such dread force the Lusian rush'd along,
Steep'd in red carnage lay the boastful throng.
Yet now disdainful of so light a prize,
Fierce o'er the field the thundering hero flies,
And his bold arm the brave Castilian joins
In dreadful conflict with the Moorish lines.
The parting Sun now pour'd the ruddy blaze,
And twinkling Vesper shot his silvery rays
Athwart the gloom, and 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 coursers bent beneath the weight
Of rings of gold, by many a Roman knight,
Erewhile, the badge of rank distinguish'd, worn,
From their cold hands at Cannæ's slaughter torn;
Not his dread sword bespread the reeking plain
With such wide streams of gore, and hills of slain;
Nor thine, O Titus, swept from Salem's land
Such floods of ghosts, roll'd down to death's dark strand;
Though ages ere she fell, the prophets old
The dreadful scene of Salem's fall foretold
In words that breathe wild horrour: nor the shore,
When carnage chok'd the stream, so smok'd with gore,
When Marius' fainting legions drank the flood,
Yet warm and purpled with Ambronian blood[44];
Not such the heaps as now the plains of Tarif strew'd.

While glory thus Alonzo's name adorn'd,
To Lisboa's shores the happy chief return'd,
In glorious peace and well-deserv'd repose,
His course of fame, and honour'd age to close.
When now, O king, a damsel's fate severe[45],
A fate which ever claims the woeful tear,

[48] See the first Æneid.

[49] It may perhaps be objected, that this is ungrammatical. But

——— Usus
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 eleganoe of versification. The most harmonious word ought therefore to be used; and use will ascertain its definition in grammar. When the spirit of chivalry prevailed, every youthful warrior had his mistress, to whose favour he laid no claim till he had distinguished himself in the ranks of battle. If his first addresses were received, it was usual for the lady to present her lover with some weapon or piece of armour, adorned with her own needle-work; and of the goodness of whose metal and fabric, it was supposed, she was confident.

[44] 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.

[45] This unfortunate lady, donna Inez de Castro, was the daughter of a Castilian gentleman, who had taken refuge in the court of Portugal. Her beauty and accomplishments attracted the regard of don Pedro, the king's eldest son, a prince of a brave and noble disposition. La Neufville, le Clede, and other historians, assert, that she was privately married to the prince ere she had any share in his bed. Nor was his conjugal fidelity less remarkable than the ardour of his passion. Afraid, however, of his father's resentment, the severity of whose temper he well knew, his intercourse with donna Inez passed at the court as an intrigue of gallantry. On the accession of don Pedro the Cruel to the throne of Castile, many of the dis-

Disgrac'd 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.
'T was thou, O Love, whose dreaded shafts controul
The bind's rude heart, and tear the hero's soul; 930
Thou ruthless power, with bloodshed never cloy'd,
'T was thou thy lovely votary destroy'd.
Thy thirst still burning for a deeper woe,
In vain to thee the tears of beauty flow;
The breast that feels thy purest flames divine,
With spouting gore must bathe thy cruel shrine.
Such thy dire triumphs!—Thou, O nymph, the
Prophetic of the god's unpitying guile, [while,
In tender scenes by love-sick fancy wrought,
By fear oft shifted as by fancy brought, 940
In sweet Mondego's ever-verdant bowers,
Languish'd away the slow and lonely hours:
While now, as terrour wak'd thy boding fears,
The conscious stream receiv'd thy pearly tears;
And now, as hope reviv'd the brighter flame,
Each echo sigh'd thy princely lover's name.
Nor less could absence from thy prince remove
The dear remembrance of his distant love:
Thy looks, thy smiles, before him ever glow,
And o'er his melting heart endearing flow: 950
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
Refus'd, dread rage the father's breast inflames; 960
He, with an old man's wintery eye, surveys
The youth's fond love, and coldly with it weighs
The people's murmurs of his son's delay
To bless the nation with his nuptial day.
(Alas, the nuptial day was past unknown, [own,)
Which but when crown'd the prince could dare to
And with the fair one's blood the vengeful sire
Resolves to quench his Pedro's faithful fire. [gore,
"Oh, thou dread sword, oft stain'd with heroes'
Thou awful terrour of the prostrate Moor, 970
What rage could aim thee at a female breast,
Unarm'd, by softness and by love possest!"
Dragg'd from her bower by murderous ruffian
Before the frowning king fair Inez stands; [hands,
Her tears of artless innocence, her air
So mild, so lovely, and her face so fair,
Mov'd the stern monarch; when with eager zeal
Her fierce destroyers urg'd the public weal;
Dread rage again the tyrant's soul possest,
And his dark brow his cruel thoughts confest: 980

O'er her fair face a sudden paleness spread,
Her throbbing heart with generous anguish bled,
Anguish to view her lover's hopeless woes,
And all the mother in her bosom rose.
Her beauteous eyes, in trembling tear-drops drown'd,
To Heaven she lifted, but her hands were bound [46];
Then on her infants turn'd the piteous glance,
The look of bleeding woe; the babes advance,
Smiling in innocence of infant age,
Unaw'd, unconscious of their grandsire's rage; 990
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 tigers, or the wolf's wild brood,
Inspir'd by nature with the lust of blood,
Have yet been mov'd the weeping babe to spare,
Nor left, but tended with a nurse's care,
As Rome's great founders to the world were given;
Shalt thou, who wear'st the sacred stamp of Heaven,
The human form divine, shalt thou deny 1001
That aid, that pity, which e'en beasts supply!
O that thy heart were, as thy looks declare,
Of human mould, superfluous were my prayer;
Thou couldst not then a helpless damsel slay,
Whose sole offence in fond affection lay [47],

gusted nobility were kindly received by don Pedro, through the interest of his beloved Inez. The favour shown to these Castilians gave great uneasiness to the politicians. A thousand evils were foreseen from the prince's attachment to his Castilian mistress: even the murder of his children by his deceased spouse, the princess Constantia, was surmised; and the enemies of donna Inez finding the king willing to listen, omitted no opportunity to increase his resentment against the unfortunate lady. The prince was about his 28th year when his amour with his beloved Inez commenced.

[46] Ad cœlum tendens ardentia lumina frustra;
Lumina, nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.
Virg. Æn. ii.

[47] 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 Camoëns is also strongly marked in his writings. One may venture to affirm, that there is no poem of equal length which abounds with so many impassioned encomiums on the fair sex, and the power of their beauty, as the Lusiad. The genius of Camoëns 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, named Elvira;—the other two are by M. de la Motte, a Frenchman, and Luis de Velez Guevara, a Spaniard. How these different writers have handled the same subject is not unworthy of the attention of the critic. The tragedy of M. de la Motte, from which Elvira is copied, is highly characteristic of the French drama. In the Lusiad the beautiful victim expresses the strong emotions of genuine nature. She feels for what her lover will feel for her; the mother rises in her breast, she implores pity for her children; she feels the horrours of death, and would be glad to wander an exile with her babes, where her only solace would be the remembrance of her faithful passion. This however, it appears, would not suit the taste of a Paris

In faith to him who first his love confest,
Who first to love allur'd her virgin breast.

audience. On the French stage the stern Roman heroes must be polite petits-maitres, and the tender Inez a blustering Amazon. Lee's Alexander cannot talk in a higher rant. She not only wishes to die herself, but desires that her children and her husband don Pedro may also be put to death.

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

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

Ines. A mis hijos me quitais?
Rey don Alonso, senor,
Porque me quereis quitar
La vida de tantas vezes?
Advertid, senor mirad,
Que el coraçon a pedaços
Dividido me arancais.
Rey. Llevaldos, Alvar Gonçalez.
Ines. Hijos mios, donde vais?
Donde vais sin vuestra madre?
Falta en los hombres piedad?
Adonde vais luzes mais?
Como, que assi me dexais
En el mayor desconsuelo
En manos de la crueldad.
Nino Alson. Consuelate madre mia,
Y a Dios te puedas quedar,
Que vamos con nuestro abuelo,
Y no querrá hazernas mal.
Ines. Possible es, senor, rey mio,
Padre, que ansi me cerreis
La puerta para el perdon?
* * * *
Aora, senor, aora,
Aora es tiempo de monstrar
El mucho poder que tiene
Vuestra real magestad.
* * * *
Como, senor? vos os vais
Y a Alvar Gonçalez, y a Coello
Inhumanos me entregais?
Hijos, hijos de mi vida,
Dexad me los abraçar;
Alonso, mi vida hijo,
Dionis, a mores, tornad,
Tornad a ver vuestra madre:
Pedro mio, donde estas
Que an i te olvidas de mi?
Possible es que en tanto mal
Me falta tu vista, esposo?
Quien te pudiera avisar
Del peligro en que afligida
Dona Ines tu esposa esta.

In these my babes shalt thou thine image see,
And still tremendous hurl thy rage on me? 1010
Me, for their sakes, if yet thou wilt not spare,
Oh! let these infants prove thy pious care!
Yet pity's lenient current ever flows
From that brave breast where genuine valour glows;
That thou art brave, let vanquish'd Afric tell,
Then let thy pity o'er mine anguish swell;
Ah, let my woes, unconscious of a crime,
Procure mine exile to some barbarous clime:
Give me to wander o'er the burning plains
Of Libya's deserts, or the wild domains 1020
Of Scythia's snow-clad rocks and frozen shore;
There let me, hopeless of return, deplore.
Where ghastly horrour 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 implor'd from human-kind:
There in some dreary cavern's rocky womb,
Amid the horrours of sepulchral gloom, 1030
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 woeful, hopeless joy."
In tears she utter'd:—As the frozen snow,
Touch'd by the spring's mild ray, begins to flow,
So just began to melt his stubborn soul
As mild-ray'd pity o'er the tyrant stole; 1040
But destiny forbade: with eager zeal,
Again pretended for the public weal,
Her fierce accusers urg'd her speedy doom;
Again dark rage diffus'd its horrid gloom
O'er stern Alonzo's brow[48]: swift at the sign,
Their swords unsheath'd around her brandish'd shine:
O foul disgrace, of knighthood lasting stain,
By men of arms an helpless lady slain!

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

[48] To give the character of Alonzo 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 Machiavelian politician. That good might be attained by villanous means, was his favourite maxim. When the enemies of Inez had persuaded him that her death was necessary to the welfare of the state, he took a journey to Coimbra, that he might see the lady, when the prince his son was absent on a hunting party. Donna Inez with her children threw herself at his feet. The king was moved with the distress of the beautiful suppliant, when his three counsellors, Alvaro Gonsalez, Diego Lopez Pacheco, and Pedro Coello, reproaching him for his disregard to the state, he relapsed into his former resolution. She was dragged from his presence, and brutally murdered by the hands of his three counsellors, who immediately returned to the king with their daggers reeking with the innocent blood of the princess his daughter-in-law. Alonzo, says La Neufville, avowed the horrid assassination, as if he had done nothing for which he ought to be ashamed.

Thus Pyrrhus, burning with unmanly ire,
Fulfill'd the mandate of his furious sire;
Disdainful of the frantic matron's prayer,
On fair Polyxena, her last fond care,
He rush'd, his blade yet warm with Priam's gore,
And dash'd the daughter on the sacred floor;
While mildly she her raving mother ey'd,
Resign'd her bosom to the sword, and died.
Thus Inez, while her eyes to Heaven appeal,
Resigns her bosom to the murdering steel:
That snowy neck, whose matchless form sustain'd
The loveliest face where all the graces reign'd,
Whose charms so long the gallant prince inflam'd;
That her pale corse was Lisboa's queen proclaim'd;
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 im-
As when a rose, erewhile of bloom so gay, [brued.
Thrown from the careless virgin's breast away,
Lies faded on the plain, the living red,
The snowy white, and all its fragrance fled;
So from her cheeks the roses died away,
And pale in death the beauteous Inez lay:
With dreadful smiles, and crimson'd with her blood,
Round the wan victim the stern murderers stood,
Unmindful of the sure, though future hour,
Sacred to vengeance and her lover's power.
O Sun, couldst thou so foul a crime behold,
Nor veil thine head in darkness, as of old
A sudden night unwonted horrour cast
O'er that dire banquet, where the sire's repast
The son's torn limbs supplied!—Yet you, ye vales!
Ye distant forests, and ye flowery dales!
When pale and sinking to the dreadful fall,
You heard her quivering lips on Pedro call;
Your faithful echoes caught the parting sound,
And Pedro! Pedro! mournful, sigh'd around.
Nor less the wood-nymphs of Mondego's groves
Bewail'd the memory of her hapless loves:
Her griefs they wept, and to a plaintive rill [still.
Transform'd their tears, which weeps and murmurs
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 [49], and is nam'd Amours.
Nor long her blood for vengeance cried in vain:
Her gallant lord begins his awful reign.
In vain her murderers for refuge fly,
Spain's wildest hills no place of rest supply.
The injur'd lover's and the monarch's ire,
And stern-brow'd justice in their doom conspire:
In hissing flames they die, and yield their souls in fire [50]."

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

[49] 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 Camoëns, founded on the popular name of the rivulet, is in the spirit of Homer.

[50] When the prince was informed of the death of his beloved Inez, he was transported into the most violent fury. He took arms against his father. The country between the rivers Minho and Douro was laid desolate: but by the interposition of the queen and the archbishop of Braga the prince was softened, and the further horrours 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 dominions. In consequence of this, Pedro Coello and Alvaro Gonsalez, who, on the death of Alonzo, had fled to Castile, were sent prisoners to don Pedro. Diego Pacheco, the third murderer, made his escape. The other two were put to death with the most exquisite tortures, and most justly merited, if exquisite torture is in any instance to be allowed. After this the king, don Pedro, summoned an assembly of the states at Cantanedes. Here, in the presence of the pope's nuncio, he solemnly swore on the holy gospels, that having obtained a dispensation from Rome, he had secretly, at Braganza, espoused the lady Inez de Castro, in the presence of the bishop of Guarda, and of his master of the wardrobe; both of whom confirmed the truth of the oath. The pope's bull, containing the dispensation, was published; the body of Inez was lifted from the grave, placed on a magnificent throne, and, with the proper regalia, was crowned queen of Portugal. The nobility did homage to her skeleton, and kissed the bones of her hand. The corpse was then interred at the royal monastery of Alcobeça, with a pomp before unknown in Portugal, and with all the honours due to a queen. Her monument is still extant, where the statue is adorned with the diadem and the royal robe. This, with the legitimation of her children, and the care he took of all who had been in her service, consoled him in some degree, and rendered him more conversable than he had hitherto been; but the cloud which the death of his Inez brought over the natural cheerfulness of his temper, was never totally dispersed.—A circumstance strongly characteristic of the rage of his resentment must not be omitted: when the murderers were brought before him, he was so transported with indignation, that he struck Pedro Coello several blows on the face with the shaft of his whip. Some grave writers have branded this action as unworthy of the magistrate and the hero; and those who will, may add, of the philosopher too: something great, 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 con-

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.
Unmov'd he heard the proudest noble plead:
Where justice aim'd her sword, with stubborn speed
Fell the dire stroke. Nor cruelty inspir'd,
Noblest humanity his bosom fir'd.
The caitiff, starting at his thoughts, repress
The seeds of murder springing in his breast.
His outstretch'd arm the lurking thief withheld,
For fixt as fate he knew his doom was seal'd.
Safe in his monarch's care the ploughman reapt,
And proud oppression coward distance kept.
Pedro the Just[51] the peopled towns proclaim,
And every field resounds her monarch's name.

fess, but are not aware, that in doing so, they also confess, that the principle which inspired their passion was gross and selfish. To constitute a genuine love, like that of don Pedro, requires a nobleness and goodness of heart, totally incompatible with an ungenerous mind. The youthful fever of the veins may, for a while, inspire an attachment to a particular object; but an affection so unchangeable and sincere as that of the prince of Portugal, can only spring from a bosom possessed of the finest feelings and of every virtue.

[51] History cannot afford an instance of any prince who has a more eminent claim to the title of just than Pedro. His diligence to correct every abuse was indefatigable, and when guilt was proved, his justice was inexorable. He was dreadful to the evil, and beloved by the good; for he respected no persons, and his inflexible severity never digressed from the line of strict justice. An anecdote or two will throw some light on his character. A priest having killed a mason, the king dissembled his knowledge of the crime, and left the issue to the ecclesiastical court, where the priest was punished by one year's suspension from saying mass. Pedro upon this privately ordered the mason's son to revenge the murder of his father. The young man obeyed, was apprehended, and condemned to death. When his sentence was to be confirmed by the king, he inquired what was the young man's trade. He was answered, that he followed his father's. Well then, said the monarch, I shall commute his punishment, and interdict him from meddling with stone or mortar for a year. After this he fully established the authority of the king's courts over the clergy, whom he punished with death when their crimes were capital. When solicited to refer the causes of such criminals to a higher tribunal, by which they tacitly meant that of the pope; he would answer very calmly, "That is what I intend to do: I will send them to the highest of all tribunals, to that of their Maker and mine." Against adulterers he was particularly severe, often declaring it his opinion, that conjugal infidelity was the source of the greatest evils, and that therefore to restrain it was the interest and duty of the sovereign. Though the fate of his beloved Inez chagrined and soured his temper, he was so far from being naturally sullen or passionate, that he was rather of a gay and sprightly disposition, affable and easy of access; delighted in music and dancing; a lover of learning, was himself a man of letters, and an elegant poet. Vide Le Clede, Mariana, Faria.

Of this brave prince the soft degenerate son,
Fernando the remiss, ascends the throne,
With arm unnerv'd the listless soldier lay,
And own'd the influence of a nerveless sway:
The stern Castilian drew the vengeful brand,
And strode proud victor o'er the trembling land.
How dread the hour, when injur'd Heaven in rage
Thunders its vengeance on a guilty age!
Unmanly sloth the king, the nation stain'd;
And lewdness, foster'd by the monarch, reign'd:
The monarch own'd that first of crimes unjust,
The wanton revels of adulterous lust:
Such was his rage for beauteous Leonore[52],
Her from her husband's widow'd arms he tore;
Then with unblest, unhallow'd nuptials stain'd
The sacred altar and its rites profan'd.
Alas! the splendour of a crown how vain,
From Heaven's dread eye to veil the dimmest stain!
To conquering Greece, to ruin'd Troy, what woes,
What ills on ills, from Helen's rape arose!
Let Appius own, let banish'd Tarquin tell
On their hot rage what heavy vengeance fell.
One female ravish'd Gibeah's streets beheld[53],
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 pursu'd[54].
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 bore[55].

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

[53] See Judges, chap. xix. and xx.

[54] David. See 2 Samuel, chap. iii. 10. "The sword shall never depart from thine house."

[55] Alcidem lanas nere coëgit amor. Ovid.

To conclude the notes on this book, it may not be unnecessary to observe, that Camoëns, in this episode, has happily adhered to a principal rule of the epopœia. 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 characterized the Spaniards and Portuguese during the Moorish wars, is happily supported by Camoëns in its most just and striking colours. In history we find surprising victories obtained over the infidels: in the Lusiad we find

For Cleopatra's frown the world was lost.
The Roman terrour and the Punic boast,
Cannæ's great victor, for a harlot's smile
Resign'd the harvest of his glorious toil.
And who can boast he never felt the fires,
The trembling throbbings of the young desires,
When he beheld the breathing roses glow,
And the soft heavings of the living snow;
The waving ringlets of the auburn hair,
And all the rapturous graces of the fair!
Oh! what defence, if fix'd on him he spy
The languid sweetness of the steadfast 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.

LUSIAD IV.

As the tost vessel on the ocean rolls,
When dark the night, and loud the tempest howls,
When the lorn mariner, in every wave
That breaks and gleams, forebodes his watery grave;
But when the dawn, all silent and serene,
With soft-pac'd ray dispels the shades obscene,
With grateful transport sparkling in each eye,
The joyful crew the port of safety spy:
Such darkling tempests and portended fate,
While weak Fernando liv'd, appall'd the state;
Such, when he died, the peaceful morning rose,
The dawn of joy, and sooth'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 announc'd him king by right divine,
A cradled infant gave the wondrous sign[1]:
Her tongue had never lisp'd the mother's name,
No word, no mimic sound her lips could frame,
When Heaven the miracle of speech inspir'd;
She rais'd her little hands, with rapture fir'd,
"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 rav'd, and mark'd the barb'rous age;
Through every rank the headlong fury ran,
And first red slaughter in the court began.
Of spousal vows, and widow'd bed defil'd,
Loud fame the beauteous Leonore revil'd.
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 Sylla's days;
More horrid deeds Ulysses' towers beheld[2]:
Each cruel breast where rankling envy swell'd,
Accus'd his foe as minion of the queen;
Accus'd, and murder clos'd the dreary scene.
All holy ties the frantic transport brav'd,
Nor sacred priesthood nor the altar sav'd.
Thrown from a tower, like Hector's son of yore,
The mitred head[3] 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,
The queen beheld her power, her honours lost[4],
And ever when she slept th' adulterer's ghost,

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!"

[1] 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 terrour 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.

[2] See note 23, line 444, Lusiad III.

[3] 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.

[4] 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 hasted to his wife, and without inquiry or expostulation, says Mariana, dispatched her with two strokes of his dagger. He was afterwards convinced of her innocence, and was completely wretched. Having sacrificed her honour and her first husband to a king, says Faria, Leonora soon sacrificed that king to a wicked gallant, a Castilian nobleman, named don Juan Fernandez de Andeyro. An unjust war with Castile, wherein the Portuguese were defeated by sea and land, was the first fruits of the policy of the new favourite. Andeyro one day having heated himself by some military exercise, the queen tore her veil, and pub-

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

licly 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 committed to the castle of Evora, where a forged order for their execution was sent; but the governor, suspecting some fraud, showed it to the king, and their lives were saved. Yet such was her ascendency over the weak 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 suddenly raised the siege, and abandoned his views in Portugal. The happy inhabitants ascribed their deliverance to the valour and vigilance of the regent. The regent reproved their ardour, exhorted them to repair to their churches, and to return thanks to God, to whose interposition he solely ascribed their safety. This behaviour increased the admiration of the people; the nobility of the first rank joined the regent's party; and many garrisons in the interest of the king of Castile opened their gates to him. An assembly of the states met at Coimbra, where it was purposed 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 long been, 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 a head. The regent was unanimously elected king, and some articles in favour of liberty were added to those agreed upon at the coronation of don Alonzo Enriquez, the first king of Portugal.

Don John I. one of the greatest of the Portuguese monarchs, was the natural son of Pedro the

Casteel'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.
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 Rod'ric given[5],
What time the Moor from Turia's banks was driven;
That race who joyful smile at war's alarms,
And scorn each danger that attends on arms;
Whose crooked ploughshares Leon's uplands tear,
Now cas'd in steel in glittering arms appear,
Those arms erewhile so dreadful to the Moor:
The Vandals glorying in their might of yore
March on; their helms and moving lances gleam
Along the flowery vales of Betis' stream:
Nor staid the Tyrian islanders[6] behind,
On whose proud ensigns floating on the wind
Alcides' pillars tower'd; nor wonted fear
Withheld the base Galician's sordid spear;
Though still his crimson seamy 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 Guipuscoa's shore,
Fam'd 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,

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

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

[5] The celebrated hero of Corneille's tragedy of the Cid.

[6] The inhabitants of Cadiz; of old a Phœnician colony.

Bloe gleaming from afar they march along,
And join with many a spear the warlike throng.
As thus, wide sweeping o'er the trembling coast,
The proud Castilian leads his numerous host,
The valiant John for brave defence prepares,
And in himself collected greatly dares:
For such high valour in his bosom glow'd,
As Samson's locks by miracle bestow'd:
Safe in himself 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 terrours screen;
By sloth debased, 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 closed the cold debate:
Singling his brothers from the dastard train,
His rolling looks, that flash'd with stern disdain,
On them he fix'd, then snatch'd his hilt in ire,
While his bold speech bewray'd the soldier's fire,
Bold and unpolish'd[7]; while his burning eyes
Seem'd as he dared the ocean, earth, and skies:
"Heavens! shall the Lusian nobles tamely yield!
Oh shame! and yield untried the martial field!
That land whose genius, as the god of war,
Was own'd, where'er approach'd her thundering car;
Shall now her sons their faith, their love deny,
And, while their country sinks, ignobly fly!
Ye timorous herd, are ye the genuine line
Of those illustrious shades, whose rage divine
Beneath great Henry's standards awed the foe,
For whom ye tremble, and would stoop so low!
That foe, who, boastful now, then basely fled,
When your undaunted sires the hero led,
When seven bold earls in chains the spoil adorn'd,
And proud Casteel through all her kindreds mourn'd,
Casteel, your awful dread—yet, conscious, say,
When Dinez reign'd, when his bold son bore sway,
By whom were trodden down the bravest bands
That ever march'd from proud Castilia's lands?
'T was your brave sires—and has one languid reign
Fix'd in your tainted souls so deep a stain,
That now, degenerate from your noble sires,
The last dim spark of Lusian flame expires?
Though weak Fernando reign'd in war unskill'd,
A godlike king now calls you to the field—
Oh! could like his your mounting valour glow,
Vain were the threatenings of the vaunting foe.
Not proud Casteel, oft by your sires o'erthrown,
But every land your dauntless rage should down.
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 terrour 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 dyed 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[8], nor raged in vain:
On his dread sword his daunted peers he swore,
(The reeking blade yet black with Punic gore)
While life remain'd their arms for Rome to wield,
And but with life their conquer'd arms to yield.
Such martial rage brave Nunio's mien inspired;
Fear was no more: with rapturous ardour fired,
"To horse, to horse!" the gallant Lusians cried;
Rattled the belted mails on every side, [waved
The spear-staffs trembled; round their heads they
Their shining falchions, and in transport raved,
"The king our guardian!" loud their shouts rebound,
And the fierce commons echo back the sound.
The mails that long in rusting peace had hung,
Now on the hammer'd anvils hoarsely rung:
Some soft with wool the plumy helmets line,
And some the breast-plate's scaly belts entwine:
The gaudy mantles some, and scarfs prepare,
Where various lightsome 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 cooly waves.
The daring van in Nunio's care could boast
A general worthy of the unnumber'd host,
Whose gaudy banners trembling Greece defied,
When boastful Xerxes lash'd the Sestian 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 centre nod
The royal ensigns, glittering from afar,
Where godlike John inspires and leads the war.
'T was 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;

[7] 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.

[8] 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.

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 disorder'd mien
Each warrior feels his creeping blood to freeze,
And languid weakness trembles in the knees.
And now the clangour of the trumpet sounds,
And the rough rattling of the drum rebounds;
The fife shrill whistling cuts the gale; on high
The flourish'd ensigns shine with many a dye
Of blazing splendour: o'er the ground they wheel
And choose 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 nurses' arms
Shriek'd at the sound: with sudden 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 [9]
Of arms on armour rattling; either van
Are mingled now, and man opposed to man:
To guard his native fields the one inspires,
And one the raging lust of conquest fires:
Now with fixt teeth, their writhing lips of blue,
Their eye-balls glaring of the purple hue,
Each arm strains swiftest to impel the blow;
Nor wounds they value now, nor fear they know,
Their only passion to offend the foe.
In might and fury, like the warrior god,
Before his troops the glorious Nunio rode:
That land, the proud invaders claim'd, he sows
With their spilt blood, and with their 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;
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 opprest,
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 lance [10].
Oh! horrid fight! yet not the ties of blood,
Nor yearning memory his rage withstood;
With proud disdain his honest eyes behold
Whoe'er the traitor, who his king has 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 Pharsalia's plain.
Ye dreary ghosts, who now, for treasons foul,
Amidst the gloom of Stygian darkness howl;
Thou Catiline, and, stern Sertorius, tell
You brother shades, and soothe the pains of Hell;

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

[10] The just indignation with which Camoëns treats the kindred of the brave Nunio Alvaro de Pereyra, is condemned by the French translator. Dans le fond, says he, les Pereyras ne méritoient 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 declared to be 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 by the treaty of marriage, could the king of Castile succeed to the throne of Portugal. And any pretence he might found on the marriage-contract was already forfeited; for he caused himself and his queen to be proclaimed, added Portugal to his titles, coined Portuguese money with his bust, deposed the queen regent, and afterwards sent her prisoner to Castile. The lawful heir, don Juan, the son of Inez de Castro, was kept in prison by his rival the king of Castile; and, as before observed, a new election was, by the original statutes, declared legal in cases of emergency. These facts, added to the consideration of the tyranny of the king of Castile, and the great services which don John had rendered his country, upon whom its existence as a kingdom depended, fully vindicate the indignation of Camoëns against the traitorous Pereyras.

With triumph tell them, some of Lusian race
Like you have earn'd the traitor's foul disgrace.
As waves on waves, the foes' increasing weight
Bears down our foremost ranks and shakes the fight;
Yet firm and undismay'd great Nunio stands,
And braves the tumult of surrounding bands.
So, from high Ceuta's rocky mountains stray'd,
The raging lion braves the shepherd's shade;
The 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 grass, 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
" And dying Perez saw his victor die. [his eye,
" Edward and Pedro, emulous of fame, [same,
" The same their friendship, and their youth the
" Through the fierce Brigians hew'd their bloody
" way [11],
" Till in a cold embrace the striplings lay.
" Lopez and Vincent rush'd on glorious death,
" And midst their slaughter'd foes resign'd their
" Alonzo glorying in his youthful might [breath.
" Spurr'd his fierce courser through the stagger-
" ing fight: [gore
" Shower'd from the dashing hoofs, the spatter'd
" Flies round; but soon the rider vaunts no more:
" Five Spanish swords the murmuring ghosts atone,
" Of five Castilians by his arms o'erthrown.
" Transfix'd 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, [dies [12]."
" The name half utter'd, down he sinks, and
Now through his shatter'd ranks the monarch
And now before his rally'd squadrons rode: [strode,
Brave Nunio's danger from afar he spies,
And instant to his aid impetuous flies.
So when, returning from the plunder'd folds,
The lioness 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 Masylian shepherd-tents she flies [13];
She groans, she roars, and echoing far around
The seven twin-mountains tremble at the sound:
So raged the king, and with a chosen train
He pours resistless o'er the heaps of slain.
" O 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 infuriate on the bucklers ring!"
He spoke; then four times round his head he whirl'd
His ponderous spear, and midst the foremost hurl'd;
Deep through the ranks the forceful weapon past.
And many a gasping warrior sigh'd his last [14].
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 fire [15];
The belts of steel and plates of brass are riven,
And wound for wound, and death for death is given.

[11] The Castilians, so called from one of their ancient kings, named Brix, or Brigus, whom the monkish fabulists call the grandson of Noah.

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

[13] Massylia, a province in Numidia, greatly infested with lions, particularly that part of it called Os sete montes irmaôs, the seven brother mountains.

[14] This, which is almost literal from

Muitos lançarao o ultimo suspiro—

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

E sopesando a lança quatro vezes——

are truly poetical, and in the spirit of Homer. They are omitted, however, by Castera, who substitutes the following in their place, Il dit, et d'un bras, &c.—" He said, and with an arm whose blows are inevitable, he threw his javelin against the fierce Maldonat. Death and the weapon went together. Maldonat fell, pierced with a large wound, and his horse tumbled over him." Besides Maldonat, Castera has, in this battle, introduced several other names which have no place in Camoëns. Carillo, 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, Oropesa, 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 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.

[15] This is as literal as the idiom of the two lan-

The first in honour of Saint Jago's band [16],
A naked ghost now sought 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 curs'd their fate, and died. Ten thousands
Who held no title and no office bore, [more
And nameless nobles who promiscuous fell,
Appeas'd that day the foaming dog of Hell.
Now low the proud Castilian standard lies
Beneath the Lusian flag, a vanquish'd prize.
With furious madness fired, and stern disdain,
The fierce Iberians to the fight again
Rush headlong; groans and yellings of despair [17]
With horrid uproar rend the trembling air.
Hot boils the blood, thirst burns, and every breast
Pants, every limb with faintv weight opprest
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 Castecl's proud monarch flies [18],
In wild dismay he rolls his maddening eyes,
And leads the pale-lipt flight. Swift wing'd with fear,
As drifted smoke, at distance disappear [fear,
The dusty squadrons of the scatter'd rear;
Blaspheming Heaven, they fly, and him who first
Forged murdering arms, and led to horrid wars accurst.

The festive days by heroes old ordain'd [19]
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 steept in gore.
Low in the dust distrest Castilia mourn'd,
And bathed in tears each eye to Heaven was turn'd;
The orphan's, widow's, and the hoary sire's;
And Heaven relenting quench'd the raging fires
Of mutual hate: from England's happy shore [20]
The peaceful seas two lovely sisters bore.

guages would allow. Dryden has a thought like this of Camoëns, but which is not in his original:

Their bucklers clash: thick blows descend from high,
And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly.
Dryd. Virg. Æn. xii.

[16] 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 Valverda, 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, when saluted king by his army at the battle of Ourique; in return, dignified every man in his army with the rank of nobility. Vid. the 9th Stat. of Lamego.

[17] The last efforts of rage and despair are thus described in Pope's translation of the fifth battle at the ships. Il. xv.

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

[18] 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 phrensy of grief. In the night after the decisive battle of Aljubarota, he fled upwards of thirty miles upon a mule. Don Laurence, archbishop of Braga, in a letter written in old Portuguese to don John, abbot of Alcobaça, gives this account of his behaviour. "O condestrabre à me far saber ca o rey de Castella se vierra à Santaren como homen tresvaliado, quem maldezia seu viver, è puxava polas barbas; è à bo fè, bom amigo, melhor e que o faga ca non fagermolo nos, ca homen, quem suas barbas arrepela mao lavor faria das alheas. 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."

[19] 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.

[20] Castera's note on this place is literally thus: "They were the daughters of John duke of Lancaster, son of Edward IV. of England, both of great beauty: the eldest, named Catherine, was married to the king of Castile; the youngest, Isabel, to the king of Portugal." This is all a mistake. John of Portugal, about a year after the battle of Aljubarota, married Philippa, eldest daughter of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, son of Edward III. who assisted the king, his son-in-law, in an irruption into Castile, and at the end of the campaign promised to return with more numerous forces for the next. But this was prevented by the marriage of his youngest daughter Catalina with don Henry, eldest son of the king of Castile. The king of Portugal on this entered Galicia, and reduced the cities of Tuy and Salvaterra. A truce followed. While the tyrant of Castile

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 inured,
With conscious shame the sloth of ease endured.
When not a foe awaked his rage in Spain
The valiant hero braved the foamy main;
The first, nor meanest, of our kings who bore
The Lusian thunders to the Afric shore.
O'er the wild waves the victor-banners flow'd,
Their silver wings a thousand eagles show'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 pass'd.
The shrines of Hagar's race, the shrines of lust,
And moon-crown'd mosques lay smoking in the dust.
O'er Abyla's high steep his lance he raised,
On Ceuta's lofty towers his standard blazed:
Ceuta, the refuge of the traitor train [91],
His vassal now, ensures the peace of Spain.
" But ah, how soon the blaze of glory dies!
Illustrious John [92] ascends his native skies.

His gallant offspring prove their genuine strain,
And added lands increase the Lusian reign.
" Yet not the first of heroes Edward shone;
His happiest days long hours of evil own.
He saw, secluded from the cheerful day,
His sainted brother pine his years away.
O glorious youth [93] in captive chains, to thee
What suiting honours may thy land decree!

meditated a new war, he was killed by a fall from his horse, and leaving no issue by his queen Beatrix, the king of Portugal's daughter, all pretensions to that crown ceased. The truce was now prolonged for fifteen years, and though not strictly kept, yet at last the influence of the English queen Catalina prevailed, and a long peace, happy for both kingdoms, ensued.

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

[92] The character of this great prince claims a place in these notes, as it affords a comment on the enthusiasm of Camoëns, who has made him the hero of this episode. His birth, excellent education, and masterly conduct when regent, have already been mentioned. The same justice, prudence, and heroism always accompanied him when king. He had the art to join the most winning affability with all the manly dignity of the sovereign. To those who were his friends, when a private man, he was particularly attentive. His nobility dined at his table, he frequently made visits to them, and introduced among them the taste for, and the love of letters. As he felt the advantages of education, he took the utmost care of that of his children. He had many sons, and he himself often instructed them in solid and useful knowledge, and was amply repaid. He lived to see them men, men of parts and of action, whose only emulation was to show affection to his person, and to support his administration by their great abilities. One of his sons, don Henry, duke of Viseo, was that great prince whose ardent passion for maritime affairs gave birth to all the modern improvements in navigation. The clergy, who had disturbed almost every other reign, were so convinced of the wisdom of his, that they confessed he ought to be supported out of the treasures of the church, and granted him the church plate to be coined. When the pope ordered a rigorous inquiry 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.

[93] Camoëns, in this instance, has raised the character of one brother at the other's expense, to give his poem an air of solemnity. The siege of Tangier was proposed in council. The king's brothers differed in their opinions: that of don Fernand, though a knight errant adventure, was approved of by the young nobility. The infants Henry and Fernand, at the head of 7000 men, laid siege to Tangier, and were surrounded by a numerous army of Moors, as some writers say of six hundred thousand. On condition that the Portuguese should be allowed to return home, the infants promised to restore Ceuta. The Moors gladly accepted of the terms, but demanded one of the infants as an hostage. Fernand offered himself, and was left. The king was willing to comply with the terms to relieve his brother, but the court considered the value of Ceuta, and would not consent. The pope also interposed his authority, that Ceuta should be kept as a check on the infidels, and proposed to raise a crusade for the delivery of Fernand. In the meanwhile large offers were made for his liberty. These were rejected by the Moors, who would accept of nothing but Ceuta, whose vast importance was superior to any ransom. When negotiation failed, king Edward assembled a large army to effect his brother's release; but just as he was setting out he was seized with the plague, and died, leaving orders with his queen to deliver up Ceuta for the release of his brother. This, however, was never performed. Don Fernand remained with the Moors till his death. The magnanimity of his behaviour gained him their esteem and admiration, nor is there good proof that he received any extraordinary rigorous treatment; the contrary is rather to be inferred from the romantic notions of military honour which then prevailed among the Moors. Some, however, whom Castera follows, make his sufferings little inferior to those, without proof likewise, ascribed to Regulus. Don Fernand is to this day esteemed as a saint and martyr in Portugal, and his memory is commemorated on the fifth of June. King Edward reigned only five years and a month. He was the most eloquent man in his dominions, spoke and wrote Latin elegantly, was author of several books, one on horsemanship, in which art he excelled. He was brave in the field, active in business, and rendered his country infinite service by

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 splendour of a court, to them unknown,
Exchang'd for deathful Fate's most awful frown;
To distant times through every land shall blaze
The self-devoted Lusian's nobler praise,

" Now to the tomb the hapless king descends;
His son Alonzo brighter fate attends.
Alonzo! dear to Lusus' race the name;
Nor his the meanest in the rolls of Fame:
His might resistless prostrate Afric own'd,
Beneath his yoke the Mauritanians 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 untold their name.

" Now stung with wild ambition's madning fires,
To proud Castilia's throne the king aspires [24].
The lord of Arragon, from Cadiz' walls
And hoar Pyrene's sides, his legions calls;
The numerous legions to his standards throng,
And War, with horrid strides, now stalks along.
With emulation fired, the prince [25] beheld
His warlike fire ambitious of the field;
Scornful of ease, to aid his arms he sped,
Nor sped in vain:—The raging combat bled;
Alonzo's ranks with carnage gored, Dismay
Spread her cold wings, and shook his firm array;
To flight she hurried, while with brow serene
The martial boy beheld the deathful scene.
With curving movement o'er the field he rode,
Th' opposing troops his wheeling squadrons mow'd:
The purple dawn and evening Sun beheld
His tents encampt assert the conquer'd field.
Thus when the ghost of Julius hover'd o'er
Philippi's plain, appeas'd with Roman gore,
Octavius' 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 sought the skies,
The second of the name, the valiant John,
Our thirteenth monarch, now ascends the throne.
To seize immortal fame, his mighty mind,
What man had never dared before, design'd;
That glorious labour which I now pursue,
Through seas unsail'd to find the shores that view
The day-star, rising from his watery bed,
The first gray beams of infant morning shed.
Selected messengers his will obey;
Through Spain and France they hold their ventrous way:
Through Italy they reach the port that gave
The fair Parthenope [26] an honour'd grave:
That shore which oft has felt the servile chain,
But now smiles happy in the care of Spain.
Now from the port the brave adventrers bore,
And cut the billows of the Rhodian shore;
Now reach the strand where noble Pompey bled [27];
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 survey'd [28]:
And now they pass the famed Arabian flood,
Whose waves of old in wondrous ridge stood,
While Israel's favour'd race the table bottom trode:
Behind them glistening to the morning skies,
The mountains named from Ismael's offspring rise [29];
Now round their steps the blest Arabia spreads
Her groves of odour and her balmy meads;
And every breast, inspired with gleb, inhales
The grateful fragrance of Saben's gales:
Now past the Persian gulf, their route ascends
Where Tygris' wave with proud Euphrates blends;
Illustrious streams, where still the native shows
Where Babel's haughty tower unfinish'd rose:
From thence through climes unknown, their daring course
Beyond where Trajan forced his way, they force [30];

reducing the laws to a regular code. He was knight of the order of the garter, which honour was conferred upon him by his cousin Henry V. of England. In one instance he gave great offence to the superstitious populace. He despised the advice of a Jew astrologer, who entreated him to delay his coronation, because the stars that day were unfavourable. To this the misfortune of the army at Tangier was ascribed, and the people were always on the alarm while he lived, as if some terrible disaster impended over them.

[24] When Henry IV. of Castile died, he declared that the infanta Joanna was his heiress, in preference to his sister donna Isabella, married to don Ferdinand, son to the king of Arragon. In hopes to attain the kingdom of Castile, don Alonzo, king of Portugal, obtained a dispensation from the pope to marry his niece donna Joanna; but after a bloody war, the ambitious views of Alonzo and his courtiers were defeated.

[25] The prince of Portugal.

[26] Parthenope was one of the Syrens. Enraged because she could not allure Ulysses, she threw herself into the sea. Her corpse was thrown ashore, and buried where Naples now stands.

[27] The coast of Alexandria.

[28] Among the Christians of Prester John, or Abyssinia.

[29] The Nabathean mountains; so named from Nabaoth, the son of Ishmael.

[30] 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 Felix. Vid. Dion. Cass. Euseb. Chron. p. 206.

Carmanian hordes and Indian tribes they saw,
And many a barbarous rite and many a law
Their search explor'd; but to their native shore.
Enrich'd with knowledge, they return'd no more.
The glad completion of the Fates' decree,
Kind Heaven reserv'd, Emmanuel, for thee.
The crown, and high ambition of thy sires [31],
To thee descending, wak'd thy latent fires;
And to command the sea from pole to pole,
With restless wish inflam'd thy mighty soul.

"Now from the sky the sacred light withdrawn,
O'er Heaven's clear azure shone the stars of dawn,
Deep silence spread her gloomy wings around,
And human griefs were wrapt in sleep profound.
The monarch slumber'd on his golden bed,
Yet anxious cares possess'd his thoughtful head;
His generous soul, intent on public good,
The glorious duties of his birth review'd.
When sent by Heaven a sacred dream inspir'd
His labouring mind, and with its radiance fir'd;
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 splendour 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
Appear'd majestic on their wrinkled face:
Their tawny beards uncomb'd, and sweepy long,
Adown their knees in shaggy ringlets hung;
From every look the crystal 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 slow-beckoning with his wither'd hand,
As now advanc'd before the king they stand:

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

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

"Now morning, bursting from the eastern sky,
Spreads o'er the clouds the blushing rose's dye;
The nations wake, and at the sovereign's call
The Lusian nobles crowd the palace hall.
The vision of his sleep the monarch tells;
Each heaving breast with joyful wonder swells:
'Fulfil', they cry, 'the sacred sign obey,
And spread the canvass for the Indian sea.'
Instant my looks with troubled ardour burn'd,
When keen on me his eyes the monarch turn'd:—
What he beheld I know not; but I know,
Big swell'd my bosom with a prophet's glow:
And long my mind, with wond'rous bodings fir'd,
Had to the glorious dreadful toil aspir'd:
Yet to the king, whate'er my looks betray'd,
My looks the omen of success display'd.
When, with that sweetness in his mein exprest,
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 but to dare so great a toil, shall raise
Each age's wonder and immortal praise.
For this dread toil, new oceans to explore,
To spread the sail where sail ne'er flow'd before;
For this dread labour, to your valour due,
From all your peers I name, O Vasco, you.
Dread as it is, yet light the task shall be
To you, my Gama, as perform'd for me.———'
My heart could bear no more—'Let skies on fire,
Let frozen seas, let horrid war conspire,
I dare them all,' I cried, 'and but repine
That one poor life is all I can resign.
Did to my lot Alcides' labours fall,
For you my joyful heart would dare them all;
The ghastly realms of Death could man invade,
For you my steps should trace the ghastly shade.'

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

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

"With such bold rage the youth of Mynia glow'd,
When the first keel the Euxine surges plow'd;
When bravely venturous for the golden fleece
Oracious Argo sail'd from wondering Greece [32].

[31] Emmanuel was cousin to the late king John II. and grandson to king Edward, son of John I.

[32] According to fable, the vessel of the Argonauts spoke and prophesied. The ancients, I sup-

Where Tago's yellow stream the harbour laves,
And slowly mingles with the ocean 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 gulfs 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 sail,
And purple standards floating on the gale;
While each presag'd 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; [wave
Through howling tempests, and through gulfs untry'd,
O mighty God! be thou our watchful guide.'
While kneeling thus before the sacred shrine,
In holy faith's most solemn rite we join;
Our peace with Heaven the bread of peace confirms,
And meek contrition every bosom warms.
Sudden, the lights extinguish'd, all around
Dread silence reigns, and midnight gloom profound;
A sacred horrour pants on every breath,
And each firm breast devotes itself to death,
An offer'd sacrifice, sworn to obey
My nod, and follow where I lead the way.
Now prostrate round the hallow'd shrine we lie [33],
Till rosy morn bespreads the eastern sky;
Then, breathing fixt resolves, my daring mates
March to the ships, while proud from Lisboa's gates
Thousands on thousands crowding, press along,
A woeful, weeping, melancholy throng.
A thousand white-rob'd priests our steps attend,
And prayers and holy vows to Heaven ascend.
A scene so solemn, and the tender woe
Of parting friends, constrain'd my tears to flow.
To weigh our anchors from our native shore—
To dare new oceans never dar'd 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'd the sigh,
And wip'd the tear-drop from his manly eye;)
Then thus resuming:—" All the peopled shore
An awful silent look of anguish wore;
Affection, friendship, all the kindred ties
Of spouse and parent languish'd in their eyes;
As men they never should again behold,
Self-offer'd victims to destruction sold,
On us they fix'd the eager look of woe,
While tears o'er every cheek began to flow;
When thus aloud: 'Alas! my son, my son!'
An hoary sire exclaims; 'oh! whither run,
My heart's sole joy, my trembling age's stay,
To yield thy limbs the dread sea-monster's prey!
To seek thy burial in the raging wave,
And leave me cheerless sinking to the grave!
Was it for this I watch'd thy tender years,
And bore each fever of a father's fears!
Alas! my boy!'—his voice is heard no more,
The female shriek resounds along the shore:
With hair dishevell'd through the yielding crowd
A lovely bride springs on, and screams aloud:
'Oh! where, my husband, where to seas unknown,
Where wouldst thou fly me, and my love disown!
And wilt thou, cruel, to the deep consign
That valu'd life, the joy, the soul of mine:
And must our loves, and all the kindred train
Of rapt endearments, all expire in vain!
All the dear transports of the warm embrace,
When mutual love inspir'd 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,
Mov'd by the woeful sound the children wept;
The mountain echoes catch the big-swoln sighs,
And through the dales prolong the matron's cries;
The yellow sands with tears are silver'd o'er,
Our fate the mountains and the beach deplore.
Yet firm we march, nor turn one glance aside
On hoary parent, or on lovely bride.
Though glory fir'd 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 prepar'd we stand,
When towering o'er the crowd that veil'd the strand,
A reverend figure fix'd each wondering eye [34],
And, beckoning thrice, he wav'd his hand on high,

pose, by this meant to insinuate, that those who trust their lives to the caprice of the waves have need of a penetrating foresight, that they may not be surprised by sudden tempests.—Castera.

[33] This solem scene is according to history: Aberat Olysippone 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 recepti, ut noctem cum religiosis hominibus qui in ædibus templo conjunctis habitabant, in precibus et votis consumeret. Sequenti die cum multi non illius tantùm gratia, sed aliorum etiam, qui illi comites erant, convenissent, fuit ab omnibus in scaphis deductus. Neque solùm homines religiosi, sed reliqui omnes voce maxima cum lacrymis à Deo precabantur, ut benè et prosperè illa tam periculosa navigatio omnibus eveniret, et universi re benè gesta incolumes in patriam redirent.

[34] 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. Emmanuel's councils 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

And thrice his hoary curls he sternly shook,
While grief and anger mingled in his look;
Then to its height his faultering voice he rear'd,
And through the fleet these awful words were heard:
"'O frantic thirst of honour and of fame,
The crowd's blind tribute, a fallacious name;
What stings, what plagues, what secret scourges curst,
Torment those bosoms where thy pride is nurst! 760
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 horrour dost thou now prepare!
High sounds thy voice of India's pearly shore,
Of endless triumphs and of countless store: 770
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 priz'd,
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? 780
Behold the Hagarene in armour stands,
Treads on thy borders, and the foe demands:
A thousand cities own his lordly sway,
A thousand various shores his nod obey.
Through all these regions, all these cities, scorn'd
Is thy religion, and thine altars spurn'd.
A foe renown'd in arms the brave require;
That high-plum'd 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, 791
On shores unknown, a foe unknown to find.
Oh! madness of ambition! thus to dare
Dangers so fruitless, so remote a war!
That Fame's vain flattery may thy name adorn,
And thy proud titles on her flag be borne:
Thee, lord of Persia, thee, of India lord,
O'er Ethiopia vast, and Araby ador'd!
"'Curst be the man who first on floating wood
Forsook the beach and brav'd 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 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 giv'n birth!
On proud ambition's pleasing gales upborne,
One boasts to guide the chariot of the morn, 800
And one, on treacherous pinions soaring high,
O'er oceans waves dar'd sail the liquid sky[35]:
Dash'd from their height they mourn their blighted
One gives a river, one a sea the name! [aim;
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 820
To catch the gilded shade, and sink undone![36]

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 Osorius, 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? Potuitne gravius supplicium hominibus istis constitui, si in se scelestum aliquod facinus admisissent? Est enim illis immensi maris longitudo peragranda, fluctus immanes difficillima navigatione superandi, vitæ discrimen in locis infinitis 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, cùm omnia multò tristiora fingere præ metu cogerentur.——The tender emotion and fixt resolution of Gama, and the earnest passion of the multitudes on the shore, are thus aided by the same venerable historian:—Gama tamen quamvis lacrymas suorum desiderio funderet, rei tamen benè gerendæ fiducia confirmatus, alacriter in navem faustis omnibus conscendit..... Qui in littore consistebant, non prius abscedere voluerunt, quàm naves vento secundo plenissimis velis ab omnium conspectu remotæ sunt.

[35] Alluding to the fables of Phaeton and Icarus.

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

LUSIAD V.

"While on the beach the holy father stood,
And spoke the murmurs of the multitude,
We spread the canvass to the rising gales;
The gentle winds distend the snowy sails.
As from our dear-lov'd 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 wistful eyes,
The Lusian mountains mingled with the skies;
Tago's lov'd stream, and Cyntra's mountains cold,
Dim fading now, we now no more behold:
And still with yearning hearts our eyes explore,
Till one dim speck of land appears no more.
Our native soil 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 [1] plough'd the wave before:
The verdant islands, first by him descry'd,
We pass'd; 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 roar'd,
Whose bounding surges never keel explor'd;
If bounding shore [2], as reason deems, divide
The vast Atlantic from the Indian tide.
"Nam'd from her woods, with fragrant bowers adorn'd,
From fair Madeira's [3] purple coast we turn'd:
Cyprus and Paphos' vales the smiling Loves
Might leave with joy for fair Madeira's groves;
A shore so flowery, and so sweet an air,
Venus might build her dearest temple there.
Onward we pass Massilia's barren strand,
A waste of wither'd grass and burning sand;
Where his thin herds the meagre native leads,
Where not a rivulet laves the doleful meads;
Nor herds nor fruitage deck the woodland maze:
O'er the wild waste the stupid ostrich strays,
In devious search to pick her scanty meal,
Whose fierce digestion gnaws the temper'd steel.

From the green verge where Tigitania ends,
To Ethiopia's line the dreary wild extends.
Now past the limit, which his course divides,
When to the north the Sun's bright chariot rides,
We leave the winding bays and swarthy shores,
Where Senegal's black wave impetuous roars;
A flood, whose course a thousand tribes surveys,
The tribes who blacken'd in the fiery blaze,
When Phaeton, devious from the solar height,
Gave Afric's sons the sable hue of night.
And now from far the Libyan cape is seen,
Now by my mandate nam'd the Cape of Green [4].
Where midst the billows of the ocean smiles
A flowery sister-train, the happy isles [5],
Our onward prows the murmuring surges lave;
And now our vessels plough the gentle wave,
Where the blue islands, nam'd of Hesper old,
Their fruitful bosoms to the deep unfold.
Here changeful Nature shows her various face,
And frolics o'er the slopes with wildest grace:
Here our bold fleet their ponderous anchors threw,
The sickly cherish, and our stores renew.
From him the warlike guardian power of Spain,
Whose spear's dread lightning o'er th' embattled plain
Has oft o'erwhelm'd the Moors in dire disthay,
And fix'd the fortune of the doubtful day [6];
From him we name our station of repair,
And Jago's name that isle shall ever bear.
The porthern 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 [7] its wide extent displays,
And vast Mandinga shows its numerous bays:

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, unborrowed from any of the classics. In the Æneid, where the Trojans leave a colony of invalids in Sicily, nothing of the awfully tender is attempted. And in the Odyssey there is no circumstance which can be called similar.

[1] Don Henry, prince of Portugal, of whom, see the preface.

[2] 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.

[3] Called by the ancients Insulæ Purpurariæ. Now Madeira and Porto Santo. The former was so named by Juan Gonzales and Tristan Vaz, from the Spanish word *madera*, wood.

[4] Called by Ptolemy Caput Asinarium.

[5] Called by the ancients Insulæ Fortunatæ, now the Canaries.

[6] It was common for Spanish and Portuguese commanders to see St. James in complete armour fighting in the heat of battle at the head of their armies. The general and some of his officers declared they saw the warrior-saint beckoning them with his spear to advance; "San Iago! Iago!" was immediately echoed through the ranks, and victory usually crowned the ardour of enthusiasm.

[7] The province of Jalofo lies between the two rivers, the Gambea 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 Gambea, 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 mixed together they operate as an emetic, but when separate they do not. They abound with great variety of fishes, and their banks are covered with horses, crocodiles, winged serpents, elephants, ounces, wild boars, with great numbers of other animals, wonderful for the variety of their nature and different forms. —*Faria y Sousa.*

Whose mountains' sides [8], though parch'd and barren, hold,
In copious store, the seeds of beamy gold.
The Gambea here his serpent journey takes,
And through the lawns a thousand windings makes;
A thousand swarthy tribes his current laves,
Ere mixt his waters with th' Atlantic waves.
The Gorgades [9] we pass'd, that hated shore,
Fam'd for its terrours by the bards of yore;
Where but one eye by Phorcus' daughters shar'd,
The lorn beholders into marble star'd;
Three dreadful sisters! down whose temples roll'd
Their hair of snakes in many a hissing fold;
And scattering horrour 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 gulf still onward ride.
Her palmy forests mingling with the skies,
Leona's rugged steep [10] behind us flies:
The Cape of Palms that jutting land we name,
Already conscious of our nation's fame.
Where the vext 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 nam'd we past;
And Congo's spacious realm before us rose,
Where copious Zayra's limpid billow flows;
A flood by ancient hero never seen,
Where many a temple o'er the banks of green,
Rear'd by the Lusian heroes [11], through the night
Of Pagan darkness, pours the mental light.

"O'er the wild waves as southward thus we stray,
Our port unknown, unknown the watery way,
Each night we see, imprest with solemn awe,
Our guiding stars and native skies withdraw:
In the wide void we lose their cheering beams:
Lower and lower still the pole-star gleams,
Till past the limit where the car of day
Roll'd o'er our heads, and pour'd the downward ray,
We now disprove the faith of ancient lore;
Boötes' shining car appears no more:
For here we saw Calisto's star [12] retire
Beneath the waves, unaw'd by Juno's ire.
Here, while the Sun his polar journeys takes,
His visit doubled, double season makes;
Stern winter twice deforms the changeful year,
And twice the spring's gay flowers their honours
Now pressing onward, past the burning zone, [rear.
Beneath another heaven, and stars unknown,
Unknown to heroes, and to sages old,
With southward prows our pathless course we hold:
Here gloomy night assumes a darker reign,
And fewer stars emblaze the heavenly plain;
Fewer than those that gild the northern pole,
And o'er our seas their glittering chariots roll——
While nightly thus the lonely seas we brave
Another pole-star rises o'er the wave;
Full to the south a shining cross appears [13];
Our heaving breasts the blissful omen cheers:

[8] Tombotn, the mart of Mandinga gold, was greatly resorted to by the merchants of Grand Cairo, Tunis, Oran, Tremisen, Fez, Morocco, &c.

[9] Contra hoc promontorium (Hesperionceras) Gorgades insulæ narrantur, Gorgonum quondam domus, bidui navigatione distantes a continente, ut tradit Xenophon Lampsacenus. Penetravit in eas Hanno Pœnorum imperator, prodiditque hirta fœminarum corpora viros pernicitate evasisse, duarumque Gorgonum cutes argumenti et miraculi gratia in Junonis templo posuit, spectatas usque ad Carthaginem captam. Plin. Hist. Nat. l. vi. c. 31.

[10] This ridge of mountains, on account of its great height, was named by the ancients Θεῶν Ὄχημα, the chariot of the gods. Camoëns gives it its Portuguese name, Serra Lioa, the rock of lions.

[11] During the reign of John II. the Portuguese erected several forts, and acquired great power in the extensive regions of Guinea. Azambuja, a Portuguese captain, having obtained leave from Caramansa, a negro prince, to erect a fort on his territories, an unlucky accident had almost proved fatal to the discoverers. A huge rock lay very commodious for a quarry; the workmen began on it; but this rock, as the devil would have it, happened to be a negro god. The Portuguese were driven away by the enraged worshippers, who were afterwards with difficulty pacified by a profusion of such presents as they most esteemed.

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

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

[13] The constellation of the southern pole was called the Cross by the Portuguese sailors, from the appearance of that figure formed by seven stars, four of which are particularly luminous. Dante, who wrote before the discovery of the southern hemisphere, has these remarkable lines in the first canto of his Purgatorio:

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

Voltaire somewhere observes, that this looked like

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 plac'd,
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 terrours 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 surges mountain surges lash'd,
What sudden hurricanes the canvass dash'd;
What bursting lightnings, with incessant flare,
Kindled in one wide flame the burning air;
What roaring thunders bellow'd o'er our head,
And seem'd to shake the reeling ocean's bed;—
To tell each horrour in the deep reveal'd,
Would ask an iron throat with tenfold vigour steel'd:
Those dreadful wonders of the deep I saw,
Which fill the sailor's breast with sacred awe;
And which the sages, of their learning vain,
Esteem the phantoms of the dreamful brain.
That living fire, by seamen held divine [14],
Of Heaven's own care in storms the holy sign,
Which midst the horrours of the tempest plays,
And on the blast's dark wings will gaily blaze;
These eyes distinct have seen that living fire
Glide through the storm, and round my sails aspire.

And oft, while wonder thrill'd my breast, mine eyes
To Heaven have seen the watery columns rise.
Slender at first the subtile 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 gulf on gulf in sucks the rising tide,
And now the cloud, with cumbrous weight supply'd,
Full-gorg'd, 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 thrust insatiate sips,
Till the gorg'd 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 [15], 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, fam'd of yore,
Whose feet unwearied wander'd many a shore,
From Nature's wonders to withdraw the veil,
Had you with me unfurl'd the daring sail,
Had view'd the wondrous scenes mine eyes survey'd,
What seeming miracles the deep display'd,

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 Camoëns observes, the nights are darker than in the northern, the skies being adorned with much fewer stars.

[14] The ancients thus accounted for this appearance:—The sulphureous vapours of the air, after being violently agitated by a tempest, unite; and when the humidity begins to subside, as is the case when the storm is almost exhausted, by the agitation of their atoms they take fire, and are attracted by the masts and cordage of the ship. Being thus 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 storms the holy sign.

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

Μαίνεται οἰδμοσυν πολὺς πόντος ἠδὲ θύελλαι,
Τέσσιν, ταίνυσθον δ' ἰζήμεναι ἠπιοφῶτε.

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

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

Sweet as the waters of the limpid rill.

What secret virtues various Nature show'd—
O! Heaven! with what a fire your page had glow'd!
"And now since wandering o'er the foamy
Our brave armada held her venturous way, [spray,
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 flattering transport flew,
And each strain'd eye with aching sight explores
The wide horizon of the eastern shores:
As thin blue clouds the mountain summits rise,
And now the lawns salute our joyful eyes;
Loud through the fleet the echoing shouts prevail,
We drop the anchor, and restrain the sail;
And now descending in a spacious bay,
Wide o'er the coast the venturous soldiers stray,
To spy the wonders of the savage shore,
Where stranger's foot had never trod before.
I and my pilots on the yellow sand
Explore beneath what sky the shores expand.
That sage device, whose wondrous use proclaims
Th' immortal honour of its author's names [16], 220
The Sun's height measur'd, and my compass
The painted globe of ocean and of land. [scann'd,
Here we perceiv'd our venturous keels had past,
Unharm'd, the southern tropic's howling blast;
And now approach'd dread Neptune's secret reign,
Where the stern power, as o'er the Austral main
He rides, 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, 230
Right to the shore a trembling negro brought,
Whom on the forest-height by force they caught,
As distant wander'd from the cell of home,
He suck'd the honey from the porous comb.
Horrour glared in his look, and fear extreme,
In mien more wild than brutal Polypheme:
No word of rich Arabia's tongue he knew,
No sign could answer, nor our gems would view:
From garments strip'd with shining gold he turn'd;
The starry diamond and the silver spurn'd. 240
Straight at my nod are worthless trinkets brought;
Round beads of crystal as a bracelet wrought,
A cap of red, and dangling on a string
Some little bells of brass before him ring:
A wide-mouth'd laugh confess'd his barbarous joy,
And both his hands he rais'd to grasp the toy:
Pleas'd with these gifts we set the savage free,
Homeward he springs away, and bounds with glee.
"Soon as the gleamy streaks of purple morn
The lofty forest's topmost boughs adorn, 250
Down the steep mountain's side, yet hoar with dew,
A naked crowd, and black as night their hue,
Come tripping to the shore: their wishful eyes
Declare what tawdry trifles most they prize:
These to their hopes were given, and, void of fear,
Mild seem'd their manners, and their looks sincere.

A bold rash youth, ambitious of the fame
Of brave adventurer, Veloso his name,
Through pathless breaks their homeward steps
And on his single arm for help depends. [attends,
Long was his stay: my earnest eyes explore, 261
When rushing down the mountain to the shore
I mark'd him; terrour urg'd his rapid strides;
And soon Coëllo's skiff the wave divides.
Yet ere his friends advanc'd, the treacherous foe
Trod on his latest steps, and aim'd the blow.
Mov'd 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 side,
Another crowd pursu'd his panting flight; [height,
And soon an arrowy and a flinty shower 271
Thick o'er our heads the fierce barbarians pour
Nor pour'd in vain; a feather'd arrow stood
Fix'd in my leg [17], and drank the gushing blood.

[16] The astrolabium, an instrument of infinite service in navigation, by which the altitude of the Sun and distance of the stars are taken. It was invented in Portugal during the reign of John II. by two Jew physicians named Roderic and Joseph. It is asserted by some that they were assisted by Martin of Bohemia, a celebrated mathematician. Partly from Castera. Vid. Barros, Dec. 1. l. 4, c. 2.

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

Vengeance as sudden every word repays,
Full in their fronts our flashing lightnings blaze;
Their shrieks of horrour 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, Veloso 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 prov'd thy swiftness for the chase,
And shown thy matchless merits in the race!'
With look unmov'd the gallant youth replied:
'For you, my friends, my fleetest speed was tried;
'T was 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 [18] to your rescue flew.'

where, to impress the terrour of his arms could be of no service to his interest. When he came nearer to India he acted in a different manner. He then made himself dreaded whenever the treachery of the natives provoked his resentment.—Collected from Faria and Osorius.

[18] 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 Camoëns, further 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 the style of Dutch painting, where the commander of a galley tumbles the pilot into the sea, and the sailors afterward laugh at him, as he sits on a rock spewing up the salt water:

—— Segnemque Menœten,
In mare præcipitem puppi deturbat ab alta.
At gravis ut fundo vix tandem redditus imo est
Jam senior, madidaque fluens in veste Menœtes;
Summa petit scopuli, siccaque in rupe resedit.
Illum et labentem Teucri, et risere natantem;
Et salsos rident revomentem pectore fluctus.

And though the characters of the speakers (the ingenious defence which has been offered for Milton) may in some measure vindicate the raillery which he puts into the mouth of Satan and Belial, the lowness of it, when compared with that of Camoëns, 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 gamesome 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 show us when our foes walk not upright.

He now the treason of the foe relates,
How, soon as past the mountain's upland straits,
They chang'd the colour of their friendly shot,
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 lav'd the orient shores of gold.
"Now prosp'rous gales the bending canvass swell'd;
From these rude shores our fearless course we held:
Beneath the 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 lurring vapour cast,
Transfix with awe the bravest stood aghast.
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.
Amaz'd 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 unshadow'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 a hideous phantom glare:
High and enormous o'er the flood he tower'd,
And thwart our way with sullen aspect lour'd:
An earthly paleness o'er his cheeks was spread,
Erect uprose his hairs of wither'd red;
Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,
Sharp and disjoin'd, his gnashing teeth's blue rows;
His haggard beard flow'd quivering on the wind,
Revenge and horrour in his mien combin'd;
His clouded front, by withering lightnings scar'd,
The inward anguish of his soul declar'd.
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 horrours thrill'd each hero's breast,
Our bristling hair and tottering knees confess'd
Wild dread; the while with visage ghastly wan,
His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began [19]:

[19] 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 circumspection is necessary; for the transition from admiration to partiality and hypercriticism is not only easy, but to oneself often imperceptible. Yet however guarded against this

" 'O you, the boldest of the nations, fir'd,
By daring pride, by lust of fame inspir'd,
Who scornful of the bowers of sweet repose, [prows,
Through these my waves advance your fearless
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 brav'd my rage before;
Ye sons of Lusus, who with eyes profane
Have view'd the secrets of my awful reign,
Have pass'd the bounds which jealous Nature drew
To veil her secret shrine from mortal view;
Hear from my lips what direful woes attend,
And bursting soon shall o'er your race descend.
" 'With every bounding keel that dares my rage,
Eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage,
The next proud fleet that through my dread domain[20]
With daring search shall hoise the streaming vane,

partiality of hypercriticism the translator of Camoëns may deem himself, he is aware that some of his colder readers may perhaps, in the following instance, accuse him of it. Regardless, however, of the sang-froid of those who judge by authority and not by their own feelings, he will venture to appeal to the few whose taste, though formed by the classics, is untainted with classical prejudices. To these he will appeal, and to these he will venture the assertion, that the fiction of the apparition of the Cape of Tempests, in sublimity and awful grandeur of imagination, stands unsurpassed in human composition.—Voltaire, and the foreign critics, have confessed its merit.—In the prodigy of the Harpies in the Æneid, neither the

Virginei volucrum vultus, fœdissima ventris
Proluvies, uncæque manus, et pallida semper
Ora fame:

Though Virgil, to heighten the description, introduces it with

——— nec sævior ulla
Pestis et ira deûm Stygiis sese extulit undis:

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

Fama, malum quo non aliud velocius ullum:
Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo:
Parva metu primò; mox sese attollit in auras,
Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit:
Illam Terra parens, ira irritata Deorum,
Extremam (ut perhibent) Coeo Enceladoque sorore
Progenuit; pedibus celerem et pernicibus alis:
Monstrum horrendum, ingens; cui quot sunt corpore plumæ,
Tot vigiles oculi subter (mirabile dictu)
Tot linguæ, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit aures.
Nocte volat cœli medio terraque, per umbram
Stridens, nec dulci declinat lumina somno:
Luce sedet custos, aut summi culmine tecti,
Turribus aut altis, et magnas territat urbes.

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

The mobilitate viget, the vires acquirit eundo, the parva metu primò, &c. the caput inter nubila condit, the plumæ, oculi linguæ, ora, and aures, the nocte volat, the luce sedet 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, yet it has not the enthusiasm of that heat of spontaneous conception, which the ancients honoured with the name of inspiration. The fiction of Camoëns, 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 horrour that breathes through the whole, till the phantom is interrupted by Gama, are in the true spirit of the wild and grand terrific of a Homer or a Shakespeare. But however Camoëns 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 in them that dwell in houses of clay, whose foundation is in the dust, and who are crushed before the moth!'"

This whole passage, particularly the indistinguishable form and silence, are as superior to Camoëns 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 sware by Him that liveth for ever and ever,.... that Time should be no more."

[20] On the return of Gama to Portugal, a fleet of thirteen sail, under the command of Pedro Alvarez de Cabral, was sent out on the second voyage to India, where the admiral with only six ships arrived. The rest were mostly destroyed by a terrible tempest at the Cape of Good Hope, which lasted twenty days. "The day-time," says Faria,

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 plum'd behold a hero come[41],
Ye dreary wilds, prepare his yawning tomb.
Though smiling fortune bless 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,
A youthful lover, and his beauteous fair, [prepare,
Triumphant sail from India's ravag'd 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 escap'd, despoil'd by savage hands,
Shall naked wander o'er the burning sands,
Spar'd by the waves far deeper woes to bear,
Woes e'en by me acknowledg'd with a tear.
Their infant race, the promis'd heirs of joy,
Shall now no more a 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 sponse in vain.
Her tender limbs, and breast of mountain snow,
Where ne'er before intruding blast might blow,
Parch'd by the Sun, and shrivell'd by the cold
Of dewy night, shall he, fond man, behold.

Thus wandering wide, a thousand ills o'erpast,
In fond embraces they shall sink at last;
While pitying tears their dying eyes o'erflow,
And the last sigh shall wail each other's woe[42].
" '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 further to disclose
A long, a dreary prophecy of woes:
When, springing onward, loud my voice resounds,
And midst his rage the threatening shade confounds:
'What art thou, horrid form, that rid'st the air?
By Heaven's eternal light, stern fiend, declare.'
His lips he writhes, his eyes far round he throws,
And from his breast deep hollow groans arose;

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 Bartholomew Diaz, who was the first modern discoverer of the Cape of Good Hope, which he named the Cape of Tempests."

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

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

Sternly askance he stood: with wounded pride
And anguish torn, 'In me, behold,' he cried,
While dark-red sparkles from his eye-balls 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 unmov'd I stand:
Nor Roman prow nor daring Tyrian oar
Ere dash'd the white wave foaming to my shore;
Nor Greece nor Carthage ever spread the sail
On these my seas to catch the trading gale,
You, you alone have dared to plough my main,
And with the human voice disturb my lonesome reign.'
"He spoke, and deep a lengthen'd sigh he drew,
A doleful sound, and vanish'd from the view [82]:

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

The frighten'd billows gave a rolling swell,
And distant far prolong'd the dismal yell;
Faint and more faint the howling echoes die,
And the black cloud dispersing leaves the sky.
High to the angel host, whose guardian care
Had ever round us watch'd, my hands I rear,
And Heaven's dread king implore, as o'er our head
The fiend, dissolved, an empty shadow fled;
So may his curses by the winds of Heaven
Far o'er the deep, their idle sport, be driven!"
With sacred horrour thrill'd, Melinda's lord
Held up the eager hand, and caught the word;
"Oh wondrous faith of ancient days," he cries,
"Conceal'd in mystic lore, and dark disguise!
Taught by their sires, our hoary fathers tell,
On these rude shores a giant spectre fell, [throws;
What time from Heaven the rebel band were
And oft the wandering swain has heard his moan,
While o'er the wave the clouded Moon appears
To hide her weeping face, his voice he rears
O'er the wild storm. Deep in the days of yore
A holy pilgrim trod the nightly shore;
Stern groans he heard; by ghostly spells control'd,
His fate, mysterious, thus the spectre told:
"'By forceful Titan's warm embrace compress,
The rock-ribb'd mother Earth his love confest;
The hundred-handed giant at a birth
And me she bore: nor slept my hopes on Earth:
My heart avow'd my sire's ethereal flame;
Great Adamastor then my dreaded name.
In my bold brother's glorious toils engaged,
Tremendous war against the gods I waged:
Yet not to reach the throne of Heaven I try,
With mountain piled on mountain to the sky;
To me the conquest of the seas befell,
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 horrour mute she fled.
Madd'ning with love, by force I ween to gain
The silver goddess of the blue domain:
To the hoar mother of the Nereid band [84]
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, [prize!
'What nymph can yield her charms a giant's
Yet from the horrours of a war to save,
And guard in peace our empire of the wave,

[84] Doris, the sister and spouse of Nereus. By Nereus, in the physical sense of the fable, is understood the water of the sea, and by Doris, the bitterness or salt, the supposed cause of its prolific quality in the generation of fishes.

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 errour spreads its dreamful night,
What phantoms hover o'er the lover's sight!
The war resign'd, my steps by Doris led,
While gentle eve her shadowy mantle spread,
Before my steps the snowy Thetis shone
In all her charms, all naked, and alone.
Swift as the wind with open arms I sprung,
And round her waist with joy delirious clung:
In all the transports of the warm embrace,
A hundred kisses on her angel face,
On all its various charms my rage bestows,
And on her cheek my cheek enraptured glows.
When, oh, what anguish while my shame I tell!
What 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.' [blood;
Waked from my dream, cold horrour freezed my
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,
A horrid mountain to mine arms convey!'——
Madd'ning I spoke, and furious sprung away.
Far to the south I sought the world unknown,
Where I unheard, unscorn'd, might wail alone,
My foul dishonour, and my tears to hide,
And shun the triumph of the goddess' pride.
My brothers now by Jove's red arm o'erthrown,
Beneath huge mountains piled on mountains groan;
And I, who taught each echo to deplore,
And tell my sorrows to the desert shore,
I felt the hand of Jove my crimes pursue;
My stiffening flesh to earthy ridges grew,
And my huge bones, no more by marrow warm'd,
To horrid piles and ribs of rock transform'd,
You dark-brow'd cape of monstrous size became,
Where round me still, in triumph o'er my shame,
The silvery Thetis bids her surges roar,
And waft my groans along the dreary shore.'"

Melinda's monarch thus the tale pursued
Of ancient faith; and Gama thus renew'd—
"Now from the wave the chariot of the day
Whirl'd by the fiery coursers 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 plough 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 [25].

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 they 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 repaid:
Yet from their lips no word we know could flow,
Nor sign of India's strand their hands bestow.
Fair blow the winds; again with sails unfurl'd
We dare the main, and seek the eastern world.
Now round black Afric's coast our navy veer'd,
And to the world's mid circle northward steer'd:
The southern pole low to the wave declined,
We leave the isle of Holy Cross [26] 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 gulfs, whose billows never roll'd
Around the vessel's pitchy sides before;
Through trackless gulfs, where mountain surges
For many a night, when not a star appear'd, [roar,
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
Now smooth as glass the shining waters lie, [way.
No cloud slow-moving sails the azure sky;
Slack from their height the sails unmoved decline,
The airy streamers form the downward line;

[25] Variety is no less delightful to the reader than to the traveller, and the imagination of Camoëns gave an abundant supply. The insertion of this pastoral landscape, between the terrific scenes which precede and follow, has a fine effect. "Variety," says Pope, in one of his notes on the Odyssey, "gives life and delight; and it is much more necessary in epic than in comic or tragic poetry, sometimes to shift the scenes to diversify and embellish the story." The authority of another celebrated writer offers itself: Les Portugais naviguant sur l'océan Atlantique, découvrirent la pointe la plus méridionale de l'Afrique; ils virent une vaste mer; elle les porta aux Indes Orientales; leurs périls sur cette mer, et la découverte de Mozambique, de Melinde, et de Calecut, ont été chantés par le Camoëns, dont le poëme fait sentir quelque chose des charmes de l'Odyssée, et de la magnificence de l'Eneïde. i. e. "The Portuguese sailing upon the Atlantic ocean discovered the most southern point of Africa: here they found an immense sea, which carried them to the East Indies. The dangers they encountered in the voyage, the discovery of Mozambic, of Melinda, and of Calicut, have been sung by Camoëns, whose poem unites the charms of the Odyssey with the magnificence of the Æneid." Montesquieu, Spirit of Laws, b. xxi. c. 21.

[26] 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 passed by Gama, was the utmost extent of the Portuguese discoveries.

No gentle quiver owns the gentle gale,
Nor gentlest swell distends the ready sail;
Fixt as in ice the slumbering prows remain,
And silence wide extends her solemn reign.
Now to the waves the bursting clouds descend,
And heaven and sea in meeting tempests blend;
The black-wing'd whirlwinds o'er the ocean sweep,
And from his bottom roars the staggering deep.
Driven by the yelling blast's impetuous sway
Staggering we bound, yet onward bound away.
And now escaped the fury of the storm,
New danger threatens in a various form;
Though fresh the breeze the swelling canvass swell'd,
A current's headlong sweep our prows withheld [47]:
The rapid force imprest on every keel,
Backward, o'erpower'd, our rolling vessels reel:
When from their southern caves the winds enraged
In horrid conflict with the waves engaged;
Beneath the tempest groans each loaded mast,
And o'er the rushing tide our bounding navy past.
"Now shined the sacred morn, when from the east
Three kings the holy cradled babe address,
And hail'd him Lord of Heaven: that festive day
We drop our anchors in an opening bay;
The river from the sacred day we name,
And stores, the wandering seaman's right, we claim.
Stores we received; our dearest hope in vain;
No word they utter'd could our ears retain;
Nought to reward our search for India's sound,
By word or sign our ardent wishes crown'd [48].
"Behold, O king, how many a shore we tried!
How many a fierce barbarian's rage defied!
Yet still in vain for India's shore we try,
The long-sought shores our anxious search defy.
Beneath new heavens, where not a star we knew,
Through changing climes, where poison'd air we drew;
Wandering new seas, in gulfs unknown, forlorn,
By labour weaken'd, and by famine worn;
Our food corrupted, pregnant with disease,
And pestilence on each expected breeze;
Not even a gleam of hope's delusive ray
To lead us onward through the devious way;
That kind delusion which full oft has cheer'd
The bravest minds, till glad success appear'd;
Worn as we were each night with dreary care,
Each day with danger that increased despair,—
O monarch! judge what less than Lusian fire
Could still the hopeless scorn of fate inspire!
What less, O king, than Lusian faith withstand,
When dire despair and famine gave command
Their chief to murder, and with lawless power
Sweep Afric's seas, and every coast devour!
What more than men in wild despair still bold!
These more than men in these my band behold [49]!
Sacred to death, by death alone subdued,
These all the rage of fierce despair withstood;
Firm to their faith, though fondest hope no more
Could give the promise of their native shore!
"Now the sweet waters of the stream we leave,
And the salt waves our gliding prows receive;
Here to the left, between the bending shores,
Torn by the winds the whirling billow roars,
And boiling raves against the sounding coast,
Whose mines of gold Sofala's merchants boast:
Full to the gulf the showery south-winds howl,
Aslant against the wind our vessels roll:
Far from the land, wide o'er the ocean driven,
Our helms resigning to the care of Heaven,
By hope and fear's keen passions tost, we roam,
When our glad eyes beheld the surges foam
Against the beacons of a cultured bay,
Where 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 sable hue they bore,
No look of wild surprise the natives wore:
Wide o'er their heads the cotton turban swell'd,
And cloth of blue the decent loins conceal'd.
Their speech, though rude and dissonant of sound,
Their speech a mixture of Arabian own'd.
Fernando, skill'd in all the copious store
Of fair Arabia's speech and flowery lore,
In joyful converse heard the pleasing tale.
That o'er these seas full oft the frequent sail,
And lordly vessels, tall as ours, appear'd,
Which to the regions of the morning steer'd,
And back returning to the southmost land,
Convey'd the treasures of the Indian strand;
Whose cheerful crews, resembling ours, display
The kindred face and colour of the day [50].

[47] It was the force of this rushing current which retarded the further discoveries of Diaz. Gama got over it by the assistance of a tempest. It runs between Cape Corrientes, and the south-west of Madagascar. It is now easily avoided.

[48] The frequent disappointment of the Portuguese, when they expect to hear some account of India, is a judicious imitation of several parts of Virgil; who, in the same manner, magnifies the distresses of the Trojans in their search for the fated seat of empire:

——— O gens
Infelix! cui te exitio fortuna reservat?
Septima post Trojæ excidium jam vertitur æstas;
Cum freta, cum terras omnes, tot inhospita saxa
Sideraque emensæ ferimur: dum per mare magnum
Italiam sequimur fugientem, et volvimur undis.
Æn. v.

[49] It had been extremely impolitic in Gama to mention the mutiny of his followers to the king of 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 epopœia required to be ascribed to them. History relates the matter differently. "In standing for the Cape of Good Hope, Gama gave the highest proofs of his resolution, In illo autem cursu valdè Gamæ 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 insufferably cold, and to the rage of the tempest was added the horrour of an almost continual darkness. The crew expected every moment to be swallowed up in the deep. At every interval of the storm, they came round Gama asserting the impossibility to proceed further, and imploring to return. But this he resolutely refused. See the preface.

[50] Gama and his followers were at several ports,

Elate with joy we raise the glad acclaim,
And, River of Good Signs [31], the port we name:
Then, sacred to the angel guide, who led
The young Tobiah to the spousal bed,
And safe return'd him through the perilous way,
We rear a column on the friendly bay [32].
"Our keels, that now had steer'd through many a clime,
By shell-fish roughen'd, and incased with slime,
Joyful we clean, while bleating from the field
The fleecy dams the smiling natives yield:
But while each face an honest welcome shows,
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 horrours shed,
And death's dire ravage through mine army spread.
Never mine eyes such dreary sight beheld,
Ghastly the mouth and gums enormous swell'd [33];
And instant, putrid like a dead man's wound,
Poison'd with fetid steams the air around:
No sage physician's ever-watchful zeal,
No skilful surgeon's gentle hand to heal,
Were found: each dreary mournful hour we gave
Some brave companion to a foreign grave:
A grave, the awful gift of every shore!
Alas! what weary toils with us they bore!
Long, long endear'd by fellowship in woe,
O'er their cold dust we give the tears to flow;
And in their hapless lot forbode our own,
A foreign burial, and a grave unknown.
"Now deeply yearning o'er our deathful fate,
With joyful hope of India's shore elate,
We loose the hawsers and the sail expand,
And upward coast the Ethiopian strand.
What danger threaten'd at Quiloa's isle,
Mosambic's treason, and Mombassa's guile;
What miracles kind Heaven, our guardian, wrought,
Loud Fame already to thine ear 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,
Didst thy full bounty and thy truth to flow:
Health to the sick, and to the weary rest,
And sprightly hope revived in every breast,
Proclaim thy gifts, with grateful joy repaid,
The brave man's tribute for the brave man's aid.
And now in honour of thy fond command,
The glorious annals of my native land;
And what the perils of a route so bold,
So dread as ours, my faithful lips have told.
Then judge, great monarch, if the world before
Ere saw the prow such length of seas explore!
Nor sage Ulysses, nor the Trojan pride,
Such raging gulfs, such whirling storms defied;
Nor one poor tenth of my dread course explored,
Though by the Muse as demigods adored.
"O thou whose breast all Helicon inflamed,
Whose birth seven vaunting cities proudly claim'd;
And thou whose mellow lute and rural song,
In softest flow, led Mincio's waves along;
Whose warlike numbers as a storm impell'd,
And Tiber's surges o'er his borders swell'd;
Let all Parnassus lend creative fire,
And all the Nine with all their warmth inspire;
Your demigods conduct through every scene
Cold fear can paint, or wildest fancy feign;
The Syren's guileful lay, dire Circe's spell,
And all the horrours of the Cyclop's cell;
Bid Scylla's barking waves their mates o'erwhelm,
And hurl the guardian pilot from the helm [34];
Give sails and oars to fly the purple shore,
Where love of absent friend awakes no more [35];
In all their charms display Calypso's smiles,
Her flowery arbours and her amorous wiles;
In skins confined the blustering winds control [36],
Or o'er the feast bid loathsome harpies prowl [37];

[31] Rio dos bons sinais.

[32] 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.

[33] This poetical description of the scurvy is by no means exaggerated above what sometimes really happens in the course of a long voyage, and in an unhealthful climate, to which the constitution is unhabituated.

[34] See Æn. v. 833.

[35] The Lotophagi, so named from the plant lotus, are thus described by Homer:

Not prone to ill, nor strange to foreign guest,
They eat, they drink, and Nature gives the feast;
The trees around them all their fruit produce;
Lotos the name; divine, nectareous juice;
(Thence called Lotophagi) which whoso tastes,
Insatiate riots in the sweet repasts,
Nor other home nor other care intends,
But quits his house, his country, and his friends:
The three we sent, from off th' enchanting ground
We dragg'd reluctant, and by force we bound:
The rest in haste forsook the pleasing shore,
Or, the charm tasted, had return'd no more.
Pope, Odys. ix.

The natural history of the lotos, however, is very different. There are various kinds of it. The Libyan 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.

[36] 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 sire of gods assign'd,
The tempest's lord, the tyrant of the wind;
His word alone the list'ning storms obey,
To smooth the deep, or swell the foamy sea.
These in my hollow ship the monarch hung,
Securely fetter'd by a silver thong;
But Zephyrus exempt, with friendly gales
He charg'd to fill, and guide the swelling sails:
Rare gift! but oh, what gift to fools avails.
Pope, Odys. 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 Rhaca, which was then in sight, and was the cause of a new train of miseries.

[37] See the third Æneid.

And lead your heroes through the dread abodes
Of tortured spectres and infernal gods[38];
Give every flower that decks Aonia's hill
To grace your fables with divinest skill;
Beneath the wonders of my tale they fall. [all."
Where truth all unadorn'd and pure exceeds them
While thus illustrious Gama charm'd their ears,
The look of wonder each Melindian wears,
And pleased attention witness'd the command
Of every movement of his lips or hand.
The king enraptured own'd the glorious fame
Of Lisboa's monarchs, and the Lusian name;
What warlike rage the victor-kings inspired,
Nor less their warriors' loyal faith admired.
Nor less his menial train, in wonder lost,
Repeat the gallant deeds that please them most,
Each to his mate; while first in fond amaze
The Lusian features every eye surveys;
While present to the view, by fancy brought,
Arise the wonders by the Lusians wrought;
And each bold feature to their wondering sight
Displays the raptured ardour of the fight.
Apollo now withdrew the cheerful day,
And left the western sky to twilight gray;
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 knew Augustus, and from Mantua's shade
To courtly ease the Roman bard convey'd;
And soon exulting flow'd the song divine,
The noblest glory of the Roman line.
Dear was the Muse to Julius: ever dear
To Scipio; though the ponderous conquering spear
Roughen'd his hand, th' immortal pen he knew,
And to the tented field the gentle Muses drew.
Each glorious chief of Greek or Latian line,
Or barbarous race, adorn'd th' Aonian shrine[39];
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 Lisboa's clime adorn:
But Heaven has stampt 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.
E'en he whose veins the blood of Gama warms[40],
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[41]:

[38] See the sixth' Æneid, and the eleventh Odyssey.

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

[40] Don Fran. de Gama, grandson of the hero of the Lusiad. For his insignificant and worthless character, see the life of Camoëns.

[41] Aristotle has pronounced, that the works of Homer contain the perfect model of the epic poem. Homer never gives us any digressive declamation spoken in the person of the poet, or interruptive of the thread of his narration. For this reason Milton's beautiful complaint of his blindness has been censured as a violation of the rules of the epopœia. But it may be presumed there is an appeal beyond the writings of Homer, an appeal to the reason of these rules. When Homer laid the plan of his works, he felt that to write a poem like a 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; the omission therefore of such declamations by Homer, as not founded on the nature of the epic poem, is no argument against the use of them. If this however will not be allowed by the critic, let the critic remember, that Homer has many digressive histories, which have no dependence on, or connexion with, the action of the poem. If the declamation of Camoëns in praise of poetry must be condemned, what defence can be offered for the long story of Maron's wine in the ninth Odyssey, 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 Camoëns, the reader of taste, who judges from what he feels, would certainly be unwilling to have them expunged. The declamation with which he concludes the Seventh Lusiad must please, must touch every breast. The feelings of a great spirit in the evening of an active and military life, sinking under the pressure of neglect and dependence, yet the complaint expressed with the most manly resentment, cannot fail to interest the generous, and, if adorned with the dress of poetry, to plead an excuse for its admission with the men 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-

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 !"

LUSIAD VI.

With heart sincere the royal Pagan joy'd,
And hospitable rites each hour employ'd;
For much the king the Lusian band admired,
And much their friendship and their aid desired;
Each hour the gay festivity prolongs,
Melindian dances, and Arabian songs;
Each hour in mirthful transport steals away,
By night the banquet, and the chase 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 [1], when Egypt's beauteous queen
Bade all the pride of naval show 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 sounding breezes blow,
And far the hoary flood was yet to plough,
The fountain and the field bestow'd their store,
And friendly pilots from the friendly shore,
Train'd in the Indian deep, were now aboard,
When Gama, parting from Melinda's lord,
The holy vows of lasting peace renew'd,
For still the king for lasting friendship sued;
That Lusus' heroes in his port supplied,
And tasted rest, he own'd his dearest pride;
And vow'd that ever while the seas they roam,
The Lusian fleets should find a bounteous home;
And ever from the generous shore receive
Whate'er his port, whate'er his land could give [2].

Nor less his joy the grateful chief declared,
And now to seize the valued hours prepared.
Full to the wind the swelling sails he gave,
And his red prows divide the foamy wave:
Full to the rising Sun the pilot steers,
And far from shore through middle ocean bears.
The vaulted sky now widens o'er their heads,
Where first the infant morn his radiance sheds.
And now with transport sparkling in his eyes
Keen to behold the Indian mountains rise,
High on the decks each Lusian hero smiles,
And proudly in his thoughts reviews his toils.
When the stern demon, burning with disdain,
Beheld the fleet triumphant plough the main:
The powers of Heaven, and Heaven's dread Lord he knew,
Resolved in Lisboa glorious to renew
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 denied him in the skies:
Blaspheming Heaven, he pierced the dread abode
Of ocean's lord, and sought the ocean's god.
Deep where the bases of the hills extend,
And Earth's huge ribs of rock enormous bend,
Where roaring through the caverns roll the waves
Responsive as the 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 crystal towers, and emulates the spheres;
So starry bright the lofty turrets blaze,
And vie in lustre with the diamond's rays.
Adorn'd with pillars and with roofs of gold,
The golden gates their massy leaves unfold:
Inwrought with pearl the lordly pillars shine;
The sculptured walls confess a 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 ethereal, as the living flame, [frame.
Which, stolen from Heaven, inspired the vital
Next, all-embracing air was spread around,
Thin as the light, incapable of wound;
The subtile 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 beeves adorn the clover vales,
The fleecy dams bespread the sloping dales;
Here land from land the silver streams divide;
The sportive fishes, through the crystal tide,
Bedropt with gold their shining sides display:
And here old Ocean rolls his billows gray;
Beneath the Moon's pale orb his current flows,
And round the Earth his giant arms he throws.
Another scene display'd the dread alarms
Of war in Heaven, and mighty Jove in arms:
Here Titan's race their swelling nerves distend
Like knotted oaks, and from their bases rend
And tower the mountains to the thundering sky,
While round their heads the forky lightnings fly:
Beneath huge Ætna vanquish'd Typhon lies.
And vomits smoke and fire against the darken'd skies.

ed 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.

[1] 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 showed 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.

[2] The friendship of the Portuguese and Melindians was of long continuance. See the preface.

Here seems the pictured wall possess'd of life;
Two gods contending in the noble strife,
The choicest boon to human kind to give,
Their toils to lighten, or their wants relieve[3]:
While Pallas here appears to wave her hand[4],
The peaceful olive's silver boughs expand:
Here, while the ocean's god indignant frown'd,
And raised his trident from the wounded ground,
As yet intangled in the earth appears
The warrior horse, his ample chest he rears,
His wide red nostrils smoke, his eye-balls glare,
And his fore-hoofs, high pawing, smite the air.
Though wide and various o'er the sculptured stone[5]
The feats of gods and god-like heroes shone,
On speed the vengeful demon views no more:
Forward he rushes through the golden door,
Where ocean's king, enclosed with nymphs divine,
In regal state receives the king of wine:
"O Neptune!" instant as he came, he cries,
"Here let my presence wake no cold surprise,
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."

[3] 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 makind. 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 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.

[4] As Neptune struck the earth with his trident, Minerva, says the fable, struck the earth with her lance. That she waved her hand while the olive-boughs spread, is a fine poetical attitude, and varies the picture from that of Neptune, which follows it.

[5] 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, Camoëns, 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 show to the mere English reader that the Portuguese poet is, in his manner, truly classical, is the intention of many of these notes.

Neptune alarm'd, with instant speed commands
From every shore to call the watery bands:
Triton, who boasts his high Neptunean race,
Sprung from the god by Salace's embrace,
Attendant on his sire the trumpet sounds,
Or through the yielding waves, his herald, bounds:
Huge is his bulk deform'd, and dark his hue;
His bushy beard and hairs that never knew
The smoothing comb, of sea weed rank and long,
Around his breast and shoulders dangling hung,
And on the matted locks black muscles clung;
A shell of purple on his head he bore[6],
Around his loins no tangling garb he wore,
But all was cover'd with the slimy brood,
The snaily offspring of the unctuous flood.
And now obedient to his dreadful sire,
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 wall[7].

[6] In the Portuguese,

Na cabeça por gorra tinha posta,
Huma mui grande casca de lagosta.

Thus rendered by Fanshaw,

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

The description of Triton, who, as Fanshaw says,

Was a great nasty clown——

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

[7] Neptune.

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

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,
Who people every sea on every strand,
Appear'd, attended with their filial band;
And changeful Proteus, whose prophetic mind[8]
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 came[9];
From Heaven and Vesta sprung the birth divine,
Her snowy limbs bright through the vestments shine.
Here with the dolphin, who persuasive led[10]
Her modest steps to Neptune's spousal 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 shun[11]
Plunged in the billows with her infant son;
A goddess now, a god the smiling boy,
Together sped: and Glaucus lost to joy[12],
Curst in his love by vengeful Circe'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 sate,
The gods on sparkling crystal chairs of state;
And proudly honour'd on the regal throne,
Beside the ocean's lord, Thyoneus shone[13].
High from the roof the living amber glows[14],
High from the roof the stream of glory flows,
And richer fragrance far around exhales
Than that which breathes on fair Arabia's gales.
Attention now in listening silence waits:—
The power, whose bosom raged against the Fates,
Rising, casts round his vengeful eyes, while rage
Spread o'er his brows the wrinkled seams of age:
"O thou," he cries, "whose birthright sovereign
From pole to pole the raging waves obey; [sway
Of human race 't is 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
'T is thine the haughtiest victor to restrain, [sphere;
And bind each nation in its own domain:
And you, ye gods! to whom the seas are given,
Your just partition with the gods of Heaven;
You who of old unpunish'd never bore
The daring trespass of a foreign oar;
You who beheld, when Earth's dread offspring strove
To scale the vaulted sky, the seat of Jove,
Indignant Jove deep to the nether world
The rebel band in blazing thunders hurl'd.
Alas! the great monition lost on you,
Supine you slumber, while a roving crew,
With impious search, explore the watery way,
And unresisted through your empire stray,
To seize the sacred treasures of the main;
Their fearless prows your ancient laws disdain:
Where far from mortal sight his hoary head
Old Ocean hides, their daring sails they spread;
And their glad shouts are echoed where the roar
Of mounting billows only howl'd before.
In wonder, silent, ready Boreas sees
Your passive languor and neglectful ease;
Ready with force auxiliar to restrain
The bold intruders on your awful reign;
Prepared to burst his tempests, as of old,
When his black whirlwinds o'er the ocean roll'd,
And rent the Mynian sails, whose impious pride[15]
First braved their fury, and your power defied.
Nor deem that, fraudful, 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 name[16],
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;

[8] The fullest and best account of the fable of Proteus is in the fourth Odyssey.

[9] Thetis.

[10] Castera has a most curious 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."

[11] Ino, the daughter of Cadmus and Hermione, and second spouse of Athamas, king of Thebes. The fables of her fate are various. That which Camoëns follows is the most common. Athamas, seized with madness, imagined that his spouse was a lioness, and her two sons young lions. In this phrensy 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.

[12] A fisherman, says the fable, who, on eating a certain herb, was turned into a sea god. Circe 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.

[13] Thyoneus, a name of Bacchus.

[14] ——From the arched roof,
Pendent by subtile magic, many a row
Of starry lamps, and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. Milton.

[15] The sails of the Argonauts, inhabitants of Mynia.

[16] See the first note on the First Book of the Lusiad.

The dread decree, that to the Lusian train
Consigns, betrays your empire of the main:
Say, Shall your wrong alarm the high abodes?
Are men exalted to the rank of gods,
O'er you exalted, while in careless ease
You yield the wrested trident of the seas;
Usurp'd your monarchy, your honours stain'd,
Your birthright 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—" 250
More he attempts, but rage permits no more.
Fierce bursting wrath the watery gods inspires,
And their red eye-balls burn with livid fires:
Heaving and panting struggles every breast,
With the fierce billows of hot ire oppress.
Twice from his seat divining Proteus rose,
And twice he shook enraged his sedgy brows:
In vain; the mandate was already given,
From Neptune sent, to loose the winds of Heaven:
In vain; though prophecy his lips inspired, 260
The ocean's queen his silent lips required.
Nor less the storm of headlong rage denies,
Our 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, 270
And livid flashes through the mountains glare:
Up-rooted oaks, with all their leafy pride, [side;
Roll thundering down the groaning mountain's
And men and herds in clamorous uproar run,
The rocking towers and crashing woods to shun.
While thus the council of the watery state,
Enraged, decree the Lusian heroes' fate,
The weary fleet before the gentle gale
With joyful hope display'd the steady sail;
Through the smooth deep they plough'd the lengthening way; 280
Beneath the wave the purple car of day
To sable night the eastern sky resign'd,
And o'er the decks cold breathed 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, 290
And sweet discourse preserves their thoughts alive.
When Leonardo, whose enamour'd thought
In every dream the plighted fair-one sought—
The dews of sleep what better to remove
Than the soft, woeful, pleasing tales of love?
"Ill-timed, alas," the brave Veloso cries,
"The tales of love, that melt the heart and eyes.
The dear enchantments of the fair I know,
The fearful transport and the rapturous woe:
But with our state ill suits the grief or joy; 300
Let war, let gallant war our thoughts employ:
With dangers threaten'd, let the tale inspire
The scorn of danger, and the hero's fire."
His mates with joy the brave Veloso hear,
And on the youth the speaker's toil confer.
The brave Veloso takes the word with joy,
"And truth," he cries, "shall these slow hours decoy.
The warlike tale adorns our nation's fame;
The twelve of England give the noble theme:"
"When Pedro's gallant heir, the valiant John, 310
Gave war's full splendour to the Lusian throne,
In haughty England, where the winter spreads
His snowy mantle o'er the shining meads [17],
The seeds of strife the fierce Erinnys sows;
The baleful strife from court dissension 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, 320
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 [18],
And dare the damsels' champions to the field.

[17] 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 errour in natural history fallen into by Camoëns. 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.

[18] 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. Castera, 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; Souveyro 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 Castera, "may perhaps condemn this episode of Camoëns; but for my part," he continues, "I think the adventure of Olindo and Sophronia, in Tasso, is much more to be blamed.

'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 Lancaster's bold duke the damsels sue;
Adown their cheeks, now paler than the hue
Of snowdrops trembling to the chilly gale,
The slow-paced crystal tears their wrongs bewail.
When down the beauteous face the dew-drop flows,
What manly bosom can its force oppose!
His hoary curls th' indignant hero shakes,
And all his youthful rage restored awakes:
'Though loth,' he cries, 'to plunge my bold
In civil discord, yet appease your tears: [compeers
From Lusitania—' for on Lusian ground
Brave Lancaster had strode with laurel crown'd;
Had mark'd how bold the Lusian heroes shone,
What time he claim'd the proud Castilian throne [19],

The episode of the Italian poet is totally exuberant, il est tout-à-fait postiche,—whereas that of the Portuguese has a direct relation to his proposed subject; the wars of his country, a vast field, in which he has admirably succeeded, without prejudice to the first rule of the epopœia, the unity of the action." To this may be added the suffrage of Voltaire, who acknowledges that Camoëns artfully interweaves the history of Portugal. And the severest critic must allow that the episode related by Veloso is happily introduced. To one who has ever been at sea, the scene must be particularly pleasing. The fleet is under sail, they plough the smooth deep,

And o'er the decks cold breathed the midnight wind.

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

What 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 Bacchus, may be cited as a confirmation of the opinion of that judicious poet.

[19] John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, claimed the crown of Castile in the right of his wife, donna Constantia, daughter of don Pedro, the late king. Assisted by his son-in-law, John I. of Portugal, he entered Galicia, and was proclaimed king of Castile at the city of St. Jago de Compostella. He afterwards relinquished his pretensions on the marriage of his daughter Catalina with the infant don Henry of Castile. See note 20 of Lusiad IV.

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, [care,
Generous and brave, he view'd with wondering
When crown'd with roses to the nuptial bed
The warlike John his lovely daughter led——
'From Lusitania's clime,' the hero cries,
'The gallant champions of your fame shall rise:
Their hearts will burn, for well their hearts I know,
To pour your vengeance on the guilty foe.
Let courtly phrase the heroes' worth admire,
And for your injured names that worth require:
Let all the soft endearments of the fair,
And words that weep your wrongs, your wrongs declare.
Myself the heralds to the chiefs will send,
And to the king, my valiant son, commend.'
He spoke; and twelve of Lusian race he names,
All noble youths, the champions of the dames.
The dames by lot their gallant champions choose [20],
And each her hero's name exulting views.
Each in a various letter hails her chief,
And earnest for his aid relates her grief:
Each to the king her courtly homage sends,
And valiant Lancaster their cause commends.
Soon as to Tagus' shores the heralds came,
Swift through the palace pours the sprightly flame
Of high-soul'd chivalry; the monarch glows
First on the listed field to dare the foes;
But regal state withheld. Alike their fires,
Each courtly noble to the toil aspires:
High on his helm, the envy of his peers,
Each chosen knight the plume of combat wears.
In that proud port half-circled by the wave [21],
Which Portugallia to the nation gave,
A deathless name, a speedy sloop receives
The sculptured bucklers, and the clasping greaves,
The swords of Ebro, spears of lofty size,
And breast-plates flaming with a thousand dyes,
Helmets high-plumed, and, pawing for the fight,
Bold steeds, whose harness shone with silvery light
Dazzling the day. And now the rising gale
Invites the heroes, and demands the sail,
When brave Magricio thus his peers address't,
'Oh, friends in arms, of equal powers confest,
Long have I hoped through foreign climes to stray,
Where other streams than Douro wind their way;
To note what various shares of bliss and woe
From various laws and various customs flow.
Nor deem that, artful, I the fight decline;
England shall know the combat shall be mine.
By 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.

[20] The ten champions, who in the fifth book of the Jerusalem are sent by Godfrey for the assistance of Armida, are chosen by lot. Tasso, who had read the Lusiad, and admired its author, undoubtedly had the Portuguese poet in his eye.

[21] Oporto, called by the Romans Calle. Hence Portugal.

Yet something more than human warms my breast[22],
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 Casteel he bends.
On many a field enrapt the hero stood,
And the proud scenes of Lusian conquest view'd.
Navar he pass'd, and pass'd the dreary wild,
Where rocks on rocks o'er yawning glyns are piled;
The wolf's dread rauge, 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 holds the crowded way.
Bold Lancaster receives the knights with joy;
The feast and warlike song each hour employ.
The beauteous dames attending wake their fire,
With tears enrage them, and with smiles inspire.
And now with doubtful blushes rose the day,
Decreed the rites of wounded fame to pay.
The English monarch gives the listed bounds,
And, fixt in rank, with shining spears surrounds.
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 sate;
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 sightly, more of manly grace
Than tower'd the English knights. With frothing jaws
Furious each steed the bit restrictive gnaws;
And rearing to approach the rearing foe,
Their wavy manes are dash'd with foamy snow;
Cross-darting to the Sun a thousand rays
The champions' helmets as the crystal blaze.
Ah now, the trembling ladies' cheeks how wan!
Cold crept their blood; when through the tumult ran
A shout loud gathering: turn'd was every eye
Where rose the shout, the sudden cause to spy.
And lo, in shining arms a warrior rode,
With conscious pride his snorting courser trod;

Low to the monarch and the dames he bends,
And now the great Magricio joins his friends.
With looks that glow'd, exulting rose the fair,
Whose wounded honour claim'd the hero's care:
Aside the doleful weeds of mourning thrown,
In dazzling purple and in gold she shone.
Now loud the signal of the fight rebounds
Quivering the air; the meeting shock resounds
Hoarse crashing uproar; griding splinters spring
Far round; and bucklers dash'd on bucklers ring:
Their swords flash lightning; darkly reeking o'er
The shining mail-plates flows the purple gore.
Torn by the spur, the loosened reins at large,
Furious the steeds in thundering plunges charge;
Trembles beneath their hoofs the solid ground,
And thick the fiery sparkles flash around,
A dreadful blaze! with pleasing horrours thrill'd,
The crowd behold the terrours of the field.
Here stunn'd, and staggering with the forceful blow,
A bending champion grasps the saddle bow;
Here backward bent a falling knight reclines,
His plumes dishonour'd lash the courser's loins.
So tired and stagger'd toil'd the doubtful fight,
When great Magricio, kindling all his might,
Gave all his rage to burn: with headlong force,
Conscious of victory, his bounding horse
Wheels round and round the foe; the hero's spear
Now on the front, now flaming on the rear,
Mows down their firmest battle; groans the ground,
Beneath his courser's smiting hoofs; far round
The cloven helms and splinter'd shields resound.
Here, torn and trail'd in dust the harness gay,
From the fallen master springs the steed away;
Obscene with dust and gore, slow from the ground
Rising, the master rolls his eyes around,
Pale as a spectre on the Stygian coast,
In all the rage of shame confused and lost.
Here low on earth, and o'er the riders thrown,
The wallowing coursers and the riders groan:
Before their glimmering vision dies the light,
And deep descends the gloom of death's eternal night.
They now who boasted, 'Let the sword decide,'
Alone in flight's ignoble aid confide:
Loud to the sky the shout of joy proclaims
The spotless honour of the ladies' names.
" In painted halls of state and rosy bowers,
The twelve brave Lusians crown the festive hours.
Bold Lancaster the princely feast bestows,
The goblet circles, and the music flows;
And every care, the transport of their joy,
To tend the knights the lovely dames employ;
The green-boughed forests by the lawns of Thames
Behold the victor-champions and the dames
Rouse the tall roe-buck o'er the dews of morn,
While through the dales of Kent resounds the bugle-horn.
The sultry noon the princely banquet owns,
The minstrel's song of war the banquet crowns;
And when the shades of gentle evening fall,
Loud with the dance resounds the lordly hall:
The golden roofs, while Vesper shines, prolong
The trembling echoes of the harp and song.
Thus pass'd the days on England's happy strand,
Till the dear memory of their natal land
Sigh'd for the banks of Tagus. Yet the breast
Of brave Magricio spurns the thoughts of rest:
In Gaul's proud court he sought the listed plain,
In arms an injured lady's knight again.

[22] In the Portuguese,

Mas se a verdade o esprito me adevinha.

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

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

As Rome's Corvinus o'er the field he strode[93],
And on the foe's huge cuirass proudly trod.
No more by tyranny's proud tongue reviled,
The Flandrian countess on her hero smiled[94].
The Rhine another pass'd, and proved his might[95],
A fraudful German dared him to the fight;
Strain'd in his grasp the fraudful boaster fell—"
Here sudden stopt the youth; the distant yell
Of gathering tempest sounded in his ears,
Unheard, unheeded by his listening peers.

[93] Valerius Maximus, a Roman tribune, who fought and slew a Gaul of enormous stature, in single combat. During the duel a raven perched on the helm of his antagonist, sometimes pecked his face and hand, and sometimes blinded him with the flapping of his wings. The victor was thence named Corvinus. Vid. Liv. l. vii. c. 26.

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

[95] "This was Alvaro Vaz d'Almada. The chronicle of Garibay relates, that at Basil he received from a German a challenge to measure swords, on condition that each should fight with his right side unarmed; the German by this hoping to be victorious, for he was left-handed. The Portuguese, suspecting no fraud, accepted. When the combat began he perceived the inequality. His right side unarmed was exposed to the enemy, whose left side, which was nearest to him, was defended with half a cuirass. Notwithstanding all this, the brave Alvaro obtained the victory. He sprung upon the German, seized him, and, grasping him forcibly in his arms, 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 injury and grief of the English ladies, the voyage of the twelve champions to England, and the prowess they there displayed. When Veloso relates these, the sea is calm; but no sooner does it begin to be troubled, than the soldier abridges his recital: we see him follow by degrees the preludes of the storm, we perceive the anxiety of his mind on the view of the approaching danger, hastening his narration to an end. Voilà ce que s'appellecs coups de maître. 'Behold the strokes of a master.'"—Castera.

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

Earnest at full they urge him to relate
Magricio's combat, and the German's fate.
When shrilly whistling through the decks resounds
The master's call, and loud his voice rebounds:
Instant from converse and from slumber start
Both bands, and instant to their toils they dart.
"Aloft, O speed, down, down the topsails," cries
The master, "sudden from my earnest eyes
Vanish'd the stars, slow rolls the hollow sigh,
The storm's dread herald."—To the topsails fly
The bounding youths, and o'er the yard-arms whirl
The whizzing ropes, and swift the canvass furl;
When from their grasp the bursting tempests bore
The sheets half-gather'd, and in fragments tore.
"Strike, strike the main-sail," loud again he rears
His echoing voice; when roaring in their ears,
As if the starry vault by thunders riven,
Rush'd downward to the deep the walls of Heaven:
With headlong weight a fiercer blast descends,
And with sharp whirring crash the main-sail rends;
Loud shrieks of horrour through the fleet resound,
Bursts the torn cordage, rattle far around
The splinter'd yard-arms; from each bending mast,
In many a shred, far streaming on the blast
The canvass floats; low sinks the leeward side,
O'er the broad vessels rolls the swelling tide:
"Oh strain each nerve," the frantic pilot cries,
"Oh now—" and instant every nerve applies,
Tugging what cumbrous lay with strainful force;
Dash'd by the ponderous loads the surges hoarse
Roar in new whirls: the dauntless soldiers ran
To pump, yet ere the groaning pump began
The wave to vomit, o'er the decks o'erthrown
In grovelling heaps the stagger'd soldiers groan:
So rolls 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 horrours 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, deplore[96];
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 shrill, faint voice, th' untimely ghost complains[97].

The amorous dolphins to their deepest caves
In vain retreat to fly the furious waves;
High o'er the mountain-copes the ocean flows,
And tears the aged forests from their brows:
The pine and oak's huge sinewy roots uptorn,
And from their beds the dusky sands, upborne
On the rude whirlings of the billowy sweep,
Imbrown the surface of the boiling deep.
High to the poop the valiant Gama springs,
And all the rage of grief his bosom wrings,
Grief to behold, the while fond hope enjoy'd
The meed of all his toils, that hope destroy'd.
In awful horrour lost the hero stands, [hands,
And rolls his eyes to Heaven, and spreads his
While to the clouds his vessel rides the swell,
And now her black keel strikes the gates of Hell;
"O thou!" he cries, "whom trembling Heaven obeys,
Whose will the tempest's furious madness sways,
Who, through the wild waves, ledd'st thy chosen race,
While the high billows stood like walls of brass:

[96] 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 terrour, 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 Camoëns.

[97] 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, *τριζουσι, strident:* whereas Agamemnon, and the shades that have been long in the state of the dead, speak articulately. I doubt not but Homer intended to show, 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, till they are admitted into a state of rest; but Patroclus is an instance to the contrary in the Iliad, and Elpenor in the Odyssey, for they both speak before their funereal rites are performed, and consequently before they enter into a state of repose amongst the shades of the happy."

The critic, in his search for distant proofs, often omits the most material one immediately at hand. Had madam Dacier attended to the episode of the souls of the suitors, the world had never seen her ingenuity in these mythological conjectures; nor had Mr. Pope any need to bring the case of Patroclus or Elpenor to overthrow her system. Amphimedon, one of the 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 funereal rites:

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

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

Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth——

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

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

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

O 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,
O horrour, come! and come, eternal night!"
He paused;—then round his eyes and arms he threw
In gesture wild, and thus: "O 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 rage 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 of 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 demon still," she cries,
"Still urge his rage, nor all the past suffice!
Yet as the past, shall all his rage be vain—"
She spoke, and darted to the roaring main;
Her lovely nymphs she calls, the nymphs obey,
Her nymphs the virtues who confess her sway;
Round every brow she bids the rose-buds twine,
And every flower adown the locks to shine,
The snow-white lily and the laurel green,
And pink and yellow as at strife be seen.
Instant amid their gulden ringlets strove
Each flowret, planted by the hand of Love;
At strife, who first th' enamour'd powers to gain,
Who rule the tempests and the waves restrain:
Bright as a starry band the Nereids shone,
Instant old Eolus[98] 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 gales[99].

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

[98] For the fable of Eolus see the tenth Oydssey.

[99] In innumerable instances Camoëns discovers himself a judicious imitator of the ancients. In the two great masters of the epic are several prophecies oracular of the fate of different heroes, which give an air of solemn importance to the poem. The fate of the armada thus obscurely anticipated, resembles in particular the prophecy of the safe return of Ulysses to Ithaca, foretold by the shade of Tiresias, which was afterwards fulfilled by the Phæacians. It remains now to make some observations on the machinery used by Camoëns in this book. The necessity of machinery in the epopœia, and the perhaps insurmountable difficulty of finding one unexceptionably adapted to a poem where the heroes are Christians, or, in other words, to a poem whose subject is modern, have already been observed in the preface. The descent of Bacchus to the palace of Neptune in the depths of the sea, and his address to the watery gods are noble imitations of Virgil's Juno in the first Æneid. The description of the storm is also masterly. In both instances the conduct of the Æneid is joined with the descriptive exuberance of the Odyssey. The appearance of the star of Venus through the storm is finely imagined, the influence of the nymphs of that goddess over the winds, and their subsequent nuptials, are in the spirit of the promise of Juno to Eolus;

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

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

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

It has been observed by the critics, that Homer, in the battle of the gods, has, with great propriety, divided their auxiliary forces. On the side of the Greeks, he places all the gods who preside over the arts and sciences. Mars and Venus favour the adultery of Paris, and Apollo is for the Trojans, as their strength consisted chiefly in the use of the bow. Talking of the battle, "With what art," says Eustathius as cited by Pope, "does the poet engage the gods in this conflict! Neptune opposes Apollo, which implies, that things moist

Pale shone the wave beneath the golden beam;
Blue o'er the silver flood Malabria's mountains gleam:
The sailors on the main-top's airy round,
"Land! Land!" aloud, with waving hands, resound;
Aloud the pilot of Melinda cries,
"Behold, O chief, the shores of India rise!"
Elate the joyful crew on tip-toe trod,
And every breast with swelling raptures glow'd;
Gama's great soul confess'd the rushing swell,
Prone on his manly knees the hero fell, [his hands
"O bounteous Heaven," he cries, and spreads
To bounteous Heaven, while boundless joy commands
No further word to flow. In wonder lost,
As one in horrid dreams through whirlpools toss'd,
Now snatch'd by demons 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 horrours of the dreadful night,
The hero wakes in raptures to behold
The Indian shores before his prows unfold:
Bounding he rises, and with eyes on fire
Surveys the limits of his proud desire.
O glorious chief, while storms and oceans raved,
What hopeless toils thy dauntless valour braved!
By toils like thine the brave ascend to Heaven,
By toils like thine immortal fame is given.
Not he who daily moves in ermine gown,
Who nightly 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.
'T is 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, [crown,
From horrour's mouth dares snatch the warrior's
His own his honours, all his fame his own:
Who proudly just to honour's stern commands,
The dog-star'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, [scars;
Bears his proud knighthood's badge, his honest
Who cloth'd in steel, by thirst, by famine worn,
Through raging seas by bold ambition borne,
Scornful of gold, by noblest ardour fired,
Each wish by mental dignity inspired,
Prepared each ill to suffer or to dare,
To bless mankind, his great his only care;
Him whom her son mature experience owns,
Him, him alone heroic glory crowns.[30]

LUSIAD VII.

Hail, 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 denied,
For you by Ganges' lengthening banks unfold!
What laurel forests on the shores of gold

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 re-inforce it, thus Venus succours Mars.—Pallas retreated from Mars in order to conquer him; this shows 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 Camoëns less exact than the mythological. In the present instances, his allegory is peculiarly happy. The rage and endeavours of the evil demon 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.

[30] 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 Camoëns. Homer, though the father of the epic poem, has his exuberances, as has been already observed, which violently trespass against the first rule of the epopœia, the unity of the action: a rule which, strictly speaking, is not outraged by the digressive exclamations of Camoëns. The one now before us, as the severest critic must allow, is happily adapted to the subject of the book. The great dangers which the hero had hitherto encountered are particularly described. He is afterwards brought in safety to the Indian shore, the object of his ambition, and of all his toils. The exclamation therefore, on the grand hinge of the poem has its propriety, and discovers the warmth of its author's genius. It must also please, as it is strongly characteristical of the temper of our military poet. The manly contempt with which he speaks of the luxurious inactive courtier, and the delight and honour with which he talks of the toils of the soldier, present his own active life to the reader of sensibility. His campaigns in Africa, where in a gallant attack he lost an eye, his dangerous life at sea, and the military fatigues, and the battles in which he bore an honourable share in India, 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.

For you their honours ever verdant rear,
Proud with their leaves to twine the Lusian spear!
Ah Heaven! what fury Europe's sons controls!
What self-consuming discord fires their souls! 10
[2]Gainst her own breast her sword Germania turns;
Through all her states fraternal rancour burns;
Some, blindly wandering, holy faith disclaim [1],
And fierce through all wild rages civil flame.
High sound the titles of the English crown,
King of Jerusalem, his old renown [2]!
Alas! delighted with an airy name,
The thin dim shadow of departed fame,
England's stern monarch, sunk in soft repose,
Luxurious riots mid his northern snows: 20
Or if the starting burst of rage succeed,
His brethren are his foes, and Christians bleed;
While Hagar's brutal race his titles stain,
In weeping Salem unmolested reign,
And with their rites impure her holy shrine profane.
And thou, O Gaul, with gaudy trophies plumed,
Most Christian named; alas, in vain assumed!
What impious lust of empire steels thy breast [3],
From their just lords the Christian lands to wrest!
While holy faith's hereditary foes 30
Possess the treasures where Cynifio flows [4];
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, unfeebling arts thy boast,
O Italy, how fallen, how low, how lost [5]!

[1] The constitution of Germany, observes Puffendorff, may be said to verify the fable of the Hydra, with this difference, that the heads of the German state bite and devour each other. At the time when Camoëns wrote, the German empire was plunged into all the miseries of a religious war, the catholics using every endeavour to rivet the chains of popery, the adherents of Luther as strenuously endeavouring to shake them off.

[2] This is a mistake. The title of King of Jerusalem was never assumed by the kings of England. Robert, duke of Normandy, son of William the Conqueror, was elected king of Jerusalem 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 Jerusalem; his armorial bearing for the latter, Luna, a cross potent, between four crosses Sol.—Hen. VIII. filled the throne of England when our author wrote this part of the Lusiad: his Gothic luxury and conjugal brutality amply deserved the censure of the honest poet.

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

[4] A river in Africa.

[5] 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 villany, and all the baseness of intrigue, as that of the popes. The faith and honour of gentlemen banished from the politics of the Vatican, every public virtue must of consequence decline among the higher ranks; while the lower, broken by oppression, sink into the deepest poverty, and its attendant vices of meanness and pusillanimity. That this view of the lower ranks in the pope's dominions is just, we have the indubitable testimony of an Addison, confirmed by the miserable depopulation of a province, which was once the finest and most populous of the Roman empire. It has long been the policy of the court of Spain, to encourage the luxury and effeminate dissipation of the Neapolitan 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.

Ahi, 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 inebriac——

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

And Petrarch;

Del' empia Babilonia, ond' e 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 errours, have I hastened away to prolong my life."

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

SONETTO.

La gola, e'l sonno, e l'otioso piume
Hanno del mondo ogni virtù sbandita;
Ond è dal corso suo quasi smarrita
Nostra natura vinta dal costume:
Ed è si spento ogni benigno lume
Del ciel; per cui s'informa humana vita
Che per cosa mirabile s'addita
Che vuol far d'Helicona nascer fiume
Quasi vaghezza di lauro, quasi di mir tal
Povera e nuda vai filisofia,

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 true [6]:
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 name [7],
While dogs unclean Messiah's lore blaspheme,
And howl their curses o'er the holy tomb,
While to the sword the Christian race they doom.
From age to age, from shore to distant shore,
By various princes led, their legions pour;

Dice la turba al vil guadagno intesa.
Pochi compagni havrai per l'alta via;
Tanto ti prego p ù; gentile spirto,
Non lassar la magnanima tua impresa.

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

SONNET.

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

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

Philosophy, ah! thou art cold and poor,
Exclaim the crowd, on sord'id 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.

[6] 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 sprang 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 pereunt per mutua vulnera fratres.

[7] Imitated from this fine passage in Lucan:

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

United all in one determined aim,
From every land to blot the Christian name.
Then wake, ye brother-powers, combined awake,
And from the foe the great example take.
If empire tempt ye, lo, the East expands,
Fair and immense, her summer-garden lands:
There boastful wealth displays her radiant store;
Pactol and Hermus' streams o'er golden ore
Roll their long way, but not for you they flow;
Their treasures blaze on the stern soldan's brow:
From him Assyria plies the loom of gold,
And Afric's sons their deepest mines unfold
To build his haughty throne. Ye western powers,
To throw the mimic bolt of Jove is yours,
Yours all the art to wield the arms of fire;
Then bid the thunders of the dreadful tire
Against the walls of proud Byzantium roar,
Till headlong driven from Europe's ravish'd shore
To their cold Scythian wilds, and dreary dens,
By Caspian mountains, and uncultured fens,
Their fathers' seats beyond the Wolgian lake [8],
The barbarous race of Samoen betake.
And hark, to you the woeful Greek exclaims,
The Georgian fathers and th' Armenian dames,
Their fairest offspring from their bosoms torn,
A dreadful tribute, loud imploring mourn [9].
Alas, in vain! their offspring captive led,
In Hagar's son's unhallow'd temples bred,
To rapine train'd, arise a brutal host,
The Christian terrour, 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
The sacred shrines the Lusian heroes rear'd [10]; [heard,
Nor shall their zeal in Asia's bounds expire,
Asia subdu'd shall fume with hallow'd fire:
When the red Sun the Lusian shore forsakes,
And on the lap of deepest west awakes [11],
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 nod [12].

[8] The Caspian sea, so called from the large river Volga or Wolga, which empties itself into it.

[9] By this barbarous policy the tyranny of the Ottomans has been long sustained. The troops of the Turkish infantry and cavalry, known by the name of Janizaries and Spahis, are thus supported, and the scribes in office called Mufti, says Sandys, "are the sons of Christians (and these 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."

[10] See note. II, Lusiad V.

[11] Alludes to the discovery and conquest of the Brasils by the Portuguese.

[12] If our former defences of the exuberant declamations of Camoëns 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 shores of India, indulges

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

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

himself with the 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 each other; the professors of the false religion all combined to extirpate the adherents of the other. He upbraids the professors of the true religion for their vices, particularly for their disunion, and for deserting the interests of holy faith. His countrymen, however, he boasts, have been its defenders and planters; and, without the assistance of their brother-powers, will plant it in Asia. This, as it is the purpose of his hero, is directly to the subject of the poem, and the honour, which Heaven, he says, vouchsafed to his countrymen, in choosing them to defend and propagate its laws, is mentioned in the genuine spirit of that religious enthusiasm which breathes through the two great epic poems of Greece and Rome, and which gives an air of the most solemn importance to the Gierusalemme of Tasso.

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

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

Were the aborigines of all America to form one general confederacy against the descendants of those Europeans who massacred upwards of forty millions of Mexicans, and other American natives, and were these confederates totally to dispossess the present possessors of an empire so unjustly acquired, no man, it is presumed, would pronounce that their combination and hostilities 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, over-run the regions of Syria, to which they had no title, whose inhabitants had given them no offence. They profess that they are commissioned by Heaven to establish the religion of Mohammed by violence and the sword. In a few ages they subdue the finest countries around the Euphrates, and the Christian inhabitants, the rightful possessors, are treated with the most brutal policy and all its attendant cruelties. Bound by their creed to make war on the Christians, their ambition neglects no opportunity to extend their conquests; and already possessed of immense territory, their acknowledged purpose and their power threaten destruction to the Christian empire of the Greeks.

Having conquered and proselyted 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, form its vicinage to Dalmatia, are immediately concerned in the impending fate of the Grecian empire. While such dangers threatened, it is impossible the princes of Europe could have been unconcerned. Nor were present injuries wanting to stimulate them to arms. Cosmas, a writer of the sixth century, mentions the considerable trade which the Franks carried on with Syria through the Levant. He himself travelled to India, and he informs us that in his time Justinian sent two monks to China. In the ninth century, says M. de Guignes, an association of French merchants went twice a year to Alexandria, from whence they brought to Europe the commodities of India and Arabia. Kalif Haroun made a formal cession of the holy sepulchre to Charlemagne, and allowed the Franks to build houses of hospitality for the reception of pilgrims in various places of Syria. Nor was devotion the only motive of pilgrimage. The emoluments of commerce were also attended to, and the houses of hospitality possessed by the Franks, Italians, and Venetians in the east, were of the nature of factories. But these were seized, and plundered by the Saracens, and the eastern commerce which flowed to Europe through the Levant was almost totally interrupted. To these 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 greatly availed themselves of it. The immense resources which the Turks received from Egypt, and the

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

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

neighbouring countries, which had not been attempted by Godfrey and the first crusaders, determined their successors to alter the plan of their operations. They began their hostilities in Spain and Portugal, and proceeded through Barbary to Egypt. By this new route of the crosses, the Spaniards and Portuguese* were enabled not only to drive the Moors from Europe, but to give a fatal blow to their power in Africa. Nor was the safety of the Greek empire less necessary to Italy and the eastern kingdoms of Europe. Injuries, however, offered by the crusaders, who even seized the throne of Constantinople, upon which they placed an earl of Flanders, excited the resentment of the Greeks; and their aversion† to the papal supremacy rendered them so jealous of the crusaders, that the successors of Godfrey, for want of auxiliary support, after about ninety years possession, were totally driven from their new-erected kingdom in the Holy Land. By the fall of the Greek empire, an event which followed, and which had been long foreseen, the Venetians, the Austrians, the Poles, and the Russians, became the natural enemies of the Turks; and many desperate wars, attended with various success, have been continued to the present time. Not much above fifty years ago, their formidable efforts to possess themselves of the Venetian dominion 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 fierce warrior Bajazet I. were interrupted by Tamerlane, and by the enemy they found in Kouli Khan, the enraged Porte was prevented from revenging the triumphs of Eugene. A few years ago we beheld them trample on the laws of nations, send an ambassador to prison, and command the Russian empress to desert her allies. And however the foresight of the narrow politician may dread the rising power of the 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 part of Europe, and to drive the enemy from the southern, whatever the superstition of its promoters and conductors might have been, can by no means deserve to be called a most singular monument of human folly. And however the inutility and absurdity of their professed aim, to rescue the tomb of Christ, may excite the ridicule of the modern philosopher, it was a motive admirably adapted to the superstition of the monkish ages; and where it is necessary that an enemy should be restrained, an able politician will avail himself of the most powerful of all incitements to hostility, the superstitious or religious fervour of his army. And by thus resting the war on a religious motive, the English, who were most remote from Mohammedan depredation, were induced to join the confederacy, to which, at various times, they gave the most important assistance.

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

It will be found, that Camoëns 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 former endeavours to overthrow the great enemies of the true religion, gives a dignity to the poem, and an importance to the hero, similar to that which Voltaire, on the same supposition, allows to the subject of the Jerusalem of Tasso.

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

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

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

Joyful their nets they leave and finny prey.
And crowding round the Lusians, point the way.
A herald now, by Vasco's high command
Sent to the monarch, treads the Indian strand;
The sacred staff he bears, in gold he shines,
And tells his office by majestic signs.
As to and fro, recumbent to the gale,
The harvest waves along the yellow dale,
So round the herald press the wondering throng,
Recumbent waving as they pour along;
And much his manly port and strange attire,
And much his fair and ruddy hue admire:
When speeding through the crowd with eager haste,
And honest smiles, a son of Afric prest:
Enrapt with joy the wondering herald hears
Castilia's manly tongue salute his ears [13].
"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,
"Oh joy beyond the dream of hope to find,
To hear a kindred voice," the Lusian cried,
"Beyond unmeasured gulfs and seas untried;
Untried before our daring keels explored
Our fearless way—O Heaven! what tempests roar'd,
While round the vast of Afric's southmost land
Our eastward bowsprits sought the Indian strand!"
Amazed, o'erpower'd, the friendly stranger stood;
A path now 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 soil
Heapt o'er the board, the master's zeal declare;
The social feast the guest and master share;
The sacred pledge of eastern faith approved [14],
By wrath unalter'd, and by wrong unmoved.

Now to the fleet the joyful herald bends,
With earnest pace the Heaven-sent friend attends:
Now down the river's sweepy stream they glide,
And now their pinnace cuts the briny tide:
The Moor, with transport sparkling in his eyes,
The well-known make of Gama's navy spies,
The bending bowsprit, and the mast so tall,
The sides black frowning as a castle wall,
The high-tower'd stern, the lordly nodding prore,
And the broad standard slowly waving o'er
The anchor's moony fangs. The skiff he leaves,
Brave Gama's deck his bounding step receives;
And, "Hail!" he cries: in transport Gama sprung,
And round his neck with friendly welcome hung;
Enrapt, so distant o'er the dreadful main
To hear the music of the tongue of Spain.
And now beneath a painted shade of state
Beside the admiral the stranger sate:
Of India's clime, the natives, and the laws,
What monarch sways them, what religion awes?
Why from the tombs devoted to his sires
The son so far? the valiant chief inquires.
In act to speak the stranger waves his hand,
The joyful crew in silent wonder stand,
Each gently pressing on with greedy ear,
As erst the bending forests stoop'd to hear
In Rhodope, when Orpheus' heavenly strain [15]
Deplored his lost Eurydice in vain;
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 sires; my birth at proud Tangier,
An hostile clime to Lisboa's awful name,
I glow enraptured o'er the Lusian fame;
Proud though your nation's warlike glories shine,
These proudest honours yield, O chief, to thine;
Beneath thy dread achievements low they fall,
And India's shore discover'd 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.

tion into which they had been sunk by the wretchedness of their former state. The spirit of idustry 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."

[13] 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 Osorius, had been the chief person with whom king John II. had formerly contracted for military stores. He proved himself an honest agent, and of infinite service to Gama, with whom he returned to Portugal, where, according to Faria, he died in the Christian communion. He was named Monzaida.

[14] 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 terrour 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 pensh, ate part of it, and gave the rest to the fugitive, assuring him of safety. As they approached the house, they met a crowd who carried the murdered corse of the nobleman's beloved son. The incensed populace demanded the murderer, who stood beside him, to be delivered to their fury. The father, though overwhelmed with grief and anger, replied, "We have eaten together, and I will not betray him." He protected the murderer of his son from the fury of his domestics and neighbours, and in the night facilitated his escape.

[15] 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 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.

When India's monarch greets his court again,
For now the banquet on the tented plain
And sylvan chase his careless hours employ [16];
When India's mighty lord, with wondering joy,
Shall hail you welcome on his spacious shore,
Through oceans never plough'd by keel before,
Myself shall glad interpreter attend,
Mine every office of the faithful friend.
Ah! but a stream, the labour of the oar,
Divides my birth-place from your native shore;
On shores unknown, in distant worlds, how sweet
The kindred tongue, the kindred face to greet!
Such now my joy; and such, O Heaven, be yours!
Yes, bounteous Heaven your glad success secures.
Till now impervious, Heaven alone subdued
The various horrours 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 wealthful 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 [17],
And bending eastward rears a thousand heads;
Far to extremest sea the ridges thrown,
By various names through various tribes are known:
Here down the waste of Taurus' rocky side
Two infant rivers pour the crystal tide,
Indus 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 swoln 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 sire
Both in the Indian deep ingulf'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 oppose
In conic form the Indian regions close.

To various laws the various tribes incline,
And various are the rites esteem'd divine:
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 [18]:
Here now the Delhian, and the fierce Patan
Feed their fair flocks; and here, a Heathen clan,
Stern Decam's sons the fertile valleys till,
A clan, whose hope to shun eternal ill,
Whose trust from every stain of guilt to save,
Is fondly placed in Ganges' holy wave;
If to the stream the breathless corpse be given,
They deem the spirit wings her way to Heaven.
Here, by the mouths where hallowed Ganges ends,
Bengala's beauteous Eden wide extends;
Unrivall'd smile her fair luxurious vales:
And here Cambaya spreads her palmy dales [20];
A warlike realm, where still the martial race
From Porus famed of yore their lineage trace.
Narsinga [21] here displays her spacious line;
In native gold her sons and ruby shine:

[16] 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.

[17] Properly an immense chain of mountains, known by various names; Caucasus, Taurus, Hemodus, Paropamissus, Orontes, Imaus, &c. and from Imaus extended through Tartary to the sea of Kamtschatka.

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

[19] Pliny, imposed upon by some Greeks, who pretended to have been in India, relates this fable. Vid. Nat. Hist. lib. xii.

[20] Now called Gazarate. "The inhabitants are ingenious, cultivate letters, and are said to be particularly happy in the agreeable romance. According to ancient tradition, Porus was sovereign of this country. His memory is still preserved with an eclat worthy of that valour and generosity which attracted the esteem of the great Alexander."—Castera. This country was known to the ancients by the name of Gedrosia.

[21] The laws of Narsinga 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 Barros, dec. 4.

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

"At this time (1710) died the prince of Marata, aged above eighty years. The ceremony of his funeral, where his forty-seven wives were burned with his corpse, was thus; A deep circular pit was digged in a field without the town; in the middle of the trench was erected a pile of wood, on the top of which, on a couch richly ornamented, lay the body of the deceased prince in his finest robes. After numberless rituals performed by the Brahmins, the pile was set on fire, and immediately

Alas, how vain! these gaudy sons of fear,
Trembling, bow down before each hostile spear.

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 embrue 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 showing 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 horrour 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, downcast, 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 surprise, pushed the unfortunate lady from him; and shrieking aloud she fell into the fiery trench. The soldier, all shivering with terrour, immediately retired, and a delirious fever ended his life in the following night. Though many of the unhappy victims discovered at first the utmost intrepidity, yet no sooner did they feel the flames, than they roared out in the most dreadful manner; and, weltering over each other, strove to gain the brim of the pit; but in vain: the assistants forced them back with their poles, and heaped new fuel upon them. The next day the Bramins gathered the bones, and threw them into the sea. The pit was levelled, a temple built on the spot, and the deceased prince and his wives were reckoned among the deities. To conclude; this detestable cruelty has the appearance of the free choice of the women. But that freedom is only specious; it is almost impossible to avoid it.

And now behold;"—and while he spoke he rose;
Now with extended arm the prospect shows,—

If they do, they must lie under perpetual infamy; and the relations, who esteem themselves highly disgraced, leave no means untried to oblige them to it. Princesses, and concubines of princes, however, are the only persons from whom this species of suicide is expected. When women of inferior rank submit to this abominable custom, they are only urged to it by the impulse of a barbarous pride and vanity of ostentation."—Extracted from a letter from Father Martin, on the mission of Coromandel, to Father de Villette, of the Society of Jesus, published at Paris in 1719.

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

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

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

"The body of the deceased was carried down to the water side early the following morning; the widow followed about ten o'clock, accompanied by three very principal Bramins, her children, parents and relations, and a numerous concourse of people. The order of leave * for her burning did

* On this Mr. H. has the following note: "The Gentoos are not permitted to burn, without an order from the Mahommedan government, and this permission is commonly made a perquisite of."

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

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

" There have been instances known, when the victim has, by Europeans, been forcibly rescued from the pile. It is currently said and believed (how true we will not aver) that the wife of Mr. Job Charnock was by him snatched from this sacrifice:—be this as it may, the outrage is considered by the Gentoos, an atrocious and wicked violation of their sacred rites and privileges."

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;
Hers every fragrance of the spicy shore,
Hers every gem of India's countless store:
Great Samoreem, her lord's imperial style,
The mighty lord of India's utmost soil:
To him the kings their duteous tribute pay,
And at his feet confess their borrow'd sway.
Yet higher tower'd the monarch's ancient boast,
Of old one sovereign ruled the spacious coast [22],
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,
Orixa's spices and Golconda's gems;
Yet, ere the fleet th' Arabian ocean stems,
His final care his potent regions claim,
Nor his the transport of a father's name;
His servants now the regal purple wear,
And high enthroned the golden sceptres bear.
Proud Cochim one, and one fair Chalé sways,
The spicy isle another lord obeys:
Coulam and Cananoor's luxurious fields,
And Cranganore to various lords he yields.
While these and others thus the monarch graced,
A noble youth his care unmindful pass'd:
Save Calicut, a city poor and small,
Though lordly now, no more remain'd to fall:
Grieved to behold such merit thus repaid,
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.

[22] " Whatever Monzaida relates of the people and their manners, is confirmed by the histories of India, according to Barros, Castaneda, Maffeus, and Osorius. Our author, in this, imitates Homer and Virgil, who are fond of every opportunity to introduce any curious custom or vestige of antiquity."—Castera.

"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 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 claim'd;
The toils of culture and of art they scorn,
The warrior's plumes their haughty brows adorn;
The shining falchion brandish'd in the right,
Their left arm wields the target in the fight;
Of danger scornful, ever arm'd they stand
Around the king, a stern barbarian band.
Whate'er in India holds the sacred name
Of piety or lore, the Bramins claim:
In wildest rituals, vain and painful, lost,
Bramah their founder as a god, they boast.
To crown their meal no meanest life expires,
Pulse, fruit, and herbs alone their board requires:
Alone in lewdness riotous and free,
No spousal ties withhold, and no degree:
Lost to the heart-ties, to his neighbour's arms
The willing husband yields his spouse's charms:
In unendear'd embraces free they blend;
Yet but the husband's kindred may ascend
The nuptial couch: alas, too blest, they know
Nor jealousy's suspense, nor burning woe;
The bitter drops which oft from dear affection flow.
But should my lips each wondrous scene unfold,
Which your glad eyes will soon amazed behold,
Oh, long before the various tale could run,
Deep in the west would sink yon eastern Sun.
In few—All wealth from China to the Nile,
All balsams, fruit, and gold on India's bosom smile."
While thus the Moor his faithful tale reveal'd,
Wide o'er the coast the voice of rumour swell'd;—
As first some upland vapour seems to float,
Small as the smoke of lonely shepherd cot,
Soon o'er the dales the rolling darkness spreads,
And wraps in hazy clouds the mountain heads,
The leafless forest and the utmost lea,
And wide its black wings hover o'er the sea;
The tear-dropt bough hangs weeping in the vale,
And distant navies rear the mist-wet sail;—
So Fame, increasing, loud and louder grew,
And to the sylvan camp resounding flew;
"A lordly band," she cries, "of warlike mien,
Of face and garb in India never seen,
Of tongue unknown, through gulfs 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,
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 bold discourse in various tongues they try;
In vain; the accents unremember'd die
Instant as utter'd. Thus on Babel's plain
Each builder heard his mate, and heard in vain.
Gama the while, and India's second lord,
Hold glad responses, as the various word
The faithful Moor unfolds. The city gate
They past, and onward, tower'd in sumptuous state,
Before them now the sacred temple rose;
The portals wide the sculptured shrines disclose.
The chiefs advance, and, entered now, behold
The gods of wood, cold stone, and shining gold;
Various of figure, and of various face,
As the foul demon will'd the likeness base.
Taught to behold the rays of godhead shine
Fair-imaged in the human face divine,
With sacred horrour thrill'd, the Lusians view'd
The monster-forms, chimera-like, and rude [23].
Here spreading horns a human visage bore;
So frown'd stern Jove in Libya's fane of yore.
One body here two various faces rear'd;
So ancient Janus o'er his shrine appear'd.
A hundred arms another brandish'd wide;
So Titan's son the race of Heaven defied [24].
And here a dog his snarling tusks display'd;
Anubis thus in Memphis' hallowed shade
Grinn'd horrible. With vile prostrations low
Before these shrines the blinded Indians bow [25].

[23] Chimera, a monster slain by Bellerophon.

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

[24] Briareus.

[25] In this instance, Camoëns 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 Osorius, "that there were many Christians in India, conjectured that the temple, to which the catual led him, was a Christian church. At their entrance they were met by four priests,

And now again the splendid pomp proceeds;
To India's lord the haughty regent leads.
To view the glorious leader of the fleet,
Increasing thousands swell o'er every street;
High o'er the roofs the struggling youths ascend,
The hoary fathers o'er the portals bend,
The windows sparkle with the glowing blaze
Of female eyes, and mingling diamonds' rays.
And now the train, with solemn state and slow,
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 old[26],
The wondrous artist on the stone enroll'd;

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, Nysa's walls were rear'd[27];
So breathing life the ruddy god appear'd,
Had Semele[28] 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 equall'd by her lust;
Fast by her side her courser paw'd the dust,
Her son's vile rival[29]; reeking to the plain
Fell the hot sweat-drops as he champ'd the rein.
And here display'd, most glorious to behold,
The Grecian banners, opening many a fold,
Seem'd trembling on the gale; at distance far
The Ganges laved the wide-extended war[27].
Here the blue marble gives the helmet's gleam,
Here from the cuirass shoots the golden beam.
A proud-eyed youth, with palms unnumber'd gay,
Of the bold veterans led the brown array;
Scornful of mortal birth enshrined he rode,
Call'd Jove his father[30], 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 Bramah, by the god their sire
Taught to illume 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 Bramah in the magic hour
Beheld the foreign foe tremendous lour;
Unknown their tongue, their face, and strange attire,
And their bold eye-balls burn'd with warlike ire:
They saw the chief o'er prostrate India rear
The glittering terrours of his awful spear.

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 splendor in eum penetraret. The four priests ascending, some entered the chapel by a little brass door, and, pointing to the benighted image, cried aloud, 'Mary, Mary.' The catual and his attendants prostrated themselves on the ground, while the Lusians on their bended knees adored the blessed Virgin. Virgineinque Dei matrem more nostris usitato venerantur."—Thus Osorius. Another writer says, that a Portuguese sailor, having some doubt, exclaimed, " If this be the Devil's image, I however worship God."

[26] 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 sublime 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 grandsires 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 sate——
Dryd. Æn. vii.

[27] This is in the perspective manner of the beautiful descriptions of the figures on the shield of Achilles. Il. xviii.

[28] The Theban Bacchus, to whom the Greek fabulists ascribed the Indian expedition of Sesostris or Osiris king of Egypt.

[29] " 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 a horrid amour, Nynias ordered her to be put to death."—Castera.

[30] 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.

But swift behind these wintry days of woe
A spring of joy arose in liveliest glow,
Such gentle manners leagued with wisdom reign'd
In the dread victors, and their rage restrain'd:
Beneath their sway majestic, wise, and mild,
Proud of her victors' laws, thrice happier India
So to the prophets of the Bramin train [smiled.
The visions rose[31], that never rose in vain."

The regent ceased; and now with solemn pace
The chiefs approach the regal hall of grace.
The tap'stried walls with gold were pictured o'er,
And flowery velvet spread the marble floor[32]:
In all the grandeur of the Indian state,
High on a blazing couch the monarch sate,
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:

[31] The pretensions to, and belief in, divination and magic are found in the history of every nation and age. The sources from whence those opinions sprung, may be reduced to these: The strong desire which the human mind has to pry into futurity: the consciousness of its own weakness; and the instinctive belief, if it may be so called, in invisible agents. On these foundations it is easy for the artful to take every advantage of the simple and credulous. A knowledge of the virtues of plants, and of some chemical preparations, appeared as altogether supernatural to the great bulk of mankind in former ages. And such is the proneness of the ignorant mind to resolve, what it does not comprehend, into the marvellous, that even the common medicinal virtues of plants were esteemed as magical, and dependent upon the incantation which was muttered over the application of them. But we must not suppose that all the professors of magical knowledge were determined cheats and conscious impostors. So far from such idea of the futility of their pretended art, they themselves were generally the dupes of their own prejudices, of prejudices imbibed in their most early years, and to which the veneration of their oldest age was devoutly paid. Nor were the priests of savage tribes the only professors and students of enchantment. The very greatest names of Pagan antiquity, during the first centuries of the Christian era, firmly believed in divination, and were earnestly devoted to the pursuit of it. If Cicero, once or twice in his life, consulted the flight of birds, or the manner in which chickens picked up their corn; the great philosopher Marcus Aurelius Antoninus carried his veneration for the occult sciences much further. When he might have attacked the Quadi and Marcomanni with every prospect of success, he delayed to do it, till the magical sacrifice prescribed by Alexander of Pontus, the magician, could be performed. But when this was performed, the barbarians happened to be greatly reinforced, and Antoninus was defeated, with the loss of 20,000 men. Yet his devout observation of such rites never suffered the least abatement. And the enlarged and philosophical mind of the accomplished Julian, by some called the Apostate, was, amid all his other great avocations, most assiduously devoted to the study of magic.

[32] According to Osorius.

Of cloth of gold the sovereign's mantle shone,
And his high turban flamed with precious stone.
Sublime and awful was his sapient mien,
Lordly his posture, and his brow serene.
A hoary sire submiss on bended knee,
(Low bow'd his head,) in India's luxury,
A leaf[33], all fragrance to the glowing taste,
Before the king each little while replaced.
The patriarch Bramin, 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 seat;
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 merchant's toil,
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,

[33] The betel. This is a particular luxury of the east. The Indians powder it with the fruit of areca, or drunken date-tree, and chew it, swallowing the juice. Its virtues, they say, preserve the teeth, strengthen the stomach, and incite to venery. It is so esteemed in India, that its origin is derived from Heaven. Degastri, one of the wives of the celestial spirits, carried Argionem, an Indian, one day to Heaven, from whence he stole the betel, and planted it on Earth. And for this reason, he who cultures the betel must, as necessary to its thriving, steal the stock which he plants. The leaf is so like our common ivy, that some Indian ambassadors at Lisbon have used the latter mixed with the cypress apples instead of the areca, and have said, that in virtue it was much the same with the Indian plant. Our dictionaries call the betel, the bastard pepper.

While eve's dim clouds the Indian sky enfold,
Glorious to us an offer'd league we hold.
Yet shall our will in silence rest unknown,
Till what your land, and who the king you own,
Our council deeply weigh. Let joy the while
And the glad feast the fleeting hours beguile.
Ah! to the wearied mariner, long tost
O'er briny waves, how sweet the long-sought coast!
The night now darkens; on the friendly shore
Let soft repose your wearied strength restore,
Assured an answer from our lips to bear, [hear.
Which, not displeased, your sovereign lord shall
More now we add not—." [34] 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
Gleam'd the pale radiance of the star of dawn,
The valiant Gama on his couch reposed,
And balmy rest each Lusian eye-lid closed;
When the high catual, watchful to fulfil
The cautious mandates of his sovereign's will,
In secret converse with the Moor retires,
And, earnest, much of Lusus' sons inquires;
What laws, what holy rites, what monarch sway'd
The warlike race? When thus the just Monzaide:
"The land from whence these warriors well I know,
(To neighbouring earth my hapless birth I owe,)
Illustrious Spain, along whose western shores
Gray-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 unmatch'd they rear the trophied crest:
What terrours oft have thrill'd my infant breast [35],
When their brave deeds my wondering fathers told;
How from the lawns where, crystalline and cold
The Guadiana rolls his murmuring tide;
And those where, purple by the Tago's side,
The lengthening vineyards glisten o'er the field;
Their warlike sires my routed sires expell'd.
Nor paused their rage; the furious seas they braved;
Nor loftiest walls nor castled mountains saved;
Round Afric's thousand bays their navies rode,
And their proud armies o'er our armies trod.
Nor less let Spain through all her kingdoms own,
O'er other foes their dauntless valour shone:
Let Gaul confess, her mountain ramparts wild,
Nature in vain the hoar Pyrenians piled.
No foreign lance could e'er their rage restrain,
Unconquer'd still the warrior race remain.
More would you hear, secure your care may trust
The answer of their lips, so nobly just;
Conscious of inward worth, of manners plain,
Their manly souls the gilded lie disdain.
Then let thine eyes their lordly might admire,
And mark the thunder of their arms of fire:
The shore with trembling hears the dreadful sound,
And rampired walls lie smoking on the ground.
Speed to the fleet; their arts, their prudence weigh,
How wise in peace, in war how dread, survey."
With keen desire the craftful Pagan burn'd;
Soon as the morn in orient blaze return'd,
To view the fleet his splendid train prepares;
And now attended by the lordly nayres,
The shore they cover; now the oar-men sweep
The foamy surface of the azure deep:
And now brave Paulus gives the friendly hand,
And high on Gama's lofty deck they stand.
Bright to the day the purple sail-cloths glow,
Wide to the gale the silken ensigns flow;
The pictured flags display the warlike strife;
Bold seem the heroes as inspired by life.
Here arm to arm the single combat strains,
Here burns the battle on the tented plains
General and fierce; the meeting lances thrust,
And the black blood seems smoking on the dust.
With earnest eyes the wondering regent views
The pictured warriors, and their history sues.
But now the ruddy juice, by Noah found [36],
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 divine [37].
In bold vibrations, thrilling on the ear,
The battle sounds the Lusian trumpets rear;
Loud burst the thunders of the arms of fire,
Slow round the sails the clouds of smoke aspire,
And, rolling their dark volumes o'er the day,
The Lusian war, in dreadful pomp, display.
In deepest thought the careful regent weigh'd
The pomp and power at Gama's nod bewray'd,
Yet seem'd alone in wonder to behold
The glorious heroes and the wars half told
In silent poesy—Swift from the board
High crown'd with wine, uprose the Indian lord;
Both the bold Gamas, and their generous peer,
The brave Coello, rose, prepared to hear,
Or, ever courteous, give the meet reply:
Fixt and inquiring was the regent's eye:
The warlike image of a hoary sire,
Whose name shall live till Earth and Time expire,
His wonder fix'd; and more than human glow'd
The hero's look; his robes of Grecian mode;
A bough, his ensign, in his right he waved,
A leafy bough——But I, fond man depraved!
Where would I speed, as madd'ning in a dream,
Without your aid, ye Nymphs of Tago's stream!

[34] The tenour of this first conversation between the zamorim and Gama is according to the truth of history.

[35] The enthusiasm with which Monzaida, a Moor, talks of the Portuguese, may perhaps to some appear unnatural. Camoëns seems to be aware of this, by giving a reason for that enthusiasm in the first speech of Monzaida to Gama;

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

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

[36] Gen. ix. 20. And Noah began to be an husbandman; and he planted a vineyard, and he drank of the wine, &c.

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

Or yours, ye Dryads of Mondego's bowers!
Without your aid how vain my wearied powers!
Long yet and various lies my arduous way
Through louring tempests and a boundless sea.
Oh then, propitious hear your son implore,
And guide my vessel to the happy shore.
Ah! see how long what per'lous days, what woes
On many a foreign coast around me rose,
As dragg'd by Fortune's chariot wheels along
I sooth'd my sorrows with the warlike song[38];
Wide ocean's horrours lengthening now around,
And now my footsteps trod the hostile ground;
Yet mid each danger of tumultuous war
Your Lusian heroes ever claim'd my care:
As Canace of old, ere self-destroy'd[39],
One hand the pen, and one the sword employ'd.
Degraded now, by poverty abhorr'd,
The guest dependent at the lordling's board:
Now blest with all the wealth fond hope could crave,
Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the wave[40]
For ever lost; myself escaped alone,
On the wild shore all-friendless, hopeless, thrown;
My life, like Judah's Heaven-doom'd king of yore[41],
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 fraudful tale,
And left me mourning in a dreary jail[42].
Such was the meed, alas! on me bestow'd,
Bestow'd by those for whom my numbers glow'd,
By those who to my toils their laurel honours owed.
Ye gentle Nymphs of Tago's rosy bowers,
Ah, see what letter'd patron-lords are yours!
Dull as the herds that graze their flowery dales,
To them in vain the injured Muse bewails:
No fostering care their barbarous hands bestow,
Though to the Muse their fairest fame they owe.
Ah, cold may prove the future priest of fame
Taught by my fate: yet will I not disclaim
Your smiles, ye Muses of Mondego's shade,
Be still my dearest joy your happy aid!
And hear my vow: Nor king, nor loftiest peer
Shall e'er from me the song of flattery hear;
Nor crafty tyrant, who in office reigns,
Smiles on his king, and binds the land in chains;
His king's worst foe:—nor he whose raging ire,
And raging wants, to shape his course, conspire;
True to the clamours of the blinded crowd,
Their changeful Proteus, insolent and loud:
Nor he whose honest mien secures applause,
Grave though he seem, and father of the laws,
Who, but half-patriot, niggardly denies
Each other's merit, and withholds the prize:
Who spurns the Muse[43], nor feels the raptured strain,
Useless by him esteem'd, and idly vain:
For him, for these, no wreath my hand shall twine;
On other brows th' immortal rays shall shine:
He who the path of honour ever trod,
True to his king, his country, and his God;
On his blest head my hands shall fix the crown,
Wove of the deathless laurels of renown.

[38] Though Camoëns began his Lusiad in Portugal, almost the whole of it was written while on the ocean, while in Africa, and in India. See his Life.

[39] Candace, 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 calamum, strictum tenet altera ferrum:

[40] See the Life of Camoëns.

[41] Hezekiah. See Isaiah xxxviii.

[42] 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.

[43] Similarity of condition has produced similarity of sentiment in Camoëns and Spenser. Each was the ornament of his country and of his age; and each was cruelly neglected by the men of power, who, in truth, were incapable to judge of their merit, or to relish their writings. We have seen several of the strictures of Camoëns on the barbarous nobility of Portugal. The similar complaints of Spenser will show 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 recall several strokes of the Lusiad to the mind of the reader.

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

These lines exasperated still more the inelegant, the illiberal Burleigh. So true is the observation of Mr. Hughes, that "even the sighs of a miserable man are sometimes resented 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 Camoëns, in his masterly imitation of his great model, particularly demands observation. Had Statius or Ovid described the landing or reception of Æneas, we should undoubtedly have been presented with pictures different from those of the pencil of Virgil. We should have seen much bustle and fire, and perhaps much smoke and false dignity. Yet if we may judge from the Odyssey, Homer, had he written the Æneid, would have written as the Roman poet wrote, would have presented us with a calm majestic narrative, till every circumstance was explained, and then would have given the concluding books of hurry and fire. In this manner has Virgil written, and in this manner has Camoëns 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 Tiber, 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 Camoëns lands his hero in India; and though in some circumstances the resemblance to Virgil is evident, yet he has followed him as a free imitator, who was conscious of his own strength, and not as a copyist. He has not deserved that shrewd satire which Mr. Pope, not unjustly, throws on Virgil himself. "Had the galley of Sergestus been broken," says he, "if the chariot of Eumelus had not been demolished? or Mnestheus 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.

INQUIRY

INTO THE

RELIGIOUS TENETS AND PHILOSOPHY

OF THE

BRAMINS.

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

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

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

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

The divine economy of these different revelations is thus accounted for by our author: "Let us see how far the similitude of doctrines, (p. 72.) preached first by Bramah, and afterwards Christ, at the distinct period of above 3000 years, corroborate our conclusions; if they mutually support each other, it amounts to proof of the authenticity of both. Bramah preached the existence of one only, eternal God, his first created angelic being, Birmah, Bistnoo, Sieb, and Moisasoor; the pure Gospel dispensation teaches one only eternal God, his first begotten of the father Christ; the angelic beings Gabriel, Michael, and Satan, all these corresponding under different names minutely with each other, in their respective dignities, functions, and characters. Birmah is made prince and governor of all the angelic bands, and to occasional vicegerent of the Eternal One; Christ is invested with all power by the Father; Birmah is destined to works of power and glory, so is Christ; Bistnoo to acts of benevolence, so is Gabriel; Sieb to acts of terrour and destruction, so is Michael—Moisasoor is represented as a prime angel, and the instigator and leader of the revolt in Heaven, so is the Satan of the Gospel."—After much more in this strain, our author adds, "It is no violence to faith (p. 80.) if we believe that Birmah and Christ are one and the same individual celestial being, the first begotten of the Father, who had most probably appeared at different periods of time, in

distant parts of the Earth, under various mortal forms of humanity and denominations."—Having thus seen who Birmah is, we now proceed to our author's account of the scriptures which he delivered to mankind. Christ, he tells us, (p. 80.) styled Birmah by the easterns, delivered the great primitive truths to man at his creation: but these truths being effaced by time and the industrious influence of Satan, a written record became necessary, and Bramah accordingly gave the Shastah. This, we are told (ch. iv. p. 12.), was at the beginning of the present age (or world) when Bramah having assumed the human form, and the government of Indostan, translated the Chatah Bhade Shastah from the language of angels into the Sanscrit, a tongue at that time universally known in India. "These scriptures," says our author, (ch. viii. p. 71.) "contains, to a moral certainty, the original doctrines and terms of restoration, delivered from God himself by the mouth of his first created Birmah to mankind at his first creation in the form of man." And in p. 74, he tells us that "the mission of Christ is the strongest confirmation of the authenticity and divine origin of the Chatah Bhade Shastah of Bramah; the doctrines of both," according to our author, "being originally the same."

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

God is one; the creator of all that is; he governs by a general providence, the result of fixed principles: it is vain and criminal to inquire into the nature of his existence, or by what laws he governs. In the fullness of time he resolved to participate his glory and essence with beings capable of feeling and sharing his beatitude, and of administering to his glory. He willed, and they were—he formed them in part of his own essence; capable of perfection, but with the powers (as Mr. Holwell terms it) of imperfection, both depending on their voluntary election. God has no prescience of the actions of free agents, but he knows the thought of every being the moment it is conceived. He first created Birmah; then Bistnoo, Sieb, and Moisasoor; then all the ranks of angelic beings. He made Birmah his vicegerent and prince of all spirits, whom he put in subjection under him; Bistnoo and Sieb were his coadjutors—Over every angelic band he placed a chief. Moisasoor, chief of the first band, led the song of praise and adoration to the Creator, and the song of obedience to Birmah, his first created. Joy compassed the throne of God for millions of years. Envy and jealousy at last took possession of Moisasoor, and Rhaabon the angel next to him in dignity. They withheld their obedience from God; denied submission to his vicegerent, and drew a great part of the angelic host into their rebellion. God sent Birmah, Bistnoo, and Sieb, to admonish and persuade them to return to their duty, but this mercy only hardened them. The Eternal One then commanded Sieb to go armed with his omnipotence, to drive them from Heaven, and plunge them into intense darkness for ever. Here they groaned 426,000,000 years. (See ch. iv. p. 47 and 119.) Birmah, Bistnoo, Sieb, and the faithful angels, never ceased imploring the Eternal One for their pardon and restoration. By their intercession he at length relented. He declared his gracious intentions; and, having given his power to Birmah, he retired into himself, and became invisible to all the angelic host for the space of 5000 years. At the end of this period he again appeared, and, resuming his throne, proposed the creation of the material universe, which was to consist of fifteen regions or planets. In these the delinquent spirits were to be united to mortal bodies, in which they were to undergo a state of purgation, probation, and purification, and to suffer natural evils, according to the degrees of their original guilt. Bistnoo, by God's command, created the material universe, and united the fallen spirits to mortal bodies. Eighty-nine transmigrations form the term of purgation and trial. Eighty-seven of these are through various animals, according to the original degree of turpitude. The less criminal spirits animate bees, singing birds, and other innocent creatures; while those of deeper guilt become wolves and tigers. "And it shall be," (says Mr. H.'s version of that part of the Shastah,) "that when the rebellious Debtah (spirit) shall have accomplished and passed through the eighty-seven transmigrations, they shall, from my abundant favour, (it is the Deity who speaks,) animate a new form, and thou, Bistnoo, shalt call it Choij (i. e. the cow). And it shall be, that when the mortal body of the Choij shall by a natural decay become inanimate, the delinquent Debtah shall, from my more abundant favour, animate the form of Mhurd (i. e. man) and in this form I will enlarge their intellectual powers, even as when I first created them free; and in this form shall be their chief state of their trial and probation." In the next sentence the cow is ordered to be deemed sacred and holy [1].

Of the fifteen planets made for the reception of the rebel spirits, seven are called lower, and seven higher, than the Earth. The lower ones are the regions of punishment and purgation; our Earth, the principal seat of probation; and the higher ones are the regions of purification, from whence the approved spirits are again received into the divine presence in the highest Heaven. Mr. Holwell's Shastah says, that God, "although he could not foresee the effect of his mercy on the future conduct of the delinquents, yet, unwilling to relinquish the hopes of their repentance, he declared

[1] Mr. H. tells us that, when a cow suffers death by accident or violence, or through the neglect of the owner, it is esteemed a sign of God's wrath against the spirit of the proprietor, and as a warning that at the dissolution of his human form, he shall be obliged to undergo anew all the eighty-nine transmigrations. "Hence it is," says Mr. H., "that not only mourning and lamentation ensue on the violent death of either cow or calf, but the proprietor is frequently enjoined, and oftener voluntarily undertakes, a three years pilgrimage in expiation of his crime. Forsaking his friends, family, and relations, he subsists during his pilgrimage on charity and alms.—It is worthy remark, that the penitent thus circumstanced ever meets with the deepest commiseration, as his state is deemed truly pitiable. Two instances have fallen within our own knowledge, where the penitents have devoted themselves to the service of God, and a pilgrimage during the term of their life."

his will."—The principal terms of acceptance were, that they should do all good offices to, and love one another. Unnatural lust and self-murder are declared as crimes for which no more probation shall be allowed, but the spirit who offends in these is to be plunged into the Onderah, or intense darkness, for ever. What pity is it that these crimes, against which "th' Eternal has fixt his canon," should be mentioned together with the absurdities which follow!—Whatever animal destroys the mortal form of another, be it that of gnat, bee, cow, or man, its spirit shall be plunged into the Onderah for a space[2], and from thence shall begin anew the eighty-nine transmigrations, notwithstanding whatever number it may have formerly completed.

The time which the purgation and trial of the rebel spirits is to continue is also ascertained. It is divided into four jogues, or ages, which in reality are new creations of the universe. Three of these are past—The suttee jogue, or age of truth, lasted 3,200,000 years. In this period the life of man was 100,000 years. The tirta jogue continued 1,600,000 years, in which the life of man consisted of 10,000 years. The devapaar jogue was shortened to 800,000, and the human life to 1000 years. The last, the kolee jogue, or age of pollution, is to expire after a period of 400,000 years. In this, human life is reduced to 100 years, and the man is deemed to hasten his exit who dies under that number. In the present A. D. 1777, 4877 years of this age have only elapsed, and therefore 539,123 are yet to come.

When Bistnoo proposed the terms of mercy to the fallen spirits in the Onderah, all except Moisasoor, Rhaabon, and the other leaders of the rebellion, accepted, with the utmost joy, of the divine favour. Moisasoor and his party were permitted to range through the Earth and the lower regions of punishment, and to continue their temptations[3].

[2] "The obvious construction of the mouth and digestive faculties of man," says Mr. H., "mark him destined to feed on fruits, herbage, and milk." Anatomists, however, assert the very contrary. And the various allotment of food in various countries implies the approbation of Nature. In the warmer climates, the most cooling oils and fruits, &c. are in the greatest abundance. Where colder regions require the nutritive strength of animal food, beeves and sheep, &c. are in the greatest plenty and perfection; and sea fish, of all aliments the sharpest and hottest in their salts, are profusely thrown around the cold shores of the North. The Gentoos, who live solely upon rice and vegetables, are, of all mankind, the feeblest, most short-lived, and pusillanimous.

[3] "When we peruse some portions of Milton's account of the rebellion and expulsion of the angels," says Mr. H., "we are almost led to imagine, on comparison, that Bromah and he were both instructed by the same spirit; had not the soaring, ungovernable, inventive genius of the latter, instigated him to illustrate his poem with scenes too gross and ludicrous, as well as manifestly repugnant to, and inconsistent with, sentiments we ought to entertain of an Omnipotent Being (as before remarked), in which we rather fear he was inspired by one of those malignant spirits (alluded to in the Shastah and elsewhere), who have, from their original defection, been the declared enemies of God and man. For however we are astonished and admire the sublimity of Milton's genius, we can hardly sometimes avoid concluding his conceits are truly diabolical."—The former remark Mr. H. refers to, is, the supposition that angels opposed God in battle; any other than an instant act of expulsion being unworthy of omnipotence. Milton, however, needs no defence. In the true spirit of poetry, he opposes angel to angel; but these strictures of our author lead us to some obvious observations on his account of the Gentoo system. God, he tells us, previous to the creation, fought 5000 years with Modoo and Kytoo; but this is excused by allegory, and these are only Discord and Tumult; and an instant act of omnipotence, it seems, was not here necessary. According to Mr. H.'s divine system of the Gentoos, God has no prescience of the actions of free agents. To strip the Supreme Being of prescience gives a severe shock to reason; and most assuredly it is the highest presumption in a finite mind, to deny an attribute essential to omnipotence and omniscience, because its confined ideas cannot conceive the manner of that attribute's operation*. But the grossest impiety still remains. The restoration of the fallen spirits, according to Mr. Holwell's Gentoo system, flowed not from God. He is not there the fountain of mercy. The compassion of the good angels alone produced this divine favour, after the solicitation of 426 millions of years. In Milton we have no such absurdities, no such impieties as these suppositions and assertions contain.

Bistnoo, and the other good angels, petitioned for permission to undergo the eighty-nine transmigrations, and particularly to become men. It is these benevolent spirits, say the Gentoos, who at different times, under the various characters of

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

kings, generals, philosophers, lawgivers, and prophets, have given shining examples of fortitude, virtue, and purity. Many of these incarnations took place in the former jogues, but in the present one they are very rare[4]; the good angels, however, are permitted invisibly to assist the penitent, and to afford them support and protection. When the 359,123 years yet remaining of the present jogue are expired, all the obdurate spirits who have not attained the first region of purification, shall be thrown into the Onderah for ever. The eight regions of probation shall be then destroyed. And when the spirits in the seven planets of purification shall have attained the highest Heaven, these regions shall also be no more. A long time after this, says the Shastah, there shall be another creation, but of what kind, or upon what principles, the Eternal One only knows.

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

Birmah is then appointed to create, Bistnoo to preserve, and Sieb to change or destroy.—Mr. H. thus proceeds: "And when Brum (Birmah) heard the command, which the mouth of the Eternal One had uttered, he straightways formed a leaf of betel, and he floated on the betel leaf over the surface of the waters, and the children of Modoo and Kytoo fled from before him, and vanished from his presence: and when the agitation of the waters had subsided by the powers of the spirit of Brum, Bistnoo straightways transformed himself into a mighty boar, and descending into the abyss of waters, brought up the Murto on his tusks. Then spontaneously issued from him a mighty tortoise and a mighty snake. And Bistnoo put the snake erect upon the back of the tortoise, and placed Murto upon the head of the snake. And all things were created and formed by Birmah."—Mr. Holwell informs us, that all this is sublime allegory; that Modoo and Kytoo signify Discord and Confusion; that the boar is the Gentoos' symbol of strength; the tortoise, of stability; and the serpent, of wisdom. And thus the strength of God placed wisdom on stability, and the Earth upon wisdom. But what the betel leaf, and the wax of Brum's ear signify, Mr. H. has not told us.

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

"The creation and propagation of the human form, according to the scriptures of Bramah," says Mr. H., "are clogged with no difficulties, no ludicrous unintelligible circumstances, or inconsistencies. God previously constructs mortal bodies of both sexes for the reception of the angelic spirits—these were all doomed to pass through many successive transmigrations in the mortal prisons, as a state of punishment and purgation, before they received the grace of animating the human form, which is their chief state of probation and trial." This, however, without hesitation, (the reader, we fear, will smile at the pains we take,) we will venture to call highly unphilosophical. Nature has made almost the whole creation of fishes to feed upon each other. Their purgation therefore is only a mock trial; for, according to Mr. H., whatever being destroys a mortal body must begin its transmigrations anew; and thus the spirits of the fishes would be just where they were, though millions of the four jogues were repeated. Mr. H. is at great pains to solve the reason why the fishes were not drowned at the general deluge, when every other species of animals suffered death. The only

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

reason for it, he says, is, that they were more favoured of God, as more innocent. Why then are these less guilty spirits united to bodies whose natural instinct precludes them the very possibility of salvation? There is not a bird perhaps but eats occasionally insects and reptiles. Even the Indian philosopher himself, who lets vermin overrun him, who carefully sweeps his path ere he treads upon it, lest he should dislodge the soul of an insect, and who covers his mouth with a cloth, lest he should suck in a gnat with his breath; even he, in every sallad which he eats, and in every cup of water which he drinks, causes the death of innumerable living creatures.—His salvation, therefore, according to Mr. H.'s Gentoo system, is as impossible as that of the fishes. Nor need we scruple to pronounce the purgation of spirits, by passing through brutal forms, as "ludicrously unintelligible." The young of every animal has most innocence. An old vicious ram has made a strange retrograde purgation, when we consider that he was once a lamb, the mildest and most innocent of creatures.

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

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

A few years after Mr. Holwell's treatises were given to the public, Mr. Dow, who had also been in India, published also his account of the religion and philosophy of the Bramins. The superior opportunities of knowledge enjoyed by Mr. Dow are thus mentioned by himself.

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

Such an opportunity of superior knowledge as this, is certainly singular. But though it is thus confessedly partial, and entirely dependent on the truth of his pundit, the claims of authenticity alleged by other travellers (p. xxxvii.) are thus reprobated—"They affirm, that they derived their information from the Hindoos themselves. This may be the case; but they certainly conversed upon that subject only with the inferior tribes, or with the unlearned part of the Bramins: and it would be as ridiculous to hope for a true state of the religion and philosophy of the Hindoos from those illiterate casts, as it would be in a Mohammedan in London, to rely upon the accounts of a parish beadle, concerning the most abstruse points of the Christian faith; or to form his opinion of the principles of the Newtonian philosophy from a conversation with an English car-man."

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

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

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

Narud then inquires into the continuance and dissolution of the world. And here we have a legend much the same with Mr. Holwell's four jogues or ages; after which the world shall be de-

stroyed by fire, matter be annihilated, and God exist alone. Our year, according to the Bramins, says Mr. Dow, makes one planetary day. The first jug, or age of truth, contained four; the second three; the third two; and the present jug, or age of pollution, is to contain one thousand of these planetary years. According to Mr. Dow, at the end of these periods there is not only a dissolution of all things, but between the dissolutions and renovations of the world, a period of 3,720,000 of our years. In the note on the Ptolemaic system in Lusiad X., we trust we have investigated the source of these various ages of the Bramins, and traced the origin of that idea into a natural planetary appearance.

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

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

The Shasters, according to Mr. Dow, are divided into four Bedas (*i. e.* the Bhades of Mr. H.). The first, he says, treats principally of the science of divination; the second, of religious and moral duties; the third, of the rites of religion, sacrifices, penances, &c.; and the fourth, of the knowledge of the good being, and contains the whole science of theology and metaphysical philosophy.

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

That the Gentoos are divided into two great sects is confessed, though differently accounted for, by both Mr. Holwell and Mr. Dow. By the latter they are distinguished as the followers of Bedang, the most ancient; and the Neadirsen, a later Shaster. This, which by its followers is held as sacred, is said to have been written, says our author, by a "philosopher called Goutam, near 4000 years ago." As a specimen of this most abstruse metaphysician, take the following—Five things must of necessity be eternal: first, the pirrum attima, or the great soul, which is immaterial, omniscient, &c.; the second, the jive attima, or the vital soul; the third, time or duration; the fourth, space or extension; the fifth, the akash, or heavenly element, "which fills up the vacuum or space, and is compounded of purmans, or quantities, infinitely small, indivisible, and perpetual. God," says he, "can neither make nor annihilate these atoms, on account of the love which he bears to them, and the necessity of their existence; but they are in other respects totally subservient to his pleasure."

Not to be tedious, we shall only look into this metaphysical labyrinth. Goutam supposes the vital soul is material, says Mr. D., by giving it the following properties; number, quantity, motion, contraction, extension, divisibility, perception, pleasure, pain, desire, aversion, accident, and power. How Mr. D. discovers that Goutam supposes perception, desire, &c., as the characteristics of matter, we know not; neither can we conceive the number, quantity or divisibility of a living soul. The akash, or atoms, which God can neither make nor destroy, were formed by him into the seeds of all productions, when jive attima, or the vital soul, associating with them, animals and plants were produced. And thus the greatest act of creation is ascribed to jive attima, a principle or quality which God did not produce. "The same vital soul," says Goutam, "which before associated with the atom of an animal, may afterwards associate with the atom of a man:" the superiority of man consisting only in his finer organization. "The followers of the Bedang," says Mr. Dow, "affirm, that there is no soul in the universe but God: the sect of Neadirsen strenuously hold that there is, as they cannot conceive that God can be subject to such affections and passions as they feel in their own minds, or that he can possibly have a propensity to evil." That is, in plain words, some do, and some do not, think themselves to be God. Wherefore, according to Goutam, the author of the humbler sect, the vital soul is the source of evil, and is of necessity co-eternal with the eternal mind. But the necessity of the co-eternity of the vital soul is as unphilosophical, we apprehend, as the much superior agency ascribed to it by Goutam, in the work of creation, is blasphemous and absurd. Yet Mr. D. has told us, (p. lxxvi.) that the Hindoo doctrine, while it teaches the purest morals, is systematically formed on philosophical opinions.

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

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

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

"Shibah," says the same author, "among many others, is known by the names of Maholssur, 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 have many figurative images of Bramah, one of which represents him riding on a goose, the emblem of simplicity among the Hindoos: that they worship Kartic, or Fame; Cobere, or Wealth; Soorage, or the Sun; Chunder, or the Moon; the deities of water, fire, &c.; besides an innumerable herd of local divinities." In another place, our author confesses that there are two religious sects in India: "The one," says he, "look up to the divinity through the medium of reason and philosophy; while the others receive as an article of their belief every holy legend and allegory which have been transmitted down from antiquity." He confesses, also, the grossness of the vulgar of all countries, who cannot comprehend abstract subjects. "Nay," he says, "it cannot be denied (p xlix.) but that the more ignorant Hindoos do believe in the existence of their inferior divinities, in the same manner that Christians do in angels." Yet, along with all this, Mr. D. is several times offended with the charge of idolatry brought against the Bramins. Fearless, however, of the name of ignorant zealot, we will not scruple to assert, that the refined opinions of a very few ought by no means to fix the characteristic of the religion of any country. To call the obvious idolatry of India only a symbolical worship of the divine attributes, is only to present to us a specious shadow, which will disperse and evanish as soon as the light of just examination shines upon it.

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 Bramah with four. The philosophers of Rome were as able to allegorise as those of India. The apology for the idolatry of the Bramins 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, every man, he said, 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. That the learned Bramins with one voice assert there is but one supreme God, has been acknowledged by almost all modern travellers. Xavier himself confesses this. But be their hidden religion what it will, the Bramins, 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 just the same as if a traveller should tell us there is no popery at Rome, or that the divine mission of Mohammed is denied at Constantinople; because at the one place he conversed with a deistical bishop, or at the other with a philosophical mufti. However pleased therefore the metaphysician may be with ingenious refinement, the moralist will consider that the question is not, how the philosopher may refine upon any system, but how the people will, of consequence, practise under its influence. And on this view alone, he will pronounce it reprehensible or commendable. That the religion of the Bramins 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 demon, the destroyer, and frightful spirit? Does he love what he worships? And can piety exist where the object of adoration is hated? Nor can we stop here: the futility of our refined apology for idolatry will still appear in a stronger light. What will the definition avail in the balance of morality, when all the inhuman, impure, and immoral rites of idolatry are laid in the other scale? Palestine, Tyre, and Carthage, made their children 'pass through the fire unto Moloch;' and human sacrifices have prevailed at one time or other in every land. The human sacrifices of Mexico (of which see the Introduction) afford the most dreadful example of human depravity. Yet the Mexicans in this most detestable, most criminal superstition, in their own way worshipped God. No philosophers ever entertained sublimer ideas of the Divinity, and of the human soul, than the ancient Druids. Yet what shall we think of the wicker man! A gigantic figure; the body, each leg and arm was a mast, to which a hundred or more human victims were bound with wicker. When there was a deficiency of malefactors or prisoners of war, the innocent helpless were seized, that the horrid sacrifice

might be complete. When all the rites were performed, the sublime Druids gave the hecatomb to the flames, as an offering grateful to their gods, as the most acceptable insurance of the divine protection[5]. In the most polished ages of ancient Greece and Rome, the rites of religion were often highly immoral, basely impure. To mention any particular would be an insult to the scholar. Impurities which make the blood recoil, which, like Swift, make one detest the Yahoo 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. Insuper sanctum illum, quem eo loco [in Egypt] vidimus, publicitus apprimè commendari, eum esse hominem sanctum, divinum à integritate præcipuum; eo quod, nec fœminarum unquam esset, nec puerorum, sed tantummodo aselarum concubitor atque mularum." Decency will allow no translation of this. In a word, where idolatry is practised, whether in the churches of Rome, or in the temples of Bramah, the consequences are felt, and a remedy is wanted: the vulgar are gross idolaters; the wiser part see the cheat, and, as the human mind has a woeful propensity to over step the golden mean, they become almost indifferent to every tie of religion.

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

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

But if this will prove what Mr. H. intends, the Greeks and Romans were unacquainted with the opinions of every nation they visited; for they always gave their own idiomatic construction and termination to the proper names of every place where they came.

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

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

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

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

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

> —— Quæ loca fabulosus
> Lambit Hydaspes.

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

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

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

All the ancients[6] concur in their accounts of the dreadful penances of the Brachmanes; these, they say, consist of sitting naked in all changes of weather, of most painful postures, of fixing the eye all day unalterably on the Sun or some other object; with several other circumstances, which are all most literally confirmed by every modern traveller who has written of these philosophers.

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

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

Several ambassadors were sent by a king of India, a king of six hundred kings, to Augustus Cæsar. (Sueton. c. 21.) One of these, a Bramin philosopher, burned himself at Athens. His life had been extremely prosperous, and he took this method, he said, to prevent a reverse of fortune. Amid a great concourse of people, he entered the fire naked, anointed, and laughing. The epitaph which he desired might be inscribed on his tomb, was, "Here rests Zarmanochagas, the Indian of Bargosa, who, according to the custom of his country, made himself immortal." And it was on the advances of a distemper that Calanus amused Alexander with this exhibition of Indian philosophy. But this custom is disused. And from hence we have certain proof that the customs of the Bramins have undergone most considerable alterations. This will further appear by the testimony which antiquity gives of the simplicity of their worship. The Indians who had any idols are mentioned by the ancients as few in number and gross barbarians. The Brachmanes, on the contrary, are commended for the simplicity of their worship. The laborious philosopher Porphyry, though possessed of all the knowledge of his age, though he mentions their metempsychosis and penances, has not a word of any of their idols, or the legends of Bramah 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[7].

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

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

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

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

[7] ——χιλιάδες πολλαὶ τῶν λεγομένων Βραχμάνων, ἄτινα κατὰ παραδοσιν τῶν πρεσβύτων καὶ νόμον θεὸν φοβούμενα, ΟΥΤΕ ΞΟΑΝΑ ΣΕΒΟΝΤΑΙ——Euseb. Prep. Evan. l.b. vi. c. 10. p. 275. ed. Paris. 1628.

amours of Bramah, Vistnu, and Ixora are innumerable. Their offspring have the heads of elephants, goats, monkeys, &c. and they are always killing each other and springing up in some new chimera-form, but the greater deity is always outwitted [8]. Bramah, Vistnu, and Ixora pass through many transmigrations, and are born as the filthiest of animals, monkeys, hogs, snakes, &c. Vistnu being spawned a fish, recovers the law or Shastah from the bottom of the sea, whither it had been carried by Breniacxem, who stole it from the heavenly spirits [9]. While Vistnu's mother Axoda was big with him, the diviners told his father that the child would kill him. Hence his youth resembles the labours of Hercules. At seven years of age he deflowers all his mother's maids, is whipped for it, and is revenged by a repetition of his offence. Vistnu's exploits are innumerable. But what is esteemed his greatest action in all its transmigrations is one day's labour of the same kind of that for which he was whipped; but which extended to sixteen thousand one hundred and eight. Vistnu is sometimes represented as the greatest God. In this character he lies sleeping on his back in a sea of milk; yet in this condition he governs the whole world. He lies on the snake Ananta. At other times Ixora is the greatest God.

If some of these legends outrage the bounds of allegory, part of the following is obvious. Bramah and Vistnu envying Ixora's greatness, he promised, that if they could find his beginning or end, they should become his superiors. Vistnu turned himself into a hog, and with his snout dug up the earth in search of Ixora's feet, till he was deterred by a snake. Bramah went in search of his head, but at last was dissuaded to desist by roses. These, however, he bribed to testify that he had seen Ixora's head. Ixora, conscious of the fraud, strikes off one of Bramah's five heads; and in penance for this crime, Ixora travels as a pilgrim. He meets with men who throw wild beasts at him; some he flays, and clothes himself with their skins; he is at last overcome. Vistnu in the shape of a beautiful virgin relieves him. Ixora gets her with child, and Vistnu bears a son. They quarrel who shall have the infant, but are reconciled by a heavenly spirit, who takes it to himself and breeds it an expert archer, on purpose to guard him against the giant with 500 heads and 1000 hands, who sprang from the head of Bramah when cut off by Ixora.

In Faria we find the severe penances, the sea of milk and oil, and the fanciful legends mentioned by the ancients. These, and what mythological reveries he gives us, are in part the same, and all in the true spirit of what is told us by our two late writers. As Vistnu lies in the sea of milk, a rose springs from his navel. Through the hollow stalk of this rose Bramah descends into Vistnu's belly. Here he sees the ideas of all things, and from looking on these, he creates the world.

In Faria we find Bramah the creator of the world; Ixora the perfecter, and Vistnu the governor of all things. We find these deities also, with different numbers of heads and hands [10]. Ixora holds in his sixteen hands, a deer, a chair, a fiddle, a bell, a bason, a trident, a rope, a book, an ax, fire, a drum, beads, a staff, a wheel, a snake, and a horned moon towards his forehead. All this is exactly similar to the accounts of Holwell and Dow.

By the concurrent testimony of all the travellers of the 16th and 17th centuries, that vilest of beasts, the monkey, is held in high veneration. Various are the legends which relate the reason of this. Faria says that Ixora and Chati, having turned themselves into apes, produced one named Anuman, on whom they bestowed great power. Near the city of Preseti was a wood full of apes, esteemed of a divine race, and of the household of Perimal, in whom some thousands of the gods had taken refuge. In the city of Cidambaram, says Linschoten, was a stately temple erected to one of these apes, named Hanimant: (probably Anuman: such variations are common in Indian mythology.) Being threatened with some danger, Hanimant put himself at the head of many 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 relick, and many pilgri-

[8] This is exactly in the spirit of the Talmudical legends. In these the prophet or Rabbi invariably outwits his God, and the Devil the prophet. E. g. David having performed an action agreeable to Heaven, Nathan is sent to order him to make what request he pleased. He desires to die on a Sabbath evening at sun-set. Again Nathan comes on a like occasion, and he desires he may never die while he is reading the law. From this time David was always sure to be reading the law on the Sabbath evening. By his life thus prolonged, religion flourished, and the Devil was piqued. The love of some pears that grew under his window was now David's ruling passion. Just at sun-set, one Sabbath eve, the Devil shakes the pear-tree and cries, Thieves, thieves. David starts up from the book of the law, sees the thieves running away, and a rope-ladder at the window. David with the sword of Goliah thinks to pursue them from the window, but the ladder was an illusion, and David fell down and broke his neck. One would think a Bramin had been the inventor of this legend.

[9] For this same legend see Dow.

[10] Patracali, Ixora's daughter, has eight faces and sixteen arms, has boars' teeth, her hair of peacocks' tails, is clothed with snakes, and carries two elephants in her ears for pendants. Ixora has a son with an elephant's head, has four arms, is of an enormous bulk, and rides upon a mouse. We are told, however, that these fictions do not escape ridicule even in India. The writers who have treated of the mission of Xavier relate, that there are extant in India the writings of a Malabar poet, who wrote nine hundred epigrams, each consisting of eight verses, in ridicule of the worship of the Bramins, whom he treats with great asperity and contempt. This poet is named Palcanar by Faria. Would any of our diligent inquirers 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.

nages were made to visit it. In 1554, the Portuguese made a descent on that island, and among other things seized the holy tooth. The Indian princes offered 700,000 ducats in ransom, but by the persuasion of the archbishop, don Constantine de Braganza, the Portuguese viceroy, burned it in the presence of the Indian ambassadors. A Banian, however, had the art to persuade his countrymen that he was invisibly present when the Portuguese burnt the tooth, that he had secreted the holy one, and put another in its place, which was the one committed to the flames. His story was believed, says our author, and the king of Bisnager gave him a great sum for a tooth which he produced as the sacred relick. The striking resemblance which this fable of the apes bears to the Egyptian mythology, which tells us that their gods had taken refuge in dogs, crocodiles, onions, frogs, and even *in cloacis*, is worthy of observation [11].

According to Joannes Oranus, the Bramins of Agra say, that the world shall last four ages or worlds, three whereof are past. The first continued one million seven hundred and twenty-eight thousand years. Men in that world lived ten thousand years, were of enormous stature, and of great integrity. Thrice in that period did God visibly appear upon the Earth. First in the form of a fish, that he might recover the book of Bramah, which one Causacar had thrown into the sea. The second time in the form of a snail, (see Dow's account of the symbolical representations of Bramah,) that he might make the Earth dry and solid. The other time like a hog, to destroy one who called himself God, or, as others say, to recover the Earth from the sea, which had swallowed it. The second world lasted one million ninety-two thousand and six years, in which period men were as tall as before, but only lived a thousand years. In this, God appeared four times, once as a monstrous lion, with the lower parts of a woman, to repress the wickedness of a pretender to deity. Secondly, like a poor Bramin, to punish the impiety of a king who had invented a method to fly to Heaven. Thirdly, he came in the likeness of a man called Parcaram, to revenge the death of a poor religious man. And lastly in the likeness of one Ram, who slew Parcaram. The third world continued eight hundred and four thousand years, in which time God appeared twice. The fourth world shall endure four hundred thousand years, whereof only four thousand six hundred and ninety-two are elapsed. In this period God is to appear once, and some hold that he has already appeared in the person of the emperor Echebar.

The accounts of the god Bramah, or Brimha, and their whole mythology, are inconceivably various. According to father Bohours, in his life of Xavier, the Bramins hold that the great God having a desire to become visible, became man. In this state he produced three sons, Mayso, Vistnu, and Bramah; 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 Bramah he gave the third Heaven, with the superintendence of the rites of religion. Bramah having a desire for children, begat the Bramins, 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 Bramah produced the priests from his head, the more ignorant tribes from his breast, thighs, and feet.

According to the learned Kircher's account of the theology of the Bramins, the sole and supreme god Vistnou formed the secondary god Bramah 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 Bramah, gave him power to create the universe.

According to the Danish missionaries [12], "the First Being," say the Bramins, "begat Eternity, Eternity begat Tschinen, Tschinen begat Tschaddy. Tschaddy begat Putady, or the elementary world, Putady begat Sound, Sound begat Nature, Nature begat the great god Tschatatschinen, from whom Bramah was the fourth in a like descent. Bramah produced the soul, the soul produced the visible heaven, the heaven produced the air, the air the fire, the fire the water, and the water the earth." What Mr. Dow calls the philosophical catechism seems only a refinement of this legend.

This genealogical nonsense, however, is not con-

[11] Both Camoëns and Faria assert that several of the Indian idols resemble those of the Grecian fable:

Here spreading horns an human visage bore;
So frown'd stern Jove in Libya'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 Heav'n defied.
And here a dog his snarling tusks display'd;
Anubis thus in Memphis' hallowed shade
Grinn'd horrible ——

In the temple of the Elephant, says Faria, is the giant Briareus with his hundred hands; Pasiphae and the Bull, and an angel turning a male and a female out of a delicious grove. This he esteems the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise. In the same temple, says he, is an idol called Mahamurte; with one body and three faces; on his head a triple marble crown of admirable workmanship, exactly resembling the papal mitre. According to the same authority 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. Tavernier's Travels into India ought also here to be cited: Bistnoo, he was told, had been nine times incarnate; had been a lion, a swine, a tortoise, &c. In the eighth time he was a man, born of a virgin at midnight. At his birth the angels sung, and the sky showered flowers. In his manhood he fought and killed a great giant who flew in the air, and darkened the Sun. In this conflict he was wounded in the side, and fell; but by his fall overcame, and ascended into Heaven.

[12] See Phillips's Collection of their Letters, published at London in 1717.

fined 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 Milcah, the Kingdom, who begat Shekinah, the Divine Presence. In the same manner the Christian Gnostics, of the sect of Valentinus, held their Πλήρωμα, and their thirty ages. Ampsin and Auraan, they tell us, i. e. Profundity and Silence, begat Bacua and Tharthuu, Mind and Truth; these begat Ubucua and Thardeadie, Word and Life, and these Merexa and Atarbarba, Man and Church. The other conjunctions of their thirty Æones are of similar ingenuity. The prevalence of the same spirit of mythological allegory in such different nations, affords the philosopher a worthy field of speculation.

Faria y Sousa, as if conscious that he had tired his reader with Indian legends, adds, that a concise view of this monstrous medley ought to be given by a writer who treats of Indian manners.

The Gentoo religion has a principle peculiar to itself: it admits of no proselytes.

God, they say, has appointed different religions for different tribes and countries, is with the Bramin in the temple, with the Mohammedan in the mosque, with the Christian in the church, and with the Jew in the synagogue.

They have many feasts and fasts which they celebrate with many extravagant rites. In commemoration of the death of a martyr, says Mr. Dow, "some of the vulgar, on the fast of Oppos, suspend themselves on iron hooks, by the flesh of the shoulder blade, to the end of a beam. This beam runs round with great velocity, upon a pivot, on the head of a high pole. The enthusiast not only seems insensible of pain, but very often blows a trumpet as he is whirled round above, and at certain intervals sings a song to the gaping multitude below, who very much admire his fortitude and devotion."

The Gentoos have a particular veneration, says Mr. Holwell, for the numbers one and three. But of this see a note in Lusiad X.

The Bramin idea of a future state of retribution is strangely ambiguous. Of the human soul they say, that after various transmigrations and purifications, it shall be absorbed in the Deity, and consciousness lost in bliss. By this unintelligible sublimity, we are put in mind of some of the reveries of a Shaftesbury or a Malebranche; but wild imaginations are the growth of every country.

The dreadful penances of the Bramins still continue. These they esteem as the certain means of purification from sin. Many rituals are also believed to confer holiness. Of these, immersion in the river Ganges, and sprinkling of cow dung, are venerated as peculiarly efficacious. Yet alteration of heart, repentance, or abhorrence of moral turpitude, appear to be no conditions of this purification. However a few individuals, whose ideas have been improved by conversation with Europeans, may gloss and refine, that gross ignorance of moral philosophy, which has no idea of moral turpitude, is the just character of Bramin piety. Nor has their boasted philosophy been able to perceive the immorality of their penances, and of committing self-murder as the certain passport to Heaven. What can the true moralist think of the Indian, who, upon religious principles, drowns himself in the Ganges, or throws himself under the wheels of his pagod's chariot, to be crushed to death by the holy load? The duties we owe to our relatives in particular, and to society in general, the Author of Nature has imposed upon us by an indispensable canon. Yet these duties by the pious suicide are refused on the principles of the weakest superstition. Nor can the moralist view the dreadful austerities to which the Bramin philosophers submit themselves in any other light. He who fixes his eyes on his nose till he can see in no other direction; he who clenches his fist till the nails grow out at the back of his hand; and he who twists his neck about till his face is fixed unalterably backward; (three modes of penance mentioned by Mr. Dow;) and he who drowns himself at once, equally incapacitate themselves for the duties of society.

And not only the millions who thus do idle penance, but numerous sects of pilgrims also, are mere burdens upon the industrious. The Fakiers are very numerous. These, according to Mr. Dow, are a set of sturdy beggars, who admit any ruffian of good parts to join them; and, under pretence of religious pilgrimages, ramble about in armies of ten or twelve thousand men. The country people fly before them, leaving their goods and their wives (who esteem it a holiness to be embraced by a Fakier) to the mercy and lust of these 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[12].

The city of Benaris is the great seminary of the Bramin learning. Modern travellers have called it an university. Here the Gentoos study divination, and such kind of philosophy as Messrs H. and D. have laid before us.

Postellus (de Orig. c. 13. et 15.) fancies that the Bramins are descended of Abraham by Ketorah, and named Brachmanes, quasi Abrahmanes.

Every traveller who has visited the east, Messrs. Holwell and Dow not excepted, represent the great multitude of the Indians as the most superstitious and most abandoned of people. The most striking

[12] 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 quocunque veniunt, says Osorius, summo omnium plausu recipiuntur, &c. Whenever these come, they are received with the loudest acclamations, the ways are crowded, verses sung to the music of the country, and dances are performed before them. The most beautiful women, whether virgins or wives, are submitted to their embraces. Opinantur enim miseri, si illos placatos habuerint, omnia sibi feliciter eventura; for these wretched ignorants believe, that if they can please these men, every thing will happen well to them. Such is the vast similarity which obtains among all barbarous nations.

particulars may be thus summed up: the innumerable superstition sperformed on the banks of the Ganges, afford a pitiable picture of the weakness of humanity. As mentioned by Camoëns, (Lusiad VII. and X.) not only dead corpses are conveyed from distant regions to be thrown into the sacred water, but the sick are brought to the river side, where

On beds and litters o'er the margin laid,
The dying lift their hollow eyes, and crave
Some pitying hand to hurl them in the wave:
Thus Heaven, they deem, though vilest guilt they bore
Unwept, unchanged, will view that guilt no more.

And hence it is no uncommon scene for the English ships to be surrounded with the corpses which come floating down this hallowed stream.

In consequence of their belief in the transmigration of souls, many of the Bramins abstain from all animal food. Yet however austere in other respects, they freely abandon themselves to every species of lechery, some of them esteeming the most unnatural abominations as the privilege of their senotity.

The Gentoo mythology provides every deity with a spouse; a god without a wife being, according to them, as preposterous and unaccomplished as a fire without heat, or a bird without wings.

Every devil or infernal spirit has also his wife. Like the ancient Jews, the Bramins ascribe every disease to a devil. The gout, says Faria, they attribute to she-devils in the shape of swine.

A species of the ancient manicheism of Persia is mixed with their religion, and the destroyer, or the frightful demon, as already observed, is worshipped by the authority of their sacred books. The first thing they meet in the morning, be it ass, hog, or dog, they worship during the course of the day. Scarcely more stupid were the Pelusians: Crepitus ventris inflati, says Hieronie, Pelusiaca religio est.

The horrid sacrifice of the widows burnt along with the corpse of the deceased husband is peculiar to India. The opinion, that it was instituted to prevent them from poisoning their husbands, must be false, for the sacrifice must be voluntary. "The Bramins," says Mr. H. "take unwearied pains to encourage, promote, and confirm in the minds of the Gentoo wives, this spirit of burning." And the origin of it, according to our author, is thus. At the demise of Bramah's mortal part, his wives (so it seems our angel kept a seraglio) inconsolable for his loss offered themselves voluntary victims on his funeral pile. All the good wives of the rajahs and the Gentoos, unwilling to be thought deficient in affection, followed the heroic example, and the Bramins gave it the stamp of religion, and pronounced "that the delinquent spirits of these heroines immediately ceased from their transmigrations, and entered the first Boboon of purification." The Bramins, says our author, strained some obscure passages of Bramah's Shastah to countenance this their declared sense; instituted the ceremonials that were to accompany the sacrifice, and foisted it into the Chatah and Aughtorrah Shades.

Mr. Dow gives a very different account of this sacrifice. His words are these: "The extraordinary custom of the women burning themselves with their deceased husbands, has, for the most part, fallen into desuetude in India; nor was it ever reckoned a religious duty, as has been very erroneously supposed in the west." Whence then this late alteration? The beginning of an assimilation to European ideas can only account for it. For surely it did not proceed from any text of their sacred scriptures. Nay, a text of the sacred Shaster, as cited by Mr. D. plainly encourages the horrid practise, "The woman who dies with her husband shall enjoy life eternal with him in Heaven." Feeble minds, says he, misinterpreted this into a precept. To those, however, who are unskilled in glossing casuistry no admonition can be more obvious.

And nothing can be more evident than that this sacrifice is a priestly institution; the priests and their scriptures encourage, direct, and attend it: it is therefore a religious ceremony.

Yet amid all this gross superstition it cannot be supposed but that some virtues, however obliquely [14], are occasionally taught. They particularly inculcate the comprehensive virtue of humanity, which is enforced by the opinion, that Divine Beings often assume the habit of mendicants, in order to distinguish the charitable from the inhuman. The Malabrians have several traditions of the virtuous on these happy trials being translated into Heaven; the best designed incitement to virtue, perhaps, which their religion contains. Besides the Bramins, 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 Baniani, a sect who strictly abstain from all animal food, are numerous.

From their religion and philosophy, these pilots of human manners, we now proceed to the peculiar characteristics of the Gentoos.

As the Gentoo 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. The Bramins are allowed to eat nothing but what is cooked by themselves: if they trespass in these, or in many other similar points, they are held as polluted, rejected from their tribe, and are obliged to herd with a despised crew, called the Hallachores, who are the lowest of the community, the rabble of India.

This prohibition of intermarriage gives us a very mean idea of Indian policy. The bent of genius

[14] A very pretty allegory from Faria's account of the Bramin legends will be here in place. "Darmaputrem, being favoured with a view of Hell, saw a man encompassed with immense treasure, yet miserably perishing with hunger." He inquired the reason, and was answered, that upon Earth the sufferer had enjoyed these treasures, but had never given any alms; only that one time, by pointing with his finger, he had directed a poor man to the house where the rice given away in charity was kept. Darmaputrem bade him put the finger with which he pointed into his mouth. The sufferer did so, and immediately was refreshed by the taste of the most excellent viands. Darmaputrem on his return to the Earth gave great alms, and afterward for his charity was received into Paradise.

and affection, as Camoëns observes, are thus barbarously sacrificed. If a nobleman, says our poet, should touch or be touched by one of another tribe,

A thousand rites, and washings o'er and o'er
Can scarce his tainted purity restore.

Nothing, says Osorius, but the death of the unhappy commoner can wipe off the pollution. Yet we are told by the same author, that Indian nobility (and in Europe it is too much the same) cannot be forfeited, or even tarnished, by the basest and greatest of crimes; nor can one of mean birth become great or noble by the most illustrious actions. But what above all may be called the characteristic of the Indian, is his total insensibility to the passion of love;

Lost to the heart-ties, to his neighbour's arms
The willing husband yields his spouse's charms.
In unendear'd embraces free they blend;
Yet but the husband's kindred may ascend
The nuptial couch—

Sentiment, or the least delicacy of affection, have no share in the intercourse of the sexes in India. This grossness of their ideas is indisputably proved by the very spirit of their laws, which suppose that female chastity cannot exist. Conjugal fidelity is neither enjoined, nor hoped for; and the right of succession by law devolves to the sister's children, it being esteemed impossible for any man to know which is his own son; whereas the affinity of the female line is by nature certain. To some perhaps the feebleness of the constitutions of the Gentoos may account for this wretched apathy; and to several circumstances may their feebleness be attributed. The men marry before fourteen and the women at about ten or eleven. Rice, their principal food, affords but little nourishment, and they are extremely averse to any manly exercise. It is better to sit than to walk, they say, to lie down than to sit, to sleep than to wake, and death is better than all. The unparalleled pusillanimity with which they have long submitted to the oppressions of a few Arabs, their Mohammedan masters, likewise shows their deadness to every manly resentment: 100 millions enslaved by 10 millions, (the number, according to Mr. Orme, of the Gentoos and their Mohammedan masters) is a deep disgrace to human nature. Yet notwithstanding all this dormancy of the nobler passions, though incapable of love, they prove the position, (for which physicians can easily account,) that debility and the very fever of the vilest lechery go hand in hand[15]. Many of the Bramins are merchants; and by every authority they are described as the most artful, most hypocritical, and most fraudulent of traders. To sum up their character, let it be added, that the freedom with which their friends ascend the nuptial bed, is, in matters of love, perhaps, the least of their unsentimental indelicacy. The best Portuguese authors assure us, that the women of every tribe, the wives of princes not excepted, were free to the embraces of the sanctified Bramins; and the Fakiers at this day, under the sanction of privilege, spread pollution, when they please, over every virgin or marriage bed among the Gentoos.

And surely the warmest admirer of Indian philosophy and manners, cannot dispute the picture we have drawn, when he is referred to Messrs. Holwell and Dow for the fullest virtual confirmation of the truth of every feature. At the entrance upon his work, Mr. H. calls the Bramins "a people who from the earliest times have been an ornament to the creation, if so much can with propriety be said of any known people upon Earth!" But at the end of his VIIth chapter, after having necessarily confessed many circumstances which speak loudly against them, he thus characterises the Gentoos: "In general," says he, "they are as degenerate, crafty, superstitious, litigious and wicked a people, as any race of beings in the known world, if not eminently more so, especially the common run of the Bramins; and we can truly aver, that during almost five years that we presided in the judicial Cutcherry court of Calcutta, never any murder, or atrocious crime, came before us, but it was proved in the end, a Bramin was at the bottom of it: but then," adds our author, "the remnant of Bramins (whom we have before excepted) who seclude themselves from the communications of the busy world, in a philosophic and religious retirement, and strictly pursue the tenets and true spirit of the Chartah Bhade of Brahmah, we may with equal truth and justice pronounce, are the purest models of genuine piety that now exist, or can be found on the face of the Earth."

This latter sentence sounds very high; but every liberal mind, who has conversed with the world, is

[15] Montesquieu, in enumerating his reasons why Christianity will never prevail in the east, advances, as one, the prohibition of polygamy, which he mentions as the appointment of nature, and necessary in these climates. Tristram Shandy tells us, that his father was a most excellent system-builder, was sure to make his theory look well, though no man ever crucified the truth at such an unmerciful rate. With all due deference to the great genius of Montesquieu, his philosophy here is exactly contrary to experience. In every country the births of males and females are nearly proportioned to each other. If in any country polygamy is the appointment of nature, the more athletic nations of Europe have the best claim. But the warlike independent spirit of the northern tribes, who viewed their princes as their companions in war, would never allow their leaders to appropriate eight hundred or a thousand of the finest women, each for his own particular luxury. Their natural ideas of liberty forbade it; while on the other hand the slavish Asiatics, who viewed their rajahs as beings of a superior rank, submitted to the lust of these masters, whose debility prompted the desire of unbounded variety. The history of polygamy will be found to be just. Polygamy is not the child of nature, it is the offspring of tyranny, and is only to be found where the most absolute tyranny subsists. Neither to the genial vigour of passion, but to raging, irritated debility, both the philosopher and physician will attribute the unblushing prevalence of some crimes, crimes which disgrace human nature, and which particularly characterise the depraved manners of the enfeebled east.

convinced that worthy men are to be found in every sect, that of the Indian Fakier perhaps alone excepted; men whose natural sagacity and strong native goodness of heart are preservatives against the full influence of the most pernicious tenets. And thus Mr. Holwell, if we make a little allowance for his most evident partiality, ends his superlative encomiums on the Bramins in a compliment by no means peculiar, in a mere nothing.

The most important question relative to the Gentoos, the very distant and superior antiquity of their scriptures, remains yet unconsidered. Messrs. Holwell and Dow, however opposite in their accounts of the Shastah and its doctrines, most perfectly agree in ascribing to that work an antiquity more remote than that of any known writings. But the testimony of other travellers, ere we proceed further, requires an impartial examination. "The Bedang or Shaster, the sacred book of the Bramins," 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 Bramins. 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." By this confession the jarring accounts of other travellers are accounted for, and we have already seen that every striking feature of the pictures they have given is most effectually confirmed by Messrs. H. and D. And thus, the accounts of the superstition and idolatry of the Bramins; which, till lately, were unquestioned, were by no means without foundation. And indeed it were an unparalleled circumstance, were the concurrent testimony of the most authentic writers and intelligent travellers of the 16th and 17th centuries to deserve no credit. Many of these were men of profound, of superior learning, and of unblemished candour; and for a superior number of years than either Mr. H. or D. conversed with the most learned, and we have no reason to doubt, with the most honest of the Bramins.

One of these, Abraham Roger, lived fifteen years among the Bramins, 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 inquirer. Of his good sense let one passage bear testimony. "Can we believe," says he, "that there is a generous spirit residing in a people who for two or three thousand years have placed the greatest degree of sanctity and prudence in half starving themselves, and in depriving themselves of the lawful conveniencies of life? Yet such austerities were the chief employments of the ancient Brachmanæ, and are now of the modern Bramins." The sentiment here contained, in value of just observation, true philosophy, true piety, and good common sense, is worth all that our late travellers, for these thirty years past, have written on the philosophy and religion of India.

Mr. Holwell candidly owns that Baldeus resided thirty years among the Bramins; that his translation of the Viedam (the Malabar word for Shastah) is literal, and that it is a monster (ch. iv. p. 63.) that shocks reason and probability; and this happened, he says, by his not attending to the allegory. The errours of other travellers, he owns, did not proceed from misinformation, but from not drawing the veil, from not penetrating; by the help of allegory, into the true doctrines of India. But this we presume in plain English will run thus: former travellers gave us a true picture of the popular religion of India, but they did not attend to the gloss and refinement of the recluse remnant of the Bramins.

And for this very reason we judge them just so much the more worthy of credit. No man needs to take a voyage to India, or to study the sacred Shanscrita, on purpose to discover how the few either gloss or philosophize. He is an idle traveller who gives us the refinements of a learned Jesuit as the religion of Rome. He who displays the true character of it, will tell us what superstition possesses the general mind; will tell us, that supreme veneration for the authority of the pope and holy church, is the only religious principle which has any fixed hold on the belief or practice of the multitude.

And according to the concurrent testimony of all former travellers, who did not allegorize, the date of the first appearance of the Bramin Shasters is involved in the utmost uncertainty. Mr. Holwell and Mr. Dow are the two great champions of the opinion, that the sacred books of India are of higher antiquity than the writings of any other nation, and that the Jewish scriptures are founded upon, and borrowed from them. As each of these writers decries, with no small contempt, the testimony of every traveller except himself, the accounts which these gentlemen have given of the origin of the Shasters require our attention.

Mr. Holwell well knew that the books held sacred in India contain many of the grossest impieties. He therefore owns that the Shastah had undergone two remarkable innovations; and that the Bramins "in process of time lost sight of their divine original, and in its place substituted new and strange doctrines."—"The steadfast faith of the Gentoos touching the antiquity of their scriptures," he tells us (ch. iv. p. 22.) is thus,—"they date the birth of the tenets and doctrines of the Shastah from the expulsion of the angelic beings from the heavenly regions." That 4877 years ago these tenets were reduced into a written body of laws by Bramah, and published to the people of Indostan. That one thousand years after, they underwent a remarkable innovation in the publication of the Chatah Bhade Shastah; and that 3377 years ago (computing from the present year 1777) these original scriptures again suffered "a second and last change or innovation in the publication of the Aughtorrah Bhade Shastah; which occasioned the first and only schism amongst the Gentoos, that subsists to this day, namely between the followers of the Aughtorrah Bhade Shastah and the followers of the Viedam."

These changes of their scriptures our author ascribes to the craft of the priests, who by these means enslaved the people to their own authority. The first innovation was a paraphrase on the Shastah, in which the original was retained. At this time the Bramins appropriated the Sanscrit character to themselves, and introduced that which is now the common one of Hindostan. In the second innovation, says our author, "the original

text was in a manner sunk or alluded to only." In these commentaries mythology was first introduced; the history of their princes, numberless ceremonies, and new divinities were added, and "the whole enveloped in impenetrable obscurity by fable and allegory, beyond the comprehension even of the common tribe of Bramins themselves." Again, says our author, "The Bramins having tasted the sweets of priestly power by the first of their innovations, determined to enlarge and establish it by the promulgation of the last.—In this the exterior modes of worship were so multiplied, and such a numerous train of new divinities created—the daily obligations of religious duties, which were by these new institutes imposed on every Gentoo, from the highest to the lowest rank of the people, were of so intricate and alarming a nature, as to require a Bramin to be at hand, to explain and officiate in the performance of them.—From this period superstition, the sure support of priestcraft, took fast possession of the people—every head of a family was obliged to have a house-hold Bramin,—and in fact they became mere machines, actuated and moved, as either the good or evil intentions of their household tyrant dictated."

The schism produced by the last innovation of the Shastah is thus mentioned by our author: "The Bramins of Cormandell and Malabar, finding their brethren upon the course of the Ganges had taken this bold step to enslave the laity, set up for themselves, and formed a scripture of their own, founded, as they said, upon the Chatah Bhade of Bramah; this they called the Viedam,—or the divine words of the mighty spirit."

Thus, the Gentoo Scriptures were translated from the language of angels and first reduced to writing by Bramah 4877 years ago; that is, when Methuselah was a boy. They underwent a great change 1000 years after, which was near 200 years before Abraham was born; and a still greater change 500 years after, which was before Jacob went into Egypt. Since which time they have continued unchanged, and esteemed by their different sects as sacred.

Mr. Dow on the other hand assures us, (Dissert. p. xxvii.) The Bramins maintain that the Bedas (Mr. H's Bhades) are the divine laws, which Brimba, at the creation of the world, delivered for the instruction of mankind. But they affirm that their meaning was perverted in the first age, by the ignorance and wickedness of some princes, whom they represent as evil spirits who then haunted the Earth. They call those evil genii Dewtas, and tell many strange allegorical legends concerning them; such as, that the Bedas being lost, were afterwards recovered by Bishen, in the form of a fish, who brought them up from the bottom of the ocean, into which they were thrown by a deo or demon." Here we are told that the Bramins maintain that Brimha was the author of their Scriptures. Yet in the next page Mr. D. tells us the Bramins deny that any such person as Brimha ever existed.

"The first credible account we have of the Bedas" (says Mr. D.) "is, that about the commencement of the Cal Jug, of which era the present year (1768) is the 4886th year; they were written, or rather collected by a great philosopher and reputed prophet called Beäss Muni, or Beäss the inspired. The Bramins do not give to Beäss Muni the merit of being the author of the Bedas. They however acknowledge that he reduced them into the present form, dividing them into four distinct books, after having collected the detached pieces of which they are composed from every part of India. It is, upon the whole, probable, that they are not the work of one man, on account of their immense bulk." And for the same reason it is also probable that all the British acts of parliament are not the work of one man.

These four Bedas Mr. D. distinguishes by the name of the Bedang Shaster. Of Goutam the author of the Neadirsen Shaster we have already given a sufficient account. By what we have already cited, Mr. Dow's most cordial acquiescence in the high antiquity of the Shasters is evident. In the following it is brought to a point. "Whether the Hindoos" (says he, Pref. p. viii.) "possess any true history of greater antiquity than other nations, must altogether rest upon the authority of the Bramins, till we shall become better acquainted with their records. They give a very particular account of the origin of the Jewish religion in records of undoubted antiquity. Raja Tura, say they, who is placed in the first ages of the Cal Jug, had a son who apostatized from the Hindoo faith, for which he was banished by his father to the west. The apostate fixed his residence in a country called Mohgod, and propagated the Jewish religion, which the impostor Mahommed further corrupted. The Cal Jug commenced about 4685 years ago, and whether the whole story may not relate to Terah and his son Abraham, is a point, which" (after our undoubted hints have decided, Mr. D. might have said) "we leave others to determine.

"There is one circumstance," he continues, "which goes far to prove that there is some connection between the Bramin Bebas and the doctrines contained in the Old Testament. Ever since the promulgation of the religion of Mahommed, which is founded upon Moses and the prophets, the Bramins have totally rejected their fourth Beda, called the Obatar Bab, as the schism of Mahommed, according to them, has been founded upon that book. However extraordinary this reason is for rejecting the fourth part of their religious records, it can scarcely be doubted, as it is in the mouth of every Bramin."

Having now ascertained Mr. Holwell's and Mr. Dow's opinion of the superior antiquity of the Bramin records, we shall proceed to examine the merits of this claim. But we shall by no means altogether rest upon the authority of the Bramins. This, we presume, would be as unworthy of a man of common sense, as it would be weak in an historian to rest altogether with implicit belief on the characters of men and events, which an exiled tyrant may have been pleased to give, when for his own consolation he wrote the memoirs of his own merited fall. Nor will we suspend our opinion of the Bramin records, till we shall become better acquainted with them. For we have already most ample matter even from Mess. Holwell and Dow themselves, from which, by every criterion of analogy and of collateral and internal evidence, we may be fully enabled to form our judgment.

We shall begin with the two last sentences from Mr. Dow. And surely it cannot escape the slightest attention, that he sets out with begging a point,

(a point never to be granted,) and that immediately upon such begged authority, he slips upon us, what he calls an undoubted authority. Mr. Dow strenuously insists that all the learned Bramins assert the unity of the Deity. And nothing is more certain than that this, and not the great body of the rituals of the Jewish religion, was the principal doctrine which the Jews received from Abraham. And surely the following reasoning will never bear the touch. The imposture of Mahommed is founded upon Moses and the prophets; that imposture is also so certainly founded upon the fourth Beda, that the Gentoos for that reason have rejected that part of their scripture: therefore this goes far to prove that Moses and the prophets are connected with, or (as the hint implies) derived from the Bedas. This is the fair analysis of our author's reasoning: but unhappily for his whole argument, Mahommedism is not founded on Moses and the prophets. Let him again peruse his Koran, and he will find that it indeed contains a strange perversion of Moses and the New Testament. But surely Mr. D. will not pretend that the historical passages of the O. and N. T. which thus fill the Koran, are founded upon the Obatar Bab. The duty of prayer, and the worship of One God, were borrowed by Mahommed, who was bred a Pagan, from Moses and the prophets. But surely Mr. Dow will not persist to insinuate that these, the doctrines of the apostate Abraham, were borrowed from those who banished him for apostasy; or that a sameness in these doctrines will prove the superior antiquity of the Obatar Bab. Yet to these circumstances, for no other can be supposed, must his observations be reduced. But who has ever read this Obatar Bab [16]? Why truly Mr. D. tells us, p. xxix. that "the language of the Obatar Bab is now become obsolete, so that very few Bramins pretend to read it with propriety." And this in our opinion goes far to prove that the Bramins know little or nothing about the contents of it. In discussing an argument repetition is often necessary: both Mr. Holwell and Mr. Dow assure us that they received their information from some of the most learned of the Bramins. And an equal credit is certainly due to each of these gentlemen. But this affords us a clear demonstration that the Bramins contradict each other in the most essential circumstances, in matters of no less importance, than in the question, who were the authors, and what are the contents of their sacred Scriptures.

Nothing can be more evident than that both Mess. Holwell and Dow have endeavoured to give sanction to their favourite systems, by the authority of their admired Gentoos. Mr. Holwell's system is a species of Christianity. And Mr. Dow surely cannot be offended, if we call his, radically the reverse of every such species. And whatever deference we willingly pay to the veracity of both these gentlemen, yet we must observe that, one of their learned Bramins must have been amazingly erroneous. And one of these gentlemen has perhaps given a deeper attention to his subject than the other. If we can determine whether Mr. Holwell or Mr. Dow be most authentic, some light will from thence be thrown on the fabrication of the Gentoo Scriptures. Nor will we hesitate one moment to pronounce, that, in our opinion, Mr. Holwell's account, upon the whole, is the most authentic. Our reasons are these: Mr. Dow confesses that he had neither time nor leisure to acquire the Shanscrita language, the tongue in which the sacred books of India are written, but that he trusted entirely to his pundit or interpreter. Mr. Holwell tells us that he read and understood the Sanscrit. Mr. Dow tells us, "the Mahommedans know nothing of the Hindoo learning, and that it is utterly inaccessible to any but those of their own cast." His words are these, "The Bedas are, by the Bramins, held so sacred that they permit no other sect to read them. . . . . they would deem it an unpardonable sin to satisfy their curiosity in that respect, were it even within the compass of their power. The Bramins themselves are bound by such strong ties of religion, to confine those writings to their own tribe, that were any of them known to read them to others, he would be immediately excommunicated. This punishment is worse than even death itself among the Hindoos. The offender is not only thrown down from the noblest order to the most polluted cast, but his posterity are rendered for ever incapable of being received into his former dignity." (See Dissert. p. xxiv.) And Mr. D. adds, "Not all the authority of Akbar could prevail with the Bramins to reveal the principles of their faith [17]." p. xxv. And all this does very well when brought as an argument against the accounts which every other writer has given of the Bramins. But surely Mr. Dow ought to have paid some respect to his reader's power of memory, ought to have told him by what means it happened that he was the only man who ever overleapt the dreadful fences which guard the Gentoo faith in impenetrable darkness. Excommunication, that punishment worse than death itself, was, it seems, disregarded on his account; and, what the great emperor Akbar could never obtain, the principles of the Bramin faith were laid open to him. In the very page preceding the above quotation of the impossibility of getting a Bramin to read his Scriptures to one of another cast, Mr. Dow, without the least hint how the dread difficulty was overcome, simply tells us that he "prevailed upon his noble friend the Bramin,

[16] It is curious to observe that the Obatar Bab, so ancient according to Mr. D. that hardly any body can read it, is nevertheless execrated by Mr. H. as the most modern, and most corrupted of all the Gentoo Scriptures. Mr. D. himself mentions this disagreement.

[17] So strict in this are they, says Mr. Dow, that only one Mussulman was ever instructed in it, and his knowledge was obtained by fraud. Mahummud Akbar, emperor of India, though bred a Mahommedan, studied several religions. In the Christian he was instructed by a Portuguese. But finding that of the Hindoos inaccessible, he had recourse to art. A boy of parts, named Feizi, was, as the orphan of a Bramin, 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.

to procure for him a pundit from the university of Benaris, well versed in the Shanscrita, and master of all the knowledge of that learned body." And this pundit or interpreter, thus openly procured from an university, read to Mr. Dow, as he assures us, the sacred books of the Bramins, and explained to him the principles of their faith.

On this we shall make no further remark; but proceed to some other reasons why we prefer the authority of Mr. Holwell. Mr. D. has in some instances discovered rather a partial acquaintance with his subject; and even a desire to suppress what he did not like. He undertakes to give us an account of the religious rites and principles of the Bramins: he laments that the classics have given us such imperfect accounts of the Druids; and hints that his account of the Bramins will leave posterity no room to complain of a like defect. Yet how unkind to future ages has he been! He says not one word of the holiness of the Gentoo cows. He says not one word of the remission of sin, and subsequent holiness which they ascribe to the sprinkling of cow-piss and cow-dung; though no fact can be better ascertained than the supreme veneration which the Bramins pay to the cow and to her sacred excrements; for no doctrine was ever more generally received in any country than this in India. His total omission therefore of the most popular religious ceremony of the Gentoos is quite unpardonable.

"It is an allowed truth," says Mr. Holwell, "that there never was yet any system of theology broached to mankind, whose first professors and propagators did not announce its descent from God." Yet though this observation be universally and incontestably just, and though no people lay bolder claims to various revelations than the Gentoos, though such is the very spirit of every legend, yet all this will be quite unknown to future ages; for Mr. Dow passes over all these pretensions in the slightest manner. "The existence of Brimha," he says, "is not believed. Beäss Muni, the author of the Bedang, was a reputed prophet; and Goutam, the founder of the other sect, was only a philosopher." And thus the Gentoo pretension to divine revelations, a fact as notorious as the Gentoo veneration of cow-dung, is also very handsomely suppressed.

Mr. Holwell, on the other hand, has also his foibles. His system, and all the arguments he has brought in support of it, are pretty well spiced with insanity. Yet whenever he was so happy as to lose sight of his favourite system, Mr. Holwell's accounts of Gentoo opinions and manners bear every mark of authenticity, and are fully confirmed by the most intelligent of former travellers. Mr. Holwell's account therefore of the origin of the Gentoo Scriptures deserves some regard.

According to Mr. Dow, Beäss Muni, or the inspired, the collector of the Bedang, lived about 4000 years ago, and some ages after him his Bedang was revised by one Sirider Swami. "Since which," he says, "it has been reckoned sacred, and not subject to any further alterations." And Goutam, the author of the other sect, lived near 4000 years ago. Mr. Holwell on the other hand affirms that there were two great corruptions of the Bramin doctrine. And his manner of accounting for it, that the priests of one half of India and those of the other half vied with each other in inventing wild and monstrous legends, on purpose to raise their power by means of the deepest superstition, is infinitely more credible, than that these huge volumes of absurd metaphysics, and numberless contradictory fables, the Bedang and Neadirsin Shasters, were collected and compiled by two or three profound philosophers.

Both Mr. H. and Mr. D. agree that since the innovations and compilings which they mention, the Shasters have remained unaltered, and have been held by their followers as sacred. That there should be such a number of commentators upon the Scriptures of Bramah, about 4000 years ago, and none since that time, appears to us highly incredible: that the priests of that period found it their interest to invent new legends, but that the priests of succeeding ages added nothing, appears to us as the weakest of suppositions. By a succession of commentators other countries trace the antiquity of their books of religion and philosophy to certain periods. Nothing is more natural than that this kind of proof should arise. Yet nothing of this kind is offered to ascertain the high antiquity of the books of Hindostan.

The consequence therefore is, that, like the legends of the Romish saints, these Shasters are the accumulated superstition of many ages, some of which were very distant from each other, and some of them not very distant from our own times. Not to mention the authority of Ferishta [18], the Persian historian of Hindostan, who denies the high antiquity of the Gentoo writings; certain it is, from internal evidence, that the doctrines of the pure Shastah of Mr. Holwell were unknown or unregarded by the Bramins who lived about 2000

[18] Ferishta asserts, that the Hindoos have no history of better authority than the Mahaberit, which is a legendary poem, esteemed by the present Bramins of a much later date than the Shasters. Mr. Dow, however, sets this authority aside. "The Mohammedans," he says, "know nothing of the Hindoo learning," "and Ferishta collected his accounts from Persian authors, being altogether unacquainted with the Sanscrita, or learned language of the Bramins, in which the internal history of India is comprehended." In invalidating the authority of the history which he gave to the public, Mr. Dow might have added one circumstance which most effectually would have served his purpose; a circumstance which makes the whole of Ferishta's history appear as a mere fabrication. This historian, though he treats of that particular period, has not one word of the arrival, or of the wars of the Portuguese in India. Though they reigned lords of all the Asiatic seas; though his native country, Persia, and every prince of India, were, at different times, for almost a whole century, harassed by their wars; though the politics of every court of Hindostan were influenced by the conquests and neighbourhood of these warlike and powerful strangers, who treated with Achebar, honest Ferishta, in his history of that very period, as translated by Mr. Dow, appears never to have heard one word about the matter. What pity is it that Mr. Dow, who shows such good will to condemn his author's authority, should have omitted this conclusive and most extraordinary circumstance!

years ago. When a religious rite is in direct opposition to a cardinal injunction, we must give up the antiquity of the one or the other. Mr. Holwell tells us that the pure Shastah of Bramah prohibits self-murder under the dreadful penalty of eternal damnation; that the soul which commits it shall never have another state of probation in a mortal body. Yet no fact in ancient history is more certain than that the Indian philosophers, about 2000, and 1500 years ago, usually and ostentatiously in public, committed self-murder, in the belief that it would convey them immediately to Heaven. Did these philosophers know or believe what the pure Shastah of Bramah says of suicide? Or did Bramah's wives, and the priests who instituted the rites of the horrid self-murder of widows, did they know of this dreadful prohibition?

Mr. Holwell assures us (ch. viii. p. 15.) that the angelic fall, and its consequent metempsychosis, the one the crime, the other the punishment of these unhappy free agents, form the *sine qua non* of the Gentoos [19]. But Mr. Dow says not one word of the angelic fall; so far from it, his Bramin system excludes such supposition. From hence, and from numberless other irrefragable proofs, certain it is that the Bramins are irreconcileably divided among themselves upon what are the doctrines of the Shastah. Different sects of all religions give different interpretations to their records held sacred. But it is peculiar to the religions of India to contradict each other in the most essential historical circumstances.

This disagreement, peculiar to the learned Bramins, is easily accounted for. They have a great multiplicity of Shasters [20]; as many perhaps as there were fanatic sermons in the days of Cromwell. And to this let it be added, they are written in a dead language, in a tongue and character different from those of common use in India; and their contents are concealed with the most jealous care. The Bramins are the sole masters of them; and to read and explain them to the man of another cast incurs the most dreadful of all the Gentoo punishments. On account of this secrecy some may venerate the wisdom and sacredness of their doctrines. For our part we cannot help being led, by this very cue, to suspect that there is something extremely absurd, frivolous, and childish, in what is thus religiously enveloped in the veil of darkness.

[19] Yet in ch. vii., p. 151, he tells us that the Gentoos have lost sight of their original sin, or defection; "(*i. e.* the angelic fall) and that the whole conduct of the drama of the Chatah and Aughturrah Bhades—has not the smallest retrospect to their first transgression, or the means of atoning for it.—This," adds he, "is the situation of the bulk of the people of Indostan, as well as of the modern Bramins; amongst the latter, if we except one in a thousand, (*i. e.* who can allegorize,) we give them over-measure."

[20] Mr. Dow says, (p. xxxviii. in a note,) "There are many shasters among the Hindoos, so that those writers who affirmed, that there was but one Shaster in India, which, like the Bible of the Christians, or Koran of the followers of Mahommed, contained the first principles of the Bramin faith, have deceived themselves and the public."

In the course of this inquiry we have seen some most striking alterations in the Bramin tenets and character. These philosophers do not now upon principle die by fire. Sixteen hundred years ago they had no idols. Yet on the arrival of the modern Europeans in India, all the superstition of ancient Egypt in the adoration of animals and vegetables seemed more than revived by the Bramins. Two hundred years ago the Gentoo princes offered immense sums for the sacred tooth of the monkey Hanimant. We are assured by gentlemen of observation who have been long in India, that there is not now a Gentoo of fortune who would give a farthing for it. And both Mr. H. and D. found such able philosophers and allegorizers among the Bramins, as never any former traveller conversed with in India.

"Sieb," says Mr. H., "literally signifies a destroyer, an avenger, a punisher, and is the object of great dismay and terrour to the Gentoos, but modern expounders of Bramah's Shastah have softened the rigour of his character by giving him names and attributes of a very different nature from that of Sieb. They call him Moisoor, (a contraction of Mahahsoor, the most mighty destroyer of evil,) and under this soothing title he is worshipped, not as Sieb the destroyer, but as the destroyer of evil. The other epithet they have given to him is Moidéb (a contraction of Mahahdebtah, the most mighty angel); in this sense he is worshipped as the averter of evil, and under this character he has the most altars erected to him."

After this most egregious instance of modernizing, nothing need be added in proof that the present are very different from the ancient doctrines of India. In a word, the Rabbinical pretensions that Adam, Seth, and Enoch wrote great part of the Talmud, and that Abrahám taught astronomy and mathematics in the plains of Mamre, are not more absurdly ridiculous than the Gentoo pretensions to a similar antiquity of their sacred books. Every one, who is acquainted with the history of the human mind, knows what an alteration in the manners of that most bigoted people the Jews was introduced by the Babylonian captivity. Before that period amazingly dull and stupid, after their return from Assyria they began to philosophize. The superstition and idolatry of the modern Bramins have certainly, in the same manner, received great improvement of features from the conversation of Europeans, whose example, however otherwise vicious, could not fail to convince them of the absurdity of such mental weakness. Nor can we pass unobserved the rejection of the fourth Beda. By its subject, the knowledge of the Good Being, it seems to be the most valuable of the whole, except the second, which treats of the religious and moral duties. Yet the Bramins, says Mr. Dow, have long rejected it, because the Mahommedan religion, they say, is borrowed from it. On the supposition, which they pretend, that their sacred books were dictated by divine authority, the rejection of any part is as unwarrantable as the reason for rejecting the fourth Beda is submissive and ridiculous. The rejection of a part of their sacred scriptures thus openly confessed, and yet the whole most carefully concealed from the eyes of every inquirer; the alterations of their tenets and character; the propensity the human mind has to

improve when under long and favourable opportunities, all concur in demonstrating that not only the systems of Messrs. H. and D. are widely different from those of the ancient Gentoos; but that whatever in future may be given by the most learned Bramins, as their genuine ancient tenets, ought by no means to be depended upon as such. While the Brahins continue a sect, those leading principles of human nature, zeal for what is esteemed sacred, and partiality to national honour, will ever influence them, when they lay their philosophy before the eyes of strangers, particularly where the boasted secrecy of 4000 years promises the impossibility of detection. Shall we believe that the glosses and refinements of the modern learned Bramins contain the genuine ideas and principles of the ancient Hindoos? We may as well believe that the popish priests on the Indian mission will give the Bramins a faithful history of the detestable tyranny and abominable wickedness of the popes and their holy church during the monkish ages. Who that considers these striking facts, and their certain consequences, can withhold his contempt when he is told of the religious care with which the Bramins have these four thousand years preserved their sacred rites? an absurdity only equal to that of those who tell us, that God instructed Adam in the mysteries of free masonry, and that Noah every new moon held a mason's lodge in the ark.

And yet all this is nothing to the ridicule of what follows: Where does the pure Shastah of Bramah exist? Mr. D.'s learned pundit seems never to have heard a word about it. Why truly, the original text of Bramah is preserved, says Mr. H., ch. iv. p. 13., in the Chatah Bhade, or six scriptures of the mighty spirit. This work, he says, is a paraphrase on the pure Shastah, which consisted only of four scriptures; therefore the original text must be only interspersed. And this paraphrase Mr. H. reprobates as the infamous work of priestcraft, and the original cause of the polytheism of the Gentoos. And this pure text is not only to be picked [81], at discretion and pleasure, out of this mother of idolatry, but the ability so to do is confined to a very few families. "The original, plain, pure, and simple tenets" (says Mr. H. p. 15.) "of the Chatah Bhade of Bramah" (1500 years after its first promulgation) "became by degrees utterly lost; except to three or four Goseyn families, who at this day are only capable of reading and expounding it, from the Sanscrit character; to these may be added a few others of the tribe of Batteezasz Bramins, who can read, and expound from the Chatah Bhade which still preserved the text of the original, as before remarked."

Can pretensions to the most remote antiquity be more completely ridiculous! By these three or four families who only can discover, read, and expound the pure Shastah of Bramah, we must understand those Bramins with whom Mr. H. conversed, and whom, in the utmost probability, he taught to say as he said; and then (like those who have been to the cunning man on inquiry after stolen goods or a sweetheart) came home highly satisfied with having his own hints repeated to him in other words.

And thus, from the concurrent testimony of all former travellers, most virtually confirmed by Messrs. H. and D. we have displayed the wild, capricious, and gross spirit of the Gentoo theology; the endless confusion of their legends: the impiety and puerility of their metaphysics; their ignorance of natural philosophy; the immorality of their penances and idolatry; the general turpitude and baseness of the Hindoo character; the alteration of their principles and manners in various ages; the utter uncertainty of the various dates of their writings held sacred; and, above all, the absurdity of those who have maintained that these writings have remained unaltered almost these 4000 years, and are of superior antiquity to the records of any other nation.

It is an observation founded on experience, that the zealot of any sect, in giving an account of his religion to one who knows nothing about it, will give every circumstance the best gloss, and strain every feature, as much as possible, to a conformity to the ideas of his intelligent friend [82]. And from the contradictory accounts of Mr. H. and Mr. D. let future travellers beware: these they obtrude upon Europe the opinions of two or three Bramins, as the only genuine doctrines of the Gentoos. The irreconcileable contradictions of these philosophers have been demonstrated. And these contradictions evidently appear to have thus arisen: The philosophy and mythology of the Gentoos form such a boundless chaos of confusion and contradictions, that no two of these philosophers, unacquainted with each other, can possibly give the same or a consistent account of their tenets: And whenever one of superior ingenuity vamps up a fine philosophical theory out of the original mass, another, perhaps equally ingenious, comes and puts one in mind of the fable of the bee and the spider in Swift's Battle of the Books. The spider had with great pain just finished his web to catch flies, when

[81] The absurdity of this arbitrary selection of the pure shastah is demonstrated, undesignedly, by Mr. H. himself. He says the pure Shastah of Bramah contained no mythology; and yet what he has selected as the pure Shastah, as the quotations already given, evince, is mythological.

[82] "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 dissenter from the church of Rome, who has the art to appear ignorant of the doctrines of the papacy, and of the writers of that communion. One may often meet with a sensible papist, who, either from ignorance of the history of his own religion, or from prejudice in its favour, will very confidently deny the horrid cruelties, superstitions, and villainous arts of holy clergy; 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.

the bee blundered that way, and demolished it. "A plague seize you," quoth the spider, "(for a giddy whoreson, is it you, with a vengeance, have made all this litter ..... and do you think I have nothing else to do, in the devil's name, but to mend and repair after your a——?"

And verily, verily, in this strain may the most learned of the modern Brahmins exclaim to each other.

LUSIAD VIII.

With eye unmoved the silent catual view'd
The pictured sire 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 sire, of mien serene, august,
Lusus behold, no robber chief unjust;
His cluster'd bough, the same which Bacchus bore[1],
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 feign'd[2],
Where winding o'er the Guadiana roves,
And Douro murmurs through the flowery groves,
Here with his bones he left his deathless fame,
And Lusitania's clime shall ever bear his name.
That other chief th' embroidered silk displays,
Tost 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 Troy[3],
On Europe's strand, more grateful to the skies,
He bade th' eternal walls of Lisboa[4] rise."
"But who that godlike terrour of the plain,
Who strews the smoking field with heaps of slain?
What numerous legions fly in dire dismay,
Whose standards wide the eagle's wings display?"
The pagan asks; the brother chief[5] replies,
"Unconquer'd deem'd, proud Rome's dread standard flies.
His crook thrown by, fired by his nations' woes,
The hero shepherd Viriatus rose;
His country saved proclaim'd his warlike fame,
And Rome's wide empire trembled at his name.

[1] Camoëns immédiately 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.

[2] 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 Odyssey, from the beautiful valleys of Spain, where in one of his voyages, it is said, he arrived. Egypt, however, seems to have a better title to this honour. The fable of Charon, and the judges of the poetical Hell, are evidently borrowed from the Egyptian rites of burial, and are older than Homer. After a ferryman had conveyed the corps over a lake, certain judges examined the life of the deceased, particularly his claim to the virtue of loyalty, and, according to the report, decreed or refused the honours of sepulture. The place of the catacombs, according to Diodorus Siculus, was surrounded with deep canals, beautiful meadows, and a wilderness of groves. And it is universally known that the greatest part of the Grecian fables were fabricated from the customs and opinions of Egypt. Several other nations have also claimed the honour of affording the idea of the fields of the blessed. Even the Scotch challenge it. Many Grecian fables, says an author of that country, are evidently founded on the reports of the Phœnician sailors. That these navigators traded to the coasts of Britain is certain. In the middle of summer, the season when the ancients performed their voyages, for about six weeks there is no night over the Orkney islands; the disk of the Sun during that time scarcely sinking below the horizon. This appearance, together with the calm which usually prevails at that season, and the beautiful verdure of the islands, could not fail to excite the admiration of the Tyrians; and their accounts of the place naturally afforded the idea that these islands were inhabited by the spirits of the just. This, says our author, is countenanced by Homer, who places his islands of the happy at the extremity of the ocean. That the fables of Scylla, the Gorgades, and several others, were founded on the accounts of navigators, seems probable; and on this supposition the Insulæ Fortunatæ and Purpurariæ, now the Canary and Madeira islands, also claim the honour of giving colours to the description of Elysium. The truth however appears to be this: that a place of happiness is reserved for the spirits of the good is the natural suggestion of that anxiety and hope concerning the future, which animates the human breast. All the barbarous nations of Africa and America agree in placing their Heaven in beautiful islands at an immense distance over the ocean. The idea is universal, and is natural to every nation in that state of barbarous simplicity.

[3] Alluding to the fable of Neptune, Apollo, and Laomedon.

[4] For some account of this tradition see note 24 of Lusiad III. Ancient traditions, however fabulous, have a good effect in poetry. Virgil has not scrupled to insert one, which required an apology.

——Prisca fides facto, sed fama perennis.

Spenser has given us the history of Brute and his descendants at full length in the Faerie Queen; and Milton, it is known, was so fond of that absurd legend, that he intended to write a poem on the subject; and by this fondness was induced to mention it as a truth in his Introduction to the History of England.

[5] Paulus de Gama.

That generous pride which Rome to Pyrrhus[6] bore,
To him they show'd not; for they fear'd him more.
Not on the field o'ercome by manly force;
Peaceful he slept, and now a murdered corse
By treason slain he lay. How stern, behold,
That other hero, firm, erect, and bold:
The power by which he boasted he divined,
Beside him pictur'd stands, the milk-white hind:
Injured by Rome, the stern Sertorius fled
To Tago's shore, and Lusus' offspring led;
Their worth he knew; in scatter'd flight he drove
The standards painted with the birds of Jove.
And lo, the flag whose shining colours own
The glorious founder of the Lusian throne!
Some deem the warrior of Hungarian race[7],
Some from Loraine the godlike hero trace.
From Tagus' banks the haughty Moor expell'd,
Galicia's sons, and Leon's warriors quell'd,
To weeping Salem's ever-hallowed meads
His warlike bands the holy Henry leads,
By holy war to sanctify his crown,
And to his latest race auspicious waft it down."
"And who this awful chief?" aloud exclaims
The wondering regent: "O'er the fields he flames
In dazzling steel, where'er he bends his course
The battle sinks beneath his headlong force;
Against his troops, though few, the numerous foes
In vain their spears and towery walls oppose.
With smoking blood his armour sprinkled o'er,
High to the knees his courser paws in gore;
O'er crowns and blood-stain'd ensigns scatter'd round
He rides; his courser's brazen hoofs resound."
"In that great chief," the second Gama cries,
"The first Alonzo[8] strikes thy wondering eyes.
From Lusus' realm the pagan Moors he drove;
Heaven, whom he loved, bestow'd on him such love,
Beneath him, bleeding of its mortal wound,
The Moorish strength lay prostrate on the ground.
Nor Ammon's son, nor greater Julius dared
With troops so few, with hosts so numerous warr'd:
Nor less shall fame the subject heroes own:
Behold that hoary warrior's rageful frown!
On his young pupil's flight his burning eyes[9]
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 death[10].
Beneath Castillia's sword this 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;
His comely spouse and infant race he leads,
Himself the same, in sentenced felon's weeds;
Around their necks the knotted halters bound,
With naked feet they tread the flinty ground;
And prostrate now before Castillia's throne
Their offer'd lives their monarch's pride atone.
Ah, Rome! no more thy generous consul[11] boast,
Whose lorn submission saved his ruin'd host:
No father's woes assail'd his steadfast 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 sends[12];
And low at Lisboa's throne the royal captive bends.
Fuaz again the artist's skill displays;
Far o'er the ocean shine his ensigns' rays:
In crackling flames the Moorish galleys fly,
And the red blaze ascends the blushing sky:
O'er Avila's high steep the flames aspire,
And wrapt 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 bovering 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 soul triumphant mounts the skies.
Here now behold, in warlike pomp pourtray'd,
A foreign navy brings the pious aid[13].
Lo, marching from the decks the squadrons spread,
Strange their attire, their aspect firm and dread.

[6] When Pyrrhus king of Epirus was at war with the Romans, his physician offered to poison him. The senate rejected the proposal, and acquainted Pyrrhus of the designed treason. Florus remarks on the infamous assassination of Viriatus, that the Roman senate did him great honour; ut videretur aliter vinci non potuisse; it was a confession that they could not otherwise conquer him. Vid. Flor. 1. 17. For a fuller account of this great man, see note 13 of Lusiad I.

[7] See note 10 of Lusiad III.

[8] King of Portugal. See note 21 of Lusiad III.

[9] "Some, indeed most writers, say, that the queen," (of whom see Lusiad III,) "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.

[10] See the same story, Lusiad III, verse 293.

[11] Sc. Posthumus, who, overpowered by the Samnites, submitted to the indignity of passing under the yoke or gallows.

[12] The Alcaydes, or tributary governors under the miramolin or emperor of Morocco, are often by the Spanish and Portuguese writers styled kings. He who was surprised 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.

[13] A navy of crusaders, mostly English. See Lusiad III, verse 447.

The holy cross their ensigns bold display,
To Salem's aid they plough'd the watery way;
Yet first, the cause the same, on Tago's shore
They dye their maiden swords in pagan gore.
Proud stood the Moor on Lisboa's warlike towers,
From Lisboa's walls they drive the Moorish powers:
Amid the thickest of the glorious fight,
Lo, Henry falls, a gallant German knight,
A martyr falls: that holy tomb behold,
There waves the blossom'd palm the boughs of gold:
O'er Henry's grave the sacred plant arose,
And from the leaves, Heaven's gift, gay health redundant flows[14].
"'Aloft, unfurl;' the valiant Palus cries;
Instant new wars on new-spread ensigns rise.
In robes of white behold a priest advance[15]!
His sword in splinters smites the Moorish lance:
Arronchez won revenges Lira's fall:
And lo, on fair Savilia's batter'd wall,
How boldly calm amid the crashing spears,
That hero-form the Lusian standard rears.
There bleeds the war on fair Vandalia's plain:
Lo, rushing through the Moors o'er hills of slain
The hero rides, and proves by genuine claim
The son of Egas[16], and his worth the same.
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[17]
Two watchmen's heads, his right the falchion 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 falchion rears.
Wrong'd by his king, and burning for revenge[18], 181
Behold his arms that proud Castilian change;
The Moorish buckler on his breast he bears,
And leads the fiercest of the pagan spears.
Abrantes falls beneath his raging force,
And now to Tago bends his furious course.
Another fate he met on Tago's shore,
Brave Lopez from his brows the laurels tore;
His bleeding army strew'd the thirsty ground,
And captive chains the rageful leader bound.
Resplendent 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[19]:
Cheer'd by the vision brighter than the day
The Lusians trample down the dread array
Of Hagar's legions: on the reeking plain
Low with their slaves four haughty kings lie slain.
In vain Alcazar rears her brazen walls,
Before his rushing host Alcazar falls.
There, by his altar, now the hero shines,
And with the warrior's palm his mitre twines.
That chief behold: though proud Castilia's host
He leads, his birth shall Tagus ever boast.
As a pent flood bursts headlong o'er the strand,
So pours his fury o'er Algarbia's land:
Nor rampired town nor castled rock afford
The refuge of defence from Payo's sword.
By night-veil'd art proud Sylves falls his prey,
And Tavila's high walls at middle day
Fearless he scales: her streets in blood deplore
The seven brave hunters murder'd by the Moor[20].

[14] This legend is mentioned by some ancient Portuguese chronicles. Homer would have availed himself, as Camoëns has done, of a tradition so enthusiastical, and characteristic of the age.—Henry was a native of Bonneville near Cologn. His tomb, says Castera, is still to be seen in the monastery of St. Vincent, but without the palm.

[15] "Theotonius, prior of the regulars of St. Augustine of Conymbra. Some ancient chronicles relate this circumstance as mentioned by Camoëns. Modern writers assert, that he never quitted his breviary." Castera.

[16] 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.

[17] "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 sentinels 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 for the city." Castera.

[18] 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.

[19] "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.

[20] —— "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, shows 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! Through Spain and France [21]
At just and tourney with the tilted lance
Victors they rode: Castilia's court beheld [swell'd:
Her peers o'erthrown; the peers with rancour
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!
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;
How vanquish'd in the dust Castilia bleeds.
Where proudest hope might deem in 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 hands,
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 sacrifice [22]!'
Earnest I see thy wondering eyes inquire
Who this illustrious chief, his country's sire?
The Lusian Scipio well might speak his fame [23],
But nobler Nunio shines a greater name:
On earth's green bosom, or on ocean gray,
A greater never shall the Sun survey.

"Known by the silver cross and sable shield [24],
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.
Again, behold, in gore he bathes his sword;
His captive friend, to liberty restored [25],
Glows to review the cause that wrought his woe,
The cause, his loyalty as tasteless snow.
Here treason's well-earn'd meed allures thine eyes,
Low grovelling in the dust the traitor dies;
Great Elvas gave the blow: Again, behold [26],
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 foes, the Lusian fleet how few!
Castell'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 Admiral's sides:
Confusion maddens; on the dreadless knight
Castilia's navy pours its gather'd might:

[21] Nothing can give us a stronger picture of the romantic character of their age, than the manners of these champions, who were gentlemen of birth; and who, in the true spirit of knight-errantry, went about from court to court in quest of adventures. Their names were, Gonçalo Ribeiro; Fernando Martinez de Sautarene; and Vasco Anez, foster-brother to Mary, queen of Castile, daughter of Alonzo IV. of Portugal.

[22] This line, the simplicity of which, I think, contains great dignity, is adopted from Fanshaw,

And I, ye see, am offering sacrifice,—

who has here catched the spirit of the original:

A quem lhe a dura nova estava 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 victory. Vid. Plut. in vit. Num.

[23] Castera justly observes the happiness with which Camoëns introduces the name of this truly great man. Il va, says he, le nommer tout à l'heure avec une addresse et une magnificence digne d'un si beau sujet.

[24] These knights were first named knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, afterwards knights of Rhodes, from whence they were driven to Messina, ere Malta was assigned to them, where they now remain. By their oath of knighthood they are bound to protect the holy sepulchre from the profanation of infidels; and immediately on taking this oath, they retire to their colleges, where they live on their revenues in all the idleness of monkish luxury. Their original habit was black with a white cross; their arms gules, a cross argent.

[25] "Before John I. mounted the throne of Portugal, one Vasco Porcallo was governor of Villaviciosa. Roderic de Landroal and his friend Alvarez Cayado, 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 reinstated in the garrison, than he delivered it up to the Castilians; and plundered the house of Cayado, whom, with his wife, he made prisoner; and, under a numerous party, ordered to be sent to Olivença. Roderic de Landroal, hearing of this, attacked and defeated the escort, and set his friend at liberty."—Castera.

[26] 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 traitorous Marin, notwithstanding the endeavours of their captain to save his life, met the reward of his treason from the soldiers of Elvas.—Partly from Castera.

Pereira dies, their self-devoted prey,
And safe the Lusian galleys speed away[27].
" Lo, where the lemon-trees from yon green hill
Throw their cool shadows o'er the crystal rill;
There twice two hundred fierce Castilian foes
Twice eight, forlorn, of Lusian race enclose:
Forlorn they seem; but taintless flow'd their blood
From those three hundred who of old withstood;
Withstood, and from a thousand Romans tore
The victor-wreath, what time the shepherd[28] bore
The leader's staff of Lusus: equal flame
Inspired these few, their victory the same[29].
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 host[30],
Twice hard besieged he holds the Ceutan towers
Against the banded might of Afric's powers.
That other earl[31];—behold the port he bore;
So trod stern Mars on Thracia's hills of yore.
What groves of spears Alcazar's gates surround!
There Afric's nations blacken o'er the ground.
A thousand ensigns glittering to the day
The waning Moon's 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[32],
In every court the gallant Pedro shone.
The glorious Henry[33]—kindling at his name,
Behold my sailors' eyes all sparkle flame!

[27] "A numerous fleet of the Castilians being on their way to lay siege to Lisbon, Ruy Pereyra, 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 Pereyra lost his life."—Castera.

[28] Viriatus.

[29] "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 fortress.'"—Castera.

[30] When Alonzo V. took Ceuta, don Pedro de Menezes was the only officer in the army who was willing to become governor of that fortress; 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.

[31] 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 expense of their own lives, purchased the safe retreat of their sovereign.

[32] "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 almost every court of Europe, but he principally distinguished himself in Germany, where, under the standards of the emperor Sigismond, he signalised his valour in the war against the Turks."—Castera.

[33] In pursuance of the reasons assigned in the Preface, the translator has here taken the liberty to make a transposition in the order of his author. In Camoëns, don Pedro de Menezes, and his son De Vian, conclude the description of the pictured ensigns. Don Henry, the greatest man perhaps that ever Portugal produced, has certainly the best title to close this procession of the 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 Camoëns. The shield of Achilles has had many imitators, some in one degree, others in another. The imitation of Ariosto, in the xxxiiid 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 Camoëns, is given to the heroine Bradamant, by the knight who kept the castle of sir Tristram, where the enchanted hall was placed. But though the poetry be pleasing, the whole fiction, unless to amuse the warlike lady, has nothing to do with the action of the poem. Unity of design, however, is neither claimed by Ariosto in the exordium of his work, nor attempted in the execution. An examination therefore of the conduct of Homer and Virgil will be more applicable to Camoëns. 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 clothes, a part of the subject, and injure not the gracefulness of the make; or, in other words, destroy not the unity of the action. Yet let it be observed, that, admirable as they are, the pictures on the shield of Achilles, considered by themselves, have no relation to the action of the Iliad. If six of the apartments may be said to rouse the hero to war, the other six may with equal justice be called an obvious admonition or a charge to turn husbandman. In that part of the Æneid where Virgil greatly improves upon his master, in the visions of his future race which Anchises gives to Æneas in Elysium, the business of the poem is admirably sustained, and the hero is inspired to encounter every danger on the view of so great a reward. The description of the shield of Æneas, however, is less connected with the conduct of the fable. Virgil, indeed, intended that his poem should contain all the honours of his

Henry the chief, who first, by Heaven inspired,
To deeds unknown before, the sailor fired;

country, and has therefore charged the shield of his hero with what parts of the Roman history were omitted in the vision of Elysium. But so foreign are these pictures to the war with Turnus, that the poet himself tells us Æneas was ignorant of the history which they contained.

Talia, 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 Camoëns, whose design, like that of Virgil, was to write a poem which might contain all the triumphs of his country. As the shield of Æneas supplies what could not be introduced in the vision of Elysium, so the ensigns of Gama complete the purpose of the third and fourth Lusiads. The use of that long episode, the conversation with the king of Melinda, and its connexion with the subject, have been already observed. The seeming episode of the pictures, while it fulfils the promise,

And all my country's wars the song adorn—

is also admirably connected with the conduct of the poem. The Indians naturally desire to be informed of the country, the history, and power of their foreign visitors, and 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 from carrying 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 centre bound;
Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend:
And gen'ral songs the sprightly revel end. Il. xviii.

The conscious sailor left the sight of shore,
And dared new oceans, never ploughed before.
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?
'T was thine, O glorious Henry, first to dare
The dreadful pass, and thine to close the war!
Taught by his might, and humbled in her gore,
The boastful bride 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 pride!
Friendless the master of the pencil died [34];
Immortal fame his deathless labours gave;
Poor man! he sunk neglected to the grave."
The gallant Paulus faithful thus explain'd
The various deeds the pictured flags retain'd.
Still o'er and o'er, and still again untired,
The wondering regent of the wars inquired;
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 sought his native strand.
O'er the tall mountain-forest's waving boughs
Aslant 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 sullen 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 horrours of the evil hour.
Thus when the God of earthquakes rocks the ground,
He gives the prelude in a dreary sound;
O'er Nature's face a horrid gloom he throws,
With dismal note the cock unusual crows,

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 poesy, which delights in personification, and in giving life and passion to every thing it describes. It is owing to the superior force of this spirit, together with the more beautiful colouring of its landscape views, that the shield of Achilles, in poetical merit, so greatly excels the buckler of Æneas, though the divine workman of the latter had the former as a pattern before him.

34 In the original,

Mas faltamlhes pincel, faltamlhes cores,
Honra, premio, favor, que as artes crião.

" But the pencil was wanting, colours were want-

A shrill-voiced howling trembles through 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 sullen howl the same,
And mid the black-wing'd gloom stern Bacchus
The form and garb of Hagar's son he took, [came;
The ghost-like aspect, and the threatening look[35],
Then o'er the pillow of a furious priest,
Whose burning zeal the Koran's lore profest,
Reveal'd he stood conspicuous in a dream,
His semblance shining as the Moon's pale gleam[36]:
And "Guard," he cries, "my son, O timely guard,
Timely defeat the dreadful snare prepared:—
And canst thou careless, unaffected sleep,
While these stern lawless rovers of the deep
Fix on thy native shore a foreign throne,
Before whose steps thy latest race shall groan?"
He spoke: cold horrour 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 know'st thou not thy prophet sent by Heaven,
By whom the Koran's sacred lore was given,
God's chiefest gift to men?—And must I leave
The bowers of Paradise, for you to grieve,
For you to watch, while thoughtless of your woe
Ye sleep, the careless victims of the foe;
The foe, whose rage will soon with cruel joy,
If unopposed, my sacred shrines destroy?—
Then while kind Heaven th' auspicious hour bestows,
Let every nerve their infant strength oppose.
When softly usher'd by the milky dawn
The Sun first rises o'er the daisied lawn[37],

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 demon fled.
Again cold horrour 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 demon's flight.
Sleepless the king he found in dubious thought;
His conscious fraud a thousand terrours brought:

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?

ing, honour, reward, favour, the nourishers of the arts." This seemed to the translator as an impropriety, and contrary to the purpose of the whole speech of Paulus, which was to give the cæsar a high idea of Portugal. In the fate of the imaginary 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 indignation over the unworthy fate of the unhappy Camoëns.

[35] Mahommed, 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.

[36] We have already seen the warm encomium paid by Tasso to his cotemporary, Camoëns. That great poet, the ornament of Italy, has also testified his approbation by several imitations of the Lusiad. Virgil, in no instance, has more closely copied Homer, than Tasso has imitated the appearance of Bacchus, or the evil demon, in the dream of the Moorish priest. The enchanter Ismeno thus appears to the sleeping Solyman:

Soliman' Salimano, i tuoi silenti
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' insepolte de tuoi l'ossa conserva?

[37] "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 Lopez de Vega, in his comedy of Orpheus and Eurydice, act i. scene 1.

Como mirar puede ser
El sol al amanceer,
I quando se enciende, no."

Castera adds a very loose translation of these Spanish lines in French verse. The literal English is, "As the Sun may be beheld at his rising, but, when illustriously kindled, cannot." Naked however as this is, the imitation of Camoëns is evident. As Castera is so very bold in his encomium of this fine simile of the Sun, it is but justice to add his translation of it, together with the original Portuguese, and the translation of Fanshaw. Thus the French translator:

Les yeux peuvent soûtenir la clarté du Soleil naissant, mais lorsqu'il s'est avancé dans sa carriere lumineuse, et 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 póde nelle por a aguda vista:
Porem depois que sobe claro, et ardente,
Se a agudeza dos olhos o conquista
Tao cega fica, quando ficares,
Se raizes crier 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.

All gloomy as the hour, around him stand
With haggard looks the hoary magi band [38];
To trace what fates on India's wide domain
Attend the rovers from unheard-of Spain,

For when the Sun is in his nonage yit,
But let him once up to his zenith git,
Upon his morning beauty men may gaze;
He strikes them blind with his meridian rays;
So blind will ye be, if ye look not to't,
If ye permit these cedars to take root.

[38] Or the Bramins, the diviners of India. Ammianus Marcellinus, l. 23. says, that the Persian magi derived their knowledge from the Brachmanes of India. And Arianus, l. 7. expressly gives the Bramins 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 Bramins are never among modern writers called magi.

We have already observed that the wonderful virtues peculiar to some plants very naturally contributed to establish the belief in magic. And certain it is that many of the unlettered natives of Asia and South America have a knowledge of several drugs most powerful in their effects, either as poison, antidotes of poison, or as disturbers of the imagination. Their ignorance makes them esteem these virtues as magical, and their revenge against all Europeans prompts them to the most religious concealment. In the voyage of James Neccius, a Dutchman, in 1602, we have the account of a strange delirium which seized all those of his crew, who, near the kingdom of Siam, had eaten of a certain fruit like a plum. Some imagined the ship was overpowered by enemies, and boldly defended their cabins; others danced and sung, and thought themselves on shore at a drunken banquet with their friends. And while some chanted hallelujahs, and believed they saw God and his angels, others lay howling on the decks, and imagined themselves among the damned in Hell. (Vide Navig. Jacobi Neccii.) This delirium appears to take possession of whatever temperament of mind happens at the time to be predominant; but happily it is cured by a sound sleep. It is a fact well attested, that the Bramin pretenders to magic have a method of affecting the phantasies of those who apply to them. This is done by some intoxicating potion, administered with the solemnities of witchcraft: while it begins to operate, the magician's conversation fixes the imagination on the objects he wishes to raise; and after recovering sleep these objects are remembered as the clearest visions. In the approaches of natural madness the imagination is intensely fixed upon some particular object or affection. This indicates a particular alliance between this species of intoxication, and that most dreadful disease. The Portuguese authors mention other kinds of natural magic, as known to the Indians. When Albuquerque was on the way to Malacca, he attacked a large ship, but just as his men were going to board her, she suddenly appeared all in flames, which obliged the Portuguese to bear off. Three days afterward the same vessel sent a boat to Albuquerque, offering an alliance, which was accepted. The flames, says Osorius, were only artificial, and did not the least damage. Another wonderful adventure immediately happened. The admiral soon after sent his long-boats to attack a ship commanded by one Nehoada Beeguea. The enemy made an obstinate resistance. Nehoada himself was pierced with several mortal wounds, but lost not one drop of blood, till a bracelet was taken off his arm, when immediately the blood gushed out, and he expired. According to Osorius, this was said to be occasioned by the virtue of a stone in the bracelet taken out of an animal called cabrisia, which when worn on the body could prevent the effusion of blood from the most grievous wounds. It was natural for the Portuguese soldiers to magnify any appearance of a styptic, which they did not understand. And certain it is that many barbarous tribes are possessed of some natural secrets which the learned of Europe do not yet know. It is not long since an eminent disciple of Newton esteemed the discovery of electricity as the dream of a distempered brain. Barbosa relates that one Machamut, who expelled the king of Guzarat and seized the throne, had so accustomed himself to poisons, that he could kill whoever offended him by spitting at them. His concubines never survived a second evening. This perhaps may be thought to confirm what is said of Mithridates; but both stories are undoubtedly somewhat exaggerated.

Prepared in dark futurity to prove
The hell-taught rituals of infernal Jove: [sound,
Muttering their charms and spells of dreary
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 demon gives the dreadful sign [39].
Here furious War her gleamy falchion 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 sight [40],

[39] This is an allusion to the truth of history. Barros relates, that an augur being brought before the zamorim, Em hum vaso de agua [the mostrara hunas naos, que vin bam de muy longe para a India, e que a gente d'ellas seria total destruiçam dos Mouros de aquellas partes.—"In a vessel of water he showed him some ships which from a great distance came to India, the people of which would effect the utter subversion of the Moors." Camoëns 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 demon in the dream of the Moorish priest.

[40] This picture, it may perhaps be said, is but a

The starting w'zards from the altar fly,
And silent horrour 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 sought;
Appall'd and trembling with ungenerous fear,
In secret council met, his tale they hear;
As cheek'd by terrour or impell'd by hate,
Of various means they ponder and debate;
Against the Lusian train what arts employ,
By force to slaughter, or by fraud destroy;
Now black, now pale, their bearded cheeks appear,
As boiling rage prevails or boding fear;
Beneath their shady brows their eye-balls roll,
Nor one soft gleam bespeaks the generous soul:
Through quivering lips they draw their panting breath,
While their dark fraud decrees the works of death:
Nor unresolved 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 [41]—the patriot king
Knows men, knows whence the patriot virtues spring;
From inward worth, from conscience firm and bold,
Not from the man whose honest name is sold,
He hopes that virtue, whose unalter'd weight
Stands fixt, unveering with the storms of state.
Lured was the regent with the Moorish gold,
And now agreed their fraudful 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 state [42];

"For ages long, from shore to distant shore,
For thee our ready keels the traffic bore:
For thee we dared each horrour 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 [illegible]y boast, as tigers of the wold
Bear their proud sway by justice uncontrol'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 same,
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 escaped at home."

bad compliment to the heroes of the Lusiad, and the fruits of their discovery. A little consideration, however, will vindicate Camoëns. It is the demon and the enemies of the Portuguese who procure this divination; every thing in it is dreadful, on purpose to determine the zamorim to destroy the fleet of Gama. In a former prophecy of the conquest of India, (when the catual describes the sculpture of the royal palace) our poet has been careful to ascribe the happiest effects to the discovery of his heroes:

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

[41] In this short declamation, a seeming excrescence, the business of the poem in reality is carried on. The zamorim, and his prime minister the catual, are artfully characterized 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.

[42] 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 Mahommedan 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 in 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 Mahommedans, 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 Mahommedans of India are called the Moors of Hindostan by the latest of our English writers. The intelligence which these Moors gave to one another, relative to the actions of Gama; the general terrour with which they beheld the appearance of Europeans, whose rivalship 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 Osorius 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 Camoëns, 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

While thus the priest detain'd the monarch's ear,
His cheeks confess'd 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 fraudful regent fired;
And valiant Gama's fate was now consulted.
Ambassadors from India Gama sought,
And oaths of peace for oaths of friendship brought;
The glorious tale, 't was 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'st to bring,
No country owns thee, and thou own'st no king.
Thy life, long roving o'er the deep, I know,
A lawless robber, every man thy foe.
And think'st thou credit to thy tale to gain?
Mad were the sovereign, and the hope were vain,
Through ways unknown, from utmost western shore,
To bid his fleets the utmost east explore.
Great is thy monarch, so thy words declare;
But sumptuous gifts the proof of greatness bear:
Kings thus to kings their empire's grandeur show;
Thus prove thy truth, thus we thy truth allow.
If not, what credence will the wise afford?
What monarch trust the wandering seaman's word?
No sumptuous gift thou bring'st [43]—Yet, though some crime
Has thrown thee banish'd from thy native clime,
(Such oft of old the hero's fate has been)
Here end thy toils, nor tempt new fates unseen;
Each land the brave man nobly calls his home:
Or if, bold pirates, o'er the deep you roam,
Skill'd the dread storm to brave, O welcome here!
Fearless of death or shame confess sincere:
My name shall then thy dread protection be,
My captain thou, unrivall'd on the sea."
Oh now, ye Muses, sing what goddess fired
Gama's proud bosom, and his lips inspired.
Fair Acidalia, love's celestial queen [44],
The graceful goddess of the fearless mien,
Her graceful freedom on his look bestow'd,
And all collected in his bosom glow'd.
"Sovereign," he cries, "oft witness'd, well I know
The rageful falsehood of the Moorish foe;
Their fraudful tales, from hatred bred, believed,
Thine ear is poison'd, and thine eye deceived.
What light, what shade the courtier's mirrour 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 horrours of the gulfs 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?
Not thus the robber leaves his certain prey
For the gay promise of a nameless day.
Dread and stupendous, more than death-doom'd man
Might hope to compass, more than wisdom plan,
To thee my toils, to thee my dangers rise:
Ah! Lisboa's kings behold with other eyes.
Where virtue calls, where glory leads the way,
No dangers move them, and no toils dismay.
Long have the kings of Lusus' daring race
Resolved the limits of the deep to trace,
Beneath the morn to ride the furthest waves,
And pierce the furthest shore old ocean laves.
Sprung from the prince [45], before whose matchless
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 sire, 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 sail.
Emboldened by the meed that crown'd his toils,
Beyond the wide-spread shores and numerous isles,
Where both the tropics pour the burning day,
Succeeding heroes forced th' exploring way:
That race which never view'd the Pleiads' 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 Lisboa's court they told their dread escape,
And from her raging tempests named the Cape [46].
'Thou southmost point,' the joyful king exclaim'd,
'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.

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. Camoëns also, in other parts of the poem, avails himself of the same assertion.

[43] "As the Portuguese did not expect to find any people but savages beyond the Cape of Good Hope, they only brought with them some preserves and confections, with trinkets of coral, of glass, and other trifles. This opinion however deceived them. In Melinda and in Calicut they found civilised nations, where the arts flourished; who wanted nothing, who were possessed of all the refinements and delicacies on which we value ourselves. The king of Melinda had the generosity to be contented with the present which Gama made: but the zamorim with a disdainful eye beheld the gifts which were offered to him. The present was thus: four mantles of scarlet, six hats adorned with feathers, four chaplets of coral beads, twelve Turkey carpets, seven drinking-cups of brass, a chest of sugar, two barrels of oil, and two of honey."—Castera.

[44] Castera derives Acidalia from ἀσσὸς, which, he says, implies to act without fear or restraint. Acidalia is one of the names of Venus, in Virgil; derived from Acidalus, a fountain sacred to her in Bœotia.

[45] John I. [46] See the Preface.

The pillar thus of deathless fame [47], begun
By other chiefs, beneath the rising Sun
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 sought.
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, 630
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. 640
Yet as the sick man loathes the bitter draught,
Though rich with health he knows the cup comes fraught;
His health without it, self-deceiv'd, he weighs,
Now hastes to quaff the drug, and now delays:
Reluctant thus as wavering passion veer'd,
The Indian lord the dauntless Gama heard;
The Moorish threats yet sounding 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 650
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, show;
The flowery garlands from your ringlets torn,
Why wandering wild with trembling steps forlorn!
The demon's rage you saw, and mark'd his flight 661
To the dark mansions of eternal night:
You saw how howling through the shades beneath
He waked new horrours in the realms of death.
What trembling tempests shook the thrones of Hell,
And groan'd along her caves, ye Muses, tell.
The rage of baffled fraud, and all the fire
Of powerless hate, with tenfold flames conspire;
From every eye the tawny lightnings glare,
And Hell, illumined by the ghastly flare, 670
(A drear blue gleam) in tenfold horrour shows
Her darkling caverns; from his dungeon rose
Hagar's stern son, pale was his earthy hue,
And from his eye-balls flash'd the lightnings blue;
Convulsed 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 681
They bend; the demon leads the dreadful band,
And in the bosoms of the raging Moors
All their collected living strength he pours.
One breast alone against his rage was steel'd,
Secure in spotless truth's celestial shield.
One evening past, another evening closed,
The regent still brave Gama's suit opposed;
The Lusian chief his guarded guest detain'd,
With arts on arts, and vows of friendship feign'd.
His fraudful art, though veil'd in deep disguise, 691
Shone bright to Gama's manner-piercing eyes.
As in the Sun's bright beam the gamesome boy [48]
Plays with the shining steel or crystal toy,

[47] 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.

[48] Imitated from Virgil, who, by the same simile, describes the fluctuation of the thoughts of Æneas, on the eve of the Latian war:

——Laomedontius heros
Cuncta videns, magno curarum fluctuat æstu,
Atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc,
In partesque rapit varias, perque omnia versat.
Sicut aquæ tremulum labris ubi lumen ahenis
Sole repercussum, aut radiantis imagine Lunæ,
Omnia pervolitat latè loca: jamque sub auras
Erigitur, summique 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 glitt'ring species here and there divide,
And cast their dubious beams from side to side;
Now on the walls, now on the pavement play,
And to the ceiling flash the glaring day.

Ariosto has also adopted this simile in the eighth book of his Orlando Furioso:

Qual d'acqua chiara il tremolante lume
Dal Sol percossa, o da' notturni rai,
Per gli ampli tetti và 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 splendour plays,
Now high, now low, and shifts a thousand ways.
Hoole.

But the happiest circumstance belongs to Camoëns. The velocity and various shiftings of the sun-beam, reflected from a piece of crystal or polished steel in the hand of a boy, give a much stronger idea of the violent agitation and sudden shiftings of thought, than the image of the trembling light of the Sun or Moon reflected from a vessel of water. The brazen vessel however, and not the water, is only mentioned by Dryden. Nor must another inaccuracy pass unobserved: that the reflection of the Moon "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 reader 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.

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 sable night descends,
And Gama, now, secluded from his friends,
Detain'd a captive in the room of state,
Anticipates in thought to morrow's fate;
For just Mozaide no generous care delays,
And Vasco's trust with friendly toils repays.

LUSIAD IX.

Red rose the dawn; roll'd o'er the low'ring sky,
The scattering clouds of tawny purple fly.
While yet the day-spring struggled with the gloom,
The Indian monarch sought the regent's dome.
In all the luxury of Asian state
High on a gem-starr'd couch the monarch sate;
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 sails resign,
My will commands it, and the power is mine:
In vain thy art, in vain thy might withstands,
Thy sails, and rudders too, my will demands[1]:
Such be the test, thy boasted truth to try,
Each other test despised, I fixt 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 moved 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 uncontrol'd,
The laws of nations bid my tongue be bold.
No more thy justice holds the righteous scale,
The arts of falsehood and the Moors prevail;
I see 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 sway[2];
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 respires;
My finish'd labours may my sovereign hear!
Besides that wish, nor hope I know, nor fear.
And lo, the victim of your rage I stand,
And bare my bosom to the murderer's hand."
With lofty mien he spake. In stern disdain,
"My threats," the monarch cries, "were never vain:
Swift give the sign"—Swift as he spake, appear'd
The dancing streamer o'er the palace rear'd;
Instant another ensign distant rose, [throws
Where, jutting through the flood, the mountain
A ridge enormous, and on either side
Defends the harbours from the furious tide.
Proud on his couch th' indignant monarch sate,
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 sight, 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 a hundred oars,
Old ocean boils around the crowded prores:
And five times now in number Gama's might,
Proudly their boastful shouts provoke the fight;
Far round the shore the echoing peal rebounds,
Behind the hill an answering shout resounds:
Still by the point new-spreading sails appear,
Till seven times Gama's fleet concludes the rear.
Again the shout triumphant shakes the bay;
Form'd as a crescent, wedg'd in firm array,
Their fleet's wide horns the Lusian ships enclasp.
Prepared to crush them in their iron grasp.
Shouts echo shouts——with stern disdainful eyes
The Indian king to manly Gama cries,
"Not one of thine on Lisboa's shore shall tell
The glorious tale, how bold thy heroes fell."
With alter'd visage, for his eyes flash'd fire,
"God sent me here, and God's avengeful ire
Shall blast thy perfidy," great Vasco cried,
"And humble in the dust thy wither'd pride."
A prophet's glow inspired his panting breast;
Indignant smiles the monarch's scorn confest.
Again deep silence fills the room of state,
And the proud Moors, secure, exulting wait:
And now enclasping Gama's in a ring,
Their fleet sweeps on——loud whizzing from the string
The black-wing'd arrows float along the sky,
And rising clouds the falling clouds supply.
The lofty crowding spears, that bristling stood
Wide o'er the galleys as an upright wood,
Bend sudden, levell'd for the closing fight;
The points wide-waving shed a gleamy light.

[1] According to history. See the Preface.

[2] 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 naughty menace weighs not at two chips.

Elate with joy, the king his aspect rears,
And valiant Gama, thrill'd with transport, hears
His drums' bold rattling raise the battle sound;
Echo deep-toned hoarse vibrates far around;
The shivering trumpets tear the shrill-voiced air,
Quivering the gale, the flashing lightnings flare,
The smoke rolls wide, and sudden bursts the roar,
The lifted waves fall trembling, deep the shore
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 echo dies
Faltering and deafen'd; from the brazen throats,
Cloud after cloud, inroll'd in darkness, floats,
Curling their sulph'rous folds of fiery blue,
Till their huge volumes take the fleecy hue,
And roll wide o'er the sky; wide as the sight
Can measure Heaven, slow rolls the cloudy white:
Beneath, the smoky blackness spreads afar
Its hovering wings, and veils the dreadful war
Deep in its horrid breast; the fierce red glare,
Chequering the rifted darkness, fires the air,
Each moment lost and kindled, while around
The mingling thunders swell the lengthen'd sound.
When piercing sudden through the dreadful roar
The yelling shrieks of thousands strike the shore:
Presaging horrour through the monarch's breast
Crept cold; and gloomy o'er the distant east
Through Gata's hills the whirling tempest sigh'd [2],
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 bay [4],
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 sable night descend,
And gathering tempests with the darkness blend,
Deep from the cavern'd rocks beneath aghast
He hears the howling of the whirlwind's blast;
Above resounds the crash, and down the steep
Some rolling weight groans on with foundering sweep;
Aghast he stands amid the shades of night,
And all his soul implores the friendly light:
It comes; the dreary lightnings quivering blaze,
The yawning depth beneath his lifted step betrays;
Instant unmann'd, aghast in horrid pain,
His knees no more their sickly weight sustain;
Powerless he sinks, no more his heart-blood flows:
So sunk the monarch, and his heart-blood froze;
So sunk he down, when o'er the clouded bay
The rushing whirlwind pour'd the sudden day:
Disaster's giant arm in one wide sweep
Appear'd, and ruin blacken'd o'er the deep;
The sheeted masts drove floating o'er the tide,
And the torn hulks roll'd tumbling on the side;
Some shatter'd plank each heaving billow tost,
And by the hand of Heaven dash'd on the coast

Groan'd prores ingulf'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 pass'd 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 sulph'rous shower.
'Tis o'er——In threatening silence rides the fleet:
Wild rage and horrour yell in every street;
Ten thousands, pouring round the palace gate [5],
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 councils, and the art unjust——
Our friends in chains——our city in the dust——
Yet, yet prevent——"
——The silent Vasco saw
The weight of horrour and o'erpowering awe
That shook the Moors, that shook the regent's knees,
And sunk the monarch down—By swift degrees
The popular clamour rises. Lost, unmann'd,
Around the king the trembling council stand;
While, wildly glaring on each other's eyes,
Each lip in vain the trembling accent tries;
With anguish sicken'd, and of strength bereft,
Earnest each look inquires, "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 warships 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 terrours—yet mayst thou command."
O'erpower'd he paused. Majestic and serene
Great Vasco rose: then pointing to the scene
Where bled the war, "Thy fleet, proud king, behold
O'er ocean and the strand in carnage roll'd!
So shall this palace smoking in the dust,
And yon proud city weep thy arts unjust [6].

[2] 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.

[4] For the circumstances of the battle, and the tempest which then happened, see the Preface.

[5] See the history in the Preface.

[6] This most magnanimous resolution, to sacrifice his own safety or his life for the safe return of the fleet, is strictly true. See the Preface.

The Moors I knew, and, for their fraud prepared,
I left my fixt command my navy's 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 control
These floating towers, both brothers of my soul.
'If thrice,' I said, 'arise the golden morn,
Ere to my fleet you mark my glad return,
Dark fraud with all her Moorish arts withstands,
And force or death withholds me from my bands:
Thus judge, and swift unfurl the homeward sail,
Catch the first breathing of the eastern gale,
Unmindful of my fate on India's shore:
Let but my monarch know, I wish no more——'
Each, panting while I spoke, impatient cries,
The tear-drop bursting in their manly eyes,
'In all but one thy mandates we obey,
In one we yield not to thy generous sway:
Without thee never shall our sails return;
India shall bleed, and Calicut shall burn——
Thrice shall the morn arise; a flight of bombs
Shall then speak vengeance to their guilty domes:
Till noon we pause; then shall our thunders roar,
And desolation sweep the treacherous shore——'
Behold, proud king, their signal in the sky,
Near his meridian tower the Sun rides high.
O'er Calicut no more the evening shade
Shall spread her peaceful wings, my wrath unstaid;
Dire through the night her smoking dust shall gleam, [scream."
Dire through the night shall shriek the female
"Thy worth, great chief," the pale-lipt regent cries,
"Thy worth we own: Oh, may these woes suffice!
To thee each proof of India's wealth we send;
Ambassadors, of noblest race, attend——"
Slow as he falter'd, Gama catch'd the word,
"On terms I talk not, and no truce afford:
Captives enough shall reach the Lusian shore:
Once you deceived me, and I treat no more.
Even now my faithful sailors, pale with rage,
Gnaw their blue lips, impatient to engage;
Ranged by their brazen tubes, the thundering band
Watch the first movement of my brother's hand;
E'en now, impatient, o'er the dreadful tire
They wave their eager canes beript 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 slow lingering, and impatient cries,
'Oh, give the sign, illume the sacrifice,
A brother's vengeance for a brother's blood—'"
He spake; and stern the dreadful warrior stood;
So seem'd the terrours 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 out-stretch'd arms, the monarch cries[7],
"What yet—" but dared not meet the hero's eyes,
"What yet may save?"—Great Vasco stern rejoins,
"Swift, undisputing, give th' appointed signs:
High o'er thy loftiest tower my flag display,
Me and my train swift to my fleet convey:
Instant command—behold the Sun rides high—"
He spake, and rapture glow'd in every eye;
The Lusian standard o'er the palace flow'd;
Swift o'er the bay the royal barges row'd.
A dreary gloom a sudden whirlwind threw,
Amid the howling blast, enraged, withdrew
The vanquish'd demon—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 sailor to his labour springs;
Some o'er the bars their breasts robust recline,
And with firm tugs the rollers[8] 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 canvass wings untie,
The flapping sails their widening folds distend,
And measured echoing shouts their sweaty toils
Nor had the captives lost the leader's care, [attend.
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 sable 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 treach'rous snare[9];
So burn'd his breast with Heaven-illumined flame,
And holy reverence of Messiah's name.

[7] Gama's declaration, that no message from him to the fleet could alter the orders he had already left, and his rejection of any further treaty, have a necessary effect in the conduct of the poem. They hasten the catastrophe, and give a verisimilitude to the abrupt and full submission of the zamorim.

[8] 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 versification of this passage in the original affords a most noble example of imitative harmony:

Mas ja nas nuos os bons trabalhadores
Volvem o cabrestante, et repartidos
Pello trabalho, huns puxao pella amarra,
Outros quebrao eo peito duro a barra.

[9] Had this been mentioned sooner, the interest of the catastrophe of the poem must have languished. Though he is not a warrior, the unexpected friend of Gama bears a much more considerable part in the action of the Lusiad, than the faithful Achates, the friend of the hero, bears in the business of the Æneid.

Oh, favour'd African, by Heaven's own light
Call'd from the dreary shades of errour's night;
What man may dare his seeming ills arraign,
Or what the grace of Heaven's designs explain!
Far didst thou from thy friends a stranger roam,
There wast thou call'd to thy celestial home [10].340

With rustling sound now swell'd the steady sail;
The lofty masts reclining to the gale
On full-spread wings the navy springs away,
And far behind them foams the ocean gray:
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. 350
Their glorious tale on Lisboa's shore to tell
Inspires each bosom with a rapt'rous swell;
Now through their breasts the chilly tremours glide,
To dare once more the dangers dearly tried——
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; 360
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 joy [11].

The queen of love, by Heaven's eternal grace,
The guardian goddess of the Lusian race;
The queen of love, elate with joy, surveys
Her heroes, happy, plough the watery maze:
Their dreary toils revolving in her thought,
And all the woes by vengeful Bacchus wrought; 370
These toils, these woes her yearning cares employ,
To bathe and balsam in the streams of joy.
Amid the bosom of the watery waste,
Near where the bowers of Paradise were placed [12],
An isle, array'd in all the pride of flowers,
Of fruits, of fountains, and of fragant bowers,
She means to offer to their homeward prows,
The place of glad repast and sweet repose;
And there before their raptured view to raise
The heaven-topt column of their deathless praise.

The goddess now ascends her silver car, 380
Bright was its hue as love's translucent star;
Beneath the reins the stately birds, that sing
Their sweet-ton'd death-song, spread the snowy wing;
The gentle winds beneath her chariot sigh,
And virgin blushes purple o'er the sky:
On milk-white pinions borne, her cooing doves
Form playful circles round her as she moves;
And now their beaks in fondling kisses join,
In amorous nods their fondling necks entwine. 390
O'er fair Idalia's bowers the goddess rode,
And by her altars sought Idalia's god:
The youthful bowyer of the heart was there;
His falling kingdom claim'd his earnest care [13].

[10] This exclamatory address to the Moor Monzaida, however it may appear digressive, has a double propriety. The conversion of the eastern world is the great purpose of the expedition of Gama, and Monzaida is the first fruits of that conversion. The good characters of the victorious heroes, however neglected by the great genius of Homer, have a fine effect in making an epic poem interest us and please. It might have been said, that Monzaida was a traitor to his friends, and who crowned his villany with apostasy. Camoëns has therefore wisely drawn him with other features, worthy of the friendship of Gama. Had this been neglected, the hero of the Lusiad might have shared the fate of the wise Ulysses of the Iliad, against whom, as Voltaire justly observes, every reader bears a secret ill-will. Nor is the poetical character of Monzaida unsupported by history. He was not an Arab Moor, so he did not desert his countrymen. By force these Moors had determined on the destruction of Gama: Monzaida admired and esteemed him, and therefore generously revealed to him his danger. By his attachment to Gama he lost all his effects in India, a circumstance which his prudence and knowledge of affairs must have certainly foreseen. By the known dangers he encountered, by the loss he thus voluntarily sustained, and by his after constancy, his sincerity is undoubtedly proved.

[11] 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 corse of Hector, and your Pæans sing:
Be this the song, slow moving tow'rd the shore,
"Hector is dead, and Ilion 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 Fanshaw'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 Camoëns, and of the Paradise Lost. Of this however hereafter in its proper place.

[12] According to the opinion of those who place the garden of Eden near the mountains of Imaus, from whence the Ganges and Indus derive their source.

[13] 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 fantastic Loves, mentioned in this little episode, afford any objection against this explana-

His bands he musters, through the myrtle groves
On buxom wings he trains the little Loves.
Against the world, rebellions 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 control'd. 400
A young Actæon, scornful of his lore [14],
Morn after morn pursues the foamy boar,

Indecent wilds devoted to the chase:
Each dear enchantment of the female face
Spurn'd and neglected: Him enraged he sees,
And sweet, and dread his punishment decrees.
Before his ravish'd sight, in sweet surprise,
Naked in all her charms shall Diana rise; [born [15],
With love's fierce flames his frozen heart shall
Coldly his suit, the nymph, unmoved, shall spurn.

tion, an explanation which is expressly given in the episode itself. These wild fantastic 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.

[14] The French translator has the following characteristical note: "This passage is an eternal monument of the freedoms taken by Camoëns, 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 Camoëns 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 Camoëns. 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 confidents and favourites encouraged and allured him to it. His time was spent in the forests of Cintra, while the affairs of government were neglected, or executed by those whose interest it was to keep their sovereign in ignorance. His presence, at last, being necessary at Lisbon, he 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 chase, exploits which are only intelligible to grooms and falconers. If your majesty will attend to the wants, and remove the grievances of your people, you will find them obedient subjects; if not——" The king, starting with rage, interrupted him. "If not, What——" "If not," resumed the nobleman, in a firm tone, "they will look for another and a better king." Alonzo, in the highest transport of passion, expressed his resentment, and hasted out of the room. In a little while however he returned, calm and reconciled. "I perceive," said he, "the truth of what you say. He who will not execute the duties of a king, cannot long have good subjects. Remember, from this day, you have nothing more to do with Alonzo the sportsman, but with Alonzo the king of Portugal." His majesty was as good as his promise, and became, as a warrior and politician, one of the greatest of the Portuguese monarchs.

[15] "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 chase; but this is only a consequence of the prejudice with which he viewed the amusements of his sovereign. The truth is, these princesses were refused for political reasons, and not with any 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; Camoëns 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 chase, 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."

The 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 foresaw; but had he said so his satire had been much less genteel. As the sentiments of Castera on the passage are extremely characteristical of the French ideas, another note from him will perhaps be agreeable. "Several Portuguese writers have remarked," says he, "that the wish,

Of these loved dogs that now his passions sway,
Ah! may he never fall the hapless prey!

Of these loved dogs that now his passions sway,
Ah, may he never fall the hapless prey!
Enraged he sees a venal herd, the shame
Of human race, assume the titled name [16];
And each, for some base interest of his own,
With flattery's mamm'd lips assail the throne.
He sees the men, whom holiest sanctions bind
To poverty, and love of humankind;
While soft as drop the dews of balmy May,
Their words preach virtue and her charms display,
He sees their eyes with lust of gold on fire,
And every wish to lordly state aspire;
He sees them trim the lamp at night's mid hour,
To plan new laws to arm the regal power;
Sleepless at night's mid hour to raise the laws,
The sacred bulwarks of the people's cause,
Fram'd 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.

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 his similitude too far. It was certainly injurious to don Sebastian, who nevertheless had the bounty not only not to punish this audacity, but to reward the just eulogies which the author had bestowed on him in other places. As much as the indiscretion of Camoëns 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. Camoëns 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 Camoëns, had they, like him, endeavoured to check the Quixotry of a young generous prince, that prince might have reigned long and happy, and Portugal might have escaped the Spanish yoke, which soon followed the defeat of Alcazar; a yoke which sunk Portugal into an abyss of misery, from which, in all probability, she will never emerge in her former splendour.

[16] "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.

The little Loves, light hovering in the air,
Twang their silk bow-strings, and their arms prepare:
Some on th' immortal anvils point the dart,
With power resistless to inflame the heart:
Their arrow heads they tip with soft desires,
And all the warmth of love's celestial fires;
Some sprinkle o'er the shafts the tears of woe,
Some store the quiver, some steel-spring the bow;
Each chanting as he works the tuneful strain
Of love's dear joys, of love's luxurious pain:
Charm'd was the lay to conquer and refine,
Divine the melody, the song divine.
Already now began the vengeful war,
The witness of the god's benignant care;
On the hard bosoms of the stubborn crowd
An arrowy shower the bowyer train bestow'd [17];
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.
The bowyer god, whose subtle shafts ne'er fly
Missaim'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 every joy the noblest heroes claim,
The raptured 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:

[17] There is an elegance in the original of this line, which the English language will not admit;

Nos duros coraçoens de plebe dura.——
In the hard hearts of the hard vulgar.——

Soon shall my care that beauteous isle supply,
Where Zephyr, breathing love, on Flora's lap shall sigh.
There let the nymphs the gallant heroes meet,
And strew the pink and rose beneath their feet:
In crystal halls the feast divine prolong,
With wine nectareous and immortal song:
Let every nymph the snow-white bed prepare,
And, fairer far, resign her bosom there;
There to the greedy riotous embrace
Resign each hidden charm with dearest grace:
Thus from my native waves a hero line
Shall rise, and o'er the east illustrious shine [18];
Thus shall the rebel world thy prowess know,
And what the boundless joys our friendly powers bestow."

She said; and smiling view'd her mighty boy;
Swift to the chariot springs the god of joy;
His ivory bow, and arrows tipt with gold,
Blaz'd to the sun-beam as the chariot roll'd:
Their silver harness shining to the day
The swans on milk-white pinions spring away,
Smooth gliding o'er the clouds of lovely blue;
And Fame, so will'd the god, before them flew [19]:
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:
A hundred eyes she rolls with ceaseless care,
And thousand tongues what these behold declare:
Fleet is her flight, the lightning's wing she rides,
And though she shifts her colours swift as glides
The April rainbow; still the crowd she guides.
And now aloft her wondering voice she rais'd,
And with a thousand glowing tongues she prais'd
The bold discoverers of the eastern world——
In gentle swells the listening surges curl'd,
And murmur'd to the sounds of plaintive love
Along the grottoes where the Nereids rove.
The drowsy power, on whose smooth easy mien
The smiles of wonder and delight are seen,
Whose glossy simpering eye bespeaks her name,
Credulity, attends the goddess Fame.
Fired by the heroes' praise, the watery gods [20],
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 slipp'd 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'd the tender smart
And pour'd the murmurs of the wounded heart;
Soft o'er the billows pants the amorous sigh;
With wishful languor melting on each eye
The love-sick nymphs explore the tardy sails
That waft the heroes on the lingering gales.

Give way, ye lofty billows, low subside,
Smooth as the level plain, your swelling pride,
Lo, 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, and stately as they rear [21]
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 languor 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,
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 crystal spring;
When sudden, all in nature's pride array'd,
The Isle of Love its glowing breast display'd.
O'er the green bosom of the dewy lawn
Soft blazing flow'd the silver of the dawn,
The gentle waves the glowing lustre share,
Arabia's balm was sprinkled o'er the air.
Before the fleet, to catch the heroes' view,
The floating isle fair Acidalia drew;

[18] "By the line of heroes to be produced by the union of the Portuguese with the Nereids, is to be understood the other Portuguese, who, following the steps of Gama, established illustrious colonies in India."—Castera.

[19] This passage affords a striking instance of the judgment of Camoëns. Virgil's celebrated description of Fame (see note 19 of Lusiad V.) 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.

[20] To mention the gods in the masculine gender, and immediately to apply to them,

O peito feminil, que levemente
Muda quaysquer propositos tomados.—

The ease with which the female breast changes its resolutions, may to the hypercritic appear reprehensible. The expression however is classical, and therefore retained. Virgil uses it, where Æneas is conducted by Venus through the flames of Troy;

Descendo, ac ducente Deo, flammam inter et hostes
Expedior——

This is in the manner of the Greek poets, who use the word Θεὰ for god or goddess.

[21] A distant fleet compared to swans on a lake is certainly a happy thought. The allusion to the pomp of Venus, whose agency is immediately concerned, gives it besides a peculiar propriety. This simile, however, is not in the original. It is adopted from an uncommon happiness of Fanshaw;

The pregnant sayles on Neptune's surface creep,
Like her own swans, in gate, out-stare, and stether.

Soon as the floating verdure caught their sight [22],
She fix'd, unmov'd, the island of delight.
So when in child-birth of her Jove-sprung load,
The sylvan goddess and the bowyer god,
In friendly pity of Latona's woes [23],
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 crystal pride;
Sonorous now they roll adown the glade,
Now plaintive tinkle in the secret shade,
Now from the darkling grove, beneath the beam
Of ruddy morn, like melted silver stream,
Edging the painted margins of the bowers,
And breathing liquid freshness on the flowers.
Here bright reflected in the pool below
The vermil 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 crystal lake the waters blend [24]:

Fring'd was the border with a woodland shade,
In every leaf of various green array'd,
Each yellow-tinged, each mingling tint between
The dark ash-verdure and the silvery green.
The trees now bending forward slowly shake
Their lofty honours o'er the crystal lake;
Now from the flood the graceful boughs retire
With coy reserve, and now again admire.
Their various liveries by the summer drest,
Smooth-gloss'd and softened in the mirror's breast.
So by her glass the wishful virgin stays,
And oft retiring steals the lingering gaze.
A thousand boughs aloft to Heaven display
Their fragrant apples shining to the day;
The orange here perfumes the buxom air [25],
And boasts the golden hue of Daphne's hair,
Near to the ground each spreading bough descends,
Beneath her yellow load the citron bends;
The fragrant lemon scents the cooly grove;
Fair as when ripening for the days of love
The virgin's breasts the gentle swell avow,
So the twin fruitage swell on every bough.
Wild forest trees the mountain sides array'd
With curling foliage and romantic shade:
Here spreads the poplar, to Alcides dear;
And dear to Phœbus, ever verdant here,

[22] As the departure of Gama from India was abrupt (see the Preface), he put into one of the beautiful islands of Anchediva for fresh water. While he was here careening his ships, says Faria, a pirate named Timoja attacked him with eight small vessels, so linked together and covered with boughs, that they formed the appearance of a floating island. This, says Castera, afforded the fiction of the floating island of Venus. "The fictions of Camoëns," says he, "sont d'autant plus merveilleuses, qu'elles ont toutes leur fondement dans l'histoire, are the more marvellous, because they are all founded in history. It is not difficult to find why he makes his island of Achediva 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 Camoëns stood in need of so weak an assistance.

[23] Latona, in pregnancy by Jupiter, was persecuted by Juno, who sent the serpent Python in pursuit of her. Neptune, in pity of her distress, raised the island of Delos for her refuge, where she was delivered of Apollo and Diana.—Ovid. Met.

[24] Castera also attributes this to history; "The Portuguese actually found in this island," says he, "a fine piece of water ornamented with hewn stones and magnificent aqueducts; an ancient and superb work, of which nobody knew the author." In 1505 don Francisco Almeyda built a fort in this island. In digging among some ancient ruins he found many crucifixes of black and red colour, from whence the Portuguese conjectured, says Osorius, that the Anchedivian islands had in former ages been inhabited by Christians. Vid. Osor. l. iv.

[25] Frequent allusions to the fables of the ancients form a characteristical feature of the poetry of the 16th and 17th centuries. A profusion of it is pedantry; a moderate use of it, however, in a poem of these times pleases, because it discovers the stages of composition, and has in itself a fine effect, as it illustrates its subject by presenting the classical reader with some little landscapes of that country through which he has travelled. The description of forests is a favourite topic in poetry. Chaucer, Tasso, and Spenser, have been happy in it, but both have copied an admired passage in Statius;

——Cadit ardua fagus,
Chaoniumque nemus, brumæque illæsa cupressus;
Procumbunt piceæ, flammis alimenta supremis,
Ornique, iliceæque trabes, metuendaque succo
Taxus, et infandos belli potura cruores
Fraxinus, atque situ non expugnabile robur:
Hinc audax abies, et odoro vulnere pinus
Scinditur, acclinant intonsa cacumina terræ
Almus amica fretis, nec inhospita vitibus ulmus.

In rural descriptions three things are necessary to render them poetical; the happiness of epithet, of picturesque arrangement, and of little landscape views. Without these, all the names of trees and flowers, though strung together in tolerable numbers, contain no more poetry than a nurseryman or a florist's catalogue. In Statius, in Tasso and Spenser's admired forests, (Gier. Libr. c. 3. st. 75, 76, and F. Queen, b. i. c. 1. st. 8, 9.) the poetry consists entirely in the happiness of the epithets. In Camoëns, all the three requisites 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 wise,
Less'ning from earth her spiral honours rise,
Till, as a spear-point rear'd, the topmost spray
Points to the Eden of eternal day.
Here round her fostering elm the smiling vine
In fond embraces gives her arms to twine;
The numerous clusters pendant from the boughs,
The green here glistens, here the purple glows:
For here the genial Seasons of the year
Danc'd hand in hand, no place for Winter here;
His grisly visage from the shore expell'd,
United sway the smiling Seasons held.
Around the swelling fruits of deepening red,
Their snowy hues the fragrant blossoms spread;
Between the bursting buds of lucid green
The apple's ripe vermilion blush is seen;
For here each gift Pomona's hand bestows
In cultured garden, free, uncultured flows,
The flavour sweeter, and the hue more fair,
Than e'er was foster'd by the hand of care.
The cherry here in shining crimson glows;
And stain'd with lover's blood, in pendant rows,[88]
The bending boughs the mulberries o'erload[88];
The bending boughs caress'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 pomegranate 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-tinged orange of thy mellow side.
A thousand flowers of gold, of white and red,
Far o'er the shadowy vale their carpets spread[87],
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-enamor'd, hangs the head;
And here, bedew'd with love's celestial tears,
The woe-mark'd flower of slain Adonis rears[89]
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 dyes[90];
The lawn in all Aurora's lustre glows,
Aurora steals the blushes of the rose,
The rose displays the blushes that adorn
The spotless virgin on the nuptial morn.
Zephyr and Flora emulous conspire
To breathe their graces o'er the field's attire;
The one gives healthful freshness, one the hue,
Fairer than e'er creative pencil drew.
Pale as the love-sick hopeless maid they dye
The modest violet; from the curious eye
The modest violet turns her gentle head,
And by the thorn weeps o'er her lowly bed;
Bending beneath the tears of pearly dawn
The snow-white lily glitters o'er the lawn;
Lo, from the bough reclines the damask rose,
And o'er the lily's milk-white bosom glows;
Fresh in the dew far o'er the painted dales,
Each fragrant herb her sweetest scent exhales;
The hyacinth bewrays the doleful Ai[91],
And calls the tribute of Apollo's sigh;

[88] ——Pyramus and Thisbe:

Arborei fœtus aspergine cædis in atram
Vertuntur faciem: madefactaque sanguine radix
Puniceo tingit pendentia mora colore . . . . .
At tu, quæ ramis arbor miserabile corpus
Nunc tegis unius, mox es tectura duorum;
Signa tene cædis: pullosque, et luctibus aptos
Semper habe fœtus gemini monumenta cruoris.
Ovid. Met.

[87] Literal from the original,—O sombrio valle,—which Fanshaw however has translated, "the 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 of all Fanshaw's translation. And indeed the dullest prose translation might obscure, but could not possibly throw a total eclipse over, so admirable an original.

[89] "The anemone—This," says Castera, "is applicable to the celestial Venus; for, according to mythology, her amour with Adonis had nothing in it impure, but was only the love which Nature bears to the Sun." The fables of antiquity have generally a 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 Psyche, is interpreted by mythologists, to signify the divine love weeping over the degeneracy of human nature.

[90] On this passage Castera has the following sensible though turgid note: "This thought," says he, "is taken from the idyllium of Ausonius on the rose;

Ambigeres raperente rosis Aurora ruborem,
An daret, et flores tingeret orta dies.

Camoëns, who had a genius rich of itself, still further enriched it at the expense of the ancients. Behold what makes great authors! Those who pretend to give us nothing but the fruits of their own growth, soon fail, like the little rivulets which dry up in the summer; very different from the floods, who receive in their course the tribute of an hundred and an hundred rivers, and which even in the dog-days carry their waves triumphant to the ocean."

[91] Hyacinthus, a youth beloved of Apollo, by

Still on its bloom the mournful flower retains
The lovely blue that dy'd the stripling's veins.
Pomona fired with rival envy views
The glaring pride of Flora's darling hues;
Where Flora bids the purple iris spread,
She hangs the wilding's blossom white and red;
Where wild thyme purples, where the daisy snows
The curving slopes, the melon's pride she throws;
Where by the stream the lily of the vale,
Primrose, and cowslip meek, perfume the gale,
Beneath the lily and the cowslip's bell
The scarlet strawberries luxurious swell.
Nor these alone the teeming Eden yields,
Each harmless bestial crops the flowery fields;
And birds of every note and every wing
Their loves responsive through the branches sing;
In sweet vibrations thrilling o'er the skies,
High-pois'd in air, the lark his warbling tries;
The swan slow sailing o'er the crystal lake
Tunes his melodious notes; from every brake
The glowing strain the nightingale returns,
And in the bowers of love the turtle mourns.
Pleased to behold his branching horns appear,
O'er the bright fountain bends the fearless deer;
The hare starts trembling from the bushy shade,
And, swiftly circling, crosses o'er the glade.
Where from the rocks the bubbling founts distill,
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; 770
'T is nature's touch; 't is instinct's heaven-like feast.
Thus bower and lawn were deckt with Eden's flowers,
And song and joy impearadised the bowers.

And soon the fleet their ready anchors threw:
Lift[illegible] eager tip-top at the view,
On nimble feet that bounded to the strand
The storied Argonauts[illegible] dance to land[31].
Wide o'er the beauteous isle the lovely fair
Stray through the distant glades, devoid of care[32].

whom he was accidentally slain, and afterwards turned into a flower:

—— Tyrioque nitentior ostro
Flos oritur, formamque capit, quam lilia: si non,
Purpureus color hic, argenteus esset in illis.
Non solet hoc Phoebus: is enim fuit auctor honoris.
Ipse suos gemitus foliis inscribit; et Ai, Ai,
Flos habet inscriptum: funestaque littera ducta est.
Ovid. Met.

[31] 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 Camoëns to this voyage, though in the spirit of his age, are by no means improper.

[32] 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'Orléans talks of the island of Venus with that same knowledge of his subject with which he made Camoëns, 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 Camoëns has hitherto been very peculiar. The mixture of Pagan and Christian mythology in his machinery has been anathematized, and his island of Love represented as a brothel. Yet both accusations are the arrogant assertions of the most superficial acquaintance with his works, a hearsay, 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.

From lowly valley and from mountain grove 780
The lovely nymphs renew the strains of love.

Not to mention Ariosto, whose descriptions will often admit of no palliation, Tasso, Spenser, and Milton, have always been esteemed as the chastest of poets, yet in the delicacy of warm description, the inartificial modesty of nature, none of them can boast the continued uniformity of the Portuguese poet. Though there is a warmth in the colouring of Camoëns, 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 Camoëns 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 unsought be won.

To sum up all, the nuptial sanctity draws its hallowed curtains, and a masterly allegory shuts up the love-scenes of Camoëns.

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 Camoëns, 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,

Here from the bowers that crown the plaintive rill
The solemn harp's melodious warblings thrill;

Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secret signs of kindling lust appear,
Their wanton merriments they did encrease,
And to him beckon'd to approach more near,
And shew'd him many sights, that courage cold
could rear.

This and other descriptions,

Upon a bed of roses she was laid
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin—

present every idea of lascivious voluptuousness. The allurements of speech are also added. Songs, which breathe every persuasive, are heard; and the nymphs boldly call to the beholder;

E' dolce campo di battaglia il letto
Fiavi, e l'herbetta morbida de' prati.— Tasso.

Our field of battle is the downy bed,
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. They are the scenes of guilt and remorse. In Camoëns, the supposition of the purest honour and innocence gives a nameless delicacy; and though the colouring be warm, yet the modesty of the Venus de Medicis is still preserved. In every thing he describes there is still something strongly similar to the modest attitude of the arms of that celebrated statue. Though prudery, that usual 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 more delicate, the picture is nevertheless indecently lascivious. The third and fourth of the five concluding stanzas, which in his second edition he added to the third book of the Faerie Queene, afford a striking example. The virgin Britomart, the pattern of chastity, stands by, while sir Scudamore and Amoret

——————with sweet countervaile
Each other of love's bitter fruit despoile—

But this shall not here be cited; only,

That Britomart, half envying their bless,
Was much empassion'd in her gentle sprite,
And to herself oft wish'd like happiness; [sess.
In vain she wish'd, that fate n'ould let her yet pos-

Nor is even Spenser's wife of Malbecco more indelicate than some lines of the Paradise Lost. The reply of the angel to Adam's description of his nuptials contains some strokes intolerably disgustful. And the first effect of the forbidden fruit offers a remarkable contrast to that delicacy of expression which adorns the first loves of Adam and Eve. If there is propriety, however, in thus representing the amours of guilty intoxication, by which figure Milton calls it, some of the terms of expression are still indefensibly indelicate. In a word, so unjust is the censure of Voltaire, a censure which never arose from a comparison of Camoëns with other poets, and so ill-grounded is the charge against him, that we cannot but admire his superior delicacy; a delicacy not even understood in his age, when the grossest imagery often found a place in the pulpits of the most pious divines; when in the old liturgy itself it was esteemed no indelicacy of expression to enjoin the wife to be buxom in bed and at board. We know what liberties were taken by the politest writers of the Augustan age; and such is the change of manners, that Shakespeare and Spenser might with justice appeal from the judgement of the present, when it condemns them for indecency. Camoëns, however, may appeal to the most polished age; let him be heard for himself, let him be compared with others of the first name, and his warmest descriptions need not dread the decision.

Here from the shadows of the upland grot
The mellow lute renews the swelling note.
As fair Diana and her virgin train,
Some gaily ramble o'er the flowery plain,
In feigu'd pursuit of hare or bounding roe,
Their graceful mien and beauteous limbs to show;
Now seeming careless, fearful now and coy,
(So taught the goddess of unutter'd joy,)
And gliding through the distant glades display
Each limb, each movement, naked as the day.
Some light with glee in careless freedom take
Their playful revels in the crystal lake;
One trembling stands no deeper than the knee,
To plunge reluctant, while in sportful glee
Another o'er her sudden laves the tide;
In pearly drops the wishful waters glide,
Reluctant dropping from her breasts of snow;
Beneath the wave another seems to glow;
The amorous waves her bosom fondly kiss'd,
And rose and fell, as panting on her breast.
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 show.
Some gallant Lusians sought the woodland prey,
And through the thickets forced the pathless way;
And some, in shades impervious to the beam,
Supinely listen'd to the murmuring stream:
When sudden through the boughs the various dyes
Of pink, of scarlet, and of azure rise.
Swift from the verdant banks the loiterers spring,
Down drops the arrow from the half-drawn string:
Soon they behold 't was not the rose's hue,
The jonquil's yellow, nor the pansy'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
The shining lustre of their native snow, [show
And every tapering, every rounded swell
Of thigh, of bosom, as they glide, reveal.
As visions cloth'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 surprise,
" 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 terrour, fly their sight.
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 through the veil, in fairer brighter glow,
The lifted robe displays the living snow:
Quick fluttering on the gale the robe conceals,
Then instant to the glance each charm reveals,
Reveals, and covers from the eyes on fire,
Reveals, and with the shade inflames desire.
One, as her breathless lover hastens on,
With wily stumble sudden lies o'erthrown;
Confus'd she rises with a blushing smile;
The lover falls the captive of her guile:
Tript by the fair he tumbles on the mead,
The joyful victim of his eager speed.
Afar, where sport the wantons in the lake,
Another band of gallant youths betake;
The laugh, the shriek, the revel and the toy,
Bespeak the innocence of youthful joy:
The laugh, the shriek, the gallant Lusians hear,
As through the forest glades they 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,
Shrill through the woods resound the shriek of fear.
Some feign such terrour of the forced embrace,
Their virgin modesty to this gives place,
Naked they spring to land, and speed away
To deepest shades unpierc'd by glaring day;
Thus yielding freely to the amorous eyes
What to the amorous arms their fear denies.
Some well assume Diana's virgin shame,
When on her naked sports the hunter came.[33]
Unwelcome——plunging in the crystal tide,
In vain they strive their beauteous limbs to hide;
The lucid waves, 't was 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 set, and every net of amorous guile.
Whate'er the terrour 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, cloth'd and shod, impatient of delay,
Impatient of the stings of fierce desire,
Plunge headlong in the tide to quench the 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,
And barking cuts the wave with furious joy:
So mid the billow springs each eager boy,
Springs to the nymph, whose eyes, from all the rest
By singling him, her secret wish confest.
A son of Mars was there, of generous race,
His every elegance of manly grace;
Amorous and brave, the bloom of April youth
Glow'd on his cheek, his eye spoke simplest truth;
Yet love, capricious to th' accomplish'd boy,
Had ever turn'd to gall each promis'd joy,
Had ever spurn'd his vows; yet still his heart
Would hope, and nourish still the tender smart:
The purest delicacy fann'd his fires,
And proudest honour nurs'd his fond desires.
Not on the first that fair before him glow'd,
Not on the first the youth his love bestow'd,
In all her charms the fair Ephyre came,
And Leonardo's heart was all on flame.
Affection's melting transport o'er him stole,
And love's all generous glow entranced his soul;
Of selfish joy unconscious, every thought
On sweet delirium's ocean stream'd afloat.
Pattern of beauty did Ephyre shine,
Nor less she wish'd these beauties to resign:
More 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,
"O turn," he cries, "O 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, 't was I that sued! unhappy me!
Born to be spurn'd though honesty inspire——
Alas, I faint, my languid sinews tire;
O stay thee——powerless to sustain their weight,
My knees sink down, I sink beneath my fate!"
He spoke: a rustling urges through the trees;
Instant new vigour strings his active knees;
Wildly he glares around, and raging cries,
"And must another snatch my lovely prize?
In savage grasp thy beauteous limbs constrain!
I feel, I madden while I feel the pain!
O lost, thou fliest 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——O goddess, turn,
And smiling view the errour 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 chase,
I faint, yet hear, yet turn thy lovely face.

[33] Acteon.

Vain are thy fears; were e'en thy will to yield
The harvest of my hope, that harvest field [rear
My fate would guard, and walls of brass would
Between my sickle and the golden ear.
Yet fly me not; so may thy youthful prime
Ne'er fly thy cheek on the gray wing of time.
Yet hear, the last my panting breath can say,—
Nor proudest kings nor mightiest hosts can sway
Fate's dread decrees; yet thou, O nymph divine,
Yet thou canst more, yet thou canst conquer mine.
Unmoved each other yielding nymph I see; 982
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 ecstasy:
By all the flames of sympathy divine
To thee united, thou by right art mine.
From thee, from thee the hallowed transport flows,
That severed rages, and for union glows; 991
Heaven owns the claim—Hah, did the lightning glare?
Yes, I beheld my rival, though the air
Grew dim; e'en now I heard him softly tread;
O rage! he waits thee on the flowery bed!
I see, I see thee rushing to his arms,
And sinking on his bosom all thy charms
To him resigning in an eager kiss,
All I implored, the whelming tide of bliss!
And shall I see him riot on thy charms, 1000
Dissolved in joy exulting in thine arms——
O burst, ye lightnings, round my destin'd head,
O pour your flashes——" Madd'ning as he said,
Amid the windings of the bowery wood
His trembling footsteps still the nymph pursued[34].
Wooed 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, 1010
Crocus and mingling pansy fring'd the bed,
The woodbine dropt its honey from above,
And various roses crown'd the sweet alcove.

[34] At the end of his Homer, Mr. Pope has given an index of the instances of imitative and sentimental harmony contained in his translations. He has also often in his notes pointed out the adaption of sound to sense. The translator of the Lusiad hopes he may for once say, that he has not been inattentive to this great essential of good versification;—how he has succeeded the judicious only must determine. The speech of Leonard to the cursory 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 pursy abbé (and critics are apt to judge by themselves) may indeed be surprised that a man out of breath with running should be able to talk so long. But had he consulted the experience of others, he would have found it was no wonderful matter for a stout and young cavalier to talk twice as much, though fatigued with the chase of a couple of miles, provided the supposition is allowed, that he treads on the last steps of his flying mistress.

Here as she hastens, on the hopeless boy
She turns her face, all bathed in smiles of joy;
Then, sinking down, her eyes, sufficed with love,
Glowing on his, one moment lost reprove.
Here was no rival, all he wish'd his own;
Lock'd in her arms soft sinks the stripling down—
Ah, what soft murmurs panting through the bowers
Sigh'd to the raptures of the paramours! 1021
The wishful sigh and melting smile conspire,
Devouring kisses fan the fiercer fire;
Sweet violence with dearest grace assails,
Soft o'er the purposed frown the smile prevails;
The purposed frown betrays its own deceit,
In well-pleas'd laughter ends the rising threat;
The coy delay glides off in yielding love,
And transport murmurs through the sacred grove.
The joy of pleasing adds its sacred zest, 1030
And all is love, embracing and embraced.
The golden morn beheld the scenes of joy;
Nor, sultry noon, mayst thou the bowers annoy;
The sultry noon-beam shines the lover's aid,
And sends him glowing to the secret shade.
O'er every shade and every nuptial bower
The love-sick strain the virgin turtles pour;
For nuptial faith and holy rites combined,
The Lusian heroes and the nymphs conjoin'd.
With flowery wreaths, and laurel chaplets, bound
With ductile gold, the nymphs the heroes crown'd:
By every spousal holy ritual tied, 1042
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, 1050
And gives her empire to his dread command,
By spousal ties confirm'd; nor past untold
What Fate's unalter'd page had will'd of old:
The world's vast globe in radiant sphere she show'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 1060
Her palace walls of living crystal shine;
Of gold and crystal blaze the lofty towers:
Here bathed in joy they pass the blissful hours:
Ingulf'd in tides on tides of joy, the day
On downy pinions glides unknown away.
While thus the sovereigns in the palace reign,
Like transport riots o'er the humbler plain,
Where each in generous triumph o'er his peers
His lovely bride to every bride prefers.
"Hence, ye profane!" [35]——the song melodious rose, 1070
By mildest zephyrs wafted through the boughs,

[35] 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 Camoëns, 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.

Unseen the warblers of the holy strain——
" Far from these sacred bowers, ye lewd profane!
Hence each unhallowed eye, each vulgar ear;
Chaste and divine are all the raptures here.
The nymphs of ocean, and the ocean's queen,
The isle angelic, every raptured scene,
The charms of honour and its meed confess,
These are the raptures, these the wedded bliss;
The glorious triumph and the laurel crown,
The ever-blossom'd palms of fair renown,
By 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 imprest,
The first and noblest passion of the breast,
May yet mislead—O 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 lov'd 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 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."

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 Alcinous in the Odyssey, and the Elysium in the Æneid, have excited the ambition of many imitators. Many instances of these occur in the later writers. These subjects, however, it must be owned, are so natural to the genius of poetry, that it is scarcely fair to attribute to an imitation of the classics, the innumerable descriptions of this kind, which abound in the old romances. In these, under different allegorical names, every passion, every virtue and vice, had its palace, its enchanted bower, or its dreary cave. The fictions of the Arabs were adopted by the Troubadours and first Gothic romancers. Among the Italians, on the revival of letters, Pulci, Boyardo, and others, borrowed from the Troubadours; Ariosto borrowed from Pulci and his followers; and Spenser has copied Ariosto and Tasso. In the sixth and seventh books of the Orlando Furioso, there is a fine description of the island and palace of Alcina or Vice; and in the tenth book, but inferior to the other in poetical colouring, we have a view of the country of Logistilla or Virtue. The passage of this kind, however, where Ariosto has displayed the richest poetical painting, is in the xxxivth book, in the description of Paradise, whither he sends Astolpho, the English duke, to ask the aid of St. John to recover the wits of Orlando. The whole is most admirably fanciful. Astolpho mounts the clouds on the winged horse, sees Paradise, and, accompanied by the evangelist, visits the Moon; the description of which orb is almost literally translated in Milton's Limbo. But the passage which may be said to bear the nearest resemblance to the descriptive part of the island of Venus, is the landscape of Paradise, of which the ingenious Mr. Hoole, to whose many acts of friendship I am proud to acknowledge myself indebted, has obliged me with his translation, though only ten books of his Ariosto are yet published.

O'er the glad earth the blissful season pours
The vernal beauties of a thousand flowers
In varied tints: there show'd the ruby's hue,
The yellow topaz, and the sapphire blue.
The mead appears one intermingled blaze, [rays.
Where pearls and diamonds dart their trembling
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 flowrets blow.
The frolic birds, gay-plum'd, of various wing,
Amid the boughs their notes melodious sing:
Still lakes and murmuring streams, with waters clear,
Charm the fixt eye, and lull the listening ear.
A softening genial air, that ever seems
In even tenour, cools the solar beams
With fanning breeze; while from th' enamell'd field,
Whate'er the fruits, the plants, the blossoms yield
Of grateful scent, the stealing gales dispense
The blended sweets to feed th' immortal sense.

Amid the plain a palace dazzling bright,
Like living flame, emits a streamy light,
And wrapt in splendour of refulgent day
Outshines the strength of every mortal ray.

Astolpho gently now directs his speed
To where the spacious pile enfolds the mead
In circuit wide, and views with eager eyes
Each nameless charm that happy soil supplies.
With this compar'd he deems the world below
A dreary desert and a seat of woe,
By Heaven and Nature, in their wrath bestow'd,
In evil hour for man's unblest abode.

Near and more near the stately walls he drew,
In steadfast gaze, transported at the view:

They seem'd one gem entire, of purer red
Than deepening gleams transparent rubies shed.
Stupendous work! by art Dædalian rais'd,
Transcending all, by feeble mortals prais'd!
No more henceforth let boasting tongues proclaim
Those wonders of the world, so chronicled by fame!

Camoëns read and admired Ariosto; but it by no means follows that he borrowed the hint of his island of Venus from that poet. The luxury of flowery description is as common in poetry as are the tales of love. The heroes of Ariosto meet beautiful women in the palace of Alcina:

Before the threshold wanton damsels wait,
Or sport between the pillars of the gate:
But beauty more had brighten'd in their face
Had modesty attemper'd every grace;
In vestures green each damsel swept the ground,
Their temples fair with leafy garlands crown'd.
These, with a courteous welcome, led the knight
To this sweet Paradise of soft delight . . . .
Enamour'd youths and tender damsels seem
To chant their loves beside a purling stream.
Some by a branching tree or mountain's shade
In sports and dances press the downy glade,
While one discloses to his friend, apart,
The secret transports of his amorous heart. B. vi.

But these descriptions also, which bring the heroes of knight-errantry into the way of beautiful wantons, are as common in the old romances as the use of the alphabet; and indeed the greatest part of these love adventures are evidently borrowed from the fable of Circe. Astolpho, who was transformed into a myrtle by Alcina, thus informs Rogero:

Her former lovers 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 preferr'd . . .
Some here, some there, her potent charms retain,
In divers forms imprison'd to remain;
In beeches, olives, palms, and cedars clos'd,
Or such as me you here behold expos'd;
In fountains some, and some in beasts confin'd,
As suits the wayward fairy's cruel mind.
Hoole, Ar. b. vi.

When 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 Camoëns, 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. Camoëns knew how others had painted the flowery bowers of love; these formed his taste and corrected his judgment. He viewed the beauties of Nature with poetical eyes, from thence he drew his landscapes; he had felt all the allurements of love, and from thence he describes the agitations of that passion.

Nor is the description of fairy bowers and palaces, though most favourite topics, peculiar to the romances of chivalry. The poetry of the Orientals also abounds with them, yet with some characteristical differences. Like the constitutions and dress of the Asiatics, the landscapes of the eastern Muse are warm and feeble, brilliant and slight, and, like the manners of the people, wear an eternal sameness. The western Muse, on the contrary, is nervous as her heroes, sometimes flowery as her Italian or English fields, sometimes majestically great as her runic forests of oak and pine; and always various as the character of her inhabitants. Yet with all these differences of feature, several oriental fictions greatly resemble the island of Circe and the flowery dominions of Alcina. In particular, the adventures of prince Agib, or the third Calender, 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 Camoëns bears a more striking resemblance to a passage in Chaucer. The following beautiful piece of poetical painting occurs in the Assembly of the Fowles:

The bildir oak, and eke the hardie ashe,
The pillir elme, the coffir unto caraine,
The boxe pipetre, the holme to whippis lasshe,
The sailing firre, the cypres deth to plaine,
The shortir ewe, the aspe for shaftis plaine,
The olive of pece, and eke the dronkin vine,
The victor palme, the laurir to divine.

A gardein sawe I full of blosomed bowis,
Upon a river, in a grené mede
There as sweteness evirmore inough is
With flouris white, and blewe, yelowe, and rede,
And colde and clere wellestremis, nothing dede,
That swommin full of smale fishes light,
With finnis rede, and scalis silver bright.

On every bough the birdis herd I syng
With voice of angell, in their harmonie
That busied 'hem, ther birdis forthe to bryng,
And little pretie conies to ther plaie gan hie;
And furthir all about I gan espie
The dredful roe, the buck, the hart and hind,
Squirils, and bestis smal of gentle kind.

Of instrumentes of stringis, in accorde
Herd I so plaie a ravishyng sweetnesse,
That God, that makir is of all the lorde,
Ne herd nevir a better, as I gesse,
There with a winde, unneth it might be lesse,
Made in the levis grene a noisé soft
Accordant to the soulis song on loft.

The aire of the place so attempre was,
That ner was there grevaunce of hot ne cold—
* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Under a tre beside a well I seye
Cupid our lorde his arrowes forge and file,
And at his fete his bowe all redie laye,
And well his doughtir temprid all the while
The heddis in the well, and with her wile
She couchid 'hem aftir as thei should serve,
Some for to flea, and some to wound and carve.
* * * * * * * * * * * *

And upon pillirs grete of jaspir long
I saw a temple of brasse ifoundid strong.

And about the temple dauncid alwaie
Women inow, of which some there ywere
Faire of 'heself, and some of 'hem were gaie,
In kirtils all desheveled went thei there,
That was ther officer from yere to yere,
And on the temple sawe I white and faire
Of dovis sittyng many a thousand paire.

Here we have Cupid forging his arrows, the woodland, the streams, the music of instruments and birds, the frolics of deer and 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 Camoëns understand a line of English. The subject was common, and the same poetical feelings in Chaucer and Camoëns 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 Camoëns. 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 has undoubtedly built upon the model of Camoëns, 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 Camoëns. 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 Æneid. In the tenth Lusiad, Gama and his heroes hear the nymphs in the divine palace of Thetis sing the triumphs of their countrymen in the conquest of India: after this the goddess gives Gama a view of the eastern world, from the Cape of Good Hope to the furthest islands of Japan. She poetically describes every region and the principal islands, and concludes, "All these are given to the western world by you." It is impossible any poem can be summed up with greater sublimity. The fall of Troy is nothing to this. Nor is this all: the prophecy of Anchises, which forms the most masterly fiction, finest compliment, and ultimate purpose of the Æneid, is not only nobly imitated; but the conduct of Homer, in concluding the Iliad, as already observed, is paralleled, without one circumstance being borrowed. Poetical conduct cannot possibly bear a stronger resemblance, than the reward of the heroes of the Lusiad, the prophetic song, and the vision shown to Gama, bear to the games at the funeral of Patroclus and the redemption of the body of Hector, considered as the completion of the anger of Achilles, the subject of the Iliad. Nor is it a greater honour to resemble a Homer and a Virgil, than it is to be resembled by a Milton. Though Milton perhaps never saw the Lusiad in the original tongue, he certainly heard of Fanshaw's translation, which was published fourteen years before he gave his Paradise Lost to the world. But whatever he knew of it, had the last book of the Lusiad been two thousand years known to the learned, every one would have owned that the two last books of the Paradise Lost were evidently formed upon it. But whether Milton borrowed any hint from Camoëns, 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, is 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.

LUSIAD X.

FAR o'er the western ocean's distant bed [a]
Apollo now his fiery coursers sped,
Far o'er the silver lake of Mexic roll'd [1]
His rapid chariot wheels of burning gold:

[1] 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 forefathers 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 midst 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 pourtrayed in their picture-histories; one of which was sent to Charles V., and is said to

The eastern sky was left to dusky gray,
And o'er the last hot breath of parting day,
Cool o'er the sultry noon's remaining flame,
On gentle gales the grateful twilight came.
Dimpling the lucid pools, the fragrant breeze
Sighs o'er the lawns and whispers through the trees;
Refresh'd the lily rears the silver head,
And opening jasmines o'er the arbours spread.
Fair o'er the wave, that gleam'd like distant snow,
Graceful arose the Moon, serenely slow;
Not yet full-orb'd, in clouded splendour drest,
Her married arms embrace her pregnant breast.
Sweet to his mate, recumbent o'er his young,
The nightingale his spousal anthem sung;
From every bower the holy chorus rose,
From every bower the rival anthem flows.
Translucent twinkling through the upland grove,
In all her lustre shines the star of love;
Led by the sacred ray from every bower,
A joyful train, the wedded lovers pour:
Each with the youth above the rest approved,
Each with the nymph above the rest beloved,
They seek the palace of the sovereign dame;
High on a mountain glow'd the wondrous frame:
Of gold the towers, of gold the pillars shone,
The walls were crystal, starr'd with precious stone.
Amid the hall arose the festive board,
With Nature's choicest gifts promiscuous stor'd:
So will'd the goddess to renew the smile
Of vital strength, long worn by days of toil.
On crystal chairs that shined as lambent flame
Each gallant youth attends his lovely dame;
Beneath a purple canopy of state
The beauteous goddess and the leader sate:
The banquet glows—Not such the feast when all
The pride of luxury in Egypt's hall
Before the love-sick Roman[2] 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 savour 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
To this compare not; wild nor frantic fires,
Divinest transport this alone inspires.
The beverage, foaming o'er the goblet's breast,
The crystal fountain's cooling aid confest[3];
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 domains[4],
And sooth'd the tortur'd ghosts to slumber on their chains.
To music's sweetest chords in loftiest 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; listening silence rides
The sky, and o'er the bridled winds presides;
In softest murmurs flows the glassy deep,
And, each lull'd in his shade, the bestials sleep.
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 Phæacia's lord, [string,
Though fam'd in song, could touch the warbling
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[5],
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,

be still extant in the Escurial. According to the reigns of their kings, their first emigration was about A. D. 720. Vide Boterus, Gomara, Acosta, and other Spanish writers.

[2] Mark Anthony.

[3] It was a custom of the ancients in warm climates to mix the coldest spring water with their wine, immediately before drinking; not, we may suppose, to render it less intoxicating, but on account of the heightened flavour it thereby received. Homer tells us, that the wine which Ulysses gave to Polypheme would bear twenty measures of water. Modern luxury, by placing the bottle in preserved ice, has found a method to give the wine the most agreeable coolness, without reducing its quality.

[4] 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 infernal hall.—

"To slumber amid their punishment," though omitted by Fanshaw, is literal,

> Fizerao descançar de eterna pena——

[5] It is not certain when Camoëns 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 Camoëns, it would have been bedewed with the tears of ages.

Never on other sea of life to steer
The human course—Yet thou, O goddess, hear,
Yet let me live, though round my silver'd head
Misfortune's bitterest rage 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 [6];
Though for thy faith to Lusus' generous race
The raging zamoreem thy fields deface;
From Tagus, lo, the great Pacheco sails
To India, wafted on auspicious gales.
Soon as his crooked prow the tide shall press,
A new Achilles shall the tide confess;
His ship's strong sides shall groan beneath his weight [7],
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:
Join'd are the sects that never touch'd before [8],
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 proas [9].
Submiss and silent, palsied with amaze,
Proud Malabar th' unnumber'd slain surveys:
Yet burns the monarch; to his shrine he speeds;
Dire howl the priests, the groaning victim bleeds;
The ground they stamp, and from the dark abodes
With tears and vows they call th' infernal gods.
Enraged with dog-like madness to behold
His temples and his towns in flames enroll'd,
Secure of promised victory, again
He fires the war, the lawns are heapt with slain.
With stern reproach he brands his routed Nayres,
And for the dreadful field himself prepares;
His barness'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 menials' gore [10]:
From his high couch he leaps, and speeds to fight
On foot inglorious, in his army's sight.
Hell then he calls, and all the powers of Hell,
The secret poison, and the 'chanted spell;
Vain as the spell the poison'd 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 resounds the proud acclaim,

[6] P. Alvarez Cabral, the second Portuguese commander who sailed to India, entered into a treaty of alliance with Trimumpara king of Cochin and high-priest of Malabar. The zamorim raised powerful armies to dethrone him; but his fidelity to the Portuguese was unalterable, though his affairs were brought to the lowest ebb. For an account of this war, and the almost incredible achievements of Pacheco, see the history in the Preface.

[7] Thus Virgil:

——— simul accipit alveo
Ingentem Æneam. Gemuit sub pondere cymba
Sutilis, et multam accepit rimosa paludem.

That the visionary boat of Charon groaned under the weight of Æneas is a fine poetical stroke; but that the crazy rents let in the water is certainly lowering the image. The thought, however, as managed in Camoëns, is much grander than in Virgil, and affords a happy instance, where the hyperbole is truly poetical.

Poetical allusions to, or abridgments of, historical events are either extremely insipid and obscure, or particularly pleasing to the reader. To be pleasing, a previous acquaintance with the history is necessary, and for this reason the poems of Homer and Virgil were peculiarly relished by their countrymen. When a known circumstance is placed in an animated poetical view, and cloth-ed 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 improper for imagery are hastened over, and those which can best receive it presented to the view. When Hector storms the Grecian camp, when Achilles marches to battle, every reader understands and is affected with the bold painting. But when Nestor talks of his exploits at the funeral games of Amarynces, (Iliad xxiii.) the critics themselves cannot comprehend him, and have vied with each other in inventing explanations.

[8] To touch, or be touched by, one of an inferior cast, is esteemed among the Gentoos as the greatest pollution.

[9] Proas, or paraos, Indian vessels which lie low on the water, are worked with oars, and carry 100 men and upwards apiece.

[10] See the history in the Preface.

Come floating down, round Lusus' fleet to pour
Their sulph'rous entrails in a burning shower.
Oh, vain the hope—Let Rome her boast resign;
Her palms, Pacheco, never bloom'd like thine:
Nor Tyber's bridge, nor Marathon's red field [11],
Nor thine, Thermopylæ, such deeds beheld;
Nor Fabius' arts such rushing storms repell'd.
Swift as, repulsed, the famish'd wolf returns
Fierce to the fold, and, wounded, fiercer burns;
So swift, so fierce, seven times all India's might
Returns unnumber'd to the dreadful fight;
One hundred spears, seven times in dreadful stower,
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, Belisarius, 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 bed [12], and friendless dies.
Yet shall the Muses plume his humble bier,
And ever o'er him pour th' immortal tear;
Though by the 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!"

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 sire.
Quiloa's blood-stain'd tyrant now shall feel
The righteous vengeance of the Lusian steel.
Another prince, by Lisboa's throne beloved,
Shall bless the land, for faithful deeds approved.
Mombaze shall now her treason's meed behold,
When curling flames her proudest domes enfold;
Involved in smoke, loud crashing, low shall fall
The mounded temple and the castled wall.
O'er India's seas the young Almeyda pours,
Scorching the wither'd air, his iron showers;
Torn masts and rudders, hulks and canvass 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 join'd
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 the cannon's rage, in shivers torn
His thigh, far scatter'd o'er the wave, is borne.
Bound to the mast the godlike hero stands [13],
Waves his proud sword, and cheers his woful 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:
O 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 sire,
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 madd'ning 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 fly [14]:
On Egypt's chief his mortars' dreadful tire
Shall vomit all the rage of prison'd fire:
Heads, limbs, and trunks shall choke the struggling tide,
Till every surge with reeking crimson dyed,

[11] When Porsenna besieged Rome, Horatius Cocles defended the pass of a bridge till the Romans destroyed it behind him. Having thus saved the pass, heavy armed as he was, he swam across the river to his companions. The Roman history, however, at this period, is often mixt with fable. Miltiades obtained a great victory over Darius at Marathon. The stand of Leonidas is well known. The battles of Pacheco were in defence of the fords by which the city of Cochin could only be entered. The numbers he withstood by land and sea, and the victories he obtained, are indeed highly astonishing. See the Preface.

[12] See the history in the Preface.

[13] 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.

[14] 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 Osorius, 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 other favourites of fortune. As the king of Cambaya was one day riding in state, an unlucky kite dunged upon his royal head. His majesty in great wrath swore he would give all he was worth to have the offender killed. Melique, who was an experienced archer, immediately dispatched an arrow, which brought the audacious hawk to the ground. For the merit of this eminent service he was made lord of Diu, or Dio, a considerable city, the strongest and most important fortress at that time in all India. See Faria, l. ii. c. 2.

Around the young Almeyda's hapless urn
His conqueror's naked ghosts shall howl and mourn.
As meteors flashing through the darken'd air,
I see the victors' whirling falchions glare;
Dark rolls the sulph'rous smoke o'er Dio's skies,
And shrieks of death and shouts of conquest rise,
In one wide tumult blended: the rough roar
Shakes the brown tents on Ganges' trembling shore;
The waves of Indus from the banks recoil;
And matrons, howling on the strand of Nile,
By the pale Moon their absent sons deplore——
Long shall they wail; their sons return no more.
" Ah, strike the notes of woe," the Syren cries,
" A dreary vision swims before my eyes.
To Tago's shore triumphant as he bends,
Low in the dust the hero's glory ends:
Though bended bow, nor thundering engines hail,
Nor Egypt's sword, nor India's spear prevail,
Fall shall the chief before a naked foe [15], [the blow;
Rough clubs and rude hurl'd stones shall strike
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 Cunia guards Melinda's friendly shore [16],
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 southmost bound
On isles and shores unknown his name resound.
" Another blaze, behold, of fire and arms!
Great Albuquerk awakes the dread alarms:
O'er Ormuz' walls his thundering flames he pours,
While Heaven, the hero's guide, indignant showers [17]
Their arrows backward on the Persian foe,
Tearing the breasts and arms that twang'd the bow.
Mountains of salt and fragrant gums in vain
Were spent untainted to embalm the slain.
Such heaps shall strew the seas and faithless strand
Of Gerum, Mazcate, and Calayat's land,
Till faithless Ormuz own the Lusian sway,
And Barem's pearls her yearly safety pay.
" What glorious palms on Goa's isle I see [18],
Their blossoms spread, great Albuquerk, for thee!
Through castled walls the hero breaks his way,
And opens with his sword the dread array
Of Moors and Pagans; through their depth he rides,
Through spears and showering fire the battle guides.
As bulls enraged, or lions smear'd with gore,
His bands sweep wide o'er Goa's purpled shore.
Nor eastward far though fair Malacca lie [19],
Her groves embosom'd in the morning sky;
Though with her amorous sons the valiant line
Of Java's isle in battle rank combine,
Though poison'd shafts their ponderous quivers store;
Malacca's spicy groves and golden ore,
Great Albuquerk, thy dauntless toils shall crown!
Yet art thou stain'd [20]"—Here with a sighful frown

[15] See note 21 of Lusiad V.

[16] Tristan de Cunha, or d'Acugna. See the history in the Preface.

[17] See note 15 of Lusiad II. Some writers relate, that when Albuquerque besieged Ormuz, a violent wind drove the arrows of the enemy backward upon their own ranks. Osorius 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.

[18] This important place was made an archbishoprick, the capital of the Portuguese empire in the east, and the seat of their viceroys. It is advantageously situated for these purposes on the coast of Decan. It still remains in the possession of the Portuguese.

[19] The conquest of this place was one of the greatest actions of Albuquerque. It became the chief port of the eastern part of Portuguese India, and second only to Goa. Besides a great many pieces of ordnance which were carried away by the Moors who escaped, 3000 large cannon remained the prize of the victors.

[20] A detail of all the great actions of Albuquerque would have been tedious and unpoetical. Camoëns 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."

Camoëns, however, was no such undistinguishing libertine as this would represent him. In a few pages we find him praising the continence of Don Henry de Menezes, whose victory over his passions he calls the highest excellence of youth. Nor does it appear by what authority the Frenchman assures us of the chaste paternal affection which Albuquerque bore to this Indian girl. It was the great aim of Albuquerque to establish colonies in India, and for that purpose he encouraged his soldiers to marry with the natives. The most sightly girls were selected, and educated in the religion and household arts of Portugal, and portioned at the expense 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 com-

The goddess paused, for much remain'd unsung,
But blotted with a humble soldier's wrong.
"Alas," she cries, "when war's dread horrours 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 horrour here no glow restrain'd,
Nor sacred nuptial bed was here profaned,
Nor here unwelcome force the virgin seized;
A slave lascivious, in his fondling pleased,
Resigns her breast——Ah, stain to Lusian fame!
('T was lust of blood, perhaps 't was jealous flame;)
The leader's rage, unworthy of the brave,
Consigns the youthful soldier to the grave.
Not Ammon thus Apelles' love repaid [21],
Great Ammon's bed resign'd the lovely maid:
Nor Cyrus thus reproved Araspas' fire;
Nor haughtier Carlo thus assumed the fire,
Though iron Baldwin to his daughter's lower,
An ill-match'd lover, stole in secret hour:
With nobler rage the lofty monarch glow'd,
And Flandria's earldom on the knight bestow'd [22]."
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 Lusian ensigns blaze along the sky!
Mecca aghast beholds the standards shine,
And midnight horrour shakes Medina's shrine [23],
Th' unhallowed altar bodes the approaching foe,
Fore-doom'd in dust its prophet's tomb to strow.
Nor Ceylon's isle, brave Soarez, shall withhold
Its incense, precious as the burnish'd gold,
What time o'er proud Columbo's loftiest spire
Thy flag shall blaze: nor shall th' immortal lyre

mander showed to poor Diaz. Nor does Camoëns 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 showed 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 Camoëns, ou de cioso, "perhaps it was jealousy."—But whatever incensed the general, the execution of the soldier was contrary to the laws of every nation *; and the honest indignation of Camoëns against one of the greatest of his countrymen, one who was the grand architect of the Portuguese empire in the east, affords a noble instance of that manly freedom of sentiment which knows no right by which king or peer may do injustice to the meanest subject. Nor can we omit the observation, that the above note of Castera is of a piece with the French devotion we have already seen him pay to the name of king; a devotion which breathes the true spirit of the blessed advice given by Father Paul to the republic of Venice: "When a nobleman commits an offence against a subject," says that Jesuit, "let every means be tried to justify him. But if a subject has offended a nobleman, let him be punished with the utmost severity."

[21] 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.

* Osorius represents the crime of Diaz as mutiny, having been against the strict orders of Albuquerque. Diaz, however, was guilty of no breach of military duty, which alone constitutes the crime of mutiny.

[22] "Baldwin, surnamed Ironarm, 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 princess."—Castera.

This digression in the song of the nymph bears, in manner, a striking resemblance to the histories which the heroes of Homer often 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.

[23] 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, entreated 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 resolution, and lamenting that it had not yet been in his power to fulfil his promise 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, et regiones majoribus nostris incognitas explorare decrevimus, hoc propositum fuit, ut ipsum Mahumetanæ sectæ caput . . . . . extingueremus——It is with great art that Camoëns 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.

Forget thy praise, Sequeyra! To the shore
Where Sheba's sapient queen the sceptre bore[24],
Braving the Red Sea's dangers shalt thou force
To Abyssinia's realm thy novel course;
And isles, by jealous Nature long conceal'd,
Shall to the wondering world be now reveal'd.
Great Menez next the Lusian sword shall bear;
Menez, the dread of Afric, high shall rear
His victor lance, till deep shall Ormuz groan,
And tribute doubled her revolt atone.
"Now shines thy glory in meridian height,"
And loud her voice she raised; "O matchless knight,
Thou, thou, illustrious Gama, thou shalt bring
The olive-bough of peace, deputed king!
The lands by thee discover'd shall obey
Thy sceptred power, and bless 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 name[25].
"Now o'er the coast of faithless Malabar
Victorious Henry[26] 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 Mascarene[27], shall future ages raise:
Though power, unjust, withhold 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 usurper shine,
Though Cutial's potent navy o'er the brine
Drive vanquish'd; though the Lusian Hector's sword
For him reap conquest, and confirm him lord;
Thy deeds, great peer, the wonder of thy foes,
Thy glorious chains unjust, and generous woes,
Shall dim the fierce Sampayo's fairest fame,
And o'er his honours thine aloud proclaim.
Thy generous woes! Ah gallant injured chief,
Not thy own sorrows give the sharpest grief.
Thou seest the Lusian name her honours stain,
And lust of gold her heroes' breasts profane;
Thou seest ambition lift the impious head,
Nor God's red arm, nor lingering justice dread;
O'er India's bounds thou seest these vultures prowl,
Full-gorged with blood, and dreadless of control;
Thou seest and weep'st thy country's blotted name,
The generous sorrow thine, but not the shame.
Nor long the Lusian ensigns stain'd remain:
Great Nunio comes[28], and razes every stain.
Though lofty Calè's warlike towers he rear;
Though haughty Melic groan beneath his spear;
All these, and Dio yielded to his name,
Are but th' embroidery 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 repaid 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 shakes[29],
And Dio's open'd walls in sudden flight forsakes.
A son of thine, O Gama, now shall hold[30]
The helm of empire, prudent, wise, and bold:
Malacca saved and strengthen'd by his arms,
The banks of Tor shall echo his alarms;
His worth shall bless the kingdoms of the morn,
For all thy virtues shall his soul adorn.
When fate resigns thy hero to the skies,
A veteran, famed on Brazil's shore, shall rise[31]:

[24] The Abyssinians contend that their country is the Sheba mentioned in the Scripture, and that the queen who visited Solomon bore a son to that monarch, from whom their royal family, to the present time, is descended.

[25] 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 Camoëns, 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."

[26] 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.

[27] Pedro de Mascarenhas. The injustice done to this brave officer, and the usurpation of the government by Lopez Vaz de Sampayo, a lord one of the most interesting periods of the history of the Portuguese in India. See the Preface.

[28] Nunio de Cunha, one of the most worthy of the Portuguese governors. See the Preface.

[29] That brave generous spirit, which prompted Camoëns to condemn the great Albuquerque for injustice to a common soldier, has here deserted him. In place of poetical compliment, on the terrours of his name, Noronha deserved infamy. The siege of Dio, it is true, was raised on the report of his approach, but that report was the stratagem of Coje Zofar one of the general officers of the assailants. The delays of Noronha were as highly blameable, as his treatment of his predecessor, the excellent Nunio, was unworthy of a gentleman. See the Preface.

[30] Stephen de Gama. See the Preface.

[31] Martin Alonzo de Souza. He was celebrated for clearing the coast of Braz of several pirates, who were formidable to that infant colony.

The wide Atlantic, and the Indian main,
By turns shall own the terrours 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 [32]
Shall speed his legions, torn with many a wound,
In headlong rout. Nor shall the boastful pride
Of India's navy, though the shaded tide
Around the squadron'd masts appear the down
Of some wide forest, other fate renown.
Loud rattling through the hills of Cape Camore
I hear the tempest of the battle roar!
Clung to the splinter'd masts I see the dead
Badala's, shores with horrid wreck bespread;
Baticala inflamed by treacherous hate,
Provokes the horrours 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.
Madd'ning with rage to view the Lusian band,
A troop so few, proud Dio's towers command,
The cruel Ethiop Moor to Heaven complains,
And the proud Persian's languid zeal arraigns.
The Rumien fierce, who boasts the name of Rome [33],
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,
And bored, like showering clouds, with hailing bombs,

O'er Dio's sky spread the black shades of death:
The mine's dread earthquakes shake the ground beneath.
No hope, hold Mascarene [34], mayst thou respire,
A glorious fall alone, thy just desire.
When lo, his gallant son brave Castro sends——
Ah Heaven, what fate the hapless youth attends!
In vain the terrours of his falchion 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 sire
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 sire appears:
Before him victory spreads her eagle-wing
Wide sweeping o'er Cambaya's haughty king.
In vain his thundering coursers shake the ground,
Cambaya bleeding of his might's last wound
Sinks pale in dust: fierce Hydal-Kan in vain [35]
Wakes war on war; he bites his iron chain.
O'er Indus' banks, o'er Ganges' smiling vales,
No more the hind his plunder'd field bewails:
O'er every field, O peace, thy blossoms glow,
The golden blossoms of thy olive bough;
Firm based on wisdom's laws great Castro crowns,
And the wide east the Lusian empire owns.

" These warlike chiefs, the sons of thy renown,
And thousands more, O Vasco, doom'd to crown
Thy glorious toils, shall through these seas unfold
Their victor-standards, blazed with Indian gold;

[32] This is as near the original as elegance will allow—de sangue cheyo—upon which Fanshaw has thus punned,

——————with no little loss,
Sending him home again by Weeping-Cross.—

[33] 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 Mahommedan princes were in the highest reputation for bravery, and, though composed of many different nations, were known among the Orientals by one common name. Ignorance delights in the marvellous. The history of ancient Rome made the same figure among the easterns, as that of the fabulous or heroic ages does with us, with this difference, it was better believed. The Turks of Romania and Egypt pretended to be the descendants of the Roman conquerors, and the Indians gave them and their auxiliaries the name of Rumes, or Romans. It has been said that the gipsies who are now scattered over Europe, were, about four or five centuries ago, driven by war from Egypt and Syria. The name by which, in their dialect, they call themselves, Rumetch, or Rumetchin, favours this opinion.

[34] The commander of Diu, or Dio, during this siege, one of the most memorable in the Portuguese history.

[35] The title of the lords or princes of Decan, who in their wars with the Portuguese have sometimes brought 400,000 men into the field. The prince here mentioned, after many revolts, was at last finally subdued by don John de Castro, the fourth viceroy of India, with whose reign our poet judiciously ends the prophetic song. Albuquerque laid the plan, and Castro completed the system of the Portuguese empire in the east. It is with propriety therefore that the prophecy given to Gama is here summed up. Nor is the discretion of Camoëns in this instance inferior to his judgment. He is now within a few years of his own times, when he himself was upon the scene in India. But whatever he had said of his cotemporaries would have been liable to misconstruction, and every sentence would have been branded with the epithets of flattery or malice. A little poet would have been happy in such an opportunity to resent his wrongs. But the silent contempt of Camoëns does him true honour.

In this historical song, as already hinted, the translator has been attentive, as much as he could, to throw it into those universal languages, the picturesque and characteristic. To convey the sublimest 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 Stagyrite.

And in the bosom of our flowery isle,
Embathed in joy shall o'er their labours smile.
Their nymphs like yours, their feast divine the same,
The raptured foretaste of immortal fame."
So sung the goddess, while the sister train
With joyful anthem close the sacred strain;
"Though Fortune from her whirling sphere bestow
Her gifts capricious in unconstant flow,
Yet laurel'd honour and immortal fame
Shall ever constant grace the Lusian name."
So sung the joyful chorus, while around
The silver roofs the lofty notes resound.
The song prophetic, and the sacred feast,
Now shed the glow of strength through every breast.
When with the grace and majesty divine,
Which round immortals, when enamour'd, shine,
To crown the banquet of their deathless fame,
To happy Gama thus the sovereign dame:
"O loved of Heaven, what never man before;
What wondering 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, bestrow'd
With splinter'd flint, winds the steep slippery road."
She spake, and smiling caught the hero's hand,
And on the mountain's summit soon they stand;
A beauteous lawn with pearl enamell'd o'er,
Emerald and ruby, as the gods of yore
Had sported here. Here in the fragrant air
A wondrous globe appear'd, divinely fair!
Through every part the light transparent flow'd,
And in the centre as the surface glow'd.
The frame ethereal various orbs compose,
In whirling circles now they fell, now rose;
Yet never rose nor fell [36]; for still the same
Was every movement of the wondrous frame;
Each movement still beginning, still complete,
Its author's type, self-poised, perfection's seat.

Great Vasco thrill'd with reverential awe,
And rapt with keen desire the wonder saw.
The goddess mark'd 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 mold,
In pattern shown complete, as Nature's God
Ordain'd the world's great frame, his dread abode;
For every part the Power Divine pervades,
The Sun's bright radiance and the central shades.
Yet let not haughty reason's bounded line
Explore the boundless God, or where define,
Where in himself in uncreated light,
(While all his worlds around seem wrapt in night,)
He holds his loftiest state [37]. By primal laws
Imposed on Nature's birth, himself the cause,
By her own ministry through every maze
Nature in all her walks unseen he sways.
These spheres behold [38]; 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 sight the moving parts may spy,
Another sphere whirls round its rapid sky.
Hence motion darts its force [39], impulsive draws,
And on the other orbs impresses laws:

[36] 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 the 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 Camoëns, a happiness, in the opinion of the translator, to the English Lusiad. The new system is so well known, that a poetical description of it would have been no novelty to the English reader. The other has not only that advantage in its favour; but this description is perhaps the finest and fullest that ever was given of it in poetry, that of Lucretius, l. v. being chiefly argumentative, and therefore less picturesque.

Our author studied at the university of Coimbra, where the ancient system and other doctrines of the Aristotelians then, and long afterwards, prevailed.

[37] Called by the old philosophers and school divines the sensorium of the Deity.

[38] According to the Peripatetics, the universe consisted of eleven spheres enclosed 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.

[39] This is the tenth sphere, the primum mobile of the ancient system. To account for the appearances of the Heavens, the Peripatetics ascribed double motion to it. While its influence drew the other orbs from east to west, they supposed it had a motion of its own from west to east. To effect this, the ponderous weight and interposition of the ninth sphere, or crystalline Heaven, was necessary. The ancient astronomers observed that the stars shifted their places. This they called the motion of the crystalline Heaven, expressed by our poet at the rate of one pace during two hundred solar years. The famous Arab astronomer Abulhasan, in his work entitled Meadows of Gold, calculates the revolution of this sphere to consist of 49,000 of our years. But modern discoveries have not only corrected this calcula-

The Sun's bright car attentive to its force
Gives night and day, and shapes his yearly course;
Its force stupendous asks a pond'rous sphere
To poise its fury and its weight to bear:
Slow moves that pond'rous orb; the stiff, slow pace
One step scarce gains, while wide his annual race
Two hundred times the Sun triumphant rides; 571
The crystal Heaven is this, whose rigour guides
And binds the starry sphere [40]: 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 deep circling line,
Whirl'd on their proper axles bright they shine.
Wide o'er this Heaven a golden belt displays
Twelve various forms; behold the glittering blaze! 580
Through these the Sun in annual journey tours,
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 Chariot rides [41]:
Mid treasur'd snows here gleams the grisly Bear,
And icy flakes encrust his shaggy hair.
Here fair Andromeda, of Heaven beloved:
Her vengeful sire, and by the gods reproved 590
Beauteous Cassiope. Here, fierce and red,
Portending storms, Orion lifts his head;
And here the Dogs their raging fury shed.
The Swan—sweet melodist! in death he sings—
The milder swan here spreads his silver wings.
Here Orpheus' Lyre, the melancholy Hare,
And here the watchful Dragon's eye-balls glare;
And Theseus' ship, Oh, less renown'd than thine,
Shall ever o'er these skies illustrious shine.
Beneath this radiant firmament behold 600
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. 611
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 imprest
By God's dread will, that will for ever best [42].

tion *, 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; according to which all the stars seem to perform one revolution in the space of 25,920 years, after which they return exactly to the same situation as at the beginning of this period. However imperfect in their calculations, the Chaldaic astronomers perceived that the motions of the Heavens composed one great revolution. This they called the annus magnus, which those who did not understand them mistook for a restoration of all things to their first originals, and that the world was at that period to begin anew in every respect. Hence the old Egyptian notion, that every one was at the end of thirty-nine thousand years to resume every circumstance of his present life, to be exactly the same in every contingency. And hence also the legends of the Bramins and Mandarins, their periods of millions of years, and the worlds which they tell us are already past, and eternally to succeed each other.

[40] 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.

[41] Commonly called Charleswain. Of Calisto, or the Bear, see note 12 of Lusiad V. 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 stung 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 Camoëns. 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.

[42] Though a modern narrative of bawdy-house adventures in the South Seas 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 Camoëns understood and felt its force. While his fleet combat all the horrours of unploughed 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

* However deficient the astronomy of Abulhasan 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 a house, and hung from the sky on chains of gold.

"The yellow Earth, the centre of the whole,
There lordly rests sustain'd on either pole.

The limpid air enfolds in soft embrace
The pond'rous orb, and brightens o'er her face.

than that of the most successful conqueror, who is supposed to act under the influence of fatalism or chance. The human mind is conscious of its own weakness. It expects an elevation in poetry, and demands a degree of importance superior to the caprices of unmeaning accident. The poetical reader cannot admire the hero who is subject to such blind fortuity. He appears to us with an abject uninteresting littleness. Our poetical ideas of permanent greatness demand a Gama, a hero whose enterprises and whose person interest the care of Heaven and the happiness of his people. Nor must this supposition be confined merely to the machinery. The reason why it pleases also requires that the supposition should be uniform throughout the whole poem. Virgil, by dismissing Æneas through the ivory gate of Elysium, has hinted that all his pictures of a future state were merely dreams, and has thus destroyed the highest merit of the compliment to his patron Augustus. But Camoëns has certainly been more happy. A fair opportunity offered itself to indulge the opinions of Lucretius and the Academic grove; but Camoëns, 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 shown 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 inertiæ, 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 merest comparative trifles, attended with a neglect of infinitely greater concerns, implies an intellectual imperfection. Yet some philosophers, who tell us there never was an atheist, some who are not only in raptures with the great machinery of the universe, but are lost in admiration at the admirable adaption of an oyster shell to the wants of the animal; some of these philosophers, with the utmost contempt of the contrary opinion, make no scruple to exclude the care of the Deity from any concern in the moral world. Dazzled, perhaps, by the mathematics, the case of many a feeble intellect; or bewildered and benighted in metaphysics, the case of many an ingenious philosopher; they erect a standard of truth in their own minds, and utterly forgetting that this standard must be founded on partial views, with the utmost assurance they reject whatever does not agree with the infallibility of their beloved test. There is another cast of philosophers no less ingenious, whose minds, absorbed in the innumerable wonders of natural inquiry, 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 its only consolation in an appeal to Heaven, and its only hope, a trust in its care. Though the Author of Nature has placed man in a state of moral agency, and made his happiness or misery to depend upon it, and though every page of human history is stained with the tears of injured innocence and the triumphs of guilt, with miseries which must affect a moral or thinking being, yet we have been told, that "God perceiveth it not; and that what mortals call moral evil vanishes from before his more perfect sight." Thus the appeal of injured innocence and the tear of bleeding virtue fall unregarded, unworthy of the attention of the Deity*. Yet with what raptures do these enlarged virtuosi behold the infinite wisdom and care of their Beelzebub, their god of flies, in the admirable and various provision he 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 Camoëns, 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 this life is a state of probation, there must be a particular providence to decide on the individual. If a particular providence, however,

* Perhaps, like Lucretius, some philosophers think this would be too much trouble to the Deity. But the idea of trouble to the Divine Nature, is much the same as another argument of the same philosopher, who, having asserted that before the creation the gods could not know what different seeds would produce, from thence wisely concludes, that the world was made by chance.

Here, softly floating o'er th' aërial blue,
Fringed with the purple and the golden hue,
The fleecy clouds their swelling sides display;
From whence fermented by the sulph'rous ray
The lightnings blaze, and heat spreads wide and rare;
And now in fierce embrace with frozen air,
Their wombs comprest soon feel parturient throes,
And white-wing'd gales bear wide the teeming snows.
Thus cold and heat their warring empires hold,
Averse, yet mingling, each by each control'd;
The highest air and ocean's bed they pierce,
And Earth's dark centre feels their struggles fierce.
"The seat 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 madd'ning seas between these nations roar!
Yet Lusus' hero-race shall visit every shore.
What thousand tribes whom various customs sway,
And various rites, these countless shores display!
Queen of the world, supreme in shining arms,
Hers every art, and hers all wisdom's charms,
Each nation's tribute round her foot-stool spread,
Here Christian Europe [43] lifts the regal head.
Afric behold [44], 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;
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.
There 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. Gonsalo's zeal shall glow
To these dark minds the path of light to show [45]:

His toils to humanize the barbarous mind
Shall with the martyr's palms his holy temples bind.
Great Naya [46] too shall glorious here display
His God's dread might. Behold, in black array,
Numerous and thick as when in evil hour
The feather'd race whole harvest fields devour;
So thick, so numerous round Sofala's towers
Her barbarous hordes remotest Afric pours,
In vain: Heaven's vengeance on their souls imprest,
They fly, wide scatter'd as the driving mist.
Lo, Quama, there, and there the fertile Nile,
Curst with that gorging fiend the crocodile,
Wind their long way. The parent lake behold,
Great Nilus' fount, unseen, unknown of old,
From whence, diffusing plenty as he glides,
Wide Abyssinia's realm the stream divides.
In Abyssinia Heaven's own altars blaze [47],
And hallowed anthems chant Messiah's praise.
In Nile's wide breast the isle of Meroe see!
Near these rude shores a hero sprung from thee,
Thy son, brave Gama, shall his lineage show
In glorious triumphs o'er the Paynim foe [48].

is still denied, another consideration obtrudes itself; if one pang of a moral agent is unregarded, one tear of injured innocence left to fall unpitied by the Deity, if ludit in humanis divina potentia rebus, the consequence is, that the human conception can form an idea of a much better god: and it may modestly be presumed we may hazard the laugh of the wisest philosopher, and without scruple assert, that it is impossible that a created mind should conceive an idea of perfection, superior to that which is absolutely possessed by the Creator and Author of existence.

[43] Vès Europa Christan.—As Europe is already described in the third Lusiad, this short account of it has as great propriety, as the manner of it has dignity.

[44] 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.

[45] Gonsalo de Sylveyra, a Portuguese Jesuit, in 1555 sailed from Lisbon on a mission to Monomotapa. His labours were at first successful; but ere he effected any regular establishment he was murdered by the barbarians.—Castera abridged.

[46] Don Pedro de Naya..... In 1505 he erected a fort in the kingdom of Sofala, which is subject to Monomotapa. Six thousand Moors and Cafres laid siege to this garrison, which he defended with only thirty-five men. After having several times suffered by unexpected sallies, the barbarians fled, exclaiming to their king, that he had led them to fight against God.—See Faria.

[47] 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 viii. 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, enclosed with shining rock,
> A whole day's journey high.—— Milton.

And where, according to Urreta, a Spanish Jesuit, is the library founded by the queen of Sheba, and 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 Mandevylle.

[48] 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

There, by the rapid Ob, her friendly breast
Melinda spreads, thy place of grateful rest.
Cape Aromata there the gulf defends,
Where by the Red Sea wave great Afric ends.
Illustrious Suez, seat of heroes old,
Famed Hierapolis, high-tower'd, behold.
Here Egypt's shelter'd fleets at anchor ride,
And hence in squadrons sweep the eastern tide.
And lo, the waves that, aw'd by Moses' rod
While the dry bottom Israel's armies trod,
On either hand roll'd back their frothy might,
And stood like hoary rocks in cloudy height.
Here Asia, rich in every precious mine,
In realms immense, begins her western line.
Sinai behold, whose trembling cliffs of yore
In fire and darkness, deep pavilion'd, bore
The 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 [49] he pays
His mournful vespers and his vows of praise.
Gidda behold, and Aden's parch'd domain
Girt by Arzira's rock, where never rain
Yet fell from Heaven; where never from the dale
The crystal riv'let murmur'd 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 fleeter than the gale he holds the course.
Here, with his spouse and houshold lodged in wains,
The Arab's camp shifts wandering o'er the plains,
The merchant's dread, what time from eastern soil
His burden'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 [50].

There on the gulf that laves the Persian shore,
Far through the surges, bends Cape Asabore.
There Barem's isle [51]; her rocks with diamonds blaze,
And emulate Aurora's glittering rays.
From Barem'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 fire [52],
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 wears [53] [spears
Where Time has trod: there shall the dreadful
Of Sousa and Menezes strew the shore
With Persian sabres, and embathe with gore
Carpella's cape and sad Carmania's strand,
There parch'd and bare their dreary wastes expand.
A fairer landscape here delights the view:
From these green hills, beneath the clouds of blue,
The Indus and the Ganges roll the wave,
And many a smiling field propitious lave.
Luxurious here Ulcinda's harvests smile,
And here, disdainful of the seaman's toil,
The whirling tides of Jaquet furious roar;
Alike their rage when swelling to the shore,
Or tumbling backward to the deep, they force
The boiling fury of their gulfy 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 Lisbua's monarchs: he who first shall crown
Thy labours, Gama, here shall boast his own [54].
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;

great army to the last extremity, don Christoval, urged too far by the impetuosity of his youthful valour, was taken prisoner. He was brought before the usurper, and put to death in the most cruel manner. Waxed threads were twisted with his beard and afterwards set on fire. He was then dipped in boiling wax, and at 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 Sousa.

[49] 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 Senai, where a chapel which bears her name still remains.

[50] Don Pedro de Castel Branco. He obtained a great victory, near Ormuz, over the combined fleets of the Moors, Turks, and Persians.

[51] The island of Barem is situated in the Persian gulf, near the influx of the Euphrates and Tygris. It is celebrated for the plenty, variety, and fineness of its diamonds.

[52] 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 advantage afforded by invulnerable hides and enchanted armour.

[53] 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.

[54] Pedro de Cabral, of whom see the Preface.

Some Macon's orgies[55], all confess the sway
Of rites that shun, like trembling ghosts, the day.
Narsinga's fair domain behold; of yore
Here shone the gilded towers of Meliapore:
Here India's angels, weeping o'er the tomb
Where Thomas sleeps[56], implore the day to come,

[55] Macon, a name of Mecca, the birth-place of Mahoumed.

[56] There are, to talk in the Indian style, a cast of gentlemen, whose hearts are all impartiality and candour to every religion except one, the most moral one which ever the world knew. A tale of a 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 complete the labours of the apostle, the messenger of Heaven, is the great design of the hero of the poem, and of the future missions in consequence of the discoveries which are the subject of it.

The Christians of St. Thomas, found in Malabar on the arrival of Gama, we have already mentioned in the Preface: but some further account of that subject will certainly be agreeable to the curious. The Jesuit missionaries have given most pompous accounts of the Christian antiquities of India and China. When the Portuguese arrived in India, the head of the Malabar Christians, named Jacob, styled himself metropolitan of India and China. And a Chaldaic breviary * of the Indian Christians offers praise to God for sending St. Thomas to India and China. In 1625, in digging for a foundation near Siganfu, metropolis of the province of Xensi, was found a stone with a cross on it, full of Chinese and some Syriac characters, containing the names of bishops, and an account of the Christian religion, "that it was brought from Judea; that having been weakened, it was renewed under the reign of the great 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 an earthquake. The same Jesuit found people at Caminam who knew the doctrines of Christianity, which they said were preached to their fathers by John the disciple of Thomas. In 1635, some Heathens by night passing through a village in the province of Fokien, saw some stones which emitted light, under which were found the figures 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

* The existence of this breviary is a certain fact. These Christians had the Scripture also in the Chaldaic language.

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.

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 Sousa 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 bishop 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 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,

* 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 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[57],
Fired by the rage that gnaws the conscious breast
Of holy fraud, when worth shines forth confest,
Hell he invokes, nor Hell in vain he sues;
His son's life-gore his wither'd hands imbrues;
Then, bold assuming the vindictive ire,
And all the passions of the woeful sire,
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 treacherous sire. The conscious air
Quiver'd, and awful horrour raised the hair
On every head. From Thomas, India's king
The holy sprinkling of the living spring
Receives, and wide o'er all his regal bounds
The God of Thomas every tongue 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 ma.ld'ning tempest, round him shower'd
The splinter'd flint; in vain the flint was pour'd.
But Heaven had now his finish'd labours seal'd;
His angel guards withdraw th' ethereal shield;
A Bramin's javelin tears his holy breast——
Ah Heaven, what woes the widowed land express'd!
Thee, Thomas[58], thee, the plaintive Ganges mourn'd,
And Indus' banks the murmuring moan return'd;
O'er every valley where thy footsteps stray'd,
The hollow winds the gliding sighs convey'd.
What woes the mournful face of India wore,
These woes in living pangs his people bore.
His sons, to whose illumined minds he gave
To view the rays that shine beyond the grave,
His pastoral sons bedew'd his corse with tears:
While high triumphant through the heavenly spheres,
With songs of joy the smiling angels wing
His raptured spirit to th' eternal King.
O you, the followers of the holy seer,
Foredoom'd the shrines of Heaven's own lore to rear,
You, sent by Heaven his labours to renew,
Like him, ye Lusians, simplest truth pursue[59].

[57] Of this, thus Osorius: 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 original. Their accounts of a divine person having assumed human nature are innumerable. And the god Brahma, as observed by Cudworth, is generally mentioned as united in the government of the universe with two others, sometimes of different names. They have also images with three heads rising out of one body, which they say represent the divine nature. The Platonic idea of a trinity of divine attributes was well known to the ancients, before the various imitations of Christian mythology existed; and every nation has a trinity of superior deities. Even the wild Americans had their Otcon, Messou, and Atahauta; 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 subtlety 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 Mahommed, by inserting into his Koran some declarations in favour of the Arians, gained innumerable proselytes to his new religion. Abyssinia, Egypt, Syria, Persia, and Armenia, were perplexed with this unhappy dispute, and from the earliest times these countries have had a commercial intercourse with India. And certain it is, the Bramin theology has undergone considerable alterations, of much later date than the Christian era. See the Inquiry, &c. end of Lusiad VII.

[58] The versification of the original is here exceedingly fine. Even those who are unacquainted with the Portuguese may perceive it.

Chorraróte Thomé, o Gange, o Indo,
Choroute toda a terra, que pisaste;
Mas mais te chorão as almas, que vestindo
Se hião da Santa Fé, que lhe ensinaste:
Mas os anjos de ceo cantando, et rindo.
Te recebem na gloria———

[59] It is now the time to sum up what has been said of the labours of the Jesuits. Diametrically opposite to this advice was their conduct in every Asiatic country where they pretended to propagate the Gospel. Sometimes we find an individual sincere and pious; but the great principle which always actuated them as an united body was the lust of power and secular emolument, the possession of which they thought could not be better secured, than by rendering themselves of the utmost importance to the see of Rome. Before the institution of the society of Jesus, the Portuguese priests gave evident proofs of their sincerity, and Cubilonez, who came to India as father confessor to Gama, was indefatigable in his labours to convert the Indians. But when the Jesuits arrived about fifty years after, a new method was pursued. Wherever they came, their first care was to find what were the great objects of the fear and adoration of the people. If the Sun was esteemed the giver of life, Jesus Christ was the son of that luminary, and they were his younger brethren, sent to instruct the ignorant. If the barbarians were in

Vain is the impious toil with borrow'd grace,
To deck one feature of her angel face;
Behind the veil's broad glare she glides away,
And leaves a rotten form of lifeless painted clay.

dread of evil spirits, Jesus Christ came on purpose to banish them from the world, had driven them from Europe *, and the Jesuits were sent to the east to complete his unfinished mission. If the Indian converts still retained a veneration for the powder of burnt 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 Loyola,—Omnibus omnia, et omnia munda 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, during the government of Ataide, (see Geddes, Hist. of Malab.) professed their defence, as a cause of hostility. Abyssinia, by the same arts, was steeped in blood, and two or three emperors lost their lives in endeavouring to establish the pope's supremacy. An order at last was given from the throne, to hang every missionary without trial, wherever apprehended; the emperor himself complaining that he could not enjoy a day in quiet, for the intrigues of the Roman 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 villany. Their unwillingness to ordain the natives raised suspicions against a profession thus monopolized by strangers; their earnest zeal in amassing riches, and their interference with, and deep designs on secular power, the fatal rock on which they have so often been shipwrecked, appeared, and their churches were levelled with the ground. About 90,000 of the new converts, together with their teachers, were massacred, and their religion was prohibited. In Japan the rage of government even exceeded that of China: and in allusion to their chief object of adoration, the cross, several of the Jesuit fathers were crucified by the 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 Loyola, a society which might have diffused the greatest blessings to mankind, could honesty 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 hordes 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 mounds
That art can rear, and watch'd by eagle eyes,
Still will some rotten part betray the structure
That is not based on simple honesty.

It must be confessed, however, that the manners of the Gentoos form a most formidable barrier against the introduction of a new religion. While the four great tribes of India continue in their present principles, intercommunity of worship cannot take place among them. The Hallachores are the mere rabble, into which the delinquents of the four tribes are degraded by excommunication. It is among these only, says Scrafton, that the popish missionaries have had any success. 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 Bramins. But the holy see disapproved of this 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 bigoted 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 Mahommedism, a religion much more palatable to the luxurious and ignorant. Though the Mogul, and almost all the princes of India, have these many centuries professed the religion of the Koran, Mr. Orme, as already cited, computes that all the Mahommedans of Hindostan do not exceed ten millions; whereas the Gentoos amount to about ten times that number,

* 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.

"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!
Narsinga here in numerous legions hold,
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 ricy groves that crown the shore.
There view what woes demand your pious aid!
On beds and litters o'er the margin laid
The dying lift their hollow eyes, and crave
Some pitying hand to hurl them in the wave [60].
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:
Pegu, whose sons, so held old faith, confess'd
A dog their sire [61]; their deeds the tale attest.
A pious queen their horrid rage restrain'd [62];
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,
Regins great Siam's empire's far-stretch'd line.
On Queda's fields the genial rays inspire
The richest gust of spicery's fragrant fire.
Malaca's castled harbour here survey,
The wealthful seat foredoom'd of Lusian sway.
Here to their port the Lusian fleet shall steer,
From every shore far round assembling here
The fragrant treasures of the eastern world:
Here from the shore by roaring earthquakes hurl'd,
Through waves all foam Sumatra's isle was riven,
And mid white whirlpools down the ocean driven [63].
To this fair isle, the golden Chersonese,
Some deem the sapient monarch plough'd the seas,
Ophir its Tyrian name [64]. In whirling roars
How fierce the tide boils down these clasping shores!
High from the strait the lengthening coast afar,
Its moon-light curve points to the northern star,
Opening its bosom to the silver ray
When fair Aurora pours the infant day.
Patane and Pam, and nameless nations more,
Who rear their tents on Menam's winding shore,
Their vassal tribute yield to Siam's throne;
And thousands more, of laws, of names unknown,
That vast of land inhabit [65]. Proud and bold,
Proud of their numbers here the Laos hold
The far-spread lawns; the skirting hills obey
The barbarous Avas and the Bramas' sway.
Lo, distant far another mountain chain
Rears its rude cliffs, the Guios' dread domain;
Here brutalized the human form is seen,
The manners fiend-like as the brutal mien:
With frothing jaws they suck the human blood,
And gnaw the reeking limbs [66], their sweetest food;

[60] See the Inquiry into the tenets of the Bramins, at the end of the VIIth Lusiad.

[61] 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 offspring of the power of procreation.

[62] Thus in the original:

Aqui soante arame no instrumento
Da géração costumáo, 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 turpissimum subditorum suorum, legem tulit, ut universi mares orbiculum vel orbiculos quosdam æratos in penem illatos gererent. Ita sit: cultro penis cuticulam dividunt, eamque in orbiculos hosce superinducunt: statim a prima septimana vulnus conglutinatur. Inseruntur 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 et aperta continentur: idque propter globulos quos in virgis viri gestant; illis enim admittendis virgines arctiores nullo modo sufficerent.

According to Balby, and Cæsar 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 a habitation for wild beasts.

[63] See the same account of Sicily. Virg. Æn. iii.

[64] Sumatra has been by some esteemed the Ophir of the Holy Scriptures; but the superior fineness of the gold of Sofala, and its situation nearer the Red Sea, favour the claim of the latter. See Bochart, Geogr. Sacr.

[65] The extensive countries between India and China, where Ptolemy places his man-eaters, and where Mandevylle 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.

[66] Much has been said on this subject, some denying and others asserting the existence of anthropophagi or man-eaters. Porphyry (de Abstin. l. 4. § 21.*) says that the Massagetæ and

* Ἰσσηδόνας γὰρ Μασσαγέται καὶ Δίζειρις ἐβλαπτόντας ἠγεῖσθαι τῶν οἰκείων τοὺς αὐτομάτους τι λυπήσαντας· διὸ καὶ φάσκοντες καταβύνειν καὶ ἰσθίοντας τῶν φιλτάτων τοὺς γηγηρακότας.

Horrid with figured seams of burning steel
Their wolf-like frowns their ruthless lust reveal.

Derbices (people of north-eastern Asia) esteeming those most miserable who died of sickness, killed and ate their parents and relations when they grew old, holding it more honourable thus to consume them, than that they should be destroyed by vermin. Hieronymus has adopted this, word for word, and has added to it an authority of his own. Quid loquar, says he, (Adv. Jov. l. ii. c. 6.) de cæteris nationibus; cum ipse adolescentulus in Gallia viderim Scotos, gentem Britannicam, humanis vesci carnibus, et cum per sylvas porcorum greges et armentorum, pecudumque reperiant, pastorum nates, et fœminarum papillas solere abscindere, et has solas ciborum delicias arbitrari? Mandevylle ought next to be cited: "Aftirwarde men gon be many yles be see unto a yle that men clepen Milhe: there is a full cursed peple: thei delyten in ne thing more than to fighten and to sle men, and to drynken gladlyest mannes blood, which they clepen Dieu," p. 225. 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 Mandevylles may have obtruded on the public, the evidence of the fact is not thereby wholly destroyed. Though Dampier and other visitors of barbarous nations have assured us that they never met with any man-eaters, and though Voltaire has ridiculed the opinion, yet one may venture the assertion of their existence, without partaking of a credulity similar to that of those foreigners, who believed that the men of Kent were born with tails like sheep, (see Lambert's Peramb.) the punishment inflicted upon them for the murder of Thomas à Becket. Many are the credible accounts, that different barbarous nations used to eat their prisoners of war. According to the authentic testimony of the best writers, many of the savage tribes of America, on their high festivals, brought forth their captives, and, after many barbarous ceremonies, at last roasted and greedily devoured their mangled limbs. Thus the fact was certain, long before a late voyage discovered the horrid practice in New Zealand. To drink human blood has been more common. The Gauls and other ancient nations practised it. When Magalhaens proposed Christianity to the king of Subo, a north-eastern Asiatic island, and when Francis de Castro discovered Santigana and other islands, a hundred leagues north of the Moluccos, 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 Murrogh 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 and shrieking most terribly." It is worthy of regard that the custom of marking

Camboya there the blue-tinged Mecon laves,
Mecon the eastern Nile, whose swelling waves, 910
Captain of rivers named, o'er many a clime
In annual period pour their fattening slime.
The simple natives of these lawns believe
That other worlds the souls of beasts receive [97];
Where the fierce murderer wolf, to pains decreed,
Sees the mild lamb enjoy the heavenly mead.
O gentle Mecon, on thy friendly shore
Long shall the Muse her sweetest offerings pour!
When tyrant ire, chaf'd by the blended lust
Of pride outrageous and revenge unjust, 920
Shall on the guiltless exile burst their rage,
And madd'ning tempests on their side engage,
Preserved by Heaven, the song of Lusian fame,
The song, O Vasco, sacred to thy name,
Wet from the whelming surge shall triumph o'er
The fate of shipwreck on the Mecon's shore [98],

themselves with hot irons, and tattooing, is the characteristic both of the Guios of Camoëns and of the present inhabitants of New Zealand. And if, as its animals indicate, the island of Otabeite 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.

[97] That queen Elizabeth reigned in England, is not more certain than that the most ignorant nations in all ages have had the idea of a state after death. The same faculty which is conscious of existence, whispers the wish for it; and so little acquainted with the deductions of reasoning have some tribes been, that not only their animals, but even the ghosts of their domestic utensils have been believed to accompany them in the islands of the blessed. Long ere the voice of philosophy was heard, the opinion of an after-state was popular in Greece. The works of Homer bear incontestable evidence of this. And there is not a feature in the history of the human mind better ascertained, than that no sooner did speculation seize upon the topic, than belief declined; and, as the great Bacon observes, the most learned became the most atheistical ages. The reason of this is obvious. While the human mind is all simplicity, popular opinion is cordially received; but when reasoning begins, proof is expected, and deficiency of demonstration being perceived, doubt and disbelief naturally follow. Yet, strange as it may appear, if the writer's memory does not greatly deceive him, these certain facts were denied by Hobbes. If he is not greatly mistaken, that gentleman, who gave a wretched, a most unpoetical translation of Homer, has so grossly misunderstood his author, as to assert that his mention of a future state was not in conformity to the popular opinion of his age, but only his own poetical fiction. He might as well have assured us, that the sacrifices of Homer had never any existence in Greece. But as no absurdity is too gross for some geniuses, our murderer of Homer, our Hobbes, has likewise asserted, that the belief of the immortality of the human mind was the child of pride and speculation, unknown in Greece till long after the appearance of the Iliad.

[98] It was on the mouth of this river that Ca-

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:

And here the trembling needle sought the north,
Ere time in Europe brought the wonder forth.

moëns suffered the unhappy shipwreck which rendered him the sport of fortune during the remainder of his life. Our poet mentions himself and the saving of his Lusiads with the greatest modesty. But though this indifference has its beauty in the original, it is certainly the part of a translator to add a warmth of colouring to a passage of this nature. For the literal translation of this place and further particulars, see the Life of Camoëns.

* According to Le Comte's Memoirs of China, and those of other travellers, the mariner's compass, fire-arms, and printing, were known in that empire, long ere the invention of these arts in Europe. But the accounts of Du Halde, Le Comte, 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 splendour of the empire where their mission lay, and they have magnified it into romance itself. It is pretended that the Chinese used fire-arms in their wars with Zenghis Khan, and Tamerlane; but it is also said that the Sogdianians used cannon against Alexander. The mention of any sulphurous composition in an old writer is with some immediately converted into a regular tire of artillery. The Chinese, indeed, on the first arrival of Europeans, had a kind of mortars, which they called fire-pans, but they were utter strangers to the smaller fire-arms. Verbiest, a Jesuit, was the first who taught them to make brass cannon set upon wheels. And even so late as the hostile menace which Anson gave them, they knew not how to level or manage their ordnance to any advantage. Their printing is indeed much more ancient than that of Europe, but it does not deserve the same name, the blocks of wood with which they stamp their sheets being as inferior to the use of, as different from the moveable types of Europe. The Chinese have no idea of the graces of fine writing; here most probably the fault exists in their language; but the total want of nature in their painting, and of symmetry in their architecture, in both of which they have so long been experienced, affords a heavy accusation against their genius. In improving every spot of their country by agriculture they are unequalled: and their taste in gardening has been highly praised. Nature, as it were friseur'd, however, and the gloomy vistos, adorned with gibbets, are certainly unpleasing. And even in their boasted gardening their genius stands accused. The art of ingrafting, known to ancient Greece, is still unknown to them. And hence their fruits are vastly inferior in flavour to those of the western world. The amazing wall of defence against the Tartars, though 1500 miles in extent, is a labour inferior to the canals, lined on the sides with hewn stone, which every where enrich and adorn their country; some of which reach 1000 miles, and are of depth to carry vessels of burden. 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; and end, as Hume says of some of the admired names of antiquity, not unworthy of so detestable a character: and, as it is always found congenial to baseness of heart, the most dastardly cowardice completes the description of that of the Chinese.

Unimproved as their arts is their learning. Though their language consists of few words, it is almost impossible for a stranger to attain the art of speaking it. And what an European learns ere he is seven years old, to read, is the labour of the life of a Chinese. In place of our 24 letters, they have more than 60,000 marks, which compose their writings; and their paucity of words, all of which may be attained in a few hours, requires such an infinite variety of tone and action, that the slightest mistake in modulation renders the speaker unintelligible. And in addressing a great man, in place of my lord, you may call him a beast, the word being the same, all the difference consisting in the tune of it. A language like this must ever be a bar to the progress and accomplishments of literature. Of medicine they are very ignorant. The ginseng, which they pretended was an universal remedy, is found to be a root of no singular virtue. Their books consist of odes without poetry, and of moral maxims, excellent in themselves, but without investigation or reasoning. For to philosophical discussion and the metaphysics they seem utterly strangers, and when taught the mathematics by the Jesuits, their greatest men were lost in astonishment. Whatever their political wisdom has been, at present it is narrow and barbarous. Jealous lest strangers should steal their arts, arts which are excelled at Dresden and other parts of Europe, they preclude themselves from the great advantages which arise from an intercourse with civilized nations. Yet in the laws which they impose on every foreign ship which enters their ports for traffic, they even exceed the cunning and avarice of the Hollanders. In their internal policy the military government of Rome under the emperors is revived with accumulated barbarism. In every city and province the mili-

No more let Egypt boast her mountain pyres,
To prouder fame yon bounding wall aspires,
A prouder boast of regal power displays
Than all the world beheld in ancient days.

tary are the constables and peace officers. What a picture is this! Nothing but Chinese or Dutch industry could preserve the traffic and population of a country under the control of armed ruffians. But hence the emperor has leisure to cultivate his gardens, and to write despicable odes to his concubines.

Whatever was their most ancient doctrine, certain it is that the legislators who formed the present system of China presented to their people no other object of worship than Tien Kamti, the material heavens and their influencing power; by which an intelligent principle is excluded. Yet finding that the human mind in the rudest breasts is conscious of its weakness, and prone to believe the occurrences of life under the power of lucky or unlucky observances, they permitted their people the use of sacrifices to these Lucretian gods of superstitious fear. Nor was the principle of devotion, imprinted by Heaven in the human heart, alone perverted; another unextinguishable passion was also misled. On tables, in every family, are written the names of the last three of their ancestors, added to each, Here rests his soul; and before these tables they burn incense and pay adoration. Confucius, who, according to their histories, had been in the west about 500 years before the Christian era, appears to be only the confirmer of their old opinions; but the accounts of him and his doctrine are involved in uncertainty. In their places of worship, however, boards are set up, inscribed, This is the seat of the soul of Confucius; and to these and their ancestors they celebrate solemn sacrifices, without seeming to possess any idea of the intellectual existence of the departed mind. The Jesuit Ricci, and his brethren of the Chinese mission, very honestly told their converts, that Tien was the god of the Christians, and that the label of Confucius was the term by which they expressed his divine majesty. But after a long and severe scrutiny at the court of Rome, Tien was found to signify nothing more than heavenly or universal matter, and the Jesuits of China were ordered to renounce this heresy. Among all the sects who worship different idols in China, there is only one who have any tolerable idea of the immortality of the soul; and among these, says Leland, Christianity at present obtains some footing. But the most interesting particular of China yet remains to be mentioned. Conscious of the obvious tendency, Voltaire and others triumphed in the great antiquity of the Chinese, and in the distant period they ascribe to the creation. But the bubble cannot bear the touch. If some Chinese accounts fix the era of creation 40,000 years ago, others are contented with no less than 884,953. But who knows not that every nation has its Geoffry of Monmouth? And we have already observed the legends which took their rise from the annus magnus of the Chaldean and Egyptian astronomers, an apparent revolution of the stars, which in reality has no existence. To the fanciful, who held this annus magnus, it seemed hard to suppose that our world was in its first revolution of the great year, and to suppose that many were past was easy. And that this was the case we have absolute proof in the doctrines of the Bramins, see the Inquiry, &c. end of Lusiad VII.) who, though they talk of hundreds of thousands of years which are past, yet confess, that this, the fourth world, has not yet attained its 6000th year. And much within this compass are all the credible proofs of Chinese antiquity comprehended. To three heads all these proofs are reducible: their form of government, which, till the conquest of the Tartars in 1644, bore the marks of the highest antiquity; their astronomical observation; 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 Ali. The most passive submission to authority thus branched out, was inculcated by Confucius and the 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 characteristical of the ages when the ideas of men required few syllables to clothe them, prove nothing further than the early separation of the Chinese colony * from the rest of mankind. Nothing further, except

* The Chinese colony! Yes, let philosophy smile; let her talk of the different species of men which are found in every country, let her brand as absurd the opinion of Montesquieu, which derives all the human race from one family. Let her enjoy her triumph. But let common sense be contented with the demonstration (see Whiston, Bentley, &c.) that a creation in every country is not wanted, and that one family is sufficient in every respect for the purpose. If philosophy will talk of black and white men as different in species, let common sense ask her for a demonstration, that climate and manner of life cannot produce this difference, and let her add, that there is the strongest presumptive experimental proof, that the difference thus happens. If philosophy draw her inferences from the different passions of different tribes; let common sense reply, that, stript of every accident of brutalization and urbanity, the human mind in all its faculties, all its motives, hopes and fears, is most wonderfully the same in every age and country. If philosophy talk of the impossibility of peopling distant islands and continents from one family, let common sense tell her to read Bryant's Mythology. If philosophy assert that the Celts, whereever 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 penknife, but you open yours with the blow of a sledge hammer."

Not built, created seems the frowning mound;
O'er loftiest mountain tops and vales profound
Extends the wondrous length, with warlike castles crown'd.

that they have continued till very lately without any material intercourse with the other nations of the world.

A continued succession of astronomical observations, for 4000 years, was claimed by the Chinese, when they were first visited by the Europeans. Voltaire, that son of truth, has often with great triumph mentioned the indubitable proofs of Chinese antiquity; but at these times he must have received his information from the same dream which told him that Camoëns 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 midst; and so ignorant were they of the cause of eclipses, that they believed the Sun and Moon were assaulted, and in danger of being devoured by a huge dragon. The stars were considered as the directors of human affairs; and thus their boasted astronomy ends in that silly imposition, judicial astrology. Though they had made some observations on the revolutions of the planets, and though in the emperor's palace there was an observatory, the first apparatus of proper instruments ever known in China was introduced by father Verbiest. After this it need scarcely be added, that their astronomical observations, which pretend an antiquity of 4000 years, are as false as a Welch genealogy, and that the Chinese themselves, when instructed by the Jesuits, were obliged to own that their calculations were erroneous and impossible. The great credit and admiration which their astronomical and mathematical knowledge procured to the Jesuits, afford an 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

Immense the northern wastes their horrour spread;
In frost and snow the seas and shores are clad [70].
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
Her eastern bounds; what glorious fruitage there,
Illustrious Gama, shall thy labours bear! [lore [71]
How bright a silver mine! when Heaven's own
From Pagan dross shall purify her ore.
"Beneath the spreading wings of purple morn,
Behold what isles these glistening seas adorn!
Mid hundreds yet unnamed, Ternat behold!
By day her hills in pitchy clouds enroll'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 more [72].

Monkish tales, which sent a daughter of Pharaoh to be queen of Scotland, which sent Brutus to England, and a grandson of Noah to teach school among the mountains of Wales.

[70] Tartary, Siberia, Samoyada, Kamchatka, &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 makes 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.

[71] By this beautiful metaphor, omitted by Castera, Camoëns 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.

[72] 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

Here Banda's isles their fair embroidery spread
Of various fruitage, azure, white, and red;
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 balsam of disease.
Fair are Timora's dales with groves array'd:
Each rivulet murmurs in the fragrant shade,
And in its crystal breast displays the bowers
Of sanders, blest with health-restoring powers.
Where to the south the world's broad surface bends,
Lo, sunda's realm her spreading arms extends.
From hence the pilgrim brings the wondrous tale[73],
A river groaning through a dreary dale,
For all is stone around, converts to stone
Whate'er of verdure in its breast was thrown.
Lo, gleaming blue o'er fair Sumatra's skies
Another mountain's trembling flames arise;
Here from the trees the gum[74] all fragrance swells,
And softest oil a wondrous fountain wells.
Nor these alone the happy isle bestows,
Fine is her gold, her silk resplendent glows.
Wide forests there beneath Maldivia's tide[75]
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 hallow'd tread
Of sainted footstep marks its rocky head[76].

Laved by the Red Sea gulf Socotra's bowers
There boast the tardy aloes' cluster'd 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 Moon[77] displays
Her vernal lawns, and numerous peaceful bays;
The halcyons hovering o'er the bays are seen,
And lowing herds adorn the vales of green.
"Thus from the Cape where sail was ne'er unfurl'd,
Till thine auspicious sought 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 given[78].
"And still, O 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 furthest north that world enormous bends,
And cold beneath the southern pole-star ends.
Near either pole[79] the barbarous hunter drest
In skins of bears explores the frozen waste:
Where smiles the genial Sun with kinder rays,
Proud cities tower, and gold-roofed temples blaze.
This golden empire, by the Heaven's decree,
Is due, Casteel, O favour'd power, to thee!
Even now Columbus o'er the hoary tide
Pursues the evening Sun, his navy's guide.
Yet shall the kindred Lusian share the reign,
What time this world shall own the yoke of Spain.
The first bold hero[80] 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 aspire[81];

bear a mixture of the most beautiful azure, purple and golden colours, which have a fine effect in the rays of the Sun.

[73] Streams of this kind are common in many countries. Castera attributes this quality to the excessive cold of the waters, but this is a mistake. The waters of some springs are impregnated with spairy particles, which adhering to the herbage or the clay on the banks of their channel, harden into stone and incrust the original retainers.

[74] Benjamin, a species of frankincense. The oil mentioned in the next line, is that called the rock oil, a black fetid mineral oleum, good for bruises and sprains.

[75] 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.

[76] 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 Mahommedan, for the natives, according to captain 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.

[77] Madagascar is thus named by the natives.

[78] The sublimity of this eulogy on the expedition of the Lusiad has been already observed. What follows is a natural completion of the whole; and, the digressive exclamation at the end excepted, is exactly similar (see the Preface) to the manner in which Homer has concluded the Iliad.

[79] We are now presented with a beautiful view of the American world. Columbus discovered the West Indies before, but not the continent till 1498, the year after Gama sailed from Lisbon.

[80] Cabral, the first after Gama who sailed to India, was driven by a tempest to the Brazils; a proof that more ancient voyagers might have met with the same fate. It is one of the finest countries in the new world, and still remains subject to the crown of Portugal.

[81] Camoëns, though he boasts of the actions of Magalhaens as an honour to Portugal, yet condemns his defection from his country, and calls him

O Magalhaens, no feito com verdade
Portuguez, porèm mà na lealdade.

In all but loyalty, of Lusian soul,
No fear, no danger shall his toils controul.

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 giants shall his eyes behold[88],
Of camel strength, surpassing human mold:

"In deeds truly a Portuguese, but not in loyalty." And others have bestowed upon him the name of traitor, but perhaps undeservedly. Justice to the name of this great man requires an examination of the charge. Ere he entered into the service of the king of Spain, by a solemn act he unnaturalized himself. Osorius is very severe against this unavailing rite, and argues that no injury which a prince may possibly give, can authorize a subject to act the part of a traitor against his native country. This is certainly true, but it is not strictly applicable to the case of Magalhaens. Many eminent services performed in Africa and India encouraged him to aspire to the rank of fidalgo, or gentleman of the king's household, an honour which, though of little emolument, was esteemed as the reward of distinguished merit, and therefore highly valued. But for this, Magalhaens petitioned in vain. He found, says Faria, that the malicious accusations of some men had more weight with his sovereign than all his services. After this unworthy repulse, what patronage at the court of Lisbon could he hope? And though no injury can vindicate the man who draws his sword against his native country, yet no moral duty requires that he who has some important discovery in meditation should stifle his design, if uncountenanced by his native prince. It has been alleged, that he embroiled his country in disputes with Spain. But neither is this strictly applicable to the neglected Magalhaens. The courts of Spain and Portugal had solemnly settled the limits within which they were to make discoveries and settlements, and within these did Magalhaens and the court of Spain propose that his discoveries should terminate. And allowing that his calculations 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 Portuguese perceived their loss in Magalhaens, and their anger was vented in reproaches.

In the end of the 15th and beginning of the 16th centuries, the spirit of discovery broke forth in its greatest vigour. The east and the west had been visited by Gama and Columbus; and the bold idea of sailing to the east by the west was revived by Magalhaens;—revived; for, misled by Strabo and Pliny, who place India near the west of Spain, Columbus expected to find that country in a few weeks of westward voyage. Though America and the Moluccs were now found to be at a great distance from each other, the genius of Magalhaens still suggested the possibility of a western passage. And accordingly, possessed of his great design, and neglected with contempt at home, 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 who were on shore, he treacherously poisoned them all. The wretched remains of the fleet arrived at the Portuguese settlements in the isles of Banda and Ternate, where they were received, says Faria, as friends, and not as intruding strangers; a proof that the boundary treaty was esteemed sufficiently sacred. Several of the adventurers were sent to India, and from thence to Spain, in Portuguese ships †, one ship only being in a condition to return to Europe by the Cape of Good Hope. This vessel, named the Vitoria, however, had the honour to be the first ship which ever surrounded the globe. Thus unhappily ended, says Osorius, the expedition of Magalhaens. But the good bishop was mistaken, for a few years after he wrote, and somewhat upwards of fifty after the return of the Vitoria, Philip II. of Spain availed himself of the discoveries of Magalhaens. And the navigation of the South Seas between Spanish America and the Asian Archipelago, at this day forms the basis of the power of Spain.

[88] The Patagonians. Various are the fables of navigators concerning these people. The few of Magalhaens' crew who returned, affirmed they

* Vid Far. sub ann. 1519. † Vid. Osor. lib. xi.

And onward still, thy fame, his proud heart's guide,
Haunting him unappeased, the dreary tide
Beneath the southern star's cold gleam he braves,
And stems the whirls of land-surrounded waves.
For ever sacred to the hero's fame 1062
These foaming straits shall bear his deathless name.
Through these dread jaws of rock he presses on;
Another ocean's breast, immense, unknown,
Beneath the south's cold wings, unmeasured, wide,
Receives his vessels; through the dreary tide
In darkling shades, where never man before
Heard the waves howl, he dares the nameless shore.
"Thus far, O favoured Lusians, bounteous Heaven
Your nation's glories to your view has given. 1071
What ensigns, blazing to the morn, pursue
The path of heroes, open'd first by you!
Still be it yours 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 appeased shall rage no more, 1080
Haste, point the bowsprit to your native shore:
Soon shall the transports of the natal soil [toil."
O'erwhelm in bounding joy the thoughts of every
The goddess spake [83]; and Vasco waved his hand,
And soon the joyful heroes crowd the strand.

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.

[83] 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 goddess, discovers the universe, and particularly the extent of the eastern world, now given to Europe by the success of Gama. Neither in the happiness or grandeur of completion may the Æneid or 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 this has often imitated the Portuguese poet, particularly in the fiction of the globe of the world, which is showed to Gama. In the araucana, a globe, surrounded with a radiant sphere, is also miraculously supported in the air; and on this an enchanter shows to the Spaniards the extent of their dominions in the new world. But don Alonzo d'Arcilla is in this, as in every

The lofty ships with deepen'd burthens prove
The various bounties of the Isle of Love.

other part of his poem, greatly inferior to the poetical spirit of Camoëns. 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 expense 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 unspoil'd
Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons
Call El Dorado——

It must also be owned by the warmest admirer of the Paradise Lost, that if the names enumerated by Milton convey grandeur of idea, the description of America in Camoëns,

Vedes a grande terra, que contina
Vai de Calisto ao seu contrario polo——

To farthest north that world enormous bends,
And cold beneath the southern pole-star ends——

is certainly more picturesque; and therefore, at least, not less poetical.

Some short account of the writers, whose authorities have been adduced in the course of these notes, may not now be improper. Fernando Lopez de Castagneda went to India on purpose to do honour to his countrymen, by enabling himself to record their actions and conquests in the east. As he was one of the first writers on that subject, his geography is often imperfect. This defect is remedied in the writings of John de Barros, who was particularly attentive to this head. But the two most eminent, as well as fullest writers on the transactions of the Portuguese in the east, are Manuel de Faria y Sousa, knight of the order of Christ, and Hieronimus Osorius, bishop of Sylves. Faria, who wrote in Spanish, was a laborious inquirer, and is very full and circumstantial. With honest indignation he reprehends the rapine of commanders, and the errours and unworthy resentments of kings. But he is often so drily particular, that he may rather be called a journalist than a historian. And by this uninteresting minuteness, his style for the greatest part is rendered inelegant. The bishop of Sylves, however, claims a different character. His Latin is elegant, and his

Nor leave the youths their lovely brides behind,
In wedded bands, while time glides on, conjoin'd:
Fair as immortal fame in smiles array'd,
In bridal smiles, attends each lovely maid.
O'er India's sea, wing'd on by balmy gales
That whisper'd peace, soft swell'd the steady sails:
Smooth as on wing unmoved the eagle flies,
When to his eyrie cliff he sails the skies,
Swift o'er the gentle billows of the tide,
So smooth, so soft, the prows of Gama glide;
And now their native fields, for ever dear,
In all their wild transporting charms appear;
And Tago's bosom, while his banks repeat
The sounding peals of joy, receives the fleet.
With orient titles and immortal fame
The hero band adorn their monarch's name;
Sceptres and crowns beneath his feet they lay,
And the wide east is doom'd to Lusian sway [84].

Enough, my Muse, thy wearied wing no more
Must to the seat 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 pursue [85]:
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 e'en now old Atlas bends
His hoary head, and Ampeluza's fields
Expect thy sounding steeds and rattling shields.
And shall these deeds unsung, unknown, expire!
Oh, would thy smiles relume my fainting ire! 1131
I then inspired, the wondering world should see
Great Ammon's warlike son revived in thee [86];
Revived, unenvied of the Muse's flame
That o'er the world resounds Pelides' name.

manly and sentimental manner entitles him to the name of historian, even where a Livy or a Tacitus is mentioned. But a sentence from himself, unexpected in a father of the communion of Rome, will characterize the liberality of his mind. Talking of the edict of king Emmanuel, which compelled the Jews to embrace Christianity, under severe persecution: Nec ex lege, nec ex religione factum .....tibi assumas, (says he,) ut libertatem voluntatis impedias, et vincula mentibus effrenatis injicias? At id neque fieri potest, neque Christi sanctissimum numen approbat. Voluntarium enim sacrificium non vi mala coactum ab hominibus expetit: neque vim mentibus inferri, sed voluntates ad studium veræ religionis allici et invitari jubet.

It is said, in the Preface to Osorius, that his writings were highly esteemed by queen Mary of England, wife of Philip II. What a pity is it, that this manly indignation of the good bishop against the impiety of religious persecution, made no impression on the mind of that bigoted princess!

[84] Thus in all the force of ancient simplicity, and the true sublime, ends the poem of Camoëns. 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.

[85] John I. and Pedro the Just, two of the greatest of the Portuguese monarchs.

[86] 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 Camoëns. Each was unworthily neglected by the Gothic grandees of his age, yet both their names will live, when the remembrance of the courtiers who spurned them shall sink beneath their mountain tombs. Three beautiful stanzas from Phineas Fletcher's Purple Island, on the memory of Spenser, may also serve as an epitaph for Camoëns. 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——

Witnesse our Colin *, whom tho' all the Graces
And all the Muses nurst; whose well-taught song
Parnassus self and Glorian † embraces,
And all the learn'd and all the shepherds throng;
Yet all his hopes were crost, all suits deni'd;
Discourag'd, scorn'd, his writings vilifi'd: [died.
Poorly (poor man) he liv'd; poorly (poor man) he
And had not that great hart (whose honour'd ‡
Ah lies full low) piti'd thy woful plight, [head
There hadst thou lien unwept, unburied,
Unblest, nor grac'd with any common rite:
Yet shalt thou live, when thy great foe § shall sink
Beneath his mountain tombe, whose fame shall stink;
And time his blacker name shall blurre 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!"

* Colin Clout, Spenser.
† Glorian, Elizabeth in the Faerie Queen.
‡ The earl of Essex. § Lord Burleigh.