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# THE LUSIAD,

AN EPIC POEM,

BY

LUIS DE CAMOENS.

---

TRANSLATED FROM THE PORTUGUEZE

BY

THOMAS MOORE MUSGRAVE.

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Primum ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse poëtis,  
Excerptam numero. Neque enim concludere versum  
Dixeris esse satis; neque si quis scribat uti nos  
Sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse poëtam.  
Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior, atque os  
Magna soniturum, des nominis hujus honorem.

HORAT. SAT. l. i. 4.

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LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

MDCCCXXVI.





TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
**THE EARL OF CHICHESTER,**  
*&c. &c. &c.*

MY LORD,

WHEN I solicited your Lordship's permission to dedicate to you this Translation of the *Lusiad* of Camoens, I was less ambitious of the very high and flattering distinction of gracing these humble pages with an illustrious and universally respected name, than desirous of your acceptance of this production as a simple and unfeignedly sincere testimony of my gratitude to you for numberless acts of unbounded kindness, which have most essentially and permanently promoted my welfare.

I can never sufficiently thank your Lordship for your generous and friendly solicitude for my best interests; and if I feel myself incapable of duly expressing to you my deep sense of the many and great obligations which you have conferred on me, this failure is to be attributed to the difficulty of conveying, by any senti-



Lord Strangford's prefatory introduction to his version of some of the minor poems of Camoens contains some interesting remarks on his life and writings. But the Memoirs, published by Mr. Adamson, present the fullest, the most satisfactory and most valuable information, that has hitherto been industriously collected, and judiciously arranged, to illustrate both the affecting incidents in the poet's chequered career, and the splendid and various productions of his Muse.

In his own country, the life of Camoens has been written by many authors of celebrity, and numerous dissertations have been published on the *Lusiad* and his other poems. But as the Portuguese language has here been comparatively but little cultivated for literary purposes, it is the less necessary to allude to them. It may, however, be proper to mention, that Mr. Adamson has translated the most recent Essay on the *Lusiad*, by the late Don Jozé Maria de Sousa. It will be found in the excellent Memoirs to which I have alluded; and though allowance must be made for a predilection which has naturally biassed the judgment of the critic in favor of a native poet, yet it presents a pleasing and enlightened analysis, which may be perused with much interest.

German and French literature are pursued with such ardor, that the very valuable works of Bouterwek and Sismondi can scarcely fail to be generally known, and no one can have read, without great satisfaction, their masterly criticisms on the *Lusiad*, and the very inte-

resting notices they contain relative to Camoens. These enlightened authors have ably and impartially conducted their critical analysis; but the comments of Dupéron de Castera and La Harpe are far less judicious. The former is lavish in the distribution of indiscriminate praise, and the judgment of the latter is more censorious than just.

What I have stated will sufficiently show, that the omission of a life of the poet and an essay on the poem is of little importance, since both have been very adequately supplied by others more competent than myself to do ample justice to these subjects. In the Notes, however, many remarks are interspersed, which are not limited to a mere explanation of the passages to which they refer. Opinions are occasionally hazarded on various parts of the *Lusiad*, which appeared to invite a due portion of applause, or to demand a just measure of only qualified approbation.

Without presuming to place myself on the tribunal of critical justice, I may, perhaps, after having, as it were, accompanied Vasco da Gama to India, participated in all his dangers, triumphed in his success, and sympathized with those feelings of honorable exultation which his great discoveries could not fail to inspire, be allowed to make a very few general observations on the claims of the *Lusiad* to the admiration which it has received, and which, in my estimation, it will continue to receive, contemporaneously with the existence of the language in which it is composed.

It must, however, be, in the first place, admitted, that there are two striking defects in this poem—the machinery of an incongruous mythology—and its allegorical mismanagement.

All that has been urged by the ingenuity of Mickle, and all the arguments advanced in its defence by Don Jozé Maria de Sousa, must still fail in the justification of this agency. If Pagan mythology had been introduced, for the mere purpose of occasional illustration, and with Milton's skill in its employment, many objections to its use might, perhaps, be reasonably withdrawn. But, in Camoens, these mythological agents are in full personal activity, and seem to be so blended with the other characters in the epic action, that a correction of the incongruity appears to have forced itself upon the poet himself, compelling him to declare what, without the declaration, he might suspect was not sufficiently palpable—that these Pagan deities are only allegorical beings! At the close of their agency, such a discovery would have been less misplaced; but, after the removal of the veil, the same figurative personages reappear in conducting and terminating the action of the poem. To defend this defect is more than I should venture to attempt; but I cannot refrain from making a few remarks on the circumstances which might have led the poet to adopt a machinery, that may be deemed unsuited to all but the more ancient inspirations of the Muse.

At the time when the *Lusiad* was composed, there

was no regularly epic composition in any European language. The recent revival of learning had produced an exclusive admiration of the great models of antiquity. These were, therefore, the only models that presented themselves for imitation. The *Æneid* was evidently chosen by Camoens; and in many parts of the structure of his poem, as well as in many of its passages, he has followed too closely the prototype which he had selected for his classical guide. The revival of learning was not unaccompanied with an admixture of pedantry, and a display of mythological knowledge exhibited no discrepancy with the prevailing taste. To blend fable with truth was a pardonable parade of scholastic acquirement, and its incongruity was then less distinctly seen than in later times, since the canons of criticism have been established upon a more solid foundation. Mere learning is not now the standard; it has been modified by cultivated taste and sound philosophy. If, therefore, there was nothing to guide Camoens in the selection of his machinery, but the great epic productions of antiquity and the prevailing taste of his own period, it is the less astonishing that his taste should not be in accordance with the more correct judgment of a later age. This, however, is only an apology for the pagan machinery of the *Lusiad*, and by no means a justification of its adoption. Nothing can reconcile to modern taste the blending of Grecian and Roman mythology with the real personages who figure in the most important events in modern history. No one can now be prevailed upon to admit the allegorical propriety of the interference of Jupiter



and Bacchus in human affairs; and, to couple their names with those heroes who have at any time, since the fall of paganism, acquired distinguished fame, is an inconsistency that must be condemned.

If Camoens, however, be censured for this error, it must be admitted that the machinery of almost every epic production that has been composed, since the publication of the *Lusiad*, may also be deemed questionable. Tasso, it is true, chose for his admirable poem the events of an era more remote than the discovery of India, and the incantations of magic were then matters of popular belief. Still, it requires some indulgence to overlook the incongruous union of magical agency with ordinary human achievements, and the palpable interference of celestial and infernal spirits, in aiding or opposing the warlike personages, who, upon historical evidence, were actually engaged at the siege and capture of Jerusalem.

In this simple point of congruity, even the great Milton himself has failed, by occasionally giving to immateriality a corporeal existence. The allegory of Sin and Death is faulty in this respect, for their figurative character is lost in the employment which the poet has assigned to them, in constructing the means of communication between chaos and the newly created world.

What can be more defective than the machinery in the *Henriade* of Voltaire? Can taste and propriety be more glaringly violated than in the personification of

Discord, Religion, Love, and Truth, and in giving them the functions of material beings ?

These instances of inconsistency do not justify Camoens, but they may soften the censure that has been pronounced on the error which he has committed, in allegorically blending the extravagancies of paganism with the unfading truths of the Christian revelation; and they may, in some measure, extenuate the fault, by showing how difficult it is skilfully to manage and guide that figurative mode of illustration, which, like Proteus, may assume every shape, and as effectually resist every restraint that genius may attempt to impose. Even Spenser, the most allegorical of all poets, was apprehensive that " the continued allegory or dark conceit" of the *Faery Queen* might escape the penetrating sagacity and shrewdness of a Raleigh, without the aid of an explanatory developement of its figurative character.

Injury is done to the just fame of a poet by blindness to his defects, and indiscriminate praise is more to be deprecated than qualified commendation; for it is valueless, inasmuch as it can only proceed from erroneous judgment. It would, indeed, be unwise to deny, that, independently of the objections which have been made to its mythological machinery, there are some other defects in the *Lusiad* which can hardly fail to strike the attention of the most indulgent readers of the poem. Sometimes these defects are singularly blended with much that may be justly admired. The episode

of Ignez de Castro is, in part, beautiful; but it is spoiled by the introduction of the most unimpassioned and inappropriate allusions. The genius of the Cape of Storms is clad in portentous terrors; but although his aspect is awful, his Titanian narration excites no interest. The Floating Isle is enchantingly described; but the rich and lovely luxuriance which adorns it, is, in some degree, desecrated by the figuratively voluptuous recreations of which it is made the scene. Nor can it be denied, that the historical and geographical delineations in the *Lusiad* occupy too large a portion of the poem, and that the various classical illustrations—not always happily introduced—sometimes exhibit the vain pretensions of the scholar, to the exclusion of the more attractive graces of the poet. The formally sententious and didactic close of each Canto may also be deemed objectionable; and it is to be regretted that Camoens borrowed too much from the genius of others, when, without misplaced confidence, he might judiciously have relied upon his own.

Disclaiming, however, all intention of entering upon a labored dissertation on the *Lusiad*, I shall only concisely allude to some of those excellencies which counterbalance these imperfections, and which have hitherto preserved, and will transmit to future ages, the name of Camoens, among the epic poets who have justly acquired a high and permanent reputation.

It is no ordinary testimony in favor of the poet, that uncontested pre-eminence is assigned to him, not only

by his own compatriots, but by the universal admission of the Spanish literati. For nearly three centuries, Camoens has exclusively possessed the distinction due to the greatest epic poet the Peninsula has produced. In the epopœia he has there no successful competitor. About fifteen years since, a rival poem, (if such it may be termed,) called "The Orient," was published in Lisbon by Jozé Agostinho de Macedo, a Portugueze ecclesiastic of some celebrity. The presumption of its author misled him to entertain the extravagant hope, that the reputation of Camoens would yield to the greater fame to which he had ventured to aspire. But the new *Lusiad* of Macedo was far too wildly eccentric in its meteoric flight, to sustain itself long above the horizon, while the *Lusiad* of Camoens, although not a constellation of the first magnitude, has steadily maintained its station, and continues to mingle the lustre of its rays with the emanations of more brilliant and more glorious luminaries.

The *Lusiad* has justly been described to be an epic national picture of Portugueze glory, in which the truth of history is blended with the graces of poetic diction, and the achievements of heroism recorded in strains that vie with their renown. If the prominence of its hero be less marked than may be deemed essential to epic composition, it is to be ascribed to the great variety of descriptive circumstances which the poet has introduced, for the purpose of supplying a deficiency in action, inseparable from the simplicity and nature of the subject of the poem. As Vasco da Gama's field

for heroic exertion is circumscribed, he exults in portraying the noble deeds by which his compatriots had acquired imperishable fame. Narration, therefore, is, in great part, substituted for action; but its themes are heroic. So far as the paucity of events, occurring during a voyage, would admit of it, Vasco da Gama's heroism is suitably displayed; and it shines conspicuously in the perseverance with which, under appalling difficulties, and upon unknown seas, he undauntedly prosecutes his most adventurous enterprise.

If the outline of the poem be deemed defective in epic unity, or any general quality essential to epopœia, its imperfections will, perhaps, be found to be compensated by the prominent excellence of many of its constituent parts. Seldom is an epic poem studiously and wholly reperused; but passages which are deemed beautiful and interesting may frequently be reconsulted, referred to, and admired. If I should attempt to point out those in Camoens which may claim the tribute of exclusive praise, my choice might not accord with the taste and judgment which may guide others in their selection. I shall, therefore, merely venture to state that, in the general estimation of the most enlightened compatriots of the poet, and of others who have been induced carefully and critically to peruse the *Lusiad* in the sweetly sonorous language in which it is composed, it is admitted to abound in passages that are eminently beautiful, and that owe their excellence to the happiest inspirations of the Muse.



The very circumstances under which the *Lusiad* was composed are, in themselves, sufficiently interesting to advance a claim in favor of the poem. It was not amidst the smiles of fortune, the possession of lettered ease, the encouragement of discerning and wealthy patronage, that this arduous undertaking was commenced, prosecuted, and completed. This great work was accomplished amidst the distractions and the unsettled habits of a military life—under the sterner frowns of oppressive poverty, the pains of exile, the sufferings of persecution, and the perils of an adventurous career in camps, in battles, and upon the waves. Where, then, can be found another instance of a similar effort of human genius which, under circumstances that bear any corresponding resemblance, has been conducted to so admirable an issue with similar success? A soldier, a patriot, a poet, Camoens nobly fought the battles of his native land; cherished, under every privation, the most disinterested and most ardent love for his country, and cultivated the Muses that he might raise a splendid and ever-during monument to her fame. Upon his tomb the sorrowful truth is recorded—that in misery he lived, and in poverty he died. But his last breath was an exhalation of patriotism, and his bequest an inheritance that is now regarded as invaluable by the nation, that, alas! only after his death, gloried in his birth!

There are some collateral and not unimportant circumstances that are calculated to preserve in this country an interest in favor of the *Lusiad*. In the late

brilliant campaigns, the ancient military fame of the Portugueze, so enthusiastically illustrated and celebrated by the poet, was aroused from its long and inglorious slumber, and re-exhibited much of the splendor that formerly distinguished their deeds of arms. But it cannot be deemed vainglorious to declare, that it was under the guidance and example of British skill and valor, that their martial spirit was recalled into existence from that lethargic inaction, which had so long paralyzed its energy. A country that has been the scene of such glorious triumphs—where Victory was ever faithful to the banners of the most illustrious Commander of the age;—a country that sent forth her gallant sons to redeem, under the intrepid Conqueror at Albuera, the heroism of former days—must always awaken a feeling of congenial sympathy in her glory and prosperity. The literature of a country is a constituent part of her glory, and, to this part, no one has contributed so largely as Camoens.

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I beg to subjoin a few words on the Translation which is now submitted, with every feeling of deference, to the judgment of the public. I must solicit that it may not be regarded as the production of an individual, who has ever possessed the means of exclusively devoting himself to literary pursuits; or who, upon the present occasion, has aimed at more than a faithful version of the original. In the English language there is no translation of the *Lusiad* in which this point has

been steadily and undeviatingly kept in view. That which was executed by Sir Richard Fanshaw, and published in 1655, is probably now in the possession of but few. Its language is antiquated, and, in many instances, it travesties the original, and seldom long sustains the tone of epic gravity suited to the poem. It is, however, more faithful than the translation by Mickle. It would be ungenerous to dwell on the paraphrastic licenses which abound in this performance, and on its many interpolations and omissions. Mr. Mickle thought, no doubt, that, by this process, he should produce a poem, which, in its perusal, might afford a higher gratification. Nor am I prepared to say that, by all readers, this would be deemed a miscalculation. But, in his work, Camoens does not appear in the garb with which he ought to be invested. It is only when seen in his own native simple attire, that a correct judgment can be formed of the real character and true semblance of the poet.

Let it not be supposed, however, that I wish to detract from the intrinsic merit of his translation. It is but an act of justice to admit, that it contains many passages of exquisite beauty, and that it is a performance which discovers much genius, a cultivated taste, and a brilliant imagination. Many parts of the original are rendered with great felicity, elegance, and fidelity. In poetical excellence I presume not to enter into competition with him. My pretensions are limited to greater fidelity, without aspiring to advance them beyond this point.

If the heroic couplet adopted by Mickle be a proper form of verse for the translation of a poem composed in octave stanzas, it must, I conceive, be equally admitted, that blank verse is not unsuited to a similar performance. The octave stanza, admirably adapted as it is to works of a lighter character, and particularly to the epigrammatic point that recurs at the close of almost every verse in the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto, does not appear to me to be equally well suited, in the English language, to a graver style of composition. I must, therefore, rest the justification of the choice which I have made, on the assumed admission that the *Lusiad* is an epic poem, and on the concession that blank verse is suited to a poem of this description.

The commentator whom I have chiefly consulted, as will be seen by reference to the Notes, is the laboriously erudite Faria y Sousa. He has been my chief guide in the interpretation of the text, and also in the selection of a great number of the Notes.

The last Five Cantos only have been submitted to the cursory but critical glance of an intelligent friend, Mr. William Lukin, upon whose judgment I place great reliance. I have availed myself of some valuable suggestions with which he favored me, and I regret that the first Five Cantos were printed without a similar revision. These Cantos, therefore, and the Notes, appear as they were originally written.

To one remaining point, some allusion may still be

made. In a few passages in the Second, Ninth and Tenth Cantos, a departure from fidelity was indispensably necessary. The manners of the age, at the time the *Lusiad* was composed, were less refined than at present. Several of the poet's expressions have, therefore, been so far modified, as to suppress their apparent licentiousness. However admissible such unrestrained freedom might have been, at that period, it would now be very properly condemned. In justice to Camoens, I must still be permitted to observe, that it never could have been his intention to wound the feelings of modesty and delicacy by any licentious disrespect. The tone of morality and devotion that pervades the *Lusiad* fully exculpates him from so serious a charge.

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### ERRATA.

- Page 3, line 13, at the end, insert note " 5."
- |      |   |
|------|---|
| 35,  | 9, for " many 'n," read " many 'an."                            |
| 52,  | 10, for " e solv'd," read " resolv'd."                          |
| 70,  | 10, for " can," read " canst."                                  |
| 102, | 9, dele note " 17."   |
| 125, | 14, for " pass'd," read " pass'dst."                            |
| 183, | 1, for " light'ning," here and elsewhere,<br>read " lightning." |
| 264, | 22, read " left the."   |
| 310, | 9, insert note " 23."   |
| 394, | 6, for " Nhai, read " Nhaya."                                   |
| 398, | 9, for " Lusita 'iau," read " Lusitaniau."                      |

**THE LUSIAD.**



**CANTO I.**





# THE LUSIAD.

## CANTO I. <sup>1</sup>

---

ARMS, and the heroes of illustrious fame,  
Who, from the western Lusitanian shore,  
Remote, unnavigated seas explor'd,—  
Far beyond Taprobana's distant isle,—<sup>2</sup>  
And, 'midst the perils of advent'rous war,  
With more than human constancy endur'd,  
In eastern climes a mighty empire rais'd  
And aggrandiz'd by great and glorious deeds:  
The great achievements of their martial kings, <sup>3</sup>  
Who spread the Christian Faith where'er their arms  
Prevail'd, in Asia, and in Africa,  
Idoltrous and superstitious rites  
Extirpating; and those, too, whose exploits  
From death's oblivion their names redeem'd:  
These let me sing, and wide extend their fame,  
If to such themes my Muse may dare aspire.  
Let the wise Greek's and Trojan's wanderings,

By sea and land, our wonder cease to claim ;—  
Let Ammon's fame, and Trajan's victories,  
No more in proud and lofty verse resound ;—  
Let all the ancient Muse has e'er rehears'd  
Yield to the greater deeds I celebrate :  
I sing th' illustrious Lusitanian Chief,  
Whom Neptune and avenging Mars obey'd.—

And you, fair Nymphs, who haunt the Tagus' flood,  
You who, with new and ardent zeal, have fir'd  
Your kindred votary ;—if e'er your stream  
In humble verse by me was cheerful sung ;  
Now grant me a sublime and lofty tone,  
An ardent, eloquent, and flowing strain,  
That Phœbus may command your sacred spring  
Euphonious as the fount of Helicon  
May flow. Let my bold verse, with vehemence,  
Sonorous swell ; not like the shepherd's lay,  
But like war's trumpet's soul-enkindling note,  
The Hero's breast inflaming, and his cheek  
Flushing with martial ire. My verse exalt  
To sing the warlike race who aided Mars,  
And through the universe their fame diffuse,  
If verse to such transcendent worth may soar.

And thou, whose birth conferr'd a sacred pledge<sup>4</sup>  
Of Lusitania's ancient liberty,  
Nor less our hope assur'd that through thy zeal  
Christianity her holy light shall spread;—  
O thou, who strik'st new terror in the Moor,  
While we the wonder of our age behold  
In thee, whom God hath given to the world,  
That Faith a more transcendent victory  
May gain:—Resplendent Scion of a stem,  
By Him who sav'd mankind beloved more  
Than all its spreading branches in the west,  
Which shade the Gallic and Imperial throne,—  
Behold the emblems on thy shield impress'd  
In mem'ry of that glorious victory,  
In which He gave, for banners and for arms,  
His wounds and cross on which his blood was shed:  
Great monarch!—Whose extended empire first<sup>6</sup>  
The sun salutes with earliest Eastern ray,  
Darts on thy reign his bright meridian beams,  
And gilds it last descending in the West;  
Thy powerful arm the ignominious yoke  
Shall fix upon the base Ismaelite,  
Subdue the Eastern Turk, and Heathen blind,  
Who drink the waters of the holy stream:—<sup>7</sup>

Bend, for a while, the noble majesty  
Which in thy youthful mien I contemplate,  
Such as when riper years shall call thee hence  
To grace the temple of eternal fame ;  
And condescend, from thy illustrious throne,  
To view this new and unaffected pledge  
Of love of great and patriot deeds display'd  
In verse that emulates their high renown.  
Thou shalt see Patriot-zeal fir'd by the hope,  
Not of a sordid, but immortal wreath :—  
'Tis not a sordid bribe—the prize of fame,  
As herald of the land that gave me birth.  
Thy people's name thou shalt see magnified,  
And thou shalt judge, which is most glorious—  
With scepter'd sway to rule the Universe,  
Or reign the Monarch of a Race like these.—

To celebrate their glorious deeds demands  
No airy fictions of poetic art,  
Fantastical or fabulous, like those  
Which swell the numbers of the Foreign Muse ;  
Their great and bright achievements far surpass<sup>s</sup>  
The dreams in which the poet's fancy strays,  
And all, tho' true, Orlando in his rage,

Or Rodomont, or bold Rugero dar'd.  
 Equal to these the valiant Nuno stands,—  
 Nuno, whose arm his king and country sav'd;—  
 Equal an Egas, and Don Fuas brave,  
 To sing whose deeds I covet Homer's lyre;—  
 With the Twelve Peers of Charles, the British  
     Twelve,<sup>9</sup>  
 And their great chief, Magricio, may compete;—  
 While none th' illustrious Gama may transcend,<sup>10</sup>  
 In whom is center'd all Æneas' fame.  
 With Charlemagne who claims to be compar'd?  
 Or who to Cæsar's glory may aspire?

The First Alphonso, who, in warlike feats,  
 Surpass'd what other heroes e'er achiev'd;  
 And He\* who seal'd his crown's prosperity  
 By vanquishing the proud Castilian foe.—  
 With these may join the brave unconquer'd John,†  
 And three Alphonso‡ in heroic line.—

Nor shall my numbers, careless, leave unsung

\* Don John I.    † Don John II.

‡ Dons Alphonso III., IV. and V.

Those who in bright Aurora's gorgeous realms  
By arms a never-fading name acquir'd,—  
Pointing thy banners e'er to victory:—  
The great Pacheco, bravest of the brave,<sup>11</sup>  
The feared Almeidas, still by Tagus wept,  
Dread Albuquerque, and Castro ever just,  
And more, whose fame e'en death itself defies.

While these my verse advent'rous celebrates,<sup>12</sup>  
But dares to thee, Great Monarch, ne'er aspire,  
Grasp thou the reins of state . . . thou shalt achieve  
Deeds far transcending all the Muse e'er sung.—  
With glance prophetic she beholds thy hosts  
Destin'd to fill with wonder and dismay  
The scorching realms of Mauritania,  
And the wide seas that bathe the Indian shores.  
On thee the trembling Moor directs his eyes,  
And reads his doom irrevocably fix'd.  
Thy glance at once subdues the Eastern pride  
Of barb'rous infidels, and bids them yield,  
Submissive, to the yoke. The blue expanse<sup>13</sup>  
Of Ocean's wide domain, Thetis, to thee,  
Struck with thy noble and thy tender mien,  
In sov'reignty would yield, to hail thee, Son!—

In thee thy two illustrious ancestors  
From the Olympian seat their virtues see :—  
One far renown'd for love of heav'nly peace, <sup>14</sup>  
The other fam'd in battle's crimson'd field.  
These hope to view in thee reviv'd their worth  
And noble deeds ; and when thy bright career  
Shall close, a splendid mansion they for thee  
Within the Temple of Eternity  
Prepare. But while too slowly time concedes  
A nation's prayer to see thee grace the throne,  
Favor the Poet's bold aspiring strain,  
That strives to claim the meed of thy applause.  
Here thou shalt see, cleaving the silver'd brine,  
Thy daring Argonauts ; while they rejoice  
Thou seest them borne upon the angry waves :  
And hear, tho' premature, thy name invok'd. <sup>15</sup>

The wide sea now receives the Lusian fleet,  
Ploughing the waves that roll with restless force :  
Their destin'd track propitious zephyrs aid,  
And gently fill their white and hollow sails ;  
With foaming surge the azure sea is deck'd,  
And the advent'rous prows dauntless pursue  
Their course along the consecrated deep,



Where, sportive, wantons Proteus' finny train.  
Now all the Gods in bright Olympus, whence  
Are issued the decrees of human fate,  
In glorious council congregate to fix  
Of Orient climes the future destiny ;  
Convok'd, at the dread Thunderer's command,  
By graceful Mercury, (from Atlas sprung,)  
Together o'er the bright Lactéal path <sup>16</sup>  
They tread the pavement crystalline of heav'n.  
The seven bright Spheres deserting, which they rule  
By delegated pow'r from Jove supreme,  
Who sways, omnipotent, by thought alone,  
The earth, the heavens, and the raging sea,  
In conclave instantaneously all join,  
Assembling from Arcturus' frozen realms,  
From the mild south, and from the points extreme  
Of fair Aurora's birth, and Sol's decline.—  
With grandeur awful and sublime, the God  
Who hurls th' annihilating thunderbolt,  
Sat on his crystal throne, glowing with stars,—  
His aspect proud, majestic, and severe ;  
And from his lips exhal'd a breath divine,  
Which in a mortal body might infuse  
Celestial life. His crown and sceptre shone

With gems more brilliant than the diamond's blaze.  
On splendid seats, with gold and pearls inlaid,  
Beneath the throne, th' assembled gods assume,  
In due subordination, each the rank  
The dignity of each might justly claim :  
The elder, venerated most, precede ;  
Their designated place th' inferior take :—  
When Jove sublime, whose voice a dreadful awe <sup>17</sup>  
Inspir'd,—the trembling council thus address'd :

“ Eternal Regents of the starry spheres,  
Inhabitants of heaven's bright abode,  
If you the deeds of Lusus' race recal,—  
Deeds that in memory must ever live,—  
To you th' unalterable Will of Fate  
Must equally be known :—that fix'd decree,  
That these illustrious heroes shall eclipse  
Th' Assyrian, Persian, Greek and Roman fame.—  
To them was granted by supernal aid,  
Tho' few the numbers of their marshall'd hosts,  
Th' entrench'd and fiercely hostile Moor to drive  
From all the lands which smiling Tagus laves.  
Against the proud Castilian, fear'd by all,  
Its aid benignant heaven ne'er denied ;—

And Fame and Glory, hov'ring o'er their wings,  
Unerringly their trophied ensigns led  
To victory. Untold, ye Gods, I leave  
Their ancient fame, when, against Roman arms,  
Led forth by Viriatus, their brave chief,<sup>18</sup>  
A Lusian born, they num'rous triumphs gain'd ;  
I mention not their warlike name acquir'd,<sup>19</sup>  
Under a chosen chief from foreign lands,  
Who, through a timid deer, astutely feign'd  
That heav'nly counsels were to him reveal'd.  
With greater boldness now, in fragile barks,  
They brave the dangers of the treach'rous seas,  
And steer through unknown trackless paths, nor fear  
The furious south, or Mauritanian gales.  
The regions where the splendid Orb of Light  
Now lingers, now accelerates his course,  
Long since have they beheld ;—now they resolve  
To see the cradle of his glorious birth.—  
To them 'tis promis'd by Eternal Fate,  
Whose high decrees immutably prevail,  
Their pow'r for lapsing ages shall control  
The seas first gilt by Phœbus' dawning ray.  
Heartless, exanimated by fatigue,  
Through the long stormy winter have they toil'd :

Just is it, therefore, they should now receive  
A glimpse of the new distant world they seek.—  
After the arduous perils of their voyage,  
So patiently endur'd, in which nor clime,  
However various, or imminent,  
Nor threat'ning sky, nor furious winds, they shunn'd ;  
'Tis my supreme determination, here,  
On Afric's sultry coast, a friendly hand  
To them shall be extended ;—the tir'd fleet,  
Refresh'd, shall then pursue her distant course."

Thus Jupiter his sov'reign will express'd :—  
To him successively the Gods replied,  
Each varying in sentiment, as sway'd  
By what each felt, or what the rest alleg'd.  
But Bacchus most oppos'd the will of Jove ;  
For well he knew, if once the Lusian race  
Should penetrate the regions of the East,  
His former splendid deeds would be forgot.  
The Fates to him the secret had disclos'd,  
That, from Iberia, a valiant race  
The eastern seas should traverse, and subdue  
The whole of India's coast, by Doris bath'd ;—  
And that their conquests should obscure the fame

Which he, or other heroes, there acquir'd.—  
Loud he deplored the loss of glory gain'd  
By feats which Nysa still commemorates.  
On Indus' banks he saw his sway confirm'd ;  
Nor since, had Chance or Fortune interpos'd  
To check the strains Parnassian Muses sang,  
Hailing him mighty Conqueror of Ind.  
But now he fear'd that, in th' oblivious pool,  
His name, once so exalted, and rever'd,  
Must sink, ne'er to emerge, if Lusus' sons,  
Invincible, the orient regions  
Should reach. His envy rous'd th' indignant ire  
Of graceful Venus, who, with equal love,  
Lusia, and her endeared Rome, beheld.  
Their rival virtues claim her fav'ring smiles :  
Equal in valor, and in glorious deeds  
Achiev'd by each on Libya's sultry soil ;  
And when each aid invokes, her fancy hears <sup>20</sup>  
The same sonorous and melodious tongue.

The lovely Cytheræa thus was mov'd ;  
The Fates, besides, their will had not conceal'd  
Her altars should with incense burn, where'er  
The conquering host their banners should unfurl.

Thus while the fears of a degraded name,  
And the flush'd hope of an extended shrine,  
These Deities divide in long debate,  
The Gods, as friendship prompts, give their support.  
As when the South, or mightier Boreas, sweeps  
The gloomy and impervious wilderness  
With force resistless, scatt'ring on each side  
The trunks and branches levell'd by the storm,  
The leaves in dark'ning clouds ascend, and hills,  
And vales, and mountains, the tremendous crash  
Reverberate;—such tumult rag'd amidst  
The Gods assembled on the Olympian height.  
But Mars, with ardent and transcendent zeal,  
Sustain'd the cause that Venus had espous'd,  
Either from long-remembered flames, still felt,  
Or sense of justice to the bold emprize.  
Amidst the congregated Gods he rose,—  
Pale melancholy stamp'd upon his brow;  
His massy shield, on his broad shoulder hung,  
With rage, and fearful clang, behind he cast.  
Raising the visor of his diamond helm,  
With fearless confidence before the seat  
Of Jupiter he stood, arm'd and prepar'd  
Dauntless his firm opinion to express;

And with his warlike spear, he struck the pure  
Empyreal throne with such appalling force,  
That heaven trembled, and the sun himself  
Awhile grew pale with transitory fright.

Thus spoke the God of War:—"O mighty Jove,  
To whom with awe the whole creation bows,  
If 'tis thy will that this aspiring race,  
Whose worth and noble deeds thou hast approv'd,  
In search of the new hemisphere, which thou  
Decreed'st by them should be explor'd, disgrace  
Should ne'er sustain, then hear, just Judge, no more,  
Counsels that flow from a suspicious source.—  
If reason here did not appear subdued  
By vain and idly apprehensive fears,  
'Twere just that Bacchus should their cause defend,  
Who to his own beloved Lusus owe  
Their name and origin. But such design  
Now in his breast disgust alone excites.—  
Yet, still, shall others' envy ne'er defeat  
The claims of merit, or what heav'n desires.—  
Then, Potent Sire, let thy determin'd will,  
Firm and unshaken, still its course pursue:  
For, when the mind has fix'd its stern resolve,



'Tis pusillanimous to retrograde.—  
Let winged Mercury, whose speed outstrips  
The winds, or swiftest arrows in their flight,  
Descend, and guide them where they may collect  
Traces of India, and their fleet refresh."

Thus spoke th' intrepid Mars.—His bold advice  
The venerated Father of the Gods  
With a majestic nod approv'd, and o'er  
The parting Conclave scatter'd nectar'd fumes.  
Then, by the luminous Lacteal path,  
Bending submissively before the throne  
Of awful Jove, each Deity withdrew,—  
Returning each to his own lucid sphere.

While in the Temple of Olympian Jove  
Th' ethereal domes resounded with debates,  
The martial Lusians gallantly pursued  
Their Eastern course upon the sparkling main,  
Steering between the Ethiopian coast,  
And Madagascar's celebrated isle.  
The sun the gods then scorching who escap'd<sup>21</sup>  
From horrible Typhœus' yells beneath  
The azure waves. With mild and gentle gales,

Propitious heav'n aided their onward course ;  
The air serenely breathing, and the sky,  
Cloudless, complete security inspir'd.  
The verdant cape of Prasso, on the coast  
Of ancient Ethiopia, they pass'd,  
When, rising from the waves, new isles they saw  
Bath'd and surrounded by the restless sea.  
Vasco, the brave Commander of the Fleet,  
For every noble enterprize prepar'd,  
And with a heart swelling with that bold zeal  
Which Fortune favors with her fairest smiles,  
To linger here no motive could discern,  
Where nought appear'd but wild, unpeopled lands ;  
Straight he resolv'd to steer for Eastern climes.  
But unforeseen events his plan oppos'd ;  
For shortly num'rous little barks appear'd  
Advancing from the isle that nearest seem'd.  
And, hoisting each a broad extended sail,  
Plough'd the long sea, between, to reach the fleet.  
Transported, overjoy'd, the Lusians fix  
Their eyes with wonder on the novel sight,  
“ What people these ? ”—each thought within himself ;  
“ What are their laws, their customs ? Who their king ? ”  
Their barks with swiftness fly before the wind,

Skilfully built, of long and narrow shape ;  
And leaves of the umbrageous palm supplied,  
Woven with art, their neatly matted sail.  
Their skin exhibited the swarthy hue <sup>22</sup>  
Which Phæton stamp'd upon the human race  
In regions scorch'd by his rash fall :—His fate  
The Po well knows, and Lampethusa still  
Laments. Cotton their dress, of various hues,  
Or snowy white, or deck'd with gaudy stripes ;  
Some wore them round the body girt, and some  
With graceful air over the shoulder thrown.  
Above the waist the naked form appear'd ;  
Daggers and shorten'd scimitars their arms ;  
Turban'd their heads ; and as they sail'd, the sounds  
Of Moorish trumpets their approach announc'd.  
With hands uprais'd, and various signs they show'd  
Their eager wish the fleet for them should wait ;  
But the light prows were then already bent  
To seek a port in safety near the Isles.  
The gallant crews no zealous labors spare,  
And strive as if, henceforth, their toils should cease ;  
Instant the sails are furl'd ; the crystal waves  
Dash'd by the plunging anchor, sparkling, foam.

But long before the fleet was safely moor'd,  
The Island-strangers nimbly réach'd the deck ;  
Joy beam'd on ev'ry face, while the brave Chief  
To each a kind and gen'rous welcome gave.  
Forthwith the hospitable board was spread,  
And goblets with Lyæus' purple juice  
Fill'd to the brim, by Phæton's swarthy race  
Freely were quaff'd ;—not mincingly declin'd.—  
Partaking cheerfully the lib'ral feast,  
They ask'd, in Arabic, from whence they came,  
Their name, their native land, and whither bound ?  
And what the unknown seas through which they  
pass'd ?

The valiant Lusitanians replied  
In frankest terms, with circumspection graced :  
Our country, Portugal, far in the West,  
We left, the Eastern regions to explore ;  
The spacious seas we pass'd that, from their waves,  
Calisto's and Orion's rays reflect ;  
All Afric's coast, and many a varied clime,  
And lands, till then unknown, have we beheld.  
Our potent Monarch is by all so lov'd,

So venerated and ador'd, for him  
Not only perils of the sea we brave,  
But into Acheron itself would plunge  
With joyful promptitude. By his command  
We seek the Orient-lands by Indus bath'd ;  
For him we traverse mighty seas, till now  
Plough'd only by the monsters of the deep.  
But now, just it appears, that we should ask,  
(If sacred truth by you should be rever'd,)  
Your name, and what this country where ye dwell,  
And if of India ye have any trace ?

Strangers ourselves, replied an Islander,  
In faith, in customs, from the natives here  
Widely we differ :—as by nature form'd,  
They are alike to faith and reason blind ;  
But we observe the holy precepts taught  
By that great Prophet who from Abr'am sprung,  
And whose commanding law the world obeys,  
Though mix'd was his immediate descent. <sup>23</sup>  
This Island where we dwell, contains a port  
Secure, and most frequented by our barks,  
Which traffic on the seas between Quiloa,  
Mombaza, and Sofala's golden coast.

It suits our wants and views here to reside,  
And with the natives equal rights enjoy.  
Seeing ye seek of all to be inform'd,  
The name by which 'tis known, is Mozambique ;  
And since such mighty seas you pass'd in search  
Of fam'd Hydaspes, and the glowing lands  
On Indus' banks, a skilful pilot hence  
Shall guide ye thither o'er the bounding waves :  
And as refreshments ye must needs require,  
'Twere well the Chief, to whom we all submit,  
Should see you, and with lib'ral hand provide  
Whate'er your urgent wants may best supply.

Thus spake the Moor, and straightway to his barks  
Return'd, with all his swarthy company,  
Leaving the noble Captain and his fleet  
With many signs of courteous respect.

Meanwhile, the crystal car of Phœbus sinks  
Beneath the waves, closing the splendid day ;  
But Dian, while He rests, his course supplies,  
And with her argent rays the world illumines.  
Amidst the wearied crews, throughout the night,  
Wild unexpected pleasure reign'd, that flow'd



From renovated hope they yet should see  
The realms, traces of which they here obtain'd.  
The customs, manners, every novel trait  
Mark'd in these Islanders, awak'd surprise ;  
But most they wondered that the erring sect  
Of Mahomet so widely was diffus'd.

Now Cynthia's rays with gentle lustre shone <sup>24</sup>  
Reflected from the sparkling silver'd waves ;  
In harmony, the starry sky appear'd  
A field celestial strew'd with heav'nly flow'rs ;  
The furious winds, pent in their distant caves,  
In quiet slumber, undisturb'd, repos'd ;  
But through the silent night the watchful guard  
On board the fleet, their usual vigils kept.  
Soon as the glimm'ring marbled dawn appear'd,  
And from her lovely locks Aurora shed  
Her first mild rays preceding rosy Morn,  
When wak'd Hyperion runs his golden course,  
The brave Armada all her banners gay  
Display'd ; and tasteful canopies were rais'd,  
With festive joy and welcome to receive  
The visit which the Island-Chief prepar'd  
To pay. Embarking with alacrity,

The gallant Lusitanian fleet he reach'd,  
With such refreshments as the Isle produc'd ;  
Persuaded they were of that barb'rous race  
That from the Caspian roll'd the tide of war  
Against the Asiatic states, and, then,  
Impell'd by fatal destiny, destroy'd <sup>25</sup>  
The Christian empire rais'd by Constantine.

The Moor, and all his bands, the Lusian Chief <sup>26</sup>  
Receiv'd with generous hospitality,  
And on them gifts magnificent bestow'd,  
Expressly brought to obviate distrust ;  
And luscious sweetmeats offer'd, and the juice,  
To them unknown, that animates the soul.  
Contentedly these gifts the Moor receiv'd,  
And still with more delight the splendid feast  
He join'd; while, 'midst the shrouds, aloft the crews  
Ascend, to view the strange and novel scene ;  
Their manners, garb, and barb'rous dialect  
They note with pleasure and surprise.  
Nor less astonish'd seem'd the artful Moor,  
When he their colour, dress, and arms beheld.  
With anxious curiosity he ask'd  
If they, by chance, from Turkey thither came?

And then desir'd to see their sacred books  
Of moral precepts and religious lore,  
To judge if with his own coincident,  
Or if, as he surmis'd, the Christian faith  
They taught; and, that he nothing might omit,  
He begg'd the brave Commander would explain  
Their various arms, and various use in war,  
When 'gainst the enemy they take the field.

The valiant Captain's answer was convey'd <sup>27</sup>  
By one who well the language understood.

“ Illustrious Chief, to thee shall be explain'd  
All that concerns myself, my faith, my arms.  
I claim no kindred either with the soil,  
Or with the race of Turkish Infidels;  
To warlike Europe I belong, and now  
I seek the far-fam'd regions of the East.  
Him I adore, whose holy law obeys  
Whate'er on earth, whate'er in heav'n exists.  
His word the universe produc'd, and all  
Therein that breathes, or is inanimate.  
Quitting the regions of celestial bliss,  
Incarnate, scorn and insults he endur'd,

And bore the bitter pangs of cruel death,  
That lost mankind through him might be redeem'd.  
Of this God-man, sublime and infinite,  
The written laws thou ask'dst we bring not here:  
Useless it were in such form to possess  
What on the soul should ever be engrav'd.

“Shouldst thou desire our various arms to see,  
Thy wish without delay shall be fulfill'd,  
But only as a friend;—I pledge my word,—  
Ne'er as a foe shall they to thee be shown.”

The armourer he order'd to produce  
The various dreadful instruments of war;  
Forthwith high-burnish'd breastplates on the deck  
Are strew'd with harnesses, and coats of mail;  
Then lamellated armour, painted shields,  
And iron balls, and carabines of steel,  
And mighty bows, with quivers fully arm'd,  
And pointed partisans, and barbed spears;  
Explosive bombs, and sulphurous grenades,  
Charg'd with destructive elements, succeed;  
But Vulcan's Mates Vasco restrains, and checks  
The fright'ning deep-mouth'd mortars' thund'ring roar:

A generous and noble mind disdains,  
Where few the numbers, and where fear prevails,  
Its force to brandish; for, 'tis cowardice  
To play the lion o'er the timid lamb.

But after all the Moor had here observ'd  
With an attentive and admiring glance,  
A certain hatred still his soul possess'd,  
And thoughts malign, prompting to evil deeds;  
Not in his face, nor by his words, his hate  
Was shown;—for, with feign'd smiles, he then resolv'd  
To treat them kindly till the fated hour,  
When he the mask might boldly lay aside.  
Pilots to guide them o'er the trackless waves  
To India's shore, Gama of him desir'd,  
And promis'd such rewards as should repay  
Their services with lib'ral recompense.  
The Moor assented;—but, within his soul,  
Such poisonous hatred lurk'd, that, on that day,—  
Could he his horrid purpose execute,—  
Death at his hands,—not the demanded aid,—  
Had they receiv'd: Such was the baleful hate  
Which he tow'rd's them had suddenly conceiv'd,  
Discov'ring they th' immortal truth rever'd

The Son of David taught to save mankind!  
Hail! Holy Myst'ries of Eternal Life,  
Inscrutable, beyond the reach of thought!  
E'en thy elect cannot protection find  
From bitter persecution here below.

The crafty and deceitful Moor, with all  
His sable Comrades, now prepar'd to leave  
The Lusian Fleet, saluting ev'ry one  
With feigned courtesy, and treach'rous smiles.  
O'er the Neptunian element his barks  
Swiftly pursued their course;—reaching the shore,  
Greeted by his obsequious train, the Moor  
To his accustom'd residence withdrew.

Meanwhile in the ethereal realms, the God, <sup>28</sup>  
Whose birth Jove with assiduous care matur'd,—  
Soon as he saw with what unbounded hate  
The crafty Moor the Lusians abhorr'd,—  
In thought conceiv'd a subtle stratagem  
By which the whole at once might be destroy'd;  
And, while the project he revolv'd, essay'd  
To justify the deed, in terms like these.

“ Have then the Fates thus solemnly decreed,  
That, o'er the martial nations of the East,  
Such great and glorious vict'ries shall be gain'd  
By Lusitanian arms? And shall the Son  
Of Jove omnipotent, with qualities  
Pre-eminently generous endued,  
Suffer the Fates another to protect,  
By whom his ancient glory shall henceforth  
Be dimm'd? By the permission of the Gods,  
Ammon's ambitious Son, aided by Mars,  
Made this the scene of his victorious arms,  
And India, subjugated, own'd his sway.  
But shall it be endur'd, that Fate should give  
To these,—so few,—such valor and such skill,  
That, with the Macedonian, I should cede  
The laurell'd wreath to Lusitania!  
Thus it shall never be ;—for, ne'er, the East  
The bold Commander of the Fleet shall reach ;  
Prevented by a wile astutely fram'd,  
He ne'er shall view the Orient realms of day ;  
To Earth, then, let me speed ;—more to inflame  
The rage now rankling in the Moorish breast ;  
For he more surely may command success  
Who the propitious moment aptly grasps.”



Thus he express'd himself with madd'ning rage,  
And lit without delay on Afric's coast.  
Assuming there the human face and shape,  
To Prasso's Cape he straight advanc'd. To frame  
With more success the artful plot, the form  
He took of an astute and aged Moor,—  
A well known resident in Mozambique,—  
Who by the Chief was held in high esteem ;  
And entering his mansion at the hour  
He judg'd most favorable to his guile,  
He charg'd the strangers, recently arriv'd,  
With odious acts of piracy and fraud.

“ Well was it known,” he said, “ that on the coast,  
Where'er they anchor'd, under the pretext  
Of friendly and pacific overtures,  
The credulous Inhabitants they spoil'd.  
Hear,” he pursued, “ what more to me is known  
Of this base sanguinary Christian Race ;  
Where'er their prows piratical have steer'd,  
Plunder, and fire, have signaliz'd their course.  
Long against us their infamous designs  
Have been projected. What do they propose ?  
To rob and slaughter us ; and, from our homes,  
Our wives and children into bondage sweep !

I also know, that ere the day shall dawn,  
The Leader, seeking the pure limpid spring,  
Accompanied with all his crew, will land;—  
For when designs are bad, fear they produce.  
In ambush, therefore, thou for them shouldst wait,  
In arms, conceal'd, and silent as the grave;  
For, when they, unsuspecting, disembark,  
Not easily will they the well plann'd snare  
Escape; but should this plot only in part  
Succeed;—should not the whole be thus destroy'd,  
Another stratagem to me occurs,  
Which, as it cannot fail, must satisfy  
Thy utmost hopes. To them a Pilot give,  
So fair in aspect, but so deep in guile,  
That, unsuspected, he may guide them where  
Death and destruction they cannot elude."

No sooner had he finish'd, but the Moor,—  
Crafty, and deeply vers'd in deeds of ill,—  
With transport threw his arms around his neck,  
Giving him thanks for his profound advice;  
His orders instantly he then dispatch'd,  
And various warlike preparations made,  
That when the Lusians came, the crystal fount

They sought, should into streams of crimson blood  
Be chang'd. To execute the trammell'd plot,  
A Pilot fitted for the act he seeks,  
A Moor sagacious, cunning, vers'd in crime,  
In whose atrocity he might confide.  
Him he directs to steer the Lusian Chief  
To such remote and perilous seas and coasts,  
That, here, if he elude the dagger's point,  
There, he may sink unpitied and unknown.

Scarcely had bright Apollo's rays illum'd<sup>29</sup>  
The summits of the Nabathæan hills,  
When enterprising Gama was prepar'd  
To land in quest of the refreshing streams.  
But He, and all his gallant Followers,  
Proceeded cautiously, as if aware  
Of the projected plot: for when the heart  
Presages pending ills, seldom, perhaps,  
It errs; and when, before, he sent to seek  
The Pilot promis'd by the Chief, a harsh  
And warlike note direct refusal gave,—  
Even when hopes of concord most prevail'd.—  
Thus warn'd, and knowing well how much they err  
Who in a faithless adversary trust,

Three barks he order'd to be well equipp'd,  
And fearless steer'd their course towards the shore.  
The Moors posted themselves along the beach,  
To intercept the pure refreshing spring;  
Some with their buckler'd shields, and pointed spears,  
And some with bows, and poison'd arrows arm'd;  
Others, in ambush station'd, lurking wait  
Till on the shore the martial strangers land.  
Judging their plot easy to execute,  
A few advanc'd to lure them to their fate.  
On the white sandy beach the Moors parade,  
By gestures menacing hostilities;  
And, with the target and destructive spear,  
They hurl defiance at their braver foe,  
Who, with impatience, hast'ning to chastise  
The snarling curs that idly show'd their teeth,<sup>30</sup>  
Sprung each on shore with such alacrity  
That each might claim the foremost to be deem'd.  
As, in the sanguine amphitheatre,  
The Lover, in the presence of his Fair,  
Provokes th' infuriated Bull, and leaps,  
And runs, and shouts, and spurs him to attack;  
When, suddenly, the goaded animal,  
Well arm'd by nature with defensive horns,

Roaring tremendously, and mad with rage,  
Strews, slain, on earth, his bold presumptuous foe ;  
So when the Lusian Armada pours  
Its fire destructive from the cannon's mouth,  
The death-shot flies, its thunder spreads affright ;  
The smitten air reverberates the shock :—  
A panic seizes the insidious Moor,  
And his heart sinks with terror petrified ;  
Those who in ambush lurk, for safety fly,  
And death the more adventurous awaits.

The Lusians prosecute their victory,  
Death and destruction scattering around ;  
The Moorish Town, unwall'd, without defence,  
Bombarded, soon in reeking ashes lies.  
Thus, war's terrific horrors they endur'd,  
While they an easy conquest hop'd to gain,  
And imprecations loud and bitter flow'd  
From wailing Mothers and decrepit Sires—  
Flying, and robb'd of strength by coward haste,  
The Moors harmless and feebly draw their bows ;  
But arms the madness of despair supplies, <sup>31</sup>  
And staves and massive stones in their defence  
They eager grasp and hurl ; subdued by fear,

Their homes and all they once possess'd they leave,  
And to the Main-land fly, crossing the small  
And narrow strait that separates and flows  
Around their Isle. In crowded Almades some  
Escape, and some swim buoyant with the tide ;  
Others for ever sink beneath the waves,  
Gulping and vainly striving to reject  
The suffocating brine ; and those who flee  
In open barks, the ceaseless shot destroy.  
Such was the chastisement the Moors receiv'd,—  
To perfidy and malice justly due.

To the Armada, laden with rich spoils,  
The Lusians, flush'd with victory, return ;—  
And now the springs at their command remain,  
Without resistance and without defence.  
But grievously the Moors sustain their loss,  
And deadlier hatred now their breasts inflame,  
These bitter injuries still to avenge :  
No flatt'ring hope, save in a second plot,  
Remains.—Pretending sorrow for the past,  
The Chief insidiously proposes peace ;  
Nor did the Lusitanians suspect  
So fair an offer hostile aims conceal'd.

For friendly seem'd the peaceful overture,  
Which to the Fleet the promis'd pilot brought,  
While, in his breast, the mandate secret lay,—  
To steer them to inevitable death.

The prudent Vasco saw the time arriv'd  
His bold advent'rous voyage to pursue,  
And, favor'd by propitious gales, resum'd,  
With brighter hopes, his course in search of Ind.  
The artful Pilot he receiv'd with kind  
And cheerful hospitality; and when  
With due attention he the message heard,  
His sails he spread before the prosp'ring breeze.  
Thus weigh'd the brave Armada, and pursued  
Its course o'er Amphitrite's blue domain;  
The Guardian Nymphs from ancient Nereus sprung,  
Faithful and sweet companions of the voyage,  
Floated around the Fleet; meanwhile, in vain,  
The crafty Pilot strain'd to overreach  
The brave Commander, who with him discours'd  
Largely on India, and the various coasts  
Which they descried. The cunning Moor, well vers'd  
In all the wiles malignant Bacchus fram'd,  
Stood ruminating how to intercept



Their course by death, or by captivity.  
With seeming frankness he describ'd the ports  
Of distant India; and with promptitude  
Each question answer'd. In him Vasco trusts,  
And, fearless, no misfortune apprehends.  
He told him, too, with the like treachery <sup>32</sup>  
With which of old the Trojans were deceiv'd  
By Sinon's arts,—“ those Seas contain an Isle  
Which many 'n age the Christians have possess'd.”  
Th' illustrious Chief, who ev'ry circumstance  
Attentive watch'd, the news with transport heard,  
And proffering rich presents to the Moor,  
Desir'd that thither he the Lusian Fleet  
Would guide. With this ingenuous request  
The artful Moor determin'd to comply;  
For, as the Island was inhabited  
By ignominious Mahomedans,  
He judg'd that here their death might be achiev'd;—  
And far more powerful and populous  
Was this extensive Isle,—Quiloa call'd,—  
Than Mozambique, and better known to fame.  
Thither the joyful Lusians steer their course;  
But when the Cytheræan Goddess saw <sup>33</sup>  
They deviated from their destin'd track,—

Steering to certain death, though unforeseen,—  
To save her favor'd heroes from the fate  
That menac'd them with ruin,—far from home,—  
She interpos'd with baffling adverse winds,  
Thwarting the treach'rous Pilot's hopes. The Moor,  
Discovering that now to execute  
His project far surpass'd his utmost skill,  
With impious constancy still persever'd,  
And to destroy them fram'd another plot.

“The torrent's force,” he said, “no art can stem;—  
It bears us irresistibly along,  
But will conduct us to a nearer Isle,  
Where Moors and Christians live in harmony.”

E'en now he spake the language of deceit,—  
Faithful to his insidious charge; for here  
No Christians dwelt, as he described, but those  
Who worship Mahomet's polluted shrine.  
Vasco, with unsuspecting confidence,  
Sail'd tow'rds the Isle;—the Guardian Deity,  
The Moor's device to frustrate, guides the Fleet  
In safety near, but not within the Port.  
The Island from the Continent a Strait

Of inconsiderable breadth disjoin'd ;  
Facing the sea rose elevated spires,  
And noble palaces, and wealthy domes—  
A spacious City,—which, for many 'a league,  
Across the waves was seen. An aged King  
Here rul'd ;—and both the City and the Isle  
Alike in common are Mombaza call'd.

Nought could exceed the joy that Vasco felt,  
When he that shore approach'd ; anxious he hop'd  
Beloved Christian Brethren here to meet,  
Of whom the treach'rous Pilot had discours'd.  
Boats soon were seen proceeding from the strand  
Bearing a message from the King, who knew  
The Strangers well, for him had Bacchus warn'd,—  
Who as a Moor had also here appear'd.  
Friendship and peace the message breath'd ; but still  
'Neath this fair form a latent poison lurk'd ;  
Whate'er he then profess'd, his hostile views  
Another treach'rous plot too soon reveal'd.

What perils, numberless and imminent,  
Ceaseless assail Life's mutable career !  
Ev'n where we center all our fondest hopes,

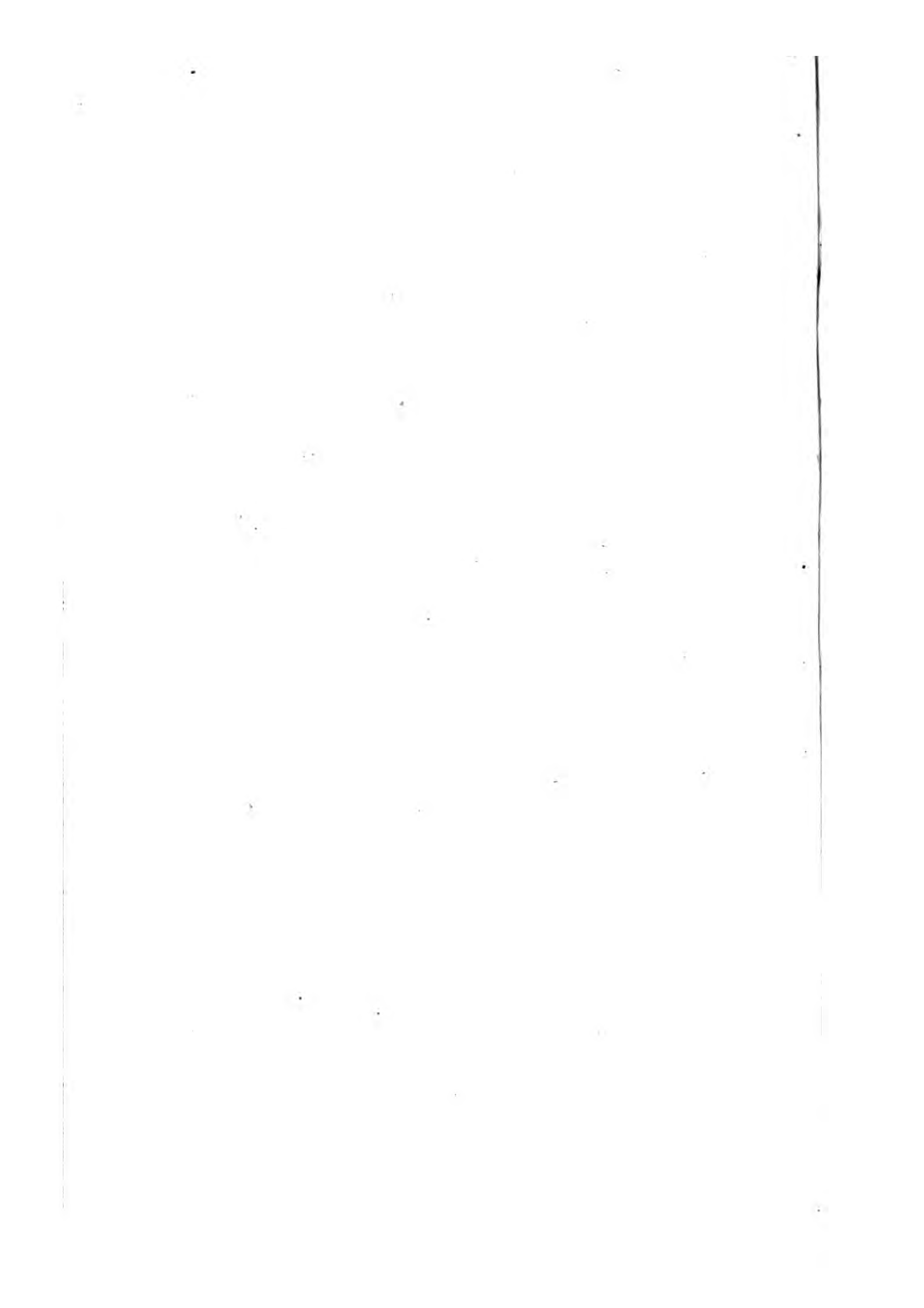
They vanish like an unsubstantial dream.  
At sea, what storms,—what losses,—man endures!  
What cruel deaths the waves for him prepare!  
On land, what sanguinary wars,—what guile,—  
What wretchedness,—what misery,—prevail!  
To what asylum shall frail man retreat?—  
Where pass secure the narrow span of life,  
That placid Heaven, unruffled, may not launch  
Its thunderbolt against so poor a worm?

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**THE LUSIAD.**

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**CANTO II.**



# THE LUSIAD.

## CANTO II.

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THE splendid Orb whose rays the Earth illumine,  
And mark the period of the lucid day,  
His golden course completing, now withdrew,  
And veil'd in shade his bright celestial light,  
While the dark portals of her secret caves  
Beneath the deep, Night op'd at his approach :  
'Twas at this hour the Islanders arriv'd,  
With treacherous designs, on board the Fleet.  
The Chieftain, charg'd the Lusians to decoy  
Into the fatal snare, to Gama thus  
Himself address'd :—" Brave Captain, who hast  
plough'd  
Neptune's tempestuous maritime domain,  
The Monarch of this Isle, ravish'd with joy  
At thy arrival, has one only wish:—  
To welcome thee with hospitable cheer,  
And all thy wants abundantly supply ;



And such extreme solicitude he feels  
A Chief to see,—doubtless of mighty fame,—  
That he invites thee, with thy gallant Fleet,  
Fearless to anchor here within the Port ;  
And as the crews, after such great fatigues,  
Enfeebled and exanimate must feel,  
The King advises they should seek on shore  
That recreation nature's self demands ;—  
If the rare products of the golden East  
Thou seek'st, here in abundance thou wilt find  
Each various kind of aromatic spice,  
With salutif'rous drugs health to preserve  
Or to restore ;—if glowing rubies, pearls  
Of orient hue, and emeralds, and gems  
Of dazzling lustre, thou wouldst fain procure,—  
These thou shalt here obtain beyond thy wish.”

The message from the King Gama receiv'd  
With grateful thanks ; but as the Sun's last rays  
Then beam'd across the deep, safety requir'd  
Th' Armada should remain without the Port ;  
But,—he replied,—soon as the earliest dawn  
All danger should remove, without mistrust  
He would obey the wishes of the King,

Whose gen'rous kindness he could not repay.  
The Moor he ask'd, if the Inhabitants  
Were Christians, as the Pilot had assur'd.  
The sly Mahomedan forthwith replied,—  
The greater part the Christian Faith profess'd.  
Thus was dismiss'd from Vasco's gen'rous breast  
Ev'ry suspicion or prudential fear,  
And with unlimited security  
In treach'rous, faithless strangers he relied.  
Under his charge were various Criminals <sup>1</sup>  
Sentenc'd to suffer ignominious death,  
But spar'd, by clemency, to be employ'd  
On services of peril ;—of these, Two,  
That most sagacious and experienc'd seem'd,  
He sent on shore, commanded to observe  
The City's wealth and strength, but above all  
To greet the Christian settlers in the Isle ;  
And presents to the King by these he sent,  
Trusting his proffer'd friendship to preserve,  
Disinterested, firm, and generous :—  
In vain ; far other sentiments in him  
Prevail'd. Their base perfidious visitors  
Now left the Fleet, and to Mombaza steer'd,

Where the two Scouts, sent to explore the Town,  
With feigned smiles were festively caress'd.

When, with the courteous message Gama sent,  
The presents they deliver'd to the King,  
The Town in ev'ry part they view'd; but saw  
Far less than they expected to behold.  
For cautiously the wary Moors declin'd  
Much to explain which they desir'd to learn:—  
When in the heart evil predominates,  
The same in others always it suspects.

Meanwhile the God,\* of bismaternal birth,  
Whose rosy face blooms with eternal youth,  
With ardor unrelax'd his wiles pursued,  
The Lusian Navigator to destroy.  
Station'd within the city, he resum'd  
The human form; and there himself he feign'd  
A pious Christian; and adoring stood  
Before an altar, grand and sumptuous,  
He there had rais'd; the glowing pencil there

\* Bacchus.

The Holy Spirit's emblem had pourtray'd—  
A snow-white Dove, which o'er the Virgin pure,—  
The only Phœnix known—stood hovering.<sup>2</sup>  
The Twelve Apostles, too, were pictur'd there,<sup>3</sup>  
Such as, when, with amazement struck, they saw  
Clow'n tongues of fire suspended o'er each head,  
And straight receiv'd the gift of various speech.  
The Lusians sent on shore were thither led,  
While Bacchus celebrated artfully  
These sacred rites; and here, on bended knee,  
The God that rules the world they worshipped.  
Mean-time Thyoneus\* grateful incense burnt  
And odoriferous Panchaian gums,<sup>4</sup>  
While at the Altar,—thus by falsehood rais'd,—  
The true and only God they reverenc'd.

The night on shore they pass'd, and by the Moors  
Were entertain'd with hospitality;  
Nor did they e'er suspect these sacred rites  
Were practis'd solely to deceive; but when  
Tithon's fair Consort, Messenger of Morn,  
On rosy wings, and borne on blushing clouds,

\* Bacchus.

Announc'd the chariot of the Sun, whose rays  
Beam'd with mild lustre o'er the horizon,  
The Moors revisited the Fleet, and brought  
A second invitation from the King,  
The Port to enter; and, with them, return'd  
The Messengers, whom Gama had dispatch'd,  
Loaded with royal favors. Then, no more,  
Danger he apprehended, or mistrust  
Conceiv'd; and hoping Christians there to find,  
Within the harbour he prepar'd to steer.  
The Scouts assur'd him, that on land they saw  
A sacred Altar and a holy Priest;—  
That hospitable kindness they receiv'd,  
Sleeping secure upon the friendly Isle;—  
And that the King, and all who him obey'd,  
Were equally transported with delight:  
Amidst such pure and artless glee, they deem'd  
No motive for suspicion could exist.

The noble Gama, therefore, gave to all  
A cheerful welcome, as they leapt on board;  
For prompt is ever an ingenuous mind  
To judge those candid who appear sincere.  
Soon were the decks crowded with treach'rous Moors

Abandoning their boats, and, visibly,  
Among them a malignant joy prevail'd,—  
Thinking their prize infallibly secure.  
Clandestinely on land they had themselves  
With arms prepar'd, that when the gallant Fleet  
Should, unsuspecting, anchor in the Port,  
Fearless they might proceed to the assault;  
And by this act of treason they resolv'd  
At once the Lusians to annihilate,—  
Securing thus reprisals for the loss  
Which Mozambique had recently sustain'd.

The sailors, by their well plied labors soon,  
The ponderous tenacious anchors raise,  
And spreading only fore-sails to the wind,  
Th' Armada steer towards the Inland Port.  
But lovely Erycina's guardian care  
The fortune of the gallant Lusians watch'd  
Unceasingly;—seeing the dang'rous plot,  
Swift as an arrow to the sea she flies.  
Nereus' fair progeny she then convokes,  
And their companions of the dark blue waves;—  
Herself a Native of this element,  
Its mighty mass of waters her commands

Submissively obeys ; the urgent cause  
Of her descent she tells to all, and hastes  
With them th' Armada's course to check, before  
It reach the point whence it may ne'er return.  
The Ocean-nymphs, breasting the crystal waves,  
Lash with their argent trains the whit'ning foam.  
Cloto her snowy bosom 'gainst the deep  
Urges with graceful but unwonted force ;—  
Nisa springs o'er the surface, while with wings  
Nerina o'er the billows seems to fly.  
The rolling waves themselves, impress'd with fear,  
Ope to their pious haste a ready path.  
The lovely graceful Dionæa there,  
Incens'd with rage, is by a Triton borne ;  
But he the precious burthen feels not, proud  
To be the bearer of the beauteous charge.

Soon they arriv'd ; the freshly blowing winds  
Fill'd all the canvass of the warlike Fleet ;  
The Nereids then instantly surround  
Those that with swifter sail precede the rest.  
The Goddess and her chosen Nymphs oppose  
Brave Vasco's ship, that boldly led the van :  
And so effectually its course impede,



That fav'ring breezes are of no avail.  
Against the solid oak the tender breast  
They press, and force the bulky "Ammiral"  
Its track to retrograde;—others their aid<sup>5</sup>  
Supply to turn it from the hostile coast.  
Thus when the provident industrious ants<sup>6</sup>  
Their heavy burthens to their nests convey,  
Exerting every hostile energy  
Against their enemy, the Winter's frost,  
Incessant are their labors and fatigues,—  
Their vigor, then, exceeding all belief:  
Such efforts made the guardian Nereids  
To save the Lusians from impending loss.  
The Ship, in spite of all on board, is forc'd  
Astern; with clam'rous shouts the angry crew,  
Shifting the sails, in vain try every tack;  
Ungovernable swings on every side  
The helm; the Master, ever vigilant  
To ward impending danger, from the stern  
Cries out, unheard, to guard against a rock  
Discern'd a-head, and threat'ning them with wreck.

While thus the Mariners their utmost strength  
Exert to work the Ship, their fright'ning shouts

And exclamations fill the Moors with dread,  
As if around them horrid battle rag'd.  
They knew not whence this fury could arise,  
Nor what, in such emergency, could them  
Avail;—guilty, they fear'd their treachery<sup>7</sup>  
Discover'd, and their punishment at hand.  
Behold! with sudden impulse, to their boats  
They haste, from fancied danger to escape;  
Others, plunging into the swelling waves,  
Trust to their skill, swimming, to reach the shore;  
Fearing the tumult which they now beheld,  
From the ship's sides they leap into the sea,  
Confiding in this fickle element,  
Rather than trust imaginary foes.  
Thus, as of old, when from their wood-girt lake<sup>8</sup>  
The Lycian race, transform'd to frogs, transgress'd  
Incautiously beyond the water's edge,  
And heard the sounding steps of strangers near,  
Into the plashing pool on every side  
They leap'd, th' impending peril to escape;  
Shelt'ring themselves in their well-known retreat,  
Their heads alone appearing on the lake:  
So fled the treach'rous Moors; the Pilot, too,  
Who to this danger had the Fleet expos'd,

Believing that his base designs were known,  
Plung'd also headlong in the briny tide.

Lest he should dash against the sea-girt rock,  
Where life (to all so precious) might be lost,  
The valiant Gama his main anchor cast,  
And near him all the rest their station took.  
When with surprize he had perceiv'd the strange  
And sudden panic which had seiz'd the Moors,  
And the deceitful Pilot's rapid flight,  
Quickly he penetrated their designs;—  
But when he saw, that neither adverse winds,  
Nor deviating currents, the ship's course  
Oppos'd, though yet her onward voyage was check'd,  
The cause to him appear'd miraculous.  
“Strange,” he exclaim'd, “and great and wonderful  
Is the event;—for us a miracle  
Stupendous and undoubted has been wrought:  
A plot insidious, and treach'rous friends  
Have thus, when least suspected, been unmask'd.—  
But who from artful, deeply laid intrigue  
Shall safely extricate himself, unless  
Man's feeble powers be aided from above?  
Thus Providence has manifestly shown

We cannot look for safety in these Ports ;—  
And clearly have we seen our trust misplac'd,  
Where fraud the mask of amity assum'd.  
Since then human sagacity must fail  
To penetrate the veil of subtle craft,  
Take, guardian Goddess, to thy special care,  
Those who, without thy aid, no safety find ;  
If, by unlimited compassion mov'd  
Tow'rds an unfortunate and wand'ring race,  
Thou, in thy boundless goodness, hast resolv'd  
To save them from the snares of perfidy,  
Let us thy tutelary guidance lead  
Where we may rest secure ; or if it be  
Thy will, show us the distant lands we seek ;—  
'Tis in thy service we these lands explore."

Mov'd by this pious invocation, straight  
The lovely *Dionæa* disappear'd  
From 'midst the floating Nymphs ; the sudden flight  
Of the fair Goddess all with grief deplor'd.  
Swiftly through Heav'n's resplendent stellar orbs  
She flew, and penetrating all the Spheres,  
At length the Sixth she reach'd, where on his throne  
Great Jove in all his regal splendor sat.

The speed with which she hasten'd to these realms  
Lent such unwonted grace to all her charms,  
That all the Stars, the Heav'ns, the ambient Air,—  
All, at her presence, were with love inspir'd.  
Her eyes, the nest of gentle Love's repose,  
Beam'd with such bright and animating rays,  
That the chill'd Poles glow'd with the genial warmth,  
And all the frozen regions caught the flame ;  
And to enkindle more the ancient love  
With which the Goddess was by Jove beheld,  
She stood before him as, on Ida's mount,  
She to the Trojan Shepherd had appear'd.—  
Had she thus by the Hunter been discern'd,  
Who, by Diana, to a stag transform'd,  
Was by his dogs devour'd, his fate were chang'd ;  
Unquenchable desires had seal'd his doom.  
Her golden hair in graceful tresses flow'd  
O'er her white neck that vied with purest snow ;  
At every step her bosom graceful heav'd,—  
For Love, conceal'd, made it his wanton sport ;  
And from her zone issued the tender sparks  
With which the Urchin lights his am'rous flames,  
While round her polish'd alabastrine feet  
Like creeping ivy soft desires entwin'd—

With a light veil those beauties she conceal'd  
Which modesty with native grace defends.  
Still to Love's glances all was not denied;  
Unrival'd charms were yet perceiv'd, the veil  
Refused to conceal. More to increase  
The flames she kindled, she around her threw  
This airy fold. The Gods with passion burn'd,—  
Vulcan with jealousy, and Mars with love.—  
Her heav'nly count'nance beam'd with sweetest smiles,  
Yet slightly tinctur'd with a shade of grief;  
Such as th' incautious lover o'er the cheek  
Of his fair gentle mistress haply casts,  
By the untender jest; when, though she smile,  
Yet mirth, with secret pain, is intermix'd.  
'Twas thus the peerless Goddess Jove address'd,  
And with more grace than sorrow urg'd her suit.

“ Ever I judg'd, O Father of the Gods,<sup>9</sup>  
That when my heart a darling object chose,  
Thy mild and amorous indulgence ne'er  
My wishes could deny,—e'en though it fret  
An adverse Deity;—but, since I see,  
Unmerited by me, and innocent,  
Thine anger 'gainst me arm'd;—be it, henceforth,

As Bacchus wills ;—I own I have been vex'd.—  
Much sorrow on this race, claim'd as my own,  
For whom my tears in vain are shed, my love  
Has, inauspicious, brought ;—for them I love,  
Though thou my partial fondness disapprove.  
To favor them, with tears and sighs I thee  
Implore : thus struggling 'gainst my adverse fate.  
But since my love occasions all their woes,  
I them must hate, that thou mayst them protect.<sup>10</sup>  
Then let them perish on a barbarous coast !  
. . . Griev'd it is true I was" . . . Thus as she spake,  
Her lovely cheeks were bath'd with burning tears,  
Like the young rose impearl'd with morning dew.  
Silent, awhile she paus'd, and sobs suppress'd  
Her pious pray'rs, ere they could reach her lips.  
Again to speak she tried ; but He who wields  
Heav'n's thunder, pow'rful Jove, then interpos'd.

Mov'd by the tender and affecting scene,  
Which e'en a tiger's fury had subdued,  
Jove, with a cheerful mien, like the fair face  
Of Heav'n serene, when clouds no longer low'r,  
The tears upon her love-inspiring cheek  
With fervor kiss'd, and clasp'd her snowy neck



With such delight, that, had no check oppos'd,  
Another Cupid might have seen the light.  
Pressing against her roseate cheek his own,  
He only more augments her sobs and tears ;  
Like the young child, corrected by its nurse,  
That weeps the more, the more it is caress'd,—  
The heavy grief that fills her anxious breast  
He mitigates, and of futurity  
Much he reveals, and of the Fates' decrees  
He thus imparts to her a distant glimpse.

“ My beauteous Child,—fear not: no ill shall light  
Upon thy favor'd Lusitanians ;  
Nor think that aught can mould my sov'reign will  
Like these resistless eyes with tears suffus'd.  
My solemn word to thee, my child, I pledge ;  
Th' illustrious deeds which these thy fav'rite race  
Shall in the Eastern World perform, shall thence  
Eclipse the brightest fame of Greece and Rome.  
What,—if Ulysses from Calypso's Isle,  
And from eternal slavery, escap'd ;—  
What, if Antenor dauntlessly explor'd  
Timavus' fount, and each Illyrian bay ;—  
Or if Æneas brav'd the raging seas

That between Scylla and Charybdis whirl:  
Greater exploits thy Lusians shall attempt,  
And to the world new worlds shall indicate.  
Cities, and fortresses, and lofty walls,  
Thou, my fair Daughter, shalt by them see rais'd;  
The fierce and warlike Turk vanquish'd by them,  
In every conflict, also shalt thou see;  
And shalt behold the Sovereigns of Ind,—  
Tho' now secure and free,—to the Great King  
Of Lusia yield. The conquer'd regions, then,  
From them shall new and wiser laws receive;  
The valiant Chief, who with such ardent zeal  
Such fearful dangers braves in search of Ind,  
Neptune himself shall, trembling, view with dread,  
And his waves curl, though not a zephyr breathe:—  
A sight miraculous, till then unseen,<sup>11</sup>  
The sea rolling and raging e'en though calms  
Prevail. Of you, O lofty-minded race,  
Even the elements are struck with awe!  
Where the Moor recently the limpid stream  
In vain denied them, thou a Port shalt see,<sup>12</sup>  
Safe and commodious, where their crews may rest,  
Their voyage perform'd from distant western shores.  
Along this length of coast, lately the scene

Of deadly plots, obedience shall prevail,  
And tributes to the Lusians be paid,  
Whose dreaded pow'r in vain shall be oppos'd.  
The Red Sea, famous from the times of old,  
With very fright shall change its crimson hue,  
And Ormus' pow'rful Kingdom thou shalt see <sup>13</sup>  
Taken, resisting, and again subdued.  
Then shall the furiously hostile Moor <sup>14</sup>  
Fall by his own reverted shafts transpierc'd,  
That all thy Lusians' enemies may learn  
Resistance 'gainst themselves turns their own arms—  
Dio, impregnable to each assault, <sup>15</sup>  
Two formidable sieges shall sustain;  
But there thy Lusitanians shall display  
Feats yet unparallel'd in glory's page.  
E'en Mars himself with envy shall behold  
The noble rage with which their breasts are fill'd;  
And as the Moor expires, on Mahomet  
His lips a malediction shall pronounce.  
The Moors from Goa shall be dispossess'd, <sup>16</sup>  
And, with the triumphs of thy conqu'ring race,  
Exalted and adorn'd, this City thence  
Shall reign the Mistress of the splendid East;  
Proud and pre-eminent she shall restrain

The Heathen who the Idol's shrine adores,  
With the strong arm of pow'r, and all who dare  
Against thy Lusitanians to rebel.  
With few defenders, and heroic zeal,  
Thou shalt see Cananor resist a force  
That seems invincible; and Calicut,  
Though great and populous, through weakness lost.  
In Cochin, far beyond the rest shall soar  
A Hero, justly proud of victories,<sup>17</sup>  
And greater than the sounding lyre hath sung  
Of all that merit never-dying fame.  
War's tumults fierce ne'er with such fury rag'd<sup>18</sup>  
In Actium's bay, or on Leucate's coast,  
Where brave Augustus clos'd the civic strife,  
And forc'd his Rival ignominiously  
To flee, tho' flush'd with spoils and conquests gain'd  
O'er Eastern nations, and the Nile renown'd,  
And hardy Bactria, yet himself a slave  
To Egypt's beautiful licentious Queen,—  
As thou shalt yet behold;—for o'er the waves  
War's desolating fires shall flash, where'er  
Thy fav'rites shall their conqu'ring flag unfurl;  
The Moor,—the Heathen,—States entire,—shall yield  
To their triumphant arms;—The Chersonese,<sup>19</sup>

In golden treasures rich, distant Cathay,  
And all the farthest Islands of the East,  
And all the Seas, to them shall homage pay.  
Thus, my fair Daughter, shall thy favor'd race  
Such rare transcendent qualities display,  
As ne'er in mortal breast were yet beheld,  
From Ganges' banks to Guadiana's stream,  
Or glacial Boreas, to the Southern Strait  
The slighted Lusitanian\* first explor'd,—  
Though each offended Hero, from the shades  
Should reappear, to vindicate his fame."

Thus having spoken, he commands the Son  
Of Maia tow'rd's the Earth to wing his flight,  
And to prepare a haven where the Fleet,  
Shelter'd from ev'ry danger, may arrive ;—  
And, that the brave advent'rous Gama now  
No more may linger on Mombaza's coast,  
To intimate to him, in balmy dreams,  
The land where he in safety may repose.  
Through Heav'n's expanse swift Cylleneius flew,  
And on the Earth lights with his winged feet,  
Arm'd with his pow'rful and magic rod,<sup>20</sup>

\* Ferdinand Magellan.

Whose potent touch closes the weary eye  
In sleep profound, and e'en the very dead  
Resuscitates; his flight th' obedient winds  
Outstrips;—his head his plumed helmet grac'd.  
Thus to Melinda's friendly coast he speeds;  
Fame thither he conducts to blazon forth  
The Lusitanian's great and matchless worth:—  
For he who has a splendid name acquir'd,  
Commands esteem, and is by all belov'd.  
His great renown precursive Rumour spreads,  
And friendly sentiments in every breast  
Inspires;—and all Melinda burns to see  
These Heroes, and their mien and manners note.

Thence to Mombaza he directs his course,  
Where peril menac'd all the gallant prow,  
To hasten their departure and escape  
From that inimical and treach'rous coast.  
For nought avails, or bravery, or skill,  
Against infernal plots; reason in vain  
Her pow'r asserts, and prudence helpless guides  
When undirected by celestial aid.

Night in her constellated car had half

Perform'd her course, and o'er the universe  
The spangled stars shed their reflected beams,  
While tired nature recreation sought  
In soothing sleep; when noble Vasco, worn  
With anxious toils and fearful vigilance,  
His weary eye-lids clos'd in short repose.  
'Th' accustom'd watch their usual vigils kept.  
In dreams propitious, Mercury appear'd,<sup>21</sup>  
Exclaiming, " Fly, brave Lusitanian, fly;  
Escape the fatal snare the treach'rous King  
For thy extermination has prepar'd;  
Fly, while the breeze, and Heav'n benignant, lend  
Their fav'ring aid; the sky, the rolling waves  
Serenely smile; another King shall thee  
A safe and generous reception give;  
For thee no other hospitality  
Is here prepar'd, save that which anciently  
The cruel Diomedes show'd his guests<sup>22</sup>  
Whom savagely he slew to feed his stud.  
Altars like those polluted by the blood  
Of hapless strangers by Busiris slain,  
If here, thou ling'rest, thou wilt surely find.—  
Fly, then, this barbarous and perfidious race;  
Along the range of this unfriendly coast



Pursue thy track ;—a region shalt thou reach  
Where artless truth prevails, near where the Sun  
In equal parts divides the day and night.  
There shall thy Fleet with transport be receiv'd  
And many 'a mark of friendship from the King ;  
To thee a cordial welcome he shall give,  
And guides to steer thee safe to India's shore."

Thus speaking, Mercury from Gama's eyes  
The veil of sleep remov'd ;—wak'd with surprize,  
With glance intuitive a sudden ray  
Of Holy Light he sees athwart the gloom.  
Struck with the urgent need to leave a land  
Stain'd with the guilt of treacherous designs,  
Inspirited afresh, his sails he spreads  
To wing his course before the fav'ring breeze—  
" Extend the canvass to the prosp'ring gale,"  
Brave Gama cried ; " it is the will of God,  
To me discover'd by a Messenger  
From Heav'n, who constant all our paths attends."  
Th' obedient crews immediately display  
On ev'ry side their prompt and wonted zeal ;  
Shouting in concert they the anchors raise,  
And strenuously exert their utmost force.

While thus preparing to renew their course,  
The Moors, under the mantling veil of night,<sup>23</sup>  
Approach'd to cut the cabled anchorage,  
And wreck upon th' inhospitable coast  
The brave Armada; but the Lusians,  
Quick as the penetrating lynx, perceiv'd  
Th' insidious attack; the flying Moors  
With winged oars dash'd o'er the bounding waves.

Now o'er the surface of the silver'd main  
The sharp prows onward urge their destin'd course,  
And gentle breezes filling every sail  
Safely impel them tow'rds their wish'd-for goal.  
Past dangers form the theme of their discourse;  
For great events not easily the mind  
Can cease to contemplate;—still less when life  
From perils imminent has been preserv'd.  
Already had the splendid Orb of Light  
Run his diurnal course, and now commenc'd  
Again his glorious race, when, seen afar,  
Two barks appear'd, scudding before the wind.  
Soon it was seen their crews were swarthy Moors;  
And as they near'd, the Lusians tack'd and chas'd;  
To desperation one by fear was driv'n,

And, seeking safety, wreck'd upon the strand ;  
Less dexterous the other to escape,  
It yielded to the Lusitanian,  
Who, 'gainst so frail a skiff, neither the sword  
Unsheath'd, nor from the cannon's mouth discharg'd  
Th' annihilating shot ; feeble their crew  
In numbers, and dishearten'd by their fears,  
They no resistance ventur'd to oppose,—  
For such attempt destruction had involv'd.

As Gama with anxiety desir'd  
To find a Pilot who to India's shore  
Th' Armada might conduct, a skilful guide  
Among these Moors he sought ; but still his hopes  
Were frustrated ; for none amongst them knew  
Under what hemisphere that region lay ;  
Yet they assur'd him that Melinda's coast  
Was near, where able Pilots might be found.  
The goodness, generosity, and truth,  
Magnificence, and pure humanity,  
And lofty virtues which the King adorn,  
The Moors with praise unlimited extoll'd.  
To these assurances a willing ear  
The valiant Gama lent ; for thus, in dreams,

This Monarch Cylleneius had pourtray'd:  
The Vision and the Moor thus fix'd his course.

'Twas in that cheerful day-spring of the year,  
When Phœbus enters the celestial sign <sup>24</sup>  
That fair Europa's rape commemorates,  
And Flora fragrant sweets sheds from the Horn  
Of Amalthæa ;—'Twas on that solemn day, <sup>25</sup>  
That with the swift revolving year returns,  
When *He*, whom all created things obey,  
Fix'd his last seal to all his glorious works ;—  
The Lusian Fleet approach'd the shores from whence  
The Kingdom of Melinda was descried.  
In honor of that glorious festival  
The gallant ships, adorn'd, their flags unfurl'd,  
And all their standards flutter'd with the breeze ;  
Their purple streamers challeng'd from afar  
The wond'ring gaze ;—and drums, and martial notes,  
And sounding tambours, their approach announc'd.  
To see the joyous Fleet, Melinda's beach  
Throng'd with a countless multitude, in whom  
More frankness and humanity prevail'd  
Than 'mongst the natives they had left behind.  
Moving in naval pomp towards the shore

Th' Armada cast her anchors in the deep,  
And sent a captur'd Moslem to the King  
Their coming courteously to intimate.  
Already had the Monarch been impress'd  
With a just sense of Lusian dignity,  
And their arrival priz'd as well became  
Such brave, illustrious, and noble guests ;  
And with that open and ingenuous mind,  
Which gen'rous breasts both honors and exalts,  
He earnestly solicits them to land,  
And, all his Kingdom offers, to command.

Sincerity this gen'rous kindness stamp'd ;  
Nor lurk'd deceit in the assurances  
The King to these intrepid Heroes gave,  
Who such wide seas had pass'd, such various lands  
Had visited ;—and copious supplies,  
Such as his pastures and domestic farms  
Produc'd, with stores of luscious fruit, he sent ;  
But all his gifts his noble mind surpass'd.  
Vasco with cordiality receiv'd  
The Messenger, who, with his errand pleas'd,  
These presents brought ; and to the King  
An off'ring sumptuous and magnificent

Return'd :—a rich empurpled scarlet robe,  
Of glowing hue, and a luxuriant branch <sup>26</sup>  
Of purest coral, that beneath the waves  
Spreads its soft shoots, and indurates in air.  
An Envoy he dispatch'd, in Arabic <sup>27</sup>  
Most eloquent, an union with the King  
In friendship to concert, and justify  
His stay protracted still on board the Fleet.  
On shore hasten'd the skilful Messenger,  
And borne immediately before the throne,  
By Pallas animated and inspir'd,  
He thus address'd the lofty-minded King.

“ O potent Chief, on whom the Gods above  
Most justly have conferr'd the scepter'd pow'r,  
To rule the State, and curb the people's pride,—  
Though equally by all ador'd and fear'd,—  
Thy safe and friendly Port well known to all  
The Eastern nations, and thy royal self,  
We long and anxiously have sought,—in thee,  
And thy protection, founding all our hopes ;—  
Not spoliating pirates are we, who,  
Assaulting undefended peaceful states,  
With fire and sword devastate in our course,

And seize with avaricious gripe the wealth  
That others own;—from Europe's stately shores  
We come, and, navigating seas unknown,  
The distant coast of famous Ind we seek,  
Obedient to our Monarch's high commands.  
How cruel is the race we late have seen!  
How barbarous and odious their usages!  
Not only their inhospitable ports  
They clos'd against us; but they e'en denied  
The sandy desert's sad retreat. In us  
What treacherous designs could they suspect,—  
So few, with so much dread to view, that snares  
For our destruction they should wily frame?  
To thee, O generous and benignant King,  
In whom with boundless confidence we trust,  
And from whose bounty we such aid implore  
As Ithaca's fam'd Hero anciently<sup>28</sup>  
From Alcinoüs receiv'd, hither we come,  
Conducted by a Messenger divine,  
Whose mandate we have thus obey'd;—for truth,  
Humanity, and kindness, thee adorn.  
And think not, potent Sov'reign, that our Chief,  
In ev'ry virtue eminent, declines

Before thy royal presence to appear,  
Suspecting faithlessness, where all concurs  
Perfect reliance to inspire ; ascribe  
His absence to that strict obedience,  
Which to his Sovereign's command he owes,  
Who wills that he th' Armada ne'er should leave ;  
And as the members of the human frame  
The head obey, thus loyalty prescribes  
A due subservience ; and thou whose hands  
The helm of State direct, can ne'er approve  
That others should their monarch disobey.  
But, still, the gen'rous aid which thou hast giv'n,  
He and his Fleet will ever, grateful, prize,  
Long as the rivers sea-ward roll their course." 29

'Twas thus he spake, and all, with wonder fill'd,  
Their several impressions manifest,  
And laud the daring and intrepid race  
Thus traversing such various climes and seas.  
The King deeply was struck with all these proofs  
Of Lusian loyalty, and justly thought  
Great and sublime must be the Sovereign  
Who, distant, such obedience could command ;



And with a look that beam'd with cheerfulness,  
Thus to the Envoy courteous he replied.

“ No false suspicion harbour in your breast,  
Nor yield to any sentiment of fear ;  
Your merit and transcendent deeds ensure  
The world's unqualified applause ; and he  
That could on you an injury inflict,  
Must to all greatness be insensible.  
That your brave Chief and his Companions  
Should, in observance of establish'd rule,  
To land decline, grieves me, I must avow ;  
Yet their obedience highly I respect ;  
For, if their laws this courtesy forbid,  
I never will consent to sacrifice  
Such loyal virtues, and such excellence,  
Solely my own desires to gratify.  
But when the morrow's earliest morning-beams  
The darkness shall disperse, in my Almades  
I will proceed on board your gallant Fleet,—  
Which, with anxiety, I long to see ;—  
And if from fury of tempestuous winds,  
Or weary voyages, it has sustain'd

Or loss, or injury, without reserve  
Here guides and ample stores shall be supplied."

Thus spake the King;—Beneath the dark blue  
waves

Latona's Son withdrew ; the Messenger  
And Embassy, transported with delight,  
In their light skiff return'd on board the Fleet.  
Joy ev'ry breast pervades ;—for here, at length,  
Their ardent wishes were fulfill'd ;—and now  
Before them lay their splendid Eastern course ;  
And festive pleasures crown'd the live-long night.  
Then coruscating artificial fires,  
That imitate the trembling comet's train,  
Blaze in the air ;—the thund'ring cannon's roar,  
The sky, the shore, the waves, reverberate.  
The sports of Vulcan animate the scene,  
And vollies from the loud artillery  
Resound ; while some awake the joyful song,  
And sounding instruments the ear salute.  
The shore replies with like festivities ;  
The hissing serpent winds his mazy course,  
And ardent wheels, emitting sparkling stars,

Splendid revolve; while, with explosive sound,  
Th' imprison'd sulphur bursts its way. Heav'n's vault  
Rings with the joyful shouts; the glassy waves  
And beach glow with the universal blaze.  
Thus, with war's mimic feats, they each rejoice.

The restless Orb, circling its daily course,  
To labor wak'd the slumb'ring world; and, borne  
On morning-beams, Memnon's fair Mother\* chas'd  
The heavy sleep that clos'd each weary eye;  
Slowly withdrew Night's sombre shades, and o'er  
Earth's fragrant flowers scatter'd the fresh'ning dew.  
Now from his couch Melinda's King arose,  
And straight embark'd to see the Lusian Fleet.  
The shores swarm'd with a joyful multitude  
That hither hasten'd to the novel sight;—  
And rich empurpled garments, costly silks  
Of variegated hue, a lustre shed  
O'er the gay scene;—the warrior's javelin,  
The bow that Luna's crescent imitates,  
Were here by branches of the peaceful palm  
Supplied:—the Conqu'ror's best and loveliest crown.

\* Aurora.

A tilted spacious bark, richly adorn'd  
With splendid various-color'd silks, convey'd  
Melinda's King, and all his gaudy train  
Of Courtiers, and of prime Nobility ;—  
Each clad in vestments of the richest garb,  
As rank and dignity in each requir'd,  
And each an airy turban wore, of silk,  
And gold, with curious art and taste entwin'd.—  
A rich Cabaya, worthy of a King,<sup>30</sup>  
The Monarch wore, of costly Tyrian hue ;  
And from his neck a golden collar hung,  
Whose worth was far surpass'd by the nice skill  
That wrought it ; with the diamond's sparkling blaze  
The studded dagger in his girdle shone ;  
And, on his sandall'd feet, the pearly shell,  
Velvet, and gold, were, tasteful, interlac'd.  
A round and lofty silken canopy  
Extended on its golden staff, a slave  
Held o'er the venerable Monarch's head,  
To shield him from the ardent solar rays ;  
And from his stately prow a wild and strange,  
Yet cheerful dissonance, rush'd on the ear,  
From carv'd and brazen trumpets, whose loud notes  
Thus inharmoniously their joy proclaim'd.

Nor with less splendor shone the Lusian Chief,  
When, quitting the Armada to receive  
Melinda's King upon the placid waves,  
He came with all his brilliant equipage.  
Spanish the costume he assum'd, but o'er  
This rich imposing garb, a Gallic cloak  
Of crimson Adriatic silk he threw :  
A lovely tint by all admir'd and priz'd.  
His folded sleeves were clasp'd with burnish'd gold,  
That dazzled with the Sun's reflected light;—  
Embroider'd were his military hose  
With that pure metal, which, capriciously,  
Fortune on few bestows ; his doublet, slash'd,  
Points of the same adorn'd and clos'd with taste ;  
His golden sword hung with Italian grace,  
And bending plumes wav'd o'er his martial brow.

His brave associates, splendidly attir'd,  
Display'd the tints the coloring Murex yields,  
In beautiful variety ; and garbs  
Of ev'ry different form pleas'd ev'ry eye ;  
Collectively beheld, th' enamell'd shades  
Reflected from their brilliant ornaments,

Shone like the radiant celestial bow  
Of the fair Nymph\* from ancient Thaumias sprung.

Sonorous trumpets, with inspiring notes,  
Resound, while, in their tilted boats, the Moors  
Sweep o'er the surface of the foaming surge;—  
The deep-mouth'd bombs horridous explode,  
Engend'ring sulph'rous clouds that e'en the rays  
Of the bright Sun eclipse;—th' artillery  
Its rapid thund'ring rounds discharge, and half  
Afraid, the Moors close their astounded ears.  
Ent'ring the noble Vasco's bark, the Chief  
With cordiality embrac'd the King;  
And, with a dignified and courteous grace,  
In terms address'd him which a King might hear.  
With signs of pleasure and surprize, the Moor  
The Lusian's aspect and their manners mark'd,  
And show'd how much he priz'd the valiant race,  
That India sought from regions so remote—  
Then, generously, with a gracious air,  
He offer'd all his Kingdoms could supply,  
And e'en solicited the noble Chief

\* Iris.

For all his wants most freely to provide  
As he might best decide. Though, hitherto,  
By him unseen, their fame, he said, was known.  
Already he had heard, in other lands  
War they had wag'd 'gainst those of his own faith;  
Afric's domains reiterate the tale  
Of all the gallant deeds by them achiev'd,  
When of that Kingdom they acquir'd the crown,  
Where once the golden fruit Hesperian Nymphs<sup>31</sup>  
Incessant watch'd. In lofty strains he prais'd  
Those acts which least the Lusitanians grac'd,  
Tho' yet the greatest which the voice of Fame  
Had thither borne. Then Gama thus replied :

“ O thou, benignant Sov'reign, who alone  
With generous compassion hast beheld  
The wand'ring Lusians, hitherto expos'd  
To want,—to misery,—to furious waves,—  
May that celestial and eternal Power,  
Whose will revolving spheres impels, and guides  
All here below; may He thy bounteous gifts  
Largely reward, which we cannot repay.—  
Of all that feel Apollo's ardent rays,  
Thou, only, hast a welcome from the deep

To us vouchsaf'd;—a sure asylum giv'n,  
Where at Æolian tempests we may smile.—  
But while the boundless Heav'ns with glitt'ring stars <sup>32</sup>  
Shall glow; while the Sun's light the world shall cheer,  
Where'er my steps glory or fame shall lead,  
Thy praise in grateful memory shall live."

Meanwhile their barks towards th' Armada steer,  
Which anxiously the Moor desir'd to see;  
Around each lofty ship, successively,  
They row, that each minutely he may note.  
Vulcan his sports renews;—the sky inflam'd  
The cannon's festive roar reverberates,  
And martial music, with inspiring notes,  
Resounds, and Moorish trumpets correspond.—  
But when the gen'rous Moor had all observ'd,  
And with astonishment and fright had heard  
War's dreadful instruments, to him unknown,  
Burst with terrific sound, Vasco commands,  
His fears to still, these thunders to suspend.  
The King's light bark its anchor casts, that he  
With the brave Lusian Chief may converse hold  
On deeds of which the fame had reach'd his shores.  
In various discourse the Moor indulg'd



With manifest delight ; inquiring, first,  
What famous and renowned hostilities  
The Lusians with the Moslem-race had wag'd ;  
Then eager ask'd the names of all the States  
In Vasco's own Hesperian clime compriz'd, <sup>33</sup>  
The neighb'ring nations, and the trackless paths  
Of ocean's deep, which thither he had trac'd.

“ But valiant Chief, first, let me thee entreat  
Each circumstance minutely to relate,  
That may depict the country where thou dwell'st,  
And in what region of the world it lies.  
Thy nation's origin also relate,  
And first foundations of that mighty State,  
With all its wars, their causes, and events,—  
Known to me only by the breath of Fame ;  
And, further, tell thy tedious wanderings  
O'er the tempestuous and angry waves ;  
And what the customs barbarous and strange  
On Africa's uncultivated coast  
Thou hast beheld ; all these relate, for now  
The steeds, champing their golden bits, lead forth  
Aurora and the new-born Sun's bright car,  
And on the placid waves the winds repose.  
The hour to listen to thy wondrous tale,

And our desire to hear it, equally  
Conspire. Lives there the man who ne'er hath  
heard <sup>34</sup>

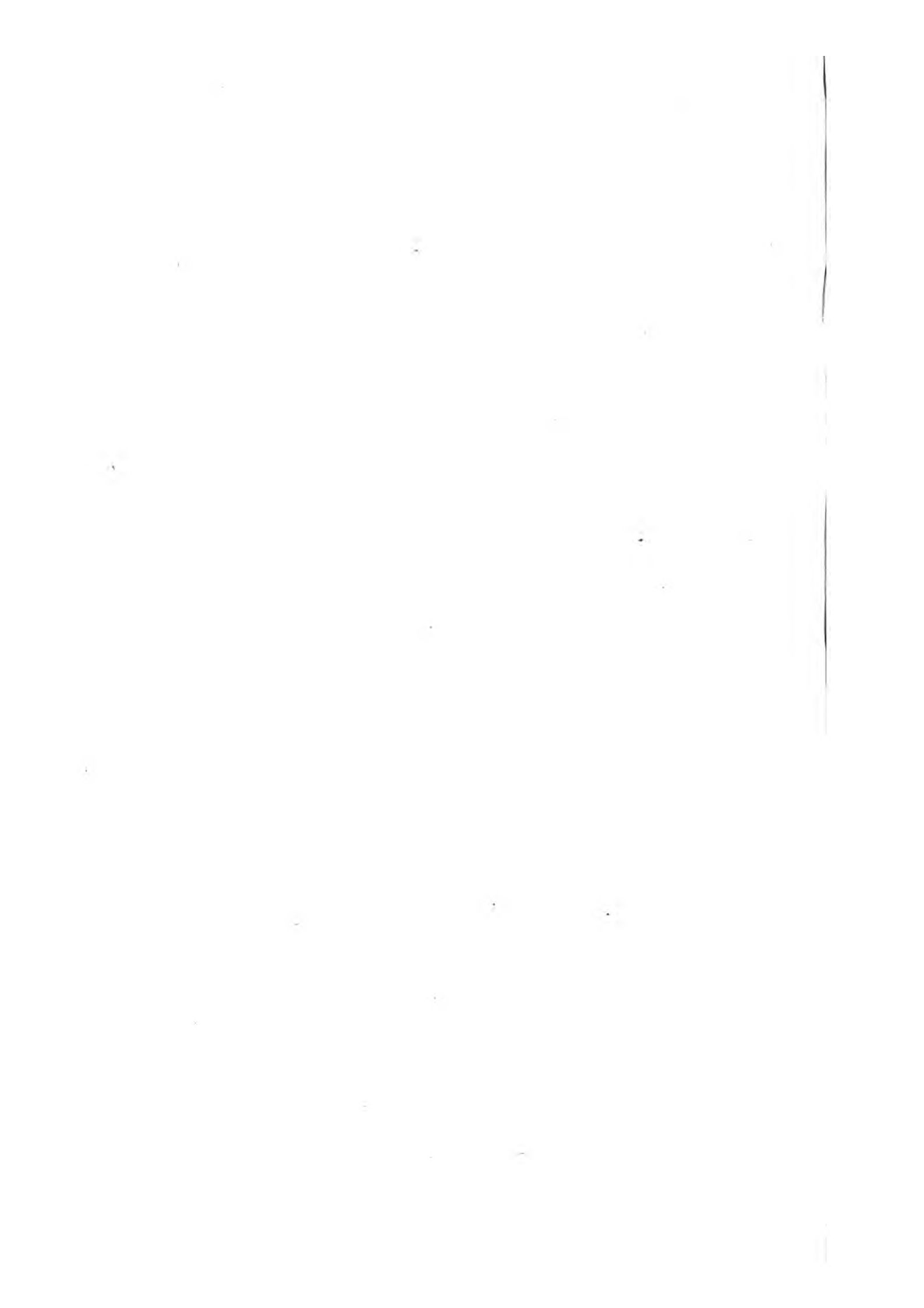
What brilliant feats the Lusians have achiev'd ?  
Think not the glorious Sun here darts his rays  
Upon a race so rude, so backward still  
In civil arts, that in Melindian breasts  
No sympathy exists with noble deeds !  
Against th' Olympian Gods, the Giants wag'd,  
With insolence and pride, vain, impious war ;  
And Pirithoüs and Theseus rashly plung'd  
Into the dark abode, where terror dwells,  
And Pluto reigns ; if these exploits shall still  
Survive, not less renown have they acquir'd  
Who Nereus' fury brav'd, than those who Heav'n  
And the Infernal Regions thus assail'd.  
If chaste Diana's consecrated Fane, <sup>35</sup>  
Rais'd by the wondrous skill of Ctesiphon,  
To sacrilegious flames was sacrific'd  
By Eratostratus, to blazon forth  
His name ;—if such unholy deeds are wrought  
Vain-glory to perpetuate ;—how much  
More due is deathless fame to him, whose acts  
Are worthy of eternal memory !”

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**THE LUSIAD.**

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**CANTO III.**



# THE LUSIAD.

## CANTO III. 1

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TEACH me, Calliope, the lofty theme  
Of noble Gama's converse with the King,  
And breathe into thy faithful vot'ry's breast  
The inspiration of immortal verse ;  
So may th' Inventor of the lib'ral arts,—  
Of thy own Orpheus the Sire,—for thee,  
Fair Goddess, burn with constant love, nor glance  
At Daphne, Clytia, or Lycothoe.—  
Give to my strain, O Nymph, a flight sublime,  
Worthy of Lusus' great and glorious race,  
And let th' admiring world behold the stream  
Of Aganippe flow from Tagus' fount ;  
The flow'rs of Pindus leave ; for now I feel  
My spirit bath'd in Phœbus' sacred Spring ;  
Deny me not,—lest thou shouldst fear betray  
That thy lov'd Orpheus may be eclips'd.

Around th' illustrious Lusitanian Chief<sup>e</sup>  
'The list'ning circle form'd, his wond'rous tale  
To hear. After a thoughtful pause, he rais'd  
His dignified and manly front, and thus  
Began:—" Since, Mighty King, thou bidst me state  
My Country's origin and high renown,  
(Less hard the task to speak of others' fame)  
My native land thou bidst me celebrate.  
Praise to bestow on others' valiant deeds  
Custom and reason equally approve;—  
But, when I laud the Lusians' glorious feats,  
Well may I fear distrust the truth may doubt;  
And if the whole to thee I should relate,  
Short would be found the longest stretch of time;  
But, in obedience due to thee, my tale,  
Imperfect, and curtail'd, shall yet proceed.  
With less reluctance, also, I obey,  
Since an untruth my lips could ne'er pronounce;  
But yet, how much so e'er I may extol  
Such great achievements, more will still remain  
Yet to be told;—but that my speech that form  
May take, which best may correspond  
With thy behest, Europe's vast regions first,  
And next its cruel wars, shall be my theme.

“ Between the Zone that limits Cancer’s sway,  
The Northern bound’ry of the splendid Sun,  
And chilling region of ungenial frost,  
Extending to Earth’s Southern band, where heat  
Fiercely predominates, fair Europe lies;  
Her confines where Arcturus shines, and those  
Where Sol his highest Noon ascends, and where  
He last recedes, are wash’d by Ocean’s waves ;  
But where the Light first bursts upon the world,  
Asia she borders, by the stream disjoin’d  
Which from the bleak Riphæan ridge descends,  
And flows, rolling its gelid mazy course,  
Into Mæotis’ Lake ; and by the rough  
Tempestuous Ægean that obey’d  
The sceptre of the Greeks, where now remains  
Nought but the mem’ry of illustrious Troy.  
Where she extends still more beneath the Pole,  
Appears the lofty Hyperborean chain  
Of frozen mountains, where reigns Æolus,  
And which th’ ennobling name of all his winds  
Assumes. Here are Apollo’s lucid rays,  
With all their splendid blaze, so feebly felt,  
That snow eternal crowns the mountain’s brow,

And ice enchains the sea and living founts.—  
Here num'rous hordes of Scythians have long  
Their habitation fix'd; who anciently  
Against th' Egyptians wag'd a furious war,<sup>3</sup>  
Vainly to prove themselves the parent stock  
Of the whole human race:—better it were  
(Since human judgment thus is prone to err)  
That each with due humility the truth  
In fam'd Damascus' parent clay had sought.—  
Here Lapland's Alpine regions extend,  
And Norway's wild uncultivated waste,  
And Scandinavia, that proudly boasts<sup>4</sup>  
Of vict'ries gain'd o'er fair Ausonia,—  
Sorely remember'd still.—While winter here  
His freezing grasp withholds, and leaves the waves  
Unchain'd, the wide Sarmatian ocean  
The Swede, and Dane, and Prussian navigate.  
Between this icy sea and Tanais' flood,  
Russians, Livonians, and Muscovites,  
All of Sarmatian origin, reside;  
And Marcomans, a Polish race, possess  
The vast Hircinian wood;—in Germany,  
Saxons, Bohemians, and Pannonians,



One Empire form, and through these various States  
 Flow the cold Rhine, the Danube, Ems and Elbe.  
 Between the Ister,\* Europe's mightiest stream,  
 And the fam'd Strait† whose name perpetuates  
 Hellè's sad fate, the hardy Thracians dwell,—  
 A nation cherish'd by the God of War,—  
 Where Rhodope and Hæmus recognize  
 The Moslem domination, which retains  
 Ancient Byzantium in its abject sway:—  
 A loss charg'd 'gainst Imperial Constantine!—<sup>5</sup>  
 Near are the warlike Macedonians  
 Who cultivate the lands by Axius bath'd;  
 And you, blest regions, where, pre-eminent,  
 Genius, and Arts, and Heroism shone,  
 And breasts inspir'd with eloquence divine,  
 And fancy soaring with unrivall'd pow'r;  
 Equal in arms and intellect supreme,  
 Thy fame, O lovely Greece, to Heav'n has reach'd!

“ Contiguous dwell Dalmatia's restless Sons,  
 And in the Gulph, near Learning's fav'rite seat,‡  
 Built by Antenor, rises from the waves

\* The Danube.

† The Hellespont.

‡ Padua.

Proud Venice, once so humble, now so great.  
Here jutting far into the Adrian Sea  
Fair Italy extends, whose conqu'ring States  
A glorious and immortal name have gain'd,  
By works of Genius, and by deeds of Arms.  
Neptune's domain, and tow'ring mountain heights,—  
Nature's best bulwarks,—ev'ry side defend,  
And through her centre run the Apennines,  
The scene of Mars' most memorable feats.<sup>6</sup>  
But since a sacred Guardian\* has held  
The reins of State, her prowess has declin'd;—  
Her ancient pow'r that meekness now displays  
With which the Deity is most content.

“ Gallia adjacent lies, fam'd through the world  
By Cæsar's arduous victories;—her lands,  
Teeming with ev'ry precious gift, are bath'd  
By the Seyne's placid stream, the rapid Rhone,  
The cold Garonne, and the dark Rhine;—then rise<sup>7</sup>  
The lofty Mountains, now Pyrene's tomb,  
Where, when their forests blaze, tradition tells,  
Streams of pure molten gold and silver flow.

\* The Pope.

Noble Iberia onward is descried,  
The Mistress of the European Realms,  
Whose mighty power and transcendent fame<sup>8</sup>  
The fatal wheel's disastrous turns have oft  
Endur'd; but, when capricious fortune dimm'd,  
By force or sleight, her bright and conqu'ring star,  
The sullyng spot her valiant Sons eras'd,  
And all her glorious splendor re-appear'd.

“ In front the promontory, Tingis, lies,  
With aspect menacing to close the gates,\*  
(The Mighty Theban's last immortal work,)  
Through which the waves into the Midland sea  
Impetuous rush; there on Hispania's coasts,  
Girt by the boundless deep, and in her breast,  
Are various rival States, each so renown'd,  
That each asserts a proud pre-eminence.

“ First, Aragon, whose arms Parthenope<sup>9</sup>  
Twice vanquished;—Then Mountainous Navarre,  
And the Austurias, where patriot zeal  
A barrier rais'd against the Moslem pow'r.

\* Herculis Columnæ.

Gallicia with her prudent wary sons,  
Granada, Leon and Sevilla,  
And Great Castille, whose tutelary star  
Iberia rescued, and her freedom sav'd.  
The Lusitanian Kingdom forms the Head  
And Crown of all the European States:—  
Here ends the land, and here the sea begins,  
Where Phœbus sinks to rest beneath the waves.  
Sanction'd by Heav'n her conqu'ring arms expell'd  
The Mauritanian from her fertile soil,  
Nor e'en permits, that Afric's burning realms  
From her pursuit should yield a safe retreat.—  
This, this is my belov'd, my native land <sup>10</sup>  
And here, should Heav'n permit my safe return,  
My glorious enterprize completed, here,  
Fervent I hope my days in peace to end.—  
From Lusus, or from Lysa, Bacchus' Sons,  
Or the Companions of his wars, the name  
Of Lusitania she derives, and these  
This grateful climate first inhabited.  
'Twas here the valiant Shepherd\* first drew breath,  
Whose very name bespeaks his bravery,

\* Viriatus.

And whose exploits will e'er unrivall'd shine,  
Still uneclips'd by all that Rome achiev'd ;  
And He, who his own progeny destroy'd, <sup>11</sup>  
Descended from the bright celestial sphere,  
To swell this portion of the universe  
Into a mighty state :—'Twas thus achiev'd—

“ In Spain, a pow'rful, King, Alonzo\* nam'd,  
Against the Saracens destructive war  
Wag'd with such skill and intrepidity,  
That many 'a turban'd chief his throne and life  
Lost in the fatal struggle ; while the fame  
Of these astounding deeds from Calpe's rock,—  
Beyond the Caspian's mountain-region spread,—  
Drew to his conqu'ring host the brave who court  
Or fame, or glorious death. Inflam'd with love  
Of Holy Faith, more than of sounding names,  
From various lands they came, the soil belov'd  
That gave them birth, and happy peaceful homes,  
Abandoning. The feats that each achiev'd  
In arms, ambitious of distinguish'd fame,  
The great Alonzo justly priz'd, and gave

\* Don Alonzo VI.

To each the meed due to his noble deeds.—  
Amongst the bravest was the younger Son  
Of a Hungarian King, Henry, the Count ;  
On him the Lusitanian Provinces,  
Then little known and valued, he conferr'd ;  
And still to mark more deeply his esteem,  
The Monarch of Castille on him bestow'd  
His daughter, fair Theresa, with the lands  
Which Henry's sword should from the Moslem wrest.  
Conquests of magnitude this Hero gain'd  
O'er the race sprung from servile Hagar's loins ;<sup>12</sup>  
His Lusian domains on ev'ry side,  
By actions worthy of his former fame,  
He widely stretch'd, and Heav'n his gallant deeds  
Soon with a Son rewarded, doom'd to raise  
To glory's loftiest heights the splendid name  
Of warlike Lusitania :—for late  
Henry had come from Salem's sacred walls,  
Reconquer'd from the Infidel, and seen  
The Holy Fount of Jordan, which had bath'd  
Th' incarnate Saviour of mankind ; no foe  
Remain'd, who Godfrey's conqu'ring arm could now  
Resist ;—Judah's blest soil was now redeem'd,

And, to their long abandon'd homes and states,  
The host of Christian warriors had return'd.

“ Closing his long and glorious career,  
The brave, illustrious Hungarian  
Gave, yielding to resistless fate, that breath  
To Him by whom alone it was inspir'd.  
A Son, tender in years, remain'd, in whom  
The Father's mighty spirit was infus'd.  
Amongst the great of soul none him excell'd ;—  
But well might emanate such excellence  
From such a noble source. But yet 'twas said,  
Erroneously, perhaps, for inexact  
Is such remote antiquity, the Queen  
The Crown usurp'd, and second nuptials sought.  
Thus Henry's heir was, orphan-like, depriv'd  
Of his inheritance, while She assum'd  
The scepter'd sovereignty as her own right,  
Giv'n by the King to constitute her dow'r.  
But the young Prince, who, from his Ancestor,  
Was named Alphonso, seeing thus his rights  
And dignities unworthily possess'd  
By the Queen-Mother, and her chosen spouse,  
His gen'rous breast swell'd with indignant rage,

Prompting that justice which to him was due.  
The mode he ponder'd well, but once resolv'd,  
No lingering delays his purpose check'd.  
In Guimaraens intestine War unfurl'd  
His sanguinary standard, and the Queen,  
Extinguishing each fond maternal tie,  
Her noble Son excluded from her love  
And from his Throne. In arms she now appear'd.—  
By sensual passion and by pride misled,  
She ne'er perceiv'd how fatally she err'd  
Against the law of nature and of God.—  
O cruel Progne, barbarous Medea,<sup>13</sup>  
Though your own tender offspring you destroy'd  
T' avenge their Father's violated faith,  
Theresa's crime still far exceeds your own:  
Hateful ambition and incontinence  
Were the chief cause of Progne's dire offence;  
Scylla to lust a father sacrific'd;—  
But both the Queen incited 'gainst her son.

“ Promptly the arms of this illustrious Prince  
Compel both Queen and Consort to submit;  
And universal loyalty succeeds  
To hostile disobedience; but rage



Stiffing the better feelings of the soul,  
His Mother he confines in loathsome chains ;—  
Indignant Heav'n the outrage soon aveng'd,  
To mark what rev'ence is to parents due.—  
The injur'd Queen to vindicate, the proud  
Castilian Monarch instant joins in arms  
Against the matchless Lusitanian,  
Whom no fatigues nor perils can subdue ;  
And now when battle rages most, his breast  
By aid celestial fortified, resists  
Not only war's most furious assault,  
But drives the fiercest foe to shameful flight.

“ Short was the interval ere the brave Prince  
In Guimaraens found himself besieg'd  
By pow'rful armies, anxious to redeem  
The glory lost and tarnish'd by defeat ;  
And if his faithful Friend and Counsellor,  
Egas, had not heroically risk'd  
His life to save him, he had been destroy'd :  
So unprepar'd was he for all defence.—  
For well this loyal subject knew the Prince  
No means possess'd such forces to resist ;—  
To the Castilian straight he went, and pledg'd

His Sovereign's homage and obedience.  
The cruel siege immediately he rais'd,  
Confiding in the honourable word  
Of Egas Moniz. But the haughty soul  
Of the proud youth to no one deigns to yield.  
The promis'd term already had expir'd,  
In which Alphonso of Castille conceiv'd  
The Prince, who yielded to his sovereign pow'r,  
To pay the plighted homage would appear;—  
The high-soul'd Egas seeing belied his word,  
Which the Castilian had implicitly  
Believ'd, resolv'd the precious gift of life  
To offer up for violated faith:—  
With his lov'd wife, and ev'ry tender pledge  
Of their affection, off'ring to redeem  
His solemn promise. Barefooted, unrob'd,  
Well might they not revenge, but pity, move.  
' If thou desir'st, O Mighty King, to take  
Vengeance for my presumptuous confidence,  
Behold,' said Egas, ' here I offer thee  
My life in payment of my promis'd word;—  
And here I offer, too, the spotless lives  
Of all my Children, and my virtuous Wife;—  
If generous and noble breasts demand

The sacrifice of feeble innocence!  
Behold my guilty hands, my treach'rous tongue;  
Rather let them endure the sharpest pangs  
Of torment and of death,—such as, of old,  
By Scinis and Perillus were devis'd.' <sup>14</sup>

“ As the poor criminal condemned to die,  
In life foretastes death's bitter chalice, while  
His head lies humbled on the fatal block,  
Fearing, in agony, the falling axe;  
So in the presence of the Monarch stood  
Egas prepar'd for ev'ry sacrifice:  
But when the King such loyalty beheld,  
His anger by compassion was subdued.  
What proof sublime of Lusian loyalty,  
That to such deeds could Egas animate!  
What could the faithful Persian more achieve  
By mutilating his fair form to serve  
The great Darius, who, in grief exclaim'd,  
A thousand times, with many painful sighs,  
That Zopyrus uninjured was to him <sup>15</sup>  
More dear than twenty captur'd Babylons!

“ The Prince Alphonso now prepar'd against

The Moors, who occupied the lands beyond  
The smiling banks of Tagus' stream, to lead  
His warlike and victorious troops. His camp  
Pitch'd in Ouriquè's memorable plain,  
In proud and martial splendor fearless bade,  
Though few in numbers, yet in daring great,  
Defiance to the Saracenic foe.  
In nothing he confided, save alone  
The Great Supreme, and Ruler of the skies;  
For all the numbers of the Christian force  
Were scarcely equal to the hundredth part  
Of those the Moors oppos'd. To cooler sense,  
Temerity, not courage, it might seem,  
To charge such hordes of warlike cavalry,  
Their own transcending by a hundred fold.  
The hostile force commanded in the field  
Five Moorish Kings, of whom the Chief was call'd  
Ismar; but all were skilful in those arts  
Of war, in which immortal fame is gain'd.  
And warlike Dames follow'd their Lovers' fates,  
Like those who taste Thermodon's glassy stream,  
And emulated that fair Heroine,<sup>16</sup>  
Who fought so nobly in defence of Troy.

“ While dawn serenely usher'd in the day,  
And the stars slowly hid their fainter rays,  
The Son of Mary, to the Prince, himself  
Discover'd on the cross, and fill'd his heart  
With animation. Him, who thus appear'd,  
Adoring, and with Holy Faith inflam'd,  
He instant cried, ‘ To Infidels, O Lord,  
To Infidels, and not to me, disclose  
Thyself;—My trust is in thy pow'r.’ The troops,  
By such a miracle to exstasy  
Excited, straight by acclamation rais'd  
To fill the Throne, the Prince who in their hearts  
Already reign'd. Before the Moorish camp,  
They, in the presence of their pow'ful Foe,  
With joyful shouts that reach'd the skies, proclaim'd  
The Great Alphonso, King of Portugal.  
As the impetuous Molossian Hound <sup>17</sup>  
By shouts and cries incited to attack  
The fiercer Mountain-Bull, whose horned strength  
A confident defiance of assault  
Inspires, now fixes irremoveably  
His hold, and, without baying, still persists,  
Till from the throat the vital current flows,  
And the wild monster falls, of life bereft:

So their new King, his soul alike inflam'd  
By pow'r divine, and by his warlike troops,  
The well prepar'd Barbarian Enemy  
With his heroic and resistless force  
Assail'd.—The Lusians, 'midst inspiring shouts  
And war-cries, seize, on signal giv'n, their bows  
And lances, while sonorous instruments  
Swell with their notes the thund'ring din of war.  
As when a parched corn-field is expos'd  
To devastating flames, on ev'ry side  
With Boreas' kindling blast extending, till  
The forest burns with the destroying blaze ;—  
The Harvest Reapers, wrapt in sweetest sleep,  
From their repose now suddenly awak'd  
By the loud crackling flames, in haste collect  
Their scatter'd garments, fleeing to their homes :  
So, the astonish'd and confused Moor,  
Seizes, perturb'd, his arms promiscuously ;  
To fly he scorns, and, confident in hope,  
He spurs his martial Genet to the charge.  
Bravely the shock the Lusian sustains,  
His foe transfixing with his pond'rous lance ;  
Under their grievous wounds some fall, while some  
In vain their Prophet's Alcoran invoke.

Such fearful shocks are given and sustain'd  
As might a lofty mountain rend in twain ;  
And furiously flies the noble steed  
(Sprung from the Earth, by Neptune's Trident struck)  
And dreadfull falls th' annihilating blow.

“ War's wildest rage now kindles o'er the field,  
And Moorish harness, helmets, coats of mail,  
Are broken, bruis'd, and shiver'd in the fight.  
Many a trunkless head, and quiv'ring limb,  
Lopp'd by the sword, lies scatter'd o'er the plain,  
And entrails, palpitating still, are seen ;—  
And, pale and death-like, many' a warrior sinks.  
Lost is the battle to the Moslem force,  
But not till blood in copious streams has flow'd,  
And chang'd the verdant liv'ry of the field,—  
Nature's sweet hue,—to crimson's bloody tint.  
The Lusitanian Conqueror remain'd,  
The trophies and the valuable spoils  
Collecting, while the Spanish Moors retreat ;  
Three days upon the field Alphonso staid,  
And on his glorious arms, yet unadorn'd,  
Now,—sanction'd by his late victorious feats,—  
Of right emblazons five bright azure shields, <sup>18</sup>

As symbols of the five defeated Kings.  
On the five shields, the price, for which was sold  
The Saviour of Mankind, the King inscribes,  
With various tints, in memory of Him  
Whose aid divine the victory secur'd :  
Five pieces of the treach'rous hire on each  
He paints; the thirty to complete, demands,  
That in the Cross's central shield, the spots  
Of azure should be twice computed o'er. <sup>17</sup>

“ An interval of time had now elaps'd  
Since this great victory the King achiev'd,  
When his triumphant arms to Leiria,  
Which recently had yielded to the Moor,  
He bent; but, with the strongly fortified  
Arronches, and ennobled Santarem,  
Whose smiling fields the lucid Tagus bathes,  
All yielded to the Monarch's sov'reign sway.  
Th' example which these noble Cities gave  
Of due obedience, Mafra follow'd soon,  
And amidst Luna's well known mountainous  
Refreshing shades, Cintra to force submits:—  
Romantic Cintra, where the Naiads hide <sup>19</sup>  
Themselves in fountains, but yet vainly flee



From the sweet passion Love so gently breathes,  
And e'en inflames amidst the gelid streams;  
And thou, renown'd and noble Capital,\*  
In royal splendor and magnificence  
Unparallel'd, founded by him† of old,  
Who, eloquent and crafty, Troy consum'd;—  
Thou, whom the fathomless wide sea obeys,  
Now yield'st to Lusian valor, to whose aid  
A powerful Armada comes from climes  
Where Boreas reigns. From the Germanic Elbe,  
The Rhine, and Albion's cold and distant shores,  
Inflam'd with holy zeal, a multitude  
Of fierce Crusaders congregate to crush  
The unbelieving Saracen. The mouth  
They pass of smiling Tagus, and advance  
To join the Great Alphonso's camp, whose fame,  
Extending, reach'd far as the lofty skies.  
The Ulyssean walls are straight besieg'd.  
Five times had Cynthia her orb conceal'd,<sup>20</sup>  
And reappear'd as oft in her full charms,  
Ere Lisbon, enter'd by the enemy,  
Subdued by the protracted siege, at length

\* Lisbon.

† Ulysses.

Submitted;—fierce and bloody was the fight,  
For both with equal rage and fury fought;  
The conquerors were daring, brave, and bold,—  
The conquer'd no less brave and desperate.  
Thus vanquish'd, fell at last this noble place,  
Which, in more ancient times, disdain'd to yield  
To overwhelming Scythian hordes, disgorg'd  
From the cold regions of the North, altho'  
Their wide extended pow'r with trembling fear  
On Ebro's flow'ry banks was felt, and where  
The Tagus flows; fair Seville e'en from them  
The name of Vandalitia receiv'd.

What pow'rful city, then, can e'er withstand  
A vigorous assault, if Lisbon's walls  
Could not resist th' impetuous attack  
Of warriors like these? Obedient,  
Estramadura's Province now submits,  
And Torres-Vedras, and the ancient Towns  
Of Òbidos and Alenquèr, where streams  
In murm'ring currents fertilize the soil.

“ And you, ye lands, beyond the Tagus flood,  
Richly endow'd with Ceres' golden gifts,  
To super-human force must also yield,

With all your turreted, embattled forts.  
Thyself, O hapless Mauritanian,  
Deceive not with the hope thou yet mayst till  
Iberia's fertile fields; for Alcacer,  
And Serpa, Moura, Elvas, all have fall'n.  
The noble city,\* where Sertorius reign'd,  
(Who Rome, the Mistress of the World, defied,)  
And where translucent silver streams the soil  
Refresh, and founts salubrious supply,<sup>21</sup>  
From far convey'd o'er Arches numberless  
Supporting a stupendous aqueduct,  
Was soon subjected to obedience,  
By brave Giraldo, who fear never knew.

“ Beja, Alphonso next attacks, to 'avenge  
Trancoso's fall and massacre, that he  
Life's brevity may compensate by fame.  
In vain the City ev'ry effort makes  
The fierce besiegers to resist; but when  
Surrender'd, the exterminating sword  
Unsparring havoc executes, nor leaves  
A single living victim undestroy'd.

\* Evora.

Palmela subjugated also falls,  
And maritime Cezimbra, while with aid  
Still granted by propitious Heav'n, a host  
Of pow'rful enemies he vanquishes.  
Cezimbra grieves its fate; its Sovereign hastes  
Precipitately to retrieve its loss,—  
Quite unprepar'd, while on the mountain-march,  
For such a desperately bold assault.  
From Badajoz then came the King, a proud  
Mahomedan. Four thousand fiery horse,  
And, without numbers, warlike infantry,  
With splendid arms and gilt accoutrements,  
His force compos'd; but, as in May's fair month,  
The Bull, with madd'ning jealousy devour'd,  
Assails, impell'd by blind and brutish rage,  
The unsuspecting passenger;—so thus,  
Alphonso suddenly appears, and strikes  
With sudden terror the advancing foe.  
So irresistible is the assault,  
The Moorish King flies from the field, of life  
Alone solicitous, and panic-struck  
His troops their Chief's example imitate.  
The heroes who this wondrous deed achieve  
Exceeded not e'en sixty cavaliers.

“ The King, Alphonso, with exhaustless zeal,  
Pursues the grand career of victory,  
And joins, from ev’ry part, those martial bands  
Who hold victorious war their main pursuit.  
The siege of Badajoz he prosecutes,  
And full success his anxious wishes crowns ;  
For, with such skill and bravery he fought,  
That, to his other rapid conquests, this  
Was soon annex’d. But God, who long defers  
The punishment, tho’ justly due, of guilt,—  
Either because repentance may ensue,  
Or for wise reasons unreveal’d to man,—  
Tho’ hitherto his gracious fav’ring aid  
The King from ev’ry peril had secur’d,  
Now lets him feel the sharp parental curse, <sup>22</sup>  
His long-imprison’d Mother had denounc’d.  
In Badajoz, now recently subdued,  
He was himself besieg’d by Leon’s King,\*  
Who claim’d the captur’d fortress as within  
The boundary of his dominions.  
His obstinacy here,—as oft occurs,—  
Its proper chastisement involv’d ; in haste

\* Don Ferdinand.

Sallying against the enemy he fell,  
A maim'd and helpless captive in his hands.

“ Renowned Pompey ! grieve not that thy deeds <sup>23</sup>  
Illustrious have been eclips'd, nor yet  
That Nemesis severe should pre-ordain  
Cæsar from thee should snatch the noble palm  
Of victory. Though Phasis, and Syene, <sup>24</sup>  
Where Sol's most fervid rays fall shadowless,  
And cold Bootes, and the ardent Line,  
Thy mighty name both fear and venerate :  
Altho' Arabia, and Sarmatia,  
And Colchis famous for the golden fleece,  
And Cappadocia, and bless'd Judea  
Where the true God is lov'd and worshipp'd ;—  
Altho' Sophené, lost in luxury,  
Cilicia treach'rous and Armenia  
Where the two Rivers\* flow which copious spring  
From blissful Eden's consecrated fount :—  
And tho,' from the remote Atlantic Sea  
To Scythian Taurus' elevated mount,  
As Conqu'ror thou wert hail'd ; wonder no more

\* Tigris and Euphrates.

That in Pharsalia's Field thy brilliant Star  
Of glory set;—for thou mayst here behold  
The proud, victorious, triumphant King  
Gain all, yet lose himself. Thus Heaven decreed  
Each should surrender to his adverse fate.

“ Thus chasten'd by the hand of Providence,  
The King, at length, to Portugal return'd,  
And afterwards, in Santarem, in vain  
Was by the haughty Saracen besieg'd.—  
The sacred body of a Saint\* rever'd <sup>25</sup>  
Who gain'd a glorious crown of Martyrdom,  
Alphonso from its hallow'd tomb convey'd  
Within the Ulyssean walls.—And next,  
His vast designs to execute, now old  
And weak, his brave and valiant Son enjoin'd  
With powerful armies to invade the lands,  
Which far beyond the Tagus' banks extend.—  
Sancho, impetuously brave, obeys  
The mandate, and pursuing his career  
Of conquest, fair Seville's placid stream  
Crimsons with the base blood of Infidels.—

\* St. Vincent.

More ardent from this splendid victory,  
The restless Youth repose disdains, until  
The Moorish force which Beja then besieg'd  
He scatter'd and destroy'd. Thus fortunate,  
The Prince the end of his achievements soon  
Saw gloriously fulfill'd. The Saracen,  
Defeated and dismay'd, now only hopes  
By vengeance all his losses to redeem.

“ His hosts he gathers from the mount\* which erst,—  
Ere by Medusa's glance transform'd,—the world  
Sustain'd ;—from Ampelusia, and Tangier,  
Where dwelt Antæus,—of terrific strength ;  
From Abila, the summon'd native comes ;<sup>26</sup>  
And, when the Mauritanian trumpet breathes  
Its warlike note, whole Kingdoms move in arms  
Where anciently the noble Juba reign'd.  
With this assembled force Miramolin  
Re-enter'd Lusitania, and brought  
Thirteen brave Moorish Kings into the field,  
Who him obey'd as their Imperial Chief.—  
Where'er they penetrated, their career

\* Atlas.



By havoc's wide-destroying sword was mark'd.  
At length, reaching the walls of Santarem,  
They straight commenc'd its unsuccessful siege.  
Rencounters fierce ensued, and stratagems  
Of war th' enraged Moor tried numberless;—  
But neither horrible balistas, nor  
The secret mine, nor pow'rful batt'ring-ram,  
Could aught avail. Alphonso's Son display'd  
The most heroic intrepidity,  
And, with consummate skill, in every part  
Resisted each bold vigorous assault.

“ A long laborious reign, and hoary years,  
At length compell'd the King repose to seek  
In the fam'd City, whose luxuriant fields  
From the Mondego steal their verdant hue ;  
But when he knew that Sancho was besieg'd,  
By all the Moorish force, in Santarem,  
Coimbra instantaneously he left  
With vig'rous promptitude, still unrelax'd  
By Time's unsparing hand. With his brave troops  
Inur'd to glorious war, his Son he join'd ;  
United, Lusitanian valor gain'd  
An easy victory, and soon dispers'd

The Moslem hosts. Th' ensanguin'd field  
Was thickly strewn with splendid coats of mail,  
And helms, and every costly spoil of war ;  
Whilst snorting chargers, 'midst the slain, at large  
Rang'd masterless ;—so perfect was the rout,  
That all the Moors from Lusitania fled,  
Except th' Imperial Chief, Miramolin,  
Whose flight was by a fatal arrow check'd.  
To Him, on whom all victory depends,  
The Lusians grateful thanks and praises due,  
With rev'rent homage gave ; for doubtless here  
More by Divine than human aid was wrought.—

“ The venerable Monarch triumph'd thus,  
Pursuing his victorious career  
With unabated fortune, when, at length,  
He was himself, by undermining age,  
Subdued. The chilling hand of pallid death  
His weak emaciated frame had touch'd ;  
And, full of years, he paid the awful debt  
Inexorable Libitina claims  
From all. His mem'ry piously was wept  
Where each ambitious Promontory lifts  
Its lofty head ; and where meand'ring streams

In plaintive murmurings their mazy course  
Pursue. The fame of his immortal deeds  
Extended o'er the wond'ring universe,  
Yet chiefly where he reign'd, and where, in vain,  
Echo his name oft mournfully invokes.

“ The brave heroic Sancho all the great  
And splendid virtues of Alphonso shar'd ;—  
For, while his noble Sire yet liv'd, he stain'd  
With Moorish blood Boëtis\* majestic stream,  
Defeated all the Saracenic hosts  
Andalusia's Moslem King had join'd,  
And made the Moors, who Beja's walls besieg'd,  
Feel the dire force of his victorious arm.  
Rais'd to the throne, he scarcely had commenc'd  
His glorious reign, ere he resolv'd to wrest  
Sives, and its adjacent lands, then till'd  
By Infidels, from Saracenic power.  
Assistance in this enterprize was giv'n  
By numerous Crusaders from the North,—  
Brave, warlike, and completely arm'd, and bent  
Lost Salem's holy city to regain.

\* The Guadalquiver.

These zealous warriors first design'd to aid  
Th' Imperial Frederick Barbarossa, then  
Leading a num'rous force to Palestine,  
The sacred City to defend where Christ  
Died on the Cross. But Guido, Salem's King,  
Was by the mighty Saladin subdued,  
When, driven by thirst, he sought the vital springs  
The Moor commanded, but from him withheld.  
But when the Armament by adverse winds  
Sought an asylum in a Lusian port,  
Sancho its aid solicited against  
The Infidel, since the same holy cause  
Both equally espous'd. Alphonso erst  
Lisbon retook with accidental aid,  
And Sancho, thus, Silves subdued, and forc'd  
The Saracens to flee or to submit.  
While all these trophies from the enemy  
Are gloriously won, with Leon's brave  
And pow'rful King, the Lusians, now inur'd  
To deeds of war, reject ignoble peace,  
'Till on the lofty towers of Tuy float<sup>27</sup>  
Thy banners, Sancho, and a kindred fate  
On all its neighbouring cities is impos'd,  
Humbly submitting to thy conqu'ring arms.

“ The course of these triumphant victories  
Death fatally arrests.—His Son succeeds,  
Alphonso, second of this name. By all  
He was ador'd, and grac'd the regal throne  
As their third Monarch. During his short reign,  
The Moors at length were driv'n from Alcacer,  
Which lately had from Sancho been regain'd:  
A fatal conquest, proving now the cause  
Of their destruction.—When Alphonso died,  
Sancho, the Second, fill'd the vacant Throne,  
A Youth so lost, so negligent, so weak,  
That vassals govern'd him they should obey.  
Another Chief to wield the sov'reign pow'r  
Was now requir'd ; and Sancho of his crown  
Was thus depriv'd, yielding to Minions,  
And blindly following his career of vice.  
Yet was he not debas'd and profligate  
Like Nero, who, with most unblushing shame,  
By marriage violated Nature's laws,  
Nor startled to commit incestuous crimes ;  
Nor was his native cruelty display'd  
Rejoicing o'er his Capital in flames ;  
More wicked far was Heliogabalus,  
Sardanapalus more effeminate ;—

Nor were his people slavishly oppress'd  
Like the Sicilians at their Tyrant's will;  
Nor had he, like the Monster, Phalaris,  
Tortures devis'd his victims to destroy;  
But, as the lofty-minded Lusians e'er  
Great and exalted Princes had obey'd,  
A Sov'reign they requir'd in heroism  
And ev'ry excellence pre-eminent.

“ Hence to direct the helm of state was call'd  
Bolonia's Count, who to the throne was rais'd,  
After his Brother, Sancho, clos'd a life <sup>28</sup>  
Devoted to luxurious indolence.  
The King, Alphonso, well surnam'd the Bold,  
Provided for the Nation's safety, first;  
And then resolv'd its bound'ries to enlarge,  
Now far too circumscrib'd to satisfy  
His high ambition. Of the Two Algarves,  
Which as a marriage dow'r he justly claim'd,  
The greater part his conqu'ring arm retook,  
Expelling thence th' unwarlike Moor, whom Mars  
No longer favor'd. Independent, free,  
By arms he render'd Lusitania,

And finally extirpated the Moors  
From the blest soil the Lusians now possess.

“ Diniz, one of their greatest Kings, succeeds: <sup>29</sup>  
A noble scion from th’ Alphonsine stock,  
Whose fame in great and glorious deeds eclips’d  
E’en Alexander’s magnanimity.  
Under his reign the Kingdom flourish’d long  
(For golden halcyon peace throughout prevail’d)  
In institutions, customs, and wise laws,—  
While learning widely spread her useful light.  
He foster’d, first, within Coimbra’s walls  
Minerva’s potent and ingenious arts,  
And from the fount of Helicon seduc’d  
The Muses on Mondego’s verdant banks  
To dwell. All that of Athens might be wish’d,  
The Great Apollo consecrated here,  
And here distributed wreaths intertwin’d <sup>30</sup>  
With gold, and nard, and with perennial bays.  
At his command into existence rose  
The noblest cities, and the strongest forts,  
While lofty walls, and edifices grand,  
In every part the Kingdom’s aspect chang’d ;—  
But when Atropos with her fatal shears

The thread divided of his lengthen'd days,  
The fourth Alphonso fill'd the Lusian Throne :  
A Son far less obedient, than brave.  
Against the proud Castilians his breast  
Was ever arm'd with firm but calm disdain ;  
'Tis not in Lusians, how few soe'er,  
To shrink, with fear, from a superior force ;  
And when the Mauritanians in arms  
Iberia invaded, with the hope  
To gain possession of th' Hesperian soil,  
Alphonso with heroic ardor flew  
To her protection. Ne'er before were seen  
Cov'ring th' Hydasopian plains such num'rous hosts  
Under Semiramis ; nor Attila,  
The self-styl'd scourge of God, through Italy,  
With terror struck, led forth such Gothic hordes,  
As equall'd the stupendous Moorish force  
Combin'd with all Granada had supplied,  
And now in martial order on the plains  
Of Calpe rang'd. When Castile's Monarch\* saw  
Such hosts, apparently invincible,  
Fearing much more Iberia's menac'd fate,

\* Don Alphonso; in Spanish, Alonzo.



Already once subdued, than death itself,  
Soliciting the brave Alphonso's aid  
He sent to him a royal Supplicant,—  
His own beloved Consort,—and of him  
To whom she went, a Daughter equally  
Ador'd. The beauteous Maria came,  
Ent'ring the Palace of her Ancestors  
With sweetly sorrowful dejected mien,—  
Her brilliant eyes suffus'd with streaming tears,  
While o'er her neck, that vied with ivory  
In snowy hue, flow'd her angelic hair.  
With joy her Father clasp'd her to his heart,  
When thus, with interrupting sobs and tears,  
She spake,—' From all the various Moorish States  
Of Africa, a fierce and warlike host  
The Monarch of Marocco\* hither leads,  
Noble Iberia to subjugate.  
Such numbers infinite have ne'er been seen,  
Since the salt waves first lash'd the sounding shore.  
So great their fury and ferocity,  
They fill with fear the living, and the dead <sup>31</sup>  
Perturb. The Prince to whom thou gav'st my hand,

\* Ali Boacem.

His menac'd Kingdom to defend no means  
Possesses; nor can he the fatal blow  
From the uplifted Moorish sword avert.  
Without thy aid, O King, me thou wilt see  
Of Consort and of Kingdom both depriv'd:  
A Widow mourning in obscurity,—  
Without her King, without her Crown, and lost  
To happiness. My Royal Father, if  
Molucca's stream at thy approach with fear<sup>32</sup>  
Congeal'd, banish delay, and haste, O haste,  
The overwhelm'd Castilian to relieve;  
And if the joy, that in thy face now beams,  
Be a true sign of thy paternal love,  
Accelerate thy speed;—for, without haste,  
He whom thou wouldst assist, may be no more.'

“ Thus stood the timid Queen, persuasively  
Soliciting, like Venus bath'd in tears,  
When she the Father of the Gods implor'd,  
Her Son Eneas, o'er the treach'rous waves,  
Propitiously to guide. With pity mov'd,  
The direful thunderbolt fell from his hands,  
And, granting all his lovely Daughter ask'd,  
He griev'd that she so slight a proof requir'd

Of his paternal love. But now the plains  
Of Evora are fill'd with martial hosts,  
Whose burnish'd arms blaze in the splendid Sun;  
Richly caparison'd the war-horse neighs;  
The banner'd trumpet with sonorous notes,  
Resounding in the vallies and the dales,  
Incites the veteran to warlike deeds,  
And hearts, accustom'd to luxurious peace,  
To glorious emulation. In the midst,  
Surrounded by his royal banners, stood  
The brave Alphonso, whose majestic form  
Was seen o'er all rising pre-eminent.  
His look alone suffic'd to animate  
The timid heart oppress'd with panic fear.  
Thus the King pass'd the boundaries of Spain,  
And thither led her young and lovely Queen.

“ At length the two Alphonsos met, and join'd  
Their martial forces on Tarifa's plains,  
In front of the Barbaric multitude  
Thronging the field of battle, and each hill,  
With numbers infinite. No breast could then,  
However firm, from all solicitude  
Itself exempt, unless the hand of Heav'n,

Aiding their cause, distinctly it perceiv'd.  
Meanwhile the race of Hagar scoffing smil'd,  
When they beheld how small the Christian force,  
And prematurely all the conquer'd lands  
Amongst their army to divide prepar'd ;—  
But as the famous celebrated name  
Of Saracen they falsely had assum'd,  
So without title they pretended now  
These noble regions as their own to claim.  
As the terrific Giant, who, of old,  
Fill'd Saul, the King, with fear and with dismay,  
And who, when he the dauntless Shepherd saw  
Boldly defying all his mighty strength,  
With equal insolence and arrogance  
Taunted contemptuously the humble youth,—  
Whose sling his pride soon levell'd with the dust ;—  
For faith prevail'd, where human means had fail'd :  
So, the perfidious and faithless Moor  
Scoff'd at the Christian force to him oppos'd,  
Unconscious of their succour from that Pow'r,  
Which even in the mansions of th' unblest'd  
Obedience commands. Marocco's King  
Th' inspir'd Castilian skilfully assails,  
While the brave Lusian, himself above

All fear, by dreadless deeds intimidates  
Granada's Chief. The glitt'ring harness rings  
With formidable blows from spear and sword;  
A carnage horrible ensues, while each  
Invokes or Santiago's\* aid, or calls  
For help on Mähomet;—the sky resounds  
With agonizing cries from those whose blood  
In torrents flows, in which the Warrior,  
Spent with fatigue, tho' from the sword escap'd,  
Stifled in gore expires. By prodigies  
Of bravery, Alphonso slew, destroy'd,  
And totally Granada's power dispers'd:  
For useless was defence, or coat of mail.  
Great was the victory, yet gain'd with ease.—<sup>33</sup>  
Insatiate of glory, straight he flew  
The valiant Monarch of Castile to aid  
In conflict with the Mauritanian.

“ The ardent Sun now finish'd his career,  
Quenching his rays in Thetis' blue domain,  
And Vesper, brightening his stellar beams,  
Soon clos'd this ever-memorable day,  
In which the formidable Moorish force

\* St. James.

Was, by the two heroic Kings, with such  
Prodigious carnage vanquished, that ne'er  
Before was seen so great a victory.  
The numbers in this horrid conflict slain <sup>34</sup>  
Quadrupled those whom valiant Marius slew,  
When his brave troops he led, with parching thirst  
Oppress'd, to drink the stream dyed with the blood  
Of slaughter'd foes;—and more than Annibal  
(Rome's fiercest adversary from his birth)  
Destroy'd at Cannæ, when of Roman Knights,  
Rings, without number, he to Carthage sent;—  
And if, illustrious Titus, thou alone <sup>35</sup>  
Sent to Cocytus' gloomy regions  
So many souls, when from Jerusalem  
Thou drov'st the followers of the ancient law,  
Still this by Heav'n's permission was achiev'd,  
Not by the force of thy Imperial arm :  
For this of old the Prophets had foretold, <sup>36</sup>  
And this in after-times Christ verified.

“ After this great and splendid victory,  
To Lusitania the King return'd,  
There to enjoy in peace the glorious fame  
Which in this arduous war he justly gain'd.

A tragical event, whose memory <sup>37</sup>  
Ne'er in the tomb's oblivion can rest,  
His reign disgrac'd :—a hapless Damsel's death,—  
Whose Corpse, enthron'd with regal pomp, was  
crown'd ;—

And thou alone, O Love, whose barb'rous sway  
With pow'r resistless rules the human heart,—  
Thou wert the cause of her lamented fate,  
As if thy rites perfidiously she scorn'd.  
Yes, cruel Love, thy thirst insatiable  
Not tears of deepest sorrow can allay,  
Nor aught can satisfy thy tyranny  
Unless thy Altars reek with human blood.

“ In sweet retirement, happy and serene,  
Thou, lovely Ignez, pass'd those tender years  
In which the soul to bright delusions yields,  
Which soon, alas! misfortune dissipates.  
Amidst th' enamell'd lawns that grace the banks  
Of fair Mondego's stream, swell'd oft by tears  
From thy angelic eyes, taught by thy love  
The hills and vallies echoed the dear name  
Engraven on thy heart. Each scene recall'd  
The tenderest remembrances of Love ;

And thee thy Prince in fancy e'er beheld,  
Though by thy sweet impassion'd eyes unseen,  
Each night in blissful, but deluding dreams,  
Each day in faithful thoughts that flew to thee,  
While all he meditated, all he saw,  
Awak'd the mem'ry of transporting joy.

“ Beauty and royal rank in vain aspire  
To hymeneal bonds.—Both he rejects.—  
With thee, pure Love, these nothing can avail,  
If once subdued by the impressive glance  
Of gentle loveliness. The wary King  
Regarding, as a fantasy, this love,  
That wean'd his Son from other nuptials,  
To public murmurs lends too prompt an ear,  
And cruelly resolves on Ignez' death,  
Affection's link that binds his Son to break,  
Believing that her blood, thus basely shed,  
Alone could quench this constant, ardent flame.  
What madness could unsheath bright honor's sword,  
Which with such heroism had sustain'd  
Th' impetuous fury of the Moor, and point  
Its edge against a lovely, helpless Fair!  
Dragg'd by the ministers of death before



The King,—his heart soft pity's impulse touch'd;  
But the blind fury of th' insensate mob  
Urg'd him the lovely Ignez to condemn.  
In accents of profoundly-moving grief,  
Not for her own sad fate, but for her Prince,  
And tender offspring from their Mother torn;—  
(A pang to her more cruel far than death !)  
To Heav'n she rais'd her sweet imploring eyes,—  
More sweetly eloquent by sorrow's tears,—  
Her eyes alone, for attitude of pray'r  
To her imprison'd hands was then denied;—  
With looks of tenderest maternal love,  
Her dear, her darling children she beheld,  
And with a Mother's fears their orphan state  
Viewing with dread,—thus to the King she spake.

“ ‘ If savage and ferocious animals  
Nature has cruel made, instinctively,  
And equally has prompted birds of prey  
Themselves by rapine solely to subsist,  
Yet even these have tender infants spar'd,  
By the soft impulse of compassion mov'd;—  
So Ninus' Parent was of old preserv'd,<sup>33</sup>  
And the twin founders of majestic Rome.—

O thou, whose mien humanity bespeaks,  
(Yet can it be humane a damsel weak  
And helpless to destroy, because his heart  
Who gain'd her love, by love she holds enchain'd?)  
Let these sweet Innocents thy pity move,  
Though none induce thee to avert my fate;  
For them let me, and thy compassion plead,  
Although thy mercy be withheld from me  
Guiltless of all offence.—If the proud Moor  
Thou couldst by fire and sword exterminate,  
Thy clemency now show in granting life  
To her who never merited its loss.  
But if my innocence can nought avail,  
Consign me to perpetual banishment,  
To Scythia's cold, or Libya's heat expos'd,  
Where I with bitter tears may weep away  
The sad remainder of my wretched days;—  
Place me with lions and with tigers fierce;  
That pity amidst them I still may find,  
Which in the human breast I seek in vain;  
Retaining there that virtuous spotless love  
For him, for whom I now am doom'd to die,  
These fruits of his affection which thou seest,  
Their Mother's grief will there alleviate.'

“ To pardon, the benignant King inclin'd,  
By these pathetic words to pity mov'd ;  
But adverse destiny and bitter foes  
Check'd in its course the royal clemency.  
Swift from their scabbards flew the glitt'ring swords  
Of those who triumph'd in this horrid deed  
Against defenceless innocence.—‘ Monsters  
Ferocious, ye were, yet chevaliers  
Profess'd !’ The beautiful Polyxena,  
The only solace of her Mother's age,  
By fierce Achilles' shade condemn'd to die,  
Awaited thus death's stroke from Pyrrhus' sword ;  
Her eyes, e'er wont a cheerful influence  
To shed around, on her griev'd Parent, now  
To reason lost, she fix'd, and as a meek  
And unresisting lamb was sacrific'd.  
Thus, was fair Ignez, too, of life bereft ;  
Her base assassins arm'd with brutal rage,  
Unheedful of all future punishment,  
Their tarnish'd swords, and the white lovely flowers  
Which often she had water'd with her tears,  
Now bath'd with blood, shed from that snow-white  
breast,  
Which love had grac'd with treasures that subdued

Him who proclaim'd her after death his Queen.  
At sight of such a deed well mightest thou,  
O Sun, withdraw thy conscious rays, as erst  
From Atreus' cruel feast, when on his child  
Thyestes fed, deceiv'd by impious fraud!  
And you, ye gloomy vallies, that receiv'd  
The last faint accents of her dying lips,  
Her royal Lover's name with her last sigh  
Invoking,—long this consecrated name  
In sadness ye rehears'd! As the sweet flower,  
White as pure snow, when prematurely pluck'd  
By the light hearted maiden's careless hand,  
Destin'd her rustic chaplet to adorn,  
Its fragrance loses with its native hue;  
So thus in death the pallid Ignez lay,  
Her roses wither'd, her complexion gone,  
And ev'ry vivid tint, with life, extinct.—  
Mondego's Nymphs this tragical event  
Commemorated long with poignant grief,  
And, in perpetual mem'ry of her fate,  
To a pure fountain chang'd their copious tears.  
The name it then receiv'd, it still retains,—  
For still it is the fount of Ignez' Loves.—

What fount like this revives the drooping flowers!  
Tears are its spring, and Love its hallow'd name.

“ The period soon arriv'd, when these foul deeds  
By the enraged Prince should be aveng'd;  
And when the sov'reign pow'r Pedro assum'd  
In vain th' Assassins safety sought by flight.  
Another Pedro\* like himself severe,  
Surrendered them. Both, prodigal of life,  
Into an unjust compact enter'd, like  
The league Augustus fram'd with Lepidus,  
Conjoin'd with Antony. A judge austere  
Was Pedro in repressing ev'ry crime,—  
And when the guilty suffer'd, to inflict  
Most cruel tortures was his stern command.  
More robbers he condemned to death than e'er  
By Theseus or Alcides were destroy'd;  
But humble citizens with equity  
Against th' oppression of the proud secur'd.

“ From this severe Justiciary sprung  
(With such caprice are nature's laws enforc'd)

\* Peter the Cruel, King of Castile.

Fernando,—careless, mild, and negligent,—  
 Who brought his kingdom into jeopardy;  
 For the Castilian the defenceless land  
 Invaded with his devastating arms,  
 With ruin threatening the Lusian Throne:  
 Thus a weak King a nation brave unnerves.—  
 Whether he thus was punish'd for the crime<sup>39</sup>  
 Of breaking Leonora's wedded bonds,  
 And making her by lawless marriage rites  
 His Queen, misled by fascination's pow'r,  
 Or whether, when the heart is held enslav'd  
 By lust for her to whom it has been given,  
 Its moral energy be lost;—'tis sure,  
 An ignominious passion e'er degrades  
 The soul. Due punishment how many feel  
 When Heaven pleases to inflict the blow!  
 Those guilty of the beauteous Helen's rape,  
 And Appius,\* and Tarquin, suffer'd thus.—  
 Who† compelled holy David to condemn  
 Himself? Who Benjamin's illustrious Tribe  
 Destroy'd?‡ Thus Pharaoh's§ guilt towards Abraham's  
 wife,

\* Appius Claudius.

† 2 Samuel, Ch. xii.

‡ Judges, Ch. xix. and xx.

§ Genesis, Ch. xii.

And Shechem's\* against Dinah, were chastis'd.—  
The noble breast is weaken'd and debas'd  
By blind, illicit, and insensate love.  
Its influence Alcmena's Son demean'd  
Himself to deck in Omphale's attire ;  
Mark Antony his brilliant fame obscur'd  
By boundless passion for th' Egyptian Queen,  
And thou, victorious Carthaginian, <sup>40</sup>  
Thyself degradedst with a Puglian Slave.

“ But who his captive heart can disengage  
From the sweet snares which artful Love entwines  
With roses, snowy fairness, auburn locks,  
And pure transparent alabastrine hues?—  
Who can the fascinating charms withstand  
Of matchless beauty with Medusa's pow'r  
Endued, changing the heart it holds enthrall'd,  
Not into stone, but passionate desire?—  
Who can behold a faithful glance, a mien  
Divine, and sweet angelic purity,  
Blending in mutual interchange the soul,

\* Genesis, Ch. xxxiv.

And yet th' enchanting influence resist?  
He who Love's all-subduing pow'r has felt  
Fernando's error will extenuate;  
But if its influence he ne'er hath known,  
More criminal will he his errors deem."

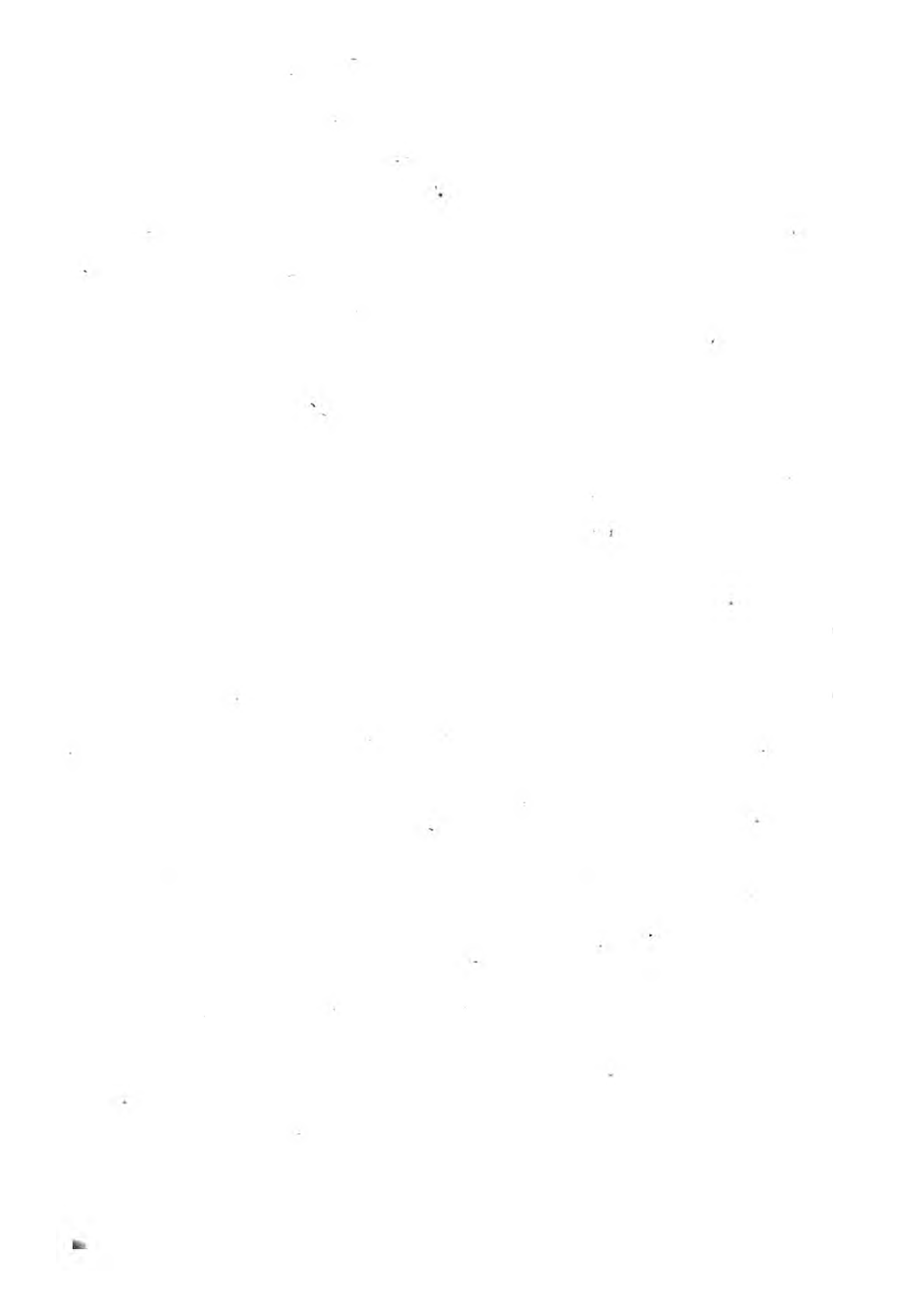
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**THE LUSIAD.**

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**CANTO IV.**



# THE LUSIAD.

## CANTO IV.

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“ AFTER a night of stormy violence,  
Of frightful darkness, and of furious winds,  
The morn oft breaks serenely clear and calm,  
And hope revives the destin'd port to reach;  
The Sun disperses every low'ring cloud,  
And from the mind discards all thought of fear :  
So, brighter prospects Lusitania hail'd  
When death remov'd Fernando from the Throne ;  
And if our Patriots aggriev'd desir'd  
To see aveng'd th' innumerable crimes  
Of those base vassals, who advantage took  
Of their late monarch's feeble, careless reign,  
Retributory justice they obtain'd  
By raising to the Throne th' illustrious John, <sup>1</sup>  
Renowned Pedro's only heir,—of birth  
Illicit, but in ev'ry thing a King.  
That this event by Heav'n's supreme decree

Was fore-ordain'd, many clear signs evinc'd  
In Evora, where prematurely spoke  
An Infant to announce the prophecy ;  
The destin'd organ of the will of Heav'n  
Uprais'd itself upon its cradled couch,  
And, stretching forth its little hands, proclaim'd  
Don John, the future King of Portugal. <sup>2</sup>

“ Throughout the Kingdom great commotion then  
Prevail'd, and hatred rankled in each breast,  
While the blind fury of the people's rage  
Vented itself in horrid cruelties.  
Promiscuous fell the relatives and friends <sup>3</sup>  
Of the adult'rous Count, and graceless Queen,  
Whose gross voluptuous incontinence  
Now, since Fernando's death, no limits knew.  
The Count, dishonor'd and disgrac'd, at length,  
In presence of his royal paramour,  
Was slain ; and num'rous others met his fate :  
For when a flame is kindled, wide it spreads.  
Some, like Astyanax, from towers thrown, <sup>4</sup>  
In sacred vestments no protection find ;  
Nor altars now, nor crosses more have pow'r  
To save ; victims are stripp'd, and, brain'd to death,

Dragg'd through the public streets. Such deeds as  
these

To long oblivion may hence consign  
The cruelties of Marius in Rome,  
And those of sanguinary Sylla, when  
His adversary fled. Shocked at such scenes,  
The Queen, inconsolable for the Count,  
Urg'd Castile's Monarch Lusía to invade,  
And to the Throne her Daughter's right declar'd.

“ Fair Beatrix in nuptials had been giv'n  
To the Castilian, who the Kingdom claim'd  
In right of her legitimate descent,—  
If Fame's suspicious voice may this concede.<sup>5</sup>  
With such pretext he soon appear'd in arms,  
This right to the succession to enforce ;  
And all his troops, collected for the war,  
From all his various dominions pour'd.  
They came from all the provinces whose names  
From Brigo are suppos'd to be deriv'd,<sup>6</sup>  
And from the lands Fernando and the Cid<sup>7</sup>  
Had from the Moor's tyrannic sway releas'd.  
War's perils are heroically spurn'd  
By those who with the plough the fertile fields

Of Leon cultivate; for these in arms  
Against the Moors e'er, eminently shone.  
The Vandals in their ancient bravery  
Confiding still, Andalusia's verge  
Abandon, to unite their warlike bands  
Where Bœtis rolls his fertilizing stream;  
For conflict, too, prepares the noble Isle\*  
That erst was peopled by the Tyrians,  
Who on their martial banners bore inscrib'd  
The columns of the mighty Hercules.  
And num'rous forces from Toledo came,—  
A noble and an ancient City,—where  
In mazy circuit gentle Tagus flows,  
Springing from Cuenca's mountain region.  
Nor is your martial impulse check'd by fear,<sup>8</sup>  
Galicians, sordid and inflexible!  
For readily to arms ye fly again,  
Your former adversary to resist;  
Like war's tremendous Furies also move  
The bold and brave Biscaians, rude in speech,<sup>9</sup>  
And terms of social intercourse, but prompt  
The slightest foreign insult to resent;

\* Cadiz.

And Guipuscoa, and the Asturias  
Enrich'd by nature with metallic mines,  
With native steel their fierce and martial sons  
Arm to assist their lawful Sovereign.

John's bravery was seated in his heart,  
As in his hair lay Samson's matchless strength;  
And, unconcern'd, he view'd this mighty pow'r,  
Advancing with a small heroic band  
Against the Foe. Counsels he wanted not,  
Yet counsell'd with the Magnates of the Realm,  
Solely their various sentiments to know,—  
Since always where the many meet are heard  
Conflicting arguments. Nor wanted there  
Traitors all public spirit to suppress,  
In whom that ancient valor, once renown'd,  
Was chang'd to infamous disloyalty.  
O'er them fear exercis'd more influence  
Than private faith, or patriotic zeal;  
Their King, their Country, boldly they abjur'd,  
And would, like Peter, Christ himself deny.  
Such treachery against the public weal  
By the brave Nuno Alvares was e'er  
Abhorr'd. Yet, his two Brothers faithless prov'd. <sup>10</sup>

Sternly reproving the irresolute,  
The feeble hesitating Lusians,—  
In terms less elegant than forcible,—  
Thus he address'd; grasping, enrag'd, his sword,  
And menacing in name of Heav'n and Earth.

“ ‘ Has Lusitania one inglorious son,  
Who can refuse his Country's martial fame  
To vindicate? What! in this virtuous land,  
In ev'ry war pre-eminently great,  
Exists there one who of defence despairs,—  
Who Lusian faith, and skill, and bravery,  
And patriot-love denies? Who could endure  
E'er to behold his native land subdued?  
What! Are not ye descendants of the race,  
Who, under the Great Henry's banners, fought  
With valor never yet surpass'd, and gain'd  
Such glorious vict'ries o'er their warlike foe,  
When they innumerable banners took, <sup>11</sup>  
And drove their Adversary from the field,  
Capturing seven illustrious valiant Counts,  
Besides the treasures of their copious spoils?  
Who kept in constant dread those enemies,  
Of whom ye now appear to stand in awe?—



Diniz, and his brave Son,—immortal both,—  
And your renown'd and noble ancestors.  
If, by a reign of imbecility,  
Your zeal Fernando weaken'd and debas'd,—  
May your new Sovereign your fame restore,—  
If Kings a nation's character can mould.  
Such is your King, that, if, in bravery,  
You equal him ye plac'd upon the Throne,  
No enemy your prowess shall withstand;  
Much less an adversary whom your sword  
Before has vanquished. Suffice not this  
To banish your disgraceful cowardice,  
Yield, then, to base dishonorable fear;  
Alone, *I* will resist a foreign yoke,  
*I* only, with my vassals; and with this  
(And saying this his sword in part he drew)  
I will defend from devastating hosts  
My hitherto unconquer'd native soil,  
And in my King's and Country's sacred name,  
And of that loyalty abjur'd by you,  
I trust to vanquish,—not these foes alone,—  
But all my Royal Master's enemies.'

“ As when the fleeing Romans refuge sought

From Cannæ, in Canusium, fugitives,  
In doubt and hesitation half inclin'd  
To the victorious Africans to yield,  
The young Cornelius,\* firm and resolute,  
Bound them upon his sword, by solemn oaths,  
Ne'er to disgrace the Roman arms by flight,  
Nor e'er to leave them but with life itself:  
So Nuno, by persuasion and by force,  
And by his last and powerful appeal,  
That cold and enervating fear remov'd,  
Which their courageous hearts had chill'd. They  
sprung  
Forthwith upon their fiery steeds; their arms  
Aloft they brandish'd, and their lances hurl'd;  
And, flying o'er the ground, with zeal exclaim'd,  
' Long live the King who gives us liberty !'

“ Of war the people ardently approve,  
The safety of their country to secure.  
While some their arms, which the corroding rust  
Of peace had spoil'd, burnish and renovate,  
Others their helmets or their breastplates fit,

\* Publius Cornelius Scipio.

Or arm themselves as each the means may find ;  
Some, too, in party-coloured garbs appear,  
Embellish'd with devices of their Loves.

“ With all this splendid armament, the brave  
Heroic Monarch from Abrantes march'd,—  
Whose verdant pastures are refresh'd by streams  
Which copious flow from winding Tagus' fount.  
The van of all this force a Hero led  
Of great experience, fitted to command  
Such oriental legions numberless  
As Xerxes headed o'er the Hellespont :  
Don Nuno Alvares,—a scourge severe  
Of proud Castilians, and as terrible  
As the exterminating Hun who wag'd  
Unsparing war 'gainst France and Italy.  
Another warrior of brilliant fame,  
Rodrigo Vasconcellos, on the right  
Of all the Lusian force was posted ;—bold,  
Skilful, and competent to the command.  
The other corresponding wing was giv'n  
To the brave Anton Vasquez de Almada,—  
Count of Abranches made in after-times.  
Thus, all the left this valiant Chief obey'd.

The Royal Standard in the rear was seen  
Adorn'd with Lusian's castellated arms ;—  
While John to all a bright example gave  
In bravery eclipsing Mars himself.

“ Meanwhile upon Abrantes' walls are seen,  
Though chill'd with fear, yet not uncheer'd by hope,  
Wives, mothers, sisters, and th' affianc'd fair,  
Praying for victory, and promising  
Due fasts and pilgrimages.—Onward now  
Their martial squadrons charge the enemy,  
Who with tremendous shouts the shock sustains,  
While agitating doubt holds in suspense  
The issue of the day. Responsive sound  
The martial trumpet's and the fife's shrill note ;  
Ensigns,—to animate the warlike charge,—  
Their variously color'd banners wave.  
'Twas in that glowing season of the year,  
When Ceres with her gifts amply rewards  
The lab'rer's toil, and Sol\* Astræa woos,  
And Bacchus presses the empurpled grape:  
The trumpet of Castile then signal gave,—

\* In August.

A blast tremendous and horrisonous ;  
Ev'n Finisterra heard the fearful note, <sup>12</sup>  
And Guadiana's frighten'd waves revers'd  
Their course. The Douro felt it, and the lands  
Beyond the Tagus, whose majestic stream  
Flow'd, doubtful, tow'rds the sea ; and mothers, scar'd  
By the terrific sound, their infants press'd  
Still nearer to the breast. What pallid cheeks, <sup>13</sup>  
Whence the blood fled the heart to animate,  
Were seen ! for fear, in great extremities,  
At first exceeds the peril in extent ;  
If not,—yet thus it seems ; but furious rage  
T' assail, or to subdue, an enemy,  
Makes loss of limb appear of slight import,  
Or even loss of precious life itself.

“ The fierce and doubtful conflict then commenc'd,  
And wing oppos'd to wing mutual assault  
Sustain'd ;—one in their native land's defence,—  
The other by the hope inspirited  
Of conquest. First, renown'd Pereira,\*  
His valor signaling o'er the rest,

\* Don Nuno Alvarez Pereira.

Opposes, vanquishes, and strews with slain,  
The soil the enemy had vainly hop'd  
To subjugate. Through the dun air the shafts,  
And whizzing arrows, wing their fatal flight,  
While, with the sounding hoofs of warlike steeds,  
Vibrate the vallies and the trembling earth ;  
And shiv'ring lances, and the frequent fall  
Of clanging arms, increase the din of war.  
Augmented numbers of the foe in vain  
Nuno's heroic little band assail.  
But,—horrid to relate,—in adverse arms  
His brothers him oppose. Yet is not he  
Dismay'd ;—less is the crime a brother's blood  
To shed, when treason justifies the deed.  
Foremost amidst the Spanish ranks was seen  
Many a renegade whose arm was rais'd  
Against a kinsman's life—strange cruelty !  
Yet such before had stain'd the civic strife  
Of Cæsar and of Pompey.—And if you,  
Martius,\* Sertorius, and Catiline,  
Against the land, the cradle of your birth,  
With impious hands the violating sword

\* C. Martius Coriolanus.

Unsheath'd ;—if in Summanus'\* gloomy realm  
Severest punishment you now endure,—  
Tell that stern Judge, that even Lusians  
The lustre of their fame have stain'd by deeds  
Of treachery. Through the first ranks the foe  
With overwhelming numbers penetrates ;  
But undismay'd the valiant Nuno stands,  
Like a Numidian Lion compass'd round,  
On Ceuta's hills, by eager Cavaliers,—  
Chas'd o'er the sandy plains of Tetuan.  
Assail'd with lances, and confus'd with rage,  
Still, unsubdued and dauntless, he resists ;—  
With glare terrific he arrests their course,  
And, in his native fierceness, scorns to turn  
From his pursuers, but with furious plunge  
Himself precipitates upon their spears :  
Thus Nuno stands, and dyes the verdant plain  
With the life-blood of many' a fallen foe.  
There fell, too, many of his own ;—for what  
Can virtue 'gainst resistless force avail!

“ The King perceiv'd the peril imminent

\* Pluto's.

Of Nuno, who consummate skill display'd,  
Flying from rank to rank, inspiring all  
By his own deeds and animating words.  
As the fierce lioness strays from her lair  
And unprotected young, in search of food,  
And finds, returning with her spoil, her den  
Robb'd of her whelps by some Massilian\* hind,  
Madden'd with rage she flies, while with her yells,  
And thund'ring roar, the very mountains quake :  
Thus John, in haste, selects a chosen band,  
And flies impetuous to aid the wing  
Then most expos'd.—' O brave companions, long  
Unequall'd in the rolls of martial fame,  
Your native land defend ; for on your lance,  
Your country's only hope of liberty  
Depends. Me you behold, your Patriot-King,  
Rushing amidst the harness'd enemy,  
The first to brave the terrors of their arms ;—  
Strike, Lusians, strike, for glorious liberty !'  
Thus spake, magnanimous, the warlike Prince,  
And four times brandishing his pond'rous lance,

\* Mauritanian.



Potent he hurl'd it 'midst the hostile ranks,—  
And numbers fell transfix'd, and breath'd their last.

“ Inflamm'd anew with honourable shame  
And noble emulation, each contends  
Which most heroic valor shall display,  
In bold defiance of the risks of war.  
Ting'd is the fiery sword with reeking blood,—  
Pierc'd is the coat of mail, and warrior's breast,—  
And mortal wounds are given and receiv'd,  
And life is prodigally sacrific'd.  
Many a soul freed from its tenement  
The sword condemn'd to cross the Stygian Lake.  
There fell Saint James's Military Chief,  
Closing a warrior's life with valiant deeds  
Of arms; and there, after destruction vast,  
Died also Calatrava's ruling Knight.  
There, too, the renegade Pereiras fell, <sup>14</sup>  
Accursing Heav'n and adverse destiny.  
Of undistinguish'd, and of noble blood,  
Numbers are hurried to the shades below,  
Where Cerberus insatiate craves the souls  
Of all that quit this sublunary scene.  
Still more to moderate and tame the pride

Inherent in their furious enemy,  
Over the Royal Standard of Castile  
Triumphantly the Lusian Ensigns wave ;  
Fiercer is now the battle's rage, and blood,  
Havoc and death, their terrors wide extend.  
The multitude that perish in the fight  
Ensanguin'd stain the flow'rets of the plain;  
Flight rescues those spar'd by the sword, and rage  
Subsides, only when few the lance oppose.

“ Discomfited the Monarch of Castile  
Abandons now his wild ambitious scheme ;  
Vanquish'd, the battle-field he leaves, his life  
Rejoic'd, ev'n though inglorious, to save ;  
Him follow his defeated hosts, and fear  
Lends wings to quicken their disgraceful flight.  
But in their hearts they sullenly conceal  
Their grief for comrades slain,—war's labors lost,—  
Their name dishonor'd,—and their envious spite  
To see another triumph o'er their spoils.  
Some bitterly blaspheme and curse the first  
Who brought into the world destructive war ;  
Others the base insatiate thirst condemn,  
That rages in the avaricious breast,

And, while it grasps at others' lawful rights,  
Sends many' a wretched being to the shades  
Of death, and many' a hapless widow'd wife  
And childless mother leaves, to mourn their fate.

“ John, the illustrious conqueror, remain'd  
Th' allotted time upon the glorious field,  
And offerings address'd to the Supreme <sup>15</sup>  
Who granted him the meed of victory.  
But Nuno, careless of all other means,  
Of his own fame a monument to raise,  
But excellence in arms, scours distant lands  
That stretch beyond the Tagus' boundaries;  
Aided by fortune, all his bold designs  
Are promptly follow'd with entire success.  
The Vandals, first, who on the frontiers dwelt,  
Despoil'd and vanquish'd to this Hero yield.  
Then ancient Seville's haughty standard lies,  
With those of various Princes now subdued,  
Before him prostrate; and, without defence,  
To Lusitanian valor they submit.  
A lengthen'd series of victories  
The supercilious Castilians  
Humbled at length; and peace, so long desir'd,

The Conqu'rors to their vanquish'd enemy  
Vouchsaf'd, after it pleas'd the will of Heav'n  
The hostile kings, in matrimonial bonds,  
With two Princesses of the British Throne,—<sup>16</sup>  
Each fam'd for grace and loveliness,—to join.

“ A soul incited and inur'd to war,  
Or seeks, or makes, a foe to be oppos'd;  
And, since on land no enemy stands forth,  
The ocean's fickle element he braves  
In quest of fame,—of Lusian Kings the first  
Who left his native soil the African,  
By force of arms, to teach, how much the law  
Divine of Christ Mahomet's law transcends.  
Like the wing'd habitants of air they fly  
O'er Thetis' silver'd but perturb'd domain;  
Expanding to the gale their spreading wings  
They hasten to the limitary goal  
Fix'd by Alcides; and from Abyla,  
And ancient Ceuta, he the Moor expels,  
Protecting thus Iberia betray'd<sup>17</sup>  
By treach'rous Julian's apostacy.  
But fate decides that Lusua shall soon<sup>18</sup>  
This fortunate, this cherish'd Hero lose,

And that, from earth transplanted, he should join  
In realms above the sweet celestial choir.  
Still in defence of Lusitania,  
Destin'd to rise in splendor, and extend  
Her boundaries, there yet remain'd a race  
Illustrious, descended from himself.

“ While Edward fill'd the Lusitanian Throne,  
Short and less prosp'rous was his reign. Thus good  
And evil, universal joy or grief,  
Alternate vary the capricious course  
Of time. Who e'er has seen a nation bless'd  
With uncheck'd happiness, or witnessed  
Fortune without inconstancy? Yet still,  
Nor from the King, nor from the State, were all  
Her smiles withdrawn. His brother he beheld<sup>19</sup>  
Enslav'd,—the pious, gen'rous Ferdinand,—  
Who, to secure his gallant comrades' lives,  
Himself surrender'd to the Saracen,  
And, influenc'd by zeal and patriot-love,  
Wore ignominious chains,—a woman's slave,—  
Rather than Ceuta's Fort for him should yield;  
Thus offering himself a sacrifice  
To public weal. Codrus, to rob the foe

Of victory, courted a glorious death ;  
And Regulus, to save the Roman state,  
Nobly surrender'd liberty and life.  
But Ferdinand his country to protect  
From fear alone, to endless slavery  
Himself consign'd,—a deed surpassing all  
That Codrus, Curtius, or the Decii,  
Achiev'd.—The Kingdom's sole remaining heir,  
Alphonso,\* fam'd in our Hesperia  
For feats of arms, humbled beneath the dust  
The scornful pride of bord'ring Saracens ;  
And, had he not against Iberia warr'd,  
Had, as a mighty conqueror, been hail'd  
Invincible. Still Africa confess'd  
That nought this Monarch's prowess could withstand.  
This Hero e'en the golden fruit had pluck'd,  
Which erst alone the brave Tirynthian† dar'd.  
On the gall'd neck of the ferocious Moor,  
Immoveable, the yoke he fix'd, remain'd.  
Crown'd with bright laurels and victorious palms,  
Fresh triumphs o'er the foe in Alcacer,  
And populous Tangier, he obtain'd,

\* Alphonso V.

† Hercules.

And at Arzilla's arduous emprize.<sup>20</sup>  
Ent'ring this city with resistless force,  
Her adamantine walls the Lusians raz'd;  
For they with pow'r invincible are wont  
Each warlike obstacle to overcome.  
Here wondrous and heroic feats of arms,  
Worthy of all the Muse's eloquence,  
By chevaliers were achiev'd, who rais'd,  
Still more, by these exploits, their country's fame.

“ Fir'd by ambition's soul-enkindling flame,  
And by the glorious pre-eminence,  
Splendid, yet painful, of command, the Throne  
Of Aragon and powerful Castile  
The King invades. A hostile multitude  
Iberia's proud and various states collect  
From Cadiz to the lofty Pyrenees:  
For all to Ferdinand obedience ow'd.  
John, the young Lusian Prince, inglorious ease  
Disdains, and promptly preparations makes  
His Royal Father's bold ambitious schemes  
To aid. Nor were these efforts made in vain.  
From danger imminent the King escap'd;<sup>21</sup>  
And with an aspect calm and undisturb'd

The warlike Monarch yielded to his fate,  
But undecided left the envied palm  
Of victory; for his heroic Son,—  
A gallant, bold, and noble Chevalier,—  
Destruction spread among the hostile ranks,  
And through the dreadful day victorious kept  
Possession of the field. Augustus thus  
Had fail'd, had not his comrade, Antony,  
Prevail'd, what time at Philippi they join'd  
On Cæsar's murd'ers to avenge his death.

“ But when Alphonso's eyes were clos'd in night,  
And death remov'd him to the realms of bliss,  
His Son, the second John, mounted the Throne,—  
The thirteenth in the line of Lusian Kings.  
To gain an everlasting name, he aim'd  
At more than human power had e'er before  
Essay'd: To seek the blushing boundaries  
Of fair Aurora,—which is now my task!  
Exploring Messengers the King despatch'd <sup>22</sup>  
Through Spain, and France, and Italy renown'd.  
The famous Port they reach, and there embark,  
Where lie entomb'd Parthenope's remains:— <sup>23</sup>  
Naples,—to various destiny by fate



Expos'd, and oft successively subdued  
By diff'rent states, and yet reserv'd at last<sup>24</sup>  
From Spanish rule a lustre to receive.

“ O'er the Sicilian sea the vessel glides,  
And to the sandy shores of classic Rhodes  
Proceeds; thence to the Alexandrine coast  
Where Pompey fell, to treach'ry sacrific'd.  
To Memphis they advance, and to the lands  
Enrich'd by copious Nile's prolific floods.  
Then Ethiopian regions they explore<sup>25</sup>  
Where Christian rites are piously observ'd.  
Over the Erythræan waves they pass,  
Where cross'd on land the Israelites of old,  
Leaving behind the Nabathæan hills,  
Thus nam'd from Ishmael's primo-genial heir.  
The odoriferous Sabeian coast,—  
Adorn'd by Her\* from whom Adonis sprung,—  
They sail around; with all Arabia  
Surnam'd the blest;—the desert they avoid.  
The Persian Gulf they pass, where still is shown  
The ancient site of Babel's impious Tow'r.

\* Myrrha, Ovid. Met. 11.

There, Tigris and Euphrates intermix,  
Each flowing from a consecrated fount.  
Then the pure Indus stream they seek, decreed  
T' adorn the ample page of history,—  
Thitherward traversing tempestuous seas  
Which check'd aspiring Trajan's enterprize.  
There strange and unknown nations they behold,—  
Inhabitants of Ind and Persia,—  
And witness various manners, customs, arts,  
Which each peculiar region mark'd. This long,  
This fearful distance to retrace,  
A hopeless perilous attempt appear'd ;  
Here death their course arrested, fated ne'er  
Again to see their lov'd, their native land.

“ But Heav'n reserved for Great Emanuel,—  
A monarch of transcendent excellence,—  
This arduous enterprize ; which prompted him  
To noble and sublime designs. The King,  
Not to John's vacant throne alone was heir,  
But all his lofty thoughts inherited ;  
And, when the sceptre he obtain'd, he grasp'd  
At sovereign dominion o'er the sea.  
The grandest meditations fill'd his mind ;

But, chiefly, how the duty to discharge  
Which his renowned ancestors impos'd :  
The limits of the empire to extend.  
This noble thought incessant occupied  
His mighty soul. When the last rays of light  
Vanish'd, and night the glitt'ring stars unveil'd,  
Inviting to repose, while they complete  
Their heavenly course ; reclining on his couch  
Of gold, and lost in vivid fantasies,  
With restless perturbation he revolv'd  
What royal pow'r and lineage requir'd,  
Till welcome sleep stole on his closing eyes,  
But left his ardent mind still vigilant ;  
For when exhausted nature sunk to rest,  
Morpheus in various forms to him appear'd.  
Fancy's illusions rais'd him far above  
This nether globe's terrestrial atmosphere,  
And from this elevation he beheld  
New worlds peopled with nations strange and rude.  
In wide perspective tow'rd the distant realms,  
Where renovated light is daily born,  
Two pure transparent rivulets he saw,  
Which from two ancient lofty mountains flow'd.  
Rapacious birds, and savage animals,

Exclusively possess'd this wild domain,  
Where woods impervious all access denied  
To man, and all the arts of social life.  
Rugged and inaccessible, except  
To brute creation, these two mountains bore  
Unquestionable signs, that, since the fall  
Of our first Parent, human footstep ne'er  
Had there been trac'd. In fancy he perceiv'd<sup>26</sup>  
Rise from the streams, and tow'rd's himself their course  
Direct, two aged venerable men,—  
Of rustic semblance, but majestic mien.  
The limpid element in pearly drops  
Descended from their hoary locks, and bath'd  
Their tann'd and swarthy limbs; a length  
Of beard gave each a reverential grace;  
The noble front of each was tasteful crown'd  
With chaplets form'd of unknown plants and flow'rs.  
One with fatigue seem'd more oppress'd, and like  
A weary traveller o'ercome with toil;  
His native stream thus by its current show'd  
More distant was the source from whence it springs:  
So fled Alpheüs from Arcadia<sup>27</sup>  
T' embrace in Syracuse his Arethuse.

The gravest of these personages then  
In these prophetic terms the King address'd:

“ ‘ O thou, for whose dominion and crown  
A wide-extended portion of this globe  
Is still reserved, we,—though great in fame,  
And to the yoke of pow'r still unsubdu'd,—  
To thee confess the time is not remote,  
When tribute large from us thou shalt command.  
I am th' illustrious Ganges, and my source <sup>28</sup>  
Is cradled in the realms of Paradise.  
This is the Royal Indus, who derives,  
From yonder mountain which thou see'st, his birth.  
Not without long and sanguinary wars  
Shall we submit; but, shouldst thou persevere,  
A train of victories till then unseen,  
Shall give these Regions to thy scepter'd rule.'  
More to disclose deign'd not this River-God,  
And from his sight both vanish'd instantly.

“ Starting from sleep, with wonder and surprize,  
The King, with other and sublimer views,  
Awoke, while Phœbus, mounting his bright car,  
Dispers'd the sleeping clouds that still obscur'd

The vaulted sky. Then blushing Morn burst forth,  
With roseate tints and variegated hues.  
Forthwith a solemn council he conven'd,  
And to his nobles this prophetic dream  
Reveal'd. Each word, pregnant with splendid hopes,  
Fill'd ev'ry breast with deep astonishment.  
A fleet they all decree shall be prepar'd,  
The bold and dauntless heroes to convey,  
Charg'd by their King to traverse unplough'd seas  
In quest of other climes and other worlds.

“ Though fir'd with glory, yet I ne'er aspir'd  
This deathless enterprize to undertake ;  
Still of such grand designs presentiments,  
Flatt'ring with hope, incessantly my heart  
Pre-occupied. Unknown to me the cause,  
Or what in me to claim a preference  
Could be perceiv'd, to me th' illustrious King<sup>29</sup>  
Confided the achievement of this grand  
But perilous exploit. With gracious words,  
Which from a King have greater pow'r than all  
His high behests, his will he thus express'd :

“ ‘ All great and arduous ends are gain'd alone

By indefatigable toil; and life  
Expos'd, or lost, in the attempt, confers  
Illustrious fame; if fearless sacrific'd,—  
Though short its date,—long will its glory last.  
Thee, among all my vassals, I select,  
A glorious task, and worthy of thyself,  
To undertake. Grand is the enterprize;—  
With difficulties insurmountable  
To all but thee.' Then, eager I exclaim'd,  
' O Mighty King! the perils of the sword,  
Or fire, or frost, I nothing estimate;  
But much I grieve that life must circumscribe  
The limits of my zeal. Prove it by tasks  
Like those Eurystheus on Hercules  
Impos'd; nor should the Cleonæan Lion,  
Voracious Harpies, nor the furious Boar  
Of Erymanthus, nor the Hydra dire,  
Nor the descent to Pluto's Stygian shades,  
Intimidate. For thee, O King, my zeal  
Would these, or greater labors undertake.'

“ Magnificent rewards the royal thanks  
Convey'd, blended with animating praise;  
For virtue, justly lauded, lives and thrives,  
And due applause to noblest deeds excites.

“ The peril and the glory of th’ exploit,—  
By friendship and affection influenc’d,  
Nor less ambitious of immortal fame,—  
Gama, a brother tenderly belov’d,  
Resolv’d to share. The brave Coelho join’d :  
A man by none excell’d in fortitude ;  
In council both were wise and resolute,  
And bold and most experienc’d in arms.  
Then I assembled many gallant youths,  
Whose hearts, expanding with courageous hopes,  
Felt all that noble and inspiring zeal  
Which prompt th’ achievement of stupendous deeds.  
The King, rewarding them with gen’rous gifts,  
New ardors kindled in each youthful breast ;  
And in a dignified and lofty strain  
Exhorted them, undauntedly to brave  
All future hazards. Thus the Mynians  
Join’d the emprize to seize the Golden Fleece,—  
The Euxine traversing in the prophetic Bark\*  
That first adventur’d o’er its treach’rous waves.

“ Now in Ulysses’ celebrated Port,

\* Argo.



Where Tagus, rolling o'er her silver sands,  
To ocean yields her tributary stream,  
The joyful Fleet, and enterprizing crews,  
Ardent expect the signal to depart.  
Their frantic exultation knows no bounds,  
And all these Sons of Neptune and of Mars  
To the world's utmost verge are all prepar'd  
Their Chief to follow. On the sea-beat shore,  
Various in garb, and arm'd with hardihood  
Of soul, remotest regions to explore,  
Our marshall'd soldiery are seen array'd;  
While on the proud and lofty masts the winds  
Th' aërial standards gently undulate,  
And promise to these noble barks a place  
With Argo in the starry firmament.

“ Complete in all the various supplies  
Which such a bold advent'rous voyage requir'd,  
We next prepar'd to fortify the soul  
'Gainst death, which ev'ry instant menaces  
The mariner. To the Almighty Pow'r,—  
Whom to contemplate is eternal bliss,—  
Our fervent prayers we address'd, to guide  
And prosper the commencement of our task.

Then we departed from the Temple rais'd <sup>30</sup>  
To the Supreme on 'Tagus' sounding shore,—  
A sanctuary from the birth-place nam'd  
Where Christ incarnate came to save mankind.  
E'en now, O King, when faithful memory  
Recals to mind that great eventful day,—  
When doubt and anxious fear alike prevail'd,—  
Scarcely e'en now can I refrain from tears.  
Lisbon pour'd forth her myriads on the strand;  
Some from their friends and kindred to receive  
A last embrace,—and others to behold  
The painful interesting scene; but all  
With grief oppress'd. A pious virtuous train  
Of Priests devout, and holy Friars, join'd  
In long procession, supplicating Heav'n;  
Nor ceas'd till we our vent'rous Barks had reach'd.

“ Such distant doubtful regions to explore,  
All apprehended must our certain loss  
Involve. Each female eye with pity's tear  
Was dimm'd, and many' a manly bosom heav'd  
With sympathetic sighs. Mothers and wives,—  
Excessive in their love and tenderness,  
And equally excessive in their fears,—

Hopeless almost,—of our return despair'd.  
One thus exclaim'd:—‘ O son belov'd, the joy,  
The only comfort, solace and defence  
Of my declining years, which now, alas,  
In bitter anguish and in grief must close,  
Why now thy wretched parent dost thou leave,—  
Why, now, my dearest child, abandon me,  
To seek a grave in ocean's dark abyss—  
A prey to monsters of the stormy deep?’  
Another, with dishevell'd hair, thus griev'd:  
‘ O my beloved husband, without whom  
Love tells me I can never live, why, why  
Wilt thou to angry seas expose that life  
Which is not thine,—but mine? Canst thou forget,  
For doubtful schemes, that bond affectionate  
Which our true hearts unites? Lightly canst thou  
To fickle winds and waves our loves consign?’

“ With such expressions of unfeign'd regard,  
And proofs of kind and gen'rous sympathy,  
E'en those of ripest and of tend'rest years  
To follow us strain'd all their feeble pow'rs.  
The neighb'ring hills resounded with their plaints,  
Touch'd, as it seem'd, by corresponding grief;

While on the glitt'ring sands, bath'd by the tide,  
Tears fell that with their numbers might compare.  
Our eyes averting in this trying hour,  
Nor tender mother, nor beloved spouse,  
We ventur'd to behold, grief to avoid,  
And, firmly fix'd, our enterprize commenc'd  
To prosecute. Determin'd to embark,  
We bade no last adieu,—no sad farewell,—  
A custom both to love and friendship due,  
Yet greater pain on those who separate  
Inflicting. There, a venerable sage,  
Amidst the crowd assembled on the beach,  
Fixing his eyes upon us, three times shook  
His hoary head, in sign of discontent ;  
And raising his enfeebled mournful voice,—  
Which still distinctly from our barks we heard,—  
His thoughts, by long experience matur'd,  
In solemn admonition thus express'd.

“ ‘ O thirst of pow'r—insatiate appetite  
Of vain dominion, which the world calls Fame !  
O pleasing phantom, which, inflam'd and fann'd  
By popular applause, is Honor nam'd !  
What just severity of punishment

Dost thou on thy immod'rate votary  
Inflict! What perils, and what cruel deaths,  
Are hazarded in thy blood-stain'd career!  
Restless disturber both of life and soul,—  
Source of most profligate licentiousness;—  
Profuse destroyer of the public wealth,  
And of all national prosperity!  
Yet art thou hail'd, illustrious, and sublime,  
Though indignation meriting and hate.  
Fame, too, and Glory art thou call'd!—false Lights,  
That, dazzling, lead the foolish world astray.  
With what disasters hast thou now resolv'd  
This happy Lusian State to overwhelm?  
What perils, and what deaths hast thou decreed  
Under some fatal but resplendent name?  
What undiscover'd empires, and what mines  
Of gold hast thou with luring promises  
Reveal'd? What fame, what high recorded deeds,  
What palms, and what triumphant victories?  
O thou unhappy generation! sprung  
From him whose sinful disobedience,  
Not only from the realms of Paradise  
Exil'd thee, here to mourn thy painful lot  
In banishment; but of thy heavenly state

Of tranquil happy innocence depriv'd,—  
Changing the halcyon days of golden peace  
For the stern iron age of cruel war.  
But since the dreams of phantasy inspire  
These vain, seductive, visionary hopes ;—  
Since arts of hostile cruelty by thee  
As deeds of val'rous chivalry are deem'd ;—  
Since in such estimation thou dost hold  
Contempt of life, that precious gift which e'er  
Most highly should be priz'd ;—for He, s<sup>1</sup>  
E'en He who gave it, shudder'd at its loss !  
Hast though not Paynim enemies at home  
To feel the terrors of thy warlike lance ?  
If, for the Christian Faith, thy sword be drawn,  
Canst thou not war 'gainst their accursed creed,  
Who Mâhomet adore ? If lands, if wealth  
Thou covetest, have they not regions vast,  
And cities populous ? Are they not brave in arms,  
If to be lauded for victorious feats  
Be thy desire ? The enemy\* thy gates  
Thou suffer'st to approach,—to seek afar  
Another foe, thy native ancient realm

\* The Moors.

Depopulating, and devoting thus  
To ruin, whilst thou rashly mayst pursue  
Dangers unknown, that Fame may thee exalt,  
And hail thee Lord of Æthiopia,  
Of India, Persia and Arabia!  
On thee let imprecations be invok'd,  
Who first adventur'd on the waves to spread  
The swelling sail;—eternal punishment  
To thee is due, if just be that just law  
Which I obey. Thee shall the wise disown;  
Nor sounding lyre, nor muse shall celebrate,  
In verse commemorative, thy exploit;  
But all thy fame shall with thy name expire.  
Clandestinely from Heav'n Prometheus stole<sup>32</sup>  
That spark, which, kindled in the human breast,  
Burst with destructive blaze throughout the world,  
To arms inciting, and to deeds of death.  
Fatal delusion! Happier far it were  
For us, and less disastrous to mankind,  
Had not thy statue, O Prometheus,  
Been animated by celestial fire.  
The hapless youth had ne'er aspired to guide  
The Chariot of Day; nor in mid air  
The Parent Artist with the Son had soar'd,

Where each, in sad memorial, his name  
Impress'd on waves that bathe the Grecian shore.  
From bold, from impious attempts, not all  
The adverse elements combin'd can man  
Deter: such is, alas, the human race! ”

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**THE LUSIAD.**



**CANTO V.**



# THE LUSIAD.

## CANTO V.

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“ WHILE these foreboding and paternal fears  
This venerable patriot express'd,  
Our canvass to the mild propitious gale  
We spread, and from the lov'd majestic port  
We sail'd. The custom prompted by the heart,  
When sails unfurl, to bid a last farewell,  
Faithfully we observ'd, rending the air  
With our adieus; then, wafted by the breeze,  
Descended Tagus' stream. Th' eternal Lamp<sup>1</sup>  
Of Heav'n in Leo's constellation shone,  
And, with progressive years, the waning world<sup>2</sup>  
In its sixth age, with slow and sickly pace,  
Advanc'd, bearing unquestionable proofs  
That near three hundred lustres had expir'd,  
When our Armada gallantly prepar'd  
To launch upon the bosom of the waves.

By slow gradations less distinct appear'd  
Our native mountains, till at length from sight  
They vanish'd; yet where Tagus flows, and where  
Cintra's cool shades and lofty summits rise,  
Fix'd were our ling'ring eyes; for there we left  
Our hearts in pledge of mutual love and grief.  
At length, from land receding, nought was seen  
But one expanse of boundless sea and sky.

“ Thus we proceeded, distant unknown seas,—  
Seas yet unseen by man,—to navigate.  
Soon we beheld the num'rous cluster'd Isles<sup>3</sup>  
Which Henry, first, our great and gen'rous Prince,  
Discover'd.—Mauritania's mountain-heights,  
And regions, where Antæus reign'd, we left  
Upon the Eastern coast, for Westward yet,<sup>4</sup>  
Though long conjectur'd to exist, no land  
Was known. Madeira's verdant Isle, thus nam'd  
From its luxuriant forest scenery,  
We pass'd. This first we coloniz'd. Its fame  
It chiefly from its sylvan name deriv'd;  
But though the last in this our Hemisphere,  
It yields to none by Venus erst belov'd:  
Had Beauty's Goddess seen this sweet abode,

Cyprus and Cnidos, Paphos and Cythera,  
She had forsook.—Then past Massilia's coast  
We steer'd, where their lank herds the natives feed,—  
A race who taste not the refreshing spring,  
And from the barren ground scant herbage glean :  
A sterile region which Barbary  
From Ethiopia divides ; for there  
The earth her fruits denies, and scarce  
The steel-digesting ostrich there could live.

“ We pass'd the northern limitary bounds  
Which mark the course of Phœbus' golden car,  
Where swarthy nations dwell, to whom the Son<sup>5</sup>  
Of Clymene denied the blushing tint  
Of day. There Sanagas'\* cold sable flood  
Bathes various lands by various tribes possess'd,  
Where once the Asinarian Head-Land stood,  
Now appositely call'd the Verdant Cape.  
Beyond the numerous Canarian Isles,—  
Erst designated as the Fortunate,—  
We steer'd amidst the fam'd Hesperides,<sup>6</sup>  
Thus nam'd from ancient Hesperus. Our crews

\* The Senegal.

With admiration and surprize survey'd  
These new and wonderful discoveries,  
And ent'ring, by a favoring breeze impell'd,  
A Port, to seek refreshment and supplies,  
We anchor'd near that celebrated Isle\*  
Distinguish'd by St. James's warlike name :  
A Saint who frequent, in the battle's hour, †  
Aided against the Moor Iberia's Sons.  
But soon as Boreas curl'd the rippling waves,  
Again our voyage we pursued, and plough'd  
The briny deep, leaving the harbour where  
This welcome recreation we enjoy'd.

“ Coasting that margin of the Continent  
Of spacious Africa, which Eastward lies,  
We passed Jalofo's Province, where the race  
Of sable natives are in various tribes  
Divided. Thence Mandinga far extends,  
Rich in abundant stores of shining gold ;  
And there Gambia's\* tributary stream  
In mazy windings to the ocean flows.  
We saw the Dorcades where, anciently, †

\* St. Jago.

† The River Gambia.

Liv'd the three fascinating Sisters, sprung  
From Phorcys. Each of vision was depriv'd,  
Except when sight alternate was transferr'd  
To each successively. But She\* whose bright  
And golden tresses Neptune in the waves  
Inflam'd, the most deform'd of all became,  
And curs'd with serpents Afric's burning sands.

“ Our gallant prows directing towards the South,  
We steer'd into a great Atlantic gulf;  
And, far behind, Leone's† mountain heights  
We left, and the projecting Cape of Palms;  
Far, too, the mighty Stream,‡ which with the deep  
In conflict dashes on the sounding shore,  
And distant far th' illustrious Isle§ which took  
His name who still incredulous remain'd,  
Till his Redeemer's wounds he touch'd. Near lay  
Congo's extensive Realm, to the pure Faith  
By us converted. There the Zahir rolls,—  
A river by our ancestors unseen,—  
Its waves translucent, sinuous its course.

\* Medusa.

† Sierra Leone.

‡ The Zahir.

§ The Island of St. Thomas.

Withdrawing from Calisto's starry Pole,  
The Sea I travers'd o'er the ardent line  
Which marks the central bound'ry of the world.  
In this new Hemisphere we first perceiv'd  
A Constellation\* new and brilliant,  
By all but Lusians hitherto unseen,  
And long, through ignorance, by others deem'd  
Uncertain. There the blue vault of Heav'n shone  
Less spangled with diminish'd starry hosts,  
And there, towards Earth's Southern Pole, remains  
Unknown, where terminates the foaming sea,  
Or where commences land. Those regions  
We pass'd, where, in his stated annual course,  
Apollo, journeying between the poles,  
The Seasons with his bright solstitial beams  
Twice renovates. Expos'd to tempests, calms,  
And all the plagues of angry Æolus,  
We saw the fair Calisto Juno's rage<sup>9</sup>  
Defy; and bathe in Neptune's lucid waves.

“ Should I describe the perils of the sea,  
Which fill the mind with horror and surprize,

\* The Cross.



The raging tempest, and the light'ning's flash  
That fearful spreads its universal flame,—  
Night's utter darkness and diluvian rain,  
While pealing thunders rive the shaken earth,—  
Not less laborious than arrogant  
Would be th' attempt, e'en though a brazen tongue  
Were mine. Phenomena have I beheld,  
Which the rude mariner, whose only guide  
Is long experience, for certain holds,  
And in its truth believes; for he opines  
Alone from what he sees; but loftier minds,  
By science and by genius illum'd,  
Pry into nature's hidden mysteries,  
And judge such simple views absurd, or false.

“ Distinctly I have seen the vivid Light,<sup>10</sup>  
Which seamen e'er as sacred venerate  
In times of furious storms and baffling winds,  
And tempests drowning accents of despair.  
Nor was it less a miracle to all—<sup>11</sup>  
A sight stupendous—to behold the clouds  
Forming upon the sea a wondrous tube,  
Upwards through which its copious waters rush'd.  
Myself can personally testify,—

And sure I am my sight deceiv'd me not,—  
That I beheld, like curling smoke, arise  
A slender vapor, whirling with the wind.  
Thence grew a tube ascending to the skies,  
So subtly and so delicately fram'd  
As almost to elude the naked eye ;  
Form'd, it appear'd, of light and airy clouds ;  
With slow gradation it increased its size,  
Till it the bulk of a huge mast attain'd,  
Contracting and enlarging as it drew  
From ocean's surface its ascending streams.  
Its motion fluctuated with the waves,  
While at its broad extending summit grew  
A spacious cloud that spread as it absorb'd  
The wat'ry element that gave it birth.  
As the leech fast'ning on the heifer's lip  
(Whilst heedless drinking in the gelid pool)  
Slakes to satiety its thirst for blood,  
And while the more the vital element  
It sucks, the more its bloated surface swells,—  
Enlarging and extending as it fills,—  
So this mysterious column, thus supplied,  
Itself distended and its aqueous cloud ;  
When fully saturated from the sea,

Its pedestal subsided in the waves,  
And in a rainy torrent it dissolv'd,  
Beating against the surface of the deep.  
The stolen waters faithful it restor'd,  
But pure and sweet as from the crystal fount.

“ Now let the skill'd in scientific lore <sup>12</sup>  
Unfold the mysteries nature here displays.  
If the philosophers, who, anciently,  
Through various countries travell'd to explore  
The laws of nature, had the wonders seen,  
Which, navigating boundless seas, myself  
Beheld,—what unknown things had they describ'd!  
What influence from constellations shed!  
What marvellous events! Their learned page  
Had these proclaim'd, without profaning truth.

“ Already had the Planetary Orb <sup>13</sup>  
Which dwells in the first Heav'n, in her swift course  
Five revolutions made,—at first half veil'd,—  
Then in the fulness of her brightest charms,—  
Since the Armada plough'd the billowy deep,  
When from the sky-ward mast the cry was heard,  
' Land, land, appears in sight.' The joyful crew

Rush'd to the deck, fixing their anxious eyes  
Eastward upon the horizon. Like clouds  
The mountains seem'd when first descried.  
The pond'rous anchors in the deep were plung'd,  
And as the shore we near'd, struck were the sails.  
That with correctness we might ascertain  
The true position of these parts remote,  
To the new instrument we had recourse <sup>14</sup>  
Which genius in a happy mood had fram'd.  
We disembark'd upon the spacious coast,  
And, wide dispers'd, rang'd the delighted crew,  
Desirous ev'ry novelty to see  
In a strange land, by human steps before  
Unpress'd. Meanwhile, upon the sandy shore  
The pilots and myself remain'd, the sun's  
Meridional altitude to fix,  
Preparing thus our universal chart.

“ Beyond that grand division of the globe  
Which marks the southern progress of the sun,  
We found we had advanc'd; while distant lay  
The Austral frozen circle, where the world  
Least is explor'd. Here my companions brought <sup>15</sup>  
A jetty stranger whom they had surpriz'd,

Ranging, without suspicion, to collect  
The luscious treasures of the mountain bee;  
His countenance express'd excessive fear,  
As if extremity like this he ne'er  
Had known. To understand each other seem'd  
Impossible, for savage he appear'd  
As Polypheme himself. When the bright ore,  
Which Colchos' splendid fleece adorn'd, I show'd,  
Or silver bright, or aromatic spice,  
With brutish listlessness the whole he view'd.  
Things, then, of little worth to him were shown,  
As beads of crystalline transparency,  
And bells of smallest size and tinkling sound:  
With these and with a cap of scarlet hue  
So pleas'd he seem'd, that signs of great delight  
By various gestures he display'd. I, then,  
Forthwith commanded he should be releas'd,—  
When to the neighb'ring hamlet instantly  
He bent his way. Upon the following morn,  
His comrades, naked, black as ebony,  
Descended from their rugged hills to seek  
Such baubles as on him had been bestow'd:  
So frank, so artlessly familiar  
With us they seem'd, that straight Veloso ask'd—

Desirous the interior to explore,—  
To venture with them to their native woods.  
Veloſo truſted his courageous arm,  
And arrogantly thought himſelf ſecure;  
But when ſome interval of time had laps'd,  
In which no favorable ſign appear'd,  
Looking with anxious intereſt towards  
Our raſhly hazardous adventurer,  
Him ſoon we ſaw ſeaward direct his ſteps,  
With fearful and accelerated pace.  
Coelho with his bark flew o'er the waves  
To his deliverance; but ere he reach'd  
The ſhore, a daring Ethiopian  
Contended with him to prevent his flight.  
In numbers the aſſailants ſoon increas'd,  
And of all aid Veloſo ſeem'd depriv'd;  
To his relief I flew; but while the oar  
We urg'd, a band of negroes ſuddenly  
Appear'd. From that dark cloud came a thick ſhower  
Of arrows, and of ſtones. Nor were in vain  
At us theſe miſſiles aim'd. Myſelf, I bear  
A wound I then receiv'd, which ne'er to chance  
Can be aſcrib'd. Insulted and betray'd,  
On inſtant retribution we reſolv'd,

And hues, more vivid than their scarlet caps,  
Show'd well the injury had been aveng'd.

“ Soon as Veloso was in safety plac'd,  
To the Armada we return'd, nor more  
Desir'd to see of such a brutal race,  
Distinguish'd only by malignity. .  
From them no further knowledge could we glean  
Of India—the chief object of our hopes—  
But that from thence its distance was immense.  
Again we spread our canvass to the wind.

“ A comrade, then, Veloso thus address'd :  
(For all to mirth and laughter were dispos'd)  
' That hill, my friend, from whence you just arrived,  
Seems bad to mount, but good for a descent.'  
' It is,' replied the bold adventurer ;  
' But when the black barbarians I saw  
Coming this way, a little haste I made,  
Thinking that you my aid must needs require.'

“ He then related that when he had cross'd  
The hill, the Negroes, whom I now describ'd,  
Permitted him no farther to advance,

But forced him to return with menaces  
Of instant death. In ambuscade themselves  
They plac'd, when they discover'd our designs,  
Hoping to send us to the shades below,  
That they more easily their prey might seize.

“ Five times the sun had run his daily course,  
Since we our vent'rous voyage had resum'd,  
Ploughing unknown, unnavigated seas,  
And favor'd by the most propitious gales :  
When from the poop, during the watch by night,  
Surpriz'd, we suddenly beheld a cloud,  
Portentous darkness through the hemisphere  
Over our heads extending imminent.  
Impregnated with horrors it appear'd,  
And its approach with apprehension fill'd  
The bravest hearts. Aloud the blackened deep  
Tremendous roar'd, as if against a rock  
Projecting dash'd its furious waves. ‘ O God,  
What wrath divine,’ I cried, ‘ what mystery  
Is indicated by these raging seas,  
For this tempestuous violence all storms  
Exceeds?’ Scarce utter'd were these words, when

we <sup>16</sup>



A Phantom monstrous and terrific saw ;—  
Frightful in form, and of gigantic height—  
Scowling his front—squalid his grisly beard—  
Hollow his glaring eyes—his attitude  
Horror inspir'd—dingy and pale his cast—  
His clotted hair was intermix'd with earth—  
Black was his mouth, and armed with yellow teeth.  
So preternaturally large were all  
His sinewy limbs, that well he might be thought  
A new Colossus of the Rhodian Isle—  
Once deem'd the seventh wonder of the world.  
Us he address'd with a tremendous voice  
That seem'd to issue from the deep profound.  
Only to see, and hear him, made with dread  
Our hair to stand erect, and e'en the flesh  
Itself to creep. ' O bold presumptuous race,  
More daring far than all who e'er aspir'd  
To great achievements—who from labors vain,  
And sanguinary wars, know'st no repose—  
Dar'st thou all bounds legitimate transgress,  
To navigate these vast and stormy seas,  
Guarded by me from immemorial time,  
And by no bark—not e'en my own—e'er plough'd ?  
Com'st thou to penetrate the mysteries

Of nature, and this humid element,  
Which to no mortal yet have been reveal'd,  
Whate'er his merit, or his deathless fame?  
But listen! Thou shalt know what punishments  
For thy bold daring are by me prepar'd,  
Which on the spacious deep thou shalt endure,  
And 'midst the regions thou shalt yet subdue  
By force of arms. Thy rash advent'rous barks—  
With such presumptuous temerity  
These seas invading—in these latitudes  
Shall hostile winds and raging storms assail;  
And the first Fleet, that henceforth shall attempt  
To cross these boisterous tempestuous waves,  
Shall instantly from me such chastisement  
Receive, as shall the menac'd peril far  
Exceed. Here shall I ample vengeance take,<sup>17</sup>  
If I err not—of him who my retreat  
Discover'd first. Nor here shall terminate  
The penalty to this transgression due;  
For not a year shall pass, if I but judge  
Aright, but shipwrecks, so calamitous,  
With losses of all kinds, shall mark its course,  
That even death itself shall of all ills  
Appear the least. Here that illustrious Chief<sup>18</sup>

Whom Fame shall first exalt above the skies,  
 Shall first a sepulchre eternal find,  
 By Heav'n's inscrutable decree; and here  
 The splendid trophies of his victories,  
 Gain'd o'er the warlike Turk, shall be consign'd.  
 Quiloa and Mombaza, razed by him,  
 With me shall join their ruin to avenge.

“ ‘ Another, too, of honorable fame,<sup>19</sup>  
 A noble youth of tender gallantry,  
 Shall to these shores conduct a beauteous wife,  
 Whom Love to his desponding sighs at length  
 Had giv'n;—but sorrowful will be their lot!  
 Summon'd by angry fate to my domain,  
 From shipwreck perilous they shall escape,  
 Insufferable hardships to endure.  
 The tender offspring of their virtuous love  
 By slow consuming hunger he shall see  
 Expire, while fierce rapacious Caffres  
 His graceful form, though ~~scarcely~~ ~~scarcely~~ ~~scarcely~~—  
 His frame, though ~~scarcely~~ ~~scarcely~~ ~~scarcely~~,  
 To sultry heat, to cold, to parching winds,  
 Exposing merciless, after a long  
 Exhausting march, barefoot, o'er burning sands.

“ ‘ Those, less unfortunate, who shall escape  
Such dire and overwhelming misery,  
Still shall behold this Pair, once blest in love,  
Lifeless extended on the burning plain.  
There, after floods of agonizing tears,  
Tears which a heart of adamant might melt,  
Enfolded in a last embrace, their souls  
Shall from their sad, but lovely prison flee.’

“ The monstrous Phantom thus continuing  
T’ unfold our future destiny,—uprais’d,  
I straight demanded:—‘ What art thou? Thy form  
Stupendous I with wonder contemplate.’  
Curling his lips, and his dark fiery eyes  
Rolling, he with a frightful thund’ring shout  
To me replied, and in embitter’d tones  
That show’d the question mortified his pride.

“ ‘ I am the Spirit of that mighty Cape—  
So long conceal’d,—now call’d the Cape of Storms;  
Unknown to all Philosophers of old,  
To Strabo, Pliny, and to Ptolemy.  
The whole of Africa’s extended coast  
I terminate with this, till now unseen,

Projecting land, which tow'rds th' Antarctic Pole  
Extends, and which you impiously invade.  
Of that gigantic brood, Titanian-born,  
Enceladus and fierce Briareus,  
Am I, and Adamastor I am nam'd.  
'Gainst them I warr'd who vibrate Vulcan's bolts ;  
Mountains upon each other not by me  
Were pil'd ; but, conquering Oceanus,  
Upon the waves my prowess was display'd,  
Pursuing Neptune in his own domain.  
Love for th' immortal spouse of Peleus  
Impell'd me to attempt this enterprize,  
And all the Goddesses in Heav'n I spurn'd  
For love of this fair Regent of the waves.  
When I beheld her from the deep emerge,  
And with the Nereids seek the sandy shore,  
Such warm impetuous desire I felt,  
That even now the flame burns equally  
Intense.—To gain possession of the Nymph,  
Monstrous deformity, like mine, could ne'er  
Aspire. By force to seize her I resolv'd,  
And Doris warn'd of this intent. Alarm'd,  
The Goddess pleaded my impassion'd suit.  
But she, with an ingenuous lovely smile,

Replied:—‘ What mutual passion can a Nymph  
Profess, to gratify a Giant’s love?—  
But that we may Oceanus relieve  
From this impending war, I will some mode  
My honor with this deed to reconcile  
Discover.’ Thus, the Messenger replied.  
In this no fraud evasive I perceiv’d,  
(For lovers are pre-eminently blind)  
But cherish’d in my breast abundant hopes,  
With ardent, boundless, amorous desires.  
Fool that I was, desisting from the war :—  
Upon th’ appointed night by Doris fix’d,  
Though distant far, my longing eyes perceiv’d  
Thetis, unrob’d, in all her heav’nly charms.  
Madden’d with passion to her arms I flew,  
For of my soul she was the life itself,  
Her radiant eyes, her cheeks divine, her hair  
Luxuriant, with ardor I began  
To kiss. Disgust almost forbids the rest  
To tell;—for while I thought within my arms  
Her whom I lov’d to hold, I grasp’d a mass  
Of solid earth, rugged and mountainous,  
And with dense forests crown’d; in front a rock  
I press’d, instead of that angelic face,

While, ceasing to be man, mute I became—  
A rock united to another rock!  
' O Nymph!—thou loveliest Goddess of the seas,—  
Why, if my presence gave thee no delight,  
Didst thou this sweet illusion dissipate,  
Whate'er its form, or rock, or cloud, or dream,  
Or aught substantial?' Furious with rage,  
And near to madness driv'n by this disgrace,  
I parted thence to seek another world,  
Where none my grief should scoffingly deride.

“ ‘ Meantime my brothers of gigantic race  
Were vanquish'd, and to misery extreme  
Reduc'd; and furthermore these upstart Gods  
To crush, mountains uptorn on them were pil'd;  
And as all human force to Heav'n oppos'd  
Can naught avail, while I to grief myself  
Resign'd, I felt that fate inimical  
My daring crimes to punish had commenc'd.  
My solid flesh into firm earth was chang'd,<sup>20</sup>  
And every bone converted into rock,  
While all my limbs, with my whole frame, transform'd,  
Were stretched extending through these spacious seas.  
At length the irritated Gods decreed

From my gigantic stature should be form'd  
This Cape remote ; and, to augment my pain,  
Thetis, upon the waves, around me glides.'

“ Thus having spoke, utt'ring a frightful groan,  
He vanish'd instantaneously from view.  
Then the black cloud dispers'd, and wide around  
Sonorous roar'd th' unfathomable deep.  
Raising my hands to the celestial choir  
Of angels who had guided us thus far,  
To God I pray'd the evils to remove  
From us, which Adamastor had foretold.

“ Already Phlegon and Pyrois, join'd  
With other fiery steeds, were yok'd to draw  
The radiant Car of Day, when we discern'd  
The lofty Cape which thus had been transform'd.  
Along the coast we steer'd, and soon began  
To shape our course o'er Oriental waves.  
Continuing our voyage we reach'd a bay,\*  
Where we again resolved to disembark.  
The natives of this new discover'd land,—

\* The Bay of St. Blaise.



Although of Ethiopian race,—appear'd  
In culture more advanc'd, and more humane,  
Than those who such inhospitality  
To us had shown. With joyful dance and song  
They came to greet us on the sandy shore,  
Bringing their wives, without mistrust, and beeves,  
And flocks well tended by their fost'ring care.  
Their sun-burnt women cheerfully approach'd,  
Mounted upon the slow-pac'd patient ox,—  
An animal by them far more esteem'd  
Than all that graze the flow'ry verdant plain.  
Pastoral airs,—but whether prose or rhyme  
Escaped the ear,—harmoniously they sung,  
In concert with a sweet ton'd rustic reed,  
Like the soft strains of Tityrus inspir'd.  
Each countenance was pleasing to behold ;  
Their manners gentle, kind, and generous.  
Our wants of various kinds they readily  
Supplied, receiving presents in exchange ;  
But when at length we all distinctly saw  
No trace intelligible could from them  
Be glean'd, to guide us on our doubtful way,  
Again we spread our canvass to the wind.

“ Long was the course already we had made  
On Afric’s coast, when we the vessel’s prow  
Tow’rds Heaven’s ardent central line inclin’d,  
And backward steer’d from the Antarctic pole.  
We left afar that Islet reached before <sup>21</sup>  
By the Armada which adventur’d first  
In search of the terrific Cape of Storms ;  
But with that insular discovery  
Ended that enterprize. Thence many days—  
The sport of calms and storms tempestuous—  
New courses on the trackless sea we made,  
Conducted and impell’d by ardent hope  
Alone. Sometimes we struggled with the waves—  
But vain the contest with the changeful deep ;  
A current there we found so powerful,  
It baffled all our efforts to advance.  
Such was the mighty and resistless force  
With which the adverse stream our course oppos’d—  
Compelling our Armada to recede—  
That powerless the fav’ring breezes blew.  
But Notus felt insulted and aggriev’d  
That emulous with him the Sea should strive,  
And in his anger swell’d the rising gale,  
Enabling us the current’s force to stem.

“ On the return of that eventful day,  
When from the East three potent Monarchs came,  
To pay their homage to their new-born king,—  
In whom Three Kings in equal majesty <sup>22</sup>  
Are join'd,—we anchor'd in another port  
Where the same hospitable race we found,  
And to a River we ascended, gave  
A name\* commemorative of the day.  
Here we obtain'd refreshments and supplies  
Of purest water from the stream; but still  
No gleam upon our Indian track obscure  
By unintelligible intercourse  
Like this was cast. Behold, O King, how far  
Our voyage was prosecuted e'er we left  
This barb'rous race; nor could we e'er obtain  
A glimpse to guide us tow'rds the Orient.  
Imagine, then, what wretchedness we felt—  
Bewilder'd—lost—yet over unknown seas  
Still wandering at large;—by want assail'd—  
Spent and exhausted by continual storms—  
Wearied by disappointed hope, until  
This last resource was banish'd by despair;

\* The Three Kings.

And sinking under foreign climes, to us  
Both most malignant and unnatural;  
All our provisions, spoil'd and putrified,  
No nourishment to the enfeebled frame  
Afforded; discontent alone prevail'd,  
And hope's illusions lost all influence.  
Canst thou believe that if our loyal band  
Had not of Lusitanians been form'd,  
Such strict obedience had been maintain'd  
Towards their King and their appointed Chief?  
In bold rebellion would they not have shown  
Defiance to superior command,  
Degraded into pirates by the force  
Of desperation, hunger, and of rage?  
By the severest test their loyalty  
Was prov'd; but labors great and arduous  
Ne'er cast a shade on Lusian excellence,  
Nor Lusian fidelity could shake.

“ Leaving this fresh and limpid stream, again  
To cleave the waves saline our sails we spread,  
And from the coast pursued a sweeping track,  
From land far distant, o'er the boundless main,  
That thus, while the South breath'd a fav'ring gale,

Our venturous Armada might escape  
The coastward current which its course directs  
On rich Sofala's shore—where gold abounds.  
The dangers of the bay escap'd, the helm,<sup>23</sup>  
Confided to its Patron-Saint, inclin'd  
Our vessels' prows towards the shore, and where  
The billows, with impetuous violence,  
Resounding dash'd ; when, suddenly, our hearts,  
By hopes and fears assail'd, yet trusting still  
To a frail bark, while yielding to despair,  
Were by an unexpected novelty  
With joy transported. Steering tow'rds the coast,  
Soon as the shore and vallies we discern'd,  
A river we descried whose waters flow'd  
Into the open sea, and num'rous barks,  
With sails out-stretch'd, which issued and return'd.  
Much we rejoic'd that we at length had found  
A race who something knew of arts marine ;  
From them we hop'd—nor hop'd in vain—to gain  
Some traces of the East. The people seem'd  
Of Ethiopian race, but civiliz'd  
By foreign intercourse. Arabian sounds  
Were in their language recogniz'd. Their heads  
A turban'd band encircled gracefully,

Compos'd of cotton of the finest woof;  
And o'er the naked person modesty  
A folding veil had thrown of azure die.  
Imperfectly in Arabic they spoke;  
But yet from them Fernando\* understood  
That ships, in magnitude that equall'd ours,  
Oft had been seen ploughing their spacious seas,  
Coming from thence where the sun first appears,  
And steering thither where the Southern coast  
Extends; and also traversing the waves  
From South towards the East, where people dwell  
In aspect like ourselves. With boundless joy  
We thank'd the natives for the welcome news,  
And named ' Good Signs' the river where we first  
These tidings so propitious to our hopes  
Obtain'd. A stone memorial there we rais'd;—  
For, destin'd our discoveries to mark,  
In store we some possess'd,—and to it gave  
The name of that Angelic Guide who erst<sup>24</sup>  
Tobias led to Gabael; then cleans'd  
From weeds, and fish adhesive in their shells  
Engender'd in the deep, our vessels' keels,

\* The interpreter alluded to before.

Clogg'd with these maritime impurities  
During our lengthen'd voyage. In the mean time,  
The neighb'ring tribes our various wants supplied  
With cheerfulness and friendly promptitude,  
And free from ev'ry treacherous design.

“ But yet the joy which from these ardent hopes  
Had thus arisen, with alloy was blent,  
And all its transports check'd: Rhamnusia soon  
Disasters numerous for us prepar'd.  
Such is the dispensation from above ;—  
This hard condition to our birth is link'd  
Inseparably : sorrow shall endure,  
But evanescent shall be happiness!

“ Disease with pestilent malignity,—  
Such as had ne'er been seen,—many depriv'd  
Of life, and, distant from their native land,  
Their bones lie sepulchred in foreign dust.  
Who could, unseen, such dire effects believe?  
A morbid virulence assail'd the mouth,<sup>25</sup>  
Swelling the gums with strange deformity,  
While putrefaction rapidly ensued ;  
And this putridity the very air

Infected with its noxious fetid scent.  
Nor any skilful in the healing art,  
Nor dexterous practitioner had we,  
His aid to yield ; those who but little knew,  
Boldly extirpated the morbid part,  
Already dead become ; for thus alone  
From death could the afflicted sufferer  
Be snatch'd. By this unknown calamity,  
For ever separated, here we lost  
Those brave companions who to this disease  
Victims became in our advent'rous voyage.  
Easy it is to find a sepulchre ;—  
The deep profound, or foreign mountain-grave,  
Alike is ready to receive our bones,  
Or those of the illustrious proud and great !

“ Thus when we left that port, our minds were both  
With hope elated, and by grief depress'd.  
Coasting we thence proceeded, still in search  
Of better indications of success.  
At length inhospitable Mozambique  
We reach'd, and, as thou know'st, that treach'rous race,  
As in Mombaza, equally employ'd  
Against us every perfidious art.



But Heav'n, compassionating our distress,  
Hither conducted our advent'rous prow;  
And here the kindness thou hast shown would give  
Health to the living, to the dying life;  
Here, too, the sweetest comforts of repose,  
With Halcyon tranquillity of mind,  
Thou hast vouchsaf'd.—Thus my narration ends,  
And faithful ev'ry circumstance is told.  
Judge, then, O king, if the world e'er beheld  
A race so dauntless brave the pathless waves.  
Pious Æneas and the eloquent<sup>24</sup>  
And wise Ulysses, wander'd they thus far?  
Who yet hath dar'd to see (howe'er the Muse  
His fame may laud) so much of the great deep,  
As with a small proportion may compare  
Of that which I have seen, and fearlessly  
Shall still explore?—Though He of old who drank  
Deep of Aonia's fount, and for whose birth  
Contended Smyrna, Salamis, and Rhodes,  
And Ios, Argo, Athens, Colophon:  
He, too, the glory of Ausonia,  
At whose sublime and sweet celestial strains  
The list'ning Mincio,—his native flood—  
Was lull'd to rest, while Tiber at the sound

Swell'd with ennobling pride:—Though these their gods  
And demi-gods in verse immortal sung,  
And, in creative fancy, Circes fram'd,  
And Polyphemes, and Sirens, fatal sleep  
By softest airs inducing; Cicons fierce,  
And barks with sails and oars their rage to shun;  
Lands where the sweet oblivious Lotus grows,  
And Palinurus whelmed beneath the waves:  
Though their bold fictions freed imprison'd winds,  
And lovely languishing Calypsos form'd;  
Harpies alike obscene and ravenous,  
And bold descents amidst the shades of death:  
But yet, though genius higher should aspire  
In such creations of poetic lore,  
The pure and simple truth which thou from me  
Hast heard, still would such lofty strains surpass."

Around the eloquent and noble Chief  
Stood the enraptur'd and admiring crowd,  
List'ning till he his long narration clos'd,  
Of deeds sublime conferring deathless fame.  
With gen'rous praise the Monarch loud extoll'd  
The virtues of so many martial kings,  
And on the valor, loyalty, and zeal,

In Lusians pre-eminent, bestow'd  
Boundless applause. Returning thence each tells  
What most his wond'ring admiration claim'd,  
But each still riveting his eyes on those  
Who such immeasurable space had pass'd.

The youthful Delius now had turn'd his car,  
(By luckless Phæton erst unskilful urg'd,)  
Hast'ning his course, to rest in Thetis' arms ;  
And to his palace then the King withdrew.

How sweet are fame and popular applause  
When justly earn'd by actions glorious !  
For all the great in soul ambitious strive  
To equal, or exceed, th' illustrious dead.  
To emulate immortal deeds itself  
To similar achievements prompts, and he  
Who feats of valor to perform aspires,  
To praise is exquisitely sensible.  
The Macedonian in triumphant war  
Coveted not Achilles' martial fame,  
But envied the immortal lyre that sung  
His deathless deeds. Such praise for ever lasts ;  
For such he sigh'd. And thus Themistocles,

Envyng the trophies of Miltiades,  
Acknowledg'd nought awaken'd such delight  
As the just fame which his exploits extoll'd.

Thus noble Vasco to demonstrate strove  
That ev'ry enterprize the Muse had sung,  
Had merited less glory and less fame  
Than his, which all the earth, and e'en the skies,  
Must wondering admire. The Hero who  
With honors and rewards the Mantuan Bard  
So nobly cherish'd, gave his genius scope  
To sing Rome's glory, and Æneas' fame.  
Lusia can boast her Cæsars, Scipios,  
Her Alexanders and Augustuses ;  
But unendow'd with humanizing arts :  
A rude, robust, uncultivated race.  
Octavius, amidst domestic strife  
And foreign war, the Muses still ador'd ;  
Nor can deserted Fulvia deny <sup>25</sup>  
That polish'd Glaphyra her Antony  
Seduc'd. Great Cæsar, who all Gaul subdued,  
Science amidst the din of arms pursued ;  
Grasping the sword, he guided learning's pen,  
And equall'd Cicero in eloquence.

The drama Scipio Africanus lov'd,  
And deep experience in the art acquir'd;  
While Alexander Homer so rever'd,  
That them not even sleep could disunite.  
In Greece, in Rome, in ev'ry barb'rous state,  
Those who acquir'd the most renown in arms,  
In learning and in arts were also skill'd.  
Not so in hapless Lusitania :  
'Tis not without a blush the truth I own,  
That there has hitherto no Bard divine  
Appear'd ; for there the Muses none adore ;  
And those who feel not, disesteem their strains.  
Nature from them has not withheld her gifts,  
Nor Homer's fire, nor Virgil's taste refus'd ;  
But if uncultivated they remain,  
No fierce Achilles, no Æneas e'er  
Their genius will inspire ; and worse, alas !  
Fortune has form'd them in so rude a mould,  
So rough, unletter'd and austere, that arts  
Of polish'd life they prize of little worth.

Let Gama grateful thank the fav'ring Muse,<sup>26</sup>  
Inspir'd by pure exalted patriot love,  
Whose lyre his name shall hence immortalize,

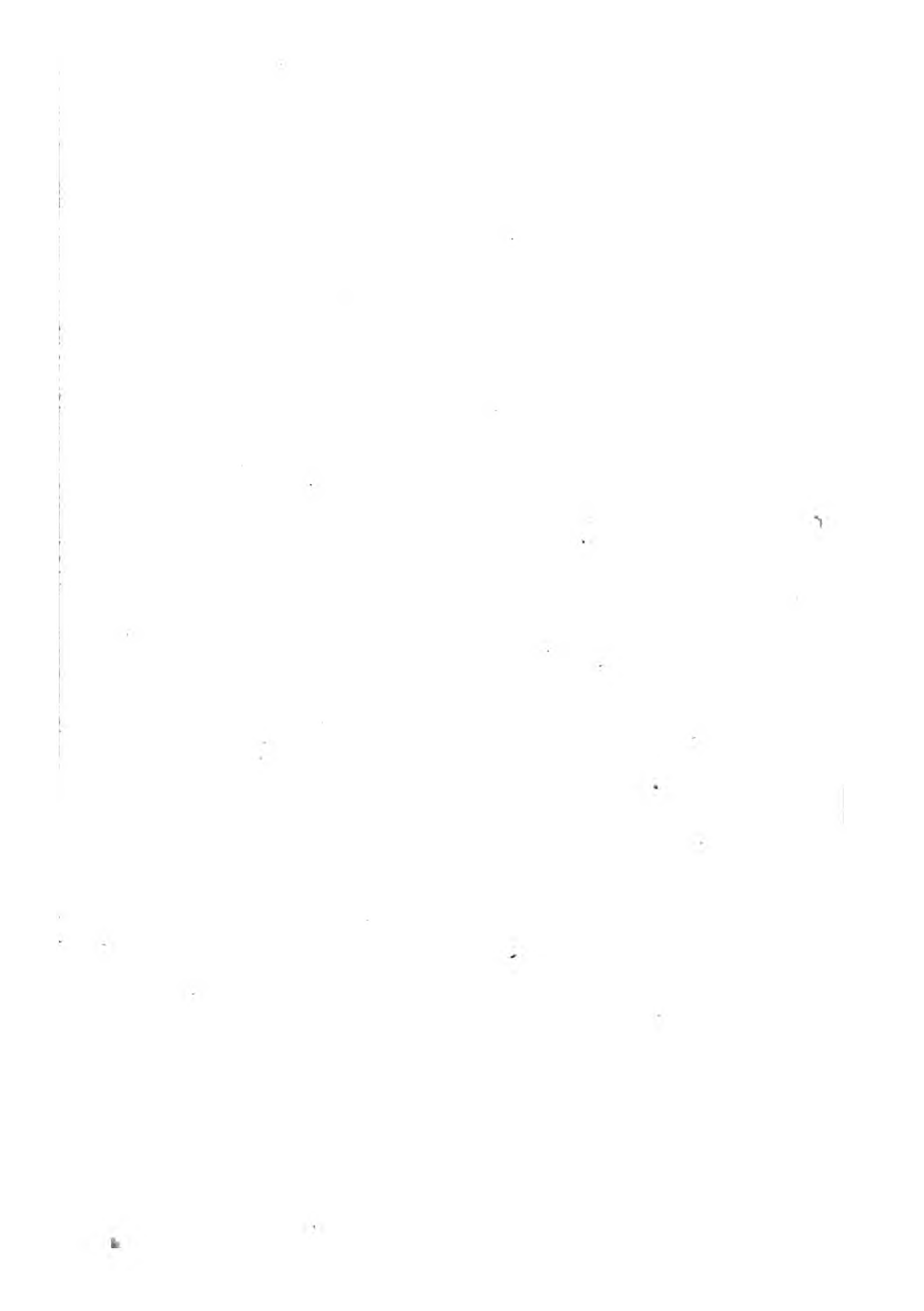
And all his martial labors, and exploits  
Illustrious; for neither he, nor all  
From him descended, e'er Calliope,  
Or Tagus' Nymphs, had woo'd to leave their task  
Of golden woof, his praise to celebrate.  
These lovely Nymphs are influenc'd alone  
By the warm impulse of congenial love,  
And the pure pleasure Lusitanian deeds  
Of splendid merit justly to extol.  
Let not the noble breast cease to aspire  
To feats of high achievement and renown;  
For these the Muse shall faithful still record  
In strains commemorative of their fame.

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**THE LUSIAD.**

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**CANTO VI.**





# THE LUSIAD.

## CANTO VI.

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THE Pagan Monarch anxiously desir'd  
These bold-adventurers to entertain  
Most hospitably, and assiduous strove  
To gain the friendship of the Christian King  
Of this heroic race. He griev'd his throne  
By adverse fortune was so far remov'd  
From Europe's fertile states, and sigh'd to reign  
Where Hercules into the mighty Deep  
A path had op'd. With dances and with games,  
And sports peculiar to Melinda's race—  
With angling pastimes such as Egypt's Queen<sup>1</sup>  
Devis'd, her Roman Lover to amuse—  
This potent King, on each succeeding day,  
Regal'd his gallant Lusitanian guests,  
And entertained them at his festive board

With banquets splendid and luxurious.  
But Gama, seeing he had linger'd here  
Already more than prudence justified,  
And that propitious winds rebuk'd delay,  
In haste completing his supplies, embark'd  
With native pilots to direct his course  
O'er the wide sea his gallant prows left still  
Unplough'd. In courteous and benignant terms  
He thank'd the Pagan King, who claim'd of all  
A lasting friendship, and solicited,  
That to his Port the Fleet would oft return ;  
Since naught he more desir'd than that his crown,  
With all that he possess'd, should theirs be deem'd ;  
And long as life itself should be preserv'd,  
Promptly at all times he should be prepar'd  
To place his own existence and his throne,  
At their good monarch's, and their own command.

In terms of equal courtesy replied  
The valiant Gama, and his sails unfurl'd  
For unknown regions of the roseate East,  
Which he so long had sought, and sought in vain  
The native pilots, free from treachery,  
Skilful their course upon the trackless waves

Pursu'd, and as the gallant Fleet advanc'd,  
Each bosom glow'd with hope and confidence.

While steering thus o'er Orient waves, they reach'd  
The seas of distant Ind, and first descried  
The couch whence Sol in ardent majesty  
Forth issues: Gama thought his mighty task  
Almost achiev'd; but Bacchus, in his soul  
Revolving the high destinies prepar'd  
For Lusitanians worthy of such fate,  
With envy burn'd, and ragingly blasphem'd;  
He saw that Heav'n unanimously will'd  
That Lisbon should become a modern Rome.  
This destiny fix'd by Omnipotence  
Supreme, he could not contravene. Incens'd,  
From high Olympus desperate he sped  
What yet might be essay'd to ascertain,  
And plunging in the waves he sought the Throne  
Of Him who rules the maritime Domain.

In spacious caverns of the central Deep,<sup>2</sup>  
Where in concealment oft the Sea retires,  
But whence the furious waves resistless rush  
With raging winds in conflict to engage,  
Dwells Neptune, with the sportive Nereïds,

And all the bright marine Divinities.  
There 'midst receding waters Cities rise :  
The habitations of the humid Gods.  
There silver sands, by mortal eye unseen,  
The surface submarine adorn, and tow'rs,  
Soaring aloft upon the open plain,  
Structures of crystalline transparency  
Appear; and when with wonder near beheld,  
Doubtful they seem to the enraptur'd sight,  
If form'd of crystal, or of diamond :  
So bright is their resplendent radiance.  
The portals high with massy gold inlaid,  
And pearls transplanted from their native shells,  
Magnificently wrought with sculptur'd art,  
Th' admiring eyes of angry Bacchus struck.

First, he beheld, with various tints pourtray'd,  
The face confus'd of Chaos—ancient Sire ;  
Then the Four Elements, releas'd from strife,  
Accomplishing the task to each assigned.  
There, Fire Empyrean in flames ascends,  
And self-supported burns, and animates  
All things that here with life have been endow'd,  
Since stolen by Prometheus from above.

Immediately behind, Air its just place  
Assumes, invisible to sight, but still  
So subtle, that nor heat, nor cold, can check  
Its instant occupation of all space.  
Earth mountainous appears, with verdure clad,  
And trees florescent, and enamell'd meads,  
With various pasture for the fleecy flocks  
And lowing herds bred in the grassy vales;  
There sculptur'd stands the clear transparent form  
Of limpid Waters, intermix'd with Land,  
Engend'ring all its diff'rent finny tribes,  
And all created bodies nourishing.  
In sculpture, also, is display'd the War  
Between the Gods and Giants of the Earth :  
There, Typhon under lofty Etna groans,  
While from the mountain burst the crackling flames.  
Neptune stands figur'd there, striking the ground,  
Whence springs—beheld with deep astonishment—  
The noble Horse; and there Minerva spreads  
Her peaceful olive, to complete the work.

Little delay'd Lyæus to admire  
These prodigies of art, but onward pass'd  
To Neptune's Palace, while that Deity,

Waiting prepar'd the Stranger to receive.  
Him near the sculptur'd gates he met. Amaz'd,<sup>3</sup>  
The Nymphs Marine beheld the God of Wine  
Enter with daring intrepidity  
The innermost recesses of the Deep.  
Thus Neptune he address'd: "Start not with fear  
Bacchus in thy dominions to receive,  
For ev'n the Great and Powerful at times  
Experience that Fortune is unjust.  
Summon the Maritime Divinities,  
Ere more I say:—when more they learn from me,  
Disaster imminent will they perceive,  
Menacing all with equal injury."

Some point of infinite solicitude  
Neptune anticipated, and dispatch'd  
Triton, the numerous aquatic Gods,  
Howe'er dispers'd, in conclave to collect.  
Triton, who gloried to be deem'd the Son<sup>4</sup>  
Of the Sea's Ruler and Salacia,  
Though young, was huge, and hideous, and swart:  
His father's herald, and his messenger.  
Long was his slimy beard, and his slank hair  
In clotted masses o'er his shoulders hung,

Blended and intermix'd with weeds and brine,  
And e'er in knots unravell'd and unkempt ;  
And, dangling at the ends, in clusters hung  
Black loathsome muscles generated there.  
Upon his head a scaly helm was plac'd,  
Which some enormous shell-fish had supplied.  
No vestment o'er his naked form was thrown,  
That through the waters might his course impede,  
But to his sordid body close adher'd  
A thousand insects maritime ;—prawns, crabs,  
And those whose numbers chiefly multiply<sup>5</sup>  
Under the influence of Phœbe's rays.  
Sea-snails, with moss and various shells commix'd,  
His brawny shoulders studded and emboss'd.  
A conch of monstrous size and twisted form  
He held, and fill'd it with a mighty blast ;  
The note tremendously sonorous roar'd,  
Pealing in long vibrations o'er the waves.  
Heard by the wat'ry Deities, in haste  
They travell'd tow'rd the Palace of the God,  
At whose command arose the Dardan Walls,  
Which Grecian madness levell'd with the dust.

Oceanus first came, accompanied

With the two sons and daughters of his loins :  
Nereus who with Doris was allied—  
Whence came the progeny of Nymphs Marine ;  
And then prophetic Proteus thither sped,  
Leaving his herd to feed upon the shore ;  
But by the gift of foresight well he knew  
Why Bacchus visited the God who rul'd  
The boundless sea. Then Neptune's spouse appear'd,  
Cœlus' and Vesta's fair and lovely Child,  
With such vivacity and beauty grac'd,  
That at her aspect the admiring waves  
Their agitation lull'd. A snowy veil,  
Of subtle texture and transparent woof,  
Threw but an airy shade o'er all her charms ;  
For loveliness like hers was never form'd<sup>6</sup>  
To be conceal'd. Blooming as fragrant flow'rs  
Fair Amphitritè to the Council came,  
Bringing the Dolphin that had erst prevail'd  
On her to yield to Neptune's ardent suit.  
Their eyes, whose radiant glance none may resist,  
Seem'd to eclipse the brightness of the Sun,  
And with their hands united both advanc'd  
As Consorts by their Lord lov'd equally.



She\* who from raving Athamas escap'd,  
And to a state divine was then transform'd,  
Obey'd the summons with her darling son—  
Now gracing the Assembly of the Gods.  
Before his Mother playfully he tripp'd  
Himself amusing with the various shells  
The Deep saline creates. When tir'd with sport,  
Repose he sought in Panopea's arms.  
Next was the God† who once in human form  
Existed, till the magic influence  
Of potent herbs transform'd him to a fish:  
Thence he a glorious deity became.  
He came lamenting still the base deceit  
By Circè practis'd upon Scylla's charms,  
Her disappointed passion to revenge.  
From jealousy what dire excesses spring!  
At length the whole assembly was conven'd  
In the grand, noble, and divine saloon;  
The Goddesses on richest platforms rais'd—  
The Gods exalted on their crystal thrones.  
Benignly all by Neptune were receiv'd,  
And on an equal seat his Theban Guest

\* Ino and her son, Melicerta.

† Glaucus.

Was plac'd, while amber incense filled the hall,  
More fragrant than Arabia's perfumes.

When all the social tumult of the Gods  
With all due ceremony was appeas'd,  
Thyoneus to the Conclave then reveal'd  
The secret griefs that fill'd his lab'ring breast ;  
A gloom his features overcast, and mark'd  
The inward agitation of his soul.  
Intent the Lusitanians to condemn  
By hostile steel to fall, thus he address'd  
The Council. " Mighty Prince, who by just right  
Reign'st o'er the angry Sea from Pole to Pole,  
And on the Nations of the Earth the Law  
Imposest which their limits circumscribes ;—  
Thou, too, Father Oceanus, whose arms  
The universal world embrace, and who,  
Thy just decree pronouncing, hast confin'd  
The Sea and Land within their native bounds ;—  
And you, ye Gods marine, who ne'er permit  
An outrage in your maritime domain,  
Without just vengeance and due punishment  
On him inflicting, who shall dare invade  
Your Empire :—Say, what heedlessness is this ?

Who hath compassion wak'd within your breasts,  
So rigid, and so justly steel'd against  
The feeble but presumptuous race of Man?—  
Already ye have seen how once they dar'd  
T' invade the Heav'nly mansions of the Gods;  
Seen, too, the confidence with which they brav'd,  
Insanely brav'd, the waves in fragile barks;  
And ye have mark'd, what we may witness still,  
Such lofty pride, such soaring insolence,—  
That much I fear, ere many years elapse,  
That they will Gods, we mortals shall become!

A nation insignificant ye now  
Behold, themselves exalting with the name  
Of my own Vassal; yet so proud and bold,  
That you, and me, and all the universe,  
They hope to vanquish. Your own element,  
With more ambitious prows than those of Rome,  
They plough, your Kingdom devastating, while  
Your Statues with profaneness they destroy.  
Against the Mynians\* who ventur'd first  
Your aqueous Empire to explore, enrag'd,

\* The Argonauts.

Boreas, Aquilus, all that rule the winds,  
Combin'd, the impious insult to resent.  
If they that band adventurous oppos'd,  
Aggriev'd by such presumptuous arrogance,  
Why from just vengeance now do ye abstain?—  
Whence all this hesitation and delay?—  
Think not, ye Gods, that from above I came  
Merely to show the love I feel for you,  
And prove how much with all your injuries  
I sympathize: The insult to myself  
Enrages me still more. The glorious  
And splendid honors which by me were gain'd,  
When India yielded to my conquering arms,  
By Lusian Heroes now I see obscur'd;  
The Sire of all the Gods, joined with the Fates,  
Govern, as they decree, this nether world;  
And now have they resolv'd that greater fame  
These bold invaders on the sable Deep  
Hereafter shall acquire. See then, ye Gods,  
That 'gainst e'en Gods themselves they mischief teach;  
For, clearly it appears, none less are priz'd,  
Than those who merit most to be esteem'd.  
Hence I descended from Olympus' heights  
My tarnish'd reputation to defend;

And, slighted with indifference above,  
Justice I here solicit at your hands."

More he desir'd to say, but grief intense  
Utt'rance to more refus'd; while from his eyes  
Tears copiously fell. At sight of these  
The Gods Marine with anger were incens'd.  
Such was the rage enkindled in the breasts  
Of all the Maritime Divinities,  
That from the Conclave were discarded quite  
All temperate discussion and delay.  
To Æolus a message they dispatch'd,  
Neptune's command conveying, to release  
In all their fury the conflicting Winds,  
And from the Sea all Navigators sweep.

Proteus first manifested his desire  
On this grave point his sentiments to give,  
And every one conceiv'd he was prepar'd  
The council to address with some profound,  
Prophetic speech; but suddenly prevail'd  
Such tumult in th' Assembly of the Gods,  
That Tethys in his ear indignantly

Exclaim'd: " Neptune knows well what he commands."

The dignified Hippotades\* releas'd  
From close imprisonment the furious winds,  
And animated all their fiercest rage  
Against the Heroes who undaunted brav'd  
The terrors of the Deep. The sky serene  
With black Cimmerian clouds was swift o'ercast;  
The winds unchain'd rag'd with augmented force,  
And hills, and tow'rs, and palaces o'erthrew.

While in the central caverns of the Main  
The Gods Marine in council sate, the Fleet,  
By gentle and propitious gales impelled,  
Cheerful pursued, o'er tranquil waves, its long  
And weary course. 'Twas at that hour  
When Eos still, with long delay, withheld  
The dawn, that those who first had watch'd, to rest  
Withdrew, waking their comrades to perform  
Their task of vigilance. Oppress'd by sleep,  
And gaping oft, against the yards they lean'd,  
Scarce yet arous'd, and barely clad to guard

\* Æolus.

Themselves against the night's cool chilling breeze.  
Hard was the task their eyes unclos'd to keep,  
And oft their limbs, with drowsiness benumb'd,  
They stretch'd. Struggling to banish sleep they told  
Diverting tales and moving incidents.

What can we better now devise, said one,  
To pass the time which hangs so heavily,  
Than to relate some lively history  
Which may this overpowering sleep dispel?  
What, replied Leonardo, can excite  
Such interest as tales of faithful love,  
(For with an ardent passion glow'd his heart,)  
To banish heaviness from lagging hours?  
No, said Veloso, inappropriate are  
Such tales effeminate in arduous times ;  
The dangers and the hardships of the sea  
Should from our thoughts the blandishments of love  
Dismiss. The glorious toils of fervid war  
Our theme should be ; for perils numerous  
Our future life await, and I foresee  
That labors infinite we must endure.

All thought the same, and to Veloso's choice  
Left the selection of the narrative.

'Tis well, the Hero said ; it shall be such  
That none shall blame the tale as fabulous,  
Or new ; and that my hearers thence may learn  
How to aspire to deeds of high emprize,  
I will of feats of native heroes speak—<sup>s</sup>  
Of those whom Fame the Twelve of England nam'd.

In former times, when John, Pedro's brave son,  
Guided with gentle hand the reins of state,  
And, liberated from Castilian pow'r,  
Freedom and peace established in the land,  
In Britain's Isle, where Boreal Winter reigns  
With rude tyrannic sway, Erinnyes fierce  
Malignantly the seeds of discord sow'd ;  
But this redounded more to Lusian fame.  
Between the Fair that grac'd the British Court,  
And many noble Courtiers, it chanc'd,  
That, on a fatal day, disputes arose  
Which obstinacy swell'd to angry strife.  
The Courtiers, little heeding what loose words  
Of bold aspersion from their lips escap'd,  
Declar'd that they would prove those Damsels lost  
To virtue and to fame, and thence unfit  
Their honors to retain ; and if, with lance  
And sword, Champions in their defence appear'd,



Or in the field, or lists, they at their hands  
Should branding infamy, or death receive.

Such insults offer'd to the gentler sex,  
By nature form'd too delicate and weak  
Themselves to vindicate, led them to plead  
With friends and kindred to avenge their cause.  
But as their enemies in rank and pow'r  
Were 'mongst the greatest in the realm, none dar'd,  
Nor kinsman, nor enamour'd youth, the lists  
To enter in the dames' defence. With tears  
Trickling down alabastrine cheeks in streams  
That well might move the Gods in their support,  
Aid from the gallant Duke of Lancaster  
They all implor'd. A gen'rous British Prince,  
Equal in pow'r and magnanimity,  
Was he, and with the Lusians his sword  
Against Castile had drawn, their martial zeal  
Admiring, and their arms with fortune crown'd ;  
Nor were his warlike comrades less alive  
To softer passion, than to fame in arms ;  
For when his daughter fair the King beheld,\*  
Vanquish'd by love, he rais'd her to the throne.

\* See Note 16 to Canto IV.

The Duke erst fear'd the damsels to assist,  
Lest thence intestine discord should arise,  
And thus address'd them: " When I first advanc'd  
My just pretensions to th' Iberian Crown,  
In Lusians I saw such bravery,  
Such excellence, such qualities divine,  
That, if I err not, they alone are fit  
Your sacred cause by combat to defend ;  
And if, fair injur'd maids, you it should please,  
To them I will dispatch Ambassadors,  
Who shall in terms, with delicacy fram'd,  
Apprize them of the base aspersions cast  
Upon your fame ; and let persuasive tears  
On your part, all their influence unite  
With suitable caresses. Then will you  
Receive, I doubt not, powerful support."

Such were the prudent counsels of the Duke,  
Who twelve brave Champions nam'd for their defence ;  
And that each might her own defender claim,  
The destiny of each was fixed by lot.  
Their number twelve exceeded not. When known  
What Fortune had decreed, each in her mode  
Her gallant Knight implor'd ;—all to the King  
Their homage paid ;—the Duke address'd the whole.

The Messengers' arrival at the Court  
Of Portugal all with amazement fill'd.—  
The gen'rous Monarch wish'd to be the first,  
But royal dignity the impulse check'd,  
While every courtier thirsted ardently  
The lists to enter in so just a cause.  
But fortunate were those alone of whom  
The Duke himself had first selection made.

In that fam'd loyal City,\* whence, 'tis said,  
Illustrious Portugal derived her name,  
A Vessel was without delay prepar'd  
For the twelve gallant Cavaliers. In haste  
Themselves with costly vestments they equipp'd,  
And polish'd arms, and helms with plumed crests,  
Each bearing a device his destin'd Fair  
To designate, and furnish'd with a steed  
Richly caparison'd. Leave by the King  
Was granted to the brave and gallant Knights,  
Thus chosen by the wise and prudent Duke,  
To sail from Douro's celebrated stream.  
In this chivalric band each Cavalier

\* Oporto.

In bravery and arms was equally  
Renown'd. One of these Knights, Magricio nam'd,  
Address'd his noble comrades in these terms :—

“ Most worthy and most brave companions !  
Long time have I with fervency desir'd,  
Besides my native floods, to see the streams  
Which flow through other lands, and other states,  
With all their customs and peculiar laws.  
Now, circumstances favour my design  
These objects to behold. Your leave obtain'd,  
I will alone by land proceed, and soon  
In England you rejoin. If by His will,  
Who finally determines all events,  
I meet ye not at the appointed time,  
By you my absence scarcely will be felt :  
For me you will do all that may be just.  
But, judging by my own presentiment,  
Nor mountains, floods, nor unpropitious stars,  
Shall keep me from you in the field of fame.”

Thus speaking, and embracing all his friends,  
And their permission granted to depart,  
He pass'd through Leon and Castile, and saw

Many a town by Lusian arms subdued.  
Navarre he travers'd and the Pyrenees—  
The frightful boundaries of Spain and Gaul—  
And, viewing what was great in France, he reach'd  
The chief Emporium of Flemish arts.  
There, or by accident, or by design,  
His residence he fix'd for many days.

Meanwhile th' eleven illustrious martial Knights  
O'er the North sea's cold waves pursued their course.  
Britain's bleak coast they shortly reach'd, and thence  
Hasten'd towards her ancient capital,  
Where they were welcom'd by the gracious Duke,  
And by the Fair were courted and caress'd.

At length the great decisive day arriv'd  
To enter with the English Knights the lists,  
Which by the King's command had been prepar'd.  
In helmet, greaves, and steely armour bright,  
Stood forth, the English damsels to defend,  
The fiercely martial Lusitanian band,  
Dress'd by their hands in garbs of various hue,  
And silks with gold and richest jewels blent.  
But she, to whom the chance of Fortune gave

The Great Magricio, (who was absent still,)  
In mournful garments had herself attir'd,  
Lamenting that for her no Champion  
Appear'd. The rest gave her a solemn pledge,  
That, in the end, were still their number less,  
Decisive victory should vindicate  
Before the Court the innocence of all.

High on a splendid seat the British King,  
Surrounded by his Court, the contest view'd,  
And rang'd in rows successive each the place,  
Which corresponded to his rank, assum'd.  
From Tagus' banks to Bactro's Scythian stream,  
Ne'er by the Sun were seen twelve Knights, in strength,  
In skill, in bravery, equal to those  
Who now the Lusian Cavaliers oppos'd.  
Champing their golden bits the foaming steeds  
Seem'd fiercely animated for the charge,  
And in the Sun's bright beams the polish'd arms  
Brilliant as crystals, or as diamonds, shone.  
While the spectators noted with surprize  
That the brave Champions were unequal match'd,  
And that eleven the conflict dared with twelve,  
A general murmur of astonishment

Prevail'd. The eyes of all were instant turn'd  
To view what this commotion had produc'd ;  
When, lo !—another Cavalier appear'd,  
With steed and arms accoutred and equipp'd,  
The King addressing, and the courtly Dames :  
Magricio—for 'twas he himself—then join'd  
His comrades. Them he straight embrac'd as friends,  
Whom, when in peril, he could ne'er desert.  
When the fair Dame, till now disconsolate,  
Saw the defender of her fame, o'erjoyed  
She clad herself in finest robes and gold—  
By vulgar minds far more than virtue priz'd.

Now is the signal giv'n. The trumpet sounds,<sup>9</sup>  
The Knights exciting to the martial charge.—  
Deep are the spurs enforc'd, the reins relax'd,  
The lances in their rest, the smitten earth  
Strikes fire. Such is the clashing of the steeds,  
The ground itself, under their tramping hoofs,  
Shakes tremulous, and each beholder feels  
With anxious doubt and fear his heart oppress'd.  
Here cleaves a Champion to his flying steed—  
Another with his charger groaning falls ;  
Bright arms are seen vermilion'd o'er with blood,

And waving plumes lashing their coursers' flanks.  
One to perpetual sleep is soon consign'd,  
Making short interval 'twixt life and death:  
Here flies a fiery war-horse, masterless,  
And there the unhors'd Champion still contends.  
Then British pride descends from her high throne,  
When British Knights retreat beyond the bounds,  
And those who came to wield the sword find more  
Than harness, shield, and coat of mail t' oppose.  
It were a waste of words, should I relate  
The mortal strokes and cruel thrusts from each  
Unsparing sword. This were to imitate  
The known narrators of absurdities  
And idle dreams. Let it suffice to say,  
That feats of high heroic gallantry  
Secur'd to ours the palm of victory,  
And gloriously justified the Fair.

The twelve victorious Knights were by the Duke  
With feasts magnificently entertain'd,  
And the triumphant Dames their aid bestow'd  
The festal preparations to enrich,  
And their intrepid Champions to divert  
With splendid banquets and festivities,



While they with them in Britain should remain,  
Absent from their belov'd, their native land.

The great Magricio, if report be true,  
Desirous of the world still more to see,  
Remain'd in Flanders, where his bravery  
The reigning countess eminently serv'd.\*  
Vers'd his undaunted prowess to display,  
E'en Death itself, when Mars commands, to brave,  
A haughty Gaul he levell'd with the dust,<sup>10</sup>  
And like Torquatus and Corvinus bore  
The golden prize away. And, of the twelve,  
Another Knight in Germany was forc'd<sup>11</sup>  
To fatal combat with a wary foe,  
Who by perfidious arts his life assail'd.

Veloso ended thus his narrative ;  
But all his list'ning friends entreated still  
More of Magricio and his victory  
To hear, and begg'd that he the German tale  
Would not forget. While thus prepar'd they stood,  
The Pilot, who incessant watch'd the winds,<sup>12</sup>

\* See Note 8 of this Canto.

Ordered all hands on deck. To the shrill call  
The Mariners, arous'd from soundest sleep,  
A prompt obedience paid; and as the breeze  
More freshly blew, they furl'd th' extended sails.  
"Comrades, be quick," the Pilot cried aloud,  
"For yon black cloud portends a rising gale."

Nor was there time to reef and furl the sails,  
Ere with unwonted violence the storm  
Began to rage. Vociferous exclaim'd  
The Pilot: "Strike the main-sail, instant strike—"  
This to achieve permitted not the winds  
Indignant, but concentrating their force,  
Tore it in shreds with such a mighty roar,  
As if the very Universe itself  
Had split; and, with a sudden panic seiz'd,  
The crew with shrieks of terror smote the skies;  
For when the sail was rent, the rolling ship  
Was inundated by the rushing waves.—  
"Lighten the ship," the Pilot hoarsely cried—  
"Let every thing unsparing overboard  
Be thrown; let no disunion prevail;  
Fly to the pumps, and work incessantly;  
We founder else." With animated zeal

The lab'ring pump unceasingly they ply,  
But oft are prostrate cast upon the deck,  
While the ship reels, toss'd by the furious waves.  
Three powerful intrepid mariners  
To govern the unmanageable helm  
Suffice not, but to tackle have recourse  
For safety, when their strength can naught avail.  
Such was the force resistless of the storm,  
That, with more violence it had not rag'd,  
Were its terrific energies unloos'd  
The massive Babylonian Tow'r to raze.  
Yet, on the mountainous and swelling waves,  
A vessel of Colossal magnitude,  
A tiny skiff appearing, floating dares  
Th' appalling perils of the furious Main.

Paulo de Gama's ship was shatter'd most,  
Losing her mast, which in the centre snapp'd,  
While all the crew, fearing a wat'ry grave,  
Their pray'rs address'd to Him who came the world  
To save. Nor less confusion then prevail'd  
Amongst Coelho's frighted Mariners.  
Altho' the skilful Pilot previously  
Had struck the main-sail, ere the storm commenc'd,

Aloft they now were carried tow'rds the clouds, <sup>13</sup>  
Borne on the surface of the angry waves ;  
And now by raging Neptune plung'd again  
Into the bowels of the Deep profound.  
Notus and Boreas and Auster join'd  
With Aquilo the fabric of the World  
To rend in twain, whilst horrid Stygian night  
The Lightning's fearful flash at intervals  
Illumin'd. Sweetly soft, yet sorrowful,  
The Halcyon birds sung near the rugged coast, <sup>14</sup>  
In sad remembrance of their former fate  
When 'merg'd beneath the all-ingulfing waves ;  
While, in the caverns of the mighty flood,  
The sportive and enamour'd Dolphins sought  
Shelter from furious and tempestuous winds,  
Which still pursued them in the lowest deep.  
The great but smirchy Artist, who prepar'd  
His Son's superb and radiant arms, ne'er wrought  
Such vivid thunderbolts, th' aspiring pride  
Of Earth's presumptuous Giants to chastise ;  
Nor launch'd the Thunderer Omnipotent  
Such awful fulminating Light'ning 'gainst  
The delug'd Universe, when two alone <sup>15</sup>  
Were spar'd, who stoned to human beings chang'd.

What mountains, then, were levelled by the waves  
Dashing against them with resistless force !  
What ancient trees, of most luxuriant growth,  
The blast, indignant raging, on the earth  
Threw prostrate, and the deep embedded roots  
Forc'd high in air, where late their branches grew !  
And little thought the silver'd sands that lie  
Tranquil beneath the sea, they should be forc'd  
Above its surface. Vasco fearful saw  
The near fulfilment of his anxious hopes  
Defeated, and beheld the mighty sea  
Now form a deep abyss—then to the sky  
With sudden fury rise. By fear o'erpower'd,  
And by despair oppress'd, when all had fail'd,  
Thus piously he supplicated aid  
Of Him to whom naught is impossible !

“ O Heavenly Guardian, Immortal Power,  
Who governest the Skies, and rul'st the Earth—  
Thou who the race of Israel ledst forth  
In safety o'er the Erythræan Gulf—  
Thou, who thy servant Paul defendedst 'midst  
The desert's perils and the whelming waves,  
And didst preserve, with his whole family,

The Second Parent of the delug'd world :  
If to new Scyllas I have been expos'd,  
And perils of a new Charybdis pass'd—  
If other Syrtes' sandy desert plains,  
And dread Acroceraunian rocks, my steps  
Have traversed, why now—these trials o'er—  
Are we, at length, by thee abandon'd? Why,  
If inoffensive in thy sight, our work  
Aims only to perform thy sacred will?  
Happy were those who gloriously fell<sup>16</sup>  
Beneath the African's destroying lance,  
While, animated by religious zeal,  
They fought, on Mauritanian ground, the fight  
Of Holy Faith! They highest deeds achiev'd—  
They noble records left of deathless fame :  
By losing life, they Life Eternal gain'd,  
And sweeten'd thus their last expiring sigh."

Such was his prayer. Still unrelax'd the winds  
Tremendous roar'd like fierce and untam'd bulls,  
Swelling the tempest with increasing rage,  
And whistling in the shatter'd shrouds. The Heav'ns,  
Inflam'd with light'nings fierce, incessant flash'd.  
The thunder burst, as if the sky itself,

From its own axis torn, would, falling, crush  
The world, while furious war the elements  
Contending wag'd. But in the dappled East,  
Sparkling before the Sun, the am'rous star,  
Bright Messenger of Day, revisited,  
With cheerful mien, the Earth, and boundless Main.  
The Goddess who her Luminary guides,—<sup>17</sup>  
Whom sword-begirt Orion fearful shuns,—  
Seeing her own Armada thus expos'd  
To peril imminent, was deeply touch'd  
With anger and with fear. "This," she exclaim'd,  
"From envious Bacchus comes; but his designs  
Malignant still shall fail, for still to me  
The mischief he may dare will e'er be known."

Swift from the skies her flight she sea-ward bent,  
Alighting on the surface of the waves,  
And to the am'rous Nymphs she gave command  
Their heads with rosy chaplets to adorn,  
Vying in sweet variety of hue.  
Gracing their amber locks, these garlands seem'd<sup>18</sup>  
As if, in sportive mood, Love had entwin'd  
Flowers of carnation tint with native gold.  
By the mild influence of gentle Love,

She had determin'd to assuage the Gods  
Who rule the winds, bringing her graceful train  
In beauty e'en the brightest of the stars  
Exceeding. When these fascinating Nymphs  
Appear'd, th' enraptur'd winds felt all their pow'r,  
The raging conflict more to urge, subdued,  
And unresistingly obey'd. The sight  
Of tresses which the Sun's bright rays eclips'd,  
Prostrated all their hostile energies.  
To Boreas, enamour'd to excess,<sup>19</sup>  
The beauteous Orithyia thus spake :

“ Think not, fierce Boreas, I can e'er believe  
True passion thou for me didst ever feel ;  
For mildness is the proper garb of love,  
And constant love all violence rejects.  
Unless thy furious madness thou restrain,  
Hope not, henceforth, by me to be belov'd :  
While apprehension fills my timid breast,  
My fear of thee abhorrence will create.”

In the same strain, fair Galatea spake  
To raging Notus. Well she knew that he  
Long had beheld her with supreme delight,



And that her charms he never could resist.  
Such happiness exceeded his belief,  
And scarcely his exulting breast could hold  
His heart, with joy expanding to obey  
The Nymph's command. His rage he instant calm'd,  
Judging it little to concede. Thus, too,  
The other graceful Nymphs swiftly appeas'd  
The fury of the rest, and at the feet  
Of lovely Venus all submissive lay.  
The Goddess promis'd sempiternal love  
And favor should their prompt obedience  
Reward. Their homage, then, in her fair hands  
They pledg'd, to aid the voyage with fav'ring gales.

Morn had in splendor burst upon the hills  
Whence sacred Ganges pours his murm'ring flood,  
When from the highest mast the Mariners  
Descried, a-head, the distant Table-land.  
Pass'd was the fearful storm, and mighty seas  
Were travers'd, and all boding fears dismiss'd,  
When, gaily, the Melindan Pilot cried,  
" Yon land, if I err not, is Calicut.—  
This is, assuredly, the region  
Of Oriental Ind which thou dost seek,

And if with this discovery content  
Thou art, here may thy arduous labors end.”

Gama beyond himself transported felt,  
When thus the land descried was recogniz'd.  
On bended knees, and folded hands to Heav'n  
Uprais'd, to God he fervent thanks address'd  
For this especial grace. To God alone  
These thanks were due, for He not only safe  
Had guided him through perils infinite  
To the fair realms of Day,—which to explore  
Such toils he had endur'd—but like a man,  
Wak'd from a horrid dream, himself he saw  
Late rescued from impending death prepar'd  
By furious winds for him beneath the waves.

Those whom no fearful perils can deter—<sup>20</sup>  
Who boldly brave the most laborious toils  
In the pursuit of noble fame, acquire  
Immortal honors, and illustrious rank.  
They need no line of ancient ancestry  
Their glorious titles to confirm, nor sleep  
They indolently court on sable furs  
Recumbent on the gilt, voluptuous couch ;

Nor feasts of exquisite luxuriousness—  
Nor courses idle and lascivious—  
Nor pleasures, various and infinite,  
Which render noble minds effeminate—  
Nor vicious appetites by wealth indulg'd  
And pamper'd to the most refined excess,  
The soul enslaving, and extinguishing  
All virtuous impulse to heroic deeds.  
No ;—but by wielding valor's pow'rful arm  
To gain the fame due to his own exploits ;  
By vigilance ; by glorious feats perform'd  
In polish'd mail ; by braving fearful storms  
And mountain-waves, and every extreme  
Of heat and cold in regions shelterless ;  
By resignation to putrescent food  
Season'd by famine and impending death ;  
By forcing the pale aspect to assume  
The mien of cheerfulness and confidence,  
While from the cannon's mouth the fatal ball  
Or maims, or kills a comrade in the field.

'Tis thus the breast with noble fortitude  
Is steel'd, and thus is taught titles and wealth  
To spurn:—titles and wealth ! offspring of pride,

And not of virtue, just but yet severe!  
Thus is the mind exalted and matur'd  
By arduous trials and long experience,  
And calmly views, as from an eminence,  
The low involv'd concerns of human life.  
If equal justice grace the Monarch's Throne,  
Excluding thence undue partiality,  
High in the state will such a sage be rais'd,  
And forc'd reluctant to accept command.

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# **THE LUSIAD.**

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**CANTO VII.**



# THE LUSIAD.

## CANTO VII.

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At length the Lusian Armada reach'd  
Those Eastern Lands, long with cupidity  
By others sought, which Indus' mighty stream  
And sacred-founted Ganges circumflow.

Behold, brave Nation, ye who seek in war  
To bear the palm of glorious victory,  
The Realms of India now before ye lie,  
With wealth of ev'ry kind abundantly  
Enrich'd. Illustrious Race, from Lusus sprung,  
Though small your portion of the universe,  
And smaller still the part which ye possess  
Within the Great Celestial Shepherd's Fold—  
Ye, whom no perils can intimidate,  
Or check your conquests o'er the Infidel—  
Unavaricious, and obedient <sup>1</sup>

To Her whose spirit dwells in Heav'n above—  
Few though in number, yet of dauntless soul,  
And, heedless of disparity of force,  
Dooming yourselves to death, with pious zeal,  
The Law by which Eternal Life is gain'd  
To propagate :—Heav'n has decreed for you,  
That, though but few ye be, yet mighty things  
For Holy Faith by you shall be achiev'd :  
Thus Christ shall your humility exalt !

See the proud German, whose dominion  
O'er territories vast extends, rebels  
'Gainst Him who Peter's trust inherited,  
Choosing another Guide, and Dogmas new<sup>e</sup>  
Inventing. See him wage unholy wars,  
Not satisfied blind error to assail  
In contest with the haughty Ottoman,  
But from the Sov'reign Pontiff's yoke himself  
To liberate. The Briton fierce behold<sup>s</sup>  
O'er sacred Sion, which so long the race  
Of Ishmael sway'd, styling himself the King :  
Vain usurpation, and to truth oppos'd.  
For recreation in his Boreal clime  
New schemes of Christianity he frames,



And bares his sword against the Followers  
Of Christ, and not blest Salem to regain.  
But while he disregards the sacred Law  
Of the celestial Jerusalem,  
A false and unbelieving King profanes<sup>4</sup>  
Terrestrial Sion with unhallow'd sway.

How shall I thee, unworthy Gaul! address—<sup>5</sup>  
Thou who desir'st “Most Christian” to be call'd,  
Not to defend and guard that sacred name,  
But to destroy its pow'rful influence?—  
Dost thou pretend dominion to acquire  
O'er other Christian countries, whilst thy own  
Already is so vast? Why not direct  
Thy arms against Cyniphio and the Nile—  
Rivers profane? Why not thy sword's keen edge  
Essay on those who to the Church of Christ  
Hostility profess? The name and crown  
Of Charles and Lewis thou inheritest—  
Why not their Holy Wars?—How shall I speak  
Of those who in luxurious indolence,  
And vicious opulence, their lives consume,  
Unmindful of their ancient glorious fame,  
And arming 'gainst themselves the people's hate

By their tyrannical abuse of power ?  
'Tis thy fate, fallen Italy! I mourn—<sup>6</sup>  
To vice abandon'd—to thyself a foe!

Unhappy Christians! Like the Serpent's teeth  
By Cadmus strewn, and chang'd to armed men,  
Each other ye devote to cruel death,  
Though all the same Maternal Parent own.  
Behold ye not the Holy Sepulchre<sup>7</sup>  
In the unhallow'd hands of Moslem dogs,  
Who join in firmest union to subdue  
Your ancient patrimony, and to gain  
Celebrity in arms? And see ye not  
That, as a fix'd, inviolable Law,  
They have decreed hostilities to wage  
Incessantly against the faithful flock  
Of Christ? The fierce Alecto ne'er desists  
From scattering amongst your ranks the brands  
Of discord. How then can ye e'er prevail—  
Foes to yourselves—against the enemy?  
If, by ambition fired, ye sally forth  
Conquests in distant countries to achieve,  
Forget ye Hermus and Pactolus roll  
Their flowing currents over golden sands?

In Lydia and Assyria costly works  
In gold are wrought, and Africa conceals  
Its precious veins. Let dazzling wealth like this  
To arms incite, since to redeem the Tomb  
Of Christ inspires you not. Let, then, those new,  
Destructive, direful instruments of death,  
Their fatal execution prove against  
Ancient Byzantium's castellated walls!  
Drive to their sylvan fastnesses and caves,  
'Midst Caspian ridges and bleak Scythian hills,  
That Turkish generation which entwines  
Itself with Europe's rich and Christian states.  
Thracians, Armenians, Georgians and Greeks,  
Demand your aid, lamenting their sad fate,  
Forc'd by that Sect their children to devote  
To the false precepts of the Alcoran.  
Exult, henceforth, your prowess to display,  
Chastising such profane inhuman deeds,  
And cease unworthily to arrogate  
The praise of victory o'er Christian arms.  
But whilst—O blind, infatuated race!  
Ye satiate your thirst for kindred blood,  
Still Christian heroism shall adorn  
The small, illustrious Lusitanian state.

On Afric's coast her conqu'ring banners wave ;  
Her power in Asia predominates ;  
By her is plough'd the New-discover'd World,<sup>8</sup>  
And more, if more existed, she would trace.

From this digression let us now pursue  
The course of our intrepid Mariners,  
Since lovely Venus with resistless charms  
The fury of the elements assuag'd,  
And since they first descried the Orient land—  
The end at which their arduous labors aim'd—  
Whither they came Christ's Holy Law to spread,  
New customs to establish, and erect  
Another Throne.—As they approach'd the coast,  
Innumerable light fishing skiffs they saw,  
And from their crews learn'd that their landward course  
To Calicut, where dwelt themselves, would lead.  
Thither their gallant prows they now inclin'd ;  
For that, of all the chief and wealthy towns  
Of Malabar, was then the Capital.  
There, too, the potent Eastern Monarch liv'd.

Between the Indus and the Ganges lies  
A wide extended region, highly fam'd,

Which on the South is bounded by the sea,  
And by Emoda's cavern'd heights towards  
The North. Subject to various Kings, its laws,  
Its superstitions vary, too ;—While some  
The rites profane of Måhomet pursue,  
Others base Idols, and e'en Animals  
Obscene adore. There, on the lofty ridge,  
Which intersects the Asian Continent,  
By various names distinguish'd in its range  
O'er regions of indefinite extent,  
The sources spring of those majestic Streams  
Which flow in solemn grandeur, and expire,  
Lost in the Gulf of Ind, and in their course  
An Oriental Chersonesus form.  
From the broad space which intervenes between  
These mighty Floods, a lengthen'd tongue of land,  
In shape pyramidal, extends its point  
Far into Ocean's lap, and Ceylon's Isle  
Confronts. And near the Ganges' sacred fount  
The natives (thus at least tradition tells)  
Contented sought no other sustenance,  
Than the sweet fragrance of delicious flow'rs.  
But now, new names and usages prevail,  
And diff'rent now are the inhabitants :—

The Delhians and Patàns, who all surpass  
In numbers and in territorial power—  
The Decans and Orissans who repose  
In murmuring Ganges' consecrated waves  
Their pious hopes; and those who cultivate  
Bengal's exuberantly fertile soil—  
The warlike Kingdom of Cambaia, where,  
'Tis said, the pow'rful Monarch, Porus, reign'd—  
The Kingdom of Narsinga, more renown'd  
For gold and precious stones, than valiant hearts.  
Here from the billowy flood is far descried  
A mountain ridge, which, through a long extent,  
A lofty barrier forms, that Malabar  
Defends against the bord'ring hostile race  
Of Canarà; Gatè the natives call  
The Serra, and, along its sloping base,  
A narrow slip of land extends, expos'd  
To all the fury of the lashing waves.  
Here, among other splendid cities, tow'rs,<sup>10</sup>  
Far beyond all in grandeur, Calicut—  
The rich and gorgeous Indian Capital,  
Where, with imperial sway, reigns Samorim.

When the Armada reach'd the noble Port

Gama dispatch'd a courteous Messenger,  
Forthwith the Heathen Monarch to apprise  
Of his arrival in these parts remote.  
As he ascended an adjoining stream  
Which flows into the restless Deep, his air,  
Complexion, countenance and foreign garb,  
The gaze attracted of admiring crowds.  
Amongst the concourse who to see him flock'd,  
Came a benevolent Mahomedan,  
A native of the coast of Barbary,  
Where anciently Antæus was obey'd.  
Whether he Lusitania had known  
From his own natal soil's proximity,  
Or whether he in war her sword had felt,  
To distant banishment he seem'd by fate  
Condemn'd. When he the Messenger beheld,  
With cheerful mien, and in the Spanish tongue,  
He thus accosted him:—" To this new world—  
So far from thy own Lusitania—  
Who has conducted thee?" " Ploughing the Deep,"  
He answer'd, " where no mortal e'er before  
Had been, we come the Indus' mighty stream  
To seek, and there to propagate the Law  
Divine." The Moor, (Monsaidè nam'd,) amaz'd,

Heard him the long protracted voyage relate,  
And all the arduous perils they endur'd  
While traversing such boundless, trackless seas;  
But when he found the Messenger was sent  
To wait the Indian King's supreme commands,  
He told him that beyond the City's walls,  
But at short distance, was his residence;  
And offer'd, till intelligence should reach  
The Monarch, of this wonderful event,  
His humble habitation for repose,  
With such refreshment as his means supplied ;  
Proposing, after recreation due,  
With him on board th' Armada to return.  
What greater pleasure in a Foreign Land  
Can the heart feel, than, unexpectedly,  
A Friend to recognize ! The Lusian  
Monsaidè's hospitality with joy  
Accepted, and, like friends of ancient date,  
The cheerful meal, without reserve, they shared.

Returning from the City to the Fleet  
(A sight before familiar to the Moor)  
They climb'd the noble Vasco's Ship, where all  
Monsaidè with benignity receiv'd.



The great Commander, with extreme delight,  
Embrac'd him, hearing the Castilian tongue,  
And, seated near each other, much they spoke  
Of all which might the nature of this State  
Explain. As erst the Woods in Rhodope  
To hear the Lover of Euridicè  
Assembled, when he swept his golden Lyre,  
So there collected stood the list'ning crowd  
Around the Moor, who thus the throng address'd:

“ Illustrious Race, whose native country lies  
Near my paternal soil—what destiny,  
What fortune tempted you to this emprise?  
Not without urgent and mysterious cause  
From distant Tagus and the Minio  
Ye come o'er seas, by other prows unplough'd,  
To these remote and unknown regions.  
Certain it is that God hath brought you here  
His purposes divine to execute;  
And, for this end, to guide you hath vouchsaf'd,  
Secure from every deadly enemy,  
And from all perils of the winds and waves.  
Know, then, before you lie India's vast realms,  
Happy and populous, and rich in gold,

Diamonds of purest lustre, sweet perfumes,  
And aromatic spice. The Province where<sup>11</sup>  
In port your vessels ride, is Malabar.  
Here, superstition, as in ancient times,  
In prostrate adoration bends before  
The shrine of Idols. Now, reign many Kings,  
Where formerly (if true the voice of Fame)  
Sarama Perimal his sceptre sway'd  
With undivided, undisputed pow'r.  
But then migrated to this land a Sect  
That from the centre of Arabia came,  
And here Mahometism introduc'd:  
The Faith in which myself was born. At length,  
Inculcating their creed with eloquence,  
They Perimal converted. So inspir'd  
Was he with zeal for his adopted Faith,  
That, as a sainted Proselyte, he hop'd  
To die. Ships richly laden he prepar'd,  
And as a Pilgrim he embark'd to seek  
The Holy City where the Prophet lies,  
Whose promulgated law he reverenc'd.  
Before he left the East, his pow'ful states,  
Having no heir, between his Favorites,  
He subdivided, and thus wealth conferred

On those who once were poor, and freedom gave  
To faithful vassals. One Cochim receiv'd,  
And to another's share fell Cananor,  
While Cranganor, Chalè, Coulam, the Isle  
Where spice abundant grows, as seemed best,  
'Mongst the most worthy he distributed.  
Completed this partition, came a youth  
Whom long with much affection he had lov'd,  
And for him Calicut, now rich and great,  
Alone remain'd. But this to him he gave,  
Raising him to Imperial rank above  
The rest. The name supreme of Samorim,  
The Youth and his Descendants thence assum'd,  
Down to the Prince who now the Empire rules.  
Thus of all vain and worldly pomp himself  
Divesting, he his country left, to close  
His life in pilgrimage and sanctity.

“ Crude is the worship here of rich and poor,  
And fram'd in fabulous absurdities.  
Raiment, except where native modesty  
Demands a veil, they wholly disregard.  
Two classes here society divide:  
The Nayres who form the nobles of the land,

And the Polèas, doom'd by ancient Law  
Ne'er with the former caste to intermix ;  
For those who are to one employment born,  
In holy marriage never can unite  
With any other class, and children thus  
Their parents' changeless destiny pursue  
In endless perpetuity. The Nayres  
Hold it pollution to be touch'd by these ;  
And if such dreaded contact should occur,  
Ablutions infinite they deem alone  
The foul impurity may cleanse : Like Jews <sup>12</sup>  
Of old, who people of Samaria  
Thus scornful shunn'd. Customs more strange than  
these  
Here you will find establish'd and observ'd.

“ The Nayres alone to arms themselves devote  
Their King against his border enemies  
With valor to defend, and at all times  
With sword and shield completely are equipp'd.  
Brahmins their Priests are call'd, an ancient name  
Of sanctified pre-eminence. The rules  
And celebrated precepts they observe

Of him\* who first the true foundation laid  
Of science. They no living animal  
Destroy, and from their flesh most rigidly  
Abstain; but in Love's softest intercourse  
They less restraint upon themselves impose.  
Promiscuous is the commerce of the sex  
With all who kindred with their husbands claim;  
But yet their social happiness remains  
Free from the wretched and corroding pangs  
Of jealousy: such customs singular  
And various prevail in Malabar—  
While to its Ports the products of the East,  
From China to the Nile, abundant flow.”

Thus spake the Moor. In the mean time throughout  
The City circulating the report  
Of the arrival of this Foreign Race,  
The King sent Messengers to ascertain  
Its truth. Surrounded by the populace  
Of every rank, and sex, and age, they pass'd  
Through the astonish'd multitude to seek  
The great Commander of the Lusian Fleet.  
Permitted by the King to disembark,

\* Pythagoras.

The noble Gama splendidly attir'd,  
And by a few distinguish'd Lusians  
Accompanied, in haste approach'd the shore.  
The diff'rent colors of his gorgeous dress  
Delighted and amaz'd th' assembled crowds,  
While by the stately measur'd oar impell'd  
His bark tow'rds land majestically steer'd.  
Upon the beach waited an officer,  
Call'd, in the native tongue, a Catual,  
By Nayres surrounded, Gama to receive  
With public honors and unwonted pomp.  
Soon as he joyful press'd the Indian soil,  
They in their arms convey'd him to a couch,  
And seated in a splendid Palanquin,  
By men supported, he triumphantly  
Was borne. The Catual and the Lusian thus  
Proceeded to the Palace of the King,  
While by the noble Gama's side his suite,  
Like martial infantry, in order march'd.  
To see the strangers flock'd from every part  
A concourse infinite, confus'd and lost  
In admiration. Much to ask they wish'd—  
But this to them of old in Babel's Tow'r<sup>13</sup>  
Had been denied. Meantime the Catual

And Gama with each other converse held  
As they proceeded, while the Moor perform'd  
For both the duty of interpreter.

The City traversing, at length they reach'd  
A Temple sumptuous and magnificent,  
Constructed for their superstitious rites.  
Arriving at the gates, the edifice  
They enter'd. There the figures of their Gods,  
Sculptur'd in stone, and carved in wood, were seen,  
In shape and colors strange and various,  
Such as the Demon might himself have form'd.  
There monsters stood amongst their Deities—<sup>14</sup>  
Direful Chimæras in similitude:  
A sight profane, painful to Christian eyes  
Accustom'd the true God to contemplate  
In human form. One sculptur'd horns displays,  
Like Ammon, who of old in Lybia  
Was worshipp'd; and one bi-fac'd appears,  
As Janus was in ancient times pourtray'd.  
Another wide extends his hundred arms,  
And seems Briareus to imitate,  
While, near, a countenance canine protrudes,  
Like Anabis, in Memphis erst ador'd.

After their Heathen Guide had here perform'd  
His superstitious adorations, straight,  
Without delay, or circuit, they advanc'd  
Towards the Palace of the King. The train  
Of curious spectators constantly  
Increas'd, on Gama and his suit to gaze.  
Cover'd were all the roofs, the windows fill'd  
With old and young, mix'd with the softer sex.  
Proceeding with impatient steps, they soon<sup>15</sup>  
The gardens odoriferous approach'd  
In which the Royal Palace was conceal'd;  
For tho' magnificent, no lofty towers  
Its site disclos'd. The noble residence  
Amidst delightful and luxuriant woods  
Embosom'd lay. Thus live their Kings, and blend  
Nature's sweet scenes with all the City's pomp.

The gates which close the entrance to this spot  
Proofs exquisite of the Dædalian art  
Exhibited. There Sculpture told the tale  
Of India's most remote antiquity;  
And with such spirit was the history  
Related of those ages long elaps'd,  
That he to whom its records are reveal'd,



From these fictitious images their truth  
Might recognize. A num'rous host is seen  
The East invading where Hydaspes flows,  
Commanded by a Hero,\* sleek and young,  
Who in the fight a verdant Thyrsus wields:  
So faithfully the youth is figur'd here  
That Semele would instant own her son.  
Nisa's fair city on the flowery banks  
Of that renowned stream by him was built.  
Here, too, Assyrian multitudes are seen  
Whose thirst th' exhausted flood left unallay'd.  
A female† of transcendant loveliness,  
But as incontinent as beautiful,  
These Myriads obey. There sculptur'd stands<sup>16</sup>  
The object of her base unbridled lust,  
Which for her son more than maternal love  
Had dar'd to prompt: such impious passions rag'd  
In her incestuous soul! And near these wav'd  
The glorious banners of immortal Greece,<sup>17</sup>  
In rank, Third Empire of the World; in pow'r,  
Extending to the fam'd Gangetic Stream.  
Young was their Great Commander, and with palms

\* Bacchus.

† Semiramis.

Of victory his martial brow was grac'd.  
Soaring beyond his royal birth he claim'd  
Celestial descent from Jove himself.

While these historical memorials  
The Lusians view'd, the Catual thus spake  
To Gama. " Shortly will the time arrive,<sup>18</sup>  
When other conquests will the memory  
Of these efface, of which the history  
Will be recorded by a Foreign pen.  
Our learned Magi these events foretold  
When speculating on futurity;  
And magic science, further, this reveal'd—  
That, to oppose this overwhelming fate,  
Human resistance never could avail—  
For human skill against the will of Heav'n  
Is powerless; and that, in peace and war,  
These Strangers should the natives so excel,  
That even glorious it should be deem'd  
By conquerors like these to be subdued."

Conversing thus they enter'd the Saloon,<sup>19</sup>  
In which the potent Emperor reclin'd  
Upon a couch of peerless costliness,

And wrought with exquisitely curious art.  
In this recumbent attitude his air  
A Monarch happy and belov'd evinc'd.  
His robes were gorgeously magnificent,  
And snowy pearls and precious gems his head  
Adorn'd; while near him, upon bended knees,  
An aged Courtier at times supplied  
The King with verdant aromatic herbs,\*  
As was his constant use, to masticate.  
A Brahmin (there a person sacred held)  
With gentle step to Gama then advanc'd,  
Him to present to the illustrious Prince,  
Who near his person with a gracious nod  
To him a seat assign'd. Gama obey'd,  
While all his suit more distant stood. His eyes  
The Samorim with gazing riveted  
Upon these wondrous strangers, unlike all  
He e'er had seen. Raising his manly voice,  
Which on the King and all his Court produc'd  
A deep impression, thus the Noble Chief,  
By wisdom prompted, to the Monarch spake :

\* With Betel.

“ A potent Sovereign, whose Kingdoms lie  
Beyond the bounds where, in its circling course,  
The Earth the solar splendor intercepts,  
And o'er the East a veil of darkness spreads,  
Hearing, by Rumor's wide-extending voice,  
That all the spacious Realms of India  
Obedience to thy royal sceptre yield,  
Desires with thee in bonds of amity  
To be united, and to thee thus far  
He sends, to intimate that all the rich  
And various productions of each State,  
By sea or land, from Tagus to the Nile  
Convey'd, or brought from Zealand's frozen coast,  
Or Ethiopia, where the ardent Sun  
Leaves uncurtail'd the space of cheerful day :  
All these in his Dominions copiously  
Abound. If thou alliance wilt contract,  
Founded in peace, and Friendship's sacred bonds,  
And in a frank and mutual interchange  
Of all the various products of each land,  
(For nations ever are most prosperous  
Where industry and commerce most prevail)  
Thy own dominions from such union  
Glory immense and profit would derive.

If thus it be—in order that these bonds  
Of amity more firmly may be knit,  
Promptly in every emergency  
By which in war thy Kingdom may be press'd,  
Armies and Fleets my Sov'reign will supply,  
If as a Royal Brother he may thee  
Henceforth esteem. To this proposal, deign,  
O King, thy will sublime to intimate."

When Gama had his embassy explain'd,  
The Heathen Monarch courteously replied,  
That glorious he deem'd it to receive  
Ambassadors from such a distant land;  
But that his final pleasure should be known,  
After he with his Council had conferr'd,  
And when more certain knowledge he obtain'd  
Of his Great King, his Country, and Himself;  
And that the interim he might devote  
To recreation from his labors pass'd,  
Prepar'd, without delay, to be dispatch'd  
With such reply as well should please his King.

Night now approach'd, and clos'd in sweet repose  
The task of daily toil, while balmy sleep

To wearied limbs their wonted strength restor'd,  
Sealing each eye by its resistless power.

Appointed was a splendid residence  
For Gama and for all his Lusian suite  
Within the Palace of the Indian King,  
Where, 'midst luxurious hospitalities,  
Contentedly they liv'd. The Catual,  
His duty faithfully discharging, sought  
To ascertain from whence these strangers came,  
The Country they inhabited, their Laws  
And Customs. Soon as the resplendent Car  
He saw, in which the graceful Delian youth  
Brings the new day, a Messenger he sent  
Monsaidè's attendance to command,  
And with impatience urg'd him to declare,  
Since he had heard their country and his own  
Adjoin'd, if accurate intelligence  
He of these strangers could communicate ;  
And that the more he could of them impart,  
The greater were the service to the King,  
Who thus would ampler means possess to judge  
The wisest policy to be pursued.

Monsaidè then replied: " E'en should I wish  
Much to reveal, little can I to thee  
Disclose. They come from fam'd Iberia, <sup>20</sup>  
Near my paternal home, and where the sun  
Beneath the waves retires. The sacred Law  
They follow, of that Prophet who was born  
Of a pure Virgin, and himself the Word  
Of God, and Sovereign Lord of all the world.  
Their bravery in sanguinary war  
In ancient times, throughout my native land,  
Was signaliz'd by splendid deeds of arms,  
And by the conquests which those arms achiev'd;  
For they, with valor supernatural,  
Abandoning the rich luxuriant plains  
By Tagus and the Guadiana bath'd,  
Themselves distinguish'd by illustrious feats.  
Insatiate of glory, stormy seas  
They travers'd, and invaded Africa,  
And, violating our security,  
Our cities and our lofty fortresses  
They captur'd. Nor less bravery and skill  
In various other wars have they display'd,  
Either against Iberia's martial states,  
Or those which lie beyond the Pyrenees.

Nor has in conflict with their warlike foes  
Their valor yielded to a foreign lance.  
To thee I may declare that hitherto  
No conquering Marcellus has appear'd  
Against these Hannibals. If what I state  
Be insufficient deem'd, these Lusians  
Themselves consult. They sacred truth revere,  
And falsehood and duplicity abhor.—  
Go, and behold their pow'rful Fleet, their arms,  
Their irresistible artillery,  
And all their policy in peace and war  
Thy boundless admiration will command."

Th' Idolater then ardently desir'd  
To see the wonders by the Moor describ'd,  
And, ordering his barks to be equipp'd,  
To visit the Armada he prepar'd.  
Together from the crowded shore they steer'd  
Attended by innumerable Nayres,  
Dark'ning the waves. Soon Vasco's noble ship  
They climb'd, and by his brother courteously  
Were welcom'd. Under purple canopies  
They pass'd, and ensigns of the richest silk,  
On which were wrought the glorious feats of arms



Which Lusian valor had achiev'd. Art there <sup>21</sup>  
Truly had pictur'd war's terrific scenes,  
When armies clash'd and heroes singly fought.

Fix'd with astonishment the Heathen stood,  
Gazing insatiate with admiring eyes.  
Their subjects he inquir'd; but Gama first  
Solicited he would himself repose,  
And taste those pleasures of the festive board  
In which Epicureans take delight.  
From foaming beakers flow'd the rosy juice  
Which Noah to posterity bequeath'd;  
But all these luxuries the Heathen saw,  
Yet tasted not, forbidden by his sect.

The trumpet which, in peace, the mind inflames  
With martial ardor by its warlike notes,  
Now rent the air, and from the cannon's mouth  
Roar'd the loud thunder o'er the swelling waves.  
The Indian, marvelling, these things observ'd,  
But most intently fix'd his wond'ring mind <sup>22</sup>  
Upon the singular, illustrious deeds  
Of the Great Heroes, which mute poetry  
Had there pourtray'd. Sudden he rose; and, next,

The Gamas, and Coelho, and the Moor;  
And on the portrait of a warrior gaz'd,<sup>23</sup>  
Of venerable mien, and grey with years,  
The mem'ry of whose glorious name will last  
Long as the social fabric of the world.  
His costume was in perfect Grecian taste.  
In his right hand, to designate his birth,  
A branch he held: a branch . . . but ah! how blind  
Am I—how rash without you to explore,  
Ye Nymphs of Tagus' and Mondego's banks,  
A path so long, so intricate and steep!  
Your favor I invoke—for I am launch'd  
Upon the wide and open sea, with winds  
So unpropitious, that my fragile bark  
If you assist not, soon, I fear, must sink.  
Long has my patriotic strain aspir'd  
To celebrate your Tagus' smiling stream,  
And fav'rite Lusians; while Fortune led  
My wand'ring steps new labors to endure,  
New dangers to assail, both on the Deep  
And midst the terrors of the battle-field;  
Like Canacè, dooming herself to death,<sup>24</sup>  
Grasping in either hand the pen and sword;  
Now by abhorred poverty oppress'd,

And humbled shelter to demand beneath  
Another's roof. Now to the pinnacle  
Of hope exalted, lower still to fall ;  
Escaping then from danger imminent,  
Where life, suspended by a single thread,  
Alone could by a miracle be sav'd—  
Not less than that which, in the olden time, <sup>25</sup>  
The days of Judah's King prolong'd. Nor yet,  
O Nymphs, was fill'd my cup of misery ;  
For even those for whom my lyre I tun'd,  
The chalice drugg'd to nauseate the draught.  
Instead of the repose for which I sigh'd—  
Instead of laurels to adorn my brow—  
With malice, yet unparallel'd, they sought  
My sad and wretched lot to aggravate.  
See, then, ye Nymphs, what elevated minds  
Your fav'rite stream hath nourish'd and produc'd !  
See with what noble generosity  
They recompense the verse that deathless fame  
On them confers ! What bright examples thus  
Are given to animate poetic fire,  
And tempt the Muse hereafter to rehearse  
Deeds worthy of immortal memory !

But while to adverse fortune thus expos'd,  
Withdraw not from your ardent votary  
Your needful aid ; for now sublimest themes  
Command me to exalt my humble strain.  
Withdraw it not—for solemnly I swear,  
Ne'er to employ my verse unworthily,  
Nor e'er with servile praise to laud the great.  
If I my vow neglect, let me be charg'd  
With base ingratitude. Nor yet believe,  
Ye Nymphs, that I the man would celebrate,  
Who to his King, and to the common weal,  
His own vile interest should dare prefer—  
Both to divine and human law a foe.  
Nor will I sing in praise of him who aims  
The highest posts ambitiously to fill,  
Solely by the abuse of pow'r to give  
More scope to his career of vice : Nor yet  
Of him, who, to servility a slave,  
To please the fickle and capricious mob,  
Would all the forms of Proteus assume.  
Think not, ye sweet Camœnæ, that my verse  
Him would extol, who, with the placid mien  
Of probity, even to please his King,  
Would dare the poor to plunder and despoil ;

Nor him who holds it just to execute  
The royal pleasure with severity,  
But not unjust from toiling industry  
The earn'd reward of labor to withhold ;  
Nor him who, inexpert, still ever seeks  
With base pretexts, which he prudential deems,  
To tax, with a severe, unsparing hand,  
The toils of others, while he lives at ease.

In praise of those alone I sweep my lyre,  
Who for their God and King the gift of life  
Freely have hazarded, gaining, when lost,  
Eternal fame by their illustrious deeds.  
Apollo and the Muses then will grant  
Their votary still more celestial fire,  
While in repose he tranquilly prepares  
With fresh delight his theme to recommence.

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**THE LUSIAD.**

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CANTO VIII.





# THE LUSIAD.

## CANTO VIII.

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STILL with fix'd eyes the Catual admir'd  
The venerable Figure pictur'd there,  
With air majestic and a snowy beard,  
Holding, for his device, a verdant branch  
In his right hand, and eagerly inquir'd  
His name, and what this singular device  
To typify was meant; when Paulo thus,  
Aided by the Interpreter, replied:

The Figures thus exhibited, whose mien<sup>1</sup>  
So fiercely bold and martial here appears,  
Are by their various deeds well known to fame,  
More fierce, more bold than art hath them pourtray'd.  
To ancient times they appertain, but yet  
Their names among our perfect Heroes shine  
Resplendent. Lusus here thou may'st perceive,

From whom our Kingdom Lusitania  
Is nam'd. Son and Companion was this Chief  
Of the great Theban Conqueror,\* and came  
Pursuing his victorious career  
To the Iberian Peninsula.  
Delighted with the rich Elysian plains  
By Douro and by Guadiana bath'd,  
There he resolv'd to give his wearied bones  
Eternal sepulture, and to ourselves  
An ever during name. The branch he holds  
Is the same Thyrsus erst by Bacchus us'd,  
Which in these times we as a proof regard  
He lov'd him as a Comrade and a Son.

See yonder Chief on Tagus' flow'ry banks :  
He, after perils infinite by sea  
Endur'd, built here the City's walls, and rais'd  
A Temple to record his gratitude :  
This is Ulysses, upon whom the gift  
Of eloquence by Pallas was conferr'd :  
And if, in Asia, far-fam'd Troy he burn'd,  
To him in Europe Lisbon owes its birth.

\* Bacchus.

But who is He—the Catual inquir'd—  
Whose splendid ensigns Eagles decorate,  
And, furious with rage, covers with dead  
The battle-field, and countless hosts defeats?

Gama\* replied: He was a Pastor once,  
Tending, with humble care, his herds and flocks;  
His name is Viriatus, and the lance  
More dext'rously he branded than his staff.  
Fam'd as a Conqueror invincible,  
He dimm'd the glory of Imperial Rome,  
Who to him neither show'd, nor dar'd to show,  
The courteous offices which Pyrrhus erst  
From her receiv'd. Not fairly, but by fraud,  
Insidiously she sacrific'd the life  
She dreaded. Thus, at times, excess of fear  
May even the magnanimous seduce  
Honor to violate.—And here behold  
Another, who in exile join'd with us  
In arms against his native land; and well  
He chose with Lusians to unite, to gain  
Eternal fame. He also vanquished

\* Paulo de Gama, brother of Vasco.

With us those ensigns\* which the fav'rite birds  
Of Jove adorn'd; for then our arms subdued  
The nations that in war were most renown'd.  
See to what subtle arts he had recourse,  
Th' attachment of the people to secure;  
This is Sertorius, with his device:  
A Stag oracular which he rever'd.

The other ensign now regard, wherein  
The great Progenitor of our first kings  
Appears pourtray'd. A brave Hungarian  
We deem him; others to Lorrain his birth  
Pretend to trace. When all the haughty Moors,  
Galicians, and the noble Leonese,  
Were vanquish'd, to the Holy Sepulchre  
The pious Henry went to sanctify  
The stock ancestral of the Lusian Kings.

Then ask'd th' astonish'd Indian: Who is he,  
That, with so small a force, such martial hosts  
And squadrons hath defeated and destroy'd,  
Forcing the strongest fortresses to yield,  
And ever in the field against his foes;

\* The Roman Eagles.

While, at his feet, standards and royal crowns—  
Trophies of monarchs conquer'd—prostrate lie ?

This is the First Alphonso, Gama said,  
Who Lusitania from the Moorish yoke releas'd ;  
For whom Fame swore a solemn Stygian oath,  
No more to celebrate the Roman name.  
Inspir'd with pious ardor, and belov'd  
Of God, he, by his aid, the Moors subdued,  
And conquered all their principalities.  
Nor aught he left to be thenceforth achiev'd  
By his successors. If a force so small  
Cæsar or Alexander had possess'd,  
To cope with such innumerable hosts  
As were defeated by this valiant King,  
Think not that their achievements e'er had gain'd  
Such glorious and such immortal names.

But let us turn from his stupendous deeds,  
His Vassal's heroism to admire.

He whose severe indignant glance reproves  
His royal pupil, driven from the field,  
Exhorting him his widely scatter'd troops

To re-assemble, and renew the fight—  
And, thus persuaded by the Veteran,  
Returns and vanquishes the enemy—  
He is the model of fidelity,  
And Egaz Moniz is the Hero's name.  
His children to deliver and himself,  
He comes, barefooted, and prepar'd to die,  
Because Alphonso to fulfil refus'd  
The solemn promise given to submit  
To the Castilian King; for Moniz thus  
Judiciously had rais'd th' advancing siege.  
To save his Sov'reign, he himself condemns,  
With his dear offspring and beloved wife.  
The Consul, in the Caudine Pass surpriz'd,  
Less magnanimity display'd, when forc'd  
To yield to his triumphant enemies,  
And march beneath the base Samnitic yoke.  
To satisfy th' insulted Roman State,  
A willing sacrifice himself alone  
He gave;—but Moniz yielded up himself,  
And, far more painful still, his guiltless wife,  
With all the pledges of their love.— There see  
Another, who the Moorish King surpriz'd  
And captur'd, while the City he besieg'd :

A martial deed worthy of Mars himself.  
In yon Armada also he appears,  
The Moors to death consigning on the waves :  
Their gallies he destroy'd, and gain'd the first  
Of all our glorious naval victories.  
This Chief is Don Fuas Roupinio,<sup>2</sup>  
Whose fame is widely spread o'er sea and land.  
'Twas he that memorable feat achiev'd—  
The conflagration of the Moorish Fleet—  
Near Abyla. See how contentedly  
He in such holy war his life resigns,  
While by the Mauritanian sword his soul,  
Releas'd, triumphant in the realms of bliss  
Its just reward receives.—Dost thou discern<sup>3</sup>  
A bold and martial band, in foreign garb,  
Descending from their Fleet, with pious zeal  
Alphonso to assist in Lisbon's siege?  
Among these Knights, Henry was most renown'd ;  
Behold the Palm-tree growing near his tomb,  
In proof miraculous of Heav'n's regard.  
To Germany these Martyrs ow'd their birth.

Yon Warrior-Priest, who brandishes his sword,<sup>4</sup>  
Arronches captur'd, to avenge the loss

Of Leiria which before had fall'n,  
Vanquish'd by those who for Mahòmet wield  
The lance. This is Don Teotonio.

Next in the siege of Santarem behold  
The confidence with which a Hero scales  
Foremost the walls, the Lusian banners there  
To plant, and trace him then, where Sancho's sword  
Defeats the fierce Vandalian Moors in war,  
Their standard-bearer sending to the shades,  
And trampling in the dust th' Hispalic Flag.  
This is the younger Moniz, who displays<sup>5</sup>  
The valor of his Father, now at rest  
Within the tomb. Worthy is he to grace  
These Ensigns, who the hostile Pennon wrests,  
While he his own exalts.—Now him observe,  
Who with two bleeding heads of sentinels  
Descends the turret, and in ambush lies ;  
Till sallying forth, by boldness and by craft  
He gains the city, whose adopted arms  
This gallant Knight with the cold, trunkless heads  
Display, to celebrate this matchless deed.  
Giraldo is this fearless Cavalier.<sup>6</sup>



Remark that fierce Castilian, in revenge <sup>7</sup>  
Against the Ninth Alphonso, and the House  
Of Lara, joining with the Moorish foe,  
To point his lance against his Country's breast.  
Abrantes' ancient City he subdues,  
Lending disloyal aid to Infidels ;  
But by a valiant Lusian is himself  
Routed and captur'd in his base career.  
Lopez is the heroic, gallant Knight,  
Who from him snatch'd the palm of victory.

But here a warlike Dignitary see <sup>8</sup>  
Turning his Crozier into lance of steel ;  
Alone amidst his fearful followers,  
Undaunted, he persists in challenging  
The haughty Moor, when lo ! the Heav'ns display  
A sign which their timidity dispels.  
Then were the Moorish Kings of Cordova,  
Of Seville, and of Badajoz, and Jaen,  
Routed and slain : a miracle by Heav'n  
Perform'd, and not a wondrous deed by man  
Achiev'd. Then fell, defenceless, Alcacer ;  
For what could wall of steel itself avail

Against Mattheus, who there gain'd the meed  
Of victory—a glorious crown of palms.

Yonder behold a Master of St. James,<sup>9</sup>  
A valiant Son of Lusitania, conquering  
The Kingdoms of Algarvè, where no arm  
His rapid course of victory could check.  
With skill, and bravery, and stars benign,  
He towns and forts by bold assault subdues,  
And takes Tavilla, to avenge the death  
Of Seven Comrades treacherously slain,  
Unguarded, in the chase. Expert in war,  
Silvès he captures, which the Moor had gain'd  
With force immense. Correa is his name,  
Envied by all for martial heroism.

But pass not by the three renowned Knights<sup>10</sup>  
Who fame eternal sought in France and Spain,  
In combats, and in jousts, and tournaments;  
And still in each left trophies of their skill.  
Dost thou perceive them? These adventurers  
Came to Castile, and bore away each prize  
In all Bellona's sanguinary sports,

Which to their brave opponents fatal prov'd.  
See vanquish'd the proud Spanish Cavaliers,  
Slain by the Lusian whom they dar'd defy.  
This Champion is the fam'd Ribeiro,  
Who fear'd not Lethe's cold, oblivious law.

Now observe one whom Fame delights to raise <sup>11</sup>  
To glory's most exalted pinnacle.  
His Country's fate hangs on a slender thread,  
But on his shoulders the enormous weight  
He bears ; and, flush'd with patriotic ire,  
The Lusians' base mistrust he reprobates,  
And to their native Monarch's gentle rule,  
Not to an ignominious foreign yoke,  
He forces them to yield. By his advice,  
And by his bravery, guided by Heav'n—  
Without whose aid it were impossible—  
He vanquishes Castile's o'erwhelming force.  
Another brilliant victory his zeal  
And matchless valor subsequently gain'd  
Over the fierce and countless multitudes,  
Who people Guadiana's fertile plains.  
But seest thou not the Lusitanian force  
Scarcely maintains its ground against the foe,

Whilst their devout Commander fervently  
Aid of the Holy Trinity implores ?  
In haste his comrades seek him, to announce,  
That all resistance seems to be in vain  
Against an enemy so powerful,  
And that his presence could alone inspire  
His wav'ring troops. Mark, too, his confidence,  
When he replied, " The time is not yet come,"  
Like one that felt impress'd by certain hope,  
That God would grant him still the victory.  
'Twas thus Pompilius, when the enemy  
Menac'd the safety of the Roman State,  
To him replied who brought the fearful news—  
" I now am sacrificing to the Gods—"  
If thou desir'st his name to know who thus,  
Trusting in Heav'n, such bravery display'd,  
The Lusian Scipio he should be call'd—  
But greater still is Nuno Alvarez !  
Happy the land that glories in a Son,  
Or Father of his Country, like himself ;  
And, while the Sun his circling course pursues,  
Lusia, so great a Hero to possess,  
In vain shall sigh.—In the same War, that Chief<sup>12</sup>  
Of yonder troop gains prizes numerous,

Commanders he subdues, and by his sword  
Regains possession of the stolen herds.  
Inflam'd with ardent zeal to liberate  
His Friend, imprison'd for his loyalty,  
In the foe's blood he bathes his warlike lance.  
Pedro Rodriguez is this martial Knight.

There stands a Traitor, who the just reward,<sup>13</sup>  
Due to his treachery and base deceit,  
Receiv'd from Gil Fernandez, who the sword  
Of retribution drew to seal his fate.  
Then he the plains of Xeres devastates,  
And inundates them with Castilian blood.—  
The Great Pereira here thou seest, who fac'd,<sup>14</sup>  
The Lusian Galleys to protect, alone  
The enemy.—There seventeen Heroes mark,<sup>15</sup>  
Themselves defending, on a steep ascent,  
Against four hundred fierce Castilians,  
Who, to secure their fall, encircle them ;  
But soon their losses make them feel that those  
Whom they attack, boldly themselves assail :  
A feat of deathless fame, and justly deem'd  
Transcendent in the past and present age.

The faithful page of history relates,<sup>16</sup>  
That to a thousand Romans were oppos'd  
Three hundred Lusians, in those ancient times  
When Viriatus by his daring deeds  
Pre-eminently shone. These glorious feats  
To us the great inheritance bequeath'd,  
"Never to shrink from a superior force,"  
And nobly have we justified the gift.

Here two illustrious Princes thou may'st see,<sup>17</sup>  
The gen'rous offspring of our Monarch, John :  
Pedro, whose great exploits in Germany  
Secur'd, beyond the grave, his martial fame ;  
And Henry, who the unknown Deep explor'd,  
Gaining renown by vast discoveries.  
The Moorish pride he humbled in the dust,  
When, first in the assault, he Ceuta's Gates  
Intrepid enter'd. There th' illustrious Count,<sup>18</sup>  
Don Pedro, all the force of Barbary  
Resisted twice.—Another Count behold,  
Who Mars in bravery personifies ;  
He gloried not in the defence alone  
Of Alcacer against o'erwhelming foes,

But to preserve his Monarch's life aspir'd.  
He saves his King, but falls a sacrifice !<sup>19</sup>

Many a Hero still the Painter's art<sup>20</sup>  
With these would here have equally pourtray'd,  
But pencils and appropriate colors were  
Denied, and all those honors and rewards  
Which genius foster. The reproach is due  
To that degenerate and vicious race,  
Who, tarnishing the splendor of their birth,  
By profligate licentiousness themselves  
Degrade.—Yet those illustrious ancestors,  
From whom this generation is deriv'd,  
By every exalted virtue sought  
Lustre to shed on their descending line.  
Vain were these hopes!—for all the brilliant fame  
Which they so ardently desir'd, and gain'd,  
They left to an obscure posterity,  
Sunk in corrupt inglorious indolence.  
Others there are, both rich and high in rank,  
But of extraction servile and obscure.  
The fault is in those Monarchs who bestow  
Their wealth on minions, and neglect the brave.  
These wish their portraits never to behold,

Lest art should them unsuitably adorn ;  
And, fearful in their native character  
To be pourtray'd, the pencil they dislike  
Which truth depicts. Descendants, I admit,  
There are from generous and noble stocks,  
Whose manners, dignified and excellent,  
Adorn their titular inheritance ;  
And if the splendor of their ancestry  
From their own deeds no brighter ray receive,  
That fame untarnish'd they, at least, preserve.  
Few ev'n of these remain to celebrate!—

Thus Gama the illustrious feats explain'd  
Which with such exquisite variety  
Of light and shade, so perfect and so clear,  
The master-strokes of art had pictur'd there.  
With prompt avidity the Catual  
Follow'd the well-recited History,  
And ask'd, and heard, with equal interest,  
All which those conflicts might elucidate.

Now fainter grew the rays of parting light,  
While Heav'n's bright lamp beneath the horizon  
Retir'd, restoring to th' Antipodes



The animating beams of cheerful day.  
The Indian, and his suite of gen'rous Nayres,  
Prepar'd from the Armada to depart,  
Seeking that sweet repose which silent night  
Commends to all whose labors rest demand.

In the meanwhile Soothsayers, of repute<sup>21</sup>  
In their erroneous Idolatry,  
Who, from the victim sacrific'd, foretel,  
By diabolic arts, what lies conceal'd  
In future fate, commanded by the King,  
Proceed, with rites mysterious to divine,  
Why, from unknown Iberia thus far,  
These Strangers should have sought their Eastern  
clime ?

To them the Demon by deceptive signs  
Reveal'd, that this new race, in future times,  
On them should endless slavery impose,  
And bring destruction on the Monarchy.  
Amaz'd and terrified, in haste they flew,  
That to the King they, instantaneously,  
The dire prognostications might impart,  
Which in the victim's entrails they had trac'd.

Moreover, at this juncture, to a Priest  
Who zealously Mahòmet's Law enforc'd,  
Retaining the hostility conceiv'd  
Against that Faith Divine—which all transcends—  
Bacchus enrag'd, assuming the known form  
Of that false Prophet who from Hagar's loins  
Descended, in prophetic dreams appear'd;  
For unabated was his hatred still.  
Thus, then, he spake: "Yourselves, my people, guard  
Against the deep designing enemy  
Who hither over seas immense has come,  
Ere yet too near the danger may approach."  
Scar'd at the vision, the affrighted Moor  
Startling awoke; but when his fears were pass'd,  
He fancied it a mere delusive dream,  
And, lulled again, to sleep address'd himself.  
Bacchus then re-appeared—"What! know'st thou  
not,  
That great Lawgiver\* whom thy sires rever'd,  
Whose precepts thou obeyest, and who sav'd  
From rites baptismal myriads of thy sect?"

\* Mahomet.

Whilst I am vigilant, canst thou thyself  
To sleep resign? Thou shalt hereafter see  
These Strangers strenuous to overturn  
That sacred Law, which poor benighted man  
From me receiv'd. While feeble they remain,  
With all resistance thou shouldst them oppose.  
When the Sun first emerges from the East, <sup>22</sup>  
The eye may gaze upon his early rays;  
But when in all his splendor he appears,  
His glorious beams o'erpower the dazzled sight:  
Thus blind, enslav'd must thou remain, unless  
These Strangers thou at once exterminate."

Thus speaking, he and sleep both instant fled.  
The terrified and trembling Hagarene  
Leap'd from his couch, and lights commanded, while  
The poison fretted his perturbed frame.  
Soon as the early dawn which day precedes,  
With smiles angelic and serene, appear'd,  
The chief Ishmaelites he straight convok'd,  
To hear the fearful and portentous dream.  
Clashing, conflicting sentiments prevail,  
While in his own interpretation each  
Persists; but all in treach'rous arts unite,

And plots perfidious devise. Their schemes  
Of rash hostility by each renounc'd,  
They meditate th' Armada to destroy  
By the most subtle and insidious wiles.  
The Royal Counsellors, and all the Nayres  
Of greatest influence, clandestinely  
They bribe with gifts, and with seductive gold  
Corrupt, and urge with plausibility  
The certain ruin of their native land.  
They represent the Lusians as a race  
That live, scouring the Occidental seas,  
On lawless piracy, and recognize  
Nor king, nor laws, or human, or divine.

With what solicitude the King who wields  
His scepter'd power with justice, should select,  
To aid his counsels, Sages most endow'd  
With skill and conscientious rectitude !  
He who is plac'd upon the Royal Throne,  
For knowledge of the high concerns of State,  
Must, on the wisdom and fidelity  
Of his chief Counsellors, mainly rely.  
Yet will I not assert that he should judge  
That pure and spotless conscience must reside

Under the lowly garb of poverty;  
For, there, ambition may in secret lurk.  
Even the just and pious often fail  
In guiding the involv'd affairs of State,  
And calm and sacred innocence, amidst  
Unhallow'd interest, may naught avail.

The sordid, avaricious Catuals,  
Who in the government most influence  
Possess'd, corrupted by these treacherous foes,  
Thwarted the noble Gama by delays  
Insidious; but he alone desir'd,  
Through Moorish intervention, to obtain  
Some signal and indubitable sign  
Of the New World his genius had explor'd,  
To lay before his Monarch's Throne; for well  
He knew, that, when this vast discovery  
Should, beyond all mistrust, be verified,  
The great and powerful Emanuel  
Armies would raise, and Fleets equip, beneath  
His sovereign dominion to subdue  
These distant regions of our earthly sphere;  
But with the fame of the "Discoverer"  
Of Day's bright realms, he was himself content.

To see the Samorim he then resolv'd,  
In furtherance of his profound designs ;  
For obvious to him was the delay  
Malignity devis'd. Nor was it strange  
The King by these base arts should be alarm'd :  
For credulous was he in auguries,  
And now his weak credulity the Moors  
Confirm'd. Chill'd was his coward heart with fear ;  
But yet the force of venal avarice,  
Which nature had implanted in his breast,  
Excited and inflam'd unbounded hopes.  
Well he discern'd that benefit immense  
Might to his Kingdom be deriv'd, if faith,  
If justice should in bonds of amity  
Unite him with the Lusitanian King.  
Forthwith a council he conven'd, but found  
Discordant sentiments alone prevail'd ;  
For gold among his faithless Counsellors  
Its pow'rful influence had exercis'd.  
The Great Commander, then, the Samorim  
Summon'd, and thus address'd : “ If thou to me  
The pure unvarnish'd truth wilt now confess,  
Pardon for thy offence thou shalt obtain ;  
For well am I inform'd this embassy,

Which thou pretendest by thy King is sent,  
Is a mere fiction. Neither King hast thou,  
Nor belov'd Country; for thy life is pass'd  
In lawless roving. From Iberia  
Would any Sovereign with sense endued,  
Hither send Missions, and confide his Fleets  
To seas unknown, remote, and unexplor'd?  
If, too, thy King the royal sceptre wields  
Over dominions great and powerful,  
What costly off'rings hast thou to present,  
To prove thyself his Representative?  
Gifts of inestimable price are wont  
The amity of Monarchs to cement;  
Nor is such friendship adequately pledg'd  
By a mere wand'ring Navigator's word.  
If thou art exil'd from thy native land,  
(Which oft has been the fortune of the great,)  
In my dominions thou shalt be receiv'd:  
For ev'ry where the brave a country find;  
Or if to piracy thou hast thyself  
Devoted, hère thou need'st not fear or death,  
Or infamy; for stern necessity  
Life to preserve all means may justify."

Thus spake the Samorim. Gama surmis'd  
That this insidious intrigue arose  
From Moorish enmity, and that the King  
Thus 'gainst the Lusians had been prepossess'd,  
By Acidalian Venus now inspir'd  
With all the noble, gen'rous confidence,  
Well suited equal confidence to gain,  
His prudent sentiments he thus express'd.

“ If man by mortal sin had not transgress'd  
In the world's pristine infancy, and caus'd  
That the full vessel of iniquity—  
To Christianity a scourge severe—  
Should in hostility, with falsehood join'd,  
Through Adam's race descend, thou, Mighty Prince,  
By Moorish treachery unfluenc'd,  
Such dark suspicions ne'er wouldst have conceiv'd ;  
But since no great and glorious end can e'er  
Without excessive labor be achiev'd,  
Pursued amidst alternate hopes and fears,  
(For by the sweat of his own brow is man  
Condemn'd to live,) so thou of me mistrust  
Dost entertain ; nor wilt those claims admit  
To thy just confidence, which thou wouldst grant,



Didst thou thy trust withdraw from them, by whom  
Thou art deceiv'd. If, exil'd from my home,  
My life to roving piracy were doom'd,  
Think'st thou that I should wander o'er the world  
In search of such a distant domicile?  
What sanguine hopes, what pow'rful interest,  
Could tempt me to contend with furious waves,  
With the bleak regions of Antarctic frost,  
Or with the Sun's fierce equinoctial beams?  
Thou hast demanded gifts magnificent  
As testimonials of veracity;—  
But here I came the climate to explore,  
Where nature has thy ancient Kingdom placed.  
Yet, if propitious fortune reconduct  
Me safely to my distant native home,  
In amity with thee, presents superb,  
When I return, shall amply justify  
My embassy. Thou wonderest that me  
Th' Hesperian King so far to thee should send;  
But his sublimely comprehensive mind  
Fearless attempts whate'er is possible.  
But well, indeed, a soul so nobly great,  
Form'd to conceive so vast an enterprize,  
May more exalted confidence demand

Its grandeur justly to appreciate.  
Know, then, from ancient times, our Lusian Kings  
With firm determination had resolv'd  
The dangers and the labors to defy,  
Which every immortal enterprize  
Oppose ; and, occupied incessantly  
In maritime discoveries, they sought  
The Ocean's boundary to ascertain,  
Pursuing it to the remotest shore  
Lash'd by its waves. Worthy were such exploits  
Of the descendant of that dauntless King,\*  
Who first adventur'd o'er the Deep, and drove  
From Abyla the Moorish habitants.  
By industry and genius rare combin'd,  
Successive barks equipping, he explor'd  
The parts illum'd by Argo's rays, and where  
Hydra, Lepus, and Ara, blend their beams.  
The spirit of adventurous enterprize,  
Exalted and embolden'd by success,  
More ardently pursued its new career,  
And new discoveries successively  
Achiev'd. Then were the Austral Africans,

\* Don John the First.

Who ne'er the seven Northern Stars behold,  
By us first seen, advancing far beyond  
Those brilliant Orbs, which on the Tropics shed  
Their ardent influence. Superior  
To fortune thus by fortitude we rose,  
Till hither our undaunted prows we steer'd,  
The last remaining column of our fame  
To elevate. The liquid element  
Cleaving, expos'd to all its fiercest rage,  
Thy distant realms at length we reach'd, and now  
Some gracious sign of thee alone we ask  
To lay before our King. This, Mighty Prince,  
This is the simple truth; if not,—from me  
Thou hadst not heard this long and vain discourse,  
Simply from thee so small a boon to gain.  
Upon the bosom of the restless Main,  
Where Thetis reigns supreme, I had pursued  
My course piratical, in quest of wealth,  
Iniquitously plundering the meed  
Of others' industry. If then, O King,  
In my sincerity thou dost confide,  
With marks of favor let me hence depart,  
Nor my return to Lusitania delay;  
But if, mistrusting, thou shouldst still believe

That I am false and faithless, then reflect  
That reason proves and justifies my tale:  
For truth its own simplicity confirms."

Impress'd with the ingenuous noble air  
With which the Hero prov'd what hé advanc'd,  
The King, suspending all distrust, repos'd  
Just confidence in his veracity.  
Struck with his copious eloquence, he judg'd  
That with authoritative force he spake,  
And now suspected that the Catuals  
Were ignorant, corrupted, or deceiv'd.  
Moreover, avarice inspir'd the hope,  
That, from this Lusitanian intercourse,  
Much might be gain'd; hence was the King induc'd  
In Lusian honor, not in Moorish craft,  
To place his trust. Permission then he gave  
To Gama, to th' Armada to return,  
And, without fear, whate'er he might exchange  
For aromatic produce of the land,  
To send on shore; especially if aught  
Unknown in those Gangetic Regions  
Perchance he then possess'd, brought from those parts  
Where the Land ends, and where begins the Sea.

When from the royal presence he withdrew,  
He sought th' attendant Catual, a bark  
Requiring, to regain the Lusian Fleet,  
Since far from shore his own was then afloat.  
But the insidious wily Minister,  
Intent on new and treacherous intrigues,  
Evasively eluded his request,  
And obstacles fictitious interpos'd.  
Thence he misled him tow'rds the sea-girt shore—  
But distant from the Royal residence—  
That there he might the notice of the King  
Escape, and all his hostile purposes  
Completely execute. He promis'd there  
A bark for his departure to supply,  
Or left it to his will still to delay  
His embarkation, till the morning dawn'd.  
Gama then soon perceiv'd, by these pretexts,  
The crafty Pagan was prepar'd to act  
In concert with the Moors' hostility ;  
Nor was this plot before by him perceiv'd.

Corrupted was this sordid Catual  
By the implacable Mahomedans ;  
Chief, too, was he of all the Governors

Appointed by the Samorim o'er all  
His cities to preside. Through him alone  
Th' intriguing Moors expected to prevail,  
And he, joining with these Conspirators,  
Labor'd to all their hostile views and hopes  
To give effect. Gama with urgency  
Demanded to his ship to be convey'd ;—  
“ For he who grac'd the Throne of Perimal  
Thus had express'd his sovereign command.  
Why hinder him from laying at his feet  
The works of art which Lusian skill had wrought ?  
When Monarchs issued their supreme behests.  
Subjects a prompt obedience should yield.”

To this address the venal Catual  
Scarce listened, for his mind was occupied  
With diabolical and guileful plots,  
Fram'd with the subtlest ingenuity ;  
Devising means the sanguinary sword  
To crimson with abhorred Christian blood,  
And to consign to flames the Lusian Fleet,  
That to his native country and his home  
None might return. This barbarous decree  
Th' infernal council of Mahomedans

Resolv'd to execute, that to his King  
The realms of Eos ne'er should be reveal'd.  
The Governor of the Idolaters  
Determin'd Gama to detain ; nor thence  
Without permission could he re-embark,  
Since ev'ry Indian Almadoe was withdrawn.  
To all his urgent reasons and demands  
The Catual perfidiously replied,  
" Better it were to anchor near the shore  
For easier correspondence with his Ships.  
To station them so far," he said, " appear'd  
An enemy's mistrust to indicate ;  
For the best proof of real amity  
Is no suspicion or unfounded fear  
To manifest." Gama discreet discern'd  
In these suggestions of the Catual,  
Inspir'd by hatred, that his hostile aim  
Was to assail with fire and sword the Fleet.  
Various conflicting thoughts his mind oppress'd,  
While meditating on the surest means  
The ruin which impended to avert,  
Danger he saw and fear'd on ev'ry side.  
As the reflected light from polish'd steel,<sup>24</sup>  
Or from the faithful mirror crystalline,

When smitten by the Sun's bright rays, illumes  
The space around with corresponding beams,  
And, when remov'd by the child's sportive hand,  
With curious delight, from place to place,  
Strikes the high roof, and dances on the wall,  
With tremulous and restless brilliancy,  
So vacillated noble Gama's mind,  
When to his memory the thought occur'd  
The brave Coelho, as commanded, then,  
Might on the shore with boats for him await.  
A secret message he to him dispatch'd,  
In haste to the Armada to return,  
Lest by the treacherous Mahomedans  
He should, as he suspected, be assail'd.  
Thus he who martial inspiration feels,  
Illustrious warriors should imitate,  
Mindful of every minute event—  
Foreseeing every danger to be shunn'd—  
With military skill and subtlest art  
Foiling the enemy's discover'd plans;  
Nothing omitting: for my verse shall ne'er  
Laud the Commander who can aught neglect.

The Indian still his liberty refus'd,



Unless the Ships were ordered to approach  
The land ; but with the noblest constancy  
And indignation all his menaces  
He disregarded, to endure resolv'd  
The utmost injury which malice dare  
On him inflict, than place in jeopardy  
The Fleet confided by his Sovereign  
To his command. That night entire, and part  
Of the succeeding day, was he detain'd ;  
When he demanded to be led anew  
Before the King ; but this his Guards oppos'd.  
The Pagan, then, pursued another course,  
Fearing that chastisement he might incur,  
If to the King his malice should be known,  
Which this detention quickly would disclose.  
He urged him, therefore, to convey on shore  
The various productions he had brought,  
For mutual and peaceful interchange ;  
Since, if not commerce, war must be his aim.

Though Gama penetrated the designs  
Thus artfully conceal'd within his breast,  
Yet he consented ; for he instant saw  
That by such means alone his liberty

Could be redeem'd. Then he agreed, that barks  
Should, for this purpose, by the Indian  
Be sent, that, by these secret enemies,  
His own should not be seiz'd, nor yet detain'd.  
Launch'd were the Indian Almades to obtain  
The various products of Iberia,  
And to his Brother he dispatch'd commands  
The means to send, his ransom to procure.

Soon were these treasures to the shore convey'd,  
And by the greedy Catuals receiv'd.  
Meanwhile with Alvaro, Diego join'd,  
Commission'd the adjustment to arrange.

That interest with greater force prevails  
In sordid minds, than duty or command,  
Plainly the conduct of the Heathen show'd;  
For Gama, in exchange for merchandize,  
From durance he releas'd; since he conceiv'd  
That, by his ransom for his liberty,  
More he should gain than if he still detain'd  
The valiant Hero in captivity.  
Once liberated he resolv'd again  
Not to return on shore, lest he should lose

A second time his freedom. When he reach'd  
Th' Armada, there contented he remain'd,  
Waiting without impatience the events  
Which time and circumstances might produce;  
For in the base and selfish Catual  
No confidence, he saw, could be repos'd.

Strange it appears to the reflecting mind,  
That equally among the rich and poor,  
The thirst of wealth, and sordid avarice,  
With influence predominant prevail.  
Thus Polydorus, by the Thracian King,<sup>25</sup>  
To gain possession of his wealth, was kill'd.  
Gold entrance forc'd into the brazen Tow'r<sup>26</sup>  
Where the fair Daughter of Acrisius  
In secret liv'd. The vice of Avarice<sup>27</sup>  
Tarpeia so possess'd, that she for gold  
To foes the Citadel of Rome betray'd,  
But, stifled, died beneath her perjur'd bribes.  
Gold, fortresses impregnable subdues—  
Friends into treacherous enemies converts—  
Degrades to acts of baseness noble minds—  
And to desertion tempts disloyal chiefs.

To fear nor loss of honor, nor of fame.  
Science itself its influence perverts—  
Reason obscures—and conscience indurates.  
With more than ordinary subtlety,  
Laws it interprets, makes, and abrogates—  
To perjuries iniquitous incites—  
And into odious tyrants kings transforms.  
Nay, even those who consecrate their lives  
To the Great Author of the Universe,  
By gold's enchanting pow'r are oft seduc'd,  
Though still the garb of piety they wear.

**THE LUSIAD.**

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**CANTO IX.**



# THE LUSIAD.

## CANTO IX.

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LONG was the merchandize in Calicut  
Expos'd unbarter'd; for the Infidels  
By artful wiles the Lusians oppos'd,  
Preventing all commercial intercourse.  
Their fraudulent, insidious designs  
Aim'd the Discoverers of India  
There to detain, until th' Arabian Fleet  
From Mecca should arrive, projecting, then,  
Th' Armada to destroy. Within the Gulf,  
Where, founded by Egyptian Ptolemy,  
Arsinoe stands, (thus from his Sister nam'd,  
And into Suez chang'd in after-times,)  
The celebrated and extensive Port  
Of Mecca lies; a City aggrandiz'd  
By the blind sectaries of Mâhomet,  
Attracted by its fount miraculous. <sup>1</sup>

Gidà her famous Port is nam'd, and there  
Commercial wealth once held her richest mart.  
From thence the Soldan, who these Kingdoms rul'd,  
Treasures abundant for his use deriv'd.  
Thence, too, by treaty with the Indians,  
A Fleet of powerful and noble Ships  
Across the Indian sea its annual course  
To Malabar pursued, freights to procure  
Of Aromatic spice. The Moors conceiv'd—  
As these were ships of force and magnitude—  
That, by their aid, with fire they might destroy  
The Fleet which with their commerce interfer'd.  
In this resource such confidence they plac'd,  
That of these distant navigators naught  
They now requir'd, but their detention, till  
The Ships from wide-fam'd Mecca should arrive.  
But He who governs all in Heav'n and Earth,  
And who, to execute His sacred will,  
Unerring means disposes far beyond  
The reach of human thought, now influenc'd  
Monsaidè's heart, and sentiments inspir'd  
Of gen'rous interest. Prepar'd was he  
Gama of all his danger to apprise,  
Trusting hereafter his reward to gain ?



In Paradise. Of him the Moors mistrust  
Had none, he being, like themselves, a Moor ;  
Nor 'gainst him were their secret councils clos'd—  
For all their cruel machinations there  
He learn'd. Often he visited the Ships  
At distance station'd; and, with pity mov'd,  
Ponder'd the unprovok'd, inhuman plot  
For their destruction, by the Saracens  
Devis'd. The cautious Gama he inform'd  
Of the Armadas, which, in annual course,  
From Mecca came, and which so anxiously  
The Moors desir'd, to be the instrument  
His ruin to effect. These Ships, well mann'd,  
Arm'd, too, with Vulcan's horrid thunderbolts,  
Might, he observ'd, by chance his own o'erpow'r ;  
Since for such conflict he was not prepar'd.  
Gama consider'd also, that the time  
For his departure was at length arriv'd,  
And that the King, sway'd by the Moors, on him  
No mark of royal grace would now confer.

The Lusians he order'd to return  
On board the Fleet, and lest this brief command  
Their instant embarkation should impede,

Secret, but prompt obedience, he enforc'd.  
Short was the period that interven'd,  
Ere busy rumour spread intelligence,  
That, while the Lusians to depart prepar'd,  
Their flight was intercepted, and themselves  
As Prisoners detain'd. The news soon reach'd  
Their sage Commander, who forthwith secur'd  
The Indians who had ventur'd to the Fleet,  
For European products to exchange  
Their Eastern gems. Merchants well known were  
these,  
Of high repute and wealth in Calicut.  
Arrested and detain'd, their absence soon  
Was by the chief inhabitants perceiv'd.

Meanwhile their task the zealous Mariners  
With energy perform; the anchor some  
With strength gigantic weigh; their manly breasts  
Some straining urge against the capstan-bars;  
Others, suspended on the lofty yards,  
With joyful shouts th' expanding sails unfurl.  
But louder tumults to the King announce  
Th' Armada's preparations to depart.—  
With grief distracted, to the Samorim

The wives and children of the Prisoners  
In bitterness complain, that now to them  
Husbands and Parents are for ever lost.  
Immediately the Lusians he dismiss'd,  
Free, unrestrain'd, with all their various stores,  
Though still oppos'd by the Mahomedans,  
That his own subjects might thereby regain  
Their liberty. Excuses, too, the King  
Deign'd to convey. These Gama lightly priz'd,  
O'erjoy'd again his comrades to behold.  
Some of the captive Indians he releas'd,  
Ere he unmoor'd; then, homeward, down the coast  
He steer'd; for, with the Pagan Monarch, vain  
Were the attempt peace to consolidate,  
And mutual commercial intercourse.  
But as the regions where Aurora first  
Her roseate beams displays, were now reveal'd,  
To his beloved country he returns  
With tidings of this great discovery.—

Some of the natives, whom the Samorim  
With the arrested Lusians had sent,  
Gama, by force, compell'd with him to stay.  
His Ships already he with spice had stor'd,

With aromatic mace from Banda's soil,  
With racy nutmegs, and with ardent cloves  
From the Moluccas, and with cinnamon  
From Ceylon's rich and celebrated isle.  
This was accomplish'd by the faithful Moor,  
Monsaidè, whom from India he convey'd ;  
For, by angelic influence inspir'd,  
His name recorded in the Book of Life  
Fervent he wish'd. O, happy African,  
By clemency divine from error sav'd,  
Though distant from thy native land, a Guide  
Was sent, to lead thee to thy Heavenly home !

The solar regions abandoning,  
Th' adventurous Armada then pursued  
Thither its course, where Nature had defin'd  
The Austral Goal of animating Hope ;  
With joy transported that to Lusitania  
Such tidings of these great discoveries  
They should convey. Yet was it blent with fear,  
When forc'd again the dangers of the flood  
To brave. Their native home to see once more,  
Their Parents, Wives, and Children to embrace,  
Recounting all the wonders they had seen

In their wide wanderings in various climes  
And various states, and, then, their just reward  
For all their arduous labors to receive—  
No,—such ineffable delight was more  
Than their expanding hearts could duly feel.

But now the Cyprian Goddess, who, by Jove,<sup>s</sup>  
The sempiternal ruler of the skies,  
Was given to the Lusians as their Guide  
And Guardian Angel, since their earliest years,  
In recompense for all they had endur'd,  
Ere glory their stupendous labors crown'd,  
Devis'd for them, 'midst Ocean's dull expanse,  
A joyful recreation from fatigues.  
Revolving in her mind the spacious seas  
By these intrepid Navigators cross'd,  
And all their persecutions by the God  
Whose birth by Amphionic Thebes is claim'd,  
She, to fulfil her preconceiv'd design,  
Their past and patient sufferings to reward,  
Delightful pastimes and refreshing sports  
In Thetis' liquid, crystalline domain  
For them prepar'd, that there her Lusians  
Nature's exhausted powers might renovate,

Tasting sweet rest, the recompense of toils,  
Which life, though short, abbreviate. The scheme  
Benign, as reason and just confidence  
Requir'd, she to her Son disclos'd, whose pow'r  
Brings down the Gods upon the troubled Earth,  
And mortals raises to the Heav'ns serene.

When she the pleasing project had matur'd,  
Its scene she fix'd in a celestial Isle <sup>4</sup>  
Rising amidst the Ocean's vast expanse,  
Of em'rald verdure, and with loveliest flow'rs  
Enamell'd; for in Oriental seas  
To her, in celebration of her rites,  
Are consecrated num'rous isles, renown'd  
As those within the Gates of Hercules.  
The Nereïds by her supreme command  
Were there prepar'd these Heroes to receive,  
Displaying all those fascinating charms  
Of beauty, which, enslaving, captivate.  
While graceful measures they perform'd to strains  
Harmonious, she in each heart inspir'd  
A secret impulse to essay its pow'rs,  
Him most to please whom most she should admire.  
To the same subtle wiles she had recourse <sup>5</sup>

As erst she practis'd for Anchises' Son,  
An amorous reception to secure,  
Where the foundations of a mighty state<sup>6</sup>  
By stratagem were laid. She sought her Son,  
In whose resistless shafts her pow'r resides,  
That now, as in that ancient enterprize,  
He should his archly sly, insidious aid,  
Again supply. Her splendid car was drawn<sup>7</sup>  
By stately Swans, which their own fun'ral rites  
Expiring celebrate. And flutt'ring Doves,<sup>8</sup>  
Into which erst Peristera was chang'd  
While gath'ring flow'rs—around the Goddess flew,  
And oft their bills in am'rous dalliance met.  
Where'er her course was bent, serenity  
Her graceful motion to the ambient air  
Imparted. Tow'rds th' Idalian Mount her flight  
She guides, and there finds with his quiver arm'd  
Her Son arraying all his num'rous force,  
Bent on an expedition to chastise<sup>9</sup>  
A disobedient world, and to correct  
Those fatal errors which had long prevail'd,  
Making the grosser things giv'n for our use  
Objects of veneration and of love.  
Hot in the chase Actæon there he saw

Pursuing with a blind and brutal joy  
The wild and savage tenants of the woods,  
From beauty and from social intercourse  
Fleeing. Him he chastises with a glance  
Of chaste Diana's heavenly charms; but yet  
He must beware, lest he be still destroy'd  
By his own dogs, so lov'd, and so caress'd.—  
The great and powerful he there beheld  
Cold and indiff'rent to the public weal,  
And under Philautia's\* auspices  
To selfishness and sordid interest  
Alone devoted, while the royal ear  
With venal adulation they assail'd,  
Under the garb of probity and truth,  
Like noxious weeds that early choak the young,  
Luxuriant corn. Others their sacred vows  
Of poverty and charity infringe,  
And seeking pow'r and wealth, they yet pretend  
Integrity and justice are alone  
Their constant guide, while acts of tyranny,  
Severe and odious, they justify.  
Laws for the Monarch permanent he found,

\* Φιλαιυτια, personified by Camoens.



While those which should the people's rights protect  
Alone decay'd. Each coveted, he saw,  
Not what was right, but what he most desir'd.

The chastisement which justly these deserv'd,  
Should, he resolv'd, no longer be delay'd.  
His minist'ring auxiliaries he join'd,  
And all his force assembled to assail  
Those who from Virtue's path so wide had stray'd,  
In disobedience to his sovereign pow'r.  
These wing'd and angry Cupids variously  
With their allotted tasks were occupied ;  
Some sharpening their arrows' steely points,  
Or into polish'd spears converting them.  
Meanwhile erotic airs their labors charm'd <sup>10</sup>  
And love-tales told in modulated verse ;  
Sweetly sonorous were their melodies,  
Euphonious numbers, and angelic strains.  
In the eternal furnace, where are forg'd <sup>11</sup>  
The points of Cupid's penetrating shafts,  
The fire its constant nourishment derives  
From hapless Lovers' palpitating hearts ;  
Their ceaseless tears of misery supply  
A copious fount to cool the temper'd steel,

While there the never dying flame is fled  
By fierce desire that burns, but ne'er consumes.

Some their darts tried upon the flinty hearts  
Of Swains unpolish'd, unrefin'd; but sighs  
Frequent and loud the agony express'd  
Of those pierc'd by th' unerring shaft; yet still  
In beauteous nymphs a sov'reign pow'r exists  
Love's most afflictive pains to heal; nay, more,—  
Not only life to save when fatal wounds  
Have been receiv'd, but ev'n to give the germ  
Of life to the unborn. The Nymphs are fair  
Or hideous, as the wound itself decides;  
For oft the poison in the veins infus'd  
An antidote severe alone can check.  
Many are bound in ignominious chains;  
Nor from the fascination can themselves  
Emancipate. This is their hapless lot  
Who wounds receive from barbs insidious,  
With secret venom arm'd. From these false steps  
Of rash and youthful inexperience,  
Passions inordinate their birth derive,  
Among the weak deluded multitude.  
And among Heroes, too, of high renown,

Many have been by love impure enslav'd :  
Biblis and Cinyrèa, damsels fair, <sup>12</sup>  
And a Judean and Assyrian Youth,  
Thus also were debas'd. Ye rich and great,  
Oft by the poor and humble shepherdess  
Are ye subdued ; and you, illustrious Dames,  
By rude and homely swains are ye ensnar'd  
In Vulcan's net. The sable veil of night  
Favors your loves. Nor roofs, nor lofty walls,  
Your ardors can oppose. But such base love <sup>13</sup>  
Its author shames, more than its votary.

The proudly crested Swans the splendid car  
Now gently drew upon the verdant Isle.  
Lovely Dione thence impatient sprung,  
Fairer than purest snow, and with a flush  
Of roseate hue. The am'rous Archer, who  
Ev'n Gods assails, flew joyful to her arms,  
And all his wing'd attendants thither sped  
To pay their homage to the Queen of Love.  
While she her Son with tenderness embrac'd,  
Her long premeditated plan she thus  
To him reveal'd: " My Son, through whom alone <sup>14</sup>  
My pow'rful influence is exercis'd,

O'er the affections of the human heart;—  
Thou who dost set at naught Typhœan arms,  
Now for thy mighty, thy resistless aid,  
I come, by special urgency compell'd.  
With admiration thou must oft have seen  
My favor'd Lusians' Herculean toils.  
Since the propitious Fates have long reveal'd  
That me they e'er will venerate and love,  
And since in great achievements they aspire  
To imitate my Romans' glorious deeds,  
I now resolve to give them ev'ry aid  
Within the scope of our united pow'r.  
Since, too, so much in India they endur'd  
From envious Bacchus' deep, insidious wiles,  
Encountering, amidst the stormy waves,  
Exanimating perils and fatigues,  
On that same element, which, hitherto,  
Such terrors have inspir'd, I now decree  
Repose they shall enjoy, and the reward  
Of those transcendent labors which confer  
Illustrious fame. 'Tis, therefore, my intent  
That Nereus' lovely Daughters, in the deep,  
With inextinguishable love for all  
The Lusitanian Discoverers

Of the new world, shall be inflam'd. These Nymphs,  
Ascending from the waves, shall all collect,  
At my command, upon a sea-girt Isle,  
By Flora's art luxuriantly adorn'd  
And fann'd by Zephyrus. There shall they taste,  
In crystal domes of rare magnificence,  
The recreations of the festive board,  
Reclin'd on splendid couches, 'midst the charms  
Of fascinating loveliness. Delights,  
Innumerable and exquisite, the Nymphs  
Enamor'd shall prepare; nor shall refuse  
To grant whate'er chaste love may supplicate.  
In the Neptunian Domain whence I  
My birth deriv'd, a noble race shall thence <sup>15</sup>  
Arise, and let the base malignant world  
That durst against thy pow'r rebel, thence learn,  
That neither adamant walls, nor e'en  
Sedate Hypocrisy, can thee defy.  
On Earth none may resist thee, for beneath  
Ev'n gelid waves thy fires immortal burn."

Thus Venus spake. Her Son obedient  
His aid prepar'd with mischievous delight,  
And, with his ivory bow, and arrows tipt

With shining gold, himself he arm'd. Within  
The splendid car the lovely Cyprian  
With joyful countenance her Son receiv'd,  
Slack'ning the silken reins to the proud birds  
That mourn'd so sweetly Phæton's hapless death.  
Cupid suggested that another still,  
Of great celebrity, her aid should give,  
Who though to him most wont to be oppos'd,  
Yet often his exploits accompanied :  
The Goddess of gigantic stature, Fame—<sup>16</sup>  
Vain-glorious, rash, and false, yet often true ;  
Form'd with a thousand eyes, where'er she goes,  
Whate'er she sees, a thousand tongues proclaim.  
In quest of her they went, them to precede  
And blazon with her loudest clarion  
The feats of these heroic Mariners,  
More worthy of her wide-resounding notes  
Than all before achiev'd. To the deep caves  
Of Ocean swift descending, she proclaim'd  
Aloud the truth, by all implicitly  
Believ'd; for in her train the Goddess led<sup>17</sup>  
Credulity. This rumor'd excellence,  
This lofty praise, mov'd all the Gods marine,  
Whom Bacchus erst against the Lusians

Incens'd, an interest propitious  
Tow'rds them to entertain. The female breast,  
Which changeful feels each varying influence,  
Already judg'd that zeal misplac'd, that sought  
Heroes of such renown to persecute.

His darts th' unsparing Archer then discharg'd  
In swift succession. Ev'n the restless waves  
Sent forth a conscious groan, whilst some direct,  
And others sinuous, their flight pursued.  
Smitten were all the Nymphs, and ardent sighs  
Breath'd forth the painful, pleasing agonies  
Of Love. Each prostrate fell, her Lover yet  
Unseen, but vested with resistless pow'r  
By fame. His iv'ry crescent Cupid bent,  
Uniting each extremity by force,  
Thetis beyond the rest intent to wound,  
Since she with most dexterity his shafts  
Eluded. Emptying his quiver, none  
Of all the Nereïds unsmitten then  
Remain'd in the Marine Domain; and, though  
Existing still, they languishingly felt  
That mortal was the wound. But yield, ye waves  
Cerulean, for Venus comes to heal,

And points to the expanding snow-white sails  
That skimming sweep the surface of the main.  
That thou, O Love, with ardor mutual  
Mayst with their tender passion correspond,  
Just is it, that, with modesty, the rites  
Which Venus consecrates should be observ'd.

The lovely choir of Nereïds themselves  
Adorn'd, and, as their usage was, advanc'd  
With graceful measures of the mazy dance  
Towards the Isle which Venus had prepar'd.  
The beauteous Goddess there instructed them  
In all those fascinating arts which crown'd  
Her own success; and they, by Love subdued,  
Yielded implicitly to her advice.

Meanwhile the Lusian Armada plough'd  
Their billowy course towards their land belov'd,  
But of the sweet refreshing element  
Drawn from the limpid spring, a scant supply  
Alone remain'd ; when, suddenly with joy  
Transported, the enamor'd Isle they saw  
Bursting upon the sight, while in the East



Memnon's fair Mother\* re-appear'd in all  
Her mild and radiant charms. This verdant Isle  
From far was seen, by Venus through the waves  
Impell'd, like the expanding sail before  
The breeze, where the brave Fleet might be descried ;  
And that it might no devious course pursue,  
But reach, at length, secure the destin'd port,  
The floating Isle by Acidalia  
Was, with resistless pow'r, mov'd tow'rds the track  
Of the Armada. Soon as she perceiv'd  
The Mariners towards the Island steer'd,  
Immoveable she fix'd it : Delos thus <sup>18</sup>  
Erst ceas'd to float, to aid the secret birth  
Of Phœbus and Diana. Thitherward  
The prows were bent. A harbour there they found  
Within a tranquil bay, whose sandy beach  
By Cytheræa was adorn'd with shells  
Of various hues. Three eminences there  
Were seen, that rose, tow'ring with graceful pride,  
Enamell'd with innumerable flowers,  
And beautifying this delightful Isle ;  
While from their summits flow'd a limpid stream,

\* Aurora.

Trickling through verdure of luxuriant growth,  
Or dashing o'er projecting marble rocks,  
That check'd the lymph in its sonorous fall.  
Into a smiling valley at their base  
These crystal waters copiously flow'd,  
Forming a mirror bright, magnificent,  
And beautiful beyond description's pow'r.  
Over its surface shrubs and trees impend,  
As if prepar'd themselves to decorate,  
For there reflected in the crystal lake,  
In all their natural luxuriance,  
They stood pourtray'd. Some tow'rds the skies extend  
Their heads laden with odoriferous fruit.  
The orange 'midst its foliage displays  
The golden brightness of fair Daphne's hair.  
Extending tow'rds the ground the citron leans  
With its rich yellow burthen overcharg'd;  
And there the fragrant lemon emulates  
The pure and lovely virgin's jutting breast.  
Among the forest trees which crown the hills  
And widely their umbrageous foliage spread,  
Are Poplars, by Alcides lov'd; with these  
Apollo's cherish'd laurels intermix.  
There Cytheræa's Myrtle grows, and Pines

To Cybelè by hapless love endear'd.  
There, too, the Cypress rears its tow'ring head,  
And points to the ethereal Paradise.  
Pomona's gifts, of flavor various,  
In copious abundance Nature there  
Produces, and, without the aid of art,  
More exquisite than culture can prepare :  
The Cherry with its deep and purple tint;  
The Mulberry which Love has ting'd with blood ;  
The Peach which Persian suns had erst matur'd,  
But far more luscious here, its native clime  
Deserting. There the ruby's roseate blush  
Yields to the rich Pomegranate's deeper die,  
And gracefully festoon'd, 'twixt branching elms,  
Hang cluster'd grapes depending from the vine.  
In such profusion grows the mellow pear,  
That none, perchance, perfection might attain,  
If the sweet songsters of the feather'd tribe,  
Thinn'd not the copious superfluity.  
The violet carpet nature has outspread  
In glossy verdure 'midst these rural scenes  
Surpasses all that Achæmenia\*

\* A province of Persia.

E'er wrought, and o'er the overshadow'd vales  
A pleasing tint diffuses. Drooping there  
The sweet Narcissus o'er the lucid lake  
Graceful inclines, while the Anemony  
Oft prompts the Paphian Goddess there to sigh  
For her Adonis. Hard it were to judge  
From the same colors seen in Heav'n and Earth,  
If from Aurora flow'rs their tints receive,  
Or if they lend her all their lovely hues.  
Flora and Zephyrus the Violet  
There tinge with the impassion'd Lover's cast,  
And paint the purple Iris, and the Rose  
Fresh as the bloom upon the Virgin's cheek.  
The Lily and the fragrant Marjoram  
There glitter with the early morning dew,  
And Flowers, by Latona's Son belov'd,  
Which Hyacinthus' last expiring sighs  
Record. With Chloris there Pomona vies,  
Each emulous her treasures to display,  
And all the air with sweetest notes is fill'd,  
While the dumb tenants of the meads and vales  
Rejoice disporting. On the glassy lake  
Melodious sings the Swan, while Philomel  
Replies. His branching horns Actæon sees

Reflected in the crystal stream, nor thence  
Starts with affright. The nimble-footed Hare  
And timorous Gazelle securely leave  
Their sylvan holds, while to their callow young  
The Birds with food on swiftest wing return.

When from their Ships these second Argonauts<sup>19</sup>  
Descended 'midst these cool refreshing shades,  
The lovely Goddesses with graceful steps  
Careless were straying through the fragrant groves;  
Some with their rosy fingers swept the lyre,  
Or harp celestial, or through dulcet flutes  
Breath'd airs melodious. With golden bows  
Others appear'd in pleasures of the chase  
With ardor to engage. Instructed thus  
By artful Venus, they themselves dispers'd,  
That, while with more evasion they withdrew,  
The more these Heroes with intense desire  
They might inflame. Some, in their beauteous form  
Confiding, half unveil'd its charms display,  
And, casting off the ornaments of dress,  
Themselves committed to the lucid stream.

With eager haste sprung on the sandy shore

These bold, heroic, youthful Mariners,  
Each in the recreations of the chase  
Desirous to indulge; nor e'er surmis'd,  
That, in these mountain-woods, without the aid  
Of tangling nets, or circumventive toils,  
Such tame domestic quarry they should find  
Wounded for them by Ericina's art.

Some, trusting to their skill, with guns and bows  
The fleet, intimidated stag pursue,  
Plunging adventurous into the midst  
Of gloomy forests and umbrageous vales;  
Others direct their vagrant steps through shrubs  
Luxuriantly overshadowing  
The verdant banks of a clear rivulet,  
That gently glides o'er its white pebbly bed  
Towards the cheerful beach, when suddenly,  
Between the spreading branches, they discern  
A mixed variety of flaunting hues,  
Vivid, but yet unlike the blooming tints  
Of nature's flow'rs. It was the costly die  
Of rich attire, which in the am'rous breast  
Oft a soft impulse wakes; for graceful robes  
Heighten the charms of beauty's native rose.

Veloso, startled, suddenly exclaim'd :  
“ This spot, indeed, is strange and marvellous ;  
And, if the tales of Heathen times be true,  
To certain Goddesses this forest, sure,  
Is sacred. More than the most ardent minds  
To hope could dare, have we already found ;  
And manifest it is, the world conceals,  
From unaspiring and ignoble souls,  
Its greatest wonders. Let us then pursue  
These Goddesses, to know if this be truth,  
Or mere illusion.” Swift as fleetest deer,  
They fly along the margin of the sea.  
The Nymphs pretend amidst the woods to haste,  
And swiftness feign which artfully they check ;  
Smiling anon, with simulated shrieks,  
Themselves by their pursuers they permit  
To be surpriz'd. Fleeing, their golden locks,  
And airy veils, in conflict with the breeze,  
Wave graceful, while their alabastrine forms  
Passion intense kindle in every breast.  
Here falls a Nymph astutely in her flight,  
But, with the sweetest glance of mild reproof,  
Consents to be uprais'd by him who seem'd,  
In the pursuit, thus rudely to have cast

The fair upon the sandy shore. Apart  
While others in translucent fountains bathe,  
Sudden, the sanctity of their retreat,  
With exclamations of surprize, they see  
Invaded. With precipitation thence  
Concealment in the woodland shades they seek,  
And there attempt, from each licentious eye,  
In vain their charms resistless to conceal.  
Pure as the spotless Goddess of the chase,  
One plunges swift into the limpid stream,  
Her beauteous form to hide. Her garments cast  
Upon the flow'ry bank, another hastes  
To seize in her retreat. But, in pursuit  
Of such divine and graceful loveliness,  
The Lusians' impetuosity  
And ardent passion nothing can restrain.  
As the sagacious, faithful dog, inur'd  
After the stricken bird into the pool  
To plunge, seeing the deadly tube uprais'd,  
And 'gainst the Heron levell'd fatally,  
Impatiently, before th' explosion, leaps  
Into the lake, sure of the destin'd game :  
So the bold youths the Nereïds pursue,  
Nor fear the Sister of the God of Day.<sup>20</sup>



Among them was a noble Cavalier—<sup>21</sup>  
The brave and gallant Leonardo. Love,  
With persecuting malice, him pursued,  
Not with mere transient ire, but with despite  
Inexorable. Certain it appear'd  
That he to hopeless Love alone was doom'd.  
Still his impassion'd heart a hope inspir'd,  
That brighter prospects might his future fate  
Alleviate. He Ephyra by chance  
Had follow'd. She in beauty far excell'd  
The rest, and by the swiftness of her flight  
Enhanc'd still more the prize of nature's charms.  
Exhausted, he, imploringly, exclaim'd :  
“ O loveliness divine, why dost thou flee ?  
By thee subdued, to thee my life I yield.  
Thy steps arrest, and take that earthly frame  
Whose soul with thee hath fled. Angelic Nymph !  
The rest resign'd, no longer now resist ;  
Thou only, flying me alone, dost seek  
The woods. Who told thee it was I pursued ?  
If the same cruel fortune told thee so,  
Which still pursues my steps in ev'ry clime,  
Oh do not trust her! for when I believ'd,  
And in her flatt'ring promise most relied,

The more was I deceiv'd. Thyself no more  
Fatigue, me to exhaust; for if from me  
Thou wilt escape, such is my luckless fate,  
That shouldst thou wait, thee could I not o'ertake.  
Yet stay; for, with thine own consent, I then  
May see how adverse fortune will my hopes  
Defeat; and, in the end, thou wilt perceive,  
Between the chalice and the lip, how much  
May interpose. O fly me not, and may  
Thy beauty flee not with Time's onward course!  
Thy winged steps arrest; so shalt thou break  
The link which binds my fatal destiny.  
What pow'r imperial, or what martial force,  
Could dare to contravene that stern decree  
Which ceaseless mocks my hopes, my fond desires?  
Thou canst alone, at once, this spell dissolve  
By yielding to my pray'r. With adverse fate  
Dost thou take part against me? 'Tis not just  
To join the stronger party. Hast thou stol'n  
A heart that freely beat? Restore it. Thou,  
Less burthen'd, hence may'st flee. Oppress not, then,  
A smitten heart round which thou hast entwin'd  
Thy golden ringlets. Has captivity  
Its hapless fortune chang'd, and all its load

Of wretchedness remov'd ? This hope alone  
Impels me still to follow thee ; my heart,  
O'erburthen'd, long thou canst not bear ; or else  
Thy beauty's influence at length will change  
Its unpropitious star. If once benign,  
'Tis vain, sweet Nymph, to fly ; for thee will Love  
Unerring wound ; and, then, thou canst not flee.—  
Fly not from me, but stay to crown my bliss !”

The lovely Nymph less swiftly fled, and turn'd  
To view the Hero who her steps pursued,  
List'ning to the mellifluous voice that breath'd  
Such plaints pathetic of impassion'd grief.  
With aspect mild, serene, and heavenly,  
Yet with a smile which inward joy express'd,  
She fell, before the Conqueror's feet, subdued ;  
While he to all the pure delights of love  
Himself resign'd. What salutations, then,  
What tender sighs witness'd the conscious groves !  
What sweet caresses, and what blushing ire  
Yielding to mirthful and forgiving smiles !  
From the mild dawn till evening's milder ray,  
What joys for them by Venus were prepar'd !

Though sweeter far to taste than to describe,<sup>22</sup>  
Yet, if untasted, let them be conceiv'd.

At length the lovely graceful Nymphs to all  
Th' enamour'd Lusians were reconcil'd :  
Their brows with chaplets they adorn'd, of flow'rs  
And fadeless laurel intertwin'd with gold.  
Their lily hands graceful with theirs they join'd ;  
With all the sacred forms of plighted faith,  
That hence in union they should ever live,  
And that their days should close in deathless fame.

But one,\* to whose pre-eminence the choir  
Of Nereïds obedient homage paid,  
And whose celestial mien her high descent  
From Vesta and from Uranus declar'd,  
Admiring the illustrious Chief whose fame  
Extended o'er the wond'ring Universe,  
Herself, with every majestic grace  
Adorn'd, with splendid nuptial rites on him  
Bestow'd. After her rank she had reveal'd  
With graceful and inspiring eloquence,

\* Thetis.

She intimated that the influence  
Of Fate irrevocable to that Isle  
His course had bent, the secrets to disclose  
Of regions yet unknown and seas unplough'd,  
Which ancient prophecy had long declar'd  
To Lusians alone should be unveil'd.  
His steps she guided tow'rds an eminence  
Upon a lofty, consecrated hill,  
On which a rich and splendid Temple rose :  
A crystal Dome inlaid with purest gold.  
The day, from early morn till dewy eve,  
In pleasures and in pastimes there was spent ;  
There she in all the transports of pure love  
Indulg'd ;—the others in the fav'ring shades  
And flow'ry groves :—in such felicity  
These Nymphs and Heroes spent the live-long day,  
And thus were all their toils and labors past  
Forgotten 'midst these joys ineffable.

High actions and heroic bravery,  
Justly appreciated by the world,  
Their due reward infallibly receive  
In fame illustrious and a glorious name.  
For all these Ocean-nymphs thus beautiful, <sup>23</sup>

And Thetis, and the fascinating Isle,  
Are only fictions fram'd to represent  
Those splendid honors which impart to life  
Its highest lustre. That pre-eminence  
In fame, those triumphs, and the laurell'd brows,  
The glory gain'd, the admiration felt:—  
These are alone this Isle's fictitious charms.  
What is that glorious immortality  
Which ancient Sages, who true greatness priz'd,  
Allotted Heroes on the starry heights  
Of Mount Olympus, whither they were borne  
On Fame's high-soaring wings?—That just reward  
Of valor's feats, and that laborious toil  
By which alone virtue's steep, rugged path  
Is gain'd,—painful at first, but, in the end,  
Delightful? 'Tis alone the recompense  
Which on th' illustrious the world confers,  
For those transcendent and immortal deeds  
Which give mankind a character divine;  
For Jove and Mercury, Phœbus and Mars,  
Æneas and Quirinus, and the Two,\*  
The pride of Thebes, and Ceres, Pallas, all,

\* Hercules and Bacchus.

With Juno and Diana, represent  
Mere mortals. But their great and glorious deeds  
Fame through the world proclaim'd, and call'd them  
    Gods,  
Immortal Demi-Gods, and God-like men,  
Heroes, and Potentates surnamed Great.

Ye, who appreciate exalted Fame,  
Awake,—if these you sigh to imitate;—  
Awake from that lethargic indolence,  
Which the free mind ingloriously enslaves.  
On avarice and on ambition place  
A check severe, for oft unworthily  
Their influence prevails; and tyranny  
Abhor, as odious and infamous;  
For neither these, nor riches, can confer  
Or worth, or real dignity, on man.  
To merit honors, though they be withheld,<sup>24</sup>  
Is better than to bear them undeserv'd.

In peace establish fix'd and equal laws,  
The poor against the wealthy to protect:  
Or if in war yourselves in shining mail  
Ye clad, against the Saracenic foe

Unsheath your swords. Then great and powerful  
Your country will become, and greater wealth  
All will possess: thus riches well deserv'd,  
And honors which a virtuous life adorn,  
Then will be yours. In greater glory still  
Your venerated King you will exalt  
By prudent counsels, and by deathless deeds,  
Great as your noble ancestors perform'd.  
Whate'er is not impossible, achieve;  
For where the will exists, the pow'r resides;  
And then with Heroes shall ye be enroll'd,  
And welcom'd here by Venus in her Isle.

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**THE LUSIAD.**

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**CANTO X.**



# THE LUSIAD.

## CANTO X.

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Now had the radiant lover of the fair  
But faithless Larissæa tow'rds the Lake,  
Which on the Ocean's western verge surrounds  
Temistitan,\* inclin'd his fiery steeds;  
And Sol's bright ardent beams Favonius  
Had cool'd with gentle gales that wanton play'd  
Upon the glassy pools, and quick reviv'd  
The lily's and the jasmin's drooping head,  
When with their Lusian Lovers, hand in hand,  
The beauteous Nymphs, with mutual bliss inspir'd,  
Proceeded tow'rds the stately palaces,  
Which with refulgent gold were splendidly  
Adorn'd; and there the Queen of Love had spread  
A banquet sumptuous and magnificent,

\* Mexico.

That, at the festive and luxurious board,  
Exhausted Nature might her strength repair.  
There, on relucant crystal seats reclin'd,  
The Lusians with the Nereïds in pairs  
Were rang'd; and there, exalted o'er the rest,  
Illustrious Gama with the Goddess sat.

Such luxuries refin'd were there display'd,  
As far surpass'd the fam'd Egyptian feasts,  
In copious abundance pil'd on gold  
Which the vast treasures of the Deep supplied.  
The precious wines, which sparkling crown'd each vase ,  
Were not the juice of the Falernian grape,  
But such Ambrosia as Olympian Jove  
Quaffs with the sempiternal deities.  
In beakers, which the steely file resist,  
The juice ethereal that exhilarates  
The heart with sudden transports of delight,  
Mix'd with the limpid spring's pure element,  
Foam'd glittering. Delightful interchange  
Of lively thoughts, and sweetest smiles, and wit  
Refin'd, the pleasures of the feast enhanc'd,  
And gave to appetite a keener zest.  
There music charm'd with heavenly harmony—<sup>1</sup>

Such as in Tartarus departed Souls  
With ravishment beguil'd from sense of pain,  
When Syrens their celestial voices tun'd.—  
The Muse pour'd forth her sweet melodious strains,  
And through the spacious Halls th' angelic sounds  
Vibrated, and in charming concord mix'd  
With dulcet notes from softest instruments.  
The winds in silent stillness straight were hush'd;  
The murm'ring rivulets more gently flow'd,  
And ev'n the savage tenants of the woods  
Tranquil repos'd within their sylvan lairs.  
With voice enchantingly mellifluous  
She sung of future Heroes yet unborn,  
Whose persons Proteus distinctly saw<sup>2</sup>  
In a diaphanous and crystal globe,  
In which by Jupiter they were to him  
In dreams reveal'd. When in the Deep  
Their future fame he prophesied, the Muse  
Retentive treasur'd in her memory  
Their brilliant history. Less for the sock,  
Than the cothurnus, was the story fram'd  
The Nymph there learn'd; nor such to Iopas<sup>3</sup>  
In Carthage, or Demodocus was known  
In fam'd Phæacia. Thee, I now invoke,

Calliope, in this my arduous task;  
Restore to me, my labors to reward,  
That zeal which less inspires my humble pen.  
My years decline, and soon will summer close  
In the autumnal period of life.—  
Misfortunes have, alas! that genius chill'd,  
Which now no more awakes my conscious pride,  
And sorrows soon will lead me to the stream  
Of dark oblivion and eternal sleep.—  
But thou, the Muse's Queen, O give thy aid,  
That I this patriot-labor may complete.

The beauteous Goddess sung that Tagus' Flood  
Armadas should send forth o'er the vast seas  
That Gama had explor'd, which should subdue  
Those spacious regions which Indian waves  
Bathe murmuring, and that such Heathen Kings,  
As should the Lusitanian yoke resist,  
Feeling the force of their resistless arms,  
Should either to their noble victors yield,  
Or perish by the sword.—Next of a King,<sup>4</sup>  
Who the high sacerdotal office held  
In Malabar, she sung, whose amity  
So firmly with the Lusians shall be knit,

That he for them will suffer all his states  
With fire and sword, and unrelenting rage,  
To be destroy'd by the fierce Samorim,  
Who 'gainst the Strangers will in hatred be  
Implacable.—And then the Syren sung  
That in the Tagus should embark the Chief,  
Destin'd, unconscious, to repair this loss :  
The Great Pacheco—Lusia's Achilles.—<sup>5</sup>  
The lofty Ship, and Ocean's foaming waves,<sup>6</sup>  
The pressure of the Hero's weight shall feel,  
And as the burthen'd bark unwonted sinks  
Deep in the flood, she groaning will confess  
His presence. When the Oriental goal  
He shall have reach'd, aiding the Pagan King  
Of Cochin, join'd with a small native force  
On the salt river's mazy, winding banks,  
The treach'rous Nayres his conqu'ring sword shall slay  
At Cambalam,\* and through the glowing East  
Th' achievements of his small heroic band  
The chilling terrors of dismay shall spread.  
The Samorim shall bring into the field  
The pow'rful Kings of Bipur and Tanor,

\* A small island, near Cochin.

From mountainous Narsinga, pledg'd to give  
Their Emperor unquestionable proofs  
Of their courageous zeal; and all the States  
'Twixt Calicut and Cananor the Nayres  
Possess, to arms he shall incite :—the sects  
Of hostile Moors by sea,—the Heathen foes  
By land. Again, Pacheco fearlessly  
These mighty hosts shall signally defeat,  
And with such dreadful slaughter as shall strike  
Terror throughout the coast of Malabar.  
Yet shall the Pagan Monarch to the charge  
Return, in haste the combat to renew,  
His troops reproaching with base cowardice,  
And by entreaties vain his senseless Gods  
Imploring. But the conqu'ring Lusian  
His splendid Temples and his Towns shall burn.  
The Khan, with rage inflam'd to see the foe  
Razing his edifices to the dust,  
Shall force his desp'rate Indians to assail,  
With charges bold and simultaneous,  
The brave Pacheco, who, on swiftest wings,  
'Gainst each shall fly, and each successively  
Defeat. The Samorim in person there  
His troops repuls'd shall strive to animate ;



But, while haranguing them to check their flight,  
The whizzing shot shall his imperial robes  
Dash with his soldiers' blood. But when he sees  
The brave Pacheco boldly disregard  
His utmost force and skill, to treachery  
And poison he will have recourse: in vain—  
For Heav'n will frustrate both. A seventh time<sup>7</sup>  
Shall he with the unconquer'd Lusian,  
On whom no perils can impression make,  
Contend; but only slight perplexity  
Shall he produce, though to the gory fight  
Monstrous machines, till then unseen in war,  
He shall bring forth to board and to assail  
The Caravels, so long invincible.  
Mountains of blazing wood shall he transport  
Upon the waves, th' Armada to destroy;  
But military skill shall still prevail,  
And all these horribly destructive means  
Annihilate. No Hero in the field  
Of Mars, however high he on the wings  
Of fame may soar, e'er such a deed perform'd.  
This shall triumphant snatch the palm from Greece  
And Rome illustrious. Such conflicts fought  
By Lusians, who in number scarce surpass

A century, against such multitudes  
To war inur'd and skill'd in stratagems,  
Thenceforth will seem a fiction fabulous,  
Or else it will be deem'd the heav'nly choir  
Invok'd, descended with celestial aid,  
And with heroic bravery each heart  
Inspir'd. Nor he who on the plains renown'd  
Of Marathon Darius' mighty force  
Destroy'd;—Nor he who at Thermopylæ  
The pass defended 'gainst the Persian host;  
Nor yet the gallant Cocles, who against  
The whole Etrurian pow'r the Roman bridge  
Alone maintain'd;—nor Fabius Maximus;—  
In war can with Pacheco be compar'd.

But here the voice celestial of the Nymph  
A sorrowful, impressive tone assum'd,  
While she with plaintive, intermitting sighs  
Sung of heroic deeds ungratefully  
Repaid. “ O Belisarius, whom the Muse  
With justice to extol will e'er delight,  
If thou thy martial fame hast seen obscur'd,  
Unrighteously, here consolation thou  
May'st now receive. A Hero, like thyself,

Behold, sublime in deeds, but recompens'd  
With harsh neglect. In thee and him we see  
The lofty soul to mean obscurity  
Debased. When those who faithful serve their King  
Are suffer'd, in th' asylum for the poor,  
To languish and expire, the Monarch's will  
With justice cannot equal pace preserve.  
Thus Sov'reigns are misled, when they submit  
To fascination's bland, persuasive pow'r,  
Giving the laurels Ajax' merits claim  
To sly Ulysses' crafty eloquence.  
Yet is the cause of virtue still aveng'd;  
For where rewards are from the wise and good  
Withheld, and giv'n to fawning flatterers,  
They dwindle into a base recompense  
Of sordid adulation. Why, O King,  
So great a Hero hast thou injur'd thus?—  
To him thou hast all honors due refus'd,  
Though he a mighty empire gave to thee.  
But while Apollo's glorious radiance  
This rolling planetary orb shall gild,  
Pacheco shall be number'd with the Great,  
While thou for Avarice shalt be condemn'd.

The Nymph her chant prophetic soon resum'd.—  
Another dignified with Royalty  
Shall then appear, bringing his gallant Son<sup>8</sup>  
In glory unsurpass'd by Roman fame.  
Fertile Quiloa, by their pow'rful arms  
Assaulted and chastis'd, they shall subdue,  
And thence expel the tyrant from his throne,  
Giving the land a native, Patriot-King,  
Humane and generous. Mombaza, too,<sup>9</sup>  
Adorn'd with sumptuous palaces, shall fall,  
A prey to the devouring flames of war,  
In retribution for her former crimes ;  
And subsequently, on the Indian coast,  
▪ Innumerable flotillas of the foe,  
Some swiftly sailing, some by oars impell'd,  
The noble youth Lorenzo shall defeat,  
Annihilating with destructive shot,  
Like thunder launch'd from his artillery,  
The masts and helms of all the pow'rful ships,  
Which, by the Samorim's command, shall throng  
The darken'd waves. Grappling the principal  
And vanmost prow, first on the hostile deck  
Shall rush Lorenzo ; and four hundred Moors

By lance and sword shall there be sacrificed.  
But by th' inscrutable decrees of God,  
Who alone knows what may be best for man,  
At length he will a fatal station reach,  
Where life no human bravery can save.  
In Chaul, contending with the mighty Fleets  
Of Egypt and Cambaia, where the fierce  
And bloody fight th' ensanguin'd waves shall chafe,  
The young, the brave Almeida, shall be slain.

O'erpower'd by overwhelming enemies,  
(For to such force alone the brave submit,)  
By fatal calms, by dangers of the sea  
Embarrass'd and perplex'd, all will conspire  
'Gainst his success. But here let all the shades  
Of the departed Great arise to view  
His noble ardor. Here they will behold  
Another Scæva gash'd with mortal wounds,  
Unyielding still and unsubdued; for though  
Dismember'd by a random shaft, he yet  
With uprais'd arms will animate the fight,  
And all its wonted greatness will his heart  
Display;—till, fatally, a death-shot break  
The bonds which to its earthly form unites

Th' immortal soul. Then will it flee, releas'd,  
Triumphant to its heavenly abode.  
Go, from war's tumults, great exalted soul !  
Go, and enjoy that peace serene which thou  
Hast earn'd in war. Thy mutilated trunk <sup>10</sup>  
He soon, who gave thee birth, shall well avenge !  
I hear the terrors of the storm approach—  
I hear the warlike engines of his ire  
Prepare t' inflict eternal punishment  
On fierce Cambaians, and on Paynim foes.  
Thy father comes, with dauntless courage fired,  
With rage transported, yet oppress'd with grief.  
Tears fill the warrior's eyes, paternal love  
His heart, burning alternately with wrath.  
He comes the promis'd vengeance to inflict,  
To seal in blood the hostile navy's doom ;  
And with the fame of this stupendous deed  
The Indus, Nile, and Ganges, shall resound.  
As the fierce Bull, goaded by jealousy, <sup>11</sup>  
Prepares for an assault, goring the trunk  
Of some umbrageous oak, or spreading beech,  
And smites the air with his tremendous roar,  
So will Almeida, fir'd with rage, advance  
Into Cambaia's Gulf, proving his sword

On opulent Dabul, and to the dust  
Its splendid palaces and tumid pride  
Reduce. With fury entering the Bay  
Of Dio—fam'd for sieges and assaults—  
The weak but num'rous Fleets of Calicut,  
For their defence depending on their oars,  
Swiftly shall he disperse, and their ally  
Meliqué Yaz, shall see his own destroy'd  
By Vulcan's bolts, and to the lowest depths  
Of Ocean's cold and secret bed dismiss'd.  
There, too, Mir Hocem's hostile Fleet, expos'd  
To these avengers' unrelenting wrath,  
Shall witness, floating on the crimson'd waves,  
The trunkless limbs of many' an Indian slain.  
While, like the lightning's shafts, these conquerors,  
Resistless, shall their foes with terror strike,  
What flames, and smoke, and clashing swords, and  
cries,  
The horrors of the conflict will augment!  
But ah! returning from these victories,  
With anxious hopes his native Tagus' stream  
Again to see, a sorrowful event  
His glorious retreat will intercept.  
The Cape of Storms his mem'ry and his bones

Preserving, will presumptuously dare  
To rob the Hero of that vital spark,  
Which had defied the concentrated force  
Of Egypt and of Ind. There Caffres wild  
Shall do a deed which subtlest enemies  
Could never execute, and clubs achieve  
What skilful bows and dread artillery  
In vain essay'd. Occult are Heav'n's decrees  
To the vain world that understands them not.  
Ill fortune, adverse fate, oft are they call'd,  
When they from Providence alone proceed.

What brilliant Light, the Syren then exclaim'd,—<sup>12</sup>  
Swelling her voice to more exalted strains,—  
Blazes upon Melinda's sea, blood-stain'd  
From Lamo, Oja, Brava, cities won  
By Cunha, who a never-dying name  
By his exploits shall gain, where'er the waves  
The Austral Islands, and Lorenzo's Coast,  
Encircling lash, and where the South extends;  
And there I see the coruscating arms  
Of the Great Albuquerque, who shall subdue  
The Persians of Ormúz, whose bravery  
The honorable yoke in vain will strive



To shun. There shall their whizzing arrows fly,\*  
Recoiling with inverted course against  
Themselves; for God their pious valor aids  
Who fight the glorious fight of Holy Faith.  
Nor will their ample stores saline suffice  
The bodies from corruption to preserve  
Of all the multitudes in battle slain,  
And strewn upon the seas, and winding shores  
Of Gerum and of Calayatè. Yet,  
Force shall at length teach them to bend the neck,  
And bind this subjugated Pagan state  
A costly tribute annually to bring  
Of Barem's richest pearls. What glorious palms  
Enwreath'd, I see, to deck the victor's brow,  
To whose undaunted godlike bravery  
The celebrated Isle of Goa yields.  
But, to necessity obedient,  
His conquest he abandons, and awaits  
A more propitious hour to seize the prize,  
When skill and valor shall to Mars himself  
And Fortune rise superior. He comes,—  
And walls, and spears, and dire artillery,

\* Vide Note 14 of the Second Canto, and page 58.

Oppose in vain ; with valor's sword he opes  
A path through hordes of Pagans and of Moors.  
Like hungry lions, or like raging bulls,  
His comrades wide around destruction spread,  
And by their deeds more memorable make  
The day devoted to Saint Catherine. <sup>13</sup>  
Nor canst thou from the Conqu'ror's pow'r escape,  
Malacca, for thy opulence renown'd ;  
Thy wealth will not avail for thy defence,  
Nor yet thy site amidst Aurora's realms  
Remote ; nor thy envenom'd deadly shafts ;  
Nor yet the dirks with which I see thee arm'd.  
Gallant Malayans, warlike Javanese,  
Alike to Lusian valor ye must yield.

Still more had the melodious Syren sung  
In praise of the illustrious Albuquerque,  
But she that ire remember'd which condemns  
Him whose great fame encircles the whole world.  
A great Commander, when by fate ordain'd  
Eternal fame by arduous enterprize  
To gain, should tow'rds his comrades ever prove  
A mild companion—not a judge severe.—  
But, when oppress'd by hunger and fatigue,

Expos'd to sickness and the adverse host,  
And all the plagues of insalubrious climes,  
The soldier still shows due obedience,  
Savage brutality it then appears—  
Such as in breasts inhuman can alone  
Reside—to punish, with the pains of death,  
A fault which love and human frailty deem  
Still venial. 'Twas no incestuous act—  
No violation of virginity—  
No base and scandalous adultery—  
The error was a passion for a slave<sup>14</sup>  
Lascivious and obscure. But if the breast,  
By jealousy impell'd to cruel deeds,  
No curb imposes on its rage insane,  
Upon the most illustrious fame it leaves  
A stain impure. Immortal Ammon saw  
Apelles with Campaspe smit, and gave  
Her to his love ; and yet no warrior  
Was he, plying with him an arduous siege.  
Cyrus beheld the deep-impassion'd flame,  
Which for Panthea in Araspa's breast  
Glow'd unsubdued, though he his faith had pledg'd  
The sacred trust to guard, and ev'ry thought  
Illicit to suppress ; yet when he fell,

Vanquish'd by the resistless pow'r of love,  
Th' illustrious Persian pardon'd the offence,  
And well by services was he repaid.  
Judith by force to Baldwin was allied,  
But Charles, of his parental wrath disarm'd,  
Forgave him, and confided to his rule  
The charge of Flandria's prosperity.

The Nymph her sweet melodious notes again <sup>15</sup>  
Attun'd, and braye Soares eulogiz'd.—  
This Hero shall his flutt'ring ensigns raise,  
And spread the terror of his name, along  
Arabia's coast. Hateful Medina, then,  
With Mecca, Gedda, and the coast extreme  
Of Abyssinia, with fear shall quake,  
And Barborà, the fate of Zeila  
Destroy'd, shall apprehend. The noble Isle,  
Tapròbane, fam'd for its ancient name,  
And proud that nature still on her bestows  
With lib'ral hand her aromatic gifts,  
Shall of these rich and costly products pay  
Abundant tribute to her Conqueror,  
When Lusìa's banners shall triumphant wave,  
Inspiring fear, upon Columbo's tow'rs.

Sequeira shall the Erythræan waves<sup>16</sup>  
Defy, and a new passage shall explore  
Tow'rds the Great Empire, which with pride may  
boast

The birth of Sheba, and of Candacè.  
Massuah's Island, with capacious tanks  
Fill'd from the clouds, and the contiguous port  
Of Arekèa he shall see, and isles  
Remote, which various wonders shall disclose.

Menezes on the scene shall then appear,<sup>17</sup>  
And with his sword already nobly prov'd  
In Africa, shall punish the revolt  
Of Ormuz with redoubled penalties.

Thou, too, illustrious Gama, shalt receive<sup>18</sup>  
The just reward due for this banishment,  
And grac'd with titles of nobility  
Shalt o'er thy own discover'd regions rule  
With delegated Sov'reignty. At length,  
That fate, from which no mortal is exempt,  
Shall from this world and all its vanities  
Ev'n thee from thy vice-regal throne remove.

Another brave Menezes shall succeed, <sup>19</sup>  
In wisdom ripe, though immature in years ;  
And, fortunate and happy in his sway,  
A deathless name shall to posterity  
Bequeath. To him shall Malabar submit ;  
And Paniàny and Coulète he  
Shall raze, not only braving fearlessly  
The foe's death-spreading vollied batteries,  
But shall, by virtues rare and singular,  
Vanquish the soul's sev'n deadly enemies,  
And over av'rice and incontinence  
A glorious triumph gain :—at such an age,  
This is the highest excellence. Remov'd  
Thence to the starry heavens, then shalt thou  
Succeed brave Mascarenhas ; and although  
Of thy command injustice rob thee, still  
I promise thee eternal fame. Fate bids—<sup>20</sup>  
That all thy foes thy valor may confess—  
Thou to thy post shouldst come, crowned with palms,  
Though unaccompanied with Fortune's smiles.  
In Bintam's Isle, whose warlike natives long  
Malacca with incursions had assail'd,  
The injuries of ages numberless  
In one short day shall Lusian bravery

Avenge. Labors and perils infinite,  
Fords with embedded spikes insidious arm'd,  
Bastions and palisades, and barbed shafts,  
And serried lances,—all shalt thou defy  
And vanquish. Avarice and lust of pow'r,  
Which, in the face of justice and of heav'n,  
A shameless front in India oft display,  
Disgust alone shall in thy gen'rous breast  
Enkindle. He who, solely to oppress,  
Employs or martial force, or pow'r, achieves  
No victory; but a true victory  
Is gain'd, when justice triumphs and prevails.

Yet to Sampaio cannot be denied  
The merit of illustrious bravery,  
Which, on the waves, like lightning swiftly wing'd,  
Shall, striking, crush a host of enemies.  
At Bacanor, on Malabar's wide coast,  
His valor he shall signally display,  
And Cutialè, with his num'rous Fleet,  
There terrified and vanquish'd, shall submit.  
The formidable force, at Dio moor'd,  
Which even by the Lusian Fleet in Chaul  
Not without fear is view'd, he with a glance <sup>21</sup>

Shall rout, and with the bold Silveira's aid  
Annihilate. This fearless warrior  
Shall, on the ever-arm'd Cambaian coast,  
Be to his foes a scourge as terrible  
As Trojan Hector to the warlike Greeks.

To fierce Sampaio Cunha shall succeed,<sup>22</sup>  
Who long the great machine of State shall guide.  
In Chalè lofty tow'rs he shall erect,  
And Dio, apprehensive for her fate,  
Shall tremble; and to him Baçaim shall yield,  
But not a bloodless conquest, for the sword  
Alone shall force Meliquè to submit,  
When, agoniz'd, he sees his strongest hold  
Assaulted with success.—Then after him,  
Noronha shall appear, and shall expel<sup>23</sup>  
The Rumians from Dio, and defend  
That city 'gainst innumerable foes  
With noblest bravery. Noronha, death,  
Unsparing, shall remove; and then a branch  
Of thine, O Gama, the vice-regal throne  
Shall mount, and by his deeds shall pallid turn  
The Red Sea's waves with fear. Then from thy Son  
The reins of government shall be transferr'd



To one already in Brazil renown'd,  
Where Gallic pirates, to the seas inur'd,  
He vanquish'd and chastis'd. Chief in command,  
The walls of proud and fortified Damaun  
Scaling, the city's portal he will dare  
The first to pass, defying flames, and shafts  
Innumerable. To him Cambaia's King  
In wealthy Dio shall a fortress give,  
To aid him his dominions to defend  
Against the great and powerful Mogul.  
Next with stupendous bravery shall he  
Oppose the passage of the Pagan King  
Of Calicut, and him and all his force  
Drive headlong from the sanguinary field.  
Then Repelin's fair city he shall raze,  
Urging its Prince and Vassals thence to fly,  
And near the mountain-cape of Comorin  
A deed immortal he shall execute:  
The pow'rful Fleet of the proud Samorim,—  
Who vainly thinks the world prostrate to him  
Must yield,—he shall with fire and sword subdue.  
And Beadàla, too, destructive war  
Shall level with the dust. India thus freed  
From enemies, he thither shall return,

And without perils or resistance rule ;  
For all shall fear and silently obey.  
Baticalà alone shall be by him  
Like Beadàla with severity  
Chastis'd—there, ruin'd walls, and heaps of slain,  
And streams of blood, the city shall defile.  
Martin Alphonso is this valiant Chief,  
Whose daring deeds shall vie with those of Mars ;  
Transcendently illustrious in arms,  
In counsel he shall equally excel.

Him Castro shall succeed, who gloriously <sup>24</sup>  
The Lusian standard ever shall unfurl,  
And Dio, which Alphonso's skill had rais'd,  
He shall, with bravery unparallel'd  
Defend. Persians and Abyssinians  
And Rumians (who their name from Rome derive) <sup>25</sup>  
With num'rous other nations fierce and brave,  
In manners and in aspect various,  
To Dio's siege shall come, and there complain  
That heav'n permits a foe, contemptible  
In numbers, thus should thwart them, and shall swear,  
Though unbeliev'd, their beards in Lusian blood  
To bathe. War's deadly flashing culverins,

Insidious mines, and engines horrible  
Of carnage, Mascarenhas disregards,  
And his brave comrades, who envisage death  
With cheerful smiles ;—and, in extremities,  
Castro, their liberator, offers up  
His gallant sons, that they eternal fame  
May reap, and to their God their lives resign.  
The one, Fernando—of that ancient trunk  
A noble Scion—heav'nward shall be snatch'd,  
When, with explosive fire, the city's walls  
Shall, into fragments, with a mighty crash,  
Be blown into the air ; and Àlvaro—  
The other—dauntless amidst wintry storms,  
His way shall force across opposing waves,  
All obstacles surmount, and triumph o'er  
His vanquish'd enemies. At length shall come  
Castro himself, with all his Lusian force,  
And with united bravery and skill  
Decide the brilliant fortune of the day.  
While some the walls shall scale, others the gates  
Against th' infuriated foe shall force,  
And on that day the memorable deeds  
Achiev'd, shall far the Muse's loftiest strains  
Transcend. This bold intrepid Conqueror

Then shall defy Cambaia's potent King,\*  
Who, with astonishment and dread, shall view  
The gallant, daring Lusian chivalry.  
No more shall Hydal-Khan his states defend  
'Gainst Castro's powerful, triumphant arm;  
To him shall maritime Dabul submit,  
And Ponda he shall signally chastise.

All these, and other heroes, whose exploits  
Shall be rewarded with eternal fame,  
Here from their martial labors shall repose,  
And taste the pleasures of this lovely Isle.  
Their stately keels, cleaving the boundless flood,  
Here their victorious standards shall display,  
Greeted by beauteous Nymphs and festive joys:  
The glorious meed of all their arduous toils.

Thus sang the Nymph, while all the Nereïds  
In sweet consenting strains hymn'd their applause,  
Exhilarating thus the nuptial scene  
Then celebrating with such pure delight.

\* The Khan, Badur.

“ Though Fortune’s wheel uncertain may revolve,  
(Thus in harmonious unison they join’d,)  
Illustrious Heroes, you shall e’er excel  
In honor, valor, and in glorious fame.”

When in these sumptuous festivities  
Each had abundantly indulg’d, and when,  
In dulcet and harmonious numbers, deeds  
Of high achievement she had prophesied,  
Thetis, with grace and dignity adorn’d,  
With more transcendent glory to enhance  
The festive pleasures of this cheerful day,  
(A day of unalloy’d felicity,)  
The noble Gama thus address’d: “ To thee,  
Wisdom supreme vouchsafes thou shalt behold,  
With corp’ral eyes, what science ne’er presum’d  
To sublunary mortals to reveal.  
With firmness arm’d, this sylvan eminence  
Thou, and thy comrades, now ascend with me.”

Thus Thetis spake, and guided Vasco’s steps  
Through the steep paths of a wild wood, that seem’d  
All access to deny. The summit soon  
They reach’d, and, standing on a spacious plain,

Studded with rubies and with emeralds,  
Well might they deem they trod celestial ground.  
Here suddenly was seen a crystal Globe  
With starry beams of brilliant light illum'd,  
Which render'd visible its central point,  
And on its surface coruscating shone.  
Altho' its substance might not be discern'd,  
Yet, manifestly, it appear'd compos'd  
Of various Orbs, made by the hand of God,  
Who to the whole one common centre gave.  
Though circling it might seem to rise and set,  
Yet is not this the order of its course;—  
The same celestial aspect, first and last,  
It every where by art divine displays,  
Perfect, and uniform, and self-sustain'd,  
And like its own immortal archetype.

When Gama, with astonishment, this Globe  
Beheld, though struck with fear, yet to remain  
Anxious he wish'd. The Goddess thus began:

“ This Sphere is only an epitome <sup>26</sup>  
Of the vast Universe, which I to thee  
Disclose, that thou may'st of thy future fate

A glimpse discern. Behold the Great Machine,  
Ethereal and Elemental, form'd  
By Wisdom boundless and omniscient,  
And co-existent with eternity.  
He who this vaulted Universe surrounds,  
And all the blue celestial expanse,  
Is God ;—but God to comprehend, exceeds  
The utmost bounds of human intellect.  
Th' extreme encircling firmamental Orb,  
In which unnumber'd worlds harmonious roll,  
And which with radiant beams of heav'nly light  
The vision dazzles, and the mind o'erpow'rs,  
Is nam'd the Empyrean, where pure souls  
Of that transcendent happiness and joy  
Partake, which none can fully comprehend,  
Save him alone, with whom nothing on Earth  
May be compar'd. The truly glorious  
Are here the only Deities. Myself,  
Saturnus, Jupiter, and Juno, are  
No more than fictions blind and fabulous.  
We serve alone to heighten all the charms  
Of tuneful verse, and if mankind concede  
To us still more, 'tis when their fancy blends  
Our names with stars in the celestial sphere.

“ Thus, also, overruling Providence,  
Whom, typically, Jove here represents,  
By pure Intelligences numberless,  
Guides and sustains the order of the world.  
Prophetic Science clearly demonstrates,  
By various examples which it cites,  
That influence benign the Good on man  
Exert, while Evil Spirits, if they may,  
Assail us with malignity. The Muse,  
Instruction with delight to blend, adopts,  
Her strains to vary, names which, anciently,  
The fabling poets on their Gods profane  
Bestow'd. But yet, though oft in sacred verse,  
The choir of Heav'nly Angels Gods are call'd,  
Still frequently this name pre-eminent  
Erroneously is giv'n to the profane.  
For there is only One Almighty God,  
Who rules by secondary causes all  
Below. But here let me resume my tale  
Of the great works the hand Divine hath wrought.

“ Beneath this circle which unmov'd remains,  
Where the pure soul unfading bliss enjoys,  
With imperceptible rapidity



Another Sphere revolves, from whence the source  
Of motion is deriv'd. In its swift flight,  
Whirling within the boundless realms of space,  
The Spheres which it includes are borne along,  
And, as it moves, the vivifying sun,  
In pleasing change alternates day and night.  
In slow and check'd career a crystal orb  
Advances next, but scarce one step achieves,  
While the great Lamp of Heav'n two hundred times  
Its annual course completes. And here behold  
Another fill'd with wand'ring lucent orbs,  
Each marching in its own appointed course,  
While, on its axis, sparkling, each revolves.  
With radiance celestial attir'd,  
And circled with a spacious golden belt,  
Twelve constellated mansions it contains,  
Which Phœbus visits in his solar round.  
Observe the figurative shapes assum'd  
By other splendid coruscating orbs.  
The starry Wain, the polar Cynosure,  
Draco, Andromeda, and Cepheus,  
And Cassiopea beautiful as vain ;—  
Orion with perturb'd and awful mien,  
Cygnus expiring with melodious sighs,

With Lepus, Canis, Argo, and the Lyre  
Of Orpheus. Under this firmament  
Ancient Saturnus thou may'st then behold ;  
Next Jupiter his stellar orbit runs,  
And Mars, fierce in hostility, succeeds.

“ In the fourth Sphere is Heav'n's refulgent Eye ;\*  
Then Venus with her train of Loves appears,  
And Mercury, with eloquence divine  
Endued, while chaste Diana last displays  
Her varying charms. These orbs, thou may'st perceive,  
Move in their spheres, each with its diff'rent course :  
Now, distant from the centre they revolve ;  
Then in their path elliptical less far  
Are they remov'd ; for thus it was decreed  
By the Omnipotent, at whose command  
The elements he made were center'd here,  
And form'd this wonderful terraqueous globe.

“ This central sojourn of the human race, <sup>27</sup>  
Where bold aspiring mortals not alone  
The various ills of life on land endure,

\* The Sun.

But brave the perils of the faithless deep,  
To thee shall be describ'd, and thou shalt see  
Its various regions which th' infuriate waves  
Divide, with all its nations manifold,  
Its kings, its customs, and its diff'rent laws.

“ Europe, behold, in Christianity,  
In policy, in arts, in bravery,  
Superior to all; while Africa,  
Rich without culture, by a simple race  
Is peopled. Far as lies its southern Cape,  
Which only now to thee has been reveal'd,  
Its various inhabitants exist,  
Without, through all this wide extent, the aid  
Of social laws. Benomotapa there  
Maintains his empire o'er a race of swart  
And naked savages, where in the cause<sup>28</sup>  
Of Holy Faith Gonzalo's blood was shed.  
In these untravell'd regions is found  
That ore for which, with moist and wringing brow,  
Man labors most, and there the mighty Lake<sup>29</sup>  
Expands, whence flow Cuama and the Nile.  
Without suspicion, there, the Negro leaves  
His humble dwelling, open and secure,

Trusting in royal justice for defence,  
And in his neighbour's strict fidelity.  
In future times, a swarthy multitude,  
Like birds innum'rous on the darken'd plain,  
A fortress in Sofala shall assault,  
Which the brave Nhai shall with martial skill <sup>30</sup>  
Defend. Yonder the Nile's long hidden source  
Thou may'st behold, from marshes issuing,  
And nourishing the lurking crocodile,  
While Abyssinian lands it bathes, where Christ  
Is worshipp'd and ador'd. No walls require  
The natives for defence against their foes.  
There Meroe see, an isle of ancient fame, <sup>31</sup>  
Noba now call'd by its inhabitants.  
Here, in this region remote, thy son  
Don Christopher, against the Turks, renown <sup>32</sup>  
In arms shall gain, but shall in vain resist  
The fatal stroke of adverse destiny.

“ Again, Melinda's coast thou may'st discern,  
Where thou the kindest hospitality  
Received'st ; and then mark where Rapto's stream,  
There Obi call'd, its seaward course pursues  
Towards Quilmanci. Then behold the Cape

Of Aromata, now nam'd Guardafù,  
Where the Red Sea, so fam'd in ancient times,  
Its course commences o'er that bed from whence  
It steals its blushing hue, and fixes bounds  
Which Asia divide from Africa,  
Whose coast the cities rich and populous  
Of Masuàh, Arkiko, Suaquem,  
Proudly displays. At its extremity  
Is Suez, anciently for Heroes fam'd.  
Some that Arsinoe there reign'd relate,  
Where now at anchor rides the Soldan's Fleet.  
There flow the waves which, in the olden time,  
Open'd, by God's command, a path secure  
To Moses and the Israelites. Asia,  
With all its mighty empires, there begins.

“ Mount Sinai's tow'ring, sacred height, behold,<sup>33</sup>  
Ennobled with Saint Catharine's remains.  
Toro there lies, and Gidda unsupplied  
With sweet, refreshing crystal springs. There ends  
The Strait through whose wide gates the waters flow  
Which thirsty Aden bathe, whose Kingdom near  
Arzira's mountain-boundary extends,  
Where on the live rock grateful cooling show'rs

Never descend. The three Arabias,  
With their migrating tawny race, remark :  
Thence is the furious-embattled field  
With warlike chargers of the noblest breed  
Supplied. The coast, far as the Persian Gulph,  
Its line advances, till it reach the Cape,  
Which, from its well known capital, the name  
Of Fartash there assumes. Dofar observe,  
For incense odoriferous renown'd,  
Which thence for Holy Altars is procur'd ;  
And Rozalgatè on its western strand,  
Where avarice insuperable reigns.  
Eastward, along the shore, Ormuz extends  
Her States, which still shall greater fame acquire,  
For there a Turkish armament the sword <sup>34</sup>  
Of valiant Castelbranco shall destroy.  
Upon the coast stands Asaboro's cape,  
Now called by navigators Mussendam,  
Forming the entrance to the mighty Gulf  
Which Persia from Arabia separates ;  
And far within is Barem's Isle, enrich'd  
With pearls, which with Aurora's purest tints  
May vie. There Tigris and Euphrates join'd  
Into the Gulf pour their united streams.

“ The Empire of the Persians then survey :  
These on their coursers, and in tented fields,  
Their lives consume, and, bravely confident,  
Artillery reject, priding in hands  
To arms inur'd. In Gerum see what change <sup>35</sup>  
Time, the great innovator, has produc'd ;  
For there Armuza's glory and her name,  
Ascending from her ruins, are reviv'd.  
His excellence in valiant deeds of arms  
Menezes here shall brilliantly display,  
And with a few brave Lusitanians  
Persians innumerable from Lara's stream  
He shall subdue. And the same foes shall come  
The same reverse to meet from Sousa's arm,  
Whose force Ampaza will too fatally  
Oppress, vanquish'd by him, and then destroy'd.

“ Now let us leave the Strait, and well known Cape  
Of Jasquè, anciently Carpella call'd,  
With all its unblest'd regions, where scarce  
Prolific Nature ever deigns to smile.  
This territory is Carmania nam'd.  
Yonder see Indus' celebrated stream,  
And ancient Ganges' venerated flood,

Whose sources from contiguous mountains flow.  
Then Sindy's rich and fertile lands observe,  
Trac'd by Jaquetè's deep indented bay,  
Where the sea's flowing tides impetuous rush,  
And with accelerated swiftness ebb.  
Now opulent Cambaia contemplate,  
Crowning an inland haven's utmost verge.  
Cities innumerable, doom'd to yield  
Obedience to the Lusitan 'ian throne,  
Unheeded I omit. The Indian coast  
Thence southward trends, far as Cape Comorin,  
Once nam'd Kumari, which in front commands  
Ancient Taprobanè, or Ceylon's Isle.  
The Lusians who shall, after thee, these seas  
Traverse with their triumphant armaments,  
Victorious, shall empires subjugate,  
In which for ages their dominion  
Shall last. Between the mighty Indian streams,  
The states are infinitely various:  
There Mâhomet's false Faith, or Heathen rites—  
Both of infernal origin—prevail.  
Yet may Narsinga glory to possess<sup>36</sup>  
The bless'd, rever'd, and sanctified remains  
Of that illustrious Saint, whose pious doubts



Christ, risen from the grave, himself remov'd.  
Here once a city stood, call'd Meliapor,  
For splendor and for opulence renown'd.  
Base Idols anciently were there ador'd,  
And such the natives, even in these days,  
Still venerate. Its site was from the sea  
Far distant, when the Word of God was first  
Proclaim'd. Thomas, then, wander'd o'er the World,  
And, preaching, taught the Nations of the Earth.  
There on his sacred mission he arriv'd,  
Healing the sick, and raising up the dead;  
When, borne upon the waves, a massive trunk  
Of vast dimensions floated tow'rs the shore.  
The King, his gorgeous palace to complete,  
Anxious the precious cedar to secure,  
Nor men, nor elephants, nor engines spar'd,  
By force to land this unexpected prize  
Upon the beach. Yet its enormous weight  
To move it every attempt defied.  
But when the Messenger of Christ appear'd,  
Light was to him the task to be perform'd.  
The cord which girded his habiliments,  
Around the mighty stem he bound, and thence  
With ease he drew it, where he might erect

A sumptuous temple as a prototype  
For future ages. Well he knew, if Faith—  
Pure Faith—commanded mountains to remove,  
They must the sanctified behest obey.  
Thus has Christ taught, and thus his sacred word  
Was justified. Tumultuous surprize  
The people mov'd, and when the Bramins saw  
These wonderful and holy miracles,  
The loss of their authority they fear'd.

“ Among these Pagan Priests malignity  
And envy had a deep impression made.  
Innumerable stratagems they form'd  
The Saint to silence, or devote to death.  
The principal, whose breast the sacred skein<sup>37</sup>  
Adorn'd, such a dark, horrid deed perform'd,  
As well may prove, no fiercer foe exists  
Than false to real piety oppos'd.  
With his Son's blood this chief his hands imbrues,  
Imputing to the Saint the homicide;  
Then perjur'd witnesses aver the deed,  
And instantly to death is he condemn'd.  
Th' Apostle, with full confidence, relies  
For his defence on the Omnipotent,

And offers to the King, and all his Court,  
By a stupendous miracle to prove  
His innocence. The Corpse he then desires  
To see, that, when restor'd to life, themselves  
Undoubted testimony might from him  
Receive, the guilty Murderer to reveal.—  
All saw the Youth recall'd from death to life,  
In name of Christ who died upon the Cross.  
Thanks gratefully he gave unto the Saint,  
But, shuddering, declar'd a Parent's hand  
Of life had him bereft. The King, amaz'd,  
Crav'd fervently to be by him baptiz'd ;  
Others this sacred rite implor'd. Some kiss'd  
His mantle ; some sang praises to his God.

“ The Bramins with such hatred were inflam'd,  
So stung with envy's pois'nous influence,  
That they the rude and vulgar populace  
Persuaded and prevail'd upon to shed  
His precious blood. Among the list'ning crowd,  
A tumult, while he preach'd, insidiously  
Was rais'd ; and Christ permitted then the Saint  
By Martyrdom should be translated thence  
To Heav'n. The meek Apostle patiently

A vollied show'r of murd'rous stones endur'd,  
Till with a lance a sacrilegious hand  
With rage impetuous his breast transpierc'd!—  
Thee shall the Ganges and the Indus mourn,  
And ev'ry nation which thy hallow'd feet  
Have trodden; yet still more shall they lament,  
Whose new-illumin'd souls thou hadst inspir'd  
With Holy Faith. But 'midst the Heav'nly Choir  
With hymns and joyful smiles thy great reward  
Shalt thou receive. Thee we implore, that thou  
With God wilt intercede, his aid divine  
The Lusians to vouchsafe.—Ye who presume  
To call yourselves the Messengers of God,  
If such ye be, say, why into the world  
Ye go not forth to preach his Holy Word?—  
If of the Earth ye be the salt, and yet<sup>38</sup>  
At home, where no one is a Prophet deem'd,  
Ye nothing good achieve, where in these days  
Shall salt be found from heresies to cleanse?

“ But let us from these arduous matters turn,  
And our delineation now complete.

“ This memorable City lies within

The range of the immense Gangetic Gulf.  
Narsinga there her opulence displays,  
And there the matchless products of her loom  
Orissa spreads. At the extremity  
Of this deep bay th' illustrious Ganges flows  
Into the deep saline. Bath'd in his waves  
The dying Native confidently trusts,  
Whate'er may be his heavy load of sin,  
That sacred stream his guilt will purify.  
There wealthy Cathigan\* thou may'st behold,  
A City in the province of Bengal  
Which prides itself in its fertility.  
That coast thou may'st perceive towards the South  
Inclines.—Arracan's Kingdom next adjoins,  
And then Pegu, where live a monstrous race,<sup>39</sup>  
Reported to have sprung from intercourse  
Canine with a base outcast of her sex.  
Yet, though descended from such birth impure,  
With ingenuity their artful Queen  
Devis'd the means the passions to restrain  
Within the course which nature has prescrib'd.

\* Chittigong.

Now mark the City of Tavay, which stands  
Upon imperial Siam's boundary.  
Tennassari observe, and then Quedà,  
Which for the choicest aromatic spice  
Has long been fam'd. Farther towards the South  
Malacca, with its rich Emporium,  
May be discern'd, and thence each Province sends  
O'er Indian seas its costly merchandize.  
'Tis said, the rolling and impetuous waves,  
By their resistless force, from the main-land  
The noble Island of Sumatra rent,  
And that their union in ancient times  
The natives saw. A Chersonesus then  
'Twas call'd, and Aurea surnam'd; for there  
Rich veins of gold were in abundance found.  
Thence many have conceiv'd that Ophir's site <sup>40</sup>  
May there be trac'd. Tow'rds Cingapura's\* Cape  
The Ocean-path for bold and daring prow  
Is narrow'd; then, towards the Cynosure,  
The curv'd coast inclines, and thence extends  
To the fair realms of day. To Siam's King,  
Pahang, Patani, join'd with other States,

\* Sincapour.

Obedience yield. See Menam's mighty stream  
Flowing from Chiamay's capacious lake.

“ In these extensive regions exist  
Nations innum'rous hitherto unknown :  
Behold the Laons' populous domain,  
And the far-spreading mountain ridges, where  
Avans and Birmans dwell. The hills remote  
By savage Gueons are inhabited ;  
These, brutaliz'd, on human flesh repast,  
And barbarously cicatrize their own  
With ardent steel. Mecon, well call'd the Prince  
Of Floods, through vast Cambaia rolls his course  
Majestic, swell'd with tributary streams,  
And, overflowing, spreads fertility,  
Like the prolific Nile, far as his waves  
Are o'er his banks effus'd. The natives there  
In ignorance believe, that, after death,  
Ev'n brutes shall joys or pains eternal feel.

“ Mecon, thy placid bosom shall receive “  
The Muse's song, tho' merg'd in the salt flood,  
But rescued from the perils of the storm,  
And from the sad and melancholy wreck

Preserv'd, when, sav'd from dangers imminent,  
The stern, unjust decree shall be enforc'd  
'Gainst him, whose tunefully sonorous lyre,  
Shall more of fame, than happiness secure.

“ Along the coast, Tsiampa's region  
Is seen, with forests redolent enrich'd,  
Which Cochin-China, little known, adjoins,  
And near is Hainan's Bay, still unexplor'd.  
Here proud imperial China, long renown'd  
For territorial vastness, and for wealth  
Undreamt, o'er the wide, intervening space,  
Between the Tropic and the Arctic band,  
Her sov'reign sway extends. Yonder behold  
The wall stupendous and incredible,  
Which separates two mighty States,—a work  
Demonstrative of boundless regal pow'r.  
No Native Prince to the Imperial Throne  
Succeeds, nor, there, hereditary claims  
Exist. Him for their Emperor they choose,  
Whom they esteem most wise and virtuous.

“ Still many' a region is from thee conceal'd,  
Until the time for its discovery



Arrive. But let us not unnotic'd leave  
Those Oriental Islands, which abound  
In Nature's richest products. Half-explor'd,  
Japan stretches in corresponding line  
With China, whence it may be sought. Though  
pure <sup>42</sup>

Her silver, yet shall grace divine enhance  
Its lustre. Studded are the Eastern seas  
With Islands infinitely numerous.  
Tidor, and Ternat, see, whose mountain-heights  
Lambent and undulating flames emit.  
Here shall the Lusians, at the price of blood,  
The spicy treasures of these climes obtain ;  
Here golden birds of Paradise are seen,  
Which ne'er, while living, tow'rds the Earth descend  
From their ethereal flight. There Banda's Isles  
Enamell'd seem with fruits of various hues,  
And birds of beauteous plumage tribute claim  
From richly laden aromatic groves.  
Behold, in all its amplitude, the Isle  
Of Borneo, renown'd for weeping woods,  
Whose camphorated juices, there distill'd  
In tearful drops, a concrete form assume.  
Beyond, Timor is seen, whence luxury

Sweet-scented sandal-wood receives ; and, far  
Extending tow'rds the South, Sunda\* conceals  
A portion of her wide-outstretching Isle.  
The natives who in the interior  
Reside, relate, that, there a wondrous stream  
The pow'r possesses, in its lonely course,  
Whate'er within its bosom falls, to stone  
In time to change. Then mark the sever'd Isle†  
Where flames volcanic tremulously blaze ;  
A spring of precious oil flows there, and trees  
Weep from their trunks an odorif'rous gum‡  
More fragrant far than the balsamic juice,  
Which Myrrha, in her own Arabia,  
Distils ; and, more than other isles possess,  
There, richest silk and purest gold abound.  
Now Ceylon contemplate, where in the skies<sup>43</sup>  
A soaring mountain shrouds his tow'ring head.  
Sacred the natives deem it, since a rock,  
Upon its summit, the impression bears  
Of human feet. The neighbouring Maldives,<sup>44</sup>  
Ev'n in their wat'ry element, produce  
A branching palm, whose salutif'rous fruit

\* Java.

† Sumatra.

‡ Benzoin.

'Gainst the most deleterious bane supplies  
An efficacious antidote. In front  
Of the Arabian Gulf, Socotra lies,  
Fam'd for its Aloetic drug. This Isle  
Shall Lusian sway acknowledge, with the rest  
On Afric's sandy coast, where on the waves  
A richly fragrant mass,\* of origin  
Occult, is found. There San Lorenzo's Isle,  
Or Madagascar, thou may'st now discern.

“ These are the Oriental regions,  
Which to the world by thee have now been giv'n,  
Op'ning an entrance to those boundless seas  
By thee with such heroic zeal explor'd.  
But just it is to thee should be disclos'd,  
That a bold Lusian, by his King aggriev'd,<sup>45</sup>  
Shall, where the Sun declines, an ocean-path  
Discover, which by human thought, before,  
Ne'er was surmis'd. Behold the Continent  
Which, from Calisto to the Pole oppos'd,  
Extends, enrich'd with the resplendent ore  
Gilt with the lustre of Apollo's rays.

\* Ambergris.

Castile, the friend of Lusitania,  
There shall by skill and valor subjugate  
Vast provinces, and nations various,  
Where rites and customs different prevail.  
Where the land stretches most in breadth, a part,  
Fam'd for its crimson-tinted wood, shall be  
The portion of the Lusians, who shall first  
Its site explore, naming it Santa Cruz.  
Along this wide-extending line of coast  
Shall Magalhaens its remotest point  
Pursue ;—a Lusian, indeed, by birth,  
But not in patriotic loyalty.  
When more than half the distance from the line,  
Towards th' Antarctic Pole, he shall have pass'd,  
He there will find a bold, gigantic race  
Inhabiting those regions. Beyond,  
A Strait he shall discover, which his name  
In perpetuity shall bear, that leads  
To seas and lands, which Auster has conceal'd,  
From ev'ry eye, under his frozen wings.

“ Thus far, brave Lusians, it has been decreed,  
That you these glorious feats prospectively  
Should know, which, in these new-discover'd seas,

Your noble patriot-heroes shall achieve.  
The arduous labors you have each endur'd,  
Render each worthy to associate  
With those immortal, lovely Nereïds,  
Who now prepare, with never-fading wreaths,  
Your brows to crown. Now ye may all embark,  
With gales propitious, for your native land."

Thus spake the Goddess. Instantly, with joy  
Tumultuous, they from the happy Isle  
Depart, with every luxury supplied,  
And join'd by those celestial Nymphs, who e'er  
In union with their glorious fame shall live,  
While the Sun's genial rays this Globe shall warm.

Th' Armada now triumphantly her course  
Over the placid waves pursued, impell'd  
By gentle breezes, till at length with joy  
Their native land they distantly descried.  
Ascending Tagus' grand and noble stream,<sup>46</sup>  
They to their Country, and their King rever'd,  
The glory gave of these discoveries,  
Which with new titles grace the Lusian Throne.

But cease, my Muse, thy inspiration cease ;<sup>47</sup>  
For now my lyre sounds dissonant and harsh :  
Not by the strain untun'd, but all its notes  
Are lost on ears deaf and insensible  
To numerous verse. That patriot, fostering Love,  
Which genius most inspires, my country, now,  
In schemes of sordid avarice immers'd,  
And in the polish'd arts of life debas'd,  
To me denies. Unknown to me the cause,  
Why she no more that pride or pleasure feels,  
Which fortifies and animates the mind  
In glorious labors still to persevere.

This task sublime is thine, O mighty King,\*  
Whom Heav'n hath plac'd upon the Lusian Throne,  
To reign o'er faithful vassals who transcend  
All other subjects in fidelity.  
Witness their cheerful promptitude, their zeal,  
Their lion-hearted courage, when themselves  
To sleepless toils, to famine they devote—  
To fire and sword—to shafts and fatal balls—

\* Don Sebastian.

To equinoctial heat and polar frost—  
To mortal wounds from Pagans and from Moors—  
To unknown perils and to worlds unknown—  
To shipwrecks and to monsters of the deep—  
And wat'ry graves.—Serving in hemispheres  
Far distant, still the same obedience  
They manifest, and thy severe commands,  
With ardor, and with prompt devotedness,  
They execute. Shouldst thou behold their deeds,  
Infernal demons they with thee would dare  
Assail, and such their intrepidity,  
That they for thee the victory would gain.

Joy and contentment hasten to diffuse,  
And deign on them benignantly to smile;  
Relax the rigor of inhuman laws,  
Approximating them to laws divine.  
Those who in knowledge shine pre-eminent—  
If with experience goodness they unite—  
Choose for thy Counsellors; their sage advice  
Will aid thee skilfully to guide the helm  
Of state. Let each, distinguished by his skill  
And merit, his proportionate reward  
Receive, and may the Cloister'd Orders ask

Heav'n's fav'ring benediction on thy reign,  
While vice by pray'r and fasting they resist,  
And to the winds ambition's dreams resign ;—  
They who with true devotion are inspir'd,  
Nor riches covet, nor vain glory seek.  
Justly esteem thy valiant Cavaliers,  
For prompt, with noblest intrepidity,  
Are they to shed their blood for Holy Faith,  
And thy illustrious Empire to extend.  
While they in climes remote themselves to thee,  
With inextinguishable, boundless zeal,  
Devote, two enemies must they subdue :—  
Thy living foes, and toils, more arduous  
And more inimical. Permit no more  
Europa's polish'd nations to assert,  
That Nature form'd the Lusians alone  
For meek submission, not for high command.  
Listen to those whose judgment is matur'd  
By deep reflection and revolving years ;  
Learning profound may counsels wise suggest,  
But sage experience is the better guide.  
Remember Hannibal's contemptuous scorn,  
When Phormio, the Philosopher, presum'd  
In presence of this Hero to discourse,



With vain presumption, on the art of war.  
Pre-eminence in military skill  
Is not in studious seclusion learn'd ;  
Its only school is the embattled field,  
Where its dread lessons are inscrib'd in blood.

But from my humble station why should I,  
Unknown, undreamt of, raise to thee my voice ?  
Yet well I know, that, in the time of old,  
Wisdom mature hath come from lispings babes.\*  
Knowledge to me hath op'd her various page,  
And long experience I may claim in arms.  
Here, too, thou may'st behold the fav'ring Muse  
Prompting her votary no common theme  
To celebrate. An arm thee to defend,  
And inspiration to record thy feats,  
Benign acceptance now alone demand  
Where merit ever should be duly priz'd.  
If Heav'n my ardent wishes should concede,  
And thy exploits should grace heroic verse—  
Which the prophetic mind may well presage  
From that devotion which thy breast inspires—

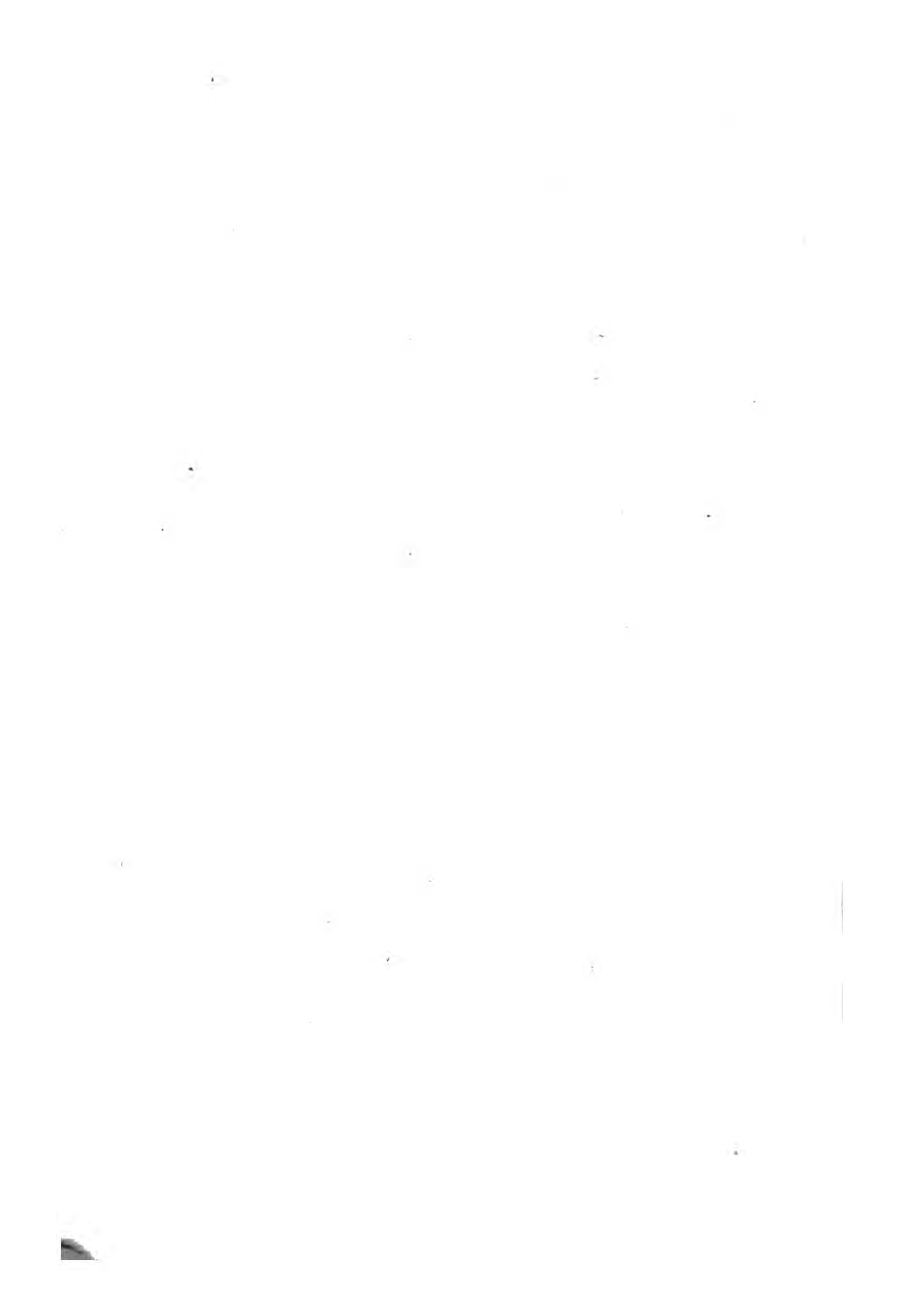
\* Psalm viii. v. 2.

Whether Mount Atlas tremble at thy glance,  
More than when shewn Medusa's snake-crown'd  
head,—

Or whether Ampelusa's gory field  
Shall see dispers'd thy Moorish enemies—  
The joyful Muse—under thy auspices—  
Thy deeds shall in such strains sublime rehearse,  
That thou no sigh, like Ammon's son, shalt breathe,  
Envyng the Lyre that sung Achilles' fame.

END OF THE LUSIAD.

## NOTES.



## NOTES

### TO THE FIRST CANTO.

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#### NOTE 1, PAGE 1.

THE *Lusiad*, the title of the poem, scarcely requires any other explanation than that which is furnished by the poem itself. *Lusus*, the companion of Bacchus, is represented to have made Portugal his adopted country; and from him it was called *Lusia*, or *Lusitania*, and its natives, *Lusians*, or *Lusitanians*. These terms have, for the sake both of variety and convenience, been indiscriminately employed in this Translation.

#### NOTE 2, PAGE 1.

*Far beyond Taprobana's distant Isle.*

It is almost unnecessary to observe, that *Taprobana* is one of the ancient names of the Isle of Ceylon.

From India and the golden Chersonese,  
And utmost Indian Isle, *Taprobane*.

*Paradise Regained*, b. iv.

Milton places the accent on the second, Camoens on the third syllable. As the Portuguese had so long a settlement on the Island, that which has been adopted is, perhaps, supported by sufficient authority.

## NOTE 3, PAGE 1.

*The great achievements of their martial Kings.*

The monarchs to whom the poet alludes, are Dons, John the First, Alphonso the Fifth, Emmanuel and John the Third.

The extension of the Catholic faith was almost invariably professed, by the Portugueze, to be blended with the acquisition of territorial power in the East. Although conquests are seldom effected without the commission of much indefensible violence, it must be admitted, in justice to the Portugueze, that the progress of their arms, when compared with that of the Spaniards in South America, was marked with much fewer tyrannical and sanguinary excesses. Indeed, when we consider the extent and number of their former possessions and settlements in the East, and the inconsiderable force with which these acquisitions were made, they must have displayed qualities superior even to military skill and bravery, in accomplishing so much by means apparently so disproportionate. Accordingly we find, that, independently of that ascendancy which heroic bravery is calculated to acquire, their proceedings, for a considerable period after the consolidation of their conquests, were marked by humanity, good faith, and justice; and by an honest zeal in the propagation of the Catholic religion.

## NOTE 4, PAGE 3.

*And thou, whose birth conferr'd a sacred pledge  
Of Lusitania's ancient liberty.*

This invocation to Don Sebastian is justly considered to be too long; yet, in the original poem, there are many lines of great poetical beauty, which may, in part, redeem this defect.

Don Sebastian was the son of Prince John, and grandson of John the Third, of Portugal, and, by maternal descent, of the Emperor, Charles the Fifth. At the time this invocation was addressed to him, he was probably not more than twelve or thirteen years of age ; but concurrent accounts represent him to have been a young prince of great promise, and gifted with many admirable qualities. His father died in 1554, a few days only before his birth, and John the Third, his grandfather, to whose throne he succeeded at the age of fourteen, died when Don Sebastian was only three years old.

During the minority of eleven years, the kingdom was governed by a regency, and the education of the prince confided to persons who, by the lessons which they inculcated, appear to have confirmed that inflexible obstinacy and desperate intrepidity of character, which prepared the way for his own destruction, and entailed such numerous misfortunes on his country. Implacable hatred against Infidels was impressed on his mind as one of the chief obligations of religion. The influence of this principle, blended with a passion for military glory, induced him, in opposition to the advice of his wisest counsellors, to embark, on the 24th June, 1578, for Africa, with an army of about 15,000 men. The ostensible object of the expedition was the defence of the cause of Muley Mohammed, who had been dispossessed of the kingdoms of Fez and Morocco, by Muley Moluch, his uncle ; and its success, it was hoped, might, in the end, be made instrumental to the propagation of the Catholic faith. On the 4th of August, the two armies engaged near Alcazar. The Portugueze were very inferior in number to the Moorish forces, and their heroic bravery and military skill cou'd not secure them against defeat. They were almost totally destroyed. The two Moorish princes, and the king of Portugal, were left on the

field. Muley Moluch died of disease and fatigue, but evinced, in his last moments, the most heroic magnanimity.

The manner of Don Sebastian's death is involved in much obscurity. It was very long believed in Portugal, by a credulous sect, appropriately called Sebastianists, that he had escaped, and would return to re-occupy his throne. But is it surprising that such superstition should have prevailed, even for more than a century after this decisive and fatal conflict, when so intelligent an author as Faria y Sousa, historically, and gravely expresses himself thus, upon a preternatural announcement of the disastrous issue of the battle?

“Este dia de la batalla de tanta opresion y desventura, se vieron en el Reyno exèrcitos de gente, pelear en el ayre. Revelòse la pérdida à algunos Religiosos de buena y santa vida, y en Castilla à la Santa Madre Teresa de Jesus: y dixose por cierto, que Don Manuel de Meneses, Obispo de Coimbra, lleno de sangre y de polvo, se aparecio al Cardenal Don Enrique en Alcobazas, estando haziendo oracion.”—*Epitome de las Historias Portuguesas. Tercera Parte, cap. 17.*

NOTE 5, PAGE 3.

*Behold the emblems on thy shield impress'd.*

It is quite an article of religious faith with the Portugeze, that their kingdom has been peculiarly favored by miraculous acts of divine assistance. The great victory gained by Alphonso the First, in the plains of Ourique, on the 25th July, 1139, established the foundations of their monarchy. Alphonso was proclaimed king on the field of battle. In that decisive conflict, five Moorish kings were defeated and slain. Superstition, which is intimately incorporated with all the earlier, and even some of the later histories of Portugal, boldly



declares, that Christ, on the cross, appeared in the clouds to Alphonso, previous to the battle, and that a voice was heard promising him the victory.

So recently as the year 1786, Father Antonio Pereira de Figueiredo published a little work, entitled "Novos testemunhos da milagrosa aparição de Christo à El Rei, Dom Affonso Henriques." "Additional evidence of the miraculous appearance of Christ to the King," &c. This work is supposed to furnish a complete refutation of all doubts on the subject!

At that epoch the arms of Portugal were changed, and, by the introduction of a cross and five besants, represented the cross and the five wounds of Christ.

Brandaõ gives the prayer which Don Alphonso addressed to Christ, and the *reply* to his supplication. An enlightened historian might have been satisfied with devoutly and justly ascribing the victory to divine providence.—*Monarchia Lusitana, pelo Doutor Frey Antonio Brandaõ. Tercera Parte, p. 162.*

NOTE 6, PAGE 3.

*Great Monarch : whose extended Empire first  
The Sun salutes with earliest Eastern ray.*

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

This epigram, addressed by Buchanan to Don John the Third, the grandfather of Don Sebastian, has been quoted by various commentators, as having suggested this allusion to the extended possessions of the Portugueze ; but the fact itself might naturally have inspired the same thought.

## NOTE 7, PAGE 3.

*Who drink the waters of the holy stream.*

The Ganges is most probably alluded to by the Poet; for this river is not only deemed sacred by the natives, but is conjectured to be one of the four streams, into which the river that flowed through Eden was divided.

And a river went out of Eden to water the garden, and from thence it was parted and became into four heads.—*Genesis*, c. ii. v. 10.

## NOTE 8, PAGE 4.

*Their great and bright achievements far surpass  
The dreams in which the poet's fancy strays.*

For the exploits of these gallant knights it may be sufficient to refer, generally, to the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto; but the Portuguese heroes, whom the poet compares with them, may be thought entitled to more specific notice.

Don Nuno Alvarez Pereira, who is alluded to by Camoens in the subsequent line, was the founder of the House of Braganza. He distinguished himself pre-eminently in the wars of John the First against John, King of Castile. Count Ericeyra, in his "*Portugal Restaurado*," speaking of the exploits of Nuno, says, in the inflated language of extravagant praise, "Fez tremar a Terra."

In the Third and Eighth Cantos, Camoens gives the history of Egaz Moniz, whose noble conduct may, in some points, be compared with that of Regulus, and Spurius Posthumus. More fortunate than the former, his life was spared; and, unlike the latter, he had not been exposed to the previous disgrace of defeat. In the same Canto also the exploits of Don Fuas Roupinho are described.

## NOTE 9, PAGE 5.

*With the Twelve Peers of Charles, the British Twelve,  
And their great Chief, Magricio, may compete.*

Magricio and his companions will re-appear in the Sixth Canto. Although the poet calls them "the Twelve of England,"—"Os doze de Inglaterra," they were Portuguese cavaliers; but they are thus designated by him, because it was in England that they performed the feat of gallantry which he subsequently commemorates. See Note 8, Canto VI.

## NOTE 10, PAGE 5.

*While none th' illustrious Gama may transcend,  
In whom is center'd all Æneas' fame.*

Of Vasco da Gama it is unnecessary to say any thing, as the *Lusiad* is chiefly devoted to the celebration of his achievements. In this place it may be observed, that, following the example of Camoens, this hero is named, for the sake of occasional variety, sometimes Gama, and sometimes Vasco.

## NOTE 11, PAGE 6.

*The great Pacheco, bravest of the brave.*

Pacheco, and the other heroes named immediately after him, will re-appear in the Tenth Canto.

## NOTE 12, PAGE 6.

*While these my verse advent'rous celebrates.*

Regencies and minorities, whether or not the affairs of government be ably and successfully conducted, often excite impatience for their termination. This was, in the present in-

stance, the state of the public feeling in Portugal ; great satisfaction, therefore, prevailed, when the young prince, Don Sebastian, at the early age of fourteen, ascended the throne, and all appeared to hope ~~and~~ expect a happy and prosperous reign. We have already seen how these expectations were frustrated.

NOTE 13, PAGE 6.

*The blue expanse  
Of Ocean's wide domain, Thetis to thee.*

Teque sibi generum Tethys emat omnibus undis.

*Virg. Georg. i. 31.*

The dominion of the sea is thus offered to Don Sebastian by the Poet.

NOTE 14, PAGE 7.

*One far renown'd for love of heav'nly peace,  
The other fam'd in battle's crimson'd field.*

The pacific monarch is Don John the Third ; the warlike, the Emperor Charles the Fifth.

NOTE 15, PAGE 7.

*And hear, tho' premature, thy name invoked.*

..... et votis jam nunc assuesce vocari.

*Virg. Georg. i. 42.*

NOTE 16, PAGE 8.

*Together o'er the bright Lacteal path  
They tread the pavement crystalline of Heav'n.*

Est via sublimis, cœlo manifesta sereno,  
Lactea nomen habet ; candore notabilis ipso.  
Hac iter est Superis ad magni tecta Tonantis,  
Regalemque domum.

*Ovid Met. lib. i. 168.*

## NOTE 17, PAGE 9.

*When Jove sublime—whose voice a dreadful awe  
Inspir'd—the trembling council thus address'd.*

Jupiter is here made by the poet to perform nearly the same office for Vasco da Gama, as Virgil has imposed on him in behalf of Æneas. The future destinies of both are sufficiently developed in the First Canto of the *Lusiad* and the First Book of the *Æneid*, to explain in part the general design of these poems, without discovering more than is sufficient to excite an interest which can only be fully gratified by the perusal of the whole.

## NOTE 18, PAGE 10.

*Led forth by Viriatus, their brave chief—  
A Lusian born—they num'rous triumphs gain'd.*

The Portugueze may well be proud of Viriatus, although he was originally only a shepherd, and subsequently an adventurous leader of robbers. Rising to the command of a numerous army, he made successful war against the Romans, and defeated several of their greatest generals. He was at length treacherously murdered by his own followers, who were bribed by Q. Servilius Cæpio, to the commission of this atrocious crime.

## NOTE 19, PAGE 10.

*I mention not their warlike name acquir'd  
Under a chosen chief from foreign lands.*

The poet alludes to Quintus Sertorius, who fled to Iberia, to escape from the proscription of Sylla. As a general, legislator, and promoter of the fine arts, and the literature of Greece and Rome, he was much revered by the Lusitanians,

and he further availed himself of the agency of superstition to confirm the ascendancy which he had acquired, pretending to receive, through a white hind that he had tamed, and which is said to have followed him even to the field of battle, revelations from heaven. He fell a victim to the jealousy of Perpenna, one of his officers, and was treacherously slain at a banquet, 73 years B. C.

## NOTE 20, PAGE 12.

*And when each aid invokes, her fancy hears  
The same sonorous and melodious tongue.*

The Portuguese language has much affinity to the Latin, but certainly much less than the Italian.

## NOTE 21, PAGE 15.

*The Sun the Gods then scorching who escaped  
From horrible Typhæus' yells, beneath  
The azure waves.*

That is, when the sun entered the Zodiacal sign, Pisces. For the fabulous allusion Ovid may be consulted, *Metam.* lib. v. 321.

## NOTE 22, PAGE 17.

*Their skin exhibited the swarthy hue.*

According to the poets, the color of the Ethiopians was changed by the unskilfulness with which Phaëton drove the chariot of the sun, approaching too near the central part of the globe.

## NOTE 23, PAGE 19.

*Though mix'd was his immediate descent.*

Camoens, in describing the descent of Mahomet, says he was born of a Jewess and a Gentile.

A Maī Hebraea teve, e o Pai Gentio.

## NOTE 24, PAGE 21.

*Now Cynthia's rays with gentle lustre shone  
Reflected from the sparkling silvered waves.*

Mickle has expanded this passage, which is certainly very beautiful in the original, by the introduction of many poetical images which form no part whatever of Camoens' description. In the *Lusiad*, it is limited to six lines; in the Translation it occupies fourteen. There is apparently a little touch of poetical ambition displayed in this passage, as if he wished to imitate or vie with Pope's elegant, but yet not faithful translation of that part of the Eighth Iliad, in which Homer compares the watch-fires of the Trojans to the stars in the firmament :

When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,  
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene.

Pope's amplification may, perhaps, be pardoned, since every line is beautiful. Still it is a hazardous departure from fidelity. The lines in Homer are only five; in Pope's version they are extended to twelve.

## NOTE 25, PAGE 22.

*Impell'd by fatal destiny, destroy'd  
The Christian Empire raised by Constantine.*

Constantinople was taken by assault on the 29th May, 1453, by Mahomet the Second,—only 45 years before the arrival of Vasco da Gama at Mozambique. After visiting the Dome of St. Sophia, which was preserved and transformed into a Mosch, Mahomet proceeded, says Gibbon, (vol. xii. p. 240.) “ to the august, but desolate mansion of an hundred successors of the great Constantine, but which, in a few hours, had



been stripped of the pomp of royalty. A melancholy reflection on the vicissitudes of human greatness forced itself on his mind: and he repeated an elegant distich of Persian poetry: The spider has wove his web in the imperial palace, and the owl hath sung her watch-song on the towers of Afrasiab."

NOTE 26, PAGE 22.

*The Moor, and all his bands, the Lusian Chief  
Receiv'd with generous hospitality.*

Camoens describes the visit of the Xequé or governor of Mozambique on board the Armada; but this would appear to be a poetical license. Damiaão de Goes states circumstantially his interview with Vasco da Gama. (*Chronica del Rei Dom Emanuel. Part i. c. 37.*) It is not, however, mentioned by Joaão de Barros, whose authority is preferable. The principal circumstances which occurred at Mozambique are detailed in the First Decade of Barros, Chap. iv. Book iv. Whatever disasters, however, the Portuguese were exposed to, during their stay at Mozambique, they had the satisfaction of obtaining there the first indications of a passage to India.

NOTE 27, PAGE 23.

*The valiant Captain's answer was convey'd  
By one who well the language understood.*

Arabic was the language in which they conversed, and the interpreter was a Portuguese, named Fernam Martins.

NOTE 28, PAGE 26.

*Meanwhile in the ethereal realms, the God,  
Whose birth Jove with assiduous care matur'd.*

Camoens alludes to the mythological tradition, that Jupiter,



after the death of Semele, continued to nourish, in his own thigh, the child of which she was pregnant, when she fell a victim to her rash request, that Jove should present himself to her arms with the same majesty with which he approached Juno. But as Bacchus is said to have been preserved in a cave in Mount Meros (*Μηρος*), the femoral part of the fable has not been followed in the Translation.

## NOTE 29, PAGE 30.

*Scarcely had bright Apollo's rays illum'd  
The summits of the Nabathæan hills.*

Although Nabathæa is properly a country of Arabia, of which the capital was Petra, it is often used by poets to designate an Eastern region.

Eurus ad Auroram, Nabathæaque regna recessit,  
Persidaque, et radiis juga subdita matutinis.

*Ovid. Met. lib. i. v. 61.*

## NOTE 30, PAGE 31.

*The snarling curs that idly show'd their teeth.*

This line may be thought unsuited to the dignified style of an epic poem;—but Ulysses, in the Twenty-second Book of the *Odyssey*, charges the suitors with a similar opprobrious epithet.

## NOTE 31, PAGE 32.

*But arms the madness of despair supplies.*

Ac veluti magno in populo cum sæpe coorta est  
Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vulgus;  
Jamque faces et saxa volant, furor arma ministrat."

*Virg. Æneid. i. 148.*

## NOTE 32, PAGE 35.

*He told him, too, with the like treachery  
With which of old the Trojans were deceiv'd.*

Talibus insidiis, perjuriq̄ arte Sinonis,  
Credita res.

*Virg. Æneid. ii. 195.*

## NOTE 33, PAGE 35.

*But when the Cytheræan Goddess saw  
They deviated from their destin'd track.*

It is historically true that the force of the current providentially defeated the malignant intentions of the pilot, who had designed to steer the ships to Quiloa, pretending that there were Abyssinian Christians in that place. The Portuguese would there have been exposed to great danger from the hostility of the Moors. On the 7th April, 1498, the eve of Palm Sunday, they proceeded on their voyage to Mombaça, where, through the intrigues of the pilot, they had also much to apprehend from the hostility of the inhabitants. Under these circumstances, Vasco da Gama prudently accelerated his departure, and shortly afterwards reached Melinda. From the description given by Joaõ de Barros of the city of Mombaça, it appears to have been a place of some importance; but it is, perhaps, chiefly indebted for its "noble edifices" to the poet's imagination.—*Joaõ de Barros. Decad. i. Lib. iv. Ch. v.*

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## NOTES

### TO THE SECOND CANTO.

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#### NOTE 1, PAGE 43.

*Under his charge were various criminals.*

Criminals condemned to death were, both by Don Emmanuel, and some of his predecessors, spared to be employed in hazardous expeditions, and services of great danger.

#### NOTE 2, PAGE 45.

*The only phoenix known.*

At the same time that the poet denies the existence of the phoenix, his comparison refers to the fabulous and miraculous accounts of this bird, which represent that there is one only in the world.—*Plin. lib. x. c. ii.*

#### NOTE 3, PAGE 45.

*The Twelve Apostles, too, were pictured there,  
Such as, when with amazement struck, they saw  
Clov'n tongues of fire suspended o'er each head.*

And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.

And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them.

And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.—  
*Acts of the Apostles*, c. ii. v. 2, 3, 4.

## NOTE 4, PAGE 45.

*And odoriferous Panchaian gums.*

Laudibus Italiæ certent, non Bactra, neque Indi,  
Totaque thuriferis Panchaia pinguis arenis.

*Georg.* lib. ii. 138.

## NOTE 5, PAGE 49.

*Others their aid*

*Supply to turn it from the hostile coast.*

Cymothoë simul, et Triton adnixus, acuto  
Detrudunt naves scopulo.

*Virg. Æneid.* lib. i. 144.

## NOTE 6, PAGE 49.

*Thus when the provident industrious ants.*

Ac veluti ingentem formicæ farris acervum  
Cum populant, hyemis memores, tectoque reponunt, &c.

*Virg. Æneid.* lib. iv. 402.

## NOTE 7, PAGE 50.

— *guilty they feared their treachery*  
*Discover'd, and their punishment at hand.*

The treachery of the Moorish pilots is related circumstantially by Joaõ de Barros, as well as most of the other occurrences at Mombaza, to which the poet has alluded.—*Decad.* i. lib. iv. c. v.

## NOTE 8, PAGE 50.

*Thus, as of old, when from their wood-girt lake,  
The Lycian race, transformed to frogs.*

Juvat ïsse sub undas,  
Et modò tota cavâ submergere membra palude;  
Nunc proferre caput; summo modò gurgite nare;  
Sæpe super ripam stagni considerare; sæpe  
In gelidos resilire lacus.

*Ovid. Met. lib. vi. 370.*

## NOTE 9, PAGE 54.

*Ever I judg'd, O Father of the Gods.*

The supplication of Venus, and the reply of Jupiter, bear much resemblance to the interview of these deities in the *Æneid*.

O, qui res hominumque, Deûmque  
Æternis regis imperiis, et fulmine terres.

*Virg. Æneid. lib. i. 229.*

## NOTE 10, PAGE 55.

*I them must hate, that thou may'st them protect.*

This appeal is an instance of artful but impressive pettishness, dexterously resorted to for the accomplishment of its own designs.

## NOTE 11, PAGE 57.

*A sight miraculous till then unseen.*

On the coast of Cambaya, when Vasco da Gama was returning, in 1524, to India as viceroy, his fleet was becalmed. A violent agitation of the sea was suddenly felt, which pro-

duced much alarm and confusion With great courage and presence of mind Gama exclaimed, " Amigos! prazer e alegria ;—o mar treme de nòs ;—naõ hajais medo, que isto hé tremor da terra." Rejoice, my friends. The sea trembles at us. Dismiss your fears ; it is an earthquake.—*Barros, Decad.* iii. lib. ix. ch. i.

## NOTE 12, PAGE 57.

*thou a port shalt see,*

*Safe and commodious, where their crews may rest.*

The Portugueze established a settlement at Mozambique, and their ships generally touched there in proceeding to the East Indies.

## NOTE 13, PAGE 58.

*And Ormus' pow'rful kingdom thou shalt see  
Taken, resisting, and again subdued.*

The conquest and re-capture of Ormus are particularly alluded to in the Tenth Canto.

## NOTE 14, PAGE 58.

*Then shall the furiously hostile Moor  
Fall by his own reverted shafts transpierced.*

" A mais maravilhosa cousa que nesta batalha succedeo, e houveram por milagre, foi acharem muitos destes corpos dos Mouros atravessados com suas proprias fechas, sem entre os nossos haver alguém que tirasse com arco."—" The most wonderful thing which happened in this battle, and which was regarded as a miracle, was that many of the Moors were found slain by their own arrows, although we had no archers among our troops."—*Barros, Decad.* ii. liv. ii. ch. iii.

It has been attempted to explain this circumstance by attributing it to the violence of a sudden tempest. The thing itself is, perhaps, questionable ;—or a few casualties may have been magnified into a miraculous event.

## NOTE 15, PAGE 58.

*Dio, impregnable to each assault.*

In the last Canto the siege of Dio is described.

## NOTE 16, PAGE 58.

*The Moors from Goa shall be dispossess'd.*

Goa was taken, lost, and re-conquered by Albuquerque, and ultimately became the metropolitan city of the Asiatic possessions of the Portuguese.

## NOTE 17, PAGE 59.

*A hero justly proud of victories.*

Duarte Pacheco—his achievements are more developed in the Tenth Canto.

## NOTE 18, PAGE 59.

*War's tumults fierce ne'er with such fury raged.*

The greater part of the following seven lines is almost a literal transcript from Virgil.—*Vide Æneid. lib. viii. 675. passim.*

## NOTE 19, PAGE 59.

*The Chersonese,*

*In golden treasures rich.*

Malacca, or the Chersonesus Aurea.

## NOTE 20, PAGE 60.

*Armed with his powerful and magic rod,  
Whose potent touch closes the weary eye  
In sleep profound, and e'en the very dead  
Resuscitates.*

Tum virgam capit: hâc animas ille evocat Orco  
Pallentes, alias sub tristia Tartara mittit;  
Dat somnos adimitque, et lumina morte resignat.

*Virg. Æneid. lib. iv. 242.*

## NOTE 21, PAGE 62.

*In dreams propitious Mercury appear'd:—  
Exclaiming, "Fly, brave Lusitanian, fly."*

The shade of Hector thus addresses Æneas.

Heu fuge, nate Deâ, teque his (ait) eripe flammis.  
Hostis habet muros, ruit alto à culmine Troja.

*Virg. Æneid. lib. ii. 289.*

## NOTE 22, PAGE 62.

*The cruel Diomedes show'd his guests.*

Diomedes, the Thracian, fed his horses on human flesh; and Busiris sacrificed all strangers to Jupiter. Hercules gave Diomedes to be devoured by his own horses, and slew Busiris on his own altar.

## NOTE 23, PAGE 64.

*The Moors, under the mantling veil of night,  
Approach'd to cut the cabled anchorage.*

This fact is mentioned by Joaõ de Barros.—*Decad. i. lib. ii. ch. v.*



## NOTE 24, PAGE 66.

*When Phœbus enters the celestial sign  
That fair Europa's rape commemorates.*

In the month of April, when the sun enters the constellation Taurus.

## NOTE 25, PAGE 66.

*'Twas on that solemn day.*

On Easter Sunday, the 15th April, 1498.

The principal circumstances which occurred at Melinda, as here detailed in the poem, correspond, with the exception of a little suitable embellishment, with the historical narration of these events by Joaõ de Barros.—*Decad.* i. liv. iv. ch. vi.

## NOTE 26, PAGE 68.

*and a luxuriant branch  
Of purest coral that beneath the waves  
Spreads its soft shoots, and indurates in air.*

Coral was formerly supposed to be a marine plant; but it is now known to be only a congeries of animals. The polype, or coral insect, in time builds up his rocky structure till it reach the surface of the sea. Some of the islands in the South Sea have been progressively formed by the wonderful labors of an insect, which appears hardly to be endowed with the properties of life.

In Captain Basil Hall's very interesting account of his voyage to Loo-Choo, he says, "The growth of coral appears to cease when the worm is no longer exposed to the washing of the sea. Accordingly, a reef rises in the form of a cauliflower, till its top has gained the level of the highest tides, above which the worm has no power to advance, and the reef,

of course, no longer extends itself upwards. The other parts, in succession, reach the surface, and there stop; forming, in time, a level field, with steep sides all round. The reef, as it can now reach no higher, extends itself laterally in all directions. But this growth, being as rapid at the upper edge, as it is lower down, the steepness of the sides is still preserved. These are the two circumstances which render coral reefs dangerous in navigation." P. 127.

Ovid describes coral as a marine plant.

Sic et coraliū, quo primum contigit auras  
Tempore, durescit: mollis fuit herba sub undis.

*Met.* lib. xv. 416.

NOTE 27, PAGE 68.

*An envoy he dispatched, in Arabic  
Most eloquent.*

The envoy was Fernam Martins, alluded to in a former note. He is indebted to the poet for the eloquence of the subsequent harangue, which has been much admired for the address it displays. It partakes much of the character of the speech addressed by Ilioneus to Dido.—*Æneid.* i. 522.

NOTE 28, PAGE 69.

*As Ithaca's fam'd Hero anciently  
From Alcinoüs received.*

Vide Seventh Book of the Odyssey.

NOTE 29, PAGE 70.

*Long as the rivers sea-ward roll their course.*

In freta dum fluvii current . . . . .

*Virg. Æneid.* lib. i. 607.

## NOTE 30, PAGE 74.

*A rich Cabaya, worthy of a King.*

A Cabaya is a species of Turkish tunic, reaching below the knee, and open at the sides.

## NOTE 31, PAGE 77.

*Where once the golden fruit Hesperian Nymphs  
Incessant watch'd.*

The garden of the Hesperides is placed by some of the ancients near Mount Atlas.

## NOTE 32, PAGE 78.

*But while the boundless Heav'ns with glitt'ring stars  
Shall glow.*

..... polus dum sidera pascet :  
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt ;  
Quæ me cunque vocant terræ.

*Virg. Æneid. i. 608.*

## NOTE 33, PAGE 79.

*In Vasco's own Hesperian clime compriz'd.*

The appellation of Hesperia was common both to Spain and Italy.

## NOTE 34, PAGE 80.

*..... Lives there the man who ne'er hath heard  
What brilliant feats the Lusians have achiev'd ?*

Quis genus Æneadûm, quis Trojæ nesciat urbem ?  
Virtutesque, virosque, et tanti incendia belli ?

*Virg. Æneid. i. 565.*

## NOTE 35, PAGE 80.

*If chaste Diana's consecrated Fane.*

The temple of Diana was burnt by Eratostratus the night Alexander the Great was born. His motive for the destruction of an edifice, which was regarded as one of the seven wonders of the world, was to eternize his name. In this he has succeeded ; for he has branded it with everlasting infamy.

Although this Canto is made to conclude with the address of the King of Melinda to Vasco da Gama, the lines commencing with "Against the Olympian Gods," &c. may, perhaps with more propriety, be regarded as the usual strain of reflection with which the poet closes almost every Canto of the *Lusiad*.

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## NOTES

### TO THE THIRD CANTO.

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#### NOTE 1, PAGE 83.

In this, and the following Canto, Camoens has illustrated so fully many of the most important features in the history of his country, and described, with such rapid and masterly touches, the characters of its distinguished monarchs and heroes, that it will not be necessary to have recourse to many explanatory notes. I purpose, therefore, to supply them only, or chiefly, where, for purposes of explanation, they may appear to be most required.

#### NOTE 2, PAGE 84.

##### *Around th' illustrious Lusitanian Chief.*

Mickle observes, with great truth, that "the preface to the speech of Gama, and the description of Europe which follows, are happy imitations of the manner of Homer. When Camoens describes countries, or musters an army, it is after the example of the great models of antiquity. By adding some characteristic feature of the climate or people, he renders his narrative pleasing, picturesque, and poetical."

#### NOTE 3, PAGE 86.

##### *Against the Egyptians waged a furious war.*

The disputes are alluded to by Diodorus Siculus and other ancient historians; but the poet, in a happy vein of satire, refers to the decisive authority of scripture.

## NOTE 4, PAGE 86.

*And Scandinavia that proudly boasts  
Of vict'ries gain'd o'er fair Ausonia.*

The allusion is to the devastating irruption of the Goths and Vandals.

## NOTE 5, PAGE 87.

*A loss charg'd 'gainst imperial Constantine.*

Vide Note 25, Canto I.

## NOTE 6, PAGE 88.

*The scene of Mars' most memorable feats.*

Hannibal's passage across the Alps.

## NOTE 7, PAGE 88.

*Then rise*

*The lofty mountains, now Pyrenè's tomb.*

The Pyrenees, where Pyrenè, the daughter of Bebrycius, a king of Spain, was buried.

According to the fabulous accounts of Strabo and Diodorus, the silver in the mines, melted by the intensity of a fire kindled by the shepherds, flowed in rivulets.

## NOTE 8, PAGE 89.

*Whose mighty power and transcendent fame  
The fatal wheel's disastrous turns have oft  
Endured.*

After having been successively under the domination of Suevi, Alani, Vandals, Romans, Goths, and Moors, Spain ultimately reverted to the native inhabitants.

## NOTE 9, PAGE 89.

*First, Aragon, whose arms Parthenope  
Twice vanquish'd.*

Naples was called Parthenope from one of the Sirens, whose body was found on the Neapolitan shore.

Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat  
Parthenope, studiis florentem ignobilis otî.  
*Virg. Georg. iv. 563.*

Naples was subdued by Alphonso the Fifth, king of Aragon.

## NOTE 10, PAGE 90.

*This, this is my belov'd, my native land.*

This, and the three subsequent lines, evince the poet's strong feelings of attachment to his native country, which neither injustice, nor cold disregard, could ever abate.

## NOTE 11, PAGE 91.

*And he who his own progeny destroy'd.*

Saturn here is poetically intended to represent Time, who is successively consigning to oblivion days, years, and ages, as they complete their stated revolutions.

## NOTE 12, PAGE 92.

*O'er the race sprung from servile Hagar's loins.*

Over the Mahomedans, who are vaguely conjectured to descend from Hagar.

## NOTE 13, PAGE 94.

*O cruel Progne, barbarous Medea.*

Progne, to avenge the infidelity of Tereus, gave him at a feast the flesh of his own son, Itys: and Medea, revenging the infidelity of Jason, killed two of his sons in his presence.—*Ovid. Met. vi. and vii.*

## NOTE 14, PAGE 97.

*By Scinis and Perillus were devis'd.*

Scinis was a robber who killed men by tying their limbs to branches of trees, and dismembering them by their expansive force.—*Vide Ovid. Met. vii.*

Perillus was an Athenian artist, who made a brazen bull, in which criminals were to be burnt alive. Phalaris, a tyrant of Agrigentum, condemn'd Perillus to be the first victim to his own invention.—*Ovid in Art. Amor. i.*

## NOTE 15, PAGE 97.

*Zopyrus uninjur'd was to him  
More dear than twenty captur'd Babylons.*

When Darius was besieging Babylon, Zopyrus mutilated himself, and pretended that he had received this treatment from his royal master, because he had advised him to raise the siege. Taken into confidence by the enemy, he afterwards, like Sinon, betrayed the city into the hands of Darius.

“Touching Zopyrus, the judgment of Darius was, that, by the generosity of this action, he had surpassed all the Persians of his own or preceding times, Cyrus only excepted, with whom no Persian ever thought himself worthy to be compared.”—*Littlebury's Herodotus, b. iii.*



## NOTE 16, PAGE 98.

*And emulated that fair Heroine,  
Who fought so nobly in defence of Troy.*

Penthesilea, queen of the Amazons. She was slain by Achilles, who wept, on discovering her beauty, when he stripped her of her arms.

## NOTE 17, PAGE 99.

*As the impetuous Molossian hound.*

Molëssia is a district of Epirus. The dogs of the place were famous, and were called by the Romans, *Molossi*.

## NOTE 18, PAGE 101.

*Of right emblazons five bright azure shields.*

It must be admitted that this graphic delineation of the Portuguese arms is rather too minute to be poetical. The translation corresponds pretty accurately with the original. Less fidelity, perhaps, might have been desirable.

## NOTE 19, PAGE 102.

*Romantic Cintra :—where the Naiads hide  
Themselves in fountains.*

Resende, and other Portuguese antiquarians assert, that, on the mountains of Cintra, a temple was formerly dedicated to the moon. Hence they derive Cintra from Cinthia. The poet's allusion is, therefore, to the chaste nymphs of Diana, who, though they may conceal themselves in fountains from the pursuit of Actæon, are not to be deemed altogether insensible to love.

## NOTE 20, PAGE 103.

*Five times had Cynthia her orb conceal'd.*

Lisbon surrendered after a siege of five months.

## NOTE 21, PAGE 105.

*and founts salubrious supply*

*From far convey'd o'er arches numberless,*

*Supporting a stupendous aqueduct.*

The aqueduct at Evora was one of the many public benefits which Sertorius conferred upon his adopted country. It is, indeed, a durable monument of great utility; for it was constructed in the century preceding the Christian era, and was restored in the sixteenth by Don John the Third.

## NOTE 22, PAGE 107.

*Now lets him feel the sharp parental curse.*

When Theresa, the mother of the king, was confined in prison by his orders, she pronounced her malediction on him, and the accident which happened to him at Badajoz was regarded as a retributory fulfilment of her wishes.

## NOTE 23, PAGE 108.

*Renowned Pompey! grieve not that thy deeds*

*Illustrious have been eclipsed.*

In this apostrophe the poet appears to have taken much from the following passage in Lucan's Pharsalia.

Hinc me victorem gelidas ad Phasidos undas

Arctos habet: calida medius mihi cognitus axis

Ægypto, atque umbras nusquam flectente Syene.  
 Occasus mea jura timet, Tethynque fugacem  
 Qui ferit, Hesperius post omnia flumina Bætis.  
 Me domitus cognovit Arabs; me Marte feroces  
 Heniochi, notique erepto vellere Colchi.  
 Cappadoces mea signa timent, et dedita sacris  
 Incerti Judæa Dei, mollisque Sophene.  
 Armenios, Cilicasque feros, Taurosque subegi.

*Lucan. Phar. lib. ii. 585.*

NOTE 24, PAGE 108.

*Though Phasis and Syene  
 Where Sol's most fervid rays fall shadowless.*

Milton describes rather differently the effect of the sun's rays near the same place.

Some from farthest south,  
 Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,  
 Meroe, Nilotick Isle.

*Paradise Regained, b. iv. 69.*

Both are correct; for the rays fall shadowless only while the sun is vertical there on the meridian.

NOTE 25, PAGE 109.

*The sacred body of a saint revered.*

St. Vincent was martyred by Dacian, during the reign of Diocletian, at Valencia. Dacian long and ineffectually exhausted his ingenuity in his attempts to put the saint to death. Scourged, racked, disjointed, burnt, he is represented to have felt all the ecstasies, and none of the pains of martyrdom.—*Vida de San Vicente, famoso Martir Español. Flos Sanctorum.*

His remains were removed from Cape St. Vincent to Lisbon by Don Alphonso the First. Many miracles are reported to have been wrought at his shrine. "A young damsel, of Lisbon, who by paralysis had lost her speech and the use of her limbs, was conveyed to the altar of the saint. A sweet sleep came over her, from which she awoke with her health and speech restored, affirming that the saint had appeared to her, and taking her by the hand, commanded her to rise and speak." The relator of this miracle, who was present, says, "*Vidi ego ipse, et quæ præsens aderat multitudo maxima!*"—*Monarchia Lusitania*, vol. iii. p. 331.

## NOTE 26, PAGE 110.

*From Abila the summon'd native comes.*

Abila is one of the columns of Hercules.

## NOTE 27, PAGE 114.

*Till on the lofty towers of Tuy float  
Thy banners, Sancho.*

These short apostrophes frequently occur in the *Lusiad*.

## NOTE 28, PAGE 116.

*After his brother, Sancho, closed a life  
Devoted to luxurious indolence.*

The deposition of the king, notwithstanding the censure pronounced upon him, seems to have been an act of violence and injustice.

## NOTE 29, PAGE 117.

*Dinìz, one of their greatest kings, succeeds.*

Don Dinìz was justly called the father of his people ;—and one of the most beneficent of his parental acts was the foundation of a university in Lisbon. It was thence removed by him to Coimbra, and adequately endowed. In the reign of John the First it was re-established in Lisbon, but transferred again to Coimbra by John the Third.

## NOTE 30, PAGE 117.

*And here distributed wreaths intertwin'd  
With gold, and nard, and with perennial bays.*

To the herb, nard, great virtues appear to have been ascribed by the ancients.

Baccare frontem

Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.

*Virg. Ecl. vii. 27.*

Nard is introduced by Milton in his “wilderness of sweets,” adorning the abode of Adam in Paradise. Raphael’s approach on his divine errand is thus described :

Their glittering tents he pass’d, and now is come  
Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,  
And flowering odours, cassia, nard, and balm.

*Paradise Lost, b. v. 291.*

Ariosto also alludes to its fragrance :

Oltre che del Sepolcro uscivan vivi,  
Ancor ch’ avesser tutti i rei costumi,  
Pur che sapessin farsi amica Cirra  
Piu grato odore avrian, che nardo, o mirra.

*Canto xxxv. st. 24.*

## NOTE 31, PAGE 119.

*They fill with fear the living, and the dead  
Perturb.*

The expression is bold and hyperbolic, and in the original, it is still more so—*a mortos faz espanto*;—and affrights the dead. The effects of horror are not less hyperbolically described by our own inimitable Shakspeare.

A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead  
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

*Hamlet, Act. i. Scene 1.*

## NOTE 32, PAGE 120.

*Molucca's stream at thy approach with fear  
Congeal'd.*

The Molucca river has its source in Mount Atlas. Near its banks, the Portugueze had distinguished themselves in various conflicts with the Moors.

## NOTE 33, PAGE 123.

*Great was the victory, yet gain'd with ease.*

The Portugueze chronicles contain a very detailed account of this engagement, called the battle of Salado. But the Spanish historian, Mariana, scarcely alludes to the ample share of glory due to the Portugueze. Raphael de Jesus relates an act of singular chivalric gallantry on the part of the two Alphonsos, previous to the battle. They sent to the Moorish kings of Granada and Marocco two genets richly caparisoned, with a challenge to decide, by personal combat, the fortune of

the day, in order to save effusion of blood. The combat was declined.—*Monarquia Lusitana*, vol. vii. liv. ix. ch. viii.

This circumstance is not mentioned in the Spanish account of the battle.—*Mariana*, lib. xvi. ch. vii.

## NOTE 34, PAGE 124.

*The numbers in this horrid conflict slain  
Quadrupled those whom valiant Marius slew.*

When Marius was at Aquæ Sextiæ (Aix in Provence), preparing for the great victory which he gained over the Cimbri, his soldiers complained of thirst. He pointed to a river which flowed near the enemy's camp, telling them that "thence they must purchase water with their blood."—*Plutarch. Caius Marius*.

## NOTE 25, PAGE 124.

*And if, illustrious Titus, thou alone  
Sent to Cocytus' gloomy regions  
So many souls.*

The fifth Book of Josephus, and particularly the thirteenth Chapter, are filled with a most appalling description of the massacre of the Jews, previously to the destruction of Jerusalem.

## NOTE 36, PAGE 124.

*For this of old the Prophets had foretold,  
And this in after-times Christ verified.*

For I will gather all nations against Jerusalem to battle, and the city shall be taken, and the houses rifled, and the women ravished; and half of the city shall go forth into captivity, and the residue of the people shall not be cut off from the city.—*Zechariah*, ch. xiv. v.

And Jesus went out, and departed from the Temple: and his disciples came to him for to shew him the buildings of the Temple.

And Jesus said unto them: See ye not all these things? Verily I say unto you, There shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down.—*St. Matthen's Gospel*, ch. xxiv. v. 1 and 2.

NOTE 37, PAGE 125.

*A tragical event, whose memory  
Ne'er in the tomb's oblivion can rest.*

This episode has been much and deservedly admired.— Yet, there are some passages in it which do not harmonize well with its affecting incidents. The appeal of Ignez de Castro to the king is too artificial. Instead of displaying the fervid and natural eloquence inspired by intense anxiety for the preservation of life, it exhibits a figurative and unimpassioned exposition of reasons for an extension of merciful compassion. Many parts of the episode, however, have great and redeeming excellences, and some of the stanzas, in the original, are perhaps equal in beauty to any in the *Lusiad*.

Dona Ignez was the daughter of Don Pero Fernandez de Castro, a vassal of the first rank in Castile and Galicia. Emigrating to Portugal, he died there in 1343, in the reign of Alphonso the Fourth. Dona Ignez de Castro accompanied, in the capacity of maid of honour, the Infanta; Constança, who came to Portugal in 1340, and was married to Don Pedro, the heir to the throne. Dona Constança died in 1345. By a clandestine marriage, Don Pedro was united to Ignez de Castro. Jealousy and envy stimulated some of the Portuguese nobles to conspire against her life. Apprized of their designs, she cast herself at the feet of the king, protesting her



innocence, and supplicating mercy. Alphonso was moved to compassion, but his clemency was intercepted by the poniards of Alvaro Gonçalves, Pedro Coelho, and Don Lopez Pacheco.

The remains of the unfortunate Ignez were first entombed in the church of the monastery of Santa Clara, in Coimbra;—but when Don Pedro succeeded to the throne, they were disinterred, by his command, in his presence. Dona Ignez was then placed on a throne, and crowned;—and all who were present kissed her hand, in token of respectful homage to their queen. Her remains were subsequently conveyed in a splendid litter to Alcobaça, by torch-light—a distance of seventeen leagues—accompanied by a most numerous cortege of the clergy, monastic orders, and the greatest personages in the kingdom. The same ceremonies of submissive homage were there repeated, and the body was deposited in a sculptured tomb prepared for its reception. In a similar tomb adjoining that of his beloved Ignez, Don Pedro, a few years afterwards, was interred.

When the French invaded Portugal, these tombs were not respected by their sacrilegious rapacity. They violated them, in order to rifle and plunder the dead. They opened only one side of them, to the extent of something more than a foot square; and this injury was subsequently repaired only by closing it with a plain stone. I could not but lament, when I was at Alcobaça, in 1820, that the monks of that convent, deemed the richest in Portugal, should have allowed these mutilated monuments to remain unrestored.

Their style is that of a sarcophagus; not, indeed, very finely sculptured, but from its general effect meriting to be considered as a respectable work of art. As monuments of great national interest, they eminently deserve to be skilfully restored, and most carefully preserved.

By mutual agreement, Peter the Cruel, king of Castile, and

Don Pedro, gave up such delinquents as had taken refuge in their respective dominions. Coelho and Gonçalves were arrested and delivered up to the king of Portugal. Pacheco escaped. According to Faria y Sousa, the punishments the king inflicted on these criminals were most horrible. Their hearts were torn out alive, and they were subsequently burnt.—*Epitome de las Historias Portuguesas. Tercera Parte, cap. ix.*

The Notes to Mickle's translation of the *Lusiad*, Mr. Adamson's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Camoens*, and the Preface to the Translation of Antonio Ferreira's *Tragedy of Ignez de Castro*, may be consulted by those who may feel sufficient interest in this mournful history, to wish for a more circumstantial statement of the tragical catastrophe.

NOTE 38, PAGE 127.

*So Ninus' parent was of old preserved.*

Semiramis, the celebrated queen of Assyria, is said to have been exposed for twelve months in a desert, where her life was preserved by doves. But she was the wife of Ninus, and not the mother. Perhaps the poet confounded Ninus with Ninyas, the son of Semiramis. The address of Ignez is rendered less pathetic by these allusions to the queen of Assyria, and the founders of the Roman Republic; and a part of it reminds the classical reader of the Twenty-second Ode of the First Book of Horace. The attention is in this manner withdrawn from the main interest—from Ignez, who ought exclusively to occupy all his thoughts.

NOTE 39, PAGE 132.

*Whether he thus was punish'd for the crime  
Of breaking Leonora's wedded bonds.*

Don Fernando became so much enamored of Dona Leo-

nora Tellez, wife of Joaõ Lorenzo de Acunha, that he caused her to be divorced from her husband, and made her his queen. In order to quiet his conscience and satisfy the public, it was set forth that her marriage, from her near relationship to Acunha, was forbidden by ecclesiastical law.

## NOTE 40, PAGE 133.

*And thou, victorious Carthaginian,  
Thyself degradedst with a Puglian slave.*

Petrarch has passed a similar censure upon Annibal.

L' altr' è 'l figliuol d' Amilcar; e nol piega  
In cotant' anni Italia tutta, e Roma;  
Vil femminella in Puglia il prende, e lega.  
*Trionfo d' Amore, c. iii.*

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## NOTES

### TO THE FOURTH CANTO.

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#### NOTE 1, PAGE 137.

*th' illustrious John,  
Renowned Pedro's only heir.*

Don Ferdinand died in October, 1383, and John was not proclaimed king by the Cortes, assembled in Coimbra, till the 6th April, 1385. During this interval, Portugal was convulsed with sanguinary wars and internal dissensions. John was not the only son of Pedro, but the only immediate descendant, worthy, by his talents and great qualities, to be his heir. He was a natural son by Theresa Lourenço, a lady of Galicia.—*Cronica dos tres Reys*.

Camoens, in praise of various illegitimate heroes, had originally written three stanzas which immediately followed the above lines. But he subsequently expunged them from the *Lusiad*.—*Lusiadas. Faria y Sousa*, vol. i. p. 256.

#### NOTE 2, PAGE 138.

*Don John, the future King of Portugal.*

The exclamation of the child, according to Faria y Sousa, was "Portugal, Portugal, for Don John." But as John, king of Castile, by his marriage with Beatrice, daughter of Ferdi-

nand and Leonora, had a better claim to the throne, than John, the Master of the Order of Aviz, each party interpreted the exclamation in favor of his pretensions. As the subsequent decisive battle of Aljubarrotta was considered a manifestation of divine providence in behalf of the latter, it tended to confirm his pretensions in preference to those of the Castilian monarch.—*Lusiadas. Faria y Sousa*, vol. i. p. 238.

## NOTE 3, PAGE 138.

*Promiscuous fell the relatives and friends  
Of the adult'rous Count, and graceless Queen.*

An illicit intercourse subsisted between the Queen Leonora, and Count John Fernandez Andeiro. The latter was killed by John the First, in the palace, and almost in the presence of the queen.—*Epitome de las Historias Portuguesas*.

## NOTE 4, PAGE 138.

*Some like Astyanax from turrets thrown,  
In sacred vestments no protection find.*

Mittitur Astyanax illis de turribus, unde  
Pugnantem pro se proavitaque regna tuentem  
Sæpe videre patrem, monstratum à matre, solebat.

*Ovid. Met. lib. xiii. 415.*

Don Martín, bishop of Lisbon, was precipitated from a church tower, whither he had fled from the sanguinary excesses of the infuriated populace, because he would not direct the bells to be rung, to celebrate their horrible atrocities.

## NOTE 5, PAGE 139.

*If Fame's suspicious voice may this concede.*

The incontinent character of the Queen, her mother, had thrown a doubt on her legitimacy.

## NOTE 6, PAGE 139.

*They came from all the provinces whose names  
From Brigo are supposed to be deriv'd.*

Old Castile was anciently called Castellabrigia, from Brigo, a collateral descendant of Tubal, one of the fabulous kings of Spain. The names of many districts in that peninsula terminate in Briga: as Segobrigà (Segorbe), Lacobriga (Lagos), &c.

## NOTE 7, PAGE 139.

*And from the lands Fernando and the Cid  
Had from the Moors' tyrannic sway releas'd.*

Atienza, Alcocer, Valencia, Calahorra, &c. were taken from the Moors by the Cid; and Toledo, Badajoz, Zaragoza, &c. by Ferdinand the Great.

## NOTE 8, PAGE 140.

*Nor is your martial impulse check'd by fear,  
Galicians, sordid and inflexible.*

The last Spanish Translator of the *Lusiad* is not pleased with the epithet *sordid*, and with some reason he observes, "Nunca debe darse à toda una provincia un epíteto como éste, aun quando la avaricia, miseria y trage de muchos de sus individuos pueda justificarlo. Los llama *duro bando*, por el teson con que en todo tiempo han defendido su libertad è in-

dependencia : y el amor à la libertad è independencia siempre supone grandes calidades en el pueblo que lo tiene ; por eso parece mas violento darles el epíteto de *sórdidos*." *Don Lamberto Gil. Los Lusíadas*, vol. i. p. 349.

## NOTE 9, PAGE 140.

*The bold and brave Biscaians, rude in speech.*

Don Lamberto Gil observes, that the Biscaian language, instead of being rude and uncultivated, yields to none in softness, richness, and energy. The praise, and the censure, are, perhaps, equally inapplicable. Bouterwek, in his history of Spanish and Portuguese literature, says, "Uber ihr Territorium hinaus hat diese Sprache, und was sich von Poesie in ihr finden mag, keinen Einfluss auf die litteratur gehabt ; und auch dort scheint sie grósten Theils für sich geblieben zu seyn." Vol. i. p. 8.

## NOTE 10, PAGE 141.

*..... Yet, his two brothers faithless proved.*

Pedro and Diego, the two brothers of Don Nuno Alvarez, espoused the cause of Castile, and are said to have fallen at the battle of Aljubarrotta. The notices of Nuno himself, which will be found in the poem, are so full and circumstantial, as almost to render any note respecting him unnecessary.

## NOTE 11, PAGE 142.

*When they innumerable banners took.*

In the celebrated battle, in the Veiga de Valdivez, between Don Alphonso the First, of Portugal, and Don Alonzo the First, of Castile, the great victory, alluded to by the poet, was



gained. So many Spaniards fell, that the field of battle was called *Veiga da Matança*, the vale of slaughter. It is to be observed that "the seven illustrious, valiant Counts," introduced in the following line, were then personages of much higher comparative distinction than those who hold a similar rank in the present age. *Monarquia Lusitana*, vol. iii. p. 122.

## NOTE 12, PAGE 147.

*Ev'n Finisterra heard the dreadful note.*

Ariosto has nearly a parallel passage.

Tremò Parigi, e turbidossi Senna  
 All' alta voce, a quell' orribil grido :  
 Rimbombò il suon fin alla selva Ardenna  
 Sì, che lasciar tutte le fiere il nido.  
 Udiron l' Alpi, e il monte di Gebenna,  
 Di Blaia, e d' Arli, e di Roano il lido ;  
 Rodano, e Sonna udì, Garona, e il Reno ;  
 Si strinsero le madri i figli al seno.

*Ariosto*, Canto xxvii. Stanza 101.

## NOTE 13, PAGE 147.

*What pallid cheeks,  
 Whence the blood fled the heart to animate,  
 Were seen.*

In the *Palmeirim de Inglaterra*, the same effect of fear is described with the same truth and simplicity. "Flerida ficou tal, que, perdido o sentido e juyzo, naõ dava acordo de cousa alguma ; perdida a cor natural parecia naõ ser viva ; porque nos grandes medos ou paixões sempre ella desempara os lugares onde mora por acodir á parte mais principal, que he o coração, onde qualquer destes extremos faz mais dano."—*Palmeirim de Inglaterra*, c. iii. parte 1.



## NOTE 14, PAGE 151.

*There, too, the renegade Pereiras fell.*

Two brothers of Don Nuno Alvarez Pereira, alluded to before, as having devoted themselves to the king of Castile.

## NOTE 15, PAGE 153.

*And offerings address'd to the Supreme  
Who granted him the mead of victory.*

Don Lamberto Gil is much dissatisfied with the panegyric pronounced by Faria y Sousa on the piety of the king after the battle. He is represented to have made a pilgrimage, barefooted, to Guimaraens, a distance of about sixty leagues, where he presented an offering to an image of the Virgin in one of the churches, of as much silver as equalled his own weight, with all the arms with which he fought at Aljubarrotta. Lamberto Gil calls him a traitor and usurper, who had excluded the legitimate monarch from the throne, and sacrificed 14,000 lives in the battle. But Faria y Sousa, a Spaniard too, says,—the Castilians derived much honor from the defeat, since the Virgin, *the true Bellona*, fought on the side of the Portugueze. *Lusiadas, Lamberto Gil*, v. i. p. 354. *Lusiada, Faria y Sousa*, v. ii. p. 327.

## NOTE 16, PAGE 154.

*With two Princesses of the British Throne.*

“Don John the First, about a year after the battle of Aljubarrotta, married Philippa, eldest daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, (son of Edward the Third,) who had assisted the king, his son-in-law, in an irruption into Castile; and at the end of the campaign promised to return with more

numerous forces for the next. But this was prevented by the marriage of his youngest daughter, Catalina, with Don Henry, eldest son of the king of Castile. The king of Portugal on this entered Galicia, and reduced the cities of Tuy and Salvaterra. A truce followed. While the tyrant of Castile meditated a new war, he was killed by a fall from his horse; and leaving no issue by his queen, Beatrice, the king of Portugal's daughter, all pretensions 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 (Catherine), prevailed, and a long peace, happy for both kingdoms, ensued." *Mickle's Lusiad*, p. 160.

NOTE 17, PAGE 154.

*Protecting thus Iberia betray'd  
By treach'rous Julian's apostacy.*

Sir Walter Scott, in a note on the Vision of Don Roderick, says, "Almost all the historians, as well as the voice of tradition, ascribe the invasion of the Moors to the forcible violation committed by Roderick upon Florinda, called by the Moors Caba, or Cava. She was the daughter of Count Julian, one of the Gothic monarch's principal lieutenants, who, when the crime was perpetrated, was engaged in the defence of Ceuta against the Moors. In his indignation at the ingratitude of his sovereign, and the dishonor of his daughter, Count Julian forgot the duties of a Christian and a patriot, and, forming an alliance with Musa, then the caliph's lieutenant in Africa, he countenanced the invasion of Spain by a body of Saracens and Africans, commanded by the celebrated Tarik; the issue of which was the defeat and death of Roderick, and the occupation of almost the whole Peninsula by the Moors. Voltaire, in his General History, expresses his doubts of this

popular story, and Gibbon gives him some countenance.”—*Don Roderick*, p. 92.

In Miguel Luna's translation of the True History of Don Roderick, composed in Arabic by Abulcacim Tarif, there is a figurative and enigmatical letter from Florinda to her father, in which there is the following passage, in allusion to the violence committed upon her person. “Entre muchas (nuevas) que ay dignas de memoria en este palacio, sola esta contarè por mas notable, ni jamas acontecida a Rey : y es, que teniendo yo esta sortija que va dentro desta carta con esta engastada esmeralda, sobre una mesa suelta y descuydada (joya de mi, y de los mios tan estimada, como es razon) cayò sobre ella el estoque Real, y desgraciadamente la hizo dos pedaços, parti-endo por medio la verde piedra, sin ser yo parte de remedi-alla. Ha me çausado tanta confusion este desastre, qual jamas podra mi lengua significar en el discurso de mi vida. Padre mio muy querido, remedia mi mal si ser pudiere, por-que en España yo no siento quien sepa remediallo.

Mi madre queda no mui buena, y yo lo mismo, y Dios sea en tu guarda.

De Toledo a tres de Deziembre de la era de Cesar de siete-cientos y cincoenta años.—*La Verdadera Historia del Rey, Don Rodrigo*, p. 37.

The date of this letter does not exactly correspond with the time when the Saracens invaded Spain. This event took place in 712, and this date, supposing the invasion to have been effected in the same year, would fix the commencement of the Julian æra at only 38 instead of 45 years before Christ. Besides, it must be admitted, that Abulcacim Tarif's work is by many considered to be apocryphal.

The Saracens were not ultimately expelled from the Spanish part of the Peninsula till the year 1492. “According to the magnificent style of the Spanish historians, eight centuries of

almost uninterrupted war elapsed, and three thousand seven hundred battles were fought, before the last of the Moorish kings in Spain submitted to the Christian arms." *Robertson's Charles the Fifth*, vol. i. p. 134.

NOTE 18, PAGE 154.

*But Fate decides that Lusitania shall soon  
This fortunate, this cherish'd Hero lose.*

Notwithstanding the jealousy of Spanish commentators and historians, it must be admitted, that Don John the First was a monarch gifted with many great qualities. By his military skill and personal energy he vanquished his powerful foreign enemies, and defended and confirmed the independence of the Portuguese nation. With the aid of the learned Joam das Regras, he framed many wise laws. He laid the foundation of the Portuguese marine, which soon afterwards acquired such glory in maritime discoveries. He built several convents, churches, and palaces; and, in commemoration of the great battle of Aljubarrotta, he commanded the beautiful Gothic edifice, the church of Batalha, to be erected on the very site of that decisive engagement. Murphy's work, entitled "Plans, Elevations, Sections, and Views of the Church of Batalha," can alone give an adequate representation of this grand and magnificent structure. In a quadrangular chapel, about twenty-three feet wide on each side, is the splendid mausoleum, in which are deposited the remains of the king, and his queen Philippa. Opposite to the entrance are four mural sepulchres, in which the four sons of Don John the First were interred. The king died at the age of seventy-six, having reigned forty-eight years. He was lamented as the father of his people.

When I was at Batalha, in 1819, on my way to the hospitable mansion of my very worthy and benevolent friend, John James

Stephens, Esq. at *Marinha Grande*, I was grieved to find that there were no adequate funds provided for arresting the rapid tendency to ruin, which was perceptible in many parts of this elegant structure. The only remaining tower had been recently much shattered by lightning; but to repair it, there appeared, unfortunately, neither resources, nor inclination. The durability of the materials, and the conservative quality of the climate had, however, preserved, in the interior of the church, many of its most delicately carved ornaments in their original state of perfection.

## NOTE 19, PAGE 155.

*His brother he beheld*

*Enslav'd,—the pious gen'rous Ferdinand.*

In order to liberate the Portuguese from the danger to which they were exposed at *Tangier*, it was agreed that *Ceuta* should be surrendered to the king of *Fez*, and that hostages should be given. The Moorish king required one of the Infantes. Don Fernando voluntarily surrendered himself, and then advised that *Ceuta* should not be surrendered to the Moors, heroically demanding that it should be retained at the sacrifice of his own life.—*Chronica D'el Rei Dom Duarte por Ruy de Pina.*

It appears that the gallant prince, on the nonfulfilment of the treaty, was conducted to *Fez*, where after submitting, with great firmness, to the most cruel and insulting indignities, his sufferings soon produced their own termination.—*Chronica dos Tres Reis. Vida de Dom Duarte*, p. 47.

## NOTE 20, PAGE 157.

*And at Arzilla's arduous emprise.*

At *Arzilla*, Don *Joaõ de Coutinho*, count of *Marialva*, was

killed, after performing prodigies of valor. The king, arming his son with the ensigns of chivalry on the very spot, thus addressed him: "May God make you valiant as the count, whose corpse is now before your eyes."—*Lusiadas*. *Faria y Sousa*, vol. ii. p. 342.

NOTE 21, PAGE 157.

*From danger imminent the King escap'd.*

At the battle of Toro, Alphonso the Fifth was exposed to very great danger, but was saved by the gallantry of his son, Don John the Second.

NOTE 22, PAGE 158.

*Exploring Messengers the King dispatch'd.*

The messengers dispatched on this mission of exploration were Pero de Covihaõ, and Alphonso de Paiva. The latter died at Cairo; the other penetrated to various parts of India, and Barros states that he was prevented from returning by one of the descendants of Prester John, who detained him in his dominions. *Joaõ de Barros*, *Decad.* i. liv. iii. c. v.

Bartholomew Dias was, about the same time, sent to make discoveries by sea. He penetrated beyond the Cape of Good Hope, and proceeding afterwards in a northerly direction, landed on the coast of Africa in 32-33 degrees of south latitude: to him, therefore, is justly due the great discovery of the Cape in 1487. It was then named Cabo Tormentoso—the Stormy Cape;—but John the First gave it the happier denomination of the Cape of Good Hope.—*Barros*, *Decad.* i. liv. iii. ch. iv.



## NOTE 23, PAGE 158.

*Where lie entomb'd Parthenope's remains.*

Napoli, dai popoli di Calcidia venuti sopra le vetuste ceneri della Sirena Parthenope edificata.—*Sanazarius's Arcadia.*

## NOTE 24, PAGE 159.

*And yet reserv'd at last  
From Spanish rule a lustre to receive.*

Louis the Twelfth, and Ferdinand of Spain, iniquitously combined, in 1501, to expel Ferdinand, king of Naples, and divide his dominions. The alliance of these monarchs ended in hostility, and, in 1503, the "Great Captain," Gonsalvo de Cordova, dispossessed the French, and secured the Neapolitan dominions for his ambitious sovereign.

## NOTE 25, PAGE 159.

*Then Ethiopian regions they explore  
Where Christian rites are piously observ'd.*

Of Ethiopia, Gibbon observes (vol. vii. p. 341.), "Christianity has raised that nation above the level of African barbarism. Their intercourse with Egypt, and the successors of Constantine, had communicated the rudiments of the arts and sciences; their vessels traded to the Island of Ceylon, and seven kingdoms obeyed the Negus, or supreme prince of Abyssinia."

Marco Polo says, "The capital of the principal Christian king is in the interior of the country . . . . The conversion of these people to the Christian faith was the work of the glorious apostle St. Thomas, who having preached the gospel in the kingdom of Nubia, and converted its inhabitants, afterwards visited *Abascia*, and there, by the influence of his

discourses, and the performance of miracles, produced the same effect."

Vide Mr. Marsden's most accurate and excellent translation of the Travels of Marco Polo, page 719 :—a work which he has enriched with a very copious store of erudite annotations. There is, perhaps, no work extant, which contains more various, extensive, and valuable information on subjects of oriental interest.

NOTE 26, PAGE 162.

*In fancy he perceiv'd*

*Rise from the streams, &c.*

The river-gods of the Ganges and the Indus present themselves to the king, Don Emmanuel, in a dream, as the "Father of the Roman flood" appeared to Æneas.

Huic deus ipse loci, fluvio Tyberinus amœno,  
Populeas inter senior se attollere frondes  
Visus. Eum tenuis glauco velabat amictu  
Carbasus, et crines umbrosa tegebat arundo.

*Virg. Æneid. viii. 31.*

NOTE 27, PAGE 162.

*So fled Alpheus from Arcadia*

*T' embrace in Syracuse his Arethuse.*

Alpheum fama est huc, Elidis amnem,  
Occultas egisse vias subter mare; qui nunc  
Ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis.

*Virg. Æneid. iii. 694.*

Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung  
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,  
Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluice  
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse.

*Milton's Arcades.*



## NOTE 28, PAGE 163.

*I am the illustrious Ganges, and my source  
Is cradled in the realms of Paradise.*

Ego sum, pleno quem flumine cernis  
Stringentem ripas, et pingua culta secantem,  
Cæruleus Tybris, cœlo gratissimus amnis.

*Virg. Æneid. viii. 62.*

## NOTE 29, PAGE 164.

*To me th' illustrious King  
Confided the achievement of this grand  
But perilous exploit.*

Don Emmanuel came to the throne in 1495, and in 1497 the expedition was equipped for the discovery of a passage to India. In 1496 the expediency of the measure was repeatedly discussed in various councils, but the general opinion was opposed to its execution. The king, however, was not to be dissuaded from the enterprize, and selecting Vasco da Gama, Paulo da Gama, (his brother,) and Nicoláo Coelho, he addressed them in a grave and judicious speech, in the presence of many of the most distinguished personages of the realm, at Monte-Mor; and delivering to Vasco da Gama a silk pendant, embellished with the arms of the order of Christ, Gama, upon his knees, addressed to his majesty the following speech. "I, Vasco da Gama, commanded by you, most high and most powerful king, my sovereign lord, going to discover seas and regions in the East,—swear by this cross, which now I hold, that, in the service of God, and in yours, I will firmly plant it in the presence of Moors, Pagans, or any people, wherever I shall go; and that, in all perils of the seas, of fire, and of the sword, I will preserve and defend it, even unto

death. And I also swear, that, in executing this enterprize of discovery, which you, my king and sovereign lord, have commanded me to undertake, I will serve you with all faith, loyalty, vigilance and diligence, obeying and executing your commands, given to me for this purpose, until I shall return to your royal presence where I now stand, by the grace of God, in whose service by you I am now sent."

After this address, the banner was delivered to Vasco da Gama, with his instructions, and letters for Prester John, and the king of Calicut.—*Barros, Decad. i. liv. iv. ch. i.*

NOTE 30, PAGE 168.

*Then we departed from the temple rais'd  
To the Supreme on Tagus' sounding shore.*

The embarkation of the troops took place at Belem (Bethlehem) about a league from Lisbon. The sanctuary alluded to was then a chapel, or hermitage, which had been erected there by Don Henry, son of John the First, whom the Portuguese regard as the father of their maritime discoveries. Upon that spot, in commemoration of the discovery of the passage to India, the king, Don Emmanuel, erected the present magnificent edifice, which, next to the church of Batalha, is the finest Gothic building in Portugal. Externally there is nothing imposing, but the lofty roof, supported by four finely and very curiously sculptured pillars, cannot be seen without the warmest admiration. The cloisters, too, of the adjoining convent of St. Jerome, exhibit a singularly beautiful specimen of Gothic structure:—light, tasteful, and elegant. In this grand temple the remains of its founder are interred.

NOTE 31, PAGE 172.

*E'en He who gave it shudder'd at its loss!*

Then saith he unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with me.

And he went a little farther, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me : nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt.—*Matthew*, c. xxvi. v. 38, 39.

And he was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and kneeled down, and prayed,

Saying, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me : nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done.

And there appeared an Angel unto him from Heaven, strengthening him.

And being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly : and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.—*Luke*, ch. xxii. v. 41, 2, 3, 4.

NOTE 32, PAGE 173.

*Clandestinely from Heav'n Prometheus stole  
That spark, which, kindled in the human breast,  
Burst with destructive blaze throughout the world.*

Audax Iapeti genus

Ignem fraude malâ gentibus intulit, &c.

*Horat. Od. 3. lib. 1.*

Indeed, nearly the whole of the remaining lines of this Canto are little more than a paraphrastic version of the rest of this ode.

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## NOTES

### TO THE FIFTH CANTO.

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#### NOTE 1, PAGE 177.

*Th' eternal lamp  
Of Heav'n in Leo's constellation shone.*

Vasco da Gama sailed from the Tagus on the 8th July, 1497. The astronomical calculation is not quite correct, even if allowance be made for the difference between the Julian and Gregorian Kalendars; for the sun had not then quite (although very nearly) emerged from the constellation Cancer. It must, however, be admitted, that Camoens says the sun was *entering* that sign.

#### NOTE 2, PAGE 177.

*the waning world,  
In its sixth age, with slow and sickly pace  
Advanced.*

The several ages of the world have been variously and arbitrarily calculated. The poet alludes to the era of Christianity as the sixth, and the slow and sickly pace is merely typical of the world's antiquity.

## NOTE 3, PAGE 178.

*Soon we beheld the num'rous cluster'd Isles  
Which Henry, first, our great and gen'rous prince,  
Discover'd.*

Don Henry, son of John the First, was the chief promoter of the discoveries made off the coast of Africa. The expeditions equipped under his directions discovered the Island of Madeira, some of the Canaries, and Cape Verd Isles.

## NOTE 4, PAGE 178.

*Westward yet,  
Though long conjectured to exist, no land  
Was known.*

The western continent had not then been discovered by Columbus.

## NOTE 5, PAGE 179.

*Where swarthy nations dwell, to whom the son  
Of Clymene denied the blushing tint  
Of day.*

Sanguine tum credunt in corpora summa vocato,  
Æthiopum populos nigrum traxisse colorem.

*Ovid. Met. lib. ii. 235.*

## NOTE 6, PAGE 179.

*We steer'd amidst the fam'd Hesperides.*

The celebrated gardens of the Hesperides are usually placed near Mount Atlas; but the poet has chosen for their site the Cape Verd Isles.

## NOTE 7, PAGE 180.

*A saint who frequent in the battle's hour  
Aided against the Moor Iberia's sons.*

Faria y Sousa says, "Todas las Cronicas a una mano confessan los aparecimientos de Santiago en las batallas de Christianos contra Moros en España, y aun fuera de España. En el Reyno de Congo peleò de la parte de un Rey negro con pocos hombres, contra muchos, despues que los Portugueses le truxeron a la vanderá de Christo. Todo es cosa firme"—*Lusiadas*, vol. ii. p. 464.

## NOTE 8, PAGE 180.

*We pass'd the Dorcades.*

The Dorcades, or Gorgades, are conjectured to be Prince's Island, and the Island of St. Thomas. The latter is again alluded to by the poet shortly afterwards.

## NOTE 9, PAGE 182.

*We saw the fair Calisto Juno's rage  
Defy, and bathe in Neptune's lucid waves.*

At vos si læsæ contemptus tangit alumnæ,  
Gurgite cœruleo septem prohibete Triones:  
Sideraque in cœlo stupri mercede recepta  
Pellite; ne puro tingatur in æquore pellex.

*Ovid. Met. ii. 527.*

Proceeding so far to the South, they lost sight of Calisto (ursa major) and the northernmost constellations.

## NOTE 10, PAGE 183.

*Distinctly I have seen the vivid light  
Which seamen e'er as sacred venerate.*

In Number XVII. of the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal is the following curious description of this light; and as it furnishes a good illustration of the passage, it is here given without abbreviation.

“ Independent of the common electric fluid, the atmosphere appears sometimes to be impregnated with another description of luminous electric meteor, which has been known to be attracted, and settle quickly at the ship's mast-head, without producing any of those dire consequences (of lightning) before alluded to. This particular appearance has been denominated, by foreign seamen, Saint Elmo's Light, a beautiful instance of which I had once an opportunity of witnessing.

“ In the month of June, 1808, passing from the Island of Ivica to that of Majorca, on board a Spanish polacca ship, fitted as a cartel, and manned by about thirty ruffians, Genoese, Valencians, and Catalonians; a fine southerly gale, by seven in the evening, brought us within six or seven leagues of the anchorage in Palma Bay. About this time, the sea-breeze, failing us astern, was shortly succeeded by light and baffling breezes off the land. No sooner had the setting sun withdrawn his golden beams from the tops of the lofty hills, which rise to the westward of the town, than a thick and impenetrable cloud, gathering upon the summit of Mount Galatzo, spread gradual darkness on the hills below, and extended at length a premature obscurity along the very surface of the shore. About nine, the ship becalmed, the darkness was intense, and rendered still more sensible by the yellow fire that gleamed upon the horizon to the south, and aggravated by the deep-toned thunder which rolled at intervals on the mountain,



accompanied by the quick rapidity of that forked lightning, whose eccentric course, and dire effects, set all description at defiance. By half-past nine, the hands were sent aloft to furl top-gallant sails, and reef the top-sails, in preparation for the threatening storm. When retiring to rest, a sudden cry of St. Elmo and St. Ann was heard from those aloft, and fore and aft the deck. An interpreter called lustily down the hatchway, that St. Elmo was on board. He desired me to come up. A few steps were sufficient, and, to my great surprize, I found the top-sail-yards deserted, the sails loose and beating in the inconstant breeze, the awe-struck and religious mariners, bareheaded, on their knees, with hands uplifted, in voice and attitude of prayer, in earnest and muttering devotion to St. Elmo, or St. Ann, according to the provincial nature of their speech.

“ On observing the appearance of the masts, the main-top-gallant-mast-head, from the truck, for three feet down, was perfectly enveloped in a cold blaze of pale phosphorus-looking light, completely embracing the circumference of the mast, and attended with a flitting or creeping motion, as exemplified experimentally by the application of common phosphorus upon a board ; and the fore and mizen top-gallant-mast-heads exhibited a similar appearance in a relative degree.

“ This curious illumination continued with undiminished intensity for the space of eight or ten minutes, when, becoming gradually fainter and less extensive, it finally disappeared, after a duration of not less than half an hour.

“ The seamen, in the mean time, having finished their devotions, and observing the lights to remain stationary, returned promptly to the yards, and, under favor of this “ spirit of the storm,” now quickly performed that duty, which, on a critical conjuncture, had been abandoned, under the influence of their superstition and their fears. During the prevalence of the



lights, as well as through the remaining hours of night, the wind continued, except in occasional puffs, light and variable; and the morning ushered in, with a clear sky, a hot sun, and a light southerly breeze, which, in due time, brought us safe to the anchorage of Palma.

“ Conversing with the interpreter on the nature of this extraordinary phenomenon, he expressed his implicit belief that it was provided by the immediate power of St. Elmo, the tutelar deity of ‘ those who travel on the vasty deep,’ in regard to their interests in a moment of sudden danger; and used every argument to persuade me, that the present safety of the ship was due to the very timeous and friendly interference of this aërial demi-god; and that no accident could possibly have happened to the sails, while the seamen were at prayers, as long as the light glowed stationary on the mast. Had the light, he continued, descended gradually from the mast-head to the deck, and from thence to the keelson, as he had often seen it, the event would have prognosticated a gale of wind or other disaster; and, according to the depth of the descent, so would be the nature of the evil to come. In the present instance, the lights gradually disappeared, like the snuff of a candle, and the weather continued clear and fine for several subsequent days.

“ This phenomenon, by many, is held to be fabulous, and is so alluded to by the greatest living poet of the day:

‘ Of witch, of mermaid, and of sprite,  
Of Erick’s cap, and Elmo’s light.’

“ But Falconer, both seaman and poet, writing from experience, says,

‘ High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,  
Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze.’ ”

The author of this paper closes his account of this phenomenon, by stating, that these pious and devoted seamen, thus highly favored by St. Elmo, had recently figured, on the first burst of the Spanish Revolution, in the sanguinary massacre of several unfortunate Frenchmen, who had long resided at Valencia for the peaceful purposes of commerce.

NOTE 11, PAGE 183.

*Nor was it less a miracle to all,—  
A sight stupendous—to behold the clouds  
Forming upon the sea a wondrous tube.*

The poet's description of a water-spout appears to be very accurate. It corresponds pretty nearly with that which was observed by Mr. Joseph Harris, on the 21st May, 1732, about sun-set, in lat.  $32^{\circ} 30'$  N.; long.  $9^{\circ}$  E. from Cape Florida. An account of it is given in the Third Vol. of the Phil. Trans. Abridged.

“ When we first saw the spout, it was whole and entire, and much of the shape and proportion of the speaking trumpet; the small end being downwards and reaching to the sea, and the big end terminating in a black thick cloud. The spout itself was very black, and more so higher up. It seemed to be exactly perpendicular to the horizon, and its sides perfectly smooth, without the least ruggedness. When it fell, the spray of the sea rose to a considerable height, which made somewhat the appearance of a great smoke. From the first time we saw it, it continued whole about a minute, and till it was quite dissipated, about three minutes. It began to waste from below, and so gradually up, while the upper part remained entire, without any visible alteration, till at last it ended in the black cloud above; upon which there seemed to fall a very heavy rain in that neighbourhood. There was but little wind, and the sky elsewhere was pretty serene.”

Beccaria attributes the phenomenon to an effect of electricity. Dr. Franklin, in his *Physical and Meteorological Observations*, supposes a water-spout and a whirlwind to proceed from the same cause. Other philosophers have conjectured that the water which forms the water-spout does not ascend from the sea, as Dr. Franklin concludes, but descends from the atmosphere.

## NOTE 12, PAGE 185.

*Now let the skill'd in scientific lore  
Unfold the myst'ries nature here displays.*

It is thought by some of the commentators on the *Lusiad* that the poet's allusion to the explanations of philosophers satirically points at their inadequacy. The simple experience of the mariner, which he describes as his only guide, and his own plain narrative of the phenomena of St. Elmo's light and the water-spout, seem indirectly to censure those attempts at scientific illustration which would underrate the value of ordinary experience. Much in the same strain, Cowper, in the *Task*, condemns unsound philosophical presumption.

Some drill and bore  
The solid earth, and from the strata there  
Extract a register, by which we learn  
That he who made it, and reveal'd its date  
To Moses, was mistaken in its age.  
Some, more acute, and more industrious still,  
Contrive creation ; travel nature up  
To the sharp peak of her sublimest height,  
And tell us whence the stars ; why some are fix'd,  
And planetary some ; what gave them first  
Rotation ; from what fountain flow'd their light.  
Great contest follows, and much learned dust  
Involves the combatants : each claiming truth,  
And truth disclaiming both.

## NOTE 13, PAGE 185.

*Already had the planetary orb  
Which dwells in the first Heav'n, in her swift course  
Five revolutions made.*

Five months had elapsed since the departure of Vasco da Gama from Lisbon.

## NOTE 14, PAGE 186.

*To the new instrument we had recourse,  
Which genius in a happy mood had framed.*

The astrolabe is the instrument alluded to. According to Oviedo, Columbus, with whom he was intimately connected, was the first who made use of the astrolabe in navigation.—*Historical Memoir of Christopher Columbus, by D. G. B. Sportano.*

Joaõ de Barros ascribes the invention of the astrolabe to two physicians of Don John the Second, Mestre Rodrigo, and Mestre Josepe, and an astronomer, named Martin de Boemia. It had, therefore, most probably, been used, before, by the Portugueze, in some of the voyages of discovery which were made under the auspices of the prince, Don Henry, to whom allusion has been made in the Third Note of this Canto.—*Joaõ de Barros, Decad. i. l. iv. c. ii.*

## NOTE 15, PAGE 186.

*Here my companions brought  
A jetty stranger whom they had surpriz'd.*

Most of the circumstances described in this passage, till the departure of Vasco da Gama from the Bay of St. Helens, appear to be taken from the Chapter in Barros, referred to in the preceding Note, and from the subsequent Chapter.

The lively jest at Veloso's rapid retreat is one of the very few mirthful attempts in the poem, and this is not sufficiently refined to suppress a wish for its omission. Homer, Virgil, and Milton furnish, however, a few instances of a similar departure from epic gravity.

## NOTE 16, PAGE 190.

*Scarce utter'd were these words, when we  
A phantom monstrous and terrific saw.*

All the critics, including those who have been fastidiously severe in their judgment on the *Lusiad*, unanimously admit, that Camoens, in his fiction of the guardian genius of the Cape of Storms, has exhibited a sublimity of conception, to which there is scarcely to be found a parallel in the whole range of epic poetry. For my own part, I cannot subscribe to the opinion, that the fiction is intended allegorically to represent the formidable opposition to which the extension of the Christian faith was exposed, by making Adamastor an ally of Bacchus, and identifying Bacchus with the evil spirit of Mahometism. Is it not more probable, that this awful production of the poet's imagination was created by his great genius, to panegyrisé the bold and dauntlessly adventurous spirit of the Portuguese, in braving, so heroically, such appalling dangers, in search of the New World? Its aim, perhaps, is to typify those gigantic efforts, by which difficulties, apparently insurmountable, and perils of the most fearful magnitude, were encountered, and vanquished by what may, almost without extravagance, be called a sublime audacity of super-human courage. The disappointed passion which Adamastor had cherished for Thetis may possibly have been intended by Camoens merely to impart a mythological air to the fiction, in accordance with a principal part of the machinery of his poem.

In this episode, Mr. Mickle has departed, in my opinion, very hazardously from the original, and has altered altogether its character, by making the king of Melinda relate, what is told by Adamastor himself, as a popular tradition in his own country.

NOTE 17, PAGE 192.

*Here shall I ample vengeance take—  
If I err not—of him who my retreat  
Discover'd first.*

On the return of Vasco da Gama, the king, 'Don Emmanuel, ordered another expedition, consisting of thirteen vessels, to be dispatched to India, under the command of Pedralvares Cabral. On the 9th March, in the year 1500, this second fleet sailed from the Tagus. Before they reached the Island of Mozambique, they lost four of the ships in a dreadful tempest, one of which was commanded by Bartolomeo Diaz, the first discoverer of the Cape of Good Hope.—*De Barros, Decad.* i. l. v. c. 2.

NOTE 18, PAGE 192.

*Here that illustrious Chief  
Whom fame shall first exalt above the skies,  
Shall first a sepulchre eternal find.*

Don Francisco de Almeida:—On his return from India, he was killed at the Cape of Good Hope. He put into the Bay of Saldanha, in order to procure fresh supplies of water and provisions; but a quarrel having ensued between some of his attendants and the Caffres, the result was fatal to himself and about fifty of his followers. Don Francisco was the first Portuguese viceroy in India.—*Cronica del Rei Dom Emanuel por Damiaõ de Goes. Segunda parte, ch. xliv.*



## NOTE 19, PAGE 193.

*Another, too, of honorable fame.*

Don Emmanuel de Souza :—He had been governor of Dio, where he had amassed considerable wealth. On his return to his native country in 1552, he was shipwrecked on the rocks near the Cape of Good Hope. Don Emmanuel, his lady, the beautiful Dona Leonora de Sà, some of his domestics, and about four hundred of the crew were saved, with a few arms and provisions. Many of these subsequently died of hunger, thirst, and fatigue, and many fell victims to the barbarous ferocity of the natives, or were destroyed by wild beasts. These overwhelming calamities were aggravated by occasional aberrations of reason, for Don Emmanuel possessed not sufficient strength of mind to bear up against the pressure of such overpowering disasters. When they expected to be relieved by some of the natives, who at first received them at their village with marks of friendship, in order to get possession of their arms, they were stripped by the savages, and left naked and destitute. The sufferings of Leonora and her husband defy all description. At length, after having crossed three hundred leagues of this inhospitable country, her legs swelled, and her feet bleeding at every step, she sunk exhausted, and covering herself with sand to the neck, to conceal her person, in this wretched situation, she beheld, previously to her own approaching death, two of her children expire. Her husband, in a state of distraction, snatched his third child in his arms, and uttering shrieks of despair, rushed into the woods, where death or destruction soon terminated his sufferings. Of the whole number that escaped from shipwreck, scarcely more than twenty ultimately returned to their native country, with the melancholy tidings of the loss of their companions. The survivors, aided by less uncivilized Ethiopians who traded

with the merchants of the Red Sea, succeeded in getting back to Europe. Corte Real, a Portuguese poet, contemporary of Antonio Ferreira and Sà de Miranda, wrote an interesting poem on this melancholy catastrophe.—*Lusiadas*. *Faria y Sousa*, v. ii. p. 528. *passim*.

Don Lamberto Gil considers the melancholy end of Emmanuel de Sousa as a just punishment inflicted on him for his extortions and injustice in India, and expresses a wish that all such governors may experience a similar fate. “Es lastima no tengan el mismo fin todos los Gobernadores de todas las naciones, que van allà solo para acumular riquezas, sacrificando bàrbaramente la religion, la humanidad y la justicia.”—*Los Lusiados*. *D. Lamberto Gil*, vol. i. p. 373.

NOTE 20, PAGE 197.

*My solid flesh into firm earth was chang'd  
And ev'ry bone converted into rock.*

The transformation of Adamastor is similar in many of its circumstances to that of Atlas.

Quantus erat, mons factus Atlas. Jam barba, comæque,  
In silvas abeunt: juga sunt humerique, manusque;  
Quod caput antè fuit, summo est in monte cacumen:  
Ossa lapis fiunt. Tum partes auctus in omnes  
Crevit in immensum (sic Dì statuistis) et omne  
Cum tot sideribus cælum requievit in illo.

*Ovid. Met. lib. iv. 657.*

NOTE 21, PAGE 200.

*We left afar that Islet reach'd before.*

Santa Cruz, a small island about sixty leagues to the north-east of the Cape of Good Hope. Bartholomew Dias, in 1486, having proceeded thus far, put back, and repassed the Cape.



## NOTE 22, PAGE 201.

*In whom three kings in equal majesty  
Are join'd.*

A paraphrastic and poetical allusion to the Trinity.

## NOTE 23, PAGE 203.

*The helm,  
Confided to its patron-saint, inclin'd  
Our vessels' prows towards the shore.*

Faria y Sousa says, "En la vida desse Santo (St. Nicholas) se lee, que viendose casi perdidos unos navegantes llamaron por el; i el acudiendo tomò el timon, i los librò del peligro, gobernando la nave: de que resultò ofrecersele el timon en la marineria!" *Lusiadas*, v. ii. p. 600.

## NOTE 24, PAGE 204.

*The name of that angelic guide who erst  
Tobias led to Gabael.*

The angel Raphael. Vide Apocrypha. Tobias, ch. ix.

## NOTE 25, PAGE 205.

*A morbid virulence assailed the mouth.*

De Barros says, "Por espaço de hum mez que alli estiveram no corregimento dos navios, adoeceo muita gente, de que morreo alguma. A maior parte foi de herisipolas, e de lhes crescer tanto a carne das gengivas, que quasi não cabia na boca aos homens, e assi como crescia apodrecia, e cortavam nella como em carne morta; cousa mui piedosa de ver, a qual doença vieram depois conhecer que procedia das carnes, pes-

cado salgado, e biscoito corrompido de tanto tempo.—*Decada* i. liv. iv. ch. iii.

The description given by the poet of the terrible effects of the scurvy corresponds with the passage of the Portuguese historian.

NOTE 24, PAGE 207.

*Pious Æneas, and the eloquent  
And wise Ulysses, wander'd they thus far?*

The allusions to Homer and Virgil, and to the *Odyssey* and the *Æneid*, have been condemned by some critics, especially by Voltaire, as altogether inappropriate and misplaced;—since to such a personage as the king of Melinda these poets and their inimitable poems must have been, in their opinion, altogether unknown. On the other hand, those who undertake the defence of Camoens against this charge of incongruity, represent this sovereign as the monarch of an enlightened people, to whom Arabic, and possibly Grecian literature, was familiar. The accusation and the defence lose much of their importance, when, even admitting a departure in this instance from strict consistency on the part of the poet, it must be conceded, that he never loses sight of the main design of his poem, “to be the herald of his country’s fame;” and he, therefore, avails himself, on every occasion, of the stores of his varied erudition for the purpose of illustrating and enhancing the glory of his native land. Could this have been accomplished by avoiding every violation of strict congruity, the poem, doubtless, would have been free from a great imperfection; but the design of the poet must not be forgotten in palliation of the error. It is unnecessary to quote the well-known passages in the originals to which Camoens alludes.

## NOTE 25, PAGE 210.

*Nor can deserted Fulvia deny  
That polished Glaphira her Antony  
Seduced.*

That Glaphira was an accomplished mistress of Antony, and that it was to her accomplishments that she was indebted for an ascendancy over him, the text sufficiently conveys. But there is a doubt, who Glaphira was. After citing several, Faria y Sousa is persuaded, that, under this name, no less a personage than Cleopatra is designated. The object of the poet is to demonstrate the force of intellectual charms, and to inculcate the duty of fostering genius, and encouraging its development and cultivation. The consequences of the absence of this encouragement he afterwards feelingly deplures.

## NOTE 26, PAGE 211.

*Let Gama grateful thank the fav'ring Muse.*

Although Vasco da Gama is subsequently represented as not favoring the Muses, yet the reproach, intended to be conveyed by the poet, is not applicable to him (for the great navigator died the year after the birth of Camoens) but to his descendants, from whom he received no mark of favor, and no aid or consolation in the midst of all the miseries and privations in which he was permitted to close his days. But the poet's name is, and ever will be, held in veneration, while the proud and titled grandees who neglected him, are consigned to merited oblivion.

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## NOTES

### TO THE SIXTH CANTO.

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#### NOTE 1, PAGE 215.

*With angling pastimes, such as Egypt's queen  
Devis'd, her Roman Lover to amuse.*

“ 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 the master of the world!” This Note is taken from Mickle. The anecdote is so well known, that its quotation might, perhaps, have been spared.

## NOTE 2, PAGE 217.

*In spacious caverns of the central deep  
Where in concealment oft the sea retires.*

The poet has in this Canto exhibited a very pleasing specimen of the brilliancy of his imagination. The anger of Bacchus is, as in the First Canto, merely typical of the almost insuperable difficulties which are opposed to Lusian valor and perseverance ; but the descent of this enraged divinity into the caverns of the deep has given Camoens scope for the beautiful description of the palace of Neptune, which justly claims the reader's admiration. It is, however, distinctly to be understood, that when praise is thus bestowed on any part of the *Lusiad*, it is to the original alone that the commendation is intended to be applied, and not to the corresponding passage in this translation.

In the description of Neptune's palace, Camoens appears to have had in his thoughts the Sixth *Æneid* of Virgil, and the temple erected by Dædalus to Phœbus on the Cumæan shore. The objects sculptured are, it is true, very different, but there are points of similitude in the general design, which seem to indicate that the foundation and superstructure of his edifice may have been originally derived from the great Mantuan bard. It is yet sufficiently varied to admit of a considerable display of original embellishment, and only a poet of the first order could have pourtrayed, with so much skill, such an assemblage of pleasing, striking, and interesting objects. For the description of the submarine habitations of the gods, Camoens seems to be indebted solely to his own splendid and vigorous fancy ; but that of Chaos and the Four Elements may, perhaps, have been, in part, suggested by the First Book of the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid.

## NOTE 3, PAGE 220.

*The Nymphs Marine beheld the God of wine  
Enter, with daring intrepidity,  
The innermost recesses of the deep.*

La Harpe censures this passage with some severity. "Il y a dans l'original une pointe basse et triviale, bien indigne de la majesté de l'Epopée et du style de Camoens, qui ne tombe guères dans ces fautes ridicules. Duperron de Castera, porté à tout excuser dans son Auteur, et qui plus d'une fois appelle variété de style ce qui n'est en effet qu'une disparate choquante, a pourtant senti ce défaut de l'original Portugais, et n'a point traduit cette phrase."—*La Lusiade de Louis Camoens, tome ii. p. 42.*

It must be acknowledged that the original line,

*Entre no Reino da agoa o Rey do vinho,*

exhibits a *concetto* which epic elevation may very properly condemn. But in a poem that extends to nearly ten thousand lines, some that are defective must be expected to be found. The poet here appears to have been betrayed into this poor conceit, by the epigrammatic spirit which is often attempted to be infused into the last line of the octave stanza.

## NOTE 4, PAGE 220.

*Triton, who gloried to be deem'd the Son  
Of the Sea's Ruler, and Salacia,  
Though young, was huge, and hideous, and smart.*

Although the attributes of Triton are given by various poets, Faria y Sousa has fancifully imagined, that Camoens has chiefly derived his description of him from a passage in the Ninth Book of Pausanias. As it is curious, it is quoted

from his note on this passage. "Hanc præ se ferunt Tritones figuram. Capitis coma persimilis est palustri apio; tum colore, tum quod capillum omnino nullum ab aliis possis discernere: reliquum corpus squama inhorrescit minuta, sed eadem propè qua lima est duritia: branchias infra aures habent, nares hominis, rictum oris latiore, et pantheræ dentes: oculi glauci mihi esse visi sunt: manus etiam illis sunt, digitique et ungues, ea forma qua superiores conchyliorum testæ: pinulæ sub ventre, et pectore pro pedibus, uti delphinis."—I know not from what Latin version of the Bœotia of Pausanias this is taken.—*Lusiadas*, vol. iii. p. 37.

## NOTE 5, PAGE 221.

*And those whose numbers chiefly multiply  
Under the influence of Phæbe's rays.*

Faria y Sousa has a curious note on this passage. Alluding to crabs, prawns, &c. he says, "La experiencia tiene enseñado, que esta suerte de pescados crece i mengua al paso que la Luna mengua i crece . . . . que cierto es cosa notable, ver que al estar menguante la Luna, si tomais un animalejo destes, casi no le hallais dentro cosa alguna; i si al crecer ella, le hallais lleno!" He then whimsically quotes, in further illustration or confirmation of this opinion, the following lines subjoined to one of the Cries of Rome,

Ecco li granci colti in buona vena;  
Son buoni adesto que la Luna è piena!

## NOTE 6, PAGE 222.

*For loveliness like hers was never form'd  
To be conceal'd.*

Che Angelici sembianti nati in cielo  
Non si ponno celar sotto alcun velo.

*Ariosto*, c. vii. 15.



## NOTE 7, PAGE 228.

*The dignified Hippotades releas'd  
From close imprisonment the furious winds.*

Milton also calls Æolus Hippotades.

And sage Hippotades their answer brings,  
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd ;  
The air was calm, and on the level brine  
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.

*Lycidas.*

## NOTE 8, PAGE 230.

*I will of feats of native heroes speak.*

Mr. Mickle, in his note on this episode, has given the names of the Portuguese Champions from a note of Castera, and he observes that the latter has not quoted his authority for them. He endeavoured to find some traces of it in English history, but without success. The same result has attended my own inquiries, but, as I have discovered rather a curious chapter on this subject in a Portuguese historical work, entitled "Memorias para a Historia de Portugal, que comprehendem o Governo del Rei, Dom Joaõ Primeiro," by Jozé Soares da Silva, I shall translate it (vol. iii. ch. 281.) The title runs thus :

"Of the challenge by the Twelve of England, of which an account is given by various writers, and which really took place after this event :—i. e. the Capture of Tuy.

"After the surrender of Tuy in the previous year (1389), and while the duke of Lancaster was residing in London, certain English knights, though illustrious by birth and distinguished in arms, declared, with less delicacy than is due to the fair sex, and in the very presence of the ladies themselves



at the court, that they were not only not the most beautiful, but, as Camoens says, in the Forty-third stanza of the Sixth Canto of the *Lusiad*, and also Manoel de Faria, in his commentary on the same passage, not the most pure in reputation; and that they would publicly declare and maintain this assertion against any who should contradict them. The ladies, grieved at this contemptuous and injurious charge, and not finding any champions in their own country to take up arms in their defence, had recourse to the duke in this extremity; and he advised them to avail themselves of Portuguese gallantry for their defence, and named twelve of the most distinguished cavaliers, whom he had known during his residence in Portugal. Their names were—1. Alvaro Gonçalves Coutinho, commonly called Magricio, son of Gonçalo Vasquez Coutinho, first mareschal of the kingdom, and brother of the first count of Marialva, Don Vasco Coutinho.—2. Alvaro Vaz de Almada.—3. Alvaro de Almada, nephew of the former.—4. Lopo Fernandez Pacheco, brother of Joaõ Fernandez Pacheco, the progenitor of the dukes of Escalona.—5. Pedro Homem da Costa.—6. Joaõ Pereira, of the family of the Cunhas, and, on his mother's side, nephew of the constable. It is said, he was called Agostin, because in this combat he killed an English knight of this name.—7. Luiz Gonçalves Malafaya.—8. Alvaro Mendes Cerveira.—9. Ruy Mendes Cerveira.—10. Ruy Gomes da Silva.—11. Soeiro da Costa, who is so often mentioned in the maritime discoveries of the Infant, Don Henrique—and, 12, Martim Lopes de Azevedo, not less famous in these Memoirs.

“The greater part of these were from the province of Beira, and some of them from Entre Douro e Minho. In order that no complaint might arise from individual choice, their destinations were determined by lot; and as there were twelve ladies whose reputation had been most aspersed, each drew by lot

the name of her defender ; for the number of these was also twelve.

“ When this decision was so far arranged, each of these ladies wrote to her Portugueze champion, soliciting him to undertake the defence of her honor. The duke wrote also, and supplicated the king to grant them the requisite permission. When this was obtained and communicated to the knights, they immediately prepared for their departure. Eleven embarked at Oporto ; but Magricio went chiefly by land, promising and assuring his companions, that, on the appointed day (Whit-sunday), he should not fail to rejoin them. The eleven arrived in London two days before, and met with a distinguished reception on the part of the court, the duke of Lancaster, and the ladies. Magricio, who was most renowned in arms, had not arrived—which grieved not only the lady whose cause he had undertaken to defend, but all the rest of the fair, notwithstanding they were assured by the knights, that if he had even lost his life on the way, (for this alone could prevent his arrival,) yet they would take upon themselves to defend them, and to discharge the duty of the absent cavalier.

“ At length arrived the day destined for the combat ; and the English knights, equal in number, and prepared to maintain what they had declared, proceeded to the lists, in costly armour and splendidly attired,—their relatives and friends following in their train. The Portugueze knights, attired with equal splendor, both in their own brilliant armour, and with the decorations they had received from the persecuted fair, proceeded also to the lists, accompanied by the duke and his retinue. The arena being cleared—the combatants arranged not to be unequally exposed to the sun—and the judges having taken their stations, and the opponents waiting only for the trumpet to proclaim the signal for the attack, suddenly, a general commotion was excited by the arrival of a knight, who, with all

speed, pressed through the multitude assembled to witness this extraordinary spectacle. Entering the lists, and raising his vizor, they beheld Magricio, who, in spite of a thousand embarrassments and difficulties, failed neither in word nor in deed. Admitted by the judges, and taking his proper place, to the great satisfaction of all present, but chiefly of the lady to whom he was the appointed champion, he joined in the combat which then instantly commenced, and with such violence, that, having broken their lances in their first rencounter, the combatants instantly flew to their swords. A fierce and sanguinary conflict then ensued, and lasted several hours, with certain intervals, which only supplied fresh incētives to their rage. At length, the English knights, incapable of sustaining the combat, withdrew, leaving the scene of contest covered with their blood; and, acknowledging our triumph by their defeat, left us within the lists, to receive from all, but particularly from the duke and the ladies, the applause and thanks due to such heroic gallantry.

“ After a few days rest, in order to recover from the fatigues and consequences of this rencounter, nine of the champions, with the consent of the duke, and with not less regret on his part than on that of the king, from whom they received inestimable marks of gracious favor, returned to Portugal. The other three pursued a different route, and distinguished themselves in various capitals by the performance of various heroic achievements, particularly Alvaro Vaz de Almada, who was called the Spanish Hercules, and who, subsequently, was made count of Abranches by the king of France. This is the knight who died so valiantly in the battle of Alfarrobeira, when, accompanying the Infant, Don Pedro, he truly declared, that he would die in his service.

“ Of the other two, historians make mention only of Magricio, who proceeded to Flanders. The licentiate, Manoel

Correa, in his Commentary on the *Lusiad*, says, that the duke of Burgundy was, at this period, summoned to take his seat in the Cortes, as count of Flanders, by the king of France, and that the duchess, his wife, (who, Correa says, was the Infanta, Dona Isabella,) would not consent to this, she being countess of Flanders; but insisted that the county of Flanders was independent of the French crown. She offered to put this to the issue of a combat at arms. The king accepted the challenge, and appointed, for his champion, a French knight of great valor. The champion named by the Infanta was Magricio, who not only vanquished, but killed his opponent. All this, however, is not true; for not only it is not mentioned by any other writer whatever, but the Infanta, Dona Isabella, was married to the duke in the year 1429, as is stated in the Memoirs of her life; and this combat with the English cavaliers took place in 1390, about thirty-nine years previously to the marriage.

“The nine champions at length reached Lisbon, and were received by the king with every mark of gracious condescension, suited to their merit and his own dignity. They delivered to his majesty letters from the duke and the ladies, expressive of their acknowledgment, and lauding the valor of the knights, and the bravery of the king's arms. The king's confidence in this bravery was, perhaps, the inducement that led him to give his knights permission to espouse the quarrel, which is described by many historians, and some of considerable reputation. Don Fernando, count of Ericeira, mentions it as probable, and Manoel de Faria y Sousa, in his Commentaries, asserts it to be true, and adds, that it is authenticated by an ancient document, worthy of confidence, and showing, at the same time, with much erudition, that these challenges and tournaments were in conformity to the usages of the times;—as, for example, the famous challenge of Soeiro de

Quinhenes, in the year 1434, in which were engaged ten Portuguese, whom he also names ; and he supports the veracity of his assertion by the authority of Camoens, who, in describing this combat, speaks not as a poet, but as an historian."

## NOTE 9, PAGE 237.

*Now is the signal giv'n. The trumpet sounds,  
The Knights exciting to the martial charge.*

This passage may bring to the recollection of the reader of Ariosto the Forty-seventh Stanza of the Thirtieth Canto.

Posti lor furo, ed allacciati in testa  
I lucidi elmi, e date lor le lance.  
Segue la tromba a dare il segno presta,  
Che fece a mille impallidir le guance.  
Posero l' aste i cavalieri in resta,  
E i corridori punsero alle pance ;  
E venner con tale impeto a ferirsi,  
Che parve il ciel cader, la terra aprirsi.

## NOTE 10, PAGE 239.

*A haughty Gaul he levell'd with the dust,  
And like Torquatus and Corvinus bore  
The golden prize away.*

In the war against the Gauls, Manlius accepted a challenge from one of the enemy, whose gigantic stature and ponderous arms had rendered him terrible, and almost invincible, in the eyes of the Romans. The Gaul was conquered, and Manlius stripped him of his arms, and from the collar (*Torquis*) which he took from the enemy's neck, he was ever after surnamed *Torquatus*.

Valerius Corvinus was a tribune of the soldiers under Camil-

lus. When the Roman army was challenged by one of the Sinones, remarkable for his strength and stature, Valerius undertook to engage him, and obtained an easy victory, by means of a crow that assisted him, and attacked the face of the Gaul; whence his surname of *Corvinus*.—*Lempriere, Art. Manlius and Valerius.*

## NOTE 11, PAGE 239.

*Another Knight in Germany was forc'd  
To fatal combat with a wary foe.*

The knight alluded to is Alvaro Vaz de Almada, who, while in Basle, was challenged by a German. His adversary, imposing on him the conditions of the duel, expected astutely to vanquish him by stratagem, and not by skill and valor; but Alvaro, discovering the sleight, seized him by the neck, and, like another Hercules, inflicted on him the fate of Antæus. Alvaro Vaz de Almada fell, as stated in the Eighth Note of this Canto, at the battle of Alfarrobeira.

## NOTE 12, PAGE 239.

*The Pilot, who incessant watch'd the winds,  
Order'd all hands on deck.*

Ipse gubernator puppi Palinurus ab altâ :  
Heu ! quianam tanti cinxerunt æthera nimbi ?  
Quidve, pater Neptune, paras ? Sic deinde locutus,  
Colligere arma jubet, validisque incumbere remis :  
Obliquatque sinus in ventum.

*Æneid. lib. v. 11.*

The description of the storm which follows is scarcely inferior, in the original, to that which, in the First Book of the *Æneid*, casts Æneas upon the Carthaginian shore. With a mas-



terly pencil, Virgil has depicted the terrors of the tempest ; but Camoens had the advantage of more experience than Virgil, and had witnessed storms more sublimely terrific than are ever beheld within the narrow confines of the Mediterranean. In my opinion, this is one of the many passages in the *Lusiad*, that may well claim a high degree of admiration ; for the poet here has exercised his powers, with equal fidelity and poetic force, on awful scenes, which, while calculated to fill the heart with dread, must have left a deep and vivid impression on his imagination.

## NOTE 13, PAGE 242.

*Aloft they now were carried tow'rd's the clouds,  
Borne on the surface of the angry waves,  
And now by raging Neptune plung'd again  
Into the bowels of the deep profound.*

Fluctibus erigitur, cœlumque æquare videtur  
Pontus ; et inductas aspergine tangere nubes.  
Mergit in ima ratem : &c.

*Ovid. Met. l. xi. 497 and 557.*

Some of the circumstances in the description that follows seem, it must be admitted, to have been taken from the story of Ceyx and Aleyone in this book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Ariosto has a very similar passage :

Veggon talvolta il mar venjr tant' alto,  
Che par ch' arrivi insin al ciel superno :  
Talor fan sopra l' onde in su tal salto,  
Ch' a mirar giù par lor veder l' inferno.

Canto xli. st. 15.

## NOTE 14, PAGE 242.

*The Halcyon birds sung near the rugged coast.*

Littoraque alcyonem resonant.

*Virg. Georg. iii. 338*

## NOTE 15, PAGE 242.

*When two alone*

*Were spar'd, who stones to human beings chang'd.*

Deucalion vacuum lapides jactavit in orbem:

Unde homines nati, durum genus.

*Georgic. i. 62.*

Virgil, rather ungallantly, takes no notice of the exertions of Pyrrha to restore the human race destroyed by a deluge. But Ovid gives her credit for reproducing that fair portion of it, without which the effects of this disaster would have remained unrepaired.

Inque brevi spatio, Superorum munere, saxa

Missa viri manibus faciem traxere virilem;

Et de fœmineo reparata est fœmina jactu.

*Ovid. Met. l. i. 411.*

## NOTE 16, PAGE 244.

*Happy were those who gloriously fell*

*Beneath the African's destroying lance.*

Virgil appears to have been in the poet's thoughts.

O terque quaterque beati,

Queis ante ora patrum, Trojæ sub mœnibus altis,

Contigit oppetere! O Danaûm fortissime gentis

Tydide, mène Iliacis occumbere campis

Non potuisse? tuâque animam hanc effundere dextrâ?

*Virg. Æneid. l. i. 94.*



## NOTE 17, PAGE 245.

*The Goddess who her luminary guides,  
Whom sword-begirt Orion fearful shuns.*

Orion is described by the poets not only as *ensiferus*, but as *nimbosus*, and *aquosus*, and is no mean agent in the swelling of the storm.

Dum pelago desævit hyemo, et aquosus Orion;  
Quassatæque rates, et non tractabile cælum.

*Virg. Æneid. l. iv. 52.*

But Camoens accelerates his flight to display the power of Venus in calming, by her presence, the angry elements.

## NOTE 18, PAGE 245.

*Gracing their amber locks, their garlands seem'd  
As if, in sportive mood, Love had entwin'd  
Flow'rs of carnation-tint with native gold.*

Tasso more simply and elegantly decorates Aurora.

Ella intanto s' adorna, e l' aurea testa  
Di rose colte in paradiso infiora.

*La Gerusalemme Liberata, c. iii. st. 1.*

## NOTE 19, PAGE 246.

*To Boreas, enamour'd to excess,  
The beauteous Orithyia thus spake.*

The poet appropriately selects the Nymphs or Nereids whose influence may be most powerful. Orithyia is converted into a Nereid, although she is made to assume this character unsanctioned by Hesiod, Homer, or Apollodorus. She,

however, had been courted and carried away by Boreas from Athens. Why Galatea is to subdue Notus is not so mythologically clear. A learned commentator on the *Lusiad* represents her to have treated Notus with but little kindness till the present occasion, when, under the assumption of relenting condescension, she transports him into immediate obedience to her wishes.

NOTE 20, PAGE 248.

*Those whom no fearful perils can deter.*

The reader must expect, at the close of almost every Canto, a train of reflections corresponding with many of the subjects to which allusion has been made. The taste of the poet is, perhaps, rendered a little questionable by indulging too much in this strain of moral reasoning; for it may be considered as a departure from the epic, and a transition into the formally didactic style of poetry. The former might be deemed defective, if it were wholly unvaried with occasional shades of an instructive, moral hue. But Camoens should have avoided this systematic close of most of his Cantos; and these reflections, however apposite, should have been more dispersed and less condensed in his poem. Those which terminate the present Canto seem to present a sort of moral compendium of inferences drawn from the preceding subjects; and although they may be indubitably correct, yet they are oppressively crowded into such close connection, as to exhibit rather an ungraceful air of scholastic dictation. These, however, are, after all, but slight defects. They may render rather less brilliant the splendor of the poem, but its intrinsic merit loses little of its solidity by such slight imperfections.

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## NOTES

### TO THE SEVENTH CANTO.

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#### NOTE 1, PAGE 253.

*Unavaricious, and obedient*

*To Her whose spirit dwells in Heav'n above.*

That is—obedient to the Catholic Church.

Faria y Sousa fantastically observes, that, while the poet praises the Portugueze for being unavaricious, he alludes to the spoliation of church property in England: "Pica a Inglaterra el poeta, alabando a los Portugueses de libres de codicia de los bienes de la Iglesia, i de promptos siempre con una obediencia grande a sus mandatos: cosa singular, sin duda, en la gente Portuguesa."—*Lusiadas*, vol. iii. p. 214.

#### NOTE 2, PAGE 254.

*Choosing another Guide, and Dogmas new  
Inventing.*

These are the terms in which the poet assails that inestimable blessing, the Reformation. Faria y Sousa is less temperate in his hostility to this other "Guide," whom he designates as "The most infamous Martin Luther"! "Invenciones se han de llamar semejantes Dogmas. Destos fue la cabeça, a que llama nuevo pastor, el infamissimo Martin Lutero, que

negando la Cabeça de la Iglesia Romana, se quiso elever a cabeça, i quedòse en cabeçada punida de la divina mano: que al fin Heresiarcas siempre vienen a parar en eso"!—*Lusiadas*, vol. iii. p. 217.

## NOTE 3, PAGE 254.

*The Briton fierce behold  
O'er sacred Sion, which so long the race  
Of Ishmael sway'd, styling himself the King.*

Camoens is not correct in this assertion. This title was, indeed, conferred on, but declined by, Robert, duke of Normandy, son of William the Conqueror.

## NOTE 4, PAGE 255.

*A false and unbelieving King profanes  
Terrestrial Sion with unhallow'd sway.*

Saladin. He died at Damascus soon after concluding a truce with the princes of the Crusade. "It is memorable," says Hume, "that, before he expired, he ordered his winding-sheet to be carried as a standard through every street of the city; while a crier went before, and proclaimed with a loud voice, *This is all that remains to the mighty Saladin, the conqueror of the East.* By his last will he ordered charities to be distributed to the poor, without distinction of Jew, Christian, or Mahometan."—Vol. ii. p. 22.

According to D'Herbelot, it was the sister of Saladin, who, on the death of this Sultan, distributed alms among the poor, "Car Saladin n'avoit laissé dans son trésor que quarante-sept drachmes d'argent de tous les revenus qu'il recueilloit de ses états, et l'on ne trouva pas dans tous ses coffres une seule pièce d'or, ni aucun meuble précieux."—*Bibliothèque Orientale, Art. Salaheddin.*

## NOTE 5, PAGE 255.

*How shall I thee, unworthy Gaul, address.*

The poet's invective is aimed at Francis the First, who, in the war against Charles the Fifth, entered into alliance with the Sultan, Solyman, one of the greatest princes that ever sat on the Ottoman throne. But the reputation of Francis was sullied by the alliance, which was condemned as injurious to the cause of Christianity. Even Bayle, a panegyrist of this monarch, joins in the reprobation of this erroneous policy. "Je ne sai si la mauvaise fortune de ce monarque a paru dans aucune affaire autant que dans l'alliance qu'il fit avec Soliman. Il n'en sut tirer aucun avantage solide, et il fournit une matière de déclamation à ses ennemis qui le rendit fort odieux, et qui lui fit plus de mal que la Porte ne lui fit de bien."—*Dictionnaire Historique, Art. François I.* The subsequent allusions to Charles and Lewis are to the wars of Charlemagne and Saint Lewis.

## NOTE 6, PAGE 256.

*'Tis thy fate, fallen Italy, I mourn—  
To vice abandon'd—to thyself a foe!*

Dante, Ariosto, and Petrarch have, in many passages, apostrophized their native country in terms of similar condemnation, and the language in which they addressed this fair portion of Europe would, unhappily, not be very inapplicable in the present times. But though vicious effeminacy may prevail in many parts of Italy, and though in the scale of political eminence, and national character, the Italians may be less distinguished than the people of many other states, yet Italy, however fallen in these respects, awakens, even now, a more universal and a more intense interest than, perhaps, any other

part of the globe. It was the seat of glory ; it has been the cradle of the fine arts ; it is the paradise of Europe. It may, therefore, be also apostrophized in a very different strain ; as in the modern tragedy of Francesca da Rimini, by Silvio Pellico, a Piedmontese of considerable genius.

————— E il più gentile  
 Terren non sei de quanti scalda il Sole ?  
 D' ogni bell' arte non sei madre, o Italia ?  
 Polve d' eroi non è la polve tua ?

NOTE 7, PAGE 256.

*Behold ye not the Holy Sepulchre  
 In the unhallow'd hands of Moslem dogs ?*

Che quivi allor reggean la sacra stanza  
 Dove in carne abitò Dio onnipotente ;  
 Ch' ora i superbi e miseri Christiani  
 Con biasmo lor, lasciono in man de' cani.

*Ariosto, canto xvii. st. 73.*

It is quite evident that Camoens, throughout the remainder of this digression, had Ariosto in his thoughts, and indeed in some of the preceding passages. In the Seventy-fifth, and the three subsequent Stanzas of the Seventeenth Canto may be found the original lines, which the Portuguese poet has incorporated with his own.

NOTE 8, PAGE 238.

*By her is plough'd the new-discover'd world,  
 And more, if more existed, she would trace.*

It is scarcely necessary to observe that the allusion is to the discoveries of Christopher Columbus in 1492. The second

line appears to have been suggested by De Barros, who says (Decada i. l. iv. c. xi.), “ Certo grave e piedosa cosa de ouvir, —ver huma nação, a que Deos deo tanto animo, que se tivera creado outros Mundos já là tivera mettido outros Padrões de victorias.”

## NOTE 9, PAGE 254.

*Contented sought no other sustenance  
Than the sweet fragrance of delicious flowers.*

Pliny alludes to this tradition.—*Nat. Hist.* lib. xii.

## NOTE 10, PAGE 260.

*Here, among other splendid cities, towers,  
Far above all in grandeur, Calicut.*

Every thing that occurred at Calicut, between Vasco da Gama and the Samorim, is minutely described by Barros in his first Decade, and it appears to be from this source the poet has collected almost all the incidents, which are subsequently introduced into this Canto. Instead of unnecessarily augmenting the number of explanatory Notes, it may be sufficient to refer to this excellent and authentic Portuguese historian. In the compendious history of the Discovery of India, prefixed to Mr. Mickle's translation of the *Lusiad*, may also be found a statement of most of these incidents; and the Appendix to Dr. Robertson's *Historical Disquisition concerning India*, may be advantageously consulted on the points connected with the civil policy and religious institutions of the Indians.

Vasco da Gama landed at Calicut on the 22d May, 1498—ten months and two days after his departure from Lisbon.



## NOTE 11, PAGE 264.

*The province, where  
In port your vessels ride, is Malabar.*

The description of this part of India, of its riches, products, manners, superstitions, government, commercial relations with other states, distribution of territory by Sarama Perimal, establishment of the supreme authority of the Samorim, or Emperor, and the nobility of the Nayres, which Camoens has given in the relation of Monsaidè to Vasco da Gama, is almost wholly taken from the Ninth Book of the Third Chapter in the first Decade of De Barros.

## NOTE 12, PAGE 266.

*Like Jews  
Of old, who people of Samaria  
Thus scornful shunn'd.*

Then saith the woman of Samaria unto him, How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans.—*John*, ch. iv. v. 9.

## NOTE 13, PAGE 268.

*But this to them of old in Babel's tow'r  
Had been denied.*

Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech.

Therefore is the name of it called Babel, because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth.—*Genesis*, xi. 7. 9.



## NOTE 14, PAGE 269.

*There monsters stood among their deities—  
Direful Chimæras in similitude.*

Camoens has sculptured, on the gates of the Indian temple, some of the monsters that presented themselves to Æneas, at the commencement of his descent into Acheron,—and he appears not to have forgotten the figures upon his shield.

Multaque prætereà variarum monstra ferarum,  
Centauri in foribus stabulant, Scyllæque bifformes,  
Et centum geminus Briareus, ac bellua Lernæ  
Horrendum stridens, flammisque armata Chimæra.

*Virg. Æneid. l. vi. 285.*

Omnigenumque Deùm monstra, et latrator Anubis.

*Ib. l. viii. 698.*

Barros has contributed but few materials for this poetical description. He merely states that, on the second day of their journey to the palace of the Samorim, they came to a spacious heathen temple, well constructed of stone, and covered with tiles, and that around the interior there were various images for the adoration of the natives. Some of the Portuguese, he says, believing, from tradition, that these Indians had been converted by St. Thomas, knelt before these images, conceiving them to be worthy of this religious homage. The natives, Barros observes, were much pleased with these marks of devotion, and the more so, as they had never seen it practised by the Moors.—*Decade i. l. iv. ch. viii.*

## NOTE 15, PAGE 270.

*Proceeding with impatient steps they soon  
The gardens odoriferous approach'd  
In which the royal palace was conceal'd.*

The description of the palace of the Samorim, and of the

sculptured gates which closed the entrance to its site, can scarcely fail to remind the classical reader of Virgil's palace of Latinus in the Seventh Æneid.

NOTE 16, PAGE 271.

*There sculptur'd stands  
The object of her base unbridled lust.*

A quien darà su amor la gran guerrera  
Semiramis? a quien? salvo al ardiente  
Cavallo, que en la lide conosciera  
De mas furor al freno obediente.

*Francisco de Sà de Miranda.*

*Ecloga terceira.*

History has charged Semiramis with many very enormous crimes; but credulity has added to the number, by a literal acceptance of what was merely intended figuratively to describe the extent of her guilt.

NOTE 17, PAGE 271.

*Immortal Greece,  
In rank third empire of the world.*

This is in conformity to the order in which an allusion is made to Greece in the first Canto, p. 9.

NOTE 18, PAGE 272.

— *Shortly will the time arrive, &c.*

The poet has interwoven, very dexterously, with this prophetic speech of the Catual a panegyric on the superior skill, valor, and excellence of the Portugueze, and a pious acknowledgment that the success of their arms is to be ascribed to

the favoring aid of divine Providence. He pays a high compliment to his countrymen in making it even glorious for the natives of India to submit to them, and pointedly alludes to the historians (among whom Barros deserves the first place) by whom these conquests have been recorded.

## NOTE 19, PAGE 272.

*Conversing thus they enter'd the saloon,  
In which the potent Emperor reclin'd  
Upon a couch of peerless costliness.*

What passed at this interview is taken from the first Decade of Barros, and, with the exception of that poetic embellishment which is not only admissible, but indispensably requisite, is correctly narrated by Camoens.—*Vide Decade i. l. iv. ch. viii.*

## NOTE 20, PAGE 277.

*They come from fam'd Iberia.*

Camoens omits no opportunity of extolling his country's fame. He here compels the Moor, Monsaidè, to do ample justice to the Portugueze nation. Their religion, their glorious deeds of arms in Spain and Africa, their unconquerable valor, their love of truth, their policy in peace and war, are all made the subjects of unqualified praise; and this is still more enhanced, as it proceeds from the lips of a Mahomedan, who may be supposed to be influenced by every motive of natural antipathy and religious prepossession to condemn, and not to praise.

## NOTE 21, PAGE 279.

*Art there  
Truly had pictur'd war's terrific scenes.*

A great part of this poem is composed of the long speech

addressed by Vasco da Gama to the king of Melinda, in which Camoens has given a very pleasing poetical description of the geographical relations of the several states of Europe, introduced with appropriate characteristic sketches, in the style in which the various states and cities of Greece are described by the greatest poet of antiquity. The history of his own country is subsequently related by Camoens, to the reign of Emmanuel, and the period of the departure of the expedition under Vasco da Gama for the discovery of India. A few of the heroes, most deserving of commemoration, have, in this part of the poem, been already the subjects of allusion; but the poet, availing himself of the arrival of the *Catual* on board the *Armada*, displays, under an exhibition of banners or ensigns, a succession of illustrious Portuguese, whose deeds appear to him to claim immortal fame. Those already alluded to are here, and in the Eighth Canto, made to re-appear, in order that their exalted virtues and extraordinary excellencies may be more prominently pourtrayed, and more pointedly challenge our admiration.

## NOTE 22, PAGE 279.

*But most intently fix'd his wond'ring mind  
Upon the singular, illustrious deeds  
Of the great heroes, which mute poetry  
Had there pourtray'd.*

*Pictura est muta poësis : poësis loquens pictura.—Plato de Rep.*

The latter part of Plato's definition is well illustrated by Cicero. "Traditum est etiam, Homerum cæcum fuisse. At ejus picturam, non poesim videmus. Quæ regio, quæ ora, qui locus Græciæ, quæ species formæ, quæ pugna, quæ

acies, quod remigium, qui motus hominum, qui ferarum, non ita expictus est, ut, quæ ipse non viderit, nos ut videremus : effecerit?"—*Cic. Tusc. v.*

## NOTE 23, PAGE 280.

*And on the portrait of a warrior gaz'd,  
Of venerable mien, and grey with years.*

The warrior alluded to is Lusus, the companion of Bacchus. In the fifteenth line of the next Canto, Camoens portrays him at some length. But here he is introduced for the purpose of recalling the poet's thoughts to his native land, and giving him occasion to indulge in those general reflections with which he closes each Canto. The aspect of Lusus reconveys him to the banks of the Tagus, and as, in the First Canto, he invoked the nymphs of that stream to inspire his song, so here he again solicits their aid. The feelings of despondency which suggest this solicitation, seem to have arisen from the little encouragement he had hitherto received from his compatriots, even to celebrate their own heroic achievements. Instead of being animated by their applause, and rewarded by their liberality, he finds himself exposed to persecution, and the sport of adverse and cruel fortune. While he with pointed satire condemns his ungenerous persecutors, and describes those whom he intends to celebrate, he displays a noble example of that bold and independent spirit, which knows how to select those whose deeds are worthy of a poet's praise, as contra-distinguished from those for whom he never would consent to desecrate his verse. The closing lines prepare the reader for that succession of heroes, whose portraits are given with so much spirit and so much historical fidelity in the succeeding Canto.

## NOTE 24, PAGE 280.

*Like Canacè, dooming herself to death,  
Grasping in either hand the pen and sword.*

Dextra tenet calamum, strictum tenet altera ferrum.

*Ovid. Heroid. Epist.*

## NOTE 25, PAGE 281.

*Not less than that which in the olden time  
The days of Judah's king prolonged.*

Then came the word of the Lord to Isaiah, saying,  
Go, and say to Hezekiah, Thus saith the Lord, the God of  
David, thy Father:—I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy  
tears: behold, I will add unto thy days fifteen years.—*Isaiah,*  
xxxviii. 4, 5.

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## NOTES

### TO THE EIGHTH CANTO.

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NOTE 1, PAGE 287.

*The figures thus exhibited.*

The following are the illustrious individuals, whose portraits are sketched by the poet in this Canto. Some of them he has traced with a masterly pencil, and, by a few powerful strokes, has exhibited their distinctive features with great prominence and force.

Lusus—Ulysses—Viriatius—Sertorius—The Count Don Henry, the founder of the Portugueze monarchy—Alphonso the First—Egaz Moniz—Don Fuas Roupinho—Henry, a German knight—Don Teotonio—the younger Moniz—Giraldó—Don Pedro Fernandez de Castro—Martin Lopez—Don Matheus—Don Payo Correa—Gonzalo Ribeiro—Nuno Alvarez—Pedro Rodriguez—Gil Fernandez—Ruy Perreira—Dons Pedro and Henry, sons of the king, Don John the First—Don Pedro de Menezes—and Don Duarte de Viana.

Some of these have already appeared in the preceding Cantos, and their re-introduction in this has been condemned as unnecessary. The poet, however, has varied the exhibition of the portraits, and although the originals may be at once recognized, their historical representation is sufficiently diversified to justify, in part, their re-appearance. Some of



them are drawn at such length, either in this or in former Cantos, that explanatory notes may often be dispensed with, as superfluous; but they may be of utility, when any important characteristic features seem to be omitted. *Lusus* and *Viratus* are alluded to in the Third Canto (p. 90), *Ulysses* is introduced in the same Canto (p. 103), as the founder of *Lisbon*; *Sertorius* in the First (p. 10). In the Third Canto (p. 92), will be found the history of the Count *Henry*, the great progenitor of the kings of *Portugal*, and that of *Alphonso the First* immediately succeeds it. In the same Canto (p. 95), the noble, heroic, and disinterested zeal of the faithful *Egaz Moniz* is fully displayed.

## NOTE 2, PAGE 293.

*This chief is Don Fuas Roupinio.*

*Camoens*, in praise of *Roupinio*, has already said (p. 5), "To sing whose deeds I covet *Homer's lyre*." Among his brilliant warlike feats, he claims the glory of having gained the first naval victory.

*Vasconcellos*, in his *Anacephalæoses*, vol. i. p. 40. says, "Fuazius Ropinus novem Maurorum triremes, quæ maritimam oram infestabant, ad Barbaricum promontorium navali prælio aggressus, feliciter expugnavit, cæsis Mauris, et captis trimibus; quæ fuit prima victoria navalis, quam Lusitani reportarunt." He fell in a subsequent naval conflict with the *Moors*.

## NOTE 3, PAGE 293.

*Dost thou discern*

*A bold and martial band, in foreign garb,  
Descending from their fleet, with pious zeal,  
Alphonso to assist in Lisbon's siege—*

It has been seen in the Third Canto, page 103, that the



siege of Lisbon lasted five months, and that Alphonso the First was assisted by some crusaders, who, on their way to Palestine, were compelled, by stress of weather, to put into the port of Lisbon. The king was in Cintra at the time. He invited them, as they were proceeding to make war upon infidels, to prosecute the same object by joining him in the siege of Lisbon, then in possession of the Moors. Their services were most important, and effectually contributed to the surrender of the city, which was ultimately taken by assault on the 21st or 25th October, 1147. The names of several of these valiant and devout crusaders are given in Apolinario's History of the Martyrs' Church in Lisbon, which is considered to be the most ancient in that city, having been constructed by command of Alphonso the First immediately after its surrender, in order that the German and English knights, who had so nobly sacrificed their lives, and had thereby acquired the title of martyrs, might there be interred in consecrated ground. In this work are given, quoted from ancient chronicles, the names of some of the principal knights, and the military positions which their forces had taken up, preparatory to the assault of the city. But these accounts are extremely vague, and are, therefore, of the less historical importance. By a singular anachronism, a brother of William the Conqueror is represented to be one of these commanders. Diogo de Teive, alluded to in the Biographical Sketch of Antonio Ferreira, prefixed to the Translation of his Tragedy of Iñez de Castro, has written a Sapphic Ode, or, as it is called by Apolinario, a Hymn, addressed to these Martyrs. He had cultivated Latin poetry with great success, and his productions were much and deservedly admired. This Ode is by no means a specimen of inelegant latinity.



## NOTE 5, PAGE 294.

*This is the younger Moniz who displays  
The valor of his father, now at rest  
Within the tomb.*

Mem Moniz, son of the renowned Egaz Moniz.

## NOTE 6, PAGE 294.

*Giraldo is this fearless cavalier.*

He is so called in the Third Canto, page 105. For various offences which he had committed, he was obliged to provide for his personal safety by flight and concealment. Tired of the criminal irregularities into which he was seduced by vagrancy, he resolved to perform some feat of sufficient importance and celebrity, to restore him to the favor of the king. This he hoped to accomplish by wresting Evora from the Moors. Observing, one night, that the guards in one of the towers were asleep, he succeeded in getting into it, and put them to death. He descended from the tower with the two heads, and as the Moors had no guards in the city of Evora, they were suddenly attacked by Giraldo and the troops he had placed in ambuscade, and were compelled to surrender. This took place in the year 1166. As a memorial of this event, the city of Evora has since had for its arms a man on horseback, holding two heads in one hand, and a sword in the other. In consequence of this event, the king not only restored him to his good graces, but appointed him to the command of the city and its military force; correctly judging that he who possessed sufficient gallantry to get possession of it, would best know how to defend it. Thus he was justly nominated the first Alcaid of Evora, and the city, from its size and antiquity, was considered the second in the kingdom of Portugal.—*Lusiadas*. *Faria y Sousa*, vol. iii. p. 408.

## NOTE 7, PAGE 295.

*Remark that fierce Castilian.*

This Castilian is Don Pedro Fernandez de Castro, a nobleman of distinguished rank in Spain. Being at variance with Alphonso the Ninth, king of Castile, Don Pedro joined the party of the Moors, and, without any provocation on the part of Portugal, made an hostile incursion in that kingdom. Amongst other acts of hostility, he took possession of the city of Abrantes. Martin Lopez, who is named almost immediately afterwards in the poem, a valiant and distinguished Portugueze knight, marched against him with a small but well disciplined force, recovered Abrantes, defeated the troops commanded by Don Pedro, and took him prisoner.—*Faria y Sousa*, vol. iii. p. 408.

## NOTE 8, PAGE 295.

*But here a warlike dignitary see,  
Turning his crozier into lance of steel.*

This ecclesiastic is Don Matheus, bishop of Lisbon. He commanded the military force that took the town of Alcacer do Sal, in the reign of Alphonso the Second. This capture is already alluded to in the Third Canto, page 115. The poet crowns him with palms as more appropriate to the sacerdotal character than the laurel wreath.

## NOTE 9, PAGE 296.

*Yonder behold a master of St. James.*

The text is properly "Behold a master coming from Castile." The hero alluded to is Don Payo Correa, grand master of the order of Santiago, or St. James. The greater

part of the Algarves submitted to his arms ; and afterwards the whole of these territories were conquered when his forces were united with those of Alphonso the Third. In Castile, also, Don Payo Correa had distinguished himself in arms. It is affirmed in the history of his order, that the sun stood still, as at the command of Joshua, that he might gain a victory. Faria y Sousa is surprized that the poet should have omitted every allusion to this miraculous circumstance, which, though apparently not doubted by the historian, the poet appears to have had too much good sense to believe. Faria y Sousa says (*Lusiadas*, vol. iii. p. 412.), “ En Castilla alcançò gloriosos triunfos. En la historia de su Orden se lee que para fenecer a su satisfacion un caso de armas, se parò el Sol como a Josue : i siempre nos admiramos de como el poeta omitio una cosa tan benemerita de la tuba heroica, de que era fuerça tuviesse noticia.”

The following is the story of “ the seven comrades treacherously slain.” A truce had been agreed upon between Don Payo Correa and the Moors. Relying upon its observance, Don Pedro Perez, Alvaro Garcia, Beltran de Caya Duarte, Estevan Vaz, Mem do Valle, and Duraõ Vaz, went to indulge in the vicinity of Tavilla, or Tavira, in the recreations of the chase. The Moors, violating the truce, attacked them with a superior force. Garcia Rodriguez, a merchant or carrier, seeing the danger to which the Portugueze were exposed, sent forward his mules, and ranged himself on their side, where he bravely fought and fell with all the six knights. The poet, therefore, to honor his bravery, has classed him with these cavaliers. Don Payo proceeded too late to their assistance. He then advanced against Tavila, which he took, and severely avenged on that town the treacherous slaughter of his friends.—*Faria y Sousa*, vol. iii. p. 412. and *Monarchia Lusitana*, vol. iv. p. 145.

In this last work, alluding to the miracle before mentioned, it is said (p. 249), that Don Payo Correa was engaged in a conflict with the Moors, near the Serra Morena, and as day was declining, he addressed the Virgin Mary in a short prayer to retard it, that victory might be achieved. His address is laconic :

*Santa Maria  
Deten tu Dia !*

The grave historian Mariana presumes to doubt this!—*Historia General de Espana*, liv. xiii. ch. xxii.

Brandaõ, the author of the Fourth Volume of the *Monarchia Lusitana*, is not satisfied with one miracle upon this occasion, but declares that he performed a second, relieving the thirst of his soldiers by striking a rock with his lance, whence rushed a copious abundance of water!—Vol. iv. p. 250.

NOTE 10, PAGE 296.

*But pass not by the three renowned knights.*

The three knight-errants alluded to, who travelled in search of adventures, in conformity to the then prevailing spirit of the times, were Gonzalo Ribeiro, Vasco Anes, foster-brother of the queen, Dona Maria of Castile, daughter of Don Alphonso the Fourth, king of Portugal, (see Canto IV. p. 119.) and Fernando Martin de Santarem. Ribeiro is more indebted to the poet than to the historian ; for his fame appears to have been limited to jousts and tournaments.

NOTE 11, PAGE 297.

*Now observe one whom Fame delights to raise  
To glory's most exalted pinnacle.*

Don Nuno Alvarez. This distinguished Portugueze has so



prominent a place in the Fourth Canto (p. 141), that it is scarcely necessary to do more than refer to it. It may be remembered that it has been already stated, that the house of Braganza is descended from this illustrious individual. The circumstance which the poet alludes to, and introduces with so much effect, when he compares his confidence, his devotion, his presence of mind, with similar qualities in Numa Pompilius, occurred at the battle of Valverde, near Lerida, where Nuno Alvarez, with an inferior force, was opposed to an army of 33,000 men, commanded by Pedro Moniz, grand master of Santiago, and Gonzalo Nuñez de Guzman, grand master of Calatrava. The tide of success setting against him, he withdrew awhile from his troops, and concealing himself, implored by prayer divine assistance. Soon missed by his little army, he was found in this attitude of supplication, and when urged to return to the field, lest the enemy should gain the day, he replied, "*Aun no est tiempo.*" "It is not yet time." Having deliberately finished his prayer, he flew to the field of battle, and gained over the foe a complete victory. The master of Santiago was killed, the enemy routed and dispersed, and Castile humbled.

## NOTE 12, PAGE 298.

*In the same war, that chief*

*Of yonder troop gains prizes numerous.*

This chief is Pedro Rodriguez do Landroal.

Two Castilians, one a commander of Alcantara, and the other of Calatrava, having collected a number of followers, entered Portugal on the side of the Alemtejo, and, among other booty, had seized several thousand head of cattle. Pedro Rodriguez recaptured the whole. The friend whom he rescued was Alvaro Gonzalves. This faithful vassal, disco-

vering the treacherous design of Vasco Porcalho to deliver up Villa Viçosa, of which he was governor, to the Castilians, succeeded in effecting his removal from that post. He was, however, restored by the master of Aviz, Don John the First, and he proved his unworthiness of the confidence reposed in him, by delivering up the place to the Spaniards—having previously secured the person of Alvaro Gonzalves. He was directed by the Castilian monarch to convey Gonzalves to Olivenza; but Pedro Rodriguez, having been apprized of this intention, collected a small and valiant band of Portugueze, and rescued his friend from his treacherous enemy.—*Memo-rias del Rei Dom João I.* vol. ii. ch. 156 and 157.

NOTE 13, PAGE 299.

*There stands a traitor.*

Payo Rodriguez Marinho. He commanded the military force in Campo Mayor, and supported the pretensions of the king of Spain to the crown of Portugal. Don John, the master of Aviz, sent to him Gil Fernandez, alcaid of Elvas, to persuade him to abandon the party which he had espoused. It was at length agreed that they should confer together, and assurances of mutual security were given. As soon, however, as Gil Fernandez arrived, Rodriguez Marinho, violating his promised faith, made him prisoner. By ransom Gil Fernandez recovered his liberty. Meeting Rodriguez shortly afterwards, a sharp altercation ensued, and some of the attendants of Gil Fernandez, enraged at the treachery of the former, killed him on the spot.—*Faria y Sousa. Lusíadas*, vol. iii. p. 428.

NOTE 14, PAGE 299.

*The great Pereira here thou seest.*

During the civil and Spanish war, which terminated in fix-



ing Don John the First on the throne of Portugal, a powerful Castilian armada entered the Tagus, in order to make an attack upon Lisbon. Ruy Perreira, who commanded the Portugueze gallies, in going from one position to another, where his presence was indispensably requisite, was obliged to pass in front of the enemy's fleet. This he gallantly achieved, and leading the van, he boldly proceeded in his headmost galley to the attack of the Spanish admiral; but in this heroic exploit his life was sacrificed.—*Lusiadas*, vol. iii. p. 429.

## NOTE 15, PAGE 299.

*There seventeen heroes mark.*

- When Almada, which is immediately in front of Lisbon, on the south side of the Tagus, was besieged by the Spaniards, the Portugueze garrison suffered so much from thirst, that, driven by necessity, seventeen men descended the hill, on which the town is built, in order to obtain a supply of water from a fountain near its foot. They were perceived by the Spaniards, of whom about 400 sallied out against them. But they were so well received by the seventeen Portugueze, that, ceasing to be assailants, they were in turn attacked, and compelled, after losing many of their men, to retreat with dishonor and shame from so small a force.—*Lusiadas*, vol. iii. p. 429.

## NOTE 16, PAGE 300.

*The faithful page of history relates,  
That to a thousand Romans were oppos'd  
Three hundred Lusians.*

Don Lamberto Gil, in his translation of the *Lusiad*, has the following short explanatory note on this passage: "After Viriatus had defeated the Roman armies commanded by the

Prætors, Claudius Unimanus and Caius Nigidius, about 3000 soldiers formed themselves into a band for the purpose of plundering the villages. Three hundred Portuguese soldiers, who were returning from their last battle laden with spoils, attacked them, killed many of them, and put the rest to flight.—Vol. ii. p. 230.

NOTE 17, PAGE 300.

*Here two illustrious princes thou may'st see,—  
The gen'rous offspring of our monarch, John.*

Don Pedro is represented to have been a great traveller, and an account of his exploits and of the countries which he had visited, was published under the title of *Auto do Infante Dom Pedro*. So many marvellous circumstances are related in this work, that it was considered rather as a fable than an authentic history: and it was deemed as unentitled to credit as the Travels of Mendez Pinto. Subsequent experience, however, has shown, that much that was discredited in the latter, has been correctly stated; and thence Faria y Sousa concludes, that we should not be too hásty in condemning the account of the prince's peregrinations. At a time when a laudable spirit of curiosity induced few to penetrate into foreign countries, Don Pedro is stated to have travelled much in Germany, where he valiantly assisted the Emperor Sigismund against his Turkish foes. He devoted himself to science and literature, and cultivated poetry and music with success. He is said to have introduced the guitar into Spain. During the minority of Alphonso the Fifth, he was governor of the kingdom of Portugal, and gained so generally the love and esteem of the nation, that the Portuguese desired permission to erect a statue to him, as a testimony of public affection. He declined its acceptance. When Alphonso, his son-in-law,

ascended the throne, he was insidiously prevailed upon to entertain suspicion of the prince's fidelity. Don Pedro left Coimbra to justify his conduct to the king. Alphonso, falsely informed that the prince was coming with an armed force against him, collected a body of troops, and, meeting him on the road, put him to death. This brave prince was thus sacrificed to the jealousy and envy of his enemies.—*Lusiadas*, vol. iii. p. 434: and *Epitome de las Historias Portuguesas*, p. 242.

Don Henrique, the brother of Don Pedro, has been mentioned before by the poet (p. 178), and in the third Note to the Fifth Canto. Faria y Sousa, in his *Epitome de las Historias Portuguesas* (p. 242), describes the prince in the following terms: "Don Henry, duke of Viseu, and master of the military order of Christ, was a brave prince; wise, devout, and worthy of his royal descent. He devoted himself to mathematical pursuits, and to his studious industry Spain (i. e. the Peninsula) is indebted for its maritime discoveries. Animated with ardent zeal for the extension of navigation, he equipped several vessels at his own expense, not only to explore the coast of Africa, and the maritime regions to the south of the strait of Gibraltar, but to extend their voyages much farther. It was in consequence of his exertions, that the Portuguese made themselves masters of a considerable part of the African coast, and of a number of islands to the westward of Africa. In order that he might devote himself more uninterruptedly to these pursuits, Don Henry established himself in the province, then called the kingdom, of Algarve, at Sagres, nearly the southernmost town in Portugal, in the vicinity of the sacred promontory, or Cape St. Vincent. There he died, not only leaving no descendants, but with the reputation of perpetual chastity."

In the *Lusiadas*, Faria y Sousa says further of this prince (vol. iii. p. 434): "When his father, Don John the First, proceeded on his expedition against the formidable fortress of

Ceuta, Don Henry, laying aside the pen and the astrolabe, clad himself in armour, and grasping the sword, was the first who, in the assault, entered the place, thus showing that he was calculated to shine with equal splendor in science and in arms."

NOTE 18, PAGE 300.

*There th' illustrious Count,  
Don Pedro, all the force of Barbary  
Resisted twice.*

Don Pedro de Menezes. After having got possession of Ceuta, the king confided to him its defence; not because he solicited so important a charge, but because there was no other sufficiently bold to accept of it: so formidable was considered to be the danger. But Don Pedro was not to be deterred. Twice the Barbarians, with innumerable forces, besieged Ceuta. The firmness of the governor remained unshaken, and the discomfited Moors were at length compelled to withdraw from the siege.—*Lusiadas*, vol. iii. p. 435.

NOTE 19, PAGE 301.

*He saves his king, but falls a sacrifice.*

The count alluded to is Don Duarte of Viana, an illegitimate son of Don Pedro de Menezes, but a true inheritor of his father's valor. At a subsequent siege of Ceuta, Don Alphonso the Fifth, being surprized by the Moors, who came down upon him in numbers to which he could oppose no resistance, commanded Don Duarte to sustain their attack, until he should effect his retreat into the fortress. Don Duarte, fully aware of his extreme peril, obeyed the orders of the king, and thus enabled him to escape from the enemy. But his life was sacrificed in this noble act of loyal devotedness.—*Lusiadas*, vol. iii. p. 436.

## NOTE 20, PAGE 301.

*Many a hero still the painter's art  
Would here with these have equally pourtray'd.*

Had the poet introduced them, the gallery of portraits would have been too extensive, and the exhibition of them too fatiguing. Camoens, sensibly feeling that his genius and his merits have never been duly appreciated, and smarting with the pain of unmerited abandonment and neglect, reintroduces, in the subsequent lines of this passage, the same censorious strain of condemnation, with which he closes the Fifth and Seventh Cantos; much in the same spirit with which Horace alludes to an increasing degeneracy with each succeeding age.

Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?  
Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit  
Nos nequiores, mox daturos  
Progeniem vitiosiore.

Lib. iii. Carmen 6.

## NOTE 21, PAGE 303.

*In the meanwhile soothsayers of repute.*

In the greater part of the remainder of this Canto, Camoens has pretty closely adhered to all the circumstances that occurred during the stay of Vasco da Gama at Calicut. Of the poet's license to embellish the various incidents he has very properly availed himself. The historical facts to which he has alluded:—for example—the hostility of the Moors—the superstitious dread of the fatal consequences of establishing any intercourse with these adventurous explorers of the Eastern world—the corrupting of the Catuals by the Moors—the introduction of Vasco da Gama to the Samorim, and the speech of the latter with Gama's reply—together with the

various machinations resorted to in order to detain Gama and destroy the fleet—are, with a due allowance for poetical embellishment, given by Camoens with all the accuracy consistent with the spirit of his poem ;—and seem to have been taken from the First Decade of Joaõ de Barros. (See the Ninth and Tenth Chapters of the Fourth Book of that Decade.) The superstitious ceremonies alluded to in the text seem not to have been practised upon this occasion, but are stated by Barros to have been resorted to antecedently. But the conclusions at that time drawn from them were considered to be applicable to the arrival of these strangers, and equally menacing the destruction of the Moors.

## NOTE 22, PAGE 305.

*When the sun first emerges from the East,  
The eye may gaze upon his early rays ;  
But when in all his splendor he appears,  
His glorious beams o'erpow'r the dazzled sight.*

Several of the commentators on the *Lusiad* have noticed the exquisite beauty of this passage in the original, and it is thought Lopez de Vega remembered it, in composing his *Orpheus and Eurydice*, in which the same idea is introduced, but still more concisely expressed :

“ Como mirar puede ser  
El Sol al amanecer,  
Y quando se enciende, no.”

## NOTE 23, PAGE 310.

*If man by mortal sin had not transgress'd.*

Faria y Sousa is lost in admiration at the speech which Ca-



moens has given to Vasco da Gama. The most defective part of it, perhaps, is its commencement. It is far too paraphras- tical and obscure. As its object is to tell the Samorim that he had been deceived, this might have been more concisely, yet poetically accomplished. It is too argumentative, but not sufficiently pointed. These remarks, however, are intended to apply only to the peroration. To the remainder of the speech, if any objection be made, it may be limited to that unnecessary display of astronomical knowledge, which is introduced with such an air of pedantic precision. Much, however, that is urged, is judiciously advanced, and well suited to remove the mistrust discovered to exist in the breast of the Samorim, in the beginning of the address ; and there is an air of manly dignity which the poet imparts to almost every thing that is either said or done by the hero whom he celebrates. The last line, as descriptively characteristic of truth, closes the speech with a very appropriate termination.

## NOTE 24, PAGE 317.

*As the reflected light from polish'd steel,  
Or from the faithful mirror crystalline.*

This simile is taken from Virgil, but with an additional circumstance that adds to its grace and beauty. The sudden transitions of reflected light are augmented and varied by the sportive playfulness of a child, and they become, therefore, a truer emblem of the wavering inconstancy of an agitated mind.

Sicut aquæ tremulum labris ubi lumen ahenis  
Sole repressum, aut radiantis imagine lunæ,  
Omnia pervolat latè loca : jamque sub auras  
Erigitur, summique ferit laquearia tecti.

*Virg. Æneid. viii. 22.*

Orlando's perplexity of mind, when separated from Angelica, is similarly, but less happily expressed.

Or quinci, or quindi il volta : or lo rassume  
 Tutto in un loco, e non l' afferma mai :  
 Qual d' acqua chiara il tremolante lume,  
 Dal Sol percossa, o da' notturni rai,  
 Per gli ampli tetti va con lungo salto  
 A dextra ed a sinistra, e basso ed alto.

*Ariosto, canto viii. st. 71.*

NOTE 25, PAGE 321.

*Thus Polydorus by the Thracian king  
 To gain possession of his wealth, was kill'd.*

Fas omne abrumpit, Polydorum obruncat, et auro  
 Vi potitur. Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,  
 Auri sacra fames !

*Æneid. iii. 55.*

NOTE 26, PAGE 321.

*Gold entrance forc'd into the brazen tower  
 Where the fair daughter of Acrisius  
 In secret liv'd.*

Inclusam Danaën turris ahenea,  
 Robustæque fores, et vigilum canum  
 Tristes excubiæ, munierant satis  
 Nocturnis ab adulteris :  
 Si non Acrisium virginis abditæ  
 Custodem pavidum Jupiter et Venus  
 Risissent : fore enim tutum iter et patens  
 Converso in pretium Deo.

*Horat. lib. iii. carmen 16.*



NOTE 27, PAGE 321.

*The vice of avarice  
Tarpeia so possess'd that she for gold  
To foes the citadel of Rome betray'd.*

Livy, l. i. s. 11.

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It must be admitted, that after the beautiful illustration of the fluctuating and vacillating state of Gama's mind, the remainder of this Canto, though historically correct in many of the circumstances introduced, is a far less vigorous effort of the poet's genius, than any other part of the *Lusiad*, with the exception, perhaps, of that portion of the next Canto, which precedes a total change in the scene of action. The powerful imagination of Camoens then luxuriates in the richness and copiousness of its exhaustless fertility. Every thing then assumes a new aspect, and we enter into a new region embellished with much of that delightful scenery, which, by a species of enchantment, the creative powers of his fancy could, at will, call into existence.

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## NOTES

### TO THE NINTH CANTO.

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#### NOTE 1, PAGE 325.

*Attracted by its fount miraculous.*

Zemzem:—D'Herbelot says: "Mahomet, pour rendre la ville de la Mecque, lieu de sa naissance, plus considérable, pour échauffer la dévotion des peuples, et y attirer une plus grande foule de pèlerins, a donné de grands éloges à l'eau de ce puits: car il y a une tradition de lui, reçue par le Khalife Omar, qui porte, que l'eau du puits de Zemzem sert de remède et donne la santé à celui qui en boit; mais celui qui en boit abondamment, et qui s'en désaltère, obtient le pardon de tous ses péchés: et l'on rapporte d'Abdallah, surnommé *Al Hafedh*, parce qu'il savoit par cœur un grand nombre de traditions, qu'étant interrogé sur sa mémoire, il répondit que, depuis qu'il avoit bu à longs traits de l'eau de Zemzem pour la fortifier, il n'avoit rien oublié de ce qu'il avoit appris."—*Bibliothèque Orientale. Art. Zemzem.*

#### NOTE 2, PAGE 326.

*Trusting hereafter his reward to gain  
In Paradise.*

Monsaidè accompanied Vasco da Gama to Portugal, and was converted to Christianity.

## NOTE 3, PAGE 331.

*But now the Cyprian Goddess.*

Don José Maria de Sousa Botelho, father of Count Villa Real, the late Portuguese minister in this country, published in Paris, in 1818, a most superb edition of the *Lusiad* of Camoens. Its value is not limited to its merit as a beautiful specimen of typographic excellence; although in this respect he has made a splendid offering to his country, and paid to the genius of her greatest poet a just tribute of respect and admiration; for he has rendered his publication more precious by a collation of various editions, a rejection of errors, and the adoption of that text which, by its greater purity, justly merited a preference. His analysis of the *Lusiad*, and his comment upon it, exhibit a pleasing example of enlightened criticism. National partiality may have cast a veil over some of those defects which are obvious to all but the compatriots of the poet; but there is something amiable in that sensibility that dwells with transport and delight on what is beautiful, and reluctantly acknowledges the existence of an occasional obscuration of poetic excellence. The critical remarks of Don José Maria on the highly colored fiction, to which the line quoted from the text is an introduction, illustrates the truth of this last remark. He is too much delighted with the brilliant imagery with which the poet's creative fancy has adorned the scene, to discover that something more than the veil of allegory was required, to give to the festive enjoyments which are described, all that delicacy which would justify the panegyric he has pronounced on the chaste character of this figurative representation. As this passage is one of the best in Don José Maria's critical analysis of the *Lusiad*, I shall venture to transcribe it.

“ Segue-se a bellissima ficção da Ilha que Venus conduz e

dispoem a receber os seus protegidos descobridores da India, para alli descansarem, e dar-lhes o premio de terem finalizado a sua gloriosa empreza; o que prova (se tal questãõ pode ter importancia) ser esta Ilha imaginada, naõ nos mares da India, mas proxima ao termo da viagem de Gama. Esta atrevida invençãõ he ornada e tratada com todas as graças da poesia. Em nenhum lugar o poeta deixou correr a sua phantasia com mais calor e mimo voluptuoso. A descripçãõ do paiz e jardins, as circumstancias do encontro dos Portuguezes com as nymphas, e todos os preparos deste festim de deleites, offerecem as pinturas mais graciosas que a rica e amorosa imaginaçãõ de Camões podia inventar, e que o mesmo Tasso pode sim imitar, mas naõ vencer. He para admirar que na pintura destas delicias o poeta naõ offende nenhum sentimento nobre, nem a delicadeza; antes excita e anima à generosos sentimentos, pela explicaçãõ que dá desta encantadora allegoria. Aquelles que o criticarem, naõ o compararam por certo com os outros poetas, pois veriam que nenhum soube ornar estas pinturas como elle, de cores as mais vivas e abrasadoras, sem offensa do gosto. O caracter de Camões, que unia a hum coração terno huma grande fortaleza d'alma, o que o distinguirá sempre dos outros poetas, faz-se aqui conspicuo pelo modo com que introduz esta ficçãõ no Poema, e o bom e puro gosto com que a trata.—*Vida de Camões*, p. 94.

## NOTE 4, PAGE 332.

*Its scene she fix'd in a celestial isle  
Rising amidst the ocean's vast expanse.*

The commentators on the *Lusiad* are at a loss to determine the situation of this island. This embarrassment may be easily removed by adopting the judicious conjecture of Don José Maria de Sousa, who, in the passage cited in the preceding

Note, considers it to be a pure invention of the poet. The islands subsequently alluded to "within the Gates of Hercules," and with which those stated to be consecrated to Venus in Oriental seas are compared, are Cnidus, Cyprus and Cythera.

## NOTE 5, PAGE 332.

*To the same subtle wiles she had recourse  
As erst she practis'd on Anchises' son.*

Venus has recourse to the insidious agency of her son ; but Camoens has given it a more direct and less delicately artful character than it received from the masterly skill of the Mantuan bard. In the *Lusiad*, Cupid mercilessly lets fly his arrows at the Nereids, exhausts his quiver, and wounds the whole. Virgil presents Cupid to Dido in the likeness of Ascanius, and while she fancies that she is caressing the son of Æneas, the amorous bane is subtly insinuating itself into her heart, unconscious of its fatal effects.

Reginam petit : hæc oculis, hæc pectore toto  
Hæret, et interdum gremio fovet : inscia Dido,  
Insideat quantus miseræ Deus.

*Virg. Æneid. i. 717.*

## NOTE 6, PAGE 333.

*Where the foundations of a mighty state  
By stratagem were laid.*

Devenere locos, ubi nunc ingentia cernes  
Mœnia, surgentemque novæ Carthaginis arcem :  
Mercatique solum facti de nomine Byrsam,  
Taurino quantum possent circumdare tergo.

*Virg. Æneid. i. 365.*

## NOTE 7, PAGE 333.

*Her splendid car was drawn  
By stately swans, which their own fun'ral rites  
Expiring celebrate.*

Dulcia defecta modulatur carmina lingua  
Cantator Cygnus funeris ipse sui.

*Martial.*

## NOTE 8, PAGE 333.

*And flutt'ring doves  
Into which erst Peristera was chang'd.*

While Venus and Cupid were gathering flowers, and contending by whom the greater number should be collected, a nymph came to the assistance of the goddess. Cupid in anger changed her into a dove. The Nymph was named Περιστέρα. The dove thenceforth became the favorite bird of Venus.—*Ovid. Fast. l. i.*

## NOTE 9, PAGE 333.

*Bent on an expedition to chastise  
A disobedient world.*

Faria y Sousa, in support of his opinion, that Venus and Cupid are to be considered as figuratively representing that Divine Love, which extended its manifest protection to the expedition of Vasco da Gama, says "Terrible cosa puede parecer, que el poeta agora introduzga a Cupido por un justo reformador del mundo, pretendiendo quitar dèl yerros que estan en el muchos dias, siendo el su ruina como Autor dellos, desde los primeros fundamentos." He, therefore, concludes that, as we cannot suppose the poet would employ the author of all these evils in the correction of his own mischief, he must

allude allegorically to Divine Love, preparing to reform and purify the world from those numerous errors, imperfections, and corruptions, which then prevailed, attended with consequences so fatal to human happiness ;—such love as Boetius describes in his *Consolations of Philosophy* :

O felix hominum genus  
Si vestros animos amor  
Quo cælum regitur regat !

Camoens avails himself of the fiction of this hostile expedition of Cupid, to satirize with equal delicacy and severity the erroneous propensities of the monarch, Don Sebastian, the vices of the court, the hypocrisy, avarice, and arbitrariness of the clergy, the mal-administration of the laws, the selfishness prevalent among the people, and the debasement that attends on a criminal indulgence of the sensual passions. Under the character of Actæon the poet boldly alludes to and condemns the king's undue partiality for the chase, and warns him of the danger of confiding too much in the favorite companions of his sport. The tone of admonition which Camoens assumes, not only in this passage, but in many others in the *Lusiad*, exhibits very advantageously a noble and manly independence, which is not only most praiseworthy in the poet by whom it is displayed, but creditable to the high personages in the state, and to the nation in general, that permitted, at a time when civil liberty was so little understood, the language of just censure to remain unsuppressed.

NOTE 10, PAGE 335.

*Meanwhile erotic airs their labors charm'd.*

This occupation of Cupid's train bears some resemblance to



the employment of a part of the fallen angels after the dissolution of the Stygian council.

Others more mild,  
Retreated in a silent valley, sing  
With notes angelical to many a harp.  
*Paradise Lost*, b. 2.

NOTE 11, PAGE 335.

*In the eternal furnace, where are forg'd, &c.*

This ever-during furnace is only a figurative representation of amorous desire, which inextinguishably burns within the human heart, and sighs and tears, every one, whose fate it has been to nourish a hopeless passion, well knows, tend only to fan and feed the flame that has been kindled. The various, capricious, and resistless influence of love, on every rank, is subsequently described, and a pointed but delicate allusion is made to the only source whence hopeless despair may derive hope and life, and life itself receive its first emanation. When the poet alludes to the nymphs as "fair or hideous," he allegorically means virtuous or illicit love.

NOTE 12, PAGE 337.

*Biblis and Cinyrea,\* damsels fair,  
And a Judean† and Assyrian‡ youth,  
Thus also were debased.*

Byblis in exemplo est, ut ament concessa puellæ :  
Byblis Apollinei correpta cupidine fratris,  
Non soror ut fratrem, nec quâ debebat, amavit.

*Ovid. Met.* 9. 453.

\* See *Ovid. Met.* x. fab. 9.

† Reuben. vide *Genesis* xxxv. 22.

‡ Ninyas, son of Semiramis.



## NOTE 13, PAGE 337.

*But such base love  
Its author shames more than its votary.*

This passage in the original is rather obscure, and has embarrassed the commentators on the *Lusiad*. The apparent meaning is, that licentious passion is to be condemned. Venus is represented to be more in fault than her son, for although he inspires the passion, she misleads it. The literal translation would run thus:

To me it seems that this unworthy love  
The mother's fault is rather than the son's.

## NOTE 14, PAGE 337.

*My son, through whom alone  
My pow'rful influence is exercised.*

In the First *Æneid* Venus addresses her son in a similar strain.

Nate, meæ vires, mea magna potentia ; solus,  
Nate, patris summi qui tela Typhoëa temnis:  
Ad te cōfugio, et supplex tua numina posco.  
*Virg. Æneid. i. 664.*

## NOTE 15, PAGE 339.

*A noble race shall thence  
Arise.*

The poet apparently alludes to the Portuguese who distinguished themselves in India, subsequently to the return of Vasco da Gama, and probably intended to include all those who, either by sea or land, acquired in the East a high reputation.

## NOTE 16, PAGE 340.

*The Goddess of gigantic stature, Fame.*

Camoens has been far less elaborate than Virgil in his portrait of Fame. His pencil has bestowed upon her but a few touches; but they are spirited and masterly. Her chief attributes are collected from Virgil; but he has in some degree modelled them anew, and instead of exhibiting her, like the Mantuan poet, at full length, extending from the earth to the clouds, he has made the proportions of the goddess gigantic, and concentrated the qualities by which she is most prominently distinguished.

## NOTE 17, PAGE 340.

*For in her train the Goddess led  
Credulity.*

Ovid, whose example Camoens follows in this instance, introduces Credulity personified as an attendant in the palace of Fame.

Illic Credulitas, illic temerarius Error,  
Vanaque Lætitia est, consternatique Timores,  
Seditio repens, dubioque auctore Susurri.

*Ovid. Met. xii. 59.*

## NOTE 18, PAGE 343.

*Delos thus  
Erst ceas'd to float, to aid the secret birth  
Of Phœbus and Diana.*

Illa suam vocat hanc, cui quondam regia Juno  
Orbe interdixit: quam vix erratica Delos  
Orantem accepit, tum cùm levis insula nabat.  
Illic, incumbens cum Palladis arbore palmæ,  
Edidit invitâ geminos Latona novercâ.

*Ovid. Met. vi. 332.*

Callimachus has told the tale very beautifully ; and Milton, in the Tenth Book of *Paradise Lost*, alludes, in one of those passages in which the pride of learning overwhelms the inspiration of the Muse, to this once floating island.

The aggregated soil  
Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,  
As with a trident smote; and fix'd as firm  
As Delos, floating once.

*Paradise Lost*, x. 293.

In the description of the island of Venus, Camoens has exhibited an assemblage of so many delightful objects, and has embellished its picturesque scenery with so much grace, beauty, and taste, that he has rendered this enchanting spot scarcely, if at all inferior, to the island of Alcina in the Sixth Canto of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*—the gardens of Armida in the Sixteenth Canto of Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*—that of Adonis in the Sixth Canto of the Third Book of Spenser's *Faery Queene*—or even the garden of Alcinoüs in the Seventh *Odyssey*. I am not, however, unwilling to admit that the pleasure which it gave me to translate these passages in the *Lusiad*, may have induced me to estimate the original perhaps too highly. The admirers of these great poets need not be offended at the comparison, for Camoens is worthy to be admitted amongst them as a companion, to whom the Muses have imparted a very liberal share of inspiration.

This island (supposed by some of the commentators to be Anchediva, although, as stated in Note 4, it is most probably a pure invention of the poet) Camoens has adorned with embellishments to which a classical interest is attached. The three eminences may be regarded as bearing some analogy to Mounts Parnassus, Helicon and Pierus, and the limpid stream to the fountain of Aganippe, sacred to the Muses. The trees, and

shrubs, and flowers, and fruit, are selected from those to which the beautiful mythology of the great poets of antiquity attached a fanciful but appropriate tale, and sometimes descriptive of their peculiar qualities. The poplar, the laurel, the myrtle, the pine, and the cypress are blended with the history of Alcides, Apollo, Cytheræa, Cybele, and Cyparissus. Pomona's gifts are collected in luscious profusion, but, with the exception of the story of Pyramus and Thisbe, whose blood imparted to the mulberry, originally white, its deeply crimsoned tinge, they are introduced without any allusion to mythological fiction. The orange, indeed, is compared with the golden brightness of fair Daphne's hair, but the comparison has only the poet's own authority for its correctness;—that of the lemon is solely with reference to the graceful projection which distinguishes its growth. But when Flora displays her varied profusion, the sweet narcissus, the anemomy and the hyacinth, remind us of the fatal illusion of the beautiful Thespian youth, the mournful love of the Paphian Goddess, and the fatal jealousy of Zephyrus. With these are mingled other flowers, culled and disposed tastefully by the poet, and rendered more lovely by the characteristic tints which they have received from his own glowing pencil. The doubt so beautifully expressed,

Se dava as flores cor a bella Aurora,

Ou se lhe daõ a ella as bellas flores :

*If from Aurora flowers their tints receive,*

*Or if they lend her all their lovely hues :*

would almost appear to have suggested the following passage in Tasso ;

Parean vermigli insieme e bianchi fiori,

Se pur gl' irriga un rugiadoso nembo

Quando su l' apparir de' primi albori

Spiegano a l' aure liete il chiuso grembo ;  
 E l' alba, che gli mira e se n' appaga,  
 D' ardomarsene il crin diventa vaga.

Canto iv. st. 75.

Faria y Sousa thinks Camoens is indebted for this idea to the Idyl of Ausonius on the rose.

Ambigeres raperet ne rosis Aurora ruborem  
 An daret, et flores tingeret orta dies.

La Harpe, in his Notes to this Canto, quotes a very neat translation of these lines.

On pouvait douter si l'Aurore  
 Tirait ses charmantes couleurs  
 Des roses qui venaient d'éclore,  
 Ou bien si ses regards embellissaient les fleurs.

The poet has not left these enchanting scenes untenanted by their appropriate possessors. The few he has introduced are tastefully selected, and picturesquely animate the richly luxuriant paradise which he has created for their abode, and where their sportive and innocent recreations are unchecked by fear.

NOTE 19, PAGE 347.

*When from their ships these second Argonauts  
 Descended 'midst these cool refreshing shades.*

It has been necessary, in several passages in this Canto, to cast a veil over some of the images which, in conformity to the less refined taste of former times, the poet has exhibited with too little reserve. It could never have been the intention of Camoens to introduce, into his poem, any thing calculated to give offence, either to true piety, or to pure morality. It must have been observed, that, in many parts of the *Lusiad*,

there is a genuine and unaffected strain of devout aspiration. If any departure from the strictest and most delicate moral feeling be discoverable, it must be attributed to the manners of the age in which he lived, and which admitted of a latitude of expression, upon which the more correct sentiments of a more refined period discretely and wisely impose a just restraint. Upon this ground, therefore, a defensive apology may be made for the poet; but his translator could not so easily justify a literally faithful version of what he is compelled to acknowledge is in itself objectionable. In vindication of Camoens, parallel passages have been quoted from Ariosto, Tasso, Spenser, and Milton. But, perhaps, the best apology is to be found in the admission, that each age has its own distinctive character, and that this character is always, to a certain extent, impressed on its literary productions.

NOTE 20, PAGE 350.

*Nor fear the sister of the God of Day.*

They are fearless of the anger of Diana, and regardless of the fate of Actæon.

NOTE 21, PAGE 351.

*Among them was a noble cavalier—  
The brave and gallant Leonardo.*

The ardent and inextinguishable passion which Camoens cherished for Dona Catherina de Atayde, eminently qualified the poet for the representation of the amorous character of the gallant Leonardo. But yet Ephyra is addressed by him in protestations that have more of ingenuity than pathos. There is, indeed, a metaphysical subtlety in his declaratory description of his own adverse fate, and of the capricious persecution

to which by luckless destiny he had always been exposed, that is inconsistent with impassioned sentiment. The interest excited by first impressions arises chiefly from the admiration of excessive beauty. To go beyond the language of simple admiration is, perhaps, a departure from nature and from truth. However this may be, Leonardo would have interested more if he had reasoned less ; and if, instead of revealing his numerous hapless flames, he had solicited and implored that compassion which could alone heal the wound inflicted by such peerless charms.

## NOTE 22, PAGE 354.

*Though sweeter far to taste than to describe.*

The poet perhaps permitted himself judiciously to be checked by the recollection of an equally judicious restraint, which, in one of his Epistles, Ovid imposes on himself.

Multaque præterea lingua retinenda modesta,  
Quæ fecisse juvat, facta referre pudet.

## NOTE 23, PAGE 355.

*For all these ocean-nymphs thus beautiful,  
And Thetis, and the fascinating isle,  
Are only fictions, &c.*

It must be admitted that the poet has here committed a very material error ;—discovering, prematurely, the allegory with which he has embellished the Ninth Canto, and then continuing, after having dissolved the charm, the same allegory through a considerable portion of the subsequent Canto. Equally, too, it must be acknowledged that the allegory itself has too much of the extravagance of fiction, and trespasses, as before observed, on the verge of licentious freedom. This is not only objectionable in itself, but inconsistent with the in-



tentions of Camoens figuratively "to represent those splendid honors which impart to life its highest lustre." It has been necessary, therefore, to invest, in a more sober garb, some of the bolder creations of the poet's prolific imagination.

NOTE 24, PAGE 357.

*To merit honors, though they be withheld,  
Is better than to bear them undeserved.*

Ercilla expresses very nearly the same thought with equal conciseness.

Y las honras consisten no en tenerlas,  
Sinó en solo arribar à merecerlas.

*La Araucana, canto 37.*

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## NOTES

### TO THE TENTH CANTO.

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#### NOTE 1, PAGE 362.

*There music charm'd with heav'nly harmony—  
Such as in Tartarus departed souls  
With ravishment beguil'd from sense of pain.*

There is a parallel passage in the Second Book of Paradise Lost.

Their song was partial; but the harmony  
(What could it less when spirits immortal sing?)  
Suspended hell, and took with ravishment  
The thronging audience.

#### NOTE 2, PAGE 363.

*Whose persons Proteus distinctly saw  
In a diaphanous and crystal globe.*

Faria y Sousa appears to think the "diaphanous and crystal globe" was suggested by the devices employed by the professors of magical science, who not uncommonly, at that time, fraudulently pretended, to satisfy the wishes of the ignorant, that, in vessels filled with water, they could discover those absent persons about whom they were consulted; and that the spherical form was here chosen, in consequence of being

that which was most used by these impostors.—*Lusiadas*, vol. iv. p. 310.

NOTE 3, PAGE 363.

*Nor such to Iopas  
In Carthage, or Demodocus was known  
In famed Phæacia.*

These bards have been immortalized by Virgil and Homer; the first, in the Second Æneid, the second, in the Eighth Odyssey.

NOTE 4, PAGE 364.

*Next of a king  
Who the high sacerdotal office held  
In Malabar.*

Trimumpara, king of Cochin. The friendly relations subsisting between him and the Portuguese were the principal motive for the hostile proceedings of the Samorim.—*Barros. Decad. i. liv. vii. ch. i.*

NOTE 5, PAGE 365.

*The great Pacheco—Lusia's Achilles.*

In the year 1503, the king of Portugal, Don Emmanuel, sent to India a fleet consisting of nine ships of war, under the respective command of Alphonso Albuquerque, commonly called the Great Albuquerque, Francisco Albuquerque, and Antonio de Saldanha. In that division of the fleet under the command of Alphonso Albuquerque, sailed Duarte Pacheco Pereira, the Lusian Achilles as he is called by the poet. Upon his great achievements in India Camoens has expatiated very fully, and in language that indicates a noble

congeniality of feeling with the hero whom he celebrates. With great sensibility, too, he deploras the miserable termination of a life, which at one period was surrounded with a dazzling halo of military glory, and which ought, in justice, to have closed with equal splendor. Barros and Damiam de Goes relate circumstantially the gallant deeds performed by Pacheco ; but the former was not a sufficiently bold historian to allude to, much less to condemn, the treatment which this great commander experienced from an ungrateful monarch. Damiam de Goes speaks out on this subject, and, in illustration of the text, I shall translate the passage.

After stating that, on the arrival of Duarte Pacheco from India, the king, Don Emmanuel, went in solemn state to church, and distinguished him by conferring upon him the honor of placing him on his left side, during the procession; Damiam de Goes says: " But the end of all these honors, in reward for these and other great services which Duarte Pacheco had performed for the king, is calculated to furnish an example of the little reliance which may be placed in kings and princes, and of their forgetfulness of those to whom they are under obligation. The principal remuneration which Duarte Pacheco received for his great services, was the governorship of the town of St. George, in Africa, whence, in consequence of charges made against him, the king ordered him to be brought back to the kingdom in irons, and in which he remained during the long time he was detained in prison. At length, it being ascertained that the charges were either without foundation, or so frivolous in themselves, that they could scarcely be deemed offences, he was released from confinement, but as poor as when he was sent to the mines. During the remainder of his days, he lived in such a state of poverty, that his only son, John Fernandez, and his mother, having been left in a state of comparative destitution, were

compelled to live upon the most limited resources. Fernandez neither received what was due to his own merits, nor was he benefited by those of his father ; and his mother was entirely dependant upon him, and upon the charitable aid which she occasionally received from the benevolence of others. This was the reward which Duarte Pacheco received for the memorable and eminent services which he rendered to the crown of Portugal."—*Cronica del Rei Dom Emanuel*, p. 137.

The queen of Don John the Third, who succeeded Emmanuel, conducted herself with great generosity towards the grandson of Pacheco. Castera has borrowed the anecdote from the Portugueze historians, and La Harpe has copied it from Castera. He relates it concisely, and it deserves to be quoted. After observing that it is a matter of historical uncertainty, whether Duarte Pacheco died in a jail, or in an hospital, he says : " Son petit-fils, réduit à une extrême indigence sous le règne de Catherine, alla trouver le premier ministre de cette princesse, nommé Gillianés d'Acosta. Il lui représenta sa pauvreté et les services de son grand-père. Le ministre, homme sensible et vertueux, alla sur le champ se jeter aux pieds de la Reine, en lui demandant une grace. Quand il en eut obtenu la promesse—Madame, lui dit-il, je vous demande pour le petit-fils d'un des héros du Portugal la Commanderie que vous m'avez accordée pour mon fils. La Reine voulut d'abord exiger que le fils du ministre gardât la commanderie, et promit la première vacance pour le petit-fils de Pachéco. Madame, répliqua le ministre, mon fils peut attendre, et le petit-fils du Conquérant des Indes n'est pas en état de supporter le moindre délai. La Reine se rendit à ses prières."—*La Lusiade*, vol. ii. p. 269.

NOTE 6, PAGE 365.

*The lofty ship, and ocean's foaming waves,*

*The pressure of the hero's weight shall feel.*

With Homer, Virgil, Ovid, and the principal Italian poets,

this is a favorite image. When Pallas removes Sthenelus from the car of Diomede, and supplies her place :

Then groan'd aloud  
The beechen axle ; for it bore to fight  
An awful goddess and a peerless chief.

*Cowper, Iliad. 5.*

Simul accipit alveo  
Ingentem Æneam. Gemuit sub pondere cymba  
Sutulis, et multam accepit rimosa paludem.

*Æneid. vi. 412.*

NOTE 7, PAGE 367.

*A seventh time  
Shall he with the unconquer'd Lusian  
Contend.*

This was his last effort ; in which he was completely defeated. Prevailed upon by Brahmins and magicians to believe, that the reverses to which he had been exposed were inflicted upon him as a just castigation for his having neglected to make, as he had promised, due sacrifices and offerings to his pagan deities, he withdrew from the world, and devoted himself to a life of penitential seclusion.—*Barros, Decad. i. liv. vii. ch. viii.*

NOTE 8, PAGE 370.

*Another, dignified with Royalty,  
Shall then appear, bringing his gallant son.*

Don Francisco de Almeida, and his son, Don Lorenzo de Almeida. In the year 1505, the king, Don Emmanuel, dispatched several ships of war from the Tagus to India, in order that they might remain there, and be employed either in assisting his allies, or directly aiding the accomplishment of his

own designs. Don Francisco went out in command of this fleet, and was besides invested with the title of viceroy. When they reached Quiloa, on the coast of Melinda, he landed, took possession of the city, and deposing Mirhabremo, the reigning prince, raised to the throne Mohamed Ancony, who was friendly towards the Portugueze.

The two Almeidas are alluded to in the First Canto, page 6.—*Obras do Grande Luis de Camões por Manoel de Faria Severim*, p. 274.

NOTE 9, PAGE 370.

*Mombaza, too,  
Adorned with sumptuous palaces, shall fall.*

The author quoted in the last Note, states that Don Francisco de Almeida proceeded afterwards to Mombaza, and that, meeting with resistance, and in revenge for the hostile treatment which his countrymen had before experienced there, he unsparingly sacked and burned the city. Mombaza is described to have been, at that time, a very considerable place, with many substantial edifices, and fortified towers well calculated for its defence. His son, Don Lorenzo, gained, on the 6th March, 1506, a great naval victory over the forces of the Samorim, on the coast of Cananor. The enemy's fleet consisted of 208 vessels, and a proportionate number of combatants. The Portugueze had only eleven ships, and about 800 men. The whole of the Indian flotilla is said to have been destroyed.

After this great loss, the Samorim sent an ambassador to the Sultan of Egypt, and another to Cambaia, to solicit aid against the Portugueze. The Sultan sent twenty-four vessels, under the command of Mir-Hocem, with directions to proceed to Dio, in order to join his force with that of Meliquè Yaz, or Az, who had forty vessels under his command.



They effected a junction, and attacked Don Lorenzo, off Chaul, by surprize. After receiving a mortal wound, he conducted himself with the greatest heroism, ordering those who came to administer assistance, to place him in a chair, near the main-mast, that he might animate those under his command by his exhortations, as he was deprived of the power of assisting them with his personal exertions. An interesting account of this action may be read in the Second Decade of Joam de Barros.

## NOTE 10, PAGE 372.

*Thy mutilated trunk*

*He, soon, who gave thee birth, shall well avenge.*

When intelligence was conveyed to Don Francisco de Almeida of the death of his son, he bore (says Barros) this affliction with all the patient resignation which might be expected from his devout and prudent character. To those who endeavoured to console him, he replied, that he could not desire that his son should die a better or more honorable death; for he had fallen in the service of his God, and of his king, and in the discharge of his duty as an officer and as a gallant knight. Animated by similar feelings, and impelled also by the desire of avenging the death of his son, Don Francisco distinguished himself, as described by Camoens, by a series of the most brilliant exploits at Dabul, which he took and destroyed; and at Dio, where he attacked and defeated the naval force of Mir-Hocem. The Second Decade of Joam de Barros contains a very eloquent and animated account of all these heroic achievements. The melancholy death of the viceroy, Don Francisco, has already been alluded to in the Fifth Canto, page 192, and described in Note 18 of the same Canto.

## NOTE 11, PAGE 372.

*As the fierce bull, goaded by jealousy.*

Mugitus veluti cum prima in prælia taurus  
Terrificos ciet, atque irasci in cornua tentat,  
Arboris obnixus trunco, ventosque laccessit  
Ictibus, et sparsâ ad pugnam proludit arenâ.

*Æneid. xii. 103.*

## NOTE 12, PAGE 374.

*What brilliant light, the Syren then exclaim'd,  
Blazes upon Melinda's sea.*

In the year 1506, the king, Don Emmanuel, sent to India a considerable force under the command of Alphonso Albuquerque and Tristan da Cunha. It was upon this expedition that the latter discovered, in the South Atlantic, the island to which his name has been given. The cities Lamo, Oja and Brava, are on the coast of Melinda; but, notwithstanding the praise lavished by the poet on the heroism of Tristan da Cunha, the proceedings of the Portuguese were here attended with many circumstances of barbarity, which tarnished the brilliancy of their achievements. After the capture of the city of Brava, the distinction of knighthood, of the Order of St. James, was conferred by Alphonso Albuquerque on Tristan da Cunha and his son.

“Lorenzo's coast” is that of the island of Madagascar, which appears to have been called the island of San Lorenzo, when it was discovered in the year 1506. Although the discovery of this island is attributed to the Portuguese, it was known to Marco Polo in the thirteenth century, and is described in the thirty-first chapter of the Third Book of his Travels, intitled “Of the great Island of Magaster, now



called San Lorenzo." Upon this chapter, Mr. Marsden says, in his note 1431, "Of the identity of this island (justly said to be one of the largest in the world) there can be no doubt. In Ramuzio's text it is named Magaster; in the Basle edition, Madaigascar; in the older Latin, Mandaygaster; and in the Epitomes, Mandeigaster. Our navigators appear to have adopted nearly the orthography of the Basle, in writing the word Madagascar. . . . The name of San Lorenzo, which it bears in the title to this chapter, was given to it by the Portuguese upon its discovery in 1506, and could not, therefore, have been in the original manuscript, but must have been added by Ramuzio, or by some earlier transcriber, for the purpose of elucidation, as the words '*hora detta*' imply."—*The Travels of Marco Polo, translated from the Italian, with Notes, by WILLIAM MARSDEN, F.R.S. &c.*

The First Book of the Second Decade of Joam de Barros fully details all the proceedings of Tristan da Cunha, and the greater part of the remainder of this Decade is occupied with the history of the wonderful achievements and important conquests of Alphonso Albuquerque, generally surnamed "the Great." His Indian vice-royalty has occupied the pen of many other historians, and it must be admitted that no one extended so far, and so fully consolidated the conquests of the Portuguese in Asia. It would occupy too much space to delineate here the history of this extraordinary man. The outline given by Camoens may, perhaps, be deemed sufficient for the illustration of those passages of his life which are introduced in the *Lusiad*. It may not, however, be deemed misplaced, if it be added, that the services of Albuquerque, like those of Duarte Pacheco, were undervalued by the king, and, with much more propriety, the poet might have said of him, that *he* had given an Eastern empire to Emmanuel; for the achievements of the two bear no proportion to each other.

Albuquerque was ordered to return from India, and Lopo Soares was sent out to supersede him. He was dying when he was apprized of the arrival of the new governor. In a few days he was no more. He ordered his body to be interred in a chapel which he had erected in Goa, (one of his most important conquests in India, and one of the most considerable still in the possession of the Portuguese,) and that his bones should, at a future period, be conveyed to Lisbon. Grieved at his supersession, he exclaimed: "Condemned for discharging my duty to my king, and equally condemned by him for doing my duty to mankind—it is time to die!"—*Commentarios do Grande Afonso Dalboquerque. Parte iv. cap. 45.*

NOTE 13, PAGE 376.

*The day devoted to Saint Catherine.*

It was on that saint's day, that Goa surrendered, for the second time, to Albuquerque, in the year 1510. His force consisted of 1500 Portuguese, and 300 Indians from the coast of Malabar. Goa was defended by 9000 men, two-thirds of whom were put to the sword! The loss of the Portuguese was inconsiderable.—*Barros, Decad. ii. liv. v. cap. ix.*

NOTE 14, PAGE 377.

*The error was a passion for a slave.*

Faria y Sousa finds very little to condemn in the general sentiments of the poet whom he illustrates. With much ceremonious reluctance, he here, however, presumes to differ widely in opinion with Camoens. He relates the circumstance alluded to, and expresses himself upon it in the following terms.

"El caso fue, que yendo embarcado con Alonzo de Albu-

quêrque, Ruy Diaz, soldado noble de la villa de Alanquer, se enamorò de una Esclava que traia entra otras Alonzo de Albuquerque en su estancia, a que llamava hija, i estimava mucho ; i usò della, entrando a esso en la propria estancia, irreligiosa, descortès, y atrevidamente. Supolo Alonzo, e hizolo ahorcar. *Parece hizo bien!*—*Las Lusiadas*, vol. iv. p. 374.

The first example of clemency which he cites, is too well known to form the subject of a note. The second, though perhaps less so, might also be omitted. But as Faria y Sousa tells it concisely, it may occupy, perhaps not improperly, a few lines.

Panthea was the wife of Abradates, a king of Susa. In Assyria she became a captive to Cyrus, who, having heard of her extraordinary beauty, and fearing its enslaving ascendancy, refused to see her. Accused by Araspas of weakness in thus mistrusting his own powers of resistance, he ordered that the queen should be placed under his care; but his boasted firmness was subdued by the fascinating power of her charms; still Cyrus pardoned the offence into which by his presumption he had been betrayed. Xenophon states that Panthea destroyed herself on the body of her husband, who had entered into the service of Cyrus, and was killed in battle.

The third example of clemency is thus described by Moreri, in his *Dictionnaire Historique*, Art. Baudouin.

“ Baudouin, premier de ce nom, surnommé *Bras de fer*, Comte de Flandres, enleva en 862, Judith, fille de Charles le Chauve, son Roi, et jeune veuve d’Ethelwolf, Roi d’Angleterre. Ce fut du consentement de cette Princesse. Le Pape Nicholas I. l’ayant excommunié à la poursuite du Roi, Baudouin alla l’année d’après 863 à Rome avec Judith; et le saint Père, touché de sa soumission, et des larmes de la Prin-

cesse, interposa ses prières auprès de Charles. Ce Prince lui pardonna, consentit au mariage qui se fit à Auxerre en 863, et donna la Flandres à Baudouin, en titre de Comté, sous l'hommage de la couronne."

## NOTE 15, PAGE 378.

*The nymph her sweet melodious notes again  
Attuned, and brave Soares eulogized.*

Lopo Soares, having previously distinguished himself in India, was sent thither in 1515, in the capacity of governor. The places named in the text were the scenes of some of his most brilliant exploits. "Hateful Medina" is thus called, says Faria y Sousa, "porque està en ella el cuerpo del abominable Mahoma, i se usa mucha supersticion."—*Lusiadas*, vol. iv. p. 383.

## NOTE 16, PAGE 379.

*Sequeira shall the Erythræan waves  
Defy.*

Diogo Lopes Sequeira :—the fourth governor of India. He was invested with that important office by the king, Don Emmanuel, in the year 1518, and was the first Portugueze that entered the Red Sea, and opened a communication with Abyssinia, which was at that time supposed to constitute a part of the empire of Prester-John.

## NOTE 17, PAGE 379.

*Menezes on the scene shall then appear.*

Don Duarte Menezes, governor of India in 1521. He had already greatly distinguished himself at Tangier. Ormuz, which had been acquired by the victorious arms of Albuquerque

in 1506, revolted during the government of Don Menezes, but the insurrection was soon suppressed by him, and heavy contributions were levied as a penalty for the offence. The recapture of Ormuz is alluded to in the Second Canto, page 58. The death of the king, Don Emmanuel, took place in 1522, while Don Menezes was in Goa. Under his directions, a funeral mass for the defunct monarch was celebrated there with a solemnity and magnificence corresponding with the splendor of his reign.

## NOTE 18, PAGE 379.

*Thou, too, illustrious Gama, shalt receive  
The just reward.*

Don John the Third, in the year 1524, confided to Vasco da Gama the government of India, with the title of viceroy, and admiral of the Indian seas. The king also conferred on him the title of Count of Vidigueira. Short was the period of his viceroyship; for this great man died at Cochin, on Christmas eve, the same year, three months and twenty days after his return to India. Vasco da Gama was buried in the monastery of St. Francis, at Cochin, but, subsequently, his remains were removed to Portugal, and deposited in a vault in Vidigueira, the place whence his title of nobility was taken. Barros, in a few words, describes both his person and his character. He says, "the Count, Don Vasco da Gama, admiral of the Indian seas, was the son of Stephen da Gama. He was a man of middle stature, inclined to corpulency, of a noble deportment, daring in every enterprize, harsh in command, and of fearful violence in anger, patient in arduous undertakings, and severe in the infliction of punishment for the sake of justice."—*Barros, Decada* iii. liv. ix. cap. ii.

The banishment alluded to by Camoens, refers to the second

voyage of Vasco da Gama in 1502, as contradistinguished from this third and last voyage, in which Don John the Third, by the honors conferred on him, made some compensation for the ungenerous omission of his royal predecessor.

NOTE 19, PAGE 380.

*Another brave Menezes shall succeed.*

Vasco da Gama was succeeded in the viceroyalty of India by Don Henrique Menezes. He was only twenty-eight years of age, but possessed the consummate prudence of maturer years. He was peculiarly distinguished for continency, bravery, disinterestedness and justice.

NOTE 20, PAGE 380.

*I promise thee eternal fame.*

After the death of Don Henrique Menezes, Don Pedro Mascarenhas was appointed his successor; but being then employed against Malacca, Lope Vaz de Sampayo assumed the government, *ad interim*, promising to deliver it to Mascarenhas immediately upon his arrival; but instead of fulfilling these promises, he put Don Pedro under arrest. But this violence and injustice could not tarnish the splendor of those deeds which Mascarenhas had performed in Bintan and Malacca. The poet feels himself obliged to admit, at the same time, the glorious achievements of Sampayo at Bacanor, although he condemns the assumption and retention of the viceroyalty, to which he was unentitled to aspire. Barros may be regarded as the chief authority for these explanatory circumstances, and although he may not always be quoted, yet it is principally from his *Decades* that they are derived.



## NOTE 21, PAGE 381.

*He with a glance  
Shall rout, and with the bold Silveira's aid  
Annihilate.*

The poet has just before compared the warlike movements of Sampayo to the swiftness of lightning, and as a part of the same figure he represents him as destroying, at a glance, the enemy's naval force in Dio :—that is, he instantly ordered its destruction ; but Hector Silveira was the hero chosen to be the instrument for the execution of this command.

## NOTE 22, PAGE 382.

*To fierce Sampaio Cunha shall succeed.*

Nuno da Cunha was nominated viceroy of India in 1528, and he held that high office for the long period of ten years, instead of three, which was the usual term prescribed for that government. The acts of his Indian administration are detailed at great length by Joam de Barros, and, indeed, they occupy the greater part of his Fourth Decade. His conquests were numerous, and his measures were so skilfully and wisely framed and concerted, that he stands pre-eminent amongst the viceroys who acquired the most brilliant reputation. Superseded in his government by Don Garcia de Noronha, and commanded to return to Portugal, where chains and a dungeon awaited him, as a reward for his great services in the East, he was assailed on the voyage by a disease which, proving fatal, fortunately saved him from the mortifying indignities which he would otherwise have suffered. He died on board the vessel in which he was returning ; and Diogo de Couto says, that, when his will was opened, it was found to contain directions that his body should be committed to the

deep. Vicente Paes was standing near his pillow, when he breathed his last, and shortly before he expired, he heard him, in a subdued tone of voice, give utterance to the exclamation of the indignant Roman: *Ingrata patria:—ossa mea non possidebis.*—Diogo de Couto, Decada v. liv. v. cap. v.

NOTE 23, PAGE 382.

*Noronha shall appear.*

Don Garcia de Noronha was appointed viceroy of India in 1538. It is not surprizing that Camoens should only allude to the raising of the siege of Dio, the principal circumstance which distinguished his administration; but it is singular that the poet should not have expatiated a little more on the glorious achievements of his predecessor, who had added to the Portugueze dominions in Asia, Chalè, Dio, and Baçaim.

Noronha's successor was Don Estevam da Gama, the second son of Vasco da Gama. The Red Sea was the scene of his principal exploits. His administration was not inglorious, and he was more fortunate than some of his predecessors, in the reception he experienced on returning to his own country. Diogo de Couto mentions a singular epitaph on his monument at Vidigueira: "He who created knights at the foot of Mount Sinai, now lies here."

The feats of his successor, in the government of India, Alphonso de Sousa, are, perhaps, described sufficiently at length in the poem, and may render a note superfluous.

NOTE 24, PAGE 384.

*Him Castro shall succeed, who gloriously  
The Lusian standard ever shall unfurl.*

Don John de Castro was, perhaps, the most virtuous of all the



governors and viceroys, appointed to preside over the Asiatic dominions of the Portuguese. The poet has judiciously assigned to him a distinguished place in the *Lusiad*. A concise statement of his great and noble achievements in India could scarcely be compressed into a note, within any reasonable limits. His judicious measures contributed effectually to consolidate the Portuguese empire in the East; and the weight of his own personal character, and the just and universal estimation in which he was held, were most powerfully influential in confirming their dominion over the territories which they had conquered. The *Decades of De Couto* contain a minute and eloquently written account of his Indian administration; but his *Life*, composed by Jacinto Freire de Andrada, is one of the most interesting, elegant, and eloquent examples of biography in the Portuguese language.

The name of Don John de Castro is alone sufficient to excite a feeling of veneration for this truly great, and purely disinterested character. It imparts not only a lustre to the page of history, but, in the midst of the most beautiful scenes at Cintra, it heightens their interest and adds to their charms. Who ever visited his celebrated retreat without feeling that, rich, varied, luxuriant, and magnificent, as is the character of the scenery that surrounds Penha Verde, the lovely prospects it exhibits awaken a feeling of more intense interest from the remembrance that it was once the favorite residence of a hero, in whom was united every quality that could give to his character the highest degree of moral and virtuous exaltation? Such associations delightfully embellish the romantic, picturesque, and sublime views which Cintra presents to the contemplation of the unaffected admirer of the beauties of nature; for there all these varied views are harmoniously intermixed. In the First Volume of Mrs. Baillie's "*Lisbon, in 1821, 1822, and 1823,*" there are several most interesting

Letters, giving a tasteful and minutely faithful description of this paradisiacal spot; and the little poem, intitled "Cintra," which is annexed to the Seventh Letter, discovers a true sensibility to "pure nature's charms," and a just and deep sense of "th' Almighty hand which formed the glorious whole."

NOTE 25, PAGE 384.

*And Rumians, who their name from Rome deriv'd.*

In the "Travels of Marco Polo," Mr. Marsden observes, in note 21, page 14: "Those countries which now form the dominion of the Turks in Europe and Asia Minor, are vaguely designated among the more Eastern people, by the name of *Rúm*, and their inhabitants by that of *Rumi*." As these had been Roman provinces, the derivation, as given in the text, may not be inaccurate. Barros says, "Os Mouros da India, como naõ sabiam fazer divisaõ destas Provincias de Europa, a toda Tracia, Grecia, Esclavonia, e Ilhas circumvizinhas do mar Mediterraneo, chamam *Rum*, e aos homens dellas *Rumij*, sendo este nome proprio dos naturaes daquella parte de Tracia em que està Constantinopla, que do nome que ella teve de nova Roma, tomou a Tracia o de Romania."—*Decada* iv. liv. iv. cap. xvi.

The opinions of the learned Commentator of Marco Polo, and the great Portugueze historian are, on this point coincident. See also Mr. Marsden's History of Sumatra, p. 351.

NOTE 26, PAGE 388.

*This sphere is only an epitome  
Of the vast universe.*

The astronomical system described by Camoens had not, at the time the *Lusiad* was composed, been superseded by the

system of Copernicus. It was still, where the truth and simplicity of the latter were resisted, encumbered with the complex machinery of the epicycles and eccentrics of the Ptolemaic theory. But those errors which are now exploded, possess in themselves so much of the embellishment of fiction, that they may be considered as furnishing appropriate materials for poetical illustration. The poet has supplied us with an interesting record of opinions, which, however strange and fanciful they may now appear to us, received the uncontested assent of centuries, ere they vanished before the light of reason and sound philosophy. This seems the more astonishing, since, so early as the fifth century before the Christian era, such great advances had been made towards the truth; for, in that age, the annual motion of the earth round the sun had been asserted by Philolaus, a celebrated Pythagorean, and the earth's diurnal motion on its own axis had, shortly afterwards, been taught by Hicetas, the Syracusan. But Plato and Aristotle having, in the same century, embraced the system, subsequently called the Ptolemaic, which constitutes the earth the centre of the universe, confirmed those astronomical errors which prevailed down to the early part of the sixteenth century, (a period of nearly two thousand years,) when they yielded to the sound views of Copernicus and the discoveries of Galileo, and were, in the commencement of the seventeenth, finally extinguished by the immortal Newton. The long continuance of these fallacious principles strikingly demonstrates the feebleness of human reason, in permitting great names to consecrate the duration of error, and equally shows how indispensably necessary it is, to investigate truth under the sole guidance of philosophical principles, and uninfluenced by any thing extraneous that may obstruct their application.

## NOTE 27, PAGE 392.

*This central sojourn of the human race  
To thee shall be described.*

It has been conjectured, but, I think, very erroneously, that Milton may have seen Sir Richard Fanshawe's Translation of Camoens, and that this description of the world, and its prophetic history, may have suggested to him the revelation which the Archangel Michael makes, of future things, to Adam, before his expulsion from Paradise. This, however, is disproved by Milton himself, who, in that passage of the Eleventh Book of Paradise Lost, in which this prophetic glance is given, alludes to the temptation of Christ in the wilderness, where the Tempter set before him "all earth's kingdoms and their glory." If Milton borrowed from any preceding poet, the Æneid of Virgil, in which the descendants of Æneas are prophetically exhibited, might, perhaps, be deemed a more likely source of imitation than the Lusiad of Camoens. But the passage in the Evangelist (Matthew, ch. iv. 8.) was sufficient, by its exhibition of "all the kingdoms of the world," to suggest the narration of their future history.

In the Third Canto (p. 85) Camoens has already given a circumstantial and highly poetical description of Europe. His allusion to this quarter of the globe is here, with great propriety, limited to a very concise enumeration of the distinctive features which establish its pre-eminence over all the rest of the world.

## NOTE 28, PAGE 393.

*When in the cause  
Of Holy Faith Gonzalo's blood was shed.*

Don Gonzalo da Silveira was a member of the Society of the Jesuits, and in 1553, the fourteenth year of the institution

of this society, he obtained permission to proceed to India. After having baptized many of the heathens in Goa, Coulam, and Damaun, he proceeded to Cafraria, where he equally manifested his devout zeal in the discharge of the duties of his mission. Amongst others, he baptized the king of Benomotapa (Monomotapa), the mother of the king, and a considerable number of the people. Prevailed upon by the Moors to believe that the missionary wished to deprive him of his kingdom, and that the rite of baptism was a ceremony of witchcraft, he consented to the death of Gonzalo. He prepared himself for this fatal issue to his holy zeal, with the utmost resignation. The Moors entered his apartment while he was asleep, and strangled him.—*Chronica da Companhia de Jesu, em Portugal, pelo Padre Mestre Balthezar Telles*, vol. ii. liv. iv. ch. xxxvii.

## NOTE 29, PAGE 393.

*And there the mighty lake*

*Expands, whence flow Cuama and the Nile.*

In the "Historia Geral de Ethiopia a Alta," written in Ethiopia by the Jesuit, Manoel D'Almeyda, and abridged by Balthazar Tellez, is the following curious passage on the source of the Nile. It may be proper to premise, that this work was published in Coimbra, in 1660, a few years after the death of Almeyda. "I shall also say something of the kingdoms of Gojam and Dambea, because they both belong to the famous Nile, one giving birth to that river, and the other increasing it. Gojam lies north-west and south-east, and is about fifty leagues in length. The breadth from east to west may be about thirty, and this breadth is calculated between the two banks of the Nile; for this celebrated river, having its source nearly in the middle of this kingdom, as I shall presently

show, by the course that it takes, very nearly surrounds it, as if it would repay it for its birth, by forming a line for its defence, &c. &c.”—Liv. i. ch. iv.

Mr. Bruce has endeavoured to show, that none of those who undertook the task of discovering the source of the Nile, ever succeeded in it but himself. However this may be, or whether the Portugueze missionaries may have mistaken the river, it is quite evident, that his information was not correct, with respect to the work above quoted. He says, “Balthazar Tellez, a learned Jesuit, has written two volumes in folio, with great candor and impartiality, &c. &c. Yet Tellez makes no mention of such a discovery”! A map which this work contains is exceedingly curious, for it exhibits much that corresponds with the description of the course of the Nile, as given by Bruce, after its passage through the lake Dambea.

It will be absolutely requisite, to prevent the extension of notes both in number and in length, beyond reasonable limits, to pass over much of the oriental geography which Camoens has introduced in part of the remainder of this Canto. At the time he wrote, it was invested with the attractive novelty of recent discovery.

NOTE 30, PAGE 394.

*The brave Nhaya.*

Pero de Nhaya, a valiant Castilian. Having compelled the king of Sofala to submit to certain conditions of peace, in 1505, he constructed a fortress at Sofala, in which he was subsequently besieged by six thousand Cafres, whom he repulsed, with prodigious loss, although his own force consisted of only thirty-five effective combatants.—*Barros, Decad. i. liv. x. cap. iii.*



## NOTE 31, PAGE 394.

*There Meroë see, an isle of ancient fame.*

The exact position of Meroë is disputed. The Jesuits pretended, that the province of Gojam, in Abyssinia, was the Meroë of the ancients. In the "Ethiopia a Alta," alluded to in Note 29, there is a map which places it in Gojam, but Camoens states it to be in Noba or Nubia. This he may have done, without departing from the common opinion, as the confines of Nubia and Abyssinia might, at that time, have been indistinctly defined. Bruce supposes Meroë to have been to the north of Sennaar, and formed in part by the junction of the Tacazze with the Nile. Its original name was Saba; but Cambyses called it Meroë from his sister.

## NOTE 32, PAGE 394.

*Don Christopher, against the Turks, renown  
In arms shall gain.*

Don Christopher was sent by his brother, Don Estevam da Gama, viceroy of India, to the assistance of the Abyssinians against the king of Zeilâ. After various successes, he was at length surprized, and carried, bound, into the presence of the king. This barbarian ordered his slaves to insult him by striking him in the face with their slippers, (almost the greatest affront that can be offered to a Portugueze,) and then he commanded that his beard should be waxed, and set on fire, and that he should be further degraded by being marched in this state through the ranks. Painful as this outrage was, Don Christopher bore it with patience. The king was still afraid of him, and to put an end to his apprehensions, he, with his own hand, cut off the head of this brave warrior.—*De Couto, Decad. v. liv. viii. cap. xiv.*

## NOTE 33, PAGE 395.

*Mount Sinai's tow'ring sacred height behold,  
Ennobled with Saint Catherine's domains.*

Saint Catherine, of Alexandria, was put to death by the Emperor Maximin, about the middle of the third century. Amongst other miracles related in the fabulous account of this saint, it is stated, that when she was decapitated, milk, not blood, flowed from the head, and as before the fatal stroke she had prayed that her body might not be exposed to insult by remaining in the hands of the executioners, it was carried off by angels, and buried by them in Mount Sinai. "Vidose, que muchos Angeles levantaron de la tierra su cuerpo, y por el aire le llevaron hasta el monte Sinay, y alli fue por ellos sepultado!"—*Flos Sanctorum*, p. 552.

## NOTE 34, PAGE 396.

*For there a Turkish armament the sword  
Of valiant Castelbranco shall destroy.*

Don Pedro de Castelbranco had the chief command at Ormuz, and gained, as stated in the poem, various naval victories over the Turks. He does not appear to occupy a very distinguished place in the history of the naval proceedings of the Portuguese.

## NOTE 35, PAGE 397.

*In Gerum, see what change  
Time, the great innovator, has produced.*

In illustrating this passage, I must be indebted to Mr. Marsden for one of his valuable notes on Marco Polo's Travels. "The original city of Ormuz or Hormúz (called by Ptolemy *Ἀρμουζα πόλις*, by the Latins Armuza and



Armuzia, and by the Portuguese Ormuz,) was situated on the eastern shore of the Gulf of Persia, in the province of *Mogostan*, and kingdom of *Kirman*. *Ibn Haukal*, who is understood to have written about the latter part of the tenth century, speaks evidently of this city, on the main, when he says: *Hormuz* is the emporium of the merchants in *Kirman*, and their chief support: it has mosques and market-places, and the merchants reside in the suburbs. p. 142. It was destroyed by one of the princes who reigned in *Kirman*, of the *Seljuk* dynasty, according to some accounts, or the *Moghul*, according to others. The exact period is not satisfactorily ascertained. On this occasion the inhabitants removed, with their most valuable effects, to the neighbouring island of *Jerun*, about thirteen geographical miles from the former situation, where the foundation of the new city of *Hormuz* or *Ormuz*, destined to acquire still greater celebrity than the former, was laid; although under the disadvantages of wanting water, and of a soil impregnated with salt and sulphur. *Abulfeda*, who wrote in the early part of the fourteenth century, and was a contemporary of our author, describes the insular city, and says: "Qui eam vidit nostro hoc tempore, narravit mihi aliquis, antiquam Hormuzum esse devastatam a Tartarorum incursionibus, et ejus incolas transtulisse suas sedes in insulam in mare sitam *Zarun* dictam, a continente vicinam, in antiquæ *Hormuzæ* occidentem: *Hormuzæ* nil superesse nisi parum quid vilis plebeculæ."—*Travels of Marco Polo*, p. 96. note 208.

The fate of *Ormuz* was, in the end, similar to that of *Armuzia*. After it surrendered to the famous *Alphonso Albuquerque* in 1506, it became the great mart for the supply of the productions of *India*. It was wrested from the Portuguese in 1622, its fortifications destroyed, and its commerce diverted into new channels. It has now lost all its importance.

Menezes and Sousa, who are alluded to in this passage, are names of most frequent occurrence amongst the Portuguese that distinguished themselves in India; but the poet has done nearly as much for Don Philip Menezes, and Don Pedro de Sousa, as the historian, for they both occupy but a small portion of the Decades and Chronicles in which their exploits are narrated.

NOTE 36, PAGE 398.

*Yet may Narsinga glory to possess  
The bless'd, rever'd, and sanctified remains  
Of that illustrious saint.*

There is a very curious passage, relating either to this saint, or some apostolic missionary, in Marco Polo, which may be appropriately extracted from Mr. Marsden's Translation of his Travels.

“ In this province of *Maabar* is the body of the glorious martyr, St. Thomas the Apostle, who there suffered martyrdom. It rests in a small city, not frequented by many merchants, because unsuited to the purposes of their commerce; but from devout motives a vast number both of Christians and Saracens resort thither. The latter regard him as a great prophet, and name him *Ananias*, signifying a holy personage. The Christians who perform this pilgrimage, collect earth from the spot where he was slain, which is of a red color, and reverentially carry it away with them; often employing it afterwards in the performance of miracles, and giving it, when diluted with water, to the sick; by which many disorders are cured. . . . . A variety of miracles are daily performed there, through the interposition of the blessed saint. The Christians who have the care of the church, possess groves of those trees which produce the Indian nuts, and from thence derive their means of subsistence; paying as a

tax to one of the royal brothers, a groat, monthly, for each tree.

“ It is related that the death of this most holy apostle took place in the following manner. Having retired to a hermitage, where he was engaged in prayer, and being surrounded by a number of pea-fowls, with which bird the country abounds, an idolater of the tribe of Gauī, who happened to be passing that way and did not perceive the holy man, shot an arrow at a peacock, and struck the apostle in the side. Finding himself wounded, he had only time to thank the Lord for all his mercies ; and into His hands he resigned his spirit.”—Book iii. chap. xx. sect. iv.

Mr. Marsden observes in Note 1317, “ The place here spoken of is the small town of *San Thomè*, situated a few miles to the southward of Madras, where, on a mount, as it is termed, or elevated rock, (the more remarkable from the general flatness of the country,) stands an ancient Christian church. It was formerly of some consequence, and called by the natives *Maliapur*, or, perhaps, more correctly, *Māilapur*. . . . . It has been, and still is, matter of controversy with the writers of church history and other learned persons, whether the first preacher of the gospel to the people of India, who appears to have fallen a sacrifice to his pious zeal, and whose body is believed to have been buried at this place, was actually St. Thomas the Apostle, or a Syrian missionary of the same name. . . . . We have evidence of a higher nature than any afforded by the arguments of modern writers, for the early belief at least, if not for the fact, of an apostolic mission to India. We find it adverted to in the works of St. Jerom, the most eminent of the fathers of the church, who died in the ear 420, at the age of 80, not as a point of faith which he wished to establish, but in the way of illustration, as a matter

of history, known and admitted."—*Travels of Marco Polo*, p. 648 and 651.

The miracles performed by St. Thomas, as related by the poet, are taken from Joaõ de Barros.—*Decada* iii. liv. vii. cap. xi.

NOTE 37, PAGE 400.

*The principal, whose breast the sacred skein  
Adorn'd.*

It is properly the triple skein, and is supposed to bear some confused relation to the Trinity. But this is vague conjecture. It is sufficient to conclude, that it is there an ornament of the highest sacerdotal distinction.

NOTE 38, PAGE 402.

*If of the earth ye be the salt.*

Ye are the salt of the earth; but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.—*St. Matthew*, v. 13.

NOTE 39, PAGE 403.

*And then Pegu, where live a monstrous race.*

This tradition is alluded to by Joaõ de Barros, in *Decad.* iii. liv. iii. cap. iv. and most probably is the authority for its introduction in the *Lusiad*. Olaus Magnus traces the origin of the Scandinavian monarchs to a similar impure source. After stating that a young damsel was *gentilmente* conducted by a monstrous bear to his cave, he describes the nature of this tender attachment. The ancestral progenitor of these northern

princes was, however, discovered, and barbarously put to death. But the son, when apprized of his illustrious descent, slew the assassins of Bruin, his venerable parent. Olaus Magnus closes his statement of this affair by gravely remarking, "Di cui il figliuolo, detto Trugillo Sprachaleg, niente de la paterna virtù lontano, generò Ulfone, dal quale procedette poi il Re Suenone, e le altre stirpi de' Re de' Danij, come da un principio medesimo, con lungo ordine di successione, secondo che testimonia Sassone. Hora, come queste parti possano essere simili, Agustino de la città di Dio, molte cose racconta di una simile generazione, ed a qual sesso più debbe attribuirsi."—*Historia delle Genti e della Natura delle Cose settentrionali, da Olao Magno. Lib. viii. cap. 30.*

As the original is not in my possession, I quote the above passage from the Translation published at Venice in 1565. The reader will, perhaps, think with me, that this fabulous tradition is not of sufficient importance indispensably to require its citation in the grave latinity of the erudite archbishop of Upsal.

## NOTE 40, PAGE 404.

*Thence many have conceived that Ophir's site  
May there be traced.*

All the learning and ingenuity displayed in attempting to determine the situation of Ophir, and of the country whence the queen of Sheba came to Jerusalem to see "Solomon's wisdom and the house that he had built, and to prove him with hard questions," (1 Kings, ch. x.) have only left these points, where they will for ever remain, undecided. Mr. Bruce has endeavoured to prove that Sofala, on the coast of Mozambique, was the Ophir alluded to in Scripture. Dr. Doig, the author of "Letters on the Savage State," addressed to Lord Kames, is of opinion that there were two places of

this name:—one of them, alluded to in Job xxii. 24. situated in the south of Arabia Felix, between Sheba and Havilah; and the other, the Ophir of Solomon, situated somewhere on the coast of Africa, to the west of the Cape; and that the name of Ophir was transferred from the former to the latter place, from a coincident resemblance in climate, productions, &c.

In the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. xx. p. viii. it is erroneously stated that Mr. Marsden is of opinion, from the great abundance of gold in Sumatra, and from the word Ophir being a Malay substantive, signifying a mountain containing gold, that that island is the Ophir of Solomon. Mr. Marsden, on the contrary, says, “The idea of Sumatra being the country of Ophir, whither Solomon sent his fleets for cargoes of gold and ivory, rather than to the coast of Sofala, or other part of Africa, is too vague, and the subject wrapt in a veil of too remote antiquity, to allow of satisfactory discussion; and I shall only observe, that no inference can be drawn from the name of Ophir found in maps, as belonging to a mountain in this island, and to another in the Peninsula; these having been applied to them by European navigators, and the word being unknown to the natives.”—*History of Sumatra*, p. 3. by WILLIAM MARSDEN, F.R.S. &c.

Much learning has been ingeniously but inconclusively displayed in a work recently published, to show that the ancient Ophir comprehended the gold districts on the west coast of Sumatra.—*Illustrations of ancient Geography and History, referring to the sites of Ophir, Sheba, Taprobane, &c.* by ROBERT TYTLER, M.D. M.A.S. 1825.

NOTE 41, PAGE 405.

*Mecon, thy placid bosom shall receive  
The Muse's song.*

Camoens was exiled from Goa in 1556 by the governor



Francisco Barreto, who conceived that his conduct had been condemned in a satirical production attributed to the poet. A part of this exile was spent in the Molucca Islands and at Macao. Camoens sensibly felt the injustice of this act of tyranny, and feelingly and pointedly alludes to it in the subsequent lines. During the administration of the succeeding viceroy, Don Constantine de Braganza, he obtained permission to return to Goa, but in the passage thither from Macao he was shipwrecked near the mouth of the river Mecon, on the coast of Cambodia, where, says Don Joze Maria de Souza Botelho, in his *Life of Camoens*, “ Neste naufragio perdeu elle tudo quanto possuia, podendo apenas salvar-se a nado sobre huma taboa, e sò com o manuscripto do pòema, o seu mais precioso thesouro ; e por certo taõ precioso para elle como para nós, pois immortalisou a sua e nossa fama.”

## NOTE 42, PAGE 407.

*Though pure  
Her silver, yet shall grace divine enhance  
Its lustre.*

Faria y Sousa concludes that the meaning of the author is : the introduction of Christianity into Japan will consecrate the silver of its mines to the service of the church, and thus enhance its value and lustre by its employment in the most solemn and sacred offices of religion.

## NOTE 43, PAGE 408.

*Now Ceylon contemplate, where in the skies  
A soaring mountain shrouds his tow'ring head.*

Marco Polo says (book iii. ch. xxiii.), in his description of the island of Ceylon (Zeilan) : “ In this island there is a very

high mountain, so rocky and precipitous, that the ascent to the top is impracticable, as it is said, excepting by the assistance of iron chains employed for that purpose. By means of these some persons attain the summit, where the tomb of Adam, our first parent, is reported to be found. Such is the account given by the Saracens." Mr. Marsden has the following note on this passage. "It is not uncommon to suppose that this lofty and remarkable mountain in Ceylon, known by the name of Adam's Peak, acquired that appellation from the Portuguese or other European navigators; but we have indubitable evidence that, however designated by the Singalese or their Hindu neighbours, the Mahometans, from an early period, connected it with the name and legend of the prophet Adam. 'Au-delà de ces isles,' says the Arabian traveller of the ninth century, 'dans la mer de Herkend est *Serendib* ou Ceylan. . . . Elle est toute entourée de la mer, et il y a des endroits de sa coste, où on pesche les perles. On trouve plus avant dans les terres une montagne appelée *Rahoun*, sur laquelle on croit qu'Adam est monté, et qu'il a laissé un vestige de son pied sur une roche, au haut de la mesme montagne.'—Anc. Relat. p. 3."—*Travels of Marco Polo, Translated by WILLIAM MARSDEN, F.R.S.* p. 669.

## NOTE 44, PAGE 448.

*The neighbouring Maldives, &c.*

In allusion to the great utility of the palm tree, Barros states that, in the East, it is proverbial, in praising the generous bounty of an individual, to say "he is more fruitful and beneficent than a palm tree." Of the particular kind of palm tree, described in the text, he states, "Em algumas partes, debaixo da agua salgada, nasce outro genero dellas, as quaes dam hum pomo maior que o coco; e tem experiencia que a segunda



casca delle e muito mais efficaç contra a peçonha, que a pedra Bezoar, que vem daquellas partes Orientaes."—*Decada* iii. liv. iii. cap. vii.

NOTE 45, PAGE 409.

*A bold Lusian by his king aggriev'd.*

Fernando Magalhaens, whose important discovery is subsequently alluded to. He is afterwards represented to be a Lusian by birth, but not in loyalty, for having abandoned the service of his king, Don Emmanuel, and entering into that of Charles the Fifth. Although Castile is, in this passage, called the Friend of Lusitania, it is, most probably, with reference to some short period, during which the two countries were accidentally in a state of amicable union, as contradistinguished from their general hostility.

The poet, apparently desirous of bringing the *Lusiad* to a close, compresses much within this short passage, upon which he might otherwise have been tempted to dilate:—the Strait of Magalhaens—the vast continent of North and South America, with its mines, and various nations—the conquests of the Spaniards—the Brazils, originally called Santa Cruz—the Patagonians, and the frozen Antarctic Ocean.

NOTE 46, PAGE 411.

*Ascending Tagus' grand and noble stream,  
They to their country, and their king rever'd,  
The glory gave of these discoveries,  
Which with new titles grace the Lusian Crown.*

After stating that Nicolào Coelho, separated in a storm from Vasco da Gama off Cape Verde islands, entered the port of Lisbon on the 10th July, 1499, exactly two years and two days from the departure of the expedition from the Tagus,

Barros gives the following account of the return of the "Great Discoverer" to his native land.—"After the storm, Vasco da Gama proceeded to the Island of St. Jago. In consequence of the extreme illness of his brother, Paulo da Gama, he appointed Joaõ de Sá to the command of his ship, and ordered him to proceed to Lisbon. In the hope of restoring his brother's health, he took him to the island of Terceira, in a vessel which he hired for the purpose; but he was reduced to such a state of debility, that he died shortly afterwards, and was buried there in the monastery of St. Francis. His death was deeply deplored by Vasco da Gama; for, besides losing a brother, Paulo da Gama possessed qualities calculated to make him regretted by all to whom he was known, and the loss occurred, too, at the very moment when he was about to receive the reward due to his meritorious labors.

"Vasco da Gama left the island of Terceira, and reached Lisbon on the 29th August, 1499; and, instead of entering the city, he went to the chapel of the Virgin Mary, whence he had proceeded on this voyage of discovery, in order that he might, for a few days, devote himself to the religious offices appointed for her celebration. There he was visited by all persons of distinction in the capital, until he made his public entry, which was solemnized with great pomp and ceremony. A variety of splendid entertainments were commanded by the king, in order that he might testify his great satisfaction at the illustrious service performed by Vasco da Gama, which was one of the greatest that could be rendered by a subject, and accomplished in so short a time, and at so inconsiderable an expense. The king, in consequence, added to his crown the titles of lord of conquest, navigation, and commerce, of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, and India. In further satisfaction of this great service, the king immediately bestowed on Vasco da Gama other distinctions:—giving to him and his brothers

the title of Don, allowing him to quarter on the shield of his arms a part of the royal arms of the kingdom, and conferring upon him the title of admiral of the Indian seas, and a pension of three hundred milreas ; with permission to employ annually in Indian commerce two hundred crowns, which regularly produced a profit of two thousand eight hundred milreas. Subsequently he received the title of Count of Vidigueira, when the state of affairs in India proved to be of more importance than in the earlier years that succeeded its discovery."—*Decada* i. liv. iv. cap. xi.

## NOTE 47, PAGE 412.

*But cease, my Muse, thy inspiration cease.*

For the best comment upon the remainder of the poem, I shall quote a passage from Mr. Adamson's excellent Translation of the Essay on the *Lusiad* of Camoens, by Don Jozè Maria de Souza.

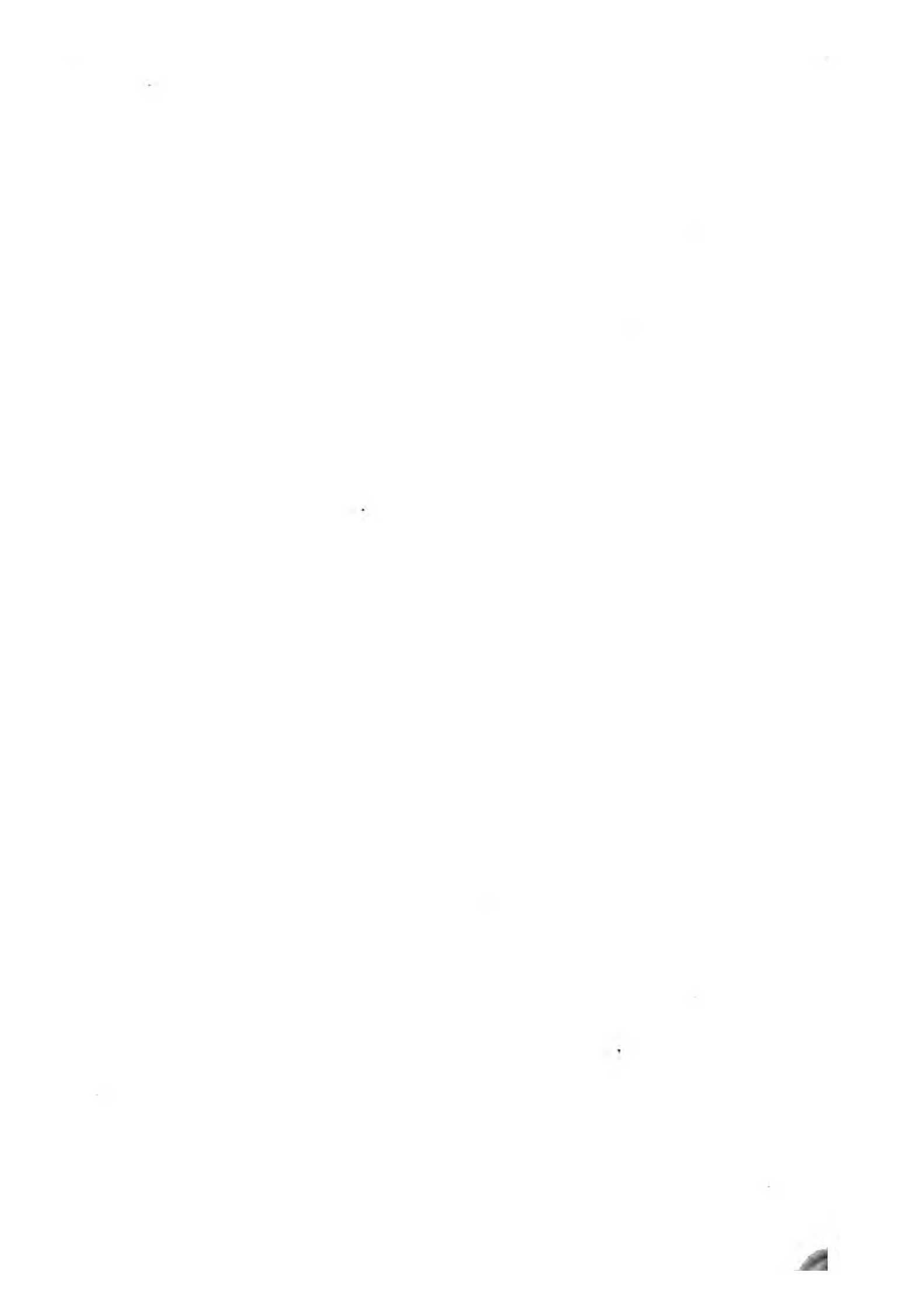
"The epilogue addressed to Don Sebastian, with which the poem concludes, does honor to the noble heart, and to the patriotism of Camoens. It is a didactic apostrophe in harmonious verse, full of the most zealous loyalty, of love of truth and justice, and expressed with a degree of liberty becoming his elevated character.

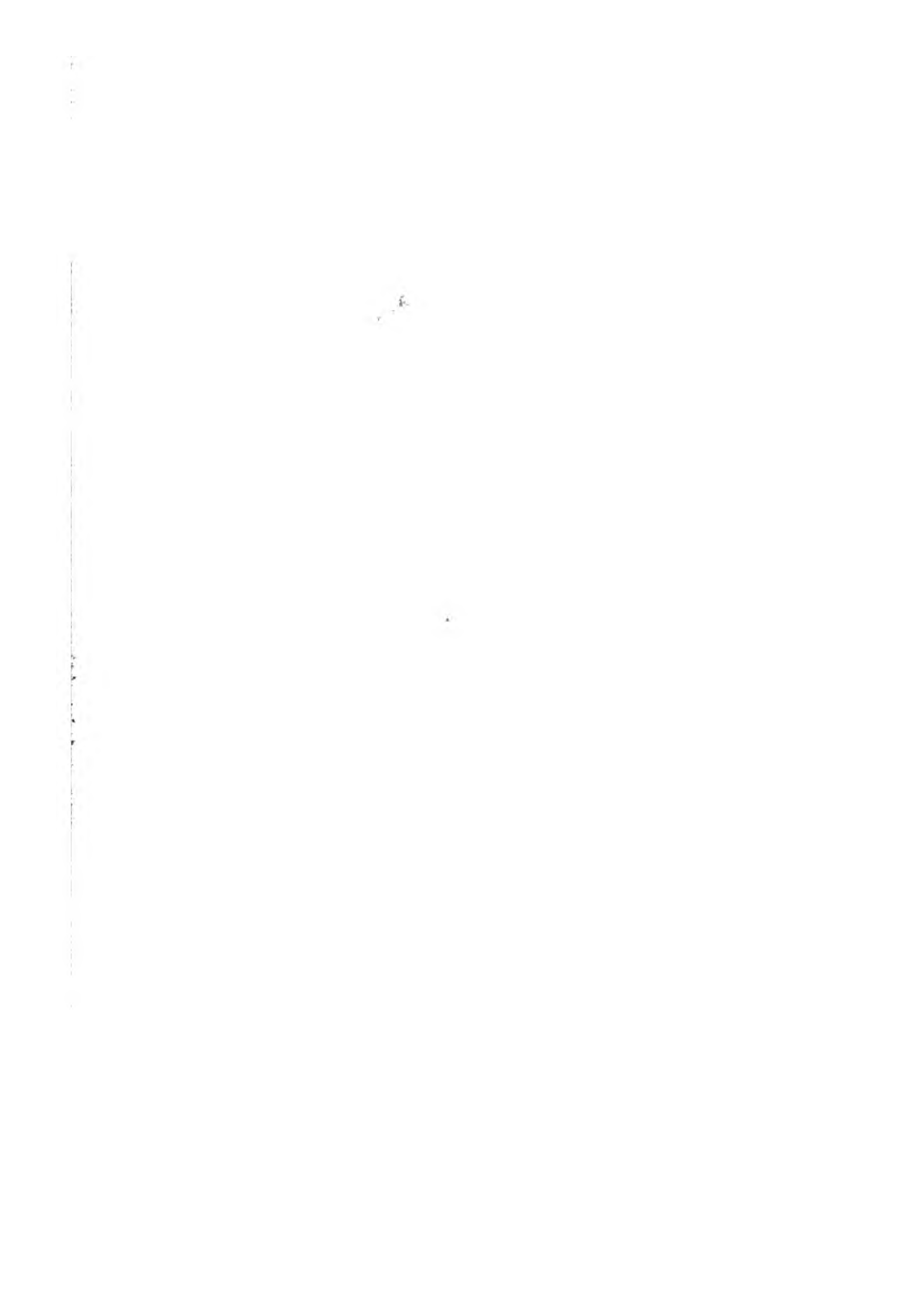
"A poem, inspired by a burst of patriotism, written with so much elegance and simplicity of diction, abounding with passages conspicuous either for their invention, by the fertile variety of the descriptions, or by the sublimity of the thoughts, in which are also found elevation of sentiment and grace of expression, doubtless secures to our author an undeniable right to be placed among the best epic poets."—*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Luis de Camoens*, by JOHN ADAMSON, F.S.A. Vol. ii. p. 55.

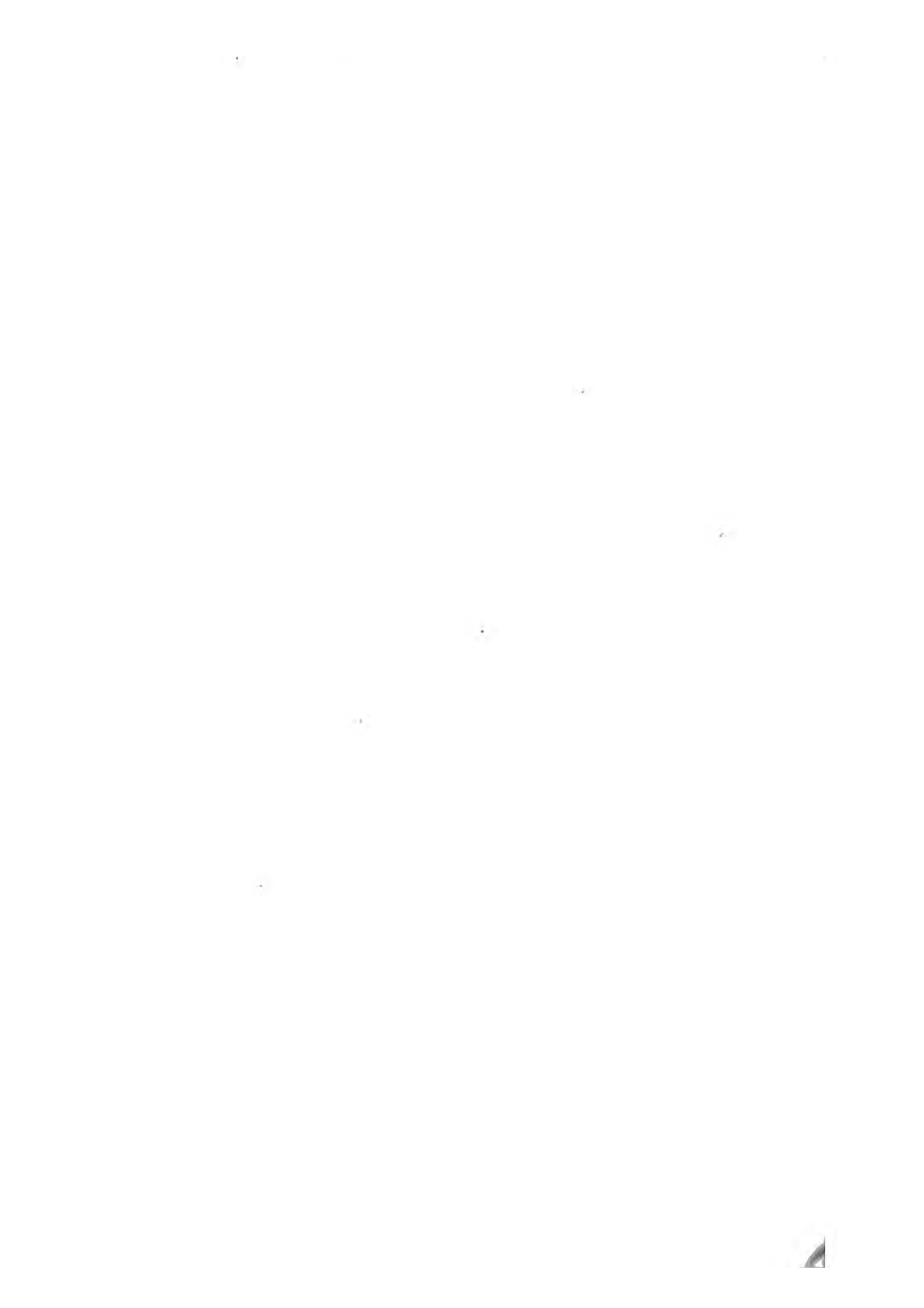
THE END.

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