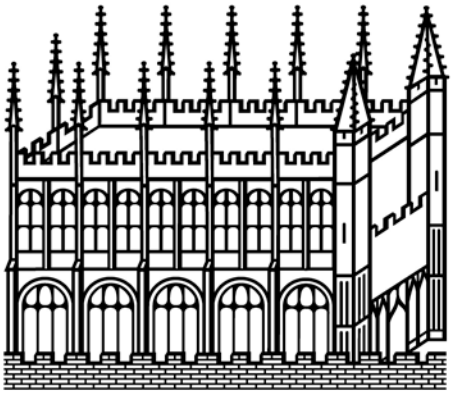

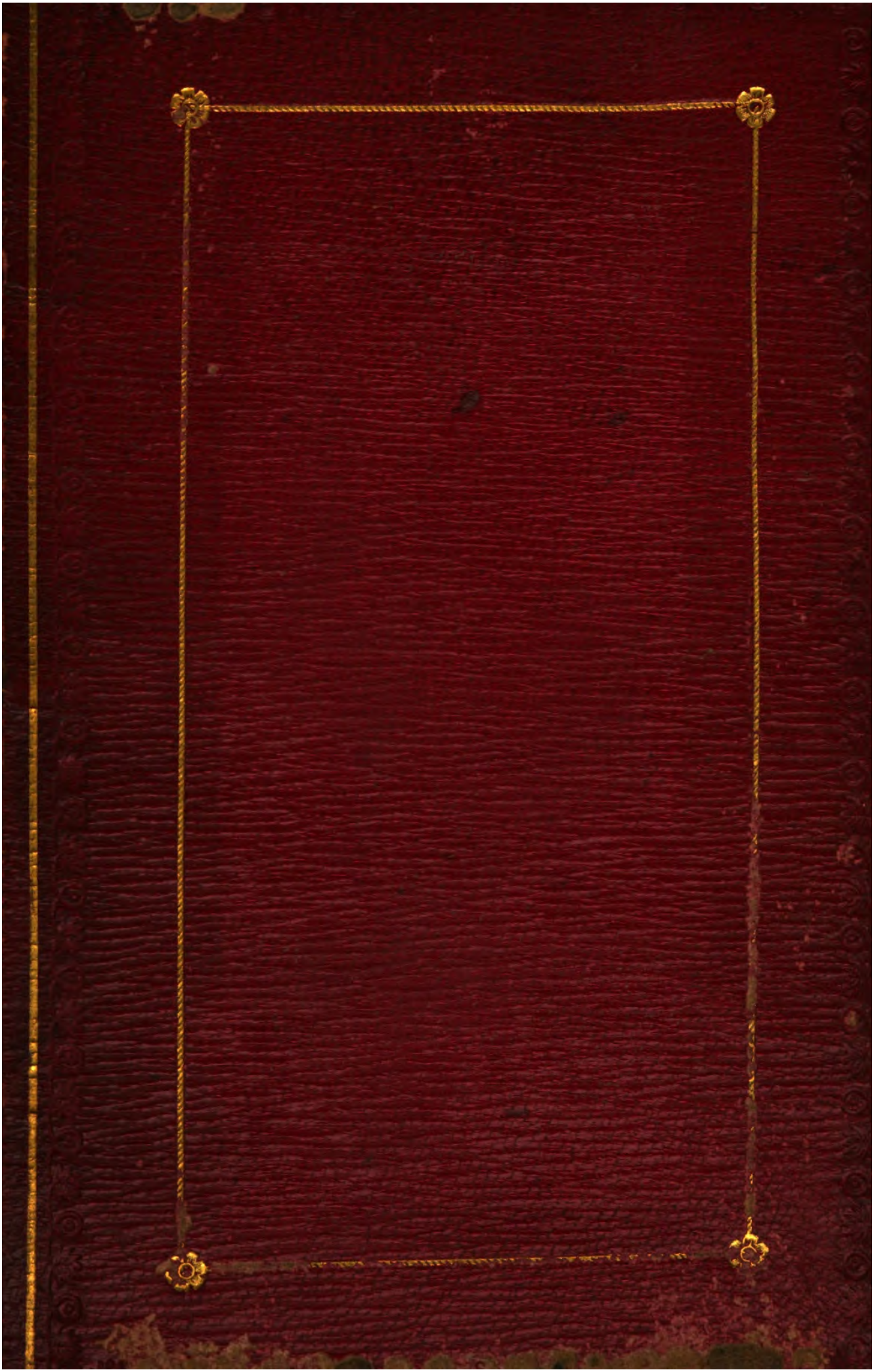

The Lusiad

Luís de Camões, William Julius Mickle


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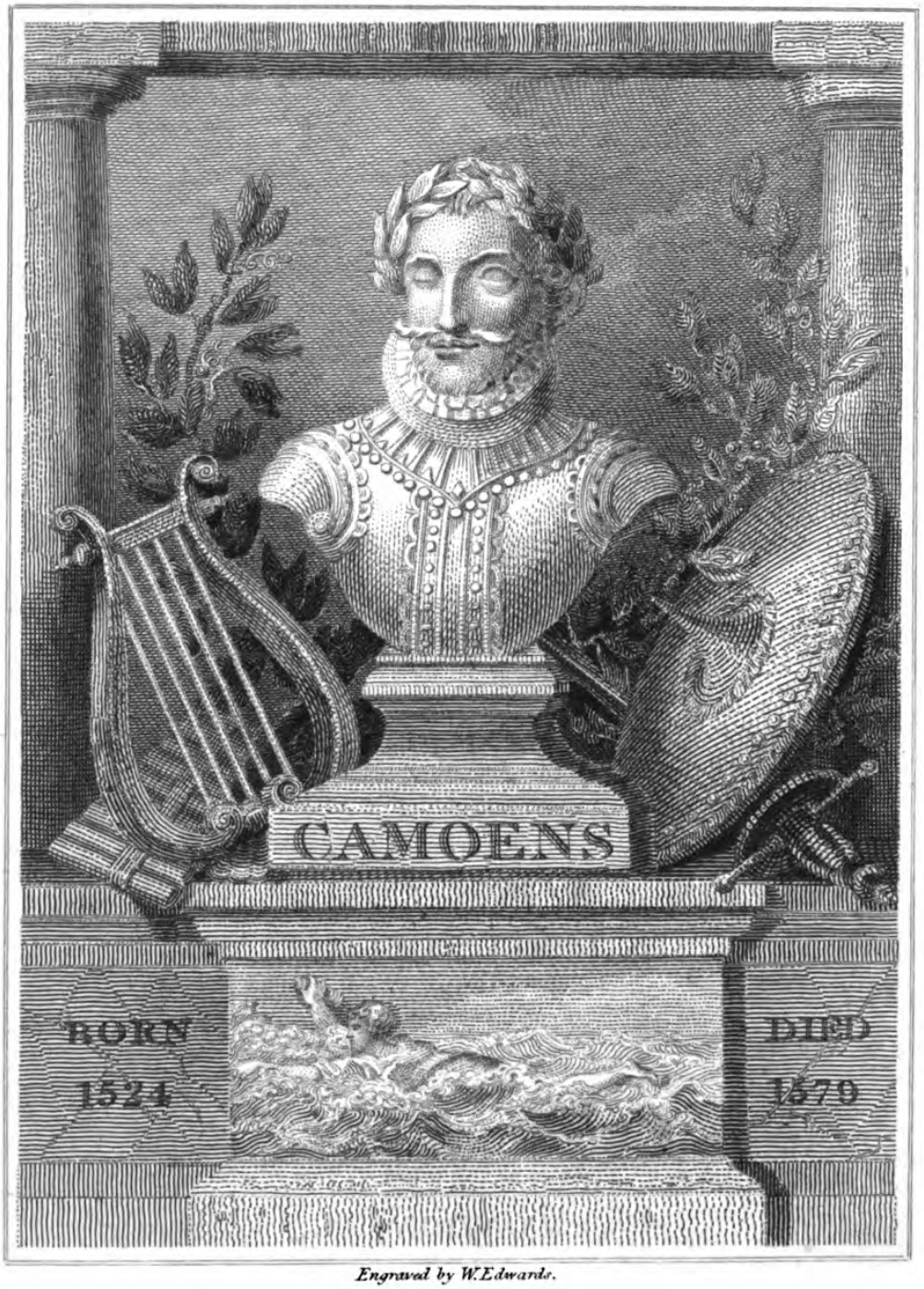


Engraved by W. Edwards.

London, Published by J Harding March 1807.

THE

LUSIAD;

OR

THE DISCOVERY OF INDIA:

AN

EPIC POEM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF

LUIS DE CAMOENS.

WITH

AN HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION AND NOTES.

BY

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

A New Edition.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

LACKINGTON, ALLEN, AND CO.

TEMPLE OF THE MUSES,

FINSBURY-SQUARE.

1809

CAMOENS' LUSIAD.

TRANSLATED BY

W. J. MICKLE.

HARDING and WRIGHT, Printers,
St. John's Square, Clerkenwell.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT has been the principal object of the Editor, to divest the present edition of the Lusiad of that mass of controversy, which has loaded the pages of all those which have preceded it. The gross misrepresentations and unjust criticisms on Camoens of Voltaire, and other foreign critics, which remained unanswered at the time of the first publication of Mr. Mickle's translation of the Lusiad, called forth the severe animadversions which he has advanced in confutation of them; these calumnious aspersions, however, which were then received as the true character of Camoens, no longer require attention, since Mr. Mickle's

acute vindication of his author has so completely exposed the fallacy of his adversary's arguments, which, with the glittering and visionary theories of their author, have fallen together, and the world no longer withholds that applause from the Lusitanian Homer which his excellence so highly merits.

A judicious critic has observed, such is the sweetness and harmony of Mickle's verse, that the Lusiad has become brilliant by transfusion; to what cause, therefore, but the excessive redundancy of the notes, as well as to the overwhelming load of controversy and extraneous matter, which have disfigured the pages of all former editions, can it be attributed, why the Lusiad of Mickle has not hitherto attained that degree of popularity which has been acquired by the Iliad of Pope, or the Eneid of Dryden: in point of poetical excellence it far surpasses the latter, and in very few instances does the former take precedence of it. To remove these objections has been the object of

the present Editor; those notes which loaded the page without elucidating the poem, have been removed, and such only retained as appeared necessary for the illustration of the text.

W. C.

March 1, 1807.

INTRODUCTION.

If a concatenation of events centered in one great action, events which gave birth to the present commercial system of the world; if these be of the first importance in the civil history of mankind, the Lusiad, of all other poems, challenges the attention of the philosopher, the politician, and the gentleman.

In contradistinction to the Iliad and Æneid, the Paradise Lost has been called the Epic Poem of Religion. In the same manner may the Lusiad be named the Epic Poem of Commerce. The happy completion of the most important designs of Henry Duke of Viseo, Prince of Portugal, to whom Europe owes both Gama and Columbus, both the eastern and the western worlds, constitutes the subject of this celebrated epic poem. But before we proceed to the historical introduction necessary to

elucidate a poem founded on such an important period of history, some attention is due to the opinion of those theorists in political philosophy, who lament that either India was ever discovered, and who assert that the increase of trade is big with the real misery of mankind, and that commerce is only the parent of degeneracy, and the nurse of every vice.

Much indeed may be urged on this side of the question, but much also may be urged against every institution relative to man. Imperfection, if not necessary to humanity, is at least the certain attendant on every thing human. Though some part of the traffic with many countries resemble Solomon's importation of apes and peacocks; though the superfluities of life, the baubles of the opulent, and even the luxuries which enervate the irresolute and administer disease, are introduced by the intercourse of navigation; the extent of the benefits which attend it, are also to be considered, ere the man of cool reason will venture to pronounce that the world is injured, and rendered less virtuous and less happy by the increase of commerce.

If a view of the state of mankind, where commerce opens no intercourse between nation and nation, be neglected, unjust conclusions will certainly follow. Where the state of barbarians and of countries under the different degrees of civilization are candidly weighed, we may reasonably expect a just decision. As evidently as the appointment of nature gives pasture to the herds, so evidently is man born for society. As every other animal is in its natural state when in the situation which its instinct requires; so man, when his reason is cultivated, is then, and only then, in the state proper to his nature. The life of the naked savage, who feeds on acorns, and sleeps like a beast in his den, is commonly called the natural state of man; but if there be any propriety in this assertion, his rational faculties compose no part of his nature, and were given not to be used. If the savage therefore live in a state contrary to the appointment of nature, it must follow that he is not so happy as nature intended him to be. And a view of his true character will confirm this conclusion. The reveries, the fairy dreams of a Rousseau, may

figure the paradisiacal life of a Hottentot, but it is only in such dreams that the superior happiness of the barbarian exists. The savage, it is true, is reluctant to leave his manner of life; but unless we allow that he is a proper judge of the modes of living, his attachment to his own by no means proves that he is happier than he might otherwise have been. His attachment only exemplifies the amazing power of habit in reconciling the human breast to the most uncomfortable situations. If the intercourse of mankind in some instances be introductive of vice, the want of it as certainly excludes the exertion of the noblest virtues: and if the seeds of virtue are indeed in the heart, they often lie dormant, and even unknown to the savage possessor. The most beautiful description of a tribe of savages, which we may be assured is from real life, occurs in these words: and the five spies of Dan "*came to* Laish, *and saw the people that were there, how they dwelt careless after the manner of the Zidonians, quiet and secure, and there was no magistrate in the land that might put them to shame in any thing.*"... And the spies said to their brethren, "*Arise, that*

we may go up against them, for we have seen the land, and behold it is very good . . . . and they came unto Laish, *unto a people that were quiet and secure, and they smote them with the edge of the sword, and burnt the city with fire; and there was no deliverer, because it was far from Zidon, and they had no business with any man.*" However the happy simplicity of this society may please the man of fine imagination, the true philosopher will view the men of Laish with other eyes. However virtuous he may suppose one generation, it requires an alteration in human nature, to preserve the children of the next in the same generous estrangement from the selfish passions, from those passions which are the parents of the acts of injustice. When his wants are easily supplied, the manners of the savage will be simple, and often humane, for the human heart is not vicious without objects of temptation. But these will soon occur; he that gathers the greatest quantity of fruit will be envied by the less industrious: the uninformed mind seems insensible of the idea of the right of possession which the labour of acquirement gives. When want is pressing,

and the supply at hand, the only consideration with such minds is the danger of seizing it; and where there is *no magistrate to put to shame in any thing*, depredation will soon display all its horrors. Let it be even admitted that the innocence of the men of Laish could secure them from the consequences of their own unrestrained desires; could even this impossibility be surmounted, still they are a wretched prey to the first invaders; and because they have no business with any man, they will find no deliverer. While human nature is the same, the fate of Laish will always be the fate of the weak and defenceless; and thus the most amiable description of savage life raises in our minds the strongest imagery of the misery and impossible continuance of such a state. But if the view of these innocent people terminate in horror, with what contemplation shall we behold the wilds of Africa and America? The tribes of America, it is true, have degrees of policy greatly superior to any thing understood by the men of Laish. Great masters of martial oratory, their popular assemblies are schools open to all their youth. In these they not only learn the history of their nation, and what they

have to fear from the strength and designs of their enemies, but they also imbibe the most ardent spirit of war. The arts of stratagem are their study, and the most athletic exercises of the field their employment and delight. And what is their greatest praise, they have *magistrates to put to shame.* They inflict no corporeal punishment on their countrymen, it is true, but a reprimand from an elder, delivered in the assembly, is esteemed by them a deeper degradation, and severer punishment, than any of those, too often most impoliticly adopted by civilized nations. Yet, though possessed of this advantage, an advantage impossible to exist in a large commercial empire, and though masters of great martial policy, their condition, upon the whole, is big with the most striking demonstration of the misery and UNNATURAL state of such very imperfect civilization. *Multiply, and replenish the earth*, is an injunction of the best political philosophy ever given to man. Nature has appointed man to cultivate the earth, to increase in number by the food which its culture gives, and by this increase of brethren to remove some, and to mitigate all

the natural miseries of human life. But in direct opposition to this is the political state of the wild Americans. Their lands, luxuriant in climate, are often desolate wastes, where thousands of miles hardly support a few hundreds of savage hunters. Attachment to their own tribe constitutes their highest idea of virtue; but this virtue includes the most brutal depravity, makes them esteem the man of every other tribe as an enemy, as one with whom nature had placed him in a state of war, and had commanded to destroy *. And to this principle, their customs and ideas of honour serve as rituals and ministers. The cruelties practised by the American savages on their prisoners of war (and war is their chief employment) convey every idea expressed by the word diabolical, and give a most shocking view of the

* This ferocity of savage manners affords a philosophical account how the most distant and inhospitable climes were first peopled. When a Romulus erects a monarchy and makes war on his neighbours, some naturally fly to the wilds. As their families increase, the stronger commit depredations on the weaker; and thus from generation to generation, they who either dread just punishment or unjust oppression, fly farther and farther in search of that protection which is only to be found in civilized society.

degradation of human nature*. But what peculiarly completes the character of the savage is his horrible superstition. In the most distant nations the savage is in this the same. The terror of evil spirits continually haunts him; his God is beheld as a relentless tyrant, and is worshipped often with cruel rites, always with a heart full of horror and fear. In all the numerous accounts of savage worship, one trace of filial dependance is not to be found. The very reverse of that happy idea is the hell of

* Unless when compelled by European troops, the exchange of prisoners is never practised by the American savages. —— Sometimes, when a savage loses a son in war, he adopts one of the captives in his stead; but this seldom occurs; for the death of the prisoner seems to give them much more satisfaction. The victim is tied to a tree, his teeth and nails are drawn, burning wood is held to every tender part, his roasted fingers are put into the bowl of a pipe and smoaked by the savages; his tormentors with horrid howls dance round him, wounding him at every turn with their poniards; his eyes are at last thrust out, and he is let loose to stagger about as his torture impels him. As soon as he expires, his dissevered limbs are boiled in the war-kettle, and devoured by his executioners. And such is the power of custom and the ideas of honour, that the unhappy sufferer under all this torment betrays no sign of fear or grief. On the contrary, he upbraids his executioners with their ignorance of the art of tormenting, and boasts how many of their kindred had found their grave in his belly, whom he had put to death in a much severer manner.

the ignorant mind. Nor is this barbarism confined alone to those ignorant tribes, whom we call savages. The vulgar of every country possess it in certain degrees, proportionated to their opportunities of conversation with the more enlightened. All the virtues and charities, which either dignify human nature or render it amiable, are cultivated and called forth into action by society. The savage life, on the contrary, if we may be allowed the expression, instinctively narrows the mind; and thus, by the exclusion of the nobler feelings, prepares it, as a soil, ready for every vice. Sordid disposition and base ferocity, together with the most unhappy superstition, are every where the proportionate attendants of ignorance and severe want. And ignorance and want are only removed by intercourse and the offices of society. So self-evident are these positions, that it requires an apology for insisting upon them; but the apology is at hand. He who has read knows how many eminent writers*,

* The author of that voluminous work, *Histoire Philosophique et Politique des Etablissemens et du Commerce des Européens dans les deux Indes*, is one of the many who assert that the

and he who has conversed knows how many respectable names, connect the idea of inno-

savage is happier than the civil life. His reasons are thus abridged: the savage has no care or fear for the future, his hunting and fishing give him a certain subsistence. He sleeps sound, and knows not the diseases of cities. He cannot want what he does not desire, nor desire that which he does not know, and vexation or grief do not enter his soul. He is not under the control of a superior in his actions; in a word, says our author, the savage only suffers the evils of nature.

If the civilized, he adds, enjoy the elegancies of life, have better food, and are more comfortably defended against the change of seasons, it is use which makes these things necessary, and they are purchased by the painful labours of the multitude who are the basis of society. To what outrages is not the man of civil life exposed? If he has property, it is in danger; and government or authority is, according to this author, the greatest of all evils. If there is a famine in the north of America, the savage, led by the wind and the sun, can go to a better clime; but in the horrors of famine, war, or pestilence, the ports and barriers of polished states place the subjects in a prison, where they must perish—*Il resteroit encore*—There still remains an infinite difference between the lot of the civilized and the savage; a difference, *toute entiere*, all entirely to the disadvantage of society, that injustice which reigns in the inequality of fortunes and conditions. "In fine, (says he) as the wish for independence is one of the first instincts of man, he who can join to the possession of this primitive right, the moral security of a subsistence, (which we were just told the savage could do) is incomparably more happy than the rich man surrounded with laws, superiors, prejudices, and fashions, which endanger his liberty."

Such are the sentiments of Abbè Raynal, a writer whose spirited manner, and interesting subject, have acquired him

cence and happiness with the life of the savage and the unimproved rustic. To fix the cha-

many readers. As he is not singular in his estimate of savage happiness, his arguments merit examination. And a view of the full tendency of his assertions will sufficiently refute his conclusions. Nothing can be more evident, than that if habit destroy the relish of the elegancies of life, habit also will destroy the pleasure of hunting and fishing, when these are the sole business of the savage. If the savage has no care and no superior, these very circumstances naturally brutalise his mind, and render him vicious, fierce, and selfish. Nor is he so free from care as some philosophers on their couches of down are apt to dream. Because hunting and fishing seem pleasant to us, are they also a pleasure to the wretch who in all seasons must follow them for his daily sustenance? It might as well be maintained that a postillion, jaded with fatigue, and shivering with wet and cold, is extremely happy, because gentlemen ride on horseback for their pleasure. That we cannot want what we do not desire, nor desire what we do not know, are just positions; but does it follow, that such a state is happier than that which brings the wishes and cares of civil life? By no means: for according to this argument, insensibility and happiness proceed in the same gradation, and of consequence an oyster * is the happiest of all animals. The advantages as-

* And our author in reality goes as far, "*Temoin cet Ecossois*,——Witness that Scotchman, (says he) who being left alone on the isle of Fernandez, was only unhappy while his memory remained; but when his natural wants so engrossed him that he forgot his country, his language, his name, and even the articulation of words, this European, at the end of four years, found himself eased of the burden of social life, in having the happiness to lose the use of reflection, of those thoughts which led him back to the past, or taught him to dread the future." But this is as erroneous in fact, as such happiness is false in philosophy. Alexander Selkirk fell into no such state of happy ideotism. By his own account he acquired indeed the greatest tranquillity of mind, which arose from religious submission to his fate. He had with him a bible, some books of mathematics and practical divinity; the

racter of the savage is therefore necessary, ere we examine the assertion, that " it had been happy for both the old and the new worlds, if

cribed to the savage over the civilized life, in the time of war and famine, in the equality of rank, and security of liberty, offer an outrage to common sense, and are striking instances that no paradox is too gross for the reveries of modern philosophy. This author quite forgets what dangers the savages are every where exposed to; how their lands, if of any value, are sure to be seized by their more powerful neighbours, and millions of their persons enslaved by the more polished states. He quite forgets the *infinite distance* between the *resources* of the social and savage life: between the comforts administered by society to infirmity and old age, and the miserable state of the savage when he can no longer pursue his hunting and fishing. He also quite forgets the infinite difference between the discourse of the savage hut, and the *cœna deorum*, the friendship and conversation of refined and elevated understandings. But to philosophise is the contagion which infects the *esprits forts* of the continent; and under the mania of

daily perusal of which both fortified his patience and amused his tedious hours. And he professed that he feared he would never again be so good a Christian. In his domestic economy he shewed every exertion of an intelligent mind. When Capt. Rogers found him in 1709, the accounts which he gave of the springs and vegetables of the island, were of the greatest service to the ship's company. And the Captain found him so able a sailor, that he immediately made him mate of his ship. Having seen Capt. Rogers's vessel at sea, he made a fire in the night, in consequence of which a boat was sent to examine the shore. He said, he had seen some Spaniards at different times land on the island, but he had always fled from them, judging they would certainly put him to death, in order to prevent any account which he might be able to give of the South Seas. This is not the reasoning of the man who has forgotten his name and his country. And even his amusements discover humour, and a mind by no means wrapt up in dull or savage tranquillity. He had taught a number of his tame goats and cats to dance on their hinder legs; and he himself sung and danced along with them. This he exhibited to Capt. Rogers and his company.

the East and West Indies had never been discovered." The bloodshed and the attendant miseries which the unparalleled rapine and cruelties of the Spaniards spread over the new world, indeed disgrace human nature. The great and flourishing empires of Mexico and Peru, steeped in the blood of forty millions of their sons, present a melancholy prospect, which must excite the indignation of every good heart. Yet such desolation is not the certain consequence of discovery. And even should we allow that the depravity of human nature is so great, that the avarice of the merchant and rapacity of the soldier will overwhelm with misery every new discovered country, still

this disease, there is no wonder that common sense is so often crucified. It is only the reputation of those who support some opinions that will apologise for the labour of refuting them. We may therefore, it is hoped, be forgiven, if, *en bagatelle*, we smile at the triumph of our author, who thus sums up his arguments: "*Aprés tout, un mot peut terminer ce grand procés*—After all one word will decide this grand dispute, so strongly canvassed among philosophers: demand of the man of civil life, if he is happy? Demand of the savage if he is miserable? If both answer, No, the dispute is determined." By no means; for the beast that is contented to wallow in the mire, is by this argument in a happier state than the man who has one wish to satisfy, however reasonably he may hope to do it by his industry and virtue.

are there other, more comprehensive, views, to be taken, ere we decide against the intercourse introduced by navigation. When we weigh the happiness of Europe in the scale of political philosophy, we are not to confine our eye to the dreadful ravages of Attila the Hun, or of Alaric the Goth. If the waters of a stagnated lake are disturbed by the spade when led into new channels, we ought not to inveigh against the alteration because the waters are fouled at the first; we are to wait to see the streamlets refine and spread beauty and utility through a thousand vales which they never visited before. Such were the conquests of Alexander; temporary evils, but civilization and happiness followed in the bloody track. And though disgraced with every barbarity, happiness has also followed the conquests of the Spaniards in the other hemisphere. Though the villany of the Jesuits defeated their schemes of civilization in many countries, the labours of that society have been crowned with a success in Paraguay and in Canada, which reflects upon their industry the greatest honour. The customs and cruelties of many American tribes still disgrace

human nature; but in Paraguay and Canada the natives have been brought to relish the blessings of society and the arts of virtuous and civil life. If Mexico is not so populous as it once was, neither is it so barbarous; the shrieks of the human victim do not now resound from temple to temple; nor does the human heart, held up reeking to the sun, imprecate the vengeance of heaven on the guilty empire*. And, however impolitically despotic the Spanish governments may be, still do these colonies en-

* The innocent simplicity of the Americans in their conferences with the Spaniards, and the dreadful cruelties they suffered, divert our view from their complete character. But almost every thing was horrid in their civil customs and religious rites. In some tribes, to cohabit with their mothers, sisters, and daughters, was esteemed the means of domestic peace. In others, catamites were maintained in every village; these went from house to house as they pleased, and it was unlawful to refuse them whatever victuals they chose. In every tribe the captives taken in war were murdered with the most wanton cruelty, and afterwards devoured by the victors. Their religious rites were, if possible, still more horrid. The abominations of ancient Moloch were here outnumbered; children, virgins, slaves, and captives, bled on different altars, to appease their various gods. If there was a scarcity of human victims, the priests announced that the gods were dying of thirst for human blood. And to prevent a threatened famine the kings of Mexico were obliged to make war on the neighbouring states, to supply the altars. The prisoners of either side died by the hand of the priest. But the number of the Mexican

joy the opportunities of improvement, which in every age arise from the knowledge of commerce and of letters; opportunities which were never enjoyed under the dominion of Montezuma and Atabalipa. But if we turn our eyes from this disgusting view of the barbarous superstitions of the primitive inhabitants of South America, to the present improved state of so-

sacrifices so greatly exceeded those of other nations, that the Tlascalans, who were hunted down for this purpose, readily joined Cortez with about 200,000 men, and fired by the most fixed hatred, enabled him to make one great sacrifice of the Mexican nation. Without the assistance of these potent auxiliaries, Cortez never could have conquered Mexico. And thus the barbarous cruelty of the Mexicans was the real cause of their very signal destruction. As the horrid scenes of gladiators amused ancient Rome, so their more horrid sacrifices seem to have formed the chief entertainment of Mexico. At the dedication of the temple of Vitzuliputzli. A. D. 1486, 64,080 human victims were sacrificed in four days. And, according to the best accounts, their annual sacrifices required several thousands. The skulls of the victims sometimes were hung on strings which reached from tree to tree round their temples, and sometimes were built up in towers and cemented with lime. In some of these towers Andrew de Tapia one day counted * 136,000 skulls. When the Spaniards gave to the Mexicans a pompous display of the greatness of their monarch Charles V. Montezuma's orators in return boasted of the power of their emperor, and enumerated among the proofs of it, the great number of his human sacrifices. He could easily con-

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

ciety in the North, what a glorious prospect opens to our sight. Here formerly on the wild lawn, perhaps twice in the year, a few savage hunters kindled their evening fire, kindled it more to protect them from evil spirits and beasts of prey, than from the cold; and with their feet pointed to it, slept on the ground. Here now population spreads her thousands, and society appears in all its blessings of mutual help, and the mutual lights of intellectual improvement.

Stubborn indeed must be the theorist, who

quer that great people, the Tlascalans, they said, but he chooses to preserve them to supply his altars. During the war with the Spaniards they increased their usual sacrifices, till priest and people were tired of their bloody religion. Frequent embassies from different tribes complained to Cortez that they were weary of their rites, and intreated him to teach them his law. And though the Peruvians, it is said, were more polished, and did not sacrifice quite so many as the Mexicans, yet 200 children was the usual hecatomb for the health of the Ynca, and a much larger one of all ranks honoured his obsequies. The method of sacrificing was thus: six priests laid the victim on an altar, which was narrow at top, when five bending him across, the sixth cut up his stomach with a sharp flint, and while he held up the heart reeking to the sun, the others tumbled the carcass down a flight of stairs near the altar, and immediately proceeded to the next sacrifice. See Acosta, Gomara, Careri, the letters of Cortez to Charles V. &c. &c.

will deny the improvement, virtue, and happiness, which, in the result, the voyage of Columbus has spread over the western world. The happiness which Europe and Asia have received from the intercourse with each other, cannot hitherto, it must be owned, be compared either with the possession of it, or the source of its increase established in America. Yet let the man of the most melancholy views estimate all the wars and depredations which are charged upon the Portuguese and other European nations, still will the eastern world appear considerably advantaged by the voyage of Gama. If seas of blood have been shed by the Portuguese, nothing new was introduced into India. War and depredation were no unheard-of strangers on the banks of the Ganges; nor could the nature of the civil establishments of the eastern nations secure a lasting peace. The ambition of their native princes was only diverted into new channels; into channels, which, in the natural course of human affairs, will certainly lead to permanent governments, established on improved laws and just dominion. Yet even ere such governments are formed, is Asia no loser

by the arrival of Europeans. The horrid massacres and unbounded rapine which, according to their own annals, followed the victories of their Asian conquerors, were never equalled by the worst of their European vanquishers. Nor is the establishment of improved governments in the east the dream of theory. The superiority of the civil and military arts of the British, notwithstanding the hateful character of some individuals, is at this day beheld in India with all the astonishment of admiration; and admiration is always followed, though often with retarded steps, by the strong desire of similar improvement. Long after the fall of the Roman empire, the Roman laws were adopted by nations which ancient Rome esteemed as barbarous. And thus, in the course of ages, the British laws, according to every test of probability, will, in India, have a most important effect, will fulfil the prophecy of Camoens, and transfer to the British the high compliment he pays to his countrymen;

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

In former ages, and within these few years, the fertile empire of India has exhibited every scene of human misery, under the undistinguishing ravages of their Mohammedan and native princes; ravages only equalled in European history by those committed under Attila, surnamed the scourge of God, and the destroyer of nations. The ideas of patriotism and of honour were seldom known in the cabinets of the eastern princes till the arrival of the Europeans. Every species of assassination was the policy of their courts, and every act of unrestrained rapine and massacre followed the path of victory. But some of the Portuguese governors, and many of the English officers, have taught them, that humanity to the conquered is the best, the truest policy. The brutal ferocity of their own conquerors is now the object of their greatest dread; and the superiority of the British in war has convinced their princes*, that an alliance with the British is the surest guarantee of their national peace and prosperity. While

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

the English East India Company are possessed of their present greatness, it is in their power to diffuse over the East every blessing which flows from the wisest and most humane policy. Long ere the Europeans arrived, a failure of the crop of rice, the principal food of India, has spread the devastations of famine over the populous plains of Bengal. And never, from the seven years famine of ancient Egypt to the present day, was there a natural scarcity in any country which did not enrich the proprietors of the granaries. The Mohammedan princes and Moorish traders have often added all the horrors of an artificial to a natural famine. But however some Portuguese or other governors may stand accused, much was left for the humanity of the more exalted policy of an Albuquerque or a Castro. And under such European governors as these, the distresses of the East have often been alleviated by a generosity of conduct, and a train of resources formerly unknown in Asia. Absurd and impracticable were that scheme, which would introduce the British laws into India, without the deepest regard to the manners and circumstances peculiar

to the people. But that spirit of liberty upon which they are founded, and that security of property which is their leading principle, must, in time, have a wide and stupendous effect. The abject spirit of Asiatic submission will be taught to see, and to claim those rights of nature, of which the dispirited and passive Gentoos could, till lately, hardly form an idea. From this, as naturally as the noon succeeds the dawn, must the other blessings of civilization arise. For though the four great tribes of India are almost inaccessible to the introduction of other manners and of other literature than their own, happily there is in human nature a propensity to change. Nor may the political philosopher be deemed an enthusiast, who would boldly prophesy, that unless the British be driven from India, the general superiority which they bear will, ere many generations shall have passed, induce the most intelligent of India to break the shackles of their absurd superstitions, and lead them to partake of those advantages which arise from the free scope and due cultivation of the rational powers. In almost every instance the Indian institutions are contrary to the feel-

ings and wishes of nature *. And ignorance and bigotry, their two chief pillars, can never secure unalterable duration †. We have certain proof, that the horrid custom of burning the wives along with the body of the deceased husband, has continued for upwards of 1500 years; we are also certain, that within these twenty years it has begun to fall into disuse. Together with the alteration of this most striking feature of Indian manners, other assimilations to European sentiments have already taken place. Nor can the obstinacy even of the conceited Chinese always resist the desire of imitating the Europeans, a people who in arts and in arms are so greatly superior to themselves. The use of the twenty-four letters, by which we can express every language, appeared at first as miraculous to the Chinese. Prejudice cannot always deprive that people, who are not deficient in selfish cunning, of the ease and ex-

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

† The impossibility of alteration in the religion of the Bramins, (one of their principal tenets) is an assertion against facts. The high antiquity and unadulterated sameness of their religion, are impositions on Europe.

pedition of an alphabet; and it is easy to foresee, that, in the course of a few centuries, some alphabet will certainly take place of the 60,000 arbitrary marks, which now render the cultivation of the Chinese literature not only a labour of the utmost difficulty, but even the attainment of it impossible beyond a very limited degree. And from the introduction of an alphabet, what improvements may not be expected from the laborious industry of the Chinese! Though most obstinately attached to their old customs, yet there is a tide in the manners of nations which is sudden and rapid, and which acts with a kind of instinctive fury against ancient prejudice and absurdity. It was that nation of merchants, the Phœnicians, which diffused the use of letters through the ancient, and commerce will undoubtedly diffuse the same blessings through the modern world.

To this view of the political happiness, which is sure to be introduced in proportion to civilization, let the divine add, what may be reasonably expected, from such opportunity of the increase of religion. A factory of merchants, indeed, has seldom been found to be the school

of piety; yet, when the general manners of a people become assimilated to those of a more rational worship, something more than ever was produced by an infant mission, or the neighbourhood of an infant colony, may then be reasonably expected, and even foretold.

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

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

Afric behold, alas, what altered view!
Her lands uncultured, and her sons untrue;
Ungraced with all that sweetens human life,
Savage and fierce they roam in brutal strife;

Eager they grasp the gifts which culture yields,
Yet naked roam their own neglected fields.....
Unnumber'd tribes as bestial grazers stray,
By laws unform'd, unform'd by Reason's sway.
Far inward stretch the mournful steril dales,
Where on the parch'd hill-side pale famine wails.

LUSIAD X.

Let us view what millions of these unhappy savages are dragged from their native fields, and cut off for ever from all the hopes and all the rights to which human birth entitled them. And who would hesitate to pronounce that negro the greatest of patriots, who, by teaching his countrymen the arts of society, should teach them to defend themselves in the possession of their fields, their families, and their own personal liberties?

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

Several ages before this period the feudal system had degenerated into the most absolute tyranny. The barons exercised the most despotic authority over their vassals, and every scheme of public utility was rendered impracticable by their continual petty wars with each other; and to which they led their dependents as dogs to the chase. Unable to read, or to write his own name, the chieftain was entirely possessed by the most romantic opinion of military glory, and the song of his domestic minstrel constituted his highest idea of fame. The classics slept on the shelves of the monasteries, their dark, but happy asylum; while the life of the monks resembled that of the fattened beeves which loaded their tables. Real abilities were indeed possessed by a Duns Scotus, and a few others; but these were lost in the most trifling subtleties of a sophistry, which they dignified with the name of casuistical divinity. Whether Adam and Eve were created with navels, and how many thousand angels might at the same instant dance upon the point of the finest needle without jostling one another, were two of the several topics of like importance which excited

the acumen and engaged the controversies of the learned. While every branch of philosophical, of rational investigation, was thus unpursued and unknown, commerce, incompatible in itself with the feudal system, was equally neglected and unimproved. Where the mind is enlarged and enlightened by learning, plans of commerce will rise into action; and these, in return, will, from every part of the world, bring new acquirements to philosophy and science. The birth of learning and commerce may be different, but their growth is mutual and dependent upon each other. They not only assist each other, but the same enlargement of mind which is necessary for perfection in the one, is also necessary for perfection in the other; and the same causes impede, and are alike destructive of both. The INTERCOURSE of mankind is the parent of each. According to the confinement or extent of intercourse, barbarity or civilization proportionably prevail. In the dark monkish ages, the intercourse of the learned was as much impeded and confined as that of the merchant. A few unwieldy vessels coasted the shores of Europe; and mendicant

friars and ignorant pilgrims carried a miserable account of what was passing in the world from monastery to monastery. What doctor had last disputed on the Peripatetic philosophy at some university, or what new heresy had last appeared, not only comprised the whole of their literary intelligence, but was delivered with little accuracy, and received with as little attention. While this thick cloud of mental darkness overspread the western world, was Don Henry, Prince of Portugal, born; born to set mankind free from the feudal system, and to give to the whole world every advantage, every light that may possibly be diffused by the intercourse of unlimited commerce:

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

In contrast to the melancholy view of human nature, sunk in barbarism and benighted with ignorance, let the present state of Europe be

impartially estimated. Yet though the great increase of opulence and learning cannot be denied, there are some who assert, that virtue and happiness have as greatly declined. And the immense overflow of riches, from the East in particular, has been pronounced big with destruction to the British empire. Every thing human, it is true, has its dark as well as its bright side; but let these popular complaints be examined, and it will be found, that modern Europe, and the British empire in a very particular manner, have received the greatest and most solid advantages from the modern enlarged system of commerce. The magic of the old romances, which could make the most withered, deformed hag, appear as the most beautiful virgin, is every day verified in popular declamation. Ancient days are there painted in the most amiable simplicity, and the modern in the most odious colours. Yet what man of fortune in England now lives in that stupendous gross luxury which every day was exhibited in the Gothic castles of the old chieftains! Four or five hundred knights and 'squires in the domestic retinue of a warlike Earl was not uncommon,

nor was the pomp of embroidery inferior to the profuse waste of their tables; in both instances unequalled by all the mad excesses of the present age.

While the Baron thus lived in all the wild glare of Gothic luxury, agriculture was almost totally neglected, and his meaner vassals fared harder, infinitely less comfortably, than the meanest industrious labourers of England do now. Where the lands are uncultivated, the peasants, ill-clothed, ill-lodged, and poorly fed, pass their miserable days in sloth and filth, totally ignorant of every advantage, of every comfort which nature lays at their feet. He who passes from the trading towns and cultured fields of England, to those remote villages of Scotland or Ireland, which claim this description, is astonished at the comparative wretchedness of their destitute inhabitants; but few consider, that these villages only exhibit a view of what all Europe was, ere the spirit of commerce diffused the blessings which naturally flow from her improvements. In the Hebrides the failure of a harvest almost depopulates an island. Having little or no traffic to purchase grain,

numbers of the young and hale betake themselves to the continent in quest of employment and food, leaving a few, less adventurous, behind, to beget a new race, the heirs of the same fortune. Yet, from the same cause, from the want of traffic, the kingdom of England has often felt more dreadful effects than these. Even in the days when her Henries and Edwards plumed themselves with the trophies of France, how often has famine spread all her horrors over city and village? Our modern histories neglect this characteristical feature of ancient days; but the rude chronicles of these ages inform us, that three or four times, in almost every reign of continuance, was England thus visited. The failure of one crop was then severely felt, and two bad harvests together were almost insupportable. But commerce has now opened another scene, and prevents in a great measure the extremities which were formerly experienced under bad harvests; extremities which were esteemed more dreadful visitations of the wrath of heaven than the pestilence itself. Yet modern London is not so certainly defended against the latter, its ancient

visitor in almost every reign, as the commonwealth by the means of commerce, under a just and humane government, is secured against the ravages of the former. If, from these great outlines of the happiness enjoyed by a commercial over an uncommercial nation, we turn our eyes to the manners, the advantages will be found no less in favour of the civilized.

Whoever is inclined to declaim on the vices of the present age, let him read, and be convinced, that the Gothic ages were less virtuous. If the spirit of chivalry prevented effeminacy, it was the foster-father of a ferocity of manners, now happily unknown. Rapacity, avarice, and effeminacy are the vices ascribed to the increase of commerce; and in some degree, it must be confessed, they follow her steps. Yet infinitely more dreadful, as every palatinate in Europe often felt, were the effects of the two first under the feudal lords, than possibly can be experienced under any system of trade. The virtues and vices of human nature are the same in every age: they only receive different modifications, and lie dormant or are awaked into action under different circumstances. The

feudal lord had it infinitely more in his power to be rapacious than the merchant. And whatever avarice may attend the trader, his intercourse with the rest of mankind lifts him greatly above that brutish ferocity which actuates the savage, often the rustic, and in general characterises the ignorant part of mankind. The abolition of the feudal system, a system of absolute slavery, and that equality of mankind which affords the protection of property, and every other incitement to industry, are the glorious gifts which the spirit of commerce, called forth by Prince Henry of Portugal, has bestowed upon Europe in general; and, as if directed by the manes of his mother, a daughter of England, upon the British empire in particular. In the vice of effeminacy alone, perhaps, do we exceed our ancestors; yet even here we have infinitely the advantage over them. The brutal ferocity of former ages is now lost, and the general mind is humanised. The savage breast is the native soil of revenge; a vice, of all others, ingratitude excepted, peculiarly stamped with the character of hell. But the mention of this was reserved for the character

of the savages of Europe. The savage of every country is implacable when injured, but among some, revenge has its measure. When an American Indian is murdered, his kindred pursue the murderer, and as soon as blood has atoned for blood, the wilds of America hear the hostile parties join in their mutual lamentations over the dead; and as an oblivion of malice, the murdered and the murderer are buried together. But the measure of revenge, never to be full, was left for the demi-savages of Europe. The vassals of the feudal lord entered into his quarrels with the most inexorable rage. Just or unjust was no consideration of theirs. It was a family feud; no further inquiry was made; and from age to age, the parties, who never injured each other, breathed nothing but mutual rancour and revenge. And actions, suitable to this horrid spirit, every where confessed its virulent influence. Such were the late days of Europe, admired by the ignorant for the innocence of manners. Resentment of injury indeed is natural; and there is a degree which is honest, and though warm, far from inhuman. But if it is the hard task of humanised virtue to

preserve the feeling of an injury unmixed with the slightest criminal wish of revenge, how impossible is it for the savage to attain the dignity of forgiveness, the greatest ornament of human nature! As in individuals, a virtue will rise into a vice, generosity into blind profusion, and even mercy into criminal lenity, so civilised manners will lead the opulent into effeminacy. But let it be considered, this consequence is by no means the certain result of civilization. Civilization, on the contrary, provides the most effectual barrier against this evil. Where classical literature prevails, the manly spirit which it breathes must be diffused. Whenever frivolousness predominates, when refinement degenerates into whatever enervates the mind, literary ignorance is sure to complete the effeminate character. A mediocrity of virtues and of talents is the lot of the great majority of mankind; and even this mediocrity, if cultivated by a liberal education, will infallibly secure its possessor against those excesses of effeminacy which are really culpable. To be of plain manners it is not necessary to be a clown, or to wear coarse clothes; nor is it necessary to lie

on the ground and feed like the savage, to be truly manly. The beggar, who, behind the hedge, divides his offals with his dog, has often more of the real sensualist than he who dines at an elegant table. Nor need we hesitate to assert, that he who, unable to preserve a manly elegance of manners, degenerates into the *petit maitre*, would have been, in any age or condition, equally insignificant and worthless. Some, when they talk of the debauchery of the present age, seem to think that the former were all innocence. But this is ignorance of human nature. The debauchery of a barbarous age is gross and brutal; that of a gloomy superstitious one, secret, excessive, and murderous; that of a more polished one, not to make an apology, much happier for the fair sex *, and certainly

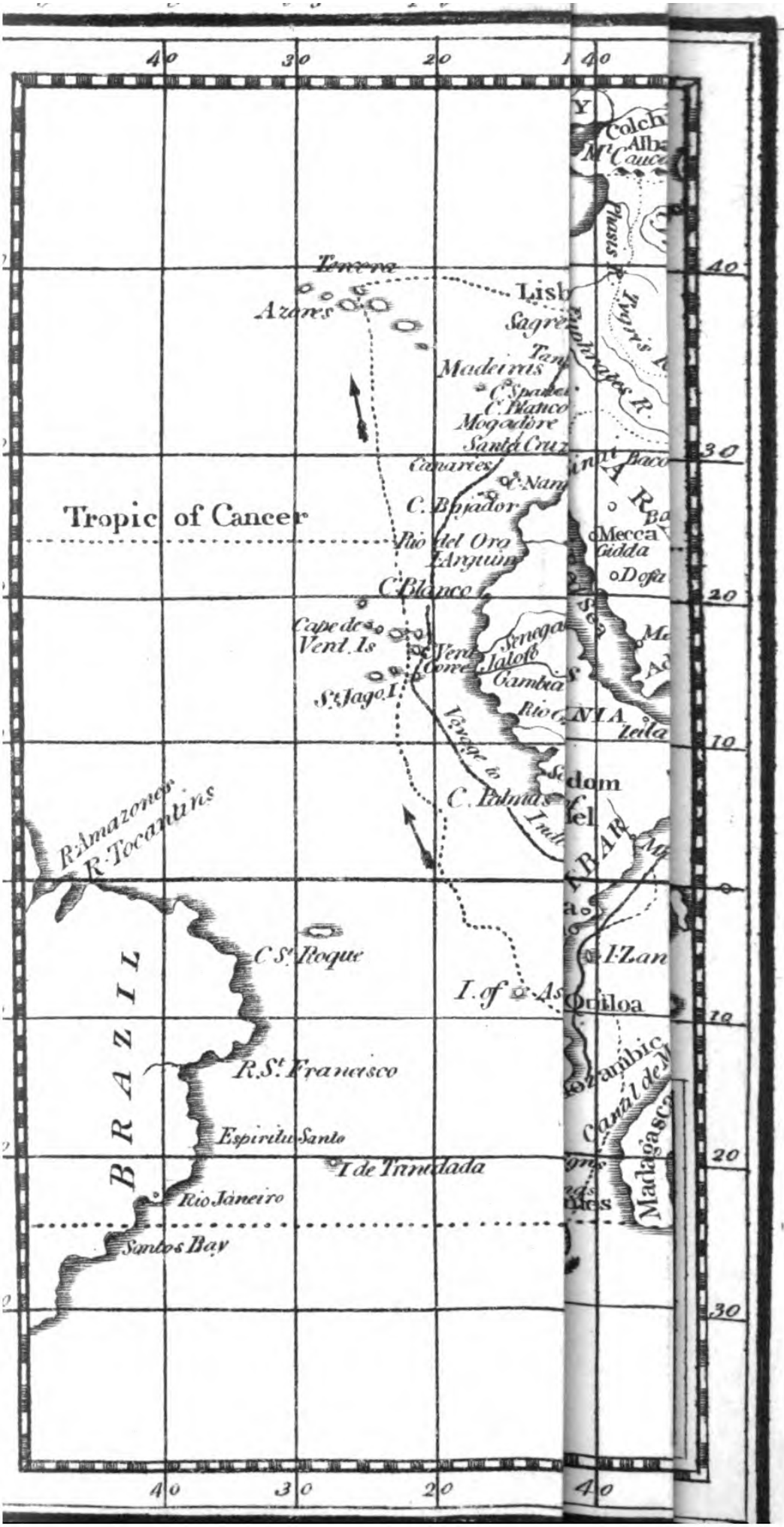
* Even that warm admirer of savage happiness, the author of the *Histoire Philosophique et Politique des Etablissemens*, &c. confesses, that the wild Americans seem destitute of the feeling of love.—"In a little while, (says he) when the heat of passion is gratified, they lose all affection and attachment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

in no circumstance so big with political unhappiness. If one disease has been imported from Spanish America, the most valuable medicines have likewise been brought from these regions; and distempers, which were thought invincible by our forefathers, are now cured. If the luxuries of the Indies usher disease to our tables, the consequence is not unknown; the wise and the temperate receive no injury; and intemperance has been the destroyer of mankind in every age. The opulence of ancient Rome produced a luxury of manners which proved fatal to that mighty empire. But the effeminate sensualists of those ages were men of no intellectual cultivation. The enlarged ideas, the generous and manly feelings inspired by liberal study, were utterly unknown to them. Unformed by that wisdom which arises from science and true philosophy, they were gross barbarians, dressed in the mere outward tinsel of civilization *. Where the enthusiasm of mi-

* The degeneracy of the Roman literature preceded the fate of that empire, and the reason is obvious. The men of fortune grew frivolous, and superficial in every branch of knowledge, and were therefore unable to hold the reins of empire. A degeneracy of literary taste is, therefore, the surest proof of general declension.

litary honour characterises the rank of gentlemen, that nation will rise into empire. But no sooner does conquest give a continued security, than the mere soldier degenerates; and the old veterans are soon succeeded by a new generation, illiterate as their fathers, but destitute of their virtues and experience. Polite literature not only humanises the heart, but also wonderfully strengthens and enlarges the mind. Moral and political philosophy are its peculiar provinces, and are never happily cultivated without its assistance. But where ignorance characterises the body of the nobility, the most insipid dissipation, and the very idleness and effeminacy of luxury, are sure to follow. Titles and family are then the only merit; and the few men of business who surround the throne, have it then in their power to aggrandise themselves by rivetting the chains of slavery. A stately grandeur is preserved, but it is only outward; all is decayed within, and on the first storm the weak fabric falls to the dust. Thus rose and thus fell the empire of Rome, and the much wider one of Portugal. Though the increase of wealth did indeed contribute to that corruption of manners which unnerved the Por-

tuguese, certain it is, the wisdom of legislature might have prevented every evil which Spain and Portugal have experienced from their acquisitions in the two Indies. Every evil which they have suffered from their acquirements arose from their general ignorance, an ignorance which rendered them unable to investigate or apprehend, even the first principles of civil and commercial philosophy. And what other than the total eclipse of their glory could be expected from a nobility, rude and unlettered as those of Portugal are described by the author of the Lusiad, a court and nobility, who sealed the truth of all his complaints against them, by suffering that great man, the light of their age, to die in an alms-house! What but the fall of their state could be expected from barbarians like these! Nor can the annals of mankind produce one instance of the fall of empire, where the character of the grandees was other than that ascribed to his countrymen by Camoens.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Tenerife
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Madeiras
C. Spartel
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Santa Cruz
Canaries
C. Nam
C. Bojador
Tropic of Cancer
Rio del Oro
Arguim
C. Blanco
Cape de Vent. Is
Vent
Goree
Senega
Jaloff
Gambia
S. Jago I.
Rio
Sierra Leona
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C. Palmas
Gulf
R. Amazones
R. Tocantins
C. St. Roque
BRAZIL
I. of As
Quiloa
I. Zan
R. St. Francisco
Espiritu Santo
I. de Trinidada
Rio Janeiro
Santos Bay
Mozambic
Canal de
Madagascar
Mecca
Gidda
Dofar
Red Sea
Persian Gulf
Indian Ocean

THE

HISTORY

OF THE

DISCOVERY OF INDIA.

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

The history of Portugal, as a naval and commercial power, begins with the enterprises of Prince Henry. But as the improvements introduced by this great man, and the completion of his designs, are intimately connected with the political state of his age and country, a concise view of the progress

of the power, and of the character of that kingdom, will be necessary to elucidate the history of the revival of commerce, and the subject of the Lusiad.

During the centuries, when the effeminated Roman provinces of Europe were desolated by the irruptions of northern or Scythian barbarians, the Saracens, originally of the same race, a wandering banditti of Asiatic Scythia, spread the same horrors of brutal conquest over the finest countries of the eastern world. The northern conquerors of the finer provinces of Europe embraced the Christian religion as professed by the monks, and, contented with the luxuries of their new settlements, their military spirit soon declined. Their ancient brothers, the Saracens, on the other hand, having embraced the religion of Mohammed, their rage of war received every addition which may possibly be inspired by religious enthusiasm. Not only the spoils of the vanquished, but their beloved paradise itself, were to be obtained by their sabres, by extending the faith of their prophet by force of arms and usurpation of dominion. Strengthened and inspired by a commission which they esteemed divine, the rapidity of their conquests far exceeded those of the Goths and Vandals. A great majority of the inhabitants of every country which they subdued embraced their religion, imbibed their principles, united in their views; and the professors of Mo-

hammedism became the most formidable combination that ever was leagued together against the rest of mankind. Morocco and the adjacent countries, at this time amazingly populous, had now received the doctrines of the Koran, and incorporated with the Saracens. And the Infidel arms spread slaughter and desolation from the south of Spain to Italy and the islands of the Mediterranean. All the rapine and carnage committed by the Gothic conquerors were now amply returned on their less warlike posterity. In Spain, and the province now called Portugal, the Mohammedans erected powerful kingdoms, and their lust of conquest threatened destruction to every Christian power. But a romantic military spirit revived in Europe, under the auspices of Charlemagne. Several religious military orders were established. Celibacy, the study of religion, and the exercise of arms, were the conditions of their vow, and the defence of their country and of the faith, their ambition and sole purpose. He who fell in battle was honoured and envied as a martyr. And most wonderful victories crowned the ardour of these religious warriors. The Mohammedans, during the reign of Charlemagne, made a most formidable irruption into Europe, and France in particular felt the weight of their fury; but the honour which was paid to the knights who wore the badge of the cross, drew the adventurous youth of

every Christian power to the standards of that political monarch, and in fact (a circumstance however neglected by historians) gave birth to the crusades, the beginning of which, in propriety, ought to be dated from his reign. Few indeed are the historians of this age, but enough remain to prove, that though the writers of the old romance have greatly disguised it, though they have given full room to the wildest flights of imagination, and have added the inexhaustible machinery of magic to the adventures of their heroes, yet the origin of their fictions was founded on historical facts*. And, however this period may thus resemble the fabulous ages of Greece, certain it is, that an Orlando, a Rinaldo, a Rugero, and other celebrated names in romance, acquired great honour in the wars which were waged against the Saracens, the invaders of Europe. In these romantic wars, by which the power of the Mohammedans was checked, several centuries elapsed, when Alonzo, King of Castile, apprehensive that the whole force

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

of the Mohammedans of Spain and Morocco was ready to fall upon him, prudently imitated the conduct of Charlemagne. He availed himself of the spirit of chivalry, and demanded leave of Philip I. of France, and of other princes, that volunteers from their dominions might be allowed to distinguish themselves under his banners against the infidels. His desire was no sooner known, than a brave romantic army thronged to his standards, and Alonzo was victorious. Honours and endowments were liberally distributed among the champions, and to one of the bravest of them, to Henry *, a younger son of the Duke of Burgundy, he gave his daughter Teresa in marriage, with the sovereignty of the countries south of Galicia in dowry, commissioning him to extend his dominions by the expulsion of the Moors. Henry, who reigned by the title of Count, improved every advantage which offered. The two rich provinces of *Entro Minho e Douro*, and *Tra los Montes*, yielded to his arms; great part of Beira was also subdued; and the Moorish King of Lamego became his tributary. Many thousands of Christians, who had lived in miserable subjection to the Moors, or in desolate independency on the mountains, took shelter under the generous protection of Count Henry. Great numbers also of the Moors changed their religion, and chose rather

* See the note, page 12, vol. ii.

to continue in the land where they were born, under a mild government, than be exposed to the severities and injustice of their native governors. And thus, on one of the most * beautiful and fertile spots of the world, and in the finest climate, in consequence of a crusade † against the Mohammedans, was established the sovereignty of Portugal, a sovereignty which in time spread its influence over the world, and gave a new face to the manners of nations.

Count Henry, after a successful reign, was succeeded by his infant son Don Alonzo-Henry, who having surmounted several dangers which threatened his youth ‡, became the first of the Portuguese kings. In 1139 the Moors of Spain and Barbary united their forces to recover the dominions from which they had been driven by the Christians. According to the lowest accounts of the Portuguese writers, the army of the Moors amounted to 400,000; nor is this number incredible, when we consider what great armies they at other times brought to the field; and that at this time they came to take pos-

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

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

‡ See the note, page 25, vol. ii.

session of the lands which they expected to conquer. Don Alonzo, however, with a very small army, gave them battle on the plains of Ourique, and after a struggle of six hours, obtained a most glorious and complete victory *, and which was crowned with an event of the utmost importance. On the field of battle Don Alonzo was proclaimed King of Portugal by his victorious soldiers, and he in return conferred the rank of nobility on the whole army. But the constitution of the monarchy was not settled, nor was Alonzo invested with the *regalia* till six years after this memorable day. The government the Portuguese had experienced under the Spaniards and Moors, and the advantages which they saw were derived from their own valour, had taught them a love of liberty, which was not to be complimented away in the joy of victory, or by the shouts of tumult. Alonzo himself understood their spirit too well to venture the least attempt to make himself a despotic monarch; nor did he discover the least inclination to destroy that bold consciousness of freedom which had enabled his army to conquer, and to elect him their sovereign. After six years spent in farther victories, in extending and securing his dominions, he called an assembly

* For an account of this battle, and the coronation of the first king of Portugal, see the foregoing note, p. 25. vol. ii.

of the prelates, nobility, and commons, to meet at Lamego. When the assembly opened, Alonzo appeared seated on the throne, but without any other mark of regal dignity. And ere he was crowned, the constitution of the state was settled, and eighteen statutes were solemnly confirmed by oath*, as the charter of king and people; statutes diametrically opposite to the *jus divinum* of kings, to the principles which inculcate and demand the unlimited passive obedience of the subject.

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

* The power of deposing, and of electing their kings, under certain circumstances, is vested in the people by the statutes of Lamego. See the preceding note.

were governed by the successors of Alonzo the First; a succession of great men, who proved themselves worthy to reign over so military and enterprising a nation.

By a continued train of victories Portugal increased considerably in strength, and the Portuguese had the honour to drive the Moors from Europe. The invasions of these people were now requited by successful expeditions into Africa. And such was the manly spirit of these ages, that the statutes of Lamego received additional articles in favour of liberty; a convincing proof that the general heroism of a people depends upon the principles of freedom. Alonzo IV.* though not an amiable character, was perhaps the greatest warrior, politician, and monarch of his age. After a reign of military splendor, he left his throne to his son Pedro, who from his inflexible justice was surnamed the Just, or, the Lover of Justice. The ideas of equity and literature were now diffused by this great prince†, who was himself a polite scholar, and most accomplished gentleman. And Portugal began to perceive the advantages of cultivated talents, and to feel its superiority over the barbarous

* For the character of this prince, see the note, page 63, vol. ii.

† For anecdotes of this monarch, see the notes, p. 66 and 68, vol. ii.

politics of the ignorant Moors. The great Pedro, however, was succeeded by a weak prince, and the heroic spirit of the Portuguese seemed to exist no more under his son Fernando, surnamed the Careless.

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

* This great prince was the natural son of Pedro the Just. Some years after the murder of his beloved spouse Inez de Castro (of which see the text and notes, p. 56, &c. vol. ii.) lest his father, whose severe temper he too well knew, should force him into a disagreeable marriage, Don Pedro commenced an amour with a Galician lady, who became the mother of John I. the preserver of the Portuguese monarchy. See the note, p. 77, vol. ii.

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

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

* The sons of John, who figure in history, were Edward, Juan, Fernando, Pedro, and Henry. Edward succeeded his father, (for whose character see the note p. 99, vol. ii.) Juan, distinguished both in the camp and cabinet, in the reign of his brother Edward had the honour to oppose the wild expedition against Tangier, which was proposed by his brother Fernando, in whose perpetual captivity it ended. Of Pedro afterwards.

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

* The honour of this is due to Agricola. He employed his legions in cutting down forests and in clearing marshes. And for several ages after his time, the Romans drew immense quantities of wheat from their British province.

As the kingdom of Portugal had been wrested from the Moors and established by conquest, so its existence still depended on the superiority of the force of arms; and ere the birth of Henry, the superiority of the Portuguese navies had been of the utmost consequence to the protection of the state. Such were the circumstances which united to inspire the designs of Henry, all which were powerfully enforced and invigorated by the religion of that prince. The desire to extirpate Mohammedism was patriotism in Portugal. It was the principle which gave birth to, and supported their monarchy: their kings avowed it, and Prince Henry, the piety of whose heart cannot be questioned, always professed, that to propagate the gospel was the great purpose of his designs and enterprizes. And however this, in the event, was * neglected, certain it is, that the same principles inspired, and were always professed by king Emmanuel, under whom the eastern world was discovered by Gama.

The crusades, to rescue the Holy Land from the infidels, which had already been, however unregarded by historians, of the greatest political service to Spain and Portugal, began now to have some effect upon

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

the commerce of Europe. The Hans Towns had received charters of liberty, and had united together for the protection of their trade against the numerous pirates of the Baltic. A people of Italy, known by the name of the Lombards, had opened a lucrative traffic with the ports of Egypt, from whence they imported into Europe the riches of the East; and Bruges in Flanders, the mart between them and the Hans Towns, was, in consequence, surrounded with the best agriculture of these ages*: a certain proof of the dependance of agriculture upon the extent of commerce, Yet though these gleams of light, as morning stars, began to appear; it was not the gross multitude, it was only the eye of a Henry which could perceive what they prognosticated, and it was only a genius like his which could prevent them from again setting in the depths of night. The Hans Towns were liable to be buried in the

* Flanders has been the school-mistress of husbandry to Europe. Sir Charles Lisle, a royalist, resided in this country several years during the usurpation of the regicides; and after the Restoration, rendered England the greatest service, by introducing the present system of agriculture. Where trade increases, men's thoughts are set in action; hence the increase of food which is wanted, is supplied by a redoubled attention to husbandry; and hence it was that agriculture was of old improved and diffused by the Phœnician colonies. Some theorists complain of the number of lives which are lost by navigation, but they totally forget that commerce is the parent of population.

victories of a tyrant, and the trade with Egypt was exceedingly insecure and precarious. Europe was still enveloped in the dark mists of ignorance, and though the mariner's compass was invented before the birth of Henry, it was improved to no naval advantage. Traffic still crept, in an infant state, along the coasts, nor were the construction of ships adapted for other voyages. One successful tyrant might have overwhelmed the system and extinguished the spirit of commerce, for it stood on a much narrower and much feebler basis, than in the days of Phœnician and Grecian colonization. Yet these mighty fabrics, many centuries before, had been swallowed up in the desolations of unpolitical conquest. A broader and more permanent foundation of commerce than the world had yet seen, an universal basis, was yet wanting to bless mankind, and Henry Duke of Viseo was born to give it.

On purpose to promote his designs, Prince Henry was by his father stationed the commander in chief of the Portuguese forces in Africa. He had already, in 1412, three years before the reduction of Ceuta*,

* At the reduction of Ceuta, and other engagements in Africa, Prince Henry displayed a military genius and valour of the first magnitude. The important fortress of Ceuta was in a manner won by his own sword. Yet though even possessed by the enthusiasm of chivalry, his genius for navigation prevailed, and confined him to the rock of Sagrez.

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

* *Nam*, in Portuguese, a negative.

ed. He it was who first suggested the use of the compass, and of longitude and latitude in navigation, and how these might be ascertained by astronomical observations; suggestions and discoveries which would have held no second place among the conjectures of a Bacon, or the improvements of a Newton. Naval adventurers were now invited from all parts to the town of Sagrez, and in 1418 Juan Gonsalez Zarco and Tristran Vaz set sail on an expedition of discovery, the circumstances of which give us a striking picture of the state of navigation, ere it was new-modelled by the genius of Henry.

Cape Bojador, so named from its extent *, runs about forty leagues to the westward, and for about six leagues off land there is a most violent current, which dashing upon the shelves, makes a tempestuous sea. This was deemed impassible, for it was not considered, that by standing out to the ocean the current might be avoided. To pass this formidable cape was the commission of Zarco and Vaz, who were also ordered to proceed as far as they could to discover the African coast, which according to the information given to Henry by the Moors and Arabs, extended at least to the equinoctial line†.

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

† It was known that the Arabian sea washed the eastern side of Africa: it was surmised therefore that a southern pro-

Zarco and Vaz, however, lost their course in a storm, and were driven to a little island, which, in the joy of their deliverance, they named Puerto Santo, or the Holy Haven. Nor was Prince Henry, on their return, less joyful of their discovery, than they had been of their escape: a striking proof of the miserable state of navigation; for this island is only about 160 leagues, the voyage now of three or four days in moderate weather, from the promontory of Sagrez.

The discoverers of Puerto Santo, accompanied by Bartholomew Perestrello, were with three ships sent out on farther trial. Perestrello, having sowed some seeds, and left some cattle on Holy Haven, returned to Portugal. But Zarco and Vaz directing their course southward, in 1419, perceived some-

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

thing like a cloud on the water, and sailing towards it, discovered an island covered with wood, which from thence they named Madeira*. And this rich and beautiful island, which soon yielded a considerable revenue, was the first reward of the enterprizes of Prince Henry.

If the Duke of Viseo's liberal ideas of establishing colonies, those sinews of a commercial state, or his views of African and Indian commerce, were too refined to strike the gross multitude; yet other advantages resulting from his designs, one would conclude, were self-evident. Nature calls upon Portugal to be a maritime power, and her naval superiority over the Moors, was, in the time of Henry, the surest defence of her existence as a kingdom. Yet though all his labours tended to establish that naval superiority on the surest basis, though even the religion of the age added its authority to the clearest political principles in favour of Henry; yet

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

were his enterprizes and his expected discoveries derided with all the insolence of ignorance, and all the bitterness of popular clamour. Barren deserts like Lybia, it was said, were all that could be found, and a thousand disadvantages, drawn from these data, were foreseen and foretold. The great mind and better knowledge of Henry, however, were not thus to be shaken. Though twelve years from the discovery of Madeira had elapsed in unsuccessful endeavours to carry his navigation farther, he was now more happy; for one of his captains, named Galianez, in 1434, passed the Cape of Bojador, till then invincible; an action, says Faria, in the common opinion, not inferior to the labours of Hercules.

Galianez, the next year, accompanied by Gonsalez Baldaya, carried his discoveries many leagues farther. Having put two horsemen on shore, to discover the face of the country, the adventurers, after riding several hours, saw nineteen men armed with javelins. The natives fled, and the two horsemen pursued, till one of the Portuguese, being wounded, lost the first blood that was sacrificed to the new system of commerce. A small beginning, a very small streamlet, some perhaps may exclaim, but which soon swelled into oceans, and deluged the eastern and western worlds. Let such philosophers, however, be desired to point out the design of public utility, which has been unpolluted by the depravity

of the human passions. To suppose that heaven itself could give an institution which could not be perverted, and to suppose no previous alteration in human nature, is contradictory in proposition; for as human nature now exists, power cannot be equally possessed by all, and whenever the selfish or vicious passions predominate, that power will certainly be abused. The cruelties therefore of Cortez, and that more horrid barbarian Pizarro*, are

* Some eminent writers, both at home and abroad, have of late endeavoured to soften the character of Cortez, and have urged the necessity of war for the slaughters he committed. These authors have also greatly softened the horrid features of the Mexicans. If one, however, would trace the true character of Cortez and the Americans, he must have recourse to the numerous Spanish writers, who were either witnesses of the first wars, or soon after travelled in those countries. In these he will find many anecdotes which afford a light, not to be found in our modernised histories. In these it will be found, that Cortez set out to take gold by force, and not by establishing any system of commerce with the natives, the only just reason of effecting a settlement in a foreign country. He was asked by various states, what commodities or drugs he wanted, and was promised abundant supply. He and his Spaniards, he answered, had a disease at their hearts, which nothing but gold could cure; and he received intelligence, that Mexico abounded with it. Under pretence of a friendly conference, he made Montezuma his prisoner, and ordered him to pay tribute to Charles V. Immense sums were paid, but the demand was boundless. Tumults ensued. Cortez displayed amazing generalship, and some millions of those, who in enumerating to the Spaniards the greatness of Montezuma, boasted that his yearly sacrifices consumed 20,000 men, were now sacrificed to

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

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

introduced by the intercourse of universal commerce.

In 1440, Anthony Gonsalez brought some Moors prisoners to Lisbon. These he took two and forty leagues beyond Cape Bojador, and in 1442 he returned to Africa with his captives. One Moor escaped from him, but ten blacks of Guinea and a considerable quantity of gold dust were given in ransom for two others. A rivulet at the place of landing was named by Gonsalez, Rio del Oro, or the River of Gold. And the islands of Adeget, Arguim, and *de las Garças,* were now discovered.

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

These hostile proceedings displeased Prince Henry, and in 1446 Anthony Gonsalez and two other captains were sent to enter into a treaty of peace and

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

In 1447 upwards of thirty ships followed the route of traffic which was now opened; and John de Castilla obtained the infamy to stand the first on the list of those names whose villanies have disgraced the spirit of commerce, and afforded the loudest complaints against the progress of navigation. Dissatisfied with the value of his cargo, he ungratefully seized twenty of the natives of Gomera, (one of the Canaries) who had assisted him, and with whom he was in friendly alliance, and brought them as slaves to Portugal. But Prince Henry re-

sented this outrage, and having given them some valuable presents of clothes, restored the captives to freedom and their native country.

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

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

Prince Henry had now with the most inflexible

* Sometime before this period, *Jon de Betancour*, a Frenchman, under the king of Castile, had made a settlement in the Canaries, which had been discovered, it is said, about 1340, by some Biscayneers.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* Greatly misunderstood, even by the ingenious author of the *Account of the European Settlements in America.* Having mentioned the barbarous state of Europe; " Mathematical learning (says he) was little valued or cultivated. The true system of the heavens was not dreamed of. There was no

by some believed, that his ideas of the sphere of the earth gave birth to his opinion, that there must be

knowledge at all of the real form of the earth, and in general the ideas of mankind were not extended beyond their sensible horizon. In this state of affairs Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa, undertook to extend the boundaries which ignorance had given to the world. This man's design arose from the just idea he had formed of the figure of the earth."—But this is all a mistake. Nor is the author of the *Histoire Philosophique*, &c. less unhappy. Misled by the common opinion of Columbus, he has thus pompously clothed it in the dress of imagination—*Un homme obscur*, says he, *plus avancè que son siecle*, &c.—thus literally, " An obscure man, more advanced than his cotemporaries in the knowledge of astronomy and navigation, proposed to Spain, happy in her internal dominion, to aggrandise herself abroad. Christopher Columbus felt, as if by instinct, that there must be another continent, and that he was to discover it. The Antipodes, treated by reason itself as a chimera, and by superstition as error and impiety, were in the eyes of this man of genius an incontestible truth. Full of this idea, one of the grandest which could enter the human mind, he proposed, &c.——The ministers of this Princess (Isabel of Spain) esteemed as a visionary, a man who pretended to discover a world——." But this dream of discovering a world never entered the head of Columbus. And be it ours to restore his due honours to the Prince of Portugal. By the most indubitable and concurrent testimony of all the Portuguese historians of this period, Henry had undertaken to extend the boundaries which ignorance had given to the world, and had extended them much beyond the sensible horizon, long ere Columbus appeared. Columbus indeed taught the Spaniards the use of longitude and latitude in navigation, but he himself learned these among the Portuguese. Every alteration here ascribed to Columbus, had almost fifty years before been effected by Henry. Even Henry's design of sailing to India was adopted by Columbus. It was every where his proposal. When

an immense unknown continent in the west *, such as America is now known to be; and that his proposals were to go in search of it. But the simple truth is, Columbus, who, as we have certain evidence, acquired his skill in navigation among the Portuguese, could be no stranger to the design long meditated in that kingdom, of discovering a naval route to India, which they endeavoured to find by compassing the coast of Africa. According to ancient geographers and the opinion of that age, India was supposed to be the next land to the west of

he arrived in the West Indies, he thought he had found the Ophir of Solomon *, and thence these islands received their general name. And on his return he told John II. that he had been at the islands of India. When he landed in Cuba, he enquired for Cipango, the name of Japan, according to Marco Paolo, and by the mistake of the natives, who thought he said Cibao, he was informed of the richest mines of Hispaniola. And even on his fourth and last voyage, in 1502, three years after Gama's return, he promised the king of Spain to find India by a westward passage. But though great discoveries rewarded his toils, his first and last purpose he never completed. It was reserved for Magalhaens to discover the westward route to the Eastern World.

* Gomara, and other Spanish writers relate, that while Columbus lived in Madeira, a pilot, the only survivor of a ship's crew, died at his house. This pilot, they say, had been driven to the West Indies or America by tempest, and on his deathbed communicated the journal of his voyage to Columbus. But this story, as it stands at large, is involved in contradiction without proof, and is every where esteemed a fable of malice.

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

Spain. And the idea of discovering a western passage to the East, is due to the genius of Columbus; but no more: to discover India and the adjacent islands of spices, already famous over all Europe, was every where the avowed and sole idea of Columbus*. A proposal of this kind to the king of Portugal, whose fleets had already passed the Cape of Good Hope, and who esteemed the route to India as almost discovered, and in the power of his own subjects, could at the court of Lisbon expect no success. And the offered services of the foreigner were rejected, even with some degree of contempt. Columbus, however, met a more favourable reception from Ferdinand and Isabella, the king and queen of Castile. To interfere with the route or discoveries, opened and enjoyed by another power, was at this time esteemed contrary to the laws of nations. Columbus, therefore, though the object was one, proposed, as Magalhaens afterwards did for the same reason, to steer the westward course, and having in 1492 discovered some western islands, in 1493, on his return to Spain, he put into the Tagus with great tokens of the riches of his discovery. Some of the

* And so deeply had ancient geography fixed this idea, that Sebastian Cabot's proposal to Henry VII. 1497, was to discover Cathay, and thence India, by the north-west. See Hakluit, tom. 3. p. 7. And Ramusius, Prefat. tom. 3.—Columbus endeavoured, first, to discover India directly by the west, and afterward, by the south-west.

Portuguese courtiers, the same ungenerous minds perhaps who advised the rejection of Columbus because he was a foreigner, proposed the assassination of that great man, thereby to conceal from Spain the advantages of his navigation. But John, though Columbus rather roughly upbraided him, looked upon him now with a generous regret, and dismissed him with honour. The king of Portugal, however, was alarmed, lest the discoveries of Columbus should interfere with those of his crown, and gave orders to equip a war fleet to protect his rights. But matters were adjusted by embassies, and that celebrated treaty by which Spain and Portugal divided the western and eastern worlds between themselves. The eastern half of the world was allotted for the Portuguese, and the western for the Spanish navigation. A line from pole to pole, drawn an hundred leagues to the west of the Azores, was their boundary: and thus each nation had one hundred and eighty degrees, within which they might establish settlements and extend their discoveries. And a Papal Bull, which, for obvious reasons, prohibited the propagation of the gospel in these bounds by the subjects of any other state, confirmed this amicable and extraordinary treaty.

Soon after this, while the thoughts of king John were intent on the discovery of India, his preparations were interrupted by his death. But his earnest

desires and great designs were inherited, together with his crown, by his cousin Emmanuel. And in 1497, the year before Columbus made the voyage which discovered the mouth of the river Oronoko, Vasco de Gama sailed from the Tagus on the discovery of India.

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

Notwithstanding the full torrent of popular clamour against the undertaking, Emmanuel was determined to prosecute the views of Prince Henry and John II. Three sloops of war and a store ship, manned with only 160 men, were fitted out; for hostility was not the purpose of this humane expedition. Vasco de Gama, a gentleman of good family, who, in a war with the French, had given signal proofs of his naval skill, was commissioned admiral and general, and his brother Paul, for whom he bore the sincerest affection, with his friend Nicholas Coello, were at his request appointed to command under him. All the enthusiasm of desire to accomplish his end, joined with the greatest heroism, the quickest penetration, and coolest prudence, united to form the character of Gama. On his appointment to the command, he declared to the

king that his mind had long aspired to this expedition. The king expressed great confidence in his prudence and honour, and gave him, with his own hand, the colours which he was to carry. On this banner, which bore the cross of the military order of Christ, Gama, with great enthusiasm to merit the honours bestowed upon him, took the oath of fidelity.

About four miles from Lisbon there is a chapel on the sea side. To this, the day before their departure, Gama conducted the companions of his expedition. He was to encounter an ocean untried, and dreaded as unnavigable; and he knew the force of the ties of religion on minds which are not inclined to dispute its authority. The whole night was spent in the chapel, in prayers for success, and in the rites of their devotion. On the next day, when the adventurers marched to the ships, the shore of Belem* presented one of the most solemn and affecting scenes perhaps recorded in history. The beach was covered with the inhabitants of Lisbon. A numerous procession of priests in their robes sung anthems and offered up invocations to heaven. Every one beheld the adventurers as brave innocent men going to a dreadful execution, as rushing upon certain death; and the vast multitude caught the fire of de-

* Or Bethlehem, so named from the chapel.

votion, and joined aloud in the prayers for success. The relations, friends, and acquaintance of the voyagers wept; all were affected; the sigh was general; Gama himself shed some manly tears on parting with his friends; but he hurried over the tender scene, and hastened aboard with all the alacrity of hope. Immediately he gave his sails to the wind, and so much affected were the many thousands who beheld his departure, that they remained immoveable on the shore till the fleet, under full sail, evanished from their sight.

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

ocean which surrounds St. Helena, in seas, says Faria, unknown to the Portuguese discoverers, none of whom had sailed so far to the west. From the 28th of July, the day they passed the isle of St. James, they had seen no shore; and now on November the 4th they were happily relieved by the sight of land. The fleet anchored in a large bay *, and Coello was sent in search of a river, where they might take in wood and fresh water. Having found one convenient for their purpose, the fleet made toward it, and Gama, whose orders were to acquaint himself with the manners of the people wherever he touched, ordered a party of his men to bring him some of the natives by force or stratagem. One they caught as he was gathering honey on the side of a mountain, and brought him to the ships. He expressed the greatest indifference for the gold and fine clothes which they shewed him, but was greatly delighted with some glasses and little brass bells. These with great joy he accepted, and was set on shore; and soon after many of the blacks came for, and were gratified with the like trifles; and for which in return they gave great plenty of their best provisions. None of Gama's interpreters, however, could understand a word of their language, or receive any information of India. And the friendly

* Now called St. Helen's.

intercourse between the fleet and the natives was soon interrupted by the imprudence of Veloso*, a young Portuguese, which occasioned a scuffle, wherein Gama's life was endangered. Gama and some others were on shore taking the altitude of the sun, when in consequence of Veloso's rashness they were attacked by the blacks with great fury. Gama defended himself with an oar, and received a dart in his foot. Several others were likewise wounded, and they found their safety in retreat. The shot from the ships facilitated their escape, and Gama esteeming it imprudent to waste his strength in attempts entirely foreign to the design of his voyage, weighed anchor, and steered in search of the extremity of Afric.

In this part of the voyage, says Osorius, the heroism of Gama was greatly displayed. The waves swelled like mountains in height, the ships seemed now heaved up to the clouds, and now appeared as precipitated by gulphy whirlpools to the bed of the ocean. The winds were piercing cold, and so boisterous, that the pilot's voice could seldom be heard, and a dismal, almost continual darkness, which at that tempestuous season involves these seas, added all its horrors. Sometimes the storm drove them southward, at other times they were obliged to stand

* See the note, p. 142, vol. ii.

on the tack, and yield to its fury, preserving what they had gained with the greatest difficulty.

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

During any gloomy interval of the storm, the sailors, wearied out with fatigue, and abandoned to despair, surrounded Gama, and implored him not to suffer himself, and those committed to his care, to perish by so dreadful a death. The impossibility that men so weakened should stand it much longer, and the opinion that this ocean was torn by eternal tempests, and therefore had hitherto been, and was impassable, were urged. But Gama's resolution to proceed was unalterable. A formidable conspiracy was then formed against his life; but his brother discovered it, and the courage and prudence of Gama defeated its design *. He put the chief conspirators, and all

* The voyage of Gama has been called merely a coasting one, and therefore much less dangerous and heroical than that of Columbus, or of Magalhaens. But this, it is presumed, is one of the opinions hastily taken up, and founded on ignorance. Columbus and Magalhaens undertook to navigate unknown oceans, and so did Gama; with this difference, that the ocean around the Cape of Good Hope, which Gama was to encounter, was believed to be, and had been avoided by Diaz, as impassable. Prince Henry suggested that the current of Cape Bojador might be avoided by standing to sea, and thus that cape was first passed. Gama for this reason did not coast, but

the pilots, in irons, and he himself, his brother, Coello, and some others, stood night and day to the

stood to sea for upwards of three months of tempestuous weather. The tempests which afflicted Columbus and Magalhaens, are by the different historians described with circumstances of less horror and danger than those which attacked Gama. All the three commanders were endangered by mutiny; but none of their crews, save Gama's, could urge the opinion of ages, and the example of a living captain, that the dreadful ocean which they attempted was unnavigable. Columbus and Magalhaens always found means, after detecting a conspiracy, to keep the rest in hope; but Gama's men, when he put the pilots in irons, continued in the utmost despair. Columbus was indeed ill obeyed; Magalhaens sometimes little better: but nothing, save the wonderful authority of Gama's command, could have led his crew through the tempest which he surmounted ere he doubled the Cape of Good Hope. Columbus, with *his* crew, must have returned. The expedients with which he used to sooth them, would, under *his* authority, have had no avail in the tempest which Gama rode through. From every circumstance it is evident that Gama had determined not to return, unless he found India. Nothing less than such resolution to perish or attain his point could have led him on. But Columbus, ill-obeyed indeed, returned from the mouth of the river Oronoko, before he had made a certain discovery whether the land was isle or continent. When Gama met a strong current off Ethiopia, he bore on, though driven from his course: Columbus steering southward in search of continent, met great currents. He imagined they were the rising of the sea towards the canopy of heaven, which for aught he knew, say the authors of the Universal History, they might touch towards the south. He therefore turned his course, and steered to the west. The passing of the straits of Magellan, however hazardous, was not attended with such danger as Gama experienced at the Cape. The attempt to cross the Pacific was greatly daring, but his voyage in that sea was happy. The navigation of the

helms, and directed the course. At last, after having many days, with unconquered mind, withstood the tempest and an enraged mutiny, *(molem perfidiæ)* the storm suddenly ceased, and they beheld the Cape of Good Hope.

On November the 20th, all the fleet doubled that promontory, and steering northward, coasted along a rich and beautiful shore, adorned with large forests and numberless herds of cattle. All was now alacrity; the hope that they had surmounted every danger revived their spirits, and the admiral was beloved and admired. Here, and at the bay, which they named St. Blas, they took in provisions, and beheld those beautiful rural scenes, described by Camoens. And here the store sloop, now of no far-

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

To match thy deeds shall Magalhaens aspire.

LUSIAD X.

ther service, was burnt by order of the admiral. On December the 8th, a violent storm drove the fleet from the sight of land, and carried them to that dreadful current * which made the Moors deem it impossible to double the Cape. Gama, however, though unhappy in the time of navigating these seas, was safely carried over the current by the violence of a tempest; and having recovered the sight of land, as his safest course, he steered northward along the coast. On the 10th of January they descried, about 230 miles from their last watering place, some beautiful islands, with herds of cattle frisking in the meadows. It was a profound calm, and Gama stood near to land. The natives of this place, which he named Terra de Natal, were better dressed and more civilized than those they had hitherto seen. An exchange of presents was made, and the black king was so pleased with the politeness of Gama, that he came aboard his ship to see him. On the 15th of January, in the dusk of the evening, they came to the mouth of a large river, whose banks were shaded with trees loaded with fruit. On the return of day they saw several little boats with palm-tree leaves making towards them, and the natives came aboard without hesitation or fear. Gama received them kindly, gave them an

* This current runs between the Cape from thence named Corrientes, and the south-west extremity of Madagascar.

entertainment, and some silken garments, which they received with visible joy. Only one of them however could speak a little broken Arabic. From him Fernan Martinho learned, that not far distant was a country where ships, in shape and size like Gama's, frequently resorted. Hitherto Gama had found only the rudest barbarians on the coasts of Africa, alike ignorant of India and of the naval art. The information he here received, that he was drawing near to civilized countries, gave the adventurers great spirits, and the admiral named this place The River of Good Signs.

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

settled here, who traded with Arabia, India, and other parts of the world. Gama was overjoyed, and the crew with uplifted hands returned thanks to heaven.

Pleased with the presents which Gama sent him, and imagining that the Portuguese were Mohammedans from Morocco, Zacocia the governor, dressed in rich embroidery, came to congratulate the admiral on his arrival in the east. As he approached the ships in great pomp, Gama removed the sick out of sight, and ordered all those in health to attend above deck, armed in the Portuguese manner; for he foresaw what would happen when the Mohammedans should discover their mistake. During the entertainment provided for them, Zacocia seemed highly pleased, and asked several questions about the arms and religion of the strangers. Gama shewed them his arms, and explained the force of his cannon, but he did not affect to know much about religion; however he frankly promised to shew him his books of devotion whenever a few days refreshment should give him a more convenient time. In the meanwhile he intreated Zacocia to send him some pilots, who might conduct him to India. Two pilots were next day brought by the governor, a treaty of peace was solemnly concluded, and every office of mutual friendship seemed to promise a lasting harmony. But it was soon inter-

rupted. Zacocia, as soon as he found the Portuguese were Christians, used every endeavour to destroy them. The life of Gama was attempted. One of the Moorish pilots deserted, and some of the Portuguese, who were on shore to get fresh water, were attacked by seven barks of the natives, but were rescued by a timely assistance from the ships.

Besides the hatred of the Christian name, inspired by their religion, these Mohammedan Arabs had other reasons to wish the destruction of Gama. Before this period, they were almost the only merchants of the East. Though without any empire in a mother country, they were bound together by language and religion, and like the modern Jews, were united together, though scattered over various countries. Though they esteemed the current off Cape Corrientes, and the tempestuous seas around the Cape of Good Hope, as impassable, they were the sole masters of the Ethiopian, Arabian, and Indian seas: and had colonies in every place convenient for trade on these coasts. This crafty mercantile people clearly foresaw the consequences of the arrival of Europeans, and every art was soon exerted to prevent such formidable rivals from effecting any settlement in the East. To these Mohammedan traders, the Portuguese, on account of their religion, gave the name of Moors.

Immediately after the skirmish at the watering-place, Gama, having one Moorish pilot, set sail, but was soon driven back to the same island by tempestuous weather. He now resolved to take in fresh water by force. The Moors perceived his intention, about two thousand of whom rising from ambush, attacked the Portuguese detachment. But the prudence of Gama had not been asleep. His ships were stationed with art, and his artillery not only dispersed the hostile Moors, but reduced their town, which was built of wood, into a heap of ashes. Among some prisoners taken by Paulus de Gama was a pilot, and Zacocia begging forgiveness for his treachery, sent another, whose skill in navigation he greatly commended.

A war with the Moors was now begun. Gama perceived that their jealousy of European rivals gave them nothing to expect but secret treachery and open hostility; and he knew what numerous colonies they had on every trading coast of the East. To impress them therefore with the terror of his arms on their first act of treachery was worthy of a great commander. Nor was he remiss in his attention to the chief pilot, who had been last sent. He perceived in him a kind of anxious endeavour to bear near some little islands, and suspecting there were unseen rocks in that course, he confidently charged the pilot with guilt, and ordered him to be

severely whipped. The punishment produced a confession, and promises of fidelity. And he now advised Gama to stand for Quiloa, which he assured him was inhabited by Christians. Three Ethiopian Christians had come aboard while at Zacocia's island, and the current opinions of Prester John's country inclined Gama to try if he could find a port, where he might expect the assistance of a people of his own religion. A violent storm, however, drove the fleet from Quiloa, and being now near Mombaze, the pilot advised him to enter that harbour, where, he said, there were also many Christians.

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

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

To make treaties of commerce was the business of Gama; one so advantageous, and so desired by the natives, was therefore not to be refused. Fully satisfied by the report of his spies, he ordered to weigh anchor, and enter the harbour. His own ship led the way, when a sudden violence of the tide made Gama apprehensive of running aground. He therefore ordered his sails to be furled and the an-

chors to be dropt, and gave a signal for the others to follow his example. This manœuvre, and the cries of the sailors in executing it, alarmed the Mozambic pilots. Conscious of their treachery, they thought their design was discovered, and leapt into the sea. Some boats of Mombaza took them up, and refusing to put them on board, set them safely on shore, though the admiral repeatedly demanded the restoration of the pilots. These circumstances, evident proofs of treachery, were farther confirmed by the behaviour of the king of Mombaza. In the middle of the night Gama thought he heard some noise, and on examination, found his ships surrounded by a great number of Moors, who, in the utmost privacy, endeavoured to cut his cables. But their scheme was defeated; and some Arabs, who remained on board, confessed that no Christians were resident either at Quiloa or Mombaza. The storm which drove them from the one place, and their late escape at the other, were now beheld as manifestations of the divine favour; and Gama, holding up his hands to heaven, ascribed his safety to the care of Providence *. Two days, however, elapsed, before they could get clear of the rocky bay of Mombaze, and having now ventured to hoist their sails, they steered for Melinda, a port, they had been told, where ma-

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

ny merchants from India resorted. In their way thither they took a Moorish vessel, out of which Gama selected fourteen prisoners, one of whom he perceived by his mien to be a person of distinction. By this Saracen Gama was informed, that he was near Melinda, that the king was hospitable, and celebrated for his faith, and that four ships from India, commanded by Christian masters, were in that harbour. The Saracen also offered to go as Gama's messenger to the king, and promised to procure him an able pilot to conduct him to Calicut, the chief port of India.

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

The city of Melinda was situated in a fertile plain,

surrounded with gardens and groves of orange-trees, whose flowers diffused a most grateful odour. The pastures were covered with herds, and the houses, built of square stones, were both elegant and magnificent. Desirous to make an alliance with such a state, Gama requited the civility of the king with the most grateful acknowledgments. He drew nearer the shore, and urged his instructions as apology for not landing to wait upon his majesty in person. The apology was accepted; and the king, whose age and infirmities prevented himself, sent his son to congratulate Gama, and enter into a treaty of friendship. The prince, who had sometime governed under the direction of his father, came in great pomp. His dress was royally magnificent, the nobles who attended him displayed all the riches of silk and embroidery, and the music of Melinda resounded all over the bay. Gama, to express his regard, met him in the admiral's barge. The prince, as soon as he came up, leapt into it, and distinguishing the admiral by his habit, embraced him with all the intimacy of old friendship. In their conversation, which was long and sprightly, he discovered nothing of the barbarian, says Osorius, but in every thing shewed an intelligence and politeness worthy of his high rank. He accepted the fourteen Moors, whom Gama gave to him, with great pleasure. He seemed to view Gama with

enthusiasm, and confessed that the make of the Portuguese ships, so much superior to what he had seen, convinced him of the greatness of that people. He gave Gama an able pilot, named Melemo Cana, to conduct him to Calicut; and requested, that on his return to Europe, he would carry an ambassador with him to the court of Lisbon. During the few days the fleet stayed at Melinda, the mutual friendship increased, and a treaty of alliance was concluded. And now, on April 22, resigning the helm to his skilful and honest pilot, Gama hoisted sail and steered to the north. In a few days they passed the line, and the Portuguese with ecstasy beheld the appearance of their native sky. Orion, Ursa Major and Minor, and the other stars about the northern pole, were now a more joyful discovery than the south * pole had formerly been to them.

* A circumstance in the letters of Amerigo Vespucci deserves remark. Describing his voyage to America, having past the line, says he " *e come desideroso d'essere autore che segnassi la stella*——desirous to be the namer and discoverer of the pole star of the other hemisphere, I lost my sleep many nights in contemplating the stars of the other pole." He then laments, that as his instruments could not discover any star of less motion than ten degrees, he had not the satisfaction to give *a name* to any one. But as he observed four stars, in form of an almond, which had but little motion, he hoped in his next voyage he should be able to mark them out.—All this is truly curious, and affords a good comment on the temper of the man who had the art to defraud Columbus, by giving his own name to America, of which he challenged the discovery. Near fifty

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

About two leagues from Calicut Gama ordered the ships to anchor, and was soon surrounded by a number of boats. By one of these he sent one of the pardoned criminals to the city. The appearance of unknown vessels on their coast brought immense crowds around the stranger, who no sooner entered Calicut, than he was lifted from his feet, and carried hither and thither by the concourse. Though the populace and the stranger were alike earnest to be understood, their language was unintelligible to each other, till, happy for Gama in the event, a Moorish merchant accosted his messenger in the Spanish tongue. The next day this Moor, who was named Monzaida, waited upon Gama on board

years before the voyage of Amerigo Vespucci the Portuguese had crossed the line; and Diaz fourteen, and Gama near three years before, had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, had discovered seven stars in the constellation of the south pole, and from the appearance of the four most luminous, had given it the name of *The Cross*, a figure which it better resembles than that of an almond.

his ship. He was a native of Tunis, and the chief person, he said, with whom John II. had at that port contracted for military stores. He was a man of abilities and great intelligence of the world, and an admirer of the Portuguese valour and honour. The engaging behaviour of Gama heightened his esteem into the sincerest attachment. He offered to be interpreter for the admiral, and to serve him in whatever besides he could possibly befriend him. And thus, by one of those unforeseen circumstances which often decide the greatest events, Gama received a friend, who soon rendered him the most critical and important service.

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

Pleased with this promising prospect, Gama sent two of his officers with Monzaida to wait on the Zamorim at his palace of Pandarene, a few miles from the city. They were admitted to the royal apartment, and delivered their embassy; to which

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

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

The revenue of the Zamorim arose chiefly from the traffic of the Moors; the various colonies of these people were combined in one interest, and the jealousy and consternation which his arrival in the eastern seas had spread among them, were circumstances well known to Gama: and he knew also what he had to expect both from their force and their fraud. But duty and honour required him to complete the purpose of his voyage. He left peremptory command, that if he was detained a prisoner, or any attempt made upon his life, they should take no step to save him, to give ear to no message which might come in his name for such purpose, and to enter into no negotiation on his behalf. Though they were to keep some boats near the shore, to favour his escape if he perceived treachery ere detained by force; yet the moment that force rendered his escape impracticable, they were to set sail, and to carry the tidings of the discovery of India to the King of Portugal. For as this was his only concern, he would suffer no risk that might lose a man, or endanger the homeward voyage. Having left these unalterable orders, he went ashore with the Catual, attended only by twelve of his own men, for he would not weaken the naval force, though he knew that the pomp of attendance would have been greatly in his favour at the court of India.

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

dismissed the admiral with all the appearance of sincerity.

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

Three days elapsed ere Gama was again permitted to see the Zamorim. At the second audience he presented the letter and presents of Emmanuel. The letter was received with politeness, but the presents were viewed with an eye of contempt. Gama beheld it, and said he only came to discover the route to India, and therefore was not charged with valuable gifts, ere the friendship of the state, where they might chuse to traffic, was known. Yet that indeed he brought the most valuable of all gifts, the offer of the friendship of his sovereign, and the commerce of his country. He then entreated the king not to reveal the contents of Emmanuel's letter to the Moors, and the king with great seeming friendship desired Gama to guard against the perfidy of that people. And at this time, it is highly probable, the Zamorim was sincere.

Every hour since the arrival of Gama, the Moors

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

But the Moors were vigilant. His absence was immediately known; and the Catual, by the king's order, pursued and brought him back by force. The Catual, however, for it was necessary for their schemes to have the ships in their power, behaved with great politeness to the admiral, though now detained as a prisoner, and still continued his specious promises to use all his interest in his behalf.

The eagerness of the Moors now contributed to

the safety of Gama. Their principal merchants were admitted to a formal audience, when one of their orators accused the Portuguese as a nation of faithless plunderers: Gama, he said, was an exiled pirate, who had marked his course with depredation and blood. If he were not a pirate, still there was no excuse for giving such warlike foreigners any footing in a country already supplied with all that nature and commerce could give. He expatiated on the great services which the Moorish traders had rendered to Calicut, or wherever they settled; and ended with a threat, that all the Moors would leave the Zamorim's ports, and find some other settlement, if he permitted these foreigners to have any share in the commerce of his dominions.

However staggered with these arguments and threats, the Zamorim was not blind to the self-interest and malice of the Moors. He therefore ordered, that the admiral should once more be brought before him. In the meanwhile the Catual tried many stratagems to get the ships into the harbour; and at last, in the name of his master, made an absolute demand that the sails and rudders should be delivered up, as the pledge of Gama's honesty. But these demands were as absolutely refused by Gama, who sent a letter to his brother by Monzaida, enforcing his former orders in the strongest manner, declar-

ing that his fate gave him no concern, that he was only unhappy lest the fruits of all their labours and dangers should be lost. After two days spent in vain altercation with the Catual, Gama was brought as a prisoner before the king. The king repeated his accusation, upbraided him with non-compliance to the requests of his minister; yet urged him, if he were an exile or pirate, to confess freely, in which case he promised to take him into his service, and highly promote him on account of his abilities. But Gama, who with great spirit had baffled all the stratagems of the Catual, behaved with the same undaunted bravery before the king. He asserted his innocence, pointed out the malice of the Moors, and the improbability of his piracy; boasted of the safety of his fleet, offered his life rather than his sails and rudders, and concluded with threats in the name of his sovereign. The Zamorim, during the whole conference, eyed Gama with the keenest attention, and clearly perceived in his unfaultering mien the dignity of truth, and the consciousness that he was the admiral of a great monarch. In their late address, the Moors had treated the Zamorim as somewhat dependant upon them, and he saw that a commerce with other nations would certainly lessen their dangerous importance. His avarice strongly desired the commerce of Portugal; and his pride was flattered in humbling the Moors.

After many proposals, it was at last agreed, that of Gama's twelve attendants, he should leave seven as hostages; that what goods were aboard his vessels should be landed, and that Gama should be safely conducted to his ship; after which the treaty of commerce and alliance was to be finally settled. And thus, when the assassination of Gama seemed inevitable, the Zamorim suddenly dropt the demand of the sails and the rudders, rescued him from his determined enemies, and restored him to liberty and the command of his ships.

As soon as he was aboard * the goods were landed, accompanied by a letter from Gama to the Zamorim, wherein he boldly complained of the treachery of the Catual. The Zamorim, in answer, promised to make enquiry, and to punish him if guilty; but did nothing in the affair. Gama, who had now anchored nearer to the city, every day sent two or three different persons on some business to Calicut, that as many of his men as possible might be able to give some account of India. The Moors, in the meanwhile, every day assaulted the ears of the king, who now began to waver; when Gama, who had given every proof of his desire of peace and friendship, sent another letter, in which he requested the Zamorim to permit him to leave a consul at Calicut, to manage the affairs of king Emma-

* Faria y Sousa.

nuel. But to this request, the most reasonable result of a commercial treaty, the Zamorim returned a refusal full of rage and indignation. Gama, now fully master of the character of the Zamorim, resolved to treat a man of such an inconstant dishonourable disposition with a contemptuous silence. This contempt was felt by the king, who yielding to the advice of the Catual and the entreaties of the Moors, seized the Portuguese goods, and ordered two of the seven hostages, the two who had the charge of the cargo, to be put in irons. The admiral remonstrated by the means of Monzaida, but the king still persisted in his treacherous breach of royal faith. Repeated solicitations made him more haughty; and it was now the duty and interest of Gama to use force. He took a vessel in which were six Nayres, or noblemen, and nineteen of their servants. The servants he set ashore to relate the tidings; the noblemen he detained. As soon as the news had time to spread through the city, he hoisted his sails, and, though with a slow motion, seemed to proceed on his homeward voyage. The city was now in an uproar; the friends of the captive noblemen surrounded the palace, and loudly accused the policy of the Moors. The king, in all the perplexed distress of a haughty, avaricious, weak prince, sent after Gama, delivered up all the hostages, and submitted to his proposals; nay, solicited that an agent should

be left, and even descended to the meanness of a palpable lie. The two factors, he said, he had put in irons, only to detain them till he might write letters to his brother Emmanuel, and the goods he had kept on shore that an agent might be sent to dispose of them. Gama, however, perceived a mysterious trifling, and, previous to any treaty, insisted upon the restoration of the goods.

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

Almost immediately after Monzaida, seven boats arrived, loaded with the goods, and demanded the

restoration of the captive noblemen. Gama took the goods on board, but refused to examine if they were entire, and also refused to deliver the prisoners. He had been promised an ambassador to his sovereign, he said, but had been so often deluded, he could trust such a faithless people no longer, and would therefore carry the captives in his power, to convince the king of Portugal what insults and injustice his ambassador and admiral had suffered from the Zamorim of Calicut. Having thus dismissed the Indians, he fired his cannon and hoisted his sails. A calm, however, detained him on the coast some days, and the Zamorim seizing the opportunity, sent what vessels he could fit out, twenty of a larger size, sixty in all, full of armed men, to attack him. Though Gama's cannon were well played, confident of their numbers, they pressed on to board him, when a sudden tempest, which Gama's ships rode out in safety, miserably dispersed the Indian fleet, and completed their ruin.

After this victory, the admiral made a halt at a little island near the shore, where he erected a cross *, bearing the name and arms of his Portu-

* It was the custom of the first discoverers to erect crosses on places remarkable in their voyage. Gama erected six; one, dedicated to St. Raphael, at the river of Good Signs, one to St. George, at Mozambic, one to St. Stephen, at Melinda, one to St. Gabriel, at Calicut, and one to St. Mary, at the island thence named, near Anchediva.

guese majesty. And from this place, by the hand of Monzaida, he wrote a letter to the Zamorim, wherein he gave a full and circumstantial account of all the plots of the Catual and the Moors. Still, however, he professed his desire of a commercial treaty, and promised to represent the Zamorim in the best light to Emmanuel. The prisoners, he said, should be kindly used, were only kept as ambassadors to his sovereign, and should be returned to India when they were enabled from experience to give an account of Portugal. The letter he sent by one of the captives, who by this means obtained his liberty.

The fame of Gama had now spread over the Indian seas, and the Moors were every where intent on his destruction. As he was near the shore of Anchediva, he beheld the appearance of a floating isle, covered with trees, advance towards him. But his prudence was not to be thus deceived. A bold pirate, named Timoja, by linking together eight vessels full of men, and covered with green boughs, thought to board him by surprise. But Gama's cannon made seven of them fly; the eighth, loaded with fruits and provisions, he took. The beautiful island of Anchediva now offered a convenient place to careen his ships and refresh his men. While he staid here, the first minister of Zabajo, king of Goa, one of the most powerful princes of India, came on

board, and in the name of his master, congratulated the admiral in the Italian tongue. Provisions, arms, and money were offered to Gama, and he was entreated to accept the friendship of Zabajo. The admiral was struck with admiration, the address and abilities of the minister appeared so conspicuous. He said he was an Italian by birth, but in sailing to Greece, had been taken by pirates, and after various misfortunes, had been necessitated to enter into the service of a Mohammedan prince, the nobleness of whose disposition he commended in the highest terms. Yet, with all his abilities, Gama perceived an artful inquisitiveness, that nameless something which does not accompany simple honesty. After a long conference, Gama abruptly upbraided him as a spy, and ordered him to be put to the torture—and this soon brought a confession, that he was a Polonian Jew by birth, and was sent to examine the strength of the Portuguese by Zabajo, who was mustering all his power to attack them. Gama on this immediately set sail, and took the spy along with him, who soon after was baptized, and named Jasper de Gama, the admiral being his godfather. He afterwards became of great service to Emmanuel.

Gama now stood westward through the Indian ocean, and after being long delayed by calms, arrived off Magadoxa, on the coast of Africa. This

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

Iago in favourable weather. But a tempest here separated the two ships, and gave Gama and Coello an opportunity to shew the goodness of their hearts, in a manner which does honour to human nature.

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

The particulars of the voyage were now diffused by Coello, and the joy of the king was only equalled by the admiration of the people. Yet while all the nation was fired with zeal to express their esteem of

the happy admiral, he himself, the man who was such an enthusiast to the success of his voyage, that he would willingly have sacrificed his life in India to secure that success, was now, in the completion of it, a dejected mourner. The compliments of the court and the shouts of the street were irksome to him, for his brother, the companion of his toils and dangers, was not there to share the joy. As soon as he had waited on the king, he shut himself up in a lonely house near the sea side at Bethlehem, from whence it was some time ere he was drawn to mingle in public life.

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

THE

LIFE

OF

LUIS DE CAMOENS.

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

its own fires, was Luis de Camoens, the poet of Portugal, born.

Different cities have claimed the honour of his birth, and the time also of his nativity is involved in some obscurity. But frequent allusions in his poems infer Lisbon to have been his birth place, and an entry in the register of the Portuguese India House, proves it to have occurred in 1524, or the year following*. His family was of considerable note, and originally Spanish. In 1370, Vasco Perez de Caamans, disgusted at the court of Castile, fled to that of Lisbon, where king Ferdinand immediately admitted him into his council, and gave him the lordships of Sardoal, Punnete, Marano, Amendo, and other considerable lands; a certain proof of the eminence of his rank and abilities. In the war for the succession, which broke out on the death of Ferdinand, Caamans sided with the king of Castile, and was killed in the battle of Aljabarrota. But though John I. the victor, seized a great part of his estate,

* In assigning 1524-5 as the æra of our poet's birth, the editor must not omit stating it to have been the opinion of the late Mr. Mickle, that he was born in the year 1517. As, however, this assertion rests upon the authority of N. Antonio and Manuel Correa, two friends of Camoens, without any reference to written documents, the editor hopes he shall not incur the charge of presumption in having followed Lord Strangford, who, in the memoirs prefixed to his Lordship's elegant version of the sonnets of Camoens, has, upon the authority of Faria, placed it in 1524.

his widow, the daughter of Gonsalo Tereyro, grand master of the order of Christ, and general of the Portuguese army, was not reduced beneath her rank. She had three sons, who took the name of Camoens. The family of the eldest intermarried with the first nobility of Portugal, and even, according to Castera, with the blood royal. But the family of the second brother, whose fortune was slender, had the superior honour to produce the author of the Lusiad.

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

When he left the university, he appeared at court. He was a polished scholar, and very handsome, possessing a most engaging mien and address, with the finest complexion; which, added to the natural ardour and gay vivacity of his disposition, rendered him an accomplished gentleman. Courts are the scenes of intrigue, and intrigue was fashionable at Lisbon. But the particulars of the amours of Camoens rest unknown. This only ap-

pears: he had aspired above his rank, for he was banished from the court; and, in several of his sonnets, he ascribes this misfortune to love.

He now retired to his mother's friends at Santarene. Here he renewed his studies, and began his Poem on the Discovery of India. John III. at this time prepared an armament against Africa. Camoens, tired of his inactive obscure life, went to Ceuta in this expedition, and greatly distinguished his valour in several rencounters. In a naval engagement with the Moors, in the straits of Gibraltar, Camoens, in the conflict of boarding, where he was among the foremost, lost his right eye. Yet neither the hurry of actual service, nor the dissipation of the camp, could stifle his genius. He continued his *Lusiadas*, and several of his most beautiful sonnets were written in Africa, while, as he expresses it,

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

The fame of his valour had now reached the court, and he obtained permission to return to Lisbon. But while he solicited an establishment which he had merited in the ranks of battle, the malignity of evil tongues, as he calls it in one of his letters, was injuriously poured upon him. Though the bloom of his early youth was effaced by several years residence under the scorching heavens of Africa, and though altered by the loss of an eye, his presence

gave uneasiness to the gentlemen of some families of the first rank, where he had formerly visited. Jealousy is the characteristic of the Spanish and Portuguese; its resentment knows no bounds: and Camoens now found it prudent to banish himself from his native country. Accordingly, in 1553, he sailed for India, with a resolution never to return. As the ship left the Tagus, he exclaimed, in the words of the sepulchral monument of Scipio Africanus, *Ingrata Patria, non possidebis ossa mea!* Ungrateful country, thou shalt not possess my bones! but he knew not what evils in the East would awake the remembrance of his native fields.

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

In the year following, he attended Manuel de Vasconcello in an expedition to the Red Sea. Here, says Faria, as Camoens had no use for his sword, he

employed his pen. Nor was his activity confined in the fleet or camp. He visited Mount Felix, and the adjacent inhospitable regions of Africa, which he so strongly pictures in the Lusiad, and in one of his little pieces, where he laments the absence of his mistress.

When he returned to Goa, he enjoyed a tranquillity which enabled him to bestow his attention on his epic poem. But this serenity was interrupted, perhaps by his own imprudence. He wrote some satires which gave offence, and, by order of the viceroy, Francisco Barreto, he was banished to China.

Men of poor abilities are more conscious of their embarrassment and errors than is commonly believed. When men of this kind are in power, they affect great solemnity; and every expression of the most distant tendency to lessen their dignity, is held as the greatest of crimes. Conscious also how severely the man of genius can hurt their interest, they bear an instinctive antipathy against him, are uneasy even in his company, and, on the slightest pretence, are happy to drive him from them. Camoens was thus situated at Goa; and never was there a fairer field for satire than the rulers of India at this time afforded. Yet, whatever esteem the prudence of Camoens may lose in our idea, the nobleness of his disposition will doubly gain. And,

so conscious was he of his real integrity and innocence, that in one of his sonnets he wishes no other revenge on Barreto, than that the cruelty of his exile should ever be remembered.

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

Agora da esperança ja adquirada, &c.

Now blest with all the wealth fond hope could crave,
Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the wave

Forever lost;———
My life, like Judah's heaven-doom'd king of yore,
By miracle prolong'd———

On the banks of the Mecon, he wrote his beautiful paraphrase of the psalm, where the Jews, in the finest strain of poetry, are represented as hanging their harps on the willows by the rivers of Babylon, and weeping their exile from their native country. Here Camoens continued some time, till an opportunity offered to carry him to Goa. When he arrived at that city, Don Constantine de Braganza, whose characteristic was politeness, admitted him into intimate friendship, and Camoens was happy till Count Redondo assumed the government. Those who had formerly procured the banishment of the satirist, were silent while Constantine was in power; but now they exerted all their arts against him. Redondo, when he entered on office, pretended to be the friend of Camoens; yet, with the most unfeeling indifference, he suffered the innocent man to be thrown into the common prison. After all the delay of bringing witnesses, Camoens, in a public trial, fully refuted every accusation of his conduct, while commissary at Macao, and his enemies were loaded with ignominy and reproach. But Camoens had some creditors; and these detained him in prison a considerable time, till the gentlemen of Goa began to be ashamed, that a man of his

singular merit should experience such treatment among them. He was set at liberty; and again he assumed the profession of arms, and received the allowance of a gentleman volunteer, a character at that time common in Portuguese India. Soon after, Pedro Barreto, appointed governor of the fort at Sofala, by high promises, allured the poet to attend him thither. The governor of a distant fort, in a barbarous country, shares, in some measure, the fate of an exile. Yet, though the only motive of Barreto was, in this unpleasant situation, to retain the conversation of Camoens at his table, it was his least care to render the life of his guest agreeable. Chagrined with his treatment, and a considerable time having elapsed in vain dependence upon Barreto, Camoens resolved to return to his native country. A ship, on the homeward voyage, at this time ouched at Sofala, and several gentlemen who were on board, were desirous that Camoens should accompany them. But this the governor ungenerously endeavoured to prevent, and charged him with a debt for board. Anthony de Cabral, however, and Hector de Sylveyra, paid the demand; and Camoens, says Faria, and the honour of Barreto, were sold together.

After an absence of sixteen years, Camoens, in 1569, returned to Lisbon, unhappy even in his arrival, for the pestilence then raged in that city, and

prevented his publication for three years. At last, in 1572, he printed his Lusiad, which, in the opening of the first book, in a most elegant turn of compliment, he addressed to his prince, king Sebastian, then in his eighteenth year. The king, says the French translator, was so pleased with his merit, that he gave the author a pension of 4000 reals, on condition that he should reside at court. But this salary, says the same writer, was withdrawn by cardinal Henry, who succeeded to the crown of Portugal, lost by Sebastian at the battle of Alcazar.

But this story of the pension is very doubtful. Correa, and other cotemporary authors, do not mention it, though some late writers have given credit to it. If Camoens, however, had a pension, it is highly probable that Henry deprived him of it. When Sebastian was devoted to the chase, his grand uncle, the cardinal, presided at the council board, and Camoens, in his address to the king, which closes the Lusiad, advises him to exclude the clergy from state affairs. It was easy to see that the cardinal was here intended. And Henry, besides, was one of those statesmen who can perceive no benefit resulting to the public from elegant literature. But it ought also to be added in completion of his character, that under the narrow views and weak hands of this Henry, the kingdom of Portugal fell into utter ruin; and on his death, which closed a short in-

glorious reign, the crown of Lisbon, after a faint struggle, was annexed to that of Madrid. Such was the degeneracy of the Portuguese, a degeneracy lamented in vain by Camoens, and whose observation of it was imputed to him as a crime.

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

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

In this unhappy situation, in 1579, the year after the fatal defeat of Don Sebastian, died Luis de Camoens, the greatest literary genius ever produced by Portugal; in martial courage, and spirit of honour, nothing inferior to her greatest heroes. And in a manner suitable to the poverty in which he died was he buried. Soon after, however, many epitaphs honoured his memory; the greatness of his merit was universally confessed, and his Lusiad was translated into various lan-

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

From the whole tenor of his life, and from that spirit which glows throughout the Lusiad, it evidently appears that the courage and manners of Camoens flowed from true greatness and dignity of soul. Though his polished conversation was often courted by the great, he appears so distant from servility, that his imprudence in this respect is by some highly blamed. Yet the instances of it by no means deserve that severity of censure with which some writers have condemned him. Unconscious of the feelings of a Camoens, they knew not that a

* According to Gedron, a second edition of the Lusiad appeared in the same year with the first. There are two Italian and four Spanish translations of it. An hundred years before Castera's version, it appeared in French. Thomas de Faria, bishop of Targa in Africa, translated it into Latin, and printed it without either his own or the name of Camoens: a mean, but vain, attempt to pass his version upon the public as an original. Le P. Niceron says, there were two other Latin translations. It is translated also into Hebrew, with great elegance and spirit, by one Luzzetto, a learned and ingenious Jew, author of several poems in that language, and who, about thirty years ago, died in the Holy Land.

carelessness in securing the smiles of fortune, and an open honesty of indignation, are almost inseparable from the enthusiasm of fine imagination. The truth is, the man possessed of true genius feels his greatest happiness in the pursuits and excursions of the mind, and therefore makes an estimate of things, very different from that of him whose unremitting attention is devoted to his external interest. The profusion of Camoens is also censured. Had he dissipated the wealth he acquired at Macao, his profusion indeed had been criminal; but it does not appear that he ever enjoyed any other opportunity of acquiring independence. But Camoens was unfortunate, and the unfortunate man is viewed

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

Yet, after the strictest discussion, when all the causes are weighed together, the misfortunes of Camoens will appear the fault and disgrace of his age and country, and not of the man. His talents would have secured him an apartment in the palace of Augustus, but such talents are a curse to their possessor in an illiterate nation. In a beautiful digressive exclamation, at the end of the fifth Lusiad,

he gives us a striking view of the neglect which he experienced. Having mentioned how the greatest heroes of antiquity revered and cherished the Muse, he thus characterises the nobility of his own age and country:

Alas! on Tago's hapless shore alone
The Muse is slighted, and her charms unknown.
For this, no Virgil here attunes the lyre,
No Homer here awakes the hero's fire.
Unheard, in vain their native poet sings,
And cold neglect weighs down the Muse's wings.

And what particularly seems to have touched him—

Even he whose veins the blood of Gama warms*
Walks by, unconscious of the Muse's charms:

* The political evils impending over his country, which Camoens almost alone foresaw, gave not, in their fulfilment, a stronger proof of his superior abilities, than his prophecy of Don Francisco de Gama—

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

No Nymph of Tagus shall leave her golden embroidered web, and sing of him—affords of his knowledge of men. Camoens was superior to a mean resentment; he most undoubtedly perceived that ignorance, unmannerly arrogance, and insignificance of abilities, which, eighteen, and thirty-eight years after his death, disgraced the two viceroyalties of his hero's grandson. Justice to the memory of Camoens, and even to the cause of polite literature itself, requires some short account of this nobleman, who appears to have treated our author with the most mortifying neglect. He was named Don Francisco de Gama, Count de Vidigueyra. Facts will best give his character: he had not one idea, that the elegant writer who immortalised his ancestor had the least title to his countenance. Several

For him no Muse shall leave her golden loom,
No palm shall blossom, and no wreath shall bloom.
Yet shall my labours and my cares be paid
By fame immortal ———

In such an age, and among such barbarous nobility, what but wretched neglect could be the fate of a

years after the death of Camoens, he was made viceroy of India, by the king of Spain. Here he carried himself with such state, says Faria, that he was hated by all men. When he entered upon his government, he bestowed every place in his gift upon his parasites, who publicly sold them to the best bidders. And though Cunnale, the pirate, who had disgracefully defeated Don Luis de Gama, the viceroy's brother, had surrendered, upon the sole condition of life, to the brave Furtado, Cunnale, his nephew Cinale, and forty Moors of rank, were brought to Goa. But the Moors were no sooner landed, than the lawless rabble tore them in pieces, and Cunnale and his nephew were publicly beheaded, by order of the viceroy. And thus, says Faria, government and the rabble went hand in hand in murder and the breach of faith. Over the principal gate of Goa stood a marble statue of Vasco de Gama. This, in hatred of the grandson, the enraged inhabitants broke down, in the night, and in the morning the quarters were found gibbeted in the most public parts of the city. And thus the man who despised the wreath with which Camoens crowned his grandfather, brought that grandfather's effigies to the deepest insult which can be offered to the memory of the deceased. Nor were his own effigies happier. On his recal to Europe, the first object that struck him, when he went aboard the ship appointed to carry him, was a figure hanging by the neck at the yard arm, exactly like himself in feature and habit. He asked what it meant; and was resolutely answered, *It represents You, and these are the men who hung it up.* Nor must another insult be omitted. After being a few days at sea, he was necessitated to return to the port from whence he had sailed, for fresh provisions, for all his live stock, it was found, was poisoned.

Camoens! After all, however, if he was imprudent on his first appearance at the court of John III. if the honesty of his indignation led him into great imprudence, as certainly it did, when at Goa he satirised the viceroy and the first Goths in power; yet let it also be remembered, that "The gifts of imagination bring the heaviest task upon the vigilance of reason; and to bear those faculties with unerring rectitude or invariable propriety, requires a degree of firmness and of cool attention, which doth not always attend the higher gifts of the mind. Yet difficult as nature herself seems to have rendered the task of regularity to genius, it is the supreme consolation of dullness and of folly to point with Gothic triumph to those excesses which are the overflowings of faculties they never enjoyed. Perfectly unconscious that they are indebted to their stupidity for the consistency of their conduct, they plume themselves on an imaginary virtue, which has its origin in what is really their disgrace. Let such, if such dare approach the shrine of Camoens, withdraw to a respectful distance; and should they behold the ruins of genius, or the weakness of an exalted mind, let them be taught to lament, that nature has left the noblest of her works imperfect*."

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

DISSERTATION

ON THE

LUSIAD,

AND

OBSERVATIONS UPON EPIC POETRY.

VOLTAIRE, when he was in England, previous to the publication of his Henriade, published in English an Essay on the Epic Poetry of the European nations. In this he highly praised and severely attacked the Lusiad. Yet this criticism, though most superficial and erroneous, has been generally esteemed throughout Europe, as the true character of that poem. The great objections upon which he condemns it, are, an absurd mixture of Christian and Pagan mythology, and a want of unity in the action and conduct. For the mixture of mythology, a defence shall be offered, and the wild exaggera-

tions of Voltaire exposed. And an examen of the conduct of the Lusiad will clearly evince, that the Eneid itself is not more perfect in that connection which is requisite to form one whole, according to the strictest rules of epic unity *.

* As whatever bears the sanction of Voltaire's celebrated name will be remembered, and hereafter appealed to as decisive in the controversies of literary merit, if not circumstantially refuted; it may not be amiss to expose the very slight acquaintance that Voltaire possessed of this poem, which he has in the above-mentioned essay so unjustly condemned. It might reasonably be presumed, that a critic should not only possess a correct knowledge of the language of that author, whose production he essays to examine, but that he should also have studied the literature of the country, and more particularly that of the age, in which he lived; yet so totally destitute was Voltaire of both these requisites for forming a just conception of the merits of Camoens, that when his Essay on Epic Poetry was printing in London, he confessed to Col. Bladon, the translator of Cæsar, to whom he shewed a proof sheet of it whilst at press, that he had never seen the Lusiad, neither could he read Portuguese, upon which the Colonel put Fanshaw's translation of it into his hands, and in less than a fortnight Voltaire's critique made its appearance.

From a criticism on the Lusiad, formed upon such slight acquaintance with so very imperfect a translation as that of Fanshaw's, much could not be expected; yet it might have been hoped, that according to his knowledge of the subject, would have been the degree of censure that Voltaire would have cast upon so celebrated a performance; but, as if possessed by the same spirit which impelled his pen to write such inconsistencies against the Paradise Lost, (which he affirms to have been taken from an Italian author who was never heard of) does he proceed to lavish his abuse upon the author of the Lusiad. But so unfortunate is he in the charges which he brings forward,

The term Epopœia is derived from the Greek Ἔπος, *discourse*, and hence the epic, may be rendered the narrative poem. In the full latitude of

that every succeeding assertion tends only to increase the proofs of his ignorance of his author, as well as of the history of the country in which he flourished. So superficial indeed was his acquaintance with the Lusiad, that both the poet and the hero of it are misnamed by him, and as if completely to refute himself, he makes Camoens, who was not then born, accompany Gama in the expedition to India, and relate the circumstances of the voyage, as though he had been an eye witness of them. Numberless other instances might be here adduced, if the preceding were not sufficient to prove the very superficial insight which Voltaire possessed of the Lusiad when he first printed his Essay on Epic Poetry; and although some of these blunders have been corrected in the late editions of that essay, yet such unparalleled and groundless aspersions should not pass unrecorded.

Upon consideration, however, that Sir Richard Fanshaw's harsh and unpoetical version of the Lusiad, in which there are so many passages introduced that are not in the original, was the only source whence Voltaire drew those unjust conclusions, which he has advanced in his examination of it, we cannot be surprised that he has condemned it upon circumstances which have no place in the poem: so obscure indeed are many parts of that version, that the present translator has, in several instances, been obliged to have recourse to the original for an elucidation of them, and notwithstanding the abuse of which Mons. Voltaire is so very lavish, he appears to have been so highly struck with the sublimity of particular passages of the poem, even under the unfavourable view in which it was offered to him, that he admits the work to be full of the grandest beauties, and to be the production of an uncommon genius, whom he dignifies in another part of his writings with the title of the Portuguese Virgil.

this definition, some Italian critics have contended, that the poems of Dante and Ariosto were epic. But these consist of various detached actions, which do not constitute one whole. In this manner Telemachus and the Faerie Queene are also epic poems. A definition more restricted, however, a definition descriptive of the noblest species of poetry, has been given by Aristotle; and the greatest critics have followed him, in appropriating to this species the term of epopœia, or epic. The subject of the epopœia, according to that great father of criticism, must be one. One action must be invariably pursued, and heightened through different stages, till the catastrophe close it in so complete a manner, that any farther addition would only inform the reader of what he already perceives. Yet in pursuing this one end, collateral episodes not only give that variety, so essential to good poetry, but, under judicious management, assist in the most pleasing manner to facilitate and produce the unravelment, or catastrophe. Thus the anger of Achilles is the subject of the Iliad. He withdraws his assistance from the Greeks. The efforts and distresses of the Grecian army in his absence, and the triumphs of Hector, are the consequences of his rage. In the utmost danger of the Greeks, he permits his friend Patroclus to go to battle. Patroclus is killed by Hector. Achilles, to revenge his fall, rushes to the

field. Hector is killed, the Trojans defeated, and the rage of Achilles is soothed by the obsequies of his friend. And thus also the subject of the Eneid is one. The remains of the Trojan nation, to whom a seat of empire is promised by the oracle, are represented as endangered by a tempest at sea. They land at Carthage. Eneas, their leader, relates the fate of Troy to the hospitable queen; but is ordered by Jupiter to fulfil the prophecies, and go in search of the promised seat of that empire, which was one day to command the world. Eneas again sets sail; many adventures befal him. He at last lands in Italy, where prophecies of his arrival were acknowledged. His fated bride, however, is betrothed to Turnus. A war ensues, and the poem concludes with the death of the rival of Eneas. In both these great Poems, a machinery suitable to the allegorical religion of those times is preserved. Juno is the guardian of the Greeks, Venus of the Trojans. Narrative poetry without fiction can never please. Without fiction it must want the marvellous, which is the very soul of poesy; and hence a machinery is indispensible in the epic poem. The conduct and machinery of the Lusiad are as follow:—The poem opens with a view of the Portuguese fleet before a prosperous gale on the coast of Ethiopia. The crews, however, are worn with labour, and their safety depends upon their fortune in a friendly har-

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

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

They now arrive at Mombassa. The malice of the evil dæmon or genius of Mohammedism, still excites the arts of treachery against them. Hermes, the messenger of heaven, in a dream, in the spirit of Homer, warns the hero of the poem of his danger, and commands him to steer for Melinda. There he arrives, and is received by the prince in the most friendly manner. Here the hero receives the first certain intelligence or hope of India. The prince of Melinda's admiration of the fortitude and prowess of his guests, the first who had ever dared to pass the unknown ocean by Cape Corrientes, artfully prepares the reader for a long episode. The poem of Virgil contains the history of the Roman empire to his own time. Camoens perceived this, and trod in his steps. The history of Portugal, which Gama relates to the king of Melinda, is not only necessary to give their new ally an high idea of the Lusian prowess and spirit, but also naturally leads to, and accounts for the voyage of Gama: the event, which, in its consequences, sums up the Portuguese honours. It is also requisite for Gama to tell the rise of his nation to the king of Melinda, as it is for Eneas to relate to Dido the cause of his voyage, the destruction of Troy. Pleased with the fame of their nation, the king of Melinda vows lasting friendship with the Lusians, and gives them a faithful pilot. As they sail across the great Indian ocean,

the machinery is again employed. The evil dæmon implores Neptune and the powers of the sea to raise a tempest to destroy the fleet. The sailors on the night watch fortify their courage by relating the valiant acts of their countrymen; and an episode, in the true poetical spirit of chivalry, is introduced. Thus Achilles in his tent is represented as singing to his lyre the praises of heroes. And in the epic conduct, this narrative and the tales told by Nestor, either to restrain or inflame the rage of the Grecian chiefs, are certainly the same.

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

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

And in the true spirit of Homer's allegory, she calls her nymphs, and by their ministry stills the tempest. Gama now arrives in India. Every circumstance rises from the preceding one; and the con-

duct in every circumstance is as exactly Virgilian, as any two tragedies may possibly be alike in adherence to the rules of the drama. Gama, having accomplished his purpose in India, sets sail for Europe, and the machinery is for the last time employed. Venus, to reward her heroes, raises a paradisaical island in the sea. Voltaire, in his English essay, has said, that no nation but the Portuguese and Italians could be pleased with this fiction. In the French he has suppressed this sentence, but has compared it to a Dutch brothel allowed for the sailors. Yet this idea of it is as false as it is gross. Every thing in the island of Love resembles the statue of Venus de Medicis. The description is warm indeed, but it is chaste as the first loves of Adam and Eve in Milton; and entirely free from that grossness, (see the note, p. 142, vol. iii.) often to be found in Dante, Ariosto, Spenser, and in Milton himself. After the poet has explained the allegory of the island of Love, the goddess of the ocean gives her hand and commits her empire to Gama, whom she conducts to her palace, where, in a prophetic song, he hears the actions of the heroes who were to establish the Portuguese empire in the East. In epic conduct nothing can be more masterly. The funeral games in honour of Patroclus, after the Iliad has turned upon its great hinge, the death of Hector, are here most happily imitated; after the Lusiad has

also turned upon its great hinge, the discovery of India. The conduct is the same, though not one feature is borrowed. Ulysses and Eneas are sent to visit the regions of the dead; and Voltaire's hero must also be conveyed to hell and heaven. But how superior is the spirit of Camoens! He parallels these striking adventures by a new fiction of his own. Gama in the island of Bliss, and Eneas in hell, are in epic conduct exactly the same; and in this unborrowing sameness, he *artfully interweaves the history of Portugal: artfully,* as Voltaire himself confesses. The episode with the king of Melinda, the description of the painted ensigns, and the prophetic song, are parallel in manner and purpose with the episode of Dido, the shield of Eneas, and the vision in Elysium. To appease the rage of Achilles, and to lay the foundation of the Roman empire, are the grand purposes of the Iliad and Eneid; the one effected by the death of Hector; the other by the alliance of Latinus and Eneas, rendered certain by the death of Turnus. In like manner, to establish the Portuguese Christian empire in the East, is the grand design of the Lusiad, rendered certain by the happy return of Gama. And thus, in the true spirit of the epopœia, ends the Lusiad, a poem where every circumstance rises in just gradation, till the whole is summed up in the most perfect unity of epic action.

The machinery of Homer, (see the note at the end

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

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

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

* The Celestial Venus, according to Plato, was the daughter of Ouranus, or Heaven, and thence called Urania. The pas-

nus is therefore the most proper personage of that mythology to figure Christianity. And Bacchus, the conqueror of the East, is, in the ancient poetical allegory, the most natural protector of the altars of India. Whatever may be said against the use of the ancient machinery in a modern poem, candour must confess, that the allegory of Camoens, which arms the genius of Mohammedism † against the expedition of his heroes, is both sublime and most happily interesting. Nor must his choice of the ancient poetical machinery be condemned without examination. It has been the language of poetry these three thousand years, and its allegory is perfectly understood. If not impossible, it will certainly be very difficult to find a new, or a better

sage stands in the Symposion of that author as follows: Παντες γαρ ισμεν οτι ουκ εστιν ανευ Ερωτος Αφροδιτη· ταυτης δε μιας μεν ουσης, εις αν ην Ερως· επει δε δυο εστον, δυο αναγκη και Ερωτε εἶναι. πως δ' ὁ δυο τα Θεα; η μεν γε που, πρεσβυτερα, και αμετωρ, Ουρανου Θυγατηρ, ην δη και ουρανιαν επονομαζομεν η δε νεωτερα, Διος και Διωνης, ην δη πανδημον καλουμεν.

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

† For several collateral proofs, see the note, p. 159, vol. ii. and text in Lusiad VIII., where Bacchus, the evil dæmon, takes the form of Mohammed, and appears in a dream to a priest of the Koran.

machinery for an epic poem. That of Tasso is condemned by Boileau *, yet, that of Camoens may plead the authority of that celebrated critic, and is even vindicated, undesignedly, by Voltaire himself. In an essay prefixed to his Henriade, *Le mot d' Amphitrite,* says he, *dans notre poesie, ne signifie que la Mer, et non l' Epouse de Neptune*—" the word Amphitrite in our poetry signifies only the sea, and not the wife of Neptune." And why may not the word Venus in Camoens signify divine love, and not the wife of Vulcan? " Love," says Voltaire, in the same essay, " has his arrows, and Justice a balance, in our most christian writings, in our paintings, in our tapestry, without being esteemed as the least mixture of Paganism." And if this criticism has justice in it, why not apply it to the Lusiad, as well as to the Henriade? Candour will not only apply it to the Lusiad, but it will also add the authority of Boileau. He is giving rules for an epic poem:

Dans le vaste récit d' une longue action,
Se soutient par la fable, et vit de fiction.
Lá pour nous enchanter tout est mis en usage:
Tout prend un corps, une ame, un esprit, un visage;

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

Chaque vertu devient une divinité;
Minerve est la prudence, et Venus la beauté.
Ce n'est plus la vapeur qui produit le tonnere,
C'est Jupiter armé pour effrayer la terre.
Un orage terrible aux yeux des matelots,
C'est Neptune, en courroux, qui gourmande les flots.....
Sans tous ces ornemens le vers tombe en langueur;
La poesie est morte, ou rampe sans vigueur:
La poëte n'est plus qu'un orateur timide,
Qu'un froid historien d'une fable insipide.

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

De la foi d' un Chrêtien les mysteres terribles
D'ornemens égayés ne sont point susceptibles.
L'evangile á l'esprit n'offre de tous cotés
Que penitence a faire, et tourmens merités:
Et de vos fictions le melange coupable
Méme á ses vérités donne l'air de la fable.

The *mysteres terribles* afford, indeed, no subject for poetry. But the Bible offers to the muse something besides *penitence* and *merited torments*. The Paradise Lost, and the works of the greatest painters, evince this. Nor does this criticism, false as it is, contain one argument which excludes the heroes of a Christian nation from being the subject of poetry. Modern subjects are indeed condemned by Boileau; and ancient fable, with its Ulysses, Agamemnon,

&c.——*noms heureux semblent nés pour les vers*—are recommended to the poet. But, happy for Camoens, his feelings directed him to another choice. For, in contradiction of a thousand Boileaus, no compositions are so miserably uninteresting as our modern poems, where the heroes of ancient fable are the personages of the action. Unless, therefore, the subject of Camoens may thus seem condemned by the celebrated French critic, every other rule he proposes is in favour of the machinery of the Lusiad. And his own example proves, that he thought the pagan machinery not improper in a poem where the heroes * are modern. But there is an essential distinction in the method of using it. And Camoens has strictly adhered to this essential difference. The conduct of the epic poem is twofold; the historical and allegorical. When paganism was the popular belief, Diomed might wound Mars or † Venus; but when the names of these deities became merely allegorical, such also ought to be the actions ascribed to them. And Camoens has strictly adhered to this rule. His heroes are Christians; and *Santa Fe,* Holy Faith, is often mentioned in the historical parts where his heroes

* He uses the pagan mythology in his poem on the passage of the Rhine by the French army, in 1672.

† Thus it was the belief of the first ages of Christianity, that the pagan gods were fallen angels. Milton, with admirable

speak and act. But it is only in the allegorical parts where the pagan or the poetical mythology is introduced. And in his machinery, as in his historical parts, there is no mixture of pagan and Christian personages. The deliverance of the Lusian fleet, ascribed to the celestial Venus, so ridiculed by Voltaire, is exactly according to the precepts of Boileau. It is the historical opposition or concert of Christian and pagan ideas which forms the ab-

judgment, has adopted this system. His Mammon, the architect of Pandæmonium, he also calls Vulcan:

> Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
> In ancient Greece, and in Ausonian land.
> Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
> From heav'n, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove——
> On Lemnos, th' Egean isle: Thus they relate
> Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
> Fell long before.

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

surd, and disfigures a poem. But this absurd opposition or concert of personages has no place in the Lusiad, though it is found in the greatest of modern poets. From Milton both the allowable and blameable mixture of Christian and pagan ideas may be fully exemplified. With great judgment, he ranks the pagan deities among the fallen angels. When he alludes to pagan mythology, he sometimes says, " as fables feign ;" and sometimes he mentions these deities in the allegory of poetical style; as thus,

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

And thus, when Adam smiles on Eve;

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

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

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

To seek her through the world ———
——— might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive———

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

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

Here we have the heathen gods, another origin of evil, and a whole string of fables, alluded to as real events, on a level with his subject *.

Nor is poetical use the only defence of our injured author. In the age of Camoens, Bacchus was esteemed a real dæmon: and celestial Venus was considered as the name by which the Ethnics expressed the divine Love. But if the cold hyper-critic will still blame our author for his allegory, let it be repeated, that of all Christian poets, Camoens is in

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

this the least reprehensible. The hell, purgatory, and paradise of Dante, form one continued unallegorical texture of pagan and scriptural names, descriptions, and ideas. Ariosto is continually in the same fault. And, if it is a fault to use the ancient poetical machinery in a poem where the heroes are Christians, Voltaire himself has infinitely more of the *melange coupable* than Camoens. The machinery of his Henriade is, as confessed by himself, upon the idea of the pagan mythology. He cites Boileau,

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

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

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

Yet, the God of truth, according to the Christian idea, in direct violation of this precept, is a considerable personage in the pagan allegorical machinery of the Henriade. But the couplet last cited, though as direct against the Henriade as if it had been written to condemn it, is not in the least degree applicable to the machinery of the Lusiad ; a

machinery infinitely superior in every respect to that of Voltaire, though Camoens wrote at the revival of learning, ere criticism had given her best rules to the modern Muse.

The poem of Camoens, indeed, so fully vindicates itself, that this defence of it perhaps may seem unnecessary. Yet one consideration will vindicate this defence. The poem is written in a language unknown in polite literature. Few are able to judge of the original, and the unjust clamour raised against it by Rapin * and Voltaire, has been received in Europe as its true character. Lord Kaimes, and other authors, have censured its mixture of pagan and Christian mythology in such terms, as if

* Rapin condemns Camoens for his want of perspicuity, which charge he advances against him as his greatest blemish. Perhaps the old French version of the Lusiad may deserve this character for obscurity which Rapin has cast upon it; but certain it is from hence, that Mons. Rapin never read the original. Perspicuity, elegant simplicity, and the most natural unstrained harmony, is the just characteristic of the style of Camoens. The appeal is to the world. And the first linguist of the age has given the style of Camoens a very different character from that of Rapin: *Camoensium Lusitanum, cujus poesis adeò venusta est, adeò polita, ut nihil esse possit jucundius; interdum verò, adeò elata, grandiloqua, ac sonora, ut nihil fingi possit magnificentius*, JONES, Poeseos Asiat. Comment.

We shall only add the suffrage of the great Montesquieu, who observes, "Camoens recals to our minds the charms of the Odyssey, and the magnificence of the Eneid."—Spirit of Laws, b. xxi. c. 21.

the Lusiad, the poem which of all other modern ones is the most unexceptionable in this, were in this mixture the most egregiously unsufferable.

Other views of the conduct of the Lusiad now offer themselves. Besides the above remarks, many observations on the machinery and poetical conduct are, in their proper places, scattered throughout the notes. The exuberant exclamations of Camoens are there defended. Here let it only be added, that the unity of action is not interrupted by these parentheses, and that if Milton's beautiful complaint of his blindness be not an imitation of them, it is in the same manner and spirit. Nor will we scruple to pronounce, that such addresses to the Muse would have been admired in Homer, are an interesting improvement on the epopœia, and will certainly be imitated, if ever the world shall behold another real epic poem.

The Lusiad, says Voltaire, contains *a sort of epic poetry unheard of before. No heroes are wounded a thousand different ways; no woman enticed away, and the world overturned for her cause.*—But the very want of these, in place of supporting the objection intended by Voltaire, points out the happy judgment and peculiar excellence of Camoens. If Homer has given us all the fire and hurry of battles, he has also given us all the uninteresting tiresome detail. What reader but must be tired with the

deaths of a thousand heroes, who are never mentioned before nor afterward in the poem. Yet in every battle we are wearied out with such *Gazette* returns of the slain and wounded ——

Ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον, τίνα δ' ὕστατον ἐξενάριξεν
Ἕκτωρ Πριαμίδης, ὅτε οἱ Ζεὺς κῦδος ἔδωκεν;
Ἀσσαῖον μὲν πρῶτα, καὶ Αὐτόνοον, καὶ Ὀπίτην,
Καὶ Δόλοπα Κλυτίδην, καὶ Ὀφέλτιον, ἠδ' Ἀγέλαον,
Αἴσυμνόν τ' Ὄρον τε, καὶ Ἱππόνοον μενεχάρμην·
Τὺς ἄρ' ὀγ' ἡγεμόνας Δαναῶν ἔλεν· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
Πληθύν· ὡς ὁπότε, &c.

Il. Lib. XI. lin. 299.

Thus imitated by Virgil,

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

Æn. l. x. 747.

With such catalogues is every battle extended; and what can be more tiresome than such uninteresting descriptions and their imitations! If the idea of the battle be raised by such enumeration, still the copy and original are so near each other, that they can never please in two separate poems. Nor are the greater parts of the battles of the Eneid much more distant from those of the Iliad. Though Virgil with

great art has introduced a Camilla, a Pallas, and a Lausus, still in many particulars, and in the fights there is, upon the whole, such a sameness with the Iliad, that the learned reader of the Eneid is deprived of the pleasure inspired by originality. If the man of taste, however, will be pleased to mark how the genius of a Virgil has managed a war after a Homer, he will certainly be tired with a dozen of epic poems in the same style. Where the siege of a town and battles are the subject of an epic, there will of necessity, in the characters and circumstances, be a resemblance to Homer; and such poem must therefore want originality. Happy for Tasso, the variation of manners, and his masterly superiority over Homer in describing his duels, have given his Jerusalem an air of novelty. Yet with all the difference between Christian and pagan heroes, we have a Priam, an Agamemnon, an Achilles, &c.; armies slaughtered, and a city besieged. In a word, we have a handsome copy of the Iliad in the Jerusalem Delivered. If some imitations, however, have been successful, how many other epics of ancient and modern times have hurried down the stream of oblivion! Some of their authors had poetical merit, but the fault was in the choice of their subjects. So fully is the strife of war exhausted by Homer, that Virgil and Tasso could add to it but little novelty; no wonder, therefore, that so many epics on

battles and sieges have been suffered to sink into utter neglect. Camoens, perhaps, did not weigh these circumstances; but the strength of his poetical genius directed him. He could not but feel what it was to read Virgil after Homer; and the original turn and force of his mind led him from the beaten track of Helens and Lavinias, Achilleses and Hectors, sieges and slaughters, where the hero hews down and drives to flight whole armies with his own sword. To constitute a poem worthy of the name of epic in the highest and strictest sense, some grand characteristics of subject and conduct, peculiarly its own, are absolutely necessary. Of all the moderns, Camoens and Milton have alone attained this grand peculiarity in an eminent degree. Camoens was the first genuine and successful poet who wooed the modern epic muse, and she gave him the wreath of a first Lover: *A sort of epic poetry unheard of before;* or, as Voltaire calls it in his last edition, *une nouvelle espéce d' epopée.* And the grandest subject it is (of profane history) which the world has ever beheld *. A voyage esteemed too great for

* The drama and the epopœia are in nothing so different as in this: the subjects of the drama are inexhaustible, those of the epopœia are perhaps exhausted. He who chuses war and the warlike characters, cannot appear as an original. It was well for the memory of Pope, that he did not write the epic poem he intended. It would have been only a copy of Virgil. Camoens and Milton have been happy in the novelty of their

man to dare; the adventures of this voyage, through unknown oceans, deemed unnavigable; the Eastern World happily discovered, and for ever indissolubly joined and given to the Western; the grand Portuguese empire in the East founded; the humanization of mankind, and universal commerce the consequence! What are the adventures of an old fabulous hero's arrival in Britain, what are Greece and Latium in arms for a woman, compared to this? Troy is in ashes, and even the Roman empire is no more. But the effects of the voyage, adventures, and bravery of the hero of the Lusiad, will be felt and beheld, and perhaps increase in importance, while the world shall remain.

Happy in his choice, happy also was the genius of Camoens in the method of pursuing his subject. He has not, like Tasso, given it a total appearance of fiction; nor has he, like Lucan, excluded allegory and poetical machinery. Whether he intended it or not, for his genius was sufficient to suggest its propriety, the judicious precept of Petronius is the

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

model of the Lusiad. That elegant writer proposes a poem on the civil war; *Ecce belli civilis,* says he, *ingens opus——Non enim res gestæ versibus comprehendendæ sunt (quod longè melius historici faciunt) sed per ambages Deorumque ministeria, et fabulosum sententiarum tormentum præcipitandus est liber spiritus: ut potiùs furentis animi vaticinatio appareat, quam religiosæ orationis sub testibus fides*——No poem, ancient or modern, merits this character in any degree comparative to the Lusiad. A truth of history is preserved, yet, what is improper for the historian, the ministry of heaven is employed, and the free spirit of poetry throws itself into fictions, which make the whole appear as an effusion of prophetic fury, and not like a rigid detail of facts given under the sanction of witnesses. Contrary to Lucan, who, in the above rules drawn from the nature of poetry, is severely condemned by Petronius, Camoens conducts his poem *per ambages Deorumque ministeria.* The apparition, which in the night hovers athwart the fleet near the Cape of Good Hope, is the grandest fiction in human composition; the invention of his own! In the Island of Venus, the use of which fiction in an epic poem is also his own, he has given the completest assemblage of all the flowers which have ever adorned the bowers of love. And never was the *furentis animi vaticinatio* more conspicuously displayed than in the prophetic song, the view of

the spheres, and of the globe of the earth. Tasso's imitation of the Island of Venus is not equal to the original; and though "Virgil's myrtles * dropping blood are nothing to Tasso's inchanted forest," what are all Ismeno's inchantments to the grandeur and horror of the appearance, prophecy, and evanishment of the spectre of Camoens! †—It has been long agreed among the critics, that the solemnity of religious observances gives great dignity to the historical narrative of the epopœia. Camoens, in the embarkation of the fleet, and in several other places, is peculiarly happy in the dignity of religious allusions. Manners and character are also required in the epic poem. But all the epics which have appeared, are, except two, mere copies of the Iliad in these. Every one has its Agamemnon, Achilles, Ajax, and Ulysses; its calm, furious, gross, and intelligent hero. Camoens and Milton happily left this beaten track, this exhausted field, and have given us pictures of manners unknown in the Iliad, the Eneid, and all those poems which may be classed with the Thebaid. The Lusiad abounds with pictures of

* See Letters on Chivalry and Romance.

† The Lusiad is also rendered poetical by other fictions. The elegant satire on king Sebastian, under the name of Acteon; and the prosopopœia of the populace of Portugal venting their murmurs upon the beach when Gama sets sail, display the richness of our author's poetical genius, and are not inferior to any thing of the kind in the classics.

manners, from those of the highest chivalry to those of the rudest, fiercest, and most innocent barbarism. In the fifth, sixth, and ninth books, Leonardo and Veloso are painted in stronger colours than any of the inferior characters in Virgil. But striking character, indeed, is not the excellence of the Eneid. That of Monzaida, the friend of Gama, is much superior to that of Achates. The base, selfish, perfidious, and cruel character of the Zamorim and the Moors, are painted in the strongest colours; and the character of Gama himself, is that of the finished hero. His cool command of his passions, his deep sagacity, his fixed intrepidity, his tenderness of heart, his manly piety, and his high enthusiasm in the love of his country, are all displayed in the superlative degree. —— And to the novelty of the manners of the Lusiad, let the novelty of fire-arms also be added. It has been said, that the buckler, the bow, and the spear, must ever continue the arms of poetry. Yet, however unsuccessful others may have been, Camoens has proved that fire-arms may be introduced with the greatest dignity and finest effect in the epic poem.

As the grand interest of commerce and of mankind forms the subject of the Lusiad, so with great propriety, as necessary accompaniments to the voyage of his hero, the author has given poetical pictures of the four parts of the world. In the

third book a view of Europe; in the fifth a view of Africa: and in the tenth, a picture of Asia and America. Homer and Virgil have been highly praised for their judgment in their selection of subjects which interested their countrymen; and Statius has been as severely condemned for his uninteresting choice. But though the subject of Camoens be particularly interesting to his countrymen, it has also the peculiar happiness to be the poem of every trading nation. It is the epic poem of the birth of commerce; and in a particular manner the epic poem of that country which has the controul and possession of the commerce of India.

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

SONNETTO.

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

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

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

SONNET.

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

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

Great as thou art, and peerless in renown,
Yet thou to Camoens ow'st thy noblest fame;
Farther than thou didst sail, his deathless song
Shall bear the dazzling splendour of thy name:
And under many a sky thy actions crown,
While Time and Fame together glide along.

It only remains to give some account of the version of the Lusiad, which is now offered to the public. Besides the translations mentioned in the life of Camoens, M. Duperron de Castera, in 1735, gave in French prose a loose unpoetical paraphrase of the Lusiad. Nor does Sir Richard Fanshaw's English version, published during the usurpation of Cromwell, merit a better character. Though stanza

be rendered for stanza; though at first view it has the appearance of being exceedingly literal, this version is nevertheless exceedingly unfaithful. Uncountenanced by his original, Fanshaw——*teems with many a dead-born jest* *——Nor had he the least idea of the dignity of the epic style, or of the true spirit of poetical translation. For this, indeed, no definite rule can be given. The translator's feelings alone must direct him; for the spirit of poetry is sure to evaporate in literal translation.

Literal translation of poetry is in reality a solecism. You may construe your author indeed, but if with some translators you boast that you have left your author to speak for himself, that you have neither added nor diminished, you have in reality grossly abused him, and deceived yourself. Your literal translation can have no claim to the original felicities of expression, the energy, elegance, and fire of the original poetry. It may bear, indeed, a resemblance, but such a one as a corpse in the sepulchre bears to the former man when he moved in the bloom and vigour of life.

> *Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fides*
> *Interpres*——

was the taste of the Augustan age. None but a poet can translate a poet. The freedom which this

* Pope, Odyss. xx.

precept gives, will, therefore, in a poet's hands, not only infuse the energy, elegance, and fire of his author's poetry into his own version, but will give it also the spirit of an original.

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

* Some liberties of a less poetical kind, however, require to be mentioned. In Homer and Virgil's lists of slain warriors, Dryden and Pope have omitted several names which would have rendered English versification dull and tiresome. Several allusions to ancient history and fable have for this reason been abridged; e. g. in the prayer of Gama (Book VI.) the mention of Paul, " thou who deliveredst Paul, and defendedst him from quicksands and wild waves—" is omitted. However excellent in the original, the prayer in English, such is the difference of languages, would lose both in dignity and ardour, if burthened with a farther enumeration. Nor let the critic, if he finds the meaning of Camoens in some instances altered, imagine that he has found a blunder in the translator. He who chuses to see a slight alteration of this kind, will find an instance, which will give him an idea of others, in Can. 8. st. 48. and another in Can. 7. st. 41. It was not to gratify the Dull Few, whose greatest pleasure in reading a translation is to see what the author exactly says; it was to give a poem that might live in the English language, which was the ambition of the translator. And for the same reason

in the mention of these will not, in these pages, appear with a good grace. He shall only add, in this new edition, that some of the most eminent of the Portuguese literati, both in England and on the continent, have approved of these freedoms, and the original is in the hands of the world.

he has not confined himself to the Portuguese or Spanish pronunciation of proper names. It is ingeniously observed in the Rambler, that Milton, by the introduction of proper names, often gives great dignity to his verse. Regardless, therefore, of Spanish pronunciation, the translator has accented Granada, Evora, &c. in the manner which seemed to him to give most dignity to English versification. In the word Sofala he has even rejected the authority of Milton, and followed the more sonorous usage of Fanshaw. Thus Sir Richard: "*Against Sofála's batter'd fort.*" And thus Milton: "*And Sófala thought Ophir*—" Which is the most sonorous there can be no dispute. If the translator, however, is found to have trespassed against good taste in these liberties in the pronunciation of proper names, he will be very willing to acknowledge and correct his error.

THE

LUSIAD*.

BOOK I.

ARMS and the Heroes, who from Lisbon's shore,
Thro' Seas where sail was never spread before†,
Beyond where Ceylon lifts her spicy breast,
And waves her woods above the watery waste,

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

† In this first book, and throughout the whole Poem, Camoens frequently describes his Heroes as passing through seas which had never before been navigated; of which, M. Duperron de Castera, the French Translator of the Lusiad, observes that Camoens must not be understood literally. Our author, says he, could not be ignorant that the African and Indian Oceans had been navigated long before the times of the

With prowess more than human forc'd their way
To the fair kingdoms of the rising day:
What wars they wag'd, what seas, what dangers past,
What glorious Empire crown'd their toils at last,
Vent'rous I sing, on soaring pinions borne,
And all my Country's wars the song adorn;
What Kings, what Heroes of my native land
Thunder'd on Asia's and on Afric's strand:
Illustrious shades, who levell'd in the dust
The idol-temples and the shrines of lust;
And where, erewhile, foul demons were rever'd,
To Holy Faith unnumber'd altars* rear'd:

Portuguese. Now, although it is certain that Hanno, a Carthaginian captain, made a voyage round the whole coast of Africa, yet his voyage was merely a coasting one, like that of Nearchus in Alexander's time, and that he never ventured into the great Ocean, or went so far as Gama. It remains, therefore, that Gama, who sailed by the compass, after having gone further than his cotemporary Bartholomew Diaz, was literally the first who ever spread sail in the great Southern Ocean, and that the Portuguese were not the Restorers, but were unquestionably the Discoverers of the present rout of navigation to the East Indies.

* *To Holy Faith unnumber'd altars rear'd.*—To the immortal honour of the *first* Portuguese Discoverers, their conduct was in

Illustrious names, with deathless laurels crown'd,
While time rolls on in every clime renown'd!

Let Fame with wonder name the Greek no more,
What lands he saw, what toils at sea he bore;

every respect the reverse of that desolating and destructive system of oppression, which marked the progress of the Spaniards in their conquest of America. To establish a traffic equally advantageous to the natives as to themselves, was the principle they professed, and the strictest honour and humanity presided over their transactions. Nor did they ever proceed to hostilities till provoked, either by the open violence or by the perfidy of the Natives. The religion of the Portuguese was eagerly embraced by many kings and provinces of Africa and India; while the Mexicans with manly disdain rejected the faith of the Spaniards, professing they would rather go to hell to escape these cruel Tyrants, than go to heaven, where they were told, they should meet them. Zeal for the Christian religion was esteemed, at the time of the Portuguese grandeur, as the most cardinal Virtue, and to propagate Christianity and extirpate Mohammedism were the most certain proofs of that zeal. In all their expeditions this was professedly a principal motive of the Lusitanian Monarchs; and Camoëns understood the nature of Epic poetry too well to omit,—that the design of his Hero was to deliver the Law of heaven to the eastern world; a circumstance which gives a noble air of importance and of interest to the business of his Poem.

No more the Trojan's wandering voyage boast,
What storms he brav'd on many a per'lous coast:
No more let Rome exult in Trajan's name,
Nor eastern conquests Ammon's pride proclaim;
A nobler Hero's deeds demand my lays
Than e'er adorn'd the song of ancient days;
Illustrious GAMA, whom the waves obey'd,
And whose dread sword the fate of Empire sway'd.

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

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

* *And thou, O born*—King Sebastian, who came to the throne in his minority. Though the warm imagination of Camoens anticipated the praises of the future Hero, the young monarch, like Virgil's Pollio, had not the happiness to fulfil the prophecy. Ambitious of military laurels, he led a powerful army into Africa, on purpose to replace Muley Hamet on the throne of Morocco, from which he had been deposed by Muley Molucco. On the 4th of August, 1578, in the 25th year of his age, he gave battle to the Usurper on the plains of Alcazar. Victory declared for the Moors, and the defeat of the Portuguese was so total, that not above fifty of their whole army escaped. Historians differ in regard to the fate of Sebastian, some stating that he fell in the battle, whilst others, with equal authority, assert that he was observed after the defeat, making his escape unpursued. About twenty years after this fatal battle there appeared a stranger at Venice, who called himself Sebastian, King of Portugal. His person so perfectly resembled Sebastian, that the Portuguese of that city acknowledged him for their Sovereign. Philip II. of Spain was now Master of the crown and kingdom of Portugal, and his ambassador at Venice had interest to get this stranger apprehended and thrown into prison as an impostor. He underwent twenty-eight examinations before a committee of the nobles, in which he gave a distinct account of the manner in which he had passed his time from the fatal defeat at Alcazar. He shewed natural marks on his body, which many remembered on the person of the King whose name he assumed, and mentioned the secrets of several conversations

Given to the world to spread Religion's sway,
And pour o'er many a land the mental day,
Thy future honours on thy shield behold,
The cross, and victor's wreath, embost in gold:
At thy commanding frown we trust to see,
The Turk and Arab bend the suppliant knee:
Beneath the* morn, dread King, thine Empire lies,
When midnight veils thy Lusitanian skies;

with the Venetian ambassadors in the palace of Lisbon. The Committee were astonished, and shewed no disposition to declare him an Impostor. He was at length set at liberty, and ordered to depart the Venetian dominions in three days. In his flight he fell into the hands of the Spaniards, who treated him with the most barbarous indignities, and carried him to a castle in the heart of Castile, after which, he never was heard of more.

* *Beneath the morn, dread King, thine Empire lies.*—When we consider the glorious successes which had attended the arms of the Portuguese in Africa and India, and the high reputation of their military and naval prowess, for Portugal was then Empress of the Ocean, it is no matter of wonder that the imagination of Camoens was warmed with the view of his Country's greatness, and that he talks of its power and grandeur in a strain, which must appear as mere hyperbole to those whose ideas of Portugal are drawn from its present broken spirit, and diminished state.

And when descending in the western main
The Sun still rises on thy lengthening reign:
Thou blooming Scion of the noblest stem,
Our nation's safety, and our age's gem,
O young Sebastian, hasten to the prime
Of manly youth, to Fame's high temple climb:
Yet now attentive hear the Muse's lay
While thy green years to manhood speed away:
The youthful terrors of thy brow suspend,
And, O propitious, to the song attend,
The numerous song, by Patriot-passion fir'd,
And by the glories of thy race inspir'd:
To be the Herald of my Country's fame
My first ambition and my dearest aim:
Nor conquests fabulous, nor actions vain,
The Muse's pastime, here adorn the strain:
Orlando's fury, and Rugero's rage,
And all the heroes of th' Aonian page,
The dreams of Bards surpass'd the world shall view,
And own their boldest fictions may be true;
Surpass'd, and dimm'd by the superior blaze
Of GAMA's mighty deeds, which here bright Truth
displays.

Nor more let History boast her heroes old;
Their glorious rivals here, dread Prince, behold:
Here shine the valiant Nunio's deeds unfeigned,
Whose single arm the falling state sustained;
Here fearless Egas' wars, and, Fuas, thine,
To give full ardour to the song combine;
But ardour equal to your martial ire
Demands the thundering sounds of Homer's lyre.
To match the Twelve* so long by Bards renown'd,
Here brave Magricio and his Peers are crown'd
(A glorious Twelve!) with deathless laurels, won
In gallant arms before the English throne.
Unmatch'd no more the Gallic Charles shall stand,
Nor Cæsar's name the first of praise command:
Of nobler acts the crown'd Alonzos see,
Thy valiant Sires, to whom the bended knee
Of vanquish'd Afric bow'd. Nor less in fame,
He who confin'd the rage of civil flame,
The godlike John, beneath whose awful sword
Rebellion crouch'd, and trembling own'd him Lord.

* *To match the Twelve so long by Bards renown'd.*—The Twelve Peers of Charlemagne, often mentioned in the old Romances. For the Episode of Magricio and his eleven companions, see the sixth Lusiad.

Those Heroes too, who thy bold flag unfurl'd,
And spread thy banners o'er the eastern world,
Whose spears subdued the kingdoms of the morn,
Their names, and glorious wars the song adorn:
The daring GAMA, whose unequall'd name
Proud monarch shines o'er all of naval fame:
Castro * the bold, in arms a peerless knight,
And stern Pacheco, dreadful in the fight:
The two Almeydas, names for ever dear,
By Tago's nymphs embalm'd with many a tear;
Ah, still their early fate the nymphs shall mourn,
And bathe with many a tear their hapless urn:
Nor shall the godlike Albuquerk restrain
The Muse's fury; o'er the purpled plain
The Muse shall lead him in his thundering car
Amidst his glorious brothers of the war,
Whose fame in arms resounds from sky to sky,
And bids their deeds the power of death defy.
And while, to thee, I tune the duteous lay,
Assume, O potent King, thine Empire's sway;

* *Castro the bold*—The exploits of Castro, Pacheco, &c. are related at length in the Notes to the tenth book.

With thy brave host through Afric march along,
And give new triumphs to immortal song:
On thee with earnest eyes the nations wait,
And cold with dread the Moor expects his fate;
The barbarous Mountaineer on Taurus' brows
To thy expected yoke his shoulder bows:
Fair Thetis wooes thee with her blue domain,
Her nuptial son, and fondly yields her reign;
And from the bowers of heaven thy Grandsires* see
Their various virtues bloom afresh in thee;
One for the joyful days of Peace renown'd,
And one with War's triumphant laurels crown'd:
With joyful hands, to deck thy manly brow,
They twine the laurel and the olive-bough;
With joyful eyes a glorious throne they see,
In Fame's eternal dome, reserv'd for thee.
Yet while thy youthful hand delays to wield
The scepter'd power, or thunder of the field,
Here view thine Argonauts, in seas unknown,
And all the terrors of the burning zone,

* *Thy Grandsires*—John III. King of Portugal, celebrated for a long and peaceful reign; and the Emperor Charles V. who was engaged in almost continual wars.

Till their proud standards, rear'd in other skies,
And all their conquests meet thy wondering eyes.

Now far from land, o'er Neptune's dread abode
The Lusitanian fleet triumphant rode;
Onward they traced the wide and lonesome main,
Where changeful Proteus leads his scaly train;
The dancing vanes before the Zephyrs flow'd,
And their bold keels the trackless Ocean plough'd;
Unplough'd before the green ting'd billows rose,
And curl'd and whiten'd round the nodding prows.
When Jove, the God who with a thought controuls
The raging seas, and balances the poles,
From heav'n beheld, and will'd, in sovereign state,
To fix the Eastern World's depending fate:
Swift at his nod th' Olympian herald flies,
And calls th' immortal senate of the skies;
Where, from the sovereign throne of earth and heaven,
Th' immutable decrees of fate are given.
Instant the Regents of the spheres of light,
And those who rule the paler orbs of night,

With those, the gods whose delegated sway
The burning South and frozen North obey;
And they whose empires see the day-star rise,
And evening Phœbus leave the western skies;
All instant pour'd along the milky road,
Heaven's crystal pavements glittering as they trode:
And now, obedient to the dread command,
Before their awful Lord in order stand.

Sublime and dreadful on his regal throne,
That glow'd with stars, and bright as lightning shone,
Th' immortal Sire, who darts the thunder, sate,
The crown and sceptre added solemn state; [rays,
The crown, of heaven's own pearls, whose ardent
Flam'd round his brows, outshone the diamond's blaze:
His breath such gales of vital fragrance shed,
As might, with sudden life, inspire the dead:
Supreme Controul throned in his awful eyes
Appear'd, and mark'd the Monarch of the skies.
On seats that burn'd with pearl and ruddy gold,
The subject Gods their sovereign Lord enfold,

Each in his rank, when, with a voice that shook
The towers of heaven the world's dread Ruler spoke:

Immortal Heirs of light, my purpose hear,
My counsels ponder, and the Fates revere:
Unless Oblivion o'er your minds has thrown
Her dark blank shades, to you, ye Gods, are known
The Fate's Decree, and ancient warlike Fame
Of that bold race which boasts of Lusus' name;
That bold advent'rous race the Fates declare,
A potent empire in the East shall rear,
Surpassing Babel's or the Persian fame,
Proud Grecia's boast, or Rome's illustrious name.
Oft from these brilliant seats have you beheld
The sons of Lusus on the dusty field,
Though few, triumphant o'er the numerous Moors,
Till from the beauteous lawns on Tago's shores
They drove the cruel foe. And oft has heaven
Before their troops the proud Castilians driven;
While Victory her eagle-wings display'd
Where-e'er their Warriors waved the shining blade.
Nor rests unknown how Lusus' heroes stood
When Rome's ambition dy'd the world with blood;

What glorious laurels Viriatus* gain'd,
How oft his sword with Roman gore was stain'd;

* *What glorious laurels Viriatus gain'd.*—This brave Lusitanian, who was first a shepherd and a famous hunter, and afterwards a captain of banditti, exasperated at the tyranny of the Romans, encouraged his countrymen to revolt and shake off the yoke. Being appointed General, he defeated Vetilius the Prætor, who commanded in Lusitania, or farther Spain, and for six years continued victorious, putting the Romans to flight wherever he met them, and laying waste the countries of their allies. Having obtained great advantages over the Roman army, the brave Viriatus, instead of putting them all to the sword, as he could easily have done, sent a deputation to the General, offering to conclude a peace with him on this single condition, *That he should continue Master of the Country now in his power, and that the Romans should remain possessed of the rest of Spain.*

The General, who expected nothing but death or slavery, thought these very favourable and moderate terms, and without hesitation concluded a peace, which was soon after ratified by the Roman senate and people. Viriatus, by this treaty, compleated the glorious design he had always in view, which was to erect a kingdom in the vast country he had conquered from the Republic. And had it not been for the treachery of the Romans, he would have become, as Florus calls him, the Romulus of Spain: he would have founded a monarchy capable of counterbalancing the power of Rome.

The Senate, still desirous to revenge their late defeat, soon after this peace ordered Q. Servilius Cæpio to declare war, and to proclaim Viriatus, who had given no provocation, an enemy to Rome. To this baseness Cæpio added still greater; he

And what fair palms their martial ardour crown'd,
When led to battle by the Chief renown'd,
Who* feign'd a dæmon, in a deer conceal'd,
To him the counsels of the Gods reveal'd.
And now ambitious to extend their sway
Beyond their conquests on the southmost bay
Of Afric's swarthy coast, on floating wood
They brave the terrors of the dreary flood,
Where only black-wing'd mists have hover'd o'er,
Or driving clouds have sail'd the wave before;
Beneath new skies they hold their dreadful way
To reach the cradle of the new-born day:
And Fate, whose mandates unrevok'd remain,
Has will'd, that long shall Lusus' offspring reign

corrupted the ambassadors which Viriatus had sent to negotiate with him, who, at the instigation of the Roman, treacherously murdered their Protector and General while he slept.—Univ. Hist.

* *Who feign'd a dæmon.*—Sertorius, who was invited by the Lusitanians to defend them against the Romans. He had a tame white Hind, which he had accustomed to follow him, and from which he pretended to receive the instructions of Diana. By this artifice he imposed upon the superstition of that people.—Vid. Plut.

The lords of that wide sea whose waves behold
The sun come forth enthroned in burning gold.
But now the tedious length of winter past,
Distress'd and weak, the heroes faint at last. [braved,
What gulphs they dar'd, you saw, what storms they
Beneath what various heavens their banners waved!
Now Mercy pleads, and soon the rising land
To their glad eyes shall o'er the waves expand.
As welcome friends the natives shall receive,
With bounty feast them, and with joy relieve.
And when refreshment shall their strength renew,
Thence shall they turn, and their bold rout pursue.

So spoke high Jove: The Gods in silence heard,
Then rising each, by turns, his thoughts preferr'd:
But chief was Bacchus of the adverse train;
Fearful he was, nor fear'd his pride in vain,
Should Lusus' race arrive on India's shore,
His ancient honours would be known no more;
No more in Nysa* should the native tell
What kings, what mighty hosts before him fell.

* *No more in Nysa.*—An ancient city in India, sacred to Bacchus.

The fertile vales beneath the rising sun
He view'd as his, by right of victory won,
And deem'd that ever in immortal song
The Conqueror's title should to him belong.
Yet Fate, he knew, had will'd, that loos'd from Spain
Boldly advent'rous through the polar main,
A warlike race should come, renown'd in arms,
And shake the Eastern World with war's alarms,
Whose glorious conquests and eternal fame
In black Oblivion's waves should whelm his name.

Urania-Venus *, Queen of sacred Love,
Arose, and fixt her asking eyes on Jove:
Her eyes, well pleas'd, in Lusus' sons could trace
A kindred likeness to the Roman race,

* *Urania-Venus.*—We have already observed, that an allegorical machinery has always been esteemed an essential requisite of the Epopœia, and the reason upon which it is founded has been pointed out. The allegorical machinery of the Lusiad has now commenced; and throughout the Poem the Hero is guarded and conducted by the Celestial Venus, or Divine Love. The true poetical colouring is thus supported and preserved: but in illustration of this, see the dissertation on the Lusiad, and the note on the allegory of Homer, at the end of the sixth Lusiad.

For whom of old such kind regard she bore;
The same their triumphs on Barbaria's shore,
The same the ardour of their warlike flame,
The manly music of their tongue the same.
Affection thus the lovely Goddess sway'd,
Nor less what Fate's unblotted page display'd;
Where'er this people should their empire raise,
She knew her altars would unnumbered blaze,
And barbarous nations at her holy shrine
Be humaniz'd, and taught her lore divine.
Her spreading honours thus the One inspired,
And One the dread to lose his worship fired.
Their struggling factions shook th' Olympian state
With all the clamorous tempest of debate.
Thus when the storm with sudden gust invades
The antient forest's deep and lofty shades,
The bursting whirlwinds tear their rapid course,
The shatter'd oaks crash, and with echoes hoarse
The mountains groan, while whirling on the blast
The thickening leaves a gloomy darkness cast.
Such was the tumult in the blest abodes,
When Mars, high towering o'er the rival gods,

Stept forth; stern sparkles from his eye-balls glanc'd;
And now, before the throne of Jove advanc'd,
O'er his left shoulder his broad shield he throws,
And lifts his helm above his dreadful brows:
Bold and enrag'd he stands, and, frowning round,
Strikes his tall spear-staff on the sounding ground;
Heaven trembled, and the light turn'd pale—Such
His fierce demeanour o'er Olympus spread: [dread
When thus the Warrior,—O Eternal Sire,
Thine is the sceptre, thine the thunder's fire,
Supreme dominion thine; then, Father, hear,
Shall that bold Race which once to thee was dear,
Who, now fulfilling thy decrees of old,
Through these wild waves their fearless journey hold,
Shall that bold Race no more thy care engage,
But sink the victims of unhallowed rage!
Did Bacchus yield to Reason's voice divine,
Bacchus the cause of Lusus' sons would join;
Lusus, the lov'd companion of his cares,
His earthly toils, his dangers, and his wars:
But Envy still a foe to worth will prove,
To worth though guarded by the arm of Jove.

Then thou, dread Lord of Fate, unmov'd remain,
Nor let weak change thine awful counsels stain,
For Lusus' race thy promis'd favour shew:
Swift as the arrow from Apollo's bow
Let Maia's son* explore the watery way,
Where spent with toil, with weary hopes, they stray;
And safe to harbour, through the deep untried,
Let him, empower'd, their wandering vessels guide;
There let them hear of India's wish'd-for shore,
And balmy rest their fainting strength restore.

He spoke: high Jove assenting bow'd the head,
And floating clouds of nectar'd fragrance shed:
Then lowly bending to th' Eternal Sire,
Each in his duteous rank, the Gods retire.

Whilst thus in Heaven's bright palace Fate was weigh'd,
Right onward still the brave Armada stray'd:

* *Maia's son.*—Mercury, the messenger of the Gods, son of Jupiter and Maia.

Right on they steer by Ethiopia's strand,
And pastoral Madagascar's * verdant land.
Before the balmy gales of cheerful spring, [wing;
With heav'n their friend, they spread the canvass
The sky cerulean, and the breathing air,
The lasting promise of a calm declare.
Behind them now the Cape of Praso bends,
Another Ocean to their view extends,
Where black-topt islands, to their longing eyes,
Lav'd by the gentle waves, in prospect rise.
But GAMA, (captain of the vent'rous band,
Of bold emprize, and born for high command,
Whose martial fires, with prudence close allied,
Ensured the smiles of fortune on his side)
Bears off those shores which waste and wild appear'd,
And eastward still for happier climates steer'd:
When gathering round and blackening o'er the tide,
A fleet of small canoes the Pilot spied;

* *And pastoral Madagascar.*—Called by the ancient Geographers Menuthia, and Cerna Ethiopica; by the natives, the Island of the Moon; and by the Portuguese, the Isle of St. Laurence, on whose festival they discovered it.

Hoisting their sails of palm-tree leaves, inwove
With curious art, a swarming crowd they move:
Long were their boats, and sharp to bound along
Through the dash'd waters, broad their oars and strong:
The bending rowers on their features bore
The swarthy marks of Phaeton's* fall of yore;
When flaming lightnings scorch'd the banks of Po,
And nations blacken'd in the dread o'erthrow.
Their garb, discover'd as approaching nigh,
Was cotton strip'd with many a gaudy dye:
'Twas one whole piece; beneath one arm, confin'd;
The rest hung loose and flutter'd on the wind;
All, but one breast, above the loins was bare,
And swelling turbans bound their jetty hair:

* ——*of Phaeton's fall.*—Phaeton, the son of Phœbus, according to Mythology, was hurled by Jupiter from Heaven into the river Po. Having rashly undertaken to drive his father's chariot, the flying horses became sensible of the incapacity of their driver, and departing from the usual track, Heaven and Earth were threatened with universal conflagration. According to the Poets, Æthiopia and Lybia were parched up on account of their too great vicinity to the Sun, and Africa has ever since exhibited a sandy country and uncultivated waste.

Their arms were bearded darts and faulchions broad,
And warlike music sounded as they row'd.
With joy the sailors saw the boats draw near,
With joy beheld the human face appear: [plore,
What nations these, their wondering thoughts ex-
What rites they follow, and what God adore!
And now with hands and kerchiefs wav'd in air
The barb'rous race their friendly mind declare.
Glad were the crew, and ween'd that happy day
Should end their dangers and their toils repay.
The lofty masts the nimble youths ascend,
The ropes they haul, and o'er the yard-arms bend;
And now their bowsprits pointing to the shore,
(A safe moon'd bay,) with slacken'd sails they bore:
With cheerful shouts they furl the gather'd sail
That less and less flaps quivering on the gale;
The prows, their speed stopt, o'er the surges nod,
The falling anchors dash the foaming flood:
When sudden as they stopt, the swarthy race
With smiles of friendly welcome on each face,
The ship's high sides swift by the cordage climb:
Illustrious GAMA, with an air sublime,

Soften'd by mild humanity, receives,
And to their Chief the hand of friendship gives;
Bids spread the board, and, instant as he said,
Along the deck the festive board is spread:
The sparkling wine in crystal goblets glows,
And round and round with cheerful welcome flows.
While thus the Vine its sprightly glee inspires,
From whence the fleet, the swarthy Chief enquires,
What seas they past, what vantage would attain,
And what the shore their purpose hop'd to gain?
From farthest west, the Lusian race reply,
To reach the golden eastern shores we try.
Through that unbounded sea whose billows roll
From the cold northern to the southern pole;
And by the wide extent, the dreary vast
Of Afric's bays, already have we past;
And many a sky have seen, and many a shore,
Where but sea-monsters cut the waves before.
To spread the glories of our Monarch's reign,
For India's shore we brave the trackless main,
Our glorious toil, and at his nod would brave
The dismal gulphs of Acheron's black wave.

And now, in turn, your race, your Country tell,
If on your lips fair truth delights to dwell,
To us, unconscious of the falsehood, shew,
What of these seas and India's site you know.

Rude are the natives here, the Moor reply'd,
Dark are their minds, and brute-desire their guide:
But we, of alien blood and strangers here,
Nor hold their customs nor their laws revere.
From Abram's* race our holy Prophet sprung,
An Angel taught, and heaven inspir'd his tongue;
His sacred rites and mandates we obey,
And distant Empires own his holy sway.
From isle to isle our trading vessels roam,
Mozambic's harbour our commodious home.
If then your sails for India's shores expand,
For sultry Ganges or Hydaspes' strand,
Here shall you find a Pilot skill'd to guide
Through all the dangers of the per'lous tide,

* *From Abram's race our holy Prophet sprung.*—Mohammed, who was descended from Ishmael, the son of Abraham by Hagar.

Though wide spread shelves and cruel rocks unseen,
Lurk in the way, and whirlpools rage between.
Accept, mean while, what fruits these islands hold,
And to the Regent let your wish be told.
Then may your mates the needful stores provide,
And all your various wants be here supplied.

So spake the Moor, and bearing smiles untrue,
And signs of friendship, with his bands withdrew.
O'erpower'd with joy unhoped the Sailors stood,
To find such kindness on a shore so rude.

Now shooting o'er the flood his fervid blaze,
The red-brow'd sun withdraws his beamy rays;
Safe in the bay the crew forget their cares,
And peaceful rest their wearied strength repairs.
Calm Twilight now his drowsy mantle spreads,
And shade on shade, the gloom still deepening sheds.
The Moon, full orb'd, forsakes her watery cave,
And lifts her lovely head above the wave.
The snowy splendours of her modest ray
Stream o'er the glistening waves, and quivering play:

Around her, glittering on the heaven's arch'd brow,
Unnumber'd stars, enclosed in azure, glow,
Thick as the dew-drops of the April dawn,
Or May-flowers crowding o'er the daisy-lawn:
The canvass whitens in the silvery beam,
And with a mild pale red the pendants gleam:
The masts' tall shadows tremble o'er the deep;
The peaceful winds an holy silence keep;
The watchman's carol echo'd from the prows,
Alone, at times, awakes the still repose.

Aurora now, with dewy lustre bright,
Appears, ascending on the rear of night.
With gentle hand, as seeming oft to pause,
The purple curtains of the morn she draws;
The Sun comes forth, and soon the joyful crew,
Each aiding each, their joyful tasks pursue,
Wide o'er the decks the spreading sails they throw;
From each tall mast the waving streamers flow;
All seems a festive holiday on board
To welcome to the fleet the island's Lord.

With equal joy the Regent sails to meet,
And brings fresh cates, his offerings, to the fleet:
For of his kindred Race their line he deems,
That savage Race who rush'd from Caspia's streams,
And triumph'd o'er the East, and, Asia won,
In proud Byzantium fixt their haughty throne.
Brave Vasco hails the chief with honest smiles,
And gift for gift with liberal hand he piles.
His gifts, the boast of Europe's arts disclose,
And sparkling red the wine of Tagus flows.
High on the shrouds the wondering sailors hung,
To note the Moorish garb, and barbarous tongue:
Nor less the subtle Moor, with wonder fired,
Their mien, their dress, and lordly ships admired:
Much he enquires, their King's, their Country's name,
And, if from Turkey's fertile shores they came?
What God they worshipp'd, what their sacred lore,
What arms they wielded, and what armour wore?
To whom brave Gama; Nor of Hagar's blood
Am I, nor plough from Izmael's shores the flood;
From Europe's strand I trace the foamy way,
To find the regions of the infant day.

The God we worship stretch'd yon heaven's high bow,
And gave these swelling waves to roll below;
The hemispheres of night and day he spread,
He scoop'd each vale, and rear'd each mountain's [head:
His Word produced the nations of the earth,
And gave the spirits of the sky their birth.
On Earth, by Him, his holy lore was given,
On Earth he came to raise mankind to heaven.
And now behold, what most your eyes desire,
Our shining armour, and our arms of fire;
For who has once in friendly peace beheld,
Will dread to meet them on the battle-field.

Straight as he spoke the warlike Stores display'd
Their glorious shew, where, tire on tire inlaid,
Appear'd of glittering steel the carabines;
There the plumed helms, and ponderous brigandines;
O'er the broad bucklers sculptur'd orbs embost,
The crooked faulchions dreadful blades were crost:
Here clasping greaves, and plated mail-quilts strong,
The long-bows here, and rattling quivers hung,
And like a grove the burnish'd spears were seen,
With darts, and halberts double-edged between;

Here dread grenadoes, and tremendous bombs,
With deaths ten thousand lurking in their wombs;
And far around of brown, and dusky red,
The pointed piles of iron balls were spread.
The Bombadeers, now to the Regent's view
The thundering mortars and the cannon drew;
Yet at their Leader's nod, the sons of flame
(For brave and generous ever are the same)
Withheld their hands, nor gave the seeds of fire
To rouse the thunders of the dreadful tire.
For GAMA's soul disdain'd the pride of shew
Which acts the lion o'er the trembling roe.

His joy and wonder oft the Moor exprest,
But rankling hate lay brooding in his breast;
With smiles obedient to his will's controul,
He veils the purpose of his treacherous soul:
For Pilots, conscious of the Indian strand,
Brave VASCO sues, and bids the Moor command
What bounteous gifts shall recompense their toils;
The Moor prevents him with assenting smiles,
Resolved that deeds of death, not words of air,
Shall first the hatred of his soul declare:

Such sudden rage his rankling mind possest,
When * GAMA's lips Messiah's name confest.
Oh depth of heaven's dread will, that rancorous hate
On heaven's best lov'd in every clime should wait!
Now smiling round on all the wondering crew,
The Moor attended by his bands withdrew:
His nimble barges soon approach'd the land,
And shouts of joy received him on the strand.

From heaven's high dome the Vintage-God beheld,
(Whom † nine long months his father's thigh conceal'd)

* *When Gama's lips Messiah's name confest.*—Zacocia (governor of Mozambic) made no doubt but our people were of some Mohammedan country.—The mutual exchange of good offices between our people and these islanders promised a long continuance of friendship, but it proved otherwise. No sooner did Zacocia understand the strangers were Christians, than all his kindness was turned into the most bitter hatred; he began to meditate their ruin, and sought by every means to destroy the fleet.——*Osorius Silvensis Episc. de Rebus Eman. Regis Lusit. gestis.*

† *Whom nine long months his father's thigh conceal'd.*—According to the Arabians, Bacchus was nourished during his infancy in a cave of Mount Meros, which in Greek signifies a thigh. Hence the fable.

Well-pleased he mark'd the Moor's determined hate,
And thus his mind revolved in self debate:

Has heaven, indeed, such glorious lot ordain'd!
By Lusus' race such conquests to be gain'd
O'er warlike nations, and on India's shore,
Where I, unrival'd, claim'd the palm before!
I, sprung from Jove! and shall these wandering few,
What Ammon's son unconquer'd left, subdue!
Ammon's brave son, who led the God of war
His slave auxiliar at his thundering car!
Must these possess what Jove to him deny'd,
Possess what never sooth'd the Roman pride!
Must these the Victor's lordly flag display
With hateful blaze beneath the rising day,
My name dishonour'd, and my victories stain'd,
O'erturn'd my altars, and my shrines profaned!
No—be it mine to fan the Regent's hate;
Occasion seized commands the action's fate.
'Tis mine—this Captain now my dread no more,
Shall never shake his spear on India's shore.

So spake the Power, and with the lightning's flight
For Afric darted thro' the fields of light.
His form divine he cloth'd in human shape,
And rush'd impetuous o'er the rocky cape:
In the dark semblance of a Moor he came
For art and old experience known to fame:
Him all his peers with humble deference heard,
And all Mozambic and it's prince rever'd:
The Prince in haste he sought, and thus exprest
His guileful hate in friendly counsel drest:

And to the Regent of this isle alone
Are these Adventurers and their fraud unknown?
Has fame conceal'd their rapine from his ear?
Nor brought the groans of plunder'd nations here?
Yet still their hands the peaceful olive bore
Whene'er they anchor'd on a foreign shore:
But nor their seeming, nor their oaths I trust,
For Afric knows them bloody and unjust.
The nations sink beneath their lawless force,
And fire and blood have mark'd their deadly course.

We too, unless kind heaven and Thou prevent,
Must fall the victims of their dire intent,
And, gasping in the pangs of death, behold
Our wives led captive, and our daughters sold.
By stealth they come, ere morrow dawn, to bring
The healthful beverage from the living spring:
Arm'd with his troops the Captain will appear;
For conscious fraud is ever prone to fear.
To meet them there, select a trusty band,
And in close ambush take thy silent stand;
There wait, and sudden on the heedless foe
Rush, and destroy them ere they dread the blow.
Or say, should some escape the secret snare
Saved by their fate, their valour, or their care,
Yet their dread fall shall celebrate our isle,
If fate consent, and thou approve the guile.
Give then a Pilot to their wandering fleet,
Bold in his art, and tutor'd in deceit;
Whose hand adventurous shall their helms misguide
To hostile shores, or whelm them in the tide.

So spoke the God, in semblance of a sage
Renown'd for counsel and the craft of age.

The Prince with transport glowing in his face
Approved, and caught him in a kind embrace;
And instant at the word his bands prepare
Their bearded darts and iron fangs of war,
That Lusus' sons might purple with their gore
The crystal fountain which they sought on shore:
And still regardful of his dire intent,
A skilful pilot to the bay he sent,
Of honest mien, yet practised in deceit,
Who far at distance on the beach should wait,
And to the 'scaped, if some should 'scape the snare,
Should offer friendship and the pilot's care;
But when at sea, on rocks should dash their pride,
And whelm their lofty vanes beneath the tide.

Apollo now had left his watery bed,
And o'er the mountains of Arabia spread
His rays that glow'd with gold; when GAMA rose,
And from his bands a trusty squadron chose:
Three speedy barges brought their casks to fill
From gurgling fountain, or the crystal rill:
Full arm'd they came, for brave defence prepared,
For martial care is ever on the guard:

And secret warnings ever are imprest
On wisdom such as waked in GAMA's breast.

And now, as swiftly springing o'er the tide
Advanced the boats, a troop of Moors they spy'd;
O'er the pale sands the sable warriors crowd,
And toss their threatening darts, and shout aloud.
Yet seeming artless, though they dared the fight,
Their eager hope they placed in artful flight,
To lead brave GAMA where unseen by day
In dark-brow'd shades their silent ambush lay.
With scornful gestures o'er the beach they stride,
And push their levell'd spears with barbarous pride;
Then fix the arrow to the bended bow,
And strike their sounding shields, and dare the foe.
With generous rage the Lusian Race beheld,
And each brave breast with indignation swell'd,
To view such foes like snarling dogs display
Their threatening tusks, and brave the sanguine fray:
Together with a bound they spring to land,
Unknown whose step first trode the hostile strand.

Thus*, when to gain his beauteous Charmer's smile,
The youthful Lover dares the bloody toil,
Before the nodding Bull's stern front he stands,
He leaps, he wheels, he shouts, and waves his hands:
The lordly brute disdains the stripling's rage,
His nostrils smoke, and, eager to engage,
His horned brows he levels with the ground,
And shuts his flaming eyes, and wheeling round
With dreadful bellowing rushes on the foe,
And lays the boastful gaudy champion low.
Thus to the fight the sons of Lusus sprung,
Nor slow to fall their ample vengeance hung:
With sudden roar the carabines resound,
And bursting echoes from the hills rebound;

* *Thus, when to gain his beauteous Charmer's smile,*
The youthful Lover dares the bloody toil——

This simile is taken from a favourite exercise in Spain, where it is usual to see young Gentlemen of the best families, adorned with ribbons, and armed with a javelin or kind of cutlas, which the Spaniards call *Machete*, appear the candidates of fame in the lists of the bull-fight. Though Camoens in this description of it has given the victory to the Bull, it very seldom so happens, the young Caballeros being very expert at this valorous exercise, and ambitious to display their dexterity, which is a sure recommendation to the favour and good opinion of the Ladies.

The lead flies hissing through the trembling air,
And death's fell dæmons through the flashes glare.
Where, up the land, a grove of palms enclose,
And cast their shadows where the fountain flows,
The lurking ambush from their treacherous stand
Beheld the combat burning on the strand:
They see the flash with sudden lightnings flare,
And the blue smoke slow rolling on the air:
They see their warriors drop, and, starting, hear
The lingering thunders bursting on their ear.
Amazed, appall'd, the treacherous ambush fled,
And raged, and curst their birth, and quaked with dread.
The bands that vaunting shew'd their threaten'd might,
With slaughter gored, precipitate in flight;
Yet oft, though trembling, on the foe they turn
Their eyes, that red with lust of vengeance burn:
Aghast with fear and stern with desperate rage
The flying war with dreadful howls they wage,
Flints, clods, and javelins hurling as they fly,
As rage and wild despair their hands supply.
And soon disperst, their bands attempt no more
To guard the fountain or defend the shore:

O'er the wide lawns no more their troops appear:
Nor sleeps the vengeance of the Victor here;
To teach the nations what tremendous fate
From his dread arm on perjur'd vows should wait,
He seized the time to awe the Eastern World,
And on the breach of faith his thunders hurl'd.
From his black ships the sudden lightnings blaze,
And o'er old Ocean flash their dreadful rays:
White clouds on clouds inroll'd the smoke ascends,
The bursting tumult heaven's wide concave rends:
The bays and caverns of the winding shore
Repeat the cannon's and the mortar's roar:
The bombs, far-flaming, hiss along the sky,
And whirring through the air the bullets fly:
The wounded air with hollow deafen'd sound,
Groans to the direful strife, and trembles round.

Now from the Moorish town the sheets of fire,
Wide blaze succeeding blaze, to heaven aspire.
Black rise the clouds of smoke, and by the gales
Borne down, in streams hang hovering o'er the vales;

And slowly floating round the mountain's head
Their pitchy mantle o'er the landscape spread.
Unnumber'd sea-fowl rising from the shore,
Beat round in whirls at every cannon's roar:
Where o'er the smoke the masts' tall heads appear,
Hovering they scream, then dart with sudden fear;
On trembling wings far round and round they fly,
And fill with dismal clang their native sky.
Thus fled in rout confus'd the treacherous Moors
From field to field, then, hast'ning to the shores,
Some trust in boats their wealth and lives to save,
And wild with dread they plunge into the wave;
Some spread their arms to swim, and some beneath
The whelming billows, struggling, pant for breath,
Then whirl'd aloft their nostrils spout the brine;
While showering still from many a carabine
The leaden hail their sails and vessels tore,
Till struggling hard they reach'd the neighb'ring shore:
Due vengeance thus their perfidy repaid,
And GAMA's terrors to the East display'd.

Imbrown'd with dust a beaten pathway shews
Where 'midst umbrageous palms the fountain flows;
From thence at will they bear the liquid health;
And now sole masters of the island's wealth,
With costly spoils and eastern robes adorn'd,
The joyful victors to the fleet return'd.

With hell's keen fires, still for revenge athirst,
The Regent burns, and weens, by fraud accurst,
To strike a surer, yet a secret blow,
And in one general death to whelm the foe.
The promised Pilot to the fleet he sends,
And deep repentance for his crime pretends.
Sincere the Herald seems, and while he speaks,
The winning tears steal down his hoary cheeks.
Brave GAMA, touch'd with generous woe, believes,
And from his hand the Pilot's hand receives:
A dreadful gift! instructed to decoy,
In gulphs to whelm them, or on rocks destroy.

The valiant Chief, impatient of delay,
For India now resumes the watery way;

Bids weigh the anchor and unfurl the sail,
Spread full the canvass to the rising gale;
He spoke; and proudly o'er the foaming tide,
Borne on the wind, the full-wing'd vessels ride;
While as they rode before the bounding prows
The lovely forms of sea-born nymphs arose.
The while brave Vasco's unsuspecting mind
Yet fear'd not ought the crafty Moor design'd:
Much of the coast he asks, and much demands
Of Afric's shores and India's spicy lands.
The crafty Moor, by vengeful Bacchus taught,
Employ'd on deadly guile his baneful thought;
In his dark mind he plann'd, on Gama's head
Full to revenge Mozambic and the dead.
Yet all the Chief demanded he reveal'd,
Nor ought of truth, that truth he knew, conceal'd:
For thus he ween'd to gain his easy faith,
And gain'd, betray to slavery or death.
And now securely trusting to destroy,
As erst false Sinon snared the sons of Troy,
Behold, disclosing from the sky, he cries,
Far to the north, yon cloud-like isle arise:

From ancient times the natives of the shore
The blood stain'd Image on the Cross adore.
Swift at the word, the joyful GAMA cry'd,
For that fair island turn the helm aside,
O bring my vessels where the Christians dwell,
And thy glad lips my gratitude shall tell:
With sullen joy the treacherous Moor comply'd,
And for that island turn'd the helm aside.
For well Quiloa's swarthy race he knew,
Their laws and faith to Hagar's offspring true;
Their strength in war, through all the nations round,
Above Mozambic and her powers renown'd;
He knew what hate the Christian name they bore,
And hoped that hate on VASCO's bands to pour.

Right to the land the faithless Pilot steers,
Right to the land the glad Armada bears; [care
But heavenly Love's fair Queen *, whose watchful
Had ever been their guide, beheld the snare.

* *But heavenly Love's fair Queen*—When GAMA arrived in the East, the Moors were the only people who engrossed the trade of those parts. Jealous of such formidable rivals as the Portuguese, they employed every artifice to accomplish the de-

A sudden storm she rais'd: Loud howl'd the blast,
The yard-arms rattled, and each groaning mast
Bended beneath the weight. Deep sunk the prows,
And creaking ropes the creaking ropes oppose;
In vain the Pilot would the speed restrain;
The Captain shouts, the Sailors toil in vain;

struction of GAMA's fleet, for they foresaw the consequences of his return to Portugal. As the Moors were acquainted with these seas and spoke the Arabic language, GAMA was obliged to employ them both as Pilots and Interpreters. The circumstance now mentioned by Camoens is an historical truth. The Moorish Pilot, says De Barros, intended to conduct the Portuguese into Quiloa, telling them that place was inhabited by Christians; but a sudden storm arising, drove the fleet from that shore, where death or slavery would have been the certain fate of GAMA and his companions. The villany of the Pilot was afterwards discovered. As GAMA was endeavouring to enter the port of Mombaze his ship struck on a sand bank, and finding their purpose of bringing him into the harbour defeated, two of the Moorish Pilots leaped into the sea and swam ashore. Alarmed at this tacit acknowledgment of guilt, GAMA ordered two other Moorish Pilots who remained on board to be examined by whipping, who, after some time, made a full confession of their intended villany. This discovery greatly encouraged GAMA and his men, who now interpreted the sudden storm which had driven them from Quiloa as a miraculous interposition of the Divine Providence in their favour.

Aslope and gliding on the leeward side
The bounding vessels cut the roaring tide:
Soon far they past; and now the slacken'd sail
Trembles and bellies to the gentle gale:
Till many a league before the tempest tost
The treacherous Pilot sees his purpose crost:
Yet vengeful still, and still intent on guile,
Behold, he cries, yon dim emerging isle:
There live the votaries of Messiah's lore
In faithful peace and friendship with the Moor.
Yet all was false, for there Messiah's name,
Reviled and scorn'd, was only known by fame.
The groveling natives there, a brutal herd,
The sensual lore of Hagar's son preferr'd.
With joy brave GAMA hears the artful tale,
Bears to the harbour, and bids furl the sail.
Yet watchful still fair Love's celestial Queen
Prevents the danger with a hand unseen;
Nor past the bar his vent'rous vessels guides:
And safe at anchor in the road he rides.

Between the isle and Ethiopia's land
A narrow current laves each adverse strand;

Close by the margin where the green tide flows,
Full to the bay a lordly city rose:
With fervid blaze the glowing Evening pours
It's purple splendours o'er the lofty towers;
The lofty towers with milder lustre gleam,
And gently tremble in the glassy stream.
Here reign'd an hoary King of ancient fame;
Mombaze the town, Mombaze the island's name.

As when the Pilgrim, who with weary pace
Through lonely wastes untrod by human race,
For many a day disconsolate has stray'd,
The turf his bed, the wild-wood boughs his shade,
O'erjoy'd beholds the cheerful seats of men
In grateful prospect rising on his ken:
So GAMA joy'd, who many a dreary day
Had trac'd the vast, the lonesome watery way,
Had seen new stars, unknown to Europe, rise,
And brav'd the horrors of the polar skies:
So joy'd his bounding heart, when proudly rear'd,
The splendid City o'er the wave appear'd,
Where heaven's own lore, he trusted, was obey'd,
And Holy Faith her sacred rites display'd.

And now swift crowding through the horned bay
The Moorish barges wing'd their foamy way:
To GAMA's fleet with friendly smiles they bore
The choicest products of their cultured shore.
But there fell rancour veil'd its serpent-head,
Though festive roses o'er the gifts were spread.
For Bacchus veil'd, in human shape, was here,
And pour'd his counsel in the Sovereign's ear.

O piteous lot of Man's uncertain state!
What woes on life's unhappy journey wait!
When joyful hope would grasp it's fond desire,
The long-sought transports in the grasp expire.
By sea what treacherous calms, what rushing storms,
And death attendant in a thousand forms!
By land what strife, what plots of secret guile,
How many a wound from many a treacherous smile!
O where shall Man escape his numerous foes,
And rest his weary head in safe repose!

END OF BOOK I.

THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK II.

THE fervent lustre of the evening ray
Behind the western hills now died away,
And night ascending from the dim-brow'd east,
The twilight gloom with deeper shades increast;
When GAMA heard the creaking of the oar,
And mark'd the white waves lengthening from the shore.
In many a skiff the eager natives came,
Their semblance friendship, but deceit their aim.
And now by GAMA's anchor'd ships they ride,
And, Hail illustrious Chief, their Leader cried,
Your fame already these our regions own,
How your bold prows from worlds to us unknown

Have braved the horrors of the southern main,
Where storms and darkness hold their endless reign,
Whose whelmy waves our westward prows have
barr'd
From oldest times, and ne'er before were dar'd
By boldest Leader: Earnest to behold
The wond'rous Hero of a toil so bold,
To you the Sovereign of these islands sends
The holy vows of peace, and hails you Friends.
If friendship you accept, whate'er kind heaven
In various bounty to these shores has given,
Whate'er your wants, your wants shall here supply,
And safe in port your gallant fleet shall lie;
Safe from the dangers of the faithless tide,
And sudden bursting storms, by you untry'd;
Yours every bounty of the fertile shore,
'Till balmy rest your wearied strength restore.
Or if your toils and ardent hopes demand
The various treasures of the Indian strand,
The fragrant cinnamon, the glowing clove,
And all the riches of the spicy grove;

Or drugs of power the fever's rage to bound,
And give soft languor to the smarting wound;
Or if the splendour of the diamond's rays,
The sapphire's azure, or the ruby's blaze,
Invite your sails to search the Eastern world,
Here may these sails in happy hour be furl'd:
For here the splendid treasures of the mine,
And richest offspring of the field, combine
To give each boon that human want requires,
And every gem that lofty pride desires:
Then here, a potent King your generous friend,
Here let your per'lous toils and wandering searches end.

He said: Brave GAMA smiles with heart sincere,
And prays the herald to the king to bear
The thanks of grateful joy: But now, he cries,
The blackening evening veils the coast and skies,
And through these rocks unknown forbids to steer;
Yet when the streaks of milky dawn appear
Edging the eastern wave with silver hoar,
My ready prows shall gladly point to shore;

Assured of friendship, and a kind retreat,
Assured and proffer'd by a King so great.
Yet mindful still of what his* hopes had cheer'd,
That here his nation's holy shrines were rear'd,
He asks, if certain as the Pilot told,
Messiah's lore had flourish'd there of old,
And flourish'd still? The Herald mark'd with joy
The pious wish, and watchful to decoy,
Messiah here, he cries, has altars more
Than all the various shrines of other lore.
O'erjoyed brave VASCO heard the pleasing tale,
Yet fear'd that fraud its viper-sting might veil
Beneath the glitter of a shew so fair;
He half believes the tale, and arms against the snare.

With GAMA sail'd a bold advent'rous band,
Whose headlong rage had urg'd the guilty hand:

* ——*what his hopes had cheer'd*—After Gama had been driven from Quiloa by a sudden storm, the assurances of the Mozambic pilot, that the city was chiefly inhabited by Christians, strongly inclined him to enter the harbour of Mombaze.

Stern Justice for their crimes had ask'd their blood,
And pale in chains condemn'd to death they stood;
But sav'd by GAMA * from the shameful death,
The bread of peace had seal'd their plighted faith,
The desolate coast, when ordered, to explore,
And dare each danger of the hostile shore:
From this bold band he chose the subtlest two,
The port, the city, and its strength to view,
To mark if fraud its secret head betrayed,
Or if the rites of heaven were there displayed.
With costly gifts, as of their truth secure,
The pledge that GAMA deem'd their faith was pure,

* *But sav'd by Gama*—During the reign of Emmanuel, and his predecessor John II. few criminals were executed in Portugal. These great and political princes employed the lives which were forfeited to the public in the most dangerous undertakings of public utility. In their foreign expeditions the condemned criminals were sent upon the most hazardous emergencies. If death was their fate, it was the punishment they had merited: if successful in what was required, their crimes were expiated; and often, as in the voyage of GAMA, they rendered their country the greatest atonement for their guilt, which men in their circumstances could possibly make.

These two his Heralds to the King he sends:
The faithless Moors depart as smiling friends.
Now through the wave they cut their foamy way,
Their cheerful songs resounding through the bay:
And now on shore the wondering natives greet,
And fondly hail the strangers from the fleet.
The Prince their gifts with friendly vows receives,
And joyful welcome to the Lusians gives;
Where'er they pass, the joyful tumult bends,
And through the town the glad applause attends.
But he whose cheeks with youth immortal shone,
The God whose wondrous birth two mothers own,
Whose rage had still the wandering fleet annoyed,
Now in the town his guileful rage employed.
A Christian priest he seem'd; a sumptuous shrine
He rear'd, and tended with the rites divine:
O'er the fair altar wav'd the cross on high,
Upheld by angels leaning from the sky;
Descending o'er the Virgin's sacred head
So white, so pure, the Holy Spirit spread
The dove-like pictured wings, so pure, so white;
And, hovering o'er the chosen twelve, alight

The tongues of hallowed fire. Amazed, opprest,
With sacred awe their troubled looks confest
The inspiring Godhead, and the prophet's glow,
Which gave each language from their lips to flow.
  here thus the guileful Power his magic wrought,
De Gama's heralds by the guides are brought:
On bended knees low to the earth they fall,
And to the Lord of heaven in transport call;
While the feign'd Priest awakes the censer's fire,
And clouds of incense round the shrine aspire.
With cheerful welcome here, caress'd, they stay,
Till bright Aurora, messenger of day,
Walk'd forth; and now the sun's resplendent rays,
Yet half emerging o'er the waters, blaze,
When to the fleet the Moorish oars again
Dash the curl'd waves, and waft the guileful train:
The lofty decks they mount. With joy elate,
Their friendly welcome at the palace-gate,
The King's sincerity, the people's care,
And treasures of the coast the spies declare:
Nor past untold what most their joys inspired,
What most to hear the valiant Chief desired,

That their glad eyes had seen the rites divine,
Their country's worship, and the sacred shrine.
The pleasing tale the joyful GAMA hears;
Dark fraud no more his generous bosom fears:
As friends sincere, himself sincere, he gives
The hand of welcome, and the Moors receives.
And now, as conscious of the destin'd prey,
The faithless race, with smiles and gestures gay,
Their skiffs forsaking, GAMA's ships ascend,
And deep to strike the treacherous blow attend.
On shore the truthless Monarch arms his bands,
And for the fleet's approach impatient stands;
That soon as anchor'd in the port they rode
Brave GAMA's decks might reek with Lusian blood:
Thus weening to revenge Mozambic's fate,
And give full surfeit to the Moorish hate;
And now, their bowsprits bending to the bay,
The joyful crew the ponderous anchors weigh,
Their shouts the while resounding. To the gale
With eager hands they spread the fore-mast sail.
But Love's fair Queen the secret fraud beheld:
Swift as an arrow o'er the battle-field,

From heaven she darted to the watery plain,
And call'd the sea-born Nymphs, a lovely train,
From Nereus sprung; the ready Nymphs obey,
Proud * of her kindred birth, and own her sway.
She tells what ruin threats her fav'rite race;
Unwonted ardour glows on every face;
With keen rapidity they bound away,
Dash'd by their silver limbs, the billows grey
Foam round: Fair Doto, fir'd with rage divine,
Darts through the wave; and onward o'er the brine

* *Proud of her kindred birth*—"Many readers, on finding that the protectress of the Lusians sprung from the sea, would be apt to exclaim, Behold, the birth of the terrestrial Venus. But Camoens had not his eye on those fables, which derive the birth of Venus from the foam of the waves, mixed with the blood which flowed from the dishonest wound of Saturn; he carries his views higher; his Venus is from a fable more noble. Nigidius relates, that two fishes one day conveyed an egg to the sea shore: This egg was hatched by two pigeons whiter than snow, and gave birth to the Assyrian Venus, which, in the Pagan theology, is the same with the celestial: She instructed mankind in Religion, gave them the lessons of virtue and the laws of equity." *Castera abridged.*

The * lovely Nyse and Nerine spring
With all the vehemence and speed of wing.
The curving billows to their breasts divide,
And give a yielding passage through the tide.
With furious speed the Goddess rush'd before;
Her beauteous form a joyful Triton bore,
Whose eager face, with glowing rapture fired,
Betray'd the pride which such a task inspired.
And now arriv'd, where to the whistling wind
The warlike Navy's bending masts reclin'd,

* *Doto, Nyse, and Nerine*—The Nereides, in the Lusiad, says Castera, are the virtues divine and human. In the first book they accompany the Portuguese fleet;

———before the bounding prows
The lovely forms of sea-born nymphs arose.

" And without doubt, says he, this allegory, in a lively manner, represents the condition of mankind. The virtues languish in repose; adversities animate and awake them. The fleet sailing before a favourable wind is followed by the Nereides, but the Nereides are scattered about in the sea. When danger becomes imminent, Venus, or Religion, assembles them to its safety." That this manner of allegory is in the true spirit of Homer, see the note on the allegorical machinery of that great father of poetry, at the end of the sixth Lusiad.

As through the billows rush'd the speedy prows,
The nymphs, dividing, each her station chose.
Against the Leader's prow, her lovely breast
With more than mortal force the Goddess prest;
The ship recoiling trembles on the tide,
The nymphs in help pour round on every side,
From the dread bar the threaten'd keels to save;
The ship bounds up, half lifted from the wave,
And, trembling, hovers o'er the watery grave.
As when alarm'd, to save the hoarded grain,
The care-earn'd store for Winter's dreary reign,
So toil, so tug, so pant, the labouring Emmet train.
So toil'd the Nymphs, and strain'd their panting force
To turn the Navy from its fatal course:
Back, back the ship recedes; in vain the crew
With shouts on shouts their various toils renew;
In vain each nerve, each nautic art they strain,
And the rough wind distends the sail in vain:
Enraged, the Sailors see their labours crost;
From side to side the reeling helm is tost;
High on the poop the skilful master stands;
Sudden he shrieks aloud, and spreads his hands—

A lurking rock its dreadful rifts betrays,
And right before the prow its ridge displays;
Loud shrieks of horror from the yard-arms rise,
And a dire general yell invades the skies.
The Moors start, fear-struck, at the horrid sound,
As if the rage of combat roar'd around.
Pale are their lips, each look in wild amaze
The horror of detected guilt betrays.
Pierc'd by the glance of GAMA's awful eyes
The conscious Pilot quits the helm and flies,
From the high deck he plunges in the brine;
His mates their safety to the waves consign;
Dash'd by their plunging falls on every side
Foams and boils up around the rolling tide.
Thus *the hoarse tenants of the sylvan lake,
A Lycian race of old, to flight betake;
At every sound, they dread Latona's hate,
And doubled vengeance of their former fate;

* *Thus the hoarse tenants*——Latona, says the fable, flying from the serpent Python, and faint with thirst, came to a pond, where some Lycian peasants were cutting the bulrushes. In revenge of the insults which they offered her in preventing her to drink, she changed them into frogs.

All sudden plunging leave the margin green,
And but their heads above the pool are seen.
So plung'd the Moors, when, horrid to behold!
From the bar'd rock's dread jaws the billows roll'd,
Opening in instant fate the fleet to whelm,
When ready VASCO caught the staggering helm:
Swift as his lofty voice resounds aloud
The ponderous anchors dash the whitening flood,
And round his vessel, nodding o'er the tide,
His other ships, bound by their anchors, ride.
And now revolving in his piercing thought
These various scenes with hidden import fraught;
The boastful Pilot's self-accusing flight,
The former treason of the Moorish spite;
How headlong to the rock the furious wind,
The boiling current, and their art combin'd,
Yet though the groaning blast the canvass swell'd,
Some wond'rous cause, unknown, their speed withheld:
Amaz'd, with hands high rais'd, and sparkling eyes,
A miracle! the raptur'd GAMA cries,

A miracle! O hail thou sacred sign,
Thou pledge illustrious of the Care Divine!
Ah! fraudful Malice! how shall Wisdom's care
Escape the poison of thy gilded snare!
The front of honesty, the saintly shew,
The smile of friendship, and the holy vow;
All, all conjoin'd our easy faith to gain,
To whelm us, shipwreck'd, in the ruthless main;
But where our prudence no deceit could spy,
There, heavenly Guardian, there thy watchful eye
Beheld our danger: still, O still prevent,
Where human foresight fails, the dire intent,
The lurking treason of the smiling foe;
And let our toils, our days of lengthening woe,
Our weary wanderings end. If still for thee,
To spread thy rites, our toils and vows agree,
On India's strand thy sacred shrines to rear,
Oh, let some friendly land of rest appear!
If for thine honour we these toils have dar'd,
These toils let India's long-sought shore reward!

So spoke the Chief: the pious accents move
The gentle bosom of Celestial Love:
The beauteous Queen to heaven now darts away;
In vain the weeping nymphs implore her stay:
Behind her now the morning star she leaves,
And the * sixth heaven her lovely form receives.
Her radiant eyes such living splendors cast,
The sparkling stars were brighten'd as she past;
The frozen pole with sudden streamlets flow'd,
And as the burning zone with fervor glow'd.
And now, confest before the throne of Jove,
In all her charms appears the Queen of Love:
Flush'd by the ardour of her rapid flight
Through fields of æther and the realms of light,
Bright as the blushes of the roseate morn,
New blooming tints her glowing cheeks adorn;
And all that pride of beauteous grace she wore,
As † when in Ida's bower she stood of yore,

* As the planet of Jupiter is in the sixth heaven, the Author has with propriety there placed the throne of that God. Castera.

† *As when in Ida's bower she stood of yore.*—"I am aware,"

When every charm and every hope of joy
Enraptured and allured the Trojan boy.
Ah! had that hunter, whose unhappy fate
The human visage lost by Dian's hate,
Had he beheld this fairer goddess move
Not hounds had slain him, but the fires of love.
Adown her neck, more white than virgin snow,
Of softest hue the golden tresses flow;
Her heaving breasts of purer, softer white,
Than snow hills glistening in the moon's pale light,
Except where covered by the sash, were bare,
And Love, unseen, smil'd soft, and panted there.
Nor less the zone the god's fond zeal employs;
The zone awakes the flame of secret joys.
As ivy tendrils, round her limbs divine
Their spreading arms the young desires entwine:
Below her waist, and quivering on the gale,
Of thinnest texture flows the silken veil:

says Castera, " of the objection, that this passage is by no means applicable to the celestial Venus. I answer once for all, that the names and adventures of the Pagan Divinities are so blended and uncertain in Mythology, that a Poet is at great liberty to adapt them to his allegory as he pleases.

(Ah! where the lucid curtain dimly shows,
With doubled fires the roving fancy glows!)
The hand of modesty the foldings threw,
Nor all conceal'd, nor all was given to view.
Yet her deep grief her lovely face betrays,
Though on her cheek the soft smile faultering plays.
All heaven was mov'd—as when some damsel coy,
Hurt by the rudeness of the amorous boy,
Offended chides and smiles; with angry mien
Thus mixt with smiles, advanc'd the plaintive queen;
And thus: O Thunderer! O potent Sire!
Shall I in vain thy kind regard require!
Alas! and cherish still the fond deceit,
That yet on me thy kindest smiles await!
Ah heaven! and must that valour which I love
Awake the vengeance and the rage of Jove!
Yet mov'd with pity for my fav'rite race
I speak, though frowning on thine awful face
I mark the tenor of the dread decree,
That to thy wrath consigns my Sons and Me.

Yes! let stern Bacchus bless thy partial care,
His be the triumph, and be mine despair.
The bold advent'rous sons of Tago's clime
I loved—alas! that love is now their crime:
O happy they, and prosp'rous gales their fate,
Had I pursued them with relentless hate!
Yes! let my woeful sighs in vain implore,
Yes! let them perish on some barb'rous shore,
For I have loved them—Here, the swelling sigh
And pearly tear-drop rushing in her eye,
As morning dew hangs trembling on the rose,
Though fond to speak, her farther speech oppose—
Her lips, then moving, as the pause of woe
Were now to give the voice of grief to flow;
When kindled by those charms, whose woes might move,
And melt the prowling Tiger's rage to love,
The thundering God her weeping sorrows ey'd,
And sudden threw his awful state aside:
With that mild look which stills the driving storm,
When black roll'd clouds the face of heaven deform;

With that mild visage and benignant mien
Which to the sky restores the blue serene,
Her snowy neck and glowing cheek he prest,
And wip'd her tears, and clasp'd her to his breast:
Yet she, still sighing, dropt the trickling tear,
As the chid nursling mov'd with pride and fear,
Still sighs and moans, though fondled and carest;
Till thus great Jove the Fates' decrees confest:
O thou, my daughter, still belov'd as fair,
Vain are thy fears, thy heroes claim my care:
No power of gods could e'er my heart incline,
Like one fond smile, one powerful tear of thine.
Wide o'er the Eastern shores shalt thou behold
The flags far streaming, and thy thunders roll'd;
While nobler triumphs shall thy nation crown,
Than those of Roman or of Greek renown.

If by mine aid the sapient Greek could brave
Th' Ogycian seas, nor * sink a deathless slave;

* ——*Nor sink a deathless slave*—i. e. The slave of Calypso, who offered Ulysses immortality on condition he would live with her.

If through th' Illyrian shelves Antenor bore,
Till safe he landed on Timavus' shore;
If, by his fate, the pious Trojan led,
Safe through Charybdis' barking whirlpools sped:
Shall thy bold Heroes, by my care disclaim'd,
Be left to perish, who, to worlds unnam'd
By vaunting Rome, pursue their dauntless way?
No—soon shalt thou with ravish'd eyes survey,
From stream to stream their lofty cities spread,
And their proud turrets rear the warlike head:
The stern-brow'd Turk shall bend the suppliant knee,
And Indian Monarchs, now secure and free,
Beneath thy potent Monarch's yoke shall bend,
Till thy just Laws wide o'er the East extend.
Thy Chief, who now in Error's circling maze,
For India's shore through shelves and tempests strays;
That Chief shalt thou behold, with lordly pride,
O'er Neptune's trembling realm triumphant ride.
O wondrous fate! when not a breathing gale
Shall curl the billows, or distend the sail,

The wave shall boil and tremble, aw'd with dread,
And own the terror o'er their empire spread*.
That hostile coast, with various streams supplied,
Whose treacherous sons the fountain's gifts deny'd;
That coast shalt thou behold his Port supply,
Where oft thy weary fleets in rest shall lie.
Each shore which weav'd for him the snares of death,
To him these shores shall pledge their offer'd faith;
To him their haughty Lords shall lowly bend,
And yield him tribute for the name of friend.

* *And own the terror o'er their empire spread.*—After the Portuguese had made great conquests in India, Gama had the honour to be appointed Viceroy. In 1524, as he sailed thither to take possession of his government, his fleet was becalmed on the coast of Cambaya, and the ships stood motionless on the water: instantly, without the least change of weather, the waves were shaken with the most violent agitation. The ships were tossed about; the sailors were terrified, and in the utmost confusion, thinking themselves lost; when Gama, perceiving it to be the effect of an earthquake, with his wonted heroism and prudence, exclaimed, "*Of what are you afraid? Do you not see how the Ocean trembles under its Sovereigns!*" Barros, L. 9. C. 1. and Faria (tom. 1. C. 9.) who says, that such as lay sick of fevers were cured by the fright.

The Red-sea wave shall darken in the shade
Of thy broad sails in frequent pomp display'd;
Thine eyes shall see the golden Ormuz' shore,
Twice thine, twice conquered, while the furious Moor,
Amazed, shall view his arrows backward * driven,
Showered on his legions by the hand of heaven.
Though twice assailed by many a vengeful band,
Unconquer'd still shall Dio's ramparts stand;
Such prowess there shall raise the Lusian name
That Mars shall tremble for his blighted fame;
There shall the Moors, blaspheming, sink in death,
And curse their Prophet with their parting breath.

Where Goa's warlike ramparts frown on high,
Pleas'd shalt thou see thy Lusian banners fly;
The Pagan tribes in chains shall crowd her gate,
While she sublime shall tower in regal state,

* ——*his arrows backward driven*—Both Barros and Castaneda relate this fact. Albuquerk, during the war of Ormuz, having given battle to the Persians and Moors, by the violence of a sudden wind the arrows of the latter were driven back upon themselves, whereby many of their troops were wounded.

The fatal scourge, the dread of all who dare
Against thy sons to plan the future war.
Though few thy troops who Conanour sustain,
The foe, though numerous, shall assault in vain.
Great Calicut, for potent hosts renown'd,
By Lisboa's sons assail'd shall strew the ground:
What floods on floods of vengeful hosts shall wage
On Cochin's walls their swift repeated rage;
In vain: a * Lusian Hero shall oppose
His dauntless bosom, and disperse the foes,
As high-swell'd waves, that thunder'd to the shock,
Disperse in feeble streamlets from the rock.
When blackening broad and far o'er Actium's tide
Augustus' fleets the Slave of love defy'd,
When that fallen Warrior to the combat led
The bravest troops in Bactrian Scythia bred,
With Asian legions, and, his shameful bane,
The Egyptian Queen attendant in the train;

* ——*A Lusian Hero*—Pacheco; in the siege of Cochin he defeated successively seven numerous armies raised by the Zamorim for the reduction of that city.

Though Mars raged high, and all his fury pour'd,
Till with the storm the boiling surges roar'd;
Yet shall thine eyes more dreadful scenes behold,
On burning surges burning surges roll'd,
The sheets of fire far billowing o'er the brine,
While I my thunder to thy sons resign.
Thus many a sea shall blaze, and many a shore
Resound the horror of the combat's roar,
While thy bold prows triumphant ride along
By trembling China to the isles unsung
By ancient bard, by ancient chief unknown,
Till Ocean's utmost shore thy bondage own.

Thus from the Ganges to the Gadian strand,
From the most northern wave to southmost land;
That land decreed to bear the injur'd name
Of Magalhaens, the Lusian * pride and shame;

* *The Lusian pride and shame.*—Magalhaens, a most celebrated navigator. Neglected by John II. king of Portugal, he offered his service to the kingdom of Spain, under whom he made most important discoveries round the Straits, which bear his name, and in the back parts of South America; acquirements, which at this day are of the utmost value to the

From all that Vast, though crown'd with heroes old,
Who with the gods were demi-gods enroll'd;
From all that Vast no equal heroes shine
To match in arms, O lovely Daughter, thine.

So spake the awful Ruler of the skies,
And Maia's son swift at his mandate flies:
His charge, from treason and Mombassa's king
The weary fleet in friendly port to bring,
And while in sleep the brave De Gama lay,
To warn, and fair the shore of rest display.
Fleet through the yielding air Cyllenius glides,
As to the light, the nimble air divides.
The mystic helmet on his head he wore,
And in his right the fatal rod he bore;
That rod, of power to wake the silent dead,
Or o'er the lids of care soft slumbers shed.
And now, attended by the herald Fame,
To fair Melinda's gate conceal'd he came;

Spanish Empire. Of this hero see farther, X. Lusiad, in the notes.

And soon loud Rumour echoed through the town,
How from the western world, from waves unknown,
A noble band had reach'd the Æthiop shore,
Through seas and dangers never dared before:
The godlike dread attempt their wonder fires,
Their generous wonder fond regard inspires,
And all the city glows their aid to give,
To view the heroes, and their wants relieve.

'Twas now the solemn hour when midnight reigns,
And dimly twinkling o'er the ethereal plains
The starry host, by gloomy silence led,
O'er earth and sea a glimmering paleness shed;
When to the fleet, which hemm'd with dangers lay,
The silver-wing'd Cyllenius darts away.
Each care was now in soft oblivion steep'd,
The Watch alone accustom'd vigils kept;
E'en Gama, wearied by the day's alarms,
Forgets his cares, reclin'd in slumber's arms.
Scarce had he closed his careful eyes in rest,
When Maia's son in vision stood confest:

And fly, he cried, O Lusitanian, fly;
Here guile and treason every nerve apply:
An impious king for thee the toil prepares,
An impious people weave a thousand snares:
Oh fly these shores, unfurl the gather'd sail,
Lo, heaven, thy guide, commands the rising gale;
Hark, loud it rustles, see, the gentle tide
Invites thy prows; the winds thy lingering chide.
Here such dire welcome is for thee prepared
As * Diomed's unhappy strangers shared;
His hapless guests at silent midnight bled,
On their torn limbs his snorting coursers fed.
Oh fly, or here with strangers' blood imbrued
Busiris' altars thou shalt find renew'd:
Amidst his slaughter'd guests his altars stood
Obscene with gore, and bark'd with human blood:
Then thou, beloved of heaven, my counsel hear;
Right by the coast thine onward journey steer,

* *As Diomed's unhappy strangers*—Diomede, a tyrant of Thrace, who fed his horses with human flesh. Busiris was a king of Egypt, who sacrificed strangers. Hercules vanquished both these tyrants, and put them to the same punishments which their cruelty had inflicted on others.

Till where the sun of noon no shade begets,
But day with night in equal tenor sets.
A Sovereign there, of generous faith unstain'd,
With ancient bounty, and with joy unfeign'd
Your glad arrival on his shore shall greet,
And sooth with every care your weary fleet.
And when again for India's golden strand
Before the prosperous gale your sails expand,
A skilful pilot oft in danger try'd,
Of heart sincere, shall prove your faithful guide.

Thus Hermes spoke, and as his flight he takes
Melting in ambient air, De Gama wakes.
Chill'd with amaze he stood, when through the night
With sudden ray appear'd the bursting light;
The winds loud whizzing through the cordage sigh'd——
Spread, spread the sail, the raptured Vasco cried;
Aloft, aloft, this, this the gale of heaven;
By heaven our guide th' auspicious sign is given;
Mine eyes beheld the Messenger divine;
O fly, he cried, and gave the favouring sign,

Here treason lurks.——Swift as the Captain spake
The mariners spring bounding to the deck,
And now with shouts far-echoing o'er the sea,
Proud of their strength the ponderous anchors weigh.
When * heaven again its guardian care display'd;
Above the wave rose many a Moorish head——
Conceal'd by night they gently swam along,
And with their weapons sawed the cables strong,
That by the swelling currents whirl'd and tost,
The navy's wrecks might strew the rocky coast:
But now discover'd, every nerve they ply,
And dive, and swift as frighten'd vermin fly.

Now through the silver waves that curling rose,
And gently murmur'd round the sloping prows,

* *When heaven again its guardian care display'd*—Having mentioned the escape of the Moorish pilots, Osorius proceeds: Rex deinde homines magno cum silentio scaphis & lintribus submittebat, qui securibus anchoralia nocte præciderent. Quod nisi fuisset à nostris singulari Gamæ industria vigilatum, et insidiis scelerati illius regis occursum, nostri in summum vitæ discrimen incidissent.

The gallant fleet before the steady wind
Sweeps on, and leaves long foamy tracks behind;
While as they sail the joyful crew relate
Their wondrous safety from impending fate;
And every bosom feels how sweet the joy
When dangers past the grateful tongue employ.

The sun had now his annual journey run,
And blazing forth another course begun,
When smoothly gliding o'er the hoary tide
Two sloops afar the watchful master spied;
Their Moorish make the seaman's art display'd;
Here GAMA weens to force the Pilot's aid:
One, base with fear, to certain shipwreck flew;
The keel dash'd on the shore, escap'd the crew.
The other bravely trusts the generous foe,
And yields, ere slaughter struck the lifted blow,
Ere Vulcan's thunders bellowed. Yet again
The Captain's prudence and his wish were vain;
No Pilot here his wandering course to guide,
No lip to tell where rolls the Indian tide;

The voyage calm, or perilous, or far,
Beneath what heaven, or which the guiding star:
Yet this they told, that by the neighbouring bay
A potent monarch reign'd, whose pious sway
For truth and noblest bounty far renown'd,
Still with the Stranger's grateful praise was crown'd.
O'erjoyed brave GAMA heard the tale, which seal'd
The sacred truth that Maia's son reveal'd;
And bids the Pilot, warn'd by heaven his guide,
For fair Melinda turn the helm aside.

'Twas now the jovial season, when the morn
From Taurus flames, when Amalthea's horn
O'er hill and dale the rose-crown'd Flora pours,
And scatters corn and wine, and fruits and flowers.
Right to the port their course the fleet pursued,
And the glad dawn that sacred day renewed,
When with the spoils of vanquish'd death adorn'd
To heaven the Victor of the tomb return'd.
And soon Melinda's shore the sailors spy;
From every mast the purple streamers fly;

Rich-figured tap'stry now supplies the sail,
The gold and scarlet tremble in the gale;
The standard broad its brilliant hues bewrays,
And floating on the wind wide billowing plays;
Shrill through the air the quivering trumpet sounds,
And the rough drum the rousing march rebounds.
As thus regardful of the sacred day
The festive Navy cut the watery way,
Melinda's sons the shore in thousands crowd,
And offering joyful welcome shout aloud:
And truth the voice inspired. Unawed by fear,
With warlike pomp adorn'd, himself sincere,
Now in the port the generous GAMA rides;
His stately vessels range their pitchy sides
Around their chief; the bowsprits nod the head,
And the barb'd anchors gripe the harbour's bed.
Strait to the king, as friends to generous friends,
A captive Moor the valiant GAMA sends.
The Lusian fame the king already knew, [through,
What gulphs unknown the fleet had labour'd
What shelves, what tempests dared: His liberal
Exults the Captain's manly trust to find; [mind

With that ennobling worth, whose fond employ
Befriends the brave, the Monarch owns his joy,
Entreats the Leader and his weary band
To taste the dews of sweet repose on land,
And all the riches of his cultur'd fields
Obedient to the nod of GAMA yields.
His care meanwhile their present want attends,
And various fowl, and various fruits he sends;
The oxen low, the fleecy lambkins bleat,
And rural sounds are echoed through the fleet.
His gifts with joy the valiant Chief receives,
And gifts in turn, confirming friendship, gives.
Here the proud scarlet darts its ardent rays,
And here the purple and the orange blaze:
O'er these profuse the branching coral spread,
The coral wond'rous in its watery bed:
Soft there it creeps, in curving branches thrown;
In air it hardens to a precious stone.
With these an Herald, on whose melting tongue
The * copious rhet'ric of Arabia hung,

* *The copious rhet'ric of Arabia*—There were on board Gama's fleet several persons skilled in the Oriental Languages. *Osor.*

He sends, his wants and purpose to reveal,
And holy vows of lasting peace to seal.
The Monarch sits amid his splendid bands,
Before the regal Throne the Herald stands,
And thus, as eloquence his lips inspired,
O King! he cries, for sacred truth admired,
Ordain'd by heaven to bend the stubborn knees
Of haughtiest nations to thy just decrees;
Fear'd as thou art, yet set by heaven to prove
That Empire's strength results from Public love:
To thee, O King, for friendly aid we come;
Nor lawless Robbers o'er the deep we roam:
No lust of gold could e'er our breasts inflame
To scatter fire and slaughter where we came;
Nor sword, nor spear our harmless hands employ
To seize the careless, or the weak destroy.
At our most potent Monarch's dread command
We spread the sail from lordly Europe's strand:
Through seas unknown, through gulphs untry'd before,
We force our journey to the Indian shore.

Alas, what rancour fires the human breast!
By what stern tribes are Afric's shores possest?
How many a wile they try'd, how many a snare!
Not wisdom sav'd us, 'twas the heaven's own care:
Not harbours only, e'en the barren sands
A place of rest deny'd our weary bands:
From us, alas, what harm could prudence fear!
From us so few, their numerous friends so near!
While thus from shore to cruel shore long driven,
To thee conducted by a guide from heaven,
We come, O Monarch, of thy truth assured,
Of hospitable rights by heaven secured;
Such * rites as old Alcinous' palace graced,
When lorn Ulysses sat his favour'd guest.
Nor deem, O King, that cold suspicion taints
Our valiant Leader, or his wish prevents:
Great is our Monarch, and his dread command
To our brave Captain interdicts the land
Till Indian earth he tread: What nobler cause
Than loyal faith can wake thy fond applause,

* See the Eighth Odyssey, &c.

O thou, who knowest the ever-pressing weight
Of kingly office, and the cares of state!
And hear, ye conscious heavens, if GAMA's heart
Forget thy kindness, or from truth depart,
The sacred light shall perish from the Sun,
And Rivers to the sea shall cease to run.
He spoke; a murmur of applause succeeds,
And each with wonder own'd the val'rous deeds
Of that bold race, whose flowing vanes had wav'd
Beneath so many a Sky, so many an Ocean brav'd.
Nor less the King their loyal faith reveres,
And Lisboa's Lord in awful state appears,
Whose least command on farthest shores obey'd,
His sovereign grandeur to the world display'd.
Elate with joy, uprose the royal Moor,
And, smiling, thus,—O welcome to my shore!
If yet in you the fear of treason dwell,
Far from your thoughts th' ungenerous fear expel:
Still with the brave, the brave will honour find,
And equal ardour will their friendship bind.
But those who spurn'd you, men alone in shew,
Rude as the bestial herd, no worth they know;

Such dwell not here: and since your laws require
Obedience strict, I yield my fond desire. [board,
Though much I wish'd your Chief to grace my
Fair be his duty to his sovereign Lord:
Yet when the morn walks forth with dewy feet
My barge shall waft me to the warlike fleet;
There shall my longing eyes the heroes view,
And holy vows the mutual peace renew.
What from the blustering winds and lengthening tide
Your ships have suffer'd, shall be here supply'd.
Arms and provisions I myself will send,
And, great of skill, a Pilot shall attend.

So spoke the King: And now, with purpled ray,
Beneath the shining wave the god of day
Retiring, left the evening shades to spread;
And to the fleet the joyful herald sped:
To find such friends each breast with rapture glows,
The feast is kindled, and the goblet flows;
The trembling comet's imitated rays
Bound to the skies, and trail a sparkling blaze:
The vaulting bombs awake their sleeping fire,
And like the Cyclops' bolts, to heaven aspire:

The Bombadeers their roaring engines ply,
And earth and ocean thunder to the sky.
The trump and fife's shrill clarion far around
The glorious music of the fight resound.
Nor less the joy Melinda's sons display,
The sulphur bursts in many an ardent ray,
And to the heaven ascends in whizzing gyres,
And Ocean flames with artificial fires.
In festive war the sea and land engage,
And echoing shouts confess the joyful rage.
So past the night: and now with silvery ray
The Star of morning ushers in the day.
The shadows fly before the roseate hours,
And the chill dew hangs glittering on the flowers.
The pruning hook or humble spade to wield,
The cheerful labourer hastens to the field;
When to the fleet with many a sounding oar
The Monarch sails; the natives crowd the shore.
Their various robes in one bright splendour join,
The purple blazes, and the gold-stripes shine;
Nor as stern warriors with the quivering lance,
Or moon-arch'd bow, Melinda's sons advance;

Green boughs of palm with joyful hands they wave,
An omen of the meed that crowns the Brave.
Fair was the show the royal Barge display'd,
With many a flag of glistening silk array'd,
Whose various hues, as waving thro' the bay,
Return'd the lustre of the rising day:
And onward as they came, in sovereign state
The mighty King amid his Princes sate:
His robes the pomp of eastern splendour shew,
A proud Tiara decks his lordly brow:
The various tissue shines in every fold,
The silken lustre and the rays of gold.
His purple mantle boasts the die of Tyre,
And in the sun-beam glows with living fire.
A golden chain, the skilful Artist's pride,
Hung from his neck; and glittering by his side
The dagger's hilt of star-bright diamond shone,
The girding baldric burns with precious stone;
And precious stone in studs of gold enchased,
The shaggy velvet of his buskins graced:
Wide o'er his head, of various silks inlaid,
A fair umbrella cast a grateful shade.

A band of menials, bending o'er the prow,
Of horn-wreath'd round the crooked trumpets blow;
And each attendant barge aloud rebounds
A barbarous discord of rejoicing sounds.
With equal pomp the Captain leaves the fleet,
Melinda's Monarch on the tide to greet:
His barge nods on amidst a splendid train,
Himself adorn'd in all the pride of Spain:
With fair embroidery shone his armed breast,
For polish'd steel supply'd the warrior's vest;
His sleeves, beneath, were silk of paly blue,
Above, more loose, the purple's brightest hue
Hung as a scarf, in equal gatherings roll'd,
With golden buttons and with loops of gold:
Bright in the Sun the polish'd radiance burns,
And the dimm'd eye-ball from the lustre turns.
Of crimson satin, dazzling to behold,
His cassoc swell'd in many a curving fold;
The make was Gallic, but the lively bloom
Confest the labour of Venetia's loom:
Gold was his sword, and warlike trowsers laced
With thongs of gold his manly legs embraced:

With graceful mien his cap aslant was turn'd;
The velvet cap a nodding plume adorn'd.
His noble aspect, and the purple's ray,
Amidst his train the gallant Chief bewray.
The various vestments of the warrior train,
Like flowers of various colours on the plain,
Attract the pleased beholders wondering eye,
And with the splendour of the rainbow vie.
Now GAMA's bands the quivering trumpet blow,
Thick o'er the wave the crowding barges row,
The Moorish flags the curling waters sweep,
The Lusian mortars thunder o'er the deep;
Again the fiery roar heaven's concave tears,
The Moors astonish'd stop their wounded ears:
Again loud thunders rattle o'er the bay,
And clouds of smoke wide-rolling blot the day;
The Captain's barge the generous King ascends,
His arms the Chief enfold; the Captain bends,
A reverence to the sceptre'd grandeur due:
In silent awe the Monarch's wondering view
Is fixt on VASCO's noble mien; the while
His thoughts with wonder weigh the Hero's toil.

Esteem and friendship with his wonder rise,
And free to GAMA all his kingdom lies.
Though never son of Lusus' race before
Had met his eye, or trod Melinda's shore,
To him familiar was the mighty name,
And much his talk extols the Lusian fame;
How through the vast of Afric's wildest bound
Their deathless feats in gallant arms resound;
When that fair land where Hesper's offspring reign'd,
Their valour's prize the Lusian youth obtain'd.
Much still he talk'd, enraptured of the theme,
Though but the faint vibrations of their fame
To him had echoed. Pleased his warmth to view,
Convinced his promise and his heart were true,
The illustrious GAMA thus his soul exprest,
And own'd the joy that laboured in his breast:
Oh Thou, benign, of all the tribes alone,
Who feel the rigour of the burning zone,
Whose piety, with mercy's gentle eye
Beholds our wants, and gives the wish'd supply;
Our navy driven from many a barbarous coast,
On many a tempest-harrowed ocean tost,

At last with thee a kindly refuge finds,
Safe from the fury of the howling winds.
O generous King, may He whose mandate rolls
The circling heavens, and human pride controls,
May the Great Spirit to thy breast return
That needful aid, bestowed on us forlorn!
And while yon Sun emits his rays divine,
And while the stars in midnight azure shine,
Where'er my sails are stretch'd the world around,
Thy praise shall brighten, and thy name resound.

He spoke; the painted barges swept the flood,
Where, proudly gay, the anchored navy rode;
Earnest the King the lordly fleet surveys;
The mortars thunder, and the trumpets raise
Their martial sounds Melinda's sons to greet;
Melinda's sons with timbrels hail the fleet.
And now no more the sulphury tempest roars;
The boatmen leaning on the rested oars
Breathe short; the barges now at anchor moor'd,
The King, while silence listen'd round, implored
The glories of the Lusian wars to hear,
Whose faintest echoes long had pleased his ear:

Their various triumphs on the Afric shore
O'er those who hold the son of Hagar's lore,
Fond he demands, and now demands again
Their various triumphs on the western main:
Again, ere readiest answer found a place,
He asks the story of the Lusian race;
What God was founder of the mighty line,
Beneath what heaven their land, what shores adjoin;
And what their climate, where the sinking day
Gives the last glimpse of twilight's silvery ray.
But most, O Chief, the zealous Monarch cries,
What raging seas you braved, what louring skies;
What tribes, what rites you saw; what savage hate
On our rude Afric proved your hapless fate:
Oh tell, for lo, the chilly dawning star
Yet rides before the morning's purple car;
And o'er the wave the sun's bold coursers raise
Their flaming fronts, and give the opening blaze;
Soft on the glassy wave the zephyrs sleep,
And the still billows holy silence keep.
Nor less are we, undaunted Chief, prepared
To hear thy nation's gallant deeds declared;

Nor think, tho' scorch'd beneath the car of day,
Our minds too dull the debt of praise to pay;
Melinda's sons the test of greatness know,
And on the Lusian race the palm bestow*.

If Titan's giant brood with impious arms
Shook high Olympus' brow with rude alarms;
If Theseus and Pirithous dared invade
The dismal horrors of the Stygian shade,
Nor less your glory, nor your boldness less,
That thus exploring Neptune's last recess
Contemn his waves and tempests! If the thirst
To live in fame, though famed for deeds accurst,
Could urge the caitiff, who to win a name
Gave Dian's temple to the wasting flame:

* Voltaire calls the King of Melinda a barbarous African, but according to history, the Melindeans were a humane and polished people. The Prince of Melinda, with whom Gama conversed, is thus described by that excellent historian Osorius. —"In the whole conversation, the Prince betrayed no sign of the barbarian; on the contrary, he carried himself with a politeness and attention worthy of his rank.

If such the ardour to attain renown,
How bright the lustre of the hero's crown,
Whose deeds of fair emprise his honours raise,
And bind his brows, like thine, with deathless bays!

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.