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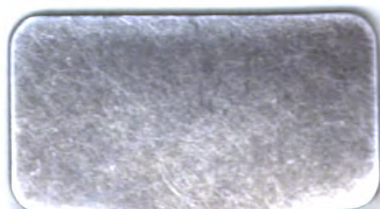


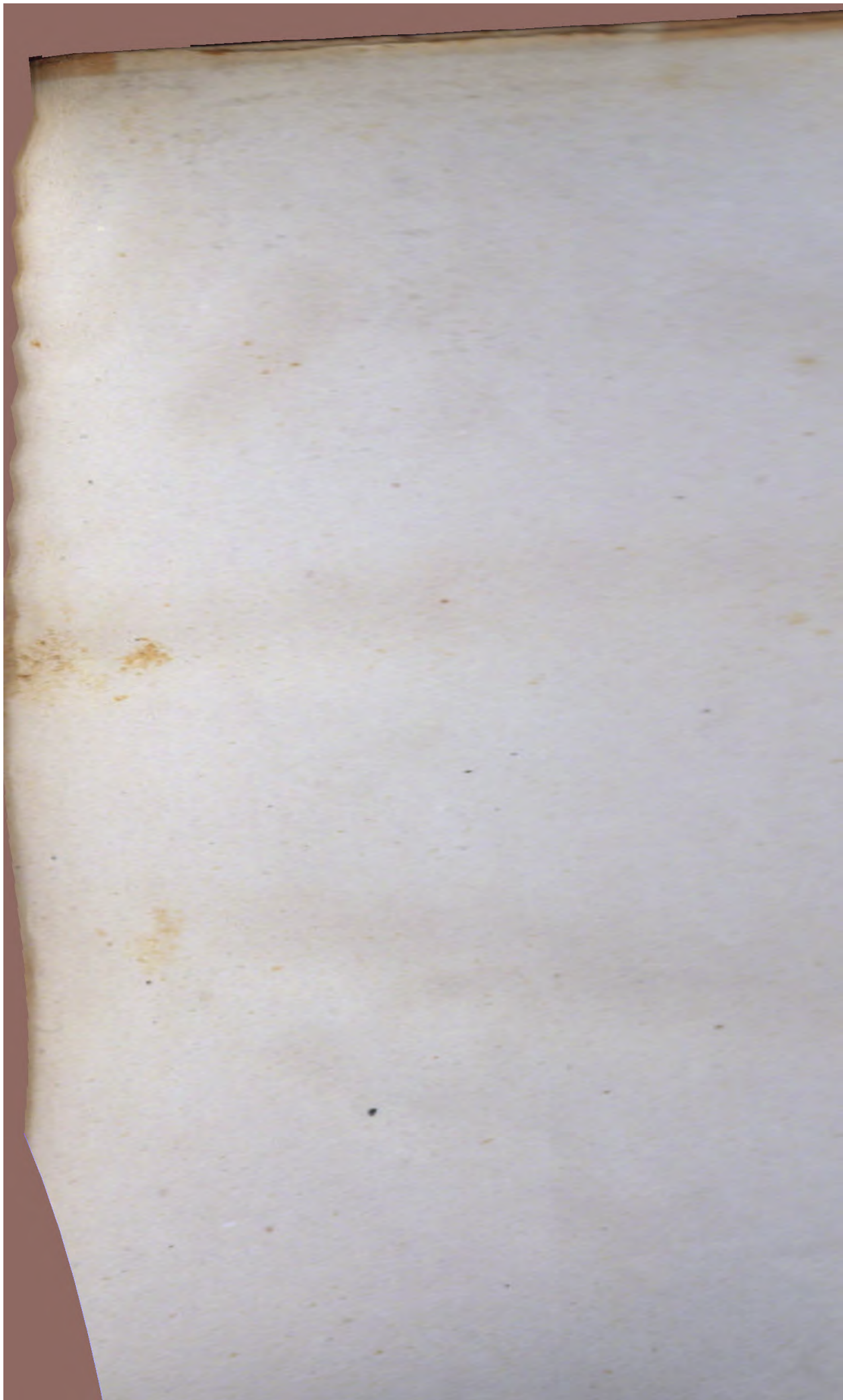
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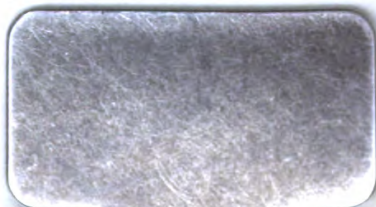
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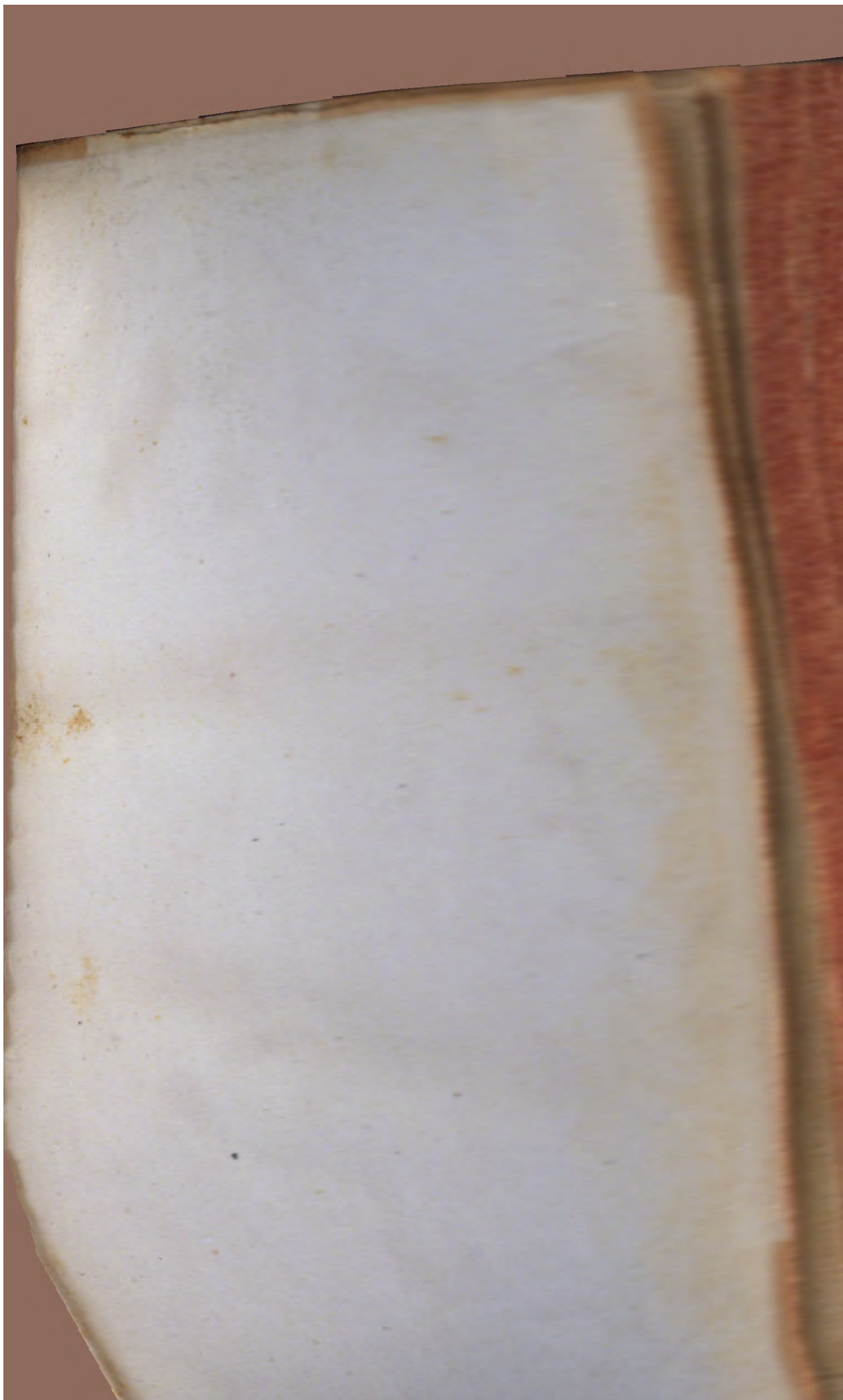






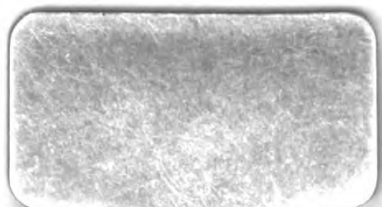
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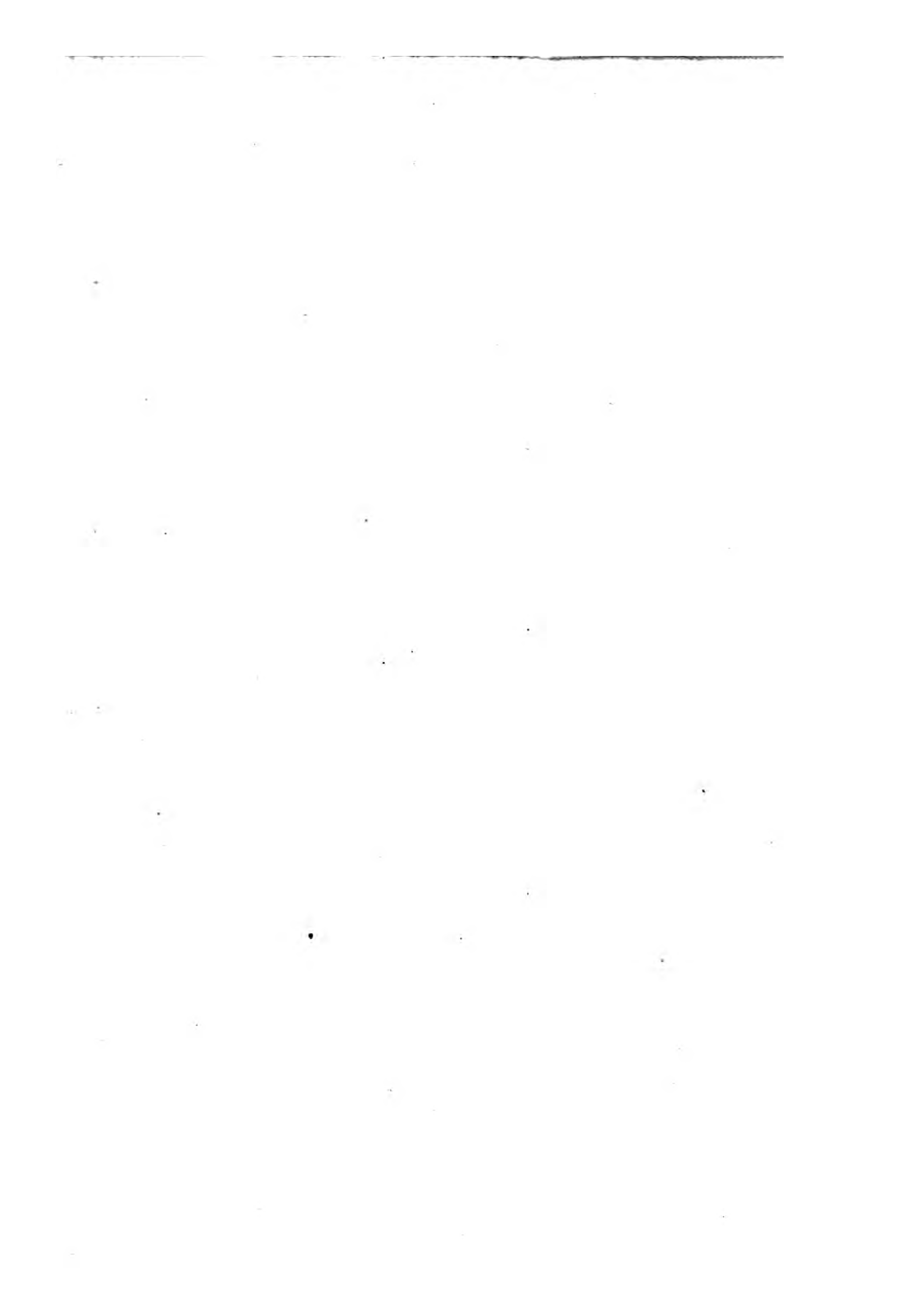


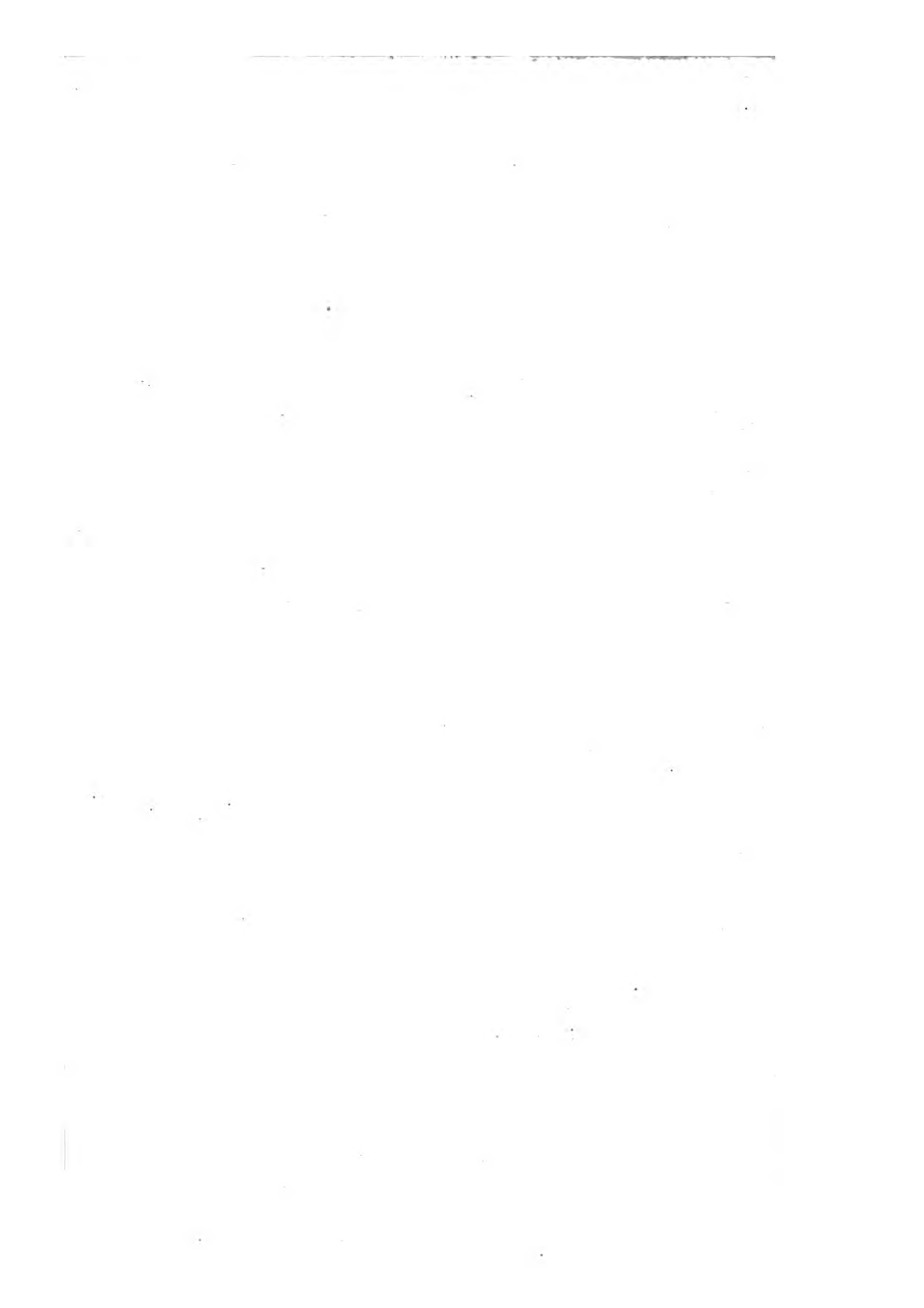


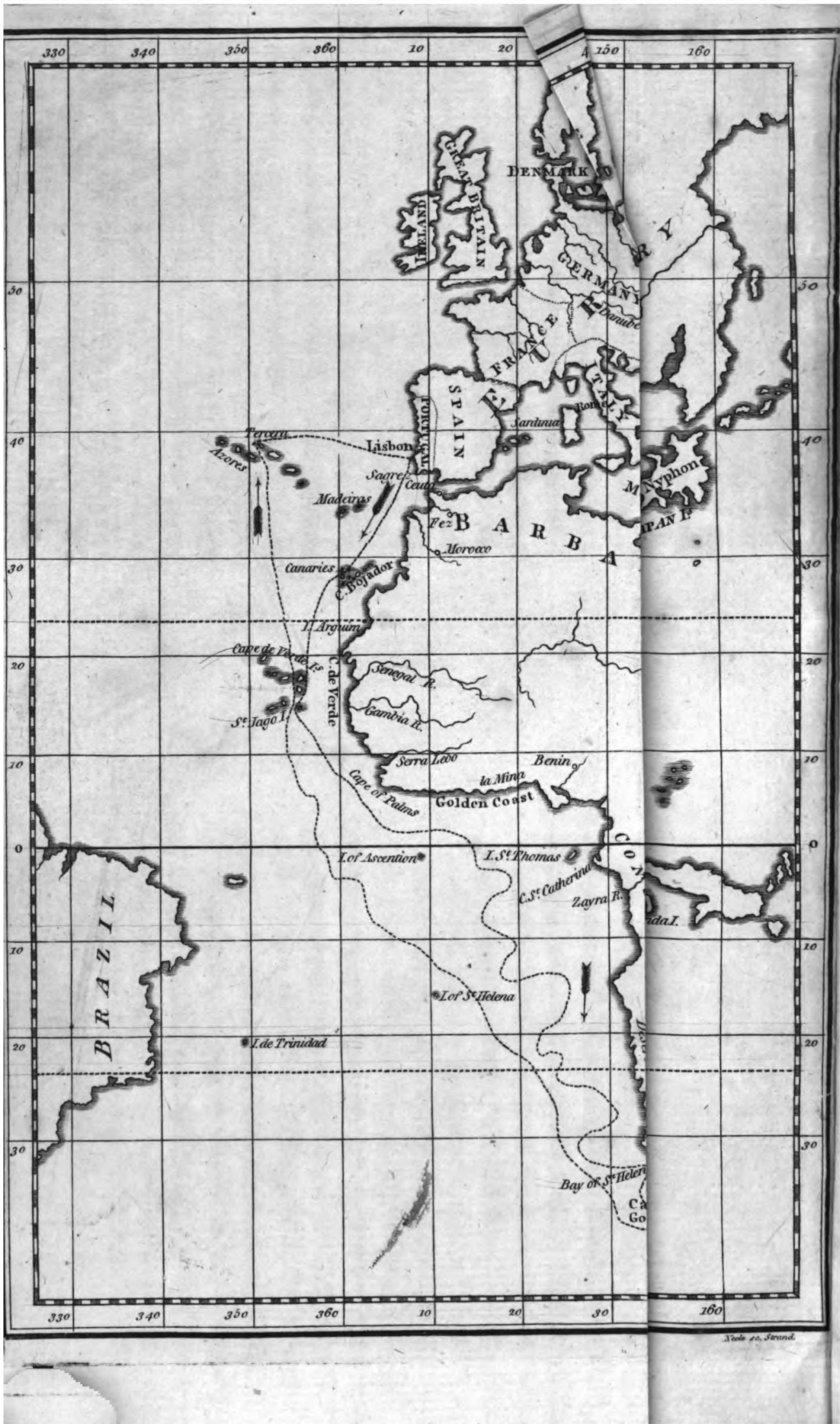


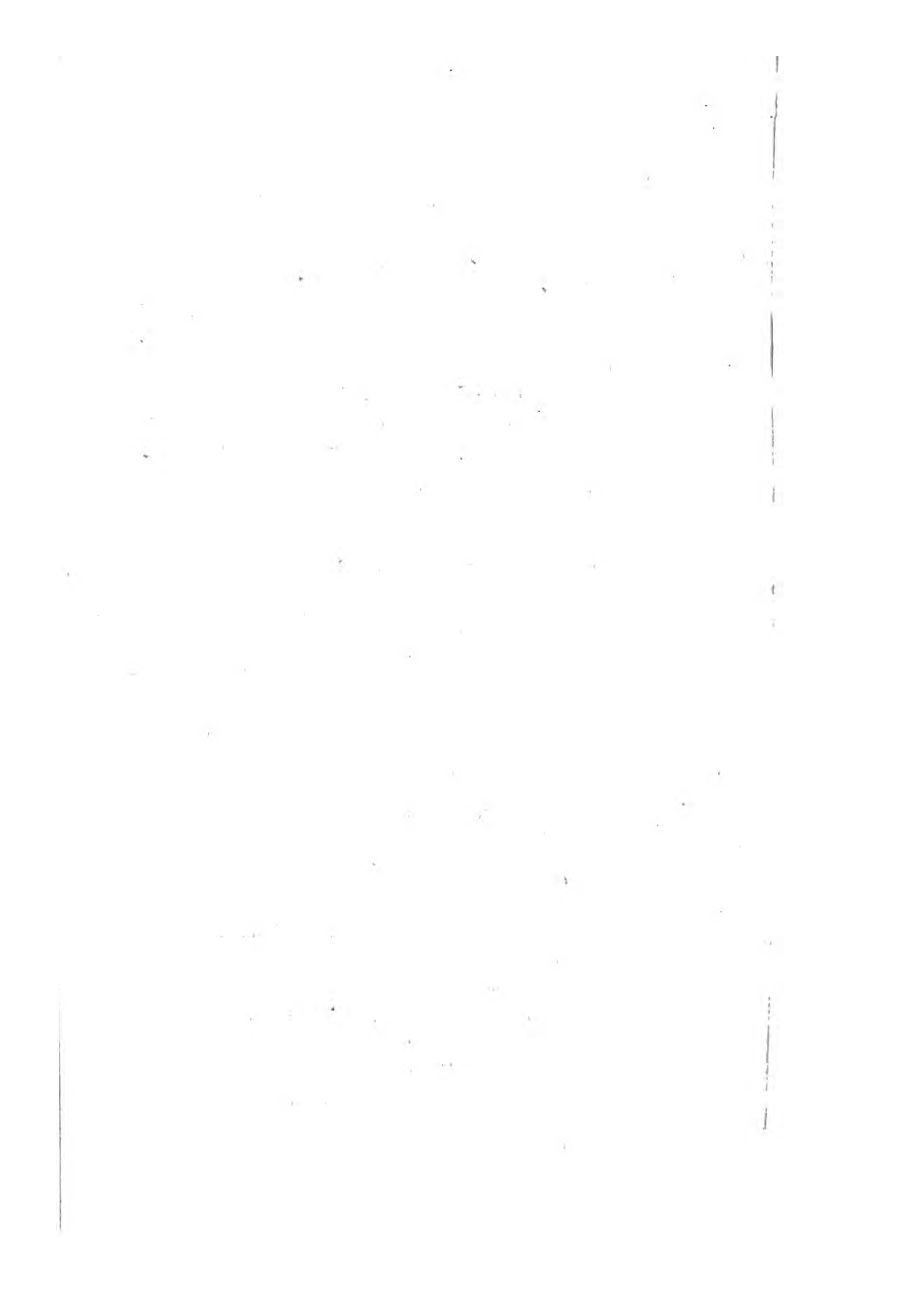
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INTRODUCTION.

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 that celebrated epic poem (known hitherto in England almost only by name) which is now offered to the English reader. But before we proceed to the historical introduction necessary to elucidate a poem founded on such an important period of history, some attention is due to the opinion of those theorists in political philosophy, who

lament that either India was ever discovered, and who assert that the increase of trade is big with the real misery of mankind, and that commerce is only the parent of degeneracy, and the nurse of every vice.

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

animal is in its natural state when in the situation which its instinct requires ; so man, when his reason is cultivated, is then, and only then, in the state proper to his nature. The life of the naked savage, who feeds on acorns, and sleeps like a beast in his den, is commonly called the natural state of man ; but if there be any propriety in this assertion, his rational faculties compose no part of his nature, and were given not to be used. If the savage therefore live in a state contrary to the appointment of nature, it must follow that he is not so happy as nature intended him to be. And a view of his true character will confirm this conclusion. The reveries, the fairy dreams of Rousseau, may figure the paradisiacal life of a Hottentot, but it is only in such dreams that the superior happiness of the barbarian exists. The savage, it is true, is reluctant to leave his manner of life ; but unless we allow that he is a proper judge of the modes of living, his attachment to his own by no means proves that he is happier than he might otherwise have been. His attachment only exemplifies the amazing power of habit in reconciling the human breast to the most uncomfortable situations. If the intercourse of mankind in some instances be inductive 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 carelessly after the manner of the Zidonians, quiet and secure, and there was no magistrate in the land that might put them to shame in any thing* And the spies said to their brethren, *Arise, that we may go up against them ; for we have seen the land, and behold it is very good and they came unto Laish, unto a people that were quiet and secure, and they smote them with the edge of the sword, and burnt the city with fire ; and there was no deliverer, because it was far from Zidon, and they had no business with any man.*”—However the happy simplicity of this society may please the man of fine imagination, the true philosopher will view the men of Laish with other eyes. However virtuous he may suppose one generation, it requires an alteration of human nature, to preserve the children of the next in the same generous estrangement from the selfish passions, from those passions which are the parents of the acts of injustice. When his wants are easily supplied, the manners of the savage will be simple, and often humane, for the human heart is not vicious without objects of temptation. But these will soon occur ; he that gathers the greatest quantity of fruit will be envied by the less industrious : The uninformed mind seems insensible of the idea of the
right

INTRODUCTION.

v

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*, depre- dation 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 strata-

gem are their study, and the most athletic exercises of the field their employment and delight. And what is their greatest praise, they have *magistrates to put to shame*. They inflict no corporeal punishment on their countrymen, it is true, but a reprimand from an elder, delivered in the assembly, is esteemed by them a deeper degradation, and severer punishment, than any of those, too often most impolitically adopted by civilized nations. Yet, though possessed of this advantage, an advantage impossible to exist in a large commercial empire, and though masters of great martial policy, their condition, upon the whole, is big with the most striking demonstration of the misery and UNNATURAL state of such very imperfect civilization. *Multiply, and replenish the earth*, is an injunction of the best political philosophy ever given to man. Nature has appointed man to cultivate the earth, to increase in number by the food which its culture gives, and by this increase of brethren to remove some, and to mitigate all the natural miseries of human life. But in direct opposition to this is the political state of the wild Americans. Their lands, luxuriant in climate, are often desolate wastes, where thousands of miles hardly support a few hundreds of savage hunters. Attachment to their own tribe constitutes their highest idea of virtue; but this virtue includes the most brutal depravity, makes them esteem the
man

man of every other tribe as an enemy, as one with whom nature had placed them 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 degradation of human nature †. But what peculiarly completes 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.

† Unless when compelled by European troops, the exchange of prisoners is never practised by the American savages. Sometimes, when a savage loses a son in war, he adopts one of the captives in his stead; but this seldom occurs; for the death of the prisoner seems to give them much more satisfaction. The victim is tied to a tree, his teeth and nails are drawn, burning wood is held to every tender part, his roasted fingers are put into the bowl of a pipe and smoked by the savages; his tormentors with horrid howls dance round him, wounding him at every turn with their poniards; his eyes are at last thrust out, and he is let loose to stagger about as his torture impels him. As soon as he expires, his dissevered limbs are boiled in the war-kettle, and devoured by his executioners. And such is the power of custom and the ideas of honor, that the unhappy sufferer under

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 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 foil, ready for every vice. Sordid disposition and base ferocity, together with the most unhappy superstition. are every where the

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 proportionate attendants of ignorance and severe want. And ignorance and want are only removed by intercourse and the offices of society. So self-evident are these positions, that it requires an apology for insisting upon them; but the apology is at hand. He who has read, knows how many eminent writers*, and he who has conversed knows how

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

If the civilized, he adds, enjoy the elegancies of life, have better food, and are more comfortably defended against the change of seasons, it is use which makes these things necessary, and they are purchased by the painful labours of the multitude, who are the basis of society. To what outrages is not the man of civil life exposed; if he has property, it is in danger; and government or authority is, according to 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

how many respectable names, connect the idea of innocence and happiness with the life of the savage and the unimproved rustic. To fix the character

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 Abbé Raynal, a writer whose spirited manner, and interesting subject, have acquired him many readers. As he is not singular in his estimate of savage happiness, his arguments merit examination; and a view of the full tendency of his assertions will sufficiently refute his conclusions. Nothing can be more evident than that if habit destroy the relish of the elegancies of life, habit 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? You may as well maintain that a postilion, 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.

* And our author in reality goes as far, "*Temoins cet Ecossais*,——Witness that Scotchman, says he, who being left alone on the isle of Fernandez, was only unhappy while his memory remained; but when his natural
"wants

character 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 the

mals. The advantages ascribed to the savage over the civilized life, in the time of war and famine, in the equality of rank, and security of liberty, offer an outrage to common sense, and are striking instances that no paradox is too gross for the reveries of modern philosophy. This author quite forgets what dangers the savages

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

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

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

indignation of every good heart. Yet such desolation is not the certain consequence of discovery. And even should we allow that the depravity of human nature is so great, that the avarice of the merchant and rapacity of the soldier will overwhelm with misery every new discovered country, still are there other, more comprehensive views, to be taken, ere we decide against the intercourse introduced by navigation. When we weigh the happiness of Europe in the scale of political philosophy, we are not to confine our eye to the dreadful ravages of Attila the Hun, or of Alaric the Goth. If the waters of a stagnated lake are disturbed by the spade when led into new channels, we ought not to inveigh against the alteration because the waters are fouled at the first; we are to wait to see the streamlets refine and spread beauty and utility through a thousand vales which they never visited before. Such were the conquests of Alexander; temporary evils, but civilization and happiness followed in the bloody tract. And though disgraced with every barbarity, happiness has also followed the conquests of the Spaniards in the other hemisphere. Though the villainy of the Jesuits defeated their schemes of civilization in many countries, the labours of that society have been crowned with a success in Paraguay and in Canada, which reflects upon their industry the greatest honour. The customs
and

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,

* The innocent simplicity of the Americans in their conferences with the Spaniards, and the dreadful cruelties they suffered, divert our view from their complete character. But almost every thing was horrid in their civil customs and religious rites. In some tribes, to cohabit with their mothers, sisters, and daughters, was esteemed the means of domestic peace. In others, catamites were maintained in every village ; these went from house to house as they pleased, and it was unlawful to refuse them what victuals they chused. In every tribe the captives taken in war were murdered with the most wanton cruelty, and afterwards devoured by the victors. Their religious rites were, if possible, still more horrid. The abominations of ancient Moloch were here outnumbered ; children, virgins, slaves, and captives, bled on different altars, to appease their various gods. If there was a scarcity of human victims, the priests announced that the gods were dying of thirst for human blood. And to prevent a threatened famine the kings of Mexico were obliged to make war on the neighbouring states, to supply the altars. The prisoners of either side died by the hand of the priest. But the number of the Mexican sacrifices so greatly exceeded those of other nations, that the Tlascalans, who were hunted down for this purpose, readily joined Cortez with about 200,000 men, and fired by the most fixed hatred, enabled him to make one great sacrifice of the

And, however impolitically despotic the Spanish governments may be, still do these colonies enjoy the opportunities of improvement, which in every age

the Mexican nation. Without the assistance of these potent auxiliaries Cortez never could have conquered Mexico. And thus the barbarous cruelty of the Mexicans was the real cause of their very signal destruction. As the horrid scenes of gladiators amused ancient Rome, so their more horrid sacrifices seem to have formed the chief entertainment of Mexico. At the dedication of the temple of Vitzuliputzli, A. D. 1486, 64,080 human victims were sacrificed in four days. And, according to the best accounts, their annual sacrifices required several thousands. The skulls of the victims sometimes were hung on strings which reached from tree to tree around their temples, and sometimes were built up in towers and cemented with lime. In some of these towers Andrew de Tapia one day counted * 136,000 skulls. When the Spaniards gave to the Mexicans a pompous display of the greatness of their monarch Charles V. Montezuma's orators in return boasted of the power of their emperor, and enumerated among the proofs of it, the great number of his human sacrifices. He could easily conquer that great people, the Tlascalans, they said, but he chuses 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

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

age arise from the knowledge of commerce and of letters; opportunities which were never enjoyed under the dominion of Montezuma and Atabalipa. But if from Spanish, we turn our eyes to British America, what a glorious prospect! Here formerly on the wild lawn, perhaps twice in the year, a few savage hunters kindled their evening fire, kindled it more to protect them from evil spirits and beasts of prey, than from the cold; and with their feet pointed to it, slept on the ground. Here now population spreads her thousands, and society appears in all its blessings of mutual * help, and the mutual lights of intellectual improvement. “What
 “work of art, or power, or public utility, has
 “ever equalled the glory of having peopled a con-
 “tinent, without guilt or bloodshed, with a mul-
 “titude of free and happy commonwealths, to
 “have given them the best arts of life and go-
 “vernment!” To have given a savage continent
 an image of the British constitution is indeed the
 greatest glory of the British crown, “a greater than
 “any

fixth cut up his stomach with a sharp flint, and while he held up the heart reeking to the sun, the others tumbled the carcase down a flight of stairs near the altar, and immediately proceeded to the next sacrifice. See Acofta, Gomara, Careri, the Letters of Cortez to Charles V. &c. &c.

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

“ any other nation ever acquired ;” and from the consequences of the genius of Henry Duke of Vifeo, did the British American empire arise, an empire which, unless retarded by the illiberal and inhuman spirit of religious fanaticism, will in a few centuries, perhaps, be the glory of the world.

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

Yet even ere such governments are formed, is Asia no loser by the arrival of Europeans? The horrid massacres and unbounded rapine, which, according to their own annals, followed the victories of their Asian conquerors, were never equalled by the worst of their European vanquishers. Nor is the establishment of improved governments in the East the dream of theory. The superiority of the civil and military arts of the British, notwithstanding the hateful character of some individuals, is at this day beheld in India with all the astonishment of admiration; and admiration is always followed, though often with retarded steps, by the strong desire of similar improvement. Long after the fall of the Roman empire, the Roman laws were adopted by nations which ancient Rome esteemed as barbarous. And thus, in the course of ages, the British laws, according to every test of probability, will, in India, have a most important effect, will fulfil the prophecy of Camoëns, and transfer to the British the high compliment he pays to his countrymen:

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

ravages only equalled in European history by those committed under Attila, surnamed the Scourge of God, and the destroyer of nations. The ideas of patriotism and of honour were seldom known in the cabinets of the eastern princes till the arrival of the Europeans. Every species of assassination was the policy of their courts, and every act of unrestrained rapine and massacre followed the path of victory. But some of the Portuguese governors, and many of the English officers, have taught them, that humanity to the conquered is the best, the truest policy. The brutal ferocity of their own conquerors is now the object of their greatest dread ; and the superiority of the British in war has convinced their * princes, that an alliance with the British is the surest guarantee of their national peace and prosperity. While the English East India Company are possessed of their present greatness, it is in their power to diffuse over the East every blessing which flows from the wisest and most humane policy. Long ere the Europeans arrived, a failure of the crop of rice, the principal food of India, had spread the devastations of famine over the populous plains of Bengal. And never, from the seven years famine of

* 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."

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 feelings 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

* 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 Brahmins, is an assertion against facts. The high antiquity and unadulterated sameness of their religion are impositions on Europe. For a clear demonstration of this, see the Enquiry, &c. at the end of the VIIth Lusiad.

‡ See the above Enquiry, &c.

even of the conceited Chinese always resist the desire of imitating the Europeans, a people who in arts and in arms are so greatly superior to themselves. The use of the twenty-four letters, by which we can express every language, appeared at first as miraculous to the Chinese. Prejudice cannot always deprive that people, who are not deficient in selfish cunning, of the ease and expedition of an alphabet; and it is easy to foresee, that, in the course of a few centuries, some alphabet will certainly take place of the 60,000 arbitrary marks, which now render the cultivation of the Chinese literature, not only a labour of the utmost difficulty, but even the attainment of it, impossible beyond a very limited degree. And from the introduction of an alphabet, what improvements may not be expected from the laborious industry of the Chinese! Though most obstinately attached to their old customs, yet there is a tide in the manners of nations which is sudden and rapid, and which acts with a kind of instinctive fury against ancient prejudice and absurdity. It was that nation of merchants, the Phœnicians, which diffused the use of letters through the ancient, and commerce will undoubtedly diffuse the same blessings through the modern world.

To this view of the political happiness, which is sure to be introduced in proportion to civilization, let the divine add, what may be reasonably expected,

pected, 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 sterile dales,
 Where on the parch'd hill-side pale famine wails.

LUSIAD X.

Let

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

slept on the shelves of the monasteries, their dark, but happy asylum; while the life of the monks resembled that of the fattened bees 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
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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,

norance, 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

While the baron thus lived in all the wild glare of Gothic luxury, agriculture was almost totally neglected, and his meaner vassals fared harder, infinitely less comfortably, than the meanest industrious labourers of England do now. Where the lands are uncultivated, the peasants, ill-clothed, ill-lodged, and poorly fed, pass their miserable days in sloth and filth, totally ignorant of every advantage, of every comfort which nature lays at their feet. He who passes from the trading towns and cultured fields of England, to those remote villages of Scotland or Ireland, which claim this description, is astonished at the comparative wretchedness of their destitute inhabitants; but few consider, that these villages only exhibit a view of what Europe was, ere the spirit of commerce diffused the blessings which naturally flow from her improvements. In the Hebrides the failure of a harvest almost depopulates an island. Having little or no traffic to purchase grain, numbers of the young and hale betake themselves to the continent in quest of employment and food, leaving a few, less adventurous, behind, to beget a new race, the heirs of the same fortune. Yet, from the same cause, from the want of traffic, the kingdom of England has often felt more dreadful effects than these. Even in the days when her Henries and Edwards plumed themselves with the trophies of France, how often

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, has armed government with the happiest power that can be exerted by the rulers of a nation; the power to prevent every * extremity which may possibly arise from bad harvests; extremities, which, in former ages, were esteemed more dreadful visitations of the wrath of heaven, than the pestilence itself. Yet modern London is not so certainly defended against the latter, its antient visitor in almost every reign, 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 civilised.

Whoever

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

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 awakened 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

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 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 farther enquiry was made ; and from age to age the parties, who never injured each other, breathed nothing but mutual rancour and revenge. And
actions,

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. Repentment of injury indeed is natural; and there is a degree which is honest, and though warm, far from inhuman. But if it is the hard task of humanised virtue to preserve the feeling of an injury unmixed with the slightest criminal wish of revenge, how impossible is it for the savage to attain the dignity of forgiveness, the greatest ornament of human nature! As in individuals, a virtue will rise into a vice, generosity into blind profusion, and even mercy into criminal lenity, so civilised manners will lead the opulent into effeminacy. But let it be considered, this consequence is by no means the certain result of civilization. Civilization, on the contrary, provides the most effectual preventive of this evil. Where classical literature prevails, the manly spirit which it breathes must be diffused. Whenever frivolousness predominates, when refinement degenerates into whatever enervates the mind, literary ignorance is sure to complete the effeminate character. A mediocrity of virtues and of talents is the lot of the great majority of mankind; and even this mediocrity, if cultivated by a liberal education, will infallibly secure its possessor against those excesses of effeminacy which are really culpable. To be of plain manners it is not necessary to
be

be a clown, or to wear coarse cloaths; 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 in no circumstance so big with political unhappiness. If one disease has been imported from
Spanish

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

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 military honour characterises the rank of gentlemen, that nation will rise into empire. But no sooner does conquest give a continued security, than the mere soldier degenerates; and the old veterans are soon succeeded by a new generation, illiterate as their fathers, but destitute

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

titute 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 Portuguese, certain it is, the wisdom of legislature might have prevented every evil which Spain and Portugal have experienced from their acquisitions in the two Indies. Every evil which they have suffered from their acquirements arose, as shall be hereafter demonstrated, from their general ignorance, an ignorance which rendered them unable to investigate or apprehend, even the first principles of civil and commercial philosophy. And what other than the total eclipse of their

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glory

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

THE
H I S T O R Y
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 enterprizes 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

united in their views ; and the professors of Mohammedism became the most formidable combination that ever was leagued together against the rest of mankind. Morocco and the adjacent countries, at this time amazingly populous, had now received the doctrines of the Koran, and incorporated with the Saracens. And the infidel arms spread slaughter and desolation from the south of Spain to Italy and the islands of the Mediterranean. All the rapine and carnage committed by the Gothic conquerors were now amply returned on their less warlike posterity. In Spain, and the province now called Portugal, the Mohammedans erected powerful kingdoms, and their lust of conquest threatened destruction to every Christian power. But a romantic military spirit revived in Europe, under the auspices of Charlemagne. Several religious military orders were established. Celibacy, the study of religion, and the exercise of arms, were the conditions of their vow, and the defence of their country and of the faith, their ambition and sole purpose. He who fell in battle was honoured and envied as a martyr. And most wonderful victories crowned the ardor 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 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
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* Ariosto, who adopted the legends of the old romance, chused 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 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 *Entre 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 chused rather to continue in the land where they were born, under a mild government, than be exposed to the severities and injustice of their native governors. And thus, on one of the most † beautiful and fertile spots of the world, and in the finest climate, in consequence of a crusade ‡ against the Mohammedans, was established the sovereignty of Portugal, a sovereignty which in time spread its influence over the world, and gave a new face to the manners of nations.

Count Henry, after a successful reign, was succeeded by his infant son Don Alonzo-Henry, who having surmounted several dangers which threatened his youth §, became

* See the notes on pages 93 and 94. vol. i.

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

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

§ See the note on page 96. vol. i.

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 possession of the lands which they expected to conquer. Don Alonzo, however, with a very small army, gave them battle on the plains of Ourique, and after a struggle of six hours, obtained a most glorious and compleat * victory, and which was crowned with an event of the utmost importance. On the field of battle Don Alonzo was proclaimed king of Portugal by his victorious foldiers, 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 conscioufness of freedom which had enabled his army to conquer, and to elect

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

elect him their sovereign. After six years spent in farther victories, in extending and securing his dominions, he called an assembly of the prelates, nobility, and commons, to meet at Lamego. When the assembly opened, Alonzo appeared seated on the throne, but without any other mark of regal dignity. And ere he was crowned, the constitution of the state was settled, and eighteen statutes were solemnly confirmed by oath *, as the charter of king and people; statutes diametrically opposite to the *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 were governed by the successors of Alonzo the First; a succession of great men, who proved themselves

* The power of deposing, and of electing their kings, under certain circumstances, is vested in the people by the statutes of Lamego. See the notes, p. 106 and 107. vol. i.

themselves worthy to reign over so military and enterprising a nation.

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

But the general character of the people was too deeply impressed, to be obliterated by one inglorious reign; and
under

* For the character of this prince, see the note, p. 138. vol. i.

† For anecdotes of this monarch, see the notes, p. 142 and 143. vol. i.

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

There is something 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

* 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. 131, &c. vol. i.), left his father, whose severe temper he too well knew, should force him into a disagreeable marriage, Don Pedro commenced an amour with a Galician lady, who became the mother of John I. the preserver of the Portuguese monarchy. See the notes, p. 4 and 5. vol. ii.

† 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. 23 and 24. vol. ii.) Juan, distinguished both in the camp
and

for the cabinet, and the mathematical genius of Don Henry, one of his youngest sons, received every encouragement which a king and a father could give, to ripen it into perfection and public utility.

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

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.

* 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.

colonies, instructed Prince Henry what gifts to bestow upon his country, and, in the result, upon the whole world. Nor were the inestimable advantages of commerce the sole motives of Henry. All the ardour which the love of his country could awake, conspired to stimulate the natural turn of his genius for the improvement of navigation.

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

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

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 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 victories of a tyrant, and the trade with Egypt was exceedingly insecure and precarious, Europe was still en-veloped

* See the note on the crusades, Lusiad VII.

† 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.

veloped 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 *, 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

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

† *Nam*, in Portuguese, a negative.

1 THE DISCOVERY OF INDIA.

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

Cape

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 impassable, for it was not considered, that by standing out to the ocean the current might be avoided. To pass this formidable cape was the commission of Zarco and Vaz, who were also ordered to proceed as far as they could to discover the African coast, which according to the information given to Henry by the Moors and Arabs, extended at least to the equinoctial † line. 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

* Forty leagues appeared as a vast distance to the sailors of that age, who named this Cape Bojador, from the Spanish, *bejar*, 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 promontory bounded that continent. And certain it is, from the concurrent testimony of all the writers who treat of Don Henry's discoveries, that Africa was supposed to terminate near to the equinoctial line. The account of Marco Paolo's map, which, it is said, placed the southern cape in its proper latitude, seems to have been propagated on purpose to discredit Prince Henry's reputation. The story stands thus: Anthony Galvan relates, that Fran. de Sousa Tavares told him that Don Ferdinand told him that in 1526, he found, in the monastery of Aco-baça, 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.

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

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

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

† 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. i. c. 1.

her naval superiority over the Moors, was, in the time of Henry, the surest defence of her existence as a kingdom. Yet though all his labours tended to establish that naval superiority on the surest basis, though even the religion of the age added its authority to the clearest political principles in favour of Henry; yet were his enterprises and his expected discoveries derided with all the insolence of ignorance, and 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 Gonfalez Baldaya, carried his discoveries many leagues farther. Having put two horsemen on shore, to discover the face of the country, the adventurers, after riding several hours, saw nineteen men armed with javelins. The natives fled, and the two horsemen pursued, till one of the Portuguese, being wounded, lost the first blood that was sacrificed to the new system of commerce. A small beginning, a very small streamlet, some perhaps may exclaim, but which soon swelled into oceans, and deluged the eastern and

western worlds. Let such philosophers, however, be desired to 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 no more to be charged upon Don
Henry

* 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 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

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 alleged that he who plans a discovery ought to foresee the miseries which the vicious will engraft upon his enterprize, let the objector be told, that the miseries are uncertain, while the advantages are real and sure; and that the true philosopher will not confine his eye to the Spanish campaigns in Mexico and Peru, but will extend his prospect to all the inestimable benefits, all the improvements of laws, opinions, and of manners, which have been introduced by the intercourse of universal commerce.

In 1440 Anthony Gonfalez 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 Gonfalez, Rio del Oro, or the River of Gold. And the islands of Adeget, Arguim, and *de las Garças*, were now discovered.

These

himself could not read. Atabalipa, amazed at the art of reading, got a Spaniard to write the word Dios (the Spanish for God) on his finger. On trying if the Spaniards agreed in what it signified, he discovered that Pizarro could not read. And Pizarro, in the revenge of the contempt he perceived in the face of Atabalipa, ordered that Prince to be tried for his life, for having concubines, and being an idolator. Atabalipa was condemned to be burned; but on submitting to baptism, he was only hanged.

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

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 villainies have disgraced the spirit of commerce, and afforded the loudest complaints against the progress of navigation. Dissatisfied with the value of his cargo, he ungratefully seized twenty of the natives of Gomera, (one of the Canaries,) who had assisted him, and with whom he was in friendly alliance, and brought them as slaves to Portugal. But prince Henry repented 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.

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

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

Prince Henry had now with the most inflexible perseverance prosecuted his discoveries for upwards of forty years. His father, John I. concurred with him in his views, and gave him every assistance; his brother king Edward, during his short reign, was the same as his father had been; nor was the eleven years regency of his brother Don Pedro less auspicious to him*. But the misunderstanding between Pedro and his nephew Alonzo V. who took upon him the reins of government in his seventeenth year, retarded the designs of Henry, and gave him much unhappiness †. At his town of Sagrez, from whence he had not moved for many years, except when called to
court

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

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

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 enterprizes to which he had given birth. He had the happiness to see the naval superiority 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.

From

* 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 discoverer of the promontory, unknown for many ages, which bounds the south of Africa. 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

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 Camoëns expresses it :

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

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

* Greatly misunderstood, even by the ingenious author of the *Account of the European Settlements in America*. Having mentioned the barbarous state of Europe ; “ Mathematical learning, says he, was little valued or cultivated. “ The true system of the heavens was not dreamed of. There was no “ knowledge at all of the real form of the earth, and in general the ideas of “ mankind were not extended beyond their sensible horizon. In this state “ of affairs Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa, undertook to extend “ the boundaries which ignorance had given to the world. This man’s de- “ sign arose from the just idea he had formed of the figure of the earth.”— But this is all a mistake. Nor is the author of the *Histoire Philosophique, &c.* less unhappy. Misled by the common opinion of Columbus, he has thus pompously clothed it in the dress of imagination—*Un homme obscur*, says he, *plus avancé que son siècle, &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

the sphere of the earth gave birth to his opinion, that there must be an immense unknown continent in the West *, such as America is now known to be ; and that his proposals were to go in search of it. But the simple truth is, Columbus, who, as we have certain evidence, acquired his skill in navigation among the Portuguese, could be no stranger

“ 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 our's to restore his due honours to the prince of Portugal. By the most indubitable and concurrent testimony of all the Portuguese historians of this period, Henry had undertaken to extend the boundaries which ignorance had given to the world, and had extended them much beyond the sensible horizon, long ere Columbus appeared. Columbus indeed taught the Spaniards the use of longitude and latitude in navigation, but he himself learned these among the Portuguese. Every alteration here ascribed to Columbus, had almost fifty years before been effected by Henry. Even Henry's design of sailing to India was adopted by Columbus. It was every where his proposal. When he arrived in the West Indies, he thought he had found the Ophir of Solomon †, and thence these islands received their general name. And on his return he told John II. that he had been at the islands of India. When he landed in Cuba, he 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 death-bed communicated the journal of his voyage to Columbus. But this story, as it stands at large, is involved in contradiction without proof, and is every where esteemed a fable of malice.

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

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

* 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 Hakluyt, 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.

tuguese 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 westward of the Azores, was their boundary: and thus each nation had one hundred and eighty degrees, within which they might establish settlements and extend their discoveries. And a papal bull, which, for obvious reasons, prohibited the propagation of the gospel in these bounds by the subjects of any other state, confirmed this amicable and extraordinary treaty.

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

river Oronoko, Vasco de Gama sailed from the Tagus on the discovery of India.

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

Notwithstanding the full torrent of popular clamour against the undertaking, Emmanuel was determined to prosecute the views of Prince Henry and John II. Three floops 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 funganths and offered up invocations to heaven. Every one beheld the adventurers as brave innocent men going to a dreadful execution, as rushing upon certain death; and the vast multitude caught the fire of devotion, and joined aloud in the prayers for success. The relations, friends, and acquaintance of the voyagers wept; all were affected; the sigh was general; Gama himself shed some manly tears on parting with his friends; but he hurried over the tender scene, and hastened aboard with all the alacrity of hope. Immediately he gave his sails to the wind, and so much affected were the many thousands who beheld his departure, that they remained immovable on the shore till the fleet, under full sail, vanished from their sight.

It

* Or Bethlehem, so named from the chapel.

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

* Now called St. Helen's.

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

In this part of the voyage, says Oforius, the heroism of Gama was greatly displayed. The waves swelled like mountains in height, the ships seemed now heaved up to the

* See the note, p. 58. vol. ii.

the clouds, and now appeared as precipitated by gulphy whirlpools to the bed of the ocean. The winds were piercing cold, and so boisterous that the pilot's voice could seldom be heard, and a dismal, almost continual darkness, which at that tempestuous season involves these seas, added all its horrors. Sometimes the storm drove them southward, at other times they were obliged to stand on the rack, 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 pilots
in

* The voyage of Gama has been called merely a coasting one, and therefore much less dangerous and heroic than that of Columbus, or of Magalhaens. But this, it is presumed, is one of the opinions hastily taken up, and founded on ignorance, Columbus and Magalhaens undertook to navigate

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

unknown oceans, and so did Gama; with this difference, that the ocean around the Cape of Good Hope, which Gama was to encounter, was believed to be, and had been avoided by Diaz, as impassable. Prince Henry suggested that the current of Cape Bojador might be avoided by standing to sea, and thus that cape was first passed. Gama for this reason did not coast, but stood to sea for upwards of three months of tempestuous weather. The tempests which afflicted Columbus and Magalhaens, are by their different historians described with circumstances of less 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 soothe them, would, under *his* authority, have had no avail in the tempest which Gama rode through. From every circumstance it is evident that Gama had determined not to return, unless he found India. Nothing less than such resolution to perish or attain his point could have led him on. But Columbus, ill obeyed indeed, returned from the mouth of the river Oronoko, before he had made a certain discovery whether the land was *isle* or continent. When Gama met a strong current off Ethiopia, he bore on, though driven from his course. Columbus steering southward in search of continent, met great currents. He imagined they were the rising of the sea towards the canopy of heaven, which for aught he knew, say the authors of the Universal History, they might touch towards the south. He therefore turned his course, and steered to the west. The passing of the straits of Magellan, however hazardous, was not attended with such danger as Gama experienced at the Cape. The attempt to cross the Pacific was greatly daring, but his voyage in that sea was happy. The navigation of the straits of Magellan and the Pacific are in this country little known; but the course of Gama is at this day infinitely more hazardous than that of Columbus. If Columbus found no pilots to conduct him, but encountered *his* greatest dangers in founding his course among the numerous western islands, Gama, though in the Indian ocean assisted by pilots, had as great trials of his valour, and much greater ones of his prudence. The warlike strength, and deep treacherous

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

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

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 Magalbaens aspire. LUSIAD X.

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

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

Here, while Gama careened and refitted his ships, the crews were attacked with a violent scurvy, which carried off several of his men. Having taken in fresh provisions,

on

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on the 24th of February he set sail, and on the first of March they descried four islands on the coast of Mozambique. 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 him, 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

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

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

medan traders, the Portuguese, on account of their religion, gave the name of Moors.

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

A war with the Moors was now begun. Gama perceived that their jealousy of European rivals gave him nothing to expect but secret treachery and open hostility; and he knew what numerous colonies they had on every trading coast of the East. To impress them therefore with the 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

nishment produced a confession, and promises of fidelity. And he now advised Gama to stand for Quiloa, which he assured him was inhabited by Christians. Three Ethiopian Christians had come aboard while at Zacocia's island, and the current opinions of Prestor John's country inclined Gama to try if he could find a port, where he might expect the assistance of a people of his own religion. A violent storm, however, drove the fleet from Quiloa, and being now near 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

whose renown he was well acquainted. And that a conference with his majesty and the offices of friendship might be rendered more convenient, Gama was requested and advised to enter the harbour. As no place could be more commodious for the recovery of the sick, and the whole fleet was sickly, Gama resolved to enter the port; and in the mean while sent two of the pardoned criminals as an embassy to the king. These the king treated with the greatest kindness, ordered his officers to 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 anchors to be dropt, and gave a signal for the others to follow his example. This manœuvre, and the cries of the sailors in executing it, alarmed the Mozambic pilots. Conscious of their treachery, they thought their design was discovered, and leapt into the sea. Some boats of Mombaza took them up, and refusing to put them on board, set them safely on shore, though the Admiral repeatedly demanded the restoration of the pilots.

These

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

As

* 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.

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

The city of Melinda was situated in a fertile plain, surrounded with gardens and groves of orange-trees, whose flowers diffused a most grateful odour. The pastures were covered with herds, and the houses, built of square stones, were both elegant and magnificent. Desirous to make an alliance with such a state, Gama requited the civility of the king with the most grateful acknowledgments. He drew nearer the shore, and urged his instructions as apology for not landing to wait upon his majesty in person. The apology was accepted; and the king, whose age and infirmities prevented himself, sent his son to congratulate Gama, and enter into a treaty of friendship. The prince, who had sometime governed under the direction of his father, came in great pomp. His dress was royally magnificent, the nobles who attended him displayed

displayed all the riches of silk and embroidery, and the music of Melinda resounded all over the bay. Gama, to express his regard, met him in the admiral's barge. The prince, as soon as he came up, leapt into it, and distinguishing the admiral by his habit, embraced him with all the intimacy of old friendship. In their conversation, which was long and sprightly, he discovered nothing of the barbarian, says Oforius, but in every thing shewed an intelligence and politeness worthy of his high rank. He accepted the fourteen Moors, whom Gama gave to him, with great pleasure. He seemed to view Gama with enthusiasm, and confessed that the make of the Portuguese ships, so much superior to what he had seen, convinced him of the greatness of that people. He gave Gama an able pilot, named Melemo Cana, to conduct him to Calicut; and requested, that on his return to Europe, he would carry an ambassador with him to the court of Lisbon. During the few days the fleet stayed at Melinda, the mutual friendship increased, and a treaty of alliance was concluded. And now, on April 22, resigning the helm to his 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, Urfa 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

* A circumstance in the letters of Americo Vespucci deserves remark. Describing his voyage to America, having past the line, says he, "*è 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

to them. 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 extacy, returned thanks to heaven, and ordered all his prisoners to be set at liberty, that every heart might taste of the joy of his successful voyage.

About two leagues from Calicut Gama ordered the 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.

in contemplating the stars of the other pole." He then laments, that as his instruments could not discover any star of less motion than ten degrees, he had not the satisfaction to give a name to any one. But as he observed four stars, in form of an almond, which had but little motion, he hoped in his next voyage he should be able to mark them out.—All this is truly curious, and affords a good comment on the temper of the man who had the art to defraud Columbus, by giving his own name to America, of which he challenged the discovery. Near fifty years before the voyage of Amerigo Vespucci the Portuguese had crossed the line; and Diaz fourteen, and Gama near three years before, had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, had discovered seven stars in the constellation of the south pole, and from the appearance of the four most luminous, had given it the name of *The Cross*, a figure which it better resembles than that of an almond.

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

At the first interview, Monzaida gave Gama the fullest information of the climate, 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

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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

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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 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

appointed the admiral to sit on one of the steps of his sofa, and then demanded his embassy. It was against the custom of his country, Gama replied, to deliver his instructions in a public assembly, he therefore desired that the king and a few of his ministers would grant him a private audience. This was complied with, and Gama, in a manly speech, set forth the greatness of his sovereign Emmanuel, the fame he had heard of the Zamorim, and the desire he had to enter into an alliance with so great a prince; nor were the mutual advantages of such a treaty omitted by the admiral. The Zamorim, in reply, professed great esteem for the friendship of the king of Portugal, and declared his readiness to enter into a friendly alliance. He then ordered the Catal to provide proper apartments for Gama in his house; and having promised another conference, he dismissed the admiral with all the appearance of sincerity.

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

Three days elapsed ere Gama was again permitted to see the Zamorim. At this second audience he presented

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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, the master of the house where Gama lodged, accepted the bribe, and entered into their interest. Gama, however, was apprised of all these circumstances, by his faithful interpreter Monzaida, whose affection to the foreign admiral the Moors 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,

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

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

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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

* Faria y Soufa.

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

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

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

The

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

The fame of Gama had now spread over the Indian seas, and the Moors were every where intent on his destruction. As he was near the shore of Anchediva, he beheld the appearance of a floating isle, covered with trees, advance towards him. But his prudence was not to be thus deceived. A bold pirate, named Timoja, by linking together eight vessels full of men, and covered with green boughs, thought to board him by surprize. But Gama's cannon made seven of them fly; the eighth, loaded with fruits and 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

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

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 soothe the death bed of his brother, and perform his funeral rites. Coello, in the meanwhile, 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

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

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

As

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

THE HISTORY OF THE
RISE AND FALL OF THE
PORTUGUESE EMPIRE IN THE EAST.

OF THE
RISE AND FALL
OF THE
PORTUGUESE EMPIRE IN THE EAST.

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

The

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

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

When Cabral reached the coast of Zofala, he had only six ships. Here he engaged and took two Moorish vessels, laden mostly with gold dust. But finding they belonged to the Xequé Foteyma, an uncle of the king of Melinda, he not only restored the prizes, but treated the Xequé with the greatest courtesy. At Mozambique he agreed with a pilot to conduct him to Quiloa. The king of this place and the admiral had a pompous interview. An alliance was solemnly concluded. But Homeris, brother to the king of Melinda, was at Quiloa; and by him Cabral was informed of a treacherous preparation to attack him. As his destination was for Calicut, he delayed re-

venge, and proceeded to Melinda. Here he landed the Melindian ambaffador, who had been fent to Portugal; and here his generous treatment of Foteyma ftrengthened the friendship and good offices which had begun with Gama.

When he arrived at Calicut, whither he was conducted by two Melindian pilots, he fent Ayres Correa on fhore to fettle the manner how the Zamorim and the admiral were to meet. Six principal Bramins, whofe names were brought from Portugal by the advice of Monzaida, were given as hostages for the fafety of the admiral; and the Indian noblemen, who had been carried away by Gama, were returned. After much delay with the wavering Zamorim, a commercial alliance, by which the Portuguefe veffels were to receive their lading before thofe of any other nation, was folemnly confirmed by oath, and a houfe was appointed as a factory for the Portuguefe. Of this, Correa, with feventy men under his command, in the name of the king his mafter, took immediate poffeffion.

If the fmalleft circumftances in the hiftory of an infant colony are not attended to, the fecret fprings and principles of action efcape us, and we are fure to be led into error. Cabral's fleet was to be laded with fpicery; but the Moorifh merchants, ftill intent on the ruin of their rivals the Portuguefe, did every thing in their power to retard it, in hope of another rupture. While promifes to Cabral trifled away the time, the Zamorim defired his
affiftance

assistance to take a large ship belonging to the king of Cochin, who not only intended to invade his dominions, he said, but had also refused to sell him an elephant, which was now aboard that ship. There were two Moorish agents with whom Cabral was obliged to transact business. One of these named Cemireci, pretending great friendship to the admiral, advised him by all means to gratify the Zamorim by taking the ship of Cochin. This vessel was large and full of soldiers, but Cabral appointed one of his smallest, commanded by Pedro Ataide, not a sixth part of her size, to attack her. When Ataide first made towards the enemy, the Indian insulted him with every sign of reproach; but the Portuguese cannon drove her into the port of Cananor, a place forty miles to the north of Calicut. Here she lay all the night, while Ataide watched the mouth of the harbour; and fearing to be burnt in the port, in the morning she again took to sea. But Ataide soon came up with her, and by the dexterous use of his artillery made her steer what course he pleased, and at last drove her in triumph before him into the harbour of Calicut.

This encounter was of great consequence to the Portuguese. It not only raised a high idea of their valour and art of war, but it discovered a scene of treachery, and gave them a most beneficial opportunity to display their integrity and honour. When Cabral conversed with the captives, he found that the story of the elephant and the invasion were false, and that they had been warned by Cemireci, that the Portuguese, a set of lawless pirates,

intended to attack them. On this, Cabral not only restored the ship to the king of Cochin, but paid for what damage she had sustained, and assured him he had been abused by the villainy of the Moors.

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

The

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

About eight hundred years before this period, according to tradition, Perimal, the sovereign of India, having embraced the religion of Mohammed, in which he had been instructed by some Arabian merchants, resolved to end his days as a hermit at Mecca. He therefore divided his empire into different sovereignties, but rendered them all tributary to the Zamorim of Calicut. From this port Perimal set sail, and the Arab merchants conceived such a superstitious affection for this harbour, though not so commodious as many others around, that on the arrival of Gama it was the great centre of the Moorish commerce in India. A desire to throw off their dependence on the Zamorim, without doubt had its influence in prompting the tributary kings to invite the Portuguese to their harbours. But it was impossible they should have so acted, unless they had conceived a high idea of the Portuguese virtue and valour, which was thus rewarded by the friendship of some powerful princes, who ever after remained true to the cause of Emmanuel.

When Cabral was about to sail from Cochin, he received information from the king, that the Zamorim, with a large fleet, containing 15,000 soldiers, intended to attack him. Cabral prepared for battle, and the Indian fleet fled. He afterwards touched at Cananor, where he entered into a friendly alliance. The king, suspecting from the small quantity of spicery which he bought, that the admiral was in want of money, intreated him to give a mark of his friendship by accepting, upon credit, of what goods he pleased. But Cabral shewed a considerable quantity of gold to the king's messengers, politely thanked him, and said he was already sufficiently loaded. Having left factors on shore, and received ambassadors on board, he proceeded on his homeward voyage. Near Melinda he took a large ship, but finding she belonged to a merchant of Cananor, he set her at liberty, and told the commander, "that the Portuguese monarch was only at war with the Zamorim and the Moors of Mecca, from whom he had received the greatest injuries and indignities." The king of Melinda, and other Mohammedan princes, who had entered into alliances with Gama and Cabral, were not of the tribe or confederacy of those who had in different parts attempted the ruin of the Portuguese. That people were now distinguished by the name of the Moors of Mecca, their principal harbour; and therefore to distress that port became now a principal object of the Portuguese.

Emmanuel, now fully informed by Cabral of the states and traffic of the Indian seas, perceiving that the reinforcement

forcement of three vessels, which he had sent under John de Nova *, could little avail, fitted out twenty ships, the command of which warlike fleet was given to the celebrated Vasco de Gama. At the same time the pope issued a bull, in which he styled Emmanuel, Lord of the Navigation, Conquests, and Trade, of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, and India.

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

* This officer defeated a large fleet of the Zamorim, but could not be supposed to effect any thing of permanency. On his return to Europe, Nova discovered the isle of St. Helena. A Portuguese, who in India had embraced Mohammedism, in contrition for his apostacy became its first inhabitant. He desired to be left ashore to do penance for his crime. Here he continued four years, and by his knowledge of the springs, and the vegetables and fruit-trees which he planted, rendered that isle an useful place of watering and rendezvous. He was named Fernando Lopez.

† See the first Lusiad.

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

Here the factors who had been left by Cabral gave Gama the highest character of the faith of the king, and his earnest desire to cultivate the friendship of the Portuguese; and the former alliance was mutually confirmed by the king and the admiral. The Zamorim, who with rage and regret beheld the commerce of Europe carried to other harbours, sent a Bramin to Gama, while he was
lading

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

lading at Cochin, intreating an oblivion of past injuries, and a renewal of the league of amity. The admiral, still desirous to cultivate friendship, gave the command of the fleet to his cousin Stephen de Gama, and with two ships only, in order to try the Zamorim's sincerity, sailed for Calicut; yet, lest treachery should be intended, he ordered Vincent Sodre with five ships to follow him. On his arrival at the city, he found that dissimulation was still the character of the sovereign. Four and thirty vessels, full of armed men, attacked Gama's ship with great fury; for the other vessel he had sent to hasten the squadron of Sodre. In this situation nothing but a brisk wind could possibly have saved Gama; and a brisk gale in this extremity arose, and carried him beyond the reach of the fleet of Calicut. But having met the reinforcement of Sodre, he immediately returned, and totally destroyed the fleet of the enemy.

Disappointed in war, the Zamorim now by intreaties and threats endeavoured to bring the king of Cochin into his interest. But that prince, with the greatest honour, refused to betray the Portuguese; and Gama having promised to leave a squadron to protect his harbour, sailed with thirteen loaded ships for the port of Cananor. On his way thither, as he past within a few miles of Calicut, he was again vigorously attacked by twenty-nine vessels, fitted out by the Zamorim, on purpose to intercept him. Gama ordered three ships, which had the least loading, to begin the engagement, and victory soon declared in his favour. He then proceeded to Cananor, where he entered

tered into a treaty with the sovereign, who bound himself never to make war on the king of Cochin, or to assist the Zamorim. And Gama, having left six ships under the command of Sodre, for the protection of Cochin and Cananor, sailed for Portugal, where, after a prosperous voyage, he arrived with twelve ships, loaded with the riches of the East.

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

The city of Cochin is situated on an island, divided from the continent by an arm of the sea, one part of which,

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

While Trimumpara, king of Cochin, was thus shut up on a little rock, Sodre suffered a punishment worthy of his perfidy. His ship was beaten to pieces by a tempest, and he and his brother lost their lives. The other commanders considered this as the judgment of heaven, and hastened back to the relief of Cochin: by strefs of weather, however, they were obliged to put into one of the Anchidivian islands. Here they were joined by Francis Albuquerque, who, on hearing the fate of Cochin, though in the rigour of the tempestuous season, immediately set sail for that port. When the fleet appeared in sight of Viopia, Trimumpara exclaiming *Portugal, Portugal*, ran in an extacy to the Portuguese; and they, in return, with shouts of triumph, announced the restoration of his crown. The garrison left in Cochin by the Zamorim immediately fled. Trimumpara was restored to his throne without a battle, and Albuquerque gave an instance of his masterly policy. Together with the assurances of the

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friendship

friendship of Emmanuel, he made the king of Cochin a present of 10,000 ducats. An act which wonderfully excited the admiration of the princes of India, and was a severe wound to the Zamorim.

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

Anthony Saldanna and Roderic Ravaſco were at this time sent from Lisbon on purpose to cruise about the mouth of the Red Sea. The king of Melinda was engaged in a dangerous war with the king of Mombassa, and Saldanna
procured

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

Along with these ideas of their right to claim dominion and to conquer, the Portuguese brought to India an image of the degenerated constitution of Lisbon. The governor acted under a few general instructions, which contained rather advices * than orders, against what countries he should

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

should direct the force of his arms. And in the executive power he was arbitrary. The revenue and regulations of commerce were also left to his discretion; such was the insecure and capricious plan of the Portuguese commercial establishment in India. It was (of all, the most liable to abuse) the worst of all MONOPOLIES, a *regal* ONE. Every ship which sailed from Portugal to India was the king's property. Their Indian cargoes were deposited in the custom-house of Lisbon, and managed, for the use of the crown, by the revenue officers. The tribute paid by the vassal princes of Asia was the king's; and the factories and forts were built and supported at his charge *. In a word, a military government was established in India, and it was the duty of the governor to superintend his majesty's revenues and commercial monopoly.

The Zamorim had now collected a formidable power for the destruction of Cochin. But before we mention the wonderful victories of Pacheco, it will be necessary to give some account of the land and maritime forces of the East. And here it is to be lamented, that the Portuguese authors have given us but very imperfect accounts of the military arts of India. Yet it is to be gathered from them, that though fire-arms were not unknown, they were but very little used before the arrival of the Portuguese. Two natives of Milan, who were brought to India by Gama on his second voyage, deserted to the Zamorim, and were of great service to him in making of powder and casting
of

* See Oforius, Faria, Barros, Castaneda, Commentaries written by Albuquerque's son, Andrada's Life of John de Castro, &c. &c. *passim in locis.*

of cannon. The Persians despised the use of fire arms, as unmanly; and the use of artillery on board of a fleet is several times mentioned as peculiar to the Moors of Mecca. The vessels of the Zamorim were large barges rowed with oars, and crowded with men, who fought with darts and other missile weapons. We are told by Oforius, that the pilot of Melinda, who conducted Gama to Calicut, despised the Astrolabe, as if used to superior instruments. We doubt, however, of his superior knowledge, for we know that he coasted northward to a particular limit, and then stood directly for the rising sun. We are also told by the Jesuits of the perfection of the Chinese navigation, and that they have had the use of the compass for 3000 years; but this is also doubtful. Some have even supposed, that Marco Paolo, or some of the earliest mercantile pilgrims, carried the loadstone to China ere its use in navigation was fully known in Europe. Certain it is, that at this day the Chinese cannot arm the needle with the virtues of the loadstone, and of consequence have the compass in great imperfection. In place of hanging the needle, they lay the loadstone upon cork, and swim it in water. Vertomannus relates, that travelling to Mecca, he saw the Arabs use the compass to direct them through the sandy deserts of Arabia. But of this also we doubt; for there is not a name in any eastern language, except the Chinese, for that instrument; nor do the Arabs know how to make one. They purchase them of Europeans, and the Italian word *Bussola* is the name of the compass among the Turks, and all the natives of the East, on this side of China.

While the Zamorim was preparing his formidable armament against Cochin, the security which appeared on the mien of Pacheco, prompted Trimumpara to suspect some fraud: and he entreated that captain to confess what he intended. Pacheco felt all the resentment of honour, and assured him of victory. He called a meeting of the principal inhabitants, and uttered the severest threats against any person who should dare to desert to the Zamorim, or to leave the island*. Every precaution, by which the passage to the island of Cochin might be secured, was taken by Pacheco. The Portuguese took the sacrament, and devoted themselves to death. The king of Cochin's troops amounted only to 5000; the fleet and army of the Zamorim consisted of 57,000 men. Yet this great army, though provided with brass cannon, and otherwise assisted by the two Milanese engineers, was defeated by Pacheco. Seven times the Zamorim raised new armies, some of them more numerous than the first, but all of them were defeated at the fords of Cochin, by the stratagems and intrepidity of Pacheco. Though the Zamorim in the latter battles exposed his own person to the greatest danger, and was sometimes sprinkled with the blood of his attendants; though he had recourse to poison and every art of fraud, all his attempts, open and private, were

* Soon after this order, two fishermen were brought before him, who had been following their employment beyond the limits he had prescribed. Pacheco ordered them to be hanged in prison. The king pleaded for their lives, but Pacheco in public was inexorable. In the night, however, he sent the two fishermen to the king's palace, where he desired they might be concealed with the greatest secrecy; and the severity of their fate was publickly believed. Such was the humanity and strict discipline of this brave officer.

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

Before the departure of Pacheco, a fleet of thirteen ships, commanded by Lopez Soarez, arrived in India. The new Zamorim beheld with regret the ruined condition of his kingdom, his tributary princes not only now independent, but possessed of the commerce which formerly enriched Calicut, the fatal consequence of his uncle and predecessor's obstinacy. Taught by these examples, he desired a peace with the Portuguese; but Soarez would hear nothing till the two Milanese deserters were delivered up. This the Zamorim resolutely refused. And Soarez, regardless of the fate of some Portuguese who had been left

at Calicut by Cabral, battered the city two days, in place of granting an honourable and commercial peace. Nor was this his only political error. By shewing such eagerness to secure the Milanese engineers, he told the Zamorim the value of these European artists. And that prince soon after applied to the Soldan of Egypt, who sent him four Venetians, able engineers, and masters of the art of the foundery of cannon.

In the stately spirit of conquest Soarez traversed the Indian seas, destroyed many Calicutian and Moorish vessels, and made various princes pay tribute and confess themselves the vassals of Emmanuel. But the Soldan of Egypt began now to threaten hostilities, and a stronger force of the Portuguese was necessary. Francisco d'Almeyda, an officer of distinguished merit, was therefore appointed viceroy of India, and was sent with two and twenty ships to assert his jurisdiction. And according to the uncommercial ideas of Gothic conquest with which he set out, he continued to act. On his arrival at Quiloa, a meeting between him and the king was appointed. Almeyda attended, but the king did not, for a black cat, as he set out, happened to cross his way, and intimidated by this evil omen, he declined the interview. On this, Almeyda levelled his city with the ground, and appointed another king, tributary to Emmanuel. Some late treacheries of Mombassa were also revenged by the destruction of that city and the vassalage of its monarch. When the viceroy arrived in India, he defeated the king of Onor, built forts and left garrisons in various places. Trimumpara, king
of

of Cochin, had now retired to spend the evening of his life in a Brahmin temple, and his nephew, who with great pomp was crowned by Almeyda, acknowledged himself the tributary of the king of Portugal.

The Soldan of Egypt was at this time one of the greatest princes of the world. Much of the lucrative commerce of the East had long flowed to the West through his dominions. His fleets and his armies were thus rendered numerous and powerful, and bound by their political religion, every Mohammedan prince, in a war with the Christians, was his ally. A heavy revenge of the crusades was in meditation, and Europe, miserably divided in itself, invited its own ruin; when, as it is expressed by the Abbé Reynal, the liberties of mankind were saved by the voyage of Vasco de Gama. The arrival of the Portuguese in the eastern seas entirely unhinged the strongest fences of the Mohammedan power; and the sinews of the Egyptian and Turkish strength were cut asunder by that destruction of their commerce which followed the presence of the Europeans. And thus also Europe is taught the means which will for ever secure her against the ravages of the Saracens, and other eastern barbarians, whom she has already experienced as more cruel invaders, and whom Greece still feels as more dreadful tyrants, than the Goths and the Vandals*.

Enraged

* A view of the commerce of the eastern world, and the channels in which it flowed, before the arrival of the Portuguese, is thus accurately given by *Faria y Sousa*. "Before these our discoveries, the spicery and riches of the eastern world were brought to Europe with great charge and immense

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

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

war, were sent to the assistance of the Zamorim. But by the superior naval skill and romantic bravery of Almeyda and his son Lorenzo, this mighty armament was defeated.

At this time Trifan de Cugna, and the celebrated Alphonso Albuquerque, arrived in the East, and carried war and victory from Sofala to India. Allured by the honour and commercial treaties of Gama and Cabral, several princes of India invited these strangers to their harbours. But the alteration of the behaviour and claims of the Portuguese, had altered the sentiments of the natives. Almost every port now opposed the entrance of the Portuguese, and the cargo of almost every ship they loaded was purchased with blood. At the sack of the city of Lamo, some of the soldiers under Cugna cut off the hands and ears of the women, to get their bracelets and earrings with more expedition. But though these miscreants, by overloading their boat with their plunder, were all drowned, this stain on the Portuguese character made destructive war against the Portuguese name and interest. When Albuquerque arrived before Ormuz, he summoned the king to become the vassal of Emmanuel, and to be happy under the protection of so great a prince. The king of Ormuz, who expected such a visit, had provided an army of 33,000 men, 6000 of whom were expert archers, auxiliaries of Persia. Yet these were defeated by 460 disciplined men, well played cannon, and the dauntless valour of Albuquerque. And the king of Ormuz submitted to vassalage. Lords of the seas also, the Portuguese permitted no ship to sail without a Portuguese pass-

port. Nor was this regarded, when avarice prompted that the passport was forged *. A rich ship of Cananor was on this pretence taken and plundered, and the unhappy crew, to conceal the villainy, were sewed up in the sail cloths and drowned. Vaz, it is true, the commander of this horrid deed, was broken. But the bodies of the Moors were thrown on shore by the tide, and the king of Cananor, the valuable ally of Portugal, in revenge of this treachery, joined the Zamorim, and declared war against the Portuguese. Another powerful armament, commanded by Mir Hocem, a chief of great valour, was sent by the Soldan. Persia also assisted. And even the mountains of Dalmatia †, by the connivance of Venice, were robbed of their forests, to build navies in Arabia to militate against the Portuguese.

Almeйда sent his brave son Lorenzo to give battle to Mir Hocem, but Lorenzo fell the victim of his romantic bravery. While the father prepared to revenge the death of his son, his recall, and the appointment of Albuquerque to succeed him, arrived from Europe; but Almeйда refused to resign till he had revenged his son's defeat. On this, a dispute between the two governors arose, of fatal consequence to the Portuguese interest in Asia. Albuquerque

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

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

querque was imprisoned, and future governors often urged this example on both sides of the question, both to protract the continuance, and press the instant surrender of office. Almeyda, having defeated the Zamorim and his Egyptian allies, sailed for Europe *, crowned with military laurels. But though thus plumed in the vulgar eye, his establishments were contrary to the spirit of commerce. He fought, indeed, and conquered; but he left more enemies of the Portuguese in the East than he found there. The honours he attained were like his, who having extinguished a few houses on fire, marches out of a city in triumph, forgetful of the glowing embers left in every corner, ready to burst forth in a general flame. It was left for the great Albuquerque to establish the Portuguese empire in Asia on a surer basis, on acts of mutual benefit to the foreign colonists and native princes.

Albuquerque, as soon as he entered upon his government, turned his thoughts to the solid establishment of the Portuguese empire. To extinguish the power of Calicut, and to erect a fortified capital for the seat of government, were his first designs; and in these he was greatly assisted, both by the arms and the counsel of Timoja the pirate, who very much injured by the Indian princes, was glad to enter into alliance with the Portuguese. Don Fernando Coutinho, previous to the advancement of Albuquerque, had arrived in India, vested with a discretionary power independent of the will of the governor. The natural consequences of this extraordinary

* See his fate, p. 66. vol. ii.

nary policy soon appeared. With thirty vessels and 2400 men, Albuquerque and Coutinho sailed from Cochin to besiege Calicut. It was agreed, that the troops under Coutinho should have the honour to land first. Those under Albuquerque, however, galled by the enemy, leapt first ashore. Coutinho, on this, roughly upbraided him: *To conquer the feeble Indians, he said, was no such honour as some boasted. And I will tell the king of Portugal, he added, that I entered the palace of the Zamorim with only my cane in my hand.* Albuquerque remonstrated the danger of rashness in vain. Coutinho ordered Jasper de Gama, the Polonian Jew, to conduct him to the palace; to which, with 800 men, he marched in confused speed. Albuquerque, whose magnanimity could revenge no insult when his country's interest was at stake in the hour of battle, followed in good order with 600 men, and left others properly stationed, to secure a retreat; for he foresaw destruction. Coutinho, after several attacks, at last, with the loss of many men, entered the palace, and gave his soldiers liberty to plunder. All was now disorder among them. And Albuquerque, who perceived it, entreated Coutinho, by message, to beware of a fiercer attack. He was answered, *He might take care of the troops under his own command.* After two hours spent in plundering the palace, Coutinho set fire to it, and marched out. But ere he could join Albuquerque, both parties were surrounded by enraged multitudes. Coutinho and his bravest officers fell; Albuquerque was wounded by arrows in the neck and left arm. At last, struck on the breast by a large stone, he dropped down, to appearance dead. On his shield he was carried off with great difficulty. All was

was

was confusion in the retreat, till the body of reserve, placed by Albuquerque, came up, and repulsed the enemy. Albuquerque was carried on board without hope of recovery. His health, however, was restored at Cochin, and the Zamorim allowed a fort to be built near Calicut, and submitted to the terms of peace proposed by the Portuguese governor.

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

Albuquerque now devoted his attention to the grand object of his wishes, the permanent establishment of the Portuguese dominion in Asia. His ideas were great and comprehensive; and his plan, perhaps, the best ever produced under an arbitrary government. His predecessor
Almeyda

Almeyda had the same object in view, but he thought the conquest and settlement of cities would weaken and divide the Portuguese strength. Superiority at sea he esteemed as the surest method to command all India; and one safe station, where the ships might winter, was all the establishment he desired. Albuquerque, on the contrary, deemed the possession of many harbours, and adjoining territory, as the only effectual means to ensure the continuance of the naval superiority. He esteemed the supply of the regal monopoly, says Osorius, as an inferior consideration; to enlarge and render permanent the revenues of sovereignty was his grand design. As one tempest might destroy the strength of their navy, while there was only one harbour to afford refuge, he considered the Portuguese dominion not only as very insecure, but also as extremely precarious, while they depended upon military and naval supplies from Lisbon. To prevent and remedy these apparent evils was therefore his ambition; and for these purposes he extended his settlements from Ormuz in Persia to the Chinese sea. He established custom-houses in every port, to receive the king's duties on merchandise; and the vast revenue which arose from these and the tribute of the vassal princes, gave a sanction to his system. At Goa, the capital of this new empire, he coined money, instituted a council-chamber for the government of the city, and here and at all his settlements he erected courts of justice*, and gave new regulations
to

* *Utmutirajab*, a native of Java, and one of the greatest men of Malaca, was, together with his son and son-in-law, detected in a conspiracy against the

to such as had been formerly established. And that this empire might be able to levy armies and build fleets in its own defence, he encouraged the marriage of the Portuguese with the natives*. His female captives he treated with the utmost kindness, and having married them to his soldiers, gave them settlements in the island of Goa. And hence, during the regency of John de Castro, little more than thirty years after, the island of Goa itself was able to build the fleets and to levy the armies, which, by saving the important fort and city of Dio, preserved the Portuguese interest in India.

In consequence of his plan of empire, Albuquerque constituted Malaca the capital of the eastern part of the Portuguese dominion. Here, as at Goa, he coined money, and by his justice, and affable, generous manner, won the affection and esteem of the people whom he had conquered. He received from and sent ambassadors to the king of Siam and other princes, to whom he offered the trade of Malaca on more advantageous conditions than it had hitherto been. And an immense commerce from China and all the adjacent regions soon filled that harbour. For here, as at Ormuz and Goa, the reduction which he made in the customs, gave an increase of trade
which

the Portuguese. For this they were publicly tried in the court established by Albuquerque; were condemned, and publicly executed. This is the first instance of the execution of natives under the authority of European courts.

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

which almost doubled the revenue of the king of Portugal. When Albuquerque returned to Goa, he was received, says Faria, as a father by his family. The island was at this time besieged by 20,000 of Hydal Can, the lord of Decan's troops, yet victory declared for Albuquerque. But to display the terror of the Portuguese arms was only the second motive of this great man. To convince the Indian princes of the value of his friendship was his first care, and treaties of commerce were with mutual satisfaction concluded with the king of Bifnagar, the king of Narfinga, and other powerful princes. The city of Aden, near the mouth of the Red Sea, was of great importance to the fleets of the Soldan. Albuquerque twice attacked this place, but could not carry it for want of military stores. By the vessels, however, which he kept on these coasts, he gave a severe wound to the Egyptian and Moorish commerce; and by the establishments which he made in India, entirely ruined it. Mahomet, the expelled tyrant of Malaca, assisted by 20,000 Javans, attempted to recover his throne; but the wish of the people was fulfilled, and Albuquerque, who failed to its relief, was again victorious. The Persians, to whom Ormuz had been tributary, endeavoured to bring it again under their yoke*; but Albuquerque hastened

* When the Persians sent a demand of tribute, Albuquerque said it should be paid; and a large silver basin, under cover, was presented to the ambassador. When uncovered, leaden bullets and points of spears appeared. There, said Albuquerque, is the tribute which the kings of Portugal pay. Admiration of the virtues of their enemies was the ancient character of the Persians. Ismael, the Sophi from whom Ormuz was rent, soon after professed the highest idea of the valour of Albuquerque. He courted his
friendship,

tened from Malaca, and totally defeated them, to the sincere joy of the inhabitants. Here he fell sick, and being advised by his physicians to go to India for the recovery of his health, the king of Ormuz, who called him his father, parted from him with tears. On his way to India he received intelligence, that a fleet, arrived from Portugal, had brought his recall; that Lopez Soarez was appointed to succeed him, and that Iago Mendez was come to be governor of Cochin. When he heard this, he exclaimed, *Are these whom I sent prisoners to Portugal for heinous crimes, are these returned to be governors! Old man, Oh, for thy grave! Thou hast incurred the king's displeasure for the sake of the subjects, and the subjects for the sake of the king! Old man, fly to thy grave, and retain that honour thou hast ever preserved!* A profound melancholy now seized him; but finding the certain approaches of death, he recovered his cheerfulness, and with great fervor gave thanks to God, that a new governor was ready to succeed him. On the bar of Goa, in the sixty-third year of his age, he breathed his last *, after a regency of little more than

friendship, and sent ambassadors to Emmanuel. In this correspondence the progress of fire-arms in the East may be traced. In 1515 he solicited that Portuguese artists might be sent to teach his subjects the art of casting cannon. Vid. Osor. l. x.

* A little before he died he wrote this manly letter to the king of Portugal. "Under the pangs of death, in the difficult breathing of the last hour, I write this my last letter to your Highness; the last of many I have written to you full of life, for I was then employed in your service. I have a son, Blas de Albuquerque; I entreat your Highness to make him as great as my services deserve. The affairs of India will answer for themselves, and for me." Osorius says, the latter part of the Gospel of John was, at his desire, repeatedly read to him; and he expired with the greatest composure. Long after his death his bones were brought to Portugal; but it was with great difficulty, and after long delays, ere the inhabitants of Goa would consent to part with his remains.

than five years. Yet, in this short space, he not only opened all the eastern world to the commerce of Portugal, but by the regulations of his humane and exalted policy, by the strict distribution of justice which he established, secured its power on a basis, which nothing but the discontinuance of his measures could subvert. Under Albuquerque the proud boast of the historian Faria was justified. *The trophies of our victories, says he, are not bruised helmets and warlike engines hung on the trees of the mountains; but cities, islands, and kingdoms, first humbled under our feet, and then joyfully worshipping our government.* The princes of India, who viewed Albuquerque as their father, clothed themselves in mourning on his death, for they had experienced the happiness and protection which his friendship gave them. And the sincerity of their grief shewed Emmanuel what a subject he had lost. He was buried at Goa, and it became customary for the Mohammedan and Gentoos inhabitants of that city, when injured by the Portuguese, to come and weep at his tomb, utter their complaints to his *manes*, and call upon his God to revenge their wrongs.

Accustomed to the affable manners of Albuquerque, the reserved haughty dignity assumed by Soarez gave the Indian allies of Portugal the first proof that the mourning which they wore for his predecessor was not without cause. Now, say the Portuguese authors, commenced the period when the soldier no more followed the dictates of honour, when those who had been captains became traders, and rapacious plunderers of the innocent natives.

Hitherto the loading of the king's vessels had been the principal mercantile business of the Portuguese. They now more particularly interfered with the commerce of the Moors and Indians. Many quitted the military service, and became private adventurers; and many who yearly arrived from Portugal, in place of entering into the king's service, followed this example. But their commerce was entirely confined to the harbours of the east, for it was the sole prerogative of the king to send cargoes to Europe. This coasting trade in the hands of the Portuguese increased the revenue of the royal custom-houses. But the sudden riches which it promised, drew into it many more adventurers than, it was feared, the military government of India could afford to lose. And thence the discouragement of this trade was esteemed the duty, and became a principal object of the Portuguese viceroys. And indeed in its best state it was only worthy of transported felons. It was governed by no certain laws. The courts established by Albuquerque were either corrupted or without power, and the petty governor of every petty fort was arbitrary in his harbour. Under these disadvantages, so inauspicious to honest industry, the Portuguese adventurers in this coasting trade became mere pirates, and it was usual for them to procure the loading of their ships, says Faria, in the military way, as if upon the forage in an enemy's country. Nor was this coasting trade solely in the hands of private adventurers. The king had a large share in it, and undoubtedly the most advantageous.

This is confirmed by Faria (sub ann. 1540 and 1541) who mentions his majesty's goods as carried from port to port, and committed from one officer to the charge of another. Such was the miserable state of the *free trade* of the Portuguese in India, a trade, whose superior advantages, (for *superior advantages* must be implied in the argument) have lately been held forth* as an example and proof of the expediency of depriving the English East India Company of their charter. In the conclusion we shall cite the words of the philosopher to whom we allude. And an attention to the facts of this history will prepare the reader for a discussion of that important question.

Where there are no fixed laws of supreme authority, immediate confusion must follow the removal of the best governor. Such confusion constituted the political character of the regency of Soarez. His military expeditions do him as little honour. Having performed the parade of a new governor, in visiting the forts, and in breaking and raising officers, Soarez prepared, according to his orders, to reduce the coasts of the Red Sea to the obedience of Portugal. Another great Egyptian fleet, commanded by a Turk, named Ræz Solyman, had failed from Suez; and Soarez, with twenty-seven ships, set sail in search of it. When he came before Aden, he found that strong city defenceless. The governor had offended the court of Egypt, and Solyman, by order of the Soldan, had levelled a part of the wall. The governor of Aden, thus

* In Smith's *Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*.

thus at his mercy, artfully offered the keys to Soarez, and intreated his friendship. Secure of the Moor's honesty, Soarez delayed to take possession, till he had given battle to the Soldan's fleet. This he found in the port of Gidda or Jodda, under protection of the cannon of the walls. He therefore did not engage it; and after burning a few defenceless towns, he returned to Aden. But the breaches of the fort were now repaired, and his own force, which had suffered greatly by tempestuous weather in the Red Sea, was, he deemed, unable to take that city, which now refused to surrender. While Soarez was employed in this inglorious expedition, Goa was reduced to the greatest danger. A quarrel about a Portuguese deserter had kindled a war, and Hydal Can, with an army of 30,000 men, laid siege to that important city. But the arrival of three Portuguese ships raised the siege, at a time when famine had almost brought the garrison to despair. Nor was Malaca happier than Goa. The uncurbed tyranny of the Portuguese had almost driven trade from that harbour, and the dethroned king once more invaded the island with a great army. But Alexis de Menezes, appointed governor of that place, arrived, in the most critical time, with 300 men, and saved Malaca. The trade with China after this greatly increased, and the king of Ceylon, with whom Albuquerque had established a valuable commerce, was compelled by Soarez to pay tribute to the king of Portugal. A surveyor of the king's revenue about this time arrived in India, vested with a power, which interfered with, and lessened that of the governor. Hence complaints and appeals were by every fleet carried

to Europe, and by every fleet that returned the removal of officers was brought. Integrity now afforded no protection, and to amass wealth with the utmost expedition, was now the best way to secure its possession. Rapacity prevailed among the Portuguese, and all was discontent among the natives, when in 1518, after a regency of about three years, Soarez was recalled, and in power and title of governor succeeded by Iago Lopez de Sequeyra. Albuquerque left Portuguese Asia in the most flourishing condition. Soarez left every thing embarrassed, and in the decline. Albuquerque was dreadful to his enemies in war, and to his soldiers on the least appearance of disobedience: but at other times, his engaging manners won the hearts of all. And his knowledge of human nature, which formed his political conduct, was of the first rate. Soarez, on the contrary, the man who refused an equitable treaty offered by the Zamorim, and was for such acts of incapacity sent prisoner to Lisbon by Albuquerque, betrayed in all his transactions the meanest abilities. All his capacity seemed to reach no farther than to preserve that solemn face of dignity, that haughty reserved importance with which men of slender abilities transact the most trifling affairs; a solemnity of which heavy intellects are extremely jealous and careful, which the ignorant revere, and which the intelligent despise.

Sequeyra, the discoverer of Malaca, began his regency with the relief of that important mart; and the king of Bintam, the besieger, after several attempts, was compelled

to submit to a treaty dictated by the Portuguese. Forty-eight ships, under the command of the governor, failed to reduce the strong fort and harbour of Diu or Dio, on the coast of Cambaya, an object of great importance to the Portuguese, but nothing was attempted. Continual skirmishes, however, dyed every shore with blood, while no method of cultivating the friendship of the hostile natives was even in view. Every thing on the contrary tended to inflame them. John de Borba, shipwricked on the coast of Achem, was generously relieved by the sovereign. George de Brito arrived soon after, and Borba informed him, that in the sepulchres of the kings were immense treasures of gold; and that the present king, his benefactor, had formerly robbed some Portuguese vessels. Brito, at the head of 200 men, immediately began hostilities, but was defeated and killed, and the kings of Achem became the inveterate enemies of the Portuguese, and often gave them infinite trouble. The Maluco islands were now discovered. The kings of these, at strife with each other, were each earnest for the alliance of the Portuguese. But they, led by their usual ideas, soon involved themselves in war and slaughter. Ormuz, where Albuquerque was beloved as a father, was now unable to bear the Portuguese yoke. The tribute was raised, and the king complained that his revenues could not afford to pay it. Sequeyra on this sent Portuguese officers to impose and collect the king's customs. This impolitical step was soon followed by its natural consequence. The insolence and oppression of the officers produced a revolt. Sequeyra, however, defeated the people of Ormuz, and

almost doubled the tribute which before they were unable to pay. It is truly astonishing how men should expect that dominion thus supported should continue long; that they could not see that such victories both sowed and nourished the seeds of future war. Even the Portuguese historians adopted the impolitical uncommercial ideas of their governors. Faria y Soufa makes an apology for mentioning the fate of the first Portuguese who traded to China; calls it a matter of commerce, a subject unworthy of grave history. The political philosopher, however, will esteem it of more importance, and will draw the best of precepts from it. The king of Portugal, desirous of the trade of China, sent an ambassador and one of his captains to propose a commercial alliance. The ambassador was gladly received, and sent by land to Nankin, and the honourable behaviour of Pedro de Andrade gained the important traffic of the harbour of Canton. On this officer's return to India, Sequeyra the governor sent Simon de Andrade, brother to Pedro, with five ships to China; and whatever were his instructions, the absurdity of his actions was only equalled by his gross insolence. As if he had arrived among beings of an inferior order, he assumed an authority like that which is claimed by man over the brute creation. He seized the island of Tamou, opposite to Canton. Here he erected a fort and a gallows; and while he plundered the merchants, the wives and daughters of the principal inhabitants were dragged from their friends to his garrison, and the gibbet punished resistance. Nor did he stop even here. The Portuguese in India wanted slaves, and Andrade thought he

he had found the proper nursery. He published his design to buy the youth of both sexes, and in this inhuman traffic he was supplied by the most profligate of the natives. These proceedings, however, were soon known to the emperor of China, and the Portuguese ambassador and his retinue died the death of spies. Andrade was attacked by the Chinese Itao, or admiral, and escaped with much loss, by the favour of a tempest, after being forty days harassed by a fleet greatly superior to his own. Next year, Alonzo de Melo, ignorant of these transactions, entered the harbour of Canton with four vessels. But his ships were instantly seized, and the crews massacred, as spies and robbers, by the enraged Chinese. And though the Portuguese afterwards were permitted to some trade with China, it was upon very restricted and * disgraceful conditions, conditions which treated them as a nation of pirates, as men who were not to be trusted unless fettered and watched.

While

* The Chinese had too much Dutch policy utterly to expel any merchandise from their harbours. A few years after this, the Portuguese who brought gold from Africa and spicery from India, were allowed to purchase the silks, porcelain, and tea of China, at the port of Sanciam. And an event, which refutes all the Jesuitical accounts of the greatness of the power and perfection of the Chinese government, soon gave them a better settlement. A pirate, named Tchang-si-lao, made himself master of the little island of Macao. Here he built fleets which blocked up the ports of China, and laid siege to Canton itself. In this crisis of distress the Chinese implored the assistance of the Portuguese, whom they had lately expelled as the worst of mankind. Two or three Portuguese sloops effected what the potent empire of China could not do, and the island of Macao was given them by the emperor, in reward of this eminent service. The porcelain of China is not so brittle, nor the figures upon it more awkward, than the Chinese strength and policy must appear in the light which this event throws upon them.

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

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

The mal-administration of Indian affairs was now the popular complaint at the court of Lisbon. The traffic of India, which had raised the caliphs of Egypt to the height of their formidable power, and which had enriched Venice, was now found scarcely sufficient to support the military method of commanding it, practised by the Portuguese. A general of the first abilities was wanted, and the celebrated Vasco de Gama, old as he now was, honoured with the title of Count de Vidigueyra, was appointed viceroy by John III. In 1524, Gama arrived the third time in India. Cochin, the faithful ally and chief trading

trading port of the Portuguese, was threatened by a powerful army of the Zamorim, and the Indian seas were infested by numberless fleets of the Moors, whom their enemies called pirates. To suppress these Gama sent different squadrons, which were successful in executing his orders. But while he meditated far greater designs, designs of the same exalted and liberal policy which had been begun by himself, and so gloriously prosecuted by Albuquerque, death, at the end of three months, closed the regency of Gama. It was the custom of the kings of Portugal to send commissions, or writs of succession, sealed up, to India, with orders, which should be first opened when a successor to government was wanted. Gama, who brought with him three of these, finding the approach of dissolution, opened the first writ of succession. And as Henry de Menezes, therein named, was at Goa, he appointed Lopez Vaz de Sampayo, a man of great abilities, to take the command till Menezes arrived. When Menezes arrived at Cochin, he prohibited the usual marks of public joy on his elevation, and said, *it was more necessary to mourn for the loss of their late viceroy*. Nor did the public conduct of the new governor, the first, says Faria, who honoured the memory of his predecessor, deviate from this generous principle. A Portuguese vessel at this time committed several depredations on states at peace with Portugal. This ship, by order of Menezes, was taken, and the crew were impaled. A noble instance of justice, of more political service than all the victories of a Soarez. The danger of Cochin required war, and Menezes carried it into the territories of Zamorim, whom he severely humbled. The Portuguese arms cleared the seas of pirates,

pirates, took the strong city of Sofar, and reduced some valuable islands on the Red Sea. Great preparations were also made for the reduction of Dio, when Menezes, after a regency of thirteen months, died of a mortification in his leg. That he left the military power of the Portuguese much more formidable than he found it, is the least of his praise. Every where, at Ormuz in particular, he curbed the insolence and rapacity of his countrymen, and proved that time was only wanting for him to have restored the situation of India as left by Albuquerque. He convinced the Indian princes that rapacity was not the character of all the Portuguese, for he accepted of no present, though many, as the custom of the country, were offered to him. At his death, which happened in his thirtieth year, thirteen reals and an half, not a crown in the whole, was all the private property found in the possession of this young governor.

Other transactions now succeed. The second and third commissions, brought by Gama, were unopened, and lest he who was first named should be distant, Menezes, on his death-bed, appointed Francis de Sa to assume the command till the arrival of the proper governor. On opening the second commission, Pedro de Mascarenhas was found named. As this officer was at Malaca, a council was held, wherein it was resolved to set aside Francis de Sa, and open the third commission. Sampayo, who in this was appointed, took an oath to resign on the arrival of Mascarene, and immediately he assumed the power of government. Mascarene about this time performed some actions of great military splendour
in

in defence of Malaca. The king of Bintam, with several auxiliary princes, who with numerous armies threatened destruction to the Portuguese settlement, were defeated by this brave officer. The Spaniards about this time took possession of some of the Maluco islands, where the treachery of the Portuguese had made their name odious. Don George de Menezes and Don Garcia Enriquez, two captains on this station, put one another alternately in irons. They at last came to a civil war, wherein Garcia was worsted; and Menezes was defeated by the Spaniards, who publicly executed some of his officers, as traitors to Charles V. to whom they owed no allegiance. Oppressed by the tyranny of the Moors, the king of Sunda implored the protection of the Portuguese, offered to pay a considerable tribute, and entreated them to build a fort in his dominions. Yet it was not in the power of Sampayo to restore the tranquillity of the Malucos, or to improve the offers of Sunda. He had engaged in a scheme of policy which fettered his operations. One villany must be defended by another, and the public interest must be secondary in the politics of the most able usurper of power. Sampayo was resolved to withhold the regency from Mascarene, and therefore to strengthen himself at Cochin was his first care. Where his own interest and that of the public were one, Sampayo behaved as a great commander; but where they were less immediately connected, that of the latter was even necessarily neglected, and even fell into ruin. It was his interest to crush the Zamorim, and he gained considerable victories over Cutial, admiral of the most formidable fleet which had hitherto

therto been fitted out from the ports of Calicut. Sampayo then sailed to Goa, where Francis de Sa refused to acknowledge him as governor. This dispute was submitted to the council of the city, and the man in power was confirmed. Sa was then sent to build a fort in Sunda, but the politics of Sampayo could not spare a force sufficient to overawe the Moors, and Francis de Sa was unable to effect his design.

The artful Sampayo now wrote to the king of Portugal, that a most formidable hostile alliance was in meditation. The northern princes were ready to assist the king of Cambaya, and Solyman, the Turkish admiral, had promised the sultan to drive the Portuguese from India, if he would give him a competent armament. It was the interest of Sampayo to make every preparation for defence, and every excuse for preparation. But he still kept near Cochin. The brave Hector de Sylveyra was sent to Dio and other places, and the reputation of the actions he performed strengthened the authority of the usurper. A fleet of five ships now arrived from Portugal, and brought two new writs of succession. These, according to the royal authority, ought not to have been opened while an unrecalled governor was alive. But, conscious undoubtedly of their contents *, these, in defiance of the established rule, were opened by Mexia, inspector of the revenue, and Lopez Vaz de Sampayo, contrary to the former commissions, was found in these new writs prior to

Pedro

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

Pedro de Mascarene. The fraud of office is here evident; and from the resentment of the king, if we suppose he had one idea of justice, it afterwards appeared that this new commission was surreptitiously obtained. Sampayo, when he took the oath to resign to Mascarene, dispatched a message to Malaca with the tidings. Mascarene immediately assumed his power there, and Sampayo, who now expected his arrival, held a council at Cochin. It is almost needless to name the result. He was present, and in power; and it was resolved that Mascarene should not be acknowledged as governor. Sampayo then retired to Goa, and left Mexia at Cochin to give Mascarene the reception concerted between them. Immediately as Mascarene landed, Mexia's spear ran him through the arm, several of his company were wounded by the armed attendants of Mexia, and a retreat to the fleet saved the lives of Mascarene and his friends.

When the tidings of this reached Goa, Henry Figuera, supposed the friend of the ejected governor, was dispossessed of the command of Coulam, and Mexia was by Sampayo appointed to succeed. Anthony de Sylveyra was sent to take Mascarene at sea, to put him in irons, and to deliver him prisoner to Simon de Menezes, commander of Cananor; all which was performed. This haughty tyranny, however, produced loud complaints. The murmur was general at Goa. Souza, commander of Chaul, remonstrated, and the brave Hector de Sylveyra boldly upbraided Sampayo for his unworthy treatment of Mascarene, to whom a trial had been refused. Sampayo, fierce, and
resolute

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

clared lawful governor, and Mascarene embarked for Lisbon, where he was honourably received by the king, and in reward of his merit, appointed governor of Azamor in Africa; on his return from whence he perished at sea.

Sampayo, now undisturbed by a rival, but conscious of the accusations which Mascarene would lay against him, exerted all his abilities to recommend himself to his sovereign. But Almeyda, not Albuquerque, was the pattern he imitated. The principal leaders of the Turkish fleet had been assassinated by the friends of each other, and their war ships were scattered in different places. Sampayo sent Azevedo to destroy all he could find, and Alonzo de Melo was dispatched with a proper force to erect a fort on the island of Sunda. What heavy accusation of his former conduct, devoted to his private interest, was this late execution of these important designs! Other captains were sent upon various expeditions. Hector de Sylveyra, one of the most gallant officers ever sent from Portugal to India, greatly distinguished himself; John Deza destroyed the remains of the Zamorim's fleets, commanded by Cutiale, a Chinese admiral; and Sampayo himself spread slaughter and devastation over the seas and shores of India. Every where, says Faria, there was fire and sword, ruin and destruction. In the midst of this bloody career, Nunio de Cunha arrived with a commission to succeed Sampayo. Sampayo pleaded to finish what he had begun, to clear the seas of pirates; and Nunio, according to the honour of that age, granted his request,
that

that it might not be said he had reaped the laurels already grasped by another. Some time after this, Nunio, in his way to Cochin, put into the harbour of Cananor. Sampayo, who happened to be there, sent his brother-in-law, John Deza, to Nunio, inviting him to come ashore and receive the resignation of the governor. But Nunio perhaps feared a snare; he insisted that Sampayo should come on board. He came, and having resigned with the usual solemnities, was ordered by Nunio to attend him to Cochin, where, by order of the new governor, his effects were seized, and his person imprisoned. And soon after, amid the insults of the crowd, he was put on board a ship, and sent prisoner to Lisbon, where his life and his property were left to the determination of the sovereign *, by whom he was condemned, and punished for usurpation.

The

* When Sampayo was arrested, "Tell Nunio, said he, *I have imprisoned others, and am now imprisoned, and one will come to imprison him.*" When this was reported, "Tell Sampayo, said Nunio, *that I doubt it not; but there shall be this difference between us; he deserves imprisonment, but I shall not deserve it.*" When the ship which carried Sampayo arrived at the isle of Tercera, an officer, who waited his arrival, put him in irons. When he landed at Lisbon, he was set upon a mule, loaded with chains, and amid the insults of the populace, carried to the castle, and there confined in a dungeon, where not even his wife was permitted to see him. After two years, the Duke of Fraganza, who admired his military exploits, procured his trial. When he was brought before the king, who was surrounded with his council and judges, his long white beard, which covered his face, and the other tokens of his sufferings, says Faria, might have moved Mascarene himself to forgiveness. He made a long masterly speech, wherein he enumerated his services, pleaded the necessities of public affairs, and urged the examples of others, who had been rewarded. His defence staggered the king's resolution against him, but his usurpation could not be forgiven. He was sentenced to pay Mascarene 10,000 ducats, to forfeit his allowance as governor, and to be banished into Africa. But he was afterwards allowed to return in a private station to Portugal. His friend, Alonzo Mexia, the inspector of the revenue, was also severely punished, *if less than his rapacity deserved may be called severe.*

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

And

* This tyrant, on his return to Lisbon, was banished to the Brazils, where, in a rencounter with the natives, he was taken prisoner, and died the death of an American captive. A death proper to awake the remembrance of his own cruelties. See Introduction, p. vii.

And Camoëns is exceeding accurate in the facts of history, though, with the rest of his countrymen, he admired the military renown of Sampayo. But if Sampayo humbled the Moors, it should also be remembered, that, according to Faria, these people had improved the divisions made by his politics, greatly to the hurt of the Portuguese settlements. And when he did conquer, pushed on by the rage to do something eminent, every victory was truly Gothic, and was in its consequence uncommercial. Malaca, while governed by the injured Mascarene, was the only division of Portuguese Asia where commerce flourished. After his departure, all was wretchedness; Portuguese against Portuguese, piracy and rapine here and at the Malucos. In what condition the rest were left by Sampayo will soon appear.

The king of Cochin, the valuable ally and auxiliary of the Portuguese, was confined by the small-pox when Nunio arrived. Nunio offered to wait upon him, but the king declined the interview on account of the infection, though a sight of the new governor, he added, he was sure would cure his fever. Nunio waited upon him, and heard a long list of the injuries and rapine committed by Sampayo and Mexia. These, in true policy, Nunio redressed; and the king, who complained that he had been kept as a slave in his own palace, was now made happy. Nunio visited the other princes in alliance with Portugal, and at every court and harbour found oppression and injustice. At Ormuz in particular, tyranny and extortion had defied resistance. Nunio soothed, and relieved the
wrongs

wrongs of the various princes. Proclamation was every where made, inviting the injured Moors and Indians to appear before him, and receive redress. Many appeared, and to the astonishment of all India, justice was conspicuously distributed. Ræz Xarafo, the creature of Sampayo, prime minister, or rather tyrant of the king of Ormuz, stood accused of the most horrid crimes of office. His rapine had been defended by murder; and the spirit of industry, crushed to the ground, fought for support amid the desolate streets. Innocence and industry were now protected by Nunio; and Xarafo, though a native of India, was sent in irons to Lisbon to take his trial. Nor was Nunio forgetful of the enemies, while thus employed in restoring to prosperity the allies of Portugal *. Hector de Sylveyra, with a large fleet, made a line across the gulph at the mouth of the Red Sea, and suffered not a Moorish or Egyptian vessel to escape. Anthony Galvam, a very enthusiast in honesty, was sent by Nunio to succeed Ataide, governor of the Malucos, a tyrant who trod in the steps of Menezes. All was confusion when Galvam arrived; but he had infinitely more difficulty, says Faria, to suppress the villainy of the Portuguese, than to quell the hostile natives. By his wisdom, however, resolution, and most scrupulous integrity, the Malucos once more became a flourishing settlement, and the neighbouring

* Before his arrival, Nunio greatly distinguished himself on the Ethiopian coast. The king of Mombaza, in hatred to the Portuguese, had again reduced the kings of Melinda and Zanzibar to great distress. Nunio laid Mombaza in ashes, and left a garrison at Melinda, which afterwards rendered considerable service to that city.

ing kings, some of whom he had vanquished, entreated his continuance when he received his recall. Anthony Sylveyra spread the terror of his arms along the hostile coast of Cambaya, and from thence to Bengal. Stephen de Gama, son of the great Vasco, was sent to Malaca, which he effectually secured, by the repeated defeats of the neighbouring princes in hostility; and the governor himself attempted Dio. But while he was employed in the reduction of the strongly fortified island of Beth, where the brave Hector de Sylveyra fell, a great reinforcement, commanded by Mustapha, a Turk, entered Dio, and enabled that city to hold out against all the vigorous attacks of Nunio*.

While the governor was thus employed in restoring the strength of the Portuguese settlements, scenes, new to the Portuguese, opened, and demanded the exertion of all his wisdom and abilities. One of those brutal wars, during which the eastern princes desolate kingdoms and shed the blood of millions, now broke forth. Badur, king of Guzarat or Cambaya, one of those horrid characters common
in

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

in oriental history; ascended the throne, through the blood of his father and elder brothers. Innumerable other murders, acts of perfidy, and unjust invasion of his neighbours, increased his territories. The Mogul, or king of Delhi, sent a demand of homage and tribute; but Badur flayed the ambassadors alive, and boasted that thus he would always pay his tribute and homage. Armies of about 200,000 men were raised on each side, and alternately destroyed, sometimes by the sword, sometimes by famine. New armies were repeatedly mustered, inferior kingdoms were desolated as they marched along, and Badur was at last reduced to the lowest extremity. In his distress he implored the assistance of the Portuguese, and the Mogul had also made large offers to the governor; but Badur's terms were accepted. His territory lay nearest to Goa, and he not only yielded Dio, a city among almost inaccessible rocks, the great object of the Portuguese plan of empire, but gave permission to Nunio to fortify it as he pleased *. And the king of Delhi's army soon after withdrew

* One Iago Botello performed the most wonderful voyage, perhaps, upon record, on this occasion. He was an exile in India, and as he knew how earnestly the king of Portugal desired the possession of Diu, he hoped, that to be the messenger of the agreeable tidings would procure his pardon. Having got a draught of the fort, and a copy of the treaty with Badur, he set sail on pretence for Cambaya, in a vessel only sixteen feet and an half long, nine broad, and four and a half deep. Three Portuguese, his servants, and some Indian slaves, were his crew. When out at sea he discovered his true purpose: this produced a mutiny, in which all that were sailors were killed. Botello, however, proceeded, and arrived at Lisbon, where his pardon was all his reward, though in consequence of his intelligence, a fleet was immediately fitted out, to supply the new acquired garrison. His vessel, by the king's order, was immediately burned, that such evidence of the safety and ease of the voyage to India might not remain.

withdrew from Cambaya. The king of Decan, entitled Hydal Can, had about this time laid siege to Golconda with an army of near half a million, but Cotamaluco, the prince whom he besieged, found means to defeat him by famine *. The Hydal Can died suddenly, and Abraham, his son by a slave, one of his principal officers, usurped the throne, and thrust out the eyes of his legitimate son Mulacham, or Mealecan, who was yet in his nonage. Abraham continued the war, and Azadacam, an expert Mohammedan, at the head of a large army, endeavoured to revenge Mulacham, when the people of Decan, desolated by these brutal wars, entreated Nunio to take the dominion of their country, and deliver them from utter ruin. As the Decan forms the continent opposite to Goa, the offer was accepted, and ratified by the consent of Azadacam. Azadacam now fled to the king of Bifnagar, the old enemy of the Decan, and Abraham, now assisted by Cotamaluco, the prince who had been besieged in Golconda, invaded Bifnagar with an army of 400,000 men and 700 elephants. But while human blood flowed in rivulets, Azadacam made his peace with Abraham, and Cotamaluco, in disgust of the favour shewn to his enemy, joined the king of Bifnagar. Badur, who owed the possession of his crown to the Portuguese, now meditating their ruin, entered into a league with the Hydal Can. And Azadacam, who had ratified the treaty, by which the
miserable

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

miserable inhabitants of Decan put themselves under the protection of the Portuguese dominion, now advised his master to recover his territory by force of arms. A war ensued, but neither Azadacam, nor Solyman Aga with his Persian auxiliaries, could expel the Portuguese. Hydal Can, tired by the groans of the people, ordered hostilities to cease, but was not obeyed by Azadacam, who, to cover his treason, attempted to poison Hydal Can. His treachery was discovered, yet soon after the traitor bought his pardon with gold, for gold is omnipotent in the sordid courts of the East. Nunio, however, compelled Azadacam to a truce, when a new enemy immediately arose. The Zamorim, encouraged by Badur, raised an army of about 50,000 men, but was six times defeated by the Portuguese. Badur had now recourse to perfidy. He entreated a conference with Nunio at Diu, and with Souza, the governor of the fort, with intention to assassinate them both. But ere his scheme was ripe, Souza, one day, in stepping into Badur's barge, fell into the water. He was taken up in safety, but some Portuguese, who at a distance beheld his danger, rowed up hastily to his assistance, when Badur, troubled with a villain's fears, ordered Souza to be killed. Four Portuguese gentlemen, seeing Souza attacked, immediately boarded the barge, and rushed on the tyrant. Iago de Mesqueta wounded him, but though these brave men lost their lives in the attempt, they forced Badur to leap overboard for safety. A commotion in the bay ensued, and the king, unable to swim any longer, declared aloud who he was, and begged assistance. A Portuguese officer held out an oar, but as Badur laid hold

of it, a common soldier, moved with honest indignation, struck him over the face with a halbert, and repeating his blows, delivered the world of a tyrant, whose remorseless perfidy and cruelty had long disgraced human nature.

In this abridged view of the dark barbarous politics, unblushing perfidy, and desolating wars of king Badur, the king of Delhi, and the Hydal Can, we have a complete epitome of the history of India. Century after century contains only a repetition of the same changes of policy, the same desolations, and the same deluges of spilt blood. And who can behold so horrid a picture, without perceiving the inestimable benefits which MAY BE DIFFUSED over the East by a potent settlement of Europeans, benefits which true policy, which their own interest demand from their hands, which have in part been given, and certainly will one day be largely diffused? Nunio, as much as possibly he could, improved every opportunity of convincing the natives, that the friendship of his countrymen was capable of affording them the surest defence. Greatly superior to the gross ideas of Gothic conquest, he addressed himself to the reason and the interests of those with whom he negociated. He called a meeting of the principal inhabitants and merchants of Cambaya, and laid the papers of the dead king before them. By these, the treacherous designs of king Badur fully appeared, and his negociation to engage the Grand Turk to drive the Portuguese from India was detected. Coje Zofar, one of the first officers of Badur, and who was present at his death, with several others, witnessed the manner of it:
and

and Moors and Pagans alike acquitted the Portuguese. Letters to this purpose, in Arabic and Persian, signed by Coje Zofar and the chief men of Cambaya, were dispersed by Nunio every where in India and the coasts of Arabia. Nor did this great politician stop here. Superior to bigotry, he did not look to the pope's bull for the foundation of authority. The free exercise of the Mohammedan and Brahmin religions was permitted in every Portuguese territory, and not only the laws, the officers appointed, but even the pensions given by king Badur, were continued. The Portuguese settlements now enjoyed prosperity. A privateering war with the Moors of Mecca, and some hostilities in defence of the princes, his allies, were the sole incumbrances of Nunio, while India was again steeped in her own blood. While the new king of Cambaya was dethroned, while Omaum king of Delhi lost an army of above 400,000 men in Bengal, and while Xercham, the king of that country, together with his own life, lost almost as many in the siege of Calijor, Nunio preserved his territory in the Decan in a state of peace and safety, the wonder and envy of the other provinces of India. But the armament of the Turk, procured by Badur, now arrived, and threatened the destruction of the Portuguese. Selim, sultan of Constantinople, a few years before, had defeated the foldan of Egypt, and annexed his dominions to the Turkish empire. The Mohammedan strength was now more consolidated than ever. The Grand Turk was at war, and meditated conquests in Europe. The traffic of India was the mother and nurse of his naval strength, and the presents sent by king Ba-

dur

dur gave him the highest idea of the riches of Indostan. Seventy large vessels, well supplied with cannon and all military stores, under the command of Solyman, bashaw of Cairo, sailed from the port of Suez, to extirpate the Portuguese from India. The seamen were of different nations, many of them Venetian galley-slaves, taken in war, all of them trained sailors; and 7000 Janisaries were destined to act on shore. Some Portuguese renegados were also in the fleet; and * Coje Zofar, who had hitherto been the friend of Nunio, with a party of Cambayans, joined Solyman. The hostile operations began with the siege of Dio; but when Nunio was ready to sail to its relief with a fleet of eighty vessels, Garcia de Noronha arrived with a commission to succeed him as governor. Nunio immediately resigned, and Noronha, in providing a greater force, by a criminal loss of time, reduced the garrison of Dio to the greatest extremity. Here the Portuguese shewed miracles of bravery. Anthony de Sylveyra, the commander, was in every place. Even the women took arms. The officers ladies went from rampart to rampart, upbraiding the least appearance of languor. Juan Roderigo, with a barrel of powder in his arms, passed his companions; *Make way, he cried, I carry my own and many a man's death.* His own, however, he did not, for he returned safe to his station: but above a hundred of the enemy were destroyed by the explosion of the

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

the powder, which he threw upon one of their batteries. Of 600 men, who at first were in the garrison, forty were not now able to bear arms; when Coje Zofar, irritated by the insolence of Solyman, forged a letter to the garrison, which promised the immediate arrival of Noronha. This, as he designed, fell into the hands of Solyman, who immediately hoisted his sails, and with the shattered remains of his formidable fleet, fled to Arabia, where, to avoid a more dreaded punishment, he died by his own hands.

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

Noronha,

Noronha, the new viceroy, the third who had been honoured with that superior title *, began his government with an infamous delay of the succours destined by Nunio for Dio. Coje Zofar, by the same spirit of delay, was permitted, long after the departure of Solyman, to harass the Portuguese of that important place. The Hydal Can, many other princes, and even the Zamorim himself, awed by the dignity and justice of Nunio's government, had entreated the alliance of Portugal, and Noronha had the honour to negotiate a general peace; a peace, which on the part of the Zamorim, gave the Portuguese every opportunity to strengthen their empire; for it continued thirty years.

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

Both the Portuguese and the natives gave unfeigned demonstrations of joy on the appointment of Stephen de Gama, the son of the great Vasco. By his first act he ordered his private estate to be publicly valued, and by his second he lent a great sum to the treasury, which by Noronha was left exhausted. He visited and repaired the forts, and refitted the fleets in every harbour. By his
officers

* Almeyda and Gama were the only two who had been thus honoured before him.

officers he defeated the king of Achem, who disturbed Malaca. He restored tranquillity in Cambaya, where the Portugese territory was invaded by a very powerful army, led by Bramaluco, a prince who had been dethroned by king Badur; and his brother Christoval he sent on an expedition into Ethiopia *. The Moors of Mecca, as already observed, were the most formidable enemies the Portugese had hitherto found in the East. In naval art they were greatly superior to the other nations of Asia, and from their numerous fleets, which poured down the Red Sea, the Portugese had often experienced the greatest injury; and a check to their power was now wanted. The governor himself undertook this expedition, and failed to the Red Sea with a fleet equipped at his own private expence. Here he gave a severe wound to the naval strength of both the Turks and the Moors †. But while every thing was in prosperity under the brave and generous Stephen, he was suddenly superseded by the elevation

* For his melancholy fate, see p. 403. vol. ii.

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

tion of Martin Alonzo de Souza. Though no policy can be more palpably ruinous than that which recalls a governor of decided abilities ere he can possibly complete any plan of importance, yet such recalls, ere now, had been frequently issued from the court of Lisbon. But none of them, perhaps, gave a deeper wound to the Portuguese interest than this. Stephen de Gama trod in the steps of his father, of Albuquerque, and of Nunio. Souza's actions were of a different character. He began his government with every exertion to procure witnesses to impeach his predecessor; but though he pardoned a murderer * on that condition, every accusation was refuted, and Stephen de Gama was received with great honour at Lisbon. Having refused, however, to give his hand to a bride, chosen for him by John III. he found it convenient to banish himself from his native country, the country which his father had raised to its highest honours. And he retired to Venice, his estate 40,000 crowns less than when he entered upon his short government of two years and one month.

Wars of a new character now took place. By the toleration which Nunio gave to the religions of the natives, he rendered the Portuguese settlements happy and flourishing. But gloomy superstition now prevailed, and Souza was under the direction of priests, who esteemed the butcheries of religious persecution as the service of heaven.

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

The temples of Malabar were laid in ashes, and thousands of the unhappy natives, for the crime of idolatry, were slaughtered upon their ruined altars. This the Portuguese historians mention as the greatest honour of the piety of their countrymen, ignorant of the detestation which such cruelty must certainly bring upon the religion which inspires it: ignorant too, that true religion, under the toleration of a Nunio, possesses its best opportunity to conquer the heart by the display of its superior excellence. Nor was Souza's civil government of the Portuguese less capricious. Highly chagrined to see the military rank unenvied, and his forces weakened by the great numbers who quitted the service on purpose to enrich themselves in the coasting trade, he endeavoured to render commerce both disadvantageous and infamous. He laid the custom-houses under new regulations. He considerably lowered the duties on the traffic of all Moorish and Asiatic merchants, and greatly heightened the rates on the Portuguese traders. And felons and murderers, banished from Lisbon, were by Souza protected and encouraged to become merchants, as only proper for such employ. Yet while he thus laboured to render the military service as only worthy of Portuguese ambition, he began his regency with a reduction of the pay of the military. At the siege of Batecala, the Portuguese soldiers quarrelled about the booty, and while fighting with each other, were attacked by the natives, and put to flight. Souza commanded them to return to the charge and revenge their repulse. *Let those who are rich revenge it,* exclaimed
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the soldiers, *we came to make good by plunder the pay of which we are unjustly deprived.*—*I do not know you,* replied Souza, *you are not the same men I left in India two years ago.* To this the soldiery loudly returned, *Yes, the men are the same, but the governor is not the same.* Finding the mutiny violent, Souza retired to the ships; but the next day he renewed the siege, and the city was taken, and the streets ran with blood: such was the rage of the army to recompense themselves by plunder. The yearly tribute imposed by Albuquerque upon the king of Ormuz was 12,000 ducats. It was now raised to 100,000, and the king, unable to discharge such an enormous burthen, was 500,000 ducats in arrear; and a resignation of all the revenues of his crown was proposed, and accepted by Souza. Azadacam, now in open war with his master the Hydal Can Abraham, drew Souza to his party. The design was to dethrone Abraham, who was then in alliance with the Portuguese, and to place Mealecan his brother in his dominions. The Portuguese officers murmured at this shameless injustice, but only Pedro de Faria, trusting to his venerable years, had the courage to remonstrate with the governor. Souza, haughty as he was, listened to the man of fourscore, and confessed that he had saved both his life and his honour. The attempt, however, was highly resented by the Hydal Can, who gathered such a storm to crush the Portuguese, that Souza, foreseeing the tempest which was hovering over him, threatened to open the writs of succession, and resign to the governor next named. He complained that he could
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not govern men who had neither truth nor honour: he did not consider, however, that his unjust treatment of the common soldiers occasioned their disorder and disobedience. But while he thus meditated a treacherous and cowardly retreat, treacherous because it was to desert his post in the hour of danger, a fleet from Portugal brought the great John de Castro, the successor of the embarrassed undetermined Souza.

The naval and military strength of the Portuguese in India was in a very sickly condition. Great discontent among the few who were honest; all was villainy and disorder, rapine and piracy among the rest. On the solicitations of Souza, Meale Can took refuge in Goa. When the Hydal Can made his formidable preparations for war, he demanded as the previous condition of peace, that Meale should be delivered up to him. This Souza refused, but promised to send him to Malaca, where he should remain under guard. Immediately on the accession of Castro, the Hydal Can renewed his proposal for the surrender of Meale, who was yet at Goa; but the new governor rejected this demand with firmness. It was deemed good policy by several of the Portuguese governors to espouse the cause of * this injured prince. They esteemed him

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

as an engine, which, under their management, would either over-awe the Hydal Can, or dethrone him when they pleased. But the event did not justify this theoretical wisdom. It had been pusillanimity in Castro, had he surrendered a prince who was under protection of the Portuguese faith; but the contrary conduct, the consequence of Souza's policy, produced an invasion of the Portuguese continental territory; and though Castro was victorious, the Hydal Can continued ever ready for hostilities, and occasion was ever at hand. Scarcely had Castro given Hydal Can the first repulse, when Mahumud, the nephew of king Badur, the heir of his crown and fierce disposition, instigated by Coje Zofar, and assisted by the Hydal Can and about 8000 troops from Constantinople, among whom were 1000 Janizaries, commenced hostilities, and threatened the total extirpation of the Portuguese: their warlike operations began with the siege of Dio. John de Mascarene, the governor, made a brave defence, and the Portuguese displayed many prodigies of valour. Azadacam, Coje Zofar, and others, of the greatest military reputation, directed the attacks, and perished in their attempts. Whenever a breach was made, the Turks and Indians pressed on by ten thousands, but were always repulsed. Nor were the ladies of the officers less active and courageous than in the former siege. Various reinforcements were sent by the governor, one of which was commanded by his son Don Fernando. Unnumbered artillery thundered on every side, and mines were sprung, by one of which Fernando was with his battalion blown up in the air. When Castro received

ceived the tidings of this disaster, he was at Goa. He bore it with the greatest composure, and though it was the tempestuous season, he immediately dispatched his other son Don Alvaro with another reinforcement to Dio. After eight months had elapsed in this desperate siege, the governor arrived with a large fleet, and without opposition entered the fort. From thence he marched out at the head of 2500 Portuguese, and some auxiliaries of Cochin. The numerous army of Mahumud continued in their trenches, which were defended with ramparts and a profusion of artillery. But the enemy were driven from their works, and pursued with incredible slaughter through the streets of the city. Rume Can, the son of Zofar, rallied about 8000 of his bravest troops, and was totally defeated by Castro*. It was necessary to prosecute the war; and the governor, in great want of money to carry it on, meditated a loan of 20,000 pardaos from the citizens of Goa. He ordered the grave of Don Fernando his son to be opened, on purpose to send his bones as a pledge; but the putrid state of the carcase prevented this, and he sent a lock of his own mustacheos as a security

* During the heat of this engagement, Father Casal, with a crucifix on the point of a spear, greatly animated the Portuguese. Rume Can, notwithstanding all the efforts of Castro, put his troops at last in great disorder. But though the general could not, the priest led them to victory. A weapon broke off an arm of the crucifix, and Casal exclaiming aloud, *Sacrilege, sacrilege, revenge the sacrilege*, inspired a fury which determined the battle. In many other engagements the leaders promoted their interest in this manner. They often saw the sign of the cross in the air, and at different times some Moorish prisoners enquired after the beautiful young woman, and venerable old man, who appeared in the front of the Portuguese squadrons. And the Portuguese soldiers, who saw no such personages, were thus taught to believe themselves under the particular care of the Virgin and St. Joseph.

rity for the loan; a security indeed uncommon, but which included in it a signal pawn of his honour. The pledge was respectfully returned, and more money than he required was sent; and even the women stripped themselves of their bracelets and other jewels to supply his want. The ladies of Chaul followed the example, and by the hands of their little daughters sent him their richest jewels. The jewels, however, he returned, and having with great assiduity improved his naval and military strength, he and his captains carried fire and sword over the dominions of the hostile princes, while Hydal Can, with an army of 150,000 men, retired before him. The king of Achem was also defeated at Malaca, and the stubborn villany of the debauched Portuguese soldiers and traders was the only enemy unsubdued. *To prevent the ruin of the state,* says his historian Andrada, *he made it unlawful for a soldier to become merchant.* But while he laboured in this much more arduous war, in correcting the abuses of the revenue, and the distribution of justice, grief, it is said, impaired Castro's health, and hastened his end, at a time when Hydal Can and all who had been in arms against the Portuguese were suing for peace. On the approach of death he appointed a council of select persons to take the management of affairs. And so poor was the great Castro, that the first act of this committee was an order to supply the expences of his death-bed from the king's revenue; for a few reals, not half a dozen, was all the property found in his cabinet*.

With

* Castro, though he disdained private emolument, was fond of public magnificence. After his victories he frequently entered Goa in the manner of a Roman

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

Garcia de Sa, an experienced officer, succeeded Castro, and concluded the various treaties of peace, procured by the arms, and in agitation at the death of that great man, highly

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

highly to the advantage and honour of Portugal. The celebrated *St. Francis Xavier* was now a principal character in Portuguese Asia. And while the conversion of the East was all he professed, he rendered the throne of Portugal the most political services. His unremitting diligence, and the danger and toil of his journies from kingdom to kingdom, bespeak a great mind, ardently devoted to his enterprize; and the various princes who received baptism from his hands, and the many thousands who, on his preaching, assumed the Christian name, displayed a success which his admirers esteemed miraculous. Nothing, however, could be easier than such conversion. Xavier troubled his new converts with no restraint, and required from them no knowledge of the Christian principles. He baptized them, and gave them crucifixes to worship, and told them they were now sure of heaven. But while he was thus superficial as an apostle, as a politician he was minute and comprehensive. Several friars of different orders had ere now attempted the conversion of some Indians; but a regular system, of the most extensive operation, was reserved for the sons of Ignatius Loyola; and Xavier, his friend and arch-disciple, laid the bold and arduous plan of reducing the whole East to the spiritual vassalage of the papal chair. What is implied in this he well knew, and every offer of religious instruction which he made, was attended with the most flattering proposals of alliances; of alliances, however, which were calculated to render the natives dependent on the Portuguese, and mere tributaries. In this plan of operation the great abilities of Xavier were crowned with rapid success. Kings
and

and kingdoms, won by his preaching, sued for the friendship of the Portuguese. But while the olive of peace seemed ready to spread its boughs over India, the unrelenting villainy of the Portuguese soldiers and merchants counteracted the labours of Xavier; and several of the new baptized princes, in resentment of the injuries they received, returned to paganism and hostility. Xavier, who acted as a spy on the military and civil government of India, not only, from time to time, laid these abuses before the king of Portugal, but also interested himself greatly both in the military * and civil councils of Portuguese Asia. He was the intimate friend and counsellor of the great Castro, and his political efforts were only baffled by the hardened corruption of the Portuguese manners.

While Xavier thus laboured in the direction of the springs of government, Garcia de Sa died suddenly, and in authority was succeeded by George de Cabral. The Zamorim, the king of Pimenta, and eighteen vassal princes, among whom was the late converted king of Tanor, who now had renounced his baptism, joined in a league against the king of Cochin, the faithful ally of Portugal, and took the field with near 200,000 men.

Cabral

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

Cabral hastened to the assistance of Cochin, and in several expeditions gained considerable advantages over the enemy. The enemy's main army was now in the island of Cochin, and Cabral with 100 sail, and an army of 40,000 Cochinitans, had reduced them to the lowest extremity; when, on the very day upon which the eighteen vassal princes were to have been given up as hostages, a new viceroy, Don Alonzo de Noronha, arrived, and instantly stopped the operations of Cabral: and by the misunderstanding between the two governors, the whole army of the enemy escaped. Xavier remonstrated, by letter, in the strongest terms to the king of Portugal, and advised the severity of punishment; but to these salutary warnings no attention was paid by the court of Lisbon.

During Sa's government, the coasting trade of the private adventurers became more and more piratical, and continually gave birth to an endless succession of petty but bloody wars. Though the king of Cochin had ever been the faithful ally of Portugal, Cabral ordered, without even the pretence of complaint, one of his richest pagodas * to be plundered. This attempt, in the true spirit of the private traders, was defeated; but the royal monopoly, already miserably inadequate both to its means
and

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

and object, suffered by this breach of faith. It was the cause, says Faria, that the homeward fleet, of only three ships, set out ill laden, and late in the season, when the tempests were coming on.

When Noronha opened his patent of commission, he found that his power had received a limitation unknown before. A council was therein nominated, by whose advice he was enjoined to govern. But it does not appear, from his envious and ruinous transaction with Cabral, or from any other of his measures, that he was either restrained or influenced by their controul. Petty wars and usual depredation marked the beginning of his regency; the latter part of it was truly infamous. The Portuguese had valuable settlements in the rich island of Ceylon, and the king of Cota, their ally, was now treacherously invaded, in breach of a solemn peace, by Madune king of Ceytavaca. In one of the first battles the king of Cota lost his life, and his successor implored the stipulated assistance of the Portuguese. Noronha himself hastened to Ceylon, and his first action was to put to the rack some of the domestics of the king whom he came to defend, in order to make them discover their prince's treasures. He then plundered the palace of the late king, and demanded 200,000 ducats to defray his charges, which sum was immediately given to him. He afterwards defeated Madune, and rased his city in search of treasure, and very considerable riches were found. By agreement one half of the booty was due to the king of Cota, but Noronha paid no regard to the faith of treaty. Nor would he leave one
Portuguese

Portuguese foldier to defend his injured ally, though earnestly folicted, and though the king of Ceytavaca remained in the mountains ready for revenge on the departure of the viceroy*.

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

The strenuous and long continued efforts of the Porte to expel the Portuguese from the eastern seas, display the vast importance of the naval superiority of the Europeans in Asia. Though immediate gain seems to have been the sole motive of the Europeans who first went to India, the Moors and Turks perceived the remote political consequences of their arrival, in the clearest light. Dissatisfied with the undecisive expedition of Pirbec, two other formidable Turkish squadrons were sent against the Portuguese. But both of these were commanded by officers of
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* By order of the king of Portugal, and by means of Xavier, the extirpations of Noronha were afterwards restored to the king of Cota.

mean abilities, and were totally defeated by shipwreck and battle. The Zamorim and the king of Pimenta, whose combined army Noronha had formerly permitted to escape, had continued, during the war in Ceylon and with the Turks, to harass the Portuguese fleets, and the king of Cochin, their ally. Noronha, now at leisure, went in person to revenge these insults, and the rich islands of Al-gada, subject to the king of Pimenta, after a desperate defence, were destroyed with fire and sword. Our military poet, Camoëns, at this time arrived in India, and discovered his valour as a volunteer in this expedition.

While the royal monopoly and the coasting trade were thus reduced and exposed, under the languor and weakness of the military operations, the active spirit of Xavier was untired. Having visited almost every settlement, every where endeavouring to inspire political vigour and unanimity, he was now busied in adding the Chinese language to his other laborious acquirements of the oriental tongues; for the spiritual dominion of China was the grand object of his stupendous plan. But, alarmed at the spreading odium raised by the cruel and unjust actions of Noronha in Ceylon, he hastened thither, for he foresaw the malign influence of the Portuguese insolence and oppression. From Ceylon he went to the Malucos and Japan, and when ready to enter China, his death in the isle of Sancyon closed his unwearied labours of twelve years in the East. To restrain the Portuguese injustice and tyranny, and to win the affection of the natives, were the means by which Xavier endeavoured to establish his stupendous plan
of

of the vassalage of the eastern world. And, had he lived in the more virtuous days of Albuquerque, his views would probably have been crowned with success. By the mean artifices and frauds of the Jesuits who succeeded in his mission, whose narrow minds were earnest for present emolument, what good effects the superior mind of Xavier had produced, were soon counteracted, and totally lost.

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

* See the note on Barreto, in the Life of Camoëns.

king of Ternate and his whole family, and ordered them to be starved to death. He was relieved, however, by the neighbouring princes, who took arms in his defence; and the submission of the Portuguese, who deprived Deza of his command, ended the war.

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

politeness and affability; and his government is distinguished by the establishment of the Inquisition at Goa.

Don Constantine was succeeded by the Count de Redondo. Petty wars continued as usual on every coast. In 1564, a Portuguese ship, contrary to the treaty of peace, was attacked by three vessels of Malabar; Redondo complained, and was answered by the Zamorim, that *some rebels had done it, whom he was welcome to seize and chastise*. Irritated by this reply, and on purpose to retort it, he sent Dominic de Mesquita with three ships to scour the coast of Malabar. And Mesquita soon murdered above 2000 Malabrians, the greatest part of whom he sewed up in their own sail cloths and wantonly drowned. Redondo, however, died suddenly, ere the Zamorim complained; but such was the sameness of idea among the Portuguese, that Juan de Mendoza, his successor, in answer to the Zamorim's complaint, adopted the intended witticism of Redondo, and retorted the Zamorim's reply; *it was done by rebels, whom he was welcome to seize and chastise*. A spirited reprisal is often the most decisive measure; but this inhuman one, surely, was not dictated by wisdom. A bold woman of quality, whose husband had been murdered by Mesquita, with all the fury ascribed to an ancient Druidess, ran from place to place, execrating the Portuguese, and exciting to revenge. Many of the Moors entered into an oath, never to lay down their arms till they had rooted the Portuguese out of India. They suddenly beset the fort of Cananor, and burned above thirty Portuguese ships that rode under its
cannon;

cannon; and a tedious war ensued. Mendoza, after six months, was superseded by Don Antonio de Noronha, who ended the war of Cananor with the desolation of the adjacent country. Confusion and bloodshed covered the rich island of Ceylon, and the new converts, the allies of Portugal, were hunted down by the other natives. The king of Achem and other princes began now to meditate a general league for the extirpation of the Portuguese. And the Grand Turk, desirous of acquisition in India, became a zealous auxiliary. But though the first attempt upon Malaca was defeated by the valour of Don Leonis, the commander, the league continued in agitation, while the Portuguese seemed to invite and to solicit their own destruction. The rapine of individuals became every year more shameless and general. While an idolatrous devotion to saints and images rendered them inexorable in their cruelty to those of a different worship, they abandoned themselves without restraint to the most lascivious luxury, and every officer had his seraglio of five, six, or eight of the finest women. Indian women of quality were publicly dragged from their kindred by Portuguese ravishers. The inhabitants of Amboyna had received the Portuguese with the greatest friendship. At a banquet given by the natives, a young officer, in the face of all the company, and in presence of her husband, attempted to ravish one of the principal ladies, and was unreprieved by his countrymen. The tables were instantly overturned, and the Portuguese expelled the island. And here, as at Ceylon and other parts of India, the popular fury was first glutted with the blood of those natives,

now

now esteemed as traitors, who had embraced the religion of the Portuguese. Immediately another most daring breach of humanity called aloud upon the princes of the East to unite in the defence of each other. Ayero*, king of Ternate, had always been friendly and tributary to the Portuguese, yet on renewing a treaty of alliance, after having mutually sworn on the arms of Portugal, he was stabbed by order of the Portuguese commandant. Nor did this treachery appease the murderer. In presence of his queen and daughters, who in vain implored permission to bury him, his body was cut into pieces and salted, put into a chest, and thrown into the sea. He had a son, however, Chil Babu, who, in revenge of this, proved the most formidable enemy the Portuguese had ever known in the East. His ambassadors halted from court to court, and the princes of India, harassed by their cruel awful tyrants, who trampled on every law of humanity and good policy, combined with him in a general league for the utter expulsion of the Portuguese; and so confident were the natives of success, that not only the division of the Portuguese settlements, but the possession of the most beautiful of their wives and daughters, was also settled among them. Five years was this league in forming, and eastern politics never produced a better concerted

* This is the same prince whom Deza treacherously imprisoned, and attempted to starve. He continued, however, faithful to the Portuguese, till his nephew was murdered by some of their officers. Three of the aggressors were seized by the king's order, and put to death. On renewing the alliance with the Portuguese, he was treacherously murdered by the commandant's nephew. As he was stabbed, he laid hold of a cannon which bore the arms of Portugal, and exclaimed, *Ab! Cavaliers, is it thus you reward the most faithful subject of your king my sovereign!*

certed plan of operation. The various forts and territories of the Portuguese were allotted to the neighbouring princes. Goa, Onor, and Braçalor were to reward the victories of the Hydal Can; Chaul, Damam, and Baçaim were to be taken by Nizamalucó, a king of the Decan; the Zamorim was to possess himself of Cananor, Mangalor, Cochin, and Chale; the king of Achem was to reduce Malaca; and the king of Ternate was to attack the Malucos. Besides these, many other princes had their appointed lines of action; and this tremendous storm was to burst, in every quarter, at the same instant. Don Luis de Ataide was governor of India when this war began. The Hydal Can, with an army which consisted of 100,000 infantry, 35,000 horse, 2140 elephants, and 350 pieces of cannon, covered the continent opposite to Goa for several leagues, and the disposition of his extensive posts displayed great generalship. Every eminence was fortified, and his batteries, of two leagues in extent, thundered upon Goa. The dispositions of Ataide, however, not only protected that island, but his unexpected inroads often carried terror and slaughter through this immense encampment. The Hydal Can, though greatly dispirited, began to plant gardens and orchards, and build banqueting houses, as if resolved to conquer, at whatever distance of time. While Goa was thus besieged, Chaul, a place of less defence, was infested by Nizamalucó, at the head of an army of 150,000 men, Turks, Moors, Ethiopians, Persians, and Indians. The king of Ternate attacked the Malucos; the queen of Garzopa carried her arms against Onor; and Surat was seized by Agalachem, a prince tributary to the

Mogul. And even the ancient Christians of St. Thomas, persecuted by the inquisition of Goa, for non-submission to the see of Rome*, joined the Pagans and Mohammedans against the natives of Portugal. But where even the embers of haughty valour remain, danger and an able general will awake them into a flame. Don Luis, the viceroy, was advised to withdraw the Portuguese from the exterior parts for the support of Goa, the seat of their empire. But this he gallantly refused, and even permitted a fleet with 400 men to sail for Portugal †. The Zamorim and the king of Achem, having met some repulses at sea, were

* See Geddes's History of the Malabrian Church. The Christians of St. Thomas, according to the Portuguese historians, disturbed the new converts, by telling them that the religion the Portuguese taught them was not Christianity. This gave great offence to the Jesuits, who in revenge persecuted the Thomists with all the horrors of the newly established inquisition. The following short account of the Christians of the East may perhaps be acceptable. In the south parts of Malabar, about 200,000 of the inhabitants professed Christianity before the arrival of the Portuguese. They called themselves the Christians of St. Thomas, by which apostle their ancestors had been converted. For 1300 years they had been under the Patriarch of Babylon, who appointed their *Meterane* or archbishop. Dr. Geddes, in his History of the Church of Malabar, relates, that *Francisco Roz*, a Jesuit missionary, complained to Menezes, the Portuguese archbishop of Goa, that when he shewed these people an image of our Lady, they cried out, "Away with that filthiness, we are Christians, and do not adore idols or pagods."

Dom Frey Aleixo de Menezes, archbishop of Goa, did "endeavour to thrust upon the church of Malabar the whole mass of popery, which they were before unacquainted with." To this purpose he had engaged all the neighbouring princes to assist him; "and had secured the major part of the priests present, in all one hundred and fifty-three, whereof two-thirds were ordained by himself, and made them abjure their old religion, and subscribe the creed of pope Pius IV."—Millar's History of the Propagation of Christianity.

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

were not punctual in the agreed commencement of hostility. This favoured Ataide; and no sooner did he gain an advantage in one place, than he sent relief to another. He and the best troops hastened from fort to fort, and victory followed victory, till the leaders of this most formidable combination sued for peace. A signal proof of what valour and military art may do against the greatest multitudes of undisciplined militia.

An highly honourable peace was concluded with Nizamaluco; but while the Hydal Can was in treaty, and while the Zamorim, who was now in arms both by sea and land, proposed conditions to which Ataide would not listen*, that brave commander was superseded by the arrival of his successor, Antonio de Noronha. When Ataide left India, the Hydal Can was still before Goa, and the new viceroy had the honour to conclude the treaty of peace. But the important fortrefs of Chale, near Calicut, surrendered to the Zamorim, who was still in arms. And the new commission of Noronha involved the East in perplexities unknown before. At the very time when the league began to exert its apparently invincible force, at that very time king Sebastian, now about his sixteenth year, divided his eastern empire, as if it had been in the most flourishing condition, into three governments, independent of each other. Noronha was to command from Cape Gardafu, on the mouth of the Red Sea, to the coast of Pegu, with the title of Viceroy of
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* *He would make no peace, he said, but upon such terms as the Zamorim might expect, were the Portuguese in the most flourishing condition.*

of India. From Gardafu to Cape Corrientes, below Madagascar, was given to Francisco Barreto, late governor of Portuguese Asia, now intitled Governor of Monomotapa; and from Pegu to China, with the title of Governor of Malaca, was appointed to Antonio Moniz Barreto. In this pompous division of empire, Moniz Barreto was to be equipped from India; but Portuguese India could not afford the force which his patent appointed, and Moniz refused to fail to Malaca with an inferior equipment. The celebrated Echebar, the Great Mogul, or emperor of Hindostan, had now possessed himself of the throne of Cambaya*, and as Baçaim and Damam had formerly belonged to that kingdom, he meditated the recovery of these territories from the Portuguese: but while he was ready to invest Damam, Noronha entered the river with so formidable a fleet, that Echebar consented to a peace which confirmed the Portuguese right of possession, on condition of their alliance. The king of Achem, who according to the league was to have invaded Malaca, now performed his part, and reduced that settlement, which had no governor, to the deepest distress. The arms of Ternate were also prosperous in the Malucos. To the relief of these Noronha sent some supplies, but while he was preparing to send more, an order from Portugal arrived, which empowered Don Gasper archbishop of Goa to depose Noronha, and invest Moniz with the government of India. Don Leonis de Pereyra was at the same time appointed governor

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

vernor of Malaca. Moniz urged him to fail to the relief of his settlement, but Leonis refused to go thither with less than the appointed equipment. Though on the private accusations of Moniz, Noronha was degraded for a like refusal; though Noronha was then at war, and Moniz now at peace; and though Leonis abated in his demand, Moniz was immovable. Leonis therefore failed for Portugal, where his conduct was justified, yet no punishment allotted to Moniz; such was the unblushing partiality with which the ministers of Sebastian governed the falling empire of Portuguese Asia.

While Malaca was thus deserted by its governor, the king of Achem and the queen of Japara, with numerous fleets and armies, poured all the horrors of war upon that valuable territory. Time after time, as the shattered fleets of the one retired to repair, the new armaments of the other immediately filled their stations. And the king of Ternate, the author of the league, was victorious in the isles of Maluco. The several supplies of relief, sent by Moniz, one of which consisted of 2000 troops, all perished by shipwreck ere they reached their destined ports. The murderer of king Ayero was stabbed by the populace, and the Portuguese were totally expelled from this settlement, which commanded the spice islands. Nor was the government of Francis Barreto, in Monomotapa, less unhappy. He, who had been governor of India, says Faria, accepted of this diminished command for three reasons; because *he was poor*, because it was the king's will, and because it was a post of great danger. His commis-

tion was to make himself master of the mines which supply Sofala and the neighbouring ports with gold and silver: and one Monclaros, a jesuit, accompanied him, without whose concurrence he was prohibited to act. He sailed from Lisbon, with only three ships and a thousand men, in 1569, and having received some supplies at Mozambique, together with tools for miners, camels * and other beasts of burden, he proceeded to his visionary government. He landed in the river of Good Signs, and proposed to march to the mines by the route of Sofala. But to this Monclaros would not consent, and by his direction he took a more distant course. After a march of ten days along the river Zambeze, during which his small army suffered greatly by extreme heat and thirst, he saw the mountains and vallies covered with innumerable multitudes of armed men. These, however, were dispersed by his fire-arms; and soon after another army, as numerous as the former, shared the same fate. The Cafres now sued for peace, and offered to discover the mines. But when now on the eve of success, Monclaros commanded

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

manded him to desist from his ruinous expedition, and immediately to return to Mozambique. And so deeply was Barreto affected with this disappointment and dishonour, that overwhelmed with the fever of indignation, without any other symptom of ail, he breathed out his life in sighs, after the violent mental agitation of two days. Among his papers was found a commission for Vasco Homem, his major, to succeed him ; who, persuaded by the jesuit, immediately returned to Mozambique. But Monclaros having failed for Portugal, Homem, upbraided by the officers of that station, returned to Monomotapa. He landed at Sofala, and from thence, by a short and easy march, arrived at the place where the mines were expected. After some skirmishes with the Cafres, the king of Chicanga pretended to be friendly, and offered to shew the mines. Having led the Portuguese from province to province, he at last brought them to a place where he had ordered some ore to be buried and scattered, and here he told them was a rich silver mine. While the Portuguese were several days busied in digging around, the Cafres escaped ; and Homem, his provisions beginning to fail, retired to Sofala, leaving a captain named Cardoso, with 200 men, to make farther trial. Fearless of this small party, the Cafres returned, and with confident promises offered to discover the richest and easiest worked mines in their country. Cardoso believed them, and was led into defiles, where he and all his men perished by the weapons of the artful barbarians. Such was the end of the government of Monomotapa, the golden dream, the

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ill-concerted and ill-conducted plan of the weak ministers of a giddy empire hastening to its fall.

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

To suppose that Sebastian or his ministers perceived the precarious and ruinous state of their Eastern empire, when they appointed this able officer to that very critical command, were to allow them a merit, which every other part of their conduct relative to India disclaims. Don Sebastian's ideas were totally debauched by the most romantic thirst of military glory, and it was his ambition from his childhood to distinguish himself at the head of an army in Africa. Ataide strenuously opposed this wild expedition, which, he was justly convinced, was ill-adapted to the state of his country. But Sebastian, now in his twenty-fourth year, to be relieved of his disagreeable counsel, ordered him to resume the viceroyship of India. The speech which Sebastian made to Ataide, upon this his second appointment, strongly characterises the frivo-

lousness which now prevailed at the court of Lisbon. Don Constantine de Braganza, of the blood royal, was one of the weakest governors that ever ruled India. Ataide, on the contrary, had performed most incredible actions; had saved the Portuguese from the greatest dangers they ever surmounted in Asia. Yet Sebastian did not bid him reign as he had formerly done. No, he bid him reign like Don Constantine—a man, whose abilities reached no farther than perhaps to open a ball gracefully, for his politeness was his only commendation. When errors in government begin, the wise see the secret disease, but it is the next generation which feels the worst of its effects. Camoëns, whose political penetration was perhaps unequalled in his age and country, saw the declension of manners, and foretold in vain the fall of empire. Portugal owed its existence to the spirit of chivalry and the ideas of liberty, which were confirmed by the statutes of Lamego. Camoëns, in a fine allegory, laments the decay of the ancient virtues. Under the character of a huntsman he paints the wild romantic pursuits of king Sebastian, and wishes that he may not fall the victim of his blind passion. The courtiers he characterises, as the most venal of self-interested flatterers: and the clergy, the men of letters, he says,

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

Unperceived by the unlettered nobility, the principles of the constitution gradually expired under the artful increase of the royal prerogative. If Sebastian was more absolute than John I. his power was bought by the degeneracy of his subjects, and weakness of the state, the certain price with which monarchs purchase their beloved despotism. The neglect of one man of merit is the signal for the worthless, if rich, to crowd to court. Many of these signals were given in the reigns of Emmanuel, John III. and Sebastian, and thus the labours of an Albuquerque, a Nunio, a Castro, and an Ataide, were frustrated and reversed. These governors, bred in war, enthusiasts in honour, all died poor. Xaraso, the creature of Sampayo, the tyrant of his master the king of Ormuz, justly accused of murders and the most unbounded extortion, was sent in irons to Lisbon. But he carried his treasures with him, and was restored to his employments. Anthony Galvan, the most honest of men, saved the Malucos, returned poor to Portugal, and, like Pacheco, died in an alms-house. But these, the errors and crimes of former reigns, were of little effect compared to the evil consequences of the inattention to, and ignorance of Indian affairs, discovered by the ministers of Sebastian. They ordered Don George De Castro, who surrendered the fort of Chale to the Zamorim, to be tried and beheaded; and he died on the scaffold at Goa. Yet a year after this, the court of Lisbon issued a commission appointing him to command on another station. The poverty of an Albuquerque, a Nunio, and a Castro, was
now

now the public jest of the Portuguese * commandants. Under the shade of silken umbrellas, some of the late viceroys rode to battle, in chairs carried on men's shoulders. All was disunion, gross luxury, and audacious weakness in Portuguese Asia, when Sebastian lost his crown in his African expedition. And what greatly hastened their ruin, the natives now perceived their weakness, and foretold their approaching fall. About fifty years before this period, it was the general opinion of India, that the Portuguese were among men what lions are among beasts : *and for the same reason*, said an Indian captive to a Portuguese officer, *nature has appointed that your species should be equally few*. But as soon as their luxury began to appear, these sentiments were changed. *Let them alone*, said one Indian prince to another, *the frauds of their revenue, and their love of luxury will soon ruin them. What they gain as brave soldiers they will soon lose as avaritious merchants. They now conquer Asia, but Asia will soon conquer them*. And a king of Persia asked a Portuguese captain how many of the Indian viceroys had been beheaded by the kings of Portugal. *None*, replied the officer. *Then you will not long, returned the Persian, be the masters of India*.

When Ataide failed for India on his second viceroyship, he dreaded the disasters which would follow the precipitate, ill-concerted expedition of Sebastian. And it was
his

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

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

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

viceroys appointed by Philip. His brave defence of Chaul against Nizamaluco entitled him to this distinction; and Philip, for obvious reasons, loaded him with honours, powers, and emoluments, superior to those enjoyed by any former viceroy. He was commissioned to proclaim Philip in India; but Menezes, though he lost his reward, had already performed this confirmation of the usurper's title *. But though Mascarene found Philip peacefully acknowledged, all was confusion and weakness in the Portuguese settlements. Turks and Moguls, the Zamorim, and other princes, in little squadrons, unconnected with each other, spread all the horrors of piratical war from Melinda to Malaca. The Portuguese squadrons were frequently defeated, and their military reputation was in deep decline. Cochin had long been the faithful and valuable ally of Portugal; but the present king, unable to pay the enormous, ungenerous taxes demanded by Mascarene, resigned his revenues to the Portuguese. Twenty thousand Cochinitians bound themselves in an oath to die in defence of their ancient rights, and Mascarene was necessitated to suspend his acquirement, an acquirement which was relinquished by D. Duarte de Menezes, who, after the usual regency of three years, succeeded him in command. Malaca, invested by the king of Ujantana, was now desolated by famine. About an hundred people died every day, and mothers exchanged their children, that they might not eat their own offspring. The island of Ceylon was also steeped in blood, and the Portuguese there

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

there reduced to the deepest distress. But though Don Paulo de Lima displayed the ancient valour of his countrymen in the relief of Malaca and the fort of Columbo in Ceylon, the frequent repulses of the Portuguese emboldened the natives to seize every opportunity of hostility.

Under the government of Menezes, a court of chancery, in 1586, was erected at Goa. The citizens, long oppressed by military tyrants, had requested Philip for such jurisdiction. But what chiefly distinguishes this period, is the alteration of the *royal monopoly*, and the establishment of a PORTUGUESE EAST INDIA COMPANY. The revenues of India, received by the exchequer of Lisbon, amounted to little more than a million of crowns. This, yearly sent to Portugal in Indian goods on board of his majesty's ships, had long been inadequate to the expence of the armaments almost annually equipped in Portugal for the support of the Indian dominion *. And Philip, unwilling to continue such preposterous course, farmed the trade of India to a company of merchants, under regulations of the same spirit by which the Spanish trade to Mexico, and the Portuguese commerce with † Brazil, have

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

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

have ever been governed. As in these the sovereign is sole master of the garrisons and territory, which are protected by his fleets and armies, so Philip remained sovereign of Portuguese India. And as the annual flotas which sail to Mexico and Brazil are under severe restrictions, but have the *exclusive* privilege of trading to those regions, so the merchants who undertook the annual equipment of the Indian squadron, in reward of the revenue stipulated to be paid, received the *exclusive* privilege of trading with India. An establishment upon other principles would have been inconsistent with every idea of colonization understood, or ever practised, by the courts of Spain and Portugal.

When this new commercial regulation was known in India, it excited the greatest discontent. And all the authority of the viceroy and of the clergy was hardly sufficient to suppress an insurrection at Goa. By its due operation, the lucrative licentiousness of the private traders would have received some bounds; and a check upon their immense profits gave a general alarm. There were stated voyages performed under the direction of the viceroy to collect the king's revenues in the different settlements. And the commanders of these squadrons, acted now, without restraint, as private merchants, and their profits were almost incredible *. The idea of preventing the

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

the military to become merchants was now no more. And even the viceroys, after Castro and Ataide, became private traders. Besides their yearly salaries, now raised to 18,000 crowns; some of them cleared 3, some 5, and some 800,000 ducats, by their own merchandize. And those who bore the title of Don were not now ashamed to command their own piratical merchant ships. After Castro, some of the first nobility of Portugal were sent to govern India: and their historians bluntly confess, that they went thither to repair their fortunes. But though the new regulations were in the spirit of the Spanish trade to Mexico, nothing like the regularity of the flotas was attained in India. The viceroy still retained the care of fitting out the homeward ships, and the exigencies of India rendered their number and cargoes ever precarious.

Don Duarte de Menezes was succeeded, in 1588, by Emanuel de Souza Coutinno, who in 1590 resigned the sword to Matthias de Albuquerque, who governed about seven years. In 1597, Don Francisco de Gama, Count de Vidigueyra, and grandson of the discoverer of India, ascended the throne of Portuguese Asia. But not more degenerated were the times, than were his actions and manners from those of his illustrious ancestor. He was the most detested and most insulted ruler * that ever governed India; and the meanness of his abilities, the ferocious ungrateful haughtiness of his carriage, and his gross injustice, merited the signal contempt with which he was treated.

* For instances of these, see the notes on the Life of Camoëns.

treated. The peninsula of Pudepatam, between Goa and Cochin, was at this time possessed by a Moorish pirate named Mahomet Cunnale Marca, who made war alike on the Portuguese and the subjects of the Zamorim. The Zamorim and the viceroy entered into a treaty to crush this pirate; and the former, with an army of 20,000 men, and Don Luis de Gama, brother of the latter, with a fleet of above fifty vessels, laid siege to Marca's peninsula; but both were ignominiously repulsed; and the Portuguese arms under Don Luis received the greatest disgrace, says Faria, they had ever, except at Ormuz, experienced in the East. Andreas de Furtado, the only Portuguese officer of this period whose name is recorded with honour, soon after compelled Marca to surrender on condition of life; a condition which was brutally violated by the ungenerous Gama *. But what principally marks the fatal regency of this count de Vidigueyra, is the arrival of the first warlike squadron of the Dutch in India, the heralds of the total subversion of the Asiatic empire of Portugal.

For the last twelve years, the Portuguese cruelties † in Ceylon had disgraced human nature. And for many
years,

* Vid. Notes on the Life of Camoëns.

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

years, annual fleets had regularly been sent to the coasts of Malabar and the north of Goa, to make piratical wars, on pretence of the suppression of pirates. Yet, as if all their former cruelties had been too little, a *Bull of Croisade*, in 1594, arrived in India, commanding the Portuguese to reduce the infidels to the faith by the force of arms. This was a new pretence to plunder the pagodas, the repositories of the Gentoos' treasures, and was procured by the Jesuits, who now governed the springs of action over all Portuguese Asia. Though most adroit in fraudulent cabals, that which bears the dishonest name of low cunning was their only talent. Cruel, obstinate, and narrow in their minds, the grossest compulsion, and the horrors of the inquisition*, were the methods by which they endeavoured to propagate their religion. Avaricious of power and riches, and eager for immediate possession, they thrust themselves into every public transaction. The idle luxurious military easily suffered themselves to be guided by them: and their intrigues and ignorance of the arts of civil and military government, embroiled and perplexed every operation. In almost every expedition was a *monclaros*: and it became usual for the defeated commanders to vindicate themselves by accusing the Jesuits. Impressed with the enumeration of the facts from which the above

conclusions

* So different from Xavier were the Jesuits of this period, that they totally impeded the conversion of the Gentoos, by the most absurd topics of contest. The Gentoos wear a *Teffera* of three threads, (of which see p. 410. vol. ii.) and are bigotted to the use of this their ancient badge. But the Jesuits, who said it was instituted by the Devil, obstinately insisted that it should be relinquished by their new converts. The badge and their old religion were therefore continued.

conclusions are drawn, and having mentioned a dispute amicably adjusted by a Jesuit, *The religious*, says the historian Soufa, *are successful agents in the promotion of peace between lay governors; but when they take upon themselves the government of secular affairs, they bring every thing to confusion and ruin.*

While the Jesuits thus cankered and confounded every spring of government, the civil and military officers, intent only on their own present gain, beheld the public weakness with the most languid indifference. Almost totally engrossed by their immense American empire, and the politics of Europe, the Spanish court paid little attention to Portuguese India. The will of the viceroy, now more arbitrary than ever, was the supreme law; headlong in its operation in his presence, and headlong where his creatures, who shaped it to their pleasure, were armed with power; but it was feeble and misinterpreted, often contemned and disobeyed, in the distant settlements. The commanders on the different stations ceased to act in concert with each other; and their forts were often in a state of blockade, under all the miseries of famine. It was now usual for commanders and whole bands of the Portuguese, without the consent of their superiors, to undertake piratical expeditions, and to enter into the service of the Asiatic princes*: and in many actions they fought
against

* About 1586, the Turks with powerful armies invaded Persia. Some years after, the immense armies of the Mogul invaded the regions beyond the Ganges. And the great kingdoms of Pegu and Siam were alternately laid waste by each other. Portuguese adventurers distinguished themselves

against each other with the greatest rancour. Their mother country groaned under the yoke of Spain. Mostly natives of the East, the Portuguese in India lost all affection for Portugal, and indeed the political chain which bound them together was now but a slender thread. Unrestrained by regular government, the will of the captain of the fort was absolute, and his protection of the most audacious plunderers was the support of his power. Detested by the natives, at strife among themselves, every circumstance concurred to invite other merchants to India. In this wretched condition of Portuguese Asia, Houtman, a Dutch merchant, while in jail for debt at Lisbon, planned the establishment of his countrymen in the East. The Hollanders paid his debts; he sailed for Asia, and returned with credentials of his promise, which
gave

in all these wars; nor did they consult the viceroy when they went off with their shipping and soldiers. Two of these renegadoes, by the most detestable treachery and cruelty, rose to the sovereign rank; and, under the regal title, negotiated with the Portuguese viceroys. Of these hereafter.

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

gave birth to the Dutch India Company, an institution of deep commercial wisdom: a regular machine, connected in all its operations, and the very reverse of that blind monster, that divided polypus, the Portuguese despotical anarchy.

The spice islands offered the fairest field for the Dutch operations. Here the Portuguese were both weakest and most detested. And at Amboina and Ternate the strangers were gladly received, and conditions of commerce settled *. In 1600, Ayres de † Saldanna succeeded the weak Count de Vidigueyra; but he was equally remiss, and made no head against the Dutch. One of his captains only, the brave Furtado, for five years carried on a petty war with the Hollanders among the Malucos; but though he gained several victories, he was unable to expel the new intruders. And new squadrons from Holland arrived yearly, and carried their hostilities from Mozambique to Bengal and other parts of India. The Portuguese valour seemed to revive, and the Dutch, in many engagements, were defeated. Their vanquished fleets, however, carried rich cargoes to Europe, and
brought

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

† He renewed the treaty of alliance with the celebrated Echebar, or Akbar, who was now master of all India, as far south as Vifapor.

brought fresh supplies. The Jesuits omitted no device, no fraud, that might inflame the natives against them; even their republican form of government was represented as big with ruin to the Indian princes. But the detestation of the Portuguese name was deep in India; and that rooted odium, to which their villanies and cruelties had given birth, and had long nourished, was now felt to militate against them more than millions in arms. Had the general conduct of the Portuguese governors been like that of Albuquerque, had the princes of India mourned over their graves, no strangers had ever established themselves on the ruin of such allies. Though repeatedly defeated in war, the Dutch commerce increased, the harbours of India received them with kindness, and gave them assistance; while the friendless detested Portuguese, though victorious in almost every skirmish, were harassed out and daily weakened. Like beasts of prey in their dens, or mountaineer banditti, they kept their gloomy fortresses, their destruction the wish of the natives, who yet were afraid too openly to provoke the rage of such wolves and tygers. About four years after the arrival of the Dutch, the English also appeared in India. The Dutch, who pleaded the law of nature, without ceremony entered the best harbours, and endeavoured to drive the Portuguese from their settlements. The English, in 1601, under Sir James Lancaster, erected several factories in India, but they went to ports open to all, and offered injury to neither Dutch, Portuguese, nor Moorish settlement. Twenty English fleets made the voyage to India without
 hostility

hostility with the natives, when the Portuguese Jesuits brought on a rupture, which ended in the loss of the Portuguese military reputation. Every treacherous art which the Moors practised against Gama was repeated by the Jesuits, and the event was the same: for he who fights with the weapons of fraud, whenever he misses his blow, stands naked and weakened, and every wound he receives is mortal.

In 1604 Saldanna the viceroy was succeeded in office and languid negligence, by Don Alonzo de Castro; and on Castro's death, in the third year of his government, Don Frey Alexio de Menezes, archbishop of Goa, was invested with the authority, though not with the title of viceroy. The patronage of the inquisition, and the reduction of the Christians of St. Thomas, of Ethiopia and Armenia*, to the see of Rome, were the sole employments of this governor. In 1609, the brave Furtado received the sword of command: he was a soldier; and his first ambition was the expulsion of the Hollanders. He called the council and principal citizens of Goa, and urged them to assist him in striking a decisive blow, which might ruin the Dutch. His speech was heard with joy; but when he had filled the port of Goa with a formidable navy, Ruy Lorenzo de Tavora arrived from Portugal, and

* For the miseries with which the Jesuits distressed Ethiopia, see the note, p. 413. vol. ii. Though attended with less bloodshed, their conduct was the same in Armenia. This archbishop was a most zealous patron of this method of conversion. See p. clxxviii. vol. i.

and superseded Furtado, in the *third month* of his re-
gency. The only circumstance for which Tavora is
distinguished is his generous acknowledgment, that he
thought it was Furtado who governed, when he saw such
warlike preparations, and that he was unhappy to super-
sede so worthy a governor. And unhappy it was for the
Portuguese interest. It was now twelve years since the
English, and fifteen since the Dutch, had portended the
ruin of the Portuguese; yet, except the armament of
Furtado, no regular plan had ever been concerted for
the expulsion of such formidable rivals. About this
time, captain Best, in a large English ship, and captain
Salmon, in a bomb-ketch, lay near Surat; Nunno de
Cunha, with four large galliots, and twenty-five frigates,
part of the armament prepared by Furtado, was sent by
Tavora to take or destroy them. The Mogul had an
army at this time upon the shore. The beach and the
eminences were covered with spectators. And now
those who had deemed the Portuguese invincible at sea,
with astonishment beheld nine and twenty ships van-
quished and put to flight by two vessels*. And a few
days

* An Indian, who had been aboard the English ships, told Nunno that they had not above a week's provision, and that he had nothing to do but to prevent them to take in fresh water. Nunno replied, that *he would not spend a week's provisions upon his own men to purchase a victory that might be gained in an hour.* And in the same high spirit he sent Canning, an English prisoner in his custody, to help his countrymen to fight, boasting, that *he would soon take him again with more company.* As Nunno advanced, with red banners displayed, Best weighed his anchors, and began the fight in the centre of the four large galliots; and Captain Salmon, in the bomb-ketch, behaved with equal courage. Withington, a writer of king James's time, thus mentions the engagement: "Captain Salmon, of the bomb-ketch, the Oslander, was
" like

days after, Thomas Best, in a harder conflict, was again victorious. Don Hierome de Azevedo, whose cruelties in

“like a salamander amid the fire, dancing the hay about the Portuguese, “frisking and playing like a salmon.” The Portuguese writers ascribe these victories to the excellence of the English, and incapacity of their own gunners. Soon after, however, the English commerce in India greatly declined. The Dutch pretended that their hostilities in India were in revenge of the Spanish tyranny in the Netherlands. Portugal also bowed down beneath the same cruel yoke; yet this, in the Dutch logic, was her crime; and thus, because the Portuguese groaned under Spanish oppression, the Spanish oppression in the Netherlands was revenged upon them. The truth is, the Portuguese settlements were little regarded by Spain, and the Dutch intruded upon them as the stronger boars in a German forest shoulder the weaker ones from the best fall of acorns. Though beat off by the herdsmen, the stronger boars persist and return; so the Dutch persisted, till they secured possession. Every thing, however, was different in the first settlement of the English. The Author of the *Histoire Philosophique, &c.* seems to decry the policy of their first captains, who made themselves masters of no port, but bought their cargoes of the native merchants. But he ought to have owned that the hostilities of the Turks and Moguls, and the treachery of the latter in expelling the English factors, rendered retribution just. But with all the *sang froid* of a Materialist, the English perceived, says he, *that great riches could not be acquired without great injustice*; and that to attain the advantages enjoyed by the Portuguese and Dutch, they must also adopt their measures, and establish themselves by force of arms. But James, he adds, as if he condemned such narrow policy, was too pusillanimous, and too much engaged in controversial divinity to allow warlike operations. The treaty of the English with the potent king of Persia, however, he mentions as an effort of great political wisdom. But Sir D. Cotton’s embassy into Persia, in the Clarendon State Papers, vol. i. p. 36. fol. throws another light upon this affair. The treaty with Persia was the idlest step the English could possibly have taken. According to this authentic record, the great monarch of Persia appears little better than a captain of Italian banditti; and his prime minister, raised from the meanest station, as a greater shuffler and villain than his master. The treaty with Persia, indeed, alarmed the Mogul, the Portuguese, and the Dutch, and brought hostilities upon the English, which the pusillanimous James would not allow them to punish as justice required. But it was not two months together in the mind, nor was it in the power of the tyrant of Persia, to give any effectual assistance to the English. A Persian struck Lord Shirley, the Sophi’s ambassador, in the presence of James, and each charged the other with imposture. The king of Persia and his minister did nothing but scruple the credentials sent from

in Ceylon disgraced the name of Man, in 1612 succeeded Tavora in the viceroyship of India. In every view of importance, the history of Portuguese Asia terminates with his government. And the occurrences of his regency are strongly characteristic, not of a falling, but of a fallen empire.

The most fearless insolence and treachery were now the characteristics of the Portuguese commanders on every station. Pereyra, captain of the fort of Mombassa, treacherously bribed the Cafres to murder the king, whose head he sent as a trophy to the viceroy Azevedo. The insolence of Don Luis de Gama brought the hostilities of the Turks and Persians upon Ormuz and the adjoining territories. In Ceylon, the common soldiers robbed the natives at pleasure, and the commanders added rapes and adulteries; *till the people, says Faria, sought refuge among the wild beasts of the mountains, to shun the more brutal outrage of men.* Near Surat, a Portuguese captain, in breach of the peace, took a rich ship from Mecca, the property of the Mogul, and carried her in triumph into the harbour of Goa. Restitution was refused, and the Mogul, whose dominion was now extended from the kingdom of Delhi to the confines of Calicut,

from England, and endeavour to extort presents. While James thus amused himself with his Persian negotiation, as sagacious and fruitless as those he held with the court of Spain and the Prince Palatine, the commerce of his subjects languished in India. Hopeless of any help from Persia, they entered into a kind of partnership in some of the Dutch settlements. But when the Hollander found his opportunity, the English of Amboyna and other places experienced injuries and cruelties which are yet unatoned, and which for many years rendered them of little or no consequence in the East.

Calicut, detained all the Portuguese ships in his harbours; and, together with his tributary the king of Decan, laid siege to Damam, Chaul, and Baçaim, and desolated the country around. Even the unwarlike Chinese were exasperated, and the humble submission of the Portuguese to new and severe laws, preserved their continuance at Macao. In 1606, a Dutch fleet had blocked up the mouth of the Tagus, and prevented the annual supplies to India; and their power was now greatly increased in the East. The natives, in hatred of the Portuguese, in every part favoured them: the kings of Achem and Ternate often assisted them with powerful armies against Malaca and the Malucos, and the Hollanders were now frequently victorious. While the eastern world was thus in arms against the Portuguese, insurrections among themselves raged in every settlement. While the goldsmiths and mercers of Goa had a bloody engagement, the peace officers robbed the shops of both parties. An armament of seven ships and 250 soldiers was found necessary to suppress the murderous tumults at Meliapor. In the tumults of Chaul, Beçaim, Trapor, and Tana, some of the Portuguese were almost daily slaughtered by each other; and while they were murdering one another in Ceylon, the natives issued from the forests and mountains, and reduced them to the greatest extremity. Iago Simoens, for services rendered to the emperor of Monomotapa, had received a grant of all the mines of that country in favour of the king of Portugal, and had built some forts on the river Zambeze. To ensure his success, he solicited a reinforcement from the viceroy, which was sent under

the command of Fonseca Pinto, a lawyer. But this reinforcement turned their arms against Simoens, and brought him and his settlement to utter ruin. Fonseca, who was sent as judge to Mozambique, enriched himself by the most flagitious acts of injustice and tyranny *, an example which was followed by his successors, who without the authority of Azevedo, condemned an officer to the gibbet, and alternately imprisoned each other.

By concessions and presents the viceroy had now purchased peace with the Mogul, who, influenced by the arts of the Jesuit Pereyro, interdicted commerce with the English and Dutch; and the Portuguese merchant ships which were detained in his harbours were relieved. During the last thirty years, the strength and commerce of the Turks had considerably increased on the coasts of Arabia †. Their trade with the ports of the Mogul was great, and considerable quantities of the produce of India were now again sent to Europe by Egypt and Constantinople. The subjects of the Mogul refused commerce
with

* He even sold the provisions, implements, and mining tools which he carried to Simoens, whom he accused to the emperor as a rebel against the viceroy, and urged the emperor to kill him. He seized the lands of Simoens, and sold his slaves and effects. He deposed Ruy de Melo, governor of Mozambique, and also seized his estate, which he appropriated to himself. Melo was acquitted at Goa. Iago de Cunha, another lawyer, was appointed to authority equal with Fonseca, with command to restore Melo. When they arrived, they imprisoned Fonseca, but an officer named Guerra relieved him, and imprisoned Cunha. And he, as Fonseca had done, bribed his keepers, and escaped to Mombassa, where Melo then was. Melo and Cunha now sailed for Mozambique, and Fonseca with immense wealth fled to Goa; but Guerra, who remained, was tried by Cunha, and executed.

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

with the English, and the Turks had offered hostilities to Sir Henry Middleton in the Red Sea. Middleton therefore appealed to the force of arms; but he did not act as a pirate. He seized some Mogul vessels near Aden, but for the Indian traffic which he took from them, he gave them full value in English goods, according to the estimation of the East, professing that he only desired an equitable commerce. Fearful of such rivals, Azevedo fitted out a fleet of eight ships, some of 8, some of 6, 5, and 400 tons, besides 60 frigates, and some fly boats. But after a faint attack, Azevedo withdrew; and though often braved by the English, reinforced only with four vessels, to the deeper astonishment of India, he declined the combat, and suffered the enemy, unmolested, to proceed homeward with loaded ships.

Nor was Miranda, the admiral of the seas of Malaca, more prosperous. After a hard engagement with a great fleet of Achem, he was totally defeated* by a Dutch squadron of eight vessels. The trade with China was now annually interrupted by the Dutch, who, not satisfied with the route by the Cape of Good Hope, had now passed the straits of Magellan, and opened a trade with Japan †. A Portuguese adventurer, named Sebastian Gonzalez Tibao ‡, who, by betraying the Indian princes who favoured

* So completely was he defeated, that he escaped to shore with only six men.

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

‡ This adventurer went to India a private soldier. He deserted from the service, and became a seller of salt in Bengal. His profits increased, till he found himself master of a squadron of ten vessels, with which he commenced
piratical

voured him, established himself in Sundava, was there proclaimed king, and became an independent monarch. Conscious that the king of Arracam, his late ally, whom he had treacherously deserted when invaded by the Mogul, would meditate revenge, he sent an embassy to Azevedo, to whom he offered alliance, and proposed a war with the king of Arracam. Allured by Tibao's report of the immense treasures of that prince, Azevedo, contrary, says Faria, to all laws, human and divine, concluded the desired treaty with the renegado, and invaded Arracam. But here also the Portuguese arms were disgraced, and Tibao, deprived of every foot of territory, was reduced to his original meanness. Even more unfortunate was Philip de Brito e Nicote. By the most ungrateful treachery to the king of Tangu and other Indian princes, he also had raised himself to the sovereign power, had been proclaimed king of Pegu, and his name was the terror of Siam and the neighbouring regions. The king of Ava, in revenge of his vassal the king of Tangu, with an army of 120,000 men, and a fleet of 400 vessels, laid siege to Brito in his strong fort of Siriam. Azevedo, in hope that he might prove an auspicious ally, sent an armament of five galliots to the support of Brito; but Brito, ere its arrival, was overpowered, after a brave defence*. His wife

piratical wars; and having assumed regal power, he extended his territories, and made treaties with the neighbouring princes. The king of Arracam, threatened with an invasion from the Mogul, entered into a league with Tibao. But, bribed by the Mogul, he suffered his army to pass him; and while the Moguls plundered one part of the rich kingdom of Arracam, he plundered the cities of the other side.

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

wife and foldiers were maimed and fent into flavery; and he himfelf and his male kindred were impaled on the ramparts of his garrifon.

Such were now the civil infurrections, fuch the * wars of the Portuguefe; the fpirit of Azevedo's treaties are even more charaeteriftic. Won by Middleton's gallant behaviour, and regardless of the viceroy's refentment, the Mogul, contrary to the late treaty, not only admitted the Englifh to free commerce with his fubjects, but the Englifh admiral was entertained, by his order, with all the fplendor of eastern pomp. The Zamorim, the king of Cochin, and the king of the little ifland of Paru, prepared for hoftilities; Azevedo fent rich prefents, and begged for peace; the prefents were accepted, but the moft contemptuous pretences excufed delay, and the conditions were never fettled. An embaffy, with rich prefents, was fent to Abas Xa, king of Perfia, who meditated the conqueft of Ormuz; but this was alfo treated with fcorn, and the Perfians, affifted by the Englifh, foon after wreffed Ormuz and its territory from the Portuguefe. Idle, undetermined treaties, were renewed with the Mogul, and tranfacted with the king of Siam, who
would

* Though under the fame monarch, the Spanifh governor of the Philippine ifles fent a party of men, in 1602, who, in defiance of the remonftrances and threats of the Portuguefe commander, built a fort at the port of Pinal. Some years after, however, the increafe of the Dutch power inclined the governor of Manilla to folicit the affiftance of Azevedo, to expel the Dutch from the Malucos. But the viceroy could only afford an armament which confifted chiefly of transported felons. And thefe wholly deserted ere they came to action. The admiral having, contrary to his orders, touched at Malaca, gave them the final opportunity.

would not consent to expel the English from his harbours. The reasons he urged speak the deepest contempt: he excused the hostilities of the queen of Patane, his vassal, by saying she was mad; and he liked the English, he said, because they were useful to him, and shewed him great respect. The prince of Pandar, a kingdom of Ceylon, though the Portuguese had lately murdered an ambassador from his neighbour the king of Candea, sent proposals of peace and offered tribute to the viceroy; but finding the Portuguese less formidable than he had esteemed, he recanted; and Azevedo concluded the treaty, on condition of only one half of the tribute first proposed. But the most contemptuous treatment is yet unmentioned. The king of Ava, alarmed at the treaty with Siam, and apprehensive of revenge for the death of Brito, sent an embassy to the viceroy. Azevedo accepted his proposals, and Martinho de Costa Falcam, his ambassador, went to ratify the treaty at the court of Ava. But the monarch's fears, and the reputation of the Portuguese valour, were now no more. After many days spent by Falcam in vain solicitations for an audience, the hour of midnight was at last appointed. In the dark he was brought to an apartment, and in the dark also was ordered to deliver his embassy, for the king, they said, was there, and listened. He delivered it, and received no answer. Yet though this haughty silence told him he had been talking to the walls, Falcam still meanly solicited to see the sovereign; and the former refined contempt was renewed. A day, and a place in the street were named, where Falcam might see his majesty as he rode out on his elephant.

elephant. The day came, but the king never deigned to turn his eye to the place where the ambassador stood. And Falcam, thus loaded with the most contemptuous disgrace, returned to Goa.

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

While thus degraded and broken down, the Spanish court completed the ruin of the Portuguese eastern empire. The expence of the supplies, lately sent against the Dutch and English, far exceeded the taxes of the company, reaped by Spain; and Azevedo received an order from the court of Madrid, to dispose of every employment, of every office under him, by public sale, that money might be raised to support his government. We now need add few circumstances more, for the history of the fall of the Portuguese empire in Asia is here essentially complete.

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

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

Even deeper declension followed the reign of Azevedo: The numerous Portuguese forts, almost every where stripped of territory, had been long suffered to fall into decay; for their commanders were only intent on their own sudden aggrandisement. Shipwrecks and dreadful tempests added to the miseries of the Portuguese: and the most remarkable events of the government of John Count de Redondo, who in 1617 superseded Azevedo,
are

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

are the solemn fasts held at Goa. In some of these, the citizens lay day and night on the floors of the churches, imploring the divine mercy, in the deepest and most awful silence, while not a sound was to be heard in the mournful streets.

Though Azevedo was punished for not defeating the Dutch and English, so little regard did Spain pay to India, that Hernan de Albuquerque, who after Redondo governed for three years, never received one letter from the court of his sovereign. In 1622, Don Francisco de Gama failed from Lisbon with four ships, and the commission of viceroy. On his voyage, the three vessels which attended, contemptuously left him; and to save himself from a Dutch squadron, he burned his own ship on the coast of Mozambique, from whence, in a galliot, he proceeded to India. After a regency of five years, in which he neither executed nor planned one action of the smallest consequence, he resigned the government to Don Luis de Brito, the bishop of Cochin. Malaca, again besieged by the king of Achem, was again reduced to the deepest distress; but the bishop would fit out no armament to its relief, jealous, it was thought, lest the commander of it should be appointed viceroy. On the bishop's death, which happened after his having benumbed every business of state for near two years, the writs of succession were opened, and two governors were found named, one for the civil, the other for the military department. But so vague were the terms of expression, that two gentlemen of different names claimed the sword of command. The

dispute was submitted to the council of Goa, and Alvarez Botello was declared governor. By a vigorous effort he relieved Malaca; but he fell soon afterwards in an engagement where the Hollanders were victorious; and Malaca was again invested by the neighbouring princes, assisted by a squadron of twelve Dutch ships. Mozambique, Ceylon, various forts of the Moluccas and on every coast of India, were alternately lost and recovered, were again repeatedly attacked by the enemy, and at last finally abandoned by the Portuguese. In 1632, under the viceroyalty of the Count de Linarez, *Our European enemies, says Faria, roved over the seas without opposition, took many of our ships, and ruined our trade. They also every where incensed the Indian princes against us: for we had no agent at any of their courts to vindicate our cause.* Yet, deep as such declension appears, Linarez, on his return to Europe, presented the king of Spain with a hat-band, and the queen with a pair of pendants, a gift valued at 100,000 crowns. In 1639, while another archbishop of Goa was governor, a squadron of nine Dutch vessels rode in triumph in the river of Goa, and burnt three galleons in the harbour, without opposition; for the fort, says Faria, was destitute both of ammunition and men. In 1640, the kingdom of Portugal, by one of the noblest efforts upon record, threw off the yoke of Spain; and the Portuguese in India acknowledged the duke of Braganza as their sovereign. And in 1642, a viceroy was sent to India by John IV. But though the new monarch paid attention to India, and though the English, during their civil wars, abandoned the commerce of the East, the Dutch were now so for-

midable, and their operations so well connected and continued, that every exertion to recover the dominion of India was fruitless and lost. Soon after the civil wars, the English arose to more power and consequence, than even the Dutch in Asia; and many of the Portuguese merchants became their agents and naval carriers. Towards the end of the seventeenth century, the court of Lisbon turned its attention to the Brazils, and neglected India. A succession of viceroys was however continued; but of all their numerous settlements on every coast of the eastern world, the ports of Goa and Dio in India, and the isle of Macao in the bay of Canton, only remained in the possession of the Portuguese. And, according to the information procured by the abbé Reynal, (who published his *Histoire Philosophique, &c.* about ten years ago,) two small vessels, often Chinese, once in the year carry some porcelain to Goa and Dio: but these must touch at Surat and other ports to complete their return of silks and spicery. And one ship, with a poor cargo, partly furnished by the two floops of Macao, and partly purchased from the English, sails once in the year from Goa to Lisbon. Such is the fall of that power, which once commanded the commerce of Africa and Asia, from the straits of Gibraltar to the eastern side of Japan.

But Dio and Goa are unrivalled stations; and the island of Macao, on the coast of China, is a possession of the utmost value, a possession which might be envied by the first power of Europe. Would the Portuguese abolish the inquisition of Goa, says Reynal, and open their ports

upon liberal principles, the Portuguese flag might again flow triumphant over the eastern ocean. But though this flourish cannot be realised, while the power of the British and Dutch continue, there is a wide and favourable field open for the increase of the Portuguese Indian commerce; and a beginning that promises future importance has already taken place. In 1773, the late king of Portugal new-modelled the government of his Asiatic settlements. By the new* laws the power of the governor is altered, and the title of viceroy is changed to that of Captain General. The inquisition of Goa, formerly more dreadful in its cruelties than even that of Portugal, is utterly abolished; and about six or seven vessels are now annually cleared from Lisbon for India, but the commerce of these fleets is a *royal monopoly*, and regulated in the same spirit by which the trade to Brazil is now, and has always been, conducted and governed.

The histories of wars, from the earliest times, are much alike; the names of the countries ravaged, the towns destroyed, and captains slain, are different; the motives and conduct of the oppressors, and the miseries of the oppressed, are the same. Portugal raised the first commercial empire of the modern world; the history of her fate therefore opens a new field for the most important speculation. The transactions of the Portuguese in India are peculiarly the wars and negotiations of commerce, and therefore offer instructions to every trading country, which are not to be found in the campaigns of a Cæsar or a Marl-

* For which see the *Noticias*, in the Appendix.

a Marlborough. The prosperity and declension of foreign settlements, resulting from the wisdom or errors of the supreme power at home, from the wisdom or imprudence, the virtues or vices of governors abroad; the stupendous effects of unstained honour and faith; the miserable ruinous embarrassments which attend dishonest policy, though supported by the greatest abilities in the field or in the council; the uncommercial and dreadful consequences of wars unjustly provoked, though crowned with a long series of victories; the self-destructive measures, uncommercial spirit, and inherent weakness of despotic rule; the power, affluence, and stability which reward the liberal policy of humane government; in a word, all those causes which nourish the infancy, all those which as a secret disease undermine, or as a violent poison suddenly destroy the vital strength of a commercial empire; all these are developed and displayed, in the most exemplary manner, in the history of the transactions of Portuguese Asia.

And all these combine to ascertain the great principles upon which that stupendous commonwealth the British East India Company must exist or fall. The commerce of India is of most essential value to the British nation. By the Indian goods distributed over Europe, the essential balance of trade is preserved in our favour. But whether the Indian commerce should be conducted by an exclusive company, or laid open to every adventurer, is the question of the day, a question of the very first importance to the British empire. And to this question

the example of the Portuguese is of the first consequence. Both in the senate, and in the works of some political writers, this example has been appealed to; an exact knowledge of the commercial principles of Portuguese Asia is therefore highly necessary; particularly, if the most gross misrepresentations of it have already been given, with the professed view of influencing the legislature. And an authenticated state of the principles of the Portuguese Asiatic commerce, were it only to guard us against the visionary and dangerous schemes of theory, cannot but be of some utility to that nation which now commands the commerce of India.

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

RECA-

RECAPITULATION.

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

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

To increase the population and riches, and thence the strength of the mother country, by the exportation of her
domestic

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

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

The tribute of the vassal princes, the territorial levies, and the duties of the various custom-houses, produced under some governors a considerable revenue. But how miserably obvious is this system to every abuse ! The foregoing history demonstrates how, period after period, it fell into deeper and deeper disorder. The yearly salary of Almeyda, the first viceroy, was only 15,000 rials (*i. e.* 1041 *l.* 13 *s.* 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* sterling) ; about fourscore or an hundred years after, the salary and profits of three years viceroyalty amounted to about one million and an half of ducats.

cats. Faria y Soufa has given, from the archives of Portugal, an exact list of all the ships cleared from Portugal for India, from the discovery of Gama to the year 1640*. During the first fifty years, which was the most flourishing period of Portuguese Asia, only nine or ten vessels failed yearly from Portugal for India. And from that period to the end of the Spanish usurpation, only one or two vessels carried the annual traffic of India to Portugal.

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

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

From

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

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

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

Though no vessels but those of his majesty carried the commodities of India to Europe, a contraband traffic of the officers and sailors had been, most assuredly, of the earliest commencement. By a statute passed in 1687, it appears that the viceroys had formerly obtained the privilege for themselves, and of granting licences to others, to carry certain articles and quantities of their own private traffic, on board of his majesty's vessels, to Portugal. When this grant commenced, we have not been able to determine. Certain it is, however, that it must have been mentioned, had it been in existence when Castro, Ataide, and other viceroys exerted the most strenuous efforts to discourage the mercantile pursuits of the native Portuguese. Were we allowed to venture a conjecture, we would place this *exclusive* grant to the viceroy and his creatures in the reign of John IV. who made a faint and vain endeavour to recover the dominion of India. And
it

it outrages probability to suppose it older than the extraordinary but uncertified emoluments recorded as given by Philip II. to the viceroys of India. Whenever it commenced, however, in 1687 the legal right to this private traffic was abolished; but the contraband practice, which certainly began with the first voyage of Cabral, was as certainly continued.

The exclusive company of merchants, who in 1587 contracted to fit out the Indian fleets, appear to have had little influence in the affairs of India. The power of the viceroy and the piratical anarchy were still predominant. While only one or two sailed annually for Portugal, the floops and other vessels employed in the trade of the private adventurers amounted to a considerable number. Captain Best met a trading fleet of 240 Portuguese vessels on the coast of Cambaya: and when the Mogul declared war against the Portuguese, in 1617, the number of their vessels detained in his harbours (*vid. Far. sub an.*) was 200. Yet were the adventurers in this trade liable to every inconvenience usually suffered by smugglers and freebooters. It is true they carried the commodities of Ethiopia and the coasts around Ormuz, to Malaca and China; and in return distributed the products of the eastern over the western shores of the Indian ocean. But they had no certain protection of their property, and they were surrounded with monopolies. The viceroys and commanders of forts had monopolies of their own in every station between Ethiopia and China. And it is easy to conceive how their creatures must have lorded it
over

over all those who dared to interfere with their profits. To render a foreign trade prosperous, the honest merchant must have every possible encouragement. If it is easy to acquire an handsome independence in an honourable channel, the sons of men of property and of connexions will adventure; and where capital stock and real abilities are best rewarded, commerce must greatly increase. If on the other hand, the merchant is fettered with difficulties, only men of desperate fortune will settle in a distant climate. And these, conscious of the restraints under which they labour, conscious that they have much to gain and little to lose, will, in the nature of things, be solely influenced by the spirit of the mere adventurer; by that spirit which utterly ruined the Portuguese in India.

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

The

The APPLICATION

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

- I. Exclusive companies are in every respect pernicious.
- II. In the Portuguese commerce with India, for more than a century, there was *no exclusive company*; such monopoly is therefore unnecessary for the support of the Indian commerce.
- III. Under a free trade, factors will settle in India of their own accord, and every commercial accommodation of selling and purchasing cargo will naturally follow.
- IV. Where forts and garrisons are absolutely necessary, these will be best under the immediate protection of the sovereign, under whose care his native subjects will find themselves *perfectly safe and easy*.

The fable of Procrustes, and his iron bed, was perhaps designed by the ancients to signify a system builder and his

his system. The reader will soon be enabled to form his own judgment on the justice of this explanation.

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

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

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

However some men may declaim, there was a time when the founding of abbeys and monasteries was the most political method by which the monarchs of Europe could introduce civilization among their barbarous subjects. And, however ill adapted to the present times, that old monopoly, the institution of corporations, was at one
period

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

When Prince Henry of Portugal, at his own private expence, had discovered Madeira, his brother, king Edward, made him proprietor of that island. Henry divided it into districts, which he gave to some of his captains, who in return paid him a revenue. When the same prince had discovered the coast of Guinea, the united efforts of a company appeared to him as the most vigorous method of prosecuting his designs. Under a charter from him, and for which they paid him a revenue, several of his captains erected a commercial company at Lagos, and the vigour of their pursuits answered the expectations of Henry. In the third year of their establishment, fourteen ships sailed from that port upon trade and farther discovery; and fifteen were the same year fitted out from Madeira. In 1471, Alonzo V. engrossed by domestic quarrels, and the affairs of Morocco, granted Fernando Gomez a monopoly of the Guinea trade, for the small sum of 500 ducats annually, but upon condition that during the first five years he should extend his discoveries 500 leagues farther along the sea coast. This condition

highly vindicates the wisdom of this monopoly; as the numerous fleets of Lagos and Madeira justify Henry. Discovery was a most unpopular measure, and neither the attention of Alonzo, nor the finances of the state, could afford to fit out squadrons on expeditions of hope. Even in 1497, two of the four ships which were sent to discover India, were purchased from subjects; (*see Appendix*;) so unable were the royal dock-yards of Portugal to fit out fleets for discovery.

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

A sovereign who desires to open a commerce with a distant country, under the circumstances of India, has only this alternative: he must either give *exclusive* privileges to a company, or he must put his exchequer to
the

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

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

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

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

In political philosophy an *exclusive company* and *exclusive trade* are exactly the same. Our author himself gives the very worst of characters of a regal monopoly; but it seems to have been utterly unknown to him, that such ever was, and is, the Portuguese commerce between Europe and India; utterly unknown to him, that the Portuguese *free* trade in the Indian seas was a disgrace to commerce, was ruinous in every principle, was esteemed infamous, only fit for felons, in the days of the Portuguese prosperity; and in order to its suppression, was taxed greatly beyond the trade carried on by the natives. The continuance or abolition of the East India company is a matter of the first importance. If either method be adopted upon *false* principles, the consequences will be severely felt. We shall therefore claim some merit in holding up a conspicuous example to future philosophers, how imprudent it is to trust to the *self-sufficiency of speculation*, when, on the most important topics, they appeal to historical facts as a *sufficient demonstration* of the ease and safety of their theoretical schemes.

The third position ascribed to our author will be found at *great length* in his fourth book. In Sweden and Denmark he owns that the encouragement of a monopoly was necessary to their trade with India. But where monopolies are necessary, such countries, he says, ought not to trade directly to the East Indies. He takes it for granted, that the smallness of the national capital stock, which cannot be spared in the slow returns of so distant a trade, produces this necessity. And it were better, he adds, for such

such countries to buy their Indian goods “ somewhat
 “ dearer” from other nations. But when a nation is rich
 enough to trade with India, a free commerce, according
 to our author, would naturally spring up in the most
 beautiful order. He states the objection of the impossibility
 of a private merchant’s capital being able to support
 factors and agents in the different ports of India; to
 which he thus replies, (vol. ii. p. 246.) “ There is no
 “ great branch of trade in which the capital of any one
 “ private merchant is sufficient for carrying on all the
 “ subordinate branches, which must be carried on in order
 “ to carry on the principal branch. But when a nation
 “ is ripe for any great branch of trade, some merchants
 “ naturally turn their capitals towards the principal, and
 “ some towards the subordinate branches of it. If a
 “ nation therefore is ripe for the East India trade, a cer-
 “ tain portion of its capital will naturally divide itself
 “ among all the different branches of that trade. Some
 “ of its merchants will find it for their interest to reside
 “ in the East Indies, and employ their capitals there in
 “ providing goods for the ships which are to be sent out
 “ by other merchants, who reside in Europe.”

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

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

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

The wealth of nations, he says, arises from labour; the value of which, he often tells us, is only to be fixed by the *biggling of the market*. That share of land-rent which is claimed by the sovereign, is his favourite source of revenue. And were every subject allowed a free trade *too*, the whole nation would be enriched, and this source of revenue, of consequence, greatly enlarged. But monopolies of all kinds, by *stunting* the use of stock and the consequent increase of riches, *stunt* the sources of revenue. Monopolies are therefore every where and in every respect prejudicial to sovereign and people. As the sovereign is chiefly interested in the flourishing state of the land-rent revenue, it is most likely

likely to flourish under his care. *And over and above,* as the population of foreign colonies must enlarge the above natural source of revenue, for all other sources are *round about*; so the population of foreign colonies is the chief end of colonization.

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

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

But ere we examine this bold proposition, our author's great objections against the Dutch and English East India companies require our previous attention. “ These,” says our author, “ though possessed of many considerable settlements, both upon the coast of Africa and in the East Indies, have not yet established in either of those countries such numerous and thriving colonies as those in the islands and continent of America. (p. 247.)
 “ In the spice islands, the Dutch burn all the spicery
 “ which a plentiful season produces, beyond what they

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

Our author's abhorrence of commercial pursuits, and
 his keen predilection for *land rent* revenue, are strongly
 marked in the following sentence: “ A company of mer-
 “ chants are, it seems, incapable of considering them-
 “ selves as sovereigns, even after they have become such.
 “ Trade, or buying in order to sell again, they still con-
 “ sider

“ sider as their principal business, and by a *strange absurdity*, regard the character of the sovereign as but an appendix to that of the merchant, as something which ought to be made subservient to it, or by means of which they may be enabled to buy cheaper in India, and thereby to sell with a better profit in Europe. They endeavour for this purpose to keep out, as much as possible, all competitors. . . . Their mercantile habits draw them in this manner, almost necessarily, though perhaps insensibly, to prefer, upon all ordinary occasions, the *little and transitory* profit of the monopolist, to the *great and permanent* revenue of the sovereign.”
 p. 252.

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

And thus, according to our author, commerce is of very inferior consequence; and the *importation* of the sovereign's revenue the very *summum bonum* of the political wisdom of colonization. But these very *suspicious* data demand a much deeper investigation than our author has bestowed upon them. In many places he expresses the most cordial affection for the kingly power. Because it
 is

is the sovereign's interest that his colonies should prosper, he supposes, therefore, that colonies, if under his immediate protection, will and must * flourish. And because " a monarch, at the head of a standing army, *may* despise " the rudest and most licentious libellers, he concludes, " p. 311. that a standing army is propitious † to the " cause of liberty." That perfection of wisdom, magnanimity, and attention, which is most essentially implied in these suppositions, is not, however, to be found in a SUCCESSION of monarchs. No, not in an individual sovereign, if we may believe an assertion which has escaped from our author, p. 441. " The servants," says he, " of " the most careless private person, are, perhaps, more " under the eye of their master, than those of the most " careful prince."

When the Portuguese Indian commerce was farmed, by a company of merchants, in 1587, about 87 years after its commencement, the regal monopoly was altered, not abolished; for this commerce was continued, according to every idea ever known in the Spanish or Portuguese colonies. It was carried on in a limited number of register ships; and the sovereign authority of the Indian viceroys was still predominant. Our author confesses, p. 171. that the commerce of register ships is " *very nearly*
" *upon*

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

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

“ upon the same principles as that of an *exclusive* company.”
 And certainly, with respect to his system, they are exactly the same. In describing the management of trade, where it is the sole property of the sovereign, our author has given, though very undesignedly, a very accurate sketch of the regal monopoly of Portugal. Talking of the mercantile pursuits of princes; “ They have scarce ever succeeded (says he, p. 414.). The profusion with which the affairs of princes are always managed, renders it almost impossible that they should. The agents of a prince regard the wealth of their master as inexhaustible; are careless at what price they buy; are careless at what price they sell; are careless at what expence they transport his goods from one place to another. Those agents frequently live with the profusion of princes, and sometimes too, in spite of that profusion, and by a proper method of making up their accounts, acquire the fortunes of princes. It is thus, we are told by Machiavel, that the agents of Lorenzo of Medici, not a prince of mean abilities, carried on his trade.” And thus, also, the corrupted viceroys of India conducted the trade of the kings of Portugal.

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

thing exceedingly like the Portuguese plan. The consequences of the Portuguese system, therefore, require our strictest attention.

The Portuguese viceroys, it may be said, were arbitrary, and governed by no code of known laws: and the officers of a British sovereign will not be armed with such power. Yet our author is of opinion that the servants of the India company *assume* such power, and that it is *completely foolish* to expect they would not. Monopoly, he says, is the interest of a company and its servants. A free trade, and revenue is the interest of a sovereign. But does it follow, as our author's argument implies, that such is the interest of his servants also? By no means. We may well enquire, what is that wonderful virtue, essential to our author's argument, which is conferred by the royal commission; that virtue, which would correct all the selfish passions which influence the clerks of a counting-house, and would save the poppies and the rice of Bengal from an untimely plough? If the territory of British India is to be the king's, he must have men in office to manage it under him, and these will have their private interests to serve, as well as the officers of a company. Whence, then, are we to expect their superior virtue? Not, surely, from their greater opportunities of extortion, and of evading enquiry.—But we shall here adopt a sentence from our author, (vol. ii. p. 253.) only substituting the word *king*, where he writes *counting-house*: “ Nothing
 “ can be more *completely foolish* than to expect that the
 “ clerks of a great king, at *ten thousand miles distance*, and

“ consequently *almost quite out of sight*, should, upon a
 “ simple order from their master, give up, at once, doing
 “ any sort of business upon their own account, abandon
 “ for ever all hopes of making a fortune, of which they
 “ have the means in their hands, and content themselves
 “ with the moderate salaries which their master allows
 “ them.”—Our author pursues his argument, how the
 servants of a company establish monopolies of their own;
 and such, attended with every circumstance of unrestrain-
 ed enormity, was the conduct of the crown officers of
 Portuguese Asia.

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

But this is not applicable, it may be said, to our au-
 thor's system, which is to plant colonies, like those of
 America,

America, in India, on purpose to draw a revenue from them; and the prosperity of the country will then be the interest of the royal officers. But a hard question here obtrudes itself; *Will it be the desire of fixed residents to export a revenue, or to be careful of it?* Though many of the Portuguese were natives of the East, war was their harvest; and, like the savages of Louisiana, who cut down the tree when they desire the fruit, their rapacity destroyed the roots and sources of revenue. The nature of their situation, explained by our author in the case of Lorenzo of Medicis, vindicates this assertion, and every period of Portuguese Asia enforces its truth. Though all the artillery of arguments, drawn from the abuses committed by the servants of a company, may thus, with accumulated force, be turned against the servants of a prince; arguments of deeper import still remain.

Whenever a society emerges from what is called the *shepherd state*, luxuries become its inseparable attendants. And imported luxuries, however neglected and undervalued in our author's estimate, offer not only a plentiful, but the safest mode of taxing the wages of labour, the profits of stock, and the rent of land. The industry of the manufacturer and husbandman can never thus be impeded or injured, which they most certainly are, for a time, by every new tax upon labour and land. The luxuries imported by the East India company have afforded a revenue * which has been equal to the land-tax of
 England.

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

England. The question then is, whether would this valuable revenue be diminished or increased, were every port open, and every adventurer free to fit out what ships he pleased, to traffic with India?

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

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

And

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

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

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

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

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

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

For

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

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

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

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

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

In every probability, for only a few years—however highly our author may think of the *great* and *permanent* revenue of the sovereign; and however he may despise the *little* and *transitory* profit of the merchant, we will venture to support the very opposite opinions.

Our author laments, that merchants will never consider themselves as sovereigns, when they have really become
such.

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

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

If

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

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

† Some people are apt to apprehend the greatest inconveniency, from setting a number of artificers adrift in search of new employment. But this is nothing, according to our author, who tell us, that 100,000 soldiers and seamen, discharged at the last peace, immediately found employment.

essential balance of trade given and secured by the exportation of its imports, are the great and permanent consequences

turn their capitals and industry into other channels, which would be of equal advantage to their country. Nay, farther, government bounty to the introduction of a new manufacture is hurtful; for that will diminish the revenue, and, of consequence, the national capital. p. 38.

Thus says theory. But let it be asked, if branches of our manufacture must thus, for the good of the nation, be suffered to fall into decay, what must become of the staples, for our author excepts no materials, upon which the abandoned manufacture was employed? Their former value must be greatly diminished, if sold unworked to foreigners; and if unsold, annihilated. And thus the national capital will be most effectually injured. Our author talks very confidently of the ease with which individuals will find a proper field for their industry; but, surely, where a number of the staples are thus reduced, the field for *domestic* industry must be proportionably narrowed; for *it is hard to make bricks without straw*. "Every individual, says our author, p. 32. is continually exerting himself to find out the most advantageous employment for whatever capital he can command." But this position, absolutely necessary to our author's system, we flatly deny. There is not only a torpor on the general mind of such districts as are ignorant of commerce, which requires to be roused into action by those of superior intelligence; but there is also a stubborn attachment in such minds to their ancient usages, which half a century can hardly remove. Our author might have seen both this stupor and obstinacy strongly exemplified in the vast difficulty of introducing modern agriculture into a certain country. But, "No regulation of commerce, says he, p. *ib.* can increase the quantity of industry in any society beyond what its capital can maintain." It is our author's great leading principle, that no nation ought to attempt any branch either of manufacture or commerce, till its capital be ripe for such branch; and till such time, it is their interest, he says, to buy the articles of such branches from their neighbours. But here let it be asked, how

is

Very true, for the labourer took to his spade, the taylor to his needle, the shoe-maker to his awl, and the seaman to the merchant service. But were only 10,000 weavers thrown out of employ, the case would be widely altered. But the certainty of finding an *unknown* employment, fully as advantageous as the branch *perfectly known*, forms a part of our author's system. It was a *filly notion*, he tells us, vol. ii. p. 136. to defend Portugal, last war, for the sake of its trade. Had that trade been lost, says he, it would *only* have thrown the Portuguese merchants out of business for a year or two, till they found out as good a method of employing their capitals. Some politicians have thought, the more channels of commerce, the more success; but our author does not care how many were shut up; for this good reason, new ones are *sure* to be found. But this is like knocking a man down, because he is *sure* to get up again.

quences of the commercial system, consequences which can never arise from the *importation* of the greatest revenue. And soon would all these advantages be lost, were the India Company to relinquish the mercantile character, and, according to our author's * plan, assume that of the sovereign.

is the capital to be increased in this state of torpor? Elizabeth, and some of her predecessors, imagined that bounties and regulations of commerce would rouse to action, and thence to the increase of capital. At great expence they introduced the manufactures of the continent into their own dominions. And hence England became what she now is. But a view of the state of our author's native country will bring his theory to the fullest and fairest trial. According to his system, Scotland ought to be the most flourishing commercial country in Europe; for certain it is, and he himself often tells it, that the trade of North Britain is under much fewer regulations and restrictions than that of England, Holland, or any of her commercial neighbours. There was a time, indeed, before and in the fifteenth century, when her Jameses assumed the *unsafe trust* of directing the channels of industry; when they pensioned foreign artificers to settle in their kingdom, and made regulations of commerce. The consequence was, the Scots were the masters of their own fisheries, and the shipping of Scotland were then greatly superior to their present number. Soon after, however, our author's plan, that government should leave every subject to the course of his own industry, took place, in the fullest latitude. And the consequence of government ceasing to watch over and direct the channels of commerce, as fully appeared. The Scottish navy fell into deep decline; and their fishery, perhaps the most valuable in the † world, was seized by those *monopolists* the Dutch, who now enjoy it. A most excellent proof how the *unencouraged* and *undirected* Scots turned their capitals and industry to the best advantage! Neglected by government, the Scottish commerce long and deeply languished, till Mr. Pelham, of late, endeavoured to rouse it into action. But the people still follow our author's precept, of buying, from their neighbours, the greatest part of the manufactures they use. And the consequence of all is, many thousands of the Scots find a field for their ingenuity and industry in every commercial country of the world, *except in their own*.

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

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

sovereign. Nor can we take leave of our author, without remarking, that he has been rather unhappy in fixing upon the Portuguese as his favourites. His three great reasons for this predilection are * obvious; and that these reasons were extremely rash and ill-founded, is also equally evident. His reasons are—the Portuguese had no exclusive African or Indian companies—A most unlucky mistake! And

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

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

Having thus followed our author's argument for laying open the India trade, through every gradation of his reasoning, a retrospect may not now perhaps be improper.

He

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

He founds his argument on the absolute perniciousness of all monopolies, in every circumstance: the safety of laying open the East India trade, he asserts, is *sufficiently demonstrated* by the experience of the Portuguese. Were the exclusive India companies abolished, European merchants, he says, would voluntarily settle in India, by whom every office of factorship would be discharged. And where forts are necessary, these and the settlements, he asserts, would be most advantageous and prosperous under the immediate protection of the sovereign. In support of this last argument, he appeals to the abuses committed by the servants of a company. And the advantages which he deduces from his system, are, a free trade with India, in which every subject may employ his capital, and the importation of a royal revenue; which last circumstance he estimates as of infinitely more real importance than all the benefits resulting from commerce. But we have proved, by historical evidence, that monopolies and exclusive associations were absolutely necessary in the infancy of trade, and that their effects were rapid, extensive, and highly prosperous. We have likewise brought demonstration, both from the history and the archives of Portugal, confirmed by every principle of Spanish or Portuguese commerce, that his appeal to the experience of the Portuguese is founded upon a most egregious and capital error. Every page of the history of Portuguese Asia, and the present state of India, demonstrate the impossibility of the scheme of unconnected and unprotected settlers. And from the example of the Portuguese, confirmed by every experience, certain it is

that every argument against the servants of a company, may be turned, with redoubled force, against the officers of a crown. And were even this system, whose basis is overturned by historical facts, were it even founded on truth, the consequences which he deduces from it are neither certain nor advantageous. By an appeal to undeniable principles, we have held up to view the unavoidable disadvantages * of laying open the Indian commerce; and from other principles, equally fixed and evident, it amounts to demonstration, that a despotic revenue, raised in a distant country, must ever be productive of war, transitory, unconstitutional, and dangerous. On the contrary, we have evinced, that the benefits arising from the commerce of India, on the great principles of its present establishment, are important, domestic, and permanent. In an auspicious trade, therefore, we must submit to that necessity of circumstances which we cannot alter; we must not shut our eyes against the broad glare of the light of facts, and amputate the limbs, and dislocate the joints of commerce, in order to shorten or to lengthen it to the standard of theory, as Procrustes is fabled to have fitted his unhappy captives to the standard of his iron bed.

Every institution relative to man, is not only liable to corruption, but, such is the imperfection of human nature, is sure to be corrupted. Both the servants of a company, and the officers of a king, are liable to the influence
of

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

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

The Abbé Reynal, in his reflections on the fate of the Portuguese, informs his reader, that while the court of Lisbon projected the discovery of India, and expected inexhaustible riches, the more moderate and enlightened foresaw and foretold the evils which would follow success. And time, says he, the supreme judge of politics, hastened to fulfil their predictions. He, however, who is acquainted with the Portuguese historians, must perceive the errors of this representation. The objections against the voyage of Gama, were by no means of the enlightened kind. They were these: nothing but barren deserts, like Lybia, were to be found; or, if the discovered lands were rich, the length of the voyage would render it unprofitable: or, if profitable, the introduction of wealth would beget a degeneracy of manners fatal to the kingdom.

kingdom. Foreign settlements would produce a depopulation and neglect of agriculture; or, if foreign colonies were necessary, Ethiopia offered both nearer and better settlements. And the wrath of the foldan of Egypt, and a combination of all Europe against Portugal, completed the prophecy of the threatened evils. But it was neither foreseen nor foretold, that the unexampled misconduct of the Portuguese would render the most lucrative commerce of the world an heavy, and at last insupportable expence on the treasury of Lisbon or Madrid; nor was it foretold, that the shameless villainy, the faithless piracies and rapine of their countrymen would bring down destruction upon their empire. Of the objections here enumerated, few are named by our author. Nor does the evil of the increase of wealth, the depopulation and neglect of agriculture, which he mentions as the consequences of the navigation to India, do honour to the political wisdom, either of those who foretold them, or of those who adopt the opinion. The great population of Holland arises from its naval trade; and had the science of commerce been as well understood at the court of Lisbon as at Amsterdam, Portugal, a much finer country, had soon become more populous, and every way more flourishing than Holland is now.

Mines of gold, though most earnestly desired, are the least valuable parts of foreign acquisition. The produce of mines, like the importation of revenue, neither puts into motion, nor cherishes domestic industry. To increase the population of the mother country is the only
real

real wealth ; and this can only be attained by increasing the means of employment, in such manner as will naturally inspire the spirit of industry. The staple commodities of a country must therefore be manufactured at home, and from hence, agriculture will of necessity be improved. He, therefore, who foretels the neglect of agriculture on the increase of commerce, foretels an event contrary to the nature of things ; and nothing but an infatuation, which cannot at a distance be foreseen, may possibly fulfil the prediction. To export the domestic manufacture, and import the commodities of foreign countries, are the great, the only real uses of foreign settlements. But did Spain and Portugal derive these advantages from their immense acquisitions in the East and West ? Every thing contrary. The gold of Mexico and Peru levied the armies of Charles V. but established or encouraged no trade in his kingdom. Poverty and depopulation, therefore, were not the natural consequences of the discoveries of Columbus ; but the certain result of the evil policy of Spain. We have seen how the traffic of India was managed by Portugal. That commerce, which was the foundation of the maritime strength of the Mohammedan powers, and which enriched Venice, was not only all in the power of the Portuguese ; but it was *theirs* also to purchase that traffic on their own terms, with the commodities of Europe. But sovereignty, with its revenue, and not commerce, was the sole object of the Portuguese ambition.

Many

Many have pronounced, that the same evils which overwhelmed the Portuguese, are ready to burst upon the British empire. Ignorance of the true principles of commerce, that great cause of the fall of the Portuguese empire, does not at present, however, threaten the British; nor is the only natural reason of that fall applicable to Great Britain. The territory of Portugal is too small to be the head of so extensive an empire as once owned its authority. Auxiliaries may occasionally assist; but permanency of dominion can only be insured by native troops. The numerous garrisons of Portugal in Brazil, in Africa, and Asia, required more supplies than the uncommercial seat of empire could afford, without depriving itself of defence in case of invasion. In the event, the foreign garrisons were lost for want of supplies; and the seat of empire, on the shock of one disaster, fell an easy prey to the usurpation of Spain. Great Britain, on the contrary, by the appointment of nature, reigns the commercial empress of the world. The unrivalled island is neither too large nor too small. Ten millions of inhabitants are naturally sufficient to afford armies to defend themselves against the greatest power; nor is such radical strength liable to fall asunder by its own weight. Neither is nature less kind in the variety of the climate of the British isles. That variety in her different provinces alike contributes to the production of her invaluable staples and hardy troops. Won and defended from the Mohammedans in wars esteemed religious, the circumstances of Portugal produced a high and ardent spirit of chivalry, which raised her to empire; but when success gave a
relaxation

relaxation to the action of this spirit, the general ignorance and corruption of all ranks sunk her into ruin. The circumstances of the British empire are greatly different. Her military spirit is neither cherished by, nor dependent upon, causes which exist in one age and not in another. Nor is the increase of wealth big with such evils as some esteem. Portugal did not owe her fall to it, for she was not enriched by the commerce of India. If Great Britain ever suffer by enormous wealth, it must be by a general corruption of manners. This, however, is infinitely more in the power of government than the many surmise. To remedy an evil, we must trace its source. And never was there national corruption of manners, which did not flow from the vices and errors of government. Where merit is the only passport to promotion, corruption of manners cannot be general. Where the worthless can *purchase* the offices of trust, universal profligacy must follow. Mankind, it may be said, are liable to be corrupted, and wealth affords the opportunity. But this axiom will greatly mislead us from the line of truth, if taken in a general sense. The middle rank of men is infinitely more virtuous than the lowest. Profligacy of manners is not, therefore, the natural consequence of affluence; it is the accident which attends a vulgar mind, in whatever external situation. And when vulgar minds are preferred to the high offices of church or state, it is the negligence or wickedness of government, and not the increase of wealth, which is the source of the national corruption. Some articles of traffic have an evil influence on a people. But neither is this in justice to be

be charged on the increase of national trade. The true principles of commerce, on the contrary, require the restriction of many *, and perhaps the prohibition of some articles. And ignorance of the true spirit of commerce, and neglect in the legislature, are therefore the real sources of these evils.

While our popular declaimers foresee nothing but ruin in the increase of commerce and wealth, they overlook, or know not, the greatest danger to which foreign acquisition lies open, and which it even invites. The rapacity of distant governors, so strongly exemplified by the Portuguese, has a direct tendency to the production of every evil which can affect a commercial empire. Every governor feels two objects soliciting his attention, objects frequently incompatible, at least not easily to be reconciled—the public, and his own private interest. If institutions cannot be devised to render it the true interest
of

* That private vices, the luxury and extravagance of individuals, are public benefits, has been confidently asserted, yet no theoretical paradox was ever more false. Luxuries, indeed, employ many hands, but all hands in employment conduce not alike to the service of the state. Those employed on the natural staples are of the first-rate service; but those engaged on luxuries often require materials which contribute to turn the balance of trade against the country where they reside; and as the sale of their labours depends upon fashion and caprice, not upon the real wants of life, they are apt to be thrown out of employ, and to become a dangerous burden on the commonwealth. Nor is all which is spent by individuals gained, as some assert, by the public. National wealth consists of the labour of the people, added to the value of the materials laboured upon. Every bankruptcy, therefore, annihilates the value of as much labour as its deficiency of payment amounts to; and thus the public is injured. Nor is this all; where private luxury is cherished as a public benefit, a national corruption of manners, the most dreadful political disease, will be sure to prevail, sure to reduce the most flourishing kingdom to the most critical weakness.

of governors, to make that of the public their first care, stability cannot be preserved. The voluntary poverty of Albuquerque and of Nunio was nobly adapted to the high and romantic ideas of Spanish honour; and without doubt had a wide effect. But no government has a right to require such an example; and in British India it would be useless and absurd, for we have no visionary principles on which it could possibly operate. He who devotes his life to the service of his country, merits a reward adequate to his station. An estimate of the reward which true policy will give, may be drawn from the fate of the Dutch settlement at Brazil. Prince Maurice of Nassau, the general of a Dutch West India company, expelled the Portuguese from one half of this rich and extensive country. In reward of his service he was appointed governor; but his mercantile masters, earnest for immediate gain, and ignorant of what was necessary for future security, were offended at the grandeur in which he lived, the number of fortresses which he built, and the expence of the troops which he kept. They forced him by ill-treatment to resign, and the ideas of the mere counting-house were now adopted. The expence of troops and of fortresses was greatly reduced; even that of the court of justice was retrenched; in their commerce with their new subjects, every advantage of the sordid trader was taken, and payment was enforced with the utmost rigour. Cent. per cent. was now divided in Holland, and all was happy in the idea of the Burgo-masters, the lords of this colony; when the Portuguese, invited by the defenceless condition, and joined by the discontented subjects of the
Dutch,

Dutch, overwhelmed them with ruin. Though the States now interested themselves vigorously, all the great expence of their armaments was lost. Brazil was recovered by the Portuguese, and this Dutch West India company was utterly extinguished.

Nor can we close our observations without one more. Nunio acquired an extensive territory in India. Harassed by the horrible wars of their native princes, the regions around Goa implored the Portuguese to take them under protection. And, safe and happy, while all around was steeped in blood, the territory under the dominion of Nunio was the envy and wonder of India. Taught by this example, every humane breast must warm on the view of the happiness which the British India Company MAY diffuse over the East; a happiness which the British * are peculiarly enabled to bestow. Besides the many instances of Portuguese tyranny and misconduct already enumerated, there was a defect in their government, which must ever prove fatal to a commercial empire. All the

* The form of the government, and the national character of the British, peculiarly enable them to diffuse the blessings which flow from the true spirit of commerce. The Dutch have a penuriousness in their manners, and a palpable selfishness in their laws, ill relished by the neighbours of their settlements. They want a mixture of the blood of gentlemen; or, to drop the metaphor, they want that liberal turn of idea and sentiment which arises from the intercourse and conversation of the merchant with the man of property, educated in independence. India, perhaps the most fertile country in the world, has suffered more by famine than any other. For the thousands who have died of hunger in other countries, India has buried millions of her sons, who have thus perished. Amazingly populous, the failure of a crop of rice is here dreadful. It is the true spirit of commerce to prevent famine, by bringing provision from one country to another. And may this true spirit of it be exerted by the British in India!

the stupendous fabrics of Portuguese colonization were only founded on the sands, on the quick-sands of human caprice and arbitrary power. They governed by no certain system of laws. Their governors carried to India the image of the court of Lisbon; and against the will of the ruler there was no appeal to a supreme civil power. Confidence in the high justice of a Nunio may give nations habituated to oppression a temporary spirit of industry; but temporary it must be, as a hasty journey made in the uncertain intervals of a tempest. The cheerful vigour of commerce can only be uniform and continued, where the merchant is conscious of protection, on his appeal to known laws of supreme authority. On the firm basis of her laws, the colonies of Great Britain have wonderfully prospered, for she gave them an image of her own constitution. And, even where the government of the natives cannot be new-modelled, an easy appeal to the supremacy of civil laws, must place commerce upon the surest foundation. It is not the spirit of Gothic conquest; it is not the little cunning finessè of embroiling the Indian princes among themselves; of cajoling one, and winning another; it is not the groveling arts of intrigue, often embarrassed, always shifting, which can give lasting security. An essential decisive predominancy of the justice of laws like the British, can alone secure the prosperity of the most powerful commercial system, or render its existence ADVANTAGEOUS or even SAFE to the seat of empire.



THE
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 Oforius, the historians of Portugal are little better than dry journalists. But it is not their inelegance which rendered the poet necessary. It is the peculiar nature of poetry to give a colouring to heroic actions, and to express an indignation against the breaches of honour, in a spirit which at once seizes the heart of the man 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 claimed the honour of his birth. But, according to N. Antonio, and Manuel Correa his intimate friend, this event happened at Lisbon, in 1517. His family was of considerable note, and originally Spanish. In 1370, Vasco Perez de Caamans, disgusted at the court of Castile, fled to that of Lisbon, where king Ferdinand immediately admitted him into his council, and gave him the lordships of Sardeal, 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 Aljubarrota. But though John I. the victor seized a great part of his estate, his widow, the daughter of Gonfalo Tereyro, grand master of the order of Christ, and general of the Portuguese army, was not reduced beneath her rank. She had three sons, who took the name of Camoëns. The family of the eldest intermarried with the first nobility of Portugal, and even, according to Castera, with the blood royal. But the family of the second brother, whose fortune was slender, had the superior honour to produce the author of the *Lusiad*.

Early in his life the misfortunes of the poet began. In his infancy, Simon Vaz de Camoëns, his father, commander of a vessel, was shipwrecked at Goa, where, with his life, the greatest part of his fortune was lost. His mother, however, Anne de Macedo of Santarene, provided for the education of her son Luis at the university
of

of Coimbra. What he acquired there, his works discover: An intimacy with the classics, equal to that of a Scaliger, but directed by the taste of a Milton or a Pope.

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

He now retired to his mother's friends at Santarene. Here he renewed his studies, and began his poem on the Discovery of India. John III. at this time prepared an armament against Africa. Camoëns, tired of his inactive obscure life, went to Ceuta in this expedition, and greatly distinguished his valour in several rencounters. In a naval

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

val engagement with the Moors, in the straits of Gibraltar, in the conflict of boarding he was among the foremost, and lost his right eye. Yet neither the hurry of actual service, nor the dissipation of the camp, could stifle his genius. He continued his *Lusadas*, and several of his most beautiful sonnets were written in Africa, while, as he expresses it,

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

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

When

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

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

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

Men of poor abilities are more conscious of their embarrassment and 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. Camoëns was thus situated at Goa; and never was there a fairer field for satire than the rulers of India at this time afforded. Yet, whatever esteem the prudence of Camoëns may lose in our idea, the nobleness of his disposition will doubly gain. And, so conscious was he of his real integrity and innocence, that in one of his sonnets he wishes no other revenge on Barreto, than that the cruelty of his exile should ever be remembered*.

The

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

We have already seen his ruinous treaty with Meale Can, which ended in the disgrace of the Portuguese arms. The king of Cinde desired Barreto's assistance to crush a neighbouring prince, who had invaded his dominions. Barreto went himself to relieve him; but having disagreed about the reward he required, (for the king had made peace with his enemy) he burned Tata, the royal city, killed above 8000 of the people he came to protect; for eight days he destroyed every thing on the banks of the Indus, and loaded his vessels, says Faria, with the richest booty hitherto taken in India. The war with Hydal Can, kindled by Barreto's treachery, continued. The city of Dabul was destroyed by the viceroy, who, soon after, at the head of 17,000 men, defeated Hydal Can's army of 20,000. Horrid de-

folation

The accomplishments and manners of Camoëns soon found him friends, though under the disgrace of banishment. He was appointed commissary of the estates of the defunct in the island of Macao, on the coast of China. Here he continued his *Lusiad*; and here also, after five years residence, he acquired a fortune, though small, yet equal to his wishes. Don Constantine de Braganza was now viceroy of India, and Camoëns, desirous to return to Goa, resigned his charge. In a ship, freighted by himself, he set sail, but was shipwrecked in the 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, when he stood friendless on the unknown shore. But the natives gave him a most humane reception: this he has immortalised in the prophetic song in the tenth *Lusiad* *; and in the seventh he tells us, that here he lost the wealth which satisfied his wishes:

Agora

solation followed these victories, and Hydal Can continued the implacable enemy of Portugal while he lived. Such was Barreto, the man who exiled Camoëns!

* Having named the Mecon:

*Este recebera placido, e brando,
No seu regaço o Canto, que molhado, &c.*

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

Agora da esperança ja adquirida, &c.

Now blest with all the wealth fond hope could crave,
 Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the wave
 For-ever lost;—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Though the great * patron of one species of literature, a species the reverse of that of Camoëns, certain it is,
that

* Cardinal Henry's patronage of learning and learned men is mentioned with cordial esteem by the Portuguese writers. Happily they also tell us what that learning was. It was to him the Romish friars of the East transmitted their childish forgeries of inscriptions and miracles (*for some of which, see the note on p. 413. vol. ii.*). He corresponded with them, directed their labours, and received the first accounts of their success. Under his patronage it was discovered, that St. Thomas ordered the Indians to worship the cross; and that the Moorish tradition of Perimal, (who, having embraced Mohammedism, divided his kingdom among his officers, whom he rendered tributary to the Zamorim,) was a malicious misrepresentation; for that Perimal, having turned Christian, resigned his kingdom, and became a monk. Such was the learning patronised by Henry, who was also a zealous patron of the inquisition at Lisbon, and the founder of the inquisition at Goa, to which place he sent a whole apparatus of holy fathers to suppress the Jews and reduce the native Christians to the see of Rome. Nor must the treatment experienced by Buchanan at Lisbon be here omitted, as it affords a convincing proof, that the fine genius of Camoëns was the true source of his misfortunes. John III. earnest to promote the cultivation of polite literature among his subjects, engaged Buchanan, the most elegant Latinist, perhaps, of modern times, to teach philosophy and the *belles lettres* at Lisbon. But the design of the monarch was soon frustrated by the cardinal Henry and the clergy. Buchanan was committed to prison, because it was alleged he had eaten flesh in Lent; and because, in his early youth, at St. Andrew's in Scotland, he had written a satire against the Franciscans; for which, however, ere he would venture to Lisbon, John had promised absolute indemnity. John, with much difficulty, procured his release from a loathsome jail, but could not effect his restoration as a teacher. He could only change his prison; for Buchanan was sent to a monastery, *to be instructed by the monks*, the men of letters patronised by Henry. These are thus characterised by their pupil Buchanan,—*nec inhumanis, nec malis, sed omnis religionis ignavis*. “Not uncivilised, not flagitious, but ignorant of every religion.” A satirical negative compliment, followed by a charge of gross barbarism. In this confinement, Buchanan wrote his elegant version of the psalms. Camoëns, about the same time, sailed for India. The blessed effects of the spirit which persecuted such men, are well expressed in the proverb, *A Spaniard stript of all his virtues, makes a good Portuguese*.

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 almshouse. It appears, however, that he had not even the certainty of subsistence which these houses provide. He had a black servant, who had grown old with him, and who had long experienced his master's humanity. This grateful Indian, a native of Java, who, according to some writers, saved his master's life in the unhappy shipwreck where he lost his effects, begged in the streets of Lisbon for the only man in Portugal on whom God had bestowed those talents, which have a tendency to erect the spirit of a downward age. To the eye of a careful observer, the fate of Camoëns throws great light on that of his country, and will appear strictly connected with it. The same ignorance, the same degenerated spirit, which suffered Camoëns to depend on his share of the alms begged in the streets by his old hoary servant, the same spirit which caused this, sunk the kingdom of Portugal into the most abject vassalage ever experienced by a conquered nation. While the grandees of Portugal were blind to the ruin which impended over them, Camoëns beheld it with a pungency of grief which hastened his exit. In one of his letters he has these remarkable words, "*Em fim accaberey à vida, e verràm todos que fuy afeiçoada a minho patria, &c.*" "I am ending the course of my life, the world will witness how I have loved my country. I have returned, not only to die in her bosom, but to die with her." In another letter, written a little before his death, he thus, yet with dignity, complains, "Who has
seen,

seen, on so small a theatre as my poor bed, such a representation of the disappointments of fortune? And I, as if she could not herself subdue me, I have yielded and become of her party; for it were wild audacity to hope to surmount such accumulated evils."

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

* 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 Camoëns: a mean, but vain attempt to pass his version upon the public as an original. Le P. Nicéron says, there were two other Latin translations. It is 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.

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

But

* Camoëns has not escaped the fate of other eminent wits. Their ignorant admirers contrive anecdotes of their humour, which in reality disgrace them. Camoëns, it is said, one day heard a potter singing some of his verses in a miserable mangled manner, and by way of retaliation, broke a parcel of his earthen ware. "Friend," said he, "you destroy my verses, and I destroy your goods." The same foolish story is told of Ariosto; nay, we are even informed, that Rinaldo's speech to his horse in the first book,

Ferma Baiardo mio, &c.

was the passage mis-tuned; and that, on the potter's complaint, the injured poet replied, "I have only broken a few base pots of thine, not worth a groat; but thou hast murdered a fine stanza of mine, worth a mark of gold." But both these silly tales are borrowed from Plutarch's Life of Arcefilaus, where the same dull humour is told of Philoxenus. "He heard some brickmakers mis-tune one of his songs, and in return he destroyed a number of their bricks."

But Camoëns was unfortunate, and the unfortunate man is viewed

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

Yet, after the strictest discussion, when all the causes are weighed together, the misfortunes of Camoëns will appear the fault and disgrace of his age and country, and not of the man. His talents would have secured him an apartment in the palace of Augustus, but such talents are a curse to their possessor in an illiterate nation. In a beautiful digressive exclamation, at the end of the fifth *Lusiad*, he gives us a striking view of the neglect which he experienced. Having mentioned how the greatest heroes of antiquity revered and cherished the muse, he thus characterises the nobility of his own age and country :

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

And what particularly seems to have touched him—

Even he whose veins the blood of Gama warms*
 Walks by, unconscious of the muse's charms:
 For him no muse shall leave her golden loom,
 No palm shall blossom, and no wreath shall bloom.
 Yet shall my labours and my cares be paid
 By fame immortal——

In

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

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

No nymph of Tagus shall leave her golden-embroidered web, and sing of him—affords of his knowledge of men. Camoëns was superior to a mean repentment; he most undoubtedly perceived that ignorance, unmanly arrogance, and insignificance of abilities, which 18, and 38 years after his death, disgraced the two viceroalties of his hero's grandson. Justice to the memory of Camoëns, and even to the cause of polite literature itself, requires some short account of this nobleman, who appears to have treated our author with the most mortifying neglect. He was named Don Francisco de Gama, Count de Vidigueyra. Facts will best give his character: He had not one idea, that the elegant writer who immortalised his ancestor had the least title to his countenance. Several years after the death of Camoëns, he was made viceroy of India, by the king of Spain. Here he carried himself with such state, says Faria, that he was hated by all men. When he entered upon his government, he bestowed every place in his gift upon his parasites, who publicly sold them to the best bidders. And though Cunnale, the pirate, who had disgracefully defeated Don Luis de Gama, the viceroy's brother, had surrendered, upon the sole condition of life, to the brave Furtado, Cunnale, his nephew Cinale, and 40 Moors of rank, were brought to Goa. But the Moors were no sooner landed, than the lawless rabble tore them in pieces, and Cunnale and his nephew were publicly beheaded, by order of the viceroy. And thus, says Faria, government and the rabble went hand in hand in murder and the breach of faith. Over the principal gate of Goa stood a marble statue of Vasca de Gama. This, in hatred of the grandson, the enraged inhabitants broke down, in the night, and in the morning

In such an age, and among such barbarous nobility, what but wretched neglect could be the fate of a Camoëns ! After all, however, if he was imprudent on his first appearance at the court of John III. if the honesty of his indignation led him into great imprudence, as certainly it did, when at Goa he 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, re-
 “ quires 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 su-
 “ preme consolation of dullness and of folly to point
 “ with Gothic triumph to those excesses which are the
 “ overflowings of faculties they never enjoyed. Per-
 “ fectly

ing the quarters were found gibbeted in the most public parts of the city. And thus the man who despised the wreath with which Camoëns crowned his grandfather, brought that grandfather's effigies to the deepest insult, which can be offered to the memory of the deceased. Nor were his own effigies happier. On his recal to Europe, the first object that struck him, when he went on board the ship appointed to carry him, was a figure hanging by the neck at the yard-arm, exactly like himself in feature and habit. He asked what it meant ; and was resolutely answered, *It represents you, and these are the men who hung it up.* Nor must another insult be omitted. After being a few days at sea, he was necessitated to return to the port from whence he had sailed, for fresh provisions, for all his live stock, it was found, was poisoned. After his return to Europe, he used all his interest to be reinstated in India, which, in his old days, after twenty years sollicitation at the court of Madrid, he at last obtained. His second government, however, is wrapped in much obscurity, and is distinguished by no important action or event.

“fectly 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*.”

And poetry is not only the noblest, but also not the least useful, if civilization of manners be of advantage to mankind. No moral truth may be more certainly demonstrated, than that a Virgil or a Milton are not only the first ornaments of a state, but also of the first consequence, if the last refinement of the mental powers be of importance. Strange as this might appear to a † Burleigh

* 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.

† Burleigh, though an able politician, and deep in state intrigue, had no idea, that to introduce polite literature into the vernacular tongue, was of any benefit to a nation; though her vernacular literature was the glory of Rome when at the height of empire, and though empire fell with its declension. Spenser, the man who greatly conduced to refine the English muses, was by Burleigh esteemed a ballad-maker, unworthy of regard. Yet the English polite literature, so greatly indebted to Spenser, is at this day, in the esteem which it commands abroad, of more real service to England, than all the reputation or intrigues of Burleigh. And ten thousand Burleighs, according to Sir W. Temple, are born for one Spenser. Ten thousand are born, says Sir William, with abilities requisite to form a great statesman, for one who is born with the talents or genius of a great poet. Locke's ideas of poetry are accounted for in one short sentence; HE KNEW NOTHING ABOUT THE MATTER. An extract from his correspondence with M. Molyneux and a citation from one of his treatises, shall demonstrate the truth of this assertion.

Molyneux

leigh or a Locke, it is philosophically accounted for by Bacon; nor is Locke's opinion either inexplicable or irrefutable.

Molyneux writes to Locke :

“ Mr. Churchill favoured me with the present of Sir R. Blackmore's *K. Arthur*. I had read *Pr. Arthur* before, and read it with admiration, which is not at all lessened by this second piece. *All our English poets* (except Milton) *have been mere ballad-makers in comparison to him*. Upon the publication of his first poem, I intimated to him, through Mr. Churchill's hands, how excellently I thought he might perform a philosophic poem, from many touches he gave in his *Pr. Arthur*, particularly from Mopas's song. And I perceive by his preface to *K. Arthur* he has had the like intimations from others, but rejects them as being an enemy to all philosophic hypotheses.”

Mr. Locke answers :

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

Molyneux replies :

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

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

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

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

irrefutable. The great genius of Aristotle, and that of his great resembler, Sir Francis Bacon, saw deeper into the

“ I have by me some observations, made by a judicious friend of mine, on both of Sir R. Blackmore's poems. If they may be any ways acceptable to Sir R. I shall send them to you.”

Mr. Locke again replies:

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

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

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

This ignorance of poetry is even worse than the Dutch idea of it. But this, and his opinion of Blackmore, fully prove, that Locke, however great in other respects, knew no difference between a Shakespeare, that unequalled philosopher of the passions, and the dullest Grub-street plodder; between a Milton and the tavern rhymers of the days of the second Charles.

But

the true spirit of poetry and the human affections than a Burleigh. In ancient Greece, the works of Homer were

But Milton's knowledge of the affections discovered in the cultivation of the muses an use of the first importance. A taste formed by the great poetry, he esteems as the ultimate refinement of the understanding. "This (says he, in his Tractate on the Education of Youth) would make them soon perceive, what despicable creatures our common rhymers and play-writers be; and shew them what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of poetry, both in divine and human things. From hence, and not till now, will be the right season of forming them to be able writers and composers in every excellent matter. . . whether they be to speak in parliament or council, honour and attention would be waiting on their lips. There would then also appear in pulpits other visages, other gestures, and stuff otherwise wrought, than what we now sit under."—Milton evidently alludes to the general dulness of the furious sectaries of his own time. The furious bigots of every sect have been as remarkable for their inelegance as for their rage. And the cultivation of polite literature has ever been found the best preventive of gloomy enthusiasm, and religious intolerance. In Milton, and every great poet; the poet and sublime philosopher are united, though Milton was perhaps the only man of his age, who perceived this union or sameness of character. Lord Clarendon seems to have considered poetry merely as *puerile sing-song*. Waller; he says, addicted himself to poetry at thirty, the time when others leave it off. Nor was Charles I. less unhappy in his estimate of it. In the dedication of Sir John Denham's works to Charles II. we have this remarkable passage: "One morning, waiting upon him (Charles I.) at *Causbam*, smiling upon me, he said he could tell me some news of myself, which was that he had seen some verses of mine the evening before, and asking me when I made them, I told him two or three years since; he was pleased to say, that having never seen them before, he was *afraid* I had written them since my return into England, and though he liked them well, he would advise me to write no more, alleging, that when men are young, and have *little else to do*, they might vent the overflowings of their fancy that way; but when they were thought fit for more serious employments, if they still persisted in that course, it would look as if they minded not the way to any better." Yet this monarch, who could perceive nothing but idle puerility in poetry, was the zealous patron of architecture, sculpture, and painting; and his favourite, the duke of Buckingham, laid out the enormous sum of 400,000*l.* on paintings and curiosities. But had Charles's bounty given a Shakespeare or a Milton to the public, he would have done his kingdom infinitely more service than if he had imported into England all the pictures and all the antiques in the world.

were called the lesson or philosophy of kings; and Bacon describes the effects of poetry in the most exalted terms. What is deficient of perfection in history and nature, poetry supplies; it thus erects the mind, and confers magnanimity, morality, and delight; "and therefore," says he, "it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness*." The love of poetry is so natural to the

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

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

"So likewise I finde, some particular writings of an elegant nature, touching some of the affections, as of *anger, of comfort, upon adverse accidents, of tenderness* of countenance, and other. But the poets and writers of histories are the best doctors of this knowledge; where we find painted forth with the life, how affections are kindled and incited, and how pacified and restrained: and how againe contained from act and farther degree: how they disclose themselves, how they worke, how they vary, how they gather and fortify, how they are inwrapped one within another, and how they doe fight and encounter one with another, and other the like particularities; amongst the which this last is of special use in moral and civile matters."

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

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

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

rality, and delectation; and therefore it was ever thought to have some participation of divinenesse, because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shewes of things to the desires of the mind; whereas reason doth humble and bow the mind unto the nature of things."

DISSERTATION ON THE LUSIAD,

AND

OBSERVATIONS UPON EPIC POETRY.

VOLTAIRE, when he was in England, previous to the publication of his *Henriade*, published in * English an *Essay on the Epic Poetry of the European Nations*.

In

* In his French editions of this *Essay*, he has made various alterations, at different times, in the article of Camoëns. The original English, however, shall be here cited, and the French alterations attended to as they occur. Nor is it improper to premise, that some most curious falsities will be detected; the gross misrepresentation of every objection refuted; and demonstration brought, that when Voltaire wrote his English *Essay*, his knowledge of the *Lusiad* was entirely borrowed from a very slight acquaintance with the bald, harsh, unpoetical version of Fanshaw.

“ While Trifino, says Voltaire, was clearing away the rubbish in Italy, which barbarity and ignorance had heaped up for ten centuries, in the way of the arts and sciences, Camoëns in Portugal steered a new course, and acquired a reputation which
lasts

In this he highly praised and severely attacked the *Lusiad*.
Yet this criticism, though most superficial and erroneous,
ous,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ Such a new subject, managed by an uncommon genius, could not but produce a sort of Epic Poetry unheard of before. There no bloody wars are fought, no heroes wounded in a thousand different
ferent

ous, has been generally esteemed throughout Europe, as the true character of that poem. The great objections

ferent ways; no woman enticed away, and the world overturn'd for her cause; no empire founded; in short, nothing of what was deemed before the only subject of poetry.

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

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

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

“ After

jections upon which he condemns it, are, an absurd mixture of Christian and Pagan mythology, and a want of

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

“ There is *another* kind of machinery continued throughout all the Poem, which nothing can excuse, in any country whatever; 'tis an unjudicious mixture of the Heathen Gods with our Religion. Gama in a storm addresses his prayers to Christ, but 'tis Venus who comes to his relief; the heroes are Christians, and the poet heathen. The main design which the Portuguese are suppos'd to have (next to promoting their trade) is to propagate Christianity; yet Jupiter, Bacchus, and Venus, have in their hands all the management of the voyage. So incongruous a machinery, casts a blemish upon the whole Poem; yet shews at the same time, how prevailing are its beauties, since the Portuguese like it with all its faults.

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

“ His poem, in my opinion, is full of numberless faults and beauties, thick sown near one another; and almost in every page there is something to laugh at, and something to be delighted with. Among his most lucky thoughts, I must take notice of

two,

of unity in the action and conduct. For the mixture of mythology, a defence shall be offered, and the wild exaggerations

two, for the likenesses which they bear to two most celebrated passages of Waller, and Sir John Denham.

“ Waller says, in his Epistle to Zelinda ;

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

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

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

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

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

Such is the original criticism of Voltaire on the *Lusiad*. And never, perhaps, was there such a random reverie, such a mass of misrepresentations and falsities as the whole of it exhibits. The most excusable parts of it are superficial in the highest degree. Both the poet and the hero are misnamed by him. The name of the hero has been corrected, that of *Camouëns* remains still in Voltaire, the only author who ever spelled it in this manner. There never was an Emmanuel the second of Portugal. Camouëns was not shipwrecked on the coast of Malabar, but on the river Mecon in Cochin-China. “ That Gama went a *new way* to the East Indies *by the ocean*,” though corrected in the edition of 1768, affords a most striking proof of Voltaire’s very careless perusal

aggerations of Voltaire exposed. And an examen of the conduct of the *Lusiad* will clearly evince, that the *Eneid* itself

perusal of the *Lusiad*, at the time when he first presumed to condemn it. For it is often repeated in the poem, that there was no way to India by the ocean before. That *the infancy* of Camoëns was *lost amidst the idleness and ignorance of the court of Lisbon*, is certainly false. His *youth* could not have been spent in idleness or ignorance, for his works display a most masterly accuracy in every branch of ancient literature.

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

* This *bonest* hypothesis, which makes Camoëns a Spaniard, is of a piece with another of the same ingenious author. In his *unhappy* † Essay on Epic Poetry, he asserted, that Milton built his *Paradise Lost* upon an Italian comedy, written by one Andreino. This was immediately denied, and even some Italian literati declared, that no such author or comedy was known in Italy. Voltaire, however, would not yield, and very gravely he tells the reader, “*Il n’est pas étonnant* — it is not at all astonishing, that having carefully searched in England for whatever related to that great man (*Milton*) I should discover circumstances of his life, of which the public were ignorant.” — This, therefore, is the authority from which we are to believe that Milton borrowed his *Paradise Lost* from a comedy which nobody ever saw. From the same researches in England, Voltaire also learned other circumstances, of which the public were totally ignorant. The writing by which Milton sold his *Paradise Lost* to one Simmonds, a bookseller, is still extant. But Voltaire discovered, that he sold it to *Tompson* for thirty pistoles, “*enfin Tompson lui donna trente pistoles de cet ouvrage.*” Lord Sommers and Dr. Atterbury, (he adds,) resolving that England should have an epic poem, prevailed on the heirs of *Tompson* (he means *Tonson*, perhaps) to print a splendid edition of it. And Addison wrote (says he) and the English were persuaded, that they had an epic poem.

† Yet, in the same essay, he gives a true *Voltaireism*; he condemns this very assertion: Talking of the plagiaries ascribed to Virgil, “All that,” says he, “ought to be flatly denied—” ‘Tis just as some people say Milton hath “stolen his poem from an Italian stroller called *Andreino*.”

itself is not more perfect in that connection, which is requisite to form one whole, according to the strictest rules of Epic unity.

The

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

No anecdotes ever threw more light upon a character than these throw upon that of Voltaire. The assertion that the Epic Poet *enjoyed the sensible pleasure, which nobody had known before him, to celebrate his friend and the things he was an eye-witness of*, can only be accounted for by the supposition, that Voltaire was pleased with the idea, and in a little time mistook his strong impression for the remembrance of a fact. The laboured absurd hypothesis, which would defend this fanciful error, cannot be placed in so fair a light. And the error confessed, and still retained, is a true *Voltaireism*. Yet the idea of his accuracy which these accounts of the poet must inspire, will even be heightened by the examination of his criticism on the poem. The narrative of a voyage constitutes great part of the *Odyssæy*, and of the *Eneid*; and forms the body of the *Lusiad*. Yet the *Lusiad*, says Voltaire, contains *nothing of what was deemed before the only subject of poetry*. It forms, indeed, *a sort of Epic poetry unheard of before*: but here Voltaire's objection points out its true praise. *No heroes, says he, are wounded a thousand different ways, no*

The term *Epopœia* is derived from the Greek, *ἔπος, discourse*, and hence the Epic may be rendered the narrative poem.

woman enticed away and the world overturned for her cause.—And must the fate of Helen, and the thousand different wounds described by Homer, be copied by every Epic Poet? If this sentence has any meaning, this is included. Yet what is this *puerility* of criticism in comparison of Voltaire's assertions, that in the *Lusiad* *no bloody wars are fought, no empire founded?*—If the destruction of Troy be allowed to be in the *Eneid*, there are wars enough in the poem of Camoëns. The effect of fire-arms on people who never before beheld those dreadful engines, and a hostile town burnt by a fleet, are finely described in that part which is called the action of the Epic Poem. But Voltaire was as utter a stranger to the first book of the *Lusiad*, as to the ONE subject of the poem, The founding of the Portuguese empire in the East. *No battle fought, no empire founded!* What insult to the literary world is this! A late correction will never disprove his ignorance when he wrote this. Should a pretended critic on Virgil tell his reader that the poet conducted Eneas to the mouth of the Thames, could we believe he was acquainted with his author? Yet Voltaire tells us, that Camoëns *conducts the Portuguese fleet to the mouth of the Ganges round the coasts of Afric.*—Camoëns, indeed, conducts his fleet to Calicut on the coast of Malabar. But though the scene of the action of the four last books lies upon this coast, Voltaire was not happy enough to *dip* into any of the numerous passages which fix the geography. He has, therefore, given the voyage of Gama a dimension almost as much beyond the real one given by Camoëns, as the West Indies are distant from England. Such errors are convincing proofs that Voltaire only *dip*t here and there into the *Lusiad*, even after the critics set him right in some places; for this gross error is still retained. But a misrepresentation, not founded on ignorance, now offers itself. *Gama, in a storm, says Voltaire, addresses his prayers to Christ, but 'tis Venus who comes to his relief.*—A bold assertion still also retained, but there is no such passage in the *Lusiad*. *Gama, in a tempest, prays to* “ the holy Power, to whom nothing is impossible, the sovereign

poem. In the full latitude of this definition, some Italian critics have contended, that the poems of Dante and Ariosto

“ of earth, sea, and land, who led Israel through the waves,
 “ who delivered Paul, and who protected the children of the
 “ second father of the world from the deluge.” But Christ is not once mentioned in the whole passage. To say that Gama was a good Catholic, and intended Christ under these appellations, is unworthy of poetical criticism, for the whole ridicule consists in the opposition of the names of Christ and Venus. Such is the candour of Voltaire! Nor is it difficult to trace the source of this unfair representation. Fanshew thus translates the mention of Paul,

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

Monsieur Voltaire wanted no more. *Thy servant* Paul was to him enough to vindicate the ridicule he chused to bestow. But unhappily for the misguided critic, the original says only, *Tu que livraſte Paulo*—thou who deliveredst Paul.—And thus we are furnished with a sure hint of the medium by which our critic studied the *Lusiad*. To this last unblushing falsity, that *Gama prays to Christ*, is added in the edition of 1768, “ *Bacchus & la Vierge Marie se trouveront tout naturellement ensemble*. Bacchus and the Virgin Mary are very naturally found together.” If words have meaning, this informs the reader, that they are found together in the *Lusiad*. Yet the truth is, in the whole poem there is no such personage as the Virgin Mary.

After these gross falsities, Voltaire adds, “ *A parler serieusement, un merveilleux si absurde, defigure tout l'ouvrage aux yeux de lecteurs sensés*. To speak seriously, such an absurdity in the marvellous, disfigures the whole work in the eyes of sensible readers.” —To such as take Voltaire's word for it, it must indeed seem disfigured; but what literary murder is this! Nor does it end here. A simile must enforce the shameless misrepresentation. “ *It is like the works of Paul Veronese, who has placed Benedictine fathers and Swiss soldiers among his paintings from the Old Testament.*” And to this also is added, “ *Le Camouëns tombe presque*

Ariosto were Epic. But these consist of various detached actions, which do not constitute one whole. In this manner

Telemachus

toujours dans de telles disparates. Camouëns almost continually falls into such extravagancies." Yet with equal justice may this sentence be applied to Virgil; and peculiarly unhappy is the instance which Voltaire immediately gives: "I remember, says he, Vasco de Gama says to the king of Melinda, O king, judge if Ulysses and Eneas have travelled so far, and undergone so many hardships: as if that barbarous African was acquainted with Homer and Virgil." This sentence is still retained in Voltaire's last edition of his works. But, according to history, the Melindians were a humane and polished people; their buildings elegant, and in the manner of Spain. The royal family and grandees were Mohammedan Arabs, descended of those tribes, whose learning, when it suits his purpose, is the boast of Voltaire. The prince of Melinda with whom Gama conversed, is thus described by the excellent historian Oforius: "*In omni autem sermone princeps ille non hominis barbari specimen dabat, sed ingenium et prudentiam eo loco dignam pre se ferebat*—In the whole conversation the prince betrayed no sign of the barbarian; on the contrary, he carried himself with a politeness and intelligence worthy of his rank."—It is also certain, that this prince, whom Voltaire is pleased to call a barbarous African, had sufficient opportunity to be acquainted with Homer, for the writings of Homer are translated into the Syriac, in a dialect of which the interpreters of Gama talked with the prince of Melinda †.

"The

† The Arabs have not only innumerable volumes of their own, but their language is also enriched with translations of several Greek writers. The fate of Euclid is well known. And to mention only two of their authors, Ben-Shohna, who died in 1478, a little before the arrival of Gama, wrote an universal history, which he calls *Rawdat a'menadbir fi ilm alarwail walawachbir*; that is, the meadow of the eye of antient and modern knowledge. And Abul Pharajius, who lived in the thirteenth century, wrote an history in Arabic, in ten chapters, the first of which treats of the Patriarchs, from Adam to Moses; the second of the Judges and Kings of Israel; the third of the Jewish kings; the fourth of the Kings of Chaldea; the fifth of the Kings of the Magi; the sixth of the ancient Pagan Greeks; the seventh of the Romans; the eighth of the Constantinopolitan Emperors; the ninth

Telemachus and the Faerie Queene are also Epic poems. A definition more restricted, however, a definition descriptive

“ The *Lusiad*, in my opinion, says Voltaire, is full of numberless faults and beauties, thick sown near one another, and almost in every page there is something to laugh at, and something to be delighted with.” This sentence, though omitted in the French editions, had some source, and that source we shall easily trace. Nor is the character of the king of Melinda so grossly falsified by Voltaire, as the character of the *Lusiad* of Camoëns is here misrepresented. Except the polite repartee of Veloso, (of which see p. 59. vol. ii.) there are not above two or three passages in the whole poem, which even border upon conceit. The most uniform simplicity of manly diction is the true character of the Portuguese *Lusiad*: Where then did Voltaire find the *false wit*, and *something to laugh at almost in every page*? If there be a translation which strictly deserves this character, we cannot suppose that Voltaire hit *this* character, and at the same time was so wide of the original, merely by chance. No, he dipt into Fanshaw’s *Lusiad*, where, in every page, there are puns, conceits, and low quaint expressions, uncountenanced by the original. Some citations from Fanshaw will soon justify this character of his work. Yet, however decisive this proof may be, it is not the only one. The resemblance found by Voltaire between Sir John Denham’s address to the Thames, and that of Camoëns to the nymphs of the Tagus, does not exist in the original. This sentence, *Let my stile flow like your waves, let it be deep and clear as your waters*—contains indeed the same allusion as that expressed in the lines cited by Voltaire from Denham. But no such idea or allusion exists in the Portuguese. Though Voltaire still retains this sentence, its want of authenticity has been detected by several critics. But it was left for the present translator to discover the source of this wide mis-translation. He suspected the allusion

might

of the Arabian Mohammedan Kings; and the tenth of the Moguls. The same author acquaints us, that Homer’s two works are elegantly translated into the Syriac; which language is sister to that spoken by the Arabs of Melinda. Camoëns, who was in the country, knew the learning of the Arabians. Voltaire, led by the desire to condemn, was hurried into absurdities, from which a moment’s consideration would have preserved him.

tive 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,

might be in Fanshaw, and in Fanshaw he found it. The nymphs of the Tagus are in Sir Richard's version thus addressed:

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

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

And, as if all his misrepresentations of the *Lusiad* were not enough, a new and most capital objection is added in the late editions of Voltaire. "*Mais de tous les défauts de ce poëme, &c.* But of all the faults of this poem, the greatest is the want of connection, which reigns in every part of it. It resembles the voyage which is its subject. The adventures succeed one another, (*a wonderful objection,*) and the poet has no other art, than to tell his tales well." Indeed! but the reader cannot now be surpris'd at any of our critic's misrepresentations, a critic, who in many instances has violently condemned the *Lusiad* UPON CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH HAVE NO PLACE IN THAT POEM.

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

The

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 befall him. He at last lands in Italy, where prophecies of his arrival were acknowledged. His fated bride, however, is betrothed to Turnus. A war ensues, and the poem concludes with the

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

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, (see p. 77. vol. ii.) artfully prepares the reader for a long episode. The poem of Virgil contains the history of the Roman empire to his own time. Camoëns perceived this, and trod in his steps. The history of Portugal, which Gama relates to the king of Melinda, is not only necessary to give their new ally an high idea of the Lusian prowess and spirit, but also naturally leads to, and accounts for the voyage of Gama : the event, which, in its consequences, sums up the Portuguese honours. It is as requisite for Gama to tell the rise of his nation to the king of Melinda, as it is for Eneas to relate to Dido the cause of his voyage, the destruction of Troy. Pleased with the fame of their nation, the king
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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 (*see the note, p. 124, vol. ii.*) she calls her nymphs, and by their ministry
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fills the tempest. Gama now arrives in India. Every circumstance rises from the preceding one; and, as fully pointed out in the notes, the conduct in every circumstance is as exactly Virgilian, as any two tragedies may possibly be alike in adherence to the rules of the drama. Gama, having accomplished his purpose in India, sets sail for Europe, and the machinery is for the last time employed. Venus, to reward her heroes, raises a Paradisaical island in the sea. Voltaire, in his English Essay, has said, that no nation but the Portuguese and Italians could be pleased with this fiction. In the French he has suppressed this sentence, but has compared it to a Dutch brothel allowed for the sailors. Yet this idea of it is as false as it is gross. Every thing in the island of Love resembles the statue of Venus de Medicis. The description is warm indeed, but it is chaste as the first loves of Adam and Eve in Milton; and entirely free from that grossness (*see the note, p. 335. vol. ii.*) 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

of the dead; and Voltaire's hero must also be conveyed to hell and heaven. But how superior is the spirit of Camoëns! He parallels these striking adventures by a new fiction of his own. Gama in the island of Bliss, and Eneas in Hell, are in Epic conduct exactly the same; and in this unborrowing sameness, he *artfully interweaves the history of Portugal*: *artfully* as Voltaire himself confesses. The episode with the king of Melinda, the description of the painted ensigns, and the prophetic song, are parallel in manner and purpose with the episode of Dido, the shield of Eneas, and the vision in Elysium. To appease the rage of Achilles, and to lay the foundation of the Roman empire, are the grand purposes of the Iliad and Eneid; the one effected by the death of Hector; the other by the alliance of Latinus and Eneas, rendered certain by the death of Turnus. In like manner, to establish the Portuguese Christian empire in the East, is the grand design of the Lusiad, rendered certain by the happy return of Gama. And thus, in the true spirit of the Epopœia, ends the Lusiad, a poem where every circumstance rises in just gradation, till the whole is summed up in the most perfect unity of Epic action.

The machinery of Homer, (*see the note, p. 124. vol. ii.*) contains a most perfect and masterly allegory. To imitate the ancients was the prevailing taste when Camoëns wrote; and their poetical manners were every where adopted. That he esteemed his own as allegorical, he assures us in the end of the ninth book, and in one of his letters. But a proof, even more determinate, occurs in the opening

ing of the poem. Castera, the French translator, by his over refinement, has much misrepresented the allegory of the *Lusiad*. Mars, who never appears but once in the first book, he tells us, signifies Jesus Christ. This explanation, so open to ridicule, is every way unnecessary; and surely never entered the thought of Camoëns. It is evident, however, that he intended the guardian powers of Christianity and Mohammedism under the two principal personages of his machinery. Words cannot be plainer :

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

And the same idea is on every opportunity repeated and enforced. Pagan mythology had its celestial, as well as terrestrial Venus*. The celestial Venus is therefore the most

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

Πάντες γὰρ ἴσμεν ὅτι ἔκ εἰν ἀνευ Ἐρώτος Ἀφροδίτη· ταύτης δὲ μίας μὲν ἕσης, εἰς αὐτὴν ἢ Ἐρώς· ἐπεὶ δὲ δύο εἶσι, δύο ἀναγκὴ καὶ Ἐρώς εἶναι. πῶς δ' οὐ δύο τὰ θεῶν; ἢ μὲν γὰρ πρῶτα, καὶ ἀμείλιχ, Οὐρανὸς θυγατήρ, ἢ δὲ καὶ οὐρανοῦ ἐπονομαζομένη ἢ δὲ νεώτερα, Δίος καὶ Διώνης, ἢ δὲ πανδημον καλεσμένη.

This Urania-Venus, according to Pausanias and other writers, had sumptuous temples in Athens, Phœnicia, &c. She was painted

most proper personage of that mythology to figure Christianity. And Bacchus, the conqueror of the East, is, in the ancient poetical allegory, the most natural protector of the altars of India. Whatever may be said against the use of the ancient machinery in a modern poem, candour must confess, that the allegory of Camoëns which arms the genius of Mohammedism * against the expedition of his heroes, is both sublime and most happily interesting. Nor must his choice of the ancient poetical machinery be condemned without examination. It has been the language of poetry these three thousand years, and its allegory is perfectly understood. If not impossible, it will certainly be very difficult to find a new, or a better machinery for an Epic poem. That of Tasso is condemned by Boileau †, yet that of Camoëns may plead the authority of that celebrated critic, and is even vindicated, undesignedly, by Voltaire himself. In an essay prefixed to his *Henriade*, *Le mot d'Amphitrite*, says he, *dans notre poésie, ne signifie que*

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. 70. 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.

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

que la Mer, & non l'épouse de Neptune—“ the word Amphitrite in our poetry signifies only the sea, and not the wife of Neptune.” And why may not the word Venus in Camoëns 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 will also add the authority of Boileau. He is giving rules for an Epic poem :

Dans le vaste récit d'une longue action,

Se soutient par la fable, et vit de fiction.

Là pour nous enchanter tout est mis en usage :

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

Chaque

* Thus, when the *Henriade* is to be defended, the arrows of Cupid convey no mixture of paganism. But when the island of Love in the *Lusiad* is to be condemned, our *honnête* critic must ridicule the use of these very arrows—“ *C'est la que Venus, aidée des conseils du Pere Eternel, et secondée en meme tems des fleches de Cupidon.*—It is there that Venus, aided by the counsels of the Eternal Father, and at the same time, seconded by the arrows of Cupid, renders the Nereides amorous of the Portuguese.”—But this, one of his latest additions, is as unlucky as all the rest. The Eternal Father is the same Jove, who is represented as the *supreme Father* in the first book, (*St. 22. Portuguese.*) and in book 9. st. 18. is only said to have ordained Venus to be the good genius of the Lusitanians. There is not a word about the *assistance of his counsel*; that was introduced by Voltaire, solely to throw ridicule upon an allegory, which, by the bye, when used in the *Henriade*, has not the least fault, in his opinion; but is there every way in the true style of poetry.

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

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

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

The *mystères 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,

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

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

Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
In antient 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

names of these deities became merely allegorical, such also ought to be the actions ascribed to them. And Camoëns has strictly adhered to this rule. His heroes are Christians; and *Santa Fe*, Holy Faith, is often mentioned in the historical parts where his heroes speak and act. But it is only in the allegorical parts where the pagan or the poetical mythology is introduced. And in his machinery, as in his historical parts, there is no mixture of Pagan and Christian personages. The deliverance of the Lusian fleet, ascribed to the celestial Venus, so ridiculed by Voltaire, is exactly according to the precepts of Boileau. It is the historical opposition or concert of Christian and Pagan ideas which forms the absurd, and disfigures a poem. But this absurd opposition or concert of personages has no place in the *Lusiad*, though it is found in the greatest of modern poets. From Milton both the allowable and blameable mixture of Christian and Pagan ideas may be fully exemplified. With great judgment, he ranks the Pagan deities among the fallen angels. When he alludes to Pagan mythology, he sometimes says, “ as fables

Christians, with respect to dæmons, was unabated in the age of Camoëns; for the oracles of the pagan deities were then believed to have been given by evil spirits. Bacchus might therefore in a Christian poem of such ages, represent the evil 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 Camoëns says that the Christian altar raised (book II.) to deceive the Lusians, was the illusion of Bacchus; he says no more than what was agreeable to the popular belief of the heathen oracles, and no more than what poetry allows when a storm is ascribed to Neptune, or arrows given to Cupid.

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 —

———— Univerfal Pan
Knit with the graces and the hours in dance
Led on th’ eternal spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpin, gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gathered : which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world —
———— might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive —

The mention of Pan, the graces and hours, is here in the pure allegorical style of poetry. But the story of Proserpin is not in allegory ; it is mentioned in the same man-

ner of authenticity as the many scripture histories introduced into the Paradise Lost. When the angel brings Eve to Adam, she appears

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

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

Nor is poetical use the only defence of our injured author. In the age of Camoëns, 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, Camoëns is in this the least reprehensible. The Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise of Dante, form one continued unallegorical texture of Pagan and Scriptural names, descriptions, and ideas. Ariosto is continually in the same fault. And, if it is a fault to use the ancient poetical machinery

* 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.

machinery in a poem where the heroes are Christians, Voltaire himself has infinitely more of the *melange coupable* than Camoëns. The machinery of his *Henriade* is, as confessed by himself, upon the idea of the Pagan mythology. He cites Boileau,

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

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

*Et fabuleux 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 Camoëns wrote at the re-
vival

* The machinery of the *Henriade* is briefly thus: The soul of St. Louis acts the part of Venus in the *Eneid*, and always protects

vival of learning, ere criticism had given her best rules to the modern muse.

The

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

Nor is the ridicule of this machinery more evident, than the want of unity of action which characterises the *Henriade*. Henry's journey to England, though it fills near three parts of
the

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

Lord

the poem, has no connection with the other parts of the action; and the events do not arise from each other; for St. Louis prevents the effects of every victory. And the catastrophe is brought about by Henry's conversion, independent of every exertion of his generalship or valour, which are properly the subject of the poem.

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

Lord Kaimes *, and other authors, very cordially condemn its mixture of Pagan and Christian mythology ; even
condemn

venusta est, adeò polita, ut nihil esse possit jucundius ; interdum verò, adeò elata, grandiloqua, ac sonora, ut nihil fingi possit magnificentius.
JONES, Poeseos Afiat. Comment.

Montesquieu's high idea of the *Lusiad* is cited p. 75. vol. ii. We shall only add the suffrage of the great Cervantes, who in his *Don Quixote*, c. iv. l. 6. most warmly expresses his idea of the excellence of the genius of Camoëns.

* Lord Kaimes thus follows Voltaire: " Portugal was rising
" in power and splendor" (*it was hastening to the very last stages
of declension*) " when Camoëns wrote the *Lusiad*, and with re-
" spect to the music of verse it has merit. The author how-
" ever is far from shining in point of taste" (*most masterly descrip-
tion, and boundless variety, however, are his characteristics. He
has given the two finest fictions in poetry. And according to Voltaire
the story of Inez is equal to the best written parts of Virgil.*) " He
" makes a strange jumble of Heathen and Christian Deities.
" Gama," observes Voltaire, " in a storm addresses his prayers
" to Christ, but it is Venus who comes to his relief." Voltaire's
" observation is but too well founded" (*and is it indeed, in the
name of truth!*) " In the first book, Jove summons a council of
" the Gods, which is described at great length, for no earthly
" purpose but to shew that he favoured the Portuguese: Bac-
" chus, on the other hand, declares against them on the follow-
" ing account, that he himself had gained immortal glory as
" conqueror of India, which would be eclipsed if the Indies
" should be conquered a second time by the Portuguese. A
" Moorish commander having received Gama with smiles, but
" with hatred in his heart, the poet brings down Bacchus from
" heaven to confirm the Moor in his wicked purposes, which
" would have been perpetrated, had not Venus interposed in
" Gama's behalf. In the second canto Bacchus feigns himself
" to be a Christian, in order to deceive the Portuguese, but Venus
" implores her father Jupiter to protect them."

Such

condemn it in terms, as if the *Lusiad*, the poem which of all other modern ones is the most unexceptionable in this, were

Such is the view of the *Lusiad* given by a professed critic. It is impossible to make any remark on it without giving offence to false delicacy. But to that goddess the translator of the injured Camoëns will offer no sacrifice. We have fully proved, and Bacon has been cited to explain the philosophical reason of it, that the spirit of poetry demands something supernatural. Lucan has been severely censured, by the greatest of ancient and modern critics, for the want of poetical cloathing or allegory. The spirit of poetry exists in personification ;

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

and an allegorical machinery is essential to the *Epopœia*. In this manner Virgil and Homer conduct their poems. (*See the note, p. 124. vol. ii.*) But our critic perceives nothing of this kind in Camoëns. Though the whole conduct of the *Lusiad* depends upon the council held by Jove, upon the allegorical parts taken by the personages of the machinery ;

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

and though this allegory is finely sustained throughout the whole poem, where celestial Love is ever mindful (*See B. ix.*) that Jove or Fate had decreed that her altars should be reared in consequence of the success of her heroes ; though all this is truly Homeric, is what the world ever esteemed the true Epic conduct, our critic can see no *earthly purpose* in the council of Jove, but to shew that he favoured the Lusians ; no reason for the opposition of Bacchus, but that he had been conqueror of India, and was averse it should be conquered a second time. In the same ignorance of the Epic conduct is the vacant account of Bacchus and the Moor. But let our critic be told, that through the sides of Camoëns, if his blow will avail, he has murdered both Homer and Virgil. What condemns the council of Jove in the *Lusiad*, condemns the councils of Jove in these models of the

were in this mixture the most egregiously unfufferable.— Besides, whatever has the sanction of the celebrated name of Voltaire will be remembered, and unless circumstantially refuted, may one time, perhaps, * be appealed

the Epopœia †. What condemns Bacchus and the Moor, condemns the part of Juno in the Eneid, and every interposition of Juno and Neptune in Homer. To make the Lusians believe that Mombassa was inhabited by Christians, the Moors took the ambassadors of Gama to a house, where they shewed them a Christian altar. This is history. Camoëns, in the true spirit of the Epic poetry, ascribes this appearance to the illusion of Bacchus. Hector and Turnus are both thus deceived. And Bacchus, as already proved, was esteemed a fallen angel when our poet wrote. Nor are the ancients alone thus reprobated in the sentence passed upon Camoëns. If his machinery must be condemned, with what accumulated weight must his sentence fall upon the greatest of our modern poets! But the mystery is easily explained: There are a race of critics, who cannot perceive the noble profopopœia of Milton's angels, who prefer *Voltaire's Henriade* to the *Paradise Lost*, who would reduce a Virgil to a Lucan, a Camoëns to a mere historian; who would strip Poetry of all her ornaments, because they cannot see them, of all her passions, because they cannot feel them; in a word, who would leave her nothing but the neatness, the cadence, and the tinkle of verse.

* Voltaire's description of the apparition near the Cape of Good Hope, is just as wide of the original as bombast is from the true sublime: yet it has been cited by several writers. In Camoëns a dark cloud hovers over the fleet, a tremendous noise
is

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

pealed to, as decisive, in the controversies of * literary merit.

Other

is heard, Gama exclaims in amazement, and the apparition appears in the air,

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

Every part of the description in Camoëns is sublime and nobly adapted for the pencil. In Voltaire's last edition, the passage is thus rendered—" *C'est une fantôme que s'élève*—it is a phantom which rises from the bottom of the sea, his head touches the clouds; the tempests, the winds, the thunders are around him, his arms are stretched afar over the surface of the waters."— Yet not one picturesque idea of this is in the original. If the phantom's arms are stretched upon the surface of the waters, his shoulders, and his head, which touches the clouds, must only be above the tide. Yet, though this imagerie, with tempests, winds, and thunders *hanging* around him, would be truly absurd upon canvas, a celebrated Italian writer has not only cited Voltaire's description, as that of the original, but has mended that of the Frenchman by a stroke of his own. "The feet of the phantom," says *Signor Algarotti*, "are in the unfathomable abyss of the sea." (*See his Treatise on Newton's Theory of Light and Colours.*) And certainly, if his shoulders and head reached from the surface of the waters to the clouds, the length which the *Signor* has given to his parts under the water was no bad calculation. Nor is *Algarotti* the only absurd retailer of Voltaire's misrepresentations. An English traveller, who lately published an account of Spain and Portugal, has quite completed the figure. "*Ses bras s'étendent au loin sur la surface des eaux,*" says Voltaire; and our traveller thus translates it, "His arms extend over the *whole* surface of the waters." And thus the burlesque painter is furnished with the finest design imaginable for the mock sublime. A figure up to the arm-pits in the water, its arms extending over the *whole* surface of the sea, its head in the clouds, and its feet in the unfathomable abyss of the ocean! Very fine indeed, it is impossible to mend it farther.

* As we have paid attention to the strictures of Voltaire, some is also due to the praises which he bestows upon the *Lusiad*.

Though

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

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

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

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' ὄσπλον ἐξενάριξεν
 Ἐκίωρ Πριαμίδης, ὅτε οἱ Ζεὺς κῦδος ἔδωκεν ;
 Ἄσσαϊον μὲν πρῶτα, καὶ Αὐτόνοον, καὶ Ὀπίτην,
 Καὶ Δόλοπα Κλυτίδην, καὶ Ὀφέλιον, ἠδ' Ἀγέλαον,
 Αἰσυμνόν τ' Ὠρον τε, καὶ Ἴππύνοον μενεχάρμην·
 Τῆς ἄρ' ὄγ' ἠγεμόνας Δαναῶν ἔλεν· αὐτὰρ ἐπεεία
 Πληθύν· ὡς ὑπότεις, &c.

Il. lib. xi. line 299.

Thus fervilely imitated by Virgil,

Cædicus Alcathoum obtruncat, Sacrator Hydaspem :
 Partheniumque Rapo, & prædorum viribus Orfen :
 Meffapus Cloniumque, Lycaoniumque Ericetem :
 Illum, infrænis equi lapsu tellure jacentem ;
 Hunc, peditem pedes. Et Lycius procefferat Agis,
 Quem tamen haud expers Valerus virtutis avitæ
 Dejecit : Atronium Salius ; Saliūque 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

Virgil with great art has introduced a Camilla, a Pallas, and a Lausus, still in many particulars, and in the fights, there is, upon the whole, such a sameness with the Iliad, that the learned reader of the Eneid is deprived of the pleasure inspired by originality. If the man of taste, however, will be pleased to mark how the genius of a Virgil has managed a war after a Homer, he will certainly be tired with a dozen of Epic poems in the same strain. Where the siege of a town and battles are the subject of an Epic, there will of necessity, in the characters and circumstances, be a resemblance to Homer; and such poem must therefore want originality. Happy for Tasso, the variation of manners, and his masterly superiority over Homer in describing his duels, have given his Jerusalem an air of novelty. Yet with all the difference between Christian and Pagan heroes, we have a Priam, an Agamemnon, an Achilles, &c. armies slaughtered, and a city besieged. In a word, we have a handsome copy of the Iliad in the Jerusalem Delivered. If some imitations, however, have been successful, how many other Epics of ancient and modern times have hurried down the stream of oblivion! Some of their authors had poetical merit, but the fault was in the choice of their subjects. So fully is the strife of war exhausted by Homer, that Virgil and Tasso could add to it but little novelty; no wonder, therefore, that so many Epics on battles and sieges have been suffered to sink into utter neglect. Camoëns, perhaps, did not weigh these circumstances; but the strength of his poetical genius directed him. He could not but feel what it was to read Virgil after Homer; and the original turn and force of his mind

led him from the beaten track of Helens and Lavinias, Achilleſes, and Heſtors, ſieges and ſlaughters, where the hero hews down and drives to flight whole armies with his own ſword. To conſtitute a poem worthy of the name of Epic in the higheſt and ſtricteſt ſenſe, ſome grand characteristics of ſubject and conduct, peculiarly its own, are abſolutely neceſſary. Of all the moderns, Camoëns and Milton have alone attained this grand peculiarity in an eminent degree. Camoëns was the firſt genuine and ſucceſſful poet who wooed the Modern Epic Muſe, and ſhe gave him the wreath of a firſt lover : *A ſort of Epic poetry unheard of before* ; or, as Voltaire calls it in his laſt edition, *une nouvelle eſpèce d'Epopée*. And the grandeſt ſubject it is (of profane hiſtory) which the world has ever beheld *. A voyage eſteemed too great for man to dare ; the adventures of this voyage, through unknown oceans, deemed unnavigable ; the Eaſtern World happily diſcovered, and for ever indiffolubly joined and given to the
Western ;

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

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 Camoëns in the method of pursuing his subject. He has not, like Tasso, given it a total appearance of fiction; nor has he, like Lucan, excluded allegory and poetical machinery. Whether he intended it or not, for his genius was sufficient to suggest its propriety, the judicious precept of Petronius is the model of the *Lusiad*. That elegant writer proposes a poem on the civil war; *Ecce Belli Civilis*, says he, *ingens opus—Non enim res gestæ versibus comprehendendæ sunt (quod longè melius historici faciunt) sed per ambages Deorumque ministeria, & fabulosum sententiarum tormentum præcipitandus est liber spiritus: ut potiùs furentis animi vaticinatio appareat, quam religiosa 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.

witneſſes. Contrary to Lucan, who, in the above rules drawn from the nature of poetry, is feverely condemned by Petronius, Camoëns conducts his poem *per ambages Deorumque ministeria*. The apparition, which in the night hovers athwart the fleet near the Cape of Good Hope, is the grandest fiction in human composition; the invention his own! In the island of Venus, the use of which fiction in an Epic poem is also his own, he has given the completest assemblage of all the flowers which 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. Taffo's imitation of the island of Venus is not equal to the original; and though "Virgil's myrtles * dropping blood are nothing to Taffo's enchanted forest," what are all Ismeno's enchantments to the grandeur and horror of the appearance, prophecy, and evanishment of the spectre of Camoëns †! — It has been long agreed among the critics, that the solemnity of religious observances gives great dignity to the historical narrative of the Epopœia. Camoëns, in the
embarkation

* 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.

embarkation of the fleet, and in several other places, is peculiarly happy in the dignity of religious allusions. Manners and character are also required in the Epic poem. But all the Epics which have appeared, are, except two, mere copies of the Iliad in these. Every one has its Agamemnon, Achilles, Ajax, and Ulysses, its calm, furious, gross, and intelligent hero. Camoëns and Milton happily left this beaten track, this exhausted field, and have given us pictures of manners unknown in the Iliad, the Eneid, and all those poems which may be classed with the Thebaid. The Lusiad abounds with pictures of manners, from those of the highest chivalry, to those of the rudest, fiercest, and most innocent barbarism. In the fifth, sixth, and ninth books, Leonardo and Veloso are painted in stronger colours than any of the inferior characters in Virgil. But striking character, indeed, is not the excellence of the Eneid. That of Monzaida, the friend of Gama, is much superior to that of Achates. The base, selfish, perfidious, and cruel character of the Zamorim and the Moors, are painted in the strongest colours; and the character of Gama himself, is that of the finished hero. His cool command of his passions, his deep sagacity, his fixed intrepidity, his tenderness of heart, his manly piety, and his high enthusiasm in the love of his country, are all displayed in the superlative degree.—And to the novelty of the manners of the Lusiad, let the novelty of fire-arms also be added. It has been said, that the buckler, the bow, and the spear, must ever continue the arms of poetry. Yet, however unsuccessful others may have been, Camoëns has proved that fire-arms may be introduced

with the greatest dignity and finest effect in the Epic poem.

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

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

rival ; or his generosity more honour, than when he addressed this elegant sonnet to the hero of the Lusiad :

S O N N E T T O.

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 men lunge.
 Ond' a quelli, a cui s'alza il nostro polo,
 Et a chi ferma in contra i suoi vestigi,
 Per lui del corso tuo la fama aggiunge.

S O N N E T.

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

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

It only remains to give some account of the version of the *Lusiad*, which is now offered to the public. Besides the translations mentioned in the Life of Camoëns, M. Duperron de Castera, in 1735, gave in French prose a loose unpoetical paraphrase * of the *Lusiad*. Nor does Sir

Richard

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

Soon after the first publication of the English *Lusiad*, a new French prose translation of Camoëns was published by M. de La Harpe. He confesses that he received a literal translation of his author, from a person well acquainted with the original. This, he says, he proposed to animate with the fire of poetry ; and he owns he has sometimes abridged his text. His style, however, is much less poetical than even Castera's, whom he severely condemns. A literal prose translation of poetry is an attempt as absurd as to translate fire into water. What a wretched figure do the most elegant odes of Horace make in a literal prose translation ! And no literal translation for the use of schools was ever more unlike the original, in spirit, vigour, and elegance, than the sometimes literal, and sometimes mangled version of M. de La Harpe, which seems to be published as a sacrifice to the wounded vanity of his admired Voltaire. La Harpe stands forth, against Castera, as the defender of Voltaire's

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.

criticism on the *Lusiad*. Castéra, indeed, has sometimes absurdly defended his author; but a translator of the *Lusiad*, who could not perceive the many gross misrepresentations of Voltaire, must have hurried over his author with very little attention. He adopts the spirit of all Voltaire's objections, and commends only where he commends. Want of unity in the Epic conduct is Voltaire's very rash character of Camoëns. And La Harpe as rashly asserts, that the poem ends in the seventh book when Gama arrives in India. But he might as well have asserted, that the *Eneid* ends with the landing of Eneas in Italy. Both heroes have much to accomplish after their arrival in the desired country. And the return of Gama, after having subdued every danger, is exactly parallel to the death of Turnus. And this return, without which Gama's enterprize is incomplete, is managed by Camoëns, at the close of his poem, in the concise and true spirit of Virgil. A translator of the *Lusiad*, who could not perceive this, is indeed *most ingeniously superficial*. But La Harpe's sentence on the *Paradise Lost*, which he calls "*digne d'un siècle de barbarie*—worthy of an age of barbarity," will give the English reader a just idea of his poetical taste.

* Pope, *Odyss.* xx.

† Richard Fanshaw, Esq. afterwards Sir Richard, was English ambassador, both at Madrid and Lisbon. He had a taste for literature, and translated from the Italian several pieces, which were of service in the refinement of our poetry. Though his
Lusiad,

translation. For this, indeed, no definite rule can be given. The translator's feelings alone must direct him; for

Lusiad, by the dedication of it to *William Earl of Strafford*, dated May 1, 1655, seems as published by himself, we are told by the Editor of his Letters, that "during the unsettled times of our *Anarchy*, some of his MSS. falling by misfortune into unskilful hands, were printed and published without his consent or knowledge, and before he could give them his last finishing strokes: such was his translation of the *Lusiads*."

The great respect due to the memory of a gentleman, who, in the unpropitious age of a Cromwell, endeavoured to cultivate the English Muses, and the acknowledgement of his friend, that his Lusiad received not his finishing strokes, may seem to demand that a veil should be thrown over its faults. And not a blemish should have been pointed out by the present translator, if the reputation of Camoëns were unconcerned, and if it were not a duty he owed his reader to give a specimen of the former translation. We have proved that Voltaire read and drew his opinion of the Lusiad from Fanshaw. And Rapin most probably drew his from the same source. Perspicuity is the characteristic of Camoëns; yet Rapin says, his verses are so obscure they appear like mysteries. Fanshaw is indeed so obscure, that the present translator, in dipping into him, into parts which he had even then translated, has often been obliged to have recourse to the Portuguese, to discover his meaning. Sancho Panza was not fonder of proverbs. He has thrust many into his version. He can never have enough of conceits, low allusions, and expressions. When gathering of flowers, "*as boninas apanhando*," is simply mentioned (C. 9. ft. 24.) he gives it, *gather'd flowers by pecks*. And the Indian regent is avaricious (C. 8. ft. 95.)

Meaning a better penny thence to get.

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

cccxxviii DISSERTATION.

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

in the first book, is the first striking description in the poem, and is thus rendered ;

Lifting a little up his helmet-fight
(’Twas adamant) with confidence enough,
To give his vote himself he placed right
Before the throne of Jove, arm’d, valiant, tough :
And (giving with the butt-end of his pyke
A great thumpe on the floor of purest stuffe)
The heavens did tremble, and Apollo’s light
It went and came, like colour in a fright.

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

For freight out of that isle which seem’d most neer
Unto the continent, behold a number
Of little boats in companie appeer,
Which (clapping all wings on) the long sea funder !
The men are rapt with joy, and with the meer
Excess of it, can only look, and wonder.
What nation’s this, (within themselves they say)
What rites, what laws, what king do they obey ?

Their coming thus : in boats with firs ; nor flat,
But apt t’ o’re-fet (as being pincht and long)
And then they’d swim like rats *. The sayles, of mat
Made of palm leaves wove curiously and strong.
The mens complexion, the self-same with that
HEE gave the earth’s burnt parts (from heaven flung)
Who was more brave than wise ; that this is true
The Po doth know and Lampetusa rue.

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

* Not in the original.

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 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 * in the

* 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

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

rendered English versification dull and tiresome. Several allusions to antient history and fable have for this reason been abridged. e. g. In the prayer of Gama (Book vi.) the mention of Paul, “thou who deliveredst Paul, and defendedst him from quicksands and wild waves—

Das feyrtes arenofas & ondas seas —”

is omitted. However excellent in the original, the prayer in English, such is the difference of languages, would lose both its dignity and ardour, if burthened with a farther enumeration. Nor let the critic, if he find the meaning of Camoëns 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 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 Sofála 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.

proved of these freedoms; and the original is in the hands of the world.

It is with particular pleasure that the translator renews his acknowledgments to those gentlemen who have patronised his work. On his first proposals to give the *Lusiad* in English, the ingenious Mr. Magellan, of the family of the celebrated navigator, was zealous to promote its success. To many Portuguese gentlemen he owes the assistance of books and information, conferred in the most liberal manner: and their approbation of his first edition reconciles him to a review of his labours. Both to public and private libraries he is much indebted; particularly to the valuable collection of Thomas Pearson, Esq. of the East India Company's service. The approbation expressed by several gentlemen of the East India Company, on the appearance of the poem on the Discovery of India in its English dress, gave the translator the sincerest satisfaction. To Governor Johnstone, whose ancestors have been the hereditary patrons of the ancestors of the translator, he is under every obligation which the warmest zeal to promote the success of his undertaking can possibly confer. To this gentleman, in a great measure, the appearance of the *Lusiad* in English is due. To the friendship of Mr. Hoole, the elegant translator of *Tasso*, he is peculiarly indebted. To James Boswell, Esq. he confesses many obligations. And while thus he recollects with pleasure the names of many gentlemen from whom he has received assistance or encouragement, he is happy to be enabled to add Dr. Johnson to the number of
those,

those, whose kindness for the man, and good wishes for the translation, call for his sincerest gratitude. Nor must a tribute to the memory of Dr. Goldsmith be neglected. He saw a part of this version; but he cannot now receive the thanks of the translator.

But, though previous to publication the translator was thus flattered with the approbation of some names, for whom the public bear the greatest respect; though he introduced to the English reader a poem, truly Virgilian, he confessed he had his fears for its fate. And however the approbation of some of the greatest names in the English polite literature may have since gratified his faltering hopes, the conscience of his inability, and the character of the age, gave no false foundation to his uneasy apprehensions. We are not, indeed, in the condition of ancient Rome, when, in the declension of her literature, the Latin tongue was despised, and the Greek only admired. Yet, though a masterly treatise in some branches of literature would immediately receive the reward due to merit; ere the just reputation of his poetry be fixed, the author perhaps may be where the applause of the world cannot come. Long after Shakespeare wrote, and thirty years after the *Paradise Lost* was published, Shaftsbury pronounced that the English Muses were lisping in their cradles. And Temple, a much greater authority in poetical taste, esteems Sidney the greatest of all modern poets. Nor was his neglect of Milton singular. Even though that immortal author's reputation be now fixed, I have known a learned gentleman who could not endure
a line

a line of the *Paradise Lost*; who yet, with seeming rapture, would repeat whole pages of Ovid. There is a charm in the sound of a language which is not debased by familiar use. And as it was in falling Rome, nothing in his vernacular tongue will be highly esteemed by the scholar of dull taste. A work which claims poetical merit, while its reputation is unestablished, is beheld, by the great majority, with a cold and a jealous eye. The present age, indeed, is happily auspicious to Science and the Arts; but Poetry is neither the general taste, nor the fashionable favourite of these * times. Often, in the dispirited hour, have these views obtruded upon the translator. While he has left his author upon the table and wandered in the fields, these views have clothed themselves almost imperceptibly in the stanza and allegory of Spenser. Thus connected with the translation of Camoëns, unfinished as they are, they shall close the introduction to the English *Lusiad*.

Hence, vagrant Minstrel, from my thriving farm,
 Far hence, nor ween to shed thy poison here:
 My hinds despise thy lyre's ignoble charm;
 Seek in the Sloggard's bowers thy ill-earn'd cheer:
There

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

There while thy idle chaunting foothes their ear,
 The noxious thistle choaks their sickly corn ;
 Their apple boughs, ungraff'd, four wildings bear,
 And o'er the ill-fenced dales with fleeces torn
 Unguarded from the fox, their lambkins stray forlorn.

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

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

Yet how sublime, O Bard, the dread behest,
 The awful trust to thee by heaven assign'd!

'Tis

'Tis thine to humanise the savage breast,
 And form in Virtue's mould the youthful mind ;
 Where lurks the latent spark of generous kind,
 'Tis thine to bid the dormant ember blaze :
 Heroic rage with gentlest worth combin'd
 Wide through the land thy forming power displays.
 So spread the olive boughs beneath Dan Phœbus rays.

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

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

And shall the warbled strain or sweetest lyre,
 Thrilling the palace roof at night's deep hour ;
 And shall the nightingales in woodland choir

The

The voice of heaven in sweeter raptures pour !
 Ah no, their song is tranfient as the flower
 Of April morn : In vain the shepherd boy
 Sits liftening in the filent Autumn bower ;
 The year no more reftores the fhort-lived joy ;
 And never more his harp fhall Orpheus' hands employ.

Eternal filence in her cold deaf ear
 Has clofed his ftrain ; and deep eternal night
 Has o'er Apelles' tints, fo bright while-ere,
 Drawn her blank curtains—never to the fight
 More to be given——But cloath'd in heaven's own light
 Homer's bold painting fhall immortal fhine ;
 Wide o'er the world fhall ever found the might,
 The raptured mufic of each deathlefs line :
 For death nor time may touch their living foul divine.

And what the ftrain, though Perez fwell the note,
 High though its rapture, to the Muſe of fire !
 Ah what the tranfient founds, devoid of thought,
 To Shakeſpeare's flame of ever-buming ire,
 Or Milton's flood of mind, till time expire
 Fore-doom'd to flow ; as heaven's dread energy
 Unconfcious of the bounds of place ——

A P P E N D I X.

Cópia das Patentes dos Vice Reis, e Capitães Generaes da India, conforme se achão no Concelho Ultramarino em Lisboa.

“ **D**. N.... por graça de Deos Rey de Portugal e dos Algarves, d’aquem e d’alem-mar em Africa, Senhor de Guiné, e da Conquista, Navegação e Commercio da Ethiopia, Arabia, Perfia, e da India, &c.

“ Faço saber aos que esta minha Carta-Patente virem, que atendendo á qualidade, merecimento, e mais partes que concorrerem na pessoa de N.... Hei por bem de o nomear (como por esta nomeio) no emprego de Vice-Rey, e Capitão-general de mar e terra, dos Estados da India, e suas dependencias, por tempo de trez annos, e o mais que Eu for servido, em quanto lhe não nomear successor; e com o dito governo averá o foldo de 24,000 cruzados pagos em cada hum anno na forma das minhas ordens: e gozara de todas as honras, poderes, mando, jurisdicção, e alçada, que tem, e deque gozárão os providos no dito Governo; e do mais que por minhas ordens lhe for concedido, como Vice-Rey e Capitão-general, meu Lugartenente, e immediato á minha Real Pessoa. Peloque mando ao Vice-Rey seu ante-

cessor, ou á pessoa que estiver governando, dê posse do mesmo Governo geral do Estado da India ao dito N.... E outrossim ordeno a todos os Officiaes de Guerra, Justiça, e Fazenda, que em tudo lhe obedeção, e cumprão suas ordens, e mandados, como a seu Vice-Rey e Capitão-general: e o Tizoureiro, ou Recebedor da minha Fazenda, a quem o recebimento das rendas da India tocar, lhe fará pagamento do referido foldo aos quartéis, por esta Carta-Patente fomite, sem para isto ser necessaria outra Provizão minha, a qual se registará para o dito effeito nos livros da sua despeza, para se lhe levar em conta. E o dito F... jurará em minha Chancellaria, na forma costumada, deque se fará assento nas costas desta minha Carta-Patente; e antes de partir desta Corte, fará em minhas Reaes mãos preito e omenagem pelo dito Governo do Estado da India, e suas Conquistas dependentes. E por firmeza de tudo lhe mandei passar esta Carta-Patente por mim assignada, e sellada com o Sello Grande de minhas Armas, &c.

Dada na cidade de Lisboa, &c.

El Rey.

N O T I C I A S.

1. Os Vice-Reys da India tinham huma jurifdição suprema, como se vê das suas Patentes: e erão unicamente sujeitos, no fim do seu governo, a huma devaça de residencia, que El Rey mandava tirar do seu procedimento, por hum Ministro civil. Nesta devaça devião jurar todas as Ordens do Estado; principiando-se pela *Camera* (ou seja *Concelho Municipal*); e continuando-se pelos Officiaes das mais repartiçoens civis, como a Relação de Goa, os Ministros e Officiaes da Fazenda, os Generais e Officiaes Militares, sem excepção de pessoa alguma.

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

2. Na

2. Na Índia avia alem do Vice-Rey e de dous Secretarios de Estado, os Tribunaes seguintes em Goa: a Inquizição para as couzas da Religião: o Tribunal do Ordinario para os mais Negocios Eccleziasticos: uma Junta das Missoens, independente do Bispo, mas sujeita á inspecção dos Vice-Reys, na qual Junta prezidia o Superior dos Jezuitas: huma Relação (tribunal superior de Judicatura) Com hum Chanceller-mór para os negocios civis, com appellação para o Tribunal supremo do Reino (em Portugal): hum Concelho da Fazenda, e o Senado da Camera.

3. O Vice-Rey era Regedor das Justiças, & como tal era Prezidente da sobredita Relação, & do referido Concelho da Fazenda: não se podendo dispender couza alguma sem hum despacho, ou portaria do mesmo Vice-Rey. Este, como Lugar-tenente d'El Rey, governava sem limitação sobre os Militares; conferia Patentes até o posto de Capitaens inclusivè: nomeava interinamente todos os mais Postos superiores; e conferia todos os Governos da sua dependencia, que não vinhão providos pela Corte. Nos cazos criminaes, affim civis, como militares, a Relação e o Concelho de Guerra da Índia tinhão o direito supremo de vida e morte: e o Vice-Rey, como Prezidente, tinha o direito de desempate nos cazos de igoaldade de votos.

4. Alem dos referidos estabelecimentos, o Senado da Camera tinha os mesmos direitos de policia, que tem todos os do Reino: e alem disso o direito de representação a o mesmo Vice-Rey; e de se-queixar, em Corpo de Tribunal, em direitura à sua Magestade a Lisboa.

5. Quando avia vacancia de Vice-Reys, por cauza de morte, o Arcebispo, o Chanceler da Relação, e o Official Militar de maior Patente, tomavão o governo do Estado; e exercitavão promiscuamente todas as funções, assignando todos juntos as ordens que davão.

6. O Commercio da Asia pertencia inteiramente a El Rey, e tudo se fazia por conta da Coroa, em navios proprios: para o que tinham estabelecido, por parte de mesma Coroa, e á sua custa, diferentes Feitorias em todos os Estabelecimentos da Asia, administrados por Feitores e Officiaes da Fazenda Real, debaixo da jurisdicção dos Vice-Reys; os quais davão contas no fim de 3 annos da sua administração, ao Concelho da Fazenda da India: e este as dava ao Concelho-Ultramarino de Lisboa, na sequinta monção. Este commercio se fazia em frotas, que partião da India, e depositavão tudo nos Armazaens Reaes da Caza assim chamada (da India) em Lisboa: donde se vendia por conta da Fazenda Real, aos nacionaes, e aos estrangeiros.

7. Os Vice-Reys obtiverão a liberdade de fazerem commercio para o Reino; porem não podião exceder de huma porção limitada, que se lhes arbitrou. A mesma faculdade se estendeu aodepois disso a muitas outras pessoas, tanto civis, como militares; porem com grandes limitações e rezervas; exceptuando sempre as pedras preciosas, perolas e aljofar, cujo commercio se deu exclusivamente ás Rainhas de Portugal, para seu patrimonio: assim como também o da pimenta. O commercio das outras especiarias, do falitre, sandalo, e porcelana, sempre foi reservado á Coroa.

8. Prohibio-se em fim aos Vice-Reys e a todos os Officiaes Civis e Militares de fazerem commercio algum por huma Lei que foi promulgada no anno de 1687.

9. O governo da India foi alterado no anno de 1773. Abolio-se o Vice-Reynado, ficando em Capitaens Generaes. Deu-se uma nova formã à arrecadação da Fazenda, estabelecendo-se hum Erario Regio, no forma do Erario de Lisboa. Abolio-se a Inquizição, e o Tribunal de Relação: ficando a administração da Justiça, nas mãos dos Ouvidores Geraes, com appellação para
Lisboa.

Lisboa. Mandou-se estabelcer no mesmo Estado o mesmo regulamento militar, que se practica em Portugal : e pagar as tropas por conta da Coroa em dinheiro ; por quanto esta despeza era feita d'antes pelos Capitaens que exercião monopolios onerosos, pagando aos foldados o sustento e o fardamento por sua conta.

Copy of the King's Letters Patent, given to the Vice-Roys, supreme Commanders of Portuguese East India, according to the original kept in the King's Office, called Concelho Ultramarino in Lisbon.

“ Don N. by the grace of God King of Portugal and Algarves, on this side of the sea, and on that of Africa ; Lord of Guinea, and of the Conquest, Navigation, and Commerce of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, and India, &c.

“ Be it known to all to whom this my Letter Patent may come, that, attentive to the qualities, merits, and talents of N. I am pleased to name him (as I do hereby) to the office of Vice-Roy and Generalissimo of the sea and land, in the States of India, and dependencies thereon, for the space of three years, and till such time after as I shall appoint another to succeed him ; and on account of this government I appoint him a salary of 24,000 * cruzados, to be paid to him every year according to this my commission : and he shall enjoy all the honours, powers, command, jurisdiction, and authority, which now holds the present Vice-Roy, and formerly did his predecessors in the same government, and besides whatever further grants I may allow to him as Vice-Roy, Generalissimo, and my Locum-tenens immediate to my Royal Person. On account of which I order the till now Vice-Roy of India, or whosoever holds in his stead the government of that State, to deliver up to the said N. the same government at his arrival. And moreover I order all the officers of

* Two thousand six hundred and sixty-six pounds sterling.

of War, of the King's-bench, and of the Exchequer, to obey him in every respect, and execute his orders or commands, as their Vice-Roy and Generalissimo : and the Lord Treasurer or high Receiver of the Revenue in that State, shall make him payment of the aforesaid Salary quarterly, according to this present Letter Patent, without waiting for any further orders of mine ; which payment being registered in the book of the expences of State, shall be reckoned as one of them. And the said N. shall swear in the High Court of my Chancery in the accustomed form ; an attestation of which shall be taken on the back of this Letter Patent : and before his departure from shore, he shall swear obedience, and do homage on my Royal hands, for the said government of India and its dependencies : and as a test and confirmation of the whole, I have ordered this my Letter Patent to be passed, which shall be signed by me, and sealed with the Great Seal of my Arms, &c.

Given at Lisbon, &c.

O B S E R V A T I O N S.

1. The Vice-Roys of India held a supreme jurisdiction, as appears by their Letters Patent, and were only subject at the end of their government to an Inquest on the discharge of their official duty and personal behaviour, which the King always ordered to be made by a Civil Magistrate. Into this Inquest were to be sworn all ranks of the State, the Members of the Supreme Council of the India administration, and those of all the other Councils and Courts, the King's Bench of Judges at Goa, the Ministers and Officers of the India Exchequer and King's Revenue, as well as all the Generals and Military Officers of the State, without exception of any person soever.

The result of this general inquest was to be sent directly to the King's Council at Lisbon : and there to be judged accordingly.

ingly. But if the new Vice-Roy, in consequence of any complaints having been made to the King's Privy Council against his predecessor, had got particular orders from the king, he then could, on finding him guilty by the aforefaid inquest, commit him to prison, and send him under confinement to Lisbon, to be judged by the King's Privy Council, or by the King himself.

2. There were in India, besides the Vice-Roy and two Secretaries of State, who acted with him as a kind of Privy Council, the following Tribunals in Goa, viz. The Inquisition of the affairs of Religion: An Ecclesiastical or Spiritual Court, with the Bishop at their head, for the affairs which fall under the cognizance of the Church: A Board or Council for the Propagation of the Gospel, without any dependence upon the Bishop, but only subjected to the inspection of the Vice-Roys, of which Council the Superior of the Jesuits was President: The King's Bench, consisting of a Chancellor and a certain number of high Judges, named by the King, for the Civil affairs, from whom there could be no appeal but to the supreme King's Bench of the high Judges at Lisbon: A Council or Court of the Exchequer, for the King's Revenue: And a kind of a Court, [*like the Common Council of London,*] but very few in number, for the police of Goa.

3. The Vice-Roy being, on account of his office, a kind of High Chancellor of the State, was in consequence thereof President of the supreme King's Bench of high or great Judges, and of the Court of the Exchequer already mentioned: nor could any expence or disbursement be made by this last, without consent and permission signed by himself. He, as a Locumtenens of the King, had an unlimited authority and command over the whole military departments: he conferred all the military Commissions in the Army, not above those of Captains; and even appointed any superior Officers, till these offices were

filled up by the King's nomination ; and, finally, he nominated and gave all other commissions and charges under him, which were not provided by the King. In all criminal cases, both civil and military, the above King's Bench of high Judges, and the Council of War, or Court Martial, held the decisive authority of Life and Death : But the Vice-Roys had the casting-vote, as Presidents of both, in case of an equality of votes.

4. Besides the aforesaid civil establishments, the Municipal Court, under the name of Senate of the *Camera*, [*which was like the Common Council of London, though composed of much fewer members*] was vested with the same authority and exclusive power, in regard to matters of police, as that of Portugal ; it had also the right of addressing and petitioning the Vice-Roys, and even of applying by common consent, as a civil body, for redress, to the King himself, at Lisbon.

5. On the death of the Vice-Roy, during his government, the Archbishop of Goa, the Chancellor of the King's Bench or Council of Justice, and the Military Officer of highest rank and of oldest commission, were to take the government of the State, and to exercise conjointly all its functions ; all three signing together whatever orders they gave.

6. The whole Commerce of Asia belonged solely to the King ; and was carried on, on account of the Crown, in the King's ships. To this end there were established different factories, by the authority and at the expence of the Crown, in all the settlements of Asia, with proper Officers and Clerks, under the jurisdiction of the Vice-Roys ; who at the end of every three years were to render an account of their management to the India Exchequer, by which it was sent to the high Council Ultramarine at Lisbon in the next * *monsoon*. This commerce was

* *Monsoon* means here the stated times in which the Portuguese India ships used to sail to Lisbon.

carried

carried on by fleets, which sailed from India, and deposited their cargoes in the Royal warehouses of the East India House at Lisbon; from whence they were sold on behalf of the Royal Revenue, both to the Portuguese and to foreigners*.

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

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

9. The government of the Portuguese East India was lately altered, in the year 1773. The title of Vice-Roy was abolished, and changed into that of Captain-General. A new form of levying the Duties, and managing the King's Revenue was established.

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

† The Queens of Portugal have a kind of patrimony assigned to them by the State: it consists of different cities, towns, and villages, whose duties and customs belong to the Queen's household or revenue. They have a Secretary of State, with a council of their own, an exchequer for their own revenue: and all the justices of peace, judges, and officers of the Queen's State, are of her Majesty's nomination.

‡ A kind of red wood, for dying with, like the Brazil wood.

established. A new Royal Treasury or Exchequer was erected, like that of Lisbon, known by the name of *Royal Erarium*. The court of Inquisition was abolished, as well as the supreme Tribunal of the King's Bench, the administration of Justice being put into the hands of Auditors-General, from whom there may be an appeal to the High Tribunal at Lisbon. The same military regulations, as now practised in Portugal, were extended to India: and the troops were ordered to be paid in ready money, on account of the Crown; the pay of the Soldiers having formerly passed through the hands of the Captains, who exercised considerable monopolies in the management of it, by paying them in provisions and cloaths, &c. from their own warehouses.

Ambitious of giving his historical narrative the last confirmation, the Translator applied for assistance to some gentlemen, who, on the appearance of the English *Lusiad*, honoured him with their correspondence. He entreated that, if possible, a copy of the commission of the Viceroy might be procured, together with an abstract of the laws and constitution of Portuguese Asia. And the foregoing papers, of which he has given a translation, were remitted to him from the Continent. During the Spanish usurpation, the affairs of India fell into the deepest anarchy. When John IV. ascended the throne of Portugal, he endeavoured to restore regularity to the government of his eastern empire; and from the regulations of that monarch and his successors the above *Noticias* were carefully extracted. There is no copy of the Viceroy's commission of older date than the beginning of the reign of John IV. the former papers relative to the government of India having probably been removed to Madrid. But the commission itself bears a proof that it was in the *usual form*; and the regulations of John, which remain upon record, appear, by the testimony of history, to be only a
confirm-

confirmation of the former government of India, with a great diminution of the Viceroy's salary, and perhaps some few novel establishments which did not affect the spirit of the constitution. By the latest alterations, it appears, that the constitution of Lisbon, ever was, and is, the grand model of the government of Portuguese Asia.

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

“ Emmanuel, earnest to prosecute what his predecessor Don
 “ John had begun for the discovery of India, ordered Fernan
 “ Lorenzo, Treasurer of the house of the Myna (*on the golden*
 “ *coast*) to build with the timber that was bought in king John's
 “ time, two ships, which, after they were finished, he named
 “ the Angel Gabriel, being of one hundred and twenty tons
 “ burthen,

“ burthen, and the Saint Raphael, of one hundred tons. And
 “ to accompany these ships the king bought of a pilot who was
 “ born in Lagos, named Berrio, a caravel of fifty tons, which
 “ bore the name of the Pilot. Beside these, he bought a ship
 “ of two hundred tons of one Ayres Correa. . . . The king also
 “ appointed Bartholomew Diaz to go along with them in a ca-
 “ ravel to the Myna. And because the ships of war could not
 “ carry provisions sufficient for the voyage, the king gave or-
 “ ders that the ship of Correa should be laden with provisions,
 “ and accompany the fleet to the bay of St. Blas, where it
 “ would be necessary to take in fresh water; and the store-ship
 “ was to be there unloaded and burnt. The Captain General
 “ went in the ship called St. Gabriel, having for pilot one Pedro
 “ de Alanquer, who had been pilot to Bartholomew Diaz,
 “ when he discovered the river called *El ryo del Ynfante*. Paulus
 “ de Gama, brother of the Captain General, went in the ship
 “ called St. Raphael; Nicolas Coello went in the caravel
 “ named Berrio; and Gonfalo Gomez commanded the store-
 “ ship.” The number of the crews of this squadron, according
 to Castaneda, was 148 men; according to others, 160. Gama
 and his brother, and the ten malefactors who were on board,
 were perhaps not included in Castaneda’s account.

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

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

When Gama failed from Lisbon, it was unknown that a great and potent Commonwealth of Mohammedan merchants deeply skilled in all the arts and views of commerce, were scattered over the Eastern World. Gama, therefore, did not fail to India with a warlike fleet, like that which first followed him under Cabral, but with a squadron every way proper for discovery. The Portuguese historians ascribe the shipwreck of many Portuguese vessels on the voyage between Europe and India to the avarice of their owners, in building them of an enormous bulk, of 4, 5, and 600 tons. The fleet of Gama was therefore not only of the most perfect size which the art of ship-building could then produce, but was also superior in number, and nearly of the draught * of water with the vessels which at this day are sent out on voyages of discovery. The disposition of Gama's voyage is also worthy of notice : the captain who had already past the great southern promontory of Africa, to accompany him to a certain latitude ; the pilot who had failed with that captain, to go the whole voyage ; the size of Coello's caravel, proper to enter creeks and rivers ; and the appointment of the store-ship ; are circumstances which display a knowledge of and attention to maritime affairs, greatly superior to any thing discovered by the court of Spain in the equipments of Columbus and Magalhaens. The warlike strength
of

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

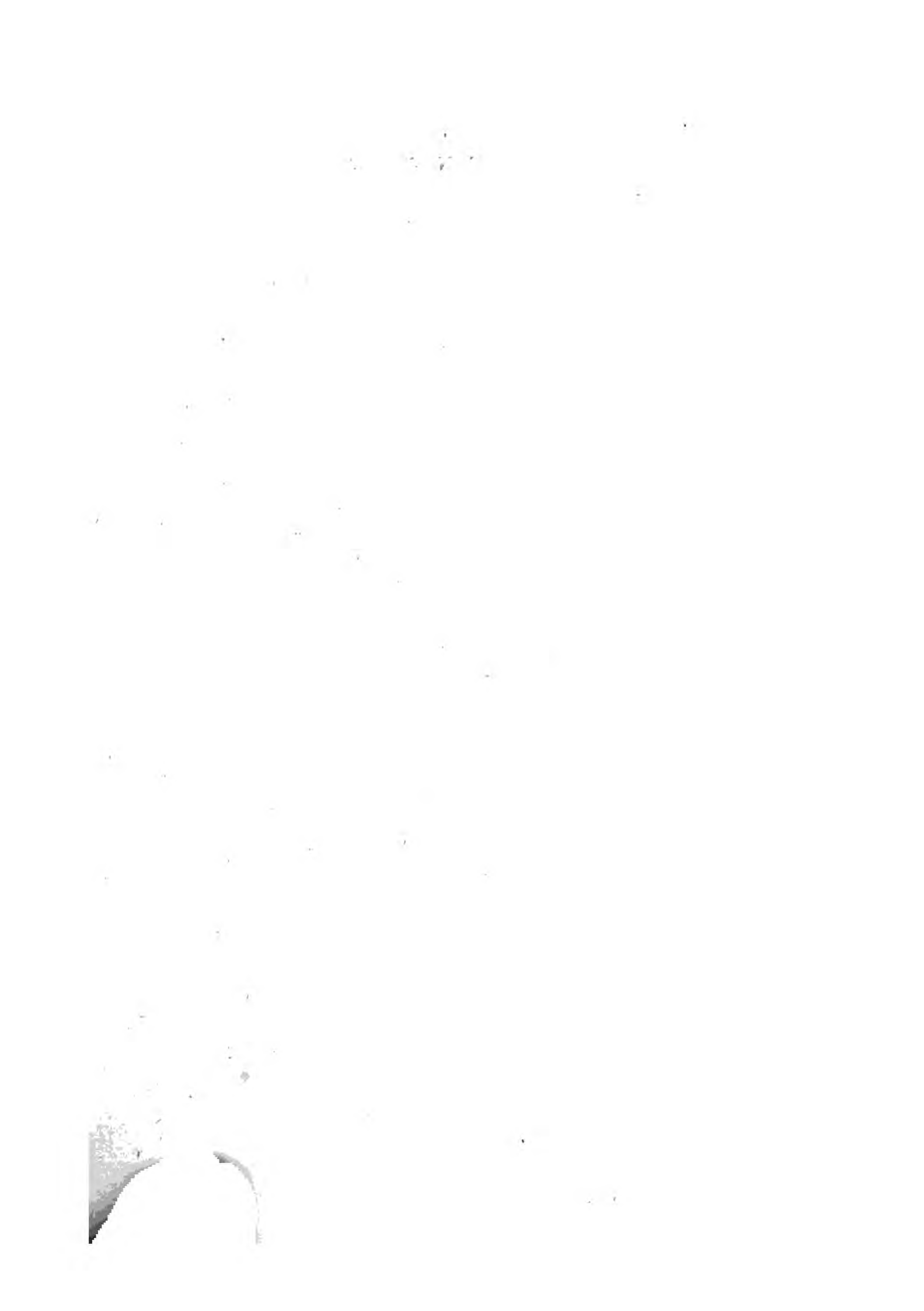
of Gama's fleet was greatly superior to that of the first voyage of Columbus, and little inferior to that of Magalhaens; though Magalhaens, who had been in India, well knew the hostile disposition of the natives. In the art of war the Indians were greatly inferior to the Moors, and the Moors were as inferior to the Portuguese. And the squadron of Gama not only defeated the whole naval force of the first maritime state of India, but in every attack was victorious over the superior numbers of the Moors. These circumstances are clearly evinced in our history of the Discovery of India; and this comparative discussion will not only give an accurate idea of the progress which the Portuguese had made in navigation, but is also, perhaps, necessary in support of the reputation of this work. Had an author of ordinary rank represented the squadron of Gama as *extremely feeble, consisting only of three * vessels, of neither burthen nor force adequate to the service*—such condemnation of our narrative had been here unnoticed. But when a celebrated and justly admired historian, in a work published about one year and an half after the first appearance of the *Lusiad*, has given such representation of the equipment of Gama, directly contrary to the light in which it is there placed, the foregoing detail will not appear, it is hoped, an unnecessary or rude vindication. We have followed the ample and circumstantial accounts of the Portuguese writers, and not the imperfect and cursory abstracts of the Spanish historians when they allude to the affairs of their sister kingdom-

* * * To our former accounts of Portuguese Literature let the following be added: In 1741, an heroic poem was published in Portuguese by the Count de Ericeyra. It is named *Henriqueida*, and celebrates the establishment of the kingdom of Portugal. Though it has some extravagancies, it contains an ardent spirit of true poetry. And in the preface and notes the
author

* See *Hist Americ.* vol. i. p. 145.

author has given many judicious criticisms, and by his opinion of Milton discovers a strength of mind greatly superior to that frivolousness, that poverty of taste, which the French generally betray, when they criticise the works of that great poet. The translator has been favoured with the following account of this noble author by a learned and ingenious gentleman of Portugal; for whose favours he here returns his acknowledgements.

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



THE
L U S I A D^a.

B O O K I.

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

With

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

^b *Thro' seas where sail was never spread before*.—M. Duperron de Castéra, the French translator of the *Lusiad*, has given a long note on this passage, which he tells us, must not be understood literally. His arguments are these: Our author, says he, could not be ignorant that the African and Indian oceans had been navigated before the times of the Portuguese. The Phœnicians, whose fleets passed the straits of Gibraltar, made frequent voyages in these seas, though they carefully concealed the course of their navigation that

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

other nations might not become partakers of their lucrative traffic. It is certain that Solomon, and Hiram king of Tyre, sent ships to the East by the Red Sea. It is also certain that Hanno, a Carthaginian captain, made a voyage round the whole coast of Africa, as is evident from the history of the expedition, written by himself in the Punic language; a Greek translation of which is now extant. Besides, Pliny, Pomponius Mela, Ptolomy, and Strabo assure us, that Mozambic and the adjacent islands, and some parts of India, were known to the Romans: and these words of Macrobius, *Sed nec monstruosis carnibus abstinetis, inferentes poculis testiculos Castorum et venenata corpora Viperarum; quibus admiscetis quidquid India nutrit*, sufficiently prove that they carried on a considerable traffic with the East. From all which, says M. Caſtera, we may conclude that the Portuguese were rather the restorers than the discoverers of the navigation to the Indies.

In this first book, and throughout the whole poem, Camoëns frequently describes his heroes as passing through seas which had never before been navigated; and

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

That this supposition afforded our author a number of poetical images, and adds a solemn grandeur to his subject, might perhaps with M. Caſtera be esteemed a sufficient apology for the poetical licence in such a violation of historical truth. Yet whatever liberties an epic or tragic poet may commendably take in embellishing the actions of his heroes, an assertion relative to the scene where his poem opens, if false, must be equally ridiculous as to call Vespasian the first who had ever assumed the title of Cæsar. But it will be found that Camoëns has not fallen into such absurdity. The poem opens with a description of the Lusitanian fleet, after having doubled the Cape of Good Hope, driving about in the great Ethiopian ocean, so far from land that it required the care of the Gods to conduct it to some hospitable shore. Therefore, though it is certain that the Phœnicians passed the *Ne plus ultra* of the ancients; though it is probable they traded on the coast of Cornwall, and the isles of Scilly; though there is some reason to believe that the Madeiras and Carribees were known to them; and though it has
been

Vent'rous I sing, on soaring pinions borne,
 And all my country's wars the song ^c 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 ^d rear'd :

Illustrious

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

^c *And all my country's wars.*—"He interweaves artfully the history of Portugal." *Voltaire.*

^d *To holy faith unnumber'd altars rear'd.*—In no period of history does human nature appear with more shocking features than in the Spanish conquest of South America. To the immortal honour of the *first* Portuguese discoverers, their conduct was in every respect the reverse. To establish a traffic equally advantageous to the natives as to themselves, was the principle

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

Let Fame with wonder name the Greek no more,
What lands he saw, what toils at sea he bore;
No more the Trojan's wandering voyage boast,
What storms he brav'd on many a per'lous coast:
No more let Rome exult in Trajan's name,
Nor eastern conquests Ammon's pride proclaim;
A nobler hero's deeds demand my lays
Than e'er adorn'd the song of ancient days;
Illustrious GAMA, whom the waves obey'd,
And whose dread sword the fate of empire sway'd.

And

they professed, and the strictest honour, and that humanity which is ever inseparable from true bravery, presided over their transactions. Nor did they ever proceed to hostilities till provoked, either by the open violence or by the perfidy of the natives. Their honour was admired, and their friendship courted by the Indian princes. To mention no more, the name of Gama was dear to them, and the great Albuquerque was beloved as a father, and his memory honoured with every token of affection and respect by the people and princes of India. It was owing to this spirit of honour and humanity, which in the heroic days of Portugal characterised that nation, that the religion of the Portuguese was eagerly embraced by many kings and provinces of Africa and India; while the Mexicans with manly disdain rejected the faith of the Spaniards, professing they would rather go to hell to escape these cruel tyrants, than go to heaven, where they were told they 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.

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,

Given

† *And thou, O born.*—King Sebastian, who came to the throne in his minority. Though the warm imagination of Camoëns anticipated the praises of the future hero, the young monarch, like Virgil's Pollio, had not the happiness to fulfil the prophecy. His endowments and enterprising genius promised indeed a glorious reign. Ambitious of military laurels, he led a powerful army into Africa, on purpose to replace Muley Hamet on the throne of Morocco, from which he had been deposed by Muley Molucco. On the 4th of August 1578, in the twenty-fifth year of his age, he gave battle to the usurper on the plains of Alcazar. This was that memorable engagement, to which the Moorish emperor, extremely weakened by sickness, was carried in his litter. By the impetuosity of the attack, the first line of the Moorish infantry was broken, and the second disordered. Muley Molucco on this mounted his horse, drew his sabre, and would have put himself at the head of his troops, but was prevented by his attendants.

Given to the world to spread religion's fway,
 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

tendants. On this act of violence, his emotion of mind was so great that he fell from his horse, and one of his guards having caught him in his arms, conveyed him to his litter, where, putting his finger on his lips to enjoin them silence, he immediately expired. Hamet Taba stood by the curtains of the carriage, opened them from time to time, and gave out orders as if he had received them from the emperor. Victory declared for the Moors, and the defeat of the Portuguese was so total, that not above fifty of their whole army escaped. Hieron de Mendoça and Sebastian de Mefa relate, that Don Sebastian, after having two horses killed under him, was surrounded and taken; but the party who had secured him quarrelling among themselves whose prisoner he was, a Moorish officer rode up and struck the king a blow over the right eye, which brought him to the ground; when, despairing of ransom, the others killed him. Faria y Sousa, an exact and judicious historian, reports, that Lewis de Brito meeting the king with the royal standard wrapped round him, Sebastian cried out, "Hold it fast, let us die upon it." Brito affirmed, that after he himself was taken prisoner, he saw the king at a distance unpursued. Don Lewis de Lima afterwards met him making towards the river; and this, says the historian, was the last time he was ever seen alive. About twenty years after this fatal defeat there appeared a stranger at Venice, who called himself Sebastian, king of Portugal. His person so perfectly resembled Sebastian, that the Portuguese of that city acknowledged him for their sovereign. Philip II. of Spain was now master of the crown and kingdom of Portugal. His ambassador at Venice charged this stranger with many atrocious crimes, and had interest to get him apprehended and thrown into prison as an impostor. He underwent twenty-eight examinations before a committee of the nobles, in which he clearly acquitted himself of all the crimes that had been laid to his charge; and he gave a distinct account of the manner in which he had passed his time from the fatal defeat at Alcazar. It was objected, that the successor of Muley Molucco sent a corpse to Portugal which had been owned as that of the king by the Portuguese nobility who survived the battle. To this he replied, that his valet-de-chambre had produced that body to facilitate his escape, and that the nobility acted upon the same motive: and Mefa and

Baena

At thy commanding frown we trust to see,
 The Turk and Arab bend the suppliant knee :
 Beneath the ^ε morn, dread king, thine empire lies,
 When midnight veils thy Lusitanian skies ;

And

Bacna confess, that some of the nobility, after their return to Portugal, acknowledged, that the corpse was so disfigured with wounds that it was impossible to know it. He shewed natural marks on his body, which many remembered on the person of the king whose name he assumed. He entered into a minute detail of the transactions that had passed between himself and the republic, and mentioned the secrets of several conversations with the Venetian ambassadors in the palace of Lisbon. The committee were astonished, and shewed no disposition to declare him an impostor; the senate however refused to discuss the great point, unless requested by some prince or state in alliance with them. This generous part was performed by the Prince of Orange, and an examination was made with great solemnity, but no decision followed, only the senate set him at liberty, and ordered him to depart their dominions in three days. In his flight he fell into the hands of the Spaniards, who conducted him to Naples, where they treated him with the most barbarous indignities. After they had often exposed him, mounted on an ass, to the cruel insults of the brutal mob, he was shipped on board a galley as a slave. He was then carried to St. Lucar, from thence to a castle in the heart of Castile, and never was heard of more. The firmness of his behaviour, his singular modesty and heroic patience, are mentioned with admiration by Le Clede. To the last he maintained the truth of his assertions; a word never slipped from his lips which might countenance the charge of imposture, or justify the cruelty of his persecutors. All Europe was astonished at the ministry of Spain, who, by their method of conducting it, had made an affair so little to their credit, the topic of general conversation; and their assertion, that the unhappy sufferer was a magician, was looked upon as a tacit acknowledgment of the truth of his pretensions.

^ε *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 Camoëns was warmed with the view of his country's greatness, and that he talks of its power and grandeur in a strain, which must appear as mere hyperbole to those whose ideas of Portugal are drawn from its present broken spirit and diminished state.

And when descending in the western main
 The sun ^h 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 the Aonian page,

The

^h *The sun.*—Imitated perhaps from Rutilius, speaking of the Roman empire,

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

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

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

The dreams of bards surpass'd the world shall view,
 And own their boldest fictions may be true ;
 Surpass'd, and dimm'd by the superior blaze
 Of GAMA's mighty deeds, which here bright Truth displays.
 Nor more let History boast her heroes old ;
 Their glorious rivals here, dread prince, behold :
 Here shine the valiant Nunio's deeds unfeign'd,
 Whose single arm the falling state sustain'd ;
 Here fearless Egas' wars, and, Fuas, thine,
 To give full ardour to the song combine ;
 But ardour equal to your martial ire
 Demands the thundering sounds of Homer's lyre.
 To match the twelveⁱ 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 fires, to whom the bended knee
 Of vanquish'd Afric bow'd. Nor less in fame,
 He who confin'd the rage of civil flame,
 The godlike John, beneath whose awful sword
 Rebellion crouch'd, and trembling own'd him Lord.

Those

ⁱ 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 unfur'd,
 And spread thy banners o'er the eastern world,
 Whose spears subdued the kingdoms of the morn,
 Their names, and glorious wars the song adorn;
 The daring GAMA, whose unequal'd name
 Proud monarch shines o'er all of naval fame:
 Castro the bold, in arms a peerless knight,
 And stern Pacheco, dreadful in the fight:
 The two Almeydas, names for ever dear,
 By Tago's nymphs embalmed with many a tear;
 Ah, still their early fate the nymphs shall mourn,
 And bathe with many a tear their hapless urn:
 Nor shall the godlike Albuquerque restrain
 The muse's fury; o'er the purpled plain
 The muse shall lead him in his thundering car
 Amidst his glorious brothers of the war,
 Whose fame in arms resounds from sky to sky,
 And bids their deeds the power of death defy.
 And while, to thee, I tune the dutious lay,
 Assume, O potent king! thine empire's sway;
 With thy brave host through Afric march along,
 And give new triumphs to immortal song:
 On thee with earnest eyes the nations wait,
 And cold with dread the Moor expects his fate;
 The barbarous mountaineer on Taurus' brows
 To thy expected yoke his shoulder bows;
 Fair Thetis woos thee with her blue domain,
 Her nuptial son, and fondly yields her reign;

And from the bowers of heaven thy grandfires ^k 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 ^l for thee.
 Yet while thy youthful hand delays to wield
 The scepter'd power, or thunder of the field,
 Here view thine Argonauts, in seas unknown,
 And all the terrors of the burning zone,
 Till their proud standards, rear'd in other skies,
 And all their conquests meet thy wondering ^m eyes.

Now far from land, o'er Neptune's dread abode
 The Lusitanian fleet triumphant rode ;

Onward

^k *Thy grandfires.*—John III. king of Portugal, celebrated for a long and peaceful reign ; and the emperor Charles V. who was engaged in almost continual wars.

^l ——— *reserv'd for thee* ———

Anne novum tardis fidus te mensibus addas,

Qua locus Erigonen inter chelasque sequentes

Panditur : ipse tibi jam brachia contrahit ardens

Scorpius, et cæli justapulus parte reliquit.

VIRG.

^m ——— *thy wondering eyes.*—Some critics have condemned Virgil for stopping his narrative to introduce even a short observation of his own. Milton's beautiful complaint of his blindness has been blamed for the same reason, as being no part of the subject of his poem. The address of Camoëns to Don Sebastian has not escaped the same censure ; though in some measure undeservedly, as the poet has had the art to interweave therein some part of the general argument of his poem.

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 plow'd ;
Unplow'd before the green-ting'd billows rose,
And curl'd and whiten'd round the nodding prows.
When Jove, the god who with a thought controls
The raging seas, and balances the poles,
From heav'n beheld, and will'd, in sov'reign state,
To fix the Eastern World's depending fate :
Swift at his nod th' Olympian herald flies,
And calls th' immortal senate of the skies ;
Where, from the sov'reign throne of earth and heaven,
Th' immutable decrees of fate are given.
Instant the regents of the spheres of light,
And those who rule the paler orbs of night,
With those, the gods whose delegated sway
The burning South and frozen North obey ;
And they whose empires see the day-star rise,
And evening Phœbus leave the western skies ;
All instant pour'd along the milky road,
Heaven's crystal pavements glittering as they trode :
And now, obedient to the dread command,
Before their awful Lord in order stand.

Sublime and dreadful on his regal throne,
That glow'd with stars, and bright as lightning shone.

Th'

Th' immortal fire, who darts the thunder, fate,
The crown and sceptre added solemn state ;
The crown, of heaven's own pearls, whose ardent rays,
Flam'd round his brows, outshone the diamond's blaze :
His breath such gales of vital fragrance shed,
As might, with sudden life, inspire the dead :
Supreme control thron'd in his awful eyes
Appear'd, and mark'd the monarch of the skies.
On seats that burn'd with pearl and ruddy gold,
The subject gods their sovereign lord enfold,
Each in his rank, when, with a voice that shook
The towers of heaven, the world's dread ruler spoke :

Immortal heirs of light, my purpose hear,
My counsels ponder, and the fates revere :
Unless oblivion o'er your minds has thrown
Her dark blank shades, to you, ye gods, are known
The 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 feats 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

While Victory her eagle-wings display'd
 Where'er their warriors wave the shining blade.
 Nor rests unknown how Lufus' heroes stood
 When Rome's ambition dy'd the world with blood;
 What glorious laurels Viriatusⁿ gain'd,
 How oft his sword with Roman gore was stain'd;

And

ⁿ *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 Veltius the prætor, who commanded in Lusitania, or farther Spain. After this he defeated in three pitched battles, the prætors C. Plautius Hypsæus, and Claudius Unimanus, though they led against him very numerous armies. For six years he continued victorious, putting the Romans to flight wherever he met them, and laying waste the countries of their allies. Having obtained such advantages over the proconsul Servilianus, that the only choice which was left to the Roman army was death or slavery; the brave Viriatus, instead of putting them all to the sword, as he could easily have done, sent a deputation to the general, offering to conclude a peace with him on this single condition, *That he should continue master of the country now in his power, and that the Romans should remain possessed of the rest of Spain.*

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

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

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 counfels of the gods reveal'd.
And now ambitious to extend their fway
Beyond their conquests on the fouthmoft bay
Of Afric's fwarthy coast, on floating wood
They brave the terrors of the dreary flood,
Where only black-wing'd mifts have hover'd o'er,
Or driving clouds have fail'd the wave before ;
Beneath new skies they hold their dreadful way
'To reach the cradle of the new-born day :
And Fate, whose mandates unrevok'd remain,
Has will'd, that long fhall Lufus' offspring reign
'The lords of that wide fea, whose waves behold
The fun come forth enthron'd in burning gold.
But now the tedious length of winter paff,
Distrefs'd and weak, the heroes faint at laft.
What gulphs they dar'd, you faw, what ftorms they brav'd,
Beneath what various heavens their banners wav'd !
Now mercy pleads, and foon the rifing land
To their glad eyes fhall o'er the waves expand.

A9

° *Who feign'd a dæmon.*—Sertorius, who was invited by the Lufitanians to defend them againft the Romans. He had a tame white hind, which he had accuftomed to follow him, and from which he pretended to receive the inftructions of Diana. By this artifice he impofed upon the fuperftition of that people.—Vid. PLUT.

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

Urania-

^p *But chief was Bacchus.*—The French translator has the following note on this place: *Le Camoëns n'a pourtant fait en cela que suivre l'exemple de l'Ecriture, comme on le voit dans ces paroles du premiere chapitre de Job. Quidam autem die cum venissent, &c. Un jour que les enfans du Seigneur s'etoient assemblez devant son trone, Satan y vint aussi, &c.*

^q *No more in Nyfa.*—An antient city in India, sacred to Bacchus.

Urania-Venus^r, queen of sacred love,
 Arose, and fix'd her asking eyes on Jove:
 Her eyes, well pleas'd, in Lufus' fons could trace
 A kindred likenefs to the Roman race,
 For whom of old fuch kind regard she^s bore;
 The fame their triumphs on Barbaria's shore,
 The fame the ardour of their warlike flame,
 The manly mufic of their tongue the^t fame.
 Affection thus the lovely goddefs fway'd,
 Nor lefs what Fate's unblotted page display'd;
 Where'er this people fould their empire raife,
 She knew her altars would unnumber'd blaze,
 And barbarous nations at her holy fhrine
 Be humaniz'd, and taught her lore divine.

Her

^r *Urania-Venus*.—We have already obferved, that an allegorical machinery has always been efteemed an effential requifite of the Epopœia, and the reafon upon which it is founded has been pointed out. The allegorical machinery of the Lufiad 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 fupported and preferved: but in illuftration of this, fee the preface, and the note on the allegory of Homer, near the end of the Sixth Lufiad.

^s *For whom of old*.—See the note in the Second Book on the following paffage:

As when in Ida's bower fhe flood of yore, &c.

^t *The manly mufic of their tongue the fame*.—Camoëns fays,

'E na lingua, na qual quando imagina,

Com pouca corrupção cré que he Latina.

Qualifications are never elegant in poetry. Fanshaw's tranflation, and the original, both prove this.

————— *their tongue*

Which fhe thinks Latin with fmall drofs among.

Her spreading honours thus the one inspir'd,
 And one the dread to lose his worship fir'd.
 Their struggling factions shook th' Olympian state
 With all the clamorous tempest of debate.
 Thus when the storm with sudden gust invades
 The 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 tow'ring o'er the rival gods,
 Step'd forth; stern sparkles from his eye-balls glanc'd;
 And now, before the throne of Jove advanc'd,
 O'er his left shoulder his broad shield he throws,
 And lifts his helm above his dreadful brows:
 Bold and enrag'd he stands, and, frowning round,
 Strikes his tall spear-staff on the sounding ground;
 Heaven trembled, and the light turn'd pale^u—Such dread
 His fierce demeanour o'er Olympus spread:
 When thus the warrior,—O Eternal Sire,
 Thine is the sceptre, thine the thunder's fire,
 Supreme dominion thine; then, Father, hear,
 Shall that bold race which once to thee was dear,
 Who,

^u — *and the light turn'd pale.*—The thought in the original has something in it wildly great, though it is not expressed in the happiest manner of Camoëns,

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

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 unhallow'd rage!
Did Bacchus yield to reason's voice divine,
Bacchus the cause of Lusus' sons would join;
Lusus, the lov'd companion of his cares,
His earthly toils, his dangers, and his wars:
But envy still a foe to worth will prove,
To worth though guarded by the arm of Jove.

Then thou, dread lord of fate, unmov'd remain,
Nor let weak change thine awful counsels stain,
For Lusus' race thy promis'd favour 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, impower'd, their wandering vessels guide;
There let them hear of India's wish'd-for shore,
And balmy rest their fainting strength restore.

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

Whilst thus in heaven's bright palace fate was weigh'd,
 Right onward still the brave Armada stray'd :
 Right on they steer by Ethiopia's strand
 And pastoral Madagascar's ^b verdant land.
 Before the balmy gales of cheerful spring,
 With heav'n their friend, they spread the canvass wing ;
 The sky cerulean, and the breathing air,
 The lasting promise of a calm declare.
 Behind them now the cape of Praso bends,
 Another ocean to their view extends,
 Where black-topp'd islands, to their longing eyes,
 Lav'd by the gentle waves ^c, in prospect rise.
 But GAMA (captain of the vent'rous band,
 Of bold emprise, and born for high command,
 Whose martial fires, with prudence close allied,
 Ensured the smiles of fortune on his side)
 Bears off those shores which waste and wild appear'd,
 And eastward still for happier climates steer'd :
 When gathering round and blackening o'er the tide,
 A fleet of small canoes the pilot spied ;
 Hoisting their fails of palm-tree leaves, inwove
 With curious art, a swarming crowd they move :

Long

^b *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.

^c *Lav'd by the gentle waves.*—The original says, the sea shewed them new islands, which it encircled and laved. Thus rendered by Fanshew,

*Neptune disclos'd new isles which he did play
 About, and with his billows danc'd the bay.*

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 Phaëton's ^d 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 :
 Their arms were bearded darts and faulchions broad,
 And warlike music founded as they row'd.
 With joy the failors saw the boats draw near,
 With joy beheld the human face appear :

What

^d ——— of Phaëton's fall ———

—— *ferunt luctu Cygnum Phaëtonis amati,*

Populeas inter frondes umbramque sororum

Dum canit, & mæstum musa solatur amorem :

Canentem molli pluma duxisse senectam,

Lingentem terras, et sidera voce sequentem. VIRG. ÆN.

The historical foundation of the fable of Phaëton is this : Phaëton was a young enterprising prince of Lybia. Crossing the Mediterranean in quest of adventures, he landed at Epirus, from whence he went to Italy to see his intimate friend Cygnus. Phaëton was skilled in astrology, from whence he arrogated to himself the title of the son of Apollo. One day in the heat of summer, as he was riding along the banks of the Po, his horses took fright at a clap of thunder, and plunged into the river, where, together with their master, they perished. Cygnus, who was a poet, celebrated the death of his friend in verse, from whence the fable.

Vid. PLUTAR. in vit. PYTH.

What nations these, their wondering thoughts explore,
What rites they follow, and what god adore !
And now with hands and kerchiefs wav'd in air
The barb'rous race their friendly mind declare.
Glad were the crew, and ween'd that happy day
Should end their dangers and their toils repay.
The lofty masts the nimble youths ascend,
The ropes they 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 lefs and lefs flaps quivering on the gale ;
The prows, their speed stopp'd, o'er the surges nod,
The falling anchors dash the foaming flood :
When sudden as they stopp'd, the swarthy race
With smiles of friendly welcome on each face,
The ship's high sides swift by the cordage climb :
Illustrious GAMA, with an air sublime,
Soften'd by mild humanity, receives,
And to their chief the hand of friendship gives ;
Bids spread the board, and, instant as he said,
Along the deck the festive board is spread :
The sparkling wine in crystal goblets glows,
And round and round with cheerful welcome flows.
While thus the vine its sprightly glee inspires,
From whence the fleet, the swarthy chief inquires,
What seas they pass'd, what vantage would attain,
And what the shore their purpose hop'd to gain ?

From

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^e 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

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

If then your fails for India's shores expand,
 For fultry Ganges or Hydaspes' strand,
 Here shall you find a pilot skill'd to guide
 Through all the dangers of the per'lous tide,
 Though wide spread shelves and cruel rocks unseen,
 Lurk in the way, and whirlpools rage between.
 Accept, mean while, what fruits these islands hold,
 And to the regent let your wish be told.
 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 ^f now his drowsy mantle spreads,
 And shade on shade, the gloom still deepening sheds.

The

^f *Calm Twilight now.*—Camoëns, in this passage, has imitated Homer in the manner of Virgil: by diversifying the scene he has made the description his own. The passage alluded to is in the eighth Iliad:

Ως δ' ὅτ' ἐν ἕραν ἄστρα φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σελήνῃ
 φαίνεται ἀριπρεπέα, &c.

Thus elegantly translated by Pope:

*As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
 O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,*

When

The moon, full orb'd, forfakes her watery cave,
 And lifts her lovely head above the wave.
 The snowy splendors of her modest ray
 Stream o'er the 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 crouding o'er the daify-lawn:
 The canvas 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 filence 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

*When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
 And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
 And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
 O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
 And tip with silver every mountain's head;
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
 The conscious swains rejoicing in the sight,
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.*

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 plow from Izmael's shores the flood ;
From Europe's strand I trace the foamy way,
To find the regions of the infant day.
The God we worship stretch'd yon heaven's high bow,
And gave these swelling waves to roll below ;

The

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 fame)

Withheld

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 express,
 But rankling hate lay brooding in his breast;
 With smiles obedient to his will's controul,
 He veils the purpose of his treacherous soul:
 For pilots, conscious of the Indian strand,
 Brave VASCO fues, 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 possess,
 When [§] GAMA's lips Messiah's name confess.

Oh

[§] *When Gama's lips Messiah's name confess.*—This, and of consequence, the reason of the Moor's hate, together with the fine description of the armoury, is entirely omitted by Castler. The original is, the Moor conceived hatred, “knowing they were followers of the truth which the Son of David taught.” Thus rendered by Fanshawe,

*Knowing they follow that unerring light,
 The son of David holds out in his book.*

By this Solomon must be understood, not the Messiah, as meant by Camoëns.

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

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 ^h nine long months his father's thigh conceal'd)
 Well-pleas'd he mark'd the Moor's determined hate,
 And thus his mind revolved in self-debate :

Has Heaven, indeed, such glorious lot ordain'd !
 By Lufus' race such conquests to be gain'd
 O'er warlike nations, and on India's shore,
 Where I, unrival'd, claim'd the palm before !
 I, sprung from Jove ! and shall these wandering few,
 What Ammon's son unconquer'd left, subdue !
 Ammon's brave son, who led the God of war
 His slave auxiliar at his thundering car !
 Must these possess what Jove to him deny'd,
 Possess what never footh'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—

^h 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.

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 ⁱ divine he cloath'd in human shape,
 And rush'd impetuous o'er the rocky cape :
 In the dark semblance of a Moor he came
 For art and old experience known to fame :
 Him all his peers with humble deference heard,
 And all Mozambic and its prince rever'd :
 The prince in haste he fought, and thus express'd
 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

ⁱ His form divine he cloath'd in human shape—

Aleſto torvam faciem et furialia membra

Exiit : in vultus ſeſe transformat aniles,

Et frontem obſcœnum rugis arat.——

VIR. ÆN. 7.

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

That Lufus' fons might purple with their gore
 The crystal fountain which they fought on shore:
 And still regardful of his dire intent,
 A skilful pilot to the bay he sent,
 Of honest mien, yet 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 fable warriors crowd,
 And tofs their threatening darts, and shout aloud.
 Yet seeming artless, though they dared the fight,
 Their eager hope they placed in artful flight,

To

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 ^k, 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 disdain 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

^k 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 cutlass, which the Spaniards call *Macbete*, appear the candidates of fame in the lists of the bull-fight. Though Camoëns in this description of it has given the victory to the bull, it very seldom so happens, the young caballeros being very expert at this valorous exercise, and ambitious to display their dexterity, which is a sure recommendation to the favour and good opinion of the ladies.

With dreadful bellowing rushes on the foe,
 And lays the boastful gaudy champion low.
 Thus to the fight the sons of Lusus sprung,
 Nor slow to fall their ample vengeance hung :
 With sudden roar the carabines resound,
 And bursting echoes from the hills rebound ;
 The lead flies hissing through the trembling air,
 And death's fell dæmons through the flashes glare.
 Where, up the land, a grove of palms enclose,
 And cast their shadows where the fountain flows,
 The lurking ambush from their treacherous stand
 Beheld the combat burning on the strand :
 They see the flash with sudden lightnings flare,
 And the blue smoke 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 rag'd ¹, 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,

¹ ————— *e maldizia*
O velbo inerte, e a mãy, que o filho cria.

Thus translated by Fanshaw,

————— *curst their ill luck,*
Tb' old Devil, and the dam that gave them suck.

Flints ^m, clods, and javelins hurling as they fly,
 As rage and wild despair their hands supply.
 And soon dispers'd, their bands attempt no more
 To guard the fountain or defend the shore :
 O'er the wide lawns no more their troops appear :
 Nor sleeps the vengeance of the victor here ;
 To teach the nations what tremendous fate
 From his 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

^m *Flints, clods, and javelins hurling as they fly.*
As rage, &c.

Jamque faces et saxa volant, furor arma ministrat.—VIRG. ÆN. I.

The Spanish commentator on this place relates a very extraordinary instance of the *furor arma ministrans*. A Portuguese soldier, at the siege of Diu in the Indies, being surrounded by the enemy, and having no ball to charge his musket, pulled out one of his teeth, and with it supplied the place of a bullet.

Now from the Moorish town the fleets 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 confused the treacherous Moors
From field to field, then, haft'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 carbine
The leaden hail their sails and vessels tore,
Till struggling hard they reach'd the neighb'ring shore:
Due vengeance thus their perfidy repay'd,
And GAMA's terrors to the East display'd.

Imbrown'd with dust a beaten pathway shews
Where 'midst umbrageous palms the fountain flows;

From

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 overwhelm 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 overwhelm 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 canvas to the rising gale ;
He spoke ; and proudly o'er the foaming tide,
Borne on the wind, the full-wing'd vessels ride ;
While as they rode before the bounding prows
The lovely forms of sea-born nymphs arose.
The while brave VASCO's unsuspecting mind
Yet fear'd not ought the crafty Moor design'd :

Much of the coast he asks, and much demands
Of Afric's shores and India's spicy lands.
The crafty Moor, by vengeful Bacchus taught,
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 to 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 fullen 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

Right to the land the faithless pilot steers,
 Right to the land the glad Armada bears;
 But heavenly Love's fair queenⁿ, whose watchful care
 Had ever been their guide, beheld the snare.
 A sudden storm she rais'd: Loud howl'd the blast,
 The yard-arms rattled, and each groaning mast
 Bended beneath the weight. Deep sunk the prows,
 And creaking ropes the creaking ropes oppose;
 In vain the pilot would the speed restrain;
 The captain shouts, the sailors toil in vain;
 Aslope and gliding on the leeward side
 The bounding vessels cut the roaring tide:
 Soon far they pass; and now the slacken'd sail
 Trembles and bellies to the gentle gale:

Till

ⁿ *But heavenly Love's fair queen.*—When GAMA arrived in the East, the Moors were the only people who engrossed the trade of those parts. Jealous of such formidable rivals as the Portuguese, they employed every artifice to accomplish the destruction of GAMA's fleet, for they foresaw the consequences of his return to Portugal. As the Moors were acquainted with these seas and spoke the Arabic language, GAMA was obliged to employ them both as pilots and interpreters. The circumstance now mentioned by Camoëns is an historical truth. The Moorish pilot, says De Barros, intended to conduct the Portuguese into Quiloa, telling them that place was inhabited by Christians; but a sudden storm arising, drove the fleet from that shore, where death or slavery would have been the certain fate of GAMA and his companions. The villany of the pilot was afterwards discovered. As GAMA was endeavouring to enter the port of Mom-baze 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.

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
Its purple splendors o'er the lofty towers ;
The lofty towers with milder lustre gleam,
And gently tremble in the glassy stream.
Here reign'd an hoary king of ancient fame ;
Mombaze the town, Mombaze the island's name.

As

As when the pilgrim, who with weary pace
Through lonely wastes untrod by human race,
For many a day disconsolate has stray'd,
The turf his bed, the wild-wood boughs his shade,
O'erjoy'd beholds the cheerful seats of men
In grateful prospect rising on his ken :
So GAMA joy'd, who many a dreary day
Had trac'd the vast, the lonesome watery way,
Had seen new stars, unknown to Europe, rise,
And brav'd the horrors of the polar skies :
So joy'd his bounding heart, when proudly rear'd,
The splendid city o'er the wave appear'd,
Where Heaven's own lore, he trusted, was obey'd,
And holy faith her sacred rites display'd.
And now swift crowding through the horned bay
The Moorish barges wing'd their foamy way :
To GAMA's fleet with friendly smiles they bore
The choicest products of their cultured shore.
But there fell rancour veil'd its serpent-head,
Though festive roses o'er the gifts were spread.
For Bacchus veil'd, in human shape, was here,
And pour'd his counsel in the sovereign's ear.

O piteous lot of man's uncertain state !
What woes on life's unhappy journey wait !
When joyful hope would grasp its fond desire,
The long-sought transports in the grasp expire.

By

By sea what treacherous calms, what rushing storms,
And death attendant in a thousand forms !
By land what strife, what plots of secret guile,
How many a wound from many a treacherous smile !
O where shall man escape his numerous foes,
And rest his weary head in safe repose !

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE
L U S I A D.

B O O K 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 dared
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 balmly 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 splendor of the diamond's rays,
The sapphire's azure, or the ruby's blaze,
Invite your sails to search the Eastern World,
Here may these sails in happy hour be furl'd :
For here the splendid treasures of the mine,
And richest offspring of the field, combine

To

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 ^a hopes that cheer'd,
 That here his nation's holy shrines were rear'd,

He

^a ——— *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 ; “ Nec ullum locum (says Osorius) magis opportunum curandis atque reficiendis ægrotis posse reperiri. Jam eo tempore bona pars eorum, qui cum Gama conscenderant, variis morbis consumpta fuerat, et qui evaserant, erant gravi invaletudine debilitati. . . . Tellus abundat fructibus et oleribus, et frugibus, et pecorum et armentorum gregibus, et aquis dulcibus. Utitur præterea mira cæli temperie. Homines vivunt admodum laute, et domos more nostro ædificant.—Misit rex nuncios, qui Gamam nomine illius salutarent. . . . Aiunt deinde regionem illam esse opulentissimam, earumque rerum omnium plenissimam, quarum gratia multi in Indiam navigabant. Regem aded esse in illos voluntate propensum ut nihil esset tam difficile, quod non se eorum gratia facturum polliceretur.”
Ojer.

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 ^b GAMA fail'd a bold advent'rous band,
 Whose headlong rage had urg'd the guilty hand :
 Stern justice for their crimes had ask'd their blood,
 And pale in chains condemn'd to death they stood ;
 But fav'd by GAMA from the shameful death,
 The ^b bread of peace had seal'd their plighted faith,

The

^b Erant enim in ea classe decem homines capite damnati, quibus fuerat ea lege vita concessa, ut quibuscunque in locis a Gama relictis fuissent, regiones lustrarent, hominumque mores et instituta cognoscerent. *Ofor.*

During the reign of Emmanuel, and his predecessor John II. few criminals were executed in Portugal. These great and political princes employed the lives which were forfeited to the public in the most dangerous undertakings of public utility. In their foreign expeditions the condemned criminals were sent upon the most hazardous emergencies. If death was their fate, it was the punishment they had merited: if successful in what was required, their crimes were expiated; and often, as in the voyage of GAMA, they rendered their country the greatest atonement for their guilt, which men in their circumstances could possibly make. Besides the merit of thus rendering forfeited lives of service to the community, the Portuguese monarchs have the honour of carrying this idea still farther. They
 were

The coast unknown, when ordered, to explore,
 And dare each danger of the hostile shore :
 From this bold band he chose the subtlest two,
 The port, the city, and its strength to view,
 To mark if fraud its secret head betrayed,
 Or if the rites of heaven were there displayed.
 With costly gifts, as of their truth secure,
 The pledge that GAMA deem'd their faith was pure,
 These two his heralds to the king he sends :
 The faithless Moors depart as smiling friends.
 Now thro' the wave they cut their foamy way,
 Their chearful songs resounding through the bay :
 And now on shore the wondering natives greet,
 And fondly hail the strangers from the fleet.
 The prince their gifts with friendly vows receives,
 And joyful welcome to the Lusians gives ;
 Where'er they pass, the joyful tumult bends,
 And through the town the glad applause attends.
 But he whose cheeks with youth immortal shone,
 The God whose wondrous birth two mothers own,

Whose

were the first who devised that most political of all punishments, transportation to foreign settlements. India and the Brazils received their criminals ; many of whom became afterwards useful members to society. When the subject thus obtrudes the occasion, a short digression, it is hoped, will be pardoned. While every feeling breast must be pleased with the wisdom and humanity of the Portuguese monarchs, indignation and regret must rise on the view of the present state of the penal laws of England. What multitudes every year, in the prime of their life, end their days by the hand of the executioner? That the legislature *might* devise means to make the greatest part of these lives useful to society, is a fact, which surely cannot be disputed ;—though perhaps the remedy of an evil so shocking to humanity, may be at some distance.

Whose rage had still the wandering fleet annoyed,
 Now in the town his guileful rage employed.
 A Christian priest he seem'd; a sumptuous ^c shrine
 He rear'd, and tended with the rites divine :
 O'er the fair altar waved the crosses 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, oppressed,
 With sacred awe their troubled looks confess
 The inspiring Godhead, and the prophet's glow,
 Which gave each language from their lips to flow.
 Where thus the guileful power his magic wrought,
 DE GAMA'S heralds by the guides are brought :
 On bended knees low to the earth they fall,
 And to the Lord of Heaven in transport call ;
 While the feign'd priest awakes the censor'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

^c On it, the picture of that shape he plac'd,
 In which the Holy Spirit did alight,
 The picture of the Dove, so white, so chaste,
 On the blest Virgin's head, so chaste, so white.

In these lines, the best of all Fanshaw, the happy repetition "so chaste, so white," is a beauty which, though not contained in the original, the present translator was unwilling to lose.

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 Moor's receives.
And now, as conscious of the destin'd prey,
The faithless race, with smiles and gestures gay,
Their skiffs forsaking, GAMA's ships ascend,
And deep to strike the treacherous blow attend.
On shore the truthless monarch arms his bands,
And for the fleet's approach impatient stands ;
That soon as anchor'd in the port they rode
Brave GAMA's decks might reek with Lufian 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 ^e of her kindred birth, and own her sway.

She

^e *Proud of her kindred birth.*—The French translator has the following note on this place : “ *Cet endroit est l'un de ceux qui montrent combien l'Auteur est habile dans la mythologie, et en même tems combien de pénétration son allégorie demande. Il y a bien peu de gens, qui en lisant ici, &c.*—This is one of the “ places which discover our Author's intimate acquaintance with mythology, and at the same time how much attention his allegory requires. “ Many readers, on finding that the protectress of the Lusians sprung from “ the sea, would be apt to exclaim, Behold the birth of the terrestrial “ Venus! How can a nativity so disgraceful be ascribed to the celestial “ Venus, who represents religion? I answer, that Camoëns had not his eye “ on those fables, which derive the birth of Venus from the foam of the “ waves, mixed with the blood which flowed from the dishonest wound “ of Saturn; he carries his views higher; his Venus is from a fable more “ noble. Nigidius relates, that two fishes one day conveyed an egg to the “ sea shore: this egg was hatched by two pigeons whiter than snow, and “ gave birth to the Assyrian Venus, which, in the pagan theology, is the “ same with the celestial: she instructed mankind in religion, gave them “ the lessons of virtue and the laws of equity. Jupiter, in reward “ of her labours, promised to grant her whatever she desired. She prayed “ him to give immortality to the two fishes, who had been instrumental “ in her birth, and the fishes were accordingly placed in the Zodiac. . . . “ This fable agrees perfectly with religion, as I could clearly shew; but “ I think it more proper to leave to the ingenious reader the pleasure of “ tracing the allegory.” Thus *Cassera*.—Besides the above, mythology gives two other accounts of the origin of the sign Pisces. When Venus and Cupid fled from the rage of Typhon, they were saved by two fishes, who carried them over the river Euphrates. The fishes, in return, were placed in the Zodiac. Another fable says that, that favour was obtained by Neptune for the two dolphins, who first brought him his beloved Amphitrite. This variety in the

the

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

The

the pagan mythology is, at least, a proof that the allegory of a poet ought not, without full examination, to be condemned on the appearance of inconsistency.

† *Doto, Nyse, and Nerine.*—Cloto, or Clotho, as Castéra observes, has by some error crept into almost all the Portuguese editions of the *Lusiad*. Clotho was one of the fates, and neither Hæsioid, Homer, nor Virgil have given such a name to any of the Nereides ; but in the ninth *Æneid* Doto is mentioned,

————— *Magnique jubebo*
Æquoris esse Deas, qualis Nereia Doto
Et Galatea secat spumantem peflore pontum.

The Nereides, in the *Lusiad*, says Castéra, are the virtues divine and human. In the first book they accompany the Portuguese fleet ;

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

“ And without doubt, says he, this allegory, in a lively manner, represents the condition of mankind. The virtues languish in repose ; adversities animate and awake them. The fleet sailing before a favourable wind is followed by the Nereides, but the Nereides are scattered about in the sea. When danger becomes imminent, Venus, or Religion, assembles them to its safety.” That this manner of allegory is in the true spirit of Homer, see the note on the allegorical machinery of that great father of poetry, near the end of the sixth *Lusiad*. The following, from Castéra, is indeed highly pedantic. “ Doto, continues he, is derived from the verb *Δίδωμι*, *I give*. “ According to this etymology Doto is Charity, Nyse is Hope, and Nerine “ Faith. For the name Nyse comes from *Νέω*, *I swim*. For the action of “ Hope agrees with that of swimming, and is the symbol of it. Nereine is a “ term composed of *νήσις*, an old word, which signifies *the waters of the sea*,

The curving billows to their breasts divide,
 And give a yielding passage through the tide.
 With furious speed the goddesses rush'd before ;
 Her beauteous form a joyful Triton bore,
 Whose eager face, with glowing rapture fired,
 Betray'd the pride which such a task inspired.
 And now arriv'd, where to the whistling wind
 The warlike navy's bending masts reclin'd,
 As through the billows rush'd the speedy prows,
 The nymphs, dividing, each her station chose.
 Against the leader's prow, her lovely breast
 With more than mortal force the goddesses 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 ^ε the navy from its fatal course :

Back,

“ and of *πίνα*, a file ; as if one should say, *the file of the sea waters*, a mysterious
 “ expression, applicable to Faith, which is the file of our soul, and which
 “ is rendered perfect by the water of baptism.” Our French paraphrast
 wisely adds, that perhaps some persons may despise this etymology, but that
 for his part, he is unwilling to reject it, as it tends to unravel the allegory
 of his author.

◦ Imitated from Virgil.

Cymothœ simul, et Triton admixtus acuto
Detrudunt nares scopulo. ———— VIRG. ÆN. I.

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 found,
 As if the rage of combat roar'd around.
 Pale are their lips, each look in wild amaze
 The horror of detected guilt betrays.
 Pierc'd by the glance of GAMA's awful eyes
 The conscious pilot quits the helm and flies,
 From the high deck he plunges in the brine ;
 His mates their safety to the waves consign ;
 Dash'd by their plunging falls on every side
 Foams and boils up around the rolling tide.
 Thus ^h the hoarse tenants of the sylvan lake,
 A Lycian race of old, to flight betake ;

At

^h 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. This

At every sound they dread Latona's hate,
And doubled vengeance of their former fate;

All

fable, says Caſtera, like almoſt all the reſt, is drawn from hiſtory. Philocorus, as cited by Boccace, relates, that the Rhodians having declared war againſt the Lycians, were aſſiſted by ſome troops from Delos, who carried the image of Latona on their ſtandards. A detachment of theſe going to drink at a lake in Lycia, a crowd of peaſants endeavoured to prevent them. An encounter enſued; the peaſants fled to the lake for ſhelter, and were there ſlain. Some months afterwards their companions came in ſearch of their corſes; and finding an unuſual quantity of frogs, imagined, according to the ſuperſtition of their age, that the ſouls of their friends appeared to them under that metamorphoſis.

Is it allowable in Epic Poetry to introduce a compariſon taken from a low image? This is a queſtion which has exerciſed the abilities of critics and translators, till criticiſm has degenerated into trifling, and learning into pedantry. To ſome it may perhaps appear needleſs to vindicate Camoëns, in a point wherein he is ſupported by the authority of Homer and Virgil. Yet as many readers are infected with the *ſang froid* of a Rollin or a Perrault, an obſervation in defence of our poet cannot be thought impertinent. If we examine the fineſt effuſions of genius, we ſhall find, that the moſt genuine poetical feeling has often dictated thoſe ſimilies which are drawn from familiar and low objects. The Sacred Writers, and the greateſt poets of every nation, have uſed them. We may therefore conclude, that the criticiſm which condemns them is a refinement not founded on nature. But, allowing them admiſſible, it muſt be obſerved, that to render them pleaſing requires a peculiar happineſs and delicacy of management. When the poet attains this indiſpenſible point, he gives a ſtriking proof of his elegance, and of his maſterſhip in his art. That the ſimilies of the emmets and of the frogs in Camoëns are happily expreſſed and applied, is indiſputable. In that of the frogs there is a peculiar propriety both in the compariſon itſelf, and in the alluſion to the fable; as it was the intent of the poet to repreſent not only the flight, but the baſeneſs of the Moors. The ſimilie he ſeems to have copied from Dante, Inf. Cant. 9.

*Come le rane innanzi a la nemica
Biſcia per l'acqua ſi dileguan' tutte
Fin che a la terra ciaſcuna s'abbica.*

And Cant. 22.

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

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 spight;
 How headlong to the rock the furious wind,
 The boiling current, and their art combin'd,
 Yet though the groaning blast the canvas swell'd,
 Some wondrous cause, unknown, their speed withheld:
 Amaz'd, with hands high rais'd, and sparkling eyes,
 A ¹ miracle! the raptur'd GAMA cries,

A mi-

¹ *A miracle.*—Oforius gives the following account of this adventure. Talking of the two exiles whom Gama had sent on shore; Rex læta et hilari fronte exules accepit, imperavitque domesticis suis, ut illis urbis situm et pulchritudinem demonstrarent. Ubi vero reversi sunt, Rex multa aromatum genera, quæ ex India deportari solent, illis ostentat, et quantulum visum est donat, ut Gamæ monstrare possent, et admonere, quanto esset utilius apud regem amicum rem gerere, quàm vitam tam periculosæ navigationi committere. Cum his mandatis redeunt exules in classem, Gama mirificè lætatus est, et postridie anchoras tolli jubet, et naves prope urbem constitui. Cùm verò illius navis æstus incitati vi celerius, quam commodum esset, invehetur, timens ille nè in vadum incideret, vela contrahere et anchoras

A miracle ! O hail thou sacred sign,
 Thou pledge illustrious of the care divine !
 Ah ! fraudulent malice ! how shall wisdom's care
 Escape the poison of thy gilded snare !
 The front of honesty, the faintly shew,
 The smile of friendship, and the holy vow ;
 All, all conjoin'd our easy faith to gain,
 To whelm us, shipwreck'd, in the ruthless main ;
 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-fought shore reward !

So

demitte confestim iussit. . . . Quo facto Mozambiquenses gubernatores metu repentino percussi, se præcipites in mare dejiciunt, et ad lintres quasdam, quæ non procul aberat, nando confugiunt. . . . At Gama magnis vocibus ad eos, qui in lintribus erant, in clamavit, ut sibi suos gubernatores redderent : at illi clamores illius aspernati, gubernatores in terram exposuerunt. Hic Gama cum et conjectura, et aliquo etiam Arabis gubernatoris indicio, et multis præterea signis, perspexisset è quanto periculo fuisset auxilio divino liberatus, manus in cælum sustulit. Barros and Castaneda, in relating this part of the voyage of Gama, say, that the fleet, just as they were entering the port of Mombassa, were driven back, as it were, by an invisible hand. The safety of the Armada depended upon this circumstance.

So spoke the chief: the pious accents move
 The gentle bosom of celestial Love:
 The beauteous queen to heaven now darts away;
 In vain the weeping nymphs implore her stay:
 Behind her now the morning star she leaves,
 And the ^k 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, confess 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 ^l when in Ida's bower she stood of yore,

When

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

^l As when in Ida's bower she stood of yore,

—— “ *J'entends les censeurs, says Castera, se récrier que cet endroit-ci ne convient nullement à la Venus celeste.*—I am aware of the objection, that this passage is by no means applicable to the celestial Venus. I answer once for all, that the names and adventures of the pagan divinities are so blended and uncertain in mythology, that a poet is at great liberty to adapt them to his allegory as he pleases. Even the fables, which to those who penetrate no deeper than the rhind, may appear as profane, even these contain historical, physical, and moral truths, which fully atone for the seeming licentiousness of the letter. I could prove this in many instances, but let the present suffice. Paris, son of Priam, king of Troy, spent his first years as a shepherd in the country. At this time Juno,
 “ *Mimerva,*

When every charm and every hope of joy
 Enraptured and allured the Trojan boy.
 Ah! ^m 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 fash, were bare,
 And ⁿ 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

“ Minerva, and Venus disputed for the apple of gold, which was destined
 “ to be given to the most beautiful goddess. They consented that Paris
 “ should be their judge. His equity claimed this honour. He saw them
 “ all naked. Juno promised him riches, Minerva the sciences, but he de-
 “ cided in favour of Venus, who promised him the possession of the most
 “ beautiful woman. What a ray of light is contained in this philosophical
 “ fable! Paris represents a studious man, who, in the silence of solitude,
 “ seeks the supreme good. Juno is the emblem of riches and dignities,
 “ Minerva, that of the sciences purely human, Venus is that of religion,
 “ which contains the sciences both human and divine; the charming female,
 “ which she promises to the Trojan shepherd, is that divine wisdom which
 “ gives tranquillity of heart. A judge so philosophical as Paris would not
 “ hesitate a moment to whom to give the apple of gold.”

^m *Ab, had that hunter.* — “ The allegory of Camoëns is here obvious. If
 “ Aëteon, and the slaves of their violent passions could discover the beau-
 “ ties of true religion, they would be astonished and reclaimed; according
 “ to the expression of Seneca, *Si virtus cerni posset oculis corporeis, omnes ad*
 “ *amorem suum pelliceret.* Castera.

ⁿ *And Love, unseen.* — “ That is Divine Love, which always accompanies
 “ religion. Behold how our Author insinuates the excellence of his moral!”
 Castera.

Camoëns,

As ivy tendrils, round her limbs divine
 Their spreading arms the young desires entwine :
 Below her waist, and quivering on the gale,
 Of thinnest texture flows the silken veil :
 (Ah ! where the lucid curtain dimly shows,
 With doubled fires the roving fancy glows !)
 The hand of modesty the foldings threw,
 Nor all conceal'd, nor all was given to view.
 Yet her deep grief her lovely face betrays,
 Though on her cheek the soft smile faltering plays.
 All heaven was mov'd—as when some damsel coy,
 Hurt by the rudeness of the amorous boy,
 Offended chides and smiles ; with angry mien
 Thus mixt with smiles, advanc'd the plaintive queen ;
 And ° thus : O Thunderer ! O potent fire !
 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

Camoëns, as observed in the preface, has twice asserted, that his machinery is allegorical. The poet's assertion, and the taste of the age in which he wrote, sufficiently vindicate the *endeavour* to unravel and explain the allegory of the Lusiad.

° *And thus, O Thunderer.*—The following speech of Venus and the reply of Jupiter, are a fine imitation from the first *Æneid*, and do great honour to the classical taste of the Portuguese poet.

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 tyger's rage to love,
The thundering God her weeping sorrows eyed,
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

Still sighs and moans, though fondled and careft;
 Till thus great Jove the Fates' decrees confest:
 O thou, my daughter, still below'd as fair,
 Vain are thy fears, thy heroes claim my care:
 No power of gods could e'er my heart incline,
 Like one fond smile, one powerful tear of thine.
 Wide o'er the eastern shores shalt thou behold
 The flags far streaming, and thy thunders roll'd;
 While nobler triumphs shall thy nation crown,
 Than those of Roman or of Greek renown.

If by mine aid the sapient Greek could brave
 The Ogycian seas, nor ^p sink a deathless slave;
 If through th' Illyrian shelves Antenor bore,
 Till safe he landed on Timavus' shore;
 If, by his fate, the pious Trojan led,
 Safe through Charibdis's 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

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

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 ^q 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 fons the fountain's gifts deny'd;
 That coast shalt thou behold his port supply,
 Where oft thy weary fleets in rest shall lie.
 Each shore which weav'd for him the snares of death,
 To him these shores shall pledge their offer'd faith;
 To him their haughty lords shall lowly bend,
 And yield him tribute for the name of friend.
 The Red-sea wave shall darken in the shade
 Of thy broad sails in frequent pomp display'd;
 Thine eyes shall see the golden Ormuz' shore,
 Twice thine, twice conquered, while the furious Moor,
Amazed,

^q — *When not a breathing gale shall curl the billows.*—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.

Amazed, shall view his arrows backward † driven,
 Showered on his legions by the hand of heaven.
 Though twice assailed by many a vengeful band,
 Unconquered still shall Dio's ramparts stand ;
 Such prowess there shall raise the Lusian name
 That Mars shall tremble for his blighted fame ;
 There shall the Moors, blaspheming, sink in death,
 And curse their prophet with their parting breath.

Where Goa's warlike ramparts from on high,
 Pleas'd shalt thou see thy Lusian banners fly ;
 The Pagan tribes in chains shall crowd her gate,
 While she sublime shall tower in regal state,
 The fatal scourge, the dread of all who dare
 Against thy sons to plan the future war.
 Though few thy troops who 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

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

‡ — *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.

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;
 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
 Refound the horror of the combat's roar,
 While thy bold prows triumphant ride along
 By trembling China to the isles unsung

By

† *When blackening broad and far o'er Actium's tide*——

*Hinc ope barbarica variisque Antonius armis
 Victor, ab Auroræ populis & litore rubro
 Ægyptum, viresque Orientis, & ultima secum
 Bactra vebit: sequiturque nefas! Ægyptia conjux.
 Unâ omnes ruere, ac totum spumare reductis
 Convulsam remis rostrisque tridentibus æquor.
 Alta petunt: pelago credas innare revulsas
 Cycladas, aut montes concurrere montibus altos:
 Tanta mole viri turritis puppibus instant.
 Stupea flamma manu, telisque volatile ferrum
 Spargitur: arva nova Neptunia cæde rubescunt,
 —— sævit medio in certamine Mævors.*

VIRG. ÆN. VIII.

By ancient bard, by ancient chief unknown,
Till Ocean's utmost shore thy bondage own.

Thus from the Ganges to the Gadian strand,
From the most northern wave to southmost land;
That land decreed to bear the injur'd name
Of Magalhaens, the Lusian ^u pride and shame;
From all that vast, tho' 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 ^w bore;

That

^u *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 Spanish empire. Of this hero see farther, X. Lusiad, in the notes.

^w ——— *The fatal rod he bore.*——

Tum virgam capit : hac animas ille evocat Orco

Pallentes, alias sub tristia Tartara mittit,

Dat somnos adimitque, & lumina morte resignat.

VIRG. ÆN. IV.

That rod, of power to wake the filent dead,
Or o'er the lids of care soft slumbers fled.
And now, attended by the herald Fame,
To fair Melinda's gate conceal'd he came;
And soon loud rumour echoed through the town,
How from the western world, from waves unknown,
A noble band had reach'd the Æthiop shore,
Through seas and dangers never dared before :
The godlike dread attempt their wonder fires,
Their generous wonder fond regard inspires,
And all the city glows their aid to give,
To view the heroes, and their wants relieve.

'Twas now the solemn hour when midnight reigns,
And dimly twinkling o'er the ethereal plains
The starry host, by gloomy silence led,
O'er earth and sea a glimmering paleness fled ;
When to the fleet, which hemm'd with dangers lay,
The silver-wing'd Cyllenius darts away.
Each care was now in soft oblivion steep'd,
The watch alone accustom'd vigils kept ;
E'en GAMA, wearied by the day's alarms,
Forgets his cares, reclined in slumber's arms.
Scarce had he closed his careful eyes in rest,
When Maia's son in vision stood confest :
And fly, he cried, O Lusitanian, fly ;
Here guile and treason every nerve apply :
An impious king for thee the toil prepares,
An impious people weave a thousand snares :

Oh

Oh fly these shores, unfurl the gather'd fail,
 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 ^x 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 imbrew'd
 Bufiris' altars thou shalt find renew'd:
 Amidst his slaughter'd guests his altars stood
 Obscene with gore, and bark'd with human blood:
 Then thou, beloved of heaven, my counsel hear;
 Right by the coast thine onward journey steer,
 Till where the sun of noon no shade begets,
 But day with night in equal tenor sets.
 A sovereign there, of generous faith unstain'd,
 With ancient bounty, and with joy unfeign'd
 Your glad arrival on his shore shall greet,
 And sooth with every care your weary fleet.

And

^x *As Diomed's unhappy strangers.*—Diomede, a tyrant of Thrace, who fed his horses with human flesh; a thing, says the grave Caſtera, *presque incroyable*, almost incredible. Bufiris was a king of Egypt, who sacrificed strangers.

Quis — illaudati nescit Bufiridis aras? VIRG. Geor. iii.

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

And when again for India's golden strand
 Before the prosperous gale your fails 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 fail, the raptur'd VASCO cried;
 Aloft, aloft, this, this the gale of heaven;
 By heaven our guide th' auspicious sign is given;
 Mine eyes beheld the messenger divine;
 O fly, he cried, and gave the favouring sign,
 Here treason lurks.—Swift as the captain spake
 The mariners spring bounding to the deck,
 And now with shouts far-echoing o'er the sea,
 Proud of their strength the ponderous anchors weigh,
 When *v* 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

v When heaven again its guardian care display'd.—Having mentioned the escape of the Moorish pilots, Orosius 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 infidiis scelerati illius regis occursum, nostri in summum vitæ discrimen incidissent.

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,
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 floops afar the watchful master spied ;
Their Moorish make the seaman's art display'd ;
Here GAMA weens to force the pilot's aid :
One, base with fear, to certain shipwreck flew ;
The keel dash'd on the shore, escap'd the crew.
The other bravely trusts the generous foe,
And yields, ere slaughter struck the lifted blow,
Ere Vulcan's thunders bellowed. Yet again
The captain's prudence and his wish were vain ;
No pilot here his wandering course to guide,
No lip to tell where rolls the Indian tide ;

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

'Twas now the jovial season, when the morn
From Taurus flames, when Amalthea's horn
O'er hill and dale the rose-crown'd Flora pours,
And scatters corn and wine, and fruits and flowers.
Right to the port their course the fleet pursued,
And the glad dawn that sacred day renewed,
When with the spoils of vanquish'd death adorn'd
To heaven the victor of the tomb return'd.
And soon Melinda's shore the failors spy ;
From every mast the purple streamers fly ;
Rich-figured tap'stry now supplies the fail,
The gold and scarlet tremble in the gale ;
The standard broad its brilliant hues bewrays,
And floating on the wind wide-billowing plays ;
Shrill through the air the quivering trumpet sounds,
And the rough drum the rousing march rebounds.

As

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 fides
Around their chief ; the bowsprits nod the head,
And the barb'd anchors gripe the harbour's bed.
Strait to the king, as friends to generous friends,
A captive Moor the valiant GAMA sends.
The Lusian fame the king already knew,
What gulphs unknown the fleet had labour'd through,
What shelves, what tempests dared : his liberal mind
Exults the captain's manly trust to find ;
With that ennobling worth, whose fond employ
Befriends the brave, the monarch owns his joy,
Entreats the leader and his weary band
To taste the dews of sweet repose on land,
And all the riches of his cultured fields
Obedient to the nod of GAMA yields.
His care meanwhile their present want attends,
And various fowl, and various fruits he sends ;
The oxen low, the fleecy lambkins bleat,
And rural sounds are echoed through the fleet.
His gifts with joy the valiant chief receives,
And gifts in turn, confirming friendship, gives.

Here the proud scarlet darts its ardent rays,
 And here the purple and the orange blaze :
 O'er these profuse the branching coral spread,
 The ^z coral wondrous in its watery bed :
 Soft there it creeps, in curving branches thrown ;
 In air it hardens to a precious stone.
 With these an herald, on whose melting tongue
 The ^a copious rhet'ric of Arabia hung,
 He sends, his wants and purpose to reveal,
 And holy vows of lasting peace to seal.
 The monarch sits amid his splendid bands,
 Before the regal throne the herald stands,
 And thus, as eloquence his lips inspired,
 O king! he cries, for sacred truth admired,
 Ordain'd by heaven to bend the stubborn knees
 Of haughtiest nations to thy just decrees ;
 Fear'd as thou art, yet sent by heaven to prove
 That empire's strength results from public love :
 To thee, O king, for friendly aid we come ;
 Nor lawless robbers o'er the deep we roam :
 No lust of gold could e'er our breasts inflame
 To scatter fire and slaughter where we came ;

Nor

^z *The coral wondrous in its watery bed*—

*Vimen erat dum stagna subit, proccesserat undis
 Gemma fuit.*

CLAUD.

*Sic et corallium, quo primum configit auras,
 Tempore durefcit, mollis fuit verba sub undis.*

OVID.

^a *The copious rhet'ric of Arabia.*— There were on board Gama's fleet several persons skilled in the Oriental languages. *Ofor.*

Nor sword, nor spear our harmless hands employ
 To seize the careless, or the weak destroy.
 At our most potent monarch's dread command
 We spread the sail from lordly Europe's strand:
 Through seas unknown, through gulphs untry'd before,
 We force our journey to the Indian shore.

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

O thou,

^b See the Eighth Odyffey, &c.

O thou, who knowest the ever-pressing weight
 Of kingly ^c 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

^c *Of kingly office.*—Castera's note on this place is so characteristic of a Frenchman, that the reader will perhaps be pleased to see it transcribed. In his text he says, "*Toi qui occupes si dignement le rang supreme.*"—In the note he thus apologises, "*Le Poete dit, Tens de Rey o officio, Toi qui fais lemetier de Roi.*"—The poet says, *thou who holdest the business of a king.* I confess I found a strong inclination to translate this sentence literally. I find much nobleness in it. However, I submitted to the opinion of some friends, who were afraid that the ears of Frenchmen would be shocked at the word *business* applied to a king. It is true, nevertheless, that royalty is a *business*. Philip II. of Spain was convinced of it, as we may discern from one of his letters. *Hallo*, says he, *me muy embaraçado, &c.* "*I am so entangled and incumbered with the multiplicity of business, that I have not a moment to myself. In truth, we kings hold a laborious office, there is little reason to envy us.*" May the politeness of England never be disgusted with the word *business* applied to a king!

^d *The herald's speech.*—The propriety and artfulness of Homer's speeches have been often and justly admired. Camoëns is peculiarly happy in the same department of the Epopœia. The speech of Gama's herald to the king of Melinda is a striking instance of it. The compliments with which it begins have a direct tendency to the favours afterwards to be asked. The assurance of the innocence, the purpose of the voyagers, and the greatness of their king, are happily touched. The exclamation on the barbarous treatment they had experienced, "*Not wisdom saved us, but heaven's own care,*" are masterly insinuations. Their barbarous treatment is again repeated in a manner to move compassion: *Alas! what could they fear, &c.* is reasoning joined with the pathos. That they were conducted to the king of Melinda by heaven, and were by heaven assured of his truth, is a most delicate compliment, and in the true spirit of the epic poem. The allusion to Alcinoüs is well timed. The apology for Gama's refusal to come on shore, is exceeding artful. It conveys a proof of the greatness of the Portuguese sovereign, and affords a compliment to loyalty, which could not fail

to

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, arose the royal Moor,
 And, smiling, thus,—O welcome to my shore !
 If yet in you the fear of treason dwell,
 Far from your thoughts th' ungenerous fear expel :
 Still with the brave, the brave will honour find,
 And equal ardour will their friendship bind.
 But those who spurn'd you, men alone in show,
 Rude as the bestial herd, no worth they know ;
 Such dwell not here : and since your laws require
 Obedience strict, I yield my fond desire.
 Though much I wish'd your chief to grace my board,
 Fair be his duty to his sovereign lord :
 Yet when the morn walks forth with dewy feet
 My barge shall waft me to the warlike fleet ;
 There shall my longing eyes the heroes view,
 And holy vows the mutual peace renew.

What

to be acceptable to a monarch. In short, the whole of the speech supplicates warmly, but at the same time in the most manly manner ; and the adjuration concludes it with all the appearance of warmth and sincerity. Eustathius would have written a whole chapter on such a speech in the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*.

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

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 founding oar
The monarch sails ; the natives crowd the shore.
Their various robes in one bright splendor join,
The purple blazes, and the gold-stripes shine ;
Nor as stern warriors with the quivering lance,
Or moon-arch'd bow, Melinda's fons 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 fate :
His robes the pomp of eastern splendor show,
A proud tiara decks his lordly brow :
The various tiffue shines in every fold,
The filken lustre and the rays of gold.
His purple mantle boasts the dye of Tyre,
And in the sun-beam glows with living fire.
A golden chain, the skilful artist's pride,
Hung from his neck ; and glittering by his side
The dagger's hilt of star-bright diamond shone,
The girding baldric burns with precious stone ;

And

And precious stone in studs of gold enchafed,
 The shaggy velvet of his buskins graced :
 Wide o'er his head, of various filks inlaid,
 A fair umbrella cast a grateful shade.
 A band of menials, bending o'er the prow,
 Of horn-wreath'd round the crooked trumpets blow ;
 And each attendant barge aloud rebounds
 A barbarous discord of rejoicing founds.
 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 ^e 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

^e *With fair embroidery shone his armed breast.*—Camoëns seems to have his eye on the picture of Gama, which is thus described by *Faria y Sousa*. "He is painted with a black cap, cloak and breeches edged with velvet, all flashed, through which appears the crimson lining, the doublet of crimson satin, and over it his armour inlaid with gold."

Gold was his sword, and warlike trowsers laced
 With thongs of gold his manly legs embraced :
 With graceful mien his cap assant 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 pleas'd beholders wondering eye,
 And with the splendor 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 scepter'd grandeur due :
 In silent awe the monarch's wondering view
 Is fixt ^f on VASCO's noble mien ; the while
 His thoughts with wonder weigh the hero's toil.

Esteem

^f — *The monarch's wondering view is fixt on Vasco's noble mien.*—The admiration and friendship of the king of Melinda, so much insisted on by Camoëns, is a judicious imitation of Virgil's Dido. In both cases such preparation was necessary to introduce the long episodes which follow.

Esteem and friendship with his wonder rife,
And free to GAMA all his kingdom lies.
Though never son of Lufus' race before
Had met his eye, or trod Melinda's shore,
To him familiar was the mighty name,
And much his talk extols the Lufian fame;
How through the vast of Afric's wildest bound
Their deathless feats in gallant arms resound;
When that fair land where Hesper's offspring reign'd,
Their valour's prize the Lufian youth obtain'd.
Much still he talk'd, enraptured of the theme,
Though but the faint vibrations of their fame
To him had echoed. Pleased his warmth to view,
Convinced his promise and his heart were true,
The illustrious GAMA thus his soul express'd,
And own'd the joy that labour'd in his breast:
Oh Thou, benign, of all the tribes alone,
Who feel the rigour of the burning zone,
Whose piety, with mercy's gentle eye
Beholds our wants, and gives the wish'd supply;
Our navy driven from many a barbarous coast,
On many a tempest-harrowed ocean tost,
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 pleas'd 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 loursing 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 courfers raise
 Their flaming fronts, and give the opening blaze ;
 Soft on the glassy wave the zephyrs sleep,
 And the still billows holy silence keep.
 Nor less are we, undaunted chief, prepared
 To hear thy nation's gallant deeds declared ;
 Nor think, tho' scorched beneath the car of day,
 Our minds too dull the debt of praise to pay ;
 Melinda's sons the test of greatness know,
 And on the Lusian race the palm bestow.

If Titan's^f giant brood with impious arms
 Shook high Olympus' brow with rude alarms ;
 If Theseus and Perithous dared invade
 The dismal horrors of the Stygian shade,
 Nor less your glory, nor your boldness less,
 That thus exploring Neptune's last recess
 Contemn his waves and tempests ! If the thirst
 To live in fame, though famed for deeds accurst,

Could

^f For a defence of the king of Melinda's learning, ignorantly objected to by Voltaire, see the preface.

Could urge the caitiff, who to win a name
Gave Dian's temple to the wafting flame :
If such the ardour to attain renown,
How bright the lustre of the hero's crown,
Whose deeds of fair emprise his honours raise,
And bind his brows, like thine, with deathless bays !

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE
L U S I A D.

B O O K III.

OH now, Calliope, thy potent aid !
What to the king th' illustrious GAMA said
Cloath in immortal verfe. With facred fire
My breast, if e'er it loved thy lore, inspire :
So may the patron of the healing art,
The god of day to thee confign his heart ;
From thee, the mother of his darling ^a fon,
May never wandering thought to Daphne run :

May

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

May never Clytia, nor Leucothoe's pride
 Henceforth with thee his changeful love divide.
 Then aid, O fairest nymph, my fond desire,
 And give my verse the Lusian warlike fire :
 Fired by the song, the listening world shall know
 That Aganippe's streams from Tagus flow.
 Oh, let no more the flowers of Pindus shine
 On thy fair breast, or round thy temples twine :
 On Tago's banks a richer chaplet blows,
 And with the tuneful god my bosom glows :
 I feel, I feel the mighty power infuse,
 And bathe my spirit in Aonian dews !

Now silence wooed th' illustrious chief's reply,
 And keen attention watch'd on every eye ;
 When slowly turning with a modest grace,
 The noble Vasco raised his manly face ;
 O mighty king, he cries, at thy ^b command
 The martial story of my native land
 I tell ; but more my doubtful heart had joy'd
 Had other wars my praiseful lips employ'd.
 When men the honours of their race commend,
 The doubts of strangers on the tale attend :

Yet

^b *O mighty king, he cries.*—The preface to the speech of Gama, and the description of Europe which follows, are happy imitations of the manner of Homer. When Camoëns describes countries, or musters an army, it is after the example of the great models of antiquity : By adding some characteristic feature of the climate or people, he renders his narrative pleasing, picturesque, and poetical.

Yet though reluctance faulter on my tongue,
 Though day would fail a narrative so long,
 Yet well assured no fiction's glare can raise,
 Or give my country's fame a brighter praise;
 Though less, far less, whate'er my lips can say,
 Than truth must give it, I thy will obey.

Between that zone, where endless winter reigns,
 And that, where flaming heat consumes the plains;
 Array'd in green, beneath indulgent skies,
 The queen of arts and arms fair Europe lies.
 Around her northern and her western shores,
 Throng'd with the finny race old Ocean roars;
 The midland sea, where tide ne'er swell'd the waves,
 Her richest lawns, the southern border, laves.
 Against the rising morn, the northmost bound
 The whirling Tanais parts from Asian ground,
 As tumbling from the Scythian mountains cold
 Their crooked way the rapid waters hold
 To dull Mæotis' lake: her eastern line
 More to the south, the Phrygian waves confine;
 Those waves, which, black with many a navy, bore
 The Grecian heroes to the Dardan shore;
 Where now the seaman rapt in mournful joy
 Explores in vain the sad remains of Troy.
 Wide to the north beneath the pole she spreads;
 Here piles of mountains rear their rugged heads,
 Here winds on winds in endless tempests rowl,
 The valleys sigh, the lengthening echoes howl.

On

On the rude cliffs with frosty spangles grey,
 Weak as the twilight gleams the solar ray;
 Each mountain's breast with snows eternal shines,
 The streams and seas eternal frost confines.
 Here dwelt the numerous Scythian tribes of old,
 A dreadful race! by victor ne'er controul'd,
 Whose pride maintain'd that theirs the sacred earth,
 Not that of Nile, which first gave man his birth.
 Here dismal Lapland spreads a dreary wild,
 Here Norway's wastes where harvest never smil'd,
 Whose groves of fir in gloomy horror frown,
 Nod o'er the rocks, and to the tempest groan.
 Here Scandia's clime her rugged shores extends,
 And far projected, through the ocean bends;
 Whose sons' dread footsteps yet Ausonia^c wears,
 And yet proud Rome in mournful ruin bears.

When

^c *Whose sons' dread footsteps yet Ausonia wears.*—In the year 409 the city of Rome was sacked, and Italy laid desolate by Alaric, king of the Scandian and other northern tribes. In mentioning this circumstance Camoëns has not fallen into the common error of little poets, who on every occasion bewail the outrage which the Goths and Vandals did to the arts and sciences. Those arts and sciences, however, which give vigour to the mind, long ere the irruption of the northern tribes, were in the most languid state. The southern nations of Europe were sunk into the most contemptible degeneracy. The sciences, with every branch of manly literature, were almost unknown. For near two centuries no poet or writer of note had adorned the Roman empire. Those arts only, the abuse of which have a certain and fatal tendency to enervate the mind, the arts of music and cookery, were passionately cultivated in all the refinements of effeminate abuse. The art of war was too laborious for their delicacy, and the generous warmth of heroism and patriotism was incompatible with their effeminacy. Whoever reads the history of the later emperors of Rome will find it hard to explain how

When summer bursts stern winter's icy chain,
 Here the bold Swede, the Prussian, and the Dane
 Hoist the white sail, and plough the foamy way,
 Chear'd by whole months of one continual day.
 Between these shores and Tanais' rushing tide
 Livonia's sons and Ruffia's hords reside.
 Stern as their clime the tribes, whose fires of yore
 The name, far dreaded, of Sarmatians bore.

Where,

minds illuminated, as it is pretended, by letters and science, could at the same time be so broken as to suffer the basest subjection to such weak and wanton tyrants. That the general mind of the empire did suffer, for several centuries, the weakest and most capricious tyranny is a fact beyond dispute, a fact, which most strongly marks their degenerated character. On these despicable Sybarites ^a the north poured her brave and hardy sons, who, though ignorant of polite literature, were possessed of all the manly ^b virtues of the Scythians in a high degree. Under their conquests Europe wore a new and a vigorous face; and which however rude, was infinitely preferable to that languid and sickly female countenance, which it had lately worn. Even the ideas of civil liberty were lost. But the rights of mankind were claimed, however rude their laws, by the northern invaders. And however ignorance may talk of their barbarity, it is to them that England owes her constitution, which, as Montesquieu observes, they brought from the woods of Saxony. The spirit of gallantry and romantic attachment to the fair sex, which distinguished the northern heroes, will make their manners admired, while, considered in the same point, the polished ages of Greece and Rome excite our horror and detestation. To add no more, it is to the irruption of these brave barbarians that modern Europe owes those remains of the spirit of liberty, and some other of the greatest advantages, which she may at present possess. They introduced a vigour of mind, which under the consequences of the crusades, and a variety of other causes, has not only been able to revive the arts, and improve every science, but has also investigated and ascertained the political interest and rights of mankind, in a manner unknown to the brightest ages of the ancient world.

^a *Sybaris*, a city in Grecia Magna, whose inhabitants were so effeminate, that they ordered all the cocks to be killed, that they might not be disturbed by their early crowing.

^b See Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poetry*. Dissert. II. p. 3.

Where, famed of old, th' Hircinian forest lour'd,
Oft seen in arms the Polish troops are pour'd
Wide foraging the downs. The Saxon race,
The Hungar dextrous in the wild-boar chace,
The various nations whom the Rhine's cold wave
The Elbe, Amafis, and the Danube lave,
Of various tongues, for various princes known,
Their mighty lord the German emperor own.
Between the Danube and the lucid tide
Where hapless Helle left her name, and died,
The dreadful god of battles' kindred race,
Degenerate now, possess the hills of Thrace.
Mount Hæmus here, and Rhodope renown'd,
And proud Byzantium, long with empire crown'd;
Their ancient pride, their ancient virtue fled,
Low to the Turk now bend the servile head.
Here spread the fields of warlike Macedon,
And here those happy lands where genius shone
In all the arts, in all the muse's charms,
In all the pride of elegance and arms,
Which to the heavens refounded Grecia's name,
And left in every age a deathless fame.
The stern Dalmatians till the neighbouring ground;
And where Antenor anchor'd in the sound,
Proud Venice as a queen majestic towers,
And o'er the trembling waves her thunder pours.
For learning glorious, glorious for the sword,
While Rome's proud monarch reign'd the world's dread lord,

Here Italy her beauteous landscapes shews ;
 Around her sides his arms old Ocean throws ;
 The dashing waves the ramparts aid supply ;
 The hoary Alps, high towering to the sky,
 From shore to shore a rugged barrier spread,
 And lour destruction on the hostile tread.
 But now no more her hostile spirit burns ;
 There now the faint in humble vespers mourns ;
 To heaven more grateful than the pride of war,
 And all the triumphs of the victor's car.
 Onward fair Gallia opens to the view
 Her groves of olive, and her vineyards blue :
 Wide spread her harvests o'er the scenes renown'd,
 Where Julius proudly strode with laurel crown'd.
 Here Seyn,—how fair when glistening to the moon !
 Rolls his white wave ; and here the cold Garoon ;
 Here the deep Rhine the flowery margin laves ;
 And here the rapid Rhone impervious raves.
 Here the gruff mountains, faithless to the vows
 Of lost Pyrene ^d rear their cloudy brows ;
 Whence, when of old the flames their woods devour'd,
 Streams of red gold and melted silver pour'd.

And

^d *Faitblefs to the vows of lost Pyrene, &c.*—She was daughter to Bebryx, a king of Spain, and concubine to Hercules. Having one day wandered from her lover, she was destroyed by wild beasts, on one of the mountains which bear her name. Diodorus Siculus, and others, derive the name of the Pyreneans from *πῦρ*, *fire*. To support which etymology they relate, that by the negligence of some shepherds the antient forests on these mountains were set on fire, and burned with such vehemence, that the melted metals spouted out and ran down from the sides of the hills. The allusion to this old tradition is in the true spirit of Homer and Virgil. C.

And now, as head of all the lordly train
 Of Europe's realms, appears illustrious Spain.
 Alas, what various fortunes has she known!
 Yet ever did her sons her wrongs atone;
 Short was the triumph of her haughty foes,
 And still with fairer bloom her honours rose.
 Where, lock'd with land the struggling currents boil,
 Fam'd for the godlike Theban's latest^f toil.
 Against one coast the Punic strand extends,
 And round her breast the midland ocean bends:
 Around her shores two various oceans swell,
 And various nations in her bosom dwell;
 Such deeds of valour dignify their names,
 Each the imperial right of honour claims.
 Proud Arragon, who twice her standard reared
 In conquer'd Naples; and for art revered,
 Galicia's prudent sons; the fierce Navar;
 And he far dreaded in the Moorish war,
 The bold Asturian; nor Sevilia's race,
 Nor thine, Granada, claim the second place.

Here

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

^f *The Theban's latest toil.*—Hercules, says the fable, to crown his labours, separated the two mountains Calpe and Abyla, the one now in Spain, the other in Africa, in order to open a canal for the benefit of commerce. Upon this opening, the ocean rushed in, and formed the Mediterranean, the Egean, and Euxine seas.

Here too the heroes who command the plain
 By Betis water'd; here, the pride of Spain,
 The brave Castilian pauses o'er his sword,
 His country's dread deliverer and lord.
 Proud o'er the rest, with splendid wealth array'd,
 As crown to this wide empire, Europe's head,
 Fair Lusitania smiles, the western bound,
 Whose verdant breast the rolling waves surround,
 Where gentle evening pours her lambent ray,
 The last pale gleaming of departing day:
 This, this, O mighty king, the sacred earth,
 This the lov'd parent-soil that gave me birth.
 And oh, would bounteous heaven my prayer regard,
 And fair success my perilous toils reward,
 May that dear land my latest breath receive,
 And give my weary bones a peaceful grave.

Sublime the honours of my native land,
 And high in heaven's regard her heroes stand;
 By heaven's decree 'twas theirs the first to quell
 The Moorish tyrants, and from Spain expel;
 Nor could their burning wilds conceal their flight,
 Their burning wilds confess the Lusian might.
 From Lusus famed, whose honour'd name we bear,
 (The son of Bacchus or the bold compeer,)

The

§ *By heaven's decree.*—This boast is according to the truth of history. In the days of Portuguese heroism, this first expulsion of the Moors was esteemed as a mark of the favour with which heaven had crowned their defence of the Catholic faith. See the Preface.

The glorious name of Lusitania rose,
 A name tremendous to the Roman foes,
 When her bold troops the valiant shepherd led,
 And foul with rout the Roman eagles fled ;
 When haughty Rome achiev'd the treach'rous ^h blow,
 That own'd her terror of the matchless foe.
 But when no more her Viriatus fought,
 Age after age her deeper thraldom brought ;
 Her broken sons by ruthless tyrants spurn'd,
 Her vineyards languish'd, and her pastures mourn'd ;
 Till time revolving rais'd her drooping head,
 And o'er the wondering world her conquests spread.
 Thus rose her power : the lands of lordly Spain
 Were now the brave Alonzo's wide domain ;
 Great were his honours in the bloody fight,
 And Fame proclaim'd him champion of the right,
 And oft the groaning Saracen's proud crest
 And shatter'd mail his awful force confess'd.
 From Calpe's summits to the Caspian shore
 Loud-tongued renown his godlike actions bore.
 And many a chief from distant regions ⁱ came
 To share the laurels of Alonzo's fame ;

Yet

^h ——— *the treacherous blow.* ——— The assassination of Viriatus. See the note on Book I. p. 14.

ⁱ *And many a chief from distant regions came.* ——— Don Alonzo, king of Spain, apprehensive of the superior number of the Moors, with whom he was at war, demanded assistance from Philip I. of France, and of the duke of Burgundy. According to the military spirit of the nobility of that age, no sooner was his desire known than numerous bodies of troops thronged to his standard. These, in the course of a few years, having shewn signal proofs

of

Yet more for holy Faith's unspotted cause
 Their spears they wielded, than for Fame's applause.
 Great were the deeds their thundering arms display'd,
 And still their foremost swords the battle sway'd.
 And now to honour with distinguished meed
 Each hero's worth, the generous king decreed.
 The first and bravest of the foreign bands
 Hungaria's younger son brave Henry ^{*} stands.

To

of their courage, the king distinguished the leaders with different marks of his regard. To Henry, a younger son of the duke of Burgundy, he gave his daughter Teresa in marriage, with the sovereignty of the countries to the south of Galicia, commissioning him to enlarge his boundaries by the expulsion of the infidels. Under the government of this great man, who reigned by the title of Count, his dominion was greatly enlarged, and became more rich and populous than before. The two provinces of *Entro Minho e Douro*, and *Fra los Montes*, were subdued, with that part of *Beira* which was held by the Moorish king of *Lamego*, whom he constrained to pay tribute. Many thousands of Christians, who had fled to the mountains, took shelter under the protection of Count Henry. Great multitudes of the Moors also chose to submit and remain in their native country under a mild government. These advantages, added to the great fertility of the soil of Henry's dominions, will account for the numerous armies and the frequent wars of the first sovereigns of Portugal.

^{*} *Hungaria's younger son*.—Camoëns, in making the founder of the Portuguese monarchy a younger son of the king of Hungary, has followed the old chronologist *Galvan*. The Spanish and Portuguese historians differ widely in their accounts of the parentage of this gallant stranger. Some bring him from Constantinople, and others from the house of Lorain. But the clearest and most probable account of him is in the chronicle of *Fleury*, wherein is preserved a fragment of French history, written by a Benedictine monk in the beginning of the twelfth century, and in the time of Count Henry. By this it appears, that he was a younger son of Henry, the only son of Robert, the first duke of Burgundy, who was a younger brother of Henry I. of France. Fanshaw, having an eye to this history, has taken the unwarrantable liberty to alter the fact as mentioned by his author.

Amongst

To him are given the fields where Tagus flows,
 And the glad king his daughter's hand bestows;
 'The fair Teresa shines his blooming bride,
 And owns her father's love, and Henry's pride.
 With her, besides, the sire confirms in dower
 Whate'er his sword might rescue from the Moor;
 And soon on Hagar's race the hero pours
 His warlike fury—soon the vanquish'd Moors
 To him far round the neighbouring lands resign,
 And heaven rewards him with a glorious line.
 To him is born, heaven's gift, a gallant son,
 The glorious founder of the Lusian throne.
 Nor Spain's wide lands alone his deeds attest,
 Deliver'd Judah Henry's might ¹ confess.
 On Jordan's bank the victor-hero strode,
 Whose hallowed waters bathed the Saviour-God;

And

*Amongst these Henry, saith the history,
 A younger son of France, and a brave prince,
 Had Portugal in lot.—
 And the same king did his own daughter tie
 To him in wedlock, to infer from thence
 His firmer love.—*

Nor are historians agreed on the birth of Donna Teresa, the spouse of Count Henry. Brandam, and other Portuguese historians, are at great pains to prove that she was the legitimate daughter of Alonzo and the beautiful *Ximena de Guzman*. But it appears from the more authentic chronicle of *Fleury*, that *Ximena* was only his concubine. And it is evident from all the historians, that Donna *Urraca*, the heiress of her father's kingdom, was younger than her half-sister, the wife of Count Henry.

¹ *Deliver'd Judah Henry's might confess.*—His expedition to the Holy Land is mentioned by some monkish writers, but from the other parts of his history it is highly improbable. Camoëns, however, shews his judgment in adopting every traditionary circumstance that might give an air of solemnity to his poem.

And Salem's gate her open folds display'd,
 When Godfrey conquer'd by the hero's aid.
 But now no more in tented fields oppos'd,
 By Tagus' stream his honoured age he clos'd;
 Yet still his dauntless worth, his virtue lived,
 And all the father in the son survived.

And soon his worth was proved; the parent^m dame
 Avowed a second hymeneal flame.

The low-born spouse assumes the monarch's place,
 And from the throne expels the orphan race.
 But young Alphonso, like his fires of yore,
 (His grandfire's virtues as his name he bore,)
 Arms for the fight, his ravish'd throne to win,
 And the laced helmet grasps his beardless chin.
 Her fiercest firebrands Civil Discord waded,
 Before her troops the lustful mother raved;

Loft

^m —the parent dame.—Don Alonzo Enriquez, son of Count Henry, was only entered into his third year when his father died. His mother assumed the reins of government, and appointed Don *Fernando Perez de Traba* to be her minister. When the young prince was in his eighteenth year, some of the nobility, who either envied the power of Don *Perez*, or were really offended with the reports that were spread of his familiarity with the prince's mother, of his intention to marry her, and to exclude the lawful heir, easily persuaded the young count to take arms, and assume the sovereignty. A battle ensued, in which the prince was victorious. *Teresa*, it is said, retired into the castle of *Legonasa*, where she was taken captive by her son, who condemned her to perpetual imprisonment, and ordered chains to be put upon her legs. That Don Alonzo made war against his mother, vanquished her party, and that she died in prison about two years after, A. D. 1130, are certain. But the cause of the war, that his mother was married to, or intended to marry Don *Perez*, and that she was put in chains, are uncertain.

Loft to maternal love, and loft to fhame,
 Unawed the faw heaven's awful vengeance flame;
 The brother's fword the brother's bofom tore,
 And fad Guimaria's meadows blufh'd with gore;
 With Lufian gore the peafant's cot was ftain'd,
 And kindred blood the facred fhrine profaned.

Here, cruel Progne, here, O Jafon's wife,
 Yet reeking with your children's purple life,
 Here glut your eyes with deeper guilt than yours;
 Here fiercer rage her fiercer rancour pours.
 Your crime was vengeance on the faithlefs fires,
 But here ambition with foul luft confpires.
 'Twas rage of love, O ⁿ Scylla, urged the knife
 That robb'd thy father of his fated life;
 Here groffer rage the mother's breast inflames,
 And at her guiltlefs fon the vengeance aims;
 But aims in vain; her flaughter'd forces yield,
 And the brave youth rides victor o'er the field.
 No more his fubjects lift the thirfty fword,
 And the glad realm proclaims the youthful lord.
 But ah, how wild the nobleft tempers run!
 His filial duty now forfakes the fon;

Secluded

ⁿ *'Twas rage of love, O Scylla* ——— The Scylla here alluded to was, according to fable, the daughter of Nifus king of Megara, who had a purple lock, in which lay the fate of his kingdom. Minos of Crete made war againft him, for whom Scylla conceived fo violent a paffion, that fhe cut off the fatal lock while her father fleep. Minos on this was victorious, but rejected the love of the unnatural daughter, who in defpair flung herfelf from a rock, and in the fall was changed into a lark.

Secluded from the day, in clanking chains
 His rage the parent's aged limbs constrains.
 Heaven frown'd—dark vengeance lowring on his brows,
 And sheath'd in brass the proud Castilian rose,
 Resolved the rigour to his daughter shewn,
 The battle should avenge, and blood atone.
 A numerous host against the prince he sped,
 The valiant prince his little army led :
 Dire was the shock ; the deep riven helms resound,
 And foes with foes lie grappling on the ground.
 Yet though around the stripling's sacred head
 By angel hands ethereal shields were spread ;
 Though glorious triumph on his valour smiled,
 Soon on his van the baffled foe recoil'd :
 With bands more numerous to the field he came,
 His proud heart burning with the rage of shame.
 And now in turn Guimaria's lofty wall,
 That saw his triumph, saw the hero fall :
 Within the town immured, distressed he lay,
 To stern Castilia's sword a certain prey.
 When now the guardian of his infant years,
 The valiant Egas, as a god appears ;
 To proud Casteel the suppliant noble bows,
 And faithful homage for his prince he vows.
 The proud Casteel accepts his honour'd faith,
 And peace succeeds the dreadful scenes of death.
 Yet well, alas, the generous Egas knew
 His high-soul'd prince to man would never sue,

Would never stoop to brook the servile stain,
To hold a borrow'd, a dependent reign.
And now with gloomy aspect rose the day,
Decreed the plighted servile rites to pay ;
When Egas to redeem his faith's disgrace
Devotes himself, his spouse, and infant race.
In gowns of white, as sentenced felons clad,
When to the stake the sons of guilt are led,
With feet unshod they slowly moved along,
And from their necks the knotted halters hung.
And now, O king, the kneeling Egas cries,
Behold my perjured honour's sacrifice :
If such mean victims can atone thine ire,
Here let my wife, my babes, myself expire.
If generous bosoms such revenge can take,
Here let them perish for the father's sake :
The guilty tongue, the guilty hands are these,
Nor let a common death thy wrath appease ;
For us let all the rage of torture burn,
But to my prince, thy son, in friendship turn.

He spoke, and bow'd his prostrate body low,
As one who waits the lifted fabre's blow,
When o'er the block his languid arms are spread,
And death, foretasted, whelms the heart with dread.
So great a leader thus in humbled state,
So firm his loyalty, and zeal so great,
The brave Alonzo's kindled ire subdued,
And lost in silent joy the monarch stood ;

Then gave the hand, and sheath'd the hostile sword,
And to such ^o honour honour'd peace restored.

Oh Lusian faith! oh zeal beyond compare!
What greater danger could the Persian dare,
Whose prince in tears, to view his mangled woe,
Forgot the joy for Babylon's ^p o'erthrow.
And now the youthful hero shines in arms,
The banks of Tagus echo war's alarms:
O'er Ourique's wide campaign his ensigns wave,
And the proud Saracen to combat brave.
Though prudence might arraign his fiery rage
That dared, with one, each hundred spears engage,
In heaven's protecting care his courage lies,
And heaven, his friend, superior force supplies.
Five Moorish kings against him march along,
Ismar the noblest of the armed throng;
Yet each brave monarch claim'd the soldier's name,
And far o'er many a land was known to fame.

In

^o *And to such honour.* — The authors of the Universal History having related the story of Egaz, add, “All this is very pleasant and entertaining, but we see no sufficient reason to affirm that there is one syllable of it true.”

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

^p — *Babylon's o'erthrow.* — When Darius laid siege to Babylon, one of his lords, named Zopyrus, having cut off his nose and ears, persuaded the enemy that he had received these indignities from the cruelty of his master. Being appointed to a chief command in Babylon, he betrayed the city to Darius. Vid. Justin.

In all the beauteous glow of blooming years,
 Beside each king a warrior [¶] nymph appears;
 Each with her sword her valiant lover guards,
 With smiles inspires him, and with smiles rewards.
 Such was the valour of the beauteous [†] maid,
 Whose warlike arm proud Ilion's fate delay'd:
 Such in the field the virgin warriors shone,
 Who drank the limpid wave of [‡] Thermodon.

'Twas morn's still hour, before the dawning grey
 The stars' bright twinkling radiance died away;
 When lo, resplendent in the heaven serene,
 High o'er the prince the sacred cross was seen;
 The godlike prince with faith's warm glow inflamed,
 Oh, not to me, my bounteous God, exclaim'd,

Oh,

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

[†] *The beauteous maid.*—Penthesilea, queen of the Amazons, who, after having signalized her valour at the siege of Troy, was killed by Achilles.

[‡] *Thermodon.*—A river of Scythia in the country of the Amazons.

Oh, not to me, who well thy g. andeur know,
But to the pagan herd thy wonders shew.

The Lusian host, enraptured, mark'd the sign
That witness'd to their chief the aid divine :
Right on the foe they shake the beamy lance,
And with firm strides, and heaving breasts, advance ;
Then burst the silence, Hail, O king, they cry ;
Our king, our king, the echoing dales reply.
Fired at the sound, with fiercer ardour glows
The heaven-made monarch ; on the wareless foes
Rushing, he speeds his ardent bands along :
So when the chace excites the rustic throng,
Roused to fierce madness by their mingled cries,
On the wild bull the red-eyed mastiff flies :
The stern-brow'd tyrant roars and tears the ground,
His watchful horns portend the deathful wound ;
The nimble mastiff, springing on the foe,
Avoids the furious sharpness of the blow :
Now by the neck, now by the gory sides
Hangs fierce, and all his bellowing rage derides :
In vain his eye-balls burn with living fire,
In vain his nostrils clouds of smoke respire ;
His gorge torn down, down falls the furious prize
With † hollow thundering sound, and raging dies.

Thus

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

Thus on the Moors the hero rush'd along,
 Th' astonish'd Moors in wild confusion throng;
 They snatch their arms, the hafty trumpet sounds,
 With horrid yell the dread alarm rebounds;
 The warlike tumult maddens o'er the plain,
 As when the flame devours the bearded grain:
 The nightly flames the whistling winds inspire,
 Fierce through the braky thicket pours the fire:
 Rous'd by the crackling of the mounting blaze,
 From sleep the shepherds start in wild amaze;
 They snatch their cloaths with many a woeful cry,
 And scatter'd devious to the mountains fly.
 Such sudden dread the trembling Moors alarms,
 Wild and confus'd they snatch the nearest arms;
 Yet flight they scorn, and eager to engage
 They spur their foamy steeds, and trust their furious rage:
 Amidst the horror of the headlong shock,
 With foot unshaken as the living rock
 Stands the bold Lusian firm; the purple wounds
 Gush horrible, deep groaning rage resounds;

Reeking

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

POPE, ll. xv.

Reeking behind the Moorish backs appear
 The shining point of many a Lusian spear;
 The mail-coats, hauberks, and the harness steel'd,
 Bruis'd, hackt, and torn, lie scatter'd o'er the field;
 Beneath the Lusian sweepy force o'erthrown,
 Crush'd by their batter'd mails the wounded groan;
 Burning with thirst they draw their panting breath,
 And curse their prophet as they writhe in death.
 Arms fever'd from the trunks still grasp the ^u steel,
 Heads gasping rowl; the fighting squadrons reel;

Fainty

^u — *still grasp the steel.*—There is a passage in Xenophon, upon which perhaps Camoëns had his eye. *Ἐπεὶ δὲ ἔληξεν ἡ μάχη, παρήν ιδεῖν, τὴν μὲν γῆν ἀίματι πεφυρμένην, &c.* “When the battle was over one might behold, “through the whole extent of the field, the ground purpled with blood, the “bodies of friends and enemies stretched over each other, the shields pierced, “the spears broken, and the drawn swords, some scattered on the earth, “some plunged in the bosoms of the slain, and some yet grasped in the “hands of the dead soldiers.”

As it was necessary in the preface to give a character of the French translation of the Lusiad, some support of that character is necessary in the notes. To point out every instance of the unpoetical taste of Castéra, were to give his paraphrase of every fine passage in Camoëns. His management of this battle will give an idea of his manner; it is therefore transcribed. “*Le Portugais heurte impetueusement les soldats d'Ismar, les renverse et leur ouvre le sein à coups de lance; on se rencontre, on se choque avec une fureur qui ébranleroit le sommet de montagnes. La terre tremble sous les pas des coursiers fougueux; l'impitoyable Erinny voit des blessures enormes et de coups dignes d'elles: les guerriers de Lusius brisent, coupent, taillent, enfoncent plastrons, armures, boucliers, cuirasses et turbans; la Parque étend ses ailes affreuses sur les Mauritains, l'un expire en mordant la poussière, l'autre implore le secours de son prophète; têtes jambes et bras volent et bondissent de toutes parts, l'œil n'apperçoit que visages couverts d'une paleur livide, que corps déchirés et qu'entrailles palpitantes.*” Had Castéra seriously intended to burlesque his author he could scarcely have better succeeded. As translation cannot convey a perfect idea of an author's manner, it is therefore not attempted. *The attack was with such fury that it might shake the tops of the mountains:* This bombast, and the wretched anticlimax ending

Fainty and weak with languid arms they close,
 And staggering grapple with the staggering foes:
 So when an oak falls headlong on the lake,
 The troubled waters, slowly settling, shake:
 So faints the languid combat on the plain,
 And settling staggers o'er the heaps of slain.
 Again the Lusian fury wakes its fires,
 The terror of the Moors new strength inspires;
 The scatter'd few in wild confusion fly,
 And total rout resounds the yelling cry.
 Defiled with one wide sheet of reeking gore,
 The verdure of the lawn appears no more:
 In bubbling streams the lazy currents run,
 And shoot red flames beneath the evening fun.
 With spoils enrich'd, with glorious trophies * crown'd,
 The heaven-made sovereign on the battle ground

Three

ending with turbans, are not in the original; from which indeed the whole is extremely wide. Had he added any poetical image, any flower to the embroidery of his author, the increase of the richness of the tissue would have rendered his work more pleasing. It was therefore his interest to do so. But it was not in the feelings of Castler to translate the *Lusiad* with the spirit of Camoëns.

* ——— with glorious trophies crown'd.—This memorable battle was fought in the plains of *Ourique*, in 1139. The engagement lasted six hours; the Moors were totally routed with incredible slaughter. On the field of battle Alonzo was proclaimed king of Portugal. The Portuguese writers have given many fabulous accounts of this victory. Some affirm, that the Moorish army amounted to 380,000; others, 480,000, and others swell it to 600,000; whereas Don Alonzo's did not exceed 13,000. Miracles must also be added. Alonzo, they tell us, being in great perplexity, sat down to comfort his mind by the perusal of the Holy Scriptures. Having read the story of *Gideon*, he sunk into a deep sleep, in which he saw a very
 old

Three days encampt, to rest his weary train,
 Whose dauntless valour drove the Moors from Spain.
 And now in honour of the glorious day,
 When five proud monarchs fell his vanquish'd prey,

On

old man in a remarkable dress come into his tent, and assure him of victory. His chamberlain coming in, waked him, and told him there was an old man very importunate to speak with him. Don Alonzo ordered him to be brought in, and no sooner saw him than he knew him to be the old man whom he had seen in his dream. This venerable person acquainted him, that he was a fisherman, and had led a life of penance for sixty years on an adjacent rock, where it had been revealed to him, that if the Count marched his army the next morning, as soon as he heard a certain bell ring, he should receive the strongest assurance of victory. Accordingly, at the ringing of the bell, the Count put his army in motion, and suddenly beheld in the eastern sky, the figure of the Cross, and Christ upon it, who promised him a complete victory, and commanded him to accept the title of king, if it was offered him by the army. The same writers add, that as a standing memorial of this miraculous event, Don Alonzo changed the arms which his father had given, of a cross azure in a field argent, for five escutcheons, each charged with five bezants, in memory of the five wounds of Christ. Others assert, that he gave in a field argent five escutcheons azure, in the form of a cross, each charged with five bezants argent, placed salterwise, with a point fable, in memory of five wounds he himself received, and of five Moorish kings slain in the battle. There is an old record, said to be written by Don Alonzo, in which the story of the vision is related upon his majesty's oath. The Spanish critics, however, have discovered many inconsistencies in it. They find the language intermixed with phrases not then in use: it bears the date of the year of our Lord, at a time when that era had not been introduced into Spain; and John, Bishop of Coimbra, signs as a witness before John, metropolitan of Braja, which is contrary to ecclesiastical rule. These circumstances, however, are not mentioned to prove the falsehood of the vision, but to vindicate the character of Don Alonzo from any share in the oath which passes under his name. The truth is, the Portuguese were always unwilling to pay any homage to the king of Castile. They adorned the battle which gave birth to their monarchy, with miracle, and the new sovereignty with a command from heaven, circumstances extremely agreeable both to the military pride and the superstition of these times. The regal dignity and constitution of the monarchy, however,

On his broad buckler, unadorn'd before,
Placed as a cross, five azure shields he y wore

In

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

y — *five azure shields*. — Fanshew's translation of this is curious. is literal in the circumstances, but the debasements marked in italic are his own:

In

In grateful memory of the heavenly sign,
The pledge of conquest by the aid divine.

Nor long his faulchion in the scabbard slept,
His warlike arm increasing laurels reapt :
From Leyra's walls the baffled Ifmar flies,
And strong Arroncha falls his conquer'd prize ;
That honour'd town, through whose Elyfian groves
Thy smooth and limpid wave, O Tagus, roves.
Th' illustrious Santarene confess his power,
And vanquish'd Mafra yields her proudest tower.
The lunar mountains saw his troops display
Their marching banners and their brave array ;
To him submits fair Cintra's cold domain,
The soothing refuge of the Nayad train,
When love's sweet snares the pining nymphs would shun :
Alas, in vain from warmer climes they run :
The cooling shades awake the young desires,
And the cold fountains cherish love's soft fires.

And

In these five shields he paints the *recompence*

(*Os trinta Dinheiros* ; the thirty Denarii, says Camoëns.)

For which the lord was fold, in various *ink*

Writing his history, who did dispense

Such favour to him, *more than heart could think*.

(Writing the remembrance of him, by whom he was favoured, in various colours. *Camoëns*.)

In every of the five he paints *five-pence*

So sums the thirty *by a cinque-fold cinque*

Accounting that which is the center, twice,

Of the five cinques, which he doth place *cross-wife*.

And thou, famed Lisboa, whose embattled wall
 Rose by the ^z hand that wrought proud Ilion's fall;
 Thou queen ^a of cities, whom the seas obey,
 Thy dreaded ramparts own'd the hero's sway.
 Far from the north a warlike navy bore
 From Elbe, from Rhine, and Albion's misty shore,
 To rescue Salem's long-polluted shrine;
 Their force to great Alonzo's force they join:
 Before Ulysses' walls the navy rides,
 The joyful Tagus laves their pitchy fides.
 Five times the moon her empty horns conceal'd,
 Five times her broad effulgence shone reveal'd,
 When, wrapt in clouds of dust, her mural pride
 Falls thundering,—black the smoking breach yawns wide.

As

^z *Rose by the hand.*—The tradition, that Lisbon was built by Ulysses, and thence called *Olyffipolis*, is as common as that (and of equal authority with it) which says, that Brute landed a colony of Trojans in England, and gave the name of Britannia to the island.

^a *Thou queen of cities.*—The conquest of Lisbon was of the utmost importance to the infant monarchy. It is one of the finest ports in the world, and ere the invention of cannon, was of great strength. The old Moorish wall was flanked by seventy-seven towers, was about six miles in length, and fourteen in circumference. When besieged by Don Alonzo, according to some, it was garrisoned by an army of 200,000 men. This, not to say impossible, is highly incredible. That it was strong, however, and well garrisoned, is certain. It is also certain, that Alonzo owed the conquest of it to a fleet of adventurers, who were going to the Holy Land, the greatest part of whom were English. One *Udal ap Rhys*, in his tour through Portugal, says, that Alonzo gave them *Almada*, on the side of the Tagus opposite to Lisbon, and that *Villa Franca* was peopled by them, which they called *Cornualla*, either in honour of their native country, or from the rich meadows in its neighbourhood, where immense herds of cattle are kept, as in the English Cornwall.

As when th' imprison'd waters burst the mounds,
 And roar, wide sweeping, o'er the cultured grounds;
 Nor cot nor fold withstand their furious course;
 So headlong rush'd along the hero's force.
 The thirst of vengeance the assailants fires,
 The madness of despair the Moors inspires;
 Each lane, each street resounds the conflict's roar,
 And every threshold reeks with tepid gore.

Thus fell the city, whose unconquer'd^b towers
 Defy'd of old the banded Gothic powers,
 Whose harden'd nerves in rigorous climates train'd
 The savage courage of their souls sustain'd;
 Before whose sword the sons of Ebro fled,
 And Tagus trembled in his oozy bed;
 Aw'd by whose arms the lawns of Betis' shore
 The name Vandalia from the Vandals bore.

When Lisboa's towers before the Lusian fell,
 What fort, what rampart might his arms repell!
 Estremadura's region owns him lord,
 And Torres-vedras bends beneath his sword;
 Obidos humbles, and Alamquer yields,
 Alamquer famous for her verdant fields,
 Whose murmuring rivulets cheer the traveller's way,
 As the chill waters o'er the pebbles stray.

Elva

^b *Unconquer'd towers*.—This assertion of Camoëns is not without foundation, for it was by treachery that Herimeneric, the Goth, got possession of Lisbon.

Elva the green, and Moura's fertile dales,
 Fair Serpa's tillage, and Alcazar's vales
 Not for himself the Moorish peasant sows;
 For Lusian hands the yellow harvest glows:
 And you, fair lawns, beyond the Tago's wave,
 Your golden burdens for Alonzo save;
 Soon shall his thundering might your wealth reclaim,
 And your glad valleys hail their monarch's name.

Nor sleep his captains while the soveraign wars;
 The brave Giraldo's sword in conquest shares;
 Evora's frowning walls, the castled hold
 Of that proud Roman chief, and rebel bold,
 Sertorius dread, whose labours still ^c remain;
 Two hundred arches, stretch'd in length, sustain
 The marble duct, where, glistening to the sun,
 Of silver hue the shining waters run.
 Evora's frowning walls now shake with fear,
 And yield obedient to Giraldo's spear.
 Nor rests the monarch while his servants toil,
 Around him still increasing trophies smile,
 And deathless fame repays the hapless fate
 That gives to human life so short a date.
 Proud Beja's castled walls his fury forms,
 And one red slaughter every lane deforms.

The

^c — *whose labours still remain.*—The aqueduct of Sertorius, here mentioned, is one of the grandest remains of antiquity. It was repaired by John III. of Portugal, about A. D. 1540.

The ghosts, whose mangled limbs, yet scarcely cold,
Heapt sad Trancofo's streets in carnage roll'd,
Appeas'd, the vengeance of their slaughter fee,
And hail th' indignant king's severe decree.
Palmela trembles on her mountain's height,
And sea-laved Zambra owns the hero's might.
Nor these alone confess his happy star,
Their fated doom produced a nobler war.
Badaja's king, an haughty Moor, beheld
His towns besieged, and hasted to the field.
Four thousand courfers in his army neigh'd,
Unnumber'd spears his infantry display'd;
Proudly they march'd, and glorious to behold,
In silver belts they shone, and plates of gold.
Along a mountain's side secure they trod;
Steep on each hand, and rugged was the road;
When as a bull, whose lustful veins betray
The maddening tumult of inspiring May;
If, when his rage with fiercest ardour glows,
When in the shade the fragrant heifer lows,
If then perchance his jealous burning eye
Behold a careless traveller wander by,
With dreadful bellowing on the wretch he flies;
The wretch defenceless torn and trampled dies.
So rush'd Alonzo on the gaudy train,
And pour'd victorious o'er the mangled slain;
The royal Moor precipitates in flight;
The mountain echoes with the wild affright

Of

Of flying squadrons ; down their arms they throw,
And dash from rock to rock to shun the foe.
The foe ! what wonders may not virtue dare !
But sixty ^d horsemen waged the conquering war.
The warlike monarch still his toil renews ;
New conquest still each victory pursues.
To him Badaja's lofty gates expand,
And the wide region owns his dread command.
When now enraged proud Leon's king beheld
Those walls subdued which saw his troops expell'd ;
Enraged he saw them own the victor's sway,
And hems them round with battalious array.
With generous ire the brave Alonzo glows,
By heaven unguarded, on the numerous foes
He rushes, glorying in his wonted force,
And spurs with headlong rage his furious horse ;
The combat burns, the snorting courser bounds,
And paws impetuous by the iron mounds :
O'er gasping foes and sounding bucklers trod
The raging steed, and headlong as he rode
Dash'd the fierce monarch on a rampire bar—
Low groveling in the dust, the pride of war,
The great Alonzo lies. The captive's fate
Succeeds, alas, the pomp of regal state.
“ Let iron dash his limbs,” his mother cried,
“ And steel revenge my chains :” she spoke, and died ;
And

^d *But sixty horsemen.*—The history of this battle wants authenticity.

And heaven assented—Now the hour was come,
And the dire curse was fallen Alonzo's ^e doom.

No more, O Pompey, of thy fate complain,
No more with sorrow view thy glory's stain;
Though thy tall standards tower'd with lordly pride
Where northern Phasis rolls his icy tide;
Though hot Syene, where the sun's fierce ray
Begets no shadow, own'd thy conquering sway;
Though from the tribes that shiver in the gleam
Of cold Bootes' watery glistening team,
To those who parch'd beneath the burning line,
In fragrant shades their feeble limbs recline,
The various languages proclaim'd thy fame,
And trembling own'd the terrors of thy name;
Though rich Arabia, and Sarmatia bold,
And Colchis, famous for the fleece of gold;

Though

^e *Alonzo's doom.*—As already observed, there is no authentic proof that Don Alonzo used such severity to his mother as to put her in chains. Brandan says it was reported that Don Alonzo was born with both his legs growing together, and that he was cured by the prayers of his tutor *Egas Nunio*. Legendary as this may appear, this however is deducible from it, that from his birth there was something amiss about his legs. When he was prisoner to his son-in-law Don *Fernando* king of Leon, he recovered his liberty ere his leg, which was fractured in the battle, was restored to strength, on condition that as soon as he was able to mount on horseback, he should come to Leon, and in person do homage for his dominions. This condition, so contrary to his coronation agreement, he found means to avoid. He would never more mount on horseback, but on pretence of lameness, ever after affected to ride in a calash. This, his natural, and afterward political, infirmity, the superstitious of those days ascribed to the curses of his mother.

'Though Judah's land, whose sacred rites implored
 The one true God, and, as he taught, adored ;
 Though Cappadocia's realm thy mandate sway'd,
 And base Sophenia's sons thy nod obey'd ;
 Though next Sicilia's pirates wore thy bands,
 And those who cultured fair Armenia's lands,
 Where from the sacred mount two rivers flow,
 And what was Eden to the pilgrim shew ;
 Though from the vast Atlantic's bounding wave
 To where the northern tempests howl and rave
 Round Taurus' lofty brows : though vast and wide
 The various climes that bended to thy pride ;
 No more with pining anguish of regret
 Bewail the horrors of Pharfalia's fate :
 For great Alonzo, whose superior name
 Unequal'd victories consign to fame,
 The great Alonzo fell—like thine his woe ;
 From nuptial kindred came the fatal blow.

When now the hero, humbled in the dust,
 His crime atoned, confess't that heaven was just,
 Again in splendor he the throne ascends :
 Again his bow the Moorish chieftain bends.
 Wide round th' embattled gates of Santareen
 Their shining spears and banner'd moons are seen.
 But holy rites the pious king preferr'd ;
 The martyr's bones on Vincent's cape interr'd,

(His fainter name the cape shall ever ^f bear,)
 To Lisboa's walls he brought with votive care.
 And now the monarch, old and feeble grown,
 Refrains the falchion to his valiant son.
 O'er Tago's waves the youthful hero past,
 And bleeding hosts before him shrunk aghast :
 Choak'd with the slain, with Moorish carnage dy'd,
 Sevilla's river roll'd the purple tide.
 Burning for victory the warlike boy
 Spares not a day to thoughtless rest or joy.
 Nor long his wish unsatisfied remains :
 With the besiegers' gore he dyes the plains
 That circle Beja's wall : yet still untamed,
 With all the fierceness of despair inflamed,
 The raging Moor collects his distant might ;
 Wide from the shores of Atlas' starry height,
 From Amphelus's cape, and Tingia's bay,
 Where stern Antæus held his brutal sway,
 The Mauritanian trumpet sounds to arms,
 And Juba's realm returns the hoarse alarms ;
 The swarthy tribes in burnish'd armour shine,
 Their warlike march Abeyla's shepherds join.
 The great ^g Miramolin on Tago's shores
 Far o'er the coast his banner'd thousands pours ;

Twelve

^f *Tu quoque littoribus nostris, Æneia nutrix,
 Æternam moriens famam, Cæeta dedisti.*

VIRG. ÆN. VII.

^g *Miramolin*,—not the name of a person, but a title, *quasi, Saldan*. The Arabs call it Emir-Almoumini, *the Emperor of the Faithful*.

Twelve kings and one beneath his ensigns stand,
And wield their fabres at his dread command.
The plundering bands far round the region haste,
The mournful region lies a naked waste.
And now enclosed in Santareen's high towers
The brave Don Sanco shuns th' unequal powers ;
A thousand arts the furious Moor pursues,
And ceaseless still the fierce assault renews.
Huge clefts of rock, from horrid engines whirl'd,
In smouldering volleys on the town are hurl'd ;
The brazen rams the lofty turrets shake,
And, mined beneath, the deep foundations quake ;
But brave Alonzo's son, as danger grows,
His pride inflamed, with rising courage glows ;
Each coming storm of missile darts he wards,
Each nodding turret, and each port he guards.

In that fair city, round whose verdant meads
The branching river of Mondego spreads,
Long worn with warlike toils, and bent with years
The king reposed, when Sanco's fate he hears.
His limbs forget the feeble steps of age,
And the hoar warrior burns with youthful rage.
His daring veterans, long to conquest train'd,
He leads—the ground with Moorish blood is stain'd ;
Turbans, and robes of various colours wrought,
And shiver'd spears in streaming carnage float.
In harness gay lies many a weltering steed,
And low in dust the groaning masters bleed.

As proud Miramolin in horror fled,
 Don Sanco's javelin stretch'd him with the dead.
 In wild dismay, and torn with gushing wounds
 The rout wide scatter'd fly the Lufian bounds.
 Their hands to heaven the joyful victors raise,
 And every voice resounds the song of praise ;
 " Nor was it stumbling chance, nor human might,
 " 'Twas guardian heaven," they sung, "that ruled the fight."

This blissful day Alonzo's glories crown'd ;
 But pale disease gave now the secret wound ;
 Her icy hand his feeble limbs invades,
 And pining languor through his vitals spreads.
 The glorious monarch to the tomb descends,
 A nation's grief the funeral torch attends.
 Each winding shore for thee, Alonzo, ^h mourns,
 Alonzo's name each woeful bay returns ;
 For thee the rivers sigh their groves among,
 And funeral murmurs wailing, roll along ;
 Their swelling tears o'erflow the wide campaign ;
 With floating heads, for thee, the yellow grain,

For

^h *Each winding shore for thee, Alonzo, mourns.*—In this poetical exclamation, expressive of the sorrow of Portugal on the death of Alonzo, Camoëns has happily imitated some passages of Virgil.

—— *Ipsæ te, Tityre, pinus,
 Ipsi te fontes, ipsa hæc arbuta vocabant.* ECL. I.

—— *Eurydicen vox ipsa et frigida lingua,
 Ab miseram Eurydicen, anima fugiente, vocabat :
 Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ.* G. IV.

—— *litus, Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret.* ECL. VI.

For thee the willow bowers and copfes weep,
 As their tall boughs lie trembling on the deep;
 Adown the streams the tangled vine-leaves flow,
 And all the landscape wears the look of woe.
 Thus o'er the wondering world thy glories spread,
 And thus thy mournful people bow the head;
 While still, at eve, each dale Alonzo sighs,
 And, oh, Alonzo; every hill replies;
 And still the mountain echoes trill the lay,
 Till blushing morn brings on the noiseful day.

The youthful Sanco to the throne succeeds,
 Already far renown'd for valorous deeds;
 Let Betis tinged with blood his prowess tell,
 And Beja's lawns, where boastful Afric fell.
 Nor less, when king, his martial ardour glows,
 Proud Sylves' royal walls his troops enclose:
 Fair Sylves' lawns the Moorish peasant plough'd,
 Her vineyards cultured, and her valleys sow'd;
 But Lisboa's monarch reapt. The winds of heaven
 Roar'd high—and headlong by the tempest driven,
 In Tago's breast a gallant navy fought
 The sheltering port, and ¹ glad assistance brought.

The

¹ — and glad assistance brought.—The Portuguese, in their wars with the Moors, were several times assisted by the English and German crusaders. In the present instance the fleet was mostly English, the troops of which nation were, according to agreement, rewarded with the plunder, which was exceeding rich, of the city of Silves. *Nuniz de Leon as cronicas das Reis de Port.*

The warlike crew, by Fréderic the Red,
 To rescue Judah's prostrate land were led;
 When Guido's troops, by burning thirst subdued,
 To Saladine ^k the foe for mercy sued.
 Their vows were holy, and the cause the same,
 To blot from Europe's shores the Moorish name.
 In Sanco's cause the gallant navy joins,
 And royal Sylves to their force resigns.
 Thus sent by heaven a foreign naval band
 Gave Lifboa's ramparts to the fire's command.

Nor Moorish trophies did alone adorn
 The hero's name; in warlike camps though born,
 Though fenced with mountains, Leon's martial race
 Smile at the battle-sign, yet foul disgrace

To

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

To Leon's haughty fons his sword atchieved ;
 Proud Tui's neck his servile yoke received ;
 And far around falls many a wealthy town,
 O valiant Sanco, humbled to thy frown.

While thus his laurels flourish'd wide and fair,
 He dies: Alonzo reigns, his much-loved heir,
 Alcazar lately conquer'd by the Moor,
 Reconquer'd, streams with the defenders' gore.

Alonzo dies: another Sanco reigns:
 Alas, with many a sigh the land complains!
 Unlike his sire, a vain unthinking boy,
 His servants now a jarring sway enjoy.
 As his the power, his were the crimes of those
 Whom to dispense that sacred power he chose.
 By various counsels waver'd and confused,
 By seeming friends, by various arts abused;
 Long undetermined, blindly rash at last,
 Enraged, unmann'd, untutor'd by the past.
 Yet not like Nero, cruel and unjust,
 The slave capricious of unnatural lust:
 Nor had he smiled had flames consumed his Troy;
 Nor could his people's groans afford him joy;
 Nor did his woes from female manners spring,
 Unlike the ¹ Syrian, or Sicilia's king.

No

¹ Unlike the Syrian.—Sardinapalus.

No hundred cooks his costly meal prepared,
 As heapt the board when Rome's proud tyrant ^m fared :
 Nor dared the artist hope his ear to gain,
 By new-form'd arts to point the ⁿ stings of pain.
 But proud and high the Lusian spirit soar'd,
 And ask'd a godlike hero for their lord.
 To none accustomed but an hero's sway,
 Great must he be whom that bold race obey.

Complaint, loud murmur'd, every city fills,
 Complaint, loud echoed, murmurs through the hills.
 Alarm'd, Bolonia's warlike earl ^o awakes,
 And from his listless brother's minions takes

The

^m — *When Rome's proud tyrant far'd.*—Heliogabalus, infamous for his gluttony.

ⁿ *By new-form'd arts to point the stings of pain.*—Alluding to the story of Phalaris.

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

The awful sceptre.—Soon was joy restored,
 And soon, by just succession, Lisboa's lord,
 Beloved, Alonzo named the Bold, he reigns;
 Nor may the limits of his fire's domains
 Confine his mounting spirit. When he led
 His smiling consort to the bridal bed,
 Algarbia's realm, he cried, shall prove thy dower,
 And soon Algarbia conquer'd own'd his power.
 The vanquish'd Moor with total rout expell'd,
 All Lufus' shores his might unrivall'd held.
 And now brave Diniz reigns, whose noble fire
 Bespoke the genuine lineage of his fire.
 Now heavenly peace wide waved her olive bough,
 Each vale display'd the labours of the plough
 And smiled with joy: the rocks on every shore
 Resound the dashing of the merchant-oar.
 Wise laws are form'd, and constitutions weigh'd,
 And the deep-rooted base of empire laid.

Not

to a full submission to the papal chair. While a negotiation for this purpose was on foot Alonzo died, and left his son to struggle with an enraged and powerful clergy. Don Sancho was just, affable, brave, and an enamoured husband. On this last virtue faction first fixed its envenomed fangs. The queen was accused of arbitrary influence over her husband, and, according to the superstition of that age, she was believed to have disturbed his senses by an enchanted draught. Such of the nobility as declared in the king's favour were stigmatized, and rendered odious, as the creatures of the queen. The confusions which ensued were fomented by Alonzo, earl of Bologne, the king's brother, by whom the king was accused as the author of them. In short, by the assistance of the clergy and pope *Innocent IV.* Sancho was deposed, and soon after he died at Toledo. The beautiful queen, *Donna Mencia*, was seized as a prisoner, and conveyed away by one *Raymond Portocarrero*, and was never heard of more. Such are the triumphs of faction!

Not Ammon's son with larger heart bestow'd,
 Nor such the grace to him the Muses owed.
 From Helicon the muses wing their way;
 Mondego's flowery banks invite their stay.
 Now Coimbra shines Minerva's proud abode;
 And fired with joy, Parnassus' bloomy God
 Beholds another dear-loved Athens rise,
 And spread her laurels in indulgent skies;
 Her wreath of laurels ever green he twines
 With threads of gold, and Baccaris^p adjoins.
 Here castle walls in warlike grandeur lour,
 Here cities swell and lofty temples tower:
 In wealth and grandeur each with other vies;
 When old and loved the parent-monarch dies.
 His son, alas, remiss in filial deeds,
 But wise in peace and bold in fight, succeeds,
 The fourth Alonzo: ever arm'd for war
 He views the stern Casteel with watchful care.
 Yet when the Lybian nations cross the main,
 And spread their thousands o'er the fields of Spain,
 The brave Alonzo drew his awful steel,
 And sprung to battle for the proud Casteel.

When Babel's haughty queen unsheath'd the sword,
 And o'er Hydaspes' lawns her legions pour'd;

When

^p — *Baccaris* — or Lady's glove, an herb to which the Druids and ancient poets ascribed magical virtues.

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

When dreadful Attila, to whom was ^a given
 That fearful name, the Scourge of angry Heaven,
 The fields of trembling Italy o'er-ran
 With many a Gothic tribe and northern clan;
 Not such unnumber'd banners then were seen,
 As now in fair Tartesia's dales convene;
 Numidia's bow and Mauritania's spear,
 And all the might of Hagar's race was here;
 Granada's mongrels join their numerous host,
 To those who dared the seas from Lybia's coast.
 Awed by the fury of such ponderous force
 The proud Castilian tries each hoped resource;
 Yet not by terror for himself inspired,
 For Spain he trembled, and for Spain was fired.
 His much-loved bride his messenger he ^r sends,
 And to the hostile Lusian lowly bends.
 The much-loved daughter of the king implored,
 Now sues her father for her wedded lord.
 The beauteous dame approach'd the palace gate,
 Where her great sire was throned in regal state:
 On her fair face deep-fetled grief appears,
 And her mild eyes are bathed in glistening tears;

Her

^a *When dreadful Attila.*—A king of the Huns, surnamed The Scourge of God. He lived in the fifth century. He may be reckoned among the greatest of barbarous conquerors.

^r *His much-loved bride.*—The Princess Mary. She was a lady of great beauty and virtue, but was exceedingly ill used by her husband, who was violently attached to his mistresses, though he owed his crown to the assistance of his father-in-law, the king of Portugal.

Her careless ringlets, as a mourner's, flow
 Adown her shoulders and her breasts of snow :
 A secret transport through the father ran,
 While thus, in sighs, the royal bride began :

And know'st thou not, O warlike king, she cry'd,
 That furious Afric pours her peopled tide,
 Her barbarous nations o'er the fields of Spain?
 Morocco's lord commands the dreadful train.
 Ne'er since the furies bathed the circling coast,
 Beneath one standard march'd so dread an host :
 Such the dire fierceness of their brutal rage,
 Pale are our bravest youth as pallid age :
 By night our fathers' shades confess their ^s fear,
 Their shrieks of terror from the tombs we hear :
 To stem the rage of these unnumber'd bands,
 Alone, O sire, my gallant husband stands ;
 His little host alone their breasts oppose
 To the barb'd darts of Spain's innumerable foes :
 Then haste, O monarch, thou whose conquering spear
 Has chill'd Malucca's fultry waves with fear ;
 Haste to the rescue of distress'd Castile,
 (Oh ! be that smile thy dear affection's seal !)

And

^s *By night our fathers' shades confess their fear*—Camoëns says, “ *A mortos faz espanto,*” to give this elegance in English required a paraphrase. There is something wildly great, and agreeable to the superstition of that age, to suppose that the dead were troubled in their graves, on the approach of so terrible an army. The French translator, contrary to the original, ascribes this terror to the ghost of only one prince ; by which, this stroke of Camoëns, in the spirit of Shakespeare, is greatly reduced.

And speed, my father, ere my husband's fate
Be fixt, and I, deprived of regal state,
Be left in captive solitude forlorn,
My spouse, my kingdom, and my birth to mourn.

In tears, and trembling, spoke the filial queen :
So lost in grief was lovely Venus † seen,
When Jove, her sire, the beauteous mourner pray'd
To grant her wandering son the promised aid.
Great Jove was moved to hear the fair deplore,
Gave all she ask'd, and grieved she ask'd no more.
So grieved Alonzo's noble heart. And now
The warrior binds in steel his awful brow ;
The glittering squadrons march in proud array,
On burnish'd shields the trembling sun-beams play :
The blaze of arms the warlike rage inspires,
And wakes from slothful peace the hero's fires.
With trampling hoofs Evora's plains rebound,
And sprightly neighings echo far around ;
Far on each side the clouds of dust arise,
The drum's rough rattling rows along the skies ;
The trumpet's shrilly clangor sounds alarms,
And each heart burns, and ardent pants for arms.
Where their bright blaze the royal ensigns pour'd,
High o'er the rest the great Alonzo tower'd ;
High o'er the rest was his bold front admired,
And his keen eyes new warmth, new force inspired.

Proudly

† So lost in grief.—See the first *Æneid*.

Proudly he march'd, and now in Tarif's plain
The two Alonzos join their martial train :
Right to the foe, in battle-rank updrawn,
They pause—the mountain and the wide-spread lawn
Afford not foot-room for the crowded foe :
Awed with the horrors of the lifted blow
Pale look'd our bravest heroes. Swell'd with pride,
The foes already conquer'd Spain divide,
And lordly o'er the field the promised victors stride.
So strode in Elah's vale the towering height
Of Gath's proud champion ; so with pale affright
The Hebrews trembled, while with impious pride
The huge-limb'd foe the shepherd boy defy'd :
The valiant boy advancing fits the string,
And round his head he whirls the founding sling ;
The monster staggers with the forceful wound,
And his vast bulk lies groaning on the ground.
Such impious scorn the Moor's proud bosom swell'd,
When our thin squadrons took the battle-field ;
Unconscious of the Power who led us on,
That Power whose nod confounds th' infernal throne ;
Led by that Power, the brave Castilian bared
The shining blade, and proud Morocco dared ;
His conquering brand the Lusian hero drew,
And on Granada's sons resistless flew ;
The spear-staffs crash, the splinters hiss around,
And the broad bucklers rattle on the ground.

With

With piercing shrieks the Moors their prophet's name,
 And ours their guardian faint aloud acclaim.
 Wounds gush on wounds, and blows resound to blows,
 A lake of blood the level plain o'erflows;
 The wounded gasping in the purple tide,
 Now find the death the sword but half supplied.
 Though ^u wove and quilted by their ladies' hands,
 Vain were the mail-plates of Granada's bands.
 With such dread force the Lusian rush'd along,
 Steep'd in red carnage lay the boastful throng.
 Yet now disdainful of so light a prize,
 Fierce o'er the field the thundering hero flies,
 And his bold arm the brave Castilian joins
 In dreadful conflict with the Moorish lines.

The parting sun now pour'd the ruddy blaze,
 And twinkling vesper shot his silvery rays
 Athwart the gloom, and clos'd the glorious day,
 When low in dust the strength of Afric lay.

Such

^u *Though wove.*—It may perhaps be objected, that this is ungrammatical.
 But

———— Ufus

Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus et norma loquendi.

and Dryden, Pope, &c. often use *wove* as a participle in place of the harsh-sounding *woven*, a word almost incompatible with the elegance of versification. The more harmonious word ought therefore to be used; and use will ascertain its definition in grammar. When the spirit of chivalry prevailed, every youthful warrior had his mistress, to whose favour he laid no claim, till he had distinguished himself in the ranks of battle. If his first addresses were received, it was usual for the lady to present her lover with some weapon or piece of armour, adorned with her own needle-work; and of the goodness of whose metal and fabric, it was supposed, she was confident.

Such dreadful slaughter of the boastful Moor
 Never on battle-field was heap'd before.
 Not he whose childhood vow'd eternal hate
 And desperate war against the Roman state,
 Though three strong courfers bent beneath the weight
 Of rings of gold, by many a Roman knight,
 Erewhile, the badge of rank distinguish'd, worn,
 From their cold hands at Cannæ's slaughter torn;
 Not his dread sword bespread the reeking plain
 With such wide streams of gore, and hills of slain;
 Nor thine, O Titus, swept from Salem's land,
 Such floods of ghosts roll'd down to death's dark strand;
 Though ages ere she fell, the prophets old
 The dreadful scene of Salem's fall foretold
 In words that breathe wild horror: nor the shore,
 When carnage choak'd the stream, so smok'd^x with gore,
 When Marius' fainting legions drank the flood,
 Yet warm and purpled with Ambronian blood;
 Not such the heaps as now the plains of Tarif strew'd. }

While glory thus Alonzo's name adorn'd,
 To Lisboa's shores the happy chief return'd,
 In glorious peace and well-deserved repose,
 His course of fame, and honoured age to close.

When

^x — so smok'd with gore, when Marius' fainting legions. — When the soldiers of Marius complained of thirst, he pointed to a river near the camp of the Ambrones; There, says he, you may drink, but it must be purchased with blood. Lead us on, they replied, that we may have something liquid, though it be blood. The Romans forcing their way to the river, the channel was filled with the dead bodies of the slain. Vid. Plut.

When now, O king, a damfel's fate *γ* severe,
 A fate which ever claims the woeful tear,
 Disgraced his honours——On the nymph's lorn head
 Relentless rage its bitterest rancour shed:
 Yet such the zeal her princely lover bore,
 Her breathless corse the crown of Lisboa wore.
 'Twas thou, O love, whose dreaded shafts controul
 The hind's rude heart, and tear the hero's soul;
 Thou ruthless power, with bloodshed never cloyed,
 'Twas thou thy lovely votary destroyed.
 Thy thirst still burning for a deeper woe,
 In vain to thee the tears of beauty flow;
 The breast that feels thy purest flames divine,
 With spouting gore must bathe thy cruel shrine.

Such

γ — *a damsel's fate severe.*——This unfortunate lady, Donna *Inez de Castro*, was the daughter of a *Castilian* gentleman, who had taken refuge in the court of Portugal. Her beauty and accomplishments attracted the regard of Don Pedro, the king's eldest son, a prince of a brave and noble disposition. *La Neufville*, *Le Clede*, and other historians, assert, that she was privately married to the prince ere she had any share in his bed. Nor was his conjugal fidelity less remarkable than the ardour of his passion. Afraid, however, of his father's resentment, the severity of whose temper he well knew, his intercourse with Donna *Inez* passed at the court as an intrigue of galantry. On the accession of Don *Pedro the Cruel* to the throne of *Castile*, many of the disgusted nobility were kindly received by Don Pedro, through the interest of his beloved *Inez*. The favour shewn to these *Castilians* gave great uneasiness to the politicians. A thousand evils were foreseen from the prince's attachment to his *Castilian* mistress: even the murder of his children by his deceased spouse, the princess *Constantia*, was surmised; and the enemies of Donna *Inez* finding the king willing to listen, omitted no opportunity to increase his resentment against the unfortunate lady. The prince was about his 28th year when his amour with his beloved *Inez* commenced.

Such thy dire triumphs!—Thou, O nymph, the while,
Prophetic of the god's unpitying guile,
In tender scenes by love-sick fancy wrought,
By fear oft shifted as by fancy brought,
In sweet Mondego's ever-verdant bowers,
Languish'd away the flow and lonely hours :
While now, as terror waked thy boding fears,
The conscious stream received thy pearly tears ;
And now, as hope revived the brighter flame,
Each echo sigh'd thy princely lover's name.
Nor less could absence from thy prince remove
The dear remembrance of his distant love :
Thy looks, thy smiles, before him ever glow,
And o'er his melting heart endearing flow :
By night his slumbers bring thee to his arms,
By day his thoughts still wander o'er thy charms :
By night, by day, each thought thy loves employ,
Each thought the memory or the hope of joy.
Though fairest princely dames invoc'd his love,
No princely dame his constant faith could move :
For thee alone his constant passion burn'd,
For thee the proffer'd royal maids he scorn'd.
Ah, hope of bliss too high—the princely dames
Refused, dread rage the father's breast inflames ;
He, with an old man's wintery eye, surveys
The youth's fond love, and coldly with it weighs
The peoples' murmurs of his son's delay
To bless the nation with his nuptial day.

(Alas,

(Alas, the nuptial day was past unknown,
Which but when crown'd the prince could dare to own.)
And with the fair one's blood the vengeful fire
Resolves to quench his Pedro's faithful fire.
Oh, thou dread sword, oft stain'd with heroes' gore,
Thou awful terror of the prostrate Moor,
What rage could aim thee at a female breast,
Unarm'd, by softness and by love possess'd !

Dragg'd from her bower by murderous ruffian hands,
Before the frowning king fair Inez stands ;
Her tears of artless innocence, her air
So mild, so lovely, and her face so fair,
Moved the stern monarch ; when with eager zeal
Her fierce destroyers urged the public weal ;
Dread rage again the tyrant's soul possess'd,
And his dark brow his cruel thoughts confess'd :
O'er her fair face a sudden paleness spread,
Her throbbing heart with generous anguish bled,
Anguish to view her lover's hopeless woes,
And all the mother in her bosom rose.
Her beautiful eyes in trembling tear-drops drown'd,
To heaven she lifted, but her hands were ^z bound ;
Then on her infants turn'd the piteous glance,
The look of bleeding woe ; the babes advance,
Smiling in innocence of infant age,
Unawed, unconscious of their grandfire's rage ;

To

^z *Ad cœlum tendens ardentia lumina frustra,
Lumina nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.*

VIRG. ÆN. II.

To whom, as bursting sorrow gave the flow,
 The native heart-sprung eloquence of woe,
 The lovely captive thus:—O monarch, hear,
 If e'er to thee the name of man was dear,
 If prowling tygers, or the wolf's wild brood,
 Inspired by nature with the lust of blood,
 Have yet been moved the weeping babe to spare,
 Nor left, but tended with a nurse's care,
 As Rome's great founders to the world were given;
 Shalt thou, who wear'st the sacred stamp of heaven,
 The human form divine, shalt thou deny
 That aid, that pity, which e'en beasts supply!
 Oh, that thy heart were, as thy looks declare,
 Of human mould, superfluous were my prayer;
 Thou could'st not then a helpless damsel slay,
 Whose sole offence in fond affection ^a lay,

In

^a *Whose sole offence in fond affection lay.*—It has been observed by some critics, that Milton on every occasion is fond of expressing his admiration of music, particularly of the song of the nightingale, and the full woodland choir. If in the same manner we are to judge of the favourite taste of Homer, we shall find it of a less delicate kind. He is continually describing the feast, the huge chine, the favoury viands on the glowing coals, and the foaming bowl. The ruling passion of Camoëns is also strongly marked in his writings. One may venture to affirm, that there is no poem of equal length which abounds with so many impassioned encomiums on the fair sex, and the power of their beauty, as the Lusiad. The genius of Camoëns seems never so pleased as when he is painting the variety of female charms; he feels all the magic of their allurements, and riots in his descriptions of the happiness and miseries attendant on the passion of love. As he wrote from his feelings, these parts of his works have been particularly honoured with the attention of the world. Tasso and Spenser have copied from his *Island of Bliss*, and three tragedies have been formed from this Episode of the unhappy Inez. One in English, named *Elvira*—The other two are by
M. de

In faith to him who first his love confess,
Who first to love allured her virgin breast.

In

M. de la Motte, a Frenchman, and *Luis Velez de Guevara*, a Spaniard. How these different writers have handled the same subject is not unworthy of the attention of the critic. The tragedy of *M. de la Motte*, from which *Elvira* is copied, is highly characteristic of the French drama. In the *Lusiad* the beautiful victim expresses the strong emotions of genuine nature. She feels for what her lover will feel for her; the mother rises in her breast, she implores pity for her children; she feels the horrors of death, and would be glad to wander an exile with her babes, where her only solace would be the remembrance of her faithful passion. This however, it appears, would not suit the taste of a Paris audience. On the French stage the stern Roman heroes must be polite *petits-maitres*, and the tender *Inez* a blustering Amazon. *Lee's Alexander* cannot talk in a higher rant. She not only wishes to die herself, but desires that her children and her husband *Don Pedro* may also be put to death.

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

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

Inez. A mis hijos me quitais?
Rey Don Alonso, señor,
Porque me quereis quitar
La vida de tantas vezes?
Advertid, señor mirad,
Que el corazón a pedaços
Dividido me arancais.

Rey. Llevados, Alvar Gonzalez.

In these my babes shalt thou thine image see,
And still tremendous hurl thy rage on me?

Me,

Ines. Hijos mios, donde vais?
Donde vais fin vuestra madre?
Falta en los hombres piedad?
Adonde vais luzes mais?
Como, que assi me dexais
En el mayor desconfuelo
En manos de la crueldad.

Nino Alon. Consuelate madre mia,
Y a Dios te puedas quedar,
Que vamos con nuestro abuelo,
Y no querrá hazernas mal.

Ines. Possible es, senor, Rey mio,
Padre, que anfi me cerreis
La puerta para el perdon?

* * * * *
Aora, senor, aora,
Aora es tiempo de mostrar
El mucho poder que tiene
Vuestra real Magestad.

* * * * *
Como, senor? vos os vais
Y a Alvar Gonçalez, y a Coello
Inhumanos me entregais?
Hijos, hijos de mi vida,
Dexad me los abraçar;
Alonso, mi vida hijo,
Dionis, a mores, tornad,
Tornad a ver vuestra madre:
Pedro mio, donde estas
Que anfi te olvidas de mi?
Possible es que en tanto mal
Me falta tu vista, esposo?
Quien te pudiera avisar
Del peligro en que asfigida
Dona Ines tu esposa esta.

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

Me, for their sakes, if yet thou wilt not spare,
Oh, let these infants prove thy pious care!
Yet pity's lenient current ever flows
From that brave breast where genuine valour glows;
That thou art brave, let vanquish'd Afric tell,
Then let thy pity o'er mine anguish swell;
Ah, let my woes, unconscious of a crime,
Procure mine exile to some barbarous clime:
Give me to wander o'er the burning plains
Of Lybia's deserts, or the wild domains
Of Scythia's snow-clad rocks and frozen shore;
There let me, hopeless of return, deplore,
Where ghastly horror fills the dreary vale,
Where shrieks and howlings die on every gale,
The lions roaring, and the tygers yell,
There with mine infant race, consign'd to dwell,
There let me try that piety to find,
In vain by me implored from human kind:
There in some dreary cavern's rocky womb,
Amid the horrors of sepulchral gloom,
For him whose love I mourn, my love shall glow,
The sigh shall murmur, and the tear shall flow:
All my fond wish, and all my hope, to rear
These infant pledges of a love so dear,
Amidst my griefs a soothing, glad employ,
Amidst my fears a woeful, hopeless joy.

In tears she utter'd—as the frozen snow
Touch'd by the spring's mild ray, begins to flow,

So juft began to melt his ftubborn foul
 As mild-ray'd pity o'er the tyrant stole ;
 But deftiny forbade : with eager zeal,
 Again pretended for the public weal,
 Her fierce accufers urged her speedy doom ;
 Again dark rage diffused its horrid gloom
 O'er ftern ^b Alonzo's brow : fwift at the fign,
 Their fwords unfheathed around her brandifh'd fhine.
 O foul difgrace, of knighthood lafting ftain,
 By men of arms an helpiefs lady flain !

Thus Pyrrhus, burning with unmanly ire,
 Fulfill'd the mandate of his furious fire ;
 Difdainful of the frantic matron's prayer,
 On fair Polyxena, her laft fond care,
 He rufh'd, his blade yet warm with Priam's gore,
 And dafh'd the daughter on the facred floor ;

While

^b *O'er ftern Alonzo's brow.*—To give the character of Alphonfo IV. will throw light on this inhuman tranfaction. He was an undutiful fon, an unnatural brother, and a cruel father ; a great and fortunate warrior, diligent in the execution of the laws, and a *Machiavilian* politician. That good might be attained by villainous means, was his favourite maxim. When the enemies of Inez had perfuaded him that her death was neceffary to the welfare of the ftate, he took a journey to *Coimbra*, that he might fee the lady, when the prince his fon was abfent on a hunting party. Donna Inez with her children threw herfelf at his feet. The king was moved with the diftrefs of the beautiful fuppliant, when his three counfellors, *Alvaro Gonfalez*, *Diego Lopez Pacheco*, and *Pedro Coello*, reproaching him for his difregard to the ftate, he relapfed into his former refolution. She was dragged from his prefence, and brutally murdered by the hands of his three counfellors, who immediately returned to the king with their daggers reeking with the innocent blood of the princefs his daughter-in-law. Alonzo, fays *La Neufville*, avowed the horrid affaffination, as if he had done nothing for which he ought to be afhamed.

While mildly she her raving mother eyed,
Refig'n'd her bosom to the sword, and died.
Thus Inez, while her eyes to heaven appeal,
Requies her bosom to the murdering steel :
That snowy neck, whose matchless form sustain'd
The loveliest face where all the graces reign'd,
Whose charms so long the gallant prince inflamed,
That her pale corpse was Lisboa's queen proclaimed ;
That snowy neck was stained with spouting gore,
Another sword her lovely bosom tore.
The flowers that glisten'd with her tears bedew'd,
Now shrunk and languish'd with her blood imbrew'd.
As when a rose, erewhile of bloom so gay,
Thrown from the careless virgin's breast away,
Lies faded on the plain, the living red,
The snowy white, and all its fragrance fled ;
So from her cheeks the roses dy'd away,
And pale in death the beautiful Inez lay :
With dreadful smiles, and crimson'd with her blood,
Round the wan victim the stern murderers stood,
Unmindful of the sure, though future hour,
Sacred to vengeance and her lover's power.

O Sun, couldst thou so foul a crime behold,
Nor veil thine head in darkness, as of old
A sudden night unwonted horror cast
O'er that dire banquet, where the fire's repast
The son's torn limbs supplied !—Yet you, ye vales !
Ye distant forests, and ye flowery dales !

When

When pale and sinking to the dreadful fall,
 You heard her quivering lips on Pedro call;
 Your faithful echoes caught the parting sound,
 And Pedro! Pedro! mournful, sigh'd around.
 Nor less the wood-nymphs of Mondego's groves
 Bewail'd the memory of her hapless loves:
 Her griefs they wept, and to a plaintive rill
 Transform'd their tears, which weeps and murmurs still.
 To give immortal pity to her woe
 They taught the riv'let through her bowers to flow,
 And still through violet beds the fountain pours
 Its ^c plaintive wailing, and is named Amours.
 Nor long her blood for vengeance cry'd in vain:
 Her gallant lord begins his awful reign.
 In vain her murderers for refuge fly,
 Spain's wildest hills no place of rest supply.
 The injur'd lover's and the monarch's ire,
 And stern-brow'd justice in their doom conspire:
 In hissing flames they die, and yield their souls in ^d fire.

Nor

^c — *Still the fountain pours its plaintive wailing.*—At an old royal castle near Mondego, there is a rivulet called the fountain of Amours. According to tradition, it was here that Don Pedro resided with his beloved Inez. The fiction of Campöns, founded on the popular name of the rivulet, is in the spirit of Homer.

^d — *and yield their souls in fire.*—When the prince was informed of the death of his beloved Inez, he was transported into the most violent fury. He took arms against his father. The country between the rivers *Minho* and *Doura* was laid desolate: but by the interposition of the queen and the archbishop of *Braga* the prince was softened, and the further horrors of a civil war were prevented. Don Alonzo was not only reconciled to his son, but laboured by every means to oblige him, and to efface from his memory the

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

Of

the injury and insult he had received. The prince, however, still continued to discover the strongest marks of affection and grief. When he succeeded to the crown, one of his first acts was a treaty with the king of Castile, whereby each monarch engaged to give up such malecontents as should take refuge in each other's dominions. In consequence of this, *Pedro Coello* and *Alvaro Gonzalez*, who, on the death of *Alonso*, had fled to Castile, were sent prisoners to Don Pedro. *Diego Pacheco*, the third murderer, made his escape. The other two were put to death with the most exquisite tortures, and most justly merited, if exquisite torture is in any instance to be allowed. After this the king, Don Pedro, summoned an assembly of the states at *Cantanedes*. Here, in the presence of the pope's nuncio, he solemnly swore on the Holy Gospels, that having obtained a dispensation from *Rome*, he had secretly, at *Braganza*, espoused the lady *Inez de Castro*, in the presence of the Bishop of *Guarda*, and of his master of the wardrobe; both of whom confirmed the truth of the oath. The pope's bull, containing the dispensation, was published; the body of *Inez* was lifted from the grave, placed on a magnificent throne, and with the proper regalia, was crowned queen of Portugal. The nobility did homage to her skeleton, and kissed the bones of her hand. The corpse was then interred at the royal monastery of *Alcobaga*, with a pomp before unknown in Portugal, and with all the honours due to a queen. Her monument is still extant, where her statue is adorned with the diadem and the royal robe. This, with the legitimation of her children, and the care he took of all who had been in her service, consoled him in some degree, and rendered him more conversable than he had hitherto been; but the cloud which the death of his *Inez* brought over the natural cheerfulness of his temper, was never totally dispersed.—A circumstance strongly characteristic of the rage of his resentment must not be omitted: When the murderers were brought before him, he was so transported with indignation, that he struck *Pedro Coello* several blows on the face with the shaft of his whip. Some grave writers have branded this action as unworthy of the magistrate and the hero; and those who will, may add, of the philosopher too: something greater however belongs to Don Pedro. A regard which we do not feel for any of the three, will, in every bosom, capable of genuine love, inspire a tender sympathy for the agonies of his heart, when the presence of the inhuman murderers presented to his mind the horrid scene of the butchery of his beloved spouse.

The

Of red-arm'd justice. From the shades of night
 He dragg'd the foul adulterer to light :
 The robber from his dark retreat was led,
 And he, who spilt the blood of murder, bled.
 Unmoved he heard the proudest noble plead :
 Where justice aim'd her sword, with stubborn speed
 Fell the dire stroke. Nor cruelty inspired,
 Noblest humanity his bosom fired.
 The caitiff, starting at his thoughts, repress'd
 The seeds of murder springing in his breast.
 His outstretch'd arm the lurking thief withheld,
 For fixt as fate he knew his doom was seal'd.
 Safe in his monarch's care the ploughman reapt,
 And proud oppression coward distance kept.
 Pedro ^e the just the peopled towns proclaim,
 And every field resounds her monarch's name.

Of

The impression left on the philosophical mind by these historical facts, will naturally suggest some reflections on human nature. Every man is proud of being thought capable of love; and none more so than those who have the least title to the name of lover; those whom the French call *les hommes de galanterie*, whose only happiness is in variety, and to whom the greatest beauty and mental accomplishments lose every charm after a few months enjoyment. Their satiety they scruple not to confess, but are not aware, that in doing so, they also confess, that the principle which inspired their passion was gross and selfish. To constitute a genuine love, like that of Don Pedro, requires a nobleness and goodness of heart, totally incompatible with an ungenerous mind. The youthful fever of the veins may, for a while, inspire an attachment to a particular object; but an affection so unchangeable and sincere as that of the prince of Portugal, can only spring from a bosom possessed of the finest feelings and of every virtue.

^e *Pedro the just*.—History cannot afford an instance of any prince who has a more eminent claim to the title of Just than Pedro. His diligence to
 correct

Of this brave prince the soft degenerate son,
 Fernando the remiss, ascends the throne.
 With arm unnerved the listless soldier lay
 And own'd the influence of a nerveless sway :
 The stern Castilian drew the vengeful brand,
 And strode proud victor o'er the trembling land.
 How dread the hour, when injur'd heaven in rage,
 Thunders its vengeance on a guilty age !
 Unmanly sloth the king, the nation stain'd ;
 And lewdness, foster'd by the monarch, reign'd :

The

correct every abuse was indefatigable, and when guilt was proved, his justice was inexorable. He was dreadful to the evil, and beloved by the good ; for he respected no persons, and his inflexible severity never digressed from the line of strict justice. An anecdote or two will throw some light on his character. A priest having killed a mason, the king dissembled his knowledge of the crime, and left the issue to the ecclesiastical court, where the priest was punished by one year's suspension from saying mass. Pedro upon this privately ordered the mason's son to revenge the murder of his father. The young man obeyed, was apprehended, and condemned to death. When his sentence was to be confirmed by the king, he inquired, what was the young man's trade. He was answered, that he followed his father's. Well then, said the monarch, I shall commute his punishment, and interdict him from meddling with stone or mortar for a year. After this he fully established the authority of the king's courts over the clergy, whom he punished with death when their crimes were capital. When solicited to refer the causes of such criminals to a higher tribunal, by which they tacitly meant that of the pope ; he would answer very calmly, *That is what I intend to do : I will send them to the highest of all tribunals, to that of their Maker and mine.* Against adulterers he was particularly severe, often declaring it his opinion, that conjugal infidelity was the source of the greatest evils, and that therefore to restrain it was the interest and duty of the sovereign. Though the fate of his beloved Inez chagrined and soured his temper, he was so far from being naturally fullen or passionate, that he was rather of a gay and sprightly disposition, affable and easy of access ; delighted in music and dancing ; a lover of learning, was himself a man of letters, and an elegant poet. Vide *Le Clede, Mariana, Faria.*

The monarch own'd that first of crimes unjust,
 The wanton revels of adulterous lust :
 Such was his rage for beauteous ^f Leonore,
 Her from her husband's widow'd arms he tore :
 'Then with unblest, unhallowed nuptials stained
 The sacred altar, and its rites profaned.
 Alas! the splendor of a crown how vain,
 From heaven's dread eye to veil the dimmest stain!
 To conquering Greece, to ruin'd Troy, what woes,
 What ills on ills, from Helen's rape arose!
 Let Appius own, let banish'd Tarquin tell
 On their hot rage what heavy vengeance fell.
 One female ravish'd Gibeah's streets ^g beheld,
 O'er Gibeah's streets the blood of thousands swell'd
 In vengeance of the crime; and streams of blood
 The guilt of Zion's sacred bard ^h pursued.

Yet

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

^g — *Gibeah's streets.*—See Judges, chap. xix. and xx.

^h *The guilt of Zion's sacred bard.*—David.—See 2 Samuel, chap. iii. 10.
 "The sword shall never depart from thine house."

Yet love full oft with wild delirium blinds,
 And fans his basest fires in noblest minds :
 The female garb the great Alcides wore,
 And for his Omphale the distaff ^k bore.
 For Cleopatra's frown the world was lost.
 The Roman terror, and the Punic boast,
 Cannæ's great victor, for a harlot's smile,
 Resign'd the harvest of his glorious toil.
 And who can boast he never felt the fires,
 The trembling throbbings of the young desires,
 When he beheld the breathing roses glow,
 And the soft heavings of the living snow ;
 The waving ringlets of the auburn hair,
 And all the rapturous graces of the fair !
 Oh ! what defence, if fixt on him, he spy
 The languid sweetness of the stedfast eye !
 Ye who have felt the dear luxurious smart,
 When angel charms oppress the powerless heart,
 In pity here relent the brow severe,
 And o'er Fernando's weakness drop the tear.

^k *The great Alcides—Alcidem lanas nere coëgit amor.* OVID.

To conclude the notes on this book, it may not be unnecessary to observe, that Camoëns, in this episode, has happily adhered to a principal rule of the Epopœia. To paint the manners and characters of the age in which the action is plac'd, is as requisite in the epic poem, as it is to preserve the unity of the character of an individual. That gallantry of bravery, and romantic cast of the military adventures, which characterised the Spaniards and Portuguese during the Moorish wars, is happily supported by Camoëns

in its most just and striking colours. In history we find surprising victories obtained over the Infidels : In the Lusiad we find the heroes breathing that enthusiasm which led them to conquest, that enthusiasm of military honours so strongly expressed by Alonzo V. of Portugal, at the siege of *Arsila*. In storming the citadel, the Count de Marialva, a brave old officer, lost his life. The king leading his only son, the prince Don Juan, to the body of the Count, while the blood yet streamed from his wounds, " Behold," he cried, " that great man ! May God grant you, my son, to imitate his virtues. May your honour, like his, be complete !"

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

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