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# Lusitania Illustrata :

NOTICES

ON THE

HISTORY, ANTIQUITIES, LITERATURE, &c.,

OF

## Portugal.

*Portugal*  
*a*

LITERARY DEPARTMENT. PART I.

SELECTION OF SONNETS,

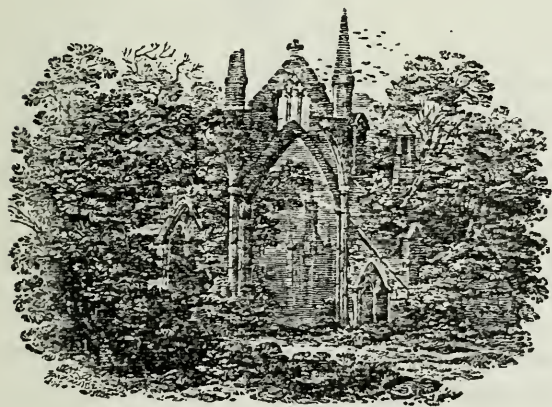
WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE AUTHORS,

BY

JOHN ADAMSON, M. R. S. L., F. S. A., F. L. S.,

CORRESP. MEMB. ROY. ACAD. OF SCIENCES OF LISBON,  
&c., &c., &c.

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M.D.CCC.XLII.

*1542*

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## DEDICATION.

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TO HIS GRACE

The Duke de Palmella.

MY LORD DUKE,

IN dedicating this little work to your Grace, I wish to make some slight return for the kindness with which you have honoured me.

Your Grace will remember that when the Diploma and Insignia of the Order of Christ, which the Queen of Portugal had graciously conferred upon me, were transmitted, your Grace was pleased to observe that this mark of Her Most Faithful Majesty's approval of what I had already done, would, your Grace felt persuaded, be an incentive to my





continuing to illustrate the Literature of Portugal. That intimation I received as a command, and I now venture to send this volume into the world, as the commencement of a series of publications, chiefly devoted to the purpose to which your Grace referred; but which, not being solely confined to the Literature, are intended to treat also of the History and Antiquities of that Kingdom and its possessions.

Distracted as Portugal has sometimes been by wars and revolutions, the most friendly relations have continued, with great constancy, to be maintained between that country and Great Britain; and this intercourse has been instrumental, although not to that extent which might be wished, in making her Literary Treasures known and appreciated amongst us. In times gone by we have had the *Lusiad* translated by Sir Richard Fanshaw, subsequently by Mr. Mickle, and in our days by Mr. Musgrave. We had also translations of some of her early Historians and Chroniclers, whilst in more modern times through the works of Mr. Murphy, Dr. Southey, Mr. Kinsey and others,

much valuable information has been given to the British public. Mr. Hayley and Lord Strangford were the first to introduce the minor productions of Camoens to our notice.

The care and labour I took in bringing together the materials for the Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Camoens, have been more

## ERRATA.

Page 23, line 18, for *mein* read *mein*.

36, 14, for *Pombino* read *Pombeiro*.

82, 29, for *mis-spent* read *mispent*.

100, 16, for *flitting* read *flitting*.

MARIA DE SOUZA, the Editor of the splendid edition of the *Lusiad*; and for my acquaintance, either personal or by correspondence, with many other distinguished Portuguese; amongst whom I must not neglect particularly to mention my friend the Chevalier de Almeida Garrett, a fellow-labourer in the field of Literature, and who, as one of her modern Poets, and skilled in her ancient language

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The care and labour I took in bringing together the materials for the Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Camoens, have been more than repaid by the honours which have been bestowed upon me by Her Most Faithful Majesty, in conferring upon me the orders of Christ and the Tower and Sword. But these marks of approbation were not the only gratifications I received; for to that work I am indebted for the honour of having become known to your Grace; for the kind attention shewn to me in Paris by Dom José Maria de Souza, the Editor of the splendid edition of the *Lusiad*; and for my acquaintance, either personal or by correspondence, with many other distinguished Portuguese; amongst whom I must not neglect particularly to mention my friend the Chevalier de Almeida Garrett, a fellow-labourer in the field of Literature, and who, as one of her modern Poets, and skilled in her ancient language

and Poetry, holds now so high a place in the Literary history of Portugal.

I have chosen for the commencement of these publications a selection of Sonnets, a species of composition which has for ages been a favourite with the Portuguese Poets; and I have given such accounts of the various authors as I have been able to collect. It is probable that works of other Poets, equally worthy of notice, with some of those from which this collection has been formed, have been passed over. The apology is, the scanty knowledge hitherto obtained, and the difficulty of procuring their productions. It is, however, to be expected that the Literary intercourse between the two countries will increase, and there is no bar to the merits of these Poets being attended to in a subsequent publication.

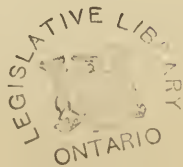
It is not intended to trace the Sonnet from its earliest appearance in Portugal, but to commence with that period, which was fixed upon by Francisco Dias in his Analysis of the Portuguese Language, as the foundation of a School of Poetry,



which broke through in a great measure the prevailing practice of writing in Latin, and showed “ That the Portuguese language was not inferior “ to any other either in copiousness of diction or “ gravity of style ;” and which period occurred when Sá de Miranda, the first poet in the following series, flourished.

In perusing the Sonnets, the dates at which they were written must be taken into consideration ; and it will be perceived, that, in order to leave myself more unfettered in endeavouring to convey the meaning of the originals, I have not in the translations, confined myself to those strict rules, which the fastidious writer has so generally allowed to govern him in the construction of the verse ; but have taken such liberties in the structure, as seemed expedient to render it most available for the purpose proposed.

In the selection I have endeavoured to give such pieces as best evince the abilities of the Poets, and the feelings and passions, which appear to have influenced and directed them in their com-



position. There will therefore be found amongst them the impassioned effusions of the lover, marking the vicissitudes as smiles rewarded, or as misfortunes clouded his career; the rich and playful extravagance of fancy displayed in the anacreontic pieces; the exulting or affectionate tribute paid to valour or departed worth, the praise of rural scenery, and the fond recollections of the country; the sober lesson of exhortation; and the deep repinings of regret for time mispent. In the perusal will also be traced the early or golden age, as it was called, of the Poetry of Portugal, next its decay, and lastly its restoration by Poets whose productions have comparatively lately appeared in the world, and who have now departed from it.

That the Sonnet existed in Portugal long before the time at which I have commenced, there is not any doubt; and it may not be uninteresting to notice here, the successful imitation of ancient writing, which was practised by Antonio Ferreira, one of the Poets from whose works I have given specimens; though not either of the

two Sonnets I am about to mention. Vasco de Lobeira, a Portuguese, was the supposed author of the Romance of Amadis de Gaul; and two Sonnets were said to have been discovered, which removed all doubt as to his claim to that honour. These were reported to have been composed in his praise by the Infante Dom Pedro, the son of King Joaõ the First, or by the King Affonso the Fourth. Manoel de Faria e Souza was imposed upon by them so long ago as when his *Europa Portuguesa* was written, wherein they are mentioned; and Dr. Southey was so far misled by their appearance, in a collection of works, published at Lisbon in 1791\*, as to adduce them as evidence, although he denied the exact period of their composition; the Royal or princely author to whom they were assigned, not living at a period exactly suitable to have praised Lobeira, but the language being considered by him as of the age of Joaõ the First. Dr. Southey in a letter to me admitted he had been deceived, and the productions have since been given to Ferreira, who was

\* *Obras ineditas dos nossos insignes Poetas dada a luz por Antonio Lourenço Caminha, Lisboa 1791.*

the perpetrator of this literary fraud, and published in the enlarged edition of his works. It is fortunate for the honour of Portuguese literature that other evidence exists as to the author of this celebrated Romance.

I have the honour to be

MY LORD DUKE,

Your Grace's most obedient and  
obliged Servant,

JOHN ADAMSON.

*Newcastle upon Tyne, Sept. 13, 1842.*

## Names of the Poets.

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FRANCISCO DE SÁ DE MIRANDA.

ANTONIO FERREIRA.

LUIS DE CAMOENS.

PEDRO DE ANDRADE CAMINHA.

DIOGO BERNARDES.

FR. AGOSTINHO DA CRUZ.

FERNAÕ ALVARES DO ORIENTE.

FRANCISCO RODRIGUEZ LOBO.

MANOEL DE FARIA E SOUZA.

ANTONIO BARBOSA BACELLAR.

VIOLANTE DO CÉO.

FRANCISCO DE VASCONCELLOS COUTINHO.

PEDRO ANTONIO CORREA GARÇÃO.

ANTONIO DINIZ DA CRUZ.

DOMINGOS DOS REIS QUITA.

CLAUDIO MANOEL DA COSTA.

JOAQUIM FORTUNATO DE VALADARES GAMBOA.

JOAÕ XAVIER DE MATOS.

PAULINO CABRAL DE VASCONCELLOS.

ANTONIO RIBEIRO DOS SANTOS.

— MANOEL MARIA DE BARBOSA DU BOCAGE.

FRANCISCO MANOEL DO NASCIMENTO.

O CONDE DA BARCA.

DOMINGOS MAXIMIANO TORRES.

BELCHIOR MANOEL CURVO SEMEDO.

## Francisco de Sá de Miranda.

THIS Poet, descended from a noble family, was born at Coimbra in the year 1495, and in accordance with the wishes of his parents, studied law at the University of that City, arriving at the degree of Doctor. The death of his Father closed his legal career, for which he had had no predilection; and, left to follow his own inclinations, he visited most of the cities of Europe. On his return he tarried some time at Court, but afterwards retired disappointed to his Quinta near Ponte de Lima, where he spent the remainder of his life. His Poems, through which a vein of melancholy runs, consist of Sonnets, Elegies, and Redondilhas; and his two Comedies, which were remarkable productions for the time they were composed, were frequently performed before the Cardinal Dom Henrique. He is accounted the founder of a new school in Portugal, and one of her most distinguished Poets. He married Dona Briolanja de Azevedo, whose father being dead, the overtures were made to her brothers; who, being aware that their sister had neither youth or beauty to recommend her, would not conclude any compact until he had seen her; and an interview having been arranged, he thus accosted her, "Chastise me, lady, with this staff, for having come so late." Her amiable disposition, however, fully compensated for her defect in beauty, and he never recovered the shock occasioned by

her death. He gave up all his pursuits, and only afterwards composed the latter of the two following sonnets. In this he records as well the melancholy event, as the virtues of his lost partner; and, after pointing out that good actions and not extensive wealth, were the characteristics of what was called the golden age, states his opinion that it would not be likely to be restored in Portugal, whilst Lisbon and Oporto were, from their commercial intercourse, the seats of opulence and luxury. He died at the age of sixty-three, and was buried at the church of Sam Martinho de Carzedo.

Sá de Miranda had two sons; the elder was sent when a boy to Africa. Here, having arrived at considerable rank, he fell by the side of Dom Antonio de Noronha,\* the friend of Camoens. The virtuous qualities which this youth possessed, and the great expectations which his father entertained from his excellent conduct, made him feel very sensibly his loss. Antonio Ferreira addressed a letter to the disconsolate parent couched in terms so appropriate, that Sá de Miranda dedicated to him the Elegy, which he composed on his death. The daughter of his other son became the wife of Dom Fernando Cores de Sotomayor, whose marriage dowry was the manuscript of her grandfather's Poems.

\* This young nobleman had been sent to Ceuta, where his uncle was Captain General, to remove him from the presence of the grand-daughter of the Conde de Abrantes, between whom and his son the father had discovered an attachment, of which he did not approve. Camoens wrote an eclogue on his death, in which is the following passage.

But while his tell-tale cheek the cause betrays,  
 To him who mark'd it with affection's eye;  
 And speaks in silence to a father's gaze  
 The fatal strength of Love's resistless sigh;  
 Parental art resolv'd! alas to prove  
 The stronger power of absence over love.



O Sol he grande, caem co a calma as aves,  
Do tempo em tal sazão, que soe ser fria :  
Esta agoa que d'alto cae acordar-m'hia,  
Do sono naõ, mas de cuidados graves.  
Oh cousas todas vans, todas mudaves !  
Qual he tal coração qu'em vós confia ?  
Passaõ os tempos, vae dia trás dia,  
Incertos muito mais que ao vento as naves.  
Eu vira já aqui sombras, vira flores  
Vi tantas agoas, vi tanta verdura,  
As aves todas cantavaõ d'amores.  
Tudo he seco, e mudo e de mestura,  
Tambem mudando-m'eu fiz doutras cores,  
E tudo o mais renova, isto he sem cura.

The sun is high—the birds oppress'd with heat  
Fly to the shade, until refreshing airs  
Lure them again to leave their cool retreat.—  
The falls of water but of wearying cares  
To me the memory give. Things changeful all  
And vain ! what heart in you its trust may place,  
While day succeeds to day with rapid pace,  
Far more uncertain we, than whether squall  
Or fav'ring breeze the ships betide.—I see  
About me shady groves with flowerets deck'd—  
Waters and fountains—fields with verdure gay—  
The birds are singing of their loves the lay.—  
Now like myself, is all grown dry and chck'd,—  
Yet all shall change again, save only me.

Aquelle Espirito já tambem pagado  
 Com elle merecia, claro, e puro,  
 Deixou de boa vontade o valle escuro  
 De tudo o que cá vivo como anajado.  
 Aquelle sprito que do mar irado  
 Desta vida mortal posto em seguro,  
 Da gloria que lá tem de herdade, e juro,  
 Câ nos deixou o caminho abalisado.  
 Alma aqui vinda nesta nossa idade  
 De ferro, que tornaste a antiga d'ouro  
 Em quanto câ regeste a humanidade.  
 Em chegando ajuntaste tal thesouro,  
 Que para sempre dura, ah vaydade,  
 Ricas areas deste Tejo, e Douro.

That spirit pure, which from this vale of woe  
 Contented journey'd—In exalted spheres  
 Justly rewarded for its well-spent years,  
 Left us, as weary grown of scenes below.  
 That noble mind an harbour safe hath gain'd,  
 Through life's vex'd sea its voyage perform'd at last ;  
 Leaving the track by which it fleeting past  
 To that pure glory rightfully obtain'd—  
 Thou soul that cam'st in this our iron age,  
 By deeds, which with humanity were fraught,  
 Fain had'st restor'd th' olden time, of sage  
 The theme, and hoards of purer treasure brought,  
 Design'd to everlast—Presumption bold !  
 While Tejo's sands are rich and Douro's shores with  
 gold.

## Antonio Ferreira.

SÁ DE MIRANDA was denominated the Theocritus of Portugal, Gil Vicente her Plautus, and Ferreira her Horace. Ferreira was born at Lisbon in 1528, and was sent to the University of Coimbra, where he studied under Diogo de Teive, obtained a Professor's chair, and subsequently was appointed a Judge. He followed the steps of Sá de Miranda, in studying the Italian Poets and introducing their style into the Portuguese language. He also, much to his honor, and like his predecessor, opposed and overcame the prevailing custom of writing in Latin, composing his works in the vernacular language. He was cut off in the forty-first year of his age, by the plague, which raged in Lisbon in the year 1569, and from his amiable and kind disposition was lamented by a large circle of friends, including many of the best poets and learned men. The work upon which the fame of Ferreira rests is his celebrated Tragedy, founded on the story of Dona Iñez de Castro, which has been translated by Mr. Musgrave, who has given a life of the Author, and a full and critical account of this, almost the earliest, Tragedy of Modern Europe.\* His other works embrace nearly every description of minor compositions, besides which he wrote two Comedies. Diogo Bernardes composed a beautiful sonnet, complimenting him upon the production of his Tragedy.

\* Iñez de Castro, a Tragedy, by Antonio Ferreira, translated from the Portuguese, by Thomas Moore Musgrave. 12mo., London, 1825.

O Alma pura, em quanto cá vivias,  
 Alma lá onde vives já mais pura,  
 Porque me desprezaste ? quem tam dura  
 Te tornou ao amor, que me devias ?  
 Esto era, o que mil vezes promettias,  
 Em que minh' alma estava tam segura,  
 Que ambos juntos huma hora desta escura  
 Noite nos soberia aos claros dias ?  
 Como em tam triste carcer me deixaste ?  
 Como pude eu sem mim deixar partir-te ?  
 Como vive este corpo sem sua alma ?  
 Ah que o caminho tu bem mo mostraste,  
 Porque correste a gloriosa palma !  
 Triste de quem não mereceo seguir-te.

O Spirit pure, purer in realms above,  
 Than whilst thou tarried in this vale of pain ;  
 Why hast thou treated me with cold disdain,  
 Nor, as thou ought, return'd my faithful love ?  
 Was it for this, that thou so oft profess'd—  
 And Thee believing was my heart secure—  
 That the same moment of death's night obscure  
 Should lead us both to days of happy rest ?  
 Ah why then leave me thus imprison'd here ?  
 And how did'st thou alone thy course pursue,  
 My body lingering in existence drear  
 Without its soul ?—Too clear the reason true!—  
 Thy virtues rare the glorious palm obtain,  
 While I, unworthy, sorrowful remain.

A Ti torno, Mondego, claro rio  
 Com outr' alma. outros olhos, e outra vida :  
 Que foy de tanta lagryma perdida,  
     Quanta em ti me levou hum desvario ?  
     Quando eu co rosto descorado, e frio  
 Soltava a voz chorosa, e nunca ouvida  
 Dequella mais que Serra endurecida,  
     A cuja lembrança inda tremo, e esfrio.  
     Doc'engano d'amor ! que m'escondia,  
 Debaixo de vãs sombras, que passáram  
     Outro ditoso fim, qu' alma já via,  
     Já a minha noite amanheceo hum dia,  
 Ja rim os olhos, que tanto choráram ;  
     Ja repouso em boa paz, boa alegria.

To thy clear streams, Mondego ! I return  
     With renovated life, and eyes now clear ;  
     How fruitless in thy waters fell the tear—  
 When Love's delirium did with me sojourn !  
     When I, with face betraying anguish deep,  
 And hollow voice, and unsuspecting ear,  
     Knew not the danger of the mountain steep  
 Whereon I stood—of which my soul with fear  
     The mem'ry chills. Seducing wiles of love !  
     'Neath what vain shadows did you hide my fate—  
     Shadows that swiftly past the happier state,  
     Which now this breast enjoys—Now peace I prove ;  
 For smiling day succeeds the clouds of night,  
 And sweet repose, and joys, and prospects bright.

## Luis de Camoens.

NEXT in succession is Luis de Camoens, and the Sonnets here given, are taken from the ample Memoirs of his Life and Writings published in 1820\*. It would be impossible, in a note like the present, to give an account of this distinguished and celebrated poet who was born, apparently to have run a happy career, but who closed his life in misery and poverty. He was born in 1524, brought up, as were most of the youths of family, at the University of Coimbra, attended the Court, was banished therefrom, went to India, served his country, returned, and died in an almshouse in 1579. His remains were interred in the church of Santa Anna, in Lisbon. The following Sonnet was, some years ago, composed by the Author of these Translations as an Inscription to be put up to his memory.

Ye, who have wept o'er genius sunk in woe,  
 When earlier years were spent in jocund round,  
 In gentle pity dew the hallow'd ground  
 Where Camoens, Lusitania's Bard, laid low  
 Rests 'neath this pile. For with diviner art  
 Has poet e'er thy secrets, Love, reveal'd,  
 Or, with th' ennobling glow of valour steel'd,  
 Pourtray'd those deeds in which he bore a part?  
 Though cold neglect oft dimm'd his aged eyes,  
 Far as the distant verge, whence glittering Sol  
 In orient pomp leads forth the cheerful day,  
 To where his beams are hid 'neath western skies,  
 Th' enraptur'd nations now his name extol,  
 And own the beauties of his heav'n-born lay.

\* Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Luis de Camoens, by John Adamson, F. S. A. 2 vols., 8vo., 1820.



LUIS DE CAMOENS

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Se quando vos perdi, minha esperança,  
 A memoria perdêra juntamente,  
 Do doce bem passado, e mal presente,  
 Pouco sentíra a dor de tal mudança.  
 Mas amor, em quem tinha confiança,  
 Me representa mui miudamente  
 Quantas vezes me vi ledo, e contente,  
 Por me tirar a vida esta lembrança.  
 De cousas de que apenas hum signal  
 Havia, porque as dei ao esquecimento,  
 Me vejo com memórias perseguido.  
 Ah dura estrella minha ! Ah graõ tormento !  
 Que mal póde ser mór, que no meu mal  
 Ter lembranças do bem que he já passado ?

O Hope, long lost ! if when thou took'st thy flight,  
 My mem'ry too had sped with thee to range ;  
 How trifling had I felt the fatal change  
 Of present grief succeeding past delight.  
 But Love, alas ! with whom I plac'd my fate,  
 Foe to my life—whene'er I comfort know,  
 Malign against my peace contrives to show  
 The full remembrance of my former state :—  
 Joys scarcely felt, and by me long resign'd,  
 From drear oblivion's gloom to stray no more,  
 Recall'd by him, again before my mind  
 Appear to flit.—Hard lot I must deplore !  
 What sorrow greater than, when woes increase,  
 Tho' recollection of departed peace ?

Horas breves de meu contentamento,  
 Nunca me pareceo quando vos tinha,  
 Que vos visse mudadas taõ asinha  
 Em taõ compridos annos de tormento.  
 As altas torres, que fundei no vento,  
 Levou, em fim, o vento que as sostinha :  
 Do mal que me ficou a culpa he minha,  
 Pois sobre cousas vãas fiz fundamento.  
 Amor com brandas mostras apparece ;  
 Tudo possivel faz, tudo assegura ;  
 Mas logo no melhor desaparece.  
 Estranho mal ! estranha desventura !  
 Por hum bequeno bem que desfallece,  
 Hum bem aventurar, que sempre dura !

Short hours of joy ! onward ye fleeting past !  
 But little did I ween the gay delight  
 Would soon be follow'd by so sad a blight,  
 And years of grief that should for ever last !  
 Those airy prospects, form'd on fancy's scope,  
 Soon by the power that rais'd them were o'erthrown ;  
 Of all my woes mine is the fault alone,  
 Who on such slight foundation built my hope.  
 In forms deluding and enchanting show  
 Deceitful Love appears to gain his power,  
 Kind—condescending—but to pangs of woe  
 Exulting leaves his victim. Luckless hour !  
 When fortune will'd I should become his toy  
 Advent'ring peace secure for transient joy.

Est o lascivo, e doce passarinho  
     Com o biquinho as pennas ordenando ;  
     O verso sem medida, alegre, e brando,  
 Despedindo no rustico raminho.  
 O cruel caçador, que do caminho  
     Se vem callado, e manso desviando,  
     Com prompta vista a sétta endireitando,  
 Lhe dá no Estygio Lago eterno ninho.  
 Desta arte o coraç, que livre andava,  
     (Postoque j de longe destinado)  
     Onde menos temia, foi ferido.  
 Porque o frcheiro cego me esperava  
     Para que me tomasse descuidado,  
     Em vossos claros olhos escondido.

Behold yon little songster, sportive, gay,  
     Which warbling sweet his tuneful woodland note,  
     With slender beak decks out his feather'd coat,  
 And hops, unfearful on from spray to spray.  
 Then see the savage fowler, softly come,  
     On tiptoe stealing—cautious in his art,  
     He draws the fatal string—the death-plum'd dart  
 Consigns the little trembler to his doom.  
 Just so my heart, (though destin'd for a state  
     Where love should dwell and pour forth tender sighs,)  
 Was struck, much more unconscious of its fate ;  
     For in the sparkling lustre of thine eyes  
 Conceal'd the blindfold archer was in wait,  
     That he might so his careless prey surprise.

A formosura desta fresca serra,  
 E a sombra dos verdes castanheiros ;  
 O manso caminhar destes ribeiros,  
 Donde toda a tristeza se desterra :  
 O rouco som do mar, a estranha terra,  
 O esconder do Sol pelos outeiros,  
 O recolher dos gados derradeiros,  
 Das nuvões pelo ar a branda guerra :  
 Em fim, tudo o que a rara natureza,  
 Com tanta variedade nos offrece,  
 Me está (se não te vejo) magoando :  
 Sem ti tudo me enoja, e me aborrece ;  
 Sem ti perpetuamente estou passando  
 Nas móres alegrias, mór tristeza.

The mountain cool, the chesnut's verdant shade,  
 The loit'ring walk along the river side,  
 Where never woe her sad abode hath made,  
 Nor sorrow linger'd on the silv'ry tide.—  
 The sea's hoarse sound—the earth with verdure gay—  
 The gilded pomp of Phœbus' parting rays—  
 The flocks that tread at eve their homeward way—  
 The soft mist yielding to the sunny blaze.—  
 Not all the varied charms and beauties rare  
 That nature boasts—when thou, my sole delight !  
 Art absent from me, to my aching sight  
 Can comfort give, but as a prospect drear  
 And cold before me stand—I onward go,  
 And joys as they increase, increase my woe.

Pensamentos, que agora novamente  
 Cuidados vãos em mi resuscitais,  
 Dizei-me : E ainda naõ vos contentais  
 De ter a quem vos tem taõ descontente ?  
 Que phantasia he esta, que presente  
 Cad'hora ante os meus olhos me mostrais ?  
 Com hũus sonhos taõ vaos, inda tentais  
 Quem nem por sonhos pode ser contente ?  
 Vejo-vos, pensamentos, alterados.  
 E naõ quereis, de esquivos, declarar-me,  
 Que he isto que vos traz taõ enleados ?  
 Naõ me negueis, se andais para negar-me ;  
 Porque se contra mi estais levantados,  
 Eu vos ajudarei mësimo a matar-me.

Tell me, my thoughts ! which now before me raise,  
 Of woes the sad remembrance, and renew  
 The grief I fondly hop'd no more to view ;  
 Is not my measure full of hapless days ?  
 How is it, that, in vacant forms of air,  
 Mine eye each hour some long-lost vision sees ?  
 With dreams and shadows would you soothe the care  
 Of him whom dreams and shadows ne'er could please ?  
 I see you sadly chang'd—e'en with disdain  
 Refusing mention of the secret spell  
 That holds you thus in doubt—the charm disclose—  
 Though sworn to silence, let me not in vain  
 Intreat—if leagu'd against my life—yet tell—  
 For I will join to end my term of woes.

Doce contentamento já passado,  
 Em que todo o meu bem só consistia ;  
 Quem vos levou de minha companhia,  
 E me deixou de vós tão apartado ?  
 Quem cuidou que se visse neste estado  
 Naquellas breves horas d'alegria,  
 Quando minha ventura consentia,  
 Que de enganos vivesse meu cuidado ?  
 Fortuna minha foi cruel, e dura,  
 Aquella que causou meu perdimento,  
 Com a qual ninguém póde ter cautella.  
 Nem se engane nenhuma creatura,  
 Que não póde nenhum impedimento,  
 Fugir do que lhe ordena sua estrella.

Sweet Bliss now lost ! from whose pure source alone  
 My comfort came and all my joys arose ;  
 Borne by what hand, and whither art thou flown,  
 While I am left to mourn, and sunk in woes,  
 Thy distance to bewail ? ah ! who that view'd  
 My short-liv'd hours of peace, when Fortune's smile  
 Was kind, and hid my cares beneath its guile,  
 Could think to see me thus by fate subdued ?  
 But soon she changed, and made me feel her smart,  
 And robb'd me of the bliss I now deplore  
 By means beyond the power of human art.  
 And thou, vain Man, deceive thyself no more !  
 For 'tis fallacious hope and idle pain  
 To fly the evils that her stars ordain.

Suspiros inflammados que cantais  
 A tristeza com que eu vivi taõ lédo ;  
 Eu morro, e naõ vos levo, porque hei medo  
 Que ao passar do Letheo vos percais.  
 Escriptos para sempre já ficais  
 Onde vos mostraraõ todos co' o dedo,  
 Como exemplo de males ; e eu concedo  
 Que para a viso de outros estejais.  
 Em quem, pois, virdes largas esperanças  
 De amor, e da fortuna, (cujos danos  
 Algũus teraõ por bemaventuranças)  
 Dizei-lhe, que os servistes muitos anos,  
 E que em fortuna tudo saõ mudanças,  
 E que em amor naõ ha senaõ enganõs.

Ye sighs, which breathe the sadness of my soul,  
 With which I liv'd contented and serene !  
 I die—yet leave ye in this mortal scene,  
 Dreading, lest as I go, from mem'ry's scroll  
 Effac'd, ye own oblivion's dark controul.  
 For ever as a beacon here ye stand,  
 To guard from error those who idly dream  
 That Love is joy—that with her golden gleam  
 Fortune will fav'ring bow to their command—  
 Warning from shipwreck on a fatal strand !  
 Say, ye have stoop'd in rev'rence at their feet  
 For long a slave—but that at last ye found  
 Fortune was fickle, ever changing ground—  
 And Love composed of falsehood and deceit.

So depois de esperança taõ perdida,  
     Amor por causa alguma consentisse  
     Que inda algum 'hora breve alegre visse,  
 De quantas tristes vio taõ longa vida ;  
 Hum 'alma já taõ fraca, e taõ cahida  
     (Quando a sorte mais alto me subisse)  
     Naõ tenho para mi que consentisse  
 Alegria taõ tarde consentida.  
 Nem tamsómente o amor me naõ mostrou  
     Hum 'hora em que vivesse alegremente,  
 De quantas nesta vida me negou ;  
     Mas inda tanta pena me consente,  
 Que co' o contentamento me tirou  
     O gosto de algum 'hora ser contente.

If after Hope so lost—so spent in vain,  
     Love of his tyrant treatment should relent,  
     And, pitying all my lengthen'd woes, consent  
 That one fond hour should close a life of pain :  
 My soul now worn, and so by sorrow prest,  
     (When known the purport of this new decree)  
 Would scarcely strain the blessing to my breast,  
     So long denied to mis'ry and to me.  
 For I have liv'd a life of ceaseless grief,  
     And love, unkind, hath never urg'd his power,  
     To gild the gloom with one short happy hour,  
 But hath withheld, obdurate, the relief—  
 Thus when my joys receiv'd the cruel blight,  
 The wound destroy'd all feeling of delight.



Ditoso seja aquelle que sómente  
 Se queixa de amorosas esquivanças,  
 Pois por ellas naõ perde as esperanças  
 De poder n'algum tempo ser contente.  
 Ditoso seja quem estando ausente  
 Naõ sente mais que a pena das lembranças ;  
 Porqu' inda que se tema de mudanças,  
 Menos se teme a dor quando se sente.  
 Ditoso seja, em fim, qualquer estado,  
 Onde enganos, desprezos, e isençaõ,  
 Trazem hum coraçãõ atormentado.  
 Mas triste quem se sente magoado  
 De erros em que naõ pode haver perdaõ  
 Sem ficar na alma a mágoa do peccado.

Happy the man, who but of love complains,  
 His dear delusions and his coy disdains,  
 Some days of comfort may be yet in store,  
 His hopes are safe, and when his trial's o'er  
 His cares may end, and peace succeed to pains.  
 Happy the man, who absent from the source  
 Whence flow'd his grief, his sorrows had their course,  
 Feels but the mem'ry of departed joy ;  
 Should dreaded ills his anxious thoughts employ,  
 E'en if they came, 'twere with diminish'd force.  
 Happy his state, who from contempt and scorn  
 Suffers alone : But woe to him the smart  
 Of faults to pardon which must wound the heart,  
 And place within the soul, of sin the thorn.

## Pedro de Andrade Caminha.

ALTHOUGH this Poet was the friend of Ferreira, and was an ardent admirer of him, yet his works were not collected and printed until 1791, after the manuscript of them had been discovered by the Senhors Fr. Joaquim Forjaz, and José Corrêa da Serra, Members of the Academy, who had been deputed to examine various Portuguese MS. in the Livraria da Graça, where they were found with the name of Fernão Pinheiro de Brito on the first page, and who had been merely the proprietor of the volume. The work was printed by order of the Academy in 8vo. Caminha was a native of Oporto, and a Fidalgo of some rank, whose family came originally from Castile. He was a Gentleman of the Chamber of the Infante Dom Duarte, brother to King John III. Dom Duarte, who held him in high estimation, conferred many benefits upon him, which were continued afterwards by Sebastian. He married Dona Paschoela Coutinho, Lady to the Queen Dona Catharina, a person endowed with prudence and judgment, who left behind her a manuscript volume of maxims which were preserved in the Library of Manoel Severim de Faria. Caminha died at Villa-viçosa, in the year 1594. Although his Poems lay so long apparently lost, they were esteemed by his immediate friends at the time of their composition. The Sonnet chosen for this work was written by the Author in praise of the Poem of Jeronymo Cortereal, on the second siege of Diu in India, which was bravely defended by Mascarenhas, the Governor.

Espritos valerosos, e esforçados  
 Que tanto ao mundo tem de si mostrado ;  
 De hum valeroso espirito e esforçado,  
 Deviaõ dignamente ser cantados :  
 E a feitos com razam tam celebrados,  
 Se devia alto verso e celebrado ;  
 E que tudo a alto som fosse cantado  
 Em branda voz, e em cantos desusados.  
 A tudo isto respondes igualmente,  
 Rarissimo Hieronymo, e em cores  
 Vivas, mostras aos olhos quanto cantas :  
 Deste louvor alheo, mil louvores  
 Justamente te vem, nam só da gente,  
 Mas dos que entendem mais, que mais espautas.

With equal force should sweep the Poet's Lyre  
 As fill'd the spirits of those sons of Fame,  
 Whose val'rous deeds secur'd the world's acclaim.—  
 The Hero's ardour and the Warrior's fire  
 Should in the cadence of his measures glean—  
 Harmonious sounds, unknown in vulgar song,  
 Justly to deeds of bold emprize belong,  
 When such brave actions form the Poet's theme.  
 Full well thy Lay—Jeromino, pourtrays  
 In lively tints, revealing to the eye,  
 Th' achievements grand which bear thy Muse's praise—  
 And for that praise, from all, who can descry  
 The beauties of thy verse and feel its power,  
 Is due th' approving meed, the Bard's immortal dower.

## Diogo Bernardes.

DIOGO BERNARDES was a native of Ponte de Barca, on the River Lima. He is called by Machado the Prince of Pastoral Poetry, and acknowledged by Mr. Southey to be one of the best of the Portuguese poets. Being passionately attached to the River Lima, he has rendered it celebrated in his works, one volume of which is intitled "O Lyma," and another "Flores de Lyma." He was the friend of Ferreira and Caminha, and younger than Camoens. When Sebastian undertook the conquest of Africa, he chose Bernardes to accompany him, that he might record the deeds of valour by which the victory was to be obtained and the conquest ensured. Sebastian hoisted his standard, being the representation of our Saviour crucified, and Bernardes composed the sonnet upon the occasion which is given in this collection. Sebastian fell and the poet was made prisoner. When a captive he wrote an Elegy,\* wherein, in

\* His Elegy immediately follows the Sonnet in his works, and commences:—

Eu que livre cantei ao som das agoas  
Do saudoso, brando, e claro Lima  
Hora gostos d'amor, outr' hora magoas,  
Agora ao som do ferro que lastima  
O descuberto pe, choro cativo  
Onde choro nam val, nem amor s'estima.

I who, while free, to the soft murr'ring sound  
Of Lima's crystal stream, of love have told  
First the delights, and then heart-rending tales;  
Now to the clank of galling chains which wound  
My naked feet, a captive, griefs unfold  
Where weeping sooths not, nor where love avails.

beautiful language, he contrasts his then wretched state with his former happiness.\* He obtained his liberty, and died in 1596, at Lisbon, where he was buried in the same church which contained the ashes of Camoens. Bernardes is accused of having purloined some of the Sonnets of Camoens and given them as his own, but as his works were first published in the same year that he died, it would be more charitable to impute the appearance of the sonnets of Camoens in them to the mistake of the printer, which might easily happen as the *Editio princeps* of the *Rimas* of Camoens, published in 1595, did not contain a third part of the Sonnets which were afterwards recognized as the productions of that poet, and printed in subsequent editions.

Bernardes was married to a Lady every way worthy of his choice and situation ; but in one of his letters he writes that the cares consequent upon that event interrupted, in some measure, his commerce with the Muses. He was at one time in the service of the Court, much esteemed by the Infante Dom Duarte, and accompanied the Secretary of State, Pedro de Alcaçova Carnciro, to Spain, when he went Ambassador from Sebastian to Philip the Second. When he returned from the disastrous expedition to Africa, he obtained an appointment under Cardinal Albert of Austria, who was Governor of Portugal, which he held until his death.

The first Sonnet given in this work is addressed to his favourite river the Lima, and the second was written to his friend Don Alvaro Pirez de Castro.

\* Besides the Elegy mentioned, he alludes to his misfortune in one of his letters addressed to Jorge Bacarraõ and also in another of his Elegies.

Lima, que neste valle murmurando,  
 Em quanto o Sol s'esconde em occidente,  
 A tua natural vezinha gente  
 Fazes adormecer com teu som brando.

Eu saudoso d'outro estou velando  
 Ouvindo murmurar tua corrente,  
 E com dôr de me delle ver ausente,  
 Com lagrimas a vou accrescentando.

E tu, que ledo para o mar caminhas,  
 Cuidar me fazes (tal he o som que deixas)  
 Que triste vás chorando minhas magoas :

Mas a verdade he que tu te queixas  
 De recolher em ti lagrimas minhas,  
 Porque te turvaõ tuas claras agoas.

O LIMA, thou that in this valley's sweep  
 Now murm'ring glid'st, with soothing sounds the while  
 That western skies obscure Sol's gilded smile,  
 Luring the neighbours of thy stream to sleep.  
 I, now lovelorn, of other sounds than thine,  
 Catch but the whispers as thy waters flow,  
 And, in the lov'd one's absence sunk in woe,  
 Increase thy wave with gushing tears of mine.  
 And whilst meand'ring gently to the sea  
 Seemeth methinks—so sweet the moan thou makest,  
 That thou a share in all my griefs partakest—  
 Yet I'm deceiv'd, thou but complain'st of me ;  
 That the intrusion of my falling tear  
 Should break the surface of thy waters clear.

Se brando amor vos trata asperamente  
 D. Alvro, meu Senhor ! se vos condena  
 A padecer sem culpa tanta pena,  
 Que bem mostrais no rosto o qu'alma sente :  
     Soffrei, servi, amai, sede contente  
 Do que quem vòs amais, de vos ordena ;  
 Que a pòs a tempestade ha luz serena,  
 A pòs a noite Sol resplandecente.  
     Quando destes trabalhos, que passais,  
 Colherdes (como espero) doce fructo,  
 Alegre vos será sua lembrança :  
     E posto que vos falte esta esperança,  
 Deveis (só pola causa) estimar muito  
 Lagrimas, que sem causa derramais.

If Thee, my Friend, should Love, of nature kind,  
 Like to a tyrant treat, and e'er impose  
 Upon thee, blameless, all his host of woes,  
 And well thy mein betrays what now thy mind  
 In sorrow feels—contented suffer all  
     The cruel pangs, which she thou lov'st ordains ;  
 For gentle calm succeeds the direful squall,  
     And gilded mornings follow nights' dark reigns.  
 As well I hope, when these thy torments end,  
     Thou 'lt gather the sweet fruit of all thy toil,  
     Then dear will be the memory of the past—  
 And e'en should fate thine ardent wishes foil,  
     For the lov'd cause, that did thy bloom o'ercast,  
 Pride should'st thou in the tears, which thou did'st so  
     mispPEND.

Pois armarse por Christo não duvida  
 Sebastião, graõ Rey de Portugal ;  
 E o leva por guia : no sinal  
 De nossa Redempção, de eterna vida.

Deixar não podes de te ver vencida  
 Africa, a tal esforço, a insignia tal,  
 Inda que por Anteo, e Anibal  
 Fosses (como mãi sua) defendida.

Se não queres sentir, com novo damno,  
 A perda, qu' inda em ti Cartago chora  
 D'um accita o governo, e d'outro a ley ;

Que pois o valor nobre Lusitano  
 Foi sempre vencedor, que far' agora  
 Diante de tal Deos, e de tal Rey !

Since, now that Lusitania's King, benign,  
 To wage thy battle, CHRIST, to arms resorts,  
 And high aloft—his guide—the standard sports  
 Bearing the Picture of thy death divine.  
 What Afric, canst thou hope, but by such host  
 To see thyself o'erwhelm'd ; e'en could that chief,  
 Thy Hannibal and other warriors lost  
 Come to thy succour and attempt relief.  
 Would'st thou avert a desolation new  
 Such as thy Carthage still in mem'ry bears,  
 Then bow submissive where no chance appears—  
 Accept Sebastian's sway—God's ord'nance true—  
 If Lusian valour ne'er was known to quail,  
 With such a King and God how must its force prevail !



## Fr. Agostinho da Cruz.

THE works of this amiable and pious man, which consist of Sonnets, Eclogues, Elegies, &c., were collected and published at Lisbon, in 1771, by Jozé Caietano de Mesquita, under the title of *Varias Poesias*. The manuscripts were communicated to him by the Religious of the Arrabida. He was the brother of Diogo Bernandes, their surnames being Pimenta, and was born in 1540. Agostinho joined the household of Dom Duarte, the son of the Infante of that name, and as this prince delighted in literary pursuits, he was readily admitted into his service. At this early period were shewn those feelings of devotion and piety, which led him to forego the advantages which he might have derived from this high patronage, and to devote his life to religion. Amongst the Fidalgos who frequently visited at the palace of Dom Duarte were the Duke de Aveiro, and his son, the Duke de Torres Novas, from whom Agostinho received many proofs of attention and kindness, as well before as after he became a monk.

Dona Isabel, the widow of the Infante Dom Duarte, and mother of the young prince, was the patron of the Religious of the Arrabida, and had founded the Convent of Santa Catharina de Ribamar, in 1551. Her house was the resort of the pious, and here Agostinho met with the venerable Father Jacome Peregrino, and, through him, was allowed by the Infanta to take the habit of San Francisco da Provincia da Arrabida. His noviciate was served in the little convent

of Santa Cruz, on the Rock of Lisbon, whence he took his name of Da Cruz. This Order was the most austere in Portugal, and a long account is given, in the Life prefixed to his Poems, of the deprivations and rigour to which he patiently submitted. In one of his Eclogues he describes his year of trial, which being over, he professed and received his name.

Having spent several years, during which he had filled, amongst other situations, that of Superior of the Convent of San Jozé de Ribamar, he obtained permission to retire and become a Hermit on the Serra da Arrabida, where he might lead the remainder of his life totally abstracted from the world. The Duke de Aveiro and his son were, at the time this resolution was made, at their Quinta of Azeitao, and Agostinho considered it his duty to communicate personally to them the change which he was meditating to make. His reception was most kind and cordial; and the cell, in which San Pedro de Alcantara had resided, being occupied by the Father Diogo dos Innocentes, and there not being any place in which he could live, the Duke, at his solicitation, promised to have erected for him a little shed, which might protect him from the sun in summer and the rigour of winter. In one of his Sonnets Agostinho records what took place at this interesting interview.

Sometime elapsing before the Duke remembered his promise, Agostinho set to work and with his own hands put up a small cabin, which he afterwards rendered more efficient to resist the weather. The Duke, however, visited the place, and, seeing his condition, had a hut erected, which, as little was required, was soon raised and dedicated to his use.

At a subsequent period the Religious represented their dissatisfaction that these two Hermits should be allowed to remain where they were, and urged that their licenses should be withdrawn; Diogo, therefore, renounced his patent, and Agostinho received orders to repair to the Convent of Alcobaca. Whether, however, at his own wish to continue, or from fear that the Duke de Aveiro might reproach him if he removed, it is ascertained that he remained in the Serra until March, 1619, when, being attacked with a fever, the violence of which completely overcame his strength, he was taken to the Infirmary which the Provincia had at Setubal. Here he was visited by the Duke de Torres Novas, and on the information that his recovery was hopeless being communicated to him, he received it with piety and resignation, being well prepared for the awful change. He had the Sacraments administered to him, and died on the 14th May. His corpse was laid out in the principal chapel of the Church of the Annunciation, which was near the Infirmary, and, that order might be kept and every respect shewn, the soldiers from the Duke's palace were placed as sentinels, until, as the Duke had ordered, and as Agostinho had wished, it should be interred in the Convent of the Arrabida. The body was removed by sea, the vessel being decorated with rich tapestry and boughs of trees, and accompanied to the place of embarkation by the public authorities and principal persons of the place, as also by the Duke de Torres Novas and the Marquis de Porto Seguro, who thus closed the kind attentions they had shewn to Agostinho during his life.

Passa por este valle a Primavera,\*  
 As aves cantaõ, plantas enverdecem,  
 As flores pelo campo apparecem,  
 O mais alto do louro abraça a hera :  
 Abranda o mar : menor tributo espera  
 Dos rios, que mais brandamente descem,  
 Os dias mais fermosos amanhecem,  
 Naõ para mim, que sou quem dantes era.  
 Espanta-me o por vir, temo o passado ;  
 A magoa choro d' hum, d' outro a lembrança,  
 Sem ter já que esperar, nem que perder.  
 Mal se póde mudar taõ triste estado ;  
 Pois para bem naõ póde haver mudança,  
 E para maior mal naõ póde ser.

Of lively Spring this vale displays the charms,  
 The birds here sing, and plants and flowers are seen  
 With joy to deck the fields ; the ivy green  
 Around the loftiest laurel twines its arms.  
 Calm is the sea, and from the river's flow,  
 Now gently ebbing, asks a smaller due—  
 Whilst loveliest dawns waken to the view ;  
 But not for me who ne'er a change must know.  
 In tears I fearful wait my coming fate,  
 And mourn the memory of my former state,  
 And nought have I to lose, nor ought to hope—  
 Useless to him a change, for whom nor joy  
 Nor pleasure may his future time employ,  
 Whose sorrows can admit no wider scope.

\* This Sonnet is entitled "To his sorrowful state."

Do Lyma, donde vim já despedido,  
 Cavar cá nesta Serra a sepultura,  
 Naõ sinto que louvar possa brandura,  
 Sem me sentir turbar do meu sentido :

A lã de que me vem andar vestido,  
 Torcendo em varias partes a costura,  
 Os pés que nús se daõ á pedra dura,  
 Nem me deixaõ ouvir, nem ser ouvido :

O povo cujo applauso recebeste,  
 Vendo teu brando Lyma dedicada  
 A Principe Real, claro, excellente,  
 Louvará muito mais quanto escreveste :  
 De mim, meu caro irmaõ,\* menos louvado,  
 Louva comigo a Deos eternamente.

Of Lyma, whence I bent my pilgrim way  
 In this lone mount my sepulchre to make,  
 I may not to the beauties tune my lay,  
 For thoughts would rise which I should now forsake.  
 The humble garb of wool about me bound,  
 Form'd to no fashion, but a lowly vest,  
 And feet which naked tread the stony ground,  
 From worldly converse long have closed my breast.  
 The gaysome throng, who loudly laud thy name,  
 Seeing thy gentle Lyma 'neath the care  
 Of one, a noble prince and monarch's heir,  
 The more thou writ'st the more will sound thy fame.  
 Brother, though I on thee less praise bestow,  
 Jointly let ours to God eternal flow.

\* This Sonnet is addressed to his brother Diogo Bernardes, and the prince is Dom Sebastian, King of Portugal.

## Fernaõ Alvarz do Oriente.

LITTLE is known of the history of this author, who, born at Goa, the capital of the Portuguese possessions in India, about 1540, had the addition given to his name of "Do Oriente." He was attached to the study of poetry when a youth, and his education being finished, entered into the marine service. In the expedition in 1573 by the Viceroy Dom Antonio de Noronha, for the relief of Damaõ, he had charge of a small vessel; and he subsequently commanded another ship under the Admiral Fernaõ Tellez. His "Lusitania Transformada" is a pastoral work, a mixture of prose and verse, in imitation of the Arcadia of Sannazaro, and the following Sonnet is one of the poetical pieces introduced. It has been wondered that this poet should have laid his scene in Portugal in preference to the countries of the East to which he belonged; and although it is supposed, from passages in his works, that he had visited Europe, it is by no means certain that he did so. The rumour that he was the author of the fifth and sixth books of the Romance of Palmeirim de Inglaterra proves to be unfounded, as most probably will the conjecture, that the Lusitania Transformada is the lost work of Camoens, said to have been abstracted from him at Mozambique, and which is alluded to by Diogo de Couto in his Decades. An improved edition of his work, revised by one of the members of the Royal Academy of Sciences, was published in Lisbon in 1781.

De alegre claridade e delectosa  
 Nos mostra a Lua agora o rosto cheio :  
 Pouco e pouco depois a luz fermosa  
 Perde seu resplandor co' lume alheio.

Cria o veráo no campo a flor e a rosa,  
 Depois o Ceo lhe despe o fresco arreo ;  
 A calma séca a fonte sonora,  
 Que estilando esta rocha está do seio.

Quem no mundo fundou sua esperança,  
 O estilo sabe mal do mundo escasso :  
 Que o Ceo se muda e o Sol, muda-se a Luna.

Taõ sogeito o mortal vive á mudança,  
 Que se o tempo n'hum ser tem firme o passo,  
 He sómente em naõ ter firmeza algũa.

Plac'd in the spangled sky, with visage bright  
 The full orb'd Moon her radiant beams displays ;  
 But 'neath the vivid Sun's more splendid rays  
 Sink all her charms, and fades her lovely light.  
 Spring with the rose and flowers adorns the field,  
 Yet they are doom'd to doff their gay attire—  
 The murmuring fountain to Sol's parching fire  
 The sparkling stream from rock distill'd must yield.  
 And he who founds on earth his hopes of ease,  
 Ill knows the order which this earth obeys ;  
 Nor sky, nor sun, nor moon, a lasting peace  
 Enjoy, but ever change—and so the days  
 Of man precarious are, that tho' he seem  
 To flourish long, yet falls the fabric like a dream.

## Francisco Rodríguez Lobo.

RODRIGUES LOBO is also principally known by his compositions of a similar description with that of Fernão Alvares, and like him few details have reached us as to his life. We are only enabled to state that his ancestors had been noble ; that he was himself born at Leiria, in Estramadura, about the year 1550, and distinguished himself as a student of Law at the University ; that he was much attached to a country life ; and that he perished in crossing the Tagus from Santarem, his body being interred in the Chapel of a Convent, near the place, where it had been thrown on shore by that river.

Various have been the opinions which have been given as to the extent of the genius of this author, the preponderance is, however, considerably in his favour, and he may be classed with the old and sterling writers of the golden age of Portuguese Literature. Mr. Bouterwek writes that " his works are susceptible of three divisions, which approximate to each other. To the first belongs his prose work ' The Court in the Country,' in which not any verses are introduced. Three connected pastoral romances form the second and most considerable portion, where the prose is merely a beautiful connecting link, by which the work is made a whole. The third comprises the author's miscellaneous poems."\* The first work bears the title of " Corte

\* Bouterwek History of Spanish and Portuguese Literature, translated by Thomasina Rose, where a full account of the writings of Lobo will be found.



na Aldea e Noites de Inverno.” The second division consists of the Primavera, or Spring, from which our first Sonnet is taken, being from that part wherein he praises the country near the Mondego;—Pastor Peregrino, or the Wandering Shepherd, and O Desenganado, or the Disenchanted. The Poems consist of a work intended for a national Epic Poem, but which is merely a versified sketch of the life of the Constable Nuno Alvarez Pereira, who was looked upon as the Cid of Portugal, and is much better celebrated by Camoens in the *Lusiad*—a Poem on the Journey of Philip the III. to Portugal, some Eclogues, and various Romances, which are accounted good. The works were published together in a handsome folio volume at Lisbon in 1723, but it does not contain any account of his life although intended to “revive the recollection of one of the best Portuguese Poets.”

The second Sonnet is given as the production of Lobo in the *Feniz Renascida*, but is not found in his printed works, whence a suspicion arose that it had been composed by another Poet, and Fernaõ Alvarez was mentioned as being the probable author. This suspicion has now, however, vanished, and Lobo is allowed “the reputation of having produced a Sonnet equal in beauty to the best in the language.” It is a curious coincidence that he should have perished in the river Tagus to which this Sonnet is addressed.

Agoas, que penduradas desta altura  
     Cahis sobre os penedos descuydadas,  
     Aonde em branca escuma levantadas  
 Offendidas mostrais mais fermosura ;  
 Se achais essa dureza tam segura,  
     Para que porfiais agoas cansadas ?  
     Ha tantos annos ja desenganadas,  
 E esta rocha mais aspera, e mais dura.  
 Voltay atraz por entre os arvoredos,  
     Aonde os caminhareis com liberdade,  
     Até chegar ao fim tam desejado ;  
 Mas ay que saõ de amor estes segredos,  
     Que vos naõ valerà propria vontade,  
     Como a mim naõ valeo no meu cuidado.

Waters ! which pendent from your airy height,  
     Dash on the heedless rocks and stones below,  
     Whilst in your white uplifted foam ye shew,  
 Though vex'd yourselves, your beauties much more bright.  
 Why, as ye know that changeless is their doom,  
     Do ye, if weary, strive against them still ?  
     Year after year, as ye your course fulfil,  
 Ye find them rugged nor less hard become.  
 Return ye back unto the leafy grove,  
     Through which your way ye may at pleasure roam,  
     Until ye reach at last your long'd for home.—  
 How hid in mystery are the ways of Love !  
     Ye, if ye wish'd yet could not wander free—  
     Freedom in my lorn state is valueless to me.

Feroso Tejo meu, quão diferente  
 Te vejo, e vi, me vês agora, e viste,  
 Turvo te vejo a ti, tu a mim triste,  
 Claro te vi eu já, tu a mim contente.  
 A ti foi-te trocando a grossa enchente,  
 A quem teu largo campo não resiste,  
 A mim trocou-me a vista, em que consiste  
 O meu viver contente, ou descontente.  
 Já que somos no mal participantes,  
 Sejamolo no bem : oh quem me déra  
 Que fossemos em tudo semelhantes !  
 Mas lá virá a fresca primavera  
 Tu tornarás a ser quem eras de antes,  
 Eu não sei se serei quem de antes era.

How, lovely Tagus ! diff'rent to our view  
 Our past and present states do now appear—  
 Muddy the stream, which I have seen so clear,  
 And sad the breast, which you contented knew.  
 Thy banks o'erflow'd, through unresisting plains,  
 Thy waters stray by fitful tempests driven—  
 Lost is to me the object which had given  
 A life of pleasures or a life of pains.  
 As thus our sorrows such resemblance bear,  
 May we of joy an equal cup partake !  
 But ah what fav'ring power to me can make  
 Our Fates alike—for Spring, with soothing air  
 Shall to its former state thy stream restore ;  
 Whilst hid, if I again may be as heretofore.

## Manoel de Faria e Souza:

LOPE DE VEGA writes, that as Camoens was the Prince of Poets in the vernacular languages of Spain, so Faria was the Prince of Commentators in any language.

The Life of this learned man, who was a Knight of the Order of Christ, was written in Spanish by D. Francisco Moreno Porcel,\* and an account of him has been given by the accomplished writer of the article on the Memoirs of Camoens, in the Quarterly Review.† Identified as he is with the Literature of Portugal, and more especially with her greatest Poet, we have drawn upon these authentic sources at some length, abridging what on reference to the more ample details will be found very interesting.

The date of his birth is the 19th March, 1590. It took place at the Quinta de Caravela, in the Souto de Pombino, situate between Guimaraens and Amarante, near the River Visella, in the province of Entre Douro e Minho. His father was Amador Perez de Eiró, Fidalgo da Casa Real; his mother was Luiza de Faria e Souza, of higher family

\* Retrato de Manuel de Faria y Sousa, Cavallero del Orden Militar de Christo y de la Casa Real. Folio, Lisboa, 1733. Porcel selected the following passage from his Poems as a motto to his Biography of Faria:—

Oid toda mi Vida, que fue Muerte;  
 Con que toda mi Muerte sera Vida.  
 Vida, que se quedo, por varia suerte,  
 Por el Mundo en pedagos dividida;  
 Muerte, que uniendo aora esses pedagos,  
 Al Olvida me quite de los brazos.

Wherein Faria describes the latter part of his life as being a living death, chosen of his own accord, and that he might save himself from oblivion after he had ceased to live.

† April, 1822.



MANOEL DE FARIA E SOUSA.



than her husband, deducing her origin from the time of the Romans in Spain. Manoel was baptized at the church of Santa Maria de Pombeiro, an ancient Benedictine Monastery under which his father held his estate; and of which Order he was brought up with the intention of becoming a member.

In his tenth year, having learnt the rudiments of it, he was sent to Braga to study Latin Grammar, and also Logic; to these, however, he preferred the more congenial study of Poetry. He had shewn great skill, when a boy, in illuminating books, and dexterity in penmanship; and whilst at Braga not only read the best of the Peninsular Poets, but composed many works as well in verse as in prose. At the age of fourteen he was appointed secretary to his relation, the then lately General of the Benedictines, D. Fr. Gongalo de Moraes, Bishop of Porto, in whose service he remained for ten years. The residence of the Bishop was like a strict monastery, and Manoel scarcely ever left it, except on holidays to attend church, where it is supposed he met with, and engaged the affections of, D. Catharina Machado, who, being now twenty four years of age, he married. His refusal to enter into the Order, somewhat displeased his relation, who however continued to him his countenance and assistance, With this excellent Lady, who was of his own age, and who, in the various vicissitudes of his life, accommodated herself to his inclinations, and to that frugality, which it was often necessary to exercise, he lived for thirty-five years, having by her ten children.

The retired life he had led, was by no means repugnant to his feelings; it had afforded him leisure for study and composition, and he had written many works in the time, especially a Poetical History of Portugal, which he afterwards converted

into his prose Epitome. He had remained at Oporto for four years, occupying himself with his books and papers, and living apart from the world; when he removed with his family to Madrid, calling at Pombeiro in his way. He was induced to go thither, having been invited to do so by D. Pedro Alvarez Pereira, Secretary of the Council of State of the Kings Philip the Third and Fourth, and who was a relation of the Bishop. It was there that he published his moral and physical Essays, under the title of *Noches Claras*; four volumes of poems, which he called *Fuente de Aganippe*; and the Epitome of Portuguese History; but it was his fortune, like that of his favourite Poet, Camoens, to derive little but barren reputation from his labours. His patron dying, he came back to Lisbon; and failing in procuring any appointment at home, which he had every reason to expect, as well from the Archbishop of Lisbon, as other powerful noblemen, he accepted the situation of Secretary to the Embassy at Rome. On his arrival he was sought out by the Count de Castelvillani, the Chamberlain of the Pope; who knew him from his works, and asked him to write a poem on the elevation of Urban VIII. This he did, and at an audience he had on the 14th September, 1633, he was most courteously received by the Pope, who praised his poem and acknowledged his talents. He now commenced to arrange his great work, the Commentary on the Lusiad. Bashful and unpretending, he neglected to urge his claims for that preferment and reward, to which he was justly entitled; and, although his duties had been most efficiently and satisfactorily performed, as secretary to his employers, they did not interest themselves for his advancement. If not overtaken by poverty, the means were wanting to support his family, even with that frugality which he practised;



he therefore quitted Rome, and repaired to Madrid. On his arrival he was arrested and strictly guarded, some suspicions having arisen that, while at Rome, he had in some way betrayed his trust. At the end of fourteen weeks he was set at liberty, with an assurance from the Secretary of State, that the King, who ordered an allowance to be assigned to him, but with a condition that he was not to quit Madrid, considered him an innocent and honourable person, whom he wished to retain at Court. Sighing, however, for home, and still disappointed in his views of preferment, he, at the end of a year, attempted to quit Spain, but was discovered, detained, and his allowance stopped. He now applied himself wholly to literature, permitting himself little time for sleep and his meals; and in 1639 he published his Commentary on the Lusiad. The writer in the Review says that one of the principal merits of this great work is, that Camoens having loaded his narrative with the whole history of his country; no person could have been better qualified to explain and elucidate what the Poet could only hint at in brief allusions than Faria, who had already published an Epitome, and was now engaged in an elaborate and extensive History of the kingdom and of all its conquests.\* The work fully answered

\* These were afterwards all published with the exception of the America Portugueza, under the titles of Europa Portugueza, Asia Portugueza, and Africa Portugueza, in seven volumes, in folio. The manuscript of the America has never been discovered, but this loss has been amply made up by Mr. Southey, in his excellent and elaborate History of Brazil. Machado writes that it contained an account of the Transactions of the Portugueze from the discovery of Brazil, until the year 1640, with a description of that extensive Province. Faria had given the work in Madrid to Duarte Coelho de Albuquerque, Lord of Pernambuco, who having taken great part in the transactions was desirous of publishing it at his own expense, but on asking permission from the Royal Counsel to do so, the Secretary, Diego Soares, who was ill affected towards Coelho, hid the work, and it was never afterwards found, although Antonio de Leaõ has erroneously asserted that it was so.

the great expectations which had been formed of it, but the author was again doomed to suffer persecutions; it had scarcely issued from the press before it was denounced by the Inquisition, because in it "he had explained the Heathen machinery used by Camoens as allegorical of Catholic truths." Although the complaint, on being heard at Madrid, was dismissed, his enemy was not content, but prosecuted his views at Lisbon, and obtained an injunction. The Inquisitor-General, however, called upon Faria to produce a defence, and the vindication was deemed satisfactory. The fame of Camoens, which had already spread far and near, was much increased by this work and the subsequent publication of the Commentaries on the Rimas.

Faria was a most laborious and voluminous writer, and had, until he attained the age of fifty, been blessed with good health; but now his strength gave way to painful disease, induced and aggravated by his mode of life, and which at last put a period to his existence. The last two years were spent under grievous bodily affliction, yet his patience never gave way, and he applied himself to his studies, as long as his strength would permit. At last when it was evident his end was approaching, he prepared himself for the event. He died in his sixtieth year, and was buried in the Convent of the Premonstratenses of the Court of Madrid. His remains were afterwards removed to the Church of Santa Maria de Pombeiro, by his wife; and the following inscription put on his tomb:—" *Inclytus hic jacet uxore sua sepultus scriptor ille Lusitanus Emmanuel de Faria a Sousa die 6 Septembris, 1660.*" A long account of his numerous works is given by Machado in the Bibliotheca Lusitana. They are nearly all written in Spanish. His character has been thus given by the writer

in the Quarterly Review, "Those who knew him little thought him morose and rude in manners. He was not so to his friends; on the contrary, his conversation, like his letters, was cheerful and even sportive; but he was never fond of talking and latterly became deaf. His face might well appear severe to those, who could not read in its pale and meagre lineaments, the effects of long care and continual toil of mind. Features naturally strongly marked, and what in youth and health had been handsome, were thus rendered ghastly; and the more so, because, when all other parts of the countenance were shrunk and faded, his large black eyes retained their size and lustre. His beard, which he wore broad and long, after the old fashion of his country, was greyer than his hair."

The Commentary on the *Lusiad* was published in Madrid, in folio, in 1639, with engravings at the commencement of each canto, and portraits of Camoens and the Author, copies of which are given in this work.

The Commentaries on the *Rimas* were also published, in folio, in Lisbon, the first and second volumes, in 1685, and volumes three, four, and five, in 1689, containing so far down as the first eight Eclogues. He left in manuscript volume six containing nine Eclogues, volume seven where are the lesser Poems, and another work wherein were given the Comedy and Prose Writings. These latter have never been published, and Machado does not inform us in whose possession they were when he wrote.

His Apology or Defence appears to have been written in 1640.

Passáram ja por mim loucos verdes  
 Do fresco Abril da humana vaidade ;  
 Primavera tam fora da verdade,  
 Que as flores sam engano, o fruto errores.  
 Passáram ja por mim inuteys flores,  
 O Veraõ passou já da ardente idade :  
 Prazer acomodado à mocidade ;  
 Veneno da razam em bellas cores.  
 Bem creio que estou dellas retirado ;  
 Mas não sey se de assaltos vãos, tiranos,  
 Que tem o entendimento ao jugo atado.  
 Porque mal me asseguram meus enganós,  
 Que o fruto destas flores he passado,  
 Se os costumes nam fogem como os annos.

Now past for me are April's mad'ning hours,  
 Whose freshness feeds the vanity of youth ;  
 A Spring so utterly devoid of truth,  
 Whose fruit is error, and deceit whose flowers.  
 Gone too for me is Summer's sultry time,  
 When idly, reasonless, I sow'd those seeds  
 Yielding to manhood charms, now proving weeds,  
 With gaudy colours, poisoning as they climb.  
 And well I fancy that they both are flown,  
 And that beyond their tyrant reach I'm plac'd,—  
 But yet I know not if I yet must taste  
 Their vain attacks—my thoughts still make me own,  
 That fruits of weeds deceitful do not die,  
 When feelings sober not as years pass by.

## Antonio Barbosa Bacellar.

BACELLAR was born at Lisbon, circa 1610; his parents being Francisco Barbosa Bacellar, and Gracia Gomes Pereira, both of illustrious descent. His early display of acquirements and genius are highly praised by Machado, and at the age of sixteen he is represented to have been a perfect master of the Latin language, Rhetoric, Poetry, Philosophy, Theology, and Mathematics. His memory was most retentive, and after reading several pages of a book, he could repeat them with the greatest accuracy. The facility also with which he composed verses either in Spanish or Portuguese was remarkable, and has been noticed by some of his contemporaries, who were poets.

In compliance with the wishes of his parents, he went to Coimbra; and, having applied himself to the study of Civil Law, soon became as celebrated in that branch of science as he was in the others, being one of the ablest disputants in the University. His time of probation being past, he became doctor, and aspired to a chair. This was, however, bestowed upon another person, much his inferior in ability; and to prevent a similar occurrence, he, much to the regret of the members, quitted Coimbra and went to Lisbon. His great talents were not allowed to remain there unexercised; John the Fourth, immediately on his arrival, appointed him Chief Magistrate or Corregedor of Castello Branco, and successively Provedor of Evora, and to the highest judicial situation at Oporto. Death, however, put an end to his career of honor.

He died at Lisbon in 1663, and was buried in the Church of San Francisco, in that city ; the whole kingdom lamenting the loss occasioned by the event.

Bacellar was the author of several works, which remained in manuscript to which fate for a long period most of his poetical pieces were doomed, until they were afterwards collected and published in *A Fenis renasida, ou Obras poeticas dos melhores engenhos Portuguezes*, in 1716 and the following years. Bouterwek writes, that during the seventeenth century not any poet surpassed him in the composition of sonnets, particularly romantic love sonnets in the style of Camoens ; of whom he was so ardent an admirer, as to write glosses to several of his sonnets, and other pieces. He is ranked amongst the most distinguished writers in that style, which had become much in fashion in Portugal, and may be said to have been almost the Inventor of those poems, which acquired the name of Sandades, for which we have no corresponding word ; but which Bouterwek calls, the extended pictures of romantic aspirations. In these he greatly excelled, and spared no pains to render his compositions as perfect as possible. The Sonnet here given is a favourite subject with the Portuguese, being addressed to a caged Nightingale.

Ave gentil cativa, que os accentos  
 Inda dobras com tanta suavidade,  
 Como quando gozavas liberdade,  
 Sendo do campo Amfião, Orfeo dos ventos :  
 Da vida livre os doces pensamentos  
 Perdestes junto à clara suavidade  
 De hum ribeirinho, que com falsidade  
 Grilhões guardava a teus contentamentos.  
 Eu tambem desse modo fuy cativo,  
 Que amor me tinha os laços emboscados  
 Na luz de huns claros olhos excellentes.  
 Mas tu vives alegre, eu triste vivo,  
 Como que somos conformes nos estados,  
 E somos na ventura differentes.

Gay, gentle bird, thou pour'st forth sweetest strains,  
 Although a captive, yet as thou wert free ;  
 Like Orpheus singing to the winds with glee,  
 And as of old Amphyon charm'd the plains.  
 Near where the brooklet's cooling waters lave  
 The meads around, the trait'rous snare was laid,  
 Which thee, unconscious of thy lot, betray'd,  
 And to thy free enjoyment fetters gave.  
 Just so with me—my liberty I lost—  
 For love, in ambush of soft beaming eyes,  
 Seiz'd on my heart, and I became his prize,—  
 Yet liv'st thou gladsome—whil'st with sorrow cross'd  
 I linger sad—How diff'rent do we bear  
 The chains, which Fate has fix'd that we alike must  
 wear.

## Violante do Ceo.

MANOEL da Sylveira Montezino and Helena Franca were the parents of this extraordinary lady, who was born at Lisbon in 1601, and acquired afterwards the appellation of the tenth Muse. The qualities with which she was endowed by nature, for she was not only a poetess, but excelled in playing upon the harp and in singing, added to her station in life, made her to be sought in marriage by various persons, distinguished by their birth and their learning. She had, however, resolved to devote herself to religion, and became a Dominican Nun. In 1693, having "grown ripe in years and old in piety," she departed from this life at the advanced age of ninety-two.

From her youth she had cultivated serious poetry, and at the age of eighteen produced a Comedy, entitled "Santa Engracia." The expectations formed of her were not borne out; and, living at a period when the literature of Portugal was on the decline, she contributed, from the wrong bias which her mind had taken, to that decay, which required the efforts of subsequent poets under the Arcadian Society to cure. Her works were published in Lisbon, in two volumes, in 1733, under the title of "Parnaso Lusitano de Divinos e Humanos Versos;" they are divided into nine portions, each placed under the care of one of the muses.\*

\* The following sonnet is supposed to be addressed to a lady, whose sole reason for going to church was to make conquests, command attention, &c., and who accidentally sat down on a tomb from whence a voice proceeded with the advice contained in it.



O Tu, que com enganos divertida  
 Vives do q̄ has de ser taõ descuydada,  
 Aprende aqui liçoens de escarmentada,  
 Ostentaras acçoens de prevenida :  
 Considera, que em terra convertida  
 Jaz aqui a belleza mais louvada,  
 E que tudo o da vida, he pó, he nada,  
 E que menos, que nada a tua vida.  
 Considera, que a morte rigorosa  
 Naõ respeyta belleza, nem juizo,  
 E que sendo taõ certa he duvidosa ;  
 Admitte deste tunulo o aviso  
 E vive do teu fim mais cuydadosa,  
 Pois sabes, que o teu fim he taõ preciso,

Thou, who amidst the world's alluring toil  
 Liv'st joyous, and neglectful of thy state ;  
 Take here a warning, e'er it be too late,  
 Which thy expected conquests all should foil.  
 Ponder ; again to earth resign'd the trust,  
 Lies one whose beauty bore the praise of all—  
 Think, that whate'er has life is nought but dust,  
 That thy existence too is less than small.  
 Let this my tomb instruct—death comes, and then  
 E'en beauty bows before his rigorous power ;  
 And skill avails not to avert the hour,  
 To all appointed, but uncertain when.  
 Live as thou ought'st, be mindful that thy fate  
 Is fix'd—although unknown if soon or late.

## Francisco de Vasconcellos Coutino.

WE know little of this author, who was a native of Funchal, in Madeira. He studied at the University of Coimbra, and took his degree of Bachelor of Canon Law. Machado speaks too highly of his abilities as a poet, and Bouterwek allows that he was one of the few who at the period when he lived "still evinced sound judgment and some portion of the old and nobler style of art." He published, amongst other things, a poem in ottava rima on the story of Polyphemus and Galatea, and seven of his Sonnets appeared in the first volume of *A Feniz renascida*, published at Lisbon in 1717. Thirty-two are also given in the second volume, which came out in the following year.

In the Sonnet, selected for this work, the poet dwells upon the idea, that concealment of grief renders it less painful; which is at variance with the opinion generally entertained, and for which we have the authority of our great bard.\* Allowing, however, that he is incorrect, (as we are bound to confess he is, after such an authority,) it must be admitted that he has treated the subject with considerable skill.

\* Shakspeare, in *Macbeth*, makes Malcolm address Macduff in the following words:—

" Give sorrow words; the grief, that does not speak,  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break."

And in his *Venus and Adonis* we find:

" ——— The heart hath treble wrong  
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue."

Na queixa o sentimento se engrandece,  
 No silencio se afrouxa o sentimento,  
 Que se o lembrar da dor dobra o tormento,  
 Quem suffoca o pezar, menos padece.  
 No silencio talvez a dor se esquece ;  
 No voz naõ póde ter esquecimento,  
 Com que a dor no silencio perde o alento,  
 Quando a magoa na queixa reverdece.  
 Se a memoria do mal dobra o penoso,  
 A quem o diz desperta essa memoria,  
 Mais sente, que quem dentro a pena feixa ;  
 Porque este no silencio tem repouso,  
 E aquelle augmenta a dor, se a faz notoria,  
 Pois renova o pezar, quando se queixa.

To tell of sorrows doth the pangs increase,  
 While silence dulls such feelings as oppress ;  
 So if remembrance doubles loss of peace,  
 The man who stifles thought will suffer less.  
 Silence may still the memory of pain,  
 Thus grief may be divested of its sting ;  
 But if of woe the image back we bring,  
 The wounds of sorrow become green again.  
 If memory thus augments the force of woes,  
 He who that memory wakes, the more will feel  
 Than he who puts upon his tongue the seal.  
 In silence sorrows oft times find repose,  
 While he, whose feelings will not brook restraint,  
 Renews his sorrows when he makes complaint.

Que alegre pendurado de hum raminho  
 Cantando em alta voz estás contente,  
 Sem temeras o mal estando ausente,  
 Que te espera, ó incauto passarinho !  
 Acorda pois depressa, que adivinho,  
 Se tardares hum pouco, descontente  
 Inda mal chorarás eternamente  
 O roubo de teus filhos, e o teu ninho.  
 Faze já de meus males claro espelho,  
 Pois por viver ausente, e confiado  
 Perdi tudo o que tinha merccido :  
 Mas ah, que tarde tomas meu conselho !  
 Na perda ficarás desenganado,  
 Já que cantas ausente, e divertido.

O thoughtless bird ! that thus, with carol sweet,  
 From airy bough pour'st forth thy joyous tale,  
 Regardless of the ills which may assail,  
 When thou art absent from thy lone retreat.  
 Fly, quickly haste—give heed while I protest  
 If still thou tarriest here, that sunk in woe  
 Thy tears eternally are doom'd to flow,  
 And wail thy young ones stol'n, and spoil'd thy nest.  
 Ah, let my griefs thy slumbering feelings wake—  
 For I, while absent, trusting all to fate,  
 Lost the reward which I had sought to gain.  
 Why dost thou yet delay, nor counsel take ?  
 Soon by thy loss convinc'd, thou'lt mourn too late,  
 Though happy now thou pour'st thy lively strain.

Ramalhete animado, flor do vento,  
 Que alegremente teus ciumes choras,  
 Tu cantando teu mal, teu mal melhora,  
 Eu chorando meu mal, meu mal augmento.  
 Eu digo minha dor ao sofrimento,  
 Tu cantas teu pezar a quem namoras,  
 Tu esperas o bem todas horas,  
 Eu temo qualquer mal todo o momento.  
 Ambos agora estamos padecendo  
 Por decreto cruel de deos minino ;  
 Mas eu padeço mais, só porque entendo :  
 Que he tão duro, e cruel o meu destino,  
 Que tu choras o mal, que estas sofrendo,  
 Eu choro o mal, que soffro, e que imagino.

Oh nature's sweet enchanter—Flower of Song !\*  
 E'en joyous seem the notes you sing of grief,  
 Those plaintive strains afford to you relief ;  
 Whilst weepings still my hapless loves prolong.  
 For mine's the grief that must in patience wait,  
 While you your sorrows tell to whom you love—  
 You hope each hour some happy bliss to prove,  
 While I each moment dread disastrous fate.  
 We both now suffer from Love's tyrant sway,  
 But cruel, ah, my lot compar'd with thine ;  
 'Tis me that reason teaches to repine,  
 But thou unconscious pourest forth thy lay ;  
 Thou sing'st of sorrows which do now assail,  
 I present ills, and those I fear, bewail.

\* This Sonnet is addressed to a Nightingale.

## Pedro Antonio Correa Garçaõ.

WE have now arrived at the period, when the Arcadian Society was established. The Literature of Portugal, and particularly her Poetry, had seriously degenerated since the appearance of her best Poets, and required renovation; and to effect this Garçaõ chiefly contributed. If not actually the founder, he was chiefly instrumental in the formation of the Society in 1758, and Portugal was deeply indebted to his example, genius, and exertions, for the results. As Ferreira had done before, he took Horace for his model, and the perseverance which he shewed, and the success which crowned his efforts, secured him the appellation of the second Portuguese Horace, and the acknowledgment that no poet had ever approached nearer to that great writer. His Odes to Virtue, and on Suicide, are highly and deservedly prized by the Portuguese; and his Address to Dido is accounted one of the sublimest conceptions of human genius. By a competent authority in our country he is represented to be the first modern (Portuguese) Poet, who distinguished himself by the purity of his language. He perished miserably in a dungeon, having incurred the displeasure of the government.

His works appeared at Lisbon in 1778, with the Royal Licence from the Queen Maria for the widow of the Poet to publish them. The metaphor in the first Sonnet is in the impassioned style of Portugal, and the scaffold has been chosen as an image to enforce an exaggerated description of the miseries which love can inflict.

Quem de meus versos a lição procura,  
 Os farpões nunca vio de Amor insano,  
 Nem sabe quanto custa hum vil engano  
 Traçado pela mão da Formosura.  
 Se o peito não tiver de rocha dura,  
 Fuja de ouvir contar tamanho dano,  
 Que a desabrida voz do Desengano  
 O mais firme semblante desfigura.  
 Olhe, que ha-de chorar, vendo patente  
 Em tão funesta, e lagrimosa scena  
 O cadafalso infame, e sanguinoso.  
 Verá levado á morte hum innocente :  
 E condemnado a vergonhosa pena  
 O mais fiel amor, mais generoso.

The gentle youth, who reads my hapless strain,  
 And ne'er hath felt the shafts of frenzied love ;  
 Nor knows the anguish he is doom'd to prove,  
 Whom vile deceit, when kept in beauty's chain  
 Torments—if than a stone less hard his heart,  
 Would fly the sad recital of my woes ;  
 For faces firm the tale would discompose  
 Of Love's deceptions causing so much smart.  
 Oh list ye doomed to weep ! while I display  
 The drear and mournful scene in saddest plaint,  
 The scaffold base and platform's bloody way—  
 Where dragged to death behold a martyr'd saint ;—  
 And where to shameful pain unto your view  
 Love faithful and sincere condemned I shew.

N'uma Galé Mourisca afferrollhado  
 Ao som do rouco vento, que zunia,  
 Sobre o remo cruzando as maõs dormia  
 O lasso Corydon pobre forçado.  
 Em agradaveis sonhos engolfado,  
 Cuidava o triste, que o grilhaõ rompia,  
 E que entre as ondas Lilia branda via  
 Talhar c'o branco peito o mar salgado :  
 De vella, e de abraçalla cobiçoso  
 Estremeceo, tentando levantar-se  
 E os fuzis da cadèa retiniraõ :  
 Accordou ao motim ; e pezaroso,  
 Querendo á rude chusma lamentar-se,  
 Só mil sospiros, só mil ais lhe ouviraõ.

In Moorish galley chain'd, unhappy slave,  
 Poor weary Corydon, with grief oppress'd,  
 Upon his oar had cross'd his hands in rest,  
 Tir'd by the breeze, which roughly kiss'd the wave.  
 What time he slept and fondly thought him free—  
 Folded in sweet oblivion all his woes—  
 The beauteous Lilia on his view arose,  
 Cleaving with snowy breast the rippled sea.  
 The wishing Lover trembled as he strove  
 To rise, and meet the object of his love ;  
 To greet the maid and catch the fond embrace—  
 His cruel chains still fix'd him to the place.  
 In vain amidst the crew he sought relief,  
 Each had to wail his own peculiar grief.



## Antonio Diniz da Cruz.

THIS poet was another distinguished member of the Arcadian Society, and was known by the name of Elpino Nonacriense. He was a magistrate and relieved the duties attendant upon his office by the cultivation of poetry. He is celebrated for his successful imitations of the lyric style of Pindar, and, in his anacreontic pieces, stands at the head of the Portuguese writers. He composed also a Century of Sonnets, which were published in Lisbon in 1809, as a first volume of his works.\* Diniz is, however, destined to be best known beyond the limits of his own country by his satirical work, a heroic-comic poem, in eight cantos, called "O Hyssope," in which he vies for distinction with Boileau, Pope, and Tassoni. Mr. Southey has given the following account of the story :—"Joze Carlos de Lara, Dean of Elvas used, for the sake of ingratiating himself with his Bishop, to attend him in person with the hyssop, at the door of the chapter-house whenever he officiated; after a while some quarrel arose between them, and he then discontinued this act of supererogatory respect; but he had practised it so long that the Bishop and his party in the chapter insisted upon it as a right, and commanded him to continue it as a service which he was bound to perform. He appealed to the metropolitan and sentence was given against him. After his death the Dean's successor, who happened to be his nephew, tried the cause again, and obtained a reversal of the decree."

\* This poem after being long handed about in manuscript was printed with the false date of London in 1802, permission for its publication in Portugal having been refused.

Da bella Máí perdido amor errava  
 Pelos campos, que corta o Tejo brando,  
 E a todos quantos via suspirando  
 Sem descanso por ella procurava.

Os farpões lhe cahiaõ da aurea aljava ;  
 Mas elle de arco, e setas não curando,  
 Mil glorias promettia soluçando,  
 A quem á Deosa o leve que buscava :  
 Quando Jonia, que alli seu gado pasce  
 Enxugando-lhe as lagrimas, que chora,  
 A Venus lhe mostrar leda se offerece ;  
 Mas Amor dando hum vôo á linda face,  
 Beijando-a lhe tornou : “ Gentil Pastora,  
 “ Quem os tens olhos vê, Venus esquece.”

One time, when Love, his beauteous mother lost,<sup>1</sup>  
 Wander'd through fields where Tejo's soft streams wind,  
 Sighing to each fair Nymph, whose path he cross'd,—  
 Inquiring still where he might Venus find,—  
 Undone the brace, his golden quiver fell ;  
 He, who not now for bow or arrow cares,  
 Sobs out what thousand pleasures shall be theirs,  
 Who may some tidings of the Goddess tell.  
 It chanc'd her flock that Jonia tended there,  
 His tears she dried, and with a cheerful air  
 Proffer'd to lead him to the wish'd for sight.  
 When, rising on his wings, the urchin said,  
 While her sweet face he kiss'd—“ Ah, gentle maid !  
 Who sees those eyes, forgetteth Venus quite.”

Aqui sentado neste molle assento,  
 Que formaõ as hervinhas deste prado,  
 Em quanto a verde relva pasce o gado,  
 Quero ver se divirto o meu tormento.

Que fresca a tarde está ! que brando o vento  
 Move as agoas do rio socegado !  
 E como neste choupo levantado  
 Se queixa a triste rôla em doce accento !

As flores com suavissima fragancia  
 As aves com docissima harmonia  
 Fazem mais alegre esta fresca estancia :

Mas nada os meus pesares alivia ;  
 Que da minha saudade a cruel ancia  
 Me naõ deixa hum instante de alegria.

Here lonely in this cool and verdant seat,  
 Gemm'd with bright flowers the smiling meadowyields;  
 While herds depasture in the neighb'ring fields,—  
 I long to see my torments all retreat.  
 How pure and fresh this Eve—How soft the wind  
 Now moving o'er the river's surface clear,  
 As in yon poplar high the turtle near  
 In soothing murmurs mourneth forth her mind.  
 Joyous meanwhile, as if to banish grief,  
 The tuneful birds their sweetest carols sing,  
 And lovely flowers their choicest fragrance fling ;  
 But to my sorrows they give no relief—  
 For cruel tortures all my thoughts employ,  
 Nor grant to hapless me but one short hour of joy.

## Domingos dos Reis Quita.

A Life of this Poet is prefixed to the enlarged edition of his works, published in Lisbon in 1781. He was born in that city, his father, José Fernandez Quita, being a tradesman, who, having been unfortunate in business, quitted his country, leaving Domingos, then seven years of age, with six other children, to the care of an affectionate mother, but with scarcely any means to support them. Whilst remittances arrived from America, where her husband had gone, Maria Rosaria, in an economical way, brought up and educated her young charges, but when these ceased to be received, in such circumstances did this poor woman find herself, as to be obliged to apprentice Domingos to a hairdresser. He was now thirteen years old, but, as in numerous other instances, his genius rose above his misfortunes. When a boy he had been studious, and, having access to the works of Camoens and Lobo, had made the best use of his leisure hours in cultivating that talent, which at length becoming known to the Conde de San Lourenço, secured him the countenance and friendship of that nobleman, then a patron to persons of genius. So bashful was he, and mistrustful of his abilities, that his earliest works were given to his friends as the productions of a monk of the Azores. The first of the following Sonnets, however, betrayed him. His reputation became established, and, under the patronage he had acquired, he studied the Spanish, Italian, and French languages, the

best authors in which he read, and by perusing the translations, made up for his want of knowledge of Greek and Latin. He pursued this course, also, as to the English and German Poets. Much to the honour of the Arcadian Society, he was unanimously elected one of their members, under the name of Alcino Micenio. He was on the point of being located in the household of the Archbishop of Braga, which would have been most congenial to his serious mind, but he was disappointed through the malevolence of a party, who represented that it would be unfitting his Grace's character to have about him a man of his pursuits; and against this shaft the well-known excellent character of Domingos did not avail him. The same case also occurred when, through the Marquis of Pombal he expected an appointment suited to his abilities. Fortune seemed now to have forsaken him; he suffered severely by the earthquake, which laid desolate his native city, and he found himself nearly, if not quite destitute. In this sad emergency, however, an excellent friend appeared in D. Theresa Theodora de Aloim, the wife of a physician, Balthezar Tara. He was received into their house, and treated, not as a dependent for support, but with the most affectionate attention. In 1761, he was nearly dying from a consumptive attack which recurred six years afterwards, and on both occasions these excellent persons administered to his comfort and wants, watching him by day and night, and relieving his malady by every means in their power, and which gave way to the skill of the husband, and the care of D. Theresa. His mother was now full of years and infirmities, and had become a burthen to her son-in-law, Antonio José Cota, who had himself a numerous family, and had not prospered

in the world, but who had, so long as he was able, supported her. To relieve him Domingos determined to leave his attached friends and take a house for himself, where his mother might reside with him; and, when remonstrated with, he replied that that Providence which ministered to the whole creation would enable him to carry his intention into execution. He removed to his residence on the 13th July of 1770, but on the 22nd of the August following was seized with an illness which he was persuaded would prove mortal; and although taken again to the house of his kind friend, the disease baffled every effort. After suffering severely, he expired (having had the sacred sacraments administered), in the fifty-third year of his age.

Besides being the author of Eclogues, Idyls, Odes and Sonnets, he wrote several Tragedies, one of which, founded on the story of Dona Ignez de Castro, was translated into English, and appeared in the publication called the German Theatre.

His biographer writes that he never contaminated his compositions with any licentious passage, or permitted to appear in them the least satirical expression.

Benigno amor, os Impios, que te offendem,  
 E contra teus decretos se conspiraõ,  
 He porque os laços ainda naõ sentiraõ  
 Destes doces cadeiras, que me prendem.  
 Os peitos, que a teu jugo se naõ rendem  
 E cheios de ternura naõ suspiraõ,  
 He porque os resplandores nunca viraõ,  
 Que em viva chamma o coraçãõ me accendem.  
 Vinde vir, desgraçados, e queixosos,  
 O bem, por que suspiro de continuo,  
 E sereis hum instante venturosos.  
 Mas nunca mudareis vosso destino,  
 Nunca, que aquelles olhos taõ formosos  
 Outra luz naõ vem mais que o seu Alcino.

The wretches, Love ! who of thy laws complain,  
 And, bold, conspire against thy fix'd decree,  
 Have never felt the pleasure of that chain,  
 Whose sweet endearment binds my soul to thee.  
 Those callous breasts, unbending to thy sway,  
 Which ne'er have heav'd with throbs of soft desire,  
 Have never seen those fond allurements play,  
 Which fill my heart with flames of living fire.  
 O come ye hapless railers ! come and see  
 The bliss, for which are rais'd my constant sighs ;  
 And ye shall taste of Love the golden prize—  
 But hold ye railers ! hold, there must not be  
 A change in your hard fate, until those eyes  
 On their Alcino only shine with glee.

Ao longo de huma praia hum triste dia,  
 Já quando a luz do sol se desmaiava,  
 O saudoso Alcino caminhava  
 Com seus cuidados só por companhia,  
 Os olhos pelas aguas estendia,  
 Porque allivio a seu mal nellas buscava,  
 E entre os tristes suspiros, que exhalava,  
 Em lagrimas banhado assim dizia :  
 Os suspiros, as lagrimas, que choro,  
 Levai, ondas, levai, ligeiro vento,  
 Para onde me levastes quem adoro.  
 Oh se podem ter dó do meu tormento,  
 Que me torneis o bem, só vos imploro,  
 Que puzestes em longo apartamento.

'Twas on a time, the sun's last glimm'ring ray  
 In ocean sunk—that, sore by fate dismay'd,  
 Along the shore Alcino, love-lorn stray'd ;  
 His woes the lone companions of his way ;  
 And o'er the vast expanse of waters drear  
 His eyes he cast for there he found relief ;  
 Whilst heav'd his sighs, and fast the trickling tear  
 Pac'd his sad cheek, the youth thus told his grief :  
 Ye waves, transport the tears which now I weep,  
 Ye winds, upon your breezes waft my sighs  
 To where my fondest hopes of comfort sleep,  
 Where ye have borne the form of her I prize.  
 Oh, if ye can, have pity on my care ;  
 Restore the bliss, which ye remov'd so far.



Tudo cheio de horror, e sentimento  
 Mostra o rigor do Inverno congelado  
 O ar de densas nuvens carregado,  
 Furiosas desatando chuva, e vento.  
 Despojada do verde luzimento  
 Se vé toda a campina deste prado,  
 O rio corre turvo, e despenhado,  
 Tudo parece igual a meu tormento :  
 Mas passado o rigor do Inverno frio,  
 O nublado ar se vé resplandecente,  
 Florece o campo, e claro corre o rio.  
 Tudo de triste passa a ser contente,  
 Só nos meus olhos nunca tem desvio  
 As lagrimas, que choro tristemente.

Amidst the storms, which chilling winter brings,  
 All horror seems—the gladsome hours are past ;  
 The lab'ring sky, with dark'ning clouds o'ercast,  
 In mingling wind and rain its fury flings.  
 Spoil'd of their mantles green the meadows mourn,  
 And headlong rushing o'er its bed, the stream  
 Its turbid course pursues—I equal deem  
 The gloom of nature and my state forlorn.  
 But winter's reign is o'er, again the sky  
 Beams forth its lustre, and its crystal range  
 The river takes ;—no more the meadows sigh,  
 But smiling nature greets the lovely change.  
 Not thus with me, no rest these eyes may know  
 From tears of sadness, caus'd by ceaseless woe.

## Claudio Manoel da Costa.

MR. BOUTERWEK has entered somewhat into detail respecting the works of this author, dating from their composition, the resumption of an improved style in the Poetry of Portugal; and The Chevalier de Almeida Garrett, in noticing him in the *Bosquejo da Historia da Poesia e Lingua Portugueza* prefixed to the *Parnaso Lusitano*, published in Paris in 1826, allows that he held a distinguished place amongst the Portuguese poets. Da Costa was a native of Brazil, his father residing in the province of Minas Geraes. He was sent to Europe and placed at the University of Coimbra, where he studied for five years, after which he returned to his native country, and, amidst its scenery, pursued his poetical career. Many of his Sonnets approach the style of Petrarch, whom he appears to have selected as his model in that species of Poetry. They cannot boast of that softness and beauty found in his master; but although, not entirely free from the vitiated style which characterises several of his predecessors, they possess so many good qualities, as to rank them amongst the most successful in the Language. Having chosen Petrarch as his model for the Sonnet, he followed Metastasio in the Canzonet; still striving to do away with the corrupt taste which at that time universally prevailed at the University.

Brazil has reason to be proud of this, her first poet in point of time. His works were published at Coimbra, in 8vo., in 1768, with a modest preface, wherein he gives some account of his life.

Breves horas, Amor, ha que en gozava  
 A gloria que minh 'alma appetecia ;  
 E sem desconfiar da aleivosia,  
 Teu lisongeiro obséquo acreditava.

Eu so á minha dita me igualava,  
 Pois assim avultava, assim crecia ;  
 Que nas scenas, que entaõ me offerecia,  
 O maior gósto, o maior bem lograva.

Fugiu, faltou-me o bem : ja descomposta  
 Da vaidada a brilhante architectura,  
 Ve-se a ruina ao desengano exposta :  
 Que ligeira acabou, que mal segura !  
 Mas que venho a estranhar, se estava posta  
 Minha esperança em maõs da formosura !

Short were the hours which were so gaily past,  
 When, Love, in thee my trust I fondly plac'd ;  
 Possesst of all my soul desired to taste  
 I careless deem'd they would for ever last.  
 Quite unsuspecting any fraud of thine,  
 In that bless'd state my time was thus employ'd ;  
 Each passing scene I proudly thus enjoy'd,  
 Thinking what truly happy lot was mine.—  
 The glitt'ring veil remov'd—no joys remain—  
 The brilliant structure, which thou bad'st arise—  
 Which fed my vanity, in ruin lies—  
 What hapless end ! in Love to trust how vain !  
 But why surpris'd—the fate may soon be guess'd  
 Of Hopes, which in the hands of fickle Beauty rest.

## Joaquim Fortunato de Galadares Gamboa.

I Have not been able to meet with any account of this author, whose poems were first published in Lisbon in 1779.—An improved and corrected edition appeared in the same City in 1791, and a second volume issued from the press in 1804. There is a short preface in the first volume, wherein the author modestly remarks, that although his verses might not be deserving of being placed amongst those which were remarkable for sublimity, yet he considered them as not unworthy of public inspection.

In the address to the reader, which accompanies the second volume, he tells us that although he had not intended to compose any new verses, when his first selection was finished, because he was commencing that life of weary anxiety and care, which he was then leading, and which was inconsistent with writing verses; yet led on by destiny, and willing to please those persons, who had proposed subjects to him, he had done so, and sent them into the world, in the words of Camoens in his seventh Elegy.

Saiaõ desta alma triste e magoada  
Palavras magoadas de tristeza,  
E seja no mundo a eausa declarada.

The Sonnets in his first volume conclude with the third here given, and which is his farewell to the Muses.

Minha Amada gentil, fazer ditosa  
 Podes vir esta Aldêa descontente ;  
 Pois no tempo, que estás daqui ausente  
 Nesta terra naõ ha cousa gostosa :  
 A fonte, que manava caudalosa,  
 Já sem ti lacrimando está sómente ;  
 A verdura, que estava florecente,  
 Se vai toda murchando de saudosa :  
 Ate quando amanhece, os resplendores  
 Naõ menos a roxa Aurora taõ flamante ;  
 Tudo saõ nesta ausencia dissabora :  
 Hora vê que fará hum peito amante,  
 Que, abrazado por ti, morre de amores,  
 Suspirando sem ti a cada instante.

My gentle love—to bid this valley smile  
 Which now in sadness droops, thy steps retrace ;  
 Denied the gladd'ning influence of thy face,  
 Unjoyous hours and sadness reign the while.  
 Now slowly falling drops alone employ  
 The fountain pure, which flow'd with copious stream ;  
 And parch'd and languishing the meadows seem,  
 That shew'd before the laughing garb of joy.  
 E'en at the dawning hour, in gleams less bright,  
 The purple east emits its cheering rays ;  
 All nature, mourning, signs of grief displays,  
 And weeps the mem'ry of her past delight.  
 Judge then what pangs my stricken heart must prove,  
 Which ceaseless pours for thee the sighs of faithful love.

Como corre sereno este ribeiro !  
 E que alegre que vejo todo o prado !  
 De boninas està tudo coalhado,  
 Florido o valle está, florido o outeiro.  
 Na pontinha acolà daquelle ulmeiro  
 Hum passarinho canta descuidado ;  
 Depenicando as pennas repousado,  
 Além outro deviso em hum salgueiro.  
 Tudo repouso tem, tudo alegrias !  
 Mas que muito se alegre quem não sente  
 Do feminino genio as tyrannias !  
 Mas ai ! triste de quem descontente  
 Os enganos conhece, e aleivosias,  
 Crueldade, e vigores desta gente.

How calm, and how serene yon river glides  
 Through verdant meads, that smiling meet my view !  
 And upland slopes, which glow with sunny hue,  
 And vales, with flow'rets gemm'd, adorn its sides.  
 Now basking in yon elm, from loftiest spray  
 A little songster, careless, pours his strain  
 And decks his plumes—while to his woodland lay,  
 From willow bough, a chorister again  
 Returns the lively song—all bears around  
 Accordant joy and signs of sweet repose ;  
 And he may well rejoice and glad appear,  
 Who ne'er of female tyranny hath found  
 The smart—but woe to him, who hapless knows  
 Its cruel wrongs, and base deceit, and care.

Adéos, Musas, adéos, oh ! quanto, quanto  
 Me afflige deixar vosso tratamento !  
 Que he hum golpe cruel o apartamento  
 Entre aquelles, que se amaõ tanto, tanto ;  
 Inspirado por vós, com doce canto  
 Eu de Amor já fiz grato o sentimento ;  
 Porém outros enleios de tormento  
 Já sem vós só me inspiraõ triste pranto :  
 Quem comvosco tratar ha de contente,  
 Sócegado viver, sem os diversos  
 Trabalhos, que me cercaõ rijamente :  
 Eu labóro com males taõ perversos,  
 Que deixando-vos, Musas, descontente,  
 Nunca mais tornarei a cómpor versos.

Adieu, ye Nine ! oh how much woe I prove,  
 To quit your service and your charms forsake !  
 How deep the wound, which distance far can make  
 In those together join'd by so much love !  
 Inspir'd by you, in gay and joyous strain,  
 Of Love's delights I sang the pleasing lay ;  
 But griefs, to which my soul is now a prey,  
 Usurp their place and fill my breast with pain :  
 Thrice envied he whom your endearments bless,  
 Happy to live, nor feel the torments dire,  
 Which now so close and cruel round me press :  
 With such a host of ills have I to strive,  
 That, quitting you, I discontented live,  
 And give to sad repose my silent Lyre.

## João Fabier de Matos.

THIS author was known by the name of Albano Erithreo amongst the members of the Society of Oporto. His works printed, in three volumes, at the royal printing office at Lisbon, are dedicated to the memory of Luis de Camoens.

He was well known and esteemed in Lisbon. He is, however, not mentioned by the Chevalier de Almeida Garrett, and only noticed by Bouterwek as being amongst the later poets of eminence in Portugal. His works were first published in 1783, and a fourth edition appeared in 1800 and 1801. The Editor remarks, in his short preface to the first volume, that a greater number of poems should have been given, if he could have overcome the scruples of the author, who considered them of so little value; whereas they are sure to afford delight to those who prize Nature more in her own dress, than when decked out by art. He writes further, in the preface to the second volume, that, justly persuaded his former gift had been agreeable, he now presented a second, and apologises that the illness under which the author had suffered, and was still suffering, had prevented him giving the works contained in it that calm revision, particularly the Tragedies, which might have been desirable, but which also the impatience of the public for their appearance prevented.

The works consist of Sonnets, Odes, &c., Penelope, a free translation of the Tragedy of M. L'Abbe Genest, in blank verse; and Viriacia, an original Tragedy, founded on part of the early History of Portugal.



Poz-se o Sol ; como já na sombra fea  
 Do dia pouco a pouco a luz desmaia,  
 E a parda maõ da noite, antes que caia,  
 De grossas nuvens todo o ar semea.  
 Apenas ja diviso a minha aldeia ;  
 Ja do cypreste naõ distingo a faia :  
 Tudo em silencio está : so la na praia  
 Se ouvem quebrar as ondas pela areia.  
 Co' a maõ na face a vista ao ceo levanto,  
 E cheio de mortal melancholia,  
 Nos tristes olhos mal sustenho o pranto :  
 E se inda algum allivio ter podia,  
 Era ver ésta noite durar tanto,  
 Que nunca mais amanhecesse o dia.

The sun now sets ; whilst twilight's misty hue  
 Closes with slow approach the light of day ;  
 And sober night, with hand of mantling grey,  
 In gathering clouds obscures the fading view.  
 Scarce do I see my villa through the gloom,  
 Or from the beech discern the cypress grave !  
 All wears the stilly silence of the tomb,  
 Save that the sound is heard of measur'd wave  
 Upon the neighb'ring sand,—with face erect—  
 Looks rais'd to Heaven in anguish of my soul—  
 From my sad eyes the frequent tear-drops roll ;  
 And if a comfort I might now select,  
 'Twould be that night usurp so long a reign,  
 That never more should day appear again.

## Paulino Cabral de Vasconcellos.

THE Abbot of Jacente, who is usually known by the mere appellation of the Abbot Paulino, is thus noticed by Bouterwek. He says that he "deserves to be honourably distinguished amongst the Portuguese Poets, who at the latter end of the eighteenth century reclaimed the national taste, and brought it under the rules of classic cultivation." His works were collected by Bernardo Antonio Farropa and published in two volumes. The first consists entirely of Sonnets, and was published in 1786 at Oporto, of which place he was a native; and the second in the following year, containing also Sonnets and other Poems. The same author also writes, that of the large number of his Sonnets "there is scarcely one which can be pronounced dull or heavy: most of them display a peculiar union of clearness, lightness, and elegance, with a tone of Horatian philosophy and irony. In one poetic glance he comprehended the various situations of real life, viewing them sometimes on the romantic, sometimes on the rural, and sometimes on the comic side: and the pictures of sentiment and reflection which he thus calls up, are compressed into the Sonnet form in the most pleasing and natural manner. The best of Paulino's Sonnets are those which are conceived in a tone of elegant satire; and some which, though apparently frivolous, occasionally remind the reader of Propertius. The satire of this Portuguese Poet, however, very seldom degenerates into grossness."

Fere igualmente Amor o rico, o póbre,  
 O môço, o velho, em fim tudo sujeita ;  
 E ás vezes onde menos se suspeita,  
 Arde mais vivo, quanto mais se encóbre.

Faz q̄ hum heroé o seu podêr se dóbre  
 Que desvarie hum sábio ; e não respeita,  
 Nem da cabana a esphera mais estreita,  
 Nem do palacio o resplendôr mais nóbre.

Nem dentro dos grilhoẽs de huma clausura,  
 Contra os tiros crucis do aventureiro,  
 Encontra sácro abrigo a formosura.

Rompe pelo impossivel derradeiro ;  
 Combate as honras, a virtude apûra ;  
 E alista por vassallo o mundo inteiro.

Love is a power which all controlling spurns,  
 Nor youth, nor age escape—nor high nor low—  
 When most conceal'd more lively still it burns,  
 And least expected strikes the fatal blow.  
 E'en conquering heroes to its sway must yield—  
 Disdains not it the humble cottage roof,  
 Nor will it from the palace keep aloof,  
 Nor offers wisdom's mantle any shield.—  
 Against its shafts the convent's awful fane  
 No sacred shelter can to beauty give,  
 Nought is so strong against its force to live—  
 It combats honor and would virtue gain.  
 Where'er its cruel banner is unfurl'd  
 It as its vassal binds the universal world.

## Antonio Ribeiro dos Santos.

THIS Author was a Magistrate and a follower of the style of Ferreira. Some of his writings, and particularly his Ode on the Infante D. Henrique, are esteemed for their elegance and purity as amongst the best of later days in the language. As his predecessor had written his well known Tragedy, founded on the untimely fate of Dona Ignez de Castro, so our author has also celebrated that event by a Sonnet, which may be considered an Inscription for the Fountain of Tears, in the Garden of the Quinta das Lagrimas at Coimbra. The melancholy History of Dom Pedro and Dona Ignez is beautifully told by Camoens in the *Lusiad*, and has afforded a theme for the Drama in most of the languages of Europe. The following lines were written by the translator of these Sonnets, as a Prologue to an intended Tragedy on the same sad story :—

If England's Tragic Dames e'er taught to flow  
 The tears of sorrow at their tales of woe ;  
 If luckless Lovers, by affliction torn,  
 E'er mov'd your pity for their fate forlorn ;  
 Then let a stranger claim a tear from you,  
 Who died for crimes her bosom never knew.  
 Her virgin heart won by a prince's smile,  
 What heart so cold which that would not beguile—  
 To him in ties most sacred was allied—  
 She Pedro lov'd—and loving Pedro died.  
 Yet why should Ignez urge a stranger's claim  
 To sympathy from you, who bear the name

Of Britons, prompt to succour—most of all  
 A princess of the House of Portugal.—  
 Oft in defence of that heroic land  
 Have British Soldier's sought the golden strand ;  
 Oft in the noble stream, which Lisboa laves,  
 Have British Pendants floated o'er the waves ;  
 And when invasion lately touch'd her soil,\*  
 'Twas yours the tyrant's foul intent to foil :  
 Nor now will England see a Princess weep,  
 And let her vengeful arms in quiet sleep†—  
 Our ancient records, true to history, shew  
 The foe of Lisbon must be England's foe.  
 Then rather as a friend shall Ignéz try  
 To gain the favour of your sympathy.  
 How shall the Muse, in strains of anguish tell,  
 That by Alfonso's stern decree, she fell !  
 How say that her sweet babes in tender strain  
 Their wretched mother's life implor'd in vain !  
 If he, so callous to their tears, could see  
 Her frame convuls'd with pangs of agony ;  
 Could stand and view that gentle bosom bleed,  
 Whilst did its flight her perfect spirit speed—  
 Oh, unlike him—some tears of pity strew,  
 And let her love be uncondemn'd by you.

This Poet was also a member of the Arcadian Society under the name of Elpino Duriense, and, like the other members, was earnest in his endeavours to reform the language. His style is remarkable for its purity. Besides his Works, which were published in three volumes, he has left a translation of Horace, which is much esteemed.

\* The invasion by the French.

† Alluding to the intrusion of Dom Miguel.

Aqui da linda Ignez a fermosura  
 Acabou : crucis mãos morte lhe deram.  
 Inda signaes de sangue, que verteram  
 Estão gravados n'essa penha dura :

Vendo as nymphas tamanha desventura,  
 Sób're o pallido corpo aqui gemeram,  
 De cujas tristes lagrimas nasceram  
 As surdas agoas d'essa fonte pura.

Pastores do Mondego, que a corrente  
 Inda agora bebeis d'esta saudosa  
 Fonte, que está correndo mansamente ;  
 Fugi, fugi de amor, que a rigorosa  
 Morte lhe trouxe aqui ! era innocente ;  
 Se teve culpa, foi em ser fermosa.

Here cruel hands struck deep the deadly blow,  
 Nor aught fair Ignez' beauty might avail—  
 The spot, lest memory of the deed should fail,  
 Grav'd on this rock the marks of blood still show.  
 The mourning nymphs, who view'd such hapless woe,  
 Did o'er her pallid corpse in sadness wail ;  
 And fell those tears, which, telling aye the tale,  
 Caus'd the pure waters of this fount to flow.  
 Ye dwellers to this languid fountain near,  
 Ye shepherds of Mondego, ah ! beware  
 As of the stream ye taste—reflect in time—  
 Fly, fly from Love, whose rig'rous fate decreed,  
 That innocence should here in Ignez bleed,  
 Whose peerless beauty was her only crime.

## Manoel Maria de Barbosa du Bocage.

José Maria da Costa e Silva, who collected and published his works at Lisbon in 1812, has prefixed to the fourth volume an account of the life and writings of this author. His Poems had been scattered about, and a fifth volume was afterwards added by the same Editor.

The town of Setubal had the honour to produce this celebrated Poet and extraordinary Improvisatore, who was born on the 17th September, 1766. His Father, the Doctor José Luis Soares Barbosa, a native of the same place, a learned man, and himself a poet; and who was known as having with credit and honour filled various situations in the magistracy, had married D. Marianna Joaquina Xavier du Bocage, born in Lisbon, but of French extraction, and related to the Poetess Madame du Bocage. These worthy people spared no pains to forward the education of their son, in whom in his earliest years were discernable a vivacity and penetration seldom shewn. He was first placed under the care of the Professor Royal, D. Joaõ de Medina, with whom he studied the Latin language, and his progress between his tenth and fifteenth years is evinced in the beautiful translations he made. Contrary to his parents' expectations he quitted the schools, and received a commis-

sion in the Infantry of Setubal. It was now that his poetical genius displayed itself, although he had, as he says in one of his Sonnets, which has been translated for this work, and also in another poem, very early become a poet:—

Vate nasci, fui vate inda na quadra,  
Em que o velo viril macio, e tenro  
Semelha o mimo da virginea face.

Some circumstances which occurred, added to his restless spirit, gave him a distaste to his regiment, which he soon quitted for the naval service; and he now spent three years in Lisbon, acknowledged as a Poet and especially as an Improvisatore, in which art he is represented to have been unequalled. A desire of fame and to see the world, so inherent in youth, and some disputes in which he had unfortunately got engaged, impelled him to embark for the Portuguese possessions in India, and he quitted Lisbon when he was twenty years of age. In one of his songs he thus takes leave of his country and friends, and states why he had been induced to quit his native land.

Antiga Patria minha, e Lar paterno,  
Penates, a quem rendo hum culto interno,  
Lacrimosos Parentes,  
Que, inda na ausencia, me estaries presentes,  
A Deos: hum vivo ardor de Nome, e Fama,  
A nova Região me attrahe, me chama.

Nos climas, onde mais de que na Historia  
Vive dos Albruquerques a memoria;  
Nos climas, onde a guerra  
Heroes eternizou da Lysia terra,  
Vou ver se acaso a meu destino agrada  
Dar-me vida feliz, ou morte honrada.



On his arrival at Goa he was promoted to a Lieutenantcy in the Infantry, and in making a voyage from that city to Macaõ, like Camoens suffered shipwreck, saving only, as that admired Bard had his *Lusiad*, the poetry which formed the first volume of his works. His rare talents, which had now fully developed themselves, obtained for him the countenance and attentions of persons of consideration, but a tendency to satire, in which he most imprudently and improperly indulged in his verses, rendered him soon an object of hatred; and so far was this carried, that, his life being in danger, he solicited his recal and returned to Portugal, where he arrived after an absence of about five years.\*

The mind of this author was impressed, much beyond what we have heard of before, with the idea of securing immortality for his name by his compositions. Every obligation of life, and every thought and wish were abandoned, devoted, or rendered subservient to this one object. On his arrival at Lisbon he was well received by those, who duly appreciated his talents; but he preferred a precarious existence to that comfort and ease, which his merit and abilities could well have secured for him. His ambitious views of renown were excited by the flatteries of others, with whom he associated; and which flatteries he was weak enough to consider as genuine applause due to him. He went even so far as to treat as fools, those who did not place him above his immediate predecessors Garcaõ, and Diniz, and even his contemporary Francisco Manoel. The exhortations of a judicious friend

\* *Aqui vago em perpetuo labyrintho  
Sempre em risco de ver maligno braco,  
No proprio sangue meu banhado e tinto.* Tom. 1., Epist. 2

would at times moderate these foolish ideas, which held him up at once to ridicule and odium ; but he always relapsed. In charity, we must consider that the greater part of his errors had their origin from the licentious company, which he kept, and to whom he had rendered himself dependent by the way of life he had embraced. His career was now unfortunately run amongst dissolute and improper persons ; forgetful of his character and station, he abandoned the company of the noble and learned for that of those, who, disgracing him, plumed themselves on the title of being his friends. During this time some of his compositions were far from creditable, and at length he was thrown into gaol and the prisons of the Inquisition. From these he was released, at the interposition of the Marquesses of Ponte de Lima and Abrantes, and others, whose assistance he supplicated in letters which are at the same time the testimony of his superior talents, and of his lamented disgrace. Whilst thus confined, he translated part of the first Book of the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid with particular felicity. Unfortunately on his release he returned to his old course of life, his talent as an improvisatore obtaining him daily new admirers. His character, as it displayed itself at the different periods of his life, is thus summed up by his Biographer : restless, vehement, inconstant, a lover of novelty and the marvellous ; a fanatic for renown ; frequently almost profane in public, superstitious in private ; free to engage in friendships but more so in breaking them ; unjust in appreciating the merits of others, yet excessive in self-praise ; difficult to please because his taste was changing momentarily ; sensible to the charms of the fair sex, but more the debauchee than the lover ; the

life and pleasure of a Café, but the disturber of an Assembly, where frequently the impetuosity of his temper led him as well to breaches of civility as propriety. Shining, however, through all this catalogue of faults, were perceived, at times, benevolence, great ingenuity, and nobleness of thought.

If the qualifications of Bocage, as a writer, be calmly considered, it will be found that nature had not endowed him either with much imagination or with a creative and original genius, but that these wants were covered by a glow of genius, approaching to enthusiasm; and by a gaiety in writing and choiceness of language. His style was energetic, not strong. His verses to which he mainly owes his fame, shew a well-sustained harmony throughout.

Besides the Latin language, he was thoroughly acquainted with the French, knew well the Spanish and Italian, and had some knowledge of the English.

Bocage wrote some Odes and Songs, but they do not place him high amongst the Lyric writers of Portugal, As an Elegiac Poet, he is entitled to a more prominent situation. His Elegy on the unfortunate Queen of France is full of good feeling and pathos. Under this head may also be placed his Cantatas of Medea, Castro, and Hero and Leander; and it may be a subject of regret that he had not devoted himself more to the cultivation of this description of Poetry. He might have been the Prince of the Bucolic Poets of Portugal, had he imitated the delicacy and natural simplicity which had been introduced by Quita. He was not very successful in his Idyls. It is in his epigrammatic Poems, in which are included his Sonnets, and in his Epistles, and Anacreontic Poetry, that he is so superior; and these, together with his excellent translations from the Latin and French,

will secure him a distinguished situation amongst the Poets of his country. He is also known as a Prose writer, and particularly as the translator of *Gil Blas*, from the French of *Le Sage*. It appears that he had once contemplated writing an epic Poem, on the deeds of the invincible *Albuquerque*; but he had scarcely commenced the first canto before he was seized with a fatal disease, an aneurism, under which he gradually sunk. He, however, bore up against it, still supported by the all engrossing idea of posthumous fame.

Portugal has been severely censured for that apathy which suffered her greatest poet, who was a native of Lisbon, to die neglected and destitute in an almshouse. This lot did not await *Bocage*, who was not born in Lisbon, but at *Setubal*. All classes felt most anxious as to his illness, and paid every respect in their enquiries as to his declining state; in fact, the whole Capital seemed deeply interested. He died on the 21st of Dec., 1805, being little more than 39 years of age, having during his protracted illness given most satisfactory proof of his return to those right feelings, from which he had, during the greater part of his life, been estranged.\*

This is shown by the composition of the last of his Sonnets which follow. In the first he informs us that he was born a Poet. The second is couched in the sweetest language in which a Poet could write, but which may be taken as having been composed during the time when he was leading the life to which we have alluded. The last was written when, feeling his approach to the end of his worldly career, he seeks consolation where alone it is to be found, and asks pardon for his mis-spent years.

\* This account is an abridgement of that which is prefixed to the works of *Bocage*.

Das faixas infantis despido apenas,  
 Sentia o sacro fogo arder na mente,  
 Meu terno coração inda innocente  
 Hiaõ ganhando as placidas Camenas.  
 Faces gentis Angelicas, serenas,  
 D'olhos suaves o volver fulgente  
 Da idéa me extrahiaõ de repente  
 Mil simples, maviosas cantillenas.  
 O tempo me soprou fervor divino,  
 As Musas me fizeram desgraçado,  
 Desgraçado me fez o Deos Menino.  
 A Amor quiz esquivar-me, e ao dom sagrado ;  
 Mas vendo no meu genio o meu destino,  
 Que havia de fazer ?—Cedi ao Fado.

Scarce was put off my infant swathing band,  
 Till o'er my senses crept the sacred fire ;  
 The gentle Nine the youthful embers fann'd,  
 Moulding my timid heart to their desire.  
 Faces angelic and serene, ere long,  
 And beaming brightness of revolving eyes,  
 Bade in my mind a thousand transports rise,  
 Which I should breathe in soft and tender song.  
 As time roll'd on the fervor greater was ;  
 The chains seem'd harsh the infant God had forg'd—  
 Luckless the Muses' gift—release I urg'd  
 From their sad dowry, and from Cupid's Laws ;—  
 But finding destiny had fix'd my state,  
 What could I do ?—I yielded to my fate.

Se é doce no recente ameno estio  
 Ver tocar-se a manhan de ethereas flores ;  
 E lambendo as areias e os verdores,  
 Molle e queixoso, deslizar-se o rio.  
 Se é doce no innocente de safio  
 Ouvirem-se os volateis amadores,  
 Seus versos modulando, e seus ardores  
 D'entre os aromas de pomar sombrio :  
 Se é doce mares, ceos ver anilados  
 Pela quadra gentil, de amor querida,  
 Q'esperta os corações, floreia os prados ;  
 Mas doce é ver-te, de meus ais vencida,  
 Dar-me em teus brandos olhos desmaiados  
 Morte, morte de amor, melhor que a vida,

If it is sweet in summer's gladsome day  
 To see the morn in spangling flow'rets dress'd ;  
 To see the sands and meadows gay caress'd  
 By river murm'ring as it winds its way.  
 If sweet to hear, amidst the orchard grove,  
 The winged lovers to each other chaunt,  
 Warble the ardor of their fervent love,  
 And in their songs their joyous bliss descant.  
 If it is sweet to view the sea serene,  
 The sky's cerulean brightness, and the charms  
 Which nature gives to gild this mortal scenc,  
 And fill each living thing with soft alarms,—  
 More sweet to see thee, conquer'd by my sighs,  
 Deal out the sweetest death from thy soft yielding eyes.

Meu ser evaporei na lida insana  
 Do tropel de paixões, que me arrastava :  
 Ah ! cégo eu cria, ah ! misero eu sonhava,  
 Em mim, quasi immortal, a essencia humana :  
 De que innumerous sóes a mente ufana  
 Existencia fallaz me naõ doitava !  
 Mas eis succumbe natureza escrava  
 Ao mal, que a vida em sua origem damna,  
 Prazeres, socios meus, e meus tyrannos,  
 Esta alma, que sedenta em si naõ coube,  
 No abysmo vos sumio dos desenganos.  
 Deos—oh, Deos ! quando a morte a luz me roube,  
 Ganhe hum momento o que perdêraõ annos,  
 Saiba morrer o que viver naõ soube.

My being wasting in the frantic strife,  
 From the mad whirls of passion ne'er exempt ;  
 I blind believed and miserably dreamt  
 This frame immortal, and no end to life.  
 With what proud splendours to my haughty mind  
 Seem'd I by life fallacious once endow'd !  
 But Nature, sin-enslaved and feeble, bow'd  
 And, weak from primal taint, the course resign'd.  
 Ye pleasures ! gone is now your former might,  
 Companions once and tyrants, my free'd soul  
 Casts ye to where the Past's dim waters roll—  
 Oh God, when death shall rob these eyes of light,  
 To pardon sins of years one moment give,  
 May he know how to die, who knew not how to live.

## Francisco Manoel do Nascimento.

IT was not until his maturer years that the works of this Poet became celebrated and known; following in the track of Diniz and Garçaõ he wooed the classic Muses, and, imbued with a taste for antiquity, became the imitator at once of Horace and Pindar, and by many is esteemed as their rival and equal.

Mons. Sané has prefixed to a selection of his Odes, which he published with translations in prose, in Paris in 1808, an account of the life and writings of Francisco Manoel, from this, and from the remarks of the Chevalier de Almeida Garrett, the following notice is taken.

Born at Lisbon on the 25th December, 1734, of parents who had station in society and ample means, every care was taken in the bringing up of their only son, who however did not shew when young any indications of those splendid talents and that extraordinary genius, which rendered him afterwards so conspicuous. On the contrary, he was slow and dull; but this may in a great measure be attributed to the faulty system of education, which prevailed at the time in Portugal. It was to Music that he was indebted for the revelation of his future vocation. Lisbon had then its Royal School for the cultivation of this fascinating art, conducted by efficient masters. Francisco attended their lessons, and acknowledged, in after life, that he acquired from the first impressions of musical rhythm, and the delicate arrangement of melody, that refinement visible even in his earlier verses, and



producing afterwards that harmony, which characterises the various descriptions of Poetry he composed.

His first Poems were Romances, not possessing any merit beyond conveying sentiments naturally expressed, and which were written chiefly to please a lady, who sang them. He still wanted instruction, but it was in vain to look for it in Portugal, and it is much to his credit that, notwithstanding this drawback, he contributed very considerably with Diniz, Garcaõ, and others, towards the restoration of the Poetry of their country. By degrees, however, his taste was formed, and his poetical success was ensured.

He had a narrow escape from the earthquake in 1755; being, at the time it happened, in the Patriarchal church; and owed his safety to the quickness of his flight, which he made through the streets, surrounded by ruins and amidst showers of stones, which, while they interrupted his course, threatened death at every step.

Shortly after this calamity had befallen Lisbon, curiosity brought there many strangers of distinction, whom he met in society, and by whom he was informed of the literary treasures of France, England, and Italy. He thereupon applied himself to the study of the languages of those countries, but his preference was shown for that of antient Rome. His genius directed him to the composition of the various kinds of Lyric Poetry; Horace being his favourite master, and being, afterwards in his exile, his companion and solace.—Having studied the best models, and made translations from the most approved authors, as well antient as modern, he acquired a style which raised him far above the rhymers of the day.

He had, until his twenty-sixth year, concealed from the

public the works which he had composed ; when one of his friends, desiring to withdraw him from that obscurity in which he had kept himself, published a selection of them without his permission. The Poet gained honor, but lost his happiness. From that moment, instead of reaping those fruits which were his due, envy stepped in, and the crowd of minor poets pursued him as the object of their hatred. He, too proud, and having been involuntarily brought into action, replied to their attacks, and a fierce warfare ensued. Foiled in their efforts, they ceased to write, and resorted to other means to get rid of their victim. An independent fortune had enabled him to devote his time to study, and he had formed around him a circle of his countrymen and of foreign merchants, for the purpose of restoring the literature of his country to that purity it enjoyed at the time when Camoens wrote. This Society did not entertain any designs against the honor or peace of Portugal ; they had, however, incautiously been so indiscreet as to satirize the ignorance and conduct of some of the monks, and the Poet became suspected by the Inquisition. He was denounced by a person to whom he had rendered services when himself in disgrace, but with whom he unluckily had had some warm discussion. Conceiving the base idea of revenge, and urged on by the enemies of Manoel, they by flattery secured his favor, and this person becoming the instrument of their designs, the blow was struck.

It was at six o'clock in the morning of the 4th July, 1778, that a Chevalier of the Order of Christ presented himself at his house. The countenance of this person, his constrained air and visible confusion gave sufficient indication of the object of his visit, but courage at this terrible moment saved Francisco Manoel. " I divine what brings you here,"

he calmly said, "I will dress and attend you." He put on his clothes in haste, opened his desk, took out some papers and cash, seized a poignard, and stood before this person. Placing the dagger to his breast, he told him if he moved a step or said one word, he was dead. The Chevalier was pale, mute, and unmoveable. Manoel envelopped in his cloak, flew down the staircase, passed the coachman and servant at the door, entered the hotel of a nobleman; and, passing through into an unfrequented street, sought refuge with a French merchant, who was his friend. He had now escaped the most imminent danger, but he had to undergo continued anguish until his departure from Lisbon. Friendship was here shewn in its noblest form. His own physical vigour had saved him from the hands of the person sent to arrest him, the devotedness of his friends did the rest. These generous persons visited the quarters of the city, and coffee-houses, to hear the rumours concerning him; and returning to tranquilize their proscribed associate, occupied themselves in devising the means of getting him out of the kingdom. A French vessel was to sail for Havre, but her departure was not to take place for eleven or twelve days; it was, therefore, deemed prudent that he should frequently change his place of retreat, which he did. In the evenings he went, by the least populous streets, to pass the nights at the extreme parts of Lisbon; his friends watching him, and ready to devote themselves for his defence.

The adventure, and the rash attempt at escape, became the news of the day, and it was reported that the unfortunate person did not long survive the ill success of his mission.—By an expression made use of by an Inquisitor to one of the friends of Manoel, it appeared that had he fallen into their

hands, he had little to hope. At length the ship, which lay about two leagues below Lisbon, was ready to sail. On the 15th of July, 1778, at midnight, a nobleman, one of his attached friends, entered the asylum of the Poet, and telling him he had not a moment to lose, gave him as a disguise the dress of a sailor. He accompanied this friend and passed his own house, then strictly guarded by soldiers. Arrived at the Paço d'Arcos, Francisco mixed with the sailors, and rolled a box of oranges on board. New fears arose in consequence of orders having been sent to all the ports and the frontiers of the kingdom to prevent his escape, and it was necessary to pass the forts which command the entrance of the Tagus. The Captain desired him to be easy, telling him the Commanders were his friends, and would not visit the vessel.—The ship was challenged, and the reply made, that she was a Portuguese vessel, the colours of which nation she bore.—The vessel having been long exposed to the sun, was found to be leaky, and it was at one time thought that the best plan would be to make for Oporto, where an opportunity of escape might offer from the number of ships leaving that place, but the leak was fortunately stopped. After various fears and disasters, having been at sea twenty-seven days, he arrived at Havre, and set out directly for Paris. Here he spent a year before the new scenes, and his desire of study could dissipate the shock his mind had received. He, however, at length found repose and security from that power, which had confiscated his property; and, by doing so, rendered his means of subsistence strait and precarious. He had resided in Paris some years, when a Portuguese gentleman, who was high in the department for foreign affairs, was named ambassador from Portugal to Holland. He esteemed Fran-

cisco Manoel, took him with him to the Hague, and for a considerable time treated him with great kindness and hospitality. On this person receiving a new appointment, Francisco returned to Paris, which city he never quitted afterwards. The revolution in France now took place and absorbed all interest; resigned to his lot, and living in the most profound obscurity, he sought consolation in literature. His habitual intercourse with the French had not obliterated the memory of his native language, nor was he ever known to accuse his country for the losses he had suffered. As there was not a Portuguese, who came to Paris, that did not regard it as a duty to visit him, and feel it a pleasure in being allowed to do so, he at times found himself in the company of some of his old friends, and on these occasions the memory of his misfortunes and privations fled at the pleasure he felt when seated at his frugal table with them. He would then recite, to the delight of his companions, his favourite odes; whilst they, enchanted with his company, regretted deeply that a man of his talents, once rich, caressed, and worthy of distinguished station in his own country, should languish, poor, old and forgotten, in a foreign state. He, however, was happy at the thoughts that his friends were enjoying his humble fare, and recalled the humour of his better days for their entertainment. It was from hence also that he sent to his distant friends poetical effusions, evincing merit, and throwing into ridicule the productions of those poetasters in Portugal, who, no longer restrained by his presence and example, were doing all they could to replunge its literature into that state of decay from which it had been recovered. He had translated the account of the History of the King Dom Manoel, from the Latin of Osorius, for the printing of which in Lisbon, at the Government expense, so

highly was it esteemed, an order was issued; but his persecutors here again interfered, and he never derived any benefit from it.

He died on the 25th February, 1819, in Paris, of a dropsy, having entered his eighty-fifth year. His obsequies were performed in the Church of St. Philippe du Roule, the parish in which he died, and at which most of the Portuguese who were then in Paris assisted. The body was deposited in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, where a stone was put up to his memory. All this was kindly done at the expense of the Marquis de Marialva, then Ambassador to France, and who, during Manoel's illness, took care that every necessary assistance was rendered to him. The character of Francisco Manoel as a man, was as noble as it was upright. Persecution, exile, poverty, and perfidy, never shook the firmness of his principles. Fortune might smite him, but she could not humiliate or overwhelm him. Self esteem, that noble source of true courage, strengthened him to support himself with resignation, under the heaviest misfortunes which could happen to man.

His works were published, with a portrait, in Paris, in eleven volumes, octavo, in 1817, and the two following years, the latter volume, only just preceding his death.

No Poet since Camoens has done so much for Portuguese poetry; and, although successful in every department, having left excellent proofs behind him, he rose above all in the composition of his Odes. Of these, one on the Decline of Portugal, and another addressed to Dom Afonso d'Albuquerque claim particular notice. Indeed, as to the latter, nothing finer, if so good, is to be found in Pindar, according to the opinion of one, who, a native of Portugal, and

a scholar, is very capable of forming a judgment of its merits. An Epistle on the art of poetry and on the Portuguese language is also highly spoken of. He excelled most in lyric poetry, and therein he marches in the steps of the ancients, mingling the sweet with the grave, the pleasant with the severe. In his unrivalled Odes, he is truly Horacian; not that he is a servile imitator of his great master, but an accomplished scholar; adapting to the manners of his own times and of his country, the fine taste of the Roman Poet, and making as it were the Poet of the Tiber express himself in the language of Camoens.

His faculties towards the close of his life failed him in some measure, but the productions of his latter years are only such as might be expected from the pen of an octogenarian, and the faults discernible in them are neither such or so many, as envy and ignorance would attribute to him.

Besides his Odes, Letters, Sonnets, and other original pieces, the Portuguese Language is indebted to him for Translations of Wieland's Oberon, the Punic war of Silius Italicus, The Fables of La Fontaine, and the Martyrs of the Viscount Chateaubriand, who wrote him a very complimentary letter on knowing that he had translated the work. Several of his works are dedicated to his kind patron and benefactor, the Senhor Antonio de Araujo de Azevedo, Pinto Pereyra, &c., afterwards Conde da Barca. He was also the author of several prose productions, which, with some translations of the Tragedies of Racine, form the contents of the last volume of his works.

Déscce a meus braços, desce, alma Alegria  
 Consolação de miseros amantes :  
 De teu rôsto, e teus ólhos radiantes  
 Me vem mais claro o Sol, mais claro o dia.  
 Treme de ancia a cruel Melancholia  
 Só de te ouvir as vózes exultantes ;  
 C'o passo enleiado, os peitos palpitantes,  
 Fóge a tarda Molestia, a Dor impía.  
 J'á sinto, pelos membros desgostosos,  
 Sacudir-me um vital Esp'rito ardente  
 Do frio sangue os passos vagarosos ;  
 Já o prado ri, e este ar é mais luzente ;  
 Que vem com Marcia os Risos graciosos  
 Com que a mim, com que ao mundo traz contente.

Descend, o Joy ! descend in brightest guise !  
 Thou cherish'd hope to pining lovers dear ;  
 More bright to me the Sun, the day more clear  
 For thy inspiring looks and radiant eyes.  
 When heard thy voice—abash'd in anguish sad,  
 Cruel Melancholy quails—unhallow'd Woe  
 And Grief with doubting step together go,  
 Their bosoms heaving at thy clarion glad.  
 Through my tir'd frame a soft emotion steals,  
 And in my veins a vital spirit springs,  
 Chasing the blood, which cold and languid flow'd :  
 The meadows laugh, and light the air now feels—  
 For Marcia's smile, when graciously bestow'd,  
 To me and all around contentment brings.



Dos mysterios de Amor iuda ignorante,  
 Por um valle descí, sem mais cuidados,  
 Que ouvir do Rouxinol os requebrados  
 Cantos, com que affeição a meiga Amante.  
 Eis que encontro rotinho um lindo Infante,  
 Loura a madeixa, os olhos engraçados,  
 Mas nús os pés, de longo andar cansados,  
 De frio, e dôr estreito o alvo semblante.  
 Tómo-o no cóllo, amimo-o em seu desgôsto,  
 Compassivo o consólo, ao peito o apérto,  
 Beijando térno o entristecido rôsto.  
 Quem creio tal dólo, em candidez cobérto ?  
 Soprou-me amor no peito, rio de gôsto,  
 E rindo foi rasgando esse ar abérto.

As yet unpractis'd in the ways of Love  
 The vale I sought, my sole intent to hear  
 The nightingale pour forth those love-notes clear,  
 Which to his mate his fond affection prove.  
 A tender Imp I chanced encounter there,  
 With golden hair and eyes with cunning bright,  
 His naked feet with travel weary were,  
 And cold and pale, he seem'd in piteous plight.  
 I took him to my breast and sooth'd his grief,  
 Kiss'd his sad cheek, and proffer'd him relief.—  
 Who would believe that 'neath his dealing fair  
 Was hid such craft—the wily boy infus'd  
 His poison, and, my confidence abus'd—  
 Laugh'd in my face, and vanish'd in the air.

## O Conde da Barca.

THIS nobleman was the Senhor Antonio de Aruajo de Azevedo Pinto Pereyra, who has been mentioned in the memoir of Francisco Manoel do Nascimento, and to whom he proved himself a sincerely attached friend and benefactor, assisting him during the vicissitudes of his eventful life, and being an ardent admirer of his Poetry. He predeceased the Poet by three years, dying at Rio de Janeiro, whither he had accompanied the Portuguese Court in 1807, and where he was Minister for Foreign Affairs. He was a nobleman of high consideration and rank, being a Grand Cross of the orders of Christ and the Tower and Sword of Portugal, and of the Spanish order of Isabel; and he had honourably filled the situation of Ambassador from Portugal to several of the Courts of Europe. To him, as his kind patron, Francisco Manoel dedicated several of his works, and wrote an Ode expressly devoted to the praise of his friend. Amongst the laudatory Poems, addressed to the Poet, is the following Sonnet, which appears at the commencement of the fifth volume of his works.

The Conde da Barca united the study of literature to the cares of office, and translated, with great success, Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*, some of Gray's Odes and his *Elegy*.—They were anonymously printed, and, Mr. Bonterwek writes, were intended “to direct the attention of his poetical contemporaries to the hitherto unexplored side of the Portuguese Parnassus;” or, in the express words of their author, “to counteract the too great predilection of the Portuguese nation for languishing pastoral poetry.”

Tu que vòas alê m da vista humana,  
 Quando sublime estreitas leis quebrantas,  
 E com douto delirio o mundo encantas  
 Pulsando déstro a Lyra Horaciana :  
 Tu de quem a facundia igual dimana,  
 Se os novos Gamas, se os antigos cantas,  
 E em lingua pura, e altisona levantas  
 Mais majestosa a Musa Lusitana.  
 Bem como águia que aos filhos seus ensina  
 A remontar-se ao Sol, que sopesados  
 Os leva, e fende a ethérea azul campina,  
 Assim me eleva aos dois cumes sagrados,  
 Oh ! mostra-me o licor da Cabállina,  
 E os arcanos de Apollo mais vedados.

You who, when madden'd by the learned fire,  
 Disdain the strict Poetic laws, and rise  
 Sublime beyond the ken of human eyes,  
 Striking with happiest art th' Horacian Lyre :  
 Who streams of equal eloquence diffuse,  
 Whether new Gamas or the old\* you praise ;  
 And with pure strain and loftiest language raise  
 Majestic more the Lusitanian Muse.  
 As the bold eagle in its tow'ring flights  
 Instructs its young to brave the solar blaze,  
 Skim the blue sky, or balance on the wing—  
 So teach you me to gain those sacred heights—  
 On fam'd Apollo's secrets let me gaze—  
 The waters let me quaff of Cabalinus' spring.

\* Vasco da Gama, the Hero of the Lusiad.

**Domingos Maximiano Torres,**

AND

**Belchior Manoel Curvo Semedo.**

TORRES was contemporary with Francisco Manoel; the friend of this best poet of his time, like him, he had a miserable existence, and died in the Hospital de Trafaria in 1809. He was a member of the Arcadian Society, under the name of Alfeno Cynthio. He is noticed as a man of genius by nearly all the writers upon the Literature of Portugal. Mr. Denys says that his works are rather devoid of fancy; but that this fault is redeemed by elegance and purity of language.\* The Chevalier de Almeida Garrett writes that very honorable mention is due from the History of the Language and Poetry of Portugal to Torres, whose Eclogues rival those of Quita and Gesner; and whose Cançonets, after those of Claudio Manoel da Costa, are the best in the language.†

Mr. Kinsey also notices him in high terms of praise, giving preference to his Cançonets amongst his writings.‡

Of the Senhor Semedo I have no information, except that the Chevalier de Almeida Garrett says that his works are deserving of public approval, and that he was a friend of Bocage.

The specimen here given is from the *Parnasso Lusitano*.

\* Resume de l'Histoire Littéraire du Portugal.

† Parnaso Lusitano.

‡ Portugal illustrated.

Ve como está sereno e delectoso  
 O Mar leite, gentil Marilia ingrata !  
 Como nas aguas nitidas retrata  
 Os Ceos ceruleos Phebo radioso !  
 Porêm subito inchado e procelloso  
 Em serras cava a crespa undosa prata,  
 E c'ò fero aquilaõ bramindo trata,  
 A lampada apagar do sol formoso.  
 Copia fiel do perfido elemento  
 Te contemplo, meu bem, toda brandura  
 Affavel riso, e terno acolhimento,  
 Mas tincto de ira e de suspéita impura  
 Vejo o teu rosto infido u'um momento !—  
 Bate as azas amor, foge a doçura !

Marilia, dear but oh ungrateful Fair !  
 Look on the sea serene, and calmly bright,  
 The sky's blue lustre and the sun's clear light  
 How on its bosom now reflected are !  
 A sudden storm comes on—in mountains high  
 By furious gusts the silvery billows driven,  
 Seem as they would, while raging up to heaven,  
 Blot the fair lamp of Phœbus from the sky.  
 Dear one, how copied to the life in Thee  
 The same perfidious element I see,—  
 The smile, the look, which fondest hopes can raise—  
 But let a false suspicion once arise,  
 Thy face indignant sullen wrath betrays,  
 Love claps his wings and all the softness flies.

“ Medonha corre a noite, a froxa lua  
 A furto mostra o rosto desmaiado :  
 Em mil voluveis serras levantado  
 Ruge raivoso o mar na praia nua :  
 Um so baixel nas ondas não fluctua ;  
 Os nautas dormem, zune o vento irado ;  
 Ah doce Laura ! ah doce objecto amado  
 Quem vira agora a linda imagem tua !”  
 Assim as vozes eu soltava ancioso,  
 Quando Laura, o meu bem, a minha estrella,  
 Ao lado vejo, e vejo-me ditoso.  
 No meu pobre batel entro com ella :  
 Oh ceos ! desde que sulco o Tejo undoso,  
 Nunca vi, nem gozei noite mais bella !

“ Dismal the night—the moon her pallid face  
 By stealth amidst the fitting clouds displays ;  
 A thousand mountain waves each other chace,  
 And shake the darken'd strand with wild amaze ;  
 No vessel tosses on the waters drear,  
 But whilst the angry winds provoke the deep,  
 Ashore the mariners in safety sleep—  
 Oh Laura might thy image now appear !”  
 I thus my anxious invocation sent—  
 When Laura, lovely star, my soul's delight !  
 Stood by my side—oh bliss, ev'n less avowed  
 Than felt—into my little skiff we went.  
 Oh Heavens ! since I've the waves of Tagus ploughed  
 Ne'er saw I or enjoy'd so sweet a night.











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