

“Era já tudo como encomendado
À traça e pó da aldeia e sua baixeza,
Entre teas de aranhas encantado.”

After his first early appearance in print in 1516 he seems to have been in no hurry to publish his poems.¹ He was content that they should go, like Garcilaso de la Vega's, in manuscript from hand to hand.

No doubt in the quality of his poetry Sá de Miranda cannot be compared with Camões; yet there is something so delightfully fresh and individual about a great part of what he wrote that one may wonder that he is not more often read. It is worth while to read him, if only to make acquaintance with his character and his life in Minho. But indeed his work, sometimes crude, never insipid, is crowded with beautiful passages, and his roughnesses of diction in themselves not infrequently have a certain fascination.

¹ The first edition only appeared in 1595.

CHAPTER V

CAMÕES

CAMÕES was born about a quarter of a century before the death of Sá de Miranda, yet at least a century seems to separate the poetry of the *gran*¹ Miranda from that of the *divino*¹ Camões. While with the former the new *doce estilo* runs rough and uneven like the turbulent Spanish *Tajo* between rocks, in Camões it flows with the smooth majesty of the *Tejo suave e brando*. Of Camões' life² the contemporary records

¹ Lope de Vega, *Laurel de Apolo*. Cervantes speaks of him in *Don Quixote* as "el excelentísimo Camões."

² The earliest authorities are—(1) The commentary of Manoel Corrêa on the *Lusiads*, written towards the end of the sixteenth century and printed in the 1613 edition: *Os Lusíadas do Grande Luis de Camoens, Príncipe da poesia heroica*. Commentados pelo Licenciado Manoel Correa. Em Lisboa. Por Pedro Crasbeeck. Anno 1613. Corrêa says in a prefatory note: "Fiz ha muytos annos estas annotações." (2) The short life by Pedro de Mariz, contained in this 1613 edition of the *Lusiads*: *Ao estudioso da lição poetica*. P. M. (signed Pedro de Mariz). It is reprinted, with slight variations, in *Rimas de Luis de Camões*. Segunda parte. Em Lisboa. Na officina de Pedro Crasbeeck, 1616: *Ao estudioso da lição poetica*. Feita por o Licenciado Pedro de Mariz, Sacerdote Canonista, em que conta a vida de Luis de Camões. The epitaph ascribed to Coutinho is here omitted (the words "with this epitaph" being replaced by "with an epitaph") and is printed separately after the life. (3) The life by Manoel Severim de Faria (d. 1655), which appeared in *Discursos de varios politicos*, Evora, 1624, and is reprinted in *Obras do Grande Luis de*

are extremely scanty, and over each shred of evidence has been waged a battle-royal of the critics. The exact date of his birth is unknown, the year assigned having varied from 1509 to 1525; but the year 1524 is now generally accepted. It is beyond all doubt that he was

Camões, Príncipe dos poetas heroycos & lyricos de Hespanha, novamente dadas a luz com os seus *Lusiadas* commentados pelo Licenciado Manoel Correa . . . e agora nesta ultima impressão correcta & accrescentada com a sua vida escrita por Manoel de Faria Severim. *Lisboa Occidental: na officina de Josepho Lopes Ferreira*, 1720. Severim de Faria remarks upon the slightness of the information concerning Camões: *O que delle anda impresso he tão pouco & diminuto*. He himself quotes copiously from Aristotle, Statius, and other classical writers, but tells us comparatively little of Camões' life. (4) Two lives by Manoel Faria e Sousa (1590-1649), many of whose statements are open to gravest suspicion. (5) Notes in the 1584 edition: *Os Lusiadas de Luis de Camões*. Agora de novo impressos com algumas annotações de varios autores. *Lisboa*, 1684; the brief preface in the 1626 edition, etc.

The chief recent authorities on Camões' life and works are—
 (α) *Storck (W.): Luis de Camoens Leben*. Nebst geschichtlicher Einleitung, von Wilhelm Storck. *Paderborn*, 1890. This is the most rigorously critical life of Camões. (β) The same work in the translation and with the notes of C. Michaëlis de Vasconcellos: *Wilhelm Storck. Vida e Obras de Luis de Camões*. Primeira parte. Versão do original allemão, anotada por Carolina Michaëlis de Vasconcellos. *Lisboa*, 1898. (The title-page bears the date 1897, the cover 1898, and a note inserted at the end of the volume is dated *Porto*, 30 March, 1898.) (γ) *Storck (W.): Luis' de Camoens Sämmtliche Gedichte*. Zum ersten Male deutsch von Wilhelm Storck. 6 Bde. *Paderborn*, 1880-1885. (δ) *Michaëlis de Vasconcellos (C.): Luis de Camões*. (*Grundriss der rom. Phil.*, Bd. 2, Abtg. 2, pp. 313-328.) (ε) *Michaëlis de Vasconcellos (C.):* Review of Storck's translation, and other important articles in the *Zeitschrift für romanische Philologie*. Also her introduction to the edition of the *Lusiads* in the *Bibliotheca Romanica*, vol. x., pp. 5-24. (ς) *Braga (T.): Camões. Época e Vida*. Por Theophilo Braga. Pp. 850. *Porto*, 1907. (*Hist. da litt. port.*, vol. xii.) (η) *Braga (T.): Camões. A Obra lyrica e épica*. Por Theophilo Braga. (*Bibliographia Camoniana*.) Pp. 878. *Porto*, 1911. (*Hist. da litt. port.*, vol. xiii.) (θ) *Oliveira Martins: Camões, os Lusiadas e a Renascença em Portugal*. Por J. P. Oliveira Martins. *Porto*, 1891.

born about the year 1525—he was a “youth” (*mancebo*) in 1553¹—but efforts to fix the precise date have been fruitless, unless the statement of Faria e Sousa (1590-1649) be true. This writer was so given to mystifications and inventions that no implicit trust can be placed in any of his statements; and this particular statement is rejected by Storck as a gross fabrication. In his second life of the poet, Faria e Sousa declares that in 1643 a list of the India House of Lisbon came into his hands, containing the names of all the principal persons who had served in India from 1500 to his own time, and under the year 1550 he found this entry: “Luis de Camoens, son of Simon Vaz and Anna de Sá, dwellers at Lisbon, in the Mouraria, esquire, twenty-five years old, with light-coloured² beard; he brought his father as surety; he goes in the ship *San Pedro de los Burgaleses*.”³ Against this Dr. Storck objects that a list of the persons (not the principal persons, since in a second quotation, showing that Camões actually sailed in 1553, Faria e Sousa gives the name of a common soldier) going to serve in India during a century and a half would fill many volumes; that Camões was called at this time

¹ The King's letter of pardon, March 7, 1553: *Elle sopricante he hum mancebo*.

² *Barbirubio* is not, as it has been translated, “red beard,” but “light-coloured”—in fact, almost any colour except black.

³ “El año 1643 vino á mis manos un Registro de la Casa de la India de Lisboa de todas las personas mas principales que pasaron á servir en la India desde el año 1500 hasta estes nuestros años, y en la lista de el de 1500 hallé este assiento: ‘Luis de Camoens, hijo de Simon Vaz y Ana de Sá, moradores en Lisboa, á la Moraria, Escudero, de vintecinco años, barbirubio; truxo por fiador á su padre: va en la Nave de *San Pedro de los Burgaleses*.’”

Luis de Vaaz or Vaz, not Luis de Camões or Camoens; that his mother's name was Anna de Macedo; that his father, as Pedro de Mariz relates, was shipwrecked near Goa, and died there before the poet went to India; that after his father's death his correct title would be, not *Escudeiro*, but *Cavalleiro fidalgo*.¹ The use of the form Luis de Camoens, at least, seems to show that even if Faria e Sousa had seen some document to support his statement concerning Camões' intended sailing in 1550, he gave a far from trustworthy account of it. Severim de Faria, on the authority of Corrêa, gave the date of Camões' birth as 1517, but in the same notice says that he died in 1579 at an age not exceeding fifty-five. The attempt, often made, to extract a precise date from Camões' own statement in the *Lusiads*² is obviously futile, although his age there implied fully confirms the approximate date—1525.

Camões' birthplace is equally uncertain. Alemquer, Santarem (his mother's birthplace), Coimbra, and Lisbon have all claimed the honour. Here again the principal authorities are divided. Manoel Corrêa (of Lisbon) says that he was "born and brought up in the city of Lisbon" and not at Coimbra, as some had thought, from the fact that his ancestors lived there. Some years earlier the bookseller Domingos Fernandes (of Coimbra) declared (in the dedication of the *Rimas: Lisboa: Pedro Crasbeeck*, 1607) that he was born in the city of Coimbra. His family had long resided at

¹ As, perhaps, in the 1553 *carta de perdão*.

² *Lus.*, x. 9:

"Vão os annos descendo, e já do estio
Ha pouco que passar até o outono."

Coimbra, and while it may be argued that Lisbon was now more than ever drawing a large number of inhabitants from the provinces, among whom may have been Camões' parents, on the other hand it is more likely that his birth should have been wrongly placed in Lisbon the greater than in Coimbra the less. Among modern writers Senhor Braga supports the Lisbon attribution, while Dr. Storck makes out a strong case for Coimbra.

"He was of very noble family," says Mariz, "both on the side of his mother and mother's father and grandfather, as we have said, and on the father's side from the Camões of Evora;"¹ and again: "He was illustrious in nobility of intellect and was also of the bluest blood of Portugal. For he was the son of Simão Vaz de Camões, born in this city [*i.e.*, Coimbra?],² who on a voyage to India as captain of a ship was wrecked on the coast in sight of Goa, and escaped on a plank and there died [*i.e.*, at Goa], and of Anna de Macedo, of Santarem, of noble birth. And he was the grandson of Antão Vaz de Camões and of his wife, Guiomar Vaz de Gama, likewise belonging to the noble family of the Gamas of Algarve. And he was the great-grandson of João Vaz de Camões, inhabitant of Coimbra."³

¹ "Era composto de sangue nobilissimo assi por parte de sua Mãe, Auoo & Vizauoo, como agora dissemos: como tambem pela parte patronimica dos Camoes de Euora."

² Since the book in which Mariz' life is printed was published at Lisbon, it is perhaps more likely that "esta cidade" refers to Lisbon.

³ "Ese o nosso Camões foy taõ illustre em nobreza de entendimento: tambem foy acompanhado do melhor sangue que Portugal produzio. Porq̃ foy filho de Simão Vaz de Camoẽs, natural desta cidade, o qual indo para a India por Capitão de hũa nao à vista de Goa deu a costa & se saluou em hũa taboa & laa morreo. E de Anna de

Manoel Corrêa also speaks of his noble birth.¹ One of his ancestors, Vasco Pires (or Peres) de Camões, who came to Portugal from Galicia in 1470, figures as a poet in the *Cancionero de Baena* (circa 1445), and is mentioned by the Marqués de Santillana in his letter to the Constable of Portugal and by Manoel de Azevedo in a poem addressed to his brother-in-law, Sá de Miranda. In the magnificent *canção*, *Vinde cá* (attributed to the year 1554), Camões refers to his birth and first years :

“ Quando vim da materna sepultura
De novo ao mundo, logo me fizeram
Estrellas infelices obrigado.”²

Dr. Storck holds that the only possible meaning of the words, “materna sepultura” is that Camões’ mother died at his birth; but it is at least equally probable that they are a mere figure of speech³ of no more literal import than “*as honras sepultadas*” of the ode *A quem darão*. An official document shows that “Ana de Sá, mother of Luis de Camõis,” was alive, “very old and poor,” in 1582 (and in 1585); but according to Mariz the name of Camões’ mother was Anna de Macedo. Was her name Anna de Sá de Macedo or Anna de Macedo de Sá, and was she—of the noble family of

Macedo, molher nobre de Santarem. E foy neto de Antão Vaz de Camoës & de sua molher Guiomar Vaz de Gama, tambem dos nobres Gamas do Algarue. E bisneto de João Vaz de Camoës, morador em Coimbra.”

¹ “de pais nobres e conhecidos.”

² Cf. his *Voltas* :

“Naciendo mesquino
Dolor fué mi cama,” etc.

³ Senhor Braga goes so far as to make the figure of speech refer to Camões’ country; but it was, in any case, too early in 1524 or 1525 to call Portugal a *sepultura*.

Santarem—living in extreme old age and in extreme poverty after the poet's death? or, as Dr. Storck is convinced, was Anna de Macedo his mother, who died at his birth, and Anna de Sá his stepmother, who allowed herself to figure in official documents as his mother either from being habitually so called or in order to obtain the pension? It is impossible to decide with certainty; Senhor Braga accepts Anna de Sá as Camões' mother, and it is indeed not a little daring to create a stepmother out of a vague phrase (*materna sepultura*) and a diversity of names which may conceivably have belonged to the same person, in face of the decrees of 1582 and 1585, in which Anna de Sá is called the mother of Luis de Camões.

Camões in all probability studied at the University of Coimbra, although here again we have no definite knowledge. The wide acquaintance with the classics shown in his work—"a most masterly accuracy in every branch of ancient literature"¹—as well as the fact that his uncle, Bento de Camões (1500-1547), was Chancellor of the University from 1539 to 1542,² renders it probable. It would seem that he spent at Coimbra, in the lovely valley of the Mondego, the happiest years of his life. One of his *canções* begins:

"Vão as serenas aguas
Do Mondego descendo
E mansamente até o mar não param."

(The serene waters of the Mondego flow down gently without stopping till they reach the sea.)

¹ W. J. Mickle.

² The University had been transferred from Lisbon to Coimbra in 1537.

And later in the same *canção* he says :

“ N’esta florida terra,
Leda, fresca e serena,
Ledo e contente para mi vivia.”

(In this flowered land, joyful, fresh and serene,
joyful and content unto myself I lived.)

Camões came¹ to Lisbon in the early forties—probably in 1543.² Lisbon, and especially the Court, had changed since the time when King Manoel was wont to be rowed to the sound of music in a boat gay with silken banners on the Tagus, and to entertain the Portuguese nobility and many foreigners at brilliant *serões* in his Lisbon or Cintra palaces, and, in emulation of Haroun-al-Raschid, sent an elephant and other gifts of Oriental splendour to the Pope. But it remained the metropolis of a vast new empire. Each year came and went the fleet to the Indies—went with adventurers and soldiers of the King,³ draining the country of its best men,⁴ returned laden with spices and gold and precious stones from the East.⁵ No doubt the newly discovered lands still, as at the end of the preceding century, drew to Lisbon many foreigners of learned and inquiring mind,⁶ while from

¹ Or returned.

² According to Juromenha and Braga, in 1542 ; according to others, in 1544.

³ During the twenty-six years of King Manoel’s reign thirty-three fleets set sail from Lisbon for India.

⁴ Cf. *Lusiads*, iv. 95-104.

⁵ *Lus.*, ii. 4 :

“ Canella, cravo, ardente especiaria . . .
O rubi fino, o rigido diamante.”

⁶ *Muytos homẽs letrados & curiosos.* (*Chronica do príncipe Dom Ioam, Rei que foi destes reynos, segundo do nome, em que svmmariamente*

the provinces came a steady flow of men desirous of making fortune. The life of the city (*Lisboa ingente*¹ was in constant change, and yearly it received men scarred and ruined after years of service beyond the seas, and others returning with riches unscrupulously amassed during their Eastern command (though João de Castro was still to show that there were officials whose thoughts were above gold) or won in a few years of successful trading. The wealth from the Indies had created a brand-new "aristocracy." "Kings now go where money guides²—money, the subtle casuist, maker and unmaker of laws,"³ says Camões, echoing the complaint of Falcão de Resende at the end of the fifteenth century :

"Agora engenho tem quem tem mais ouro."

(But he now genius has who has most gold.)

The gilt youth of the capital sauntered idly in the Rocio,⁴ careful to maintain an affected sadness and gentility in their conversation, and setting Garcilaso

se trattam has cousas sustançiaes que nelles acontecerão. Composta de nouo per Damiam de Goes. *Lisboa*, 1547.)

¹ *Lus.*, viii. 5.

² "Lá vão reis onde querem—cruzados."

³ *Lus.*, viii. 99 :

"Este interpreta mais que subtilmente
Os textos ; este faz e desfaz leis."

⁴ Mello later (in 1641), in a letter to a friend, says that he wastes his "days watching those who come and those who go, as a mean man peers at a bull-fight through the cracks of the hoarding, and I see the courtiers passing and walking up and down this square [the Rocio]"—"Todo o santo dia se me vay notando os que vem e os que vão, como homem mesquinho que espreita os touros pela greta do palanque. De aqui vejo os Cortesãos que passam e que passeão essa praça."

above Boscão without reading either,¹ while those who had fallen upon evil days would brawl in taverns or fill the streets with riot. To all, fortunate or miserable, absence from the city was banishment—an *aspero degredo*. At the Court hopes of a new Manueline age, and especially of an era of literary patronage, centred in the promise of the young Prince João, whose death in 1554 was so serious a blow to Portugal. Camões was possibly received at Court; certainly he found a welcome in many houses of the nobility. Dr. Storck thinks that he himself lived in one of these houses as tutor to the son of Francisco de Noronha, Conde de Linhares, the Antonio de Noronha to whom Camões addressed some of his most splendid poems, and whose early death in Africa (in 1553) he mourned in the eclogue *Que grande variedade*, of which he wrote at the time, “Me parece melhor que quantas fiz.”²

Camões at this time—“*querido & estimado & cheo de muytos fauores*”—wrote a large number of his lyrics, six eclogues, and his three comedies³ (*Auto de Filodemo*, *Auto dos Amphições*, and *Auto d’El-Rei Seleuco*, the last probably in 1549). During these years—probably in the spring of 1544—he fell in love with a lady-in-waiting of the Queen,⁴ Caterina de Athaide, daughter of Dom Antonio de Lima, the *Natercia* of one of his eclogues (*De quanto alento e gosto*) and several sonnets.⁵ His love was apparently returned, but difficulties arose,

¹ Camões, *Auto de Filodemo*, Act II., Scene 2.

² “I think it is the best of those I have written.” It, in fact, ranks with the three eclogues of Garcilaso de la Vega.

³ Evidently written under the influence of the Spanish *Celestina*.

⁴ “hūs amores no paço da rainha,” says Mariz.

⁵ She was born *circa* 1530, and “morreu no paço moça” (in 1556).

and for reasons variously given by his biographers, Camões was banished from Lisbon, probably in the beginning of the year 1549. The subject of the *Auto d'El-Rei Seleuco*, with its reflections on the conduct of the late King Manoel, may have contributed to his disgrace. He recognizes that he was in part to blame, in the sonnet beginning:

“ Erros meus, má fortuna, amor ardente
Em minha perdição se conjuraram.”¹

After spending six months in the Ribatejo, probably at Santarem, he went to serve in North Africa. It was customary for young men of noble family to serve in Africa, either as a preliminary to receiving some royal benefice (*commenda*), or as commutation for some penalty incurred. The service was a harassing one, owing to the desultory attacks of the Moors and owing to the fact that the supplies for the Portuguese troops arrived irregularly or not at all.² It was during this period that Camões lost his right eye, probably in a skirmish. In a letter written (in prose and verse) from Africa³ he shows himself full of sadness at his exile, and trying in vain to cast off his gloom, “so as not to appear as an owl among sparrows—*por não parecer coruja entre pardaes*.” The poems written at this time include the *outavas* addressed to Antonio de Noronha—

¹ Cf. the sonnet:

“ Em prisões baixas fui um tempo atado,
Vergonhoso castigo de meus erros.”

² Two letters in verse by Manoel Pereira de Ocem, formerly ascribed to Camões, and still printed among his works, describe the African service as one of hardship and hunger.

³ *Esta vae com a candeia na mão.*

"*sobre o desconcerto do mundo*"—of which Dr. Storck speaks as "magnificent stanzas, unrivalled in Portuguese lyrical poetry, unless parallels may be found in Camões' own poems." Returning to Lisbon in the autumn of 1551, he spent the next months there, no longer "*cheo de fauores*," but apparently in a kind of open rebellion against society, with poor and boisterous companions.

On the day of Corpus Christi, June 16, 1552, when all the business of the city was suspended in order to celebrate the solemn procession, Gonçalo Borges, a Court official, crossing the Rocio on horseback, was treated with scant respect by two masked men. Camões, recognizing the two men as his friends, in the quarrel that ensued drew his sword and wounded the Court official. For this he was arrested and thrown into prison, where he lay for close upon nine months. His troubles had now begun in earnest. Imprisonment at that time—"no tronquo desta cidade"—must have been in itself a terrible ordeal, and he only left it for exile. Gonçalo Borges having recovered from his wound and agreeing not to prosecute, Camões sent a petition¹ to the King, and received a letter of pardon, dated March 7, 1553. The letter speaks of him as being "young and poor," and says that "he is going to serve me this year in India."² If Dr. Storck's

¹ "Faço uos saber," says the letter, "que Luis Vaaz de Camões, filho de Symão Vaz, Cavalro fidalguo de minha casa, morador em esta cidade de lixboa me enviou dizer per sua pitiçam. . . ." Does *Cavalleiro fidalguo*, etc., apply to Luis or to his father Symão, still alive? Dr. Storck is of opinion that it must apply to the son, now an orphan, and other similar entries support this view.

² "Elle sopricante he hum mancebo e pobre e me vay este anno servir a India."

chronology is adopted, Camões could not have designed to go to India earlier, in 1550, being then in Africa. If he went to Africa and returned at an earlier date, he may well have resolved to prove his fortune across the seas, and have been temporarily moved from his purpose by the hope of obtaining the patronage of Prince João, who was greatly given to encouraging men of letters. Mariz says that he embarked owing to his poverty after the death of his father,¹ although he also notices the report of his banishment. The disappointment shown in his first letter from India perhaps proves that he had not been without expectations,² although at the moment of leaving Lisbon he had death in his heart. Little over a fortnight elapsed between his release from prison and his sailing with the fleet for India in the ship *São Bento* (March 26, 1553). According to Faria e Sousa, he took the place of a common soldier, receiving the ordinary wage.³ He left Portugal "as one leaving this world for the next," and bade good-bye to all his hopes. His last words to his country were those of Scipio Africanus: "Ingrata patria, non possidebis mea ossa."⁴ Though

¹ "E como o nosso Poeta ficou sem pay & tão pobre . . . vendose neste desamparo se embarcou para a India."

² He says that his "news will be good for certain adventurers who think that there is nothing but marjoram in the wilderness—*cuidam que todo o matto é ouregãos*." To Camões, too, the world had seemed *gracioso e galante* and life many-coloured, like a *manta* of Alemtejo (*Auto de Filodemo*).

³ The quotation on which this rests is from the phantom register, under the year 1553: "Fernando Casado, hijo de Manuel Casado y de Blanca Queymada, moradores en Lisboa, Escudero. Fué en su lugar Luis de Camoens, hijo de Simon Vaz y Ana de Sá, Escudero, y recibio 2,400 reis como los demás."

⁴ Letter from India: *Deseiei tanto uma vossa*.

his faults, he says, did not deserve three days of Purgatory, he had spent three thousand days¹ of "evil tongues, worse designs, and malicious intentions, born of pure envy."² He was now to be absent from his country for more than twice three thousand days :

" Já a vista pouco a pouco se desterra
 Daquelles patrios montes que ficavam ;
 Ficava o caro Tejo e a fresca serra
 De Sintra e nella os olhos se alongavam ;
 Ficava-nos tambem na amada terra
 O coração, que as magoas lá deixavam ;
 E já depois que toda se escondio
 Não vimos mais em fim que mar e ceo."
 (Lus., v. 3.)

(Gradually now our country's hills from sight
 Are banished, that alone remained to view,
 Tagus' belovèd stream and the cool height
 Of Cintra that still thither our eyes drew ;
 Nor from the land so dear our hearts take flight
 Which we must leave in quest of sufferings new ;
 Till now at last all fades, and to our eyes
 Nothing appears but only sea and skies.)

In the elegy *O poeta Simonides fallando* he gives an account of the journey and of the arrival in India after a severe storm in rounding the Cape of Good Hope. He was impassive, unmoved by any external events in calm or storm, gazing down at the water and remembering his past happiness :

" Eu, trazendo lembranças por antolhos,
 Trazia os olhos n'agua socegada,
 E a agua sem socego nos meus olhos.

¹ But these three thousand days cannot be taken literally to imply that he had spent exactly eight years and eighty days at Lisbon.

² Letter from India: *Desejei tanto uma vossa.*

“A bem aventura já passada
 Diante de mi tenha tão presente
 Como se não mudasse o tempo nada.

“E com o gesto immoto e descontente,
 Co’ um suspiro profundo e mal ouvido,
 Por não mostrar meu mal a toda a gente . . .”

Nearly fifty-six years before Camões, Vasco da Gama had set sail on this same voyage with the three ships *S. Gabriel*, *S. Raphael*, and *S. Miguel*, and 170 men (July 8, 1497). He had arrived off the coast of Natal on January 10, 1498; at the mouth of the Zambeze on January 13; at Mozambique in March. Hence he reached Mombaça on April 7; Melinde on Easter Sunday, April 15; and Calecut on May 20. In the autumn of the same year he started on the return voyage, and finally reached Belem in the late summer of 1499, with but fifty-five out of his 170 companions. Senhor Braga considered that the resolve to celebrate Vasco da Gama’s voyage was formed in Camões’ mind during his imprisonment at Lisbon after reading the *Decadas* of João de Barros, but it is more likely that the plan evolved itself on the voyage as he came personally to know the places visited by Gama. The *São Bento* reached Goa, since 1510 the capital of Portuguese India, in September.

“Dest’ arte me chegou minha ventura
 A esta desejada e longa terra,
 De todo pobre honrado sepultura.”¹

It was, perhaps, in bitter irony that he wrote from India: “I am here held in more honour than bulls of

¹ Elegy O poeta Simonides.

Merceana, and live in greater quiet than in the cell of a preaching friar"; for in his next sentence he says that the land is "the mother of *villões* ruins and step-mother of honest men."¹ Scarcely had he disembarked when it became necessary for him to serve in a military expedition against the King of Chembe.²

Camões lived in the Portuguese colonies under eight Governors, six of whom were Viceroy. In the winter of 1555 his play *Filodemo* was acted in honour of the new Governor, Francisco Barreto. If we may believe Faria e Sousa, he also wrote satires against the principal Portuguese in Goa, for which Barreto was obliged to banish him to China. It is more probable that his departure from Goa was rather a reward than a punishment, whether the Governor had, as Senhor Braga holds, granted him a right of trading to the Molucca Islands, or, as Dr. Storck maintains, had given him the post of *Provedor-môr dos defuntos e ausentes* (Chief Trustee for the dead and absent) at Macao.³

Possibly during the voyage from Goa to Malacca—occupying between forty and fifty days—Camões may have composed his celebrated *redondilhas*, *Babel e Sião*. *Babel*, *Babylonia infernal*, is Goa, while *Sião* stands for

¹ Letter, *Desejei tanto uma vossa*.

² Elegy, *O poeta Simonides*:

"Foi logo necessario termos guerra," κ.τ.λ.

³ Senhor Braga rejects this, and quotes Francisco Alexandre Lobo: The post was "incompatible with Camões' nobility, and much more so with his martial inclinations." As to his martial inclinations, Dr. Storck is a little sceptical, and he certainly describes with more pleasure battles long ago, such as Aljubarrota, than any fighting in which he took part, although no one has doubted his courage and endurance.

Lisbon.¹ They consist of seventy-three verses of five lines—a line for each day in the year; and it would seem, indeed, that daily during these years of exile Camões sighed for his native land. The verses (*quintilhas*) sound like sobs of grief:

“Sôbolos rios que vão
Por Babylonia me achei,
Onde sentado chorei
As lembranças de Sião,
E quanto nella passei.

* * * *

A minha lingua se apegue
Às fauces, pois te perdi,
Se, emquanto viver assi,
Houver tempo em que te negue
Ou que me esqueça de ti!”

Leaving Goa in April, 1556, he arrived in about the middle of May at Malacca, in the beginning of the sixteenth century a town of nearly 200,000 inhabitants.² Thence he sailed to the Molucca Islands, and was, apparently, dangerously wounded in a fight at sea.³ In 1558 he embarked to return to Malacca, and thence to Macao. The months spent at Macao would give him leisure to bring almost to their conclusion the cantos of the *Lusiads*, some six of which were probably completed when he left India. But his peace was of no

¹ Cf. his sonnet, *Cá nesta Babylonia*.

² Cf. *Lus.*, x. 44:

“Opulenta Malacca nomeada.”

³ Cf. the *Canção, Com força desusada*, written in the Island of Banda (Storck), or Ternate (Braga).

long duration. Whether he was enviously accused of some irregularities in his post of *Provedor* at Macao,¹ or, owing to some dispute as to rights of trading, he was arrested on the authority of the Captain of the "Silver and Silk Ship," which sailed annually from Goa for China and Japan (a three years' voyage), and obliged to embark for Goa, probably in the spring of 1560. He was, however, shipwrecked off Cambodia, at the mouth of the river Mekong,² and escaped, like Cæsar, with his manuscript, and that alone, whatever wealth he may have won³ going down with the ship. He now had to wait to be taken to Malacca in the first passing merchant ship, and finally reached Goa in the autumn of 1560. Shortly after his arrival the Viceroy, now Dom Constantino de Bragança, was replaced by Dom Francisco de Coutinho, Conde de Redondo, who had known Camões at Lisbon. If there was any definite charge against Camões, he was acquitted and

¹ Some incorrectness, such as that of Cervantes in selling corn without official authorization in Andalucía. It is almost impossible to believe that Camões, any more than Cervantes, with whose life his life has so many curious coincidences, was guilty of dishonesty.

² Cf. *Lus.*, x. 128:

"Este [Mecom rio] receberá placido e brando
No seu regaço o Canto, que molhado
Vem do naufragio triste e miserando,
Dos procellosos baixos escapado,
Das fomes, dos perigos grandes, quando
Será o injusto mando executado
Naquelle cuja lyra sonora
Será mais afamada que ditosa."

When in error, Camões confessed his *erros*. Here he protests against his unjust arrest (*o injusto mando*).

³ Mariz speaks of "a enchente dos bens que laa [*i.e.*, in China] grangeou."

released, but he was subsequently arrested for debt, and from the "*infernai cadeia*," as he—no doubt very properly—calls the prison, he wrote a poem to the Viceroy, then about to embark on an expedition, begging that before he went on board his ship, he, the poet, might be freed from the hardship of prison :

“ Que antes que seja embarcado
Eu desembargado seja.”

In 1563 appeared the first printed poem of Camões, an ode addressed to his friend, the Conde de Redondo, Viceroy of India, in praise of Garcia da Orta, printed in the latter's *Colloquios dos simples e drogas e cousas medicinais da India* (1563). The years in Camões' life from the death of the Conde de Redondo (February, 1564) to the poet's arrival in Mozambique in the autumn of 1567 remain a blank. The reason for his acceptance of the offer to accompany Pedro Barreto, who was going in 1567 as Governor to Mozambique, was apparently that, being now in extreme poverty, and desirous of returning to Portugal, he would thus accomplish part of the expensive journey. It is not known whether he was appointed to be an administrator at Chaul—when the post should become vacant¹—by a Viceroy before leaving India, or, as Dr. Storck, following Camillo Castello Branco, considers, directly by King Sebastian, after Camões' return to Portugal and the publication of the *Lusiads*.

¹ Such was the demand for office that a post would sometimes be filled four or five times over—*i.e.*, the successor of the successor of the successor of an official would be already appointed. In this instance Camões never occupied the post for which he had been nominated.

In the unhealthy island of Mozambique Camões spent about two years. Several friends, sailing with the homeward-bound fleet from Goa, found him there in the winter of 1569. "In Mozambique," says Diogo de Couto [born at Lisbon 1542, died at Goa 1616], we found that prince of the poets of his time, my ship-mate and friend Luis de Camões, so poor that he was obliged to live on his friends. And that he might be able to embark for Portugal, we his friends furnished him with all the clothes he needed, and one of us would supply him with food. And that winter in Mozambique he set the finishing touches to his *Lusiads* with a view to printing them, and was writing much in a book which he was making, and which he entitled *The Parnassus of Luis de Camões*, a book of much science, learning, and philosophy, which was stolen from him. And I was never able to hear of it in Portugal, in spite of my many inquiries. And it was a notable theft. And this excellent poet died in Portugal in sheer destitution."¹

At length, on April 7, 1570, the *Santa Clara*, with Camões on board, arrived at Cascaes, near the mouth of the Tagus. He reached the Peninsula in the very

¹ *Decada Oytava da Asia* (published after the author's death, in 1673), cap. 26: "Em Moçambique achámos aquelle Principe dos Poetas de seu tempo, meu matalote e amigo Luiz de Camoens, tão pobre que comia de amigos, e pera se embarcar pera o Reino lhe ajuntamos os amigos toda a roupa que houve mister e não faltou quem lhe dèsse de comer, e aquelle inverno que esteve em Moçambique, acabou de aperfeiçoar as suas Luziadas pera as imprimir e foy escrevendo muito em hum livro que hia fazendo, que intitulava Parnaso de Luiz de Camoens, livro de muita erudição, doutrina, e Filosofia, o qual lhe furtàraõ, e nunca pode saber no Reino d'elle, por muito que o inqueri, e foy furto notavel, e em Portugal morreo este excellente Poeta em pura pobreza."

year in which his greater contemporary, Cervantes, was starting on his odyssey of similar perils and misadventures by land and sea.¹ For seventeen years Camões had been able to repeat daily the lines from his *Canção, Vinde cá* :

“Agora, peregrino, vago errante
Vendo nações, linguagens e costumes,
Ceos varios, qualidades diferentes,
Só por seguir com passos diligentes
A ti, Fortuna injusta, que consumes
As idades, levando-lhes diante
Uma esperança em vista de diamante:
Mas quando das mãos, cae se conhece
Que é fragil vidro aquillo que apparece.”

(An exile now and wanderer I stray,
Customs and languages and nations see,
And new conditions under alien skies;
To follow thee is my sole enterprise,
Fortune unjust,—since evermore through thee
The generations perish, and thy ray
Of hope, as diamond bright, illumines their way,
Till now from out their hands it falls, and lo,
Brittle as glass is all its empty show.)

“Das ist die Welt,
Sie steigt und fällt,
Und rollt beständig;
Sie klingt wie Glas,
Wie bald bricht das!
Ist hohl inwendig.”

During these years he had shown the same spirit that caused him to write in a letter from Africa: “He

¹ “O longo mar, que ameaçando
Tantas vezes m’esteve a vida cara.”

(*Canção, Vinde cá.*)

only has good fortune in the world who considers his fortune good.”¹ His long pilgrimage had taught him to value above all things peace and quietness, and, perhaps, more than ever, the country life so pleasantly described by him earlier in the *Outavas* to Antonio de Noronha :

“ Mas se o sereno ceo me concedera
Qualquer quieto, humilde e doce estado,
Onde com minhas Musas só vivera,
Sem ver-me em terra alheia degredado ;
E alli outrem ninguem me conhecera
Nem eu conhecera outro mais honrado
Senão a vós, tambem como eu contente :
Que bem sei que o serieis facilmente ;

“ E ao longe d’uma clara e pura fonte,
Qu’em borbulhas nascendo convidasse
Ao doce passarinho que nos conte
Quem da cara consorte o apartasse ;
Despois, cobrindo a neve o verde monte,
Ao gasalhado o frio nos levasse,
Avivando o juizo ao doce estudo,
Mais certo manjar d’alma, emfim, que tudo.”

(But would the tranquil heavens to me might
give
Some pleasant, unmolested, lowly state,
In which, no more an exile, I might live,
And to the Muses my life consecrate ;
Then would I, from all men a fugitive,
With none of high degree associate :
With you alone—to whom, I know, content
Would come as lightly—should my life be
spent.

¹ “ No mundo não tem boa sorte senão quem tem por boa a que tem.”

Then would we lie by the pure crystal flow
 Of spring that, welling forth, should still invite
 Sweet nightingale to tell us of her woe
 And parting from her mate in love's despite;
 Or seek the shelter of the hearth, when snow
 The hills in winter changed from green to
 white,
 And unto pleasant study turn our mind
 In which the spirit still its surest food must
 find.)

His real love of nature is shown in passage after passage of his works, as in the sonnet which Bocage considered to be worth half the *Lusiads*:

“A formosura d’esta fresca serra,
 E a sombra dos verdes castanheiros,
 O manso caminhar d’estes ribeiros,
 Onde 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 nuvens pelo ar a branda guerra:
 Em fim, tudo o que a rara natureza
 Com tanta variedade nos offrece
 M’está, se não te vejo, magoando.
 Sem ti tudo me enoja e me aborrece;
 Sem ti perpetuamente estou passando
 Nas môres alegrias môr tristeza.”

(These cool hills' beauty and the [pleasant] shade
 Of the green chestnut-trees, the gentle flow
 Of these [fair] streams whence every [thought of]
 woe

Is banished [and all grief must swiftly fade];
 The sea's dull roar, earth curious[ly inlaid
 With beauty], o'er the hills the sunset['s glow,]
 And the last herds that [slowly] homeward go,
 The quiet war by clouds in heaven [made]:

All that fair nature offers us [most fair]
 In such variety, all unto me,
 If thee I may not see, brings no relief.
 Without thee all is sorrow and despair;
 Without thee I must find perpetually
 In that which gives most pleasure greatest grief.)¹

But Camões arrived in Portugal with no means to make a choice of lot possible. The manuscript of the *Lusiads* and other poems was his sole wealth, and most of his friends were dead or absent. He had seen many of them die in India, and from Portugal had come news

¹ Whereas the old *redondilhas* are often closely packed, in translating poems of the new style into the same metre additions (in this sonnet enclosed in brackets) are frequently necessary. The following is Adamson's version of the sonnet (the second and eighth lines are mistranslated):

The mountain cool, the chestnut'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 silvery 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 from me, to my aching sight
 Can comfort give, but as a prospect drear
 And cold before me stand—[I onward go]
 And as the joys increase, increase my woe.

(*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Luis de Camoens*. By John Adamson. 2 vols. London: Longman, Hurst and Co., 1820. There is a freer translation of this sonnet in *Poems, from the Portuguese of Luis de Camoens*: with remarks on his life and writings. . . . By Lord Viscount Strangford. London: J. Carpenter, 1803 [1804, 1805, 1807, 1808, 1810, 1824].)

of the death of Antonio de Noronha (1553), Prince João (1554), Caterina de Athaide (1556), and others dear to him. He found his country given up to greed and mean-spirited gloom :

“ O favor com que mais se accende o engenho
 Não o da a patria, não, que está mettida
 No gosto da cubiça e na rudeza
 D'uma austera, apagada e vil tristeza.”¹

The coinage had been debased, and in the preceding summer (1569) a plague of unusual violence had ravaged the city of Lisbon, five and six and seven hundred persons perishing daily, and had not even now wholly subsided, so that the passengers of the *Santa Clara* were not allowed to disembark immediately. A solemn procession was held after the plague, on April 20, 1570, probably a few days after Camões had landed. He may have taken part in it, and had full opportunity to contrast the present desolation with the gay scenes of the Corpus Christi procession, eighteen years before. His object now was to publish the *Lusiads*, and through the influence of Dom Manoel de Portugal,² the poet and friend of Sá de Miranda, he was able to obtain the necessary permission. The royal privilege is dated September 23, 1571. It speaks of the poem as “a work in *octava rima* called the *Lusiadas*, which contains ten complete Cantos, in which are set forth poetically in verse the principal deeds of the Portuguese in India since the discovery made by

¹ *Lus.*, x. 145.

² Dr. Storck thinks that the ode *A quem darão* was addressed by Camões to Dom Manoel de Portugal not before, but immediately after, the publication of the *Lusiads*.

order of the late King Manoel, my great-grandfather,"¹ and says that "if the said Luis de Camões shall add other Cantos these shall also be printed, with the permission of the Holy Office."² The *censura* allowed the poem to pass, making no excision even of the pagan deities—*esta fabula dos Deuses na obra*—"since it is a poem and fiction, and the author as a poet only wishes to adorn thereby his poetic style;"³ provided that it be "recognized as a fable and without detriment to the truth of our holy faith, since all the Gods of the Gentiles are Demons."⁴ The censor adds that "the author shows in the poem much skill and much learning in the human sciences."⁵ The *Lusiads* appeared in 1572.⁶ A few weeks after its publication

¹ "hũa obra em Octaua rima chamada *Os Lusiadas* que contem dez cantos perfeitos na qual por ordem poetica em versos se declarão os principaes feitos dos Portugueses nas partes da India depois que se descobrio a nauegação para ellas por mädado del Rey dom Manoel meu visauo, que sancta gloria aja."

² "e se o dito Luis de Camões tiuer acrescentados mais algũs Cantos tambem se imprimirão auendo pera isso licença do sancto officio."

³ "Como isto he Poesia & fingimento & o Autor como poeta não pertenda mais que ornar o estilo Poetico não tiuemos por inconueniente. . . ."

⁴ "conhecendoa por tal, & ficando salua a verdade de nossa sancta fe, que todos os Deoses dos Gëtios sam Demonios."

⁵ "o Autor mostra nelle muito engenho & muita erudição das sciencias humanas."

⁶ OS

LUSIADAS

de Luis de Camões.

Com privilegio
real.

Impressos em Lisboa, com licença da
sancta Inquisição & do Ordina-
rio : em casa de Antonio
Goçalvez Impressor

1572.

the poet received from the King a pension of 15,000 réis a year for three years. The decree (*alvará*) is dated July 28, 1572, and runs: "I the King . . . having regard to the service which Luis de Camões, knight of my household, has rendered me in India during many years, and to that which I hope he will render me in the future, and to the knowledge I have of his gifts and ability and to the sufficiency which he showed in the book written by him concerning the things of India, am pleased to grant him a pension of 15,000 réis.¹ In 1575 (*alvará* of August 2) and 1578 (*alvará* of June 2) the pension was renewed for three more years in each case, and in 1582 (*alvará* of May 31) King Philip II. granted to "*Ana de Sá, Mãe de Luis de*

(ff. 186). It contains nothing but the *privilegio*, *censura*, and text. A second edition (ff. 186), bearing the same date (1572), has numerous variants of print and spelling. The edition in which the pelican on the title-page turns its head to its left is probably the *editio princeps*. That in which the pelican turns its head to its right is in all probability a later edition, made, perhaps, before 1582 (when the original privilege of ten years would expire), or even later, to avoid the necessity of submitting the edition to the Inquisition, perhaps when the examiner of books for the press was some priest less liberal than the Frey Bertholameu Ferreira, who signed the original *censura*. (He, however, remained in this office till 1603.) If the object was to pass off the new edition as the *editio princeps*, it was an extraordinarily clumsy imitation. Mariz writes in 1613 that "the poem has been held in such honour that, contrary to the propensity of the Portuguese to esteem foreign things more than their own, over 12,000 copies of it have been printed in Portugal."

¹ "Eu ElRey . . . avendo respeito ao seruiço que Luis de Camões caualleiro fidalgo de minha casa me tem feyto nas partes da India por muitos annos e ao que espero que ao diante me fará e a informaçam que tenho de seu engenho e habilidade e a suficiencia [*muita sciencia* would be a better description] que mostrou no livro que fez das cousas da India ey por bem e me praz de lhe fazer merce de quinze mil reis de tenca em cada hum anno."

Camões," "considering the services which he rendered in India and in Portugal, and that she, Anna de Sá, is very old and poor, and that he left no other heir,"¹ 6,000 of the 15,000 *réis*, which was later (*alvará* of February 5, 1585) increased to the full 15,000. At the present day 15 *milreis* is worth about £3, but at that time many officials had salaries of even less than that sum.² It is clear, however, that even had it been regularly paid, it would but enable him barely to live. Mariz agrees with Couto as regards his extreme poverty, and Severim de Faria says that this pension of 15,000 *réis* was so small that, "considering whom it was for, we may justly call it no favour at all."³ Mariz, perhaps, even exaggerates this poverty. After Camões' arrival at Lisbon, he says, "he finished composing and perfecting the Cantos which he had brought already written from India, and had saved with great difficulty, as he says in the stanza mentioned above [*Lus.*, x. 128]. And in the year 1572 he printed them, and was obliged to remain at the Court⁴ in order to receive the small pension which the King had granted him, but always in such poverty that, when Ruy Diaz da Camara, a well-known *fidalgo*, asked him to make a verse trans-

¹ "auendo respeito aos serviços que elle fez na India e no reino, e a ella Ana de Sá ser muyto velha e pobre e delle não ficar outro erdeiro."

² Among those given by Dr. Storck is that of Caterina de Athaide as lady-in-waiting: ten *milreis* a year. Cf. the prices in Gil Vicente's *Auto de Mofina Mendes* (1534) and *Auto da Barca do Purgatorio* (1518).

³ "a mercê que lhe fez el Rey D. Sebastião d'uma pequena tença e tal que em sua comparação justamente lhe podemos chamar nenhuma."

⁴ From this one might gather that Camões had wished to leave Lisbon, possibly to live at Coimbra.

lation of the Penitential Psalms, and the poet for all his urging did not make the translation, the nobleman went to him and, complaining, asked him why he did not carry out his promise, made so long ago, seeing that he was so great a poet and had composed so celebrated a poem; but the poet answered, that when he wrote those Cantos he was young and in love, living in plenty, loved and honoured, and loaded with many gifts and favours from friends and ladies, which excited his poetic ardour, but that now he had not heart or content for anything, for here was his Jáo asking him for a few pence to buy coal, and he had no money to give him."¹ And Mariz insists that he found no favour with King Sebastian (*não teue graça com esse Rey*), and lived in such poverty that Jáo, the slave he had brought with him from Africa, begged for his master in the streets at night; a statement probably entirely unfounded.² A story of these years, which has a greater air of truth, relates that Camões threatened to ask the King to

¹ "Depois disto acabou de compor & limar estes seus Cantos q̄ da India trazia cõpostos: & no seu naufragio saluára com grande trabalho como elle diz na octava acima referida. E logo no anno de setenta & dous os imprimio & ficou residindo em Corte por obrigação da tensinha que el Rey lhe dera. Mas tam pobre sempre q̄ pedindolhe Ruy Diaz da Camara, fidalgo bem conhecido, lhe traduzisse em verso os Psalmos Penitenciaes: & não acabando de o fazer, por mais que para isso o estimulaua, se foy a elle o fidalgo & perguntandolhe quey-xoso porque lhe não acabaua de fazer o que lhe prometêra hauia tanto tempo, sendo tam grande Poeta & que tinha composto tam famoso Poema: elle lhe respondeo q̄ quando fezera aquelles Cantos era mancebo, farto & namorado, querido & estimado, & cheo de muytos faoures & merces de amigos & de damas com que o calor Poetico se augmentaua: E que agora não tinha espiritu nem contentamento para nada: Porque aly estaua o seu Ião, que lhe pedia duas moedas para caruão & elle as não tinha para lhas dar."

² "De noyte pedia esmola para o ajudar a sustentar."

change the *réis* into lashes for the officials whose duty it was to pay the pension.¹

When King Sebastian set out on the ill-fated African expedition on June 25, 1578, the poet Diogo Bernardes, not Camões, accompanied him. When the news came of the disastrous battle of Alcacer-Kebir, in which the King and over a hundred of the principal Portuguese nobility perished (August 4, 1578), Camões was probably already ill, and the plague was again raging at Lisbon, some 80,000 persons dying in the years 1579 and 1580. The Cardinal Henrique (1512-1580), son of King Manoel, and heir to the throne, died on January 31, making the way plain for King Philip II. Probably the last words written by Camões were those addressed in a letter to Dom Francisco de Almeida, Captain-General of the district of Lamego: "And thus my life ends, and all will see that I loved my country so well that I was not only content to die in it, but to die with it."² He died probably in hospital—*morreu quasi no desamparo*, says Corrêa—and may have been buried in a common grave with others who died of plague. Mariz, evidently from hearsay, states that he was buried

¹ This anecdote was first printed in the 1626 edition of the *Lusiads*: *Os Lusíadas de Luys de Camões. Em Lisboa. Por Pedro Crasbeeck, Impressor del Rey*, An. 1626. The brief preface is signed by Lourenço Crasbeeck, who speaks of the smallness of Camões' pension, and says that "such was the difficulty of obtaining payment that the author often said he would ask the King to order that the 10,000 [*sic*] *réis* should be turned into 10,000 lashes for the officials—*taõ estreita merce & taõ trabalhosa na arrecadação q̄ dizia muitas vezes o Autor que hauia de pedir a elRey q̄ lhe mādasse comutar aquelles dez mil reis de tēça em dez mil açoutes nos Almoxarifes.*"

² "E assi acabarei a vida, e verão todos que fui tão affeiçãoado á minha patria que não só me contentei de morrer nella mas com ella."

in the Church of Santa Anna,¹ and gives this epitaph: "*Aqui jaz Luis de Camões, Príncipe dos Poetas de seu tempo. Viveo pobre & miserauamente & assi morreo. Anno de 1579. Esta campa lhe mandou aqui pôr Dom Gonçallo Coutinho. Na qual senão enterrará pessoa alguma.*" But the real date of his death was June 10, 1580.² He probably had not heard of the two Spanish translations³ of the *Lusiads*, the *imprimatur* of the first of which is dated March 27, 1580, nor of the sonnet in which Tasso (1544-1595) refers to him as the "*colto e buon Luigi.*" When Philip II. entered Lisbon, a year after Camões' death, his first inquiry is said to have been for the great Portuguese poet.

It is necessary to dwell at length on Camões' life, since his life to a greater degree than that of any other poet is intimately connected with his poetry, and without knowledge of the "*peregrinações & successos varios*"⁴ of his life, many passages in his works become meaningless. His poems had been his constant companion, and had probably saved his life, so that it was but fair that he should save his poems at the mouth of the Mekong. Thus his most famous *Canção* begins:

¹ Perhaps from a confusion with the *Hospital de Santa Anna*. What were presumed to be his remains were removed in the nineteenth century to Belem, and now lie in a tomb in a small side chapel of the church, with the tombs of Vasco da Gama and King Sebastian.

² Decree of November 13, 1582, granting to Anna de Sá 6,765 réis due to Luis de Camões "from 1 January, 1580, to 10 June of the same year, when he died—*desde Janeiro do anno de 1580 até 10 de Junho d'elle, em que falleceu.*"

³ *Los Lusiadas de Luis de Camões* traduzidos en octava rima castellana por Benito Caldera. *Alcalá de Henares*, 1580. *La Lusiada de el famoso poeta Luys de Camões*, traduzida . . . por . . . Luys Gomes de Tapia. *Salamanca*, 1580.

⁴ *Severim de Faria*.

“ Vinde cá meu tão certo secretario
 Dos queixumes que sempre ando fazendo,
 Papel, com quem a pena desaffogo.”

(Come, faithful confidant of all my griefs, paper to whom I am ever telling my sorrow.)

No poet gains more by being read and re-read; his poems are like the leaves of some plant which require to be well crushed before they give out their full scent. And his work must be read in its entirety, not only the *Lusiads*, but the beautiful sonnets, the magnificent *canções*, all gold and ivory and worthy of Petrarca, the many exquisite *redondilhas*, the odes and elegies and *outavas*, the splendid eclogues.¹ He has been so often called the author of the *Lusiads*,² the prince of heroic

¹ The more recent editions of Camões (complete works) are:

Obras completas de Luis de Camões, correctas e emendadas pelo cuidado e diligencia de J. V. Barreto Feio e J. G. Monteiro. 3 vol. *Hamburg*, 1834.

Obras de Luiz de Camões. Precedidas de um ensaio biographico, no qual se relatam alguns factos não conhecidos da sua vida, augmentadas com algumas composições ineditas do poeta. Pelo Visconde de Juro-menha. 6 vol. *Lisboa*, 1860-1869. (Vol. i. contains life, bibliography, and documents.)

Obras completas de Luiz de Camões. 7 vol. *Porto*, 1873-74.

Obras completas de Luiz de Camões. Nova [popular] edição. 3 vol. *Lisboa*, 1912.

Unfortunately none of these editions distinguish between the poems written by Camões and those (over a quarter of the whole) written by other poets, and many splendid poems of Diogo Bernardes (quite gratuitously accused of having stolen Camões' *Parnaso*) are, for instance, printed among Camões' works. Storck translated the whole, including no less than 362 sonnets.

² The *Lusiads* have been translated into English by R. Fanshaw (*London*, 1655). W. J. Mickle (*Oxford*, 1776; *Oxford*, 1778; *Dublin*, 1791; *London*, 1798; *London*, 1807; *London*, 1809; *London*, 1810—in Johnson's Poets; *Boston*, 1822; *London*, 1877). T. M. Musgrave (*London*: Murray, 1826). L. Mitchell (*London*, 1854). R. F. Duff

poets, that it is apt to be forgotten that he is essentially lyrical.¹ The lyric poet appears continually even in the *Lusiads*. As a writer of lyrics no less than as an epic poet he stands supreme in Portuguese poetry :

“ Os mais são collinas
Elle é a montanha.”²

Of his sonnets, the best known and perhaps the most beautiful is that on the death of Caterina de Athaide :

“ Alma minha gentil que te partiste
Tam cedo d'esta vida descontente,
Repousa lá no ceo eternamente
E viva eu cá na terra sempre triste !
Se lá no assento ethereo onde subiste
Memoria d'esta vida se consente,

(Lisbon, 1880). R. Burton, with the lyrics (London: Quaritch, 1880, 1884). J. J. Aubertin (London, 1878; London, 1884). None of these translations give an adequate idea of the original.

¹ His lyrical poems were not published till fifteen years after his death: *Rythmas de Luis de Camões*. Divididas em cinco partes. Lisboa: Manoel de Lyra, 1595. Germany is the only country that possesses Camões' complete works, in a translation by Dr. Storck, of unfailing excellence. Take, for instance, the version of *Aquella cativa* :

“ Jene Sklavin, ach,
Deren Sklav Ich bin
Ganz mit Seel' und Sinn
Stellt mir tödtlich nach ;
Ich erblickte nie
Eine Ros' im Kranz
Die an Reiz und Glanz
Reicher war als sie.
Schöner strahlen nicht
Blumen auf dem Feld
Stern' am Himmelszelt
Als ihr Angesicht,” etc.

² João de Deus. But it is unfair that the mountain should entirely overshadow the delightfully scented hills.

Não te esqueças de aquelle amor ardente
 Que já nos olhos meus tam puro viste!
 E se vires que pode merecer-te
 Alguma cousa a dôr que me ficou
 Da magoa, sem remedio, de perder-te,
 Roga a Deus, que teus annos encurtou,
 Que tam cedo de cá me leve a ver-te
 Quam cedo de meus olhos te levou!"

(Meek spirit, who so early didst depart,
 Thou art at rest in Heaven! I linger here,
 And feed the lonely anguish of my heart;
 Thinking of all that made existence dear.
 All lost! If in this happy world above
 Remembrance of this mortal life endure
 Thou wilt not then forget the perfect love
 Which still thou see'st in me.—O spirit pure!
 And if the irremediable grief,
 The woe which never hopes on earth relief,
 May merit aught of thee, prefer thy prayer
 To God, who took thee early to His rest,
 That it may please Him soon amid the blest
 To summon me, dear maid! to meet thee there!)¹

Almost equally beautiful is that which tells of their parting:

"Aquella triste e leda madrugada,
 Cheia toda de magoa e piedade,
 Emquanto houver no mundo saudade
 Quero que seja sempre celebrada.
 Ella só, quando amena e marchetada
 Saia, dando á terra claridade,

¹ The version is Southey's, printed by Adamson. Needless to say, "amid the blest" and "Dear maid!" are entirely Southey's, and have no equivalent in the original. Nor is "meek" the right word for *gentil* (gracious, fair, pleasant).

Viu apartar-se de uma outra vontade
 Que nunca poderá ver-se apartada ;
 Ella só viu as lagrimas em fio
 Que, de uns e de outros olhos derivadas,
 Juntando-se formaram largo rio ;
 Ella ouviu as palavras magoadas
 Que poderão tornar o fogo frio
 E dar descanso ás almas condenadas."

(That dawn which sadly rose yet joyfully,
 But rose all fraught with sorrow and with pain,
 While in the world regret and tears remain
 I trust may never unremembered be.
 For it alone, as in clear majesty
 It came and to the earth brought light again,
 Beheld will part from will and cleft in twain
 That still must ever live in unity.
 And it alone saw tears unceasing flow
 From those eyes and from these, sorrow-distressed,
 Forming together a long stream of woe ;
 It listened to the words in grief expressed
 That shall have power to change e'en fire to snow
 And unto souls in agony give rest.)

Camões shared Sá de Miranda's admiration for Garcilaso de la Vega :

"O brando e doce Lasso castelhano ;"

and some of his earliest poems were written in the new style ; but he also delighted in the older popular poetry of legend and *cantiga*, *cantigas muito velhas* such as those sung in the *Auto de Filodemo*. What could be more delightful and natural than his *voltas* to the lines :

"Menina dos olhos verdes
 Porque me não vedes ?"

Or to :

"Saudade minha
 Quando vos veria."

Or : “ Verdes são os campos
De côr de limão.”

Or : “ Nasce estrella d'alva,
A manhã se vem ;
Desperta, minha alma,
Não durmaes, meu bem.”

Or the *redondilhas* to the fair captive, with their
reminiscence of Santillana's—

“ Moza tan fermosa
Non vi en la frontera ”:

“ Aquella cativa
Que me tem cativo,
Porque nella vivo,
Já não quer que viva.
Eu nunca vi rosa
Em suaves molhos
Que para meus olhos
Fosse mais formosa.
Nem no campo flores
Nem no ceo estrellas
Me parecem bellas
Como os meus amores.”

(She, the fair captive,
Steals my liberty,
She, the life of me,
Suffers me not to live.
Never in my sight
Beauty of the rose,
That so sweetly grows,
Seemed more exquisite.
Stars in heaven above,
Flowers of the field,
All in beauty yield
Unto her I love.)

Several passages in his lyrical works show that he early had the desire to be the Portuguese Virgil, if not to outshadow Homer.¹ Many other Portuguese poets had entertained the same ambition. No doubt Cantos 3 and 4 of the *Lusiads*² were written before Camões left Portugal for India in 1553. Canto 3 contains the episode of the love and death of Inés de Castro, whom he would connect with Caterina de Athaide; Canto 4 contains the spirited description of the Battle of Aljubarrota (stanzas 30-44):

“Muitos tambem do vulgo vil sem nome
Vão, e tambem dos nobres, ao profundo,
Onde o trifaue cão perpetua fome
Tem das almas que passam deste mundo;
E porque mais aqui se amanse e dome
A soberba do inimigo furibundo,
A sublim e bandeira Castelhana
Foi derribada aos pés da Lusitana.

Aqui a fera batalha se encruece
Com mortes, gritos, sangue e cutiladas,
A multidão da gente que perece
Tem as flores da propria côr mudadas,
Já as costas dão e as vidas, já fallece
O furor e sobejam as lançadas;
Já de Castella o Rei desbaratado
Se vê, e de seu proposito mudado.

O campo vae deixando ao vencedor,
Contente de lhe não deixar a vida;
Seguem-no os que ficaram, e o temor

¹ Cf. the lines in the eclogue *Cantando por um valle docemente*:

“Podeis fazer que cresça d’hora em hora
O nome Lusitano, e faça inveja
A Esmirna, que d’Homero s’engrandece.”

² The word *Lusiadas* (=Portuguese) was, apparently, coined by André Falcão de Resende in a Latin poem in the year 1531.

Lhe dá não pés mas asas á fugida.
 Encobrem no profundo peito a dôr
 Da morte, da fazenda despendida,
 Da magoa, da deshonra e triste nojo
 De ver outrem triumphar de seu despojo."
 (Stanzas 41-43.)

(Here of the common crowd without a name
 Sink many, and of the nobility,
 To depths where Cerberus with e'er the same
 Hunger awaits souls that from this world flee;
 And furthermore to conquer and to tame
 The pride and fury of the enemy,
 The lofty banner of Castilla at last
 To the foot of Lusitania's flag is cast.

But here the battle deepens, with many a death,
 Clamour, and shedding of blood, and furious thrust,
 At sight of thousands yielding their last breath
 Men pale and flee, but still they bite the dust,
 For now they fall the serried spears beneath
 Although of slaying dies their frenzied lust;
 And now Castilla's King, of victory cheated,
 Sees all his army melt, his plans defeated.

Now to the victor must he leave the field,
 Glad not his life to leave away he hies;
 His few surviving followers with him yield,
 Fear to his flight not feet but wings supplies.
 To death and sorrow now their hearts are steeled
 And loss of all their friends and fortune's prize,
 Disgrace and agony and cruel woe,
 To see men triumph in their overthrow.)

Both Cantos tell of the deeds of the Portuguese
 which Camões wished to celebrate *carmine perpetuo*.
 But unless, like the old Chronicles, he was to begin
 with Adam and proceed with little succinct descriptions
 of each reign, he must find some central theme in which
 to set his picture, and what could better serve his

purpose than an account of those discoveries which had now made Portugal in some sense the centre of Europe? The earlier history was worked in the narrative of Vasco da Gama to the King of Melinde, and of Paulo da Gama to the *Catual* of Calecut; and the later history in the prophecies of the gods who figure so prominently in the work. Thus his purpose was now clear:

“As armas e os barões assinalados
Que da occidental praia lusitana
Por mares nunca de antes navegados
Passaram ainda além da Taprobana.

“E também as memorias gloriosas
D’aquelles reis que foram dilatando
A fé e o imperio. . . .”

(*Lus.* i. 1, 2.)

(Arms and the men I sing of noble fame
Who from fair Lusitania's western shore
Even further than Ceylon's far island came,
Traversing seas ne'er traversèd before . . .
And also glorious memories of those Kings
Who empire and the faith extended far. . . .)

But it may be said, what could be more tedious than a heroic poem without a hero, with a whole nation for its hero, a poem dealing with an enterprise more remote than that of Godefroi de Bouillon to the Holy Land, which provided Tasso with the subject of his *Gerusalemme Liberata*? Add to this the introduction of the marvellous, the cloying use¹ of classical mythology, the title² of the poem, often misconstrued as a feminine

¹ In six lines of the eclogue *Cantando* occur Helicon, Pegasus, Calliope, Thalia, Mars, Minerva, the Parnassus, the Pierides.

² In the poem itself the Portuguese are not called *Os Lusíadas*, but *A gente lusitana*, *Os de Luso*, *Lusitanos*, *Gente de Luso*, *Portugueses*.

abstract term, as in one of the Spanish versions of 1580, and there is no cause for wonder that those who have not read the *Lusiads* have found it extraordinarily dull. Those who read it soon change their opinion. What has struck all the critics is the great sense of reality¹ in this poem, by which it excels the poems of Tasso² and Ariosto. Alexander von Humboldt called Camões a great painter of the sea, and sweet indeed were the uses of the adversity which drove Camões to portray from direct observation the scenes of Vasco da Gama's voyage. Whether he is describing the arrival of the ships with purple banners flying (ii. 73), or the first land appearing like clouds on the horizon (v. 25), or the frightened natives leaping from their canoes into the water "like frogs" (ii. 26, 27), or a *tromba* and the sun sucking up the water (v. 18-22), or the sea becalmed and windless:

"O vento dorme, o mar e as ondas jazem" (ii. 110);

"Um subito silencio enfreia os ventos
E faz ir docemente murmurando
As aguas" (x. 6);

or "the coral growing beneath the water" (ii. 77)

—everywhere there is the same vivid realism. As Camões knew well, "mere knowledge and actual experience are as different as are consoling and being consoled."³ The following description of the storm

¹ Camões felt himself (*Lus.* i. 11 and v. 23 and 89) that the subject of his poem needed no fantastic embellishments.

² *Os Lusíadas* has 1,102 stanzas, 8,816 lines, about half the length of *La Gerusalemme Liberata*.

³ Letter from Africa, *Esta vae*. Garção, a Portuguese poet quoted by Senhor Braga, says: "*Lusiads* are not written in the lap of luxury—*em toalhas de Flandres*."

off the Cape of Good Hope, in the elegy *O poeta Simonides*, deserves to be set side by side with that of Adamastor (*Lus.* v. 37-60) or the storm in *Lus.* vi. 70-91 :

“Eis a noite com nuvens s’ escurece,
Do ar subitamente fuge o dia ;
E todo o largo Oceano s’embravece.

“A machina do mundo parecia
Qu’em tormentas se vinha desfazendo ;
Em serras todo o mar se convertia.

“Luctando o Boreas fero e Noto horrendo
Sonoras tempestades levantavam,
Das naos as velas concavas rompendo.

“As cordas co’o ruido assoviavam ;
Os marinheiros, já desesperados,
Com gritos para o ceo o ar coalhavam.

“Os raios por Vulcano fabricados
Vibrava o fero e aspero Tonante,
Tremendo os Polos ambos de assombrados.”

(But lo, the night looms dark with many a cloud
As suddenly in blackness day is furled,
And the whole Ocean wide grows fierce and proud.
It seems that the foundations of the world
Are being loosed and torn in hurricane,
And all the sea in surging mountains hurled.

The wild North wind and fell South strive amain
And draw the loud-voiced tempest from its lair,
Till the sails swell and crack beneath the strain.

The rigging whistles shrill, and in despair
The sailors now to Heaven raise their cries
And all dismayed with loud shouts fill the air,
While Vulcan’s lightning-flashes in the skies
Are swiftly by the dreadful Thunderer whirled,
And either Pole in wonder trembling lies.)

When the poem entitled *Os Lusíadas* begins, with a brief invocation to the nymphs of the Tagus and a dedication to King Sebastian, Vasco da Gama is seen to be already on the high seas (i. 19). The sails were set, and fair the light winds blew :

“ Já no largo Oceano navegavam,
As inquietas ondas apartando ;
Os ventos brandamente respiravam
Das naos as velas concavas inchando ;
Da branca espuma os mares se mostravam
Cobertos, onde as proas vão cortando
As marítimas águas consagradas,
Que do gado de Proteo são cortadas.”

And while the Portuguese sail on through seas *nunca de antes navegados* the gods sit in council, Venus and Mars being favourable, Bacchus bitterly, treacherously hostile, to the Portuguese ; as is proved when Gama arrives at Mozambique. After the treachery of the natives of Mombaça the Portuguese meet with a friendly reception from the King of Melinde (Canto 2), to whom Vasco da Gama relates his voyage (Canto 5) and the history of Portugal (Cantos 3 and 4), from Count Henrique, “son of a King of Hungary,”¹ Ega Moniz (the Portuguese Regulus), Affonso Henriques and the battle of Ourique, to the Constable Nuno Alvares Pereira and Aljubarrota (August 14, 1385), and so on to the reigns of João I., Duarte, Affonso V., João II., and Manoel. Canto 3 (stanzas 118-135) tells of the death of Inés “*nos saudosos campos do Mondego*” (January 7, 1355) :

¹ Cf. “ Nos Hungaro o fazemos, porém nado
Crêm ser em Lotharingia os estrangeiros.”
(*Lus.* viii. 9).

“ Assim como a bonina que cortada
 Antes do tempo foi, candida e bella,
 Sendo das mãos lascivas maltratada
 Da menina que a trouxe na capella
 O cheiro traz perdido e a côr murchada :
 Tal está morta a pallida donzella,
 Seccas do rosto as rosas e perdida
 A branca e viva côr co'a doce vida.¹

“ As filhas do Mondego a morte escura
 Largo tempo chorando memoraram,
 E por memoria eterna em fonte pura
 As lagrimas choradas transformaram ;
 O nome lhe puzeram, que inda dura,
 Dos amores de Inés que alli passaram :
 Vêde que fresca fonte rega as flores,
 Que lagrimas são a agua e o nome amores.”
 (Stanzas 134, 135.)

(As in girl's thoughtless fingers witherèd
 A fair white flower, culled before its time
 To lie crushed idly upon breast or head,
 Loses the scent and colour of its prime,
 So now the pale young maiden lieth dead,
 The roses from her face a cruel crime
 Has banished, and the living hue is gone
 With ebbing life that once there clearly shone.

The daughters of Mondego long with tears
 Of her dark death kept fresh the memory,
 And, that remembrance might outlive the years,
 Of tears thus shed a crystal spring supply ;

¹ Cf. the lines of the sonnet *Os olhos onde*, referring no doubt to Caterina de Athaide (who, however, died in 1556, and therefore probably *after* the Inés episode was written):

“ Perfeita formosura em tenra idade
 Qual flor que antecipada foi colhida
 Murchada está da mão da morte dura,
 Como não morre Amor de piedade ?”

The name they gave it then even now it bears,
 The love of Inés there to signify;
 How clear a spring the flowers from above
 Waters—in tears it flows, its name is love.)

At the end of Canto 5 Camões laments that poetry is held in small esteem in Portugal, and in Canto 6 Vasco da Gama leaves Melinde, but Velloso is interrupted in his tale of *Magriço e os Doze de Inglaterra*¹ by a storm brewed by Neptune at Bacchus' request. At the beginning of Canto 7 the ships arrive safely at Calecut, and Vasco da Gama disembarks. The *Catual* visits the captain's ship, which is decked with silken banners representing the history and illustrious men of Portugal. This gives occasion for a second historical narrative, and Paulo da Gama, Vasco's brother, tells of the Portuguese heroes—a goodly company, from Luso and Ulysses to those of the fifteenth century. But now the Portuguese set sail for home (Canto 9)—

“Da parte Oriental para Lisboa”

—and Venus prepares for them an island of delight (perhaps one of the Azores). There grow the orange and apple and lemon, the cherry and the grape, pomegranate, pear and mulberry. Elms, bays, myrtles, pines, and cypresses give shade to this land of roses and of lilies, red and white. In Canto 10 Tethys in the island tells of the subsequent deeds of the Portuguese in India, of Pacheco, Affonso d'Albuquerque (1453-1515), and João de Castro (1500-1548); and

¹ Stanzas 42-69—the story of twelve Portuguese knights who went, eleven by sea, Magriço by land, to uphold the honour of twelve ladies at the English Court against twelve knights of England.

158 STUDIES IN PORTUGUESE LITERATURE

Gama at length reaches Lisbon, the poem ending (stanzas 146-156) with an invocation to King Sebastian. With plain signs of discouragement in the last three Cantos, through illness, shipwreck, and poverty, Camões thus carried his achievement triumphantly to its conclusion. "No more, my Muse, no more," he cries in stanza 145:

"Não mais, Musa, não mais que a lyra tenho
Destemperada e a voz enrouquecida,
E não do canto, mas de ver que venho
Cantar a gente surda e endurecida."

(No more, my Muse, no more, my voice is hoarse,
And out of tune are all my lyre's strings,
And not from singing, rather from remorse
To sing for those still deaf to him who sings.)

In stanza 146, as one utterly unknown to the King, he is fain humbly to sing his own praises, and offers the King—

"Para servir-vos, braço ás armas feito;
Para cantar-vos, mente ás Musas dada."

(To serve you, hands that oft in war have striven,
To sing you, thoughts still to the Muses given.)

Camões' keen sense of reality saved him alike from pedantries and excessive suavity in his *numeroso canto e melodia* and *tom suave e brando*. His unfailing naturalness and the clear transparency¹ of his style—

¹ E.g., "O prado as flores brancas e vermelhas
Está suavemente presentando;
As doces e solícitas abelhas
Com susurro agradável vão voando;

his *estillo deleytoso*¹—impart movement and life, so that occasional defects and uglinesses² are carried away, like sticks in a river, by the smooth flow of his verse. He did not always maintain the same high level, but the number of poems of great beauty and excellence written by him in the most varied kinds is extraordinarily large.

When Camões lay dying it is said that he gave his last and only possession—a copy of *Os Lusíadas*—to the priest who had attended him, and that after his death the priest wrote in it the following words in Spanish: “How grievous a thing to see so great a genius brought so low! I saw him die in a hospital at Lisbon, without so much as a sheet to cover him, after having been victorious in the East Indies, and after having sailed 5500 leagues by sea. What a

As candidas, pacificas ovelhas
 Das hervas esquecidas, inclinando
 As cabeças estão ao som divino
 Que faz, passando, o Tejo crystallino.”

(The meadow now with flowers red and white
 Decks itself in fresh splendour, softly fair;
 And the sweet active bees' unceasing flight
 With a deep pleasant murmur fill the air;
 The white and peaceful sheep, forgetful quite
 Now of their pasture, have no other care
 But only listening their heads t' incline
 To the sound of crystal Tagus' flow divine.)

¹ Severim de Faria.

² E.g., “Um freio lhe está pondo e lei terribil
 Que os limites não passe do possibil.”

“Mas quão conformes são na quantidade
 Tão diferentes são na qualidade.”

(In the eclogue *Que grande variedade.*)

warning to those who by night and day wear themselves away in profitless efforts to spin webs like spiders in order to catch flies!"¹

"Ihr durchstudiert die gross' und kleine Welt
Um es am Ende gehen zu lassen
Wie's Gott gefällt."

But could Camões have known how important was to become his bequest to his country, he would have received in his last moments the comfort which this priest was apparently unable to give. It remained for him after a life of misfortune to reap a long harvest of posthumous fame:

"Mas se lhe foy fortuna escasa em vida
Não lhe pode tirar depois da morte
Hum rico emparo de sua fama e gloria."²

In the first place, he fixed the Portuguese language so that scarcely a word has altered³; and, secondly, he became (especially in 1640) the watchword of Portu-

¹ "Qué cosa más lastimosa que ver un tan grande ingenio tan mallogrado. Yo lo bi morir en un hospital en Lisboa sin tener una sabana con que cobrirse, despues de aver triunfado en la India Oriental, de aver navegado 5500 leguas por mar! Qué aviso tan grande para los que de noche y dia se cansan estudiando sin provecho, como las arañas en urdir telas para cazar moscas." It must be confessed that the description does not suit Camões well, since he had not "triumphed" in India, and had sailed much more than 5500 leagues.

² From the sonnet by Diogo Bernardes in praise of Camões, as quoted by Severim de Faria, who says of Bernardes: "In the pastoral style he is unexcelled."

³ Cf. João de Deus:

"Os Lusiadas estão como na hora!
Tres seculos e nada,
Nem uma lettra unica apagada!"

guese liberty and independence. Oliveira Martins¹ says that "the *Lusiads*, written in letters of gold on a whiteness of marble, are the epitaph of Portugal and the testament of a people." Rather, the *Lusiads* and the lyrics of Camões are the passport of the Portuguese people, its right and encouragement to live and prosper. The *Lusiads* not only embraces the whole of Portuguese history from Luso to João de Castro, but binds together the vast and scattered empire of Portugal, since there is scarcely a Portuguese colony unmentioned in its pages. In order to appreciate it fully, the reader must be acquainted with the history of Portugal and her colonies; he must have lived in Portugal; he must have watched the tranquil flow of the Tagus, the transparent green waters of the Mondego, which *mansamente até o mar não param*, and from "cool Cintra's height" have seen the ships arriving in the distance; and he must be familiar with the marvels that are Belem and Alcobaça, Thomar and Batalha. If Camões is thus in some sense a local poet, this should intensify, if it does not extend, his fame. His poetry must live or die with his country. He would not have had it otherwise.

¹ Camões, *Os Lusíadas e a Renascença em Portugal* (Lisboa, 1891).

CHAPTER VI

ALMEIDA-GARRETT

POET, dramatist, critic, orator, diplomatist, politician, Almeida-Garrett (1799-1854) was, during the first half of the nineteenth century, a great vivifying influence in Portuguese literature. He dispersed his talents over too broad a field, and with a Portuguese tendency to be vaguely prolix he had little power of concentration. When he did concentrate, the result was admirable, as in his tragedy, *Frei Luiz de Sousa*, or his slender volume of lyrics, *Folhas caídas*. "Uma peça inteiramente da nossa terra," wrote the poet Antonio Feliciano de Castilho (1800-1875) of another of Garrett's plays, *O Alfageme de Santarem*, and the same might be said of all his works. It is one of his chief claims to greatness that, although he came under the immediate influence of the literatures of England, France, and Germany, he remained in his choice of themes, their treatment, and his style, essentially Portuguese.

João Baptista da Silva Leitão Almeida-Garrett, son of Antonio Bernardo da Silva Garrett and Anna Augusta d'Almeida Leitão, was born at Oporto in February, 1799, but his true home was in the Azores (Ilha Terceira), where his father, who held a high post

in the *Alfandega* (Customs) at Oporto, owned property. He was one of a family of five—four sons and one daughter.¹ The character of the times is brought vividly before us by the anecdote, related in *Viagens na minha terra*, that as a small boy he was punished by his father for buying a portrait of Napoleon at an Oporto fair. When the French invaded Portugal in 1809 his father retired to the island of Terceira, and Garrett's early education was superintended by his uncle, a colonial bishop, subsequently (1812) Bishop of Angra. In 1816 he went to the University of Coimbra, and took his degree there in Law in 1821. He had already written a play, *Corcunda por Amor*, in 1819, and published a *Hymno patriótico* in 1820. In 1821 appeared his poem *O Retrato de Venus*, which led to proceedings against him for abusing the liberty of the Press. The principal accusation seems to have been that he had assigned the creation of the world to Venus, not to Jupiter. He defended his case in person and was acquitted. In August, 1821, his play *Catão* was acted at Lisbon. In the following year he married Luiza Candida Midosi, aged fifteen (November, 1822).

Garrett's impetuous Liberalism rendered him suspect to the authorities. In June, 1823, he left Portugal for England, but returning in August, he was arrested on

¹ Details of his life are to be found in his letters and autobiography, and in Theophilo Braga, *Garrett e o Romantismo* (Porto, 1903), and Theophilo Braga, *Garrett e os Dramas Românticos* (Porto, 1905). See also the preface in the translation of *Frei Luiz de Sousa*, by Edgar Prestage (1909), and, in *The Oxford and Cambridge Review*, No. 13 (1911), *The Visconde de Almeida-Garrett and the Revival of the Portuguese Drama*, by Edgar Prestage; and Fidelino de Figueiredo, *Historia da Litteratura romantica portuguesa*, 1913, Chap. I., Garrett, pp. 27-74.

his arrival at Lisbon and exiled. He went to England for the second time, and lived for over a year in the family of Thomas Hadley, near Edgbaston. He here composed a long poem, *O Magriço e os Doze de Inglaterra*, and studied English literature. Unable to find employment in London, he accepted a post in a commercial house at Havre. In France he wrote an elegiac poem in ten cantos, *Camões* (published in 1825), and, as a lighter theme, *Dona Branca* (1826). He was, he says, "all in love with melancholy and romanticism." After the amnesty granted by King João VI. (June, 1824) Garrett wrote (February, 1825) for permission to return to Portugal, but this was refused owing to his "enterprising and revolutionary character" and "unquiet spirit." When he returned after the death of João VI. (1826) he was still kept under police supervision. He founded (October, 1826) the newspaper *O Portuguez*, which was suspended a few months later. Garrett himself was imprisoned, and spent three months in the *Limoeiro*. The year 1826 was eventful, for it saw the abdication of Dom Pedro in favour of his daughter Maria (who was to marry Dom Migoel) and the granting of the famous *Carta*. Despite the *Carta*, however, Dom Migoel was declared absolute King in 1828.¹ For Garrett this resulted in a third visit to England, where, living in London, he published in quick succession *Adozinda* (1828), a collection of his early lyrics entitled *A Lyra*

¹ So it was sung :

" El-rei chegou, el-rei chegou,
Em Belem desembarcou,
O papel não assignou."

de João Minimo (1829), the first volume of *Da Educação* (November, 1829), the second edition of *Catão* (1830), and *Portugal na balança da Europa* (1830).

In June, 1831, King Pedro arrived at Cherbourg from Brazil to fight for the rights of his daughter, Maria da Gloria, against Miguelist absolutism. Garrett left England in December, and in January, 1832, joined as a private soldier a regiment of Chasseurs which included Herculano and other writers, supporters of King Pedro. He disembarked in the Azores and spent some months with his family, working hard at collecting popular poetry for his *Romanceiro* and helping to draw up codes for his party. Finally, on July 8, 1832, the exiles landed at Mindello, and entered Oporto 7,500 strong. All Garrett's papers, comprising *O Magriço* and the second volume of *Da Educação*, were subsequently lost in the *Amelia*, sunk by the Miguelists at the mouth of the Douro. From the fragments of *O Magriço* that remain and from the fact that the poem was still incomplete, although it had attained its twenty-second canto, one cannot help feeling grateful towards the Miguelists, but to a writer even so prolific as Garrett the loss must have been discouraging.

After the final defeat of the Miguelists, Garrett was charged with the general reform of education in Portugal. In June, 1834, he went to Brussels as Portuguese *chargé d'affaires*, but after many annoyances (his salary remaining habitually unpaid) he returned to Portugal in 1836.¹ During these years of discouragement he wrote little, but after the revolution

¹ He had been somewhat summarily replaced at Brussels at the end of 1835, and was first offered the post of Minister at Copenhagen, then that of Rio de Janeiro, which he refused.

of September (1836) he had the ear of the Government, and was able to carry out some of his favourite ideas, such as the foundation of a *Pantheon nacional* (at Belem, where his coffin now lies) and the inauguration of a national theatre. He was appointed General Inspector of Theatres in November, 1836.¹ Without ceasing to take an active part in politics, Garrett rapidly wrote his masterpieces, *Um Auto de Gil Vicente* (1838), *Dona Philippa de Vilhena* (1840), *O Alfageme de Santarem* (1841), *Frei Luiz de Sousa* (1844), *A Sobrinha do Marquez* (1848), in order to provide a *répertoire* for the theatre which he had had great difficulty in founding. At the end of 1836 it had been proposed to transform the old building belonging to the Inquisition in the *Rocio* into a theatre, but it was not till July, 1842, that the work was finally begun.

In 1842 Garrett was in opposition to the Government of Costa Cabral (first Conde de Thomar). In that year an infantry major accused him of having insulted the army, and a duel was fought, which consisted in both Garrett and the major firing into the air. In 1843 a visit to Santarem resulted in *Viagens na minha terra*, one of his most delightful and spontaneous works.²

In the same year he wrote an autobiography, a curious work, with many self-laudatory epithets,³ and

¹ He was also appointed to the ancient office of *Chronista Mór*.

² Written when he was living in the Rua do Alecrim: "Eu muitas vezes n'estas suffocadas noites d'estio viajo ate a minha janella para vêr uma nesguita de Tejo que está no fim da rua, e me enganar com uns verdes de arvores que alli vegetam sua laboriosa infancia nos entulhos do Caes do Sodré."

³ In this autobiography he misdates his birth (February 4, 1802, instead of 1799).

also published the first volume of his *Romanceiro*. Two years later appeared his volume of poems, *Flores sem fructo*, and the first volume of *O Arco de Santa Anna* (the second volume in 1851). *Folhas caídas*, written between 1846 and 1851, was sent to press in the latter year, but not published until 1853. After Garrett had during many years performed great services, scantily acknowledged, in drawing up constitutions and reforms for various Governments, he was, in January, 1852, created a peer of the realm, and was Minister for Foreign Affairs from March to August of the same year.

In June, 1851, he had been created Visconde de Almeida-Garrett.¹ During part of the summer of 1853 and spring of 1854 he was engaged upon a contemporary novel called *Helena*, which remained unfinished at his death in December, 1854. His life, like his writing, was dissipated in many directions—a series of broken thread-ends. The marvel is that he should have succeeded in writing anything of permanent value. *Folhas caídas*, *Frei Luiz de Sousa*, *O Alfageme de Santarem*, *Viagens na minha terra* will live as long as the Portuguese language.

Garrett was vain, weak, versatile, sometimes ridiculous, but ingenuous and sincere, a poet and dreamer who was also a political schemer and man of the world; and his real devotion to Portugal and to Portuguese literature led him to make sacrifices which a less self-centred man than Garrett might have rejected. He was

¹ He protests in his will (June 9, 1853) that he had accepted the title solely for the sake of his daughter, and had "very instantly implored" that the first life of it should go to her. He had, however, always shown a certain fondness for titles.

never at pains to disguise his character, and if many took advantage of his *naïveté* and openness, it also won for him a host of real friends. He was, if not a great man, a great poet who loved and served his country well. His principal service to Portuguese poetry was that he freed it from the artificial style of the eighteenth century apparent in his own earlier poems. In his attempt to revive Portuguese drama he failed, for he had no followers worthy of the name, and his war against foreign imitations was also only temporarily successful. But his influence on the character of Portuguese poetry was permanent. He was the first of the Portuguese romantics, through the combined influence upon him of Shakespeare and of the French romantics — he was in France when the battle between the classic and romantic schools was at its height. But his own influence in Portugal did not consist merely in the introduction of a new school of poetry. It was deeper and saner than that. Already in the preface to *Camões* (February 22, 1825) he writes: "I am neither classic nor romantic"; and later (during his stay at Brussels) he learnt from Goethe to bridge the gulf between the two. But his love of simple, popular poetry worked in his own case, and generally in subsequent Portuguese literature, towards a revival of a poetry more natural and sincere, more spontaneous and national.¹ "My fixed idea," he writes, "in matters of art and literature in our peninsula are popular ballads and romances,"² and in *Dona Branca* he writes

¹ He was also influenced by the publication of Gil Vicente's works in 1834.

² *Viagens na minha terra*: "A minha idéa fixa em coisas de arte e litterarias da nossa peninsula são xácaras e romances populares."

of the stories told by the *lareira* to the sound of crackling chestnuts.¹

His own poetry is unequal. The tendency to digression,² which lends a charm to a prose work such as *Viagens na minha terra*, could not but mar his poetry. Thus in *Dona Branca* the date—June—leads to a hundred lines of reflections on the month of St. John and the climates of England and Portugal. Often, too, his poetry is but prose cut into artificial divisions, as in the following lines from the first canto of *Camões* :

“Nesses tempos
Que heroicos chama o entusiasta ardente,
Barbaros o philosopho, e que ao certo
Foram pasmosa mescla de virtudes
E atrocidades.”

(In those times
Which the ardent enthusiast calls heroic
And the philosopher barbarous, and which certainly
Were a wonderful mixture of virtues
And atrocities.)

And in a poem of *Flores sem fructo*³ he even introduces the philosopher Hobbes. It is true that he calls him “o rispido britanno,” but this is scarcely more poetical. But at his best he is unexcelled in lightness and grace

¹ “Oh magas illusões ! oh contos lindos
Que ás longas noites de comprido hynverno
Nossos avós felizes intertinheis
Aopé do amigo lar, ao crebro estallo
Da saltante castanha.”

² He himself says (preface to *Lyrical de João Minimo*) : “As digressões matam-me (Digressions are the death of me).”

³ This contains early Horatian odes and translations of Horace, Sappho, Alcæus, Anacreon, an imitation of Ossian, etc.

and naturalness. His best poems, and those which he himself preferred,¹ are contained in *Folhas caídas*. The most famous of them are, perhaps, *Os Cinco Sentidos* and *Não és tu* :

“ São bellas, bem o sei, essas estrellas
Mil côres divinaes têm essas flores ;
Mas eu não tenho, amor, olhos para ellas :
Em toda a natureza
Não vejo outra belleza
Senão a ti, a ti.

“ Divina, ai ! sim, será a voz que affina
Saudosa na ramagem densa, umbrosa ;
Será, mas eu do rouxinol que trina
Não oiço a melodia
Nem sinto outra harmonia
Senão a ti, a ti,” etc.

(Fair in the skies I know stars set and rise,
Colours divine in all these flowers shine ;
But I for stars and flowers, love, have no eyes :
In Nature's majesty
No beauty may I see
But thine, but only thine !

Divinely frail the voice that in soft wail
Sounds from between dense shade and beechen green ;
But I hear not the trill of nightingale,
No sound of melody
Nor other harmony
But thee, but only thee !)

“ Era assim ; tinha esse olhar,
A mesma graça, o mesmo ar ;
Côrava da mesma côr

¹ “I do not know whether these verses are good or bad : I know that I like them better than any others that I have written.”—Preface to *Folhas caídas*.

Aquella visão que eu vi
Quando eu sonhava de amor,
Quando em sonhos me perdi," etc.¹

(Even thus she was ; those very eyes,
That very look, the selfsame grace ;
The same hue mantled in her face ;
Even such the vision fair that crossed
My fancy when I dreamed of love,
When all in dreams my thought was lost.)

Cascaes, too—

“ Lá onde se acaba a terra ”

—is far from deserving to be smothered in the extravagant praise that “in no literature, ancient or modern, is there anything to be compared with it.”² Other beautiful poems in *Folhas caídas* are *Destino*, *Voz e Aroma*, and *Bella Barca* :

“ Pescador da barca bella
Onde vas pescar com ella
Que é tam bella
Oh pescador ?

“ Não ves que a última estrella
No ceo nublado se vela ?
Colhe a vela
Oh pescador ! ” etc.

(Fisherman of the boat so fair
Where wouldst thou fishing go, say where,
Fisherman of the boat so fair ?

¹ Cf. in the same volume :

“ Quando eu sonhava era assim
Que nos meus sonhos a via,” etc.

² *Garrett e os Dramas Românticos*. Porto, 1905 : “ Em nenhuma litteratura, moderna ou antiga, poderá encontrar-se composição que lhe seja comparavel.”

See'st thou not in the clouded air
 How the last star is hidden? Oh beware,
 And furl the sail in thy boat so fair !)

His first important long poem was *Camões* (1825), of which a French translation was published in 1880. It is a poem on a poem (the *Lusiads*). "I know that I am the first to be bold enough to do this," writes Garrett in a letter of the time. It was indeed an original and dangerous experiment, and that it was not wholly unsuccessful proves the lifelike character of Camões' work. The poem opens with an invocation to *Saudade*, and Canto I tells of the arrival of Camões at Lisbon from the Indies with an empty purse, his slave Jáo his only friend, and the MS. of the *Lusiads*:

"Meu haver unico,
 Todos os meus thesouros são um livro."

In Canto 2 he enters a church, and meets the funeral procession of Natercia (Caterina de Athayde). He is entertained by a monk in his cell (Canto 3), and tells him his adventures, paraphrasing the *Lusiads* (Canto 4). He reads the *Lusiads* to King Sebastian at Cintra, whose enthusiasm it kindles:

"Alma terá pequena e bem mesquinha
 O portuguez que não mover tal canto."

Soon afterwards the King leaves on the ill-fated African expedition, and news of the defeat of Alcacer Kebir is brought to Camões on his death-bed, so that his last words are: "Country, we die together—

Patria, ao menos
 Juntos morremos."

The finest parts of the poem, so far as concerns the

execution, are the elegy on Natercia and the description of Cintra. Equally Portuguese was the subject of *Dona Branca*, based on old chronicles of fighting between Portuguese and Moors in Algarve. The first edition, written in the "solitude, sadness, and *saudades* of exile," consisted of seven cantos. It was recast in ten cantos (some 4,000 lines) in the second edition (1848). It was his wish, he had said earlier, "to write Portuguese verses in Portuguese and in Portuguese fashion—*fazer versos portuguezes em portuguez e portuguezmente*." In this he was thoroughly successful. His longer poems, sometimes wearisome, continually charm by some native phrase or reference, such as the mention in *Dona Branca* of

"Agoureiras alcachofras,
Oraculos d'amor."

In 1838,¹ with *Um Auto de Gil Vicente*, Garrett began seriously to attempt to found a Portuguese drama. Nearly twenty years earlier, in the preface to *Catão* (1822), a play imitated in parts from Addison's *Cato*, he wrote that he had gone to Rome for his subject, but had returned to Portugal, and had thought as a Portuguese for Portuguese. He now chose a Portuguese subject: the love, since proved legendary, of Bernardim Ribeiro—

"Bernardim que das musas lusitanas
Primeiro obteve a c'roa d'alvas rosas"

—for the Infanta Beatriz, daughter of King Manoel I. The play was to be "a stone towards the building of our theatre—*uma pedra lançada no edificio do nosso*

¹ Written June-July, 1838; acted August 15, 1838.

theatro." "Gil Vicente," he said, further, in the preface, "had laid the foundation of a national school," but although these foundations were sure, no one had built upon them. Fifty years after Garrett's death this may still be said of the drama in Portugal, Gil Vicente and Garrett remaining the only two outstanding names. *Um Auto de Gil Vicente* has not the concentration of interest attained in Garrett's subsequent plays, and the last scene, in which Bernardim Ribeiro leaps into the Tagus, is a little strained; but the characters of Gil and Paula Vicente, Ribeiro, King Manoel, and the Infanta are clearly and skilfully drawn, and the play has caught the atmosphere of those spacious times of Portugal's greatness.

In 1842 appeared *O Alfageme de Santarem* (sketched in 1839; written at Bemfica in 1841). The play is based on an old Portuguese chronicle, the *Coronica do condestabre de purtugall* (Lisbon, 1526), and tells of the struggle between Portugal and Spain, culminating in the Portuguese victory of Aljubarrota in 1385. The principal characters are Fernão Vaz, armourer of Santarem, who gives the title to the play; Alda; the Constable Nun' Alvares Pereira; the traitor, Mendo Paes; his sister, Guiomar; the jovial old priest, Froilão Dias. The interest never flags, from the time when the cutler enters with the song

"Quem não deve, não deve, não teme
Espadas e lanças faz o alfageme,"

to the last chorus singing of victory after the battle in which Fernão Vaz has taken part:

"Já foge o inimigo, de raiva já treme,
Que ahi vem o alfageme."

Two years¹ after *O Alfageme de Santarem* was written *Frei Luiz de Sousa* (1844), the most dramatic of Garrett's plays. The actors are Manoel de Sousa (afterwards Frei Luiz); his wife, Dona Magdalena de Vilhena; his brother, Frei Jorge Coutinho; his daughter, Dona Maria de Noronha; a Pilgrim (the first husband of Dona Magdalena, Dom João de Portugal, who had disappeared after the Battle of Alcacer Kebir, and now returns after twenty-one years of captivity); and the old servant, Telmo Paes, who has never lost faith in the return of King Sebastian and his master, João de Portugal. Again the theme is intensely national, and Manoel de Sousa is one of the bitter opponents of the Spanish rule in Portugal, setting fire to his house rather than entertain the Spaniard. The first act is pervaded by a Greek horror of foreboding, which is realized in the second act when the Pilgrim appears and tells his story. In the third act Manoel de Sousa and Magdalena both enter the Order of Dominicans, while their daughter Maria dies, the Pilgrim attempting too late to remedy the mischief. The most dramatic scene is that of the second act, in which the Pilgrim appears, and gradually, with a kind of devilish slowness, reveals his dreadful secret²:

¹ Difficulties raised by the censorship delayed the acting of the play till 1850.

² In a letter of March 7, 1849, Garrett wrote: "Do you know that *Frei Luiz de Sousa* has been translated into German by the Count Luckner and into English by the celebrated Mrs. Norton?" This English translation was never published; but in the *Dublin Review* of January, 1900, appeared *Brother Luiz de Sousa*, a study with translated extracts by Edgar Prestage; and in 1909 *The "Brother Luiz de Sousa" of the Viscount de Almeida-Garrett*, done into English by Edgar Prestage. London: Elkin Mathews. The German translation was published in 1847. It has further been translated into Italian (1852), Spanish (1859), and French (1904).

176 STUDIES IN PORTUGUESE LITERATURE

ACT II., SCENE 14.—MAGDALENA, JORGE, ROMEIRO.

Jorge. Sois portuguez ?

Romeiro. Como os melhores, espero em Deus.

J. E vindes . . . ?

R. Do Sancto-Sepulcro de Jesu Christo.

J. E visitastes todos os Sanctos-Logares ?

R. Não os visitei ; morei lá vinte annos cumpridos.

Magdalena. Sancta vida levastes, bom romeiro.

R. Oxalá ! Padeci muita fome, e não soffri com paciencia : deram-me muitos trattsos, e nem sempre os levei com os olhos n'aquelle que alli tinha padecido tanto por mim. . . . Queria rezar, e meditar nos mysterios da Sagrada Paixão que alli se obrou . . . e as paixões mundanas, e as lembranças dos que se chamavam meus segundo a carne, travavam-me do coração e do espirito, que os não deixavam estar com Deus, nem n'aquella terra que é toda sua.—Oh ! eu não merecia estar onde estive : bem vêdes que não soube morrer lá.

J. Pois bem. Deus quiz trazer-vos á terra de vossos paes ;

Jorge. Are you Portuguese ?

Pilgrim. None more so, I devoutly hope.

J. And you come . . . ?

P. From the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord.

J. And did you visit all the Holy Places ?

P. No, I did not visit them. I lived there during twenty long years.

Magdalena. A holy life was yours, good pilgrim.

P. I would it had been ! But I underwent great hunger and suffered it not with patience ; sorely they ill-treated me, and not always did I bear it with my eyes fixed upon Him who had there suffered so much for me. . . . I sought to pray and to meditate on the mysteries of the Sacred Passion which was there enacted . . . and worldly passions and the thought of those who called themselves mine after the flesh beset my heart and spirit, and would not suffer them to be with God, even in that land which is all His.—Oh ! I was unworthy to be where I was : you see I had not the courage to die there.

J. Well. God was pleased to bring you to the land of your