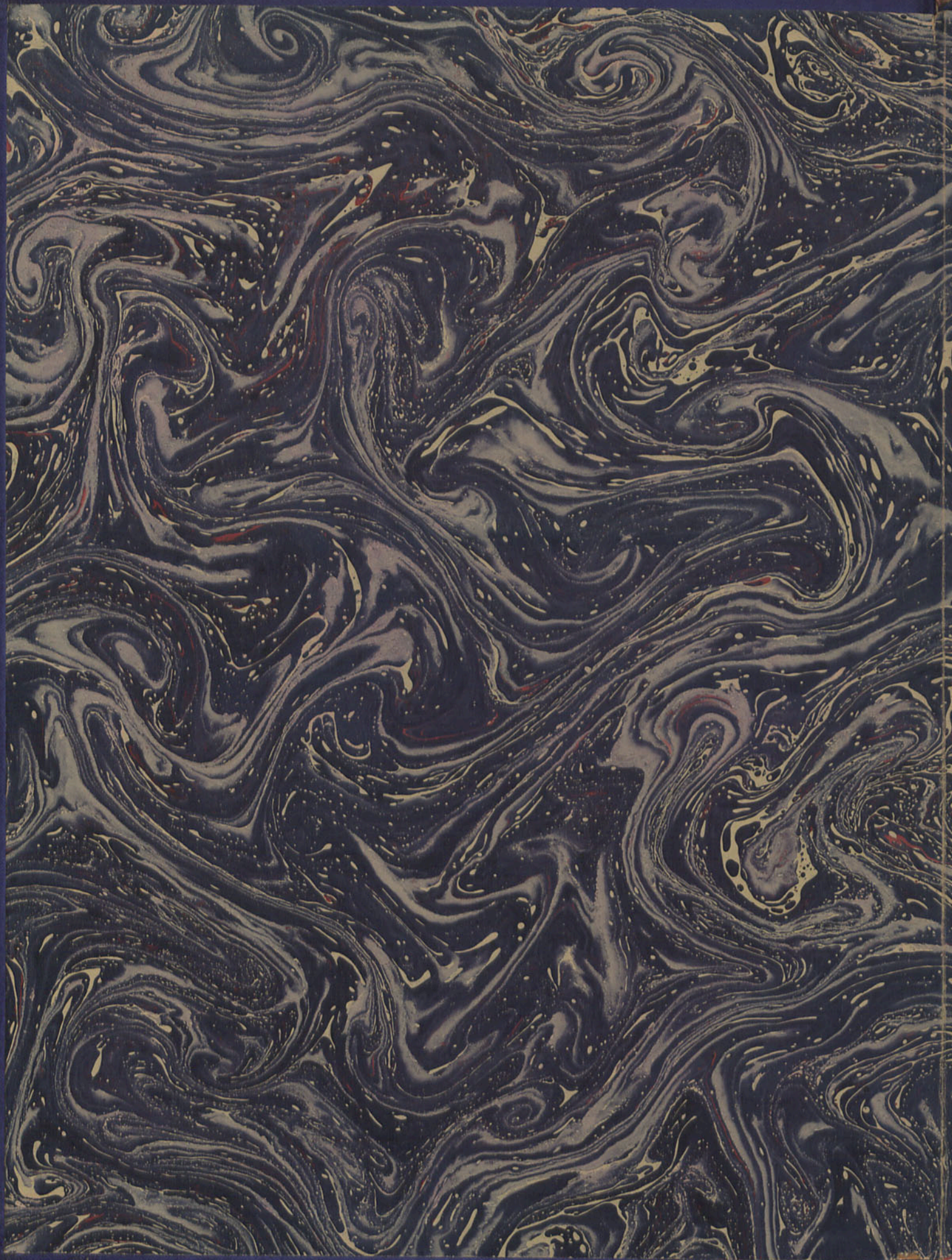


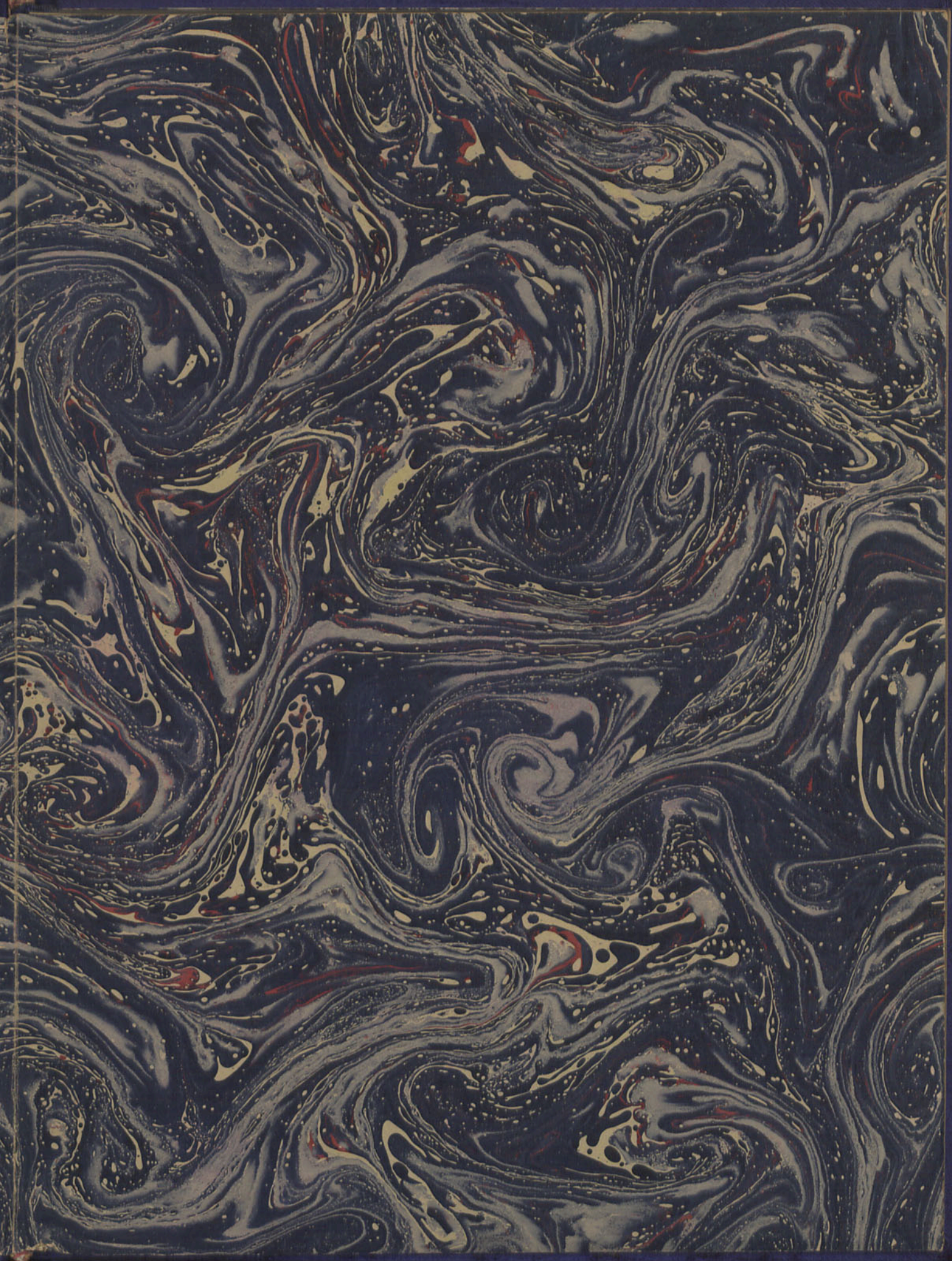
Almada Hill
an Epistle from Lisbon

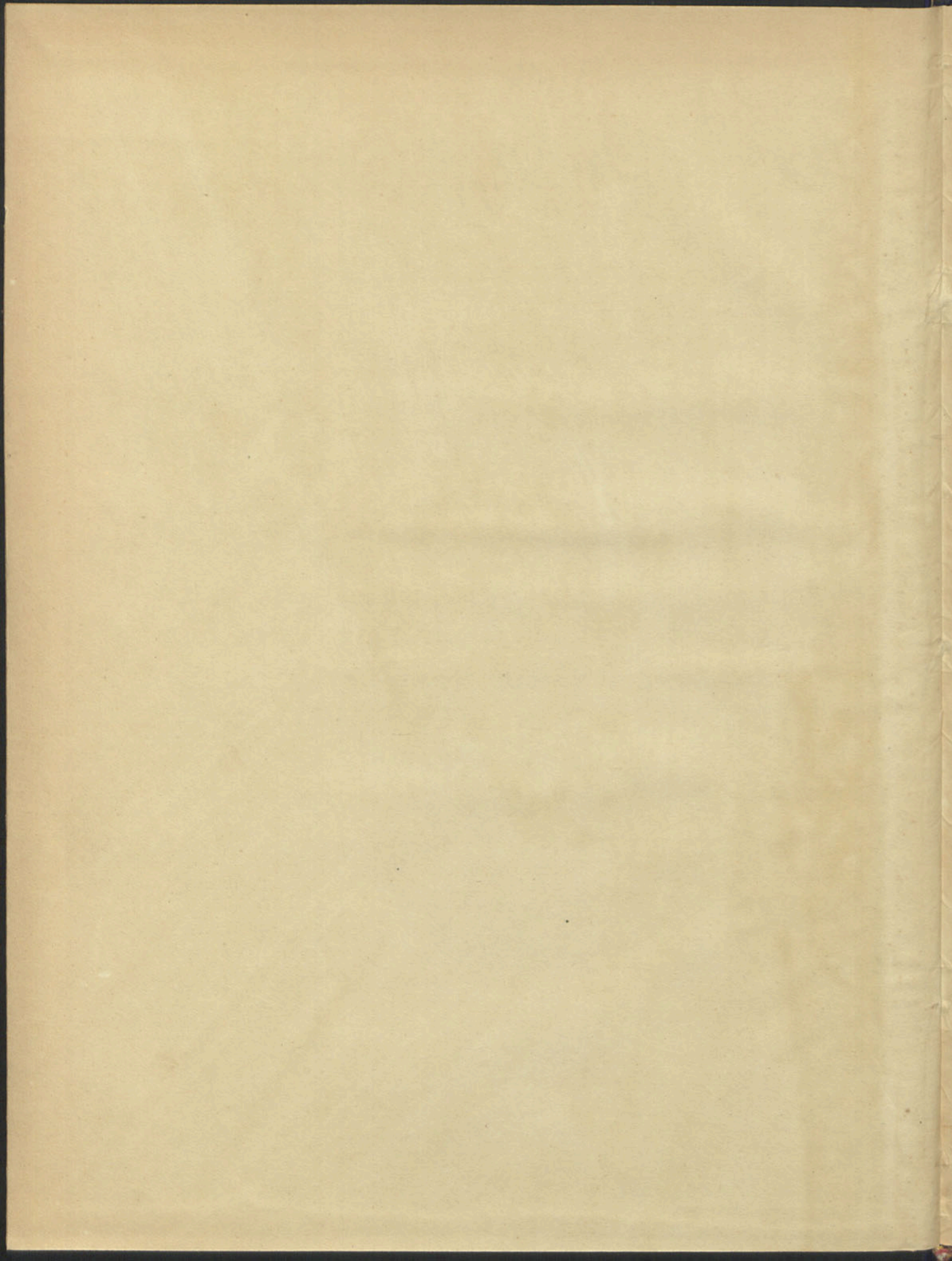
William Julius Mickle

1781



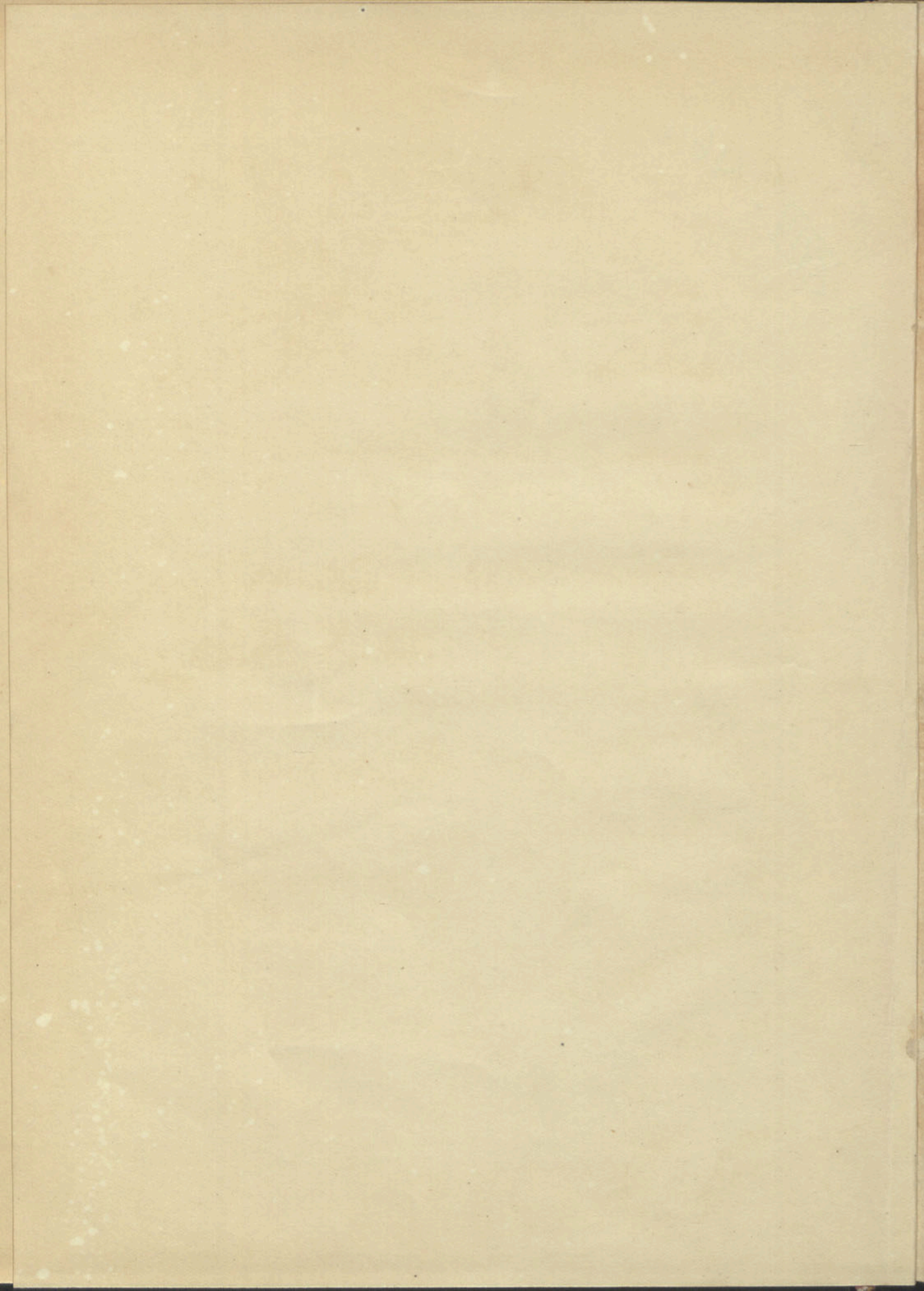






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Sec. XVIII - 46A



ALMADA HILL:

A N

E P I S T L E

F R O M

L I S B O N .

By *WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.*

O X F O R D,

PRINTED BY W. JACKSON:

And sold by J. BEW, Paternoster-Row, London; and by the Booksellers of Oxford and Cambridge.

MDCCCLXXXI.



J. E. G. REBELLO DA FONTOURA.

ALMADA HILL:

AN

EPIS TLE

FROM

LISBON.

BY WILLIAM JAMES MICKLE.

OXFORD

PRINTED BY W. JACKSON;

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MDCCCXXXII

ADVERTISEMENT.

THOUGH no subjects are more proper for poetry than those which are founded upon historical retrospect, the author of such a poem lies under very particular disadvantages: every one can understand and relish a work merely fictitious, descriptive, or sentimental; but a previous acquaintance, and even intimacy, with the history and characters upon which the other poem is founded, is absolutely necessary to do justice to its author. Without such previous knowledge, the ideas which he would convey pass unobserved, as in an unknown tongue; and the happiest allusion, if he is fortunate enough to attain any thing worthy of that name, is unfelt and unseen. Under these disadvantages the following epistle is presented to the public, whose indulgence and candour the author has already amply experienced.

In the Twelfth Century, Lisbon, and great part of Portugal and Spain, were in possession of the Moors. Alphonso, the first King of Portugal, having gained several
victories

victories over that people, was laying siege to Lisbon, when Robert, Duke of Gloucester, on his way to the Holy Land, appeared upon the coast of that kingdom. As the cause was the same, Robert was easily persuaded to make his first crusade in Portugal. He demanded that the storming of the Castle of Lisbon, situated on a considerable hill, and whose ruins shew it to have been of great strength, should be allotted to him, while Alphonso was to assail the walls and the city. Both Leaders were successful; and Alphonso, among the rewards which he bestowed upon the English, granted to those who were wounded, or unable to proceed to Palestine, the Castle of Almada, and the adjoining lands.

The river Tagus below and opposite to Lisbon, is edged by steep grotesque rocks, particularly on the south side. Those on the south are generally higher and much more magnificent and picturesque than the Cliffs of Dover. Upon one of the highest of these, and directly opposite to Lisbon, remain the stately ruins of the Castle of Almada.

In December, 1779, as the Author was wandering among these ruins, he was struck with the idea, and formed the plan of the following poem; an idea which, it may be allowed

allowed, was natural to the Translator of the *LUSIAD*, and the plan may, in some degree, be called a supplement to that work.

The following poem, except the corrections and a few lines, was written in Portugal. The descriptive parts are strictly local. The finest prospect of Lisbon and the Tagus, (which is there about four miles broad) is from Almada, which also commands the adjacent country, from the Rock of Cintra to the Castle and City of Palmela, an extent of above fifty miles. This magnificent view is completed by the extensive opening at the mouth of the Tagus, about ten miles below, which discovers the Atlantic Ocean.

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are highly local. The first prospect of Lisbon and the
Tagus, (which is there about four miles from the
Alameda, which also commands the adjacent country, from
the Rock of Cimra to the Castle and City of Belem, to
an extent of above fifty miles. This magnificent view is
completed by the extensive opening at the mouth of
the Tagus, about ten miles below, which discovers the
Atlantic Ocean.

A N

E P I S T L E

F R O M

L I S B O N .

WHILE you, my Friend, from loursing wintry plains
Now pale with snows, now black with drizzling rains,
From leafless woodlands, and dishonour'd bowers
Mantled by gloomy mists, or lash'd by showers
Of hollow moan, while not a struggling beam
Steals from the Sun to play on Isis' stream;
While from these scenes by England's winter spread
Swift to the cheerful hearth your steps are led,
Pleas'd from the threatening tempest to retire
And join the circle round the social fire;

B

In

In other clime through fun-bask'd scenes I stray,
 As the fair landscape leads my thoughtful way,
 As upland path, oft winding, bids me rove
 Where orange bowers invite, or olive grove,
 No fullen phantoms brooding o'er my breast,
 The genial influence of the clime I taste;
 Yet still regardful of my native shore,
 In every scene, my roaming eyes explore,
 Whate'er its aspect, still, by memory brought,
 My fading country rushes on my thought.

While now perhaps the claffic page you turn,
 And warm'd with honest indignation burn,
 'Till hopelefs, ficklied by the climate's gloom,
 Your generous fears call forth Britannia's doom,
 What hostile fpears her facred lawns invade,
 By friends deserted, by her chiefs betray'd,
 Low fall'n and vanquish'd!—I, with mind ferene
 As Lifboa's fky, yet penfive as the fcene
 Around, and penfive feems the fcene to me,
 From other ills my country's fate forefee.

Not from the hands that wield Iberia's spear,
 Not from the hands that Gaul's proud thunders bear,
 Nor those that turn on Albion's breast the sword
 Beat down of late by Albion when it gored
 Their own, who impious doom their parent's fall
 Beneath the world's great foe th' infidious Gaul;
 Yes, not from these the immedicable wound
 Of Albion — Other is the bane profound
 Destined alone to touch her mortal part;
 Herself is sick and poisoned at the heart.

O'er Tago's banks where'er I roll mine eyes
 The gallant deeds of antient days arise;
 The scenes the Lusian Muses fond display'd
 Before me oft, as oft at eve I stray'd
 By Isis' hallowed stream. Oft now the strand
 Where Gama march'd his death-devoted^a band,

^a The expedition of Vasco de Gama, the discoverer of the East-Indies, was extremely unpopular, as it was esteemed impracticable. His embarkation is strongly marked by Oforius the historian. Gama, before he went on board, spent the night along with

the crews of his squadron in the chapel of our Lady at Belem, on the spot where the noble gothic church now stands adjoining the convent of St. Jerome.

In the chapel they bound themselves to obedience to Gama, and devoted themselves

While Lisboa awed with horror saw him spread

The daring fails that first to India led ;

And oft Almada's castled steep inspires

The penfive Muse's visionary fires ;

Almada Hill to English Memory dear,

While shades of English heroes wander here !

To ancient English valour sacred still

Remains, and ever shall, Almada Hill ;

The hill and lawns to English valour given

What time the Arab Moons from Spain were driven,

Before the banners of the Cross subdued,

When Lisboa's towers were bathed in Moorish blood

By Gloster's lance. — Romantic days that yield

Of gallant deeds a wide luxuriant field

Dear to the Muse that loves the fairy plains

Where ancient honour wild and ardent reigns.

to death. " On the next day when the ad-
" venturers marched to the ships, the shore
" of Belem presented one of the most so-
" lemn and affecting scenes perhaps re-
" corded in history. The beach was cover-
" ed with the inhabitants of Lisbon. A

" numerous procession of priests in their
" robes sung anthems, and offered up invo-
" cations to heaven. Every one beheld the
" adventurers as brave innocent men going
" to a dreadful execution, as rushing upon
" certain death." *Introduci. to the Lusiad.*

Where

Where high o'er Tago's flood Almada lowers,
 Amid the solemn pomp of mouldering towers
 Supinely seated, wide and far around
 My eye delighted wanders.—Here the bound
 Of fair Europa o'er the Ocean rears
 Its western edge; where dimly disappears
 The Atlantic wave, the slow descending day
 Mild beaming pours serene the gentle ray
 Of Lusitania's winter, silvering o'er
 The tower-like summits of the mountain shore;
 Dappling the lofty cliffs that coldly throw
 Their fable horrors o'er the vales below.
 Far round the stately-shoulder'd river bends
 Its giant arms, and sea-like wide extends
 Its midland bays, with fertile islands crown'd,
 And lawns for English valour still renown'd:
 Given to Cornwallia's gallant sons of yore,
 Cornwallia's name the smiling pastures bore;
 And still their Lord his English lineage boasts
 From Rolland famous in the Croisade Hofts.

Where

Where sea-ward narrower rolls the shining tide
 Through hills by hills embosom'd on each side,
 Monastic walls in every glen arise
 In coldest white fair glistening to the skies
 Amid the brown-brow'd rocks; and, far as sight,
 Proud domes and villages array'd in white^b
 Climb o'er the steeps, and thro' the dusky green
 Of olive groves, and orange bowers between,
 Speckled with glowing red, unnumber'd gleam—
 And Lisboa towering o'er the lordly stream
 Her marble palaces and temples spreads
 Wildly magnific o'er the loaded heads
 Of bending hills, along whose high-piled base
 The port capacious, in a moon'd embrace,
 Throws her mast-forest, waving on the gale
 The vanes of every shore that hoists the sail.

Here while the Sun from Europe's breast retires,
 Let Fancy, roaming as the scene inspires,

^b The houses in Portugal are generally whitened on the outside, white being esteemed as repulsive of the rays of the Sun.

Perfue the present and the past restore,
 And Nature's purpose in her steps explore.

Nor you, my Friend, admiring Rome, disdain
 Th' Iberian fields and Lusitanian Spain.
 While Italy, obscured in tawdry blaze,
 A motley, modern character displays,
 And languid trims her long exhausted store;
 Iberia's fields with rich and genuine ore
 Of ancient manners wooe the traveller's eye;
 And scenes untraced in every landscape lie.
 Here every various dale with lessons fraught
 Calls to the wanderer's visionary thought
 What mighty deeds the lofty hills of Spain
 Of old have witness'd—From the evening main
 Her mountain tops the Tyrian pilots saw
 In lightnings wrapt, and thrill'd with sacred awe
 Thro' Greece the tales of Gorgons, Hydras spread,
 And Geryon dreadful with the triple head;

The stream of 'Lethe, and the dread abodes
 Of forms gigantic, and infernal gods.
 But soon, by fearfuls lust of gold impell'd,
 They mined the mountain, and explored the field;
 'Till Rome and Carthage, fierce for empire, strove,
 As for their prey two famish'd birds of Jove.
 The rapid Durius then and Bætis' flood
 Were dyed with Roman and with Punic blood,
 While oft the lengthening plains and mountain sides
 Seem'd moving on, flow rolling tides on tides,
 When from Pyrene's summits Afric pour'd
 Her armies, and o'er Rome destruction lour'd.

Here while the Youth revolves some Hero's fame,
 If patriot zeal his British breast inflame,
 Here let him trace the fields to freedom dear
 Where low in dust lay Rome's invading spear;

^c The river of Lima, in the north of Portugal, said to be the Lethe of the ancients, is thus mentioned by Cellarius in his *Geographia Antiqua*; "Fabulosus Oblivionis fluvius, Limæas, ultra Lusitaniam in septentrione." It runs through a most romantic and beautiful district; from which circumstance it probably received the name of

the River of Oblivion, the first strangers who visited it, forgetting their native country, and being willing to continue on its banks. The same reason of forgetfulness is ascribed to the Lotos by Homer, *Odyf. ix.* There is another Lethe of the ancients in Africa.

Where

Where Viriatus^d proudly trampled o'er
 Fasces and Roman eagles steep in gore;
 Or where he fell, with honest laurels crown'd,
 The awful victim of a treacherous wound;
 A wound still bathed in Honour's generous tear,
 While Freedom's wounds the brave and good revere;
 Still pouring fresh th' inexpiable stain
 O'er Rome's patrician honour false and vain!

Or should the pride of bold revolt inspire,
 And touch his bosom with unhallowed fire;
 If merit spurn'd demand stern sacrifice,
 O'er Ev'ra's^e fields let dread Sertorius rise.
 Dyed in his country's blood, in all the pride
 Of wrongs revenged, illustrious let him ride
 Enshrined, o'er Spain, in Victory's dazzling rays,
 'Till Rome look pale beneath the mounting blaze.
 But let the British wanderer thro' the dales
 Of Ev'ra stray, while midnight tempest wails:

^d This great man is called by Florus the Romulus of Spain. What is here said of him is agreeable to history. ^e Eborac, now Evora, was the principal residence of Sertorius.

There as the hoary villagers relate
 Sertorius, Sylla, Marius, weep their fate,
 Their spectres gliding on the lightning blue,
 Oft doom'd their ancient stations to renew;
 Sertorius bleeding on Perpenna's knife,
 And Marius sinking in ambition's strife;
 As forest boars entangled in a chain,
 Dragg'd on, as stings each Leader's rage or pain;
 And each the furious Leader in his turn,
 'Till low they lie, a ghastly wreck forlorn.

And say, ye trampling on your country's mounds,
 Say who shall fix the swelling torrent's bounds?
 Or who shall sail the pilot of the flood?
 Alas, full oft some worthless trunk of wood
 Is whirl'd into the port, blind Fortune's boast,
 While noblest vessels, founder'd, strew the coast!

If wars of fairer fame and old applause,
 That bear the title of our country's cause,

To humanise barbarians, and to raise
 Our country's prowess, their asserted praise;
 If these delight, Hispania's dales display
 The various arts and toils of Roman sway.
 Here jealous Cato^f laid the cities waste,
 And Julius^g here in fairer pride replaced,
 'Till ages saw the labours of the plough
 By every river, and the barren bough
 Of laurel shaded by the olive's bloom,
 And grateful Spain the strength of lordly Rome;
 Hers mighty bards^h, and hers the sacred earth
 That gave the world a friend in Trajan's birth.

When Rome's wide empire, a luxurious prey,
 Debased in false refinement nerveless lay,
 The northern hords on Europe's various climes
 Planted their ruling virtues and their crimes.
 Cloister'd by Tyber's stream the slothful staid,
 To Seine and Loire the gay and friv'lous stray'd,

^f According to History, this different policy is strikingly characteristic of those celebrated names.

^g Lucan, Martial, Seneca.

A fordid groupe the Belgian marshes pleased,
 And Saxony's wild forests Freedom seized,
 There held her juries, poised the legal scales;—
 And Spain's romantic hills and lonely dales
 The pensive Lover fought; and Spain became
 The land of gallantry and amorous flame.
 Hail, favour'd clime! whose lone retreats inspire
 The softest dreams of languishing desire,
 Affections trembling with a glow all holy,
 Wildly sublime, and sweetly melancholy;
 'Till rapt devotion to the Fair, refine
 And bend each passion low at Honour's shrine.
 So felt the iron Goth when here he brought
 His worship of the Fair with valour fraught:
 Soon as Iberia's mountains fixt his home,
 He rose a character unknown to Rome;
 His manners wildly colour'd as the flowers
 And flaunting plumage of Brazilian bowers:
 New to the world as these, yet polish'd more
 Than e'er the pupil of the Attic lore

Might

Might proudly boast. On man's bold arm robust
 The tender Fair reclines with fondest trust:
 With Nature's finest touch exulting glows
 The manly breast which that fond aid bestows:
 That first of generous joys on man bestow'd,
 In Gothic Spain in all its fervour glow'd,
 Then high burn'd honour; and the dread alarms
 Of danger then assumed the dearest charms.
 What for the Fair was dared or suffered, bore
 A faint-like merit, and was envied more;
 'Till led by love-sick Fancy's dazzled flight,
 From Court to Court forth roam'd Adventure's Knight;
 And tilts and tournaments, in mimic wars,
 Supplied the triumphs and the honour'd scars
 Of arduous battles for their country fought,
 'Till the keen relish of the marvellous wrought
 All wild and fever'd; and each peaceful shade,
 With batter'd armour deckt, its Knight display'd,
 In fothing transport, listening to the strain
 Of dwarfs and giants, and of monsters slain;

Of

Of spells all horror, and enchanters dire,
 And the sweet banquet of the amorous fire,
 When Knights and Ladies chaste, relieved from thrall,
 Hold Love's high holiday in bower and hall.

'Twas thus, all pleasing to the languid thought,
 With magic power the tales of magic wrought;
 Till by the Muses armed, in all the ire
 Of wit, resistless as electric fire,
 Forth rode La Mancha's Knight; and sudden fled
 Goblins and beauteous nymphs, and pagans dread,
 As the delirious dream of sickness flies,
 When health returning smiles from vernal skies.

But turn we now from Chivalry diseased,
 To Chivalry when Honour's wreath she seized
 From Wisdom's hand.—From Taurus' rugged steep,
 And Caucasus, far round with headlong sweep,
 As wolves wild howling from their famish'd den,
 Rush'd the devouring bands of Sarazen:

Their

Their savage genius, giant-like and blind,
 Trampling with fullen joy on human kind,
 Affyria lay its own uncover'd grave,
 And Gallia trembled to th' Atlantic wave :
 In awful waste the fairest cities moan'd,
 And human Liberty expiring groan'd
 When Chivalry arose : — Her ardent eye
 Sublime, that fondly mingled with the sky,
 Where patience watch'd, and stedfast purpose frown'd
 Mixt with Devotion's fire, she darted round,
 Stern and indignant; on her glittering shield
 The Cross she bore, and proudly to the field
 High plumed she rush'd; by Honour's dazzling fired,
 Conscious of Heaven's own cause, and all inspired
 By holy vows, as on the frowning tower
 The lightning vollies, on the crested power
 Of Sarazen she wing'd her javelin's way,
 And the wide-wafting giant prostrate lay.

Let

Let supercilious Wisdom's smiling pride
 The passion wild of these bold days deride;
 But let the humbler Sage with reverence crown
 That something sacred glows, of name unknown,
 Glows in the deeds that Heaven delights to crown;
 Something that boasts an impulse uncontroul'd
 By school-taught prudence, and its maxims cold.
 Fired at the thought, methinks on sacred ground
 I tread; where'er I cast mine eyes around,
 Palmela's hill^b and Cintra's summits tell
 How the grim Sarazen's dread legions fell;
 Turbans and cymeters in carnage roll'd,
 And their moon'd ensigns torn from every hold:—
 Yes, let the Youth whose generous search explores
 The various lessons of Iberia's shores,
 Let him as wandering at the Muse's hour
 Of eve or morn where low the Moorish tower,
 Fallen from its rocky height and tyrant sway,
 Lies scatter'd o'er the dale in fragments grey,

^b Palmela's hill and Cintra's summits—
 are both seen from Almada, and were prin-
 cipal forts of the Moors. They were

formed by Alphonso the first about the time
 of the conquest of Lisbon.

Let him with joy behold the hills around
 With olive forests, and with vineyards crown'd,
 All grateful pouring on the hands that rear
 Their fruit, the fruitage of the bounteous year.
 Then let his mind to fair Ionia turn,—
 Alas! how waste Ionia's landscapes mourn;
 And thine, O beautiful Greece, amid the towers
 Where dreadful still the Turkish banner lowers;
 Beneath whose gloom, unconscious of the stain
 That dims his soul, the peasant hugs his chain.
 And whence these woes debasing human kind?
 Eunuchs in heart, in polish'd sloth reclin'd,
 Thy sons, degenerate Greece, ignobly bled,
 And fair Byzantium bow'd th' imperial head;
 While Tago's iron race, in dangers steel'd,
 All ardour, dared the horrors of the field.
 The towers of Venice trembled o'er her flood,
 And Paris' gates aghast and open stood;

Low lay her Peers on Fontarabia'sⁱ plains :
 And Lisboa groan'd beneath stern Mah'met's chains :
 Vain was the hope the North might rest unspoil'd ;
 When stern Iberia's spirit fierce recoil'd.
 As from the toils the wounded lion bounds,
 And tears the hunters and the fated hounds ;
 So smarting with his wounds th' Iberian tore,
 And to his sun-scorch'd regions drove, the Moor :
 The vengeful Moors, as mastiffs on their prey,
 Return'd ; as heavy clouds their deep array
 Blacken'd o'er Tago's banks. — As Sagrez^k braves
 And stems the furious rage of Afric's waves,
 So braved, so stood the Lusitanian bands,
 The southern bulwark of Europa's lands.

ⁱ The irruption of the Mohammedans into Europe gave rise to that species of poetry called Romance. The Orlando Furioso is founded upon the invasion of France,

When Charlemagne with all his Peerage fell
 By Fontarabia —

MILTON.

^k The promontory of Sagrez, where Henry, Duke of Viseo, refided and established his naval school, is on the southern part of Portugal opposite to Africa.

Such

Such were the foes by Chivalry repell'd,
 And such the honours that adorn'd her shield.
 And ask what Christian Europe owes the high
 And ardent soul of gallant Chivalry,
 Ask, and let Turkish Europe's groans reply !

As through the pictured abbey window gleams
 The evening Sun with bold though fading beams,
 So through the reverend shade of ancient days
 Gleam these bold deeds with dim yet golden rays.
 But let not glowing Fancy as it warms
 O'er these, high honour's youthful pride in arms,
 Forget the stern ambition and the worth
 Of minds mature, by patriot Kings call'd forth ;
 That worth that roused the nations to explore
 Old Ocean's wildest waves and farthest shore.

By human eye untempted, unexplored,
 An awful solitude, old Ocean roar'd :

As to the fearful dove's impatient eye
 Appears the height untry'd of upper sky ;
 So seem'd the last dim wave, in boundless space
 Involved and lost, when Tago's gallant race,
 As eagles fixing on the Sun their eyes
 Through gulphs unknown explor'd the morning skies ;
 And taught the wondering world the grand design
 Of parent heaven, that shore to shore should join
 In bands of mutual aid, from sky to sky,
 And Ocean's wildest waves the chain supply.

And here, my Friend, how many a trophy wooes
 The Briton's earnest eye, and British Muse !
 Here bids the youthful Traveller's care forego
 The arts of elegance and polish'd shew ;
 Bids other arts his nobler thoughts engage,
 And wake to highest aim his patriot rage ;
 Those arts which raised that race of Men, who shone
 The heroes of their age on Lisboa's throne.

What

What mighty deeds in filial order flow'd,
 While each still brighter than its parent glow'd,
 Till Henry's Naval School its heroes pour'd
 From pole to pole wherever Ocean roar'd !
 Columbus, Gama, and Magellan's name,
 Its deathless boast ; and all of later fame
 Its offspring—kindling o'er the view the Muse
 The naval pride of those bright days reviews ;
 Sees Gama's sails, that first to India bore,
 In awful hope evanish from the shore ;
 Sees from the silken regions of the morn
 What fleets of gay triumphant vanes return !
 What heroes, plumed with conquest, proudly bring
 The Eastern sceptres to the Lusian King !
 When sudden, rising on the evening gale,
 Methinks I hear the Ocean's murmurs wail,
 And every breeze repeat the woeful tale,
 How bow'd, how fell proud Lisboa's naval throne—
 Ah heaven, how cold the boding thoughts rush on !

Methinks

Methinks I hear the shades that hover round
 Of English heroes heave the sigh profound,
 Prophetic of the kindred fate that lowers,
 O'er Albion's fleets and London's proudest towers.

Broad was the firm-bas'd structure and sublime,
 That Gama fondly rear'd on India's clime :
 On justice and benevolence he placed
 Its ponderous weight, and warlike trophies graced
 Its mounting turrets ; and o'er Asia wide
 Great Albuquerque¹ renown'd its generous pride.
 The injured native fought its friendly shade,
 And India's Princes blest its powerful aid :
 Till from corrupted passion's basest hour
 Rose the dread dæmon of tyrannic power.
 Sampayo's heart, where dauntless valour reign'd,
 And counsel deep, she seiz'd and foul profaned.

¹ Albuquerque, Sampayo, Nunio, Castro, are distinguished characters in the *Lusiad*, and in the History of Portuguese Asia.

Then

Then the straight road where sacred justice leads,
 Where for its plighted compact honour bleeds,
 Was left, and holy patriot zeal gave place
 To lust of gold and self-devotion base:
 Deceitful art the Chief's sole guide became,
 And breach of faith was wisdom; slaughter, fame.
 Yet though from far his hawk-eye markt its prey,
 Soon through the rocks that crost his crooked way,
 As a toil'd bull, fiercely he stumbled on,
 Till low he lay dishonour'd and o'erthrown.

Others, without his valour or his art,
 With all his interested rage of heart,
 Follow'd, as blighting mists on Gama's toil,
 And undermined and rent the mighty pile;
 Convulsions dread its deep foundations tore,
 Its bending head the scath of lightning bore:
 Its falling turrets desolation spread;
 And from its faithless shade in horror fled

The

The native tribes—yet not at once subdued;
 Its pristine strength long storms on storms withstood:
 A Nunio's justice, and a Castro's sword,
 Oft raised its turrets, and its dread restored.
 Yet, like the sunshine of a winter day
 On Norway's coast, soon died the transient ray.
 A tyrant race, who own'd no country^m, came,
 Deep to intrench themselves their only aim;
 With lust of rapine fever'd and athirst,
 With the unhallowed rage of game accurst;
 Against each spring of action, on the breast
 For wisest ends, by Nature's hand imprest,
 Stern war they waged; and blindly ween'd, alone
 On brutal dread, to fix their cruel throne.
 The wise and good, with indignation fired,
 Silent from their unhallowed board retired;

^m *A tyrant race, who own'd no country, came,*—before the total declension of the Portuguese in Asia; and while they were subject to Spain, the principal people, says the historian Faria, who were mostly a mixed race born in India, lost all affection for the mother country, nor had any regard for any of the provinces where they were only the sons of strangers: and present emolument became their sole object.

The Base and Cunning staid, and, slaves avow'd,
 Submits to every insult smiling bow'd.
 Yet while they smiled and bow'd the abject head,
 In chains unfelt their Tyrant Lords they led;
 Their av'rice, watching as a bird of prey,
 O'er every weakness, o'er each vice held sway;
 Till secret art assumed the thwarting face,
 And dictate bold; and ruin and disgrace
 Closed the unworthy scene. Now trampled low
 Beneath the injured native, and the foe
 From Belgia lured by India's costly prey,
 Thy glorious structure, Gama, prostrate lay;
 And lies in desolated awful gloom,
 Dread and instructive as a ruin'd tomb.

Nor less on Tago's than on India's coast
 Was ancient Lusian Virtue stain'd and lost:
 On Tago's banks, heroic ardour's foes,
 A soft, luxurious, tinsel'd race, arose;

Of lofty boastful look and pompous shew,
 Triumphant tyrants o'er the weak and low :
 Yet wildly starting from the gaming board
 At every distant brandish of the sword ;
 Already conquer'd by uncertain dread,
 Imploring peace with feeble hands outspread ;—
 Such peace as trembling suppliants still obtain,
 Such peace they found beneath the yoke of Spain ;
 And the wide empires of the East no more
 Poured their redundant horns on Lisboa's shore.

Alas, my Friend, how vain the fairest boast
 Of human pride ! how soon is Empire lost !
 The pile by ages rear'd to awe the world,
 By one degenerate race to ruin hurl'd !
 And shall the Briton view that downward race
 With eye unmoved, and no sad likeness trace !
 Ah heaven ! in every scene, by memory brought,
 My fading country rushes on my thought.

From

From Lisboa now the frequent vesper bell
 Vibrates o'er Tago's stream with solemn knell.
 Turn'd by the call my pensive eye surveys
 That mighty scene of Hist'ry's shame and praise.
 Methinks I hear the yells of horror rise
 From slaughter'd thousands shrieking ^a to the skies,
 As factious rage or blinded zeal of yore
 Roll'd their dire chariot wheels through streams of gore.
 Now throbs of other glow my soul employ;
 I hear the triumph of a nation's joy^o,

^a Besides the total slaughter of the Moors at the taking of Lisbon, other massacres have bathed the streets of that city in blood. King Fernando, surnamed the Careless, was driven from Lisbon by a bloody insurrection, headed by one Velasquez a Taylor. Some time after on the death of Fernando, Andeyro, the Queen's favourite, was stabbed in her presence, the Bishop of Lisbon was thrown from the tower of his own cathedral, and the massacre of all the Queen's adherents became general; and many were murdered under that pretence, by those who had an enmity against them. In 1505 between two and three thousand Jews were massacred in Lisbon in the space of three days, and many Christians were also murdered by their private enemies under a similar pretence that they were of the Hebrew race. Thousands flocked in from the country to assist in their destruction, and the crews of some French and Dutch ships then in the river, says Oforius, were particularly active in murdering and plundering.

^o When the Spanish yoke was thrown off, and the Duke of Braganza ascended the throne under the title of John IV. This is one of the most remarkable events in history, and does the Portuguese nation infinite honour.

From bondage rescued and the foreign sword,
And Independence and the Throne restored!

Hark, what low sound from Cintra rock! the air
Trembles with horror; fainting lightnings glare;
Shrill crows the cock, the dogs give dismal yell;
And with the whirlwind's roar full comes the swell;
Convulsive staggers rock th' eternal ground,
And heave the Tagus from his bed profound;
A dark red cloud the towers of Lisboa veils;
Ah heaven, what dreadful groan! the rising gales
Bring light; and Lisboa smoking in the dust
Lies fall'n.—The wide-spread ruins, still august,
Still shew the footsteps where the dreadful God
Of earthquake, cloath'd in howling darkness, trod;
Where mid foul weeds the heaps of marble tell
From what proud height the spacious temples fell;
And penury and sloth of squalid mien
Beneath the roofless palace walls^p are seen

^p This description is literally just. Whole families, of all ages, are every where seen among the ruins, the only covering of their habitations being ragged fragments of fail-

In savage hovels, where the tap'stried floor
 Was trod by Nobles and by Kings before;
 How like, alas, her Indian empire's state!
 How like the city's and the nation's fate!
 Yet Time points forward to a brighter day;
 Points to the domes that stretch their fair array
 Through the brown ruins, lifting to the sky
 A loftier brow and mien of promise high;
 Points to the river-shore where wide and grand
 The Courts of Commerce and her walks expand,
 As an Imperial palace^a to retain
 The Universal Queen, and fix her reign;
 Where pleas'd she hears the groaning oar resound;
 By magazines and ars'nals mounded round,

cloth; and their common bed dirty straw. The magnificent and extensive ruins of the palace of Braganza contain several hundreds of these idle people, much more wretched in their appearance than the gypsies of England.

^a The *Praça de Commercio*, or Forum of Commerce, is one of the largest and most magnificent squares in Europe. Three sides consist of the Exchange and the public offices; the fourth is formed by the Tagus, which is here edged by an extensive and noble wharf, built of coarse marble.

Whose

Whose yet unfinished grandeur proudly boasts
 The fairest hope of either India's coasts,
 And bids the Muse's eye in vision roam
 Through mighty scenes in ages long to come.

Forgive, fair Thames, the song of truth that pays
 To Tago's emprefs-stream superior praise;
 O'er every vauntful river be it thine
 To boast the guardian shield of laws divine;
 But yield to Tagus all the sovereign state
 By Nature's gift bestow'd and partial Fate,
 The sea-like port and central fway to pour
 Her fleets, by happiest course, on every shore.

When from the sleep of ages dark and dead,
 Thy Genius, Commerce, rear'd her infant head,
 Her cradle bland on Tago's lap she chose,
 And soon to wandering childhood sprightly rose;
 And when to green and youthful vigour grown
 On Tago's breast she fixt her central throne;

Far

Far from the hurricane's resistless sweep
 That tears with thundering rage the Carib deep ;
 Far from the foul-winged Winter that deforms
 And rolls the northern main with storms on storms ;
 Beneath salubrious skies, to summer gales
 She gives the ventrous and returning sails :
 The smiling isles, named Fortunate of old,
 First on her Ocean's bosom fair unfold :
 Thy world, Columbus, spreads its various breast,
 Proud to be first by Lisboa's waves carest ;
 And Afric woos and leads her easy way
 To the fair regions of the rising day.
 If Turkey's drugs invite or filken pride,
 Thy straits, Alcides, give the ready tide ;
 And turn the prow, and soon each shore expands :
 From Gallia's coast to Europe's northern lands.

When Heaven decreed low to the dust to bring
 That lofty oak^r, Assyria's boastful King,

^r See Daniel, ch. iv.

Deep, said the angel voice, the roots secure
 With bands of brass, and let the life endure,
 For yet his head shall rise.—And deep remain
 The living roots of Lisboa's ancient reign,
 Deep in the castled isles on Asia's strand,
 And firm in fair Brazilia's wealthy land.
 And say, while ages roll their length'ning train,
 Shall Nature's gifts to Tagus still prove vain,
 An idle waste!—A dawn of brightest ray
 Has boldly promised the returning day
 Of Lisboa's honours, fairer than her prime
 Lost by a rude unletter'd Age's crime—
 Now Heaven-taught Science and her liberal band
 Of Arts, and dictates by experience plann'd,
 Beneath the smiles of a benignant Queen
 Boast the fair opening of a reign* serene,

* Alludes to the establishment of the Royal Academy of Lisbon in July 1780, under the presidency of the most illustrious Prince Don John of Braganza, Duke of Lafoens, &c. &c. &c. The Author was present at the ceremony of its commencement, and had the honour to be admitted a member.

Of omen high.—And Camoens' Ghost no more
 Wails the neglected Muse on Tago's shore ;
 No more his tears the barbarous Age^t upbraid :
 His griefs and wrongs all sooth'd, his happy Shade
 Beheld th' Ulyffes^v of his age return
 To Tago's banks ; and earnest to adorn
 The Hero's brows, he weaves the Elyfian crown,
 What time the letter'd Chiefs of old renown,

^t Camoens, the first poet of Portugal, published his *Lusiad* at a time of the deepest declension of public virtue, when the Portuguese empire in India was falling into rapid decay, when literature was totally neglected, and all was luxury and imbecility at home. At the end of books V. and VII. of his *Lusiad*, he severely upbraids the Nobility for their barbarous ignorance. He died, neglected in a workhouse, a few months before his country fell under the yoke of Philip II. of Spain, whose policy in Portugal was of the same kind with that which he exercised in the Netherlands, endeavouring to secure submission by severity, with the view of reducing them beneath the possibility of a successful revolt.

^v This title is given by the Portuguese historians to Don John, one of the younger sons of John I. of Portugal, who had visited every Court of Europe. The same title is no less due to the present illustrious descendant of his family, the Duke of Lafoens. His Grace, who has within these few years returned to his native country, was about twenty-two years absent from it. During the late War, he was a volunteer in the army of the Empress Queen, in which he served as Lieutenant-general, and particularly distinguished himself at the battle of Maxen, where the Prussians were defeated. After the peace, he not only visited every court of Europe, most of whose languages he speaks fluently, but also travelled to Turkey and Egypt, and even to Lapland. His Grace is no less distinguished by his taste for the *Belles Lettres*, than for his extensive knowledge of History and Science.

And patriot Heroes, in the Elyfian bowers
 Shall hail Braganza: of the fairest flowers
 Of Helicon, entwined with laurel leaves
 From Maxen field, the deathless wreath he weaves;
 Anxious alone, nor be his vows in vain!
 That long his toil unfinished may remain!

The view how grateful to the liberal mind,
 Whose glow of heart embraces human kind,
 To see a nation rise! But ah, my Friend,
 How dire the pangs to mark our own descend!
 With ample powers from ruin still to save,
 Yet as a vessel on the furious wave,
 Through funken rocks and rav'nous whirlpools toft,
 Each power to save in counter-action loft,
 Where, while combining storms the decks o'erwhelm,
 Timidity now falters at the helm,
 The crew, in mutiny, from every mast
 Tearing its strength, and yielding to the blast;

By

By Faction's stern and gloomy lust of change,
And selfish rage inspired and dark revenge —
Nor ween, my Friend, that favouring Fate forebodes
That Albion's state, the toil of demi-gods,
From ancient manners pure, through ages long,
And from unnumber'd friendly aspects sprung;
When poison'd at the heart its soul expires,
Shall e'er again relume its generous fires:
No future day may such fair Frame restore:
When Albion falls, she falls to rise no more.



By Father's love and glory full of charge,
 And little care for his own sake —
 Not won, my friend, that glorious name
 That Alphon's name, the fall of dead gods,
 From ancient manes, but through your love,
 And from humanity's kindly efforts sprung;
 When nobles of the land in full array
 Did set their eyes upon the generous lines,
 Moreover say that love for virtue follows;
 When Alphon's name the title to his name



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