

hands he composed the limbs in that attitude of repose which had been denied them in life. He placed in order the humble room; and then went forth to make what arrangements he could for the interment of his master.

He first sought a priest who had been once or twice to their poor hovel, to administer to the dying man the comforts of ghostly counsel, and the consolations of Mother Church. He told him it was his master's wish to be buried within the hallowed precincts of *San José*, and begged his aid in obtaining the favour; he offered to devote the whole of his life in bodily servitude for payment of the price, in case he could not in any other way procure the money. The warm-hearted priest, much affected by the devotion of the servant, promised to do all that was possible for him. He volunteered to perform the funeral service, and at the earnest request of Cheyti, he engaged it should take place at the midnight hour. The black felt that he was thus fulfilling his master's wishes. No friendly eyes had witnessed his parting breath, and he would not that a gaping crowd should gaze upon and question of the neglected dead.

And that night when the hour of twelve was tolled forth by the city clock, the lonely watcher could have seen, had he looked forth from his window, a sad procession;—a priest in his sacred robes, preceding a corpse, borne on a hurdle by two officials of the church, and followed by one solitary mourner. With no light but the stars to guide them on their cheerless course, on they passed, till they reached the great gate of *San José*, which was opened by a man bearing a torch, who lighted them through the dim aisles of the lonely church-yard. They soon came to an open grave; slowly was the body lowered into it, while the priest in a suppressed voice chanted the service for the dead. When this was finished, the holy man motioned to the mourner to throw the first handful of earth upon the rough coffin. He stooped to do it; but overcome by his emotions, which had been hitherto restrained, but now burst forth uncontrollably, he cast himself upon the lid, and moaned out his deep anguish.

"Oh! massa, massa! take me with you, let me die, let me die!—Cheyti can be happy no more." In vain the kind-hearted priest endeavoured to console him. All words of sympathy, and consolation, fell as on a lifeless ear, till he reminded him that the extravagance of his grief might call upon him the attention of some passer-by, and as he had on his own responsibility interred the body in sacred ground, if it were discovered, it might be removed from its resting place. Springing up and mastering his grief at this hint, the black fiercely exclaimed, "I will

watch by it, no one dare touch him; Luis de Camoëns shall sleep in peace!"

"Camoëns?" echoed the monk. "Who mean you?"

"Cheyti's massa, no mean man: he is the poet of Portugal, Luis de Camoëns!" said the black.

"You must either be deceived yourself, or are endeavouring to deceive me," replied the monk. "Luis de Camoëns, the glory of Portugal, died in Portuguese India, and has been long mourned by his countrymen."

"Cheyti no tell lie, he speak the truth."

"Have you proof, can you convince me that I have just placed the body of Luis de Camoëns in the ground? If so Portugal must know it, that she may raise a monument to her poet."

"He sleep much better unknown, as he died," said Cheyti.

Bidding him a kind good night, the monk left him to watch beside his master's grave, and as he wended his way back to his convent, he pondered upon the singular circumstance which had just occurred; and the more he thought of it the more he became convinced of the truth of Cheyti, and that he had just committed to the dust the body of the renowned Camoëns. In his visits to him, while ill, he had been impressed by his evident superiority to the sject condition in which he appeared, but he had never been able to extort, even under the seal of confession, any clue by which he could discover who he was. Now the mystery seemed explained, and he could not wonder at the just pride and self-respect which made the poet prefer to suffer from poverty and want rather than throw himself upon the people by whom he had been so cruelly neglected. Sad were the good priest's reflections, as he thought of him, the very light of Portugal, whose fame had rung with clarion note through all the civilized world, whose early life had been passed in courts and camps, the favourite of all, dying on a pallet of straw, unknown, unweared for, save by one poor dependant, whose colour made him a servant and an outcast.

CHAPTER III.

In the preceding chapters, we have attempted to trace the first rising of the star of Camoëns, which beamed forth bright and undimmed, promising in its meridian height to enlighten the world, but which was quenched—not in the terrible tempest which flashes in the lightning, rending the heavens with a majesty and power peculiarly its own,—but in the sullen grovelling storm, which soiled and dimmed its lustre, till it sank unnoticed below the murky horizon, to remain so, only till another revolution of our planet dispersed the clouds, and permitted it to shine forth a permanent star in