

him back on the waves of unrest. Don Braganza was superseded, and one of the clique formerly opposed to Camoëns was appointed in his stead, Count Redondo, who permitted the unhappy poet to be thrown into prison on a most false accusation. Here he dragged out another weary term, it being long before he was allowed the benefit of a public trial. When at last it could no longer be refused him, he defended himself in a brilliant speech, so full of power, truth, and biting sarcasm, as to refute every accusation against himself, and to bring shame and confusion on his enemies.

But it is only painful to follow our poet through the remainder of his sad Indian career—now a volunteer, fighting for the king and country which had disowned him—now a slighted guest with the great men of the land. At last, wearied with ineffectual struggles against his fate, home-sick, and heart-sick, thoughts of the land of his nativity came wooingly upon him. He forgot her former coldness; he forgot the indignation with which he had turned away from the last glimpse of her sloping shores; he forgot all but that he was the child of her soil, that his sunniest hours had been passed under the shade of her olive trees; and full of these fancies, he made his arrangements, and took passage with Cheyti, in a homeward-bound ship.

It was sixteen years since he left Lisbon, and with a beating heart he again approached its shores; but sad was his reception. A pestilence was raging in the city, stalking at noon-day through the devoted place, and the insignia of mortality met his gaze at every turn; the closely barred balconies, from which no bright eyes beamed—the quiet streets, echoing only to the heavy roll of the lumbering car which bore the bodies of the dead to their last resting place—the attenuated figures which glided noiselessly along—were but sad objects to greet the eye of the weary pilgrim. He had hoped to publish his *Lusiad* immediately on his return to Lisbon; but the raging of the pestilence, and the desponding state of the country, prevented, and it was three years before it was printed. He had addressed it, with a most gratifying and deserved compliment, to the young Prince Sebastian, the hope of the nation; which so much gratified him that although he did not recall Camoëns to the court, he conferred on him a pension of four thousand reals, which, had it been continued, would have saved him the misery of his latter years; but Sebastian lost his crown and life, at the celebrated battle of Alcoyar, and he was succeeded by his uncle, Cardinal Henry, whom Camoëns had, with his usual imprudence, most deeply offended by a passage in the *Lusiad*, in which he advises Se-

bastian to exclude priests from state affairs. The shaft was evidently aimed at the Cardinal, who had even then assumed much of the government, and his narrow mind, which perceived no benefit that could result from elegant literature, could not forgive the covert sarcasm, and as soon as he ascended the throne, he withdrew the pension from the offending poet.

His residence in the enervating climate of India, and the many reverses he had experienced, had made sad inroads in the constitution of Camoëns. Had he been welcomed to his home, cheered with kindness, his genius encouraged, and the comforts of life given him, he might have regained the elasticity of his spirit, and enjoyed a moonlight old age, which would have atoned by its chastened brightness, for the clouds which overcast his youth; but, pinched and gripped by penury, his frame wasted with illness, unweared for and unsought, he dragged on the heavy chain of life, his only solace the devoted attention of the faithful Cheyti, who begged or sung in the public streets, unknown to his suffering master, for the money necessary for his support.

He died—his spirit was at last relieved from its thralldom; and, when too late, Portugal awoke to a sense of her ingratitude; then honours were heaped upon him; epitaphs were written, elegies were sung, and his name rang through all the country. Translations were made of his *Lusiad*, and if his freed soul could have looked down upon the pageants which were honoured by his name, it must have smiled at the lesson which the pages of history might have taught it while living, that the reward of genius rises Phoenix-like, only from the ashes of the dead.

Posterity has stamped its seal of immortality upon Camoëns. As a poet, dreaded, as the only rival he need fear, by the immortal Tasso, his name has come down to us side by side with that of the author of "*Jerusalem Delivered*," but to the Christian reader, his bold and truthful descriptions, the sublimity of his imaginations, the playfulness of his fancy, can hardly atone for the false taste which blended the heathen mythology with the sacred cause of Christian truth. An enthusiastic admirer of the ancient classics, he probably thought an effective epic could not be composed without the aid of the Olympian machinery, with which Homer and Virgil have so long moved the world. He did not perceive the truth, that the one God, whose name is written on the waves, who guides the mariner in his trackless path, calling up the tempest, yet holding it in the hollow of his hand, who flashes in the lightning, whose voice echoes in the thunder, who smiles in the sunbeam and the dew-drop, who colours the beautiful petals of the flowers, who