

Instead of this *darning* with faint words, the whole Portuguese expedition, we have now the *grand panoramic history* of Camoens. We follow the ships, with their resolute commander, as they plough their way through unknown seas. We pause on Afrie's strand, visit the kings of Momboyin and Melinda, while we avoid, with watchful eye, the snares of the deceitful Moors; we revel in the fertile country which yields its abundance for the refreshment of the weary mariner; we listen with rapt attention to the martial story of Portugal, as Gama relates it to the wondering barbarian, and we feel that the small piece of land which, joined by nature to its more powerful neighbour, is almost overshadowed by it, is rendered immortal, not by its great deeds, its bloody wars, or hard earned conquests, but by the simple verse of Luis Camoens, who neglected in life, and dying of a broken and dispirited heart, has yet piled up an enduring monument to his country.

It was with the saddest feelings, Camoens took the last look of his native land. As the ship left the Tagus, he exclaimed in the words inscribed on the sepulchre of Scipio Africanus, "Ungrateful country! thou shalt not possess my bones;" but he little knew what cares and perplexities in the East would awake in his heart the remembrance of the sunny home of his childhood. When he arrived in India, he found an expedition fitted out against the King of Pimenta, this he joined without allowing himself any rest upon shore, and his gallantry and bravery won him high honours; he was foremost in the battle, and by his enterprising example did no little towards gaining the victory. This relieved, he for some time had rest, which he employed in writing, and had it not been for his own imprudence, a few years at least might have been passed in tranquil enjoyment by him; but he had a keen eye and a discriminating mind, and soon saw the effect of the policy, which the Portuguese Government was pursuing towards the native inhabitants of India; the abuses of the viceroy's power, who trod with iron heel upon all the rights of the people, and swelled his own grandeur at the expense of broken hearts and violated laws. Forgetting the dictates of prudence, and indignant at the course pursued by Francesco Barreto, the viceroy, Camoens wrote some severe satires upon him, which, having been seen, gave such offence, he was peremptorily banished to China. His grace and true kindness of heart soon won him friends among the Chinese, and he received the appointment of Commissary of the States of the Defunct in Maead, a lucrative and honourable post, in which, by his justice and clemency, he gave universal satisfaction; there, he still continued his

literary pursuits, and a romantic cave is now shown in Maead, where it is said he completed his *Lusiad*.

He was now, for almost the first time in his life, in a situation where he found himself acquiring property, and he remained contented in this sort of honourable banishment for five years; but he was so cut off from many of the privileges he could enjoy among his own countrymen at Goa, that he became desirous of returning there; and Barreto having been displaced, and a friend of his early youth, Don Constantine de Braganza, appointed viceroy in his stead, Camoens resigned his charge at Maead, freighted a vessel with his own little fortune, and set sail for Goa, accompanied by Cheyfi, the faithful black, whose life he had once preserved at some peril to himself, and who from that time never left him, but consecrated himself to repay, by the entire devotion of his life, the debt of gratitude he owed him. All was bright and prosperous when he left Maead—the blessings of the people followed him, the sun cheered him, and the breeze swelled his sails; but at the mouth of the river Mecon a violent tempest arose; his frail vessel was dashed to pieces, and he barely escaped, with life, by the aid of Cheyfi. Once more fortuneless, he stood upon the shore, watching the floating timbers of the disparted wreck, which were bearing away from him the hard earnings of years. His poems were all that were saved, and well might he exclaim, as he clasped them in his arms, dripping from their bath: "In the midst of judgment there is mercy!" for they were of far greater value to him than the rich products he had accumulated, which were swallowed up by the waters of the Mecon. In alluding to this river, he says: "In his gentle, hospitable bosom shall he receive the song, wet from woeful shipwrecks, escaped from destroying tempests; and from rayenous dangers, the effect of the unjust sentence upon him whose lyre will be more honoured than enriched."

He was obliged to remain some time on the wild shores of the river, but he received every attention from the natives, whose kindness he has immortalized in the ninth book of the *Lusiad*. He continued among them till an opportunity offered for him to return to Goa. When at last he did arrive there, he was warmly welcomed by the viceroy, Braganza, who invited him to become an inmate of his household, so that once more he enjoyed ease, and the sympathy of a cultivated and appreciating mind; but it seemed as if he were indeed the target, on which fortune, or rather misfortune, delighted to exhaust her quiver. No sooner had he found a quiet resting-place than some unforeseen event occurred, some political tempest or private feud, which tossed