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O FLUMINENSE,

A POEM.

O FLUMINENSE,

A POEM,

8-138

SUGGESTED BY

SCENES IN THE BRAZILS.

BY A UTILITARIAN.

O riche marchants,

* * * * *

Ye seken land and sea for your winnings,

As wise folk ye known all th' estat

Of regnes, ye ben fathers of tidings

And tales, both of pees and debate.

Canterbury Tales.

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PREFACE.

Nature intended me for a tradesman—circumstances have made me a poet.—My earliest and fondest aspirations were centred in a seat in the counting-house; and the tall stool, on which the book-keeper sat, was the height of my ambition.—I was doubtless in the certain career of promotion, when my evil genius stepped in, and gave an entirely new impulse to my faculties.—I was unfortunately sent abroad, under the auspices of a respectable mercantile house, to one of the most beautiful and enchanting regions of the globe—a land hitherto unsung, and yet teeming with poetical imagery; and the natural consequence was, that I became a poet.—I know there are but too many who will cry out—*Poeta nascitur &c. &c. &c.*—To such I have only one answer, that the case was as I have stated it.

My poem is, I confess, strictly commercial, and thus far I am willing to allow that my natural inclinations may have had their bias.

I remain, dear Reader,

Your most obed^t. Serv^t.

THE AUTHOR.

O FLUMINENSE.

CANTO FIRST.

There exists
A higher than the warrior's excellence.

Coleridge's Wallenstein.

O FLUMINENSE. ⁽¹⁾

CANTO FIRST.

I.

Say! shall we then the praises of the lyre
To mere adventurers alone resign?
Shall idlers only call to life the fire,
That clothes Calliope thy tongue divine?
While trade's neglected sons in cities pine,
Toil on the mart, or plough the foaming main;
And die without the tribute of a line?
Strike! strike! my muse, the chords: the purer strain
Which Camoens ⁽²⁾ sung of yore, do thou essay again!

II.

Within the shores of that far southern land,
Where erst the Indian wander'd wild and free,
A mighty city proudly gems the strand,
And of an empire claims the sovereignty.
Oh! lovely is the landscape ⁽³⁾ ye may see,
Where Rio's turrets, cliffs, and convents white,
Stand on the margin of the azure sea!
And oft did Julian think of that fair night,
When first he saw their forms reflect the sun's last
light.

III.

Alas! our hero own'd no high degree!
Small veneration can his name ensure!
No feudal robber planted first the tree,
Whence sprang his genealogy obscure!
He could not boast those claims, which still endure,
Like Bramah's castes, unchang'd from sire to son,
And shine in each succeeding race more pure!
From such a turbid source what stream could shun,
As on it went, in more translucent waves to run?

IV.

Hight Julian Willoughby! perhaps with pain
Patrician ears may greet his name uncouth!
Yet deem it fitting to the Muse's strain,
That traceth thus the history of the youth:
A few brief dreams of friendship, love, and truth,
Far, far too bright, too beautiful to stay!
An hour of misery, with none to smooth
His feverish couch, or charm his pain away:—
A fair and radiant morn—a dark and stormy day.

V.

Asmodeus! by whose kind and potent art
Don Cleofas invisible became,
Such is the march of mind since ye did part,
That now misfortune's children do the same,
Unaided by thy power, unknown thy fame!
Soon Julian was invisible to all
His summer friends; unknown too was his name,
Till e'en this privilege began to pall,
And now in distant lands he fled the tedious thrall.

VI.

No doubt 'twas wisely done to come away,
And judgment too was shown in choice of clime!
To choose a land so fair, so bright, and gay,
Mark'd out a genius for the true sublime:
The land that bears the citron and the lime!
The land of gems, blue skies, black eyes, and
gold!
The El Dorado of the modern time!
The boundless treasury of wealth untold,
Where manufactures, arts, and artizans are sold!

VII.

Cooks, footboys, coachmen, poets, and musicians
Are in the mart expos'd to public view;
And, shameful!—ladies here of all conditions,
From black to bright nankeen of vivid hue,
Are advertiz'd, and sold by auction too.
Oh! never did such flowers unheeded waste
Their charms, and, if the guarantee be true,
Not oft are dames with such perfections grac'd;
Accomplish'd, sprightly, young, kind, ev'ry thing but
chaste!

VIII.

This is a christian land:—here men unload
Their souls from sin, and go to Heaven aright
By dint of tapers:—should they miss the road,
'Tis plain it can not be for want of light.
Oh! infidelity, sad is thy plight!
Especially when on procession days
The saints new painted shine before thy sight:
How must thou turn away thy dazzled gaze,
While crackers, bonfires, squibs, in bright confusion
blaze!

IX.

Down fell the anchor, near a league from shore,
And, ere our wanderer saw the twilight wane,
A burst of melody came swelling o'er
The dark blue waters of the western main:
"Ave Maria"—'twas thy blessed strain! (¹)
Thou breathest joy and peace along the gale,
The captive hears thee, and forgets his chain,
The sick and broken-hearted greet thy wail,
Feel one more day of grief away, and bid thee hail!

X.

A thousand keels secure from danger ride
Within the circling compass of the bay;
The flags of France and England, side by side,
Leap into life, and in the light breeze play;
La Plata's sunbeam sheds its kindling ray, (⁵)
And noble barks from every region come,
Where arts have learn'd to dwell, and man to stray;
The patient bees, who o'er earth's garden roam,
And honey-laden bear their precious treasure home.

XI.

Among the claimants for the meed of fame,
'Tis strange that those should still the foremost be,
Whose path is mark'd by massacre and flame!
In vain has commerce rais'd the olive tree,
And planted vineyards she was forced to flee,
That conquerors might reap where she had sown!
In vain her sons have cop'd with misery
Through life, and died at length, unwept, unknown!
For them is rais'd no arch, no monumental stone.

XII.

Worn with anxiety, bow'd down by care,
Their hard-earn'd gains were ever won with pain!
Yet are they worthy of a better fare!
Let idiots prate of trade's degraded train,
And maudlin poets echo back the strain,
And brand the only source whence wealth can bless
Alike the giver and the hands that gain:
Kings may command, and heroes may oppress!
But all such might is built on human wretched-
ness!

XIII.

Yet mark the sons of trade! whose humbler aim
Is but the riches of the earth to spread,
One common feast for all:—they urge no claim
To slighted worth, yet scatter, where they tread,
Health to the sick, and to the hungry bread:
The healing plant from every foreign strand
They home-ward bear, and there its bounties shed;
And, issuing forth like manna from their hand,
Corn, oil, and wine o'erspread, and cheer each happy
land.

XIV.

Now doth it much behove us to observe
A fact, the author gladly would omit,
If he could manage this, and still preserve
His character by any quirk of wit:
If not, whate'er betide, still be it writ,
Young Willoughby was one among the crowd,
Who to the toils of commerce must submit.
Yet of this very toil the dunce was proud:
To youth of gentle blood such fate were as a
shroud!

XV.

But true it is—his feelings on this head
Were such as oft plebeian souls reveal:
Altho' too proud to flatter for his bread,
Or to some patron for an alms appeal,
At useful occupation he to feel
The least repugnance never made pretence:
And yet his bosom was not cas'd in steel,
For, on that quiet eve, the thrill intense
Of crush'd affection came, and bore his thoughts far
hence.

XVI.

The moon arose up in her beauty, till
From mid the centre of heaven's dome she hung,
Flooding with light and radiance every hill,
Fort, crag, and mountain, that beneath her sprung;
The land breeze came, and forth its odours flung,
Gushing from orange and mimosa groves:
The distant city's cheerful murmur rung
In merry cadence, swell'd with hopes, fears,
loves,
The stream of passion, which our frail existence
moves.

XVII.

It was a night for love, but thoughts of wooing
No longer found a temple in his breast;
Once had he lov'd, e'en to his heart's undoing,
And now, when all around had crept to rest,
He linger'd on the deck, and thus address
A hurried line to one, who this dull earth
Had left to tread the regions of the blest,
While he remain'd to pine amid his dearth
Of happiness, and mourn the season of its birth:

To ———

1.

With what delight I trac'd the hours
Of joy, that we should see;
And thought, that time would tread on flowers,
And cast them all to thee:
I gaz'd with rapture o'er the wreath
Imagination wove,
Yet, while I gaz'd, the hand of death
Had clasped thee, my love!

2.

I saw thee to the tyrant crouch,
And sink by slow decay;
I wept above thy midnight couch,
Till life had pass'd away:
I would not leave thee,—e'en when dead
Thou still wert dear to me,
And o'er thee countless tears I shed,
And wish'd to follow thee.

3.

Above thy lowly grave I knelt,
When none on earth were near;
And then I fondly, truly felt,
My heart was with thee there:
Then came the pang of cheerless woe
Which time can never heal;
For oh! the heart may cease to glow,
But cannot cease to feel.

4.

And lonely is the lot of him,
Whose heart is in the tomb:
For him earth's fairest hues are dim,
As is the midnight gloom:
'Tis better e'en to sleep in death,
And have the spirit free,
Than thus upon the earth to breathe,
And yet a captive be.

5.

The face may seem again with joy
To flush, but midst its glow
The lightning flash, that fills the eye,
May strike the bosom too.
Oh! I have mingled with the throng,
That crowd to pleasure's fane,
And madly thought, their smiles among,
To cheer my fever'd brain:

6.

But like the limpid stream that trills
Along the verdant lea,
Till far beyond its natal hills
It joins the briny sea,
Though statelier still its waters glide,
And sparkle as they flow,
Each glittering wave but swells the tide
Of bitterness below.

XVIII.

The morn is up—the firmament unveil'd,
The curling mist before the sunbeam flies,
The Fluminensian city stands reveal'd,
And snow-white walls, and peaked roofs arise:
Fair is the scene to which the wanderer hies,
And yet but few attractions there he greets:
The slimy shore strewn o'er with litter lies,
And in that wilderness of narrow streets
Strange scenes of misery, and filth, and crime he meets.

XIX.

'Tis painful too, to his unpractis'd eye,
To mark the various fortune, which ordains
The few with step elate to swagger by;
While the lorn many from scorch'd Afric's plains,
Half clad, ill fed, oppress'd by galling chains,
And sear'd like oxen, with the burning brand
That marks to whom each outcast appertains,
Toil unrewarded on a foreign strand,
That lavish wealth may bless the magnates of the land.

XX.

Ye, who perfectability in man
Expect, here view the idol of your praise,
And then pursue your labours if ye can!
When ye have seen how slavery can debase
Beings in human form, ye will not raise
Your thoughts so high, or ye will take the field
In freedom's cause, and till life's latest days
On high her glorious banner will ye wield,
Nor pain, nor death itself, will cause your hearts to yield.

XXI.

Slaves to their lords, and slaves to every sense,
Their festive dance to circle still is seen.
Ye, who at sober waltzing take offence,
Have never seen the fado danced I ween! ⁽⁶⁾
Though once admir'd by Lusitania's Queen,
When first the royal court from Europe came,
Long have its mazes now abandon'd been
By all her sex, save those whose tarnish'd fame,
Their dissipated mien and slavish garb proclaim.

XXII.

No doubt our hero estimated thus
The nation's disposition in a trice!
His haste may seem too premature to us,
But soon as foreign aspects greet their eyes,
All travellers delight to generalize;
And often settle problems for the nonce,
In mode that might the home-bred swain surprise:
Long-drawn inductions may befit the dunce,
To just and true results a genius jumps at once!

XXIII.

His welcome certainly was most sincere,
In fact his services were much requir'd;
But selfish feelings had no influence here!
The purest of benevolence inspir'd
His anxious patrons, who, with ardour fir'd
To benefit the youth by occupation,
Soon found him even more than he desir'd:
"Sloth oft engenders vice,"—but in his station
They did not even give him leisure for temptation.

XXIV.

'Tis but dull work, that dot and carry one,
All through the blessed day, without one hour
Of respite for the drudge!—for him the sun
Ascends not in his plenitude of power,
And from the desert calls forth fruit and flower,
In wild profusion; not for him the skies
Unveil their beauty, pour the cooling shower,
Or woo with smiles the summer as she flies,
Till all creation blooms an earthly paradise.

XXV.

He heeds not when the tides of ocean lave
The solitary shore, and sea-mews skim
The surface of the blue and bounding wave,
Or sink like snow-flakes on its boiling brim:
The forest birds awake their daily hymn,
The village bells peal on, the cheering sound
Of rustic mirth ascends, but not for him:
Unmark'd the seasons fill their stated bound,
And year succeeds to year in one unwearied round.

XXVI.

Poor sons of toil! my heart hath ach'd for ye,
When I have gaz'd upon your features wan.
Ye doomed, alas! to ape gentility,
With scarce the wages of an artizan!
Respectable!—who doubts it? To a man!
But where respected?—Dear ye pay the price,
To join a caste, where all your failings scan
With little ruth; and twit your avarice,
Though oft their virtues barely emulate your vice.

XXVII.

The bulk of moralists we always find
Incessantly the thirst of gain decry;
And, though 'tis chiefly this which prompts mankind
To till the earth, at useful arts to ply,
Or with the harvest reap content and joy,
The wail of want, the cry of pain repressing,
Hail! blessed poverty, is still their cry.
My own desire I cannot help confessing,
May all, who thus espouse the cause, receive the blessing.

XXVIII.

Who hath not sigh'd to tread the glowing south!
Where nature ever laughs, and light winds fall
Along the glade, like whispers from the mouth
Of woman. Yet, when these begin to pall,
Social attractions there are few withal:
Six months had Willoughby in Rio been
Without one sole acquaintance, save the wall
That flank'd his dwelling, and whose envious
screen
Still added to the dull monotony of scene.

XXIX.

But time ran on—at length his toilsome days
Of occupation just preferment won;
And Persians are not now the only race,
Who pay their homage to the rising sun:
The dawn of fortune had at length begun
To break, and soon unnumber'd friends press'd
round,
For hither patronage has oft a run:
When wanted, not a single friend is found,
When unrequested, how the precious knaves abound!

XXX.

Among the rest was one Senhor Jozé,
 With some half dozen other names beside,
 Which to repeat were labour thrown away:
 Although a Catholic, he stemm'd the tide
 Of prejudice: and hinted, were he tried,
 E'en on a heretic of ample means,
 He might bestow his daughter as a bride.
 Though plain, and portionless, and past her teens,
 Seldom a Portuguese such condescension deigns!

XXXI.

But he was not at all a man to shun ye
 For difference in politics or creed;
 Liberal regarding every thing but money,
 He always squar'd his doctrine to his need.
 It happen'd, that this worthy had agreed
 To give an evening party, and indited
 Some ill-spelt notes to indicate the deed:
 With sundry others Julian was invited,
 And, as one might opine, the message was not slighted.

XXXII.

Long had he sought to see a little more
 Of those with whom his lot in life was cast;
 And since his opportunities before
 Had been so few, and disappear'd so fast,
 He now straightways resolv'd to seize the last;
 And, on the day appointed, at the door
 Made his appearance; through its portals pass'd,
 And, from a long and dirty corridor,
 Ascended to the sala, on the second floor.

XXXIII.

Senhor Jozé arose forthwith, and how'd
At least a dozen times; profess'd some shame,
That to a friend, of whom he felt so proud,
He for his countenance could urge no claim:
Our hero's compliments, though rather lame,
Were duly stammer'd through in Portuguese,
Expressly conn'd by rote before he came;
Utter'd perhaps with little grace, or ease,
But all is current when it bears a wish to please.

XXXIV.

The ladies sat in one continu'd file,
At one extremity of which the host
Kept watch; a crabbed looking priest, meanwhile,
Close to the other end had fix'd his post:
The men were seated opposite; the most
Engag'd in gaming; others towards the fair
Threw long and lingering looks, for none might boast
The privilege to say soft nonsense there,
Or wield the taper fan, or stand behind the chair.

XXXV.

Some few talked politics—the only branch
Of abstract knowledge which requires no thought!
On all its theories fearless you may launch,
Without the slightest dread of being caught.
If that your tongue with fluency be fraught,
You need but little care for erudition:
Let meaner science be with labour taught,
Sound politics are learned by intuition,
And study, given to them, can but promote sedition.

XXXVI.

It happen'd that the legislature deem'd
 It prudent for the safety of the state,
 To check the slave-trade, since it plainly seem'd
 The danger of revolt was somewhat great:
 The news from St. Domingo, (7) too, of late
 Had not contributed to ease their fears;
 And here the present subject of debate
 Was this, and sundry worthies stunn'd the ears
 With arguments which prov'd—what pow'rs of voice
 were their's.

XXXVII.

All thought the measure very good, but some
 At least a little more delay advis'd:
 "Seldom"—they said—"much benefit had come
 "From sudden innovations: those who priz'd
 "Their birth-right, 'mid so highly civiliz'd
 "A race as were their ancestors, should pause:
 "Reform was needful, they were well appriz'd;
 "But plans, in theory thus free from flaws,
 "Were far too sweeping, and would soon upset all
 laws."

XXXVIII.

"Much they regretted, that the sable fools,
 "Whom their paternal care had first reclaim'd
 "From barbarism, should thus become the tools
 "Of factious demagogues; and much they blam'd
 "That democratic insolence, which claim'd
 "Exemption from the whip: there was a time
 "When saints had whipp'd themselves, and sorely
 maim'd
 "Their precious limbs, all without either rhyme
 "Or reason, save to purge their sinless souls from crime.

XXXIX.

“It should not be forgotten, that each son
“Of Afric would in unbelief have died,
“A certain victim to the evil one,
“If they had not by force subdu’d his pride,
“Baptiz’d him at the font, and qualified
“For heaven’s own realms his vile and sinful soul:
“No doubt, the flesh at times was mortified;
“But this was quite a trifle on the whole,
“Exacted in this lower world—by way of toll.”

XL.

“Oh! that the good old times could come again!
“Ingratitude was then by all abhorr’d;
“All men were wise, and brave, and pious then,
“And spread religion both with fire and sword;
“Well-meaning quiet people were not bor’d
“With talk of riots and extermination;
“Passive obedience was then the word,
“And property was honour’d by the nation,
“And had due weight throughout the whole adminis-
tration.”

XLI.

Amid these politicians, there was one,
A native of Madeira; to the rest
Comments of most tremendous length he spun,
Much longer than their patience: with some zest
His glance met Julian’s, whom he straight address’d
In fluent English:—“Judging from your mien,
“You seem a stranger, Sir, and may be guess’d
“To be as yet a novice in this scene:
“You’ll like the people much, ere oft a guest you’ve
been.

XLII.

"'Tis possible," said Willoughby, "and yet
"It seems unsocial thus to place apart
"The ladies from the gentlemen, and set
"Restrictions on those feelings of the heart,
"Which, utter'd, mirth, and joy, and love impart,
"And form the rivets of the social chain:
"Each softer blandishment, each pleasing art,
"Which unto gentle woman appertain,
"As fragrance to the flower, must here unknown
 remain."

XLIII.

"Unknown?"—replied the other with surprise;
"If you were married here, you would not blame
"The custom of the place; nay, were you wise,
"I'm very sure that you would do the same;
"And, like the guardian of each gentle dame,
"Would keep your treasure under lock and key:
"Tinder should ever be apart from flame,
"And simple as you judge these girls to be,
"Their blandishments had nearly prov'd the death
 of me."

XLIV.

"Indeed, they would have done so, had not I
"Possess'd the constitution of a horse:
"You must have mark'd my wild and haggard eye,
"My agitated looks, and accents hoarse:
"Yet I feel happy, Sir, that nothing worse
"Has made my sufferings thus apparent; yes!
"Few, very few have felt like me the curse,
"Which blights the fairest hopes of human bliss:
"Love, unrequited love, has been the cause of this."

XLV.

"Alas! 'tis unavailing now to tell
"The story of my courtship with the maid
"Who won my unsuspecting heart; how well
"I lov'd her, and how bitterly repaid!
"Before my hopes were utterly betray'd,
"I wrote at least a thousand billet-doux,
"Told lies, brib'd all the garrison, and laid
"More schemes, than e'er did general to subdue
"A town beleaguer'd, just to get an interview."

XLVI.

"But all in vain—her father was the most
"Suspicious, over-reaching, under-bred
"Old rascal on the earth, and had a host
"Of spies repeating every word I said;
"And yet, by chance, my fondest hopes were sped;
"Returning home one eve in twilight's gloom,
"I met a negro, carrying on his head
"A mattress, destin'd for the very room,
"Where slept the arbitress who rul'd my earthly doom."

XLVII.

"A bright idea seiz'd me:—by a fee
"I straight induc'd the porter to enshroud
"Me in the mattress; and then silently
"To bear me through the ever-curious crowd
"Of prying slaves, whose altercations loud
"Caus'd me to feel much less alive than dead:
"But Sambo, like a high-soul'd charger, proud
"Of whom he bore, walk'd on with fearless tread,
"And gently plac'd me in one corner—on my head."

XLVIII.

"He left me thus, nor ever once perceiv'd
"The evil he had done thro' want of care.
"You would, if sentimental, Sir, be griev'd,
"Just to imagine what my feelings were,
"With both my feet suspended in the air:
"About my brain I felt as though each pore
"Would surely burst: such concentration there,
"Though 'twas not long that I this thralldom bore,
"I never thought so much in all my life before."

XLIX.

"There, like a mountebank, I kick'd about,
"Until the cords which bound the mattress burst,
"And suffer'd me with pain to scramble out:
"Then was it, that I recollected first,
"Tho' in her chamber now, perhaps the worst
"Was yet to come; for how must I return,
"In case she frown'd upon my suit? I durst
"Not venture thro' the house—an early urn
"Was never my desire, tho' she herself should mourn."

L.

"My thoughts in fact were actively employ'd,
"And to and fro with some concern I pac'd,
"When near her couch an open book I spied:
"It was a ledger, Sir, in which were trac'd
"The sufferings of each blockhead, who had grac'd
"Her train of lovers: there, with conscious pride,
"The billet-doux were to their credit plac'd;
"Smiles from the fair were on the other side,
"And all was balanc'd at the proper time and tide."

LI.

“Among the rest—the fifteenth in the list—
“Your humble servant’s name was noted down.
“My faculties were so absorb’d, I wist
“Not how to act, when lo! a rustling gown
“Caus’d me to turn, and meet the angry frown
“Of my enchantress:—down upon my knees
“I fell,—in vain—for she, alas! had flown
“To tell papa, that thieves, intent to seize
“His chattels and his cash, were making off with
these.”

LII.

“I heard the out-cry of the spiteful fair,
“And knew not where to run, or what to do:
“The sound of footsteps rose upon the stair,
“When to the balcony at once I flew,
“And, leaping on an orange tree that grew
“Beneath, I fell by chance upon a bough,
“Which fortunately there its foliage threw;
“And, sliding to the earth, I made a vow
“No more to venture there—which I have kept till
now.”

LIII.

Here supper was announc’d: but thro’ the scene
The orator continu’d his address:
“I have,” said he, “some time in England been,
“As by my conversation you may guess:
“Ave Maria! how the women dress!
“I never saw such frights in all my life!
“If but their virtue match their awkwardness,
“I think, I yet shall take an English wife:
“Less the temptation—less the chance of future
strife!”

LIV.

“ But what annoy’d me most, when I was there,
“ Was—(take a little curry, Sir,)—to see
“ Such flagrant Sabbath-breaking ev’ry where:
“ With us it is a day of jubilee,
“ To dance, and song, and guiltless pleasure free;
“ Whereas with you,—(moleque, ⁽⁸⁾ a glass of
 wine)—
“ The populace appear indecently
“ Intoxicated, like as many swine;
“ And call it, keeping up an ordinance divine.”

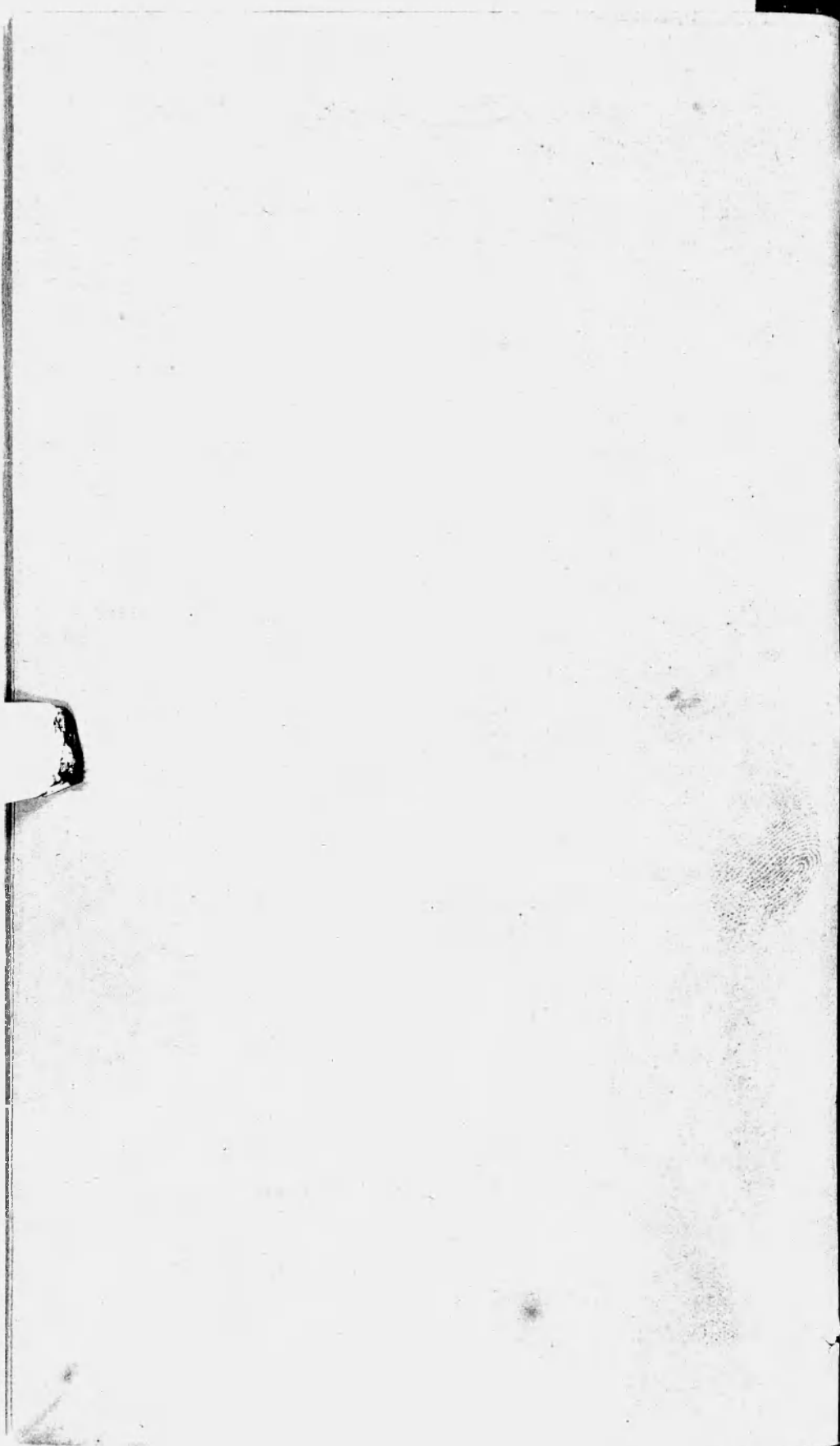


O FLUMINENSE.

CANTO SECOND.

Estavas, linda Inez, posta em socego,
De teus annos colhendo o dôce fruto,
Naquelle engano da alma, ledô e cego,
Que a fortuna não deixa durar muito. (1)

Lusiad Canto III.



O FLUMINENSE.

CANTO SECOND.

I.

Oh! liberty!—thou fairest gem of earth!
Thou brightest star of Heaven! to whom with pride
Earth's haughtiest nations have bow'd down; whose
birth
Shed light and gladness o'er each mountain side,
And rais'd glad pœans from each valley wide!
Thou Deity! whom at mount Aventine
The Gracchi worshipped, ⁽²⁾ ere they bravely died;
Yet died not, till they kindled at thy shrine
A flame, which yet will burn, more purely, brightly
thine!

II.

Here art thou fallen, and trampled under foot; ⁽³⁾
And here doth vile corruption basely gorge
Upon thy very vitals: here the brute,
Gliding his fingers through the tangled scourge,
Slippery with human gore, stands forth to urge
Resistance to oppression! Hear him scan
The joys of freedom!—freedom like the surge
Unshackled, and uncheck'd! Behold him plan
His schemes, to guarantee the sacred rights of man!

III.

Soon must these evils fearfully recoil !
A race is springing up, who will not kneel
In quiet apathy ; they will not toil,
And reap contempt alone, without appeal :
Like the Partheniæ, they keenly feel
The undeserved brand that stamps their brow,
And, like them, they will have recourse to steel :
Let them but once their liberties avow,
And colour will not be the crime it is just now.

IV.

Then will the hour of retribution come ;
Then will oppress'd and fallen humanity
Erect her temple on the blackening tomb,
Where her fell tyrants undistinguish'd lie :
Alas ! there will be little charity,
To grace the triumph base-born slaves have won ;
With mockery will they listen to the cry,
"I'm a white man"—before the set of sun
Thou wilt be whiter still—thy race thou wilt have
run.

V.

Unhappy land ! thy patriots are but few,
Yet, midst those few, there still is one whose fame
Those who regret his faults acknowledge too :
Now, even now, Jozé Andrada's name ⁽⁴⁾
Beams brightly from amid thy night of shame ;
Tho' calumny and exile he hath borne,
Amid the very first did he declaim
'Gainst slavery :—Lorn Africa may mourn, ⁽⁵⁾
Brazil will curse this bane, through ages yet unborn!

VI.

When from colonial fetters first she broke,
Andrada plac'd an Emperor on the throne ;
All felt that chiefly he had burst their yoke,
And all the nation's will was but his own.
Imperial Pedro as a patriot shone,
'Till, jealous of his benefactor's power,
He sought his utter ruin. He alone
In camp and council (⁶) one ill-fated hour,
First urg'd Andrada's foes on him their hate to pour.

VII.

Then rose that brave old man, and though the tears
Ran trickling down his cheeks, erect he stood :
"This head is grey"—he cried—"and all my years
Have been devoted to my country's good :
"Now will I die for her ; the purple flood,
"That warms this aged heart, shall freely flow,
"And glut the craving of your murderous brood :
"Yet, mark me, from this blood, when I am low,
"A hydra will spring up, and well avenge the blow!"

VIII.

Full many a courtly minion stood around,
And on him fell full many an eye of fire ;
But to reply to him not one was found :
They quail'd before the lion in his ire.
Altho' his ruin was their chief desire,
Too well they knew the method to betray
Their victim, by a little paltry hire ;
And, ere the sun rose on the following day,
Andrada and his friends were banish'd, and away.

IX.

How truly noble are the titled great!
How fit to strike the virtuous man with awe!
The accident of birth confers their state,
Their pomp, their fame, their power of making law;
And, doubtless, hearts and heads without a flaw,
To use this power with due ability!
Short-sighted must have been the sage, (⁷) who saw
Alone in virtue true nobility!
Such sophisms wake the wrath of our gentility!

X.

The system of hereditary right
To rule our fellow mortals is a part
Of that philosophy, which proves that might
Is always justice—no true patriot heart
Can fail in loyalty, altho' he smart
Beneath the tyranny that he adores:
Search all the climes, inscrib'd on earth's vast chart,
As far as land extends, or ocean roars,
Legitimacy smiles on nearly all their shores.

XI.

In Africa, whene'er a monarch dies,
His sister's eldest son ascends the throne:
The King's reputed sons, (so say the wise)
Are not by strict necessity his own;
Whereas the sister's brats, 'tis clearly shown,
Must have the true blood royal in their veins:
It would be well to make the system known,
And imitate the natives of those plains,
Where pure and unsophisticated nature reigns.

XII.

Then should we have perfection : until then,
However good the present system seem,
Doubts will arise among the best of men,
And fierce contentions blaze, and sabres gleam.
But let me here resume my former theme :
Andrada was permitted to return,
For on him royal mercy deign'd to beam ;
He was an aged man on life's last bourne,
And in his father's land he came to lay his urn.

XIII.

Alas! the right divine of kings is now
O'er all the world becoming rather stale ;
The democrat erects his shameless brow,
And nations weigh their monarchs in the scale,
And sometimes find them wanting: base and frail
Men still may be, but they are wiser grown,
And underneath a despot's frown turn pale
No more; though very small regard is shown
For others' liberties, they bleed to save their own.

XIV.

Ten years had Pedro reign'd ; the streets were deck'd
With tapestry ; alike from hut and hall
Gay crowds of revellers rush'd forth uncheck'd,
To share the madness of a festival :
He had been absent some few weeks, and all
His faithful subjects sought to pay him court :
They little dreamt of his approaching fall,
Or deem'd the season of their joy so short !
The revolution ⁽⁸⁾ stay'd that very night their sport.

XV.

A month pass'd o'er—his vaunted power was gone ;
And Austria's flow'r, who left for him her home, (⁹)
Now wept beside an abdicated throne.
Sad was the hour, when at St. Christarom
The royal fugitives forsook the dome,
Where late a thousand slaves had bow'd the knee :
Now were they doom'd in distant lands to roam,
Brazil's extended shores no more to see,
But silently, by night, like criminals to flee.

XVI.

Four harmless children, too, were standing by,
And clinging fondly to their father's side.
Poor innocents!—they wept they knew not why,
And fruitless was their parent's wish to chide
Affection's gush : to none could he confide
In full security this sacred trust,
Save to the wrong'd Andrada—though his pride
In this concession must have bit the dust,
He left them in his charge, and thus for once was just.

XVII.

Time rushes on—the deeds of yesterday
To-day are in oblivion's chaos whirl'd ;
Their joy, their toil, their memory melts away ;
And, whilst we gaze, the chronicle is furl'd,
And soon forgotten :—little cares the world !
Too much engross'd with history's page to heed
That growing power of freedom, which hath hurl'd
Earth's rulers from their thrones, in funeral weed
To mourn with bootless woe the penalty decreed.

XVIII.

Few know this simple tale; a time will come,
When its relation will be history too:
When pride and rivalry are in the tomb,
Truth will at length appear, and men may view
The anxious struggles that their fathers knew:
In the land's annals, too, with fond regret
Will myriads read of other patriots true,
Not worthier haply than Andrada, yet
With hands more fit to guide a vile and stubborn set.

XIX.

Their fame may yet beam out in brighter day,
And yet their deeds the rising race may bless;
But let my muse attempt an humbler lay,
Too well aware of her unworthiness.
In these events our hero did not press:
He was a sojourner, and unto him
They were of little import: yet no less
He mark'd the boiling chaos from the brim,
And trac'd its hurried course, through snares and
 dangers grim.

XX.

It is a spirit-stirring sight to see
The mountain stream, amid its native hills,
O'er-flood its banks, and, leaping wild and free,
From crag to crag foam on, till terror fills
The bosom of each gazing hind, who tills
In peace his garden on its shelving side:
Yet loftier, warmer, deeper feeling thrills
Through every heart, when, spreading far and wide,
Quick revolutions pour their dark and turbid tide.



XXI.

Then burns each fiery passion of the soul!
Then agony in every form is rife!
Then floods of eloquence like lava roll,
And kindle up the elements of strife,
Till every clod becomes endu'd with life!
Alas! for vested rights and charters then!
Alas! for ties of kindred!—Husband, wife,
Friend, brother, parent, all are nothing, when
Men thus rise up in arms against their fellow-men.

XXII.

Night falls:—the citizen retires within
The precincts of his home, but not to sleep!
The wail of bugles, and the rattle's din,
Borne on the pinions of the night-wind sweep;
And sabres from a thousand scabbards leap:
Day dawns:—who welcomes now its gladdening
rays!
Pale burghers from their half-clos'd doorways peep,
With fear and wonderment, as though each gaze
Could, like the basilisk's, destroy where'er it strays.

XXIII.

Forth Julian rov'd one eve by star-light's gleam:
The air was hot and sultry, and the glow
Of day remained without its radiant beam:
Some factious thrust had laid a warrior low;
And now by torch-light, and in weeds of woe,
A train of mourners bore him to the home,
Where earthly suffering ends, and turning slow
Pass'd underneath St. Paulo's fretted dome,
And plac'd the shrouded corpse above the marble tomb.

XXIV.

Slow rose the requiem o'er the sleeping dead,
Thick clouds of incense fill'd the ambient air,
And silver lamps above their lustre shed.
There was no lack of sorrow's trappings there,
Yet that insensate look which hirelings bear,
Ye might discern in every callous face;
Of all the crowd not one appear'd to share,
In sympathetic feelings, with the race
Of him whose last remains had found their resting-
place.

XXV.

The last sad rites of death were briefly paid,
And quick lime scatter'd o'er the breathless clay,
When towards the platform, where the corpse was
laid,
An old man totter'd up as if to pray:
He was the father of the youth, and day
By day, for five-and-twenty tedious years,
Had mark'd his powers their dawning force display;
Had wak'd his martial fire, and smil'd at fears
To be forsaken thus to bitterness and tears.

XXVI.

Poor man! he would have fainted on the spot,
If Willoughby had not his arm sustain'd,
And led him slowly towards the quiet cot,
Where still one solace to his cares remain'd:
His sickness pass'd away, and soon they gain'd
A chacara, where the beach extended wide;
In light festoons the tiny rose was train'd
Along the gay verandah, and the tide
Came babbling o'er the sands, and wash'd the garden
side.

XXVII.

A taper still was burning in the room,
That overlook'd the bay, and by its light
Ye might distinguish faintly through the gloom
A female form, a fair young girl, whose bright
Hair hung in clusters o'er her brow; her white
Cheek still was overspread with tears, yet when
She heard upon the silence of the night
Her father's footsteps break, she started then,
And came with quiv'ring lip to greet him home again.

XXVIII.

Her features were not strange, for Julian once
Had met her at Jozé's, amid a crowd
Of festive guests, and now the quick response,
That from her eyes shot forth, at once allow'd
His recognition: now no more the proud
Retiring girl, who erst attracted just
His gaze, she stood, a weeping creature, bow'd
By stern affliction to the very dust,
And clasp'd her parent to her palpitating bust.

XXIX.

"Inez," said he, "the obsequies are o'er,
"The grave hath clos'd above my only son;
"I stood and watch'd till I could bear no more,
"For I was sick, nor could my home have won,
"If this kind stranger had not borne me on:
"I trust that he will pardon what hath pass'd,
"And, ere he leaves me, grant the wish of one,
"Whose few remaining days are ebbing fast;
"This meeting may not, must not, be our last."

XXX.

The wish was granted—oft in idler hours
The stranger guest again would stray along
The valley by the beach, and in its bowers
Of dark perennial foliage flee the throng
Of busy men: there was a charm among
Its tranquil mazes, such as well might cheer
One who had been immured in cities long;
And words of welcome, unassum'd, and dear,
Fell like some long lost strain of music on his ear.

XXXI.

The fitful splash of Nitheroy's flowing ⁽¹⁰⁾ waters,
The cry of sea-mews sailing o'er the strand,
The hum of bees, the song of Afric's daughters,
Came murmuring there in union soft and bland;
The humming bird, fit type of fairy land,
Flew on from flow'r to flow'r; the lemon trees
At once held forth their fruits with lavish hand,
And flung their blossoms idly on the breeze,
Diffusing faint perfume along the summer seas.

XXXII.

And fire-flies fill'd by night their round of mirth:
Oh! happy, bright, and beautiful, are ye!
Ye are the constellations of the earth!
And when amid your galaxy ye flee,
Where is the heart that envieth not your glee?
Who would not wish like you through life to toy,
Exult, and sparkle on, and cease to be?
Then, then, were life one vivid dream of joy,
Concluded kindly, ere its sweets began to cloy!

XXXIII.

I know not how, with just consideration,
Much wisdom can be hop'd for from the fair,
When reading, writing, rules of calculation,
And execrable French comprise the share
Of their acquirements!—We can fitly bear
A nobler task: we learn bad Latin too;
And, ere philosophy can claim our care,
With rules of logic we our minds imbue,
And, ere we learn to think, can argue matters through.

XXXIV.

It may be fitting thus to keep the feast
Of reason to ourselves, and thus our due
Preponderance to hold: the rule at least
Has approbation met all ages through;
And ages hence it doubtless will be too.
Still fatal to the fair may be the tree,
Whose tempting fruit in Eden's valley grew;
But gladly can I state, that few more free
Than young Inèz from all its various lore could be.

XXXV.

She was from Portugal, a young and true
Child of the pleasant south; the orb of day
Had ting'd her glowing cheek with darker hue,
Than northern Europe's colder climes display;
Her very smile had sunshine in its ray,
And, when on Willoughby her dark eyes fell,
Quick fervid blushes o'er her brow would stray,
And disappear, till ye might deem it well
A living firmament, whereon no cloud could dwell.

XXXVI.

Poor girl! she lost her mother when a child,
And since but little tenderness had known!
No mother's smile her early cares beguil'd;
No mother's tear bewail'd her infant moan.
Thus grew she up, companionless, alone,
Uncheck'd, untutor'd in her young career,
A child of impulse in a burning zone;
Her joys bright glories of a fairer sphere;
Her griefs too maddening far for human aid to cheer.

XXXVII.

How playfully she tripp'd along the dance,
When rebecks woke their mirth-inspiring sound!
How beautifully smil'd!—her very glance
Shed joy, till even children came around,
Where sate Inèz, and ever welcome found.
She join'd in all their harmless revelry;
In dalliance pull'd their locks by braid unbound;
And took the little fairies on her knee,
Or chas'd them round the room with all an infant's
glee.

XXXVIII.

Whoe'er had seen her in the festal hour,
Heard her light laugh, and mark'd her kindling eye,
Had haply sigh'd to meet her in the bower,
Where ever and anon her steps would fly:
There would she, when she knew no listener nigh,
Seize her guitar, and sweep the chords along;
While thus she woke her simple minstrelsy,
In liquid numbers of her native tongue,
And gave the trembling strings to harmony and song.

1.

My native land! dear native land!
Whene'er I gaze along the sea,
And mark the vessels from the strand,
How fondly turns my heart to thee.

2.

I gaze until again I seem
A heedless and a happy child;
The Tagus pours its yellow stream,
And Cintra spreads her mountains wild.

3.

Dear native land! dear stream! dear sky!
To all my young affections dear,
Though lovelier scenes now greet the eye,
I can not but regret you here.

4.

Bright is the sunshine, calm the air,
And chacaras gem each sloping hill;
The outward form is quite as fair,
But oh! the soul is wanting still.

5.

Where is the hope of just reward,
That cheers the free-born peasant's toil!
Where, where the patriot hearts, that guard
The freedom of their native soil!

6.

Where are those laughing eyes, that still
Peep out from every poor man's door,
And cheer his hours of quiet, till
His cup of happiness runs o'er!

7.

There every cottage (¹¹) tells of joy;
Here let the mind expatiate free!
A captive race the thoughts employ,
Lorn heirs of crime and misery!

XXXIX.

'Twas eventide, and faint the vesper hymn
Arose from every convent; fold on fold
Of gathering vapours crept around the dim
Blue mountain peaks, yet, like a sea of gold
Illumin'd by the sun, the ocean roll'd:
Faint and more faint the light fell o'er its foam,
Till in the blushing skies ye might behold
The countless fires of Heaven's empyreal dome
Beam out, and glad with light their high etherial home.

XL.

And then the moon came forth, yet there were two
Whose footsteps linger'd still within a grove,
Where young acacias hid them from the view,
And palm-trees shot their feathery crowns above:
They stood like lovers—but no word of love
Had ever left their lips; and yet they spoke
Of other lands, and friends, and all that move
Young hearts to passion, till the theme awoke
The maiden's hidden warmth, and forth she madly
broke:

XLI.

“Julian!—thou art not happy!—When we met
“Twelve moons ago, thou wert not cold as now;
“Thy first kind accents I remember yet;
“Then happiness was written on thy brow.
“But thou art changed, and thy words avow
“No more a heart from sin and sorrow free;
“Thy cheek is pale: oh! if it be that thou
“Art pining for thy friends, turn, turn to me,
“And I will be a friend, a sister unto thee.”

XLII.

“Cease, cease, fair girl”—cried he—“and thou the
 strife
“That racks me into wretchedness shalt hear.
“There was one gentle being, aye! than life
“More dear!—but what!—I wept above her bier.
“I came an outcast, and a stranger here,
“With none to care for me, and none to bless;
“I met with thee, and thou hast known to cheer
“Cares that I oft had deem’d could ne’er be less,
“And wake the dormant chords of by-gone happiness.”

XLIII.

“Then is it strange that I should sink in gloom,
“When I have felt that it must come to this?
“Thou art too pure, too dear, to share the doom
“Awaiting me, though thou a sister, yes!
“May’st be to me.—Alas! no further bliss
“Can freshness to this waste within impart:
“I ne’er have sought to win thy virgin kiss,
“Nor will I offer a divided heart.
“We met:—once, once, we might have lov’d:—now
 we must part!”

XLIV.

The moon above not more serenely fair
Was than Inèz:—all, all a woman's pride
Glow'd in her bosom, yet she trembl'd there,
Fell from his arm, and fainted by his side.
“My life!—my love!”—in agony he cried,
“My young, my fair Inèz, wake, dear one, wake!
“Come, rest thee in this bosom then, my bride!
“One common fate is henceforth ours; oh! speak!—
“One little word!—or soon this bursting heart will
break.”

O FLUMINENSE.

CANTO THIRD.

“Tratavaõ os nossos ja de recolher ás naõs a artharia por esta
“causa, e porque estavaõ feridos muitos soldados, e principalmente
“porq. faltavaõ ja o pelouro e a poluora para o cõbate. Porem
“vio-se aqui o favor do ceo as cláras, porq. a força que pôde resistir
“ao pelouro Portugues nao pode resistir á seu braco, levado este
“do brio natural entraraõ com morte de muitos
“inimigos.” (1)

Chronica de companhia de Jesu do estado do Brazil.—Lisboa an: 1663.

O FLUMINENSE.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

There is in Rio, on the castle-hill, ⁽²⁾
An ancient pile now mouldering on its site;
Afar the battlements are frowning still;
But through the broken lattice there at night
The wakeful owl oft urges on her flight,
And sails unnotic'd through the silent halls;
The prickly pear, and creeping parasite,
Have made their lonely dwelling on the walls,
And o'er its crumbling floors the lizard idly crawls.

II.

An age ago proud hearts were throbbing there,
The flow'r of Portugal was on that brow;
There shouts of conquerors rent the yielding air,
And cowed monks there spoke the holy vow:
Yet quenched is the fire that woke them now,
And Lusitania weeps her glories gone,
For ne'er again will worlds before her bow:
Sunk is the star that o'er her children shone,
And ever unto death or conquest led them on!

III.

Once was she with the mightiest of the earth,
And rival nations shrank before her then!
Through climes beyond the equinoctial girth
Cabral and Gama victors led their men;
Camoens⁽³⁾ sung too, and beneath his pen
Sprang Adamastor: yet this radiant morn
Hath set in sorrow; she is made the den
Of civil discord, till her name in scorn
A bye-word through the lands that felt her sway is
borne.

IV.

And is this then the end of every dream
Of greatness? Will this progeny of clay,
Still vainly dazzled by the fatal gleam
Thrown from the sabre, seek no other ray,
But ever suffer, flourish and decay?
No! surely, where the voice of freedom is,
Another brighter and a happier day
Will light mankind to far more lasting bliss,
For seldom wrongly sank a mighty state to this.

V.

No! 'tis but well that now this pile is falling!
Here fitting retribution ye may view
For tyranny, whose yoke accurs'd and galling
Crush'd down the many to uphold the few!
Shall free-born spirits then its downfall rue?
Let earth's high potentates fulfil their trust!
Good hath its fitting retribution too:
And sooner will the sun sink in the dust
Than they through weakness fall, or God forsake the
just.

VI.

Preach on ye blind, that states by nature's law,
When once they reach perfection, downward veer:
Much profit from your doctrine may ye draw!
Yet though your theory were valid here,
We are not yet so very, very near
Perfection, as ye in your wisdom deem:
'Trust me there is but little cause for fear,
While such as ye continue thus to dream
Aloud, and still select your weakness for the theme.

VII.

Yours is in truth an animating creed!
"Glad tidings to the nations" ye proclaim!
Though sages faint with toil, and patriots bleed,
And suffering martyrs cope with death and shame,
"The fate of man will ever be the same!"
Strive then the young enthusiast to deter,
Ye even yet his Pegasus may tame;
And zealots, led by you, may cease to err,
And talents (when they own them) in the earth inter.

VIII.

Ye spirits of our fathers, ye who fought
For liberty, ye, who through lives of pain
And wretchedness to bless mankind have sought,
Though impious lips your memory thus profane,
Your fame will live in many a future strain.
Though war and bigotry are raging still,
Ye have not liv'd, ye have not died in vain!
Like gold from forth the furnace, freedom will
At length emerge more pure, and all your hopes fulfil.

IX.

But to our tale.—Each evening, ere the sun
Had thrown his parting lustre o'er the seas,
Young Julian sought his lov'd, his lovely one:
Their vows were plighted, and their hearts in peace;
They saw the moon shine through the mango trees,
They heard the vagrant minstrel's light guitar,
They felt the freshness of the midnight breeze
Together, and were happy: oh! too happy far
For long endurance in this ever-changing star.

X.

Above the castle-hill one twilight hour
Their steps were bent; the vessels inward bound
Flew merrily before the breeze's pow'r,
And dropp'd their anchors near the broken mound,
Where stands the Fortaleza:—they had found
Their place of rest, and like the wearied dove,
That all the world of waters flew around,
Each brought the olive branch of peace, nor strove
For gain, save such as might from mutual good behave.

XI.

Insipid was methinks the conversation,
Since little could he tell of field and flood,
Or of the science of extermination,
Or of that glory only earn'd by blood:
Oh! who would take a pride in doing good,
When scoundrels who their lives for lucre sell
Have ever first in woman's graces stood!
But patience, gentle reader! let me tell,
As near as may be, all that from our hero fell.

XII.

As o'er the far and dim horizon rose
The top-sails of some loiterers of the train,
"There many an anxious heart"—cried Julian—
 "glows
"With thoughts that ne'er can quicken it again!
"There exiles from their far paternal plain
"Forget their home, and gaze their griefs away;
"On other worlds their aching eyes they strain;
"Another era dawns on them to-day,
"But if for weal or woe, what earthly tongue can say."

XIII.

"The young and ardent youth is there; till now
"The fond illusions of his soul were cold;
"For him the woods with fruit o'er-laden bow,
"Each arid mountain teems with wealth untold,
"And streams of crystal run o'er sands of gold.
"The aged father, too, who misery's test
"Too oft hath borne, can barely now withhold
"His yearnings for the land, within whose breast
"He yet expects to find some humble spot of rest."

XIV.

"Ere long, perchance, their sickening hearts will
 pine
"With envy of each wand'rer of the sea,
"Who homeward wends across the burning line.
"Oh! like some spirit of the blest is he,
"Awhile from earth and all its shackles free!
"With joy he parts, and, as the bounding tide
"Beneath his bark, unfetter'd is his glee.—
"Inèz, why, why so pale? nay, do not chide!
"Worlds in the balance would not win me from thy
 side."

XV.

But hark ! what strain of music o'er the ear
From yond dilapidated pile is stealing !
In slow procession surplis'd groups appear,
Around the precincts of the castle wheeling ;
And torches glare, and silver bells are pealing ;
It is the Host with all its pageantry,
And abject crowds around its track are kneeling ;
Some outcast, who hath hither crept to die,
Hath sought its solace for his last expiring sigh.

XVI.

With measur'd step the train came sweeping on,
And all, save Julian, fell in awe before
The holy symbol of that mighty one,
Who call'd from chaos earth and all her store
Of animate existence. Soon as o'er
The hill they pass'd, with smiles he rais'd his weak
And drooping flow'ret, but her features bore
Some sudden trace of care she might not speak,
And hot and glistening tears ran coursing down her
cheek.

XVII.

They might not pray together :—very few
Brazilian ladies would have cared for that.
Dear creatures ! like philosophers they view
These bagatelles—they leave them all to fate :
On charity, sweet charity, though others prate,
Few are there thus obedient to her call !
Yet, fair ones, I have heard some babblers state,
That ye possess no character at all :
Would they were tied to you, their doctrine they'd
recal !

XVIII.

Yet truly was our pretty devotee
A being of a very different kind;
A lily in the wilderness was she,
Too rudely sway'd by every passing wind.
Time brought his tardy aid, but on her mind
Anxiety was preying; still she smil'd,
But not as when their hearts were first entwin'd;
Her father claim'd her cares, and from his child
Sweet words of peace and love his closing hours
beguil'd.

XIX.

Alas! they could not save him; soon he died,
And left his daughter ward to old Jozé,
(Our former friend, who by the mother's side
Claim'd some relationship): with due delay,
By dint of threats and promises to pay,
Some property was also from the clasp,
Too zealous, of the lawyers borne away;
And very sagely plac'd within the grasp
Of one quite sure to keep it till his dying gasp.

XX.

"'Twas but a thankless post"—this worthy vow'd,
"To take the charge of other people's gear;
"But he would make a sacrifice, too proud
"That he could thus evince himself sincere.
"'Twas time in fact for friends to interfere,
"If all was true which of Inèz he heard;
"The march of intellect it seem'd was here,
"But must be marching backward, he averr'd,
It^r Or sure her folly would long since have been deterr'd."

XXI.

“The girl requir’d a husband, it appear’d ;
“’Twas natural—he did not blame the wish ;
“But she had been too eager far”—he fear’d,
“In raising hopes which now she needs must crush ;
“’Twas quite correct : he own’d it with a blush,
“That he had been but too relax himself
“On points like this, but now he at a push
“Would rather see her laid upon the shelf,
“Than made the prey of one who sought her for her
pelf.”

XXII.

“Then she was young too, very young, as yet ;
“He wonder’d what put marriage in her head,
“A little forward chit ! but he would get
“Her shortly some religious tracts to read,
“And make her count her rosary instead
“Of going out a-gadding up and down ;
“While such an unrestricted life she led,
“He trembled for her morals :—through the town
“The painful tidings of such levity had flown.”

XXIII.

“Confound all poets, and there writings too ! (4)
“No doubt had he, their scrawls had turn’d her
brain ;
“Were he a legislator, all the crew
“Should either find their way across the main,
“Or he would quickly put them out of pain ;
“It raised his choler really to see
“That mid his fellow-countrymen no swain
“Worth her acceptance could accounted be ;
“’Midst heretics and strangers she forsooth must flee.

XXIV.

"Well let it be so! he could only say,"
(And here he cross'd himself with seeming grief)
" 'Twas clear that Antichrist was under way,
"And soon would be the universal chief;
"This foreign mania in his belief
"Would do the business—miracles indeed
"Had been of late so scarce, that, to be brief,
"He thought some judgment must have been
 decreed
"On all the city for its vain and impious creed."

XXV.

"But he would reason with her, and propose
"Some spouse whose merits claim'd the general vote;
"His nephew, from Madeira, if she chose;
"There was the youth on whom a girl might dote!
"Accomplish'd, and of manners which denote
"The travell'd man, he sparkled in debate,
"And spoke the English tongue as though by rote;
"A little flighty now and then, but that
"Would quickly vanish in the matrimonial state."

XXVI.

"Meantime, lest any mischief should occur,
"He (old Jozé) would bring her 'neath his roof;
"He fear'd the little rebel would demur,
"But he would keep her spark and her aloof
"In spite of tears, and railing, and reproof;
"All women were grown children, quite unfit
"To guide themselves, as he had found by proof.
"Whatever steps the case would well admit,
"He'd therefore take, as might her father's friend
 befit."

XXVII.

What will not zeal effect?—ere night came on,
He bore her from her home; her heart was cleft
With grief, and passively consent was won.
She parted: yet of all she lov'd bereft
Save one, for him a hurried note she left,
Which old Jozé took charge of; but by strange
Mishap it vanish'd, as he vow'd by theft;
And lest the loss her feelings might derange,
A substitute he straight determin'd to arrange.

XXVIII.

Alas for resolutions, where the will
Resists the deed! Our very worthy friend
(With pain 'tis own'd) neglected to fulfil
This kind intention, till that in the end
He thought it much more prudent not to send
The message, than incur the chance of blame:
It might, he thought, the Englishman offend,
Should he this seeming carelessness proclaim;
And though it never went at all—'twere much the same.

XXIX.

'Twas on a holiday, and in the sky
The summer-sun glow'd like one scorching blaze
Of living fire, when Julian anxiously
Still in her father's chacara sought Inèz.
That she had left this domicile some days
Ago, was all he learn'd; and though for hours
He linger'd there, no missive met his gaze;
Her lute, a girdle, and some wither'd flowers
Alone recall'd to mind the Peri of the bowers.

XXX.

Faint, careworn, and exhausted, toward's the town
Again he wander'd listlessly along;
The fervid sunbeams fell unheeded down;
He felt them not, his thoughts were still among
The haunts of his Inèz; the noisy song
Of Afric's children rose from every low
Roof'd cot, and many a giddy throng,
Regardless of the summer's ardent glow,
Unnotic'd all by him, were ebbing to and fro.

XXXI.

There is a bliss, partaken but by few,
Although a bliss that will not quickly cloy;
It is to see those goaded wretches, who
In honest labour all their lives employ,
At length partake their stinted share of joy:
List, list, their laugh, and judge it, if sincere!
No frigid forms their hours of mirth alloy,
No covert feuds disturb their lowly sphere;
Whatever be their faults, they are what they appear.

XXXII.

Full oft had Julian with benignant heart
Glanc'd o'er the revels of the simple train;
To-day he in their feelings had no part,
Their very happiness to him was pain.
A quick and burning fever in his brain
Had keenly darted its envenom'd spell;
And, mad with agony, he scarce could gain
His dwelling, ere, unable to repel
Its gath'ring force, he on the threshold fainting fell.

XXXIII.

They bore him to his chamber, and for four
Successive days he lay in anguish there;
The fever gain'd upon him more and more,
Till he became delirious, and, aware
No longer of his nurse's anxious care,
He broke the thraldom which he ill had borne,
And prematurely in the open air
Rush'd forth to taste the balmy breath of morn,
And greet again the lips from him too rudely torn.

XXXIV.

Forthwith they seiz'd him, and again immur'd
Him in the limits of his narrow room:
There countless weeks of durance he endur'd;
Blaspheming now, and striving to inhume
His wasted form amid congenial gloom;
Now laughing merrily amid the deep
Access of pain, regardless of his doom;
Till fitfully a dull and torpid sleep
Would, like a night-mare, o'er his troubled senses creep.

XXXV.

Life was to him one dark and dreary void,
Till through this thrall of wretchedness he broke:
'Twas on one bright May-morning; from the wide,
Wide sea, the fresh breeze came, and spoke
Of other distant lands, and Julian woke
Again to light and life, and felt its gush,
And heard a voice for him kind pray'rs invoke,
And saw the lattice open'd, that the rush
Of grateful air might cool his hot cheek's fever'd flush.

XXXVI.

He totter'd to the balcony, though weak
From suffering, and gaz'd on sea and sky.
Then came, mid whirls of thought too wild to speak,
The dim conception of his malady;
A strange and hideous dream had passed by,
But left its track in characters of fire;
Yet soon with all its lustre his bright eye
Shone out, and, ere he mark'd that hour expire,
Alone for his Inèz he felt his breast respire.

XXXVII.

Without was light, and harmony, and gladness,
Through all the vista which his gaze embrac'd;
Within he turn'd him to a sick-room's sadness,
And sauntering there remark'd a letter plac'd
Beside his couch:—well knew he, who had trac'd
Its slight and devious characters; and, wan
With maddening doubts, he broke the seal in haste:
Two months had vanish'd since Inèz began
The note, and thus its plain and artless contents ran.

Though never more, dear Julian, I may greet
Thy welcome voice; though never more thy feet
May seek Inèz, where we so oft have met;
I can not, when I would, so soon forget.
I wrote to thee, and met with no reply:
This was not kind but let us pass it by.
Though I have wept, I will not now complain;
No words of mine shall ever give thee pain;

Long have I felt that all my dreams must tend
Eventually to this untimely end.
Rememb'rest thou, when on the castle-hill,
One eve we mark'd the breath of summer fill
Each light felucca's sails, till, by the breeze
O'erborne, their margins kiss'd the glitt'ring seas?
The orange and the citron shed their balm,
Thy voice was music, and this heart was calm.
There, while we spoke of climes far, far away,
The Host drew near with all its proud array.
Thou of its presence tookest little heed,
I know it is not reverenc'd in thy creed;
I knelt in all humility, and there
For thee alone I offer'd up my prayer;
Yet first, whilst kneeling at that blessed shrine,
I keenly felt that thou could'st ne'er be mine:
I rose up suddenly, for, while I knelt,
God only knows what agony I felt.
They tell me thou art sick:—oh! would that I
Might like thy guardian angel towards thee fly,
Pour out my soul thy parched lips above,
And o'er thee watch with all a woman's love;
Oh then, methinks, I should be happy then,
If happiness can know Inèz again.
I can not blame thee; in thy own far land
Some fairer girl will bless thee with her hand;
Thy mother too will gaze along the sea,
And chide thy absence here impatiently.
Go then, thou lov'd one, cheer her aching eyes,
And fear not, brighter days will yet arise.
Thou wert not made to toy thy life away,
Like some mean insect, all in idle play;

Another, nobler part, thou yet may'st bear;
Kings may commend, and nations bless thy care.
Shall I then bind thee to a lowly fate?
—My heart is faint, but—we will separate.
A little while, and this will all be o'er;
To brighter realms my future thoughts shall soar;
There we may meet, there yet together dwell,
But, until then, dear Julian, fare thee well!

XXXVIII.

The first few lines were very fairly trac'd,
But scalding tears had fall'n upon the letter,
And several words were nearly all effac'd.
—He shut it up again:—till he was better,
His illness would, he felt, all motion fetter;
And he had none by whom he might express
To her undying constancy, or let her
Know the full measure of his wretchedness:
'Twas needful for a time his feelings to suppress.

XXXIX.

At length he ventur'd out, and down the lane
Beside the beach his feeble steps were bent;
The home of his Inèz he sought again,
Yet on a fruitless mission there he went;
The house was tenantless, and tall weeds sent
Their rank and vigorous shoots out, where the rose
In former days, with ever grateful scent
Had struggled from amid the herbage close,
And whisper'd of the one at whose command it rose.

XL.

And in the little arbour, where so oft
They sate together underneath the shade,
The grass was rife and growing, and aloft
Among the boughs the hornet tribe had made
Their filmy home, and idly there they play'd
In giddy circles, till the stranger's tread
On entering there their ready anger sway'd,
And like a winged army forth they sped
To menace with their sting th' intruder hither led.

XLI.

It happen'd, that upon that very day
A novice had agreed to take the veil
At St. Theresa's convent, and the way,
By which he homeward wander'd through the vale,
Ran very nearly underneath the pale
Of that religious edifice. A curious crowd
Had gather'd round the portal, and the wail
Of solemn music rose distinct and loud,
As towards the pile to stray his footsteps he allow'd.

XLII.

The rite was closing, and that final vow,
Which bade the gentle being from her race
Apart to live and die, was utter'd now;
Before the grate she knelt in all the grace
Of dawning womanhood; her pale, pale face
Was shrouded, till, awaken'd by the swell
Of voices hymning forth the Virgin's praise,
She rose to speak one long and last farewell,—
And on his lost Inèz her lover's fond gaze fell.

XLIII.

Yes ! she was there, the idol of his soul,
The one for whom he long had inly bled !
Still true to him, not all their vain control
Could vanquish her ; none other would she wed,
Though taught by all that he had long been dead.
He stood before her—and though doom'd to sever,
One wild and thrilling cry of welcome fled
From lips, whose sweetness he might ravish never ;
And weeping, wan, and faint, she went her away for
ever.

XLIV.

Go, go, fair girl ! go, seek thy fitting sphere,
Too pure, too good, too beautiful for earth !
Thy generous spirit would have languish'd here
Amid the beings of a different birth.
Thou would'st have often wept the bitter dearth
Of sympathy, and often would thy breast
Have sicken'd at the cold unsocial mirth
Of heartless worldlings :—but thou art at rest ;
And in religious peace thy lot may still be blest !

XLV.

Thou hast not known, how oft at midnight hour
There yet was one who thought of thee, and wept ;
Nor how regardless of the pattering shower
Full oft he left his couch while others slept,
And unattended on the threshold stepp'd,
Alone to watch thy wakeful taper burn :
Nor how consumption's baneful hectic crept
Along his pallid cheek, till from the urn
Not e'en his friends could hope his future course to
turn.

XLVI.

Around him various skilful leeches came,
Yet in despair he saw them all depart.
Alas! they could not quench the spirit's flame,
His malady recoil'd not from their art;
They could not bind a bruis'd and broken heart,
Yet change of climate they alledged might
Perchance some solace to his pain impart;
And lest a quick relapse all cure should blight,
To other distant lands again they urg'd his flight.

XLVII.

He yielded to their counsel, and away
Tow'rd's Albion's isle again he homeward flew.
There, let us leave him on the watery way,
And henceforth, to his wand'rings bid adieu.
—And thou, my gentle lyre, though pure and true
Hath been the bliss that thou hast brought to me,
Thee will I cast upon the waters too;
Some friendly hand may snatch thee from the sea,
And haply yet may wake a sweeter strain from thee.

XLVIII.

It is the dead of night, and all the stars
Are gazing on the earth. How tranquilly
They circle on!—there no confusion mars
Their perfect harmony, but through the sky,
Unclouded and unchanged, on they hie.
Alas! on earth what wars, what famines drear,
What struggles, and what sufferings meet the eye!
Yet let us chase away each idle tear,
For other better days are breaking even here.

XLIX.

The spirit of the living God is on
The waters of this chaos, and will bring
These jarring atoms to harmonious tone ;
Another fair creation yet will spring,
Wherever truth extends her radiant wing ;
Men will not seek alone in other's woe
Their proper weal, nor will misrule still wring
The patriot's heart, but yet his cheek will glow
To mark the general spread of happiness below.

2

CAMOENS IN THE HOSPITAL.

CAMOENS IN THE HOSPITAL.

"Cease, cease, my son," the monk exclaim'd,

"Nor idly thus repine;

Shall Heaven by impious man be blam'd?

What vain laments are thine!

Around a thousand wretches lie,

They suffer equal pain,

Unheard they moan, unwept they die,

Why then should'st thou complain?"

"O holy father, say no worse!

Suspend awhile thine ire!

Believest thou, I blame that source,

Whence came the poet's fire?

Oh, no! no! no! think not that I

Presume kind Heaven to scan;

I only blame the cruelty

Of cold ungrateful man."

“How sunny was my morn of life,
When first, untried and young,
I enter’d on this worldly strife,
Nor thought of future wrong!
My country, thou wert dearer far
Than even life to me;
Thy glory was my guiding star,
Thy good, my greatest glee.”

“Patrician blood ran in my veins,
And, though of low estate,
I prov’d my honour free from stains,
And mingled with the great.
I shone in every pageant proud,
I play’d a courtier’s part,
I woo’d—but not the giddy crowd;
One only had my heart.”

“Oh! was she beautiful, who first
Awoke the poet’s song?
She was indeed!—her beauty burst
Like sunlight on the throng.*
Of hope, of love, of joy intense
My tongue essay’d to tell;
And dulcet strains unbidden thence
In liquid numbers fell.”

* Donna Catharina de Ataide, one of the maids of honour to the Queen of Portugal.

"I see thee still my gentle girl,
As in thy father's halls;
Around thy neck a wreath of pearl
In mazy circles falls:
A golden band still binds thy hair,
Thy lips, half parted, seem—
My love, I fly to meet thee there;
And find it all a dream."

"From mid a cold and hostile band
I won her for my own,
Yet by her sire's unjust command
Was I in fetters thrown:
Against me they could urge no crime,
Yet only for my love
They doom'd me in a burning clime
A banish'd wretch to rove."

"Go, seek the hind on Ceuta's plains,
And ask him, how I fought!
Seek those, who heard my early strains,
And ask them, how I wrote!
I held my life of little worth,
And, as I fought, I sung;
I struck the barren rock, and forth
The living waters sprung."

"I was among my fellow men
The idol of the hour;
And felt this spirit conscious then
Of all a poet's power.
He, who the human heart can sway,
Can also wake the will:
And all, who deeply feel his lay,
His bidding must fulfil."

"No lady-love inspir'd me now,
I sang my country's fame;
A smile broke forth on every brow,
In every heart a flame.
A watch-word, and a rallying cry,
Each strain among them ran:
All sought in glory's cause to die,
All struggled for the van."

"Again I sought my native shore,
And sued my just reward:
Alas! from every noble's door
I found myself debarr'd.
Day after day I urg'd in vain
These pillars of the state;
They bade me mid a servile train
Of parasites to wait."

"I could not cringe as others did,
Nor like a menial stand;
I rather chose farewell to bid
For ever to the land.
Dear father-land, with many a pang
I parted from thee then,
Nor thought, as o'er the wave we sprang,
To look on thee again."

"Where India's gorgeous regions shed
Their fragrance o'er the seas,
I friendless for a refuge fled,
And sought to live in peace.
The earth was fair, the sky was bright,
And smiling as of yore;
But India's pride, and India's might
Existed now no more."

"I sat me in the desert, where
Once monarchs had their seat:
And obelisks and columns there
Lay crumbling at my feet.
Where once had bloom'd a paradise,
Was now a sandy space:
I wept—and learn'd to sympathize
With all the human race."

“ ’Tis deem’d a glorious deed, in war
To ravage and destroy ;
But ’tis in peace a better far
To shed relief and joy.
Oh! blessed thoughts, unbounded by
My country’s narrow span,
Here came, and taught in harmony
To bind man unto man.”

“ And strange and gladdening chords I rous’d,
And down my sabre flung;
The East and Europe were espous’d,
And I their nuptials sung:
And annals of my ingrate land
I wove within the strain :—
Though future fame should flee her strand,
The LUSIAD will remain!”

“ But woe to thee, unworthy soil !
Thy mercies are severe !
My life for thee was spent in toil,
And now I perish here!
Thou killest, and thou stonest all
The prophets sent to thee ;
And fire and sword through ages shall
Thy retribution be!”

“This lyre, alas! is broken now,
This heart is broken too;
Yet laurel crowns will bind my brow,
When death has claim'd his due:
And those who leave me lorn and sick,
Will in my praises vie:—
But—help—old man—oh! haste thee quick,
And shrive me, ere I die!”

NOTES TO CANTO I.

Note 1, page 3.
"O *Fluminense*."

A Rioean, or inhabitant of Rio.

Note 2, page 3.
"Camoens sung of yore."

It has long been the fashion to look upon commerce as an uninteresting and barren theme, and Camoens is the only poet of eminence, whose writings can be adduced to repel the charge.

Note 3, page 3.
"Oh lovely is the landscape ye may see."

"Nothing," says Mrs. Graham, in her voyage to Brazil, "that I had ever seen, is comparable in beauty to this bay; Naples, the Firth of Forth, Bombay Harbour and Trincomalee, each of which I thought perfect in its beauty, all must yield to this, which surpasses each in its different way. Lofty mountains, rocks of clustered columns, luxuriant woods, bright flowery islands, green banks all mixed with white buildings, each little eminence crowned with its church or fort, ships at anchor or in motion, and innumerable boats flitting about in such a delicious climate, combine to render Rio de Janeiro the most enchanting scene that imagination can conceive."

Note 4, page 6.

"Ave Maria 'twas thy blessed strain."

The hour of twilight, or Ave Marias, is here announced by a few strains on the bugle from the guards of the Palace. — On a quiet evening the effect is very pleasing.

Note 5, page 6.

"La Plata's sunbeam sheds its kindling ray."

The national ensign of the Argentine states is a rising sun.

Note 6, page 12.

"Have never seen the fado danc'd I ween."

The fado is a voluptuous dance of the Africans.

Note 7, page 17.

"The news from St. Domingo too of late."

Hayti, the revolted West Indian Colony.

Note 8, page 23.

"Moleque."

Anglicé, Waiter.

NOTES TO CANTO II.

Note 1, page 25.

"Estavas linda Inez, &c."

"Oh! happy was thy home to thee Inez,
"And every circling year increas'd thy bliss;
"Lull'd by thy love, no evils met thy gaze,
"Till fate impell'd thee on the dark abyss."

Note 2, page 26.

"The Gracchi worshipp'd ere they bravely died."

T. Sempronius Gracchus, the father of Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, raised a temple to liberty on Mount Aventine. The ruins of the edifice still exist, and are alluded to by Mad. de Stael. 5 chap. 1 vol. *Corinne*. It may be urged among "matter of fact" people, that as men must have existed before governments, the birth of liberty must have been coeval with the creation. The earliest accounts we have of mankind existing as nations, however, prove that they do not long retain this best gift of heaven; nor do we hear of any temples having been erected to the worship of Liberty, previous to the one above alluded to. It is thus obvious, that she could not have found her place in the theogony of the ancients until a very late period.

Note 3, page 26.

"Here art thou fallen and trampled under foot."

If any one should consider this picture overcharged,

let him read Andrada's representation to the deputies of Brazil, regarding the slave trade.

Note 4, page 28.

"Jozé Andrada's name."

Jozé Bonifacio de Andrada e Silva, the individual here alluded to, is a native of St. Paul's. The Andrada family consists of three brothers, Jozé Bonifacio, Martin Francisco, and Antonio Carlos: and was a few years ago decidedly the most powerful family in Brazil. By their influence Don Pedro was first secured, if not placed on the throne of Brazil; and it is a well known fact, that the Brazilian people are more indebted to Jozé Bonifacio, than to the head of the House of Braganza, for their present constitution, although the former remained not in Brazil to see it promulgated. On the accession of Pedro to the throne, Jozé Bonifacio, the eldest, was chosen first minister of state, and Martin Francisco was placed at the head of the financial department. During their administration they are said to have committed several acts of tyranny, and the accusation appears to be founded on fact; but when the very critical circumstances of the country at that period, and the necessity which existed for decisive measures, are considered, much may be said in their justification. Even their most virulent enemies can not accuse them of peculation, which is a charge that few of their successors can repel; nor were they ambitious of titular honours, for when the Emperor offered to confer upon Jozé Bonifacio the dignity of Duke of St. Paul's, the aged "patriarch of the independence" declined the honour, replying that he was quite content to remain a plebeian. It was not to be expected, that men of such independent principles could long retain their situations near a weak and imperious prince. Don Pedro was proclaimed Emperor on the 12th of October, 1822. On the 17th. of July following, the ministry of the Andradas ceased, and on the 12th. of November, 1823, in consequence of the royal determination, they were *forcibly banished without either trial or examination*. In the year 1828, a reconciliation between them and the

Emperor was effected, and they all returned to Brazil. Jozé Bonifacio was educated at the college of Coimbra, and has travelled over a great part of Europe. His first wife was an Irish lady; after her death he married a Brazilian. His brothers are both highly talented, but factious; and there is but too much reason to fear, that of late they have converted Jozé, who is now reduced by old age and care to a state of comparative imbecility, into an instrument for the furtherance of their ambitious designs. They expected to have been elected to the Regency, which was formed on the abdication of the Emperor, and on being disappointed in this respect entered into the ranks of the opposition, and are openly accused by their enemies of having been connected with a conspiracy to overturn by force the present government, which (whatever be its faults) has certainly conducted the affairs of the country better than ever Pedro did. Jozé Bonifacio is still guardian to the ex-Emperor's children.

Note 5, page 28.

"Lorn Africa may mourn;

"Brazil will curse this bane through ages yet unknown."

The demoralization and insecurity, which must necessarily exist in every country where the majority of the population consists of slaves, are too obvious to require any comment. There is also another reason which is often overlooked. Not only is slave labour confessedly dearer than free labour, *but it has universally the effect* of raising the price of free labour, and consequently of productions. Wherever slaves are, a certain degree of ignominy inevitably attaches itself to all manual occupations. Here every man with a white, or rather a copper coloured skin, belongs to the privileged orders. Labour is the province of slaves, and he is by birth a gentleman. Though without a vintem in his pocket, he has the soul of a spendthrift, and his ideas are consequently so much above his station, that he is utterly precluded from matrimony. Thousands upon thousands of families, who, through the instrumentality of their own exertions, might become useful and honorable mem-

bers of society, thus condemn themselves to a life of voluntary celibacy, and starve on the scanty pittance afforded them by the labour of a few negroes, rather than demean themselves by industry. We are told, that the slave trade has been carried on to supply the want of population, but the wise-acres who reason in this fashion, do not, or will not observe, that the slave trade is the very cause which keeps down population. For more detailed and explicit information on this topic see the representation of José Andrada to the deputies. The information of practical men is always of value.

Note 6, page 29.

"Thro' camp and council one ill-fated hour."

In the House of Assembly, when Don Pedro dissolved that body by an armed force. The words in the text are a literal translation of those uttered by Andrada on that occasion.

Note 7, page 30.

"Short-sighted must have been the sage, who saw

"Alone in virtue true nobility."

"Cur Allobrogicis, et magnâ gaudeat arâ

"Natus in Herculeo Fabius Lare, si cupidus, si

"Vanus, et Euganeâ quantumvis mollior agnâ:

"Si tenerum attritus Catinensi pumice lumbum

"Squalentes traducit avos, emptorque veneni

"Frangendâ miseram funestat imagine gentem ?

"Tota licet veteres exornent undequæ ceræ

"Atria, nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus."

Juvenal 8th. Satire.

The same sentiment has also been repeated and amplified among comparatively modern writers, by Chaucer in his *Wife of Bath's Tale*, Boileau in his 5th. *Satire*, and Dryden in his *Sigismunda* and *Guiscardo*.

Note 8, page 31.

"The revolution stay'd that very night their sport."

Misgovernment (as in most cases) was the cause of this

revolution. Few princes ever ascended a throne under fairer auspices than Don Pedro, and yet by his folly he contrived to alienate his supporters in such a manner, that he was eventually compelled to abdicate. His private life was very immoral—he repeatedly infringed upon the constitution—he placed offices of public trust at the disposition of a courtesan, the Marchioness of Santos. Under his administration the expenditure of the government was ever greater than its revenue, and he finally involved the country in an unjust and ruinous war, in order forsooth to preserve the natural limits of Brazil. A time may yet come, when mankind will discover that, though extent of dominion is of the utmost importance where governments are established for the benefit of the governors, it is of precious little where they are established for the good of the governed.

Note 9, page 32.

"And Austria's flower who left for him her home."

The present ex-Empress, though connected by the female line with the house of Austria, is, strictly speaking, a Bavarian Princess, and the daughter of Eugene Beauharnais.

Note 10, page 37.

"The fitful splash of Nitheroy's waters."

Nitheroy is the original Indian name of the Bay of Rio de Janeiro, and is still in universal acceptance.

Note 11, page 41.

"There every cottage tells of joy."

The early associations of Inez are of course connected with a period previous to the civil disturbances which are alluded to in the opening of the 3rd. Canto.

NOTES TO CANTO III.

Note 1, page 45.

"Tratarao os nossos," &c.

Our troops thought of retiring, as not only were their vessels exposed to the enemies' artillery, but many soldiers were wounded, and the remainder had not sufficient ammunition to continue the combat. But here the favour of Heaven was clearly shewn, for the force which resisted the Portuguese artillery was unable to resist the comparatively powerless personal attack of the troops, * * * they entered the fortress with the slaughter of many enemies.

From the Jesuits account of the taking of the Fortress of Villagaithon, by the Portuguese from the French. Extracted from the *Chronicles of the proceedings of the Jesuits in Brazil*. Lisbon, An. 1663. A very scarce and valuable work.

Note 2, page 49.

"There is in Rio on the castle hill

"An ancient pile."

This edifice was constructed for the joint promulgation of war and religion, (no very rare combination among the Portuguese), and was a Jesuit monastery as well as a strong hold. Since the revolution of 1822 it has been neglected, and is falling into utter decay. It was on the castle hill that the Portuguese troops made their last stand, before again embarking for their mother country.

Note 3, page 48.

"*Camoens sung too, and beneath his pen*

"*Sprang Adamastor.*"

The Spirit of the Cape of Good Hope, formerly called the Cape of Storms. See *Lusiad* 5th. Canto.

Note 4, page 54.

"*Confound all poets and their writings too.*"

Senhor Jozé appears to have overrated the effects of *modern* Portuguese poetry, which consists almost exclusively of magnificent words and high sounding phrases, to which no meaning whatever can be attached, unless the reader happen to be endowed with far more vivid powers of imagination, than ever the poet was. The author of the *Lusiad* is still held up as the "grande modelo," but his degenerate successors seldom imitate any thing but the faults of that beautiful poem. Nearly all the corps of the ancient mythology are always pressed into the service as effectually as if an edict of conscription had been issued for the purpose. Apollo, Venus, Jupiter-tonans, and the Muses, are all popular characters, but Mars is the especial favorite. For Vulcan, and the more industrious class of celestials alone, the most ineffable contempt exists.
