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Antonio Pedro Assis Veiga

Maria Vitalia " "

Ana Maria " "

Maria Fernanda Vago Chegwin

Carmin " "

860
sic. XIX 129

PORTUGAL

A POEM

IN TWO PARTS

BY
THE
AUTHOR OF
"THE
SUNSHINE OF THE SOUTH"

1860

PORTUGAL.

A POEM.

IN TWO PARTS.

G. R. Graville

EXCIPITE, O NATI, BELLUM, NEC UNQUAM,
DUM TERRIS ALIQUIS NOSTRA DE STIRPE MANEBIT,
CÆSARIBUS REGNARE VACET.

LUCAN. PHARSALIA. L. IX.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW:

By Thomas Davison, Whitefriars.

1812.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ARTHUR, LORD VISCOUNT WELLINGTON, K. B.

&c. &c. &c.

COMMANDER IN CHIEF

OF

THE BRITISH FORCES

IN THE PENINSULA OF SPAIN AND PORTUGAL,

AS A TESTIMONY OF

ADMIRATION AND REGARD,

THIS POEM

IS INSCRIBED.

ERRATA.

In the motto to the second Part, page 47, after the word "γαρ" erase the comma, and insert it after the word "εστιν."

In the last line of page 48, for "in slow advance," read "in proud advance."

THE outline of the following Poem was suggested by an Evening's excursion, during the Autumn of 1810, upon the hills of Cintra, in which spot indeed many of the Lines themselves were written. The effect produced by the last Beams of Day, setting over the extensive and lovely prospect which is presented from those heights, was truly striking, and was not a little calculated to produce the chain of Feelings attempted to be described.

The Convent of N. S. da Penha is situated in one

of the highest points of the Cintra Mountains. The Tagus is seen to the eastward, almost as on a Map, in its course towards the ocean. Lisbon is dimly traced on its Bank, and the Mind is naturally led to the contemplation of the great Characters to whom that City had once given Birth, contrasted with that of the melancholy degeneracy which marks its present Inhabitants.

And, if, in the course of the Lines which refer to this part of my subject, the educated Sloth which has so long disgraced the Portugueze Character, and cramped its Energies, appear to have been too severely commented upon, let it be remembered, that it is to those who yet remain amidst the Ease

and unmanly Dissipation of Lisbon, not to those who are bravely fighting their Country's Battles on the Frontier, that these Lines allude.

No one can, I believe, more warmly applaud the Resolution which has originated, or more sanguinely anticipate the prosperous Event which, it is to be trusted, awaits the virtuous struggle of Portugal for her Independance, than I do; and, with this assurance, I may perhaps be allowed to feel a little strongly, when I see so gallant a Spirit in some Instances paralyzed, by the partial Remains of a despotick Government, a debased Aristocracy, and a corrupt Church Establishment.

I cannot, moreover, but consider it a Position at

once founded on Reason, and confirmed by historical Authority, that the Principles which operate towards the establishing the National Greatness of any State, must originate in it's own National Character, and that the Causes which may have impaired the former can never be removed, but by previously restoring the Purity, and reanimating the Energies of the latter.

The reappearance of the King Sebastian, alluded to in the commencement of the Second Part of the Poem, is a Belief much too religiously and fondly clung to by the Sect of Sebastianists, of whom there yet remain many in Portugal, not to deserve mention; and, at a moment like the present, the unfolding of his divine Mission for the deliverance of his Country

from a foreign Yoke, affords rather tempting matter for Episode.

To the Northward, the Chain of Mountains, which fence the Prospect, and extend towards the Estrella, leads the Mind to the contemplation of the Scene which, at the period when the Poem was commenced, was acting on the frontier. And, from that partiality with which, I trust, an Englishman will never be ashamed to own that he turns to the Scenes where the Gallantry of his Countrymen has been displayed, I have hazarded a few Lines, in deviation from the immediate Subject of the Poem, upon the Action of Busaco.

The allusion, in the passage which describes the

Night after the Action, to the dead body of a French Officer is not a fancied one, and is accompanied by Recollections which can never be effaced from my mind; and still less probable is it that the subject of the Lines which immediately follow can ever be forgotten by Me, connected as it is with the Memory of One whom I loved and honoured from my Childhood.

The short, but meritorious, Military Life of the late Lieutenant-Colonel TALBOT was an honour to his Profession, and the gallant but lamented, circumstances of his Death will be ever held in the Remembrance of his Friends, as well as of the rest of his Countrymen, as worthy a brave and a good Soldier.

And, lastly, to close the Scene, I turn Westward, and, while gazing on the setting Sun, as my Eye rests on the Ocean, my Mind is naturally directed homeward, to England.

After contemplating then the horrors to be witnessed in those countries which have been invaded by the unprincipled Ambition of France, it is with no small pleasure that I reflect upon the comparative, and real, Blessings enjoyed by my own.

Such a train of Thoughts should not, however, produce Feelings of Selfishness, and still less of Indifference, for the Sufferings of those Nations which surround us.

Virtue, and a lively Sympathy for the Miseries of others, can alone secure to ourselves our Independence, our Happiness, and our National Respectability, because they alone can render us worthy Divine Protection.

GEORGE N. GRENVILLE.

London, December, 1811.

P O R T U G A L.

PART I.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST PART.

Address to Portugal.—Our Feelings of Enthusiasm animated by the contemplation of the Cause in which She is now engaged, should not indispose us towards the consideration of that Cause in all it's bearings, the Character of its Assertors with Reference to it's worse, as well as to it's better, Properties.—Description of the Hills of Cintra, and of the surrounding Scenery, which have given rise to the foregoing Reflections.—The Convent—And Meditations naturally suggested by it.—The performance of the Duties of Religion by no means necessarily, or inseparably, connected with the artificial Gloom inspired by the Seclusion of the Cloister.—The Divine Being perhaps to be worshipped with feelings of a more exalted Devotion in His Works, as displayed in an extensive Prospect.—Address to an Atheist—Lisbon—Present degraded character of it's richer Inhabitants—Exhortation to them to emulate, in the impending Struggle for the Liberties, and almost Existence, of Portugal, the example of their Forefathers—Illustrated by characteristic Anecdotes of some of the Ancient Portugueze Worthies—Origin of the Spirit of Maritime Discovery among them—A Hope that a Spark of such Emulation may be yet partially rekindling in the Breasts of their Descendants of the Present Day.

PORTUGAL.

PART I.

— — — — — *ει τις δεινὸν ἡγεῖται ὑπὲρ γε τῆς ἐμῆς κινδυνεύειν, ἐνδυμηθείτω, ἢ περὶ τῆς ἐμῆς μάλλον, ἐν ἴσῳ δὲ καὶ τῆς ἑαυτοῦ ἄμα ἐν τῇ ἐμῇ μαχόμενος· τοσούτω δὲ καὶ ἀσφαλέστερον, ὅσω ἢ προδιεφθαρμένε ἐμῶ, ἔχων δὲ ζύμμαχον ἐμὲ, καὶ ἐκ ἔρημος ἀγωνιεῖται.* Thucydides, Book VI. Speech of Herocrates.

“ LUSIA, while musing on the wayward Fate
“ Which rules the Scale of Europe’s doubtful State,
“ Whilst Freedom’s trembling Hopes yet pause, to know
“ The event that waits her last impending Blow,
“ Say, can an ardent Heart, which long has sighed
“ For ancient Honour’s dimmed and fallen Pride,
“ Touched by thy kindred Spark, refuse to twine
“ Its fondest Dreams, it’s warmest Prayers, with thine?

“ On Lusian's kindling Ear no longer vain
 “ Shall fall the Patriot's Voice, the Poet's Strain,
 “ O'er every classic Scene, that once could fire
 “ For Her the throbbing Breast, or echoing Lyre,
 “ Shall prophet Fancy weave the fairest Wreath
 “ That ever bloomed to Victory's flattering Breath,
 “ And Valour teach her glowing steps to steer
 “ In Freedom's holy cause, to Glory's bright career.

“ Yes, in that generous cause for ever high
 “ Shall beat the pulse of Native Energy!—
 “ For Thee the teeming Cot its Tenant yield
 “ And Sun-brown Labour quit its favourite Field,
 “ For Thee each antique Fort, or mouldering Tower,
 “ (Trophy erewhile of Glory's short-lived hour,)

“ The aery Rock, the Mountain’s topmost pride,
 “ The fleecy Tract that decks it’s glimmering Side,
 “ Vocal once more, shall rouse, at thy Command,
 “ The patriot terrors of it’s Rustic Band,
 “ Whilst, proudly wakening to the call of Heaven,
 “ Valour shall claim the rights by Nature given,
 “ In every Bard a new Tyrtæus spring,
 “ And Spartan ardour strike the Lusian String!

“ Yet sweet it is, when faery Hands have
 wrought

“ Those ruddiest hues by poet Fancy taught,
 “ When Fiction’s reign is past, and o’er the soul
 “ Untricked Reflection holds her calm controul,
 “ To mark, with steadier Ken, each slow degree
 “ By wakening Justice trod, by Valour, Liberty,

“ To thread each wildering Maze, and scan, the while,
 “ As their mild Influence cheers the Patriot’s Toil,
 “ Each transient Mist, that dims the bright Array
 “ Of Glory’s handmaid Forms, and stays their destined
 Way.

“ Too often Hope betrays a flattering Gaze,
 “ And basks, and revels, in the pictured rays,
 “ Hangs o’er each livelier touch, in Light pourtrayed,
 “ Nor deigns one Glance to rest upon the Shade,
 “ Clings to the witching Scene, though half untrue,
 “ Nor blends the gloomier, with the brighter View.
 “ But shall her graver Mood in Terror shun
 “ To search the unfinished Work her hand begun,
 “ Or manly Courage droop, though Truth be shewn
 “ In Tints less pure, less vivid, than it’s own?

“ No! let the chastened glance of Hopes like thine
 “ Not idly gild young Freedom’s opening Shrine,
 “ Nor shrink, though Heaven’s Blast o’er the offering
 plays
 “ With Breath too potent for the kindling Blaze.

“ By such Reflections led, I sought this Glen,
 “ Far from the Tumult, and the Haunts, of Men,
 “ For sweet, in sober Contemplation’s Hour,
 “ The pensive quiet of some lonely Bower;
 “ And oh permit, beneath yon verdant Shade,
 “ *My tribute be to Cloacin a maid*
 “ ~~By thine own Olive, and the Cork Tree, made,~~
 “ Worn by thy Steep, at balmy Evening’s close,
 “ A Stranger’s weary foot to find repose.”

For, as I spoke, on Cintra’s topmost head
 The ruddy Beam it’s latest Influence shed,

The tranquil Breast of Ocean, far away,
 Caught, but to lose, the Smiles of parting Day,
 With silent course the Shadow's length'ning Train
 Swept down the Steep, and sought the distant Plain,
 In midway Air the twilight's blue Mist curled,
 And, far below me, lay a lessened World!

In kindred grandeur to the Northern Skies
 A giant Band, her guardian Mountains rise,
 Till, by the Estrella's loftier mould embraced,
 Sinks their lost greatness in the howling Waste.
 Eastward I turned, where Tejo's glimmering Stream
 In melting Distance owned the dubious Beam;
 Lisbon shone fair, beneath the lively glow,
 Spread to its parting Glance her breast of Snow,
 And, as her faery form she forward bowed,
 Woke the soft Slumbers of her native flood,—

Whilst her white summits mocked the rude command
Of the dark Hills that fence her distant Strand.

Bolder, and nearer yet, the embattled head
Of towery Belem in the radiance played,
From fretted minoret, or antique Spire,
Welcomed the farewell glance of living Fire,
And smiled to view it's turret's dazzling Pride
In pictured lustre deck the answering Tide.

Far to the South, through many a chequered
scene
Of prouder Grandeur, or of livelier green,
Of Towns in whiteness robed, a sun bright Train,
The widening River mingled with the Main.—

Seaward I stretched my view, where to the West
 The Sun Beam lingered on the Ocean's Breast,
 Where soft the Atlantic woo'd the dying Breeze
 On the smooth surface of his waveless Seas,
 On my own Land the Evening seemed to smile,
 And, fondly tarrying, pause o'er Britain's Isle.

Each ruder Breath of Ocean's Blast was still,
 And Echo slumbered on the noiseless Hill—
 T'was silence all, save where from heathy Dell
 The shrill Cicada trilled her late farewell,
 Or Goatherd homeward wound his evening way,
 And 'guiled the distance with some rustic Lay.—

Where yon tall spires, in parting radiance bright,
 Fling from their quivering tops a dubious light,

Throned on that air drawn steep, whose towery head
Frowns o'er the plain in broader, darker, shade,
Where time worn Arches, rising bold and high,
Crown the grey stone with antique tracery,
My awe-struck Eye reposes,—and, the while,
As Fancy ponders o'er the gloomy Pile,
Remembrance pauses here,—and while it bears
On pictured Wing the Forms of other Years,
Of convent Haunts by feudal Phrenzy made,
Of Murder shrouded in the conscious shade,
The votive Tower of Regal Rapine proud,
With vast domains by trembling Guilt endowed,
Of Rites by dark remorse and terror wrought,
By costly gifts, and bleeding penance, bought,
Reflection's glance shall mutely turn, to scan
The mind, the motive, as the work, of Man,

And blush to own through all this vast abode
 What to his Crimes was raised, and what to God'.—

Dread Superstition, as thy tyrant reign
 From yon brown summits to the western Main
 Stretches it's Influence wide, as thy full hand
 Grasps the rich Prize, and shadows half the Land,
 Young Genius flies afar, and the free Soul
 Of mounting Enterprize, whose strong controul
 Bids the pure Stream of manly daring start
 Quick from the Rustic's as the Monarch's heart,
 Lives now no more, and, with that Soul, has died
 It's noblest ruling passion, Patriot Pride.
 Beneath these cloistered Walls, no grateful Train
 Blesses their Shadow on the subject Plain,

For, where the Convent rears it's wealthy head,
 It stays the Sun beam from the Peasant's Shed,
 And Man, and Nature, are, alike debased,
 An heartless Slave, amid a cheerless Waste!
 Within,—each livelier Virtue, wont to bless
 The peaceful hours of social Happiness,
 'Mid Souls estranged from all it's dearer Ties,
 From all it's sweeter, kindlier, Sympathies,
 Chilled by thy Touch in languid current flows,
 And Feeling sickens at it's own Repose.—

Such is thy baneful Influence, whether shewn,
 As here, the Tyrant of some Mountain Throne,
 Or where thy bolder arm, o'er the high Fane
 Of peopled Lisbon spreads it's wider reign.—

E'en where the vertic Beam it's fury pours
 With fiercest fervour o'er yon ² Indian Shores,
 Where the gaunt Tiger couches for his prey,
 And shares with wilder Man the sovereign sway,
 I trace thy bigot march! I see thee stand
 With mien of terror on the burning Strand,
 There, as the tortured Savage shrieks aloud,
 Urge, with thy Dæmon Voice, the Fiends of Blood,
 Raise thy fell Hymn of Sacrifice on high,
 And close with pious Pomp the horrid Blasphemy!—

But gladly shall the Muse avert her view
 From scenes like these, though too severely true,
 Turn to a milder Clime her anxious Eyes,
 Nor seek Religion in her worst Disguise;

As, though the Morn has broke, and twilight grey
 Speaks the bright Dawn of Truth and Reason's Day,
 Yet the foul forms which, in the Darkness bred
 Of Midnight, loved to haunt the fearful Shade,
 Perchance may still, around some ivied Tower,
 Linger awhile, to cheat the dubious Hour.—

And, haply, yet, our gentler Mood may trace,
 E'en through the Gloom of this sequestered place,
 Amidst it's loneliest cells, some latent good
 To smooth the brow of aged Solitude,
 May find perhaps, though withered in Decay
 Manhood's fair Grace, though quenched Ambition's
 Ray,
 Some kindlier power, which yet could lull to rest
 The unpitied cares of many an aching breast,

Or, whilst it bade the youthful Soul subdue
 It's nobler warmth, suppress'd it's vices too.—

And say, when, dimly seen, and far behind,
 Fades each bright Scene that cheered his early
 Mind,
 When to his parting gaze far off appears,
 Tracked by his noontide steps, the Vale of Years,
 And the spent Traveller courts, forbid to roam,
 No Joy but Peace, no Hope beyond a Home,
 Shall he not bless the Hand which closed the Strife,
 The Toils, the Wanderings, and the Woes, of Life,
 Found the poor Exile, houseless, and alone,
 The sad survivor now of Friendships gone,
 And led his Steps through their last darksome hour,
 A way worn Pilgrim, to it's welcome Bower?

Yes he shall bless that Power, as, from the Brow
 Of yon lone Hill, he scans the plain below,
 Looks o'er the World he left, and sees the Pride
 Of wealthy Cities deck the Prospect wide ;
 The freighted Bay, or yonder armed Shore,
 The Pomp, the Glories, or the Waste, of War,
 While calm Reflection tells, that, though for him
 The call of Fame is hushed, her lustre dim,
 He yet may reign, when closed his bright career,
 The peaceful Monarch of a milder Sphere.—

Nay, when the Tempest howled, and wild and
 far

All Nature trembled at the mad'ning Jar,
 When ³ palsied Earth relaxed her firm embrace,
 And shuddering Lisbon tottered to its Base,

Unveiled, and tranquil, in the hour of dread
 The Beam yet smiled upon his Convent's head.—

What though, for him, no grateful prayers shall
 flow,
 The heart-warm Tribute of remembered Woe,
 For him no Orphan raise the suppliant Eye,
 Or poor Man's blessings speak his Charity,
 What though from him no kindred race shall claim
 Each pleasing care that crowns a father's name,
 Hang on his loved Embrace, and share, the while,
 The meed of Merit in a Parent's Smile,
 Nor from Example catch that generous flow
 Of noblest Warmth, which Præcepts ill bestow,
 What though in him no social virtues dwell,
 And each best feeling freeze in Monkish Cell,

Though yonder corded waist, yon downcast brow,
 Be but Devotion's shade, yet mock not thou,
 Stranger! the Zeal which seeks through devious
 Ways,
 And paths of darkness, one great Maker's Praise,
 Mock not the quaint Device, the Image rude,
 Which warms the prayers of unlearned Solitude,
 The garb of Frowns to meek Religion given,
 The Thorns which strew the peaceful Path of Heaven,
 But learn thy better, easier, course to steer,
 With Heart as warm, with Conscience half as clear.

Yet, while far gazing on those Towers sublime
 Which mock, in gloomy pride, the wrecks of Time,
 Should, chance, my Eye to yon bright prospect rove,
 Land, Ocean, City, Plain, or shadowy Grove,

Sure something seems to whisper, “ Not alone
 “ Where yon vast Building rears it’s massive stone,
 “ And Fancy learns from cloistered Gloom to steal
 “ That mimic Awe which Reason scorns to feel,
 “ Not there thy scene, Devotion,—look around,
 “ Where Nature owns but the Horizon’s bound!
 “ Where all create a Master’s Hand proclaim,
 “ And every Zephyr breathes one mighty Name!
 “ There while you see the Western Ocean play
 “ In the soft radiance of declining Day,
 “ Or scan yon vine-clad Hill, yon level Strand,
 “ There shall you trace, with Love, His plastick Hand,
 “ Hail His mild Lustre in the Evening Sky,
 “ And ’mid His brightest Works, adore the Deity!”

Marked you yon Sail upon the breezy deep
 Court the light Gale, and o'er the Billows sweep,
 And, on her mimic wings as sun beams glance,
 Shine one bright spot, amid the vast Expanse—
 The Tempests frown, the black clouds grimly low'r,
 And Ocean rises in his wildest power:
 No longer peaceful now, not cloathed in smiles,
 The fostering Guardian of his thousand Isles,
 Rises in foamy wrath his frowning Face,
 And bows the Welkin to his rude embrace—
 Where is that Vessel now? which late in pride
 Stem'd with her little Breast the dark blue Tide,
 Where now those sails which caught the favouring
 ray,
 And smiled exulting in the face of Day?—
 Ah she is gone! The gales of Morn no more
 With flattering breath shall waft her hopes to Shore,

O'er her pale Ensigns rise in trackless gloom
The unfathomed horrors of her azure Tomb.—

The Sea is calm once more! the Eye in vain
Scans the wide surface of the level Main.—
Where is that Vessel now?—no wreck is seen,
To mark the spot where late her course had been,
Sunk unobserved amid the Ocean's roar,
Bowed by the self same Blast that fann'd before.—

And such thy course O Man! Thy pigmy form
Thus woo'd the gales of life, and braved the storm,
Such, and thus proud, it's wildering Ocean trod,
And such thy power, amid the works of God!—

And thou, poor hopeless Wretch! if such there live,
Too wise to feel, too haughty to believe,

Poor worshipper of something undefined,
The wreck of Genius, twilight of the Mind,
That seeks, high born above the sons of Men,
To pierce those Shades unsought by mortal Ken,
And catch the unearthy sounds of yonder sphere,
Which crowding Angels tremble while they hear,
Are these thy Triumphs? this thy proudest Aim,
Thy brightest guerdon, and thy happiest claim,
This that first taught thy raptured flight to soar,
As the wild wanderings of some feverish hour,
Far above Nature's calm and peaceful bound,
To pause and hover o'er a dark profound,
Where e'en conjecture ends, in the deep Gloom
Of doubt and death, nor points beyond the Tomb?
Are these thy fondest Hopes? and is the span
Of this frail essence all that's given to Man?

Glory's loud call, Ambition's dazzling flame,
 The Pomp of Greatness, or the Voice of Fame,
 That lure, too oft to mock, our greener age,
 Nor cheer the later walks of this short pilgrimage;—
 —Is Life thy utmost care? what though to Thee
 It's Joys are Bliss, it's Span Eternity,
 Yet let one lingering hope remain behind,
 And leave, oh leave, a future to Mankind!—

And say ⁴ canst thou, who, spurning Faith's pure
 Laws,
 Quit'st the mild Blessing, to explore it's Cause,
 Who dream'st away, in fond research, the Space
 'Twixt this, and an Hereafter—canst thou trace,
 With all thy boasted skill, the Birth sublime
 Of infant Nature, or the March of Time,

Tell how the wakening Spheres, in concourse high,
First caught the strain of Heaven-born melody,
Owned through the brightening vault it's mystic sound,
And 'gan with time itself their everlasting round.—
And, till 'tis given to thy mortal sense
O'er boundless Space to scan Omnipotence ;
Look Atheist to thyself,—ask by what Force
Each life drop holds, unseen, it's wond'rous course,
Warmed by what spark of Heaven's own genial heat
The Blood that mantles, or the Veins that beat,
Or here, with me, beneath this cork tree shade,
Bless the great Maker in the Scenes he made!

Lisbon, to Thee I turn, and, as my Eye
Rests on thy dim and twilight Majesty,

Each glittering Battlement, and lofty Tower,
 The smiling relicks of thy brighter hour,
 (Hours, now no more! which but on Memory wait,
 The upbraiding Angels of thy fallen State!)
 Still the recording Glance, which loves to turn,
 And watch, in tears, o'er Valour's trophied Urn,
 To fondly brood o'er Worth's expiring ray,
 And bless the radiance in it's last decay,
 In calm regret shall mark how, conquest-reared,
 By Fortune courted, and by Foemen feared,
 Pledge of thy Fame, to it's fair promise true,
 In happier times, thy tower-girt^s Banner flew.

Souls of the warrior Dead, whose giant Might
 In Lusian's cause oft' stem'd the Tide of Fight,

Oh, could your bright Renown one Beam display
 Of Beacon Flame, to guide your Children's way,
 Shine as the Watchfire o'er the Tempest's gloom,
 And, through the waste of Ages, gild their kindred
 Doom.—

And Thou, her father King⁶, whose double claim
 Hath twined the Champion's with the Founder's Fame,
 Thy sainted Memory first shall stand, to grace
 The after honours of thy genuine Race.—

Yes! when from rocky Santarem's frowning wall
 Pealed the fierce Moor his angry battle-call,
 When spoke the gathering Trumpet's brazen throat
 To the harsh Cymbal's wild and hurried note,

And mad'ning Shouts announced the coming Foes,
 Bright o'er her Towers the Islam Banner rose—
 It rose Affonzo, but yon glittering Fane⁷,
 The storied Fabric of thy blood-bought reign,
 Reared by thy votive Hand, yet loves to tell
 How, dimmed and pale, the evening Crescent fell,
 And still can boast, in tracery quaint pourtrayed,
 Furious and strange, thy desperate Escalade.—

Nor be his praise o'erpast⁸, who, when from far
 Invasion's tempest loured, and giant War
 Wide o'er his native Plains it's thousands poured,
 When proud Castille raised high her venturous Sword,
 And mad Ambition woke, and antique Feud
 Bathed, once again, her lance in kindred blood,

Shone at his People's head, and led the way,
Sovereign of Heroes, to the patriot fray.—

But tedious 'twere, in sooth to number o'er
Each feat of forepast Worth, which now no more
Lives, but the vain hereditary Boast
Of Names long cherished, but of Fame long lost;
Whose lingering praises, barely snatched from time,
Scarce swell the Legend's dull and heartless Rhyme,
Or now, alas! in tattered remnants fall,
Old, and unheeded, round some Gothic Hall.

Yet, as my mind recalled the bright display
Of Greatness passed, of Ages rolled away,
As on my lips the theme of Glory hung,
And to each name some glowing record clung,

Haply it seemed as though, with varied swell
 Of mixed Regret and Joy, the accents fell.—
 As some far distant Music's dying Tone
 In plaintive sweetness tells of Moments gone,
 Of Joys that fled like Summer's balmy breeze,
 But whose Remembrance yet can sadly please,
 Or, now, whose wilder Note, whose bolder Sound
 Assumes a martial change, and though around
 The fitful gale may sweep, yet all in vain
 The Blast shall howl—the Strain returns again!

And You⁹ who, 'mid your country's chosen choir,
 Woke the rapt verse, and struck the quivering
 wire,
 Bard of Mondego's vale, for your sweet song
 Oft' charmed his wave, as slow it crept along,

Flowed o'er his silver bosom to the main,
 And left, for wider range, your native plain,
 Say, for these Scenes have oft, in other time,
 Responsive hailed your patriot notes sublime,
 To what high strain your echoing harp was strung,
 What ardent Spirit prompted as you sung,
 You were not mute, when Glory's ancient day
 Inspired the Theme, and sanctified the Lay;—
 When great Emmanuel¹⁰, heaven-ordained to shine
 The strength of Lusitania and his kindred Line,
 Sprang to the honours of her ancient Throne,
 And left her veteran Fame yet brightened in his
 own.

And now, in milder strain, the Memory rose
 Of Inez¹¹, lovely in that soft repose

Where calm Seclusion reared the tender flower
 Of young affection in it's earliest hour,
 Watched with a Parent's care it's bright encrease,
 And trained it's infant bloom to Joy and Peace.—

Why paused the witching Note? Why hushed the
 Strain

Of gentlest Love, untutored yet to Pain?
 Ah spare the dread reverse! nor let the cry
 Of Murder break thy harp's soft melody—
 Poor helpless Inez, what though vain for Thee
 Kindred's fair tie, or Beauty's melting plea,
 Though to thy gasping form thy Children prest
 Ward not the Poniard from a Mother's breast,
 And vainly round life's lingering glances stray,
 To seek, in tears, thy Lover far away,

Yet shall thy Country's Muse still fondly court
 The classic shades that decked thy loved resort,
 And fondly woo Mondego's murmuring wave
 In solemn dirges o'er thy early grave.—

Shame on the sceptered Hand¹³, foredoomed to feel
 How weak in murderous grasp the Warriour's steel,
 O'er thy fell Minions, King, the viewless rod
 Of Heaven's own Vengeance hangs¹⁴; see, bathed in
 blood,
 Justice, severe though slow, pursues their doom,
 To stamp her Sentence on their Victim's tomb.

But, lo! as scenes far different met the view,
 To notes more strange the wonderous Descant flew,

See, Lusia boasts her hardy Mountaineer¹⁵,
 The aspiring Champion of a new career;
 Where realms unknown, beyond the Indian Main,
 Spread wild and far an undiscovered reign,
 Her dauntless Sailor hailed the vertic ray,
 And, heaven-defended, steered his venturous way.—

And He¹⁶, whose ardent streamers, next to sweep
 The pathless bosom of the Western Deep,
 Closed the bright sequel of Columbo's fame,
 And sealed the Barrier with Magellan's name,
 He, while the enquiring eye shall shun to gaze,
 Through the dim veil of half forgotten days,
 At dark tradition's forms, shall proudly stand
 Recorded Guardian of a new-born Land,

And guide the Seaman's bold and toilsome round,
 In chartered circle, o'er the vast profound.—

And scorn it were to Valour's cause, when now
 The frown of Battle arms thy Country's brow,
 Were He¹⁷ that Country's Pride forgot, or Fame
 Pause with less joy o'er Albuquerque's claim,
 Who, when the voice of loud Debate ran high,
 And knit the front of angered Majesty,
 When Tribute's claim to bold demand had grown,
 And the stern Parle assumed a fiercer tone,
 Cast to the Despot's scowl Defiance meet,
 A Champion's Warder, to a Monarch's feet!—

Such Lusitania were thy Glories, when, awhile,
 Thy better Influence deigned on thee to smile;

Yes, such thou wert, whilst Valour yet held sway,
And shone more bright through gallant Courtesy,
Whilst Thralldom yet was Shame, save that fair
band
Which Knighthood boasted from it's Lady's hand,
Or, prouder yet, which Patriot Ardour draws
To bind the Freeman to his Country's cause,
When the torn laurel of the fallen brave
Sprang in fresh verdure from it's Master's grave,
Such once thou wert,—oh that the task had been
To fondly tarry with the smiling scene,
Swell to departed fame the votive song,
Exalt the Numbers, and the Sound prolong,
Give to the Minstrel's voice a Patriot's fire,
The Theme of Angels to a Mortal's Lyre—

But, ah! the Muse must turn that eagle gaze
 That loved to rest on Glory's sun-like blaze,
 For ever mute her Harp's exulting Tone,
 It's Strains forgotten, and it's Heroes gone!
 Quit each bright scene her youthful fancy knew,
 To pause in sadness o'er a dark review¹⁸.—

And Thou, her darling Care, her early Boast,
 Land of fall'n Virtue, and of Greatness lost,
 Thou faded Hope of blooming Infancy,
 Promise too dearly prized, she mourns for Thee!
 Mourns as she sees thy Sons, their Birthright now
 No longer blazoned on each manly brow,
 Doom to the glittering Stage, or feeble Rhyme,
 Each loftier strain that graced thy martial time,

To songs of high Emprize, and crimson War,
 Tune with a woman's hand the weak Guitar,
 And, with a less than woman's ardour, raise
 The glowing chaunt of Lusía's better days.—

Poor, lost, degraded race, they linger yet
 Prone to the chain, nor worth a bolder fate,
 View their pale City tottering to it's fall,
 Nor rouse to save, though Ruin sap the wall¹⁹.

And say,—is Honour doomed to feebly shine,
 The shattered Relick of a noble Line?
 Shall high Ambition but have lived to play
 As the short splendour of the summer's day?
 The fiery Meteor of a troubled Sky
 Which, darting brilliant through Heaven's Canopy,

Glows but to die, and, sport of every wind,
 But parts, to leave a darker void behind?
 Shall the poor Tenant of paternal Right,
 Dull Heir to all that graced the Hero's might,
 Live but the Phantom of a glorious Name,
 To prove a nobler, by a weaker, Frame?
 E'en now, thy peasant train, their Country's Boast,
 Champions of all their dastard Lords had lost,
 Sons of the Earth, it's bulwark, and it's pride,
 Pour to thy Frontier War a swelling tide,
 Thy boldest, stoutest, share the sacred toil,
 Or press, in beauteous Death, a parent Soil.

Once more arise!—Go cheer thy youthful Blood
 To feats of Strength, and manly Hardihood,

The Morn of Glory wakes!—In ruddier dyes
Ne'er did thy hopes behold the Dayspring rise,
Cast to it's purer beam thy Film away
Burst into Light and Life, and hail the rising Day!
So shall a Noon of fairer promise wait
To gild thy course, and Freedom's dubious fate;
By native hands shall bloom a deathless Crown,
The proud Memorial of a new Renown,
But, if to perish, thou shalt perish free,
And Valour, Justice, Europe, fall with thee!

Yes, thou shalt yet arise!—I mark the Ray
Of the first Star that cheered thy early day,
Pale, yet unquenched, again it's fires shall burn,
Unveiled by Clouds, and brighter in return—

Yes, thou shalt yet assert thy ancient Fame,
 Raised from the Dust, and purified by Flame,
 Start from thy Tomb at fainting Europe's Cry,
 Uprear thy Phœnix Form, the Child of Liberty!—
 Yes,—glorious relick of forgotten worth,
 I trace thee yet, I hail thy second birth,
 Throned on the Estrella's height, I see thy Form
 Fan with it's seraph wings the rising storm,
 Inspire thy Sons to hope a brighter day,
 Raise high it's clarion Voice, and wake them to the Fray.

Oh had some Warriour Spirit, when the blade
 Of struggling Freedom sued thy kindred aid,
 When Spain, and Valour, on yon neighbouring Strand
 Raised to one glorious blow each Patriot Hand,

When Albion joyed to fan the inspiring flame,
 And own Her Cause, and Liberty's, the same!
 Oh had some Spirit whispered, " Now the hour
 " Of brightest Daring; for the buxom flower
 " Of high-born Enterprize has bowed, to fade
 " Beneath the Gallic Laurel's noxious shade,
 " Soiled is thy trophied Coat, thy fair Renown
 " Gone, to enwreathe a Victor's blood-stained Crown,
 " And, trod to earth, and patient of decay,
 " Thy hoar head bowed to France's despot sway!"—

Yet, yet unsheathe, once more, thy veteran Blade,
 Scorn the mute quiet of thy poplar Shade,
 Again repair thy lately tarnished Crest,
 Arm in fair Freedom's Cause thy warrior Breast,

Bend to yon eastern hills thine Eagle Eye,
And light once more the Spark of Lusian Chivalry!—

END OF PART I.

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Allegation to the contrary being relative to the
reputation of King Sebastian—Transition to the immediate
of Sebastian—The Act of—The Act of—The Act of
which was the result of the
of a French fleet—Allegation to the fact of a
and the

PORTUGAL.

PART II.

ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND PART.

Apostrophe.—Allusion to the popular belief relative to the re-appearance of King Sebastian.—Transition to the immediate Theatre of Warfare.—Busaco.—The Action.—Evening, and Night after the Action, described.—Reflections which arise, on viewing the field of battle by moonlight.—Thoughts suggested by seeing the dead body of a French Officer.—Allusion to the fate of a brave and lamented friend, and Address to his Memory.—After having indulged the train of thoughts to which the view of the country around Cintra had originally given rise, I turn to the Ocean.—England.—The feelings of Joy, occasioned by the recollection of our Native country, and the Pride with which we contemplate her present gallant struggle in the cause of Europe, perhaps a little damped by reflecting upon the scenes of misery which inevitably accompany war wherever it is found, as well as upon the severe and irretrievable loss of valuable lives she has herself sustained in it's prosecution.—The calamities of war not confined to the field of Battle.—Allusion to the sufferings of a fugitive Portugueze family.—To the state of desolation into which we see almost all the surrounding nations of Europe plunged.—Invocation to Peace.—When obtained with Honour, the firmest pledge of National Security, and the sole end of Military Exertion.—Conclusion of the Poem.

PORTUGAL.

PART II.

*Ἄνδρῶν γὰρ, σώφρονων μὲν ἔστιν ἑμὴ ἀδικοῦντο, ἡσυχάζειν
ἀγαθῶν δὲ, ἀδικημένους, ἐκ μὲν Εἰρήνης, πολεμεῖν, ἐκ δὲ παρασχοῦ, ἐκ πολέμου πάλιν συμῆναι.—*
Corinthian Speech. Thucyd. Book I.

“ How lovely is the Patriot Soldier’s Death!
“ Warm are the grateful Sighs that o’er him breathe,
“ And beauteous every Scar his bosom bears,
“ When washed and hallowed, by his Country’s tears.”

Thus roused her favourite Warriour to the Strife
The Spartan Mother, or the Parthian Wife,
Thus to her children Lusia speaks,—the stain
Of her best Blood yet freshens on the plain;—

She points each sacred Wound;—"With you," she
cries,

"With you, my Sons, my Fate, my Vengeance, lies,

"Live for that cause alone, with it to fall;"—

—A bleeding Mother's is an holy Call!

Nor let that Call be vain; e'en now on high
Your brave forefathers sit, in viewless Panoply,
And, if immortal Powers yet blend above
The Seraph's Influence, with the Patriot's Love,
Bend from their Thrones of everlasting light,
To watch with anxious Hope their native Fight.—

And who is He¹, who from the wide expanse
Of unseen distance moves?—in slow advance,

A giant Form, he comes!—his Forehead wears
 The snowy ringlets of departed years,
 Her Regal Ermine o'er his Shoulders spread,
 The Crown of Lusitania decks his radiant Head:—
 Your own Sebastian, from the realms afar
 Of highest Heaven, hath heard the sounds of
 War,—
 Indignant heard!—hath burst the tedious band
 That stayed his footsteps from his native land,
 His mighty Mandate once again unfurled,
 He wakes! the avenger of a prostrate World!
 He moves companionless,—no mortal force
 Can 'bide the swiftness of the Hero's course,—
 Alone, exulting in his matchless Power,
 The radiant vision of a noontide hour;—

Death in his right hand sits, but the mild glow
Of Hope and Conquest light his kindling brow.

Hail awful Being! as the Rainbow, cast
O'er Heaven's vast concave, tells, the Storm is past,
We hail thy coming!—from the rising Sun
Whether sublime thy seraph flight begun,
Whether, from Ocean borne, thy shadowy train
Swept the broad bosom of the western main.—

And now, behold, on Tejo's bounding tide,
Buoyant, and brave, his milk white Courser's pride,
Foams the light wave beneath the unearthly tread
That stamps the Bosom of his sparkling Bed,
Unbent beneath the Form, his native Stream
Darts back with joy his Armour's iron gleam;

The curling surges round their Master play,
 And kiss his footsteps with the rising spray—
 He comes, he comes, thy Chief!—with courage
 high,

And new-raised spark of unquenched Energy,
 The warrior Spirit see his Country claim,
 Herald, and Pledge, of her reviving Fame!

And in that cloistered gloom², that shadowy dell,
 Where faintly peals the Vesper's distant swell,
 Where calm Devotion tends her ceaseless care,
 'Mid the lone haunts of Solitude and Prayer,
 Thy Chieftain's voice was heard!—as the loud blast
 Of Battle's trumpet-call, his accents past,
 Rose with the startled Breeze, and bade around
 Each hallowed grove prolong the unwonted sound!—

Each frowning rock by holy footsteps worn,
 And chapel-cave, the warning notes return,
 Whilst Echo, wakening on the mountain's breast,
 With hundred tongues proclaims the high Behest;
 Affrighted Penance from her Caverns fled,
 Her Lash forgotten, and her Rites unpaid,
 Religion hushed her chaunt, and to her cell
 Turned a last lingering glance, and sighed, Farewell!

Beats there the heart, which ne'er hath owned that
 Flame

Which kindles brightest at the voice of Fame?
 The soul which ne'er hath felt a genial ray
 Glow to the Drum's long Roll, or Trumpet's Bray,
 Start at the Bugle's distant blast, and hail
 It's buxom greetings on the morning gale?

Such the Muse courts not; but to him whose ear
Loves the fierce Joy her quivering war-notes bear
She lifts the inspiring strain, with him to join
In fiery haste the fancied battle-line,
And, whilst her wilder note returns, to chide
His sluggish pulse's slow and peaceful tide,
(As the long-harboured Bark, who, wont to lave
Her stately bosom in the bounding wave,
Bursts once again the Shipwright's tedious stay,
To breast the surge, and cleave the watery way,
Springs at the sound his Soldier Spirit high,
To list the tone of martial Minstrelsy!—

And You, whose anxious sigh has learned to heave
At some fond thought, which yet 'tis pain to leave,

Down whose fair cheeks the warmest tears that
steal

Scarce mourn those softer cares you love to feel,

Daughters of Albion! should your milder mood

Pause at the tale of conquest and of blood,

Shun not the venturous song, tho' fierce it tell

How the fight thickened and what thousands fell,

How, closed around, each dark battalion met

The native force of England's Bayonet,

How distant flamed her Lightning's volleying glow,

And fainting Gallia sunk beneath the blow.

For sure some nobler influence than the power

Which waits on Beauty in her Myrtle bower,

Which gilds her smile and woos the enamoured air

To fan with gentlest breath her auburn hair,

Bids you exult, when those you loved have won
That fame perchance your Image first begun,
And Britain's youth from you demand the Crown,
Pledge of their Country's worth, and guerdon of their
own.

Sweet is that Country's praise, and yet a part
Of the pure flame that fires the soldier's heart,
Unshamed may own the spark from whence it grew,
And boast it's bright original in You.

The morning rose in clouds, the orient light
Shed a dim lustre on Alcoba's height,
The gleam of arms just marked it's topmost pride,
And scudding mists flew swiftly o'er its side.
The unwilling Sun from out his heathy bed
In tearful moisture raised his shaded head,

Paused in his giant course, then, bending slow,
 Gazed on the embattled throng that moved below,
 Sought with dark blush the empyrean's breast,
 And veiled in purer air his conscious crest;—

I said not that the glorious orb of Heaven,
 In prophet sufferance from the Zenith driven,
 Shrunk from the terrors of the coming fray,
 And woke reluctantly the lingering Day,
 But that, to Fancy's eye, he well might seem
 To shroud with kindred gloom his morning beam,
 Turn, sadly turn, from sight of human woe,
 And view fair Nature's face with lessened glow,
 Shun the stern Heralds of the Fight, and fly,
 Nor witness all her parent agony.—

Marked you yon moving Mass, the dark array
 Of yon deep column wind it's sullen way?
 Low o'er it's barded brow, the plumed boast,
 Glittering, and gay, of France's vayward host,
 With gallant bearing, wings it's venturous flight,
 Cowers o'er it's kindred bands, and waves them to the
 Fight.

No martial shout is there;—in silence dread,
 Save the dull cadence of the Soldier's tread,
 Or where the measured beat of distant drum
 Tells forth their slow advance,—they come! they
 come!—

The Wolf steals trembling from the mountain glade,
 Bounds the fleet Stag from out his covert shade,

The rock bird, startled from his nest on high,
 Bends to the unwonted storm a wondering eye,
 And, wildly screaming, from the dark affray,
 Swift rising, heavenward wheels his aery way.—

And who are they, who burst the wizard spell
 Of Nature, shrined within her peaceful dell,
 Rouse the dread slumber of the War, and threat
 The fœderate Sisters on their mountain seat?
 Is this the host of vengeance³?—this the power
 That ruled in blood o'er Russia's darkest hour,
 That tamed proud Austria's Eagle to the toil,
 And called her death-bought pledge a Victor's spoil,
 That strewed her fields with kindred slain, and
 shred
 Her veteran garland for a Stranger's head?

Are these the Bands who, from the wave afar
 Of crimsoned Ebro led the waste of war,
 To court with luckless boast the hour of Fight,
 And brave the Giant to his castle's might?
 Where is their matchless Sword? the Trumpet where,
 That spoke the rally in their kindling ear,
 When bleeding Prussia bent beneath their sway,
 And wide o'er Jena's⁴ plains her ruins lay?—
 —Their victor course is run! for see, above,
 As bursts the British Lion from his Grove,
 Lusian's young offspring quits its neighbouring lair,
 Child of his hopes, and nursling of his care,
 And hails, with kindred zeal, the coming day,
 To flesh it's infant fangs, and claim a welcome prey.—

Their silent march approaches! Now, if e'er
Your Homes, your Country, or your Fame, were dear,
Ere yet the combat closes, let the thought
Of each fond tie, by bold affection wrought,
Rise lovelier yet in Memory,—let it start
With tenfold warmth to kindle round your heart,
Stout be your arm of Thunder, for it draws
It's filial strength from Nature's sacred cause,
Yours is no hireling hand, no feeble blade
Reluctant lends it's mercenary aid,
Then, as the assertors of your Fathers' right,
Heirs to their worth, and champions in their fight,
Sweep like the mountain torrent on the foe;
'Tis Justice arms, and Britain guides, the blow!—

The fight's begun;—in momentary blaze
Bright o'er the hills the volleying lightning plays,
Bursts the loud Shell, the death-shots hiss around,
And the hoarse cannon adds it's heavier sound;
Till wide the gathering clouds that rise between
Clothe in a thicker gloom the madd'ning scene;
And, as the billow's wild and angry crest,
That swells in foam o'er Ocean's lurid breast,
Through each dark Line the curling volumes spread,
And hang their white wreathes o'er the Column's
head.

But mark,—as onward swept the northern blast,
In opening folds the eddyng circles pass'd,
The deaf'ning guns are hushed;—but from afar
As slow the gale uplifts the shroud of war,

Half veiled in Smoke, half glimmering on the sight,
 What bristling Line expands it's wings of Light?—
 It lengthens as it moves,—thus the pale ray
 Scowers o'er the Steep, when tempests pass away.—
 Death hovers o'er it's path,—Yes, Britain, here,
 Here was thine inborn might!—hark, the loud cheer
 Bursts from thy thousand voices to the race,
 The ranks of Battle melt before thy face!—

They join!—The shout has ceased!—as when the
 breeze

Of Winter sweeps along the leafless trees,
 When the loud storm is up, and, waving slow,
 The stately forest bends before the blow,
 Wide shrinks the adverse host, with rustling moan
 Heard distant, speeds the gathering havoc on.—

Yes France thou fall'st!—vain was that rallying Cry,
 That desperate charge of choicest Chivalry,
 From flank to flank thy loud Artillery ran,
 Thy boldest chieftains seek the yielding van
 In vain!—for, as the sands by whirlwinds driven
 Fly, tost, and scattered⁵, through the face of Heaven,
 Thy mangled Front gives way, whilst headlong fear,
 And swift pursuit, hang wildly on thy Rear.—
 —On, England, on!—Thou, Caledonia, raise,
 'Midst Lusitania's wilds, thy Shout of other days,
 'Till grim Alcoba catch thy slogan roar,
 And trembling glisten to thy blue claymore.—

And shall not Erin⁶ bless the spot, where flew
 Fierce to the rocky charge her gallant few?

Poured from the Battle's right her reckless power?—
—The pause of Fortune was her happiest hour!

Yes, whilst thy green Isle yet shall fondly own,
In bond of worth, a kindred Chief's renown,
Whilst yet thy grateful hands shall wreath the sword
That graced so oft thy native Beresford,
Still shall thy soldier, Erin, twine the Fame
That band has won with it's commander's name,
Bid them in union bloom, together stand
The strength and lustre of their parent land,
And, when his limbs are old, his tresses grey,
In proud remembrance to his children say,
Ours was the arm that snatched the Laurel of that
Day.

Genius of Britain! did thy warrior form
 On wing of lightning ride the mountain storm,
 Speak to thy sons in thunder,—bid them shew
 Their bright extraction in each well nerved blow,
 With thine own strength each kindred arm endow,
 And sail, the Monarch of the battle's brow?—
 What though, all viewless still, thy presence shed
 It's noblest influence o'er thy children's head,
 High on each kindling cheek thy ardour glowed,
 'Twas proud, 'twas genuine, for 'twas English Blood!—

Nor blame the votive Muse, if, in the praise
 Which grateful Europe to her Champion pays,
 Which Fortune joys with flattering smile to breathe,
 And Worth to sanction, on her Wellesley's wreath,

She check the strain which single Merit draws,
To swell the publick measure of applause;
For whilst the Trump of War, in descant high,
But lengthens out the strain of Victory,
Whilst yet the inspiring note is heard around,
And Time itself, but animates the sound,
Vain were her weaker voice;—the loud acclaim
Of those his arm has saved shall speak his Fame,
His Country's love that fair renown shall guard,
The Pride of Memory be his best reward.

The storm of Fight is hushed;—the mingled roar
Of charging Squadrons swells the blast no more;
Gone are the bands of France, the crested pride
Of War, which lately clothed the mountain's side,

Gone,—as the winter cloud which tempests bear
In broken shadows through the waste of Air;—
Sunk is her plumed head, her shout is still,
And mute her war-drum on the slumbering hill.—
The noontide Breeze that swept the peopled heath
Had borne the shouts of thousands on its breath,
The noontide Sun had seen the ardent fight
Dart back its lustre with redoubled light;
Now,—sad and silent flits the evening blast,
And the low sun beam gilds a desert Waste!—

'Tis Night;—and, glittering o'er the trampled
heath,
Pale gleams the moonlight on the field of Death,
Lights up each well-known spot, where, late, in blood,
The vanquished yielded, and the victor stood,

When red in clouds the sun of battle rode,
 And poured on Britain's front it's favouring flood.

Shun not that ghastly form!—though, breathless
 now,

Naked, and stretched upon the mountain's brow,
 His mangled limbs, and blood-stained features tell
 How, bowed by Britain's wrath, the mighty fell;—
 Shun not that ghastly form!—in courage high
 And dauntless throb of ardent chivalry,
 With heart as bold, with step as firm and free,
 He trod, of late, the dangerous path with thee!—
 Fired with an equal joy, he marked the gleam
 Of France's Eagles kiss the morning beam,
 Fought for her fair renown, to battle led,
 And proudly perished, at her Legion's head!—

He too, like thee had friends, a Father poured
A last sad blessing on his youthful sword,
Prayed for his distant safety, heard with joy
The martial darings of his gallant boy,
Winged with an ardent hope each anxious sigh,
And viewed his dangers with a veteran's eye.

E'en now,—on bleak Helvetia's icy rock,
Or bloomy hill of vine-clad Languedoc,
E'en now, perhaps, through midnight's chilly skies
To Heaven the reekless prayer of fondness flies,
The warmest hopes that e'er Affection wove,
The sigh of Friendship, or the throb of Love;—
—For sure the stoutest breast may sometimes lend
One blameless sigh to grace an absent friend,

The World may yield to calm regret a part,
 Of the bright sunshine of a Female Heart,
 On cheek of Age one tear-drop yet may burn,
 When the Soul ponders on a Child's return!

Then sacred be their last repose who fall
 Bravely and greatly at their Duty's call,
 Mix with their Country's cries their parting Breath,
 And from her Vanguard face her foes in Death!

I too have known the hour when Friendship's
 tear
 Has dewed, from British eyes, a comrade's Bier,
 When the rough soldier o'er the lowly cell
 Of fallen courage breathed a last farewell,

Payed the last mournful honours to the brave,
And left, with heavy heart, the new closed grave.—

Yes, Talbot, I have known that hour⁷, and yet,
As memory loves to court her fond regret,
O'er the warm cheek a glow of honest pride
Rises, to stay the tear-drop's bursting tide,
Checks the soft yielding tribute ere it strays,
And the soul's grief half brightens into praise—

Oh had he fallen, when the doubtful ray
Of conquest paused o'er Britain's brighter day,
Then had his arm no scanty laurels won,
The Fight, the Conquest, as the Death, his own!
France then had mourned the proud memorial torn,
Fresh from her wreath, to deck his youthful urn,

Had trembling marked his Eye's last fervid glow,
 And bowed her Eagles to his dying Blow.—
 Twined by no sparing hand the glittering prize
 Had graced his brows, and cheered his closing eyes,
 And the best feelings which on Friendship wait
 Had smiled,—not sorrowed,—at so bright a Fate!—

Yet on that sacred spot, where yonder sod
 Greets with a brighter green the Soldier's blood,
 Shall the still fresh'ning Earth, in traces wild,
 Write on her breast where died her gallant Child,
 Weep in soft night-dews o'er his honoured head,
 And deck with sweeter flowers his narrow bed.
 Though nor the sculptured urn nor breathing Bust
 Crown with their ponderous pomp our soldier's
 dust,

Though o'er him wild and free the bleak winds rave,
And humblest Nature brood o'er Valour's grave,
Yet rests he not unmarked;—that searching Eye
Which rules o'er Space, and scans Eternity,
Which views, unseen, the wayward fate of Man,
Marks the dread struggle in the Battle's Van,
Rests on fair Valour's crest in peril's day,
And gilds her lowering front with brightest ray,
Which can it's aid in viewless strength supply,
Point through the bloody fray, and lead to Victory,—
That Eye can pierce the mountain's deepest gloom,
With parent Influence watch his grass-green tomb,
And call with smiles to Honour's last abode,
Joy, and repose,—the bosom of his God!—

But see,—the sun has set, and o'er the deep
In purple streaks the day's last blushes sweep;
From yonder aery ridge, cloud-capt, and rude,
Which westward bends its trackless solitude,
Still, still, to England turns my musing mind,
Ponders each favourite scene it left behind,
Sighs for those distant haunts, where once it roved,
Endeared from Childhood, and in Youth beloved,
Welcomes each home-fraught gale from thee that
— blows,
And hails thy west'ring blush at Evening's close.—

England!—my Country!—generous, great, and
brave,
Though far between us yon Atlantic wave

Stretches his giant arm,—at evening still,
 As slow my footsteps climb yon heath-clad hill,
 High on it's beetling top, I'll bless the smile
 Of the last beam that gilds my native Isle,
 Murmur thy praises to a foreign air,
 And breathe for Britain still a Briton's latest prayer!—

And, as my soul's last prayer to England turned,
 As sighed Remembrance, or as Fancy burned,
 As my lone steps in peaceful silence strayed
 'Midst the cool fragrance of the Orange shade,
 Say,—did my Spirit cease to brood on times
 Of forepast joyaunce in thy distant climes,
 Trace thee in fancy o'er the waveless seas,
 Catch thy faint accents in the whispering breeze,

And teach my eyes, whilst o'er the expanse they
 roam,

To paint it, Albion, like thyself, and think it Home!—

And, by that Spark which patriot feelings rear,
 Sacred to Virtue, and to Memory dear,
 Which calls each nobler passion into play,
 And warms the dawn of Genius into day,
 Points through fair Valour's paths to Fame and
 Joy,

And forms the Hero, whilst it fires the Boy;—

By all those Scenes which childish ardour drew,

Still still the liveliest, when the most untrue,—

Call it not false, when Faery fingers shed

Their twilight visions o'er the wanderer's head,

And Feeling wakes to Memory's pensive eye
 The living image of each kindred Tie,
 Call it not false!—for cannot Fancy pour
 The treasured Joys that guiled our earliest hour?
 Trace to it's source again Life's varying stream,
 Now darkly rolled, now glittering in the Beam,
 And bid it's tints, from distance yet more sweet,
 Blend all their charms, and brighten as they meet.—

And what's the thought of Absence?—'Tis a light
 That shines the clearest through the gloomiest night,
 That bursts from scenes, which with the Sunbeam
 flew,
 And in the dim horizon pictures new,
 Gives but the cheering gleam without alloy,
 And lends to Memory all the smile of Joy.—

Thus, when, from Summer's sunbright radiance led,
 We pierce the blackness of some Cavern's shade,
 Still round our Eyeballs moves, in circling maze,
 The fiery Phantom of the Zenith's blaze,
 Bright through the gloom the beams of noontide play,
 And gild the darkness with redoubled ray.

Albion!—my Mother!—what though reared for
 Thee

No fruitage loads the wildly blooming tree,
 Though Nature's hand for Thee refuse to twine
 The purple richness of the clustering Vine,
 Though paler Azure paint the brow of day,
 And Phœbus court Thee with diminished ray,
 Yet sweet, to minds that once have learned to roam,
 The rougher welcome of a native home.—

The blanched cliffs that fence thy sacred shore,
 And mock the rudeness of the Ocean's roar,
 Or, homelier yet, the village distant chimes,
 The breeze, that wafts the chaunt of other times,
 The ploughman's song that swells from upland lea,
 Nay ;—e'en the blast that shakes his favourite Tree,
 To the returning wanderer seem to say,
 " Here shall thy wearied footsteps learn to stay ;—
 " Thy Country greets thee !—Thou hast heard the cry,
 " On yonder distant shores, of Europe's agony,
 " Hast marked the tears from foreign cheeks that
 " flow,
 " And,—haply,—learned to feel for other's woe ;
 " Thy Country greets thee !—Bless her happier lot ;
 " The Scenes thou long hast left,—but not forgot,

“ Once more renewed, thy toil-worn heart shall cheer,
 “ My Child, my long lost Child, thou art welcome
 “ here!”—

Yes, I will hail Thee, though the billow's roar
 May drown the voice that flies to Albion's shore,
 Though foreign breezes catch the filial sigh,
 And Echo startle at the unwont reply,
 Yet I will hail Thee,—loveliest, bravest, best,
 Cradle of Worth, of Liberty and Rest,
 Firm, 'midst the wreck of Realms to ruin hurled,
 And last, stout, bulwark to a tottering World!—

Still, whilst I think on all those dearer ties
 Which prompt the dreams of youthful Enterprize,

Which streighten Absence, and, at each remove,
 Bind thee yet closer to thy Children's love,
 One gloomier feeling may a shade impart
 To chill the spark that warmed a patriot heart.—

Yes, much loved land, though long with Syren
 smile

Hath Conquest lightened on thy gallant Isle,
 Though Nature formed Thee lion-ported, bold,
 And stamped thy features in her happiest mould,
 Though one half Europe dread thy warrior fame,
 Or start, to join thy triumph's loud acclaim,
 Though parent Ocean with affection wild
 Clasp to her heaving breast her favourite child,
 I see thee faint,—thy rich, thy generous blood,
 Pours from thy thousand veins it's crimson flood,

Weighed to the Earth, by countless foes opprest
The iron dint has entered to thy breast,
In fatal pomp thy gory Ensigns wave,
And Europe's shores are but thy Soldier's grave!

For manly Courage mourn, untimely lost,
Still oftenest lavished, when 'tis needed most,
For glowing Enterprize too rashly tried,
The costly victims of a Nation's pride,
Trace on fair Nature's face each deadly scar,
The sad memorial of her children's war,
And, (as the harp of Memnon, which, of old,
Struck to the rising Sun it's war-notes bold,
To hail his fierce advance, yet, when the beam
Flung o'er the western sands it's level stream,

Swept o'er it's mystic chords a softer swell,
 To charm the lingering Evening ere it fell,
 So let thy better Genius bid Thee cease
 Thy shout of Victory in the song of Peace,
 Court her in Fortune's hour, ere yet 'tis past,
 Yes, 'tis thy firmest Hope, for 'tis thy last!—

True that, as yet, thy soil hath scorned to own
 Invasion's footsteps on thy sea-girt Throne,
 Or, did it mark where erst the Invader stood,
 Hath shewn his backward traces stamp'd in blood,
 True that the midnight Angel⁸, as he trod
 The viewless winds, and raised the sword of God,
 (Fierce as when Egypt wept the avenging hour,
 And bowed her thousands to a mightier power,)

Hath pass'd thee in the march of Nations o'er,
And sealed his promise on thy rocky Shore;—
Yet, oh forgive, my Country, though a tear
Fall e'en in sorrow o'er the wreath you wear,
Forgive, though, kindling at your children's doom,
Perchance it trickle to a Stranger's tomb.—

Nay, whilst I speak, what means yon murky Light
That gilds with trembling ray the brow of night?
'Tis broader, ruddier, than the watchfire's glow,
And dims the moonbeam on the wastes below,
Now redder yet it glares, and, blazing high,
Mocks with its gloomy flame the desert scenery.—
Misery, thy reign is here!—and though the war,
From Calpe's steep to Douro's distant shore,

Is hushed to rest, though stilled her thundering tread,
And stretched her squadrons on their heath-laid bed,
Yet here her wakeful steps in silence sweep
The trackless mazes of the midnight steep,
Wander, unseen, unheard, save as yon gleam
Pours from some burning cot it's lengthened stream,
Or as, by fits, some houseless victim's groan
Swells o'er the waste, and marks it for her own.

The Wolf may wake, unheard, his evening cry,
Or Eaglet his wild Mountain lullaby,
The dewy Moon a thankless vigil keep,
And Care, and Hunger's self, may sink to sleep,
But Misery's tear shall ne'er unheeded speak
Her tale of sorrow on yon wanderer's cheek,

He shall not tend, unmarked, his drooping child,
 Forced from a home, yet shrinking from the wild,
 Nor, from the Estrella's tops, a wayworn guest,
 Crave a last shelter on her rocky breast.
 Ah no!—that pitying Power, whose vast controul
 Spans the wide course of Ages as they roll,
 Rules o'er the Peasant's fate, with anxious care
 Shall list' the wretch's cry, the exile's prayer;—
 And though the despot quit his blood-reared Throne,
 To toil afar for Kingdoms not his own,
 And though his Arm be strong, though trained in
 Fight,
 Feared for his Crimes, and courted in his Might,
 Shall teach the stern oppressor yet to feel
 The sacred terrors of a Freeman's steel.—

But Thou, poor widowed Albion, when the brand
 Of War shall fail within thy wearied hand,
 Last of thy lineage!—who shall succour Thee,
 When fainting in thy worst Extremity?—

Ask every Wind of heaven, on sightless wings
 That scowers the trackless waste, what sound it brings—
 Say, comes it from the North?—the suffering wail
 Of war-worn nations loads the mournful gale;
 The sickly tone of Russia's fainting sigh,
 Of Prussia's fall, of Austria's infamy,
 The captive plaint of Sweden's humbled shore,
 Or helpless cry of injured Elsineur.—
 Say, comes it from the East?—a louder strain
 Hangs on it's flight, and sweeps the answering main;

Hark!—'tis the shout of Battle's on it's breath,
 And every fitful blast is charged with Death!—

Methinks, as now, in fancy's dreams, I tread
 O'er the still ashes of thy Warriours dead,
 Methinks I hear their thousand voices cry,
 " Where is the visioned Fame which bade us die?—
 " Where is the cheering Spark that can illume
 " The dull cold silence of our early tomb?—
 " Where,—but in History's page, which, whilst it pays
 " It's tearful homage to departed days,
 " May ask perchance, when closed the dire dispute,
 " And glory's trumpet, with her champions, mute,
 " When years have dimmed her shine, what boots it now
 " The barren wreath that decked our Country's brow?

“ The short lived beam of Fortune’s harlot smile,
 “ Triumph’s swol’n Tide, which, yet a little while,
 “ Swept on its course ; but ah, reduced once more,
 “ Left but a channell’d track, a desolated shore!”

Far other, England, be thy hopes, whose Form,
 Like thine own Oak, ne’er trembled in the Storm ;
 Locked in it’s native earth it long has stood,
 The pride, the strength, the Monarch, of the wood,
 But, like it, let thy lusty branches spread
 In closest union round thy parent head.—
 Then let the gale sweep on !—Thou shalt remain,
 The fence and guardian of the subject plain.—
 But, if indeed thou fall’st, and England’s Age
 Must close at length her bright, her matchless, page,

Let her day set in Honour, as it rose,
 And hymning Angels sing her to repose.—
 Her sons shall grasp the standard of her fame,
 And charge their latest sigh with England's name;
 Speak her stern sorrows in the Trumpet's breath,
 Weep in her foemen's blood her hour of Death,
 Hail her last triumph in War's mingled cries,
 And in it's thunders roar her Obsequies!

Yet oh, to gild once more her wintry state,
 To crown her toils, and point a happier Fate,
 Sabbath of calm Repose, by Mercy sought,
 By Justice sanctioned, and in glory bought,
 Come blessed Peace!—Yes, as the genial power
 Unseen sheds verdure in the Summer's shower,

As the light breeze, in which young Nature's birth
 Wafts, viewless still, it's offspring to the earth,
 Oh thou shalt yet return, and with thee bring
 Life in thy path, and gladness on thy wing.—

Britain be bold, be fearless; never slow
 In Freedom's cause, when Freedom's on the blow;
 So shall her heaven-sent presence, awful still,
 Sit, as the Warder, on thy watchtower hill,
 Calm in her might;—and thou, whate'er abide,
 Rouse at her call, and combat by her side,
 'Till venged by Thee, by grateful Europe blessed,
 She smooth her frown, and sanctify thy Rest.—

Let others toil for Fame, thy veteran Ray
 Beams yet undimmed, nor knows, nor fears, decay,
 Virtue thy cause, thy birthright Liberty,
 Fight England but for life, and live but to be free!

NOTES.

PART I.

PART I.

Page 12.—“What to his crimes was raised and what to God.”—

It is certainly not a little remarkable that, if we refer to the Origin of the great Monastick Establishments throughout the Peninsula, we may, almost universally, trace their foundation and endowment to some act of rapacious violence, or to some scene of horrid bloodshed ; either to the pursuance of a Vow made in anticipation of the event of some sanguinary battle, or to the hope of averting the vengeance of the Almighty from visiting the perpetration of some barbarous Injustice.—The Monasteries, for instance, of Alcobaça and of Batalha, in the interior of Portugal, which owed their existence to the wars against the Moors, and against the Spaniards ; and the Monastery and Church of N. S. de Bethlehem, or Belem, on the banks of the Tagus, which was intended to commemorate perhaps the blackest æra of Modern History, that of the barbarous religious government of Portugueze India, and America,

and to serve as a place of worship for the Sailors employed on the service of Discovery.

See Faria y Souza. Hist. of Port. Asia, Part I. Chap. IV.

Page 14.—“ With fiercest fervour o’er yon Indian shores,”

Among the many instances of systematic and inventive cruelty, which blacken the annals of the Holy Office, and have consigned it’s memory to everlasting execration, in no one of its institutions have, I believe, these instances existed in greater number, or in more horrid variety than in those of the Inquisition established by the Portuguese, for the furthering the conversion of the Indians at Goa.

See Limborch Hist. of Inquisitions—also the authorities quoted in the Reyno Jesuitico de Paraguay, &c.

Page 17.—“ When palsied Earth relaxed her firm embrace,”

During the tremendous Earthquake of the year 1756, which reduced half Lisbon to ruins, and the shock of which was felt so sensibly in the interior of Portugal, that a part of the monastery da Battalha, at the distance of nearly thirty leagues from Lisbon, was

materially injured by it, the convents of Cintra and of Mafra remained unshaken—a circumstance of course attributed by the inmates of these two establishments to a miraculous and exclusive interposition in their behalf.

Page 24.—“ And say, can'st thou who spurning Faith's pure laws,”

“ Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?”

“ Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the Earth? declare, if thou hast understanding.”—

“ Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest, or who hath stretched the line upon it?—

“ Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened, or who hath laid the corner stone thereof?—

“ When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.”—

.

“ Have the gates of Death been opened unto thee, or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of Death?” Job, Chap. xxxviii.

Page 26.—“ In happier times thy tower-girt banner flew”

The arms of Portugal are environed by a bordure Gules, charged with seven castles, Or, in allusion to the seven principal fortified places of the kingdom of the Algarbes, which were taken from the Moors.

Page 27.—“ And Thou, her father King, whose double claim”

Affonzo Henriquez, first King of Portugal, was son of the famous Count Henry, to whom his father-in-law Alfonzo of Castile had given, together with his daughter, the sovereignty of the whole country, south of Gallicia.—He successfully attacked the Moors in 1139, and having dispossessed them of the whole of Portugal, to the exception of the Alemtejo, and the Algarbes, he drove them across the Tagus at Santarem, which Town and fortress he took by Escalade.—He afterwards gave them battle on the Campo d’Ourique, and gained, with an inferiour force, a complete and decisive victory. He was proclaimed King on the field of Battle.

Page 28.—“ It rose Affonzo, but yon glittering Fane,”

The Bernardine Monastery of Alcobaça, the largest and best endowed in Portugal, was founded by Affonzo I. in commemoration of the siege of Santarem, the principal events of which exploit are represented in the refectory of the Monastery, on a series of coloured tiles, of the date, it is supposed, of the Building itself.

Page 28.—“ Nor be his praise o'erpast, who, when from far”

Juan I. the son of King Pedro, gained the famous battle of Aljubarota in 1386, over the Spaniards, and expelled them from Portugal.

Page 30.—“ And you who 'mid your country's chosen choir,”

Luis de Camoës, the Author of “ the Lusiad,” was educated at Coimbra, whither, after a youth spent in military exertion, and laborious Enterprize, he returned, and cultivated his talents for Poetry.—He died at an advanced age, at Lisbon, in extreme poverty, in 1579.

See Mickle's Life of Camoës.

Page 31.—“ When great Emmanuel, heaven-ordained to shine”

Emmanuel, surnamed “ o feliz,” succeeded on the throne of Portugal his cousin Juan II. who was grandson to Dom Henrique, the patron and promoter of the Portugueze spirit of Maritime Discovery. Emmanuel terminated in December, 1521, a long life and reign, deservedly styled the golden age of Portugal.

Page 31.—“ Of Inez, lovely in that soft repose—”

For the history of the attachment, the misfortunes, and the death of the lovely, but unhappy Inez de Castro, see the beautiful passage relating to her, which begins Stanza xx. Canto 3, of “ the Lusiad.” The small villa on the banks of the Mondego, near Coimbra, called the “ Quinta das lagrimas,” where she lived in retirement with her children, and where together with them, during the absence of her husband Prince Pedro, she was murdered by the hands of her father-in-law Affonzo IV. still exists.—Several tragedies have been written upon her death, of which the principal are, one in French, by M. de la Motte, and one in Spanish, by Luis Velez de Guevara, entitled “ Reynar despues de Morir.”

Page 33.—Shame on the scepter'd hand, foredoomed to feel,”

Affonzo IV. whom Mr. Mickle, in the introduction to his translation of the *Lusiad*, has, I think unguardedly, styled “ the greatest Warriour, Monarch, and Politician of his age,” appears to have had no claim to these characteristics, excepting what was afforded by a ruinous, sanguinary, and unsuccessful war against the Moors; and whose military fame, if indeed he deserved any for the barren and questionable victory of Tarrifa, was tarnished by the loss which, under him, the Portugueze army sustained, whilst making an irruption into Castille, at Villanueva de Barcarota, A. D. 1335.

See Mariana, Lib. 16.

Page 33.————— “ see bathed in blood,

“ Justice, severe though slow, pursues their doom.”

Alluding to the Execution, by order of King Pedro, upon his accession, of Pedro Coelho, and Alvaro Gonzalez, who had advised Affonzo IV. to the murder of Iñez, and who had assisted at its perpetration.

Page 34.—“ See Lusía boasts her hardy mountaineer,”

Vaseo de Gama was born at Sines, a small seaport town among the mountains of the Alemtejo. He was employed by King Emmanuel, A. D. 1497, to reconnoitre the Indian Seas: Having passed the Cape, and run down the western coast as far as the Ganges, he was appointed by John III. viceroy of the Indies.—He died at Cochin, 1525.

Page 34.—“ And he whose ardent Streamers next to sweep,”

Fernando de Magalhaens, or Magellan, in 1519, discovered and passed through the Straights which have since borne his name, and went through the South Sea on a project of Circumnavigation to the islands of Los Ladrones.—In one of these islands he was killed.—One of his ships however completed the Tour round the globe, and arrived at Seville, Sept. 8, 1521.

Page 35.—“ Were He that Country’s Pride forgot, or Fame
 “ Pause with less Joy o’er Albuquerque’s claim.

Alfonzo, Duke of Albuquerque, surnamed the “ Mars of Portugal,” was after many victories created Viceroy of the Indies, under Emmanuel.—Having conquered Goa, and rendered it the centre of Portuguese commerce in that part of the Globe, he invested and subdued the island of Ormus in the Persian Gulph, A. D. 1507-8.—Demand having been made by the King of Persia, for a Tribute to be paid by him for the Island, Albuquerque commanded a cannon ball and a sabre to be brought, exclaiming, “ Behold the only Tribute my master pays!”

Page 37.—“ To pause in sadness o’er a dark review.”—

. Voláron
 Tan florecientes Dias

i Do estas, pasada Gloria?
i Do estas ? Ay triste! Yaces
 En la infeliz Memoria,
 Que siempre llama, fué !

.
 Discordia impura,
 De la guerra infeliz soplando el Fuego
 Sin Esperanza me robó el Sosiego,
 Y, oh! peor que el morir, son los fatales
 Vicios, que esta region brota dó quiera.

Cancion del Joven Numida

Gonzalo de Cordoba, de Florian,

Por D. Juan de Pénalver, L. VII.

Page 38.—“ Nor rouse to save, though ruin sap the wall”

“ _____ Tanti tibi non sit opaci
 “ Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in Mare volvitur aurum
 “ Ut somno careas.”

Juvenal Sat. III.

PART II.

Page 48.—“ And who is He, who from the wide expanse,”

Sebastian III. King of Portugal, during a rash and unsuccessful expedition against the Moors, was slain at the Battle of Argilla in the kingdom of Fez, A. D. 1578. In this battle three Kings perished; namely Sebastian, Muley Mehemed, whose cause Sebastian had assisted against his uncle Molucco, King of Fez, which monarch likewise died at the head of his troops. From the circumstance of no one being found to attest Sebastian's death, and from his body not having been recovered by his Army, owing to the severity of the Defeat, a superstitious belief has existed in Portugal that he was transported into Heaven, from whence, at a time when his Country shall be in the most imminent danger, he will descend, and will ride upon the waves of the Tagus, on a white charger, to Lisbon, where he is to unfold his divine Mission, and to lead the Portugueze Armies to Battle. For the account of the Action in which Sebastian fell, see the first part of L'Abbé Vertot's History of the Revolutions of Portugal.

Page 51.—“ And in that cloistered gloom, that shadowy dell,”

The Carmelite Convent of Busaco is situated in a thick and extensive grove of Fir and Cork Trees, which overshadows a small secluded dell formed by two of the highest summits of the Serra d'Alcoba. The resident Monks of this institution observe, with a severity I believe unparalleled in any of the other convents in Portugal, the utmost duties of that most rigorous order to which they belong. Three years of total silence, except when assisting at the Office, which is chaunted night and day, without intermission, in turns by the Monks, forms a part of their noviciate.

They are barefooted, and never taste meat, and, it was told me, had, by a system of uninterrupted trial, reduced Nature to the habit of deriving sufficient refreshment for the purposes of a life so sedentary as theirs is, from the miserable allowance of only one hour's sleep at a time.—Above the convent of Busaco rises a green and winding path through the wood, so steep that the ascent is in some places only rendered accessible by occasional steps formed in the moss. At certain intervals in this walk are erected small cells, or chapels, hewn out of the lime-stone Rock, in which are placed groups of coloured figures representing the different passages of our Saviour's passion. You arrive at length at a summit called the

Calvario, from whence you at once embrace a prospect of surrounding country, scarce terminated but by the dimness of distance.

In this convent Lord Wellington established his head quarters, four days before the attack upon the allied British and Portugueze troops in position, on the 27th of September, 1810.

Page 58.—“ Is this the host of vengeance,”—

“ Are these the Men who conquer by Inheritance?

“ The fortune makers?—These the Julians

“ That, with the Sun, measure the end of Nature,

“ Making the World but one Rome, and one Cæsar?

Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy of Bonduca, Act I. Scene I.

Page 59.—“ And wide o'er Jena's plains her ruins lay—”

At the battles of Jena and Auerstadt, on the 14th and 15th of October, 1806, the two great armies on which rested the fate of the Prussian Monarchy, commanded by Prince Hohenlohe, and by the King in person, are said, inclusive of the corps of Saxons in their service, to have lost above 32,000 men.

See Müller's Elements of the Science of War, Vol. 3.

Page 63.—“ Fly, tost and scattered, through the face of heaven.”

— — — — — αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὺς

Θεσπεσίη ἔκε Φύζα, Φόβῳ κρυόντος ἑταίρῳ

Πένθει δ' ἀτλήτω βεβοληατο πάντες ἄριστοι.

Ὡς δ' ἄνεμοι δύο πάντων ὄρινον ἰχθυόεντα

Βόρης καὶ ζέφυρος τῷ τε θρήκηθεν ἄητον

Ἑλθόντ' ἑξαπίνης, ἄμυδις δέ τε κύμα κελαινὸν

Κορβύεται, πολλὸν δὲ παρέξ ἄλα φύκος ἔχευαν

Ὡς εδαιζέτο θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν Ἀχαιῶν.—

Iliad, Book IX.

Page 63.—“ And shall not Erin bless the spot.”

Among those British Regiments who were engaged in the partial affair of the 27th, none happened to be favoured with a more advantageous moment for distinction, (of which doubtless all would have equally gallantly availed themselves, had the opportunity occurred to them,) than the 88th, or Conaught Rangers, on whom a principal share of the service performed on the right centre of the allied army devolved. It is moreover no small part of the boast of this deserving regiment that it bears at its head a name which is at

once the pride of the Land that gave him birth, and the veneration of that country in whose cause his talents, his firmness, and his labours, have been so successfully exerted. I mean the name of Sir William Carr Beresford. I cannot therefore think the claims of that regiment and of its colonel on the gratitude of their common parent improperly blended together—a bond of mutual distinction, by which I trust it will long be their glory and fortune to be united.

Page 71.—“ Yes, Talbot, I have known that hour.”

Lieutenant-Colonel Talbot, in an unsuccessful affair of outposts near Alverca, July 11, 1810, gallantly fell at the head of his regiment the 14th Light Dragoons, while charging a solid square of French Infantry.

Page 83.—“ True that the midnight Angel,”

“ And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where you are. And, when I see the Blood, I will pass over you and the Plague shall not be upon you, to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt.”

.....

 “ For the Lord will pass through to smite the Egyptians, and when he seeth the blood upon the Lintel, and on the two side door posts, the Lord will pass over the door, and will not suffer the Destroyer to come into your houses to smite you.”

Exodus, Chap. xii. Ver. 13, &c.

Page 90.—“ And, in it's Thunders, roar her Obsequies”—

“ *Nennius.* Is not peace the end of Arms?”

“ *Caratach.* Not where the cause implies a general conquest.

“ Had we a difference with some petty Isle,

“ Or with our neighbours, for our Landmarks,

“ The taking in of some rebellious Lord,

“ Or making head against commotions,

“ After a day of blood, Peace might be argued;

“ But where we grapple for the ground we live on,

“ The liberty we hold as dear as life,

“ The Gods we worship, and, next those, our honours,

“ And with those swords that know no end of Battle,

“ Those men, besides themselves, allow no neighbour,

“ Those minds that, where the day is, claim inheritance,
“ And, where the Sun makes ripe the fruits, their harvest,
“ And, where they march, but measure out more ground,
“ To add to Rome, and here, i'th' bowels on us,
“ It must not be!—No, as they are our foes,
“ Let's use the peace of Honour, that's fair dealing,
“ But, in our ends, our swords. That hardy Roman
“ That hopes to graft himself upon our stock
“ Must first begin his kindred under ground,
“ And be allied in ashes!”—

Beaumont and Fletcher's Tragedy of Bonduca,
Act. I. Scene I.

THE END.

**T. DAVISON, Lombard-street,
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