

- ART. IX. — 1. *Decadas da Asia* de JOAM DE BARROS e de DIEGO DE COUTO. Nova Ediçam. 24 vols. Lisboa. 1778.
2. *Vida de JOAM DE CASTRO, quarto Viso-Rey da India.* Por JACINTO FREIRE DE ANDRADE. Lisboa. 1798.
3. *Obras de J. B. ALMEIDA-GARRETT.* 18 vols. Lisboa. 1843.
4. *Historia do Cerco do Porto.* Por SIMAM JOSÉ DA LUZ SORIANO. 2 vols. Lisboa. 1849.
5. *Diccionario Geographico do Reino do Portugal e seus Dominios.* Por PAULO PERESTRELLO DA CAMARA. 2 vols. Rio de Janeiro. 1850.
6. *Diccionario Geographico das Provincias e Possesoes Portuguezes.* Por JOSÉ MARIA DE SONSA MONTEIRO. 2 parts. Lisboa. 1850.
7. *Mappas Geraes do Commercio do Portugal durante o Anno de 1851.* Lisboa. 1853.
8. *Almanech de Lembranças, Luso, Brasileiro para 1856.* Lisboa. 1856.

AMONG the thousand readers of the graceful pages in which Prescott has told a portion of the tale of Philip II., are there not some who will give a moment's thought to that other Peninsular nation, which Philip with difficulty subdued,—that nation which occupied (old historians say) “the marrow of Spain,” *medulla Hispanica*, which founded the first of modern commercial empires, whose language is as sweet as the Spanish is sonorous, and whose manners are melancholy as the Spanish are gay,—but whose career, like the Spanish, has been a sudden glory and a long decline?

The origin of the kingdom of Portugal is the most romantic, and at the same time the most democratic, in Europe. Count Henry of Burgundy received from Alfonso VI. of Spain the hand of the fair Theresa, and the sovereignty of as much land as he could conquer from the Moors. He won province after province. At his death his son Alfonso Henriques became Count in his stead, and in 1139 the brave and chivalrous Moors made one last vain effort to resist him. On

the field of Ourique was fought a strange battle. Three hundred thousand Moors at the very least, chroniclers say, (believe it who can,) met thirteen thousand Christians, and were vanquished; the five kings who had led them were slain, one by one, and their five shields still constitute the arms of Portugal. For a "Portugal" there was thenceforth to be; the battle, as it proved, was not merely for a religion, but for a kingdom. Alfonso was crowned king upon the field by his victorious soldiers, and he in return raised the whole army to the rank of nobility.

But this was not all. It took four years to consummate his declaration of independence, and to gain the papal consent to the new royalty, and it was not till 1143 that there was beheld at Lamego a ceremony unparalleled in the history of coronations. In the church of Santa Maria de Almacaiva in Lamego, July 25, 1145, the cortes of the new nation was convoked, — clergy, officers, and a delegate from every town. Alfonso Henriques was present, seated on the throne, but without crown or sceptre. The assembly was organized, and religious rites were performed. Then Lourenço Viegas, Alfonso's secretary, rose and asked the assembly whether, according to the acclamations on the battle-field, since approved by the Pope, they accepted Don Alfonso for their king. "Yes!" was the enthusiastic shout. "And his children after him?" asked Viegas. "And his children after him," they eagerly repeated. "Shall we give him the ensigns of royalty?" was the next question. "In the name of God," was the answer. Then the Archbishop of Braga placed upon his head a jewelled crown, once worn by the Gothic sovereigns; and the king, drawing his sword, addressed the assembly: "Blessed be God for his aid! By this sword your enemies have been subdued; and it is you who have raised me to be your king and comrade. Let laws now be made, for the peace of our nation." Eighteen statutes were then made, called the Statutes of Lamego, the Magna Charta of Portugal. The assembly assented to them all. Then came the last and greatest question. "Is it your will," Viegas said, "that your king should go to Leon, to pay tribute to that king, or to any other?" Then the whole assembly rose, and, waving their

naked swords, cried out, "We are free; our king is free; with our own hands we have won that freedom; and any king who yields it shall atone for it with his life." Then the king rose once more and said, "Though it be my own son, he shall die." And the Cortes was dissolved.

We are not now entering upon a detailed history of Portugal, and cannot dwell upon this period longer. Yet there is one deed so prized among the annals of the nation, and so worthy of Greek or Roman fame, that we must not pass it by. Before the young Alfonso had dared to speak the word "Independence," the king of Leon, fearing his ambition, marched against him with an army, and besieged him at Guimaraes. At length the fortress yielded, and the unwilling barons were compelled to pledge their yet boyish king to remain the vassal of Leon. "Who will be your security?" asked the foreign monarch. "I will answer for it with my head," replied Dom Egas Moniz, the most powerful of them all. The young Alfonso grew to be a man; his people crowned him king, as we have seen, and with the full consent of the noble Egas Moniz. But the word given must be fulfilled; the freedom of the nation was the doom of the hostage. The Portuguese Regulus called his family around him, bade his king and his friends farewell, and went, not unattended, toward the court of Leon. Arrived there, he bared his head and his feet, and bound a cord around his neck. His wife and children did the same. A sad and stately family, they appeared before the angry king. Thank God for human nature, we can add, that his anger yielded to admiration, and the noble family returned home uninjured. Egas Moniz was free, and so was Portugal. His ancient monument still remains near Porto;—on one side the mournful procession to Leon, the father, the mother, the four children (these last seated upon one horse for economy of marble); on the other, the death-bed of the hero, with two angels bearing him to heaven.

Our next glimpse of Portugal must be in the time of its greatest glory. We pass by events on which dramas have been founded, and others on which they well might be;—the follies and reform of Alfonso the Hunter; the sorrows of Iñez de Castro; the crimes and generosity of the Master of Avis;

the varied fortunes of Portugal for three hundred years. It was a history of tumult under the house of Braganza; it became a tale of glory under the house of Avis. "If Spain is the head of Europe," said a writer of those days, "Portugal is its diadem."

Human progress, philosophers say, moves in a spiral. The overland route to India, last in order of time, was also first. During the fifteenth century, of all the valuable Oriental traffic which enriched Europe, nothing passed around the unknown southern cape of Africa. The old Portuguese chroniclers delight to speak of the toil and cost with which the varied spices and jewels of India had been carried westward. The Arabian Nights seem prosaic beside the mere catalogue of the names suggested by that magnificent merchandise. Great cities were built up by the fragrant commerce,—Malacca, Ormuz, Calicut, Cambay, and Aden. To Malacca came the gold and silver of Luçon, the sandal-wood of Timor, the mace, cloves, and nutmegs of Banda, the camphor of Borneo, the spices, drugs, dyes, and perfumes of China, Java, and Siam. From Malacca they went to Ormuz, in Persia, whither were brought also the rubies of Pegu and Ceylon, the pearls of Calicare, the diamonds of Narsingah, the silks of Bengal. The accumulated treasures went up the Persian Gulf to Bassora, and thence in caravans to Armenia, Trebisond, Aleppo, Damascus, and Beyrut; or by Suez to Cairo and Alexandria. To Alexandria and Beyrut the European traders flocked for their superb traffic, and thus it was that Venice held the gorgeous East in fee. But beyond these ports the East was all, up to that epoch, in Mohammedan hands, and their wealthy dominion terminated from the moment when the little caravels of Vasco de Gama, half scattered by the Stormy Cape, dropped anchor off the River of Good Signs.

It was in 1497, the year before Columbus reached the mouth of the Orinoco; the year after that proud treaty in which Spain and Portugal divided the empire of the seas between themselves. Portugal had rejected Columbus, not from want of enterprise, but from excess of it, thinking she did not need him. For the nation had possessed, early in

the century, a prince who had no equal in that age for love of science, and energy in directing maritime enterprise. There remains a noble portrait of Prince Henry, with his books and maps around him, — a knightly figure, in complete armor, with such a brow and eyes as modern royalty can seldom show. Before Columbus, he had sent his ships (A. D. 1412) beyond Cape Non, which, as its name implies, was then the *ne plus ultra*; and then beyond Cape Bojador, so named by the sailors after they had *compassed* (*bojar*) its vast length of forty leagues. "The new labor of Hercules," this daring deed was called at the time. Then Madeira was discovered, then the Azores; then they passed (perhaps unconsciously) the equinoctial line; for we know that Henry's captains, wherever they went, left inscribed his motto, "Talent de bien faire," and in 1525 Loanza, a Spanish captain, found that device on the bark of a tree on the isle of St. Matthew (two degrees south latitude).

Four miles from Lisbon stands the chapel of Belem on the sea-shore, rich in architectural beauty, richer in one great memory. Thither, on July 7, 1497, went Vasco de Gama, with his companions, to spend a night of vigils before deeds at which the world should wonder. The monks of the convent of Thomar watched with them, their sole attendants, and administered to them the sacrament. As the voyagers went forth from the chapel the next morning, all Lisbon was before them on the beach, an innumerable host. Holy brotherhoods marched with candles; priests in gorgeous robes sang anthems; the whole multitude responded to a solemn ritual, and knelt while the captains confessed and were absolved, for the last time. Then gradually the murmurs of the people swelled into a wild outcry; one after another burst into tears; De Gama himself wept at last. Then they embarked, the sails were spread, and those weeping thousands lingered on the shore till the last of the little vessels disappeared. "Therefore," says the sympathetic old chronicler, "that spot may well be styled henceforward *Praia das Lagrimas*, the Beach of Tears."

How nice is the balance in which human glory is weighed! Columbus is the greatest of all voyagers. Vasco de Gama is

the second. But Sir Philip Sidney has well said that the fall is greater from first to second, than from second to lowest. Both these men sailed for the same great prize,—India: Vasco de Gama succeeded, and won it; Columbus failed, and won something incomparably greater. Which was really the more extraordinary man? The sailors of Columbus mutinied, so did those of De Gama; the superstition which checked navigation westward was no stronger than that which restrained it on the southward; the open sea was safer than the terrible coast of Africa; De Gama met fiercer storms and far fiercer men, for who could compare the mild West Indian tribes with the fearless and crafty Moors, monopolizing the Eastern seas and enraged at the approach of a rival?

But it needed two great men to give this new Eastern world to Portugal. Alfonso de Albuquerque was its nobler Cortez and its humaner Pizarro. Vasco de Gama made the name of Portugal the wonder of the Eastern world; Almeida made it feared and hated; Albuquerque made it feared and loved. He entered on his vice-royalty in 1506, and began his career of victories by the capture of Ormuz. The king of Ormuz had, it is said, thirty thousand men against five hundred invaders; but Albuquerque had courage and cannon. The day after the victory, an envoy happened to arrive from the king of Persia, to demand the tribute which the conquered sovereign had hitherto paid. Timidly, the vanquished monarch referred the ambassador to the victor. Albuquerque filled a vase with bullets and spear-heads. "Behold," said he, "the tribute which is paid by the king of Portugal and of India." Albuquerque conquered Goa, and Malacca, which became his eastern and western capitals. At both these places he coined money and created commerce. He planned that his successors should in these very colonies levy armies and build fleets, and it was done. The kings of Siam, Sumatra, and Pegu voluntarily did him homage. There are dark deeds enough in the history of Portuguese India; but none of these stain the fame of Albuquerque. He ruled not by martial law, but by open courts of justice. "The trophies of our victories," says the contemporary historian, "are not bruised helmets

and warlike engines ; but cities, islands, and kingdoms, first humbled under our feet, and then joyfully owning our government." The princes of India put on mourning at his death ; and afterwards the Mohammedans and Gentoos of Goa, when wronged by any Portuguese, were wont to go and weep at his tomb, and call upon his God to revenge their wrongs.

But ere he died, he knew the statesman's agony. Returning once to Goa from Ormuz, whither he had gone for the recovery of his health, he heard that Lope de Soares, whom he had sent back to Portugal as a prisoner, had been sent out again to supersede him. Instantly there was a relapse in his disease, and he died the next day ; first writing, with trembling hand, this proud last letter to his faithless king : " Sire, I leave an only son, for whom I ask your protection. I claim no other recompense for any services. What I have already done, may speak for what I might have done."

The decay of Portugal had begun. The prophecy of an Indian prince came true : " The Portuguese have conquered Asia, but Asia will soon conquer them." The new riches corrupted first the viceroys abroad, and then the court at home. We have seen how Albuquerque died. His best followers perished, De Castro on the scaffold, Ataide of despair. These were all poor men. It was said of the last-named, " Other officers carried great treasures from Asia to Portugal ; he took only jars of water." The jars came from the four great rivers, Tigris, Euphrates, Indus, and Ganges, and were for many years preserved in his castle. Later viceroys denounced this poverty as madness, and soon began a different career. Fancy never conceived, Pizarro never exhibited, a cruelty more atrocious, than was daily exercised in the Portuguese East Indies. Viceroys ruled for a three years' term, brought away riches, and left agonies behind. The Indians said that the Portuguese were the lions of the human race, and thanked God that they were equally few. " Avarice and ambition," said the mourning Camoens, " now in India openly defy God and justice."

The times were evil at home also. The brave Sebastian weakened his nation, first by his victories, and then by his fall. In his rash valor he fought a hundred thousand Moors

with sixteen thousand Portuguese at Alcaçarquiver, in Africa. He died upon the field, his crown lost; since which event, in sad memorial of that deep disaster, no monarch of Portugal has placed the crown upon his head on his coronation-day. But the enthusiasm which ruined the nation so endeared him to its heart, that for years afterward the people still believed that he had not died, and looked for his return; and when his weak successor, Cardinal Henry, expired, and the strong arm of Philip II. of Spain seized the crownless throne, the peace of the nation was still broken, again and again, by counterfeit Sebastians. It is touching to see how many an oppressed nation clings to the second coming of its heroes, — *rex quondam, rexque futurus*. In the Peninsular war, Sebastian was looked for again, — again in 1838, — and even now there is a party of Sebastianistas in Portugal.

The decay of the nation had begun, but not before it had made its mark upon literature as well as history. Those glories educated, that decline stimulated, the genius of Camoens. His life commenced in the year after the death of Albuquerque (1517), and ended in the year after the death of Sebastian (1579); thus spanning the interval between triumph and decline. What a tragedy was the poet's own life meanwhile! Brave, generous, patient, laborious, accomplished, fascinating, he died sick, starving, forgotten; the defeat of Alcaçarquiver giving, it is thought, the last blow to his heroic spirit. His dying words were of sad rejoicing, that he perished with his country, — "*ao menos morro com ella*." Fifteen years after, they wrote upon his tomb: "Here lies the prince among the poets of his age; he lived poor and miserable, and he died the same." Yet when this Camoens swam to the beach of Cochin-China, holding his poem above the waves in his hand, it was the renown of Portugal that he bore. What would his country have had remaining, if that hand had lost its grasp? But, at this day, Camoens is, to almost all, the shadow of a name. No wonder that it is so. Time has not, indeed, impaired the fame of Dante, any more than of the greater Shakespeare; but the same cannot be said of Tasso and Ariosto, and how could Camoens, writing in a less known language a poem similar in structure to theirs, expect to es-



cape their fame? Nay, there are no gondoliers to prolong the sweetness of his strain; no great astronomer, to attribute to him, as Galileo did to Ariosto, the perfect beauty of his own scientific style; no Professor Marsand, to collect a library of nine hundred commentaries, like the *Bibliotheca Petrarchensis* at Padua; — only the sad and patient Portuguese, clinging to their one poet, and waiting for another, as they waited for Sebastian. We have heard of the *homo unius libri*; here is a nation of one book.

Yet there are stately charms in the *Lusiad*, worthy of the sweet language in which it is written. It has the Italian graces, — beauty of melody, descriptive eloquence, and occasional fine touches of feeling. It is, to be sure, disfigured by a cumbrous mythology; yet perhaps its narration has a nobler interest than that of the *Orlando* or the *Gierusalemme*, even if it shows less skill of invention. Humboldt, in his *Cosmos*, has compared its descriptions of nature with theirs, and given the Portuguese epic the palm. Mickle has done for Camoens what Hoole did for the Italian poets, — the most, namely, that a feeble translator can do. But if the number of foreign versions gives fame, the *Lusiad* has it. It is said that there have been five complete translations into Italian, four into Spanish, four into French, four into German, three into English, and one each into Swedish, Danish, and Russian, to say nothing of six into Latin and one into Hebrew, — thirty in all.

We return to the annals of Portugal. Philip II. had a better claim to the throne than most usurpers have, and yet he was a usurper. His mother was the lineal heir, and forfeited the prospect of Portuguese royalty only in assuming Spanish royalty; for such was the penalty, by the statutes of Lamego, of marrying a foreigner. The crown thus devolved on her sister, Donna Catharina of Braganza; but her claim was contested by her cousin, Dom Antonio. The poor King Henry died, in 1580, and named five regents to do what he alone could have done, — to decide upon his heir. The nobles were loyal to Catharina; the people loved Antonio. It was the old story, the two disputants had the shells left to them at last, while the astute Philip devoured the oyster. But Philip had first tried in vain to seduce Antonio and to terrify Catha-

rina. Both were faithful to the nationality of Portugal. Philip bought everything that had a price; but the people could not all be bought, nor is there anything in modern history more stern and heroic than the protest solemnly prepared at Lisbon by Martin Fernandez, a ropemaker, and Antonio Pirez, a potter, against the infamy of those nobles who were conspiring to betray their country. "Beware!" was the final warning; "if every noble proves treacherous, there are still twenty thousand of the people of Lisbon who will rise against you." In vain, in vain. What were the brave Lisbon mechanics, — what were the heroic peasant-women, who, like the Moorish women on that soil before them, enrolled themselves in bands and fought for their firesides, — what was all the patriotism of Portugal, against the diplomacy of Philip and the armies of his terrible duke? The nation was conquered, and its capital brutally pillaged. "Philip did not leave one man alive in the city," says a Portuguese historian, "whose talents or character made him formidable"; and for years the peasants by the sea-side abstained from eating the fishes, which they believed to have been fed upon the dead bodies of their countrymen. Antonio wandered an exile, while no bribe could win his followers to betray him. Catharina's husband and son submitted to the conqueror, but she never did; and even when he wished, long afterwards, to espouse the widowed queen, she repelled his suit for the sake of her children. Others there were, also, who resisted him to the last. When Philip came to Lisbon, it is said, his first question was, "Where is Camoens?" It only reminded those whom he sought to conciliate, of the poet-patriot's dying words. But this people was sad and broken, deprived of many of its leaders, divided by those party feuds which always grow from a disputed succession. Philip tyrannized at will; Portugal only sighed and waited for Sebastian. Accordingly, six counterfeit Sebastians rose and fell, — rose in insurrection, fell in ignominy.

We shall pass lightly over that period of shame known by Portuguese writers, with a reminiscence of the sorrows of Israel, as the "Sixty Years of Captivity." Mr. Prescott's graceful pen will soon describe it. We shall wait with eager-

ness to see what view he takes of Philip's treatment of Portugal, and especially of his failure to protect the new dominion by the same strength and skill which conquered it. It would be sad to give, item by item, the inventory of the gradual ruin which swept away all that gorgeous foreign empire, each year now bringing fresh loss, as each year had once been marked by new conquests. The Moors at Madeira, the English at Pernambuco, the French at Rio de Janeiro, and the Dutch everywhere, found an easy prey in the Portuguese dominions, (from 1594 to 1630,) and whatever the name of Philip may have meant in Europe, it had no spell beyond the seas.

No French revolution was ever so rapid as that which at length set Portugal free once more. Philip's weak grandchild reigned. There was a secret patriotic conspiracy of five hundred men and women, with the wise head of Richelieu behind it. On the 1st of December, 1640, the Vice-queen Margaret, and her hated secretary, Vasconcellos, reigned undisturbed, at sunrise. At eight o'clock a pistol was fired, and within six hours Vasconcellos was executed, Margaret confined in her own apartments, the fortress surrendered by her order, and the Duke of Braganza "acclaimed" as Joam IV. of Portugal. In the evening the shops of Lisbon were open as usual, nor would a stranger have known that a people had been set free that day. In Brazil the Dutch, who had easily conquered a nation of slaves, were as easily expelled by a nation of freemen; Madeira and the Azores banished the Spaniards; in the Oriental possessions the change of government was hailed with enthusiasm; and there was once more a free and united Portugal. The new king reigned bravely, with his braver wife at his side, but for whose prompt heroism he would have shrunk from the leadership of a revolution so daring.

Our next glimpse of Portugal must be during the reign of Joam V., that most superstitious of modern kingly devotees. He ascended the throne in 1706. During this time the vast wealth of Brazil was flowing in upon Portugal, out of which the Pope's proportion was, at some periods, nearly one million dollars a year. All the ecclesiastical arrangements of the

kingdom were upon a corresponding scale. There were eight hundred religious establishments, comprising one tenth part of the population. There was founded a national hierarchy without parallel in Modern Europe. The vestments of the "Patriarch" were closely copied from those of the Pope, and there was a sacred college of twenty-four prelates, robed in scarlet like cardinals. For this costly toy the king paid annually \$350,000, and got in return from Rome, by the bull of 1748, the title of "Most Faithful." Not satisfied with this, he erected the vast edifice of Mafra, said to be the largest building in the world, and best known by the description in Beckford's *Vathek*. More wonderful yet was, perhaps, that chapel which he built in the church of St. Roque, to gratify the Jesuits. It was probably the richest in the world, in proportion to its size; seventeen feet long, twelve broad, and costing more than a million dollars, for every nook and corner was gorgeous with the rarest marbles and the most exquisite mosaics, with lapis lazuli, porphyry, amethyst, chrysolite, alabaster, silver, and gold. On the other hand, there was during his reign neither order, nor industry, nor morality; all branches of business declined, the army and navy were almost annihilated, and the forts went to decay. The king died imbecile, leaving a national debt of \$14,000,000, and a kingdom on the verge of ruin, which seemed inevitable had not a powerful hand been stretched in time to save it.

We refer to the famous minister of Joam VI., "o Grande Marques," — Sebastian Joseph de Carvalho e Mello, Conde d'Oeyras e Marques de Pombal. Pombal was one of the legitimate succession of historical great men; a man of the Cromwell stamp, yet trained, not among Puritans, but by Encyclopedists; a man of iron will, immense administrative powers, and hands clean of bribery, but not of blood. No European statesman of his day did greater things. He abolished *autos da fé*, or made them bloodless; he blessed the whole world by banishing the Jesuits; he alone of all men trembled not, when the solid earth shook beneath doomed Lisbon; he rebuilt that city, and with equal ease created finances, commerce, treaties, armies, universities, and secured thorough order in Portugal. But that word *thorough* was as

terrible on Pombal's lips as on Strafford's. Under his administration, men were beheaded, broken on the wheel, and dismembered by wild horses; and on his removal from office, eight hundred political prisoners were set at liberty in a day. It is not strange that his history has been written only by indignant or by idolizing biographers, and it is hard to strike the balance. His merits and defects both arose partly from his familiarity with England and France; his effort being to create, by force of will, institutions which national character alone could sustain. His great career began and ended with the king's; the instant the master died, the minister lost power, the priests regained it; and for the rest of his days, Pombal was a banished and persecuted man. Heir to the glory of Albuquerque and Camoens, he shared their fate. He saw his best works undone, and his name degraded. His medalion was removed from the king's statue in the market-place, and an ill-carved ship substituted. The old man looked at it with a stern smile. "An emblem of Portugal," he said, "under full sail, but with neither ballast nor helmsman."

Since the fall of Pombal, the history of Portugal has been a course of external dependency and internal revolutions. England, especially, has constantly reappeared as the "protector" of the weaker empire, with that kind of protection most galling to its recipient. "The English," said recently the London Examiner, "always behave ill to nations whom they succor. In the Peninsular war, no opportunity was lost of affronting the prejudices of the Spanish and Portuguese." Certainly, in the latter nation at least, it left more embittered feeling against the defender than against the invader, the impression being deeply rooted in Portugal, that it was the fixed policy of England to destroy the manufacturing industry of the Peninsula.

The assistance of foreign nations was again invoked in the Miguelite wars. Dom Pedro was left heir to the throne on the death of his father, in 1826; but having declared his own empire of Brazil to be independent of Portugal, he was debarred by an oath from claiming his hereditary crown. He therefore named in his place his daughter Donna Maria, offering at the same time a constitution to the people. Miguel,

his brother, usurped the throne. Every part of the Portuguese possessions yielded to his power, except the one island of Terceira, in the Azores; and thither retreated the adherents of the elder line, comprising the most honored and influential families of Portugal. They remained there for six years, after which time Dom Pedro succeeded in organizing a naval expedition, and transporting from Terceira to Portugal an army of eight thousand men. The army of Dom Miguel numbered eighty thousand. Yet there never was a reverse of fortune more complete than his; and with the aid of England and France, the Emperor of Brazil swept all Portugal. In May, 1834, Dom Miguel pledged himself to abstain from all future interference with the affairs of the nation; and in the following September the heroic Dom Pedro died, having first abolished monasteries throughout the Portuguese dominions, and established a system of public schools.

Donna Maria II. was declared of age at sixteen, and at once assumed the throne. She was married first to the Duke of Leuchtenberg, and again, after his death, to Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, cousin of the English Prince Albert. Her Majesty, like the British queen, was an unimpeachable wife and mother, and her court presented a very different moral spectacle from the neighboring court of Spain. But Donna Maria, unlike Victoria, knew neither how to govern for herself, nor how to select her advisers, and hence a series of revolutions, in which only foreign support kept her throne from falling. The history of Portugal for twenty years is the history of the oppressions of its people, and of the intrigues and hostilities of its public men. Of these men we shall mention but three: Costa Cabral, who appears to have been the evil genius of the queen; Albuquerque, her good genius; and Saldanha, her perpetual compromise between the two. The sources of information respecting these men, and the events in which they took part, lie only in newspapers, pamphlets, and oral anecdotes and opinions. It is therefore necessary to speak of them with caution.

Antonio Bernardo da Costa Cabral, Conde de Thomar, the favorite counsellor of Donna Maria, and to the people the hated personification of tyranny, was a soldier of fortune from

the beginning. "In 1828," said a gentleman to us, "I saw him in Terceira without a *peso* in his pocket. When I last visited Lisbon, I saw no valuable garden or estate that was not pointed out to me as the property of the Conde de 'Thomar.'" So prominent is this love of personal acquisition, that a popular *soubriquet* has altered his name to *Tomar*, which signifies to grasp. He was identified with every oppressive measure of the late administration, and with a few wise and sagacious ones. He repeatedly regained his power over the queen when she had been compelled to dismiss him. He controlled the Cortes by systematic bribery, so that, after performing the most arbitrary acts during the intermission of their sittings, he could always obtain a bill of indemnity afterwards. The progress of popular sentiment has however permanently driven him from power, and left him wealth only.

The Conde de Saldanha, the present prime minister of Portugal, is a grandson of Pombal, a thorough soldier, and the idol of the army. "Maria," said the victorious Dom Pedro to the late queen, "Marshal Saldanha has saved your empire; regard him as your second father." The king referred to the services of Saldanha in the Miguelite civil war, since which he has been generalissimo of the forces, and often in the ministry. His political career has not, however, been remarkable for consistency. He has allowed himself to be ranked among the early supporters of more than one revolution, though he has never risked his fortunes by an entire adherence to any, whence his nickname of *Cincoenta-quatro Caras*,—"Fifty-four Faces."

Luiz da Silva Monsinho d'Albuquerque is the name of a nobler man than either of these, — a man worthy of the high associations of the name, and one who needed only a grander field of action to have made his mark on the age. We should say this, if we knew him only from his writings and from admitted history; but we have been also privileged with the personal acquaintance of his widow and his daughters, ladies whose high character and uncommon cultivation are the best testimony to the influence of their idolized husband and father. This modern Albuquerque was born at Lisbon, June 16, 1792. It is not the least of his honors, that he was the

first among the youth of Portugal to break through that fixed prejudice which more than in any other European country stamps even mercantile and professional labor as incompatible with social position. He devoted himself to the study of the natural sciences and of engineering. He spent for this purpose three years in Paris ; and on his return composed works on chemical and educational subjects, which not merely astonished Portugal, but won the warm praises of Gay-Lussac, Chaptal, and the French Academy. He had previously published some volumes of poems which have become Portuguese classics. He was soon appointed Director of the Mint, and received a commission as Lieutenant of Engineers, and in the midst of these duties gave gratuitous lectures on the physical sciences. No one, who does not know the absolute torpor of the lives of Portuguese young men of good family, can appreciate the vigor of character which these things show. He was just entering upon a scientific survey of the kingdom, when the Miguelite civil war broke out. In that war he, of course, took the side of Dom Pedro and Donna Maria, and performed an honorable part, both as a soldier and as a diplomatist. After the success of the young queen, he was appointed Governor of Madeira, where, with his accustomed energy and skill, he constructed roads, bridges, and aqueducts, which still remain as his memorials. When recalled, and appointed Inspector of Public Works, he performed similar achievements at home, among which may be named the suspension bridge of Douro, and the restoration of the celebrated abbey of Batalha.

After a few years of peace, the revolutionary movements were renewed. The queen and her husband were equally youthful ; their sympathies inclined to arbitrary power, and repeated encroachments were made upon the liberal charter granted by Dom Pedro. These called forth revolts, one in 1836, another in 1838, and so on ; while the guerilla bands of Miguelistas ravaged the country in the intervals. The queen changed her ministry again and again. Albuquerque and Saldanha were sometimes in the cabinet, sometimes among the insurgents. In the military talents of the latter, in the wisdom and virtues of the former, the weak sovereign felt a



vacillating confidence. As the influence of the wily Costa Cabral gathered over her, she still seemed to turn to Albuquerque, in all emergencies, as the only man in whose disinterestedness she could trust; and his family still carefully treasure a long series of the notes and messages with which she summoned her truest friend to her side, whether in or out of her ministry, during the perplexities of long and weary years. His influence was always thrown in favor of a liberal monarchical government. He loved the queen, while he loved the freedom of Portugal. But there were a hundred factions whose leaders loved themselves alone, while the strong diplomacy of England aimed merely to preserve peace and order, let freedom meet what fate it might. It is not strange, therefore, if its destiny grew hopeless.

The encroachments of the court went on. Costa Cabral was in full power. The queen showed the despotic blood of Hapsburg, and learned as little by experience as if she had been a Bourbon. In April, 1846, broke forth the most formidable of all the insurrections, provoked by new oppressions under the form of taxation, vexatious sanatory laws, and restrictions on the press. It was called the Revolution of *Maria da Fonte*; its first actors were peasant-women, and their first demonstration consisted in burying an obnoxious priest up to his neck in the earth. In a few weeks thousands of peasants were in revolt. It was boasted that no murders or robberies took place, no liberation of culprits from the jails, and no acts of unnecessary violence; though on this point the interred priest might have had something to say. The revolt spread to all classes. The revolutionary forces were under the control of three Juntas, or committees, at the head of one of which was Albuquerque, who had for several years lived secluded from public affairs. The frightened queen, as usual, sent to consult with him at last. Under his influence, she pledged herself to change her ministry, and to revoke the offensive regulations. A new cabinet was formed in June, Albuquerque being Minister of the Interior. He remained in office for a month only. Within that time the intrigues of Costa Cabral had prevailed. The queen did not dare to re-appoint him to the ministry, but she sent him to Madrid, and

in October she summoned Saldanha to be Premier, with the understanding that the policy of the obnoxious administration was to be restored. During this interval, the revolution had redoubled its strength. Albuquerque, with chivalrous confidence in his sovereign's promises, had personally pledged himself to the insurgents, that their wrongs should be redressed. The Queen's word was forfeited, and he had no alternative. Another Egas Moniz, he threw himself into the popular ranks once more. The object of the "Progresistas" was not a republic, but a liberal monarchy. Their policy now was to induce the queen to take refuge on board an English vessel, (by which her throne would have been legally forfeited,) and then to proclaim her young son as king, under a regency. Everything now seemed hopeful for them. Almost the whole army had deserted the queen, when the favorite general, Saldanha, who had been until this time absent from the kingdom, was recalled by the royal appointment. Contrary to all expectation, he took the side of the throne, accepted his office, brought back the army to its allegiance, marched it against the popular forces, and defeated them at the twice famous locality of Torres Vedras, on which occasion the generous Albuquerque was mortally wounded. This was on December 23d, 1846. From this moment the revolution was lowered in character, though not in numbers. The coalition between the "Progresistas" and "Miguelistas" forfeited the moral power of the popular movement. But the moral weakness of the royal party was so plainly manifest, that nothing but an external interference could save it. That interference came from England, France, and Spain.

Our readers will remember the exciting debates in Parliament, in 1847, on the Portuguese question; in which the cabinet was defended by Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Macaulay, Lord Palmerston, and the Duke of Wellington, while Lord Stanley and Lord George Bentinck united with Messrs. Hume and Duncombe in the attack upon it. It was asserted in those debates, that "the real strength, property, talent, and numbers of the nation appeared to be on the side of the insurgents," and it was afterwards estimated that the cost of the policy pursued by England was not less than a

million pounds sterling. It seems now, that the intervention was, according to the usual practice in such cases, in the interest of despotism. The queen had not yet learned her lesson; her promises to Lord Palmerston were soon forgotten, Costa Cabral was restored to the cabinet, and in 1850 occurred yet another outbreak, this time headed by Saldanha, who succeeded at last in placing himself in power, from which he has not since been ejected. His government has been on the whole a moderate one; there has been an amnesty for political offences, and no very oppressive legislation. Donna Maria died in 1854; in 1855 the young king, Pedro, assumed the throne, at the age of seventeen. His character and abilities might give the hope of a better future for Portugal, were there not some political diseases too deeply seated for the strongest to suppress, or the wisest to heal.

To give a survey of Portuguese literature would require the microscopic industry of that unfortunate Bettinelli, whose "fifty-six primary sonneteers" are embalmed in Sydney Smith's satire. Adamson has gone far enough in that direction, but has produced nothing from all his poets comparable to Elizabeth Barrett's imaginary sonnets from the Portuguese. Among the earlier names least thoroughly forgotten are those of Gil Vicente, to read whose comedies Erasmus studied the language, Saa de Miranda, Antonio Ferreira, and the accomplished nun, Violante do Ceo. For the present, the literary reputation of the Peninsula appears to be monopolized by a man who has really deserved well of his country, the Chevalier J. B. de Almeida-Garrett. This gentleman is not unknown on this side of the Atlantic, having negotiated, in his public character, the existing treaty between Portugal and the United States. He has been a traveller and a student; his writings show a remarkable familiarity with English and French literature, and, to some extent, with the German also; and his metrical translation into our language of his own ballad-romance of "Bernal Francez" is really a remarkable feat of literary skill. His writings cover quite a wide range of style and subject; his most favorite work being, perhaps, the "Viagens em minha terra," or "Travels at Home," which is a very agreeable series of sketches, though rather an ob-

vious imitation of the French models, and perhaps exhibiting less originality than some of his other productions.

In fact, Portuguese literature suffers in general, like that of many other European nations, by the usurpation of French thoughts, topics, and phrases. French is at Lisbon, as elsewhere on the Continent, the language of society and of *belles-lettres*. We have known persons in a Portuguese colony, who gave us as a sufficient reason for learning French, that "they were going to Lisbon"; and others who, more pathetically still, studied it "in order to have something to read." It is difficult to recall a nation from decay, when even its language is declining; and it is no wonder that foreigners despise the Portuguese idiom, if its very children disclaim it. But who has heard without loving it that sweet and tender tongue,—the sweetest perhaps of all the European dialects save the Italian only,—not gliding, like that, in one sinuous cascade of sound, but shivered into multitudinous syllables, forming a cadenced whole,—"the silver fragments of a broken voice"? Lacking some of the stateliness of the Spanish, it escapes also its hoarse aspirates; the predominance of nasal consonants, offending the eye, vanishes when the language is fitly spoken, and the *m*'s and *n*'s melt away upon lovely lips into the sweetness of Italian vowels. In some of the Portuguese islands the words are pronounced with a rising inflection, ascending at the end of each sentence into a sort of chant, which we have found indescribably fascinating. The more we have known of the language, the more graceful it has seemed, and we have heard an American resident of fifty years declare that he found new beauties in it every day. It was hardly fair, therefore, in Sismondi, to call the Portuguese language *l'Espagnol désossé*; as unjust as the parallel proverb, "Deprive a Spaniard of his virtues, and you have a good Portuguese." The difference between the nations and between the languages is not in strength, but in tone and key. In Spain there is still the pride of the Castilian, as in a living present, a satisfaction, though not a stimulus. In Portugal, though the same magnificent names that fill the ancient traditions still sound upon the modern ear, yet all men know that they have outlived their glory, and

belong to the past alone. There is no joy in the nation. That strain of melancholy which critics remark as unequalled in its poetry, pervades all else. The viola tinkles at the door of the cottage, but it summons to no gay fandango, only to the slow and monotonous *chimarita*. The idlest popular songs are sometimes set to music which is capable of the extremity of pathos. The spell reaches the phrases of the language. There is none of that magnificent indignation which flashes for centuries on the lips of stronger races, still lightning, though innocuous; but a perpetual "Paciencia" is the one word to which the people's tongue is turned. There are many mourning nations, but none whose doom is so deep as that of Portugal. She waited for her Sebastian, till her hope grew dim. Her remaining strength, if strength she had, has gone out into the young empire of Brazil; and she sits with her dark and sweet-voiced children around her, a widow, clad in life-long sables, and weeping eternal tears.

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- ART. X.—1. LAMARTINE: *Cours familier de Littérature*.  
 2. VICTOR HUGO: *Les Contemplations; Les Châtiments*.  
 3. ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE: *L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution*.  
 4. COUSIN: *Madame de Chevreuse; Madame de Hautefort*.  
 5. MONTALEMBERT: *Lord Palmerston et Pie IX*.

It is the commonest of all things to hear said now, (both in and out of France,) that since the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, there is no liberty of intelligence in that country, that the whole system of government goes against intellectual development, that the human mind to be fruitful must be free, and that, in short, if the present state of the nation were to endure, France would, mentally, sink into a fifth-rate power, instead of being, as she has so long been, at the head of the literature of the world. Some truth there is in all this, no doubt, and, should the present *régime* endure, in its present form, (which is next to an impossibility,) the level of men's