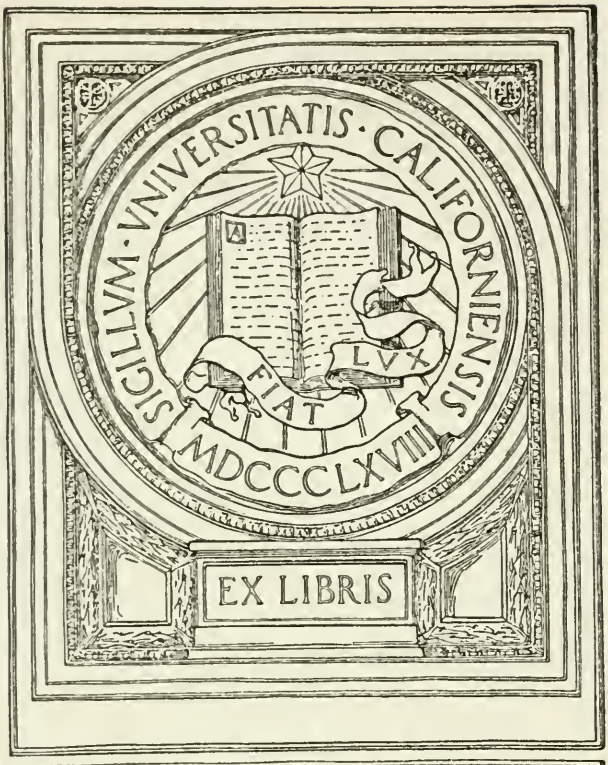
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LORD BYRON'S

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

TO PORTUGAL

CRITICALLY EXAMINED

BY

DR. D. G. DALGADO,

Corresponding Member of the Academy of Sciences, Lisbon.

LISBOA
IMPRENSA NACIONAL
1919

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

TO PORTUGAL

OTHER WORKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR PUBLISHED BY THE ACADEMY

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ACADEMIA DAS SCIÊNCIAS DE LISBOA

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PREFACE.

The following pages contain a critical examination of that portion of Lord Byron's *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* which refers to Portugal. My principal aim is to point out why it was that Lord Byron reviled the Portuguese with passionate animosity, and presented them as though possessing no redeeming features. This inquiry is of considerable interest, and has not yet received that amount of attention which it deserves.

Childe Harold, as a purely literary work, needs no praise: it is universally accepted to be a masterpiece, and is often adopted as a text-book for the study of English Poetry; in this connection it is safe to observe that it has more admirers on the Continent than in Great Britain itself. In *Childe Harold* the great poet describes the more

important physical features, the most striking historical facts, and the prominent characteristics of the peoples and countries he visited. A great many of his ideas were the result of his impressions or impulses of the moment, of his passionate and often unaccountable sympathy or antipathy. He does not care for what others say on a subject; it is always what he himself thinks. And, curiously enough, this very egoism, this public confession of his apparently innermost soul is one of the charms of his poetry. Whatever his other faults, and unfortunately they are many, it is impossible not to admire his great poetical talent.

Lord Byron's other writings referring to Portugal have not the same interest as his *Childe Harold*.

I wish to acknowledge here my endebtedness to the Academy of Sciences for ordering the publication of this Paper.

Lisbon, October 1918.

D. G. D.

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PART III.

LORD BYRON'S OTHER WRITINGS ON PORTUGAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

NOTE.—All the Notes by Byron in his printed editions of *Childe Harold* are marked by a capital letter when they are placed in the body of the work (A, B,) or by an ordinary one when at the foot of the page (a, b, c,), they are furthermore indicated by the letters B. N. at the end of each note; all the Verses and Notes in the original manuscript are placed in brackets [ ]. The editorial Notes are indicated by small Roman numerals (I, II, III,) when in the body of the work, and by the Arabic (1, 2, 3,) when they are foot-notes.

INTRODUCTION.

George Noel Gordon Byron, the most brilliant English poet of the XIX. century, was born at Holles Street, London, on January 22, 1788, and was the son of Captain John Byron and of his second wife Catherine Gordon, of Gight in Aberdeenshire. The father having dissipated his own fortune and that of his wife, and being harassed by creditors, fled to France and died at Valenciennes in 1791. Mrs. Byron found herself, for her position in life, in very straitened circumstances, with an income of only one hundred and thirty pounds a year; and she thought it advisable to remove to Scotland and take lodgings at Aberdeen. As a child Byron did not receive the kind of attention which his temperament required. His mother, who was hysterical, caressed him very indulgently one day, and treated him with

violence the next, and thus increased his natural sensitiveness and irritability. He had the misfortune to suffer also from some lameness, due to infantile paralysis of one of his legs. On the whole the impressions of his childhood were, as he styled them, 'melancholy'. When ten years of age, on the death of his grand-uncle, he succeeded to the peerage under the title of Baron Byron of Rochdale, being the sixth of his line, and came into possession of about one thousand five hundred pounds a year.

When thirteen years old he went to Harrow, and from 1805 to 1808 to Trinity College, Cambridge. In his studies, both at school and at the University, he does not appear to have learnt much of what was taught, but he used to read a great deal, and, being endowed with an excellent memory, was far better informed than many other students much older than himself. A memorandum[1] made by him on November 30, 1807, shows how wide was his reading. The subjects which he preferred were, generally speaking, poetry and history. With reference to Portugal he read Vertot's *History of the Revolution in Portugal in 1640,* a work describing how the Portuguese got rid of the Spanish domination and placed the Duke of Braganza on the throne

[1] V. Moore (Thomas): *Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, with Notices of his Life.* London, 1901, pg. 46. (The first edition in 2 vol. was published in 1830).

as John IV. Another book which greatly attracted his attention in those days was a translation of the *Poems of Camoens* by Strangford. Both at school and college he devoted himself freely to sports of various kinds: riding, shooting, fencing, boxing, and swimming.

Like many other poetical geniuses, Byron was a precocious lover. Besides his early juvenile attachments first to his cousin Mary Duff and afterwards to another cousin Margaret Parker, his first earnest love he bestowed on Miss Mary Anne Chaworth; this was in 1803 when he was only sixteen years old. It was unfortunate for him that she did not accept his advances, and treated him rather derisively by saying to her maid, accidentally within his hearing, that she would not marry anybody who was lame. How greatly he was attached to her may be judged by his lines addressed *To a Lady*, commencing with the words: «Oh! had my fate been joined with thine», and by *Stanzas to a Lady, on leaving England.*

Byron commenced to write verses when he was fourteen. At the close of 1807 he published his first book, the *Hours of Idleness*. Fortunately for him, it attracted the notice of the *Edinburgh Review*, which attacked it in a criticism of merciless severity. Had it not been for this act of hostility he would probably have ceased to write verses for the public. The criticism put him on his mettle. He could not stand rebuke

without contemplating revenge. He brought out in the spring of 1809 his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,* a bitter satire, attacking very boldly not only the editor and other contributors to the review but also all the prominent writers of the day, describing them all with infinite contempt as a 'dirty pack'. He was expecting that some of them would send him their cartels, but he was disappointed, for all treated him with silent scorn. He was as quick to resent a rebuke as to feel childishly elated when praised. He now became a contributor to the *Monthly Review* because it had published a favourable notice of his book. It was about this time, from 1807 to 1809, that he led a very riotous life: he fell into excesses and dissipations of every kind. One of his loves accompanied him dressed as a jockey. All this brought him into pecuniary difficulties.

Disappointed in love and having failed to achieve immediate success as a poet, which he had looked forward, he became very nervous and irritable; regarded himself as friendless and abandoned by all, and decided to find relief in travels abroad—in the «grand tour» which he had been contemplating for some time. He sailed for Lisbon in July 1809. Just before leaving England the general condition of his mind, as described by his friend and literary adviser, R. C. Dallas, was full of discontent: «Resentment, anger, hatred held full sway over him, and his gratification at that time

was in overcharging his pen with gall, which flowed in every direction, against individuals, his country, the world, the universe, creation and the Creator»[1].

When he arrived in Portugal his mind was biassed against the Portuguese. It was at this time a common belief among Englishmen that if there was any nation that could oppose the ambitions of Napoleon, and thereby favour the interests of the British, it was Spain, and not Portugal. The Spaniards were considered quite a match for the French, and their resources and patriotism were looked upon as boundless. Long before Byron came to Lisbon it had been pointed out by Wellington (then Sir Arthur Wellesley), as will be seen further on, how baseless were these views. Besides this general bias Byron had, during his ten days stay in Lisbon, an unfortunate experience in one of his love adventures, an experience which, due to his inordinate pride and irritability, greatly embittered his mind against the Portuguese.

After leaving Lisbon he spent twenty days in Spain, and wandered for nearly two years in Albania, Greece, Turkey and Asia Minor. When at Joannina he commenced to write his *Childe Harold,* on October 31,

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[1] Dallas (R. C.): *Recollections of the Life of Lord Byron, by the late...* Published by the author's son A. R. C. Dallas. London, 1824, pg. 65.—A sister of R. C. Dallas was married to Lord Byron's uncle, Captain George Byron, of the Royal Navy.

1809; and he finished the second Canto at Smyrna, on March 20, 1810.

He returned to England on the 14th of July 1811, and, while settling some legal and literary affairs in London, received an intimation that his mother had been suddenly taken ill, and while on his way to Newstead Abbey he received the news of her death. This was the severest blow he had till then received; his mother died on the 1st of August, death being due to an apoplectic stroke brought on by rage over an upholsterer's bill. He had also lost during his absence three or four of his best friends[1]. For a considerable time he was more miserable than ever. All his surroundings reminded him of his past adventures and past disappointments. His travels had done him not much good.

When more settled in mind he occupied himself in making corrections and alterations in his *Childe Harold*.

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[1] One of his friends was the Honourable John Wingfield, of the Coldstream Guards, who died of a fever at Coimbra on May 14, 1811. Byron devotes to his memory stanzas XCI. and XCII. of the First Canto of *Childe Harold*. Another was Edward Noel Long, who was drowned in the Atlantic Ocean while coming with his regiment to Lisbon. This officer has been confounded by a Portuguese writer with Lieut. R. G. Massey, who was accidentally drowned in the Mondego on the 15th of March, 1827, and was no friend of Byron's.

The general frame of his mind in those days may be judged from what he wrote to Mr. F. Hodgson on September 26, 1811. «I have attacked», he says, «De Pauw, Thornton, Lord Elgin, Spain, Portugal, the *Edinburgh Review*, travellers, painters, antiquaries and others, so you see what a dish of sour crout controversy I shall prepare for myself. It would not answer for me to give way now; as I was forced into bitterness at the beginning, I will go through to the last. 'Væ victis'. If I fall I shall fall gloriously, fighting against a host»[1].

Byron was not at all sure of the success of his poem. He told Dallas that the manuscript had been seen by only one person, «who had found few things in it to praise and many to condemn, and that he (Byron) agreed with him». But both were greatly mistaken. It was published on the 10th of March, 1812, and was an enormous success; it took the public by storm. «I awoke one morning», says Byron, «and found myself famous». It placed him at once at the head of all his literary contemporaries: he became «the grand Napoleon, of the realms of rhyme».

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[1] Byron's letters are quoted by their dates, so as to enable the reader to refer to any work, accessible to him, on the subject. The best edition of his letters is in the *Works of Lord Byron:* Part I. *Letters and Journals,* edited by R. C. Prothero. 6 vol. London, 1898–1901.

The two Cantos of *Childe Harold* are no more than a traveller's diary, of impressions received in Portugal, Spain, Epirus, Acarnania and Greece. There is no plot of any kind. Childe Harold had been a real person who had travelled in the same way as the poet. That is all. This is the reason why that portion of the Canto referring to Portugal can be detached from the rest and studied separately. He describes in the two Cantos the impressions he received in each country. When in Portugal and Spain the subject uppermost in his mind was the Peninsular War; in Greece it was its past glory, its august Athena, which fired his youthful imagination to secure its liberation. All his impressions are conveyed in an imagery and language quite his own. He expresses himself «with thoughts that breathe and words that burn». There is a good deal of noble enthusiasm, and also a good deal of bitter satire and sarcasm, his repertory of abusive language being inexhaustible. His descriptions of natural beauties are short, bold, vigorous and inimitable.

Childe Harold attracted attention not only in Great Britain but all over Europe. Besides its intrinsic merit the poet's rank, his youth, his handsome looks, and his unconventional manner of life also contributed to its popularity. A critic of those days has remarked how it was a greater favourite with women than with men. The die was cast. Byron decided to give up

all his other ambitions and to devote himself entirely to poetry.

After having become a celebrity the poet was more circumspect as to what he wrote or said. Up to that time he was under the impression that his greatest talent lay in satire. He was hoping to gain more fame by his *Hints from Horace,* written in March 1811, than from *Childe Harold.* But once he stumbled on a new road to fame, he suppressed his *Hints* and also his *Curse of Minerva,* and went so far as to burn the fifth edition of *English Bards;* he commenced to compose Eastern romances such as *The Giaour*, *Lara,* etc.

The remaining phases of the poet's life and his other works need no extended notice here. His great popularity in England did not last long. His marriage to Miss Milbanke on January 2, 1813, and his wife's separation from him a year afterwards, on the birth of his daughter Ada, combined with other circumstances, some real others fanciful, brought great obloquy on his name, and he left England for good in 1816. After travelling through Belgium and along the Rhine he spent a season in Switzerland on the borders of the Lake Leman, where he came in contact with the Shelleys, and contracted an intimacy with Miss Clare Clairmont, half-sister of Mrs. Shelley and mother of his natural daughter Allegra. He then went to Italy and fixed his residence at Venice.

In 1816 he brought out his third Canto of *Childe Harold* and in 1818 the fourth; the former devoted to the Rhine and Switzerland, and the latter to Italy. There is a good deal of difference between the earlier and later Cantos. In the first two, when he was young, he treats the subject more objectively, and also introduces in his composition many archaic words and phrases. In the other two, when he had more experience of the world, he writes in a much more high and brilliant vein, and is free from archaisms.

During 1818 to 1823 he published his *Don Juan,* which, considered purely from the literary point of view, is superior to all his other works, but unfortunately «too free for these very modest days» and not of a kind to be adopted as a text-book in colleges and schools. His *Vision of Judgment,* published in 1822, is unrivalled as a satire. It is during his stay in Italy that he brought out all his dramas: *Manfred, Marino Faliero, Sardanapalus, Cain,* and others.

At Venice he made the acquaintance of Countess Guiccioli, and formed a *faux ménage* with her in January 1820. He then changed his residence successively to Ravenna, Pisa, and Genoa. The Countess has written a book consisting mostly of opinions formed by different authors of his characters[1]. The poet was

[1] *Lord Byron jugé par les témoins de sa vie.* 2 vol. Paris, 1868. Published anonymously.

perhaps more devoted to her than to any other woman. He lived with her till the time he left for Greece, to support the Greek cause against the Turks; he died at Missolonghi on April 24, 1824, of rheumatic fever. The circumstances attending his untimely death, for he was only thirty six years and three months, combined with his superb poetical genius, gave rise to real sorrow and regret all over Great Britain, and also to a wide extent over the Continent. In a work entitled *Le Dernier Chant de Childe Harold* Lamartine has described Byron's last actions and last thoughts.

Byron has been styled a poet of Revolution. There is no doubt that in many of his writings he shows the spirit of Rousseau and Voltaire. He is opposed to the monarchical form of government; he sighs for republics everywhere; he exposes hypocrisy in matters of religion, and is an ardent apostle of freedom. In his two speeches in the House of Lords he spoke in defence of labourers who had taken part in riots, and in favour of the emancipation of Irish Catholics. Although radical in his opinions he was an aristocrat by instinct. In Italy he became a carbonaro and helped the cause of Italian unity; and he sacrificed his life in the cause of Greek independence. With a temperament like his, so mobile and impulsive, it is difficult to say what he would not have done had he lived long enough. He might have ended as a King of Greece, or even as a

great apostle of Christianity, after having made bonfire of all his writings.

Byron's other writings referring to Portugal are three poems—the most important of which is *Stanzas to a Lady with the Poems of Camoens*—and three letters, giving an account of his travels in the Peninsula.

A suggestion has been thrown out that the poet's mind was never quite sane. This is quite possible, for there were marked traits of insanity and of crime both on his father's and mother's side. There is no doubt that his splendid poetical genius was combined with many moral or, what his adversaries called, 'satanic' delinquencies. He was generous and affectionate, but he was also extremely irritable, proud, and passionate. With Lord Byron, says Dr. Kennedy, «love must reign paramount to all laws and principles, moral and divine, and death and damnation must be encountered, rather than restrain its impetuous and uncontrollable force. In short, it is a species of insanity, that takes possession of the mind, which absorbs every other feeling and interest»[1].

The works of Byron have been received with feelings, as mixed as his temperament. In Great Britain there has always existed a considerable prejudice against his private life, against some of his writings and many

[1] Kennedy (James): *Conversations on Religion with Lord Byron and others*. London, 1830, pg. 331.

of his political opinions. He is disliked in conservative circles, and lauded by the radicals. Some critics find fault with his technique. In Portugal he is admired for his great poetical talent, and for his charming picture of the natural beauties of Lisbon and Cintra, but is condemned for his description of the national character. In other countries on the Continent he is generally received with open arms: all unite in praising his poetical gifts, and not a few his radical ideas. The clericals dislike him for his offensive religious views[1], but for this very quality he has the esteem of free-thinkers like Mazzini. A revolutionary cannot be expected to please everybody.

Of all the English poets there are only three whose names are widely known on the Continent. The first is Shakespeare, whose plays are very extensively read, but more in translations than in the original. Milton comes next, but curiously enough, he is known more by his name than by his works; but his name always goes with that of Shakespeare. Then comes Byron, the only one whose works are widely studied in the original and still more widely in numerous translations. Of all his poems the most prized, or at least the most widely studied, is his *Childe Harold*.

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[1] A French clergyman, A. Julien, admired *Childe Harold* so much that he translated it into French verse after expunging what he considered to be against his views.

The materials for the life and works of Byron are extensive. To the Portuguese student I would specially recommend Macaulay's and Morley's *Essays* on Lord Byron; Taine's description of Byron and his works in his *Histoire de la littérature anglaise;* and Elze's Biography[1]. Byron is now judged more by his works than by his private life, although his private life and his sympathies or hatreds cannot be separated altogether from his works. In Portuguese the best work on his visit to Lisbon is by Alberto Telles[2]. There has been a considerable revival of Byron during the last thirty years.

The following study is divided into three Parts: the First contains simply the text of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* to Portugal; the Second is devoted to Notes and Comments on each stanza; and the Third deals with his other Poems and Letters referring to Portugal.

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[1] Elze (Karl): *Lord Byron*, 3e Auf. Berlin, 1886.

[2] Telles (Alberto): *Lord Byron em Portugal*. Lisboa, 1879.

PART I.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE TO PORTUGAL.

TEXT.

CANTO THE FIRST.

Byron opens his Poem with an invocation, then treats of Childe Harold's discontent and of his last «Good-Night», and in the XIV. Stanza proceeds to speak of Portugal.

XIV.

On, on the vessel flies, the land is gone,
And winds are rude in Biscay's sleepless bay.
Four days are sped, but with the fifth, anon,
New shores descried make every bosom gay;
And Cintra's mountain greets them on their way,
And Tagus dashing onward to the Deep,
His fabled golden tribute bent to pay;
And soon on board the Lusian pilots leap,
And steer 'twixt fertile shores where yet few rustics reap.

XV.

Oh, Christ! it is a goodly sight to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land!
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree!
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand!
But man would mar them with an impious hand:
And when the Almighty lifts His fiercest scourge
'Gainst those who most transgress His high command,
With treble vengeance will His hot shafts urge
Gaul's locust host, and earth from fellest foemen purge.

XVI.

What beauties doth Lisboa first unfold!
Her image floating on that noble tide,
Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold,
But now whereon a thousand keels did ride
Of mighty strength, since Albion was allied,
And to the Lusians did her aid afford:
A nation swoln with ignorance and pride,
Who lick, yet loathe, the hand that waves the sword
To save them from the wrath of Gaul's unsparing lord.

XVII.

But whoso entereth within this town,
That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,
Disconsolate will wander up and down,
'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee;
For hut and palace show like filthily:
The dingy denizens are reared in dirt;
No personage of high or mean degree
Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt,
Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwash'd, unhurt.

XVIII.

Poor, paltry slaves! yet born 'midst noblest scenes—
Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such men?
Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes
In variegated maze of mount and glen.
Ah me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
To follow half on which the eye dilates
Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken
Than those whereof such things the Bard relates,
Who to the awe-struck world unlock'd Elysium's gates?

XIX.

The horrid crags, by toppling convent crowned,
The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
The mountain moss by scorching skies imbrown'd,
The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,
The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
The vine on high, the willow branch below,
Mixed in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.

XX.

Then slowly climb the many-winding way,
And frequent turn to linger as you go,
From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,
And rest ye at «Our Lady's House of Woe»;
Where frugal monks their little relics show,
And sundry legends to the stranger tell:
Here impious men have punish'd been; and lo,
Deep in yon cave Honorius long did dwell,
In hope to merit Heaven by making earth a Hell.

XXI.

And here and there, as up the crags you spring,
Mark many rude-carved crosses near the path;
Yet deem not these Devotion's offering—
These are memorials frail of murderous wrath:
For wheresoe'er the shrieking victim hath
Pour'd forth his blood beneath the assassin's knife,
Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath;
And grove and glen with thousand such are rife
Throughout this purple land, where Law secures not life!

XXII.

On sloping mounds, or in the vale beneath,
Are domes where whilome kings did make repair:
But now the wild flowers round them only breathe;
Yet ruined Splendour still is lingering there,
And yonder towers the Prince's palace fair:
There thou, too, Vathek! England's wealthiest son,
Once form'd thy Paradise, as not aware
When wanton Wealth her mightiest deeds hath done,
Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun.

XXIII.

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan,
Beneath yon mountain's ever beauteous brow;
But now, as if a thing unblest by Man,
Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as Thou!
Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow
To Halls deserted, portals gaping wide;
Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how
Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied;
Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle tide.

XXIV.

Behold the hall where chiefs were late convened!
Oh! dome displeasing unto British eye!
With diadem hight Foolscap, lo! a Fiend,
A little Fiend that scoffs incessantly,
There sits in parchment robe arrayed, and by
His side is hung a seal and sable scroll,
Where blazoned glare names known to chivalry,
And sundry signatures adorn the roll,
Whereat the Urchin points, and laughs with all his soul.

XXV.

Convention is the dwarfish demon styled
That foiled the knights in Marialva's dome:
Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled,
And turn'd a nation's shallow joy to gloom.
Here Folly dash'd to earth the victor's plume,
And Policy regain'd what arms had lost:
For chiefs like ours in vain may laurels bloom!
Woe to the conquering, not the conquer'd host,
Since baffled Triumph droops on Lusitania's coast.

XXVI.

And ever since that martial Synod met,
Britannia sickens, Cintra, at thy name;
And folks in office at the mention fret,
And fain would blush, if blush they could, for shame.
How will Posterity the deed proclaim!
Will not our own and fellow-nations sneer,
To view these champions cheated of their fame,
By foes in fight o'erthrown, yet victors here,
Where Scorn her finger points through many a coming year?

XXVII.

So deem'd the Childe, as o'er the mountains he
Did take his way in solitary guise:
Sweet was the scene, yet soon he thought to flee,
More restless than the swallow in the skies:
Though here awhile he learned to moralize,
For Meditation fix'd at times on him,
And conscious Reason whisper'd to despise
His early youth misspent in maddest whim;
But as he gazed on truth, his aching eyes grew dim.

XXVIII.

To horse! to horse! he quits, for ever quits
A scene of peace, though soothing to his soul:
Again he rouses from his moping fits,
But seeks not now the harlot and the bowl.
Onward he flies, nor fixed as yet the goal
Where he shall rest him on his pilgrimage;
And o'er him many changing scenes must roll,
Ere toil his thirst for travel can assuage,
Or he shall calm his breast, or learn experience sage.

XXIX.

Yet Mafra shall one moment claim delay,
Where dwelt of yore the Lusians' luckless queen,
And Church and Court did mingle their array,
And Mass and revel were alternate seen;
Lordlings and freres—ill-sorted fry, I ween!
But here the Babylonian whore had built
A dome, where flaunts she in such glorious sheen,
That men forget the blood which she hath spilt,
And bow the knee to Pomp that loves to garnish guilt.

XXX.

O'er vales that teem with fruits, romantic hills,
(Oh that such hills upheld a free born race!)
Whereon to gaze the eye with joyaunce fills,
Childe Harold wends through many a pleasant place.
Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,
And marvel men should quit their easy chair,
The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace,
Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air,
And Life, that bloated Ease can never hope to share.

XXXI.

More bleak to view the hills at length recede,
And, less luxuriant, smoother vales extend;
Immense horizon-bounded plains succeed!
Far as the eye discerns, withouten end,
Spain's realms appear, whereon her shepherds tend
Flocks, whose rich fleece right well the trader knows—
Now must the Pastor's arm his lambs defend:
For Spain is compass'd by unyielding foes,
An *all* must shield their *all*, or share Subjection's woes.

XXXII.

Where Lusitania and her Sister meet,
Deem ye what bounds the rival realms divide?
Or ere the jealous Queens of Nations greet,
Doth Tayo interpose his mighty tide?
Or dark Sierras rise in craggy pride?
Or fence of art, like China's vasty wall?—
Ne barrier wall, ne river deep and wide,
Ne horrid crags, nor mountains dark and tall,
Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's land from Gaul:

XXXIII.

But these between a silver streamlet glides,
And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook,
Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides.
Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,
And vacant on the rippling waves doth look,
That peaceful still 'twixt bitterest foemen flow:
For proud each peasant as the noblest duke:
Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know
'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low.

The five Notes which Lord Byron made to these Stanzas will be quoted in the next Part. Several editors issue *Childe Harold* without any notes; they forget that these were intended either to explain the text or to apologize for the mistakes made in it.

PART II.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE TO PORTUGAL

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

XIV.

On, on the vessel flies, the land is gone,
And winds are rude in Biscay's sleepless bay
Four days are sped, but with the fifth anon[I].
New shores descried make every bosom gay;
And Cintra's mountain greets them on their way,
And Tagus dashing onward to the deep,
His fabled golden tribute bent to pay;
And soon on board the Lusian[II] pilots leap,
And steer 'twixt fertile shores where yet few rustics reap.

I. *Four days are sped, but with the fifth anon.* On July 2, 1809, Lord Byron sailed from Falmouth with his friend Mr. Hobhouse, and after a favourable voyage landed at Lisbon on the 7th. In a letter to Hodgson, dated June 25, he says: «I leave England without regret—I shall return to it without pleasure. I am like Adam, the first convict sentenced to transportation, but I have no Eve, and have eaten no apple but what was sour as a crab». He also sends his friend in the same letter, posted a few days later on, his *Lines to Mr. Hodgson. Written on board the Lisbon packet,* which will be quoted in the next Part. Among the poet's attendants there were Fletcher, his valet, faithful to him unto the end; Joe Murray, his old butler; and Robert Rushton, the son of one of his tenants. He sent back to England the latter two from Gibraltar.

Regarding young Rushton, Byron remarks: «I like him, because, like myself, he seems a friendless animal».

II. *Lusian.* An English annotator, in an edition of *Childe Harold* published in 1913, says that Lusian is «more correctly Lusitanian. Byron seems to have coined the epithet by analogy with Camoens' national epic, the Lusiad (*Os Lusiadas*)». Both the statements have no foundation.

Lusian in English is as correct as Lusitanian: the former is an adjective from Luso, just as the latter is from Lusitania. The word Luso has existed from the time of the Romans. Pliny says: «Luso enim liberi Patris, ac Lysian cum eo bacchantem, nomen dedisse Lusitania»[1]. And Camoens refers to the same word thus:

> This Lusitania was: in whom we greet
> Luso, or Lysa, who the offsprings were,
> Or friends, of ancient Bacchus, as appears
> And the first dwellers there in early years[2].

Up to the time of Camoens the adjective in use was Lysian, but probably because Lysa or Lisa has in Portuguese other meanings the form Luso was preferred, and the great poet was probably the first to use it this way. In English the word *Lusian* was employed, not to go further back, in 1655 by Fanshaw in his translation of the Lusiads. It is certainly not a neologism due to Byron.

Camoens was the first to coin the word *Lusiadas,* in imitation of *Iliadas,* from Ilion, commonly known as

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[1] Plinius: *Naturalis Historia,* lib. III., cap. I.

[2] Camoens: *The Lusiads,* translated into English verse by J. J. Aubertin, 2 vol. London, 1878, Canto III., st. 21, ll. 5–8.

Troy; or in imitation of *Aeneidas,* the work or doings of Aeneas. *Os Lusiadas* is rendered into English either as *The Lusiad,* or *The Lusiads,* the former being more frequent than the latter. Lusiad would give in English *Lusiadic* or *Lusiadan* but not *Lusian.*

St. XIV:—l. 5, *Cintra's mountain. Vid.* St. XVIII., N. II.—l. 7, *Golden tribute. Vid.* St. XVI., N. I.—l. 9, *Rustics reap.* Shows the season in which the poet came to Lisbon.

XV.

Oh, Christ! it is a goodly sight to see[I.]
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land!
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree!
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand!
But man would mar them with an impious hand:
And when the Almighty lifts His fiercest scourge
'Gainst those who most transgress His high command,
With treble vengeance will His hot shafts urge
Gaul's locust host[II.] and earth from fellest foemen purge.

I. *A goodly sight to see.* In his *Don Juan* Byron says that «description is his forte». The few lines which he devotes first to the Tagus and then to Lisbon are quite characteristic of his manner. The ideas are not new, but they are expressed in a style which is quite his own. And how irresistibly superior is his talent in this respect, is easily seen by comparing, for instance, his lines with those of Mickle on the same subject.

Forgive, fair Thames, the song of truth that pays
To Tago's empress-stream superior praise,
O'er every vauntful river be it thine
To boast the guardian shield of laws divine;

But yield to Tagus all the sovereign state
By Nature's gift bestow'd and partial Fate:
The sealike port and central sway to pour
Her fleets, by happiest course, on every shore.
And Lisboa towering o'er lordly stream
Her marble palaces and temples spreads
Wildly magnific o'er the loaded heads
Of bending hills [1].

As regards Lisbon itself there are a couple of glowing descriptions in Portuguese poetry which may be recorded here.

Camoens salutes the city thus:

E tu nobre Lisboa, que no mundo
Facilmente das outras és princesa,
Tu a quem obedece o mar profundo.

And thou, proud Lisbon, who midst earth's displays
Princess o'er others easily dost sway,
Thou, whom the deep and boundless sea obeys [2]

C. III., st. 57, ll. 1, 2 and 5.

And Pereira de Castro characterises it by saying:

Aqui . . .
Tendes um mundo numa Cidade
A quem de prata e de ouro o Tejo banha
Em signal da sua eterna gratidão [2].

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[1] Mickle (J. W.): *Poems and Tragedy*. London, s. d., pp. 192 and 169. Mickle came to Lisbon in 1779. The King-Consort D. Pedro III. gave him a public reception in recognition of the valuable service he had rendered to Portuguese letters by translating *Os Lusiadas* into English. The King was, no doubt, led to this decision by the Duke of Lafões, the illustrious patron of letters, and the founder of the Royal Academy of Sciences.

[2] Castro (Gabriel Pereira de): *Ulyssea ou Lisboa Edificada*. Lisboa, 1637, C. X., st. 137, ll. 1–4.

Here . . .
You have in one City a whole world,
Bathed by the Tagus with silver and gold
In token of eternal gratitude.

To feel the full effect of these quotations from Camoens and Castro it is necessary to read them in the context.

Those interested in the appearance of Lisbon in the days of Byron will find in Landmann's *Observations on Portugal*[1] an excellent panoramic view more than one and a half metres long[2].

«But man would mar», says Byron, «the fragrant fruits and the goodly prospects with an impious hand». This is an allusion to the ravages committed during the Peninsular War.

II. *His hot shafts urge Gaul's locust host.* In the original MS. after the words «his hot shafts urge» stood the following line:

[The Lusian brutes, and earth from worse of wretches purge[3].]

This and other similar lines and notes are quoted merely to show how strong and intense was Byron's prejudice against the Portuguese. A French annotator almost resents the substitution. It would have been much better if the poet had retained the original line,

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[1] LANDMANN (George): *Historical, Military and Picturesque Observations on Portugal,* 2. vol. London, 1821, end of vol. II.

[2] In English measures 1 metre (m.) is equal to 3.2 feet, and 1 kilometre (km.) to 0.6 mile.

[3] The quotations referring to the manuscript are from the before mentioned Dallas's *Recollections* and from *The Works of Lord Byron:* Part II. *Poetry,* edited by E. H. Coleridge, 7 vol., London, 1898–1904.

for it shows clearly, at the very commencement of his *Pilgrimage* to Portugal what his frame of mind was towards the Portuguese.

The French invaded Portugal on three occasions. The principal aim of Napoleon in doing so was to complete the Continental blockade, and thereby inflict a blow on the commerce of England.

In November 1807 Junot marched without any opposition to Lisbon. The influence of the name of Napoleon was so great, and his military genius produced such a benumbing influence that the Prince Regent and his government thought it expedient not to offer any resistance—not to shed the blood of his people needlessly. Some might say that it would have been glorious to fight and to die. But the Prince Regent thought otherwise, and he with his insane Mother and the whole of the royal family fled to Brazil. It has to be remembered that on this occasion Spain had joined the French and that their combined army consisted of upwards of 50,000 men. The English government of those days took credit to themselves for the flight of the Prince Regent, and the English writers condemned the Portuguese for not fighting the French. The French thought that the people had behaved with prudence, but that it was the Prince Regent who had shown the white feather. Both parties judged in the light of their own interests. And this is the way that history, especially history for the general public, is always written. When the people found how they had fallen into the hands of the foreigner, whose professions entirely belied their actions, when they discovered that they had to pay a contribution of one hundred millions of francs to the Emperor, they were furious beyond measure. There was a fierce riot when

the national flag was hauled down, and the populace was dispersed only after a heavy charge of cavalry. They did all they could to get rid of the enemy, and, as soon as it was possible, Revolutionary Juntas were formed all over the country, especially at Oporto, Braganza, and Olhão. In the spring of 1808 Napoleon had declared war against his friends and Allies, the Spaniards, and occupied Madrid after a feeble resistance of only two days. When the English Government, who were on the look out for a weak point in Napoleon's armour, found that there was an insurrection in Portugal, they decided to help their ancient ally. Sir Arthur Wellesley, after a consultation with the Supreme Junta at Oporto, landed with an expeditionary force at the mouth of the Mondego in August, 1808. Soon afterwards was gained the victory of Vimeiro, which led to the Convention of Cintra, and to the abandonment of Portugal by Junot with his French troops.

The second invasion, which took place in March 1809, was carried out by Soult, who succeeded in occupying Oporto. On this occasion also the enemy was driven out of the country by the combined action of the Allies, so that, when Byron came to Lisbon in July, there was not a single French soldier on the Portuguese soil, whereas there were some Luso-British troops in Spain fighting against the common enemy.

The third and the last invasion under Masséna occurred in August 1810. The Portuguese troops on this occasion behaved in such a heroic manner that they merited the applause both of their friends and foes, and the civil population showed such remarkable patriotism that there was a complete change of opinion in England regarding their character. A public sub-

scription was raised in Great Britain in their favour in 1811, and Parliament went so far as to make a public grant. There will be occasion to refer to some of the facts connected with these invasions further on.

It may be mentioned here that Byron was a great admirer of Napoleon. During the Peninsular War he in a way rather sympathised with him than with his own people or his own government. And this is one of the reasons why his poems have always been so much admired in France.

XVI.

What beauties doth Lisboa[I.] first unfold!
Her image floating on that noble tide,
Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold[II.],
But now whereon a thousand keels did ride
Of mighty strength, since Albion was allied,
And to the Lusians did her aid afford:
A nation swoln with ignorance and pride,
Who lick, yet loathe, the hand that waves the sword[III.]
To save them from the wrath of Gaul's unsparing lord.

I. *Lisboa.* With reference to this word Byron wrote: [A friend advises *Ulissipont,* but Lisboa is the Portuguese word, consequently the best. Ulissipont is pedantic; and as I had lugged in *Hellas* and *Eros* not long before, there would have been something like an affectation of Greek terms, which I wished to avoid. On the submission of Lusitania to the Moors, they changed the name of the capital, which till then had been Ulisipo or Lispo; because, in the Arabic alphabet the letter *p* is not used. Hence, I believe, Lisboa, whence again, the French Lisbonne, and our Lisbon, — God knows which the earlier corruption!»— Byron. MS.]

The friend referred to is Mr. Dallas.

The word Lisboa is generally considered to have its origin in *alis ubo* of the Phœnicians, which means a pleasant estuary. Some mediaeval writers have attributed its foundation to a great-grandson of Abraham, fixing the date at the year 3259 B. C.; and others to *Elisa,* a great-grandson of Noah, in 2150! During a long time it was supposed that its origin was due to *Ulysses,* who, it was said, came to Lisbon after the siege of Troy, and finding the city in ruins rebuilt it and gave it the name of *Ulyssea.* It is with reference to this that Camoens in his *Os Lusiadas* says:

> And see'st thou one who treads on Tagus' shore,
> After o'er such vast oceans having gone
> Where everlasting walls he rears on high
> And Pallas' temple fresh in memory!
> Ulysses 'tis the Goddess' fame doth raise
> She who on him eloquence bestows;
> If he, in Asia, Troy in ashes lays,
> In Europe here by him vast Lisbon grows.
>
> C. VIII, st. 4, ll. 5-8, and st. 5, ll. 1-4.

In the XVII. century Antonio de Sousa Macedo based his epic poem *Olyssipo* upon this legend; and Pereira de Castro gave the name of *Ulyssea* to one of his poems.

During the Roman period the Phœnician word Alisubo was converted into Olisippo (Varro), Olisipon (Ptolemy), Ulysippo (Pomponius Mela), and Ulyssea (Strabo). Officially, during the reign of Julius Cesar, it was given the name of *Felicitas Julia.* The Moors styled it Aschbuna orAschbouna. And the Christians converted it first into Ulixbuna, Lixbuna and Lixbona, and afterwards into Lixboa and Lisboa. Its Latin name

is still Olisipo. It is curious that the abbreviated form of the word Lisboa even now is Lx.ª and not Ls.ª The conversion of Lisboa or *boa* into *bonne* in French, and *bon* in English is natural enough.

Byron makes a casual reference to the view of Lisbon in a letter to Moore, in which he says: «I shant go to Naples. It is but the second best sea-view, and I have seen the first and the third, viz. Constantinople and Lisbon (by the way, the last is but a river-view; however they reckon it after Stamboul and Naples, and before Genoa) and Vesuvius is silent». (Venice, April 11, 1817).

II. *Poets vainly pave with sands of gold.* In the manuscript this line stood thus:

[Which poets, prone to lie, have paved with gold.]

Byron and some of his commentators do not rely on the authority of poets like Ovid, Juvenal, Martial and others, and so reference will be made here only to prose writers. Pomponius Mela says: «Et Tagi ostium omnis gemmas aurumque generantis»[1]. And Pliny writes: «Tagus auriferis arenis celebratur»[2]. There is no doubt that the presence of gold in the margin of the Tagus was well known to the Romans.

During the Moorish period, according to Edrisi, the extraction of gold formed one of the occupations of the inhabitants of Al Ma'dan (at present Almada), a

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1 Pomponius Mela: *De situ orbis*, Lib. III., cap. 1.

2 Plinius: *Op. cit.*, Lib. IV. cap. 35.

village just opposite to Lisbon, which was so named on account of its sand containing gold. He says that he himself saw the extraction of gold there[1].

According to reliable records, in the XIII. century Don Dinis had his crown and sceptre made from the gold obtained from the border of the Tagus[2]. The mines were situated at Adiça on the Tagus near the lagoon of Albufeira. In the first quarter of the last century a fresh attempt to extract gold was made by José Bonifácio de Andrada e Silva. In one of his reports Sr. Choffat[3] gives a detailed account of the new mine at Adiça, styled «The Royal Gold-Mine, the Prince-Regent». The profit of this concern from 1814 to 1819 was about £ 650. From all these facts it is clear that poets prone to lie did not lie in this instance.

III. *Who lick, yet loathe, the hand that waves the sword.* «Who lick, yet loathe» is a poetic alliteration which is not to be taken too seriously, for a poet has a right to certain exaggerations. But, unfortunately, there are people who take Byron's words, both in this and his other references to the Portuguese, quite literally. No Englishman in those days was disliked for being an Englishman, without some special cause. They were all admired for their fine physique. Dr.

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[1] EDRISI: *Description de L'Afrique et de L'Espagne*. Pub. et trad. par R. Dozy et M. J. de Goeje. Leyde, 1866, pg. 223.

[2] *Vid.* RESENDIUS (L. Andrea): *De antiquitatibus Lusitaniæ*, 2 vol. Conimbricae, 1790, vol. II., pg. 106.

[3] CHOFFAT (Paul): *Sur les sables aurifères, marins, d'Adiça*, in «Communicações» da Commissão do Serviço Geologico de Portugal, vol. IX. Lisboa, 1912–1913, pg. 5.

Halliday, who had a hundred times more opportunities than Byron to judge the character of the Portuguese of those days, and who, in some respects, was not favourably inclined towards them, writes: «Certainly there never was a body of people more united, or more sincerely attached to the British than the Portuguese. I am sorry to add, that kindness and friendship is often not requited by us as it ought»[1]. And Southey, writing some years later remarks: «There were members (in Parliament) who boldly asserted that the Portuguese did not like the English. A more groundless assertion has seldom been hazarded there»[2].

Some Englishmen of those days, especially such as had suffered in their material interests, owing to the French invasion, misrepresented for their own ends not only every thing that the Portuguese did or said, but even distrusted their own countrymen like Beresford and Wellesley. And some military men thought nothing of poking fun at the expense of their Portuguese comrades; and these had no means of defending themselves or explaining their conduct to the public in England.

St. XVI:—l. 4, *Thousand keels.* When Byron came to Lisbon the English fleet was anchored in the Tagus.—l. 7, *Ignorance and pride. Vid.* St. XXI., N. 1, for Herculano's and João de Lemos's opinion on this subject.

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[1] Halliday (Andrew): *The present state of Portugal.* Edinburgh, 1812, pg. 296.

[2] Southey (Robert): *History of the Peninsular War.* New edition. London, 1828, vol. II., part I., pg. 387.

XVII.

But whoso entereth within this town,
That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,
Disconsolate will wander up and down,
'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee[1];
For hut and palace show like filthily:
The dingy denizens are rear'd in dirt;
No personage of high or mean degree
Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt;
Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwash'd, unhurt[11].

1. *'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee.*
This line in the original MS. was:

['Mid many things that grieve both nose and ee.]

There is no doubt that Lisbon in those days was dirty; first, because the border of the Tagus was not yet embanked, and the foreshore at low tide, being exposed to a width of 240 to 360 metres, gave rise to obnoxious inhalations; and, secondly, because the inhabitants were in the habit of throwing, after 22 o'clock, in the public streets all the house refuse, and the poorer classes even something worse, for in those days all the quarters of the town were not provided with sewers. In several respects it was neither better nor worse than some other large commercial seaport towns elsewhere. Had Byron commenced his journey in Asia Minor and ended it in Portugal, he would not have found in Lisbon so «many things unsightly to strange ee». In 1818, according to a writer in the *Quarterly Review* (vol. XIX., pg. 7), there were three stinking cities in Europe, namely,

Lisbon, Edinburgh and Geneva. Probably he had not visited many others.

Compared with London the Portuguese capital has some peculiarities which it is necessary to explain, especially as there are persons, even to-day who believe, in all good faith, that Lisbon is not a clean city. It is very important to bear in mind that the Praça do Comercio or the Black-Horse Square corresponds to Whitehall in London, in which are to be found almost all the Ministerial Offices; and that the Rua Aurea and Rua Garrett, the counterparts of Regent and New Bond Streets, are situated in the centre of the town by the side of the river, and have on one side the Arsenal, the Ship-building yard, and the Fish-Market, and on the other the Alfama and the Mouraria, that is, places corresponding to Poplar and Wapping in the East of London. A stranger cannot reside long in Lisbon without passing through or quite near its «East-End» quarters, whereas he may reside in London the whole of his life without going even once to its East-End. This is the reason why some of the streets and some of the people one sees in Lisbon are not clean. Working people, especially if they are poor, cannot always be clean. Besides all this, at the commencement of the last century the middle classes considered it unbecoming to walk in the streets of Lisbon on week-days; they came out only on Sundays! Very likely therefore Byron only saw the lower classes. If to-morrow Black-Horse Square could be bodily removed to a distance of one or two kilometres to the north of the Tagus, Lisbon would become quite clean as though by a miracle. The residents of the West-End of London or of inland towns, who visit Lisbon for the first time, do not realise many

of these facts, but those who come from Glasgow, Liverpool and such other sea-port towns, often praise the cleanliness of Lisbon, for they know from experience how difficult it is to keep a large commercial and industrial sea-port quite tidy and clean.

An instance of how easily people can misjudge their neighbours was noticed by me not long ago. I was walking one day with a newly arrived Englishman in the Champs-Elysées in Paris, when he suddenly remarked: «Do you know the French people must be really mad? See how all of them drive towards the right!» My friend did not realise at once that other people could have rules for their street traffic different from those in Great Britain.

Thomas Ribeiro, one of the greatest Portuguese poets of the last century, in his well-known *Ode to Portugal,* after referring to the past glories of his countrymen, to the discoveries of new seas and new continents, and having in mind those foreigners who, like Byron, look down upon the Portuguese, says:

> *Se alguem menospreẓar o teu manto pobre*
> *Ri-tu do fatuo que se julga nobre!*
>
> If any scorn thy coat of poverty
> Laugh at the fool and his nobility![1]

II. *Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwash'd, unhurt.*

Some misapprehension as regards the meaning of this line exists in the minds of some of the French

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[1] Ribeiro (Thomas): «A Portugal: To Portugal», in *Poems from the Portuguese,* by Aubrey F. G. Bell. Oxford, 1913, pg. 97.

translators; they say: «Et fuissent ils attaquée de la plaie d'Egypte, ils n'en donneraient pas pour cela plus de soins à leurs personnes, et n'en seraient pas plus émus», or «if they were to be attacked with the plague of Egypt they would not take more care of their persons or be more moved». The meaning of the line is not what would happen but what did happen when there was such a plague in Lisbon. The plagues of Egypt, as described in the Exodus, are «ten»; one of these is the plague of «flies and insects». Byron evidently refers to this plague, for in his letter to Hodgson, written from Lisbon, he complains of «bites from mosquitoes». It may be mentioned that a large portion of Lisbon is at present free from this pest.

St. XVII:—l. 2, *Sheening*. Shining or glittering from a distance.

XVIII.

Poor, paltry slaves! yet born 'midst noblest scenes—
Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such men[I.]?
Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden[II.] intervenes
In variegated maze of mount and glen.
Ah me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
To follow half on which the eye dilates
Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken
Than those whereof such things the Bard relates,
Who to the awe-struck world unlock'd Elysium's gates?

I. *Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such men?*

Byron and other writers who think with him that Nature has wasted her wonders on the Portuguese are quite mistaken. Nature does not waste her gifts. The Portuguese, throughout their history, have shown themselves the products of their environment. They

have just as much reason to be romantic and idealistic as the Scotch have to be practical and hard working. It is their romantic temperament that led them to undertake voyages of discovery known to every school boy. It is due to their natural surroundings that they have the advantage of acclimatisation in many parts of the world where people from the north degenerate in one or two generations; it is owing to the nature of their country that they are sober and temperate, gay and contented. Those who are interested in this subject may be referred to the chapter on the influence of climate upon the physiological and vital functions of the body and mind in my book on *The Climate of Portugal*[1].

II. *Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden.* The Mountains of Cintra are situated north-west of Lisbon, and are to be seen by all those who enter the Bay of Cascaes. Byron's description of Cintra surpasses that of every other writer. The strokes are few, but they give an accurate picture. A good deal of the renown of the place among English speaking people is due to him. There are writers who imagine that its beauties were never recognised before. This is a mistake. Here are a few brief extracts from the works of some of his predecessors.

Gil Vicente, the great dramatic poet, describes it in 1529 as:

Um jardim do paraiso terreal
Que Salomão mandou aqui
A hum Rei de Portugal.

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[1] Dalgado (D. G.): *The Climate of Portugal.* Lisbon, 1914, pp. 218–251.

A garden of the paradise terrestial,
Which Solomon sent here
To a king of Portugal.

And he compares it to

Una dama polida,
Brava, dulce y graciosa,
Namorada e engrandecida[1].

An elegant lady,
Brave, sweet, and charming,
Noble, proud, and loving.

Luisa Sigea in a poem entitled *Syntra,* which she sent to Pope Paul III. in 1546, says:

Inferne viridi densatur robora fronda
Silvano et Satyris umbra domos
. . . . . .
Citrea mala rubent, vallis qua tendit ad imum,
Qualis fert rutilans hortulus Hesperidum:
Et lauri frondes, victorum praemia quondam,
Quaeque paetarum texere serta solent:
Et myrtus Veneri sacra crispatur in umbra:
Cuncta placent fructu, floribus, ac redolent.
Hic, Philomela canit, turtur gemit atque columba[2]:

In the lower portion the oaks abound, and with their dense foliage give ample homes to Silvanus and Satyrus... The slopes of the Serra present flourishing lemon trees, as beautiful as those found in the garden of the Hesperides. Here are to be found the leaves

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[1] Vicente (Gil): «Triumpho do inverno», in *Obras,* 3 vol. Hamburgo, 1833, vol. II., pp. 490 and 482.

[2] *Vid.* Ribeiro (José Silvestre de): *Luisa Sigea.* Memória apresentada à Academia Rial das Sciências. Lisboa, 1869, pg. 45.

of the laurel, formerly the reward of the victors, but which even now the poets place round their foreheads. The myrtle, so beloved of Venus, grows abundantly. Finally everything pleases us: the luscious fruits and the fragrance of flowers. Here sings the nightingale, and coos the turtle and the dove.

Among English writers Jeremiah Thompson sings:

> Oh tell me what Goddess, what Muse or what Grace
> Could ever have formed such a beautiful place?
> Here are Flora's best flowers in full blossom, and here is
> The work of Vertumnus, Pomona and Ceres.

The author then says that Nature had collected all her materials, and was about to group her rocks and trees, when

> ..... something did intrude,
> And therefore she left it wild, beautiful and rude.

And Southey, the poet laureate, who was in Portugal in the winter of 1795 for six months, and again in 1800–1801 for a year, after remarking that at Cintra

> ..... the tired mind
> Might rest beyond the murmurs of mankind,

says: «I do not know how to describe to you the strange beauties of Cintra; it is, perhaps, more beautiful than sublime, more gorgeous than beautiful, yet I never beheld scenery more calculated to fill the beholder with admiration and delight. This immense rock or mountain rises into conical hills, formed of such immense stones and piled so strangely that all the machinery of deluges and volcanos must fail to satisfy the enquiry of their origin». He then describes the arid looking

plains away from Cintra, and adds: «Had I been born at Cintra, methinks no inducements could have tempted me to leave its delightful springs and shade»[1].

But none of these writers attain the same degree of imagery and beauty of expression as Byron. Cintra is no doubt an earthly paradise;

> «If on earth there is a bower of Bliss,
> It is this—it is this—it is this!»

St. XVIII:—l. 1, *Paltry slaves. Vid.* St. XXXIII., N. 1.—l. 8, *The Bard.* Generally believed to be Dante, but may be also Virgil, who has in Book VI. of Aeneid an admirable description of the Elysean fields, where Aeneas meets his father Anchises.

XIX.

> The horrid crags, by toppling convent crowned,
> The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep[1].
> The mountain moss by scorching skies imbrown'd,
> The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,
> The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
> The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
> The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
> The vine on high, the willow branch below,
> Mixed in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.

1. *The cork trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep.* These trees have always been admired by foreign visi-

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[1] Southey (Robert): *Letters from Spain and Portugal.* Bristol, 1797. The third edition of this book was published one year before Byron came to Lisbon. The quotation from Jeremiah Thompson is given in these Letters on pg. 519.

tors to Cintra. Southey says: «The cork is perhaps the most beautiful of trees, its leaves are small and have the dusky colour of evergreens... There is one tree in particular here which a painter might well come from England to see, large and old; its trunks and branches are covered with ferns —the yellow sun-burnt ferns— forming so dark a contrast to the dark foliage![1]» This he wrote in the month of October. Later on the appearance of such trees is quite different. Then the ferns almost completely replace the leaves, and the whole tree forms a gigantic bouquet of moss and ferns.

St. XIX:—l. 1, *Toppling convent. Vid.* St. XX., N. 1.

XX.

Then slowly climb the many-winding way,
And frequent turn to linger as you go,
From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,
And rest ye at «Our Lady's House of Woe»; (A.) l.
Where frugal monks their little relics show,
And sundry legends to the stranger tell:
Here impious men have punish'd been; and lo,
Deep in yon cave Honorius[II.] long did dwell,
In hope to merit Heaven by making earth a Hell.

(A.) The convent of «Our Lady of Punishment» *Nossa Senora de Pena,* on the summit of the rock. Below, at some distance, is the Cork Convent, where St. Honorius dug his den, over which is his epitaph.

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1 Southey (C. C.): *Southey's Life and Correspondence* by... 6 vol. London, 1849–1850, vol. II., pg. 117. In his private correspondence R. Southey is loud in his praises of Cintra; he styles it «the most blessed spot on the habitable globe», «my paradise, the heaven on earth of my hopes».

From the hills, the sea adds to the beauty of the view. (Note to 1st Edition). Since the publication of this poem, I have been informed of the misapprehension of the term *Nossa Senora de Pena.* It was owing to the want of the *tilde* or mark over the *n,* which alters the signification of the word: with it, *Pena* signified a rock; without it, *Pena* has the sense I have adopted. I do not think it necessary to alter the passage, as, though the common acceptance affixed to it is «Our Lady of the Rock», I may well assume the other sense from the severities practised there. (Note to the 2nd Edition.—B. N).

I. *Our Lady's House of Woe.* The Monastery of Pena, which is now incorporated in the National Palace of Pena, has a very interesting history. It was built and endowed by Dom Manuel I. at the commencement of the XVI. century, to commemorate at Cintra, which was his favourite residence in summer, the famous discovery of the maritime route to India by Vasco da Gama. Originally its site was occupied by a chapel dedicated to Our Lady of Pena, erected in honour of the miraculous appearance there of the Blessed Virgin. In course of time so great was the fame of this shrine that John II. having fallen ill in 1493 at Torres Vedras, made a vow to make a novena or nine days' devotion at Our Lady of Pena in the event of his recovery; and he camped out there with the Queen and fulfilled his vow with great piety and in great seclusion[1]. His successor

[1] *Vid.* Rezende (Garcia de): *Chronica de D. Joõo II.,* cap. CLXXI.

Dom Manuel I. was in the habit, it is said, of watching from one of the windows of the chapel the Lusitanian Sea for the arrival of the ships he had sent out to the East. When he received the happy news on August 29, 1499, of the safe return of the expedition of Vasco da Gama he determined to replace the chapel by a Monastery, which he handed over to the Hieronymites. At the commencement it was occupied by about 30 monks, but when Byron visited it the inmates did not exceed four or five. Like all other religious houses it was suppressed in 1834; its chapel is now the chapel of the Palace. The Peak of Pena attains an elevation of 528 metres or 1,732 feet.

The Cork Convent or the Convent of the Holy Cross, popularly known in Portuguese as *Capuchos,* is situated at a distance of four kilometres to the west of Pena, and at about an elevation of 300 metres or 950 feet. It was built in 1560 by Alvaro de Castro in order to carry out the wishes of his father Dom João de Castro, the famous fourth viceroy of India, and belonged to the Franciscans. It is still preserved as a historical curiosity, and it is near this Convent that «the cave of Honorius» is situated. It is styled Cork Convent on account of its walls and doors being covered with cork as a protection from cold.

Sir Walter Scott pointed out to Lord Byron that he had made a mistake in translating *Nossa Senhora da Pena* into «Our Lady of Woe». *Pena* in Portuguese is the antiquated form of *Penha* and does not require a *tilde,* as Byron thinks, to make it mean a rock. *Pena,* a rock, is derived from the latin *pinna;* whereas *pena,* sorrow or woe, is derived from *poena.* The form in use before the XVI. century was *pena,* as in Nossa Se-

nhora da Pena, Penamacor, Penafiel, Penacova, etc.; whereas in all modern expressions it is *penha,* as in Quinta da Penha Verde, Convento da Penha Longa, Igreja da Penha de França, etc. In the Catholic liturgy there is no «Our Lady of Woe» nor «Our Lady of Punishment», but Mater Dolorosa, Our Lady of Dolours or Our Lady of Sorrow. The English equivalent of Nossa Senhora da Pena is Our Lady of the Rock.

In his Note to the 2nd edition Byron says that he might retain in the text «Our Lady of Woe» on account of the severities practised there. This is not quite accurate. The Hieronymites were not at all strict or frugal in their ways of life: quite the reverse. Those who were notorious for their piety and for their ascetic practices were the Franciscans. Philip II. of Spain, used to say that he had two very notable religious houses in his dominions: the Escurial for its riches, and the Cork Convent for its poverty. The text would no doubt, become more accurate by referring the whole description to the Convent of Santa Cruz (Holy Cross) than to «Our Lady's House of Woe».

At the commencement of the last century one of the roads leading to the Convent of Pena and also to the Cork Convent started from the Mansion of Seteais, called «Marialva's Dome» by Byron, and to be referred to further on. To the Cork Convent itself there was, and still is, another road commencing near Monserrate. From the way Cintra is described it is probable that Byron went up by the former and came down by the latter. It is believed that he spent one or two days in his «glorious Eden». Not long ago a room was shown, in what was known as Lawrence's Hotel, as having been occupied by him.

II. *Honorius.* This Franciscan monk at the Cork Convent, finding the tiny cell provided for him too good, dug a pit near by about a metre in diameter, and lived there day and night for thirty years, and died at the ripe age of ninety-five. A slab near the pit has the following inscription:

HIC HONORIUS
VITAM FINIVIT;
ET IDEO CUM DEO.
IN COELIS RECIVIT
OBIT 1596.

HERE HONORIUS ENDED HIS LIFE;
AND HE FOUND IT IN GOD.
DIED IN 1596.

Byron and his commentators style the monk *St.* Honorius. He has no right to be styled a Saint, for he was not only not canonised but not even beatified: nor is his name found among the venerables. But his manner of life has rendered him more famous than many a saint.

XXI.

And here and there, as up the crags you spring,
Mark many rude-carved crosses near the path:
Yet deem not these Devotion's offering—
These are memorials frail of murderous wrath:
For wheresoe'er the shrieking victim hath
Pour'd forth his blood beneath the assassin's knife,
Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath,(A.) I.
And grove and glen with thousand such are rife
Throughout this purple land, where Law secures not life.

(A.) It is a well known fact that in the year 1809 the assassinations in the streets of Lisbon and its vici-

nity were not confined by the Portuguese to their countrymen; but Englishmen were daily butchered, and so far from the survivors obtaining redress, they were requested «not to interfere» if they perceived their compatriot defending himself against his amiable allies. I was once stopped in the way to the theatre, at eight in the evening, when the streets were not more empty than they generally are, opposite to an *open shop,* and in a carriage with a friend, by three of our *allies;* and had we not fortunately been armed I have not the least doubt we should have «adorned a tale» instead of telling one. The crime of assassination is not confined to Portugal: in Sicily and Malta we are knocked on the head at a handsome average nightly and not a Sicilian or Maltese is ever punished!—B. N.

I. *Some hands erect a cross of mouldering lath. (Daily assassinations and assaults).* The Note in the MS. was much longer. After saying, «I have not the least doubt we should have 'adorned a tale' instead of telling one», it continued:

[We have heard wonders of the Portuguese lately, and their gallantry—pray heaven it continue; yet «would it were bedtime, Hal, and all were well». They must fight a great many hours by the «Shrewsbury clock» before the number of their slain equals that of our countrymen butchered by these kind creatures, now metamorphosed into «Caçadores» and what not. I merely state a fact not confined to Portugal, for in Sicily and Malta we are knocked on the head at a handsome average nightly, and not a Sicilian and Maltese is ever punished! The neglect of protection is disgraceful to our government and governors, for the murders

are as notorious as the moon that shines upon them. The Portuguese, it is to be hoped, are complimented with the «Forlorn Hope» — if the cowards are to become brave (like the rest of their kind, in a corner) pray let them display it. But there is a subscription for these Θρασύδειλόν (they need not be ashamed of the epithet once applied to the Spartans) and all the charitable patronymics, from ostentatious A. to diffident Z., and £ 1–1–0 from «an admirer of valour» are in requisition for the lists of Lloyd's and the honour of British benevolence. Well, we have fought and subscribed, and bestowed peerages, and buried the killed by our friends and foes, and lo! all this is to be done over again! Like Lien Chi (in Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*) as we «grow older we grow never the better». It would be pleasant to learn who will subscribe for us, in or about the year 1815, and what nation will send fifty thousand men, first to be decimated in the capital, and then decimated again (in the Irish fashion, *nine* out of *ten*) in the «bed of honour» which as Serjeant Kite says, is considerably larger and more commodious than the «bed of Ware». Then they must have a poet to write the «Vision of Don Perceval» and generously bestow the profits of the well and widely printed quarto to rebuild the «Bachwynd» and the «Canon-gate», or furnish new kilts for the half-roasted Highlanders. Lord Wellington, however, has enacted marvels, and so did his oriental brother, whom I saw chareteering over the French flag, and heard chipping bad Spanish, and listening to the speech of a patriotic cobbler of Cadiz, on the event of his own entry into that city, and the exit of some five thousand bold Britons out of this «best of all possible worlds». Sorely were we puzzled how to dispose of

that same victory of Talavera; and a victory it surely was somewhere, for everybody claimed it. The Spanish dispatch and mob called it *Cuesta's* and made no great mention of the Viscount; the French called it *theirs* (to my great discomfiture, for a French consul stopped my mouth in Greece with a pestilent Paris Gazette, just as I had killed Sebastiani «in buckram» and King Joseph in «Kendal green»)—and we have not yet determined *what* to call it, or *whose* for certes it is none of our own. Howbeit, Massena's retreat is a great comfort, and as yet we have not been in the habit of pursuing for some years past, no wonder we are a little awkward at first. No doubt we shall improve, or if we do not, we have only to take to our old way of retrograding, and there we are at home.]

Dallas objected to the whole Note as a «wild tirade» and Byron agreed to omit its larger portion. Once again in 1812 the noble lord shows in the suppressed portion his bitter animosity against the Portuguese. He calls them cowards and Θρασύδειλόν or those who affect the hero and play the poltroon; he is sarcastic against his own countrymen for raising a public subscription (which amounted to £ 81,079) in their favour, and ridicules Walter Scott (who was not yet his friend) for praising them in his *Vision of Don Roderick,* and for giving, very generously, all the profits of its sale to the cause of Portuguese patriotism.

Byron refers in the text to *crosses of mouldering lath* as a proof of the frequency of assassinations in Portugal. This is an instance of how foreigners misjudge their neighbours. These crosses, some of which still exist, had nothing to do with assassinations; they

were planted there, by the roadside, to appeal to the wayfarers' feelings of piety. The mistake was pointed out in the *Investigador Português,* a monthly periodical published in London, six weeks after the publication of *Childe Harold,* but it did not attract the attention of commentators till July 9, 1873, when a letter on the same subject appeared in the *Athenaeum.* This shows how anything written in Portuguese is almost a dead letter to foreigners. The «mouldering lath» is a glaring instance of how writers, even of the eminence of Emilio Castellar, accept as facts what Byron said of the horrible homicides[1], although he, and others like him, are careful to point out how the poet was unjust in some of his remarks against their own people. There was a reason for the existence of these crosses at Cintra. The founder of the Convent of Santa Cruz had laid down in his will that it was his particular wish that the Cross should receive special adoration.

In the first portion of the published Note, Byron says that in 1809 there were daily *assassinations* of Englishmen in the streets of Lisbon. Now, what are the facts? Let English writers themselves answer the question. Mr. Oman, the latest historian of the Peninsular War, says that in February 1809 «isolated British soldiers were assaulted, some were wounded, and parties of 'legionaires' (Portuguese) actually stopped aides-de-camp and orderlies carrying despatches, and stripped them of the documents they were bearing. The mob was inclined, indeed, to be ill disposed towards their allies,

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1 Castelar (Emílio): *A Vida de Lord Byron,* traduzida por M. Fernandes Reis. Porto, 1876, pg. 59.

from the suspicion that they were intending to evacuate Lisbon and to retire from the Peninsula. They had seen the baggage and non-combatants left behind by Moore put on ship-board; early in February they beheld the troops told off for the occupation of Cadiz embark and disappear. When they also noticed that the forts at the Tagus mouth were being dismantled they made up their minds that the British were about to desert them, without making any attempt to defend Portugal. Hence came the malevolent spirit they displayed. It died down when their suspicions were proved unfounded by the arrival of Beresford and other British officers at the beginning of March»[1]. It will be remarked that the writer attributes the malevolence to the actions, right or wrong, of the British officers themselves. Southey makes on the subject the following remarks: «Preparations had been made for evacuating that capital (Lisbon); transports were collected in the Tagus, and notice officially given to the British merchants to hold themselves in readiness for immediate embarkation in case the enemy should advance towards them». And he adds further on: «One day the cavalry was embarked, the next it was relanded. The sea batteries were dismantled, and their guns shipped for Brazil; those at Fort Julian alone were left mounted, as a defensive post if the British troops should be forced to embark precipitately. The women belonging to the army were sent on board. These preparations exasperated the people. The feeling which this intended abandonment produced was rather anger than fear;

[1] Oman (Charles): *A History of the Peninsular War*. Vol. IV. (Published up to date). Oxford, 1892-1911, vol. II., pg. 200.

and they resented it the more as if they felt ashamed for allies long trusted and always found worthy, than alarmed for the consequences to themselves»[1]. And Napier also described the same facts and does not notice the murder of a single Englishman[2]. In fact there is not one English writer who mentions a single murder of an Englishman in the streets of Lisbon in 1809. On the contrary there is a Police Report, dated March 4, of the murder of a Spaniard by three Englishmen, due to a quarrel regarding some women of loose character[3]. All this shows how Byron was completely mistaken about the «daily assassinations» of Englishmen in the streets of Lisbon, in 1809. One of his biographers goes a step further and says that some of these assassinations were due to religious causes! How such an idea entered his head it is not easy to say.

Only to show how little Byron knew of the behaviour of some of his own countrymen in Portugal and of the behaviour of the Portuguese towards them, I will quote here the opinion not of any Portuguese writer but of Wellington himself. In a long official dispatch addressed to the Adjutant General of the Forces, dated 6th April, 1810, after noticing how frequent were the desertions among his men, he says that they are due «in a

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1 Southey (R.): *History of the Peninsular War*. Op. cit., vol. II., Part I., pp. 215 and 217.

2 Napier (Sir W. F. P.): *History of the War in the Peninsula and in the South of France*. 6 vol. London, s. d. Book VI, ch. III., pg. 22.

3 *Intendência geral da Policia. Contas para a Secretaria. Desde 29 de Outubro de 1808 até 3 de Dezembro de 1809*, in the National Archives (Tôrre do Tombo). Liv. x., pp. 82, 87, and 110 *v*, dated March 4 and 13, and April 5.

great measure to the bad description of men of which many of the regiments are composed almost entirely, and who have been received from the Irish militia... and likewise in some degree to the predatory habits they have acquired, who, having straggled from their regiments during the late service under the command of Sir John Moore, were some of them taken prisoners by the French, and have since escaped from them; and others after having wandered in different parts of Portugal and Spain, have returned to the army. All these men have shifted for themselves in the country, by rapine and plunder, since they quitted their regiments in 1808; and they have informed others of their mode of proceeding, and have instilled a desire in others to follow their example, and live in the same mode and by the same means, free from the restraints of discipline and regularity. It is proper that I should inform the Commander in Chief that desertion is not the only crime of which the soldiers of this army have been guilty to an extraordinary degree. A detachment seldom marches, particularly if under the command of a non-commissioned officer (which rarely happens) that a murder or a highway robbery, or some act of outrage is not committed by the British soldiers composing it. They have killed eight people since the army returned to Portugal in December; and I am sorry to add that a convoy has seldom arrived with money that the chests have not been broken open, and some of the money stolen by the soldiers in whose charge it was placed, although invariably under the command of an officer». And after stating the measures taken to prevent these crimes he continues, «The inhabitants of the country have such a respect and affection for the British nation,

and particularly for the military qualities of the soldier (who presumes upon his military reputation to commit many of the crimes of which he is guilty), that it is most difficult to prevail upon the inhabitants to give testimony of the injuries they have received, and they will rarely point out the person who has committed the offence; and the soldiers themselves will rarely tell the truth before a Court Martial»[1]. In justice to the British forces of those days it is necessary to make it quite plain that the crimes referred to were not committed by the regular troops; and it has to be added, to the honour of Wellington, that he did his utmost to control his men.

From all that has been stated it is not to be supposed that no British soldier was killed in Lisbon or in Portugal. There were such murders. But the reader can imagine who was likely to be primarily responsible in such cases. Excluding retaliation or self-defence a Portuguese had nothing to gain by killing a Britisher, but a Britisher could look forward to, in the words of Wellington, «rapine and plunder».

As regards the intended *assault* referred to in the second portion of the Note, which Byron describes with so much gusto and not without considerable swagger, it must be observed that in July 1809, when he came to Lisbon, there was absolutely no prejudice against an Englishman as an Englishman. All suspicions had died out in March. In April Lord Wellesley had been received with open arms, in fact with public rejoicings. Then why the intended assault? Byron

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1 *Wellington's Dispatches*. New Edition. 12 vol. London, 1837. I have quoted only the dates of his Dispatches.

does not give any reason. He only allows it to be supposed because he was an Englishman.

But there was unfortunately *another* assault which the young lord had to submit to owing to a heedless love affair. One night, while leaving the theatre of San Carlos, he was roughly handled by an aggrieved husband for flirtation with his wife. This fact is attested by several writers. In his *Moral Studies* written in 1844, Alexandre Herculano, the eminent historian, says, that Byron, who imagined that the Portuguese were so ignorant that he could do with them as he liked, received some severe *cachações* or blows when leaving the theatre[1]. And in a *canção* or song addressed to Byron, João de Lemos, a well-known poet, records the same incident thus:

A nossa ignorância achaste tão rude
Por sérios maridos achar ainda aqui,
Que, quando buscavas manchar a virtude,
Nas costas as manchas te punham a ti[2].

You found ignorant and rude all of us,
For finding here husbands very serious,
Who, when you wished to stain their wives' honour,
Stained your body with something to remember.

Byron's temperament was such as would not stand any rebuke, and much less humiliation of this kind. In his Preface to *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,* published only a few months before he came to Portugal, he says that he is always determined to take revenge

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[1] Herculano (Alexandre): *Estudos Morais*. II. «O Parocho de Aldeia», in *O Panorama*. Lisboa, 1844, pg. 119.

[3] Lemos (João de): *Cancioneiro*. 2 vol. Lisboa 1859, vol. II., pg. 242.

«though his own hand suffer in the encounter». This accounts for his rage and rancour against the Portuguese. The Portuguese woman was really a sore point with him. Everywhere else, women, of no matter what nationality, were always uppermost in his mind. In Portugal he does not make the faintest allusion to them, although one of his own countrymen had described them as «infinitely the finest that Man can imagine»[1]. In this respect his experiences in Spain, as will be noticed further on, were quite different.

Lord Byron's rage against the Portuguese was so great that he kept his eyes wide open to see whatever might be said against them. In his *Curse of Minerva* written on March 13, 1811, but published only after his death, he says:

> «But Lusitania kind and dear ally
> Can spare a few to fight and sometimes fly».

«Sometimes fly» is an allusion to the Portuguese troops who took part in the battle of the Gebora in Spain. In his description of the Spanish disaster there, Mr. Oman says: «The battle of the Gebora was lost almost before a shot had been fired, for on seeing themselves threatened in flank and about to be charged by Latour-Mauburg, the Spanish and the Portuguese horse broke in the most disgraceful style... The cavalry of the Army of (the Spanish) Estremadura had a *bad reputation*—they were the old squadrons of Medallis and

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[1] *Vid.* Rhys (Udal ab): *An account of the most remarkable places and curiosities in Spain and Portugal.* London, 1749, pg. 219. There are several other foreigners who describe the Portuguese women in a similar strain.

Arzobispo, of which Wellington preserved such an evil memory, and Madden's Portuguese *this day* behaved no better»[1]. Now let us see what was Wellington's opinion of the Portuguese troops. In his dispatch, dated 20th May, 1809, he says: «I know of no troops that could have behaved better than the Lusitanian Legion did at Alcantara the other day». From these antecedents the reader can imagine whose behaviour was likely to be disgraceful. It has to be remembered that the Spanish force on this occasion consisted of 2,000 cavalry, and 4,500 infantry supported by 900 Portuguese horse; and the French of 2,500 cavalry, 4,500 infantry, and 12 guns. These figures clearly show that the Portuguese could not be expected to face the enemy when left alone in the field.

XXII.

On sloping mounds, or in the vale beneath,
Are domes where whilome kings did make repair;
But now the wild flowers round them only breathe;
Yet ruined Splendour[I.] still is lingering there,
And yonder towers the Prince's palace[II.] fair:
There thou, too, Vathek! England's wealthiest son,
Once form'd thy Paradise[III.], as not aware
When wanton Wealth her mightiest deeds hath done,
Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun.

I. *Domes where whilome kings did repair... ruined Splendour.* This is a pure poetical phantasy. Besides the «Prince's Palace» there were no other royal domes in former days on the sloping mounds or in the vale

[1] Oman (Charles): *Op. cit.*, vol. IV., pg. 56. The italics are mine.

beneath. But such fancies do no harm. It is curious, however, that Byron's admirable description of Cintra makes no reference to the old and justly famous Moorish Castle. In stanza XIX. it would have been much more appropriate to allude to «the toppling Castle» instead of to the «toppling Convent». The Castle dates from the time of the Moors, and is one of the two oldest monuments of Cintra.

The only ruins which could be styled «ruined Splendour» were those of the Moorish Castle. Beckford makes a reference to its «mouldering walls»[1] and says that he found there many curious plants. A commentator has suggested that Byron might have seen what Beckford had said on the subject. This could not be the case, for Beckford came to Portugal in 1787, and his letters referring to this country were published only in 1834. His *Dreams, Waking Thoughts and Incidents, in a Series of Letters from various parts of Europe,* published in 1783 and soon withdrawn from circulation, could not possibly contain his letters on Portugal. A full description of these ruins, with an engraving, had been given by Murphy[2] in 1795. In the fifties of the last century Don Fernando repaired the Castle to a great extent, and its appearance now is quite different from what it was in the days of Byron.

II. *And yonder towers the Prince's palace fair.* This palace has been identified by a recent English annotator with the «Castle of Pena»: and, as such a

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[1] *Italy with Sketches of Spain and Portugal,* by the author of *Vathek*. 2 vol. London, 1834, vol. II., pg. 180.

[2] MURPHY (James): *Travels in Portugal,* London, 1795, pg. 245.

mistake is likely to become perpetuated it is necessary to point out that the Castle or Palace of Pena came into existence only after 1839, when the ruins of the old Convent of Pena with its enclosure was bought by Don Fernando, the King-Consort of Dona Maria II. The Palace referred to by Byron is the National Palace of Cintra, situated lower down. He styles it the «Prince's palace» probably because the head of the kingdom in his day was the Prince-Regent. This Palace with its two enormous and very «towering» conical-shaped chimneys belonged originally to the Moors. It owes its present appearance chiefly to King John I. and his wife Queen Philippa, and to Manuel I. It is a building with great historical associations. Queen Maria Pia was its last royal resident. The Count of Sabugosa has devoted a large volume to it, which contains sketches by Queen Amelia[1]. Byron dismisses it in one single line.

Another commentator has suggested that the «yonder» fair palace might also mean the Palace of Mafra. This cannot be, for Mafra is described further on, and the building there was always known as the Convent of Mafra. There can be no doubt, that the «yonder palace fair» is the National Palace of Cintra.

III. *Vathek! England's wealthiest son, once form'd thy Paradise.* William Beckford the author of *Vathek* is one of those Englishmen whose name is intimately connected with Cintra. He is styled by Byron «the wealthiest son of England», for he inherited when only eleven years of age a million in ready money, and an income of a hundred thousand pounds a year. He was

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1 Sabugosa (Conde de): *O Paço de Cintra.* Lisboa, 1903.

no doubt the wealthiest English commoner of his day. He paid three visits to Portugal: the first in 1787 for eight months; the second in 1788 for a short time; and the third from May 1794 to the commencement of 1796, with an absence of a few months in Spain. His *Vathek*, written originally in French and published at Lausanne in 1787 has always been considered one of the best stories of its kind. Lord Byron, in a foot-note to his *Giaour* says: «For the contents of some of (my) notes, I am indebted partly to D'Herbelot and partly to that most Eastern, and, as Mr. Weber justly entitles it, «sublime tale», the *Caliph Vathek*. I do not know from what source the author of that singular volume may have drawn his materials, some of the incidents are to be found in the *Bibliothèque Orientale;* but for correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination, it surpasses all European imitations, and bears such marks of originality, that those who have visited the East will find some difficulty in believing it to be more than a translation. As an Eastern tale, even Rasselas must bow before it; his «Happy Valley» will not bear a comparison with the «Hall of Ellis». And in a note to *The Siege of Corinth* Byron again refers to *Vathek*, as a work which «I never recur to, or read, without a renewal of gratification». This was the opinion of Byron as regards *Vathek*. Beckford's opinion of Byron was that he «is a splendid bouquet of intellectual voluptuousness —a genius— a great genius—but an irregular one, his poetic flight is like that of a fire-fly, alternate flashes of light and dark»[1]. In a

[1] Melville (Lewis): *The Life and Letters of William Beckford of Fonthill*. London, 1910, pg. 147.

letter to Samuel Rogers (Venice, March 3, 1818) Byron expressed a wish to see the *Tales* or *Episodes* in manuscript written by Beckford in continuation of *Vathek,* and also their author in case he went to England. The manuscript was not lent, and Beckford signified that he did not wish to see Byron. It may be mentioned in passing that these *Episodes* have recently been translated into English by Sir Frank T. Maziols.

The best editions of *Vathek* in French are by Mallermé, and in English by Garnett[1], both of which contain excellent introductions. Regarding Portugal Beckford wrote his admirable *Letters* or *Sketches,* which have been mentioned before, and another work on Alcobaça and Batalha[2]. Cintra owes some of its renown among Englishmen to Beckford, who styles it the «Garden of the Hesperides», and a «Heaven upon Earth».

The «Paradise of Vathek» known as the Quinta de Monserrate, takes its name from a chapel built there in 1540 and dedicated to Our Lady of Monserrate. The property in which the chapel stood was leased to Gerard Devisme, a wealthy English merchant in Lisbon, who built there a mansion in the style of an old castle with terraces and battlements, a fair sketch of which may be seen in the *Archivo Pittoresco*[3]. When Devis-

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[1] *Vathek:* reimprimé sur l'original français. Avec la Préface de Stéphane Mallermé, Paris, 1893.—*Ibid.* Edited by Dr. R. Garnett, London, 1893.

[2] *Recollections of an Excursion to Alcobaça and Batalha.* London, 1835.

[3] *Archivo Pittoresco.* Lisboa, 1864, vol. VII., pg. 245.

me left Lisbon, he let his house to William Beckford who resided there during his third visit and gave magnificent entertainments. It was probably during his stay there that he wrote his *Modern Novel Writing or Elegant Enthusiast,* and *Azemia: a Descriptive and Sentimental Novel,* two satirical works published under the pseudonyms of Lady Harriet Marlow and of J. S. M. Jenks, in 1796 and 1797, respectively. Relying no doubt upon Byron's description, several writers have asserted that Beckford built his own Paradise at Cintra. This is a mistake.

The last two lines commencing with «When wanton Wealth» stood in the MS. thus:

[When Wealth and Taste their worst and best have done,
Meek Peace pollution's lure voluptuous still must shun.]

XXIII.

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan,
Beneath yon mountain's beauteous brow;
But now, as if a thing unblest by Man,
Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as Thou[1]!
Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow
To Halls deserted, portals gaping wide;
Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how
Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied;
Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle tide!

1. *But now, as if a thing unblest by Man, thy fairy dwelling is as lone as Thou.* In the MS. the fourth line in this stanza stood as follows:

[But now thou Beacon unto man,]

And there was another stanza, also referring to Beckford, which stood thus:

> [Unhappy Dives! in an evil hour
> 'Gainst Nature's voice seduced to deeds accurst!
> Once Fortune's minion now thou feel'st her power,
> Wraths' vial on thy lofty head hath burst,
> In Wit, in Genius, as in Wealth the first,
> How wondrous bright thou blooming morn arose!
> But thou wert smitten with th' unhallowed thirst
> Of Crime unnamed, and thy sad noon must close
> In scorn and solitude unsought the worst of woes].

This stanza, which had been suppressed at the suggestion of Dallas, was published in 1833 among «Occasional Pieces» under the heading of *To Dives. A Fragment.* Regarding this stanza, Byron, in a letter (September 26, 1811) to Dallas, says: «I should be sorry to make any improper allusion (to Beckford); as I only wish to adduce an example of wasted wealth and the reflexion which arose in surveying the most dismal mansion in the most beautiful spot I ever beheld». It is a pity that the poet was not as careful in making improper allusions to other people. The «deeds accurst» attributed to Beckford had no foundation whatsoever. Byron compares the «fairy dwelling» of Beckford with his subsequent lonely and secluded life at Fonthill Abbey. In 1809 the mansion which was not solidly constructed had fallen into ruins. The property was later on bought by Sir Francis Cook, who built there a mansion in the Moorish style and laid out an excellent park. It is now in the possession of his son Sir Frederick Lucas Cook, the second Viscount of Monserrate.

After leaving Portugal in 1796 Beckford went back to England and built his great Gothic Abbey at Fonthill, and later on his Tower on the top of the Lansdowne Hill at Bath, which after his death was converted into the chapel of a cemetery. He died at Bath in straitened circumstances in 1844.

St. XXIII: —l. 8, «Pleasaunces». Archaic; *plaisance* in French.

XXIV.

Behold the hall (A.) 1. where chiefs were late convened!
Oh! dome displeasing unto British eye!
With diadem hight Foolscap, lo! a Fiend,
A little Fiend that scoffs incessantly,
There sits in parchment robe arrayed, and by
His side is hung a seal and sable scroll,
Where blazoned glare names known to chivalry 1.
And sundry signatures adorn the roll,
Whereat the Urchin points and laughs with all his soul.

(A.) The Convention [1] of Cintra [2] was signed in the palace of the Marchese Marialva.—B. N.

1. *Behold the hall.* The «dome» of the Marquis of Marialva, known as Quinta de Seteais, or the Mansion of Seven echos, is situated at a distance of nearly one and a half kilometres from the National Palace of Cintra. It was built by Guildermeester, a rich Dutch Consul, who sold it to the fifth Marquis of Marialva, a grand seigneur, famous for his great magnificence and libera-

1 *Vid.* St. XXV., N. 1.

2 *Vid.* St. XXVI, N. 1.—Byron says Marchese Marialva; in Portuguese it is Marquês de Marialva.

lity. It consists of two one-storeyed wings, joined by an archway which contains the busts of John VI., and Carlota Joaquina. Byron believed that the «Convention of Cintra» was signed in one of the halls of this building. It will be seen further on that this was not the case.

II. *Where blazoned glare names known to chivalry.* The original reading of this and the next two lines was:

[Where blazoned glare a name spelt Wellesley,
And sundry signatures adorn the roll,
Whereat the Urchin points and laughs with all his soul.]

Then came the following four stanzas, nos. XXV. to XXVIII., which were suppressed at the suggestion of Dallas.

[In golden characters right well design'd
First on the list appeareth one «Junot»,
Then certain other glorious names we find:
(Which rhyme compelleth me to place below)
Dull victors! baffled by a vanquish'd foe,
Wheedled by cunning tongues of laurels due,
Stand worthy of each other, —in a row—
Sirs Arthur, Harry, and the dizzard Hew
Dalrymple, seely wight, sore dupe of t'other tew.

Convention is the dwarfy demon styled
That foil'd the knights in Marialva's dome,
Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled,
And turned a nation's shallow joy to gloom.
For well I wot when first the news did come
That Vimiera's field by Gaul was lost,
For paragraph no paper had room,
Such Pæans teemed for our triumphant host.
In Courier, Chronicle, and in Morning Post.

But when Convention sent his handy work,
Pens, tongues, feet, hands, combined in wild uproar,
Mayor, Alderman, laid down th' uplifted fork:
The Bench of Bishops half forgot to snore
Stern Cobbet, who for one whole week forbore
To question aught, once more with transport leap't,
And bit his devilish quill agen, and swore
With foe such treaty never should be kept.
Then burst the blatant[a] beast, and roared and raged, and slept!

Thus unto heaven appealed the people; heaven
Which loves the lieges of our gracious King,
Decreed that ere our generals were forgiven,
Inquiry should be held about the thing.
But merely cloaked the babes beneath their wing:
And as they spared our foes so spared we them,
Where was the pity of our sires for Byng[b]
Yet knaves, nor idiots should the law condemn.
Then triumph, gallant, knights! and bless your judges' phlegm.]

The reason given by Dallas for the suppression of these stanzas was that «politically speaking, indeed, in every sense, great deeds should be allowed to efface slight errors»[1]. The names known to chivalry are those of Sir Arthur Wellesley, Sir Harry Burrard, and Sir Hugh Dalrymple.

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[a] [Blatant beast—a figure for the mob, I think first used by Smollett in his *Adventures of an Atom*. Horace has the «bellua multorum capitum»; in England, fortunately enough, the mobility have not even one.—B. N.].

[b] [By this query it is not meant that our foolish generals should have been shot, but that Byng might have been spared, though the one suffered, and the others escaped, probably for Candide's reason, «pour encourager les autres».—B. N.].

1 DALLAS (R. C.): *Op. cit.*, pg. 174.

XXV.

Convention is the dwarfish demon[1] styled
That foiled the knights in Marialva's dome:
Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled,
And turn'd a nation's shallow joy to gloom.
Here Folly dash'd to earth the victor's plume,
And Policy regain'd what arms had lost:
For chiefs like ours in vain may laurels bloom!
Woe to the conquering, not the conquer'd host,
Since baffled Triumph droops on Lusitania's coast!

1. *Convention is the dwarfish demon.* The Convention signed on August 30, 1808, after the battle of Vimeiro, created a great deal of discontent both in England and Portugal. Byron devotes to it three stanzas. In England the discontent was due to the fact that the French after being defeated were allowed to leave the country without molestation. In Portugal it was condemned because all the arrears of contributions due to Portuguese subjects were cancelled; all subjects of France and those Portuguese who had sympathised with them were to be protected; and all Frenchmen were to be allowed to remove their property without molestation! And no compensation was made, absolutely none, in return for these concessions. Dalrymple had signed the document without consulting the Portuguese Junta. He had accepted responsibilities which he could not carry out. The Junta sent a strong protest against this arrangement to the English Government. All the three generals connected with the Convention, Dalrymple, Hew, and Wellesley had to submit to a court of inquiry in England. All were acquitted, but only Wellesley was sent back in 1809, and the others

were passed over. Those interested in this subject will find much useful information in the work of Mr. Oman, to which reference has been made before.

The French, as may well be imagined, were elated with their diplomatic success. The Duchess of Abrantes, wife of Junot, for instance, says: «The beautiful verses of Lord Byron are quite sufficient for the glory of Junot, when the original of this Convention will not be there to prove it»[1].

XXVI.

And ever since that martial Synod met,
Britannia sickens, Cintra, at thy name[1];
And folks in office at the mention fret,
And fain would blush, if blush they could, for shame.
How will Posterity the deed proclaim!
Will not our own and fellow-nations sneer,
To view these champions cheated of their fame,
By foes in fight o'erthrown, yet victors here,
Where Scorn her finger points through many a coming year?

1. *Britannia sickens, Cintra! at thy name.* Byron is here again mistaken. The Convention was not signed at Cintra but at Tôrres Vedras, and ratified at Lisbon. Why it was styled the «Convention of Cintra» has not yet been satisfactorily explained. It was probably so termed because Dalrymple, after having signed the Convention at Tôrres Vedras on the 1st September 1808, shifted his head-quarters on the 2nd to Cintra, and it is from Cintra that «his dispatches giving an account of

1 Abrantes (Duchesse de): *Mémoires*, 10 vols., Paris, s. d., vol. v, pg. 467.

his recent transactions» were dated and sent[1]. It is curious that it is styled the «Convention of Cintra» by the Board of Inquiry, who commenced their sittings on November 14 and submitted their Report at the close of December. Anyhow, Britannia has no reason to sicken at the name of Cintra.

XXVII.

So deem'd the Childe, as o'er the mountains he
Did take his way in solitary guise:
Sweet was the scene, yet soon he thought to flee,
More restless than the swallow in the skies:
Though here awhile he learned to moralize,
For Meditation fix'd at times on him;
And conscious Reason whisper'd to despise
His early youth misspent in maddest whim;
But as he gazed on truth[1], his aching eyes grew dim.

1. *Gazed on truth.* In his Preface to *Childe Harold* Byron expressly wished that Childe Harold should not be confounded with himself. There is no doubt that Byron now and then «gazed on truth», and wanted to reform himself. Before leaving England he had broken up his harems and reduced his food to very simple fare; when at Constantinople he had made another serious attempt to change his life; and once more when he had gone back to England. But it was of no use. His passions were too strong for him. After leaving England for good he led a life of great dissipation.

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1 DALRYMPLE (General Sir Hew): *Memoir written by*... London, 1830, pg. 71.

On reading *Childe Harold* with the Poet's notes one would imagine that Byron was in danger of being assaulted or assassinated everywhere in Lisbon, even when he was driving in a carriage with a friend; and that he was often engaged in deep and serious meditation. His letter to Hodgson, written just on the eve of his departure from Lisbon —to be quoted further on— conveys quite a different idea: there he says he enjoyed his visit and was «very happy». Before he became a celebrity in 1812, he was reckless as to what he did or said; his whole aim was to shine, to make an impression upon the public. Had he known the great aura of fame that was awaiting him, he would very probably have taken more care with some portions of his *Childe Harold* and with some of his letters. He did not always write in his poems what he wrote in his private letters. In his «Adieu to England» (st. VI.), for instance, he makes his valet Bob disclaim timidity, whereas in his letters he says the valet was the reverse of valiant.

XXVIII.

To horse! to horse[1]! he quits, for ever quits
A scene of peace, though soothing to his soul:
Again he rouses from his moping fits,
But seeks not now the harlot and the bowl.
Onward he flies, nor fixed as yet the goal
Where he shall rest him on his pilgrimage:
And o'er him many changing scenes must roll,
Ere toil his thirst for travel can assuage,
Or he shall calm his breast, or learn experience sage.

1. *To horse! to horse!* Byron left Lisbon on the 17th July, and rode on horseback to Badajoz and Seville at

the rate of one hundred and thirty kilometres (70 miles) a day. He commenced his journey at Aldea Galega on the southern side of the Tagus and followed the road to Elvas. There is no doubt he enjoyed his ride greatly. He had sent his heavy baggage and two of his servants by sea to Gibraltar.

XXIX.

Yet Mafra (A.) [I.] shall one moment claim delay,
Where dwelt of yore the Lusians' luckless queen [II];
And Church and Court did mingle their array,
And Mass and revel were alternate seen:
Lordlings and freres [III]—ill-sorted fry, I ween!
But here the Babylonian whore [IV.] had built
A dome, where flaunts she in such glorious sheen,
That men forget the blood which she hath spilt,
And bow the knee to Pomp that loves to garnish guilt.

(A.) The extent of Mafra is prodigious; it contains a palace, convent, and most superb church. The six organs are the most beautiful I ever beheld, in point of decoration: we did not hear them, but were told that their tones were correspondent to their splendour, Mafra is termed the Escurial of Portugal [1].—B. N.

I. *Mafra.* The monastery of Mafra is one of the most important public monuments of Portugal, and is situated at a distance of fifteen kilometres to the north-west of Cintra. It owes its origin to a vow made by John V. in 1711 that he would build a friary for thirteen monks if he should be blessed with a successor to the

1 *Vid.* Part III., § VI. for further remarks by Byron on Mafra.

throne. His prayers for an heir being granted he decided to improve his original vow by building a monastery for three hundred monks. The foundations were laid in 1717 and the enormous pile consisting of a sumptuous church, two palatial residences, and a monastery was completed in thirteen years at a cost of two million pounds sterling. The church was really superb. «Its first coup-d'œil», says Beckford, «is very imposing. The high altar, adorned with two majestic columns of reddish variegated marble, each, a single block, above thirty feet in height, immediately fixes the eye. Trevisiani has painted the altar-piece in a masterly manner». The collateral chapels, each enriched with highly finished bassi-relievi and stately portals of black and yellow marble, richly veined, and so highly polished as to reflect objects like a mirror. Never did I behold such marble as gleamed above, below, and around us. The pavement, the vaulted ceilings, the dome, and even the topmost lantern, is encrusted with the same costly and durable materials. Roses of white marble and wreaths of palm-branches, most exquisitely sculptured, enrich every part of the edifice. I never saw Corinthian capitals better modeled, or executed with more precision and sharpness, than those of the columns that support the nave[1].

II. *Where dwelt of yore the Lusian's luckless queen.* In the MS. this line stood as follows:

[Where dwelt of yore the Lusian's crazy queen.]

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[1] *Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal, Op. cit.*, vol. II., pg. 131. Good illustrations of the Monastery of Mafra may be seen in *A Arte e a Natureza em Portugal*. Oporto, 1908, vol. VI.

And there was the following Note:

[Her luckless Majesty went subsequently mad; and Dr. Willis, who so dexterously cudgelled kingly pericraniums, could make nothing of hers.]

The Lusian's luckless Queen, Maria I., was born in Lisbon in 1734 and died at Rio de Janeiro in 1816. She married her uncle Don Pedro, and succeeded to the throne on the death of her father King Joseph in 1777. From the very commencement of her reign she suffered from great scruples of conscience due to several measures taken by her father and by his great minister the Marquis of Pombal. She was also greatly affected by all the events connected with the French Revolution, and with the misfortunes of Louis XVI. and his family. All this, combined with fresh scruples of conscience, inspired by the excessively illiberal views of her new confessor, D. José Maria de Mello, brought on melancholic derangement of her mind in January 1792. She was placed under the treatment of the eminent English specialist Dr. Willis, from March 15 to the commencement of August, and was declared to be incurable[1]. Byron's «kingly pericraniums» is an allusio to George III. of England, who had been treated successfully by Willis during his first attack of mental trouble in 1788.

When all hope of Dona Maria's recovery had to be given up, her son Don João assumed the Regency in 1799. On the invasion of Portugal by Junot, she was taken to Brazil. During her reign were established,

[1] Dr. Francis Willis was given an initial honorarium of £ 10,000 and £ 1,000 per month, with all his other expenses paid.

the Royal Academy of Sciences, and the National Library. Beckford, in his letters, has left a very interesting description of Dona Maria's court in 1787.

III. *Mass and revel... lordlings and freres.* This is probably an allusion to John V. the founder of the Monastery of Mafra, and to his court. Frères, in French means monks; in Portuguese they are known as «frades» and the nuns as «freiras». John V. was nicknamed «Rei freirático» or the King given to the love of nuns. Several writers have described his revels at the Convent of Odivelas, where he had built a special house for his own use. He was a king who combined great piety with great gallantry.

IV. *Babylonian whore... and the blood she hath spilt.* Luther was the first to identify the Catholic Church with the «Babylonian whore» of the Apocalypse, and the Catholics were not slow in identifying Luther with the «Beast», also of the Apocalypse. Fortunately such terms of reproach and intolerance have died out, at least among the cultured classes, during the last fifty years. «The blood she hath spilt» is an allusion to the abuses of the well-known Inquisition, abuses for which not only the ecclesiastical but also the secular authorities were responsible. Byron would been more accurate if he had said «the blood she had helped to spill».

Later on, Lord Byron did not think so very badly of the Catholic Church. In a letter to R. B. Hoppner (April 3, 1821), regarding the education of his natural daughter Allegra, he says: «It is my wish that she should be a Roman Catholic, which I look upon as the

best religion, as it is assuredly the oldest of the various branches of Christianity». Again in a letter to Moore (March 8, 1822) he remarks: «As I said before I am really a great admirer of tangible religion; and am breeding one of my daughters as a Catholic that she may have her hands full. It is by far the most elegant worship, hardly excepting the Greek mythology». And when at Pisa he is reported to have said «I have regretted not being born a Catholic, for to my mind the doctrine of Purgatory is consoling»[1]. It may be mentioned that the poet was born and brought up a Calvinist, but in his later years he became a sceptic or agnostic, and, like all sincere agnostics, he wished sometimes to be convinced of the truth of any form of Christianity, or of any religion. He remarked a short time before his death that were he to become a Christian he would not be a lukewarm one.

XXX.

O'er vales that teem with fruits, romantic hills,
(Oh that such hills upheld a free born race!)
Whereon to gaze the eye with joyaunce fills,
Childe Harold wends through many a pleasant place.
Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,
And marvel men should quit their easy chair,
The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace,
Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air[1],
And Life, that bloated Ease can never hope to share.

I. *Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air.* In the highlands of the Alemtejo there is real «sweetness» in

1 *Vid. Lord Byron, jugé par les témoins de sa vie. Op. cit.*, vol. I., pg. 209.

the air, due to the Gum Cistus (*Cistus ladaniferus*), a beautiful shrub, with large white flowers with a purple spot in the centre; its buds and leaves are covered with a sweet smelling gum, which emits in summer particularly in the evenings, a very pleasant fragrance. Byron refers, therefore, to real sweetness. He enjoyed his ride to the frontier. In his younger days, when he was residing at Aberdeen, he was accustomed to rove in the Highlands of Scotland.

XXXI.

More bleak to view the hills at length recede,
And, less luxuriant, smoother vales extend;
Immense horizon-bounded plains succeed[1]!
Far as the eye discerns, withouten end,
Spain's realms appear, whereon her shepherds tend
Flocks, whose rich fleece right well the trader knows—
Now must the Pastor's arms his lambs defend:
For Spain is compass'd by unyielding foes,
And all must shield their all, or share Subjection's woes.

1. *Immense horizon-bounded plains succeed.* In a few lines in this and the last stanza Lord Byron gives an excellent description of the route which he traversed in the Province of Alemtejo. The country consists first of valleys and hills, but in approaching Spain the hills disappear, and there are immense plains. In summer, as the influence of the sea diminishes, the vegetation becomes less and less luxuriant, and the eastern portion of the province looks arid and barren. As in the case of Lisbon and Cintra the description of the country given by Byron is remarkably accurate, and clothed in beautiful language.

XXXII.

Where Lusitania and her Sister meet,
Deem ye what bounds the rival realms[I.] divide?
Or ere the jealous Queens of Nations[II.] greet,
Doth Tayo interpose his mighty tide!
Or dark Sierras rise in craggy pride?
Or fence of art, like China's vasty wall?—
Ne barrier wall, ne river deep and wide[III.],
Ne horrid crags, nor mountains dark and tall,
Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's land from Gaul:

I. *Rival realms.* Byron speaks of «rival realms» and «rival kingdoms». There has always existed a rivalry between Portugal and Spain. One, small and weak, always trying to uphold its independence; the other, large and powerful, always thinking of absorbing the small. There is no love lost between the two.

II. *The jealous Queens of Nations.* This is the only expression throughout the whole poem which indicates that the Portuguese were ever great. But from the context it is quite clear that it was not meant to be a compliment to them. It is only when he speaks of Spain that he refers, in a moment of forgetfulness, to the fact that Portugal was one of the «Queens of Nations».

III. *Or fence of art, like China's wall?—Ne barrier wall, ne river deep and wide.* In the MS. the sixth line of this stanza ran thus:

[Or arts vain fence, like China's vasty wall?]

This is a striking instance of how Byron's imagination misled him; how he jumped to generalizations from

the slightest foundation. He entered Spain by the road from Elvas to Badajoz; he crossed the small brook Caio which can be forded easily in summer, and from this simple fact he drew the conclusion that the whole frontier between Portugal and Spain was of the same nature. He never imagined that the access to Portugal from Spain was as difficult as the access to Spain from France. There are only two courses open to an invader of Portugal by land: the first through Almeida, and the other through Elvas. Almost always the first has been preferred, as it does not present such a barrier as the Tagus. All the remaining portions of the frontier are bounded by large mountains, deep valleys or wide rivers.

St. XXXII:—l. 4, *Tayo*. Tagus, Tajo in Spanish, and Tejo in Portuguese.—l. 5, *Sierra*. Mountain, *serra* in Portuguese.

XXXIII.

But these between a silver streamlet glides,
And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook,
Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides.
Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,
And vacant on the rippling waves doth look,
That peaceful still 'twixt bitterest foemen flow:
For proud each peasant as the noblest duke:
Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know
'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low. (A.) l.

(A.) As I found the Portuguese, so I have characterised them. That they are since improved, at least in courage, is evident. The late exploits of Lord Wellington have effaced the follies of Cintra. He has indeed

done wonders; he has perhaps changed the character of a nation, reconciled rival superstitions, and baffled an enemy who never retreated before his predecessors.— 2nd edition 1812[1]— B. N.

I. *The Spanish hind... and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low.* This is one of the serious accusations against the Portuguese; it is the great poet's parting present to his beloved Allies. Once more, and for the last time, he made a great mistake.

Before proceeding further it may be pointed out that in those days the character of the Portuguese nation could not be judged by the inhabitants of Lisbon. Link, the famous botanist, who had come to Portugal in the company of Count Hoffmansegg in 1798, and had resided nearly one whole year in the country and mixed intimately with the people, says: «I read all the accounts I could procure of travels in Portugal, and found no one had seen so much of the country as ourselves. I also perceived that most of the authors of those works were grossly ignorant of the language, and gave many false accounts, or such as were only applicable to the inhabitants of the metropolis, but which were erroneously intended to the whole kingdom». And, further on, he adds: «the politeness, and the easy, gay, and friendly manner of the common people prejudice a foreigner

[1] It suited Lord Byron in 1812 to say that Lord Wellington had worked wonders, but he was not backward in reviling him in his *Waltz*, published anonymously in 1813. He was never consistant in his views, and was given to recant his opinions very frequently.

more in favour of the Portuguese than of the Spaniards»[1]. And Southey, having in mind, no doubt, what Byron had said of the Portuguese, writes: «Travellers, forming their hasty estimate from the inhabitants of sea-ports and great cities have too generally agreed in reviling the Portuguese and Spaniards; but if they whose acquaintance with these nations was merely superficial have been disposed to depreciate and despise them, others who dwelt among them always became attached to the people, and bore honourable and willing testimony to the virtues of the national character». And, in another place, he remarks: «The Portuguese were as proud a people as the Spaniards, and had in their history as much cause for pride, but they were not so impracticable»[2]. Byron, who had resided in Lisbon only ten days, and did not know the language sufficiently well to obtain any information at first hand, committed exactly the mistakes pointed out by Link and Southey. He judged the spirit of the Portuguese people in the same way that he had judged the nature of the Portuguese frontier. There is no great difference between the Portuguese and the Spaniards: they share the same virtues and the same defects, as may be seen in their respective literatures.

The real character of the Portuguese has almost always shown itself more in the country than in the metropolis. In 1808 the principal juntas were in the

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[1] Link (Henry Frederick): *Travels in Portugal and through France and Spain.* Translated from the German by John Hinckley, London, 1801, pp. v and 130.

[2] Southey (R.): *History of the Peninsular War.* Op. cit., vol. I., Part I., pg. 14; and Vol. II., Part II., pg. 385.

provinces; in 1820 the centre of the revolutionary movement was at Oporto; in 1848 the Maria da Fonte insurrection had its origin in Minho; and even the Republican revolution first broke out at Oporto in 1891. Byron and other travellers of his day made just the same mistake as regards the Portuguese, that many English and American writers made with regard to the French before the present Great War.

In Byron's opinion the Portuguese were «slaves, the lowest of the low», compared with the «Spanish hind, proud as the noblest duke». And he supports his opinion by saying, «as I found the Portuguese so I have characterised them». It is enough to quote here what Wellington thought on the subject eleven months before Byron's visit. In his report to Sir Harry Burrard, dated 8th August, 1808, he says: «In respect to Portugal, the whole kingdom with the exception of the neighbourhood of Lisbon is in a state of insurrection against the French; their means of resistance are, however, less powerful than those of the Spaniards. Their troops have been completely dispersed, their officers had gone off to the Brazils and their arsenals pillaged, or in the power of the enemy. Their revolt, under the circumstances in which it has taken place, *is still more extraordinary than that of the Spanish nation*[1]. In his dispatch to Lord Castlereagh (5th September, 1808) he remarks: «No Officer could calculate a great operation upon such a body of Spanish peasants». And, in a memorandum forwarded to Lord Liverpool (19th November, 1908), he observes: «Where the Spanish fail

[1] The italics are mine.

is in the lower ranks of their officers and in their soldiers».

Carried away by his rancour, Lord Byron simply ignored plain and unmistakable facts. In July 1809, when he came to Lisbon, Portugal was one of the corners of Europe quite free from the Napoleonic yoke, whereas the greater portion of Spain was under his heel, and what is of more importance, there were actually Portuguese troops in Spain helping the Spaniards against the common enemy! In 1812, when he published his *Childe Harold,* it was exactly the same thing. Portugal was quite free from the enemy, and the Portuguese soldiers were also helping the Spaniards!

The conduct of the Portuguese troops during the Peninsular War has received such universal commendation both from friends and foes that it is not necessary to make any reference to it here. But the conduct of the civil population was still more admirable. Men and women, young and old, sacrificed themselves and their children to save their country from the enemy. In order to starve Masséna's army they quitted in a body several kilometres on both sides of the route taken by the enemy in the Provinces of Beira and Estremadura, burnt all their provisions, and converted the country into a desert. It is enough to say that due to this fact there were in the diocese of Coimbra alone «more than 2.960 murders, 20 villages were burnt down, and 144 isolated houses were set on fire» by the French soldiers from September 1810 to March 1811 [1]. Mas-

[1] *Breve memória dos estragos causados no bispado de Coimbra pelo exército francês comandado pelo general Masséna.* Lisboa. 1812, pg. 15.

séna was compelled to retire from the dead wall of Torres Vedras more from the pangs of hunger than from military defeat.

Marquis Wellesley, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, stated in the House of Lords on 9th April, 1811, «how the example of Portugal might prove as beneficial to other nations of Europe as they had hitherto been for her own defence». Even hostile members of Parliament, like General Ferguson, and all public writers were compelled to praise their heroism. And still these very people were described by Byron as «slaves, the lowest of the low», in March, 1812!

When Lord Byron found that he had offended his own countrymen by the way he had described the character of the Portuguese, he made a Note to the second edition of his *Childe Harold,* a note which clearly shows that his rancour against them had not yet subsided.

I will conclude this Part with a few brief and general remarks. Byron devotes, roughly speaking, 1 stanza to his sea voyage, 3 to Lisbon, 9 to Cintra, 2 to general meditation, 1 to Mafra, and 4 to his travels from Lisbon to the Spanish frontier.

Considered purely from the literary point of view the *Pilgrimage* to Portugal is one of the best things in the two Cantos. With the exception of a line or two the rest are very limpid. The descriptions of the outer world, especially of Cintra and of the Tagus, are really wonderful, both in the brilliancy of the imagery and the corresponding wealth of diction. But considered from the historical point of view, and from the allusions to or descriptions of public monuments, they are faulty

and incomplete to a degree. He devotes only three stanzas to Lisbon and nine to Cintra. In the description of Lisbon there is not a single word regarding the Castle of St. George or the Monastery of Belem. At Cintra it is almost the same thing: not one word with reference to its Castle. And, as regards Portugal as a whole, not one single allusion to its past glories, to its past heroism; none to the Campo de Ourique or to Aljubarrota; none to Nuno Alvares, to Gama, to Albuquerque or to Camoens; and none to its women. He condemns the whole nation and does not endow it with one single redeeming feature. It is true, he is a poet and not a historian. All the same the contrasts in all these respects are most striking the moment he enters Spain. There he sees at once «Legions throng of Moor and Knight», «The standard of Pelagio», «Chivalry, your ancient goddess», «Dark gleaming daughters formed for all the bewitching arts of love», etc., etc.

If all the ideas of Lord Byron, both published and unpublished, regarding the character of the Portuguese, be examined; if they be separated from those which refer to the physical features of the country, it is quite evident that his passionate animosity against the Portuguese was due more to personal resentment than to mere political bias. He treats them in the same way that he had treated his own countrymen in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. He had received a rebuke from *one* Scotch reviewer, and he fell foul of all the Scotch reviewers and almost all the famous men of his day, men who had never raised even their little finger against him. In Lisbon he has to submit to an unpleasant experience at the hands of *one* Portuguese

husband, and he falls foul of the whole Portuguese nation. He reviles them as *brutes, wretches, paltry slaves, born as slaves, dirty, filthy, the lowest of the low, ignorant and proud, prone to loathe and lick, cowards, the most contemptible cowards, and assassins!* He could not have treated worse even his personal enemies. He showers upon the whole nation all the choice epithets he had uppermost in his mind against one of them! It was his way then: he could not help it. He only learnt some self-restraint after he became a celebrity.

But, as from evil sometimes springs good, who knows whether Lord Byron's *Childe Harold* in Portugal was not a blessing in disguise? Who can say whether he did not contribute—quite unconsciously of course—his own share to the Revolution of 1820, a revolution which led, only ten years after his death, to the overthrow of absolutism; to the bestowal of equal political rights not only on all the inhabitants of Portugal but also on all the Colonials; to greater religious toleration and freedom of speech; and, by the suppression of religious orders and modification of the law of *morgados* (entail), to render the distribution of landed property more just and equitable.

The Portuguese, like all other nations, have their faults, but the lack of love of liberty is certainly not one of them. At present a Protestant or a Jew, a Hindoo or a Mohammedan, has just the same privileges, religious and political, as a Catholic or a freethinker. If the Portuguese have one fault greater than another it is their ideal of liberty, liberty not only for themselves but liberty for all. It is an ideal which does not, however, always produce favourable results in practice

After the Peninsular War, during the greater part of the last century, there were, among the British writers, two currents of opinion regarding the Portuguese: one had its origin in the views of their greatest military genius, and the other in those of one of their most brilliant poets. One considered them gallant, brave, and patriotic: the other described them as slaves, cowards, and assassins. One judged them from actual personal experience: the other from poetical fancy and personal resentment. Unfortunately there have been writers who have preferred the opinion of the poet to that of the soldier. *Chacun à son goût.*

PART III.

LORD BYRON'S OTHER WRITINGS REFERRING TO PORTUGAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

I.

STANZAS TO A LADY WITH THE POEMS OF CAMOENS [I].

This votive pledge of fond esteem,
  Perhaps, dear girl! for me thou'ill prize,
It sings of love enchanting dream,
  A theme we never can despise.

Who blames it but the envious fool,
  The old and disappointed maid,
Or pupil of the prudish school,
  In single sorrow doomed to fade?

Then read, dear girl! with feeling read,
  For thou wilt be ne'er one of those;
To thee in vain I shall not plead,
  In pity for the poet's woes.

He was in sooth a genuine bard;
  His was no faint fictitious flame;
Like his, may love be thy reward,
  But not thy hapless fate the same[II].

(From *Hours of Idleness*, 1807).

I. *The Poems of Camoens* referred to by Byron were translations into English of sonnets, canzons,

madrigals, etc., by Lord Strangford[1]. This work, the earliest of its kind, attracted a good deal of attention; it passed through six editions, and was translated into French by J. B. Barrère. The author (b. 1780–d. 1855), an Irishman, was at first Secretary to the British Legation in Portugal, and afterwards British Minister Plenipotentiary attached to the Portuguese Court at Rio de Janeiro. In 1807 Byron considered the poems worthy of being presented to a lady —it is not known who this lady was— but this is what he thinks of the translation and the translator two years afterwards in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers:*

«For thee, translator of the tinsel song,
To whom such glittering ornaments belong,
Hibernian Strangford! with thine eyes of blue[a]
And boasted locks of red and auburn hue,

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[1] CAMOENS (Luis): *Poems from the Portuguese of...* Translated by Lord Viscount Strangford. London, 1803.

[a] The reader, who may wish for an explanation of this, may refer to Strangford's *Camoens,* pg. 127, note to pg. 56; or to the last page of the *Edinburgh Review* on Strangford's *Camoens.*—B. N.

The note referred to by Byron is on the canzonet:

Não sei quem assella
Vossa fermesura, etc.

Thou hast an eye of tender blue, etc.,

and runs thus: «Locks of auburn and eyes of blue have ever been dear to the sons of song».

The Edinburgh Review, which was not favourably disposed towards the author, remarked sarcastically that «the author was welcome to his young freshness, amorous disposition, or any other of those advantages which the noble writer possesses or thinks he has the prospects of possessing over the rest of the world» (vol. VI. pg. 50).

Whose plaintive strain each love-sick miss admires,
And o'er harmonious fustian half expires,
Learn, if thou canst, to yield thine author's sense,
Nor vend thy sonnets on a false pretence.
Think'st thou to gain thy verse a higher place,
By dressing Camoens in a suit of lace? [a]
Mend, Strangford! mend thy morals and thy taste;
Be warm but pure, be amorous, but be chaste;
Cease to deceive; thy pilfer'd harp restore,
Nor teach the Lusian bard to copy Moore».

And further on he adds:

Let Strangford steal of Moor
And swear that Camoens sang such notes of yore.

Since 1803 there have been other translations into English, partial or more or less complete, of the lyrics of Camoens by Mrs. Hemans (1818), Adamson (1820), Bowles (1839), Burton (1880), Aubertin (1881), and Aubrey Bell (1913).

The Revd. W. L. Bowles also comes in for his share of satire in the *English Bards*. After describing him as «the maudlin prince of mournful sonneteers», Byron refers to his poem *On the Spirit of Discovery* (1805), thus:—

«Now to soft themes thou scornest confine,
The lofty numbers of a harp like thine,
Awake a lōuder and a loftier strain [b]
Such as none heard before, or will again!

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[a] It is to be remarked that the things given to the public as *Poems of Camoens* are no more to be found in the original Portuguese than in the Song of Solomon.—B. N.

[b] Awake a louder, etc., etc., is the first line in Bowles's *Spirit*

Where all discoveries jumbled from the flood,
Since first the leaky ark reposed in mud,
By more or less, are sung in every book,
From Captain Noah to Captain Cook,
Nor this alone; but, pausing on the road,
The bard sighs forth a gentle episode[a];
And gravely tells —attend, each beauteous miss!—
When first Madeira trembled to a kiss».

In the same *English Bards* Sir Walter Scott is referred to as «grovelling Scott»[b] and Southey is described thus:—

«Behold the ballard-monger Southey rise!
To him let Camoens, Milton, Tasso yield» etc., etc.

All these brief extracts and references are given here, first, because they have some connexion with

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of Discovery a very spirited and pretty dwarf epic. Among other exquisite lines we have the following.

«A kiss
Stole on the list'ning silence never yet
Here heard; they trembled even as if the power, etc.».

That is, the woods of Madeira trembled to a kiss, very much astonished, as they might well be, at such a phenomenon.—B. N.

[a] The episode here alluded to is the story of «Robert Machin» and «Anna Arfet» a pair of constant lovers, who exchanged the kiss above mentioned, that startled the woods of Madeira.—B. N.

[b] Scott, better known in the *Morning Post* by the name of Hafiz. This person is at present the most profound explorer of bathos. I remember, when the reigning family left Portugal, a special ode of Master Scott's beginning thus (Scott loquitur quoad Hibernia):

Princely offspring of Braganza,
Erin greets thee with a stanza, etc.—B. N.

Byron wrote this in 1809; three years afterwards he apologised for what he had said, and both of them became great friends.

Portugal; and, secondly, because they reveal their author's mental attitude before he came to Portugal.

II. *But not thy hapless fate the same.* Camoens, whose whole life was a series of misfortunes and disappointments, was born in Lisbon in 1524 and died in the same city in 1580. The happiest part of his life was passed at Coimbra, where as a student he had his juvenile loves. On his return to Lisbon, in about 1543, he fell seriously in love with Dona Catharina d'Athaide, a lady in waiting on the Queen, which caused his banishment first to Ribatejo, and then to North Africa, where he lost his right eye. He came back in 1551, and in the following year had to undergo an imprisonment of nine months for wounding a court official in defence of two of his friends. On his release he had to volunteer to go to India as a common soldier, and to leave Lisbon on March 26, 1553, in the ship San Bento. From Goa he was sent to Macau in China on a civil appointment. While coming back he was ship-wrecked at Cambodia, off the mouth of the River Mekong, and had to swim with one hand while he held the manuscript of his poem in the other. On his arrival in Goa he was again thrown into prison for some of his supposed irregularities in China. After an absence of sixteen years he returned to Portugal in April 1570, and died in an asylum on June 10, 1580. A suggestion has been thrown out lately that the real object of his affection which brought about his banishment was Dona Maria, one of the daughters of King Manuel I.

The *Lusiads,* the great epic of Camoens, was published in 1572, and has been translated into English by Fanshaw (1655), Mickle (1776), Musgrove (1818),

Quilinan (partially, 1853), Aubertin (1878), Duff (1880), and Burton (1881). All the great honours rendered to him are posthumous. He was patient and forbearing in all his adversities, and was so high-minded that he simply ignored, bantered, or pitied his adversaries. His great forte was love: love of women, love of his great countrymen, and love of his country.

When Byron referred to the «hapless fate», of Camoens, he had no doubt in his mind Bowles's *Last Song of Camoens,* and also the following lines in *The Spirit of Discovery by Sea* referring to the unfortunate poet:

> «Alas! I see an aged form,
> An old man worn by penury, his hair
> Blown white upon his haggard cheek, his hand
> Emaciated, yet the strings with thrilling touch,
> Soliciting; but the vain crowds pass by—
> His very countrymen, whose fame his song,
> Has raised to Heav'n in stately apathy,
> Wrapt up, and nursed in Pride's fastidious lap,
> Regard not. As he plays, a sable man
> Looks up, but fears to speak, and when the song,
> Is ceased, kisses his master's feeble hand.
> Is that cold wasted hand, that haggard look,
> Thine Camoens? O shame upon the world!
> And is there *none,* none to sustain thee found,
> But he, himself unfriended, who so far,
> Has followed, sever'd from his native isles,
> To scenes of gorgeous cities, o'er the sea,
> Thee and thy broken fortunes?
>
> God of worlds!
> Oh! whilst I hail the triumph and high boast,
> Of social life, let me not wrong the sense,
> Of kindness, planted in the human heart,
> By man's great Maker: therefore I record,
> Antonio's faithful, gentle, generous love,

To his heart-broken master, that might teach,
High as it bears itself, a polished world,
More charity»[1].

Among several books, articles and poems of a later period, devoted to Camoens, there is one which is worthy of especial attention; it is Mrs. Browning's *Catarina to Camoens*[2]. This short poem, by one of the greatest poetesses of England, is so full of tender sentiment that no Portuguese, who loves and admires his Prince of Poets, should fail to read.

II.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE «TU ME CHAMAS»[1].

In moments to delight devoted
«My life» with tenderest tone you cry,
Dear words! on which my heart had doted,
If youth could neither fade or die.

To death even hours like these must roll,
Ah! then repeat these accents never;
Or change «my life» into «my soul»
Which, like my love, exists for ever.

ANOTHER VERSION.

You call me still your *life*
Oh change the word—
Life is as transient as the inconstant sigh:
Say rather I am your soul; more just that name,
For, like the soul, my love can never die.

(From *Occasional Pieces*).

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[1] Bowles (L. B.): *The Poetical Works of...* Paris, 1829, pg. 17.—Antonio, a native of Java, had followed Camoens to Lisbon. This faithful attendant used to beg alms in the streets of Lisbon to help his broken-hearted master.

[2] Browning (Elisabeth Barrett): *Poems*. London, 1878.—She also refers to Camoens in her *A Vision of Poets*.

1. *Tu me chamas.* The original in Portuguese is as follows:

Tu me chamas tua vida,
Eu tua alma quero ser;
A vida é curta, e acaba,
A alma não pode morrer.

Its litteral translation is: Thou callest me your life, I wish to be your soul; life is short and finishes, the soul cannot die.

The first version was published, it is said, in 1814, in the seventh edition of *Childe Harold;* and the second in the poet's works in 1832.

III.

LINES TO MR. HODGSON.[1]

(Written on board the Lisbon Packet)

Huzza! Hodgson, we are going,
Our embargo's off at last;
Favourable breezes blowing—
Bend the canvas o'er the mast.
From aloft the signal's streaming,
Hark! the farewell gun is fired;
Women screeching, tars blaspheming
Tell us that our time's expired
Here's a rascal
Come to task all
Prying from the custom house;
Trunks unpacking
Cases cracking,
Not a corner for a mouse
'Scapes unsearch'd amid the racket,
Ere we sail on board the Packet.

Now our boatmen quit their mooring,
And all hands must ply the oar;

Baggage from the quay is lowering,
We're impatient—push from shore.
«Have a care! that case holds liquor
Stop the boat I'm sick—oh Lord!»
«Sick, ma'am, damme, you'll be sicker
Ere you've been an hour on board».
Thus are screaming
Men and women,
Gemmen, ladies, servants, Jacks,
Here entangling,
All are wrangling,
Stuck together close as wax.—
Such the general noise and racket,
Ere we reach the Lisbon Packet.

Now we've reach'd her, lo! the Captain,
Gallant Kidd, commands the crew;
Passengers their berths are clapt in,
Some to grumble, some to spew.
«Hey day! call you that a cabin?
Why, 'tis hardly three feet square:
Not enough to stow Queen Mab in—
Who the deuce can harbour there?»
«Who sir? plenty—
Nobles twenty
Did at once my vessel fill».—
«Did they? Jesus,
How you squeeze us!
Would to God they did so still
Then I'd scape the heat and racket
Of the good ship, Lisbon Packet».

Fletcher! Murray! Bob! where are you?
Stretched along the deck like logs—
Bear a hand, you jolly tar, you!
Here's a rope end for the dogs.
Hobhouse muttering fearful curses,
As the hatchway down he rolls;
Now his breakfast, now his verses,
Vomits forth—and damns our souls.

«Here's a stanza
On Braganza—
«Help!»—«A couplet?»—«No, a cup
Of warm water»—
«What is the matter?»
«Zounds! my liver's coming up;
I shall not survive the racket
Of this brutal Lisbon Packet.»

Now at length we're off for Turkey,
Lord knows when we shall come back!
Breezes foul and tempests murky
May unship us in a crack.
But, since life at most a jest is,
As philosophers allow,
Still to laugh by far the best is,
Then laugh on as I do now.
Laugh at all things,
Great and small things
Sick, or well, at sea or shore;
While we're quaffing,
Let's have laughing—
Who the devil cares for more?—
Some good wine! and who would lack it,
Ev'n on board the Lisbon Packet?

Falmouth Roads, June 30th. 1809.

I. *Lines to Mr. Hodgson.* Before Byron left England the Rev. Francis Hodgson had addressed two short poems to his friend: one with respect to his responsibility as a hereditary legislator, and the other full of admonitions respecting his views on religion. Both the pieces are to be seen in his work entitled *Lady Jane Grey*. Mr. Hodgson was the poet's best correspondent; he was one of the first to recognise the merits of the *Hours of Idleness, British Bards,* and

Childe Harold. Their tastes in literary matters were more or less alike. To no one did the poet open his mind more freely than to Mr. Hodgson. His only letter written from Lisbon was addressed to him. A full and very interesting account of their friendship has been given in the *Memoir of the Rev. F. Francis* by his son[1]. Byron was very kind and generous to his friend; he made him a present of a thousand pounds to pay off his liabilities.

IV.

TO MR. HODGSON.

Lisbon, July 16 1809.

Thus far have we pursued our route, and seen all sorts of marvellous sights, palaces, convents, etc.,—which, being to be heard in my friend Hobhouse's forthcoming Book of Travels[1], I shall not anticipate by smuggling any account whatsoever to you in a private and clandestine manner. I must just observe that the village[2] of Cintra in Estremadura is the most beautiful, perhaps, in the world.

I am very happy here, because I loves oranges, and talk bad Latin to the monks who understand it, as it is like their own,—and I goes into society (with my

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1 Hodgson (Rev. Francis): *Memoir of*... With numerous letters from Lord Byron and others, by his son the Rev. James T. Hodgson. London, 1878.

2 Cintra was granted the privileges of a town (*Vila*) by Afonso Henriques in the XII. century.

pocket pistols), and I swims in the Tagus[1] all across at once, and I rides on an ass or a mule, and swears Portuguese, and have got a diarrhoea and bites from the mosquitoes. But what of that? Comfort must not be expected by folks that go a pleasuring.

When the Portuguese are pertinacious I say *Carracho* the great oath of the grandees, that very well supplies the place of Damme and when dissatisfied with my neighbour, I pronounce him *Ambra di merdo.* With these two phrases and the third *Avra bouro* which signifieth «Get an ass» I am universally understood to be a person of degree and a master of languages. How merrily we lives that travellers be!—if we had food and raiment. But, in sober sadness, anything is better than England, and I am delightfully amused with my pilgrimage as far as it has gone.

To-morrow we start to ride post near 400 miles as far as Gibraltar where we embark for Melita and Byzantium. A letter to Malta will find me, or to be forwarded, if I am absent. Pray embrace the Drury and Dwyer, and all the Ephesians, you encounter. I am writing with Butler's donative pencil, which makes my bad hand worse. Excuse illegibility.

Hodgson! send me the news, and the deaths and defeats and capital crimes and the misfortunes of one's friends, and let us hear of literary matters, and the controversies and the criticisms. All this will be pleasant—*Suavi mari magno,* etc. Talking of that I have been sea-sick and sick of the sea. Adieu.

Yours faithfully, etc.

1. *Hobhouse's Book of Travels.* John Cam Hobhouse, afterwards raised to the peerage as Baron

Broughton de Gyfford (b. 1786—d. 1869) was one of Lord Byron's most intimate and steadfast friends. They travelled together till Constantinople, and he left for England on 14th July 1810 leaving Byron alone. In 1813, one year after the publication of the two Cantos of *Childe Harold,* Hobhouse brought out his *Journey through Albania*[1], a bulky quarto of upwards of a thousand pages. He commences his description abruptly from Malta, and does not say a word regarding Portugal or Spain. That he had taken ample notes in Lisbon there is not the least doubt. Then why the omission? There can be only two explanations: either the observations he had made in 1809 did not hold good in 1813, or his opinions were so different from those expressed in *Childe Harold* that he did not like to appear before the public in opposition to the views of his friend. In any case his silence is very suspicious. Nobody could have described better than he all the incidents connected with Byron's life in Portugal. Lord Byron dedicated his fourth Canto of *Childe Harold* to Hobhouse, who on that occasion published his *Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold.* They were so intimate that Hobhouse acted as the best man at Byron's wedding and was the executor of his will.

II. *I am happy here... I swims in the Tagus.* With reference to the Poet's letters in those days Moore

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[1] Hobhouse (John Cam): *A Journey through Albania and other provinces or Turkey in Europe and Asia to Constantinople during the year 1809 and 1810.* London, 1813.

remarks: «In a temperament like that of Lord Byron's, such gusts of vivacity on the surface are by no means incompatible with wounded spirit underneath». Who knows whether he did not wish to cover by his gaity the sad experience he had to submit to during his stay in Lisbon? That he enjoyed his visit to Portugal in many respects there is no doubt.

Byron says: «I swims in the Tagus all across at once». Regarding this Mr. Hobhouse is reported to have said: «My companion had before (his swim at the Hellespont) made more perilous but less celebrated passage, for I recollect that, when we were in Portugal he swam from Old Lisbon to Belem Castle, and having to contend with a tide and counter-current, the wind blowing freshly, was but little less than two hours in crossing». There is some mistake in this report. Byron could not have swam across the Tagus if he swam from Old Lisbon to the Tower of Belem, for both these places are on the same side of the river. What he did do was to swim from the Lazaretto to the Tower of Belem, a distance of 1.550 metres. Byron himself was more proud, and with good reason, of his swiming feat, on the 3rd of May, 1810, across the Hellespont, the narrowest part of which measures 1.800 metres. Mr. Hobhouse was not present on this occasion, and so he was not in a position to form an opinion on the comparative peril of the two feats. The current in the Hellespont in May is stronger than that of the Tagus in July.

All the Portuguese words and phrases used in this letter are wrong. *Carracho* is probably «Caramba»; *amra di merdo* is «alma de m...a»; and *avra bouro* is «traga burro».

V.

TO MR. HODGSON.

Gibraltar, August 6, 1809.

I have just arrived at this place after a journey through Portugal, and a part of Spain, of nearly 500 miles. We left Lisbon and travelled on horseback to Seville and Cadiz, and thence in the Hyperion frigate to Gibraltar. The horses are excellent — we rode seventy miles a day. Eggs and wine and hard beds, are all the accommodation we found, and, in such torrid weather, quite enough. My health is better than in England. Seville is a fine town, and the Sierra Morena, part of which we crossed, a very sufficient mountain; but damn description, it is always disgusting. Cadiz, sweet Cadiz! it is the first spot in the creation. The beauty of its streets and mansions is only excelled by the loveliness of its inhabitants. For with all national prejudice I must confess the women of Cadiz are far superior to the English women in beauty as the Spaniards are inferior to the English in every quality that dignifies the name of man. Just as I began to know the principal persons of the city I was obliged to sail.

You will not expect a long letter after my riding so far «on hollow pampered jades of Asia». Talking of Asia puts me in mind of Africa, which is within five miles of my present residence. I am going over before I go on to Constantinople.

Cadiz is a complete Cythera. Many of the grandees who have left Madrid during the troubles reside there,

and I do believe it is the prettiest and cleanest town in Europe. London is filthy in the comparison. The Spanish women are all alike, their education the same. The wife of a duke is, in information, as the wife of a peasant, the wife of a peasant in manner, equal to a duchess. Certainly they are fascinating but their minds have only one idea, and the business of their life in intrigue.

I have seen Sir John Cam[1] at Seville and Cadiz, and like Swift's barber, have been down on my knees to beg he would not put me in black and white. Pray remember me to the Drurys and the Davies, and all of that stamp who are yet extant. Send me a letter and news to Malta. My next epistle shall be from Mount Caucasus or Mount Sion. I shall return to Spain before I see England, for I am enamoured of the country.

Adieu, and believe me, etc.

VI.

TO MRS. BYRON.

Gibraltar, August 11, 1809.

Dear Mother, I have been so much occupied since my departure from England, that till I could address you at length I have forborne writing altogether. As I have now passed through Portugal, and a considerable

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[1] Sir John Cam styled, in a suppressed stanza of *Childe Harold,* «Green Erin's Knight and Europe's wandering star», was the author of several and important books on travel in various parts

part of Spain, and have leisure at this place, I shall endeavour to give you a short detail of my movements.

We sailed from Falmouth on the 2nd of July, reached Lisbon after a very favourable passage of four days and a half and took up our abode in that city. It has been often described without being worthy of description; for except the view from the Tagus, which is beautiful, and some fine churches and convents, it contains little but filthy streets, and more filthy inhabitants[1]. To make amends for this, the village of Cintra, about fifteen miles from the capital is, perhaps in every respect, the most delightful in Europe, it contains beauties of every description natural and artificial, Palaces and gardens rising in the midst of rocks, cataracts and precipices; convents on stupendous heights—a distant view of the sea and the Tagus, and besides (though that is a secondary consideration), is remarkable as the scene of Sir H. Dalrymple's Convention. It unites in itself all the wildness of the western highlands, with the verdure of the south of France[2]. Near this

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of Europe. Among his other works he published in 1811 *Descriptive travels in the Southern and Eastern parts of Spain and the Balearic Isles (Majorca and Minorca) in the year 1809*. He does not make in it any reference to Lord Byron, who «had begged not to be put in black and white».

[1] In a letter to his mother, from Constantinople, dated June 28, 1810, Lord Byron says: «I have passed some time with the principal Greeks in the Morae and Livadia, and, though inferior to the Turks, they are better than the Spaniards, who, in their turn, excel the Portuguese».

[2] In Byron's correspondence there are other references to Cintra. In a letter written at Prevesa in Turkey he says: «I went over the mountains through Zitza, a village with a Greek monas-

place, about ten miles to the right, is the palace of Mafra, the boast of Portugal, as it might be of any country, in point of magnificence, without elegance. There is a convent annexed; the monks who possess large revenues, are courteous enough, and understand Latin; so that we had a long conversation. They have a large library, and asked me if the *English* had *any books* in their country[1].

I sent my baggage, and part of the servants, by sea to Gibraltar, and travelled on horseback from Aldea Gallega the first stage from Lisbon, which is only accessible by water to Seville (one of the most famous cities in Spain), where the Government called the Junta is now held. The distance to Seville is nearly four hundred miles, and to Cadiz almost ninety farther towards the coast. I had orders from the governments

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tery (where I slept on my return) in the most beautiful situation (always excepting Cintra, in Portugal) I ever beheld» (Nov. 12, 1809). He also refers to Cintra in a note to «Fair Greece, sad relic of departed worth» (C. II., st. LXXXIII.). «From Fort Phyll» he says, «of which large remains still exist, the plains of Athens, Pentelicus, Hymethus burst upon the eye at once; in my own opinion, a more glorious prospect than even Cintra or Istamboul». It will be noticed that he speaks here of plains and not of mountains.

[1] The story is well told but whether it is quite accurate is doubtful. What the monk probably asked was whether there were many large libraries (*librarias*) in England and not books (*libros*), but a ***mot pour rire*** in a private letter, which was never intended for publication, amuses the reader and does no harm; but when it is accepted by his commentators, and biographers like Karl Elze, as a measure of ignorance of the monks at Mafra it is quite different.

and every possible accommodation on the road, as an English nobleman, in an English uniform, is a very respectable personage in Spain at present. The horses are remarkably good, and the roads (I assure you upon my honour for you will hardly believe it) very far superior to the best English roads, without the smallest toll or turnpike. You will suppose this when I rode post to Seville, in four days through this parching country in the midst of summer, without fatigue or annoyance.

Seville is a beautiful town; though the streets are narrow they are clean. We lodged in the house of two Spanish unmarried ladies, who possess *six* houses in Seville, and gave me a curious specimen of Spanish manners. They are women of character, and the eldest a fine woman, the youngest, pretty but not so good a figure as Donna Josepha. The freedom of manner, which is general here, astonished me not a little; and in the course of further observations, I find that reserve is not the characteristic of Spanish belles, who are, in general, very handsome, with large black eyes, and very fine forms. The eldest honoured your *unworthy* son with very particular attention, embracing him with great tenderness at parting (I was there but three days) after cutting off a lock of his hair, and presenting him with one of her own, about three feet in length, which I send, and beg you will retain till my return. Her last words were *Adios, tu hermoso! me gusto mucho*—Adieu, you pretty fellow! you please me much. She offered me a share of her apartment, which *virtue* induced me decline; she laughed and said I had some English *amante* (lover) and added she was going to be married to an officer in the Spanish Army.

I left Seville and rode on to Cadiz, through a beautiful country. At *Xeres* where the sherry we drink is made, I met a great merchant —a Mr. Gordon, of Scotland— who was extremely polite, and favoured me with the inspection of his vaults and cellars, so that I quaffed at the fountain head.

Cadiz, sweet Cadiz, is the most delightful town I ever beheld, very different from our English cities in every respect except cleanliness (and it is as clean as London), but still beautiful, and full of the finest women in Spain, and Cadiz belles being the Lancashire witches of their land. Just as I was introduced and began to like the grandees I was forced to leave it for this cursed place; but before I return to England I will visit it again.

The night before I left it, I sat in the box of the Opera with Admiral Cordova's family; he is the commander whom Lord St. Vincent defeated in 1797, and has an aged wife and a fine daughter Sennorita Cordova. The girl is very pretty, in the Spanish style; in my opinion, by no means inferior to the English charms and certainly superior in fascination. Long black hair, dark languishing eyes, clear olive complexions, and form more graceful in motion than can be conceived by an Englishman used to drowsy listless air of his countrywomen, added to the most becoming dress, and at the same time, the most decent in the world, render a Spanish beauty irresistible.

Miss Cordova and her little brother understood a little French, and, after regretting my ignorance of the Spanish, she proposed to become my preceptress in that language. I could only reply by a low bow, and express my regret that I quitted Cadiz too soon to

permit me to make the progress which would doubtless attend my studies under so charming a directress. I was standing at the back of the box, which resembles our Opera boxes, (the theatre is large and finely decorated, the music admirable,) in the manner which Englishman generally adopt, for fear of incommoding the ladies in front, when this fair Spanish dispossessed an old woman (an aunt or a duenna) of her chair, and commanded me to be seated next to herself, at a tolerable distance from her mamma. At the close of the performance I withdrew, and was lounging with a party of men in the passage, when *en passant,* the lady turned round and called me, and I had the honour of attending her to the admiral's mansion. I have an invitation on my return to Cadiz, which I shall accept if I repass through the country on my return from Asia[1].

I have met Sir John Cam, Knight Errant, at Seville and Cadiz. He is a pleasant man. I like the Spaniards much. You have heard of the battle near Madrid[1], and in England they would call it a victory—a pretty victory! Two hundred officers and five thousand men killed, all English, and the French in as great force as ever. I should have joined the army, but we have no time to lose before we get up the Mediterranean and Archipelago. I am going over to Africa to-morrow; it is only six miles from this fortress. My next stage is

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[1] The battle near Madrid is that of Talavera, which was fought on July 27 and 28, 1809, in which Sir Arthur Wellesley with English and some Portuguese and Spanish troop defeated Marshal Victor.

Cagliari in Sardinia, where I shall be presented to his Majesty. I have a most superb uniform as a court-dress indispensable in travelling.

August 13.—I have not been to Africa the wind is contrary but I dined yesterday at Algesiras, with lady Westmoreland, where I met General Castanos, the celebrated Spanish leader in the later and present war. To-day I dine with him. He has offered me letters to Tetuan in Barbary, for the principal Moors, and I am to have the house for a few days of one of the great men, which was intended for Lady W. whose health will not permit her to cross the straits.

August 15.—I could not dine with Castanos yesterday, but this afternoon I had the honour. He is pleasant and, for what I know to the contrary, clever. I cannot go to Barbary. The Malta packet sails to-morrow, and myself in it. Admiral Purvis, with whom I dined at Cadiz, gave me a passage in a frigate to Gibraltar, but we have no ship of war destined for Malta at present. The packets sail past, and have good accommodation. You shall hear from me on our route.

Joe Murray delivers this; I have sent him and the boy back. Pray show the lad kindness, as he is my great favourite; I would have taken him on. And say this to his father, who may otherwise think he has behaved ill.

I hope this will find you well. Believe me,

Yours ever sincerely,

Byron.

P. S.—So Lord G.[1] is married to a rustic! Well done! If I wed I will bring you home a sultana, with half a dozen cities for a dowry, and reconcile you to an Ottoman daughter-in-law with a bushel of pearls, not larger than ostrich eggs, or smaller than walnuts.

I. *I have an invitation on my return to Cadiz, which I shall accept if I repass through the country on my return from Asia.* Byron's original plan of his grand tour was to visit Persia, India and Egypt, but pecuniary difficulties compelled him to return to England earlier than he had intended.

Like, or rather more than, all young men, Byron was greatly sensitive to any attention shown him by the fairer sex. The belles of Cadiz impressed him so much that he wished to visit his «first spot in the creation» once more before returning to England. In his *Don Juan* he remembers all his Donnas Josephas and does not forget Señorita Cordova's proposal to teach him Spanish. It will be noticed that in all his letters there is not the slightest reference to any Portuguese women. Too gallant to say anything against them, he simply ignores them. This is an indirect proof that a woman was the main cause of his rancour against the Portuguese.

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[1] Lord G... is Lord Grey de Rethen, who had married Anna Maria, daughter of William Helham; he had been a temporary tenant of Newstead Abbey.

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NOTE.—Besides these there are some of Byron's works translated into Portuguese in Brazil.