and therefore he gave the more credit thereunto, the rather for that he saw that over the principal door thereof there hanged seven little bells, and afore the same was the mast of a ship upon the top thereof there stood a wethercock made likewise of wire. The church was as great as a good monastery and was made all of free stone, and covered or vaulted over with brick, which gave an outward show, as though within side it should be of very fair workmanship. Our Captain was very glad to see the same, for that he thought himself to be among Christians, and entering within this church with the Catuall, they were received by certain men, naked from the girdle upward . . . , and upon their left shoulders they had a certain number of threads, which came under their right shoulders, much like the priests were wont to wear their stoles here amongst us . . . . These sprinkled some water out of a fountain . . . upon Vasco da Gama and the Catual and us . . . .

So going into this church, they saw many images painted upon the walls, whereof some there were that had great teeth, which appeared to be so monstrous that they were of an inch in length without their mouth. Others there were that had four arms, and therewith were so ill-favoured, that they seemed to be very devils, the which sight made our men stand in doubt whether the same were a church of Christians or no. Being come afore the chapel which stood in the midst of their church, they perceived that the same had a certain little roof, made much in the manner of a tower, the which was also built of free stone, and in a part of this roof there was a door made of wire, by the which a man might enter into it. The going up to the same tower was by a stair of stone; within this tower, which indeed was somewhat dark, was enclosed in the wall a certain image the which our men beheld a far off, for that they would not suffer them to go near the same . . . howbeit they made a sign to the image, naming the same our Lady, giving thereby to understand that it was her image. The Captain General supposing the same to be true, fell upon his knees with the rest of the company, making their prayers; but one whose name was John de Sala, being in doubt whether the same church were of Christians or not, for that he saw so monstrous images painted on the walls, as he fell on his knees said, If this be the devil, I worship the true God, the Captain General that heard him say so looking upon him laughing. The Catual and his company as they came before this chapel, did fall down flat upon the ground before them, and this they did three times, and afterward they arose and made their prayers standing.

**LUIS VAZ DE CAMÕES**

Luis Vaz de Camões (1524-1580) was born, probably in Lisbon, of a noble Galician family. His father, a sea captain, died at Goa after a shipwreck en route to India. Banished from Lisbon in 1546 for an unknown transgression, he became a soldier at Ceuta in Morocco. There, he lost an eye in battle, learnt the tactics of war, and developed a lifelong hatred of his Moorish enemies. Returning to Lisbon in 1549, he was forced to join the king’s service in India three years later to avoid punishment for injuring a court official in a street brawl. He sailed to India in March 1553, as part of Fernão Álvares Cabral’s armada, and did not return for 17 years. He narrowly missed being shipwrecked en route to Goa, and
served on numerous military expeditions to Malabar, Ormuz, the Moluccas, and Macao. Legend (and his own boast) has him swimming to safety, clutching the manuscript of *Os Lusiadas*, after a shipwreck in 1559 off the Mekong River in Thailand. In 1567, Camões determined to return home, though succeeding only through the help of his friends, Heitor de Silveira and the historian Diogo do Couto. *Os Lusiadas* was published in 1572, and King Sebastian signified his pleasure at the epic by awarding him a small pension, Camões's primary source of income in his last years. He died of the plague in 1580, the very year in which Phillip II of Spain absorbed Portugal into the Spanish empire.

The portion of Luis Vaz de Camões's *Os Lusiadas* reprinted here are taken from the translation by Leonard Bacon (*The Lusiads* [New York: Hispanic Society of America, 1950]).

—Shankar Raman

Opening Invocation: Canto I, Verses 1-3 (p. 3)

Arms, and those matchless chiefs who from the shore
Of Western Lusitania began
To track the oceans none had sailed before,
Yet past Tapróbané's fair limit ran,
And daring every danger, every war,
With courage that excelled the powers of Man,
Amid remotest nations caused to rise
Young empire which they carried to the skies;

So, too, good memory of those kings who went
Afar, religion and our rule to spread;
And who, through either hateful continent,
Afric or Asia, like destruction sped;
And theirs, whose valiant acts magnificent
Saved them from the dominion of the dead,
My song shall sow through the world's every part,
So help me this my genius and my art.

Of the wise Greek, no more the tale unfold,
Or the Trojan, and great voyages they made.
Of Philip's son and Trajan, leave untold
Triumphant fame in wars which they essayed.
I sing the Lusian spirit bright and bold,
That Mars and Neptune equally obeyed.
Forget all the Muse sang in ancient days,
For valor nobler yet is now to praise.