

The View from Almada Hill: Myths of Nationhood in Camões and William Julius Mickle

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Abstract. Myths of nationhood sustain both *Os Lusíadas* and W. J. Mickle's very popular and influential version of it, *The Lusiad* (1776). But what Camões transmitted to Mickle was not only a sense of the destiny of his nation but also its deep-seated contradictions. Just as 16th-century Portugal peculiarly combined feudal and mercantile values, so did 18th-century Scotland, and in converting an epic of humanism into an epic of commerce, liberty, and civilization, Mickle expressed the tensions of an enlightened age. "Almada Hill" (1781) superimposes a vision of modern Britain on the Portuguese past and present.

"It is a sound rule of thumb in propaganda," according to R. P. Blackmur, "that no country tends to believe any lies other than its own."¹ Blackmur was mocking the self-serving cold-war fantasies of the United States and the Soviet Union. But lies can be flexible. In the form of myths they pass from country to country and sometimes, through fabulous transmigrations of spirit, become the heart and soul of a new nation. Thus Roman gods found another home, in *Os Lusíadas*, by taking an interest in Portugal; and Venus herself heard Portuguese as Latin, with a slight change of accent (1:33, 7-8). One great empire certifies another. Perhaps this is propaganda. Yet imagined communities depend on the stories and legends that hold them together. Such stories *are* the nation, as many theorists now say and poets have always said. And often the way that a poet reads the old myths that are most important to him throws light on the beliefs, if not the lies, by which he and his

nation live. Translated properly, by Camões, the *Aeneid* foreshadows a possible future, now seen to have been realized as Portugal. Translated in turn, *Os Lusíadas* prefigures the future nations of Europe—not least in their contradictions. Hence myths look forward as well as backward. Classical gods turn into Christian allegories, and chivalric crusades turn into market research.

When William Julius Mickle published his very popular and influential version of *The Lusiad* in 1776, he converted “the epic of Humanism”² into the Epic of Commerce. Mickle has not been a favorite of modern scholars. He makes his designs on the poem all too clear, not only with hundreds of pages of historical and critical commentary but with 300 added lines of “enlargements and interpolations.” Even the texture of the verse is adulterated. Camões’s long-breathed ottava rimas dissolve into pointed heroic couplets, so that a minor climax tends to arrive every few lines, while the absence of stanzas compacts each canto into an interminable, undifferentiated mass (and incidentally keeps the reader from quickly finding a place or passage). The source of this prosody is clearly Pope’s translations of Homer, which had been a runaway commercial success, and Mickle’s Epic of Commerce follows Pope, at a considerable distance, in harmonizing a stormy and often savage text with gentler, enlightened tastes. Camões describes a battle massacre “with deaths, shrieks, blood and sword-thrusts; so many people perished that the very flowers changed color” (4:42, 2-4); Mickle omits the stabbings and bloody flowers, and in support provides a footnote in which Pope similarly tames Homer.³ Only the shrieks are translated: “groans and yellings of despair / With horrid uproar rend the trembling air,” and the pain of slashed bodies is displaced to the sky. The great classicist Richard Bentley supposedly remarked that “it is a pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer.”⁴ Mickle’s pretty poem is not Camões.

Nor is an Epic of Humanism an Epic of Commerce. The main difference between the two seems less a matter of poetry than of ideology. “How,” Richard Helgerson wonders, “could any reader of Camões, much less a translator, so miss the point?”⁵ *Os Lusíadas* managed imperiously to suppress the base commercial motives or lust for profit that fueled da Gama’s voyage, yet Mickle blithely insists on putting them back. “To Camões, an ‘epic of commerce’ would have seemed a ridiculous paradox,” in Helgerson’s view, since the ancient genre served precisely to legitimate a feudal ethos opposed to commerce (190). The conquering Portuguese heroes, noble in soul, make their own epic of fame and glory; they will sacrifice any mean self-interest,

even life itself, for grand illusions, for king and country and God. Hence Mickle's commercial interpretations could not be more wrong.⁶ Yet at the same time his misreading is "wonderfully apt." For Helgerson agrees with Mickle that trade *was* the point of the Portuguese empire, no matter how hard Camões and his readers and patrons might try to cover it up. From this perspective a bourgeois, mercantile version of early voyages to the East seems "so massively overdetermined" that it assumes "an air of inevitability" (189). In 1776, the year of *The Wealth of Nations* as well as Mickle's *Lusiad*, Adam Smith trumps the *Aeneid*.

Such post-imperial readings of Mickle as well as of Camões are also overdetermined. To any Marxist, "the class-contradictions of poor Camões," condemned to veil a bourgeois epic in aristocratic, feudal frills, will look quite transparent.⁷ Yet the implied superiority to "poor Camões," reduced from the noble, tragic artist he thought himself to a self-deceived lackey, carries its own smug ideological bias. If the Portuguese were deluded about their own motives, they certainly had the courage of their delusions. The last words of *Os Lusíadas* implore King Sebastião to cast off the taint of greed and riches and lead a fresh crusade against the Moors. Notoriously, the king accepted this charge and six years later sacrificed himself and his nation in the disastrous "Battle of the Three Kings" at Alcácer-Quibir. This was very bad for trade. By the time that the poet died in 1580, Portugal had already been absorbed by Spain, and sixty years would pass before it regained its independence, while the Dutch took over much of its colonial empire. Obviously the obsession with fame and glory, and with subduing the world to the faith, had devastated the national interest by any objective economic standard. But would there have been a Portugal without that obsession? The poet and king both shared an ideal that might seem mad to a rational unbeliever. But Portugal had won its empire through irrational daring, just as its soldiers were famous for charging ahead in battle, impetuously and irregularly, sometimes to win against great odds and sometimes to retreat just as fast. Self-interest alone would hardly have spurred da Gama and his men; fewer than 1/3 of those who set out returned, and they did not come back rich. Only a myth sustained them—no Island of Love but a small proud country destined to slay giants. For those who gave their lives to the nation, trade was *not* the point.

Nor was trade the whole point for Mickle. He too derives inspiration from a set of national ideals—or myths or lies—which however complex and contradictory evoke an impassioned historical vision. And his nation too was

contested, because it was not exactly England, or Scotland, or even Great Britain, but somehow all three. Just as the emergence of Portugal as an imagined community, a nation and empire, against the background of Iberia and Castile provides a test case of early modern conceptions of the nation-state, so 18th-century Scotland tests the origins of nationalism. In recent years few scholarly debates have been waged so fiercely.⁸ Moreover, the issues engage literary historians as well as political theorists, because the subject of debate is essentially *mythopoeic*—a matter of the creation of consciousness, of poems and novels and legends, far more than of jurisdictions and laws. In the mid 18th century, when Scotland reinvented itself after Culloden, it needed an epic, and found one in the poems of Ossian, a 3rd-century bard. Were they authentic? The bitter controversy that soon broke out has never completely subsided, and probably never will, so long as Scots argue questions of nationhood with others and themselves.⁹ But the 18th-century quarrels were especially deep because they reflected internal divisions, not only between the Highlands and Lowlands but between rival versions of patriotic pride. On one side, “bardic nationalism” could celebrate the romantic, barbaric integrity of unspoiled Highlanders.

Their language is pure and original, and their manners are those of an ancient and unmixed race of men. Conscious of their own antiquity, they long despised others, as a new and mixed people. As they lived in a country only fit for pasture, they were free of that toil and business, which engross the attention of a commercial people.¹⁰

On the other side, many Scots congratulated themselves on their superior enlightenment. Far more than the English, they were open to new ideas and international commerce; Adam Smith was not an aberration in his country. Yet the two sorts of pride often coexisted in Scottish minds.¹¹ If Portuguese identity, in the time of Camões, peculiarly combined feudal and mercantile values, an extreme insularity and an extravagant expansionism, so did Scottish identity in Mickle’s time. Ossian was interleaved with *The Wealth of Nations*.¹²

Mickle himself was surely a son of the Lowlands.¹³ Born in 1735, one year before James Macpherson, the Highlander who was to edit or ventriloquize Ossian, he regarded the final defeat of the Stuarts in the ‘45 with relief, not sorrow; later he would date the rise of British power from the fall of James II and lionize William and Mary. He was educated in Edinburgh but failed in the family business (a brewery) and in his late twenties, bankrupt, went to England,

where he would settle for the rest of his life. While employed as corrector at the Clarendon Press in Oxford he began to translate *The Lusiad*, and raised a subscription that allowed him to quit his job and finish the work, which sold quite well. But his major financial success resulted from an appointment as secretary to his cousin Commodore George Johnstone, whose squadron took prizes from the French and Dutch during the war of 1776-83. A share of this booty made Mickle's fortune. In 1779-80 he also visited Portugal, where he spent eight happy months and, as the celebrated translator of Camões, was well received by noblemen and literati. He died, a wealthy man, in Oxfordshire in 1788. England had been good to him; nor did his commercial and literary achievements seem to owe much to the country where he had been born.

Yet the embrace of imperial English values and interests itself marked a certain type of 18th-century Scot.¹⁴ The English themselves were more conflicted about the costs of empire. The introduction to Mickle's *Lusiad* consists of a long rebuttal of Samuel Johnson, who had told him that "It had been happy for the world, Sir, if your hero Gama, Prince Henry of Portugal, and Columbus, had never been born, or that their schemes had never gone farther than their own imaginations."¹⁵ Though Johnson had once intended to translate *Os Lusíadas*, he had always distrusted Portuguese colonialism. His first publication, a free version of Father Jerónimo Lobo's *Voyage to Abyssinia* (1735), takes a jaundiced view of the motives of Jesuit missionaries and Portuguese traders.¹⁶ Later, introducing a book about the Spanish and Portuguese discoveries, he concluded that "The *Europeans* have scarcely visited any coast, but to gratify avarice, and extend corruption; to arrogate dominion without right, and practise cruelty without incentive."¹⁷ Greed and hypocrisy always follow the flag of conquest, for Johnson and other "unenlightened" Englishmen. But Scotsmen tended to view the world of commerce through rose-colored, Whiggish glasses, which cast on trade an aura of light and progress. Thus Mickle replies to Johnson by celebrating the mutual rise of learning and commerce after "the dark monkish ages": "While this thick cloud of mental darkness overspread the Western World, was Don Henry prince of Portugal born, born to set mankind free from the feudal system, and to give to the whole world every advantage, every light that may possibly be diffused by the intercourse of unlimited commerce" (1:xxvi). And to clinch the point he calls on the greatest modern Scottish poet, James Thomson, the prophet of *Liberty*.

—For then from ancient gloom emerg'd
 The rising world of Trade, the Genius, then,
 Of Navigation, that in hopeless sloth
 Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep
 For idle ages, starting, heard at last
 The Lusitanian Prince, who, heaven-inspir'd
 To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,
 And in unbounded Commerce mixt the world.¹⁸

However inaccurate in regard to the historical Infante Dom Henrique, these sentiments express the ideal of many Scotsmen after the Act of Union (1707). History had a goal, as Thomson wrote in *Liberty* (1735-6), his long poetical vision; it was finally reaching that goal in the trade and freedom of Britain. The new dispensation would naturally include "the lofty Scot, / To hardship tamed, active in arts and arms, / Fired with a restless, an impatient flame, / That leads him raptured where ambition calls."¹⁹ Indeed, such ambition would transform the Scot from colonized subject to colonizing master, restlessly crossing the ocean to subjugate and liberate raw territories. "Rule, Britannia!", the anthem of conquest, was written by Thomson. A few years later another Scot, David Hume, added a notorious footnote to his essay "Of National Characters": "I am apt to suspect the negroes, and in general all the other species of men (for there are four or five different kinds) to be naturally inferior to the whites. There never was a civilized nation of any other complexion than white, nor even any individual eminent either in action or speculation. No ingenious manufactures amongst them, no arts, no sciences."²⁰ "Civilized" is a crucial word here. When Johnson defined "civilize" in his *Dictionary* (1755), "To reclaim from savageness and brutality; to instruct in the arts of regular life," he illustrated it with a quotation from Waller: "We send the graces and the muses forth, / To *civilize* and to instruct the North"—a good lesson for Scotland.²¹ But Scots like Hume, Mickle, and their friend James Boswell adopted the word. Mickle and Boswell were especially fond of "civilization." Johnson omitted that word from the *Dictionary*, and rejected Boswell's suggestion to add it to a later edition.²² The anti-imperialistic Englishman preferred "civility," a word that opposed barbarity not with violent conquests but with "Rule of decency; practice of politeness." Nor did Johnson accept the claim that conquistadors and colonists bore the gift of freedom to less enlightened peoples. In a famous retort to the revolu-

tionary American congress, he posed a devastating question: "how is it that we hear the loudest yelps for liberty among the drivers of negroes?"²³

Yet liberty, or the myth of liberty, was idolized by Mickle. Encouraged by Boswell, he worked for years on a long "progress poem," "Prospects of Liberty and of Slavery"; and though he never finished it, a shorter poem called "Liberty" was published in his *Poetical Works* (1806).²⁴ Moreover, he drew on the theme repeatedly in *The Lusiad*; "the spirit of liberty breathes through the introduction," according to one reviewer. The history of Portugal, in Mickle's mind, confirms the irresistible progress of civilization. "The founders of the Portuguese monarchy transmitted to their heirs those generous principles of liberty which compleat and adorn the martial character" (1:xlirii). Like Highlanders, the Lusitanians defy any effort to impose a foreign culture on their clans; like Britons, they rule the waves and never will be slaves. How then did their empire sink into decay? Mickle largely endorses Camões's diagnosis: luxury, greed, and servility corrupted the nation until its people became slaves first in spirit and then in fact. Indeed, the nation's treatment of its great poet reflects its undoing. "To the eye of a careful observer, the fate of Camoëns throws great light on that of his country, and will appear strictly connected with it. The same ignorance, the same degenerated spirit, which suffered Camoëns to depend on his share of the alms begged in the streets by his old hoary servant, the same spirit which caused this, sunk the kingdom of Portugal into the most abject vassalage ever experienced by a conquered nation" (1:cclxx). To poets who sang of liberty, it was an article of faith that arts would always prosper under freedom, as in "Rule, Britannia!": "The Muses, still with freedom found, / Shall to thy happy coast repair: / Blest isle!" Hence neglect of the arts could signify only an internal, rotting enslavement.

Mickle's belief in the alliance of commerce, civilization, and liberty, all once embodied by Portugal and now by Britain, often results in obvious tensions. If Britons never will be slaves, they have certainly profited from slavery; and Mickle's long account of the Portuguese empire gingerly steers around its best cash crop, the slave trade (had there been a real Island of Love, submissive native girls would have stocked it).²⁵ Nor does the Epic of Commerce seem quite comfortable with the brute force that Portugal had used to establish and maintain its dominance in the East, where money was made from extortion as well as trade. In India "mere adventurers" had driven out "honest merchants." A lengthy comparison of Portugal's Indian trade with Britain's reveals Mickle's deep unease. The second edition of *The Lusiad*

(1778) adds a scornful repudiation of Adam Smith, whose *Wealth of Nations* had argued strongly against monopolies and especially against efforts to suppress free trade. In the long run, Smith suggests, the Portuguese attempt to exclude all other nations from the East Indies had cost more than it gained, and the current monopoly of the East India Company will lead to high prices in England and bad management abroad.²⁶ Mickle is outraged. The East India Company "forms a principal wheel," he insists, in the grand machine of British commerce, and it alone can secure "the essential balance of trade" that private adventurers and government officials would upset (1:ccxliii-iv).²⁷ Moreover, Smith has missed the main point. "All the stupendous fabrics of Portuguese colonization were only founded on the sands, on the quick-sands of human caprice and arbitrary power. They governed by no certain system of laws." But the British empire has enabled merchants to be confident of justice. "On the firm basis of her laws, the colonies of Great Britain have wonderfully prospered, for she gave them an image of her own constitution" (2:cclvii). Thus Mickle's own nation fulfills the promise of commerce, civilization, and liberty that the rise and fall of the Portuguese empire had tragically failed.²⁸

Nevertheless, he needed more reassurance; and curiously he went to Portugal to find it. Mickle's arrival in Lisbon in 1779 was both a sentimental journey, in homage to Camões, and a business venture, since Portuguese neutrality in the American wars provided a safe haven for British marauders. But he also composed a poem there, "in some degree ... a supplement to the *Lusiad*." *Almada Hill: An Epistle from Lisbon* (1781) superimposes thoughts of Britain on a prospect of Portugal's history and landscape. The two nations are intertwined in that scene, the poet explains, because in 1147 a company of English crusaders en route to the Holy Land had helped Afonso Henriques (Alfonso I) to besiege the Muslims and drive them from Lisbon. As a reward Afonso gave the English Almada Castle. This feat of arms, mentioned in *Os Lusíadas* (3:57-60) and complemented by the story of the Twelve of England in canto 6, inspires Mickle's "patriot rage": "To ancient English valour sacred still / Remains, and ever shall, Almada Hill / ... And here, my Friend, how many a trophy woos / The Briton's earnest eye, and British Muse!" (4, 20). Surveying the city and country spread out before him, the poet enjoys a vision of past and future. The fall of the Portuguese empire may be "Prophetic of the kindred fate that lowers, / O'er Albion's fleets and London's proudest towers" (22). Yet he also beholds "the returning day / Of Lisboa's honours, fairer than her prime / Lost by a rude unletter'd Age's crime";

"Camoens' Ghost no more / Wails the neglected Muse on Tago's shore" (32, 33). Mickle sees hope and freedom in Portugal's future.

To some extent he even manages to substitute his cherished myth of Lusitanian destiny for what is before his eyes. No uninformed reader would learn that Portugal had lately suffered the most notorious dictatorship in Europe. The beautiful city that Mickle so admires, reconstructed after the earthquake of 1755, was the showcase of the Marquês de Pombal, who used it to impress visitors and justify his reign of terror. Pombal had fallen two years earlier, and the nation was still preoccupied by charges against him.²⁹ But Mickle sympathized with the broken ruler, to whom he had sent an obsequious letter praising "your Lordship's indefatigable care in reviving the ancient virtues and glories of your country," and to whose home he made a pilgrimage in 1780.³⁰ At least Pombal had not neglected the muses. Moreover, Mickle himself witnessed a renewed Portuguese interest in letters when he attended the formal opening of the Royal Academy of Sciences, which had elected him a corresponding member. But the immediate source of his vision of Portuguese freedom is a profound anxiety about his native land. Britain "is sick and poisoned at the heart" (3), torn by faction and threatened by the loss of her empire. America, the other home of so many Scots, has broken away from "the grand design / Of parent heaven, that shore to shore should join / In bands of mutual aid, from sky to sky, / And Ocean's wildest waves the chain supply" (20). At this desperate moment, the resurrection of Portugal comes to the rescue. Here commerce, civilization, and liberty are once more alive, and so is *Os Lusíadas* (Mickle's own work had rekindled Portuguese interest in Camões). Here poets are now appreciated. The long view from Almada Hill restores his faith.

Hence the myth of one nation refashions itself in another. Yet what Camões transmitted to Mickle was not so much the destiny of his nation as its deep-seated contradictions. The sense of grievance that runs through *Os Lusíadas*, forever coloring its bold heroic adventures, also shadows Anglicized Scotland and its epics of commerce. In retrospect da Gama's voyage already contains a pang of loss, as the poet broods on his own decay and that of his country. The poems of Ossian, which still haunt Scotland, consist of nothing but loss. And even an enlightened Briton like Mickle, in love with progress and keeping his distance from old Scottish ways, cannot shake off the fear that his adopted ship of state is foundering. Nations, Benedict Anderson tells us, are largely invented by exiles, who preserve the homeland from afar as a

dream.³¹ Thus Camões's great poem of exile, "By the Rivers of Babylon," assimilates Portugal to Zion or heaven so thoroughly that, even syntactically, it is hard to tell one from the other. The real Portugal, revisited, was bound to be disappointing. Nor could Mickle ever go home again to the ideal he had imagined. Significantly, *Almada Hill* concludes not with Britannia, the fashionable imperial goddess, but rather with Albion, the primordial myth whose origins always lie shrouded in the past (in legend Albion was inhabited only by giants until Brutus arrived and named it Britain). Such myths remind the poet that nothing lasts. Similarly, Camões and his nation survive in Lisbon only as ghosts.³² The dream of a world united by commerce, a dream that Captain Cook was helping to realize even as Mickle wrote his *Lusiad*, struggles against the current of the epic, forever mourning the bygone heroic days. The voyages of poets and nations circle toward home, like Ulysses, yet find that all is not well there. The ghost of Camões still wails.

Notes

¹ R. P. Blackmur, *A Primer of Ignorance*, ed. Joseph Frank (New York: Harcourt Brace, 1967) 85.

² C. M. Bowra, *From Virgil to Milton* (London: Macmillan, 1945) 138.

³ Luis de Camões, *The Lusiad: or, The discovery of India. An epic poem*, trans. William Julius Mickle, 3rd ed. (London: T. Cadell jun. and W. Davies, 1798) 2:20. The parallel is Pope's *Iliad*, 15:844-53. Cf. the earlier battle in *Os Lusíadas*, 3:52, whose horrors are also softened by Mickle (for instance, he deletes the "palpitating entrails"); 1:104-5.

⁴ For variants of this anecdote see Maynard Mack, *Alexander Pope: A Life* (New York: Norton, 1985) 877.

⁵ Richard Helgerson, *Forms of Nationhood: The Elizabethan Writing of England* (Chicago: U Chicago P, 1992) 189.

⁶ As Portuguese scholars noted at the time, Mickle's most obvious departure from the text he translates is his explicit anti-catholicism.

⁷ See Neil Larson and Robert Krueger, "Homer, Vergil, Camões," *I & L: Ideologies and Literature* 2:10 (1979): 69-94.

⁸ Opposing sides of this debate are represented by Murray Pittock, *The Invention of Scotland* (London: Routledge, 1991), and Neil Davidson, *The Origins of Scottish Nationhood* (London: Pluto, 2000).

⁹ "One way or another, the question of *Ossian's* authenticity will always refuse to go away"; Joep Leerssen, "Ossianic Liminality: Between Native Tradition and Preromantic Taste," in *From Gaelic to Romantic: Ossianic Translations*, ed. Fiona Stafford and Howard Gaskill (Amsterdam: Rodopi, 1998) 1. Mickle's own writings ridicule the claim that Ossian is authentic.

¹⁰ James Macpherson, "A Dissertation" (1765), *The Poems of Ossian*, ed. Howard Gaskill (Edinburgh: Edinburgh UP, 1996) 206.

¹¹ Colin Kidd, *Subverting Scotland's Past: Scottish Whig Historians and the Creation of an Anglo-British Identity, 1689-c.1830* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1993), views James Macpherson himself as "a sophisticated and latitudinarian Scottish whig" (223).

¹² Peter Womack, *Improvement and Romance: Constructing the Myth of the Highlands* (Houndmills, Basingstoke, Hampshire: Macmillan, 1989), argues that Macpherson "improves" the ancient poetry of the Highlands in accord with genteel modern Scottish tastes. "In so far as the matter of Ossian is the erasure of regional or national identity by metropolitan cultural and economic power, the poems do not resist or even lament the process so much as form a part of it" (107).

¹³ The standard life remains John Sim's, in his edition of Mickle's *Poetical Works* (London: Printed by J. Barfield and sold by H. D. Symonds, 1806), but there are some inaccuracies. 1734, the birth date given by Sim, is accepted by M. Eustace Taylor, *William Julius Mickle (1734-1788): A Critical Study* (Washington, D. C.: Catholic University of America, 1937).

¹⁴ Linda Colley, *Britons: Forging the Nation 1707-1837* (New Haven: Yale UP, 1992) 117-32.

¹⁵ Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson*, ed. G. B. Hill, rev. L. F. Powell (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1934) 4:250.

¹⁶ Samuel Johnson, *A Voyage to Abyssinia*, ed. Joel J. Gold (New Haven: Yale UP, 1985) xlii-xlvii, liii-lvi. Lobo's *Itinerário* was probably written in 1639-40; Johnson relied on a 1728 French translation.

¹⁷ *The World Displayed* (1759), in *Samuel Johnson's Prefaces & Dedications*, ed. Allen T. Hazen (New Haven: Yale UP, 1937) 228.

¹⁸ James Thomson, "Summer," *The Seasons* (London: Printed for A. Millar, 1746) ll. 1005-12.

¹⁹ *Liberty* 5:73-76.

²⁰ *Essays Moral, Political, and Literary*, ed. Eugene F. Miller (Indianapolis: Liberty Classics, 1987) 629. The essay dates from 1748; the note was added in 1753-54.

²¹ The lines quoted, from "To my Lord of Falkland" (1639), celebrate the expedition of Falkland and the Earl of Holland against "our proud neighbors" the Scots.

²² *Life of Johnson* 2:155.

²³ "Taxation No Tyranny" (1775), in Johnson's *Political Writings*, ed. Donald J. Greene (New Haven: Yale UP, 1977) 454.

²⁴ See Monica Letzring, "Mickle, Boswell, Liberty, and the 'Prospects of Liberty and of Slavery,'" *Modern Language Review* 69 (1974): 489-500. Mickle sketched the "Prospects" in a letter to Boswell (8 July 1768), *The General Correspondence of James Boswell, 1766-1769*, ed. Richard C. Cole (New Haven: Yale UP, 1997) 2:78-80.

²⁵ On Portuguese attitudes toward Africans and Amerindians, see C. R. Boxer, *The Portuguese Seaborne Empire 1415-1825* (London: Hutchinson, 1969) chs. 4 and 11.

²⁶ *An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of The Wealth of Nations* (1776), ed. Edwin Cannan (Chicago: U of Chicago P, 1976) 2:146-58.

²⁷ Mickle had once hoped for employment in the East India Company, where he had friends and relatives. As a professed enemy of Smith's friend David Hume, he also wrote some verses of a satiric "Heroic Epistle from Mr. Hume in the Shades to Dr. Adam Smith," emphasizing that both were lost in "wild and unfounded Theories." Mickle's strictures on Smith are included in a work attributed to James Macpherson, *A Candid Examination of the Reasons for Depriving the East-India Company of its Charter* (London: J. Bew and J. Sewell, 1779), which argues that the very measures recommended for India by Smith had precipitated the American Revolution.

²⁸ Mickle's "History of the Rise and Fall of the Portuguese Empire in the East" most likely alludes to another work published in 1776, the first volume of Gibbon's *History of the Decline*

and *Fall of the Roman Empire*. As an empire that, unlike Portugal, has civilized its colonies through *law*, Britain is associated with Virgil's ideal of Rome.

²⁹ Kenneth Maxwell, *Pombal, Paradox of the Enlightenment* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1995) 149-58.

³⁰ S. George West, *The Visit to Portugal in 1779-1780 of William Julius Mickle, Translator of Os Lusíadas* (Lisbon: Junta de Investigações do Ultramar, 1972). The letter, which accompanied a presentation copy of *The Lusiad* in 1776, is printed in English and Portuguese by Sousa Viterbo, *Uma Carta de William Julius Mickle ao Marquez de Pombal* (Porto: Typ. de José da Silva Mendonça, 1893). Printed by Sousa Viterbo.

³¹ Benedict Anderson, "Exodus," *Critical Inquiry* 20 (Winter 1994): 314-27.

³² Mickle registers his haunting by the ghost of Camões in a sonnet, "On passing the Bridge of Alcantara, near Lisbon, where Camoens is reported to have chosen his station when age and necessity compelled him to beg his daily sustenance": "Twas night: with cheerless look / Methought he bow'd his head in languid mood, / As pale with penury in darkling nook / Forlorn he watch'd ..."; *Poetical Works* 147.

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