

IX. RESTORATION AND RECRIMINATION

If ever there was a man who had greatness thrust upon him, it was John, Duke of Braganza, first monarch of the Portuguese dynasty of that name. His twin passions were music (tradition credits him with composing the popular tune for *Adeste Fideles*) and hunting, in which sport he could outride the toughest of his Courtiers. He asked nothing more of life than to be left in the tranquil enjoyment of these peaceful pursuits at his country seat of Villa Vicosa. His elevation to the throne in December, 1640, was the work of a small but determined group of fidalgos ably abetted by his virile Spanish wife, Dona Luisa de Guzman, whose native patriotism had been supplanted by a burning ambition to become a reigning Queen. The Restoration (as the accession of the House of Braganza to the throne is termed by Portuguese writers) was accomplished with surprising ease in so far as the mother-country and the majority of the colonies were concerned; since it came at a time when the Spaniards were busy trying to suppress one of the periodic attempts of Catalonia to assert its independence with the active support of France.

Although the conspirators of December 1640, a queer medley of disgruntled grandees, ambitious lawyers and intriguing clerics, found that their immediate success surpassed their wildest hopes, the new government was in considerable trepidation about the potential reaction in the colonies. For obvious reasons it had been impossible to let these in on the secret until the *coup d'etat* had succeeded, but a successful revolt is its own justification.

*Treason doth never prosper,
What's the reason?
For if it prosper
None dare call it Treason.*

The Restoration of 1640 was no exception to this rule, and the whole colonial empire followed the lead of Lisbon with a few trifling and (save one instance) temporary exceptions. This is not to say that there was not considerable searching of heart in some instances, nor is this surprising. After all, although the Portuguese as a whole were thoroughly sick and tired of their "sixty years captivity" as the period of their subjection to the Spanish Crown was termed, the new deal gave plenty of food for thought to those in positions of authority who had the prospect of something to lose. Preoccupied as Spain was with her costly campaigns in Catalonia, Flanders and Italy, her resources were still much greater than those of Portugal, and it was a short distance from the Spanish frontier to Lisbon. Portugal had no army and virtually no navy; Castilian troops were garrisoned at strategic points in the mother-country, in the Azores and in Brazil. Such soldiers as the Portuguese had were mostly employed in colonial service overseas, or in Spanish regiments in Catalonia and Flanders where they were so many hostages to fortune. Many of the leading families had representatives dancing attendance at the Court of Madrid, whilst John's promising younger brother, the Prince Dom Duarte, was serving in the Spanish army in Germany.

All things considered, it will be seen that the colonial authorities had something to mull over before they took the plunge, and officially recognised as their liege lord a new monarch whose reign might prove as ephemeral as that of the 'Winter King' of Bohemia, our King Charles I's luckless brother-in-law. This was evidently the view taken by the Viceroy of India, João da Silva Tello, Count of Aveiras, when the glad tidings eventually reached him at Goa on the 8th September 1641. True it is, that in his official apology, accepted by all subsequent writers, he claims that he did not really hesitate a moment in giving his allegiance to the new monarch. Any apparent hesitation in fixing an early date for the formal proclamation of King John was merely due to the fact that he wished to gain enough time to have a special gala costume made for the ceremony, he — or rather his mouthpiece Jacome de Mesquita — explains in

his somewhat laboured defence. Although his disavowals were evidently accepted without question by King John, since the latter appointed him Viceroy of India for the second time nine years later, some forgotten witnesses tell a very different story. The Hollanders, whose ships were then blockading Goa's bar, and who had an excellent espionage service ashore, inform us that the Viceroy's attitude was equivocal to say the least; until the Archbishop ended his hesitation by showing him a paper authorising him to assume the government if the Count should decline to recognise the new King. The Dutch were certainly in a position to know what was afoot, as apart from their able intelligence service, they had captured one of the two ships sent from Lisbon with the news and which carried all the royal instructions and correspondence for the authorities at Goa. Further confirmation is afforded by an unexpected source, the celebrated Jesuit Father Antonio Vieira, who in the course of commenting on one of his favourite prophecies by Goncalo Eanes Bandarra, the cobbler-rhymster of Trancoso circa 1556, and apostle of the curious cult of Sebastianism, wrote to the King's confessor on April 1659, —

"The cat signifies the State of India, which as soon as the news of the Acclamation reached Goa, wished to proclaim it publicly; but the Viceroy hesitated, for he evaded the importunity of the populace and the soldiery by shutting himself up in the Palace, to consider like a cunning man, what he should do in this weighty business Bandarra concludes his disapproval of the Count by insinuating that he would strip bare the State of India and I, relying on Bandarra's aversion to the Count of Aveiras, when the King made him Viceroy of India for the second time, I told His Majesty that I was greatly amazed that he should select as Viceroy a man of whom Bandarra spoke ill. That it could not turn out well was shown by what happened subsequently". Although it is not strictly speaking connected with our story, I cannot forbear from quoting Vieira's description of the Count from the same letter, since contemporary portraits of these fidalgos are so few and far between; and this word-sketch confirms the impression made by the crude seventeenth century oil painting of the Viceroy still preserved

at Goa. "The Count of Aveiras was very hairy and heavily bearded, as we all saw; he had a lot of hair on the eyebrows, in the ears, on the inside and outside of his nose, and only his eyes were free of hair, albeit his beard came up close to them. I once heard his nephew, Dom Rodrigo, Count of Unhão, say that his uncle had wool like a sheep all over his body As for his great cunning, it only failed him when he agreed to go to India again; but in knowing when to speak and when to keep silent, in his carriage, in his behaviour, and in all his actions, both outward and inward, there is no doubt at all but that the Count of Aveiras had those qualities which lead people to call men cunning; and as such the King regarded him, even when he didn't boast about it." But it is time to leave the Viceroy and his hesitations, for a consideration of how the news was received at Macao.

Since the City of the Name of God lay "in the confines of the remotest shore of China", it was a toss-up whether Spaniards from Mexico and Manila or Portuguese from India would get there first with the news, — and in all probability the first comers could count on getting the place for their King. That Portugal won the race was chiefly due to the ability and energy of one man, Antonio Fialho Ferreira, Captain-Major of the Manila voyages in 1630-3, and what corresponded in those days to an "old China hand". Fialho who had left Macao hurriedly and under a cloud in 1638, was busy badgering the colonial office in Lisbon two years later, after an adventurous homeward journey through the wilds of Asia Minor. John IV was hardly seated on his as yet far from secure throne, when Fialho got himself appointed as Royal Envoy to carry the news of the King's accession to Macao in January 1641. He set out (via London) in an English ship which dropped him at Bantam in September. From here he went to Batavia, where the Dutch Governor-General Antonio Van Diemen received him on the 27th of the same month. The Hollanders in the East were anything but pleased at the news of Portugal's secession from Spain, since they found predatory warfare against the decaying Iberian empire more profitable than peaceful commercial competition. Van Diemen consequently re-

fused to listen to Fialho's suggestion that hostilities should be suspended until official notification of the Luso-Dutch truce was received from Europe. This belligerent attitude was a great disappointment to all the Portuguese colonial authorities from Brazil to China, since one of their main expectations in breaking away from Spain was that their new-found independence would relieve them from the crushing hostility of the Dutch.

Eventually Fialho talked Van Diemen into letting him carry the news to Macao, mainly because otherwise the Spaniards would get there first, and that would be even worse for the Hollanders. He accordingly took passage in the ship *Capella* bound for Formosa, which dropped him in Macao roads at the end of May 1642, somewhat transparently disguised as a returned prisoner of war.

At this point it may be as well to take stock of the situation which confronted Antonio Fialho Ferreira when he reached his journey's end on this fine May morning. Writing to King Philip in 1640, the Senate of Macao stated with modest pride that "This city has seventy large cannon mounted in four Royal Forts and five bulwarks, firing shot from 12 to 40 lbs; another twenty fieldpieces, and good material for works of fortification, redoubts and trenches; a good foundry for all kinds of metals, and spacious gunpowder mills. Married Portuguese number about six hundred, and their sons who are capable of taking arms, somewhat less. The native born are over five hundred including married men and soldiers. Slaves number about five thousand, so that altogether we can surely reckon on putting two thousand good musketeers in the field". These figures are of course exclusive of the Chinese population which then numbered about twenty thousand according to a contemporary chronicler, who however obviously exaggerated when he added that "everyone was abundantly rich, without there being a single person who was known to be poor. This notorious opulence led to many persons, not only adventurers and refugees but highly respectable people, leaving India and even Portugal to settle down and live in this place, marrying here owing to the enormous dowries then in vogue".

Making due allowance for exaggeration, the colony was indubitably prosperous, maugre the loss of its mainstay in the shape of the Japan trade. Commerce with Manila was still flourishing, in despite of repeated official bans, and a profitable if less lucrative business was carried on with the warring states of the Indo-Chinese peninsula, with the Moslem Sultan of Macassar, and with the petty pagan chieftains of Timor, Solor and Flores in the Lesser Sunda islands. It was not only the profits of this overseas trade or the money and persons of Eurasian heiresses which attracted prospective settlers, but freedom from the attentions of the Holy Office — since the long arm of the Inquisition was pretty well paralysed by the time it had reached Macao. This explains the relatively high proportion of wealthy crypto-Jews or *Christãos-novos* amongst the European community, if one may judge from the fact that many of the wealthiest settlers came from places like Braganza and Beira-Baixa which were notorious strongholds of the *Marranos* (Swine) as the New Christians were popularly if inelegantly termed. This hated class had more than its fair share of energy and brains; and this again goes far to explain the remarkable resilience of Macao under such unfavourable circumstances, and why this remote outpost weathered the storms which wrecked so many other exposed Portuguese colonies. It may be added that the Chinese population increased rapidly during this period. Alderman Lourenço Mendes Cordeiro, writing to the King in November 1644, stated that there were then over forty thousand souls in the city. This was however probably a temporary phenomenon, caused by the widespread misery attendant on the Manchu invasion and civil wars raging in China. These wars led to an influx of refugees in much the same way as did the Japanese occupation of Canton and Hong-kong three centuries later.

The Macaonese however were apparently like Dryden's English:

a headstrong, moody, murmuring race

As ever tried the extent and stretch of grace

for the numerous dangers which threatened them abroad were insufficient to distract them from fratricidal strife

within the narrow confines of their home. One of these perennial disputes was in full flower at the time of Fialho's arrival, and (to change the metaphor) had the whole city by the ears. The trouble originated with the arrest and imprisonment of an unruly cleric named Paulo Teixeira, by order of the Governor of the Bishopric, Frei Bento de Christo, — a "God-fearing prelate" according to his friends, and a "crazy Capuchin Friar" in the opinion of his enemies. Teixeira broke his arrest and took refuge in the Jesuit College where the Rector in his capacity of Commissary of the Inquisition refused to give him up, all censures, threats, and denunciations notwithstanding. The incident is best related in the words of an eighteenth century Franciscan chronicler, Frei José de Jesus Maria.

"Both threw off the mask and drew their swords, the Commissary brandishing that of the Holy Office, and the Prelate that of his authority and jurisdiction, which, since both weapons were those of the Church, caused the most terrible scandal to Christians and gentiles alike. For they saw fixed on the doors of churches, excommunications issued by the Commissary against the Prelate, swiftly followed by others of the Prelate against the Commissary, some being torn down and replaced by others, I not venturing to decide which with better reason and justification. The affair came to such a pitch that the very churches and the faithful suffered from it; some finding themselves involved and debarred from receiving the Sacraments, whilst the Church of God was rent by civil broils in a heathen land where the very gentiles do not allow such profanation of their own temples.

"All the clergy and the holy orders which are represented here, Dominicans, Franciscans, and Augustinians ranged themselves on the side of the Prelate, demonstrating in most erudite memorials the just reasons which motivated his decisions. [So much for our friar's claim for impartiality]. The Commissary with his Fathers, who in these distant lands (as common report has it) like to be regarded as the wisest and most powerful of all, seeing that they could make no headway with their project as they were wont, recognizing the character, pride, sinister intentions and malevolent

disposition of the Captain-General, got him on their side, hoping to carry off the matter by force of arms, suffocating all opposition. With this violence the Fathers of the Company forcibly rescued the prisoner from the jail and took him to their college; and as feeling was running high on both sides they flew to arms, and put the whole City in an uproar of virtual civil war with this new outrage. Recourse was had to the law, and to the ecclesiastical authorities at Manila for their opinion; there were imprisonments, alternating with violent releases; both sides appealed to Goa with complaints and counter-affidavits; the two tribunals concerned found it difficult to give a decision; but finally everything calmed down with the joyful news that King John the Fourth had been proclaimed in Portugal".

Our clerical chronicler was mistaken in this last point as we shall see, but the foregoing quotation makes it amply clear that it was to no peaceful and united city that Antonio Fialho Ferreira came with the tidings of the new King's accession on the 31st May, 1642. Nor is it surprising to find that now, as twenty years previously, the Macao Senate petitioned for the appointment of a Bishop who should be neither a Friar nor a Jesuit, and thus unlikely to show undue partiality for any one of the rival religious orders.

Contemporary accounts differ widely as to Fialho's reception when he broke the news to a conclave of assembled notables, presided over by the Captain-General and the Governor of the Bishopric. The Viceroy's stooges would have us believe that this news was received with incredulity, until some letters from the Count of Aveiras were found amongst Fialho's papers which finally resolved all doubts. Fialho himself claims that he won all hearts with an eloquent speech which ended by proclaiming the new monarch, amidst general applause and protestations of loyalty led by his brother-in-law, Lopo Sarmiento de Carvalho. From an examination of the 18th century transcripts of the original minutes of the council meeting, we can legitimately infer that there was in fact a certain amount of argument — based not so much on reluctance to accept the Duke of Braganza as King, as on dislike of doing so at the bidding of the unpopular Antonio Fialho Ferreira.

gaily decorated by day and illuminated by night, despite the torrential rains of the prevailing wet season. Special thanksgiving services were held in all the churches and convents in rotation, whilst each parish took it in turn to stage a fancy-dress procession through the principal streets of the city. Bull-fights were an additional attraction; and although the first one fell rather flat owing to the bulls not showing much fight, the second was a great success, one animal having to be hamstrung as he proved too fierce for his would-be baiters. These bull-fights were done in the Portuguese village style, with the participants on foot merely baiting the bull, instead of in the more cruel and bloody Spanish equestrian form. Amongst the military parades held, the performance put up by the local Chinese contingent was specially commended by one contemporary chronicler, who informs us that "their skill and dexterity with firearms was such that not even a swallow could escape their deadly aim". The Japanese community staged a torchlight procession in their national costume which was much admired. Even the negro slaves had a day set apart for a procession of their own, when they all appeared resplendent in scarlet, and other delights, which like the weapons they flourished had been loaned them by their masters for the occasion. The Jesuits as usual were much to the fore in these gaieties, and even permitted the garrison to fire musketry salvoes inside their Collegiate Church, "all gilded in the roof, choir, pillars and arch of the main chapel, finely carved in relief with paintings on the walls, and images in proportion, with a lavish use of crimson, blue and gold in the interior decoration which rendered it more beautiful than the finest in Europe". The local fidalgos vied with each other in the profusion of jewelry and gala clothing, "blue silk taffeta embroidered with gold thread roses, pinked with silk fabrics of various colours" — which they wore in the equestrian fancy dress processions. Russian nobles, French gallants, Dutch burgers, German archers, and Moorish emirs were all represented in these costume parades which also depicted Chinese mandarins and Japanese bugyo.

It is not easy to reconcile the lavish display of wealth which these costly clothes and accoutrements represented,

Once the decision had been taken however, there was no lack of genuine enthusiasm from the highest to the lowest in the town; and not even the steady downpours of rain which followed almost uninterruptedly for the next few months could damp the spirits of the Macaonese. We have several very full and interesting eyewitness accounts of the numerous festivities which followed; but it will suffice to give a brief outline of some of the more colourful features which afford us a curious glimpse of colonial life in the Far East three centuries ago.

The next ten weeks were filled with a succession of *festas*, processions, thanksgiving services, bull-fights and parades in honour of the new monarch. The climax of the celebrations was the taking of the formal oath of allegiance in the public square by the Captain-General, and the leading civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries in full view of the populace. The oath as taken by the Captain-General reads in translation as follows:-

I, Dom Sebastian Lobo da Silveira, Gentleman of His Majesty's Household, and Captain-General of this stronghold of Macao, City of the Name of God in China, swear fealty and homage, on the oath of the Holy Evangelists, [here he placed his right hand on the Missal] to obey, defend and maintain as my own lawful, native, and true King of the Kingdoms of Portugal, His Majesty the King Dom John, the fourth of this name, whom God preserve; and for this loyalty, I offer myself on behalf of his honour, credit and reputation, freely to give my life, blood, and property, even in the uttermost regions of the earth, as an example of Portuguese loyalty; and on this same oath, I swear loyalty and homage after his most happy days to the Prince Dom Theodosio his heir-apparent and to all of his descendants in the Crown of Portugal.

This solemn oath-taking was followed by a play presented by the children of the Jesuit Seminary, very similar with its quaint blending of the sacred and profane to that described by Peter Mundy five years earlier. The ceremony was concluded with discharges of musketry by the guard of honour and the firing of a salute by all the cannon of the fortresses. During the ten weeks of festivities, all the public buildings, churches and houses of the wealthy citizens were

with the loud lamentations of grinding poverty which the Senate of Macao addressed with such monotonous regularity to the King. Citizens who could afford to dress not only themselves and their wives but even their slaves in velvet and cloth of gold, evidently still had a shot of some kind in their financial locker. This thought evidently struck the priestly chronicler of these *festas*, for after boasting (truly enough) that "in sober truth a more impressive spectacle could not have been staged in the courts of European Monarchs", he adds somewhat lamely, "whilst this city contains such great store of treasure in the form of diamonds, rubies, pearls, seed-pearls, gold, silk and musk, it is none the wealthier for it, since the Chinese care nothing at all for such precious things but only for silver, of which there is such a total want at present that we are a living example of that legendary Midas who died of pure hunger at a table of gold dishes".

It is interesting to compare this colourful glimpse of Portuguese colonial life with that of their countrymen in Brazil, or with their Dutch rivals at Batavia. With regard to the former, the Macaonese seem to have been better off than their American or African compatriots, for contemporary travellers are united in their testimony as to the total want of all comfort or culture in the houses of the wealthy *fazendeiros* of the Atlantic colonies. The latter had jewels and gala clothing enough and to spare, but evidently lacked the refinements of household goods, lacquer furniture, silks and hangings which the Macaonese adopted or adapted from their Chinese neighbours. In their love of music and employment of slave orchestras, the Macaonese were no different from their Batavian contemporaries, whose houses at night likewise resounded to lively airs from guitar, zithern and lute. They did not however share their rivals' passion for pictures, and there is no equivalent in Portuguese colonial art to the oil paintings which the countrymen of Rembrandt brought with them overseas. Dancing amongst the Macaonese was virtually limited to the morris and folk-dances which (as in Portugal) were such a prominent feature of both religious and lay processions.

A leading part in the summer festivities of 1642, was

taken by the Captain-General Dom Sebastião Lobo da Silveira, whose portly frame "dressed in a Moorish costume of rich gold and sky blue silk, with a red cap on his head" appeared to good advantage, or so his priestly panegyrist would have us believe. This same author alleges that his lavish participation in these *festas* financially embarrassed the already heavily indebted Captain-General. "For since he reached this city in the last year of the Japan Voyage (1638) which was broken off the next year, he was also ruined like the rest, living on loans which some noble citizens gave him, and who should be reimbursed by the Crown for their trouble," adds the Reverend Marques Moreira somewhat ingenuously. Other clerics were not so flattering in their opinion of this functionary. The Franciscan Friar Joseph de Jesus Maria who, as we have seen, ascribes the ecclesiastical troubles of 1641-44 to the machinations of the Captain-General on Jesuit prompting, does not scruple to assert that "Macao at this time was in an uproar due to the tyrannical and iniquitous proceedings of its Captain-General, Dom Sebastião Lobo da Silveira, who wolf as he was [Lobo=Wolf] appeared desirous of devouring everyone irrespective of their quality". The quarrel between the Mendicant Orders backed by the acting Bishop and the Jesuits backed by the Captain-General, flared up afresh after a lull occasioned by the loyal celebrations of 1642. It was further complicated by an acrimonious dispute between the Senate and the Captain-General over the treatment of some Spaniards who had arrived under a flag of truce from Manila to claim the place for Philip of Spain and whom the Senate had allowed to land under safe-conduct. It is neither easy nor necessary to unravel what actually happened; but bitter street fighting in which artillery was used took place between the contestants before order was finally restored with the arrival of a new Governor from Goa, Luis de Carvalho de Sousa, in 1644.

The worst of Dom Sebastião's many crimes was his cold-blooded murder of the Crown Administrator, Diogo Vaz Freire, whom he kept chained in a filthy dungeon in the basement of his house for eight months, before beating him to death on the night of the 4th May, 1643. Not only

did the Governor brutally refuse his victim's pitiful pleas to be allowed the sacraments and confession before dying, but in his sadistic rage he strangled a slave-boy who ventured to appeal for mercy for the dying wretch. He crowned this double atrocity by depositing Freire's mangled corpse at the door of the *Misericórdia*, where a horrified crowd gathered next morning to see the body "covered with sores and weals, and with one eye hanging out from its socket". Dom Sebastião then had the incredible effrontery to write to the king that he had killed the Administrator in cold blood and without trial, "since it was convenient for His Majesty's credit, the honour of the Portuguese nation, and the safety of his own life!" Needless to say the home government took a very different view, and ordered his immediate arrest and deportation to Portugal for trial. But repeated orders for the confiscation of his property were evaded or ignored (allegedly through the connivance of his Jesuit friends at Macao), and when he finally sailed from Goa for Lisbon in February 1647, it was with most of his ill-gotten gains still in his possession. The ship was wrecked on the desolate coast of Natal, but the majority of passengers and crew reached the shore and began the long overland trek to Mozambique on the 15th July. One of the few survivors of this terrible journey gives us the following details of the erstwhile Captain-General of the City of the Name of God in China.

"Dom Sebastian was so incapable of walking, due to his excessive obesity and other drawbacks which prevented him from taking more than a few steps at a time, that he persuaded the cabin-boys to carry him. This they agreed to do for love of his brother Dom Duarte Lobo, who was greatly admired by all, and he was carried in a hammock made from fishing lines, each lad being paid 800 *xerafines*, which Dom Duarte Lobo guaranteed, and gave them some gold on account". Next day the refugees were compelled to abandon a couple of nuns who could go no further, while "Dom Sebastian was nearly left behind, for the cabin-boys who were carrying him, found the work too heavy for them, and refused to do so, until Dom Duarte appeared and persuaded and bribed them to carry him by short stages".

Later on, "as the going got worse and the food less, the cabin-boys resolved to leave Dom Sebastian Lobo, which was temporarily prevented by arranging that twelve of the strongest should carry him and that their gear should be carried by the remainder". On coming to a deep and swift-flowing river, the youths finally lost patience and abandoned him; his brother, who was in the vanguard, not discovering what had happened until camp was pitched for the night. The faithful Dom Duarte then induced some of the sailors to go back with him for six miles, finding his brother where they had left him. "They brought him into the camp very late at night, he declaiming in a loud voice that he was not afraid to die, but that he did object to the scurvy way he had been treated". Dom Duarte had the greatest difficulty in persuading the sailors to carry their unwanted burden next day, "protesting vehemently the high rank of this fidalgo and the fact that he had been summoned to the kingdom by His Majesty's special command".

Next day the exhausted band reached another deep and wide river which proved too great a strain on their further charity. "Dom Sebastian confessed himself here and made his Will, realising that he could accompany us no further, revealing many jewels and precious things which he had hitherto concealed, offering them to whosoever should try to carry him. In view of this, and urged on by the Master, Jacinto Antonio, to whom he had given six gold chains for the purpose, sixteen of the strongest sailors agreed to take him, on Dom Sebastian giving them there and then all the jewelry which he had displayed". Three days later even the stalwart sixteen could carry him no further, and Dom Sebastian realised that his end was come. After confession, "he gave a ruby ring to each one of those who had taken him thus far, and giving away everything else, even including a reliquary Cross which he wore on his breast, and a small copper kettle, for he had nothing to eat as there was nothing. Everyone took a duly sorrowful farewell of him, leaving him under a small cloth shelter, fat and in good heart and with all his wits about him, since he felt unable to walk. A small Chinese stayed with him together with a negro slave of Domingos Borges de Souza. His brother Dom

Duarte Lobo, stayed with him a great while, Dom Sebastian displaying in this crisis so great patience and courage that if he persevered in this, it may be piously hoped that he found sure salvation". Such was the end of Dom Sebastian Lobo da Silveira and his faithful Chinese slave on the inhospitable coast of Natal. It can be seen from this concise account that there is not a vestige of truth in the popular Macao tradition (repeated *ad nauseam* by modern writers including the usually careful Padre Manuel Teixeira) that he was murdered by the patriotic mob in the precincts of Government-House whilst plotting to surrender the colony to the Spaniards.

This hoary tradition is more applicable to another Macao Governor, the ill-fated Dom Diogo Coutinho Docem, who took the place of his predecessor Luis de Carvalho de Souza in August 1646. This unfortunate fidalgo was the son of a nobleman of great promise, Dom Francisco Coutinho Docem, who had come out from Portugal in 1635 "with the appointment of General of Macao, and with the verbal promise of the Catholic King Philip IVth that if he demeaned himself in Macao as expected of him, he would be made Viceroy of India". The father never reached his destination, being killed in a fierce night action with the Dutch near Malacca, leaving his son as Captain of that Fortress. Here an English traveller met him in May 1637, and was apparently not very favourably impressed with this syphilitic scion of a warrior stock, whom he described as "being wounded more with Cupid's shafts than Mars his lances". He was also severely criticised by his own countrymen for being largely responsible for the fall of the Fortress three years later, "when Luis Martins de Sousa Chicorro went as General of that stronghold, whilst Dom Diogo Coutinho was Captain of the Fortress; and such bitter dissension arose between them that it culminated in open civil war, in which more than seventy Portuguese are said to have lost their lives".

The exact circumstances of his tragic end are obscure; but from the narrative of Friar Joseph de Jesus Maria, it seems that the garrison mutinied against him and the Senate when their pay was longer than usual in arrears. The sol-

diers seized the Guia Fort, posted seditious proclamations on the church doors, and trained the fortress cannon on the Senate House. The citizens on their part took up arms, and in the ensuing free-for-all fight which followed, stormed into Government House and cut to pieces the unfortunate Captain-General, whom they found cowering under the staircase. Even at the time when the Franciscan Friar wrote his History (1745), the original records had been too badly damaged by white ants for him to decipher the rights and wrongs of this dispute, which is therefore likely to remain 'wrope'd in mystery.' As may be imagined, the assassination of the chief Crown representative by the mob, coming as it did hard on the heels of Dom Sebastian Lobo's excesses, caused considerable annoyance in Lisbon, but King John had too many troubles to contend with nearer home to enable him to take drastic action. He therefore contented himself with writing to the Viceroy of India, "for the present (until a better opportunity arises) we must needs dissimulate in order to avoid causing another disturbance, as would happen if a judicial investigation were made (albeit the gravity of the affair demands otherwise), both because we do not know for certain who are the guilty parties as because further proof is required before inflicting punishment." This equivocal attitude was probably inevitable in the circumstances, and was also taken by the Lisbon Government when the populace of Goa revolted against the Viceroy Count of Obidos in 1650, and when the citizens of Rio de Janeiro rebelled against their Governor, Salvador Correia de Sa y Benevides, in 1661.

In view of this chronic condition of civil anarchy it is not surprising to find the English Factors at Bantam reporting to their headquarters at London in January 1649: — "As for the Portugalls in Maccaw, they are little better than mere rebels against their Vice Roye in Goa, having lately murdered their Captaine Generall sent thither to them; and Maccaw itselfe soe distracted amongst themselves that they are daillie spilling one anothers blood". Nor is it a matter for astonishment that Friar Joseph tells us sententiously that "like as the old proverb says that in a starving household, everyone quarrels and nobody is in the right, so was

this verified here to the letter, with the violent discords, murders and feuds which were rife. Things came to such a pass that the very negroes (of whom there were many) not only became bold enough to flout their masters, but even plotted an armed rising against the City with the object of capturing one of the forts, — for which outrageous behaviour, eight of the ringleaders were sentenced by the Law and died on the gallows".

We have not space here to deal with the story of the various military expeditions sent by the Macaonese to help the tottering Ming Dynasty against the Tartar invaders, nor with their relations with the celebrated Fukienese pirate-turned-Admiral, Cheng Chi-lung, better known to Europeans under his Portuguese *sobriquet* of Nicholas Iquan. These events are more part of the history of the Portuguese in China than purely affecting Macao. It is at first sight rather surprising that the victorious Manchus did not "take it out" of the Macaonese for their staunch support of the failing Ming cause. For this they had to thank their Jesuit patrons at Peking, who adroitly contrived to run with the Ming hare and hunt with the Manchu hounds to the satisfaction of both parties. It was likewise the Peking Padres who intervened effectively on behalf of the threatened City when the Manchu Court promulgated its iniquitous edict ordering the evacuation of the coastal districts of Kwangtung province, in the fatuous belief it could thus forestall the ravages of the pro-Ming Chinese pirates from Formosa. Thanks to their representations, the Edict was commuted in so far as Macao was concerned, although local shipping suffered a severe blow with the destruction of half a dozen vessels engaged in the coastal trade, on the orders of the *Haitao* of Kwangtung in 1666. The order for the abandonment and depopulation of the maritime districts was repealed in 1669, but only after hundreds of thousands of innocent lives had been lost for no purpose, and vast areas of the countryside laid waste.