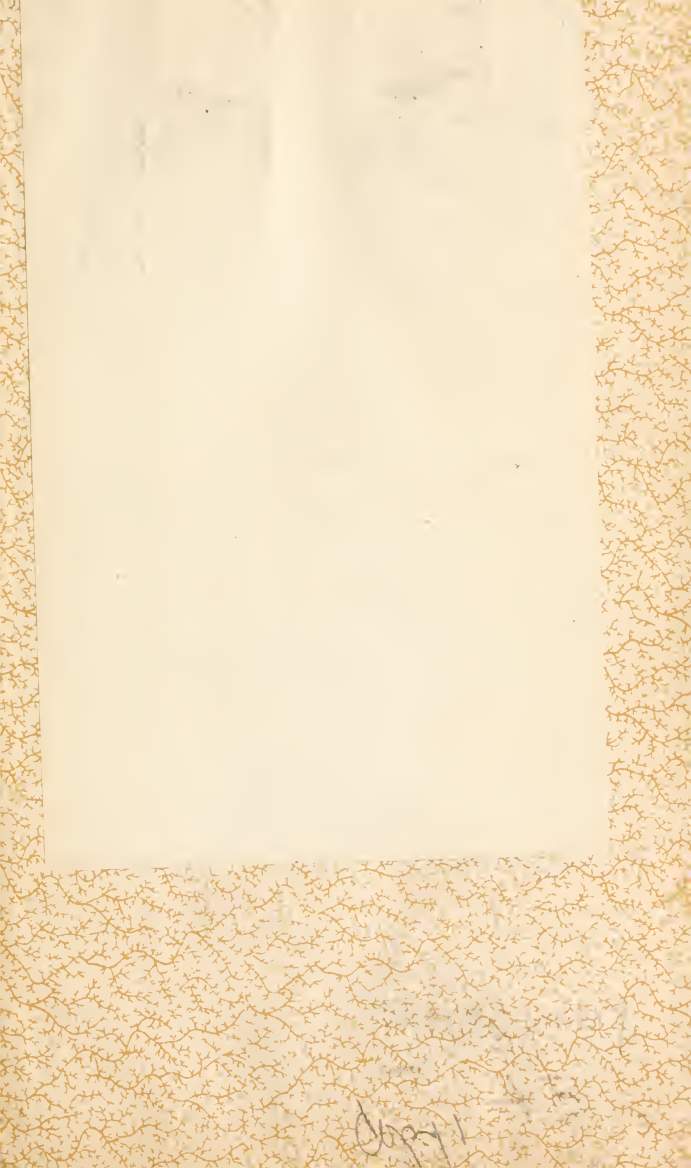


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Biography.

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LOVES

(of the most)

EMINENT LITERARY AND

SCIENTIFIC MEN

(OF ITALY SPAIN AND PORTUGAL)

VOL. 3.





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OF

EMINENT

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEN.

INTRODUCTION.

MOSEN JORDI. — CANCIONERO. — ALPHONSO X. AND HIS COURT. — ALPHONSO XI. AND HIS COURT. — JUAN DE MENA.

IN every other country, to treat of its literary men is at the same time to give a history of its literature. In Spain it is otherwise. We have no trace of who the poets were who produced that vast collection of ballads and romances, which, full of chivalry and adventure, love and war, fascinate the imagination, and bestow immortality on heroes—some real, some fictitious—who otherwise had never been known. To understand the merits of the later writers, to know on what their style and spirit was formed, it is necessary to give some account of the early, and also of the anonymous, poetry of Spain. Nor will it be foreign to the subject, nor uninteresting, slightly to trace the progress of literature in the Peninsula from its earliest date. From a thousand causes Spain is the land of romance. There never was any one who has travelled in that country, whatever might be his political opinions, or his view of human nature and society, but admired and loved the Spaniards. There is an originality, an indepen-

dence, an enthusiasm, in the Spanish character that distinguishes them from every other people. Despotism, and the Inquisition, ignorance and superstition, have been unable to level the noble altitude of their souls; and even while the manifestations of genius have been crushed, genius has survived.

From early times Spain was the birthplace of men of eminence in literature. We know little of the aborigines, and nothing of their language, except that from the earliest times they appear to have been gifted with that love of song that survives to this day. Silius Italicus bears testimony to this taste, when with all the arrogance of assumed superiority he speaks of the verses sung by the Gallicians in their native dialect, "barbara nunc patriis ululantem carmina linguis," and Strabo alludes to immemorial ballads sung by the inhabitants of Bética. When the Spaniards shared the refinements and learning of the capital, several names became distinguished. Lucan was a native of Córdoba. We can fancy that we trace the genuine Spanish spirit in this poet—earnestness, enthusiasm, gaudiness, and an inveterate tendency to diffuseness. The two Senecas were natives, also, of the same town.* The Spaniards with fond pride collect other names which the tide of time sweeping by, has cast on the shore, too obscure for fame, but sufficiently known to prove that the Spanish nation was always prolific in men who sought to distinguish themselves in literature.

These recollections, however, belong to another race.

* "Duosque Senecas, unicumque Lucanum,
Facunda loquitur Corduba." *Martial*. ep. lxii. lib. i.

And Statius records the same fact:—

"Lucanum potes imputare terris,
Hoc plus quam Senecam dedisse mundo,
Aut dulcem generasse Gallionem.
Ut tollat refluos in astra fontes
Grajo nobilior Melete Bætis." *Genethliacon*.

—*Retrospective Review*, vol. iii.

The Visigoths swept over the land, annihilated the Roman power, and, as far as any traces that have come down to us avouch, absorbed the aboriginal Iberian in their invasion. Yet, though they conquered and reigned over the land, it is to be doubted how far they actually amalgamated with the natives. And it is conjectured that one of the causes why the Moors, after conquering Don Roderic in battle, so soon possessed themselves of city and district, and founded what at first was a sway as peaceful as universal, was occasioned by the distinction still subsisting between Iberian and Goth, which led the former the more readily to submit to new masters.

The Goths were an illiterate people. There is an anecdote recorded in proof of their barbarism on this point. Queen Amalasunta, who appears to have possessed a more refined and exalted mind than the men of her time, was eager to confer on her son Alaric the graces and accomplishments of literature. The warriors of the land opposed her purpose, — “No,” they cried, “the idleness of study is unworthy of the Goth: high thoughts of glory are not fed by books, but by deeds of valour. He is to be a king whom all should dread. He shall not be compelled to fear his instructors.”*

Another proof of the ignorance and small influence of the Goths is their having adopted the language of the conquered country. All that has come down to us from them, with the exception of a few inscriptions, is in the Latin language, and several poems were written in that tongue. Still the Goths loved warlike songs and music. To their days some would trace the redondilla, while it has also been conjectured that the peculiar rhythm of these national ballads had its origin in the camp songs of the Roman soldiers.†

At length the Gothic power fell—the Moors entered, overran, and conquered Spain. At first the resistance they met was not at all proportionate to what we

* Retrospective Review, vol. iii.

† Boutervek.

should consider to have been the resources of the Spanish nation. But a noble spirit of resistance was awakened. Difference of religion kept alive what difference of language and habits originated. The enthusiastic patriotism which had gathered as waters in a mountain tarn, overflowed from the heights to which it had retreated, and finally poured over the whole land. From the struggle that ensued a thousand deeds of heroism had birth, and those circumstances were developed, which became the subjects to be consecrated by those beautiful ballads and songs, "in which," to use the appropriate language of a modern critic, "truth wears the graceful garb of romance, and romance appears the honest handmaid of truth."

Spain owed much to the Moor, however, from other causes. The Arabs were a learned and refined race. They built cities, palaces, and mosques; they founded universities, they encouraged learning. The most eminent scholars came from the East to grace their schools, and introduced a spirit of inquiry and a love of knowledge which survived their power. Abdorrhaman III. founded the university at Cordova. He established schools and collected a library, it is said, to the extent of six hundred thousand volumes. The blessings of civilisation was fostered by the Omajad dynasty. Mahometanism never flourished with such true glory as under the Spanish caliphs.

One of the most remarkable circumstances of this era is, the prosperity and learning of the Jews settled in Spain. Persecuted by the Goths*, this hapless nation

* "Through the decree of the fifth council of Toledo, each Gothic king swore, before he was crowned, to extirpate the Jews. Ferdinand and Isabella renewed the nefarious oath, and thus generated the spirit which caused Lope de Vega to recur with satisfaction to the old Gothic law:—

"The sceptre was denied of yore,
To the elected king, until he swore
With his own royal hand
To purge the fertile land
Of the vile tares that choke the
genuine grain,
And write the holy law upon the
crown of Spain."

"Vedando el consilio Toledano,
tomar el cetro al rey sinque primero
limpiase el verdadero
trigo con propria mano,
de la cizana vil que le suprime
la Santa Ley en la corona inprime."

doubtless welcomed the Moors gladly; and finding toleration under their rule, and their schools open to them, they flocked to the universities of Cordova and Toledo in such numbers, that one Jewish writer tells us that there were twelve thousand Israelitish students at Toledo; and they gave evidence of the perseverance, sagacity, and talent which belong to that people, and which, fostered by the blessed spirit of toleration, bore worthy fruit.

A succession of Hebrew scholars may be traced from the tenth to the fifteenth centuries. De Castro gives an account of seven hundred different works. Every Jew could read. The higher classes flourished in glory and prosperity, so that many of the noblest Spanish families include Jewish sprouts in the tree of their genealogy. Even to this day the Jews' sons of those driven from Spain to this country remember their Spanish renown, and have preserved a recollection of its language.

Of the Arabic authors of Spain the greater portion were natives of Andalusia. The number of their poets was very considerable. Of the *Romances Moriscos* doubtless many originated in Arabic poetry. The old Roman rhythm, the Gothic love of music, the Arab chivalry, and the noble spirit generated by a generous love of freedom, were the sources of these romances. Before we recur to them however, we will mention the connection between the troubadour and Provençal poetry with the Valentian. It is a singular anomaly, we may almost call it, in literature, that a dialect become a written one, adorned by poets and spoken through extensive provinces, should have become the dead tongue of modern times. The French, Italian, and Castillian absorbed the genius that once took form in a tongue which, whether it be called Provençal, Limousin, or Valentian, is still the same, and in it were written the earliest modern verses. Petrarch and Dante raised their native tongue in opposition; but the poetry they studied as anterior to their own was the

Provençal. The peculiar tone of troubadour poetry; the refined and somewhat abstract mode in which love is treated, was adopted by Petrarch, and by Dante also, in his sonnets and canzoni. The rhythm and the subjects were more artful and scientific than the songs of Castille, and thus at one time it was held in higher regard by the Spanish sovereigns who wished to introduce learning and poetry among their subjects. John I. of Arragon invited many Provençal and Narbonne poets to settle at Barcelona and Tortosa. He established an academy in the former city for the cultivation of poetry. The Spanish troubadours became celebrated; Mosen Jordi de Sant Jordi is one of the first and best-known. Petrarch read and, perhaps, imitated him.*

Though protected and encouraged by the sovereigns of Arragon, and read and lauded, and even imitated, by the nobles of their courts, the Valentian never became

* In the Retrospective Review, vol. iii., in the article on the poetical literature of Spain, the whole of Sant Jordi's Song of Contraries (*Cancion de Opositos*), is given, from which Petrarch adopted, it is alleged, whole lines. Nothing is less derogatory to a poet of the highest genius than the fact that he picked up here and there lines and ideas, amalgamating them with his own, and adorning them with alien splendour. It is honourable, however, to Sant Jordi, to be stolen from; the spirit of the two poems is different and the lines scattered and disconnected. Those of Petrarch are — and they are some of his finest —

“ Pace non trovo e non ho da far guerra,
E volo sopra 'l cielo, e giaccio in terra,
E nulla stringo e tutto il mondo abbraccio,
E ho in odio me stesso e amo altrui.,
Se non e amor, cosè dunque ch'io sento? ”

Sant Jordi, describing the struggles of his mind, has these similar lines: —

“ E no strench res, e tot lo mon abras,
vol sovel cel, e nom movi de terra.”

And both Italian and Provençal bear the same translation.

I nothing grasp — and yet the world embrace:
I fly o'er highest heaven, though bound to earth.

As also —

“ Hoy he de mi, e vull altra gran he.”
I hate myself — others are dear to me.

And

“ E no he pace — e no tench gium ganeig.”
I'm not at peace, but cannot war declare.

Petrarch's poem describes a lover's struggles; Sant Jordi's, the combats of an inquisitive, troubled mind — something of a Faustus spirit, though he rums up all, not by selling himself to the devil, but concluding piously,—

But right oft flows from darkness-covered wrong,
And good may spring from seeming evil here.

the national poetry of Spain, and we turn from poets who will find better place among the early French writers to the genuine productions of Castille.

We have seen that it was during the Moorish wars, under the successors of Don Pelayo, that these romances had birth. The kings of the various provinces of Spain, ever at war with the Moors, were, of course, in a state of great dependence on their warrior nobles. They needed their subjects to form expeditions against the enemy or to resist their encroachments. Often, also, the Spanish princes were at enmity with each other; and civil discord, or the war of one Christian kingdom against the other, caused temporary alliance with the Mahometans. This brought the chivalry of the two nations into contact. The Spaniards learned the arts of civilisation from their conquerors—they learned also the language of love.

In the midst of these romantic wars, there sprung up a species of poetry which in its simplicity and truth resembles the old English ballads, but which, from the nature of the events it commemorates, is conceived in a loftier and more chivalrous tone. The most ancient of these is a poem on the Cid, written an hundred and fifty years before the time of Dante: its versification is barbarous. It was written in the infancy of language; but it displays touches of nature, and a vivacity of action, that show it to have been the work of men of an heroic and virile age.

By degrees the romances or ballads of Spain assumed a lighter and more tripping rhythm, fitter to be easily remembered and to be accompanied by music. These metrical compositions were called *redondillas*.* Bou-

* "All verses consisting of four trochaic feet appear to have been originally comprehended under the name of *redondilla*, which, however, came at length to be in preference usually applied to one particular species of this description of verse. It is difficult to suppose that the *redondillas* have been formed in imitation of bisected hexameters, as some Spanish authors have imagined; they may with more probability be considered a relic of the songs of the Roman soldiers. In such verses every individual could, without restraint, pour forth the feelings which love or gallantry dictated, accompanied by his guitar, as little attention was paid to correctness in the distinction of long or short syllables, as in the rhyme. When one of the poetic narratives, distinguished by the name of romances

tervek imagines that they may be considered as a relic of the songs of the Roman soldiers. There was something

was sung, line followed line without constraint, the expression flowing with careless freedom, as feeling gave it birth. When, however, romantic sentiments were to be clothed in a popular lyric dress, to exhibit the playful turns of ideas under still more pleasing forms, it was found advantageous to introduce divisions and periods, which gave rise to regular strophes (*estancias* and *coplas*). Lines, for the sake of variety, were shortened by halving them; and thus the tender and impressive melody of the rhythm was sometimes considerably heightened. Seduced by the example of the Arabs, something excellent was supposed to be accomplished when a single sonorous and unvarying rhyme was rendered prominent throughout all the verses of a long romance. Through other romances, however, pairs of rhymeless verses were allowed to glide amidst a variety of rhymed ones. At length, at a later period, it was observed that, in point of elegance, the *redondilla* was improved by the change, when, instead of perfect rhymes, imperfect ones, or sounds echoing vowels but not consonants, were heard in the terminating syllables. Hence arose the distinction between consonant and assonant verses, which has been converted into a rhythmical beauty unknown to other nations. The period of the invention of the *redondillas* was also nearly that of the dactylic stanzas called *versos de arte mayor*, because their composition was considered an art of a superior order. As the inventors of these stanzas were ignorant of the true principles of prosody, the attention paid to purity in the rhythm of the dactyles was even less than in the rhymes of the *redondillas*. This may account for these verses falling into disuse, as the progressive improvement of taste, which allowed the *redondillas* to maintain their original consideration, was not reconcileable with the half-dancing half-hobbling rhymed lines of the *versos de arte mayor*."—*Boutervek*, Introduction. (Translation.)

Lord Holland observes, in the Appendix No. 3. to his "Life of Lope de Vega:"—"Of rhymes the Spaniards have two sorts; the consonant or full rhyme, which is nearly the same as the Italian; and the asonante, which the ear of a foreigner would not immediately distinguish from a blank termination. An asonante is a word that resembles another in the vowel on which the last accent falls, as well as the vowel or vowels that follow; but every consonant after the accented vowel must be different from that in the corresponding syllable. Thus, *tòs* and *amor*, *pecho*, *fuego*, *alamo*, *paxaro*, are all asonantes. In modern compositions, where the asonante is used, every alternate verse is blank, but the poet is not allowed to change the asonante till the poem is concluded. The old writers, I believe, were no such restriction."

M. Gunins, a German annotator, followed by Mr. Lockhart, expresses his opinion that "the stanza was composed in reality of two long lines, and that these have been subsequently cut in four, exactly as we know to have been the case in regard to another old English ballad stanza." See Mr. Lockhart's Introduction to his *Ancient Spanish Ballads*,

Thus, instead of printing it, as is usual,—

"Fizo hazer al Rey Alfonso
el cid un solene juro,
delante de muchos grandes,
que se hallaron en Brugos"—

this ought to run —

"Fizo hazer al Rey Alfonso, el cid un solene juro,
delante de muchos grandes, que se hallaron en Brugos."

The *u*, in the penultimate syllable of *juro*, and in *Brugos*, makes the assonance of the *redondilla*. We need not mention to the Spanish reader the peculiar mode of printing Spanish poetry without the distinction of capitals at the beginning of lines; nor the peculiar punctuation—a note of interrogation reversed invariably being placed at the beginning of the sentence that ends with one; necessary to the otherwise obscure construction of the Spanish: as for instance,—

"¿ Buelas al fin, y al fin te vas llorando? "

singularly popular in their freedom from constraint, and catching in their effect on the ear. The sonorous harmony of the Spanish language gave them dignity; they were easy to compose, easy to remember; they required only a subject, and the words flowed, as it were, with the facility of a running stream.

There are several volumes, called the Cancionero general and Romancero general, filled with these compositions. The most singular circumstance is, that they are nearly all anonymous. No doubt, as language improved, they were altered and amended from oral tradition, and no one had a right to claim undivided authorship. Their subjects were love and war, and came home to the heart of every Spaniard: the sentiments were simple, yet heroic; the action was always impassioned, and sometimes tragic.

Doctor Bowring, who has a happy facility in rendering the poetry of foreign nations into our own, has been more felicitous than any other author in translating these compositions. His volume is well known, and we will not quote largely from it, as we are tempted. One poem, which Boutervek pronounces to be untranslatable through its airiness and lightness, we present as a specimen of that talent, so peculiar to the redondilla, of catching and portraying a sentiment, as it were, by sketches and hints, where the reader fills up the picture from his own imagination, and is pleased by the very vagueness which incites him to exert that faculty.

“ ‘Lovely flow’ret, lovely flow’ret —
 Oh! what thoughts your beauties move!
 When I pressed thee to my bosom,
 Little did I know of love;
 Now that I have learnt to love thee,
 Seeking thee in vain I rove.’

‘But the fault was thine, young warrior,
 Thine it was — it was not mine;
 He who brought thy earliest letter,
 Was a messenger of thine;
 And he told me — graceless traitor —
 Yes! he told me — lying one —
 That thou wert already married
 In the province of Leon;
 Where thou hadst a lovely lady,
 And, like flowers too, many a son.’

'Lady! he was but a traitor,
 And his tale was all untrue,
 In Castille I never entered —
 From Leon too, I withdrew
 When I was in early boyhood,
 And of love I nothing knew.' *

In addition to these ballads we must mention the romances of chivalry. There is an undying discussion as to the nation in which these works originated. According to Spanish writers, the real author of the first or genuine Amadis was Vasco Lobeira, a native of Portugal, who flourished at the end of the thirteenth century, and lived till the year 1325. Perverted as history and geography are in this and other similar works, they are full of invention, and alive with human feeling. Heroic deeds are blended with fairy machinery, borrowed from Arabian tales; every thing is brought in to adorn and to exalt the character of the knight, in war and in love. Even now Amadis preserves its charm; how great must have been its influence among nobles whose lives were dedicated to the hardships of war, and whose own hearts were the birthplace of passion, as sincere and vehement as any that warmed the heart of fictitious cavalier.

Already, however, had various kings and nobles of Spain cultivated letters. The first authors whose names

* " " Rosa fresca, Rosa fresca,
 tan garrida y con amor,
 cuando os tiene en mis brazos
 no vos sabia servir no,
 y agora que vos serviria
 no vos puedo yo haber no.'

Vuestra fué la culpa, amigo
 vuestra fué, que mia no,
 enviastes me una carta
 con un vuestro servidor,
 y en lugar de recaudar
 el digera otra razon,
 que erades casado, amigo,
 alla en tierras de Leon,
 que teneis muger hermosa
 y hijos como una flor.'

' Quien os lo dijo, Señora,
 no vos dije verdad, no —
 que yo nunca entré in Castilla
 ni en las tierras de Leon,
 sino cuando era pequeño
 que no sabia de amor.' "

appear were less of poets than many whose works appear in the various Cancioneros. Elevated in rank, they addicted themselves to study from a love of knowledge. Eagerly curious about the secrets of nature, or observant of the philosophy of life, they were desirous of instructing their countrymen. They deserve infinite praise for their exertions, and the motives that animated them; but their productions cannot have the same interest for us as the genuine emanations of the feelings. The heart of man, its passions and its emotions, endures for ever the same, and the poet who touches with truth the simplest of its chords remains immortal; but our heads change their fashion and furniture. We disregard obsolete knowledge as a ruin, out of proportion and fallen to pieces; while the language of the passions, like vegetation for ever growing, is always fresh. Alphonso X., surnamed the Wise, loved learning. He rendered a great service to his country by the cultivation he bestowed on the Castillian language. His verses bear the marks of the attention he paid to correctness, and by his command the Spanish language was substituted for Latin in public instruments. Through him the Bible was translated into Castillian, and a Chronicle of Spain was commenced under his directions. He favoured the troubadours, and himself aspired to write verses. There is an entire book of Cantigas or Letras, composed in the Gallician dialect, by him. El Teroso is his principal work; it detailed his alchymical secrets, and is written in Castillian, in versos de arte mayor: much of this work remains still undeciphered. To him also is attributed a poem called Las Querellas, of which two stanzas only are preserved, and those so superior in versification to the Tesoro, that it is doubted whether they can be the production of the same man and age. The most useful work that owed its existence to his superintendence was the Alphonsine Tables, containing calculations truly extraordinary for that period.

Alphonso XI. followed in his footsteps in the cultivation of the Castillian language. He is said to have

composed a General Chronicle of Redondillas, which is lost.

It was in the time of Alphonso XI. that Don Juan Manuel wrote his Count Lucanor, a series of tales put together somewhat in the style of the "Seven Wise Masters." An inexperienced prince, when in any difficulty, applies to his minister for advice, who replies by relating some tale or fable, concluded by a maxim in verse, as the moral of the story. These show his knowledge of the world; and one, in opposition to that of the Grecian sage, who said, men were to treat their friends as if they were one day to become their enemies, deserves to be recorded in honour of the more noble-minded Castilian;

" Quien te conseja encobrir de tus amigos,
engañarte quiera assaz, y sin testigos."

"Whoever counsels you to be reserved with your friends, wishes to betray you without witnesses." Count Lucanor is praised for the artless simplicity of its style, joined to acuteness of observation. In addition, Manuel composed a Chronicle of Spain, and other prose works, as well as several poems.

The civil wars and rebellions that desolated Spain at this time checked the literary spirit, and prevented the cultivation of learning. Juan Ruiz, arch-priest of Hita, and Ayala, the historiographer, are almost the only names we find in addition to those already mentioned. Juan Ruiz wrote an allegorical satire in Castilian Alexandrines.

With John II., who reigned from 1407 to 1454, began a brighter æra. Politically, his reign was disastrous and stormy. The monarchy was threatened with destruction, and the king had not sufficient firmness to make himself respected. His love of poetry and learning, sympathised in by many of his nobles, secured him, however, the affections of his adherents; and in the midst of civil commotion, despite his deficiency of resolution, there gathered round him a court faithful to his cause, and civilised by its love of letters. The marquess of Villena had already distinguished himself; he was

so celebrated for his acquirements in natural and metaphysical knowledge that he came to be looked on as a magician. He was admired also as a poet. He wrote an allegorical drama, which was represented at court. He translated the Æneid, and extended his patronage and protection to other poets by instituting floral games. To instruct them, he wrote a sort of Art of Poetry, termed *La Gaya Ciencia*. In it he praises, as Petrarch had done at the Neapolitan court, the uses of poetry. "So great," he says, "are the benefits derived from this science on civil life, banishing indolence and employing noble minds in useful inquiries, that other nations have sought and established among themselves schools for this art, so that it became spread through various parts of the world." The zeal of this noble elevated the art he protected; he inspired others, as well born as himself, with equal enthusiasm, and was the patron of those less fortunate in worldly advantages. He died at Madrid in 1434.

His friend and pupil, the marquess of Santillana, was a better poet. Quintana remarks of him that "he was one of the most generous and valiant knights that adorned his age. A learned man, an easy and sweet love poet, just and serious in sentiment." His elegy on the death of the marquess of Villena is the most celebrated of his poems. Other names occur of less note. Jorge Manrique, who has left a fragment of poetry more purely written than belongs to his age. Garci Sanchez of Badajos, and Marcias. This last is less known for his poetry, of which we possess only four songs, than for his melancholy death. He loved one who refused to, or, disdainingly, him, married another. But still he was unable to conquer his fatal attachment. The husband obtained that he should be thrown into prison; but this did not suffice for his vengeance, nor are we surprised when we know the delicate sense of connubial honour entertained by the Spaniards. He, the husband, concerted with the alcaide of the tower in which Marcias was imprisoned, and found means to

throw his lance at him as he stood at a window. Marcias was at this moment singing one of the songs he had composed upon the lady of his love; the lance pierced him to the heart, and he died with the tale of passion still hovering on his lips. These circumstances, and probably the enthusiastic and amiable qualities of the poet, rendered him an object of reverence and regret to his countrymen. He was surnamed the Enemorado, and his name, grown into a proverb, is still the synonyme in Spain for a martyr to devoted love. His contemporary, Juan de Mena, has commemorated his death in some of the sweetest and most poetic verses of his *Labyrinth*.

Juan de Mena is often called the Ennius of Spain. He is the most renowned of the writers of that early age. He was born at Cordova in about the year 1412. Cordova, the seat of the most famous Moorish university, had just been recovered by the Christians. Juan de Mena was sprung from a respectable though not noble family; at the age of twenty-three he fulfilled some civil office in his native city, of which in after times he spoke with affection, as we find these lines in one of his poems:—

“Thou flower of wisdom and of chivalry,
Cordova, mother mine! forgive thy son,
If in the music of my lyre, no tone
Be sweet and loud enough to honour thee.
Models of wisdom and of bravery
I see reflected through thy annals bright.
I will not praise thee, praise thee though I might,
Lest I of flattery should suspected be.”*

Juan de Mena studied, however, at the university of Salamanca, and, induced by a love of inquiry and desire to gain knowledge, made a journey to Rome. Sismondi says, “On becoming acquainted with the poetry of Dante, his imagination received no inspiration, and his taste was spoilt. His greatest work is called *El*

* “O flor de saber y cabelleria,
Cordoba madre, tu hijo perdona,
si en los cantares, que agora pregona
no divulgaré tu sabiduria.
De sabios, valientes loarte podria
qui fueron espejo muy maravilloso;
por ser de ti mismo, seré sopechoso,
diran que los pinto mejor que debia.”

Wiffen's Life of Garcilaso.

Labyrinth, or Las Trescientos Coplas ; it is an allegory, in tetradactyls, of human life." A man is more likely to be incited by the spirit of his age than a single poem. Dante and his contemporaries had most at heart the instructing of their fellow-creatures. The great Tuscan poet, in his Divina Commedia, had the design of comprehending all human knowledge ; and the literary men of those days considered visions the proper poetical mode of conveying the secrets of nature and of morals. It is no wonder that Juan de Mena, whose poetic genius was certainly not of the highest description (it might be compared to that of Bruno Latini, the master of Dante), was more led away by the theories and tenets he must have heard continually discussed in conversation in Italy, and endeavoured, as his highest aim, rather to instruct his countrymen in the mysteries of life and death, nature and philosophy, than to express actions and feelings in such harmonious numbers as he heard frequently carolled among the hills, or sung at night beneath some beauty's window. The romances we now prize, as the genuine and poetic expression of the passions of man, could not in his eyes aspire to the height of the muse, whom he sought to gift with the power of penetrating and explaining the mysteries of life and death — the globe and all that it contains.

In this manner, however, he excited the respect of the patrons of learning. King John and the marquess of Santillana both honoured and loved him ; he was named one of the king's historiographers, an institution originating with Alphonso X., and those appointed to it were expected to continue the national chronicles down to their own time. Juan de Mena lived in high favour at the court of John II., and constantly adhered to him. He died in 1456, at Guadalaxara in New Castille, and the marquess of Santillana erected a monument to him.

Quintana speaks of the *Labyrinth* as "the most interesting monument of Spanish poetry in that age, which left all contemporary writers far behind him." But after all, it is a mere specimen of the poetic art of those days :

not like Dante, could he put a human soul into his allegory, which wins and enchants with ever renewing interest, nor adorn visible objects with that truth and delicacy, and vividness of description, in which art Dante has been unsurpassed by any poet of any age or country. Juan de Mena's allegory is heavy, his details tiresome, the interest absolutely null, and his poetical invention, such as it was, subordinate to false learning.

He intends to sing of the vicissitudes of fortune, ruled, as they are, by the seven planets, to whom Providence gives such power. He invokes Apollo and Calliope, and then apostrophises Fortune, asking leave to blame her when she may deserve censure. He then, in imitation of all vision-writers, loses himself, when a lady of wonderful beauty appears, and presents herself to him as his guide. The lady is Providence: she bids him look, and he goes on to describe what he saw: —

Turning my eyes to where she bade me gaze,
Behold, three ponderous wheels I saw within ;
And two were still — nor even moved their place ;
The other swiftly, round and round, did spin.
Below them on the ground I saw the space
O'erspread by nations vast, who once had been,
And each upon the brow engraven wore
The name and fate the which on earth they bore.

And in one wheel that stood immoveable
I saw the gatherings of a future race ;
And that, which to the ground was doomed to fall,
A dark veil cast upon the hideous place,
Covered with all her dead.— I was not able
The meaning of the sight I saw to trace ;
So I implored my guide that she would show
The meaning of the vision there below. *

* “ Bolviendo los ojos a do me mandava,
vi mas adentro muy grandes tres ruedas,
las dos gran firmes, immotas y quedas
mas la del medio boltar no cessava.
Vi que debaxo de todos estava
caida por tierra grand gente infinita,
que avia en la fronte cada qual escrita,
el mombre y la suerte por donde passava.

Y vi que en la una que no se movia,
la gente que en ella avia de ser,
y la que debaxo esperaba caer
con turbido velo sumorte cubria.
Y yo que de aquello muy poco sentia,
fiz de mi dubda completa palabra ;
a mi guiadora, rogando que me abra
a questa figura que yo no entendia.”

The wheels of course represent the past, present, and future, each governed by the seven planets. Providence points out the various personages distinguished in the wheel of the past and the present; and the poet has thus occasion to make great display of knowledge on every subject, and deduces from time to time maxims upon the conduct of life and the government of nations; and thus, as Dante intended in his *Commedia*, does Juan de Mena introduce instruction on all the sciences then known. In common with every writer of his class, he thinks more of what he has to say, than of the melody of his versification; sometimes his subject suggests lines at once animated and sonorous; at other times they are tame or turgid. He is not backward in giving moral lessons, either to prince or people; yet Quintana regards this work probably with too much partiality when he says that we shall always dip into it with pleasure. We regard it with some curiosity, and more respect, and with but little liking.

One other name we will mention, since it is connected with the Spanish theatre; and dramatic writing became in progress of time the most truly national as well as original and perfect form in which the genius of Spanish poetry embodied itself. Juan de Enzina wrote the first Spanish plays. It is true that Villena wrote an allegorical drama, which is lost, and other compositions took the form of dialogue; but Enzina, who was a musical composer, converted mere pastoral eclogues into real dramas. He was born at Salamanca, in the reign of Isabella. He travelled to Jerusalem, in company with the marquis de Tarifa, and he lived some time at Rome, as maestro da capella, or director of music, to pope Leo X. These travels and residences at a distance from his native country, must have stored his mind with ideas; but though Italy had reached the zenith of her poetic glory at that time, he became no pupil of hers. Perhaps he found Spanish metres, and the Spanish poetic diction did not lend itself to any but the Spanish style; and he never dreamt, as Boscan afterwards so admirably succeeded in doing, of

enlarging the sphere of Spanish poetry by introducing Italian modes of rhythm: his songs and lyrics are in the style of the *cancioneros*; and the very quips and cranks in which he indulged have the rough humour and extravagant imagination of Castile, not the pointed wit or airy lightness of Italy. Among other things, he published a song of contraries, or absurdities, (*disparates*), which has made his name proverbial in Spain. He converted Virgil's eclogues into ballads, and applied to the sovereigns and nobles of Spain the compliments Virgil addressed to the emperor Augustus. His sacred and profane eclogues were acted at court at Christmas-eve and carnival: these are lost. Some of his songs, calculated to become popular from their spirit, and the tone they seized, which was suited to the hour, remain. There is one translated by Dr. Bowring, which is a Farewell to the Carnival (*Antruejo*), which, in the Spanish at least, has all the zest and animation of a drinking song: —

“ Come let us eat and drink to-day,
And sing, and laugh, and banish sorrow,
For we must part to-morrow.

In Antruejo's honour — fill
The laughing cup with wine and glee,
And feast and dance with eager will,
And crowd the hours with revelry,
For that is wisdom's counsel still —
To day be gay, and banish sorrow,
For we must part to-morrow.

Honour the saint — the morning ray
Will introduce the monster death;
There's breathing space for joy to-day,
To-morrow ye shall gasp for breath;
So now be frolicsome and gay,
And tread joy's round and banish sorrow,
For we must part to-morrow.”*

* “ Hoy comamos y bebamos,
y cantemos y holguemos
que mañana ayunaremos.

Por honra de San Antruejo
paremonos hoy bien anchos,
embutamos estos panchos,
recalquemos el pellejo
que costumbre es de concejo

que todo hoy nos hartemos,
pues mañana ayunaremos.

Honremos a tan buen santo
que mañana viene la muerte,
comamos, bebemos huerte
que mañana habra quebranto
comamos, bebamos tanto
hasta que nos reventemos,
pues mañana ayunaremos.”

Meanwhile the state of Spain had wholly changed. The struggle with the Moors had ended, and its civil dissensions were no more. The union of the crowns of Aragon and Castile under Ferdinand and Isabella placed the country under one sovereign ; and the conquest of Granada put an end to the last Moorish kingdom. The Spaniards, with their constitutional Cortes, made a noble struggle for civil liberty at the beginning of the reign of Charles V. ; but they failed, and an absolute monarchy, guarded by the most nefarious of all institutions, the inquisition, was established ; the vaunted privileges of the grandes of Spain became matters of court etiquette, instead of lofty manifestations of their equality with their sovereign ; the conquest of America brought money to the country, which was quickly drained from it by the wars in Italy ; while the Lutheran heresy again set alight those cruel fires which were at first destined for aliens, — such Jews and Moors might be termed. Liberty of thought, as well as of action, was destroyed ; and though the terrors of the inquisition were displayed more in Flanders than in the Peninsula itself, that arose from the circumstance that in the one country it was resisted, while in the other it was submitted to with a prostration of soul unknown to any other country or age.

For a time, however, the energies of the nation were rather turned aside than checked by these events. The noble spirit of Padilla existed in the Spanish bosom, though turned from its elevated patriotism. The achievements of Charles V. awoke enthusiastic loyalty ; while his enterprises gave birth to a series of warriors and heroes. Their vast acquisitions in what they named the Indies, added to the splendour of the Spanish name. Glory, if not liberty ; pride, though not independence, awoke in them a courageous and daring, though stern and cruel spirit, which led to those successes which spread a lustre over their name and age. But at the same time it must be observed, that these very wars and conquests drained Spain of those ardent and enterprising spirits, who,

if they had not been so employed, had probably exerted themselves to free their country, and to withstand those encroachments of royalty, and the church, which, after the lapse of a few years, acted so detrimentally on the prosperity of Spain.

The crown of Castile also rose in eminence over that of Aragon, and the Castilian became the language of the court. Writers, in whatever province their birth-place might be cast, adopted Castilian as the classic language of the country.

Juan de Enzina, though he had sojourned in Italy, became imbued by none of its spirit. It could not always be thus. The Neapolitan wars in the time of Ferdinand caused numbers of Spaniards to visit Italy. From the very beginning of the reign of Charles V., these wars increased in importance, and the intercourse between the two countries became more frequent and intimate. The time therefore was at hand when Spain would learn from Italy that poetic art in which she was yet a child, though a child of genius. At this epoch we commence the lives of the literary men of Spain. They came out many at once, like a constellation. The first in the list were born either quite at the end of the fifteenth, or at the very commencement of the sixteenth century, and accordingly were contemporaries of Charles V.

BOSCAN.

1500 — 1543.

THE first Spanish poet who introduced the Italian style was Mosen Juan Boscan Almogaver. He was a man of mild and contemplative disposition, and thus fitted to receive the shackles of rules of taste from others, at the same time that, being a genuine poet, he could animate the harmony and grace of his versification with earnest sentiments and original thought. Restrain himself as he would, the genius of the Spanish language and early association, forced him into greater vividness and simplicity of expression than his Italian prototypes; and at the same time, being a Catalonian, the very language of Castile, which, as having become the classic language of his country, he adopted, was to a certain degree a foreign tongue, and he could more easily abandon the peculiar rhythm of its national poetry for versification, such as was to be found in the productions of the Provençal poets, to which his native country and dialect were akin.

Little is known of the life of Boscan beyond its mere outline. He was born at Barcelona at the close of the fifteenth century, of a noble and ancient family. He followed the career of arms in his youth, and travelled during a few years. He married donna Ana Giron de Rebolledo, a lady of distinguished birth; and he commemorates their domestic happiness in his verses, dwelling on the detail with all the fondness and pride that springs from a thankful enjoyment of a tranquil life. After his marriage he resided almost constantly at his native town of Barcelona, though sometimes he attended the court of the emperor Charles V., where he was held in high consideration. At one time, strange to say, he filled the office of governor to the youthful duke of Alva, whose cruelties have

gained for him such ill renown. That he was so, is rather a blot in his character with us; among his countrymen it is otherwise. Spanish writers regard the duke of Alva as a hero. His crimes had place in a distant land — in his own he was distinguished for his magnificence and his talents, while his very bigotry was considered a virtue. When, therefore, Sedano mentions this circumstance, he speaks of it with pride, saying, “ Boscan’s rank, joined to his blameless manners and his talents, caused him to be chosen governor to the great duke of Alva, don Fernando, which office he filled with success, as is proved by the heroic virtues that adorned the soul of his pupil, which were the result of Boscan’s education.”

From early youth Boscan was a poet; at first he wrote in the old Spanish style; but he was still young when his attention was called to the classic productions of Italy, and he was incited to adopt the Italian versification and elegiac style, so to enlarge the sphere of Spanish poetry. It was in the year 1525 that Andrea Navagero came as ambassador from Venice to the court of the emperor Charles V. at Toledo. The Venetian was of noble birth, and so addicted to study as to injure his health by the severity of his application.* A state of melancholy ensued, only to be alleviated by travel. He was familiar with Greek and Latin literature, and cultivated a refined taste that could scarcely be satisfied by the most finished productions of his native land, while he exercised the severest judgment, even to the destruction of his own. At Toledo he fell in with Boscan and Garcilaso. Their tastes, their love of poetry and of the classics, were the same; and the superior learning of the Italian led him to act the preceptor to his younger friends. Through his arguments they were led to quit the composition of their national redondillas, and to aspire to introduce more elegance and a wider scope of ideas into their native poetry. Boscan, in his dedication of a volume

* Wiffen’s *Life of Garcilaso de la Vega*: who gives us translations of some very pleasing Latin verses by Navagero.

of his poems, which included several of Garcilaso's, to the duchess of Soma, thus mentions the circumstances that led them to contemplate this change: "Conversing one day on literary subjects with Navagero the Venetian ambassador (whom I wish to mention to your ladyship as a man of great celebrity in these days), and particularly upon the different genius of various languages, he inquired of me why, in Castilian, we never attempted sonnets and other kinds of composition used by the best writers in Italy; he not only said this, but urged me to set the example. A few days after I departed home, and musing on a variety of things during a long and solitary journey, frequently reflected on Navagero's advice, and thus at length began the attempt. I found at first some difficulty, as this kind of versification is extremely complex, and has many peculiarities different from ours; but afterwards, from the partiality we naturally entertain towards our own productions, I thought I had succeeded well, and gradually grew warm and eager in the pursuit. This, however, would not have been sufficient to stimulate me to proceed, had not Garcilaso encouraged me, whose judgment, not only in my opinion, but in that of the whole world, is esteemed a certain rule. Praising uniformly my essays, and giving me the highest possible mark of approbation in following himself my example, he induced me to devote myself exclusively to the undertaking."

Every thing combines to give us the idea of Boscan as a good and a happy man, enjoying so much of prosperity and rank as would make him feel satisfied and complacent, and endowed with such talents as rendered poetry a pleasing occupation, and the fame he acquired delightful. Blessed with a mild and affectionate disposition, happily married, living contented, he possessed advantages that must have added greatly to his happiness, through the good fortune which gave him accomplished and noble friends, addicted to the same studies, delighting in the same pursuits, sympathising in his views, and

affording him the assistance of their applause and imitation. What we know of Boscan, indeed, is principally through the mention made of him by his friends. Garcilaso de la Vega, superior to his friend as a poet, was one of those gallant spirits whose existence is a poem, and was closely allied to him in friendship. It was through Garcilaso's advice and encouragement that Boscan translated Castiglione's *Libro del Cortigiano*, — a book then just published, and which enjoyed the highest repute in Italy. The translation was accompanied by a dedication written by Garcilaso, which Sedano praises as "an exquisite piece of eloquence," in which he speaks of his friend with the fond praise which genuine affection inspires. Several of Garcilaso's sonnets, an epistle, and an elegy, are addressed to Boscan, and all breathe a mixture of friendship and esteem delightful to contemplate. He mentions him also in his second eclogue. When describing the sculpture on a vase of the God of the river Tormes, he describes don Fernando, duke of Alva, as being depicted among other heroes of the age, and Boscan, in attendance, as his preceptor. It must be remembered, that when this elegy was written, the duke was in the bloom of youth, and regarded as the man of promise of his age; while his life was yet unstained by the crimes that render him hateful in our eyes. It is a sage named Severo who is gazing on the urn of old Tormes.

" Next as his looks along the sculptures glanced,
 A youth with Phœbus hand in hand advanced;
 Courteous his air, from his ingenuous face,
 Inform'd with wisdom, modesty, and grace,
 And every mild affection, at a scan
 The passer-by would mark him for a man,
 Perfect in all gentilities of mind
 That sweeten life and harmonise mankind.
 The form which lively thus the sculptor drew,
 Assured Severo in an instant knew,
 For him who had by careful culture shown
 Fernando's spirit, lovely as his own;
 Had given him grace, sincerity, and ease,
 The pure politeness that aspires to please,
 The candid virtues that disdain pretence,
 And martial manliness, and sprightly sense,
 With all the generous courtesies enshrined
 In the fair temple of Fernando's mind.

When well surveyed his name Severo read,
 'BOSCAN!' whose genius o'er the world is spread,
 In whose illumined aspect shines the fire
 That, stream'd from Delphos, lights him to the lyre,
 And warms those songs which with mankind shall stay
 Whilst endless ages roll unfelt away." *

Besides Garcilaso, Boscan enjoyed the friendship of a man, far different in the qualities of his mind, but of high powers of intellect, and of a noble though arrogant and proud disposition. The epistles in verse that passed between Boscan and don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza prove the friendship that subsisted between them, and the esteem in which Boscan was held; at the same time they present a delightful picture of the tranquil happiness which the poet enjoyed. Mendoza's epistle is imitated from Horace; it is written in praise of a tranquil life. At the conclusion it describes the delights of a rural seclusion, ornamented by all the charms of nature; and he introduces his friend as enjoying these in perfection, attended on by his wife, who plucks for him the rarest grapes and ripe fruit, — the fresh and sweet gifts of summer, — waiting on him with diligence and joy, proud and happy in her task. Boscan, in his reply, dilates on the subject, and fills up the picture with a thousand graces and refinements of feeling drawn from nature, and which coming warm from the heart, reach our own.

I am tempted to introduce a portion of this epistle. The fault of the Spaniards in their literature is diffuseness; I have therefore endeavoured in some degree to compress the rambling of the poet, while I suppress no sentiment, nor introduce a new idea. Little used to versification, my translation wants smoothness; but presenting, as it does, a picture of domestic life, such as was passed at a distant age and in a distant land, yet resembling so nearly our own notions of the pleasures of home, I think it cannot fail to interest the reader.

Boscan commences, in imitation of Horace, by commending the tranquillity enjoyed in a middle station of life. He then goes on to adorn his canvass with a picture of conjugal attachment and happiness:—

* Wiffen's translation of Garcilaso's poems.

'Tis peace that makes a happy life ; *
 And that is mine through my sweet wife ;
 Beginning of my soul and end,
 I've gain'd new being from this friend,—
 She fills each thought, and each desire,
 Up to the height I would aspire.
 This bliss is never found by ranging ;
 Regret still springs from saddest changing ;
 Such loves and their beguiling pleasures,
 Are fals'er still than magic treasures,
 Which gleam at eve with golden colour,
 And change to ashes ere the morrow.
 But now each good that I possess,
 Rooted in truth and faithfulness,
 Imparts delight to every sense ;
 For erst they were a mere pretence,
 And long before enjoy'd they were,
 They changed their smiles to grizly care.
 Now pleasures please — love being single —
 Evils with its delights ne'er mingle.
 My bed's become a place of rest,
 Two souls repose on one soft breast ;
 And still in peace my simple board
 Is spread, and tranquil feasts afford.
 Before, to eat I scarce was able,
 Some harpy hover'd o'er my table,
 Spoiling each dish when I would dine,
 And mingling gall with gladsome wine.

*“ Y así yo por seguir aquesta via,
 heme casado con una muger
 que es principio y fin del alma mia.
 Esta me ha dado luego un nuevo ser,
 con tal felicidad que me sostiene
 llena la voluntad y el entender.
 Esta me hace vcr que ella conviene
 á mi, y las otras no me convenian ;
 á esta tengo yo, y ella me tiene.
 En mi las otras iban y venian,
 y a poder de mudanzas a montones
 de mi puro dolor se mantenian.
 Eran ya para mi sus galardones
 como tesoros por encantamientos,
 que luego se volvia en carbonés.
 Ahora son bienes que en mi siento
 firmes, macizos, con verdad fundados,
 y sabrosos en todo el sentimiento.
 Solian mis placeres dar cuidados
 y al tiempo que llegaban a gustarse
 ya llegaban a mi casi dañados.
 Ahora el bien es bien para gozarse,
 y el placer es lo que es, que siempre place,
 y el mal ya con el bien no ha de juntarse.
 Al satisfecho todo satisface
 y así tambien a mí por lo que he hecho
 quanto quiero y deseo se me hace.
 el campo que era de batalla el lecho
 ya es lecho para mí de paz durable
 dos almas hay conformes en un pecho.
 La mesa en otro tiempo abominable
 y el triste pan que en ella yo comia,
 y el vino que bebia iamentable ;
 infestandome siempre alguna harpia
 que en mitad del deleyte mi vianda
 con anargos potages envolvia.

Now the content that foolish I
 Still miss'd in my philosophy,
 My wife with tender smiles bestows,
 And makes me triumph o'er my woes ;
 While with her finger she effaces
 Of my past folly all the traces,
 And graving pleasant thoughts instead,
 Bids me rejoice that I am wed.

* * *
 And thus, by moderation bounded,
 I live by my own goods surrounded.
 Among my friends, my table spread
 With viands we may eat nor dread;
 And at my side my sweetest wife,
 Whose gentleness admits no strife,—
 Except of jealousy the fear,
 Whose soft reproaches more endear.
 Our darling children round us gather,
 Children who will make me grandfather.
 And thus we pass in town our days,
 Till the confinement something weighs;
 Then to our village haunt we fly,
 Taking some pleasant company —
 While those we love not never come
 Anear our rustic leafy home ;
 For better 't is t' philosophise,
 And learn a lesson truly wise,
 From lowing herd and bleating flock,
 Than from some men of vulgar stock ;

Ahora el casto amor acude y manda
 que todo se me haga muy sabroso,
 andando siempre todo como anda.

De manera, Señor, que aquel reposo
 que nunca alcance yo por mi ventura
 con mi filosofar triste y penoso,
 Una sola muger me le asegura,
 y en perfeta sazón me da en las manos
 vitoria general de mi tristura.
 y aquellos pensamientos míos tan vanos
 ella los va borrando con el dedo,
 y escribe en lugar de ellos otros sanos.

* * *
 Dejenme estar contento entre mis cosas
 comiendo en compañía mansamente
 comidas que no sean sospechosas.

Conmigo y mi muger sabrosamente
 esté, y alguna vez me pida celos
 con tal que me los pida blandamente.
 Comamos y bebamos sin recelos
 la mesa de muchachos rodeada ;
 muchachos che nos hagan ser abuelos.

Pasarémos así nuestra jornada
 ahora en la ciudad, ahora en la Aldea,
 porque la vida esté mas descansada.
 Quando pesada la Ciudad nos sea
 irémos al Lugar con la compañía
 A donde el importuno no nos vea.

Alli se vivira con menos maña,
 y no habrá el hombre tanto guardarse
 del malo o del grosero que os engaña.
 Alli podrá mejor filosofarse,
 con los bueyes y cabras y ovejas
 que con los que del vulgo han de tratarse.

And rustics, as they hold the plough,
 May often good advice bestow.
 Of love, too, we may have the joy—
 For Phœbus as a shepherd boy
 Wander'd once among the clover,
 Of some fair shepherdess the lover ;
 And Venus wept in rustic bower,
 Adonis turn'd to purple flower ;
 And Bacchus midst the mountains derar,
 Forgot the pangs of jealous fear ;
 And nymphs that in the waters play,
 ('Tis thus that ancient fables say),
 And dryads fair among the trees,
 Fain the sprightly fawns would please.
 So in their footsteps follow we,
 My wife and I, — as fond and free,—
 Love in our thoughts and in our talk,
 Direct we slow our saunt'ring walk,
 To some near murm'ring rivulet ;
 Where 'neath a shady beech we sit,
 Hand clasp'd in hand, and side by side,
 With some sweet kisses too beside,
 Contending there, in combat kind,
 Which best can love with constant mind.
 As the stream flows among the grass,
 Thus life's clear stream with us does pass :
 We take no count of day nor night,
 While, minist'ring to our delight,
 Nightingales all sweetly sing,
 And loving doves, with folded wing,
 Above our heads are heard to coo ;
 And far's the ill-betiding crow.
 We do not think of cities then,
 Nor envy the resorts of men,—

Allí no serán malas las consejas
 que contarán los simples labradores
 viniendo de arrastrar las duras rejas.
 ¿Será pues malo allí tratar de amores
 Viendo que Apolo con su gentileza
 Anduvo enamorado entre pastores ?
 ¿ y Venus no se vió en grande estrechez
 por Adonis vagando entre los prados ?
 segun la antigüedad asi lo reza ?
 ¿ y Baco no sintió fuertes cuidados
 por la cuitada que quedó durmiendo
 en mitad de los montes despoblados ?
 Las ninas por las aguas pareciendo,
 y entre las arboledas las Driadas
 se ven con los Faunos rebullendo.
 Nosotros seguiremos sus pisadas ;
 digo yo y mi muger, nos andaremos
 tratando allí las cosas namoradas.
 A do corra algun rio nos iremos,
 y a la sombra de alguna verde haya
 a do estemos mejor nos sentaremos.
 Tenderme ha allí la alda de su saya
 y en regalos de amor habrá porfia
 qual de entrambos hará mas alta raya.
 El rio correrá por do es su via
 nosotros correremos por la nuestra
 sin pensar en el noene ni en la dia.
 El ruiseñor nos cantara a la diestra
 y vendra sin el cuerbo la paloma
 haciendo a su venida alegre muestra.

Of Italy, the softer pleasures,
 Of Asia too, the golden treasures,
 All these are nothing in our eyes ;
 The while a book beside us lies,
 Which tells the tales of olden time,
 Of gods and men the hests sublime,—
 Æneas' voyage by Virgil told,
 Or song divine of Homer old,
 Achilles' wrath and all his glory,
 Or wandering Ulysses' story,
 Propertius too, who well indites,
 And the soft plaints Catullus writes ;
 These will remind me of past grief,
 Till, thinking of the sweet relief
 My wedded state confers on me,
 My bygone 'scapes I careless eye.
 O what are all those struggles past,
 The fiery pangs which did not last,
 Now that I live secure for aye,
 In my dear wife's sweet company ?
 I have no reason to repine —
 My joys are her's, and her's are mine ;
 Our tranquil hearts their feelings share,
 And all our pleasures mutual are.
 Our eyes drink in the shady light
 Of wood, and vale, and grassy height ;

No tendremos envidia al que está en Roma
 ni a los tesoros de los Asianos,
 ni a quanto por acá de la India asoma.
 Tendremos nuestros libros en las manos
 y no se cansaran de andar contando
 los hechos celestiales y mundanos
 Virgilio a Eneas estará cantando,
 y Homero el corazon de Aquiles fiero,
 y el navegar de Ulises rodeando.
 Propercio vendrá alli por compañero
 el qual dirá con dulces armonias
 del arte que a su Cintia amo primero.
 Catulo acudirá por otras vias,
 y llorando de Lesbia los amores
 sus trampas llorará y chocarrerias.
 Esto me advertirá de mis dolores —
 pero volviendo a mi placer presente
 tendré mis escarmientos por mejores.
 Ganancia sacaré del accidente
 que otro tiempo mi sentir turbava
 trayendome perdido entre la gente.
 ¿ Que haré de acordarme qual estaba
 viendome qual estoy, que estoy seguro
 de nunca mas pasar lo que pasaba ?
 En mi fuerte estaré dentro en mi muro
 sin locura de amor ni fantasia
 que mi pueda vencer con su conjuro.
 Como digo estaré en mi compañia
 en todo me hara el camino llano
 su alegria mezclando con la mia.
 Su mano me dara dentro en mi mano,
 y acudiran deleytes y blanduras
 de un sano corazon en otro sano.
 Los ojos holgarán con las verduras
 de los montes y prados que veremos
 y con las sembras de las espesuras.
 El correr de las aguas oiremos

We hear the waters as they stray,
 And from the mountains wend their way,
 Leaping all lightly down the steep,
 Till at our feet they murm'ring creep;
 And fanning us, the evening breeze,
 Plays gamesomely among the trees;
 While bleating flocks, as day grows cold,
 Gladly seek their shelt'ring fold.
 And when the sun is on the hill,
 And shadows vast the valleys fill,
 And waning day, grown near its close,¹
 Sends tired men to their repose;
 We to our villa saunt'ring walk,
 And of the things we see we talk.
 Our friends come out in gayest cheer,
 To welcome us — and fain would hear,
 If my sweet wife be tired — and smile —
 Inviting us to rest the while.
 Then to sup we take our seat,
 Our table plentiful and neat,
 Our viands without sauces drest,
 Good appetite the healthy zest
 To fruits we've pluck'd in our own bowers,
 And gaily deck'd with od'rous flowers,
 And rustic dainties, — many a one.
 When this is o'er and supper done,

y su blando venir por las montañas
 que a su paso vendrán donde estaremos
 El ayre moverá las verdes cañas
 y volveran entomes los ganados
 balando por llegar á sus cabañas.

En esto ya que el sol por los collados
 sus largas sombras andara encumbrando,
 enviando reposo a los cansados,
 nosotros nos iremos paseando
 acia al lugar do está nuestra morada,
 en cosas que veremos platicando.

La compañía saldrá regocijada
 a tomarnos entonces con gran fiesta
 diciendo a mi muger si está cansada.

Veremos al entrar le mesa puesta,
 y todo en buen concepto aparejado
 como es uso de casa bien compuesta.

Despues que un poco habremos reposado
 sin ver bullir, andar yendo y viniendo,
 y a cenar non habremos asentado.

Nuestros mozos vendrán allí trayendo
 viandas naturales y gustosas
 que nuestro gusto esten todo moviendo.

Frutas pondrán maduras y sabrosas
 por nosotros las mas de ellas cogidas,
 embueltas en mil flores olorosas.

Las natas por los platos estendidas
 acudirán y el blanco requeson,
 y otras que dan cabras paridas.

Despues de esto vendrá el tierno lechon
 con el conejo gordo, y gazapito,
 y aquellos pollos que de pasto son.

vendra tambien allí el nuevo cabrito
 que a su madre jamas habrá seguido
 por el tiempo de tierno y de chiquito.

Despues que todo esto haga venido,

The evening passes swift along,
 In converse gay and sweetest song ;
 Till slumber, stealing to the eye,
 Bids us to our couches hie.
 I will not tell what there we do,
 Even, dearest friend, to you ;
 Enough that lovers ever share
 Delights when they together are.

Thus our village life we live,
 And day by day such joys receive ;
 Till, to change the homely scene,
 Lest it pall while too serene,
 To the gay city we remove,
 Where other things there are to love ;
 And graced by novelty we find
 The city's concourse to our mind.
 While our new coming gives a joy,
 Which ever staying might destroy,
 We spare all tedious compliment —
 Yet courtesy with kind intent,
 Which savage tongues alone abuse,
 Will often the same language use.
 Thus in content we thankful live,
 And for one ill for which we grieve,
 How much of good our dear home blesses ;
 Mortals must ever find distresses,
 But sorrow loses half its weight —
 And every moment has its freight

y que nosotros descansadamente
 en nuestra cena hayamos bien comido,
 pasaremos la noche dulcemente
 hasta venir el tiempo que la gana
 del dormir toma al hombre comunmente.
 Lo que desde este tiempo alla mañana
 pasáre, pase ahora sin contarse,
 pues no cura mi pluma de ser vana :
 basta saver que dos que tanto amarse
 pudieron, no podran hallar momento
 en que puedan dejar siempre de holgarse.
 Pero tornando a proseguir el cuento,
 nuestro vivir será de vida entera
 viviendo en el aldea como cuénto.
 Tras esto ya que el corazon se quiera
 desenfadar con variar la vida
 tornando nuevo gusto en su manera,
 a la ciudad será nuestra partida
 a donde todo nos será placiente
 con el nuevo placer de la venida.
 Holgarémos entonces con la gente,
 y con la novedad de haber llegado
 trataremos con todos blandamente.
 Y el cumplimiento que es siempre pesado
 a lo menos aquel que de ser vano,
 no es menos enojoso que escusado ;
 Alaballe esterá muy en la mano,
 y decir que por solo el cumplimiento
 se conserva en el mundo el trato humano.
 Nuestro vivir asi esterá contento,
 y alcanzaremos mil ratos gozosos
 en recompensa de un desabrimiento.
 Y aunque a veces no faltan enojos,
 todavia entre nuestros conocidos
 dulces serán mas y los sabrosos.

Of joy—which our dear friends impart,
 And with their kindness cheer my heart,
 While, never weary us to visit,
 They seek our house when we are in it :
 If we are out it gives them pain,
 And on the morrow come again.
 Noble Dural can cure our sadness,
 With the infection of his gladness :
 Augustin too — well read in pages,
 Productions of the ancient sages,
 And the romances of our Spain—
 Will give us back our smiles again ;
 While he with a noble gravity,
 Adorned by the gentlest suavity,
 Recounts us many a tale or fable,
 Which well to tell he is most able ;
 Serious, mingled with jokes and glee,
 The which as light and shade agree.
 And Monleon, our dearest guest,
 Will raise our mirth by many a jest ;
 For while his laughter rings again,
 Can we to echo it refrain ?
 And other merriment is ours,
 To gild with joy the lightsome hours.
 But all too trivial would it look,
 Written down gravely in a book :
 And it is time to say adieu,
 Though more I have to write to you.
 Another letter this shall tell,
 So now, my dearest friend, farewell !

Pues ya con los amigos mas queridos
 que será el alborozo y el placer
 y el bullicio de ser recién venidos.
 Que será el nunca hartarnos de nos ver,
 y el buscarnos cada hora y cada punto
 y el pesar de buscarse sin se ver.
 Mosen Dural allí estera muy junto,
 haciendo con su trato y su nobleza
 sobre nuestro placer el contrapunto.
 Y con su buen burlar y su llaneza
 no sufrirá un momento tan ruin
 que en nuestro gran placer muestre tristeza.
 No faltera Geronimo Augustin
 con su saber sabroso y agradable,
 no menos que en romance en el latin :
 el qual con gravidad mansa y tratable
 Contando cosa bien por el notadas,
 nuestro buen conversar hará durable.
 Las burlas andaran por el mezcladas
 con las veras así con tal razon
 que unas de otras serán bien ayudadas.
 En esto acudira el buen Monleon
 con el qual todos mucho holgarèmos,
 y nosotros y quantos con el son,
 El nos dirá, y nosotros gustaremos,
 el reira, y hara que nos riamos,
 Y en esto enfadarse ha de quanto harémos.
 Otras cosa habrá que las callamos,
 porque tan buenas son para hacerse
 que pierden el valor si las hablamos.
 Pero tiempo es en fin de recogerse,
 porque haya mas para otro mensagero,
 que si mi cuenta no ha de deshacerse
 no será, y os prometo, este el postrero.”

Thus lived Boscan, enjoying all that human nature can conceive of happiness. One of his tasks, after the lamented death of Garcilaso, was to collect his poems, and to publish several in a volume with his own. The date of his death is uncertain: it took place, however, before the year 1543; so that he died comparatively young. In person he was handsome; his physiognomy attractive from the mildness and benevolence it expressed; and his manners distinguished by courtly urbanity and elegance.

As a poet, he does not rank so high as his friend Garcilaso; he is less of a poet, less ideal, less harmonious. His chief praise results from his coming forward as the reformer of Spanish poetry: yet he cannot be considered an imitator of the Italian style which he introduced. It is true he adopted from the Italians their versification and subjects; but nothing can be more essentially different in character and genius. The tender flow of Petrarch, the inimitable mode in which he concentrates his ideas, and presents them to us with a precision yet with grace and ideality, find no competition in Boscan's poems. But there is more simplicity, more of the nerve of a man; less enthusiasm but a plainer and completer meaning in the Spaniard. He is less dreamy—to a certain degree, more common place; but then all is true, heartfelt, and living. We have not Petrarch's diction. Garcilaso de la Vega approached that more nearly; but we have a full and earnest truth that carries us along with it. Take for instance the most perfect of Petrarch's canzone,

“Chiare, fresche e dolci acque,”

and compare it with Boscan's

“Claros y frescos rios,”

written in imitation. The Italian poet invests his love with ideal imagery that elevates its object into something ethereal and goddess-like. How graceful, how full of true poetic fire and love's enthusiasm is that inimitable stanza!—

Still dear to Memory! when, in odorous showers,
 Scattering their balmy flowers
 To summer airs, th' o'ershadowing branches bow'd,
 The while, with humble state,
 In all the pomp of tribute sweets she sate,
 Wrapt in the roseate cloud!
 Now clustering blossoms deck her vesture's hem,
 Now her bright tresses gem
 (In all that blissful day,
 Like burnish'd gold, with orient pearls inwrought):
 Some strew the turf, some on the waters float!
 Some, fluttering, seem to say,
 In wanton circlets tost, " Here Love holds sovereign sway."

Boscan's poem has nothing of the ideal creativeness which sheds a halo round its object, making one feel as if Laura fed upon different food, and had limbs of more celestial texture than other women: but Boscan's sentiments are true to nature. His tenderness is that of a real and fervent lover; without raising her whom he loves into an angel, he gives us a lively and most sweet picture of how his heart was spent upon thoughts of her; and when he tells us that during absence he meditates on what she is doing, and whether she thinks of him, picturing her gesture as she laughs, thinking her thought, while his heart tells him how she may change from gay to sad, now sleeping and now awake, there is, in the place of the ideal, sincerity,—in place of the wanderings of fancy, the fixed earnestness of a fond and manly heart.

Boscan imitated Horace as well as Petrarch. In the epistle from which a passage has been quoted, he abides by the unornamented style of the Latin poet; but he wants his terseness, his epigrammatic turns, his keen observation. His poem is descriptive, and sweetly so, of the best state of man,—that of a happy marriage; but while he presents a faithful picture of its tranquil virtuous pleasures, and imparts the deep serene joy of his own heart, his hues are not stolen from the rainbow, nor his music from the spheres: it is all calm, earthly, unidealised, though not unimpassioned.

One fault Boscan possesses in common with almost all other Spanish poets — he cannot compress: he runs on, one idea suggesting another, one line the one to follow

in artless unconstrained flow ; but his poetry wants concentration and energy. You read with pleasure, and follow the meanders of his thoughts ; they are not wild, but they are desultory ; and we are never startled as when reading Petrarch, by the rising, as it were, amidst melodious sounds, of some structure of ideal and surpassing beauty, which makes you pause, imbibe the whole conception of the poet, and exclaim, This is perfection !

GARCILASO DE LA VEGA.

1503—1536.

A POET of higher merit, a more interesting man, a hero, both in love and war, whose name seems to embody the perfect idea of Spanish chivalry, was Boscan's friend, Garcilaso de la Vega. We possess a translation of his poetry by Mr. Wiffen, who has appended an elaborate life, as elaborate at least as the scanty materials that remain could afford; for these are slight, and rather to be guessed at from slight allusions made by historians, and expressions in his poems, than from certain knowledge; as all that we really learn concerning him is, that he was a gallant soldier and a poet, devoting the leisure he could snatch from the hurry and alarm of war, to the study and composition of poetry, in which art he attained the name of prince, and is, indeed, superior to all the writers of his age in elegance, sweetness, and pathos.

Garcilaso de la Vega was sprung from one of the noblest families of Toledo. His ancestry is illustrious in Spanish chronicles. They were originally natives of the Asturias, and, possessing great wealth, arrived at high honours under various sovereigns. One of them, by name also Garcilaso, received the name of De la Vega, in commemoration of his having slain a gigantic Moor on the Vega or plain of Granada.* The miscreant having attached the Ave Maria to his horse's tail, all the knights of Spain were eager to avenge the injury done

* This anecdote is usually told as appertaining to the father of the poet; but the name was assumed by the family at an earlier date. There is a *romance* introduced in the *Guerras Civiles de Granada*, commemorating this action. Sedano and Wiffen are the authorities on which this biography is grounded. Bouterwek tells only what Sedano had done before him; in the earlier portion of his work, Simondi is scarcely more than a *rifacimento* of Bouterwek.

to our lady. Although a mere youth, Garcilaso triumphed, and was surnamed in consequence De la Vega, and adopted for his device the Ave Maria in a field d'or. The father of the poet, named also Garcilaso, was fourth lord of Los Anos, grand commendary of Leon, a knight of the order of St. James, one of the most distinguished gentlemen of the court of Ferdinand and Isabella. His mother was donna Sancha de Toral, an heiress of a large estate in Leon, — a demesne, it would seem, where the poet passed his earlier days; for the fountain which ornaments it still goes by his name, and is supposed to be described in his second eclogue.* These eclogues were written at Naples; it may, therefore, be a piece of fond patriotism in the Spaniard, that attributes this description to a fountain in his native woods; but there is a pleasure in figuring the boy-poet loitering beside its pure waters, and so filling his imagination with images presented by its limpid waves and the surrounding scenery, that, in after years and in a foreign country, he could fondly dwell upon and reproduce them in his verse.

Garcilaso was born at Toledo in 1503, being a few years younger than the emperor Charles V. When, on his accession to the throne, that prince visited the Spain he was called by right of birth to reign over, Garcilaso was only fifteen. We are told, however, that his skill in martial and gymnastic exercises made him early a favourite with his sovereign, and he soon entered on that warlike career destined to prove fatal to him. His

* "Temperate, when winter waves its snowy wing,
Is the sweet water of this sylvan spring;
And when the heats of summer scorch the grass,
More cold than snow: in your clear looking-glass,
Fair waves! the memory of that day returns,
With which my soul still shivers, melts, and burns;
Gazing on your clear depth and lustre pure,
My peace grows troubled and my joys obscure.

* * * * *
This lucid fount, whose murmurs fill the mind,
The verdant forests waving with the wind,
The odours wafted from the mead, the flowers
In which the wild bee sits and sings for hours,
These might the moodiest misanthrope employ,
Make sound the sick, and turn distress to joy."

poetic tastes, also, were developed while still a youth. He was passionately fond of music, and played with extreme sweetness on the harp and guitar.

The accession of Charles V. was signalised in Spain by disaster. The death of cardinal Ximenes deprived the youthful sovereign of his most illustrious counsellor, though perhaps of one he would have neglected. His Flemish courtiers attained undue influence, and a nefarious system of speculation was carried on, — the treasures of Spain being exported to Flanders, which the Spaniards regarded with alarm and indignation. The election of Charles to the imperial crown and his intended departure for Germany was the signal of resistance. This is the more deserving of commemoration in these pages, as the elder brother of Garcilaso took a distinguished part on the popular side.* He was candidate for the distinction of captain-general of the Germanada or Brotherhood (an association, at first sanctioned by Charles, for the purpose of maintaining the privileges of the people), and even elected such, till a popular revolt reversed his nomination in favour of the heroic Padilla. Not less heroic, however, was don Pedro, and in the cortes he boldly confronted the king, and declared that he would sooner be cut in pieces, sooner lose his head, than yield the good of his country to the sovereign's arbitrary will. Of such gallant stuff was the Spanish courtier made, till Charles's wars drained the country of her most valiant spirits, and the cruel share of the Inquisition ploughed up, and as it were sowed with salt, the soil, originally so fertile in genius and heroism. Don Pedro remained true to his cause to the last, though he did not carry his views so far as Padilla; and thus escaped the martyrdom of this generous patriot. The conduct of Charles in publishing a general pardon, on his return to Spain, is among the few instances he has given of magnanimity. His reply to a courtier who offered to inform him where one of the rebels lay concealed, deserves repetition from the grandeur of soul it expressed.

* Wiffen.

“ I have now no reason,” he said, “ to be afraid of that man, but he has cause to shun me ; you would do better, therefore, in telling him that I am here, than in informing me of the place of his retreat.”

War being soon after declared against France, Italy became the seat of the struggle. Garcilaso, though little more than eighteen, commenced his career of arms in this campaign. He was present at the battle of Pavia, and so distinguished himself, that he shortly after received the cross of St. Jago from the emperor in reward of his valour.

It would appear, that after this battle Garcilaso returned for a time to his native country. Since it was soon after, that Boscan, falling in with Andrea Navagero, ambassador from Venice to the Spanish court, in 1525, resolved on imitating the Italian poetry — as is recorded in his life, — and Garcilaso was his adviser and supporter. At the age of four-and-twenty, in the year 1528, he married Doña Elena de Zuniga, a lady of Arragon, maid of honour to Leonora, queen of France, — a happy marriage — from which sprung three sons.

On the invasion of Hungary by Solyman, in 1532, the emperor repaired to Vienna to undertake the war in person. The campaign was carried on without any action of moment ; but Garcilaso was engaged in various skirmishes, and saw enough of war to fill him with horror at its results.

At this time, however, he fell into disgrace at court. One of his cousins, a son of don Pedro Lasso, aspired clandestinely to the hand of donna Isabel, daughter of don Luis de la Cueva, maid of honour to the empress. We are ignorant of the reason wherefore Charles was opposed to this marriage, and the consequent necessity of carrying on the amour secretly. Garcilaso befriended the lovers. The intrigue being discovered, the emperor was highly incensed ; he banished the cousin, and exiled Garcilaso to an island of the Danube, an imprisonment which he commemorates in an ode, of which we may quote some stanzas from Mr. Wiffen's transla-

tion, which characterise the disposition of the man ; no courtier or man of the world he, repining at disgrace and disappointment ; but a poet, ready to find joy in solitude, and to adorn adversity with the rainbow hues of the imagination.

“ TO THE DANUBE.

With the mild sound of clear swift waves, the Danube's arms of foam
Circle a verdant isle which peace has made her chosen home ;
Where the fond poet might repair from weariness and strife,
And in the sunshine of sweet song consume his happy life.
Here evermore the smiling spring goes scattering odorous flowers,
And nightingales and turtle doves, in depth of myrtle bowers,
Turn disappointment into hope, turn sadness to delight,
With magic of their fond laments, which cease not day nor night.
Here am I placed, or sooth to say, alone, 'neath foreign skies,
Forced in arrest, and easy 'tis in such a paradise
To force a meditative man, whose own desires would doom
Himself with pleasure to a world all redolence and bloom.
One thought alone distresses me, if I whilst banished sink
'Midst such misfortunes to the grave, lest haply they should think
It was my complicated ills that caused my death, while I
Know well that if I die 'twill be because I wish to die.

* * * * *

River divine, rich Danube ! thou the bountiful and strong,
That through fierce nations roll'st thy waves rejoicingly along,
Since only but by rushing through thy drowning billows deep,
These scrolls can hence escape to tell the noble words I weep.
If wrecked in undeciphered loss on some far foreign land,
They should by any chance be found upon the desert sand,
Since they upon thy willowed shore must drift, where'er they are,
Their relics let the kind blue waves with murmured hymns inter.
Ode of my melancholy hours ! last infant of my lyre !
Although in booming waves it be thy fortune to expire,
Grieve not, since I, howe'er from holy rites debarred,
Have seen to all that touches thee with catholic regard.
Less, less had been thy life, if thou hadst been but ranked among
Those without record, that have risen and died upon my tongue ;
Whose utter want of sympathy, and haughtiness austere,
Has been the cause of this — from me thou very soon shalt hear.”

It is not known how long his exile endured, but certainly not long ; he was recalled, and attended the emperor in his expedition against Tunis.

The son of a potter of Lesbos, turning corsair, raised himself to notice and power under the name of Barbarossa. He possessed himself of Algiers by treachery, and then, protected by the grand signor, he attacked Tunis, and drove out the king Muley Hassan. Muley solicited the aid of the emperor, and Charles, animated by a desire to punish a pirate whose cruelties had desolated many a Christian family, put himself at the head of an armament to invade Tunis. Barbarossa exerted

himself to defend the city, and, in particular, fortified the citadel, named Goletta, and garrisoned it with 6000 Turks. Immediately on landing, the emperor invested the city; sallies and skirmishes became frequent, in one of which Garcilaso was wounded in the face and hand. Goletta fell, despite the vigorous defence; but Barbarossa did not despair: he assembled an army of 150,000 men, and, confiding in numbers, resolved to offer battle to the Christians. Garcilaso served on this occasion in a division of the imperial army, commanded by the marquis de Mondejar, a division at first left as a rear guard, but ordered afterwards to advance to support some newly raised Spanish regiments commanded by the duke of Alva. The marquis de Mondejar was badly wounded and carried from the field; Garcilaso, seeing the danger to which the troops were exposed in the absence of the general, rushed forward to support them by the example of his valour. His gallantry had nearly proved fatal: he was wounded and surrounded, and must have been slain, but for a Neapolitan noble, Federigo Carafa, who rescued him at the peril of his life. By great efforts he succeeded in dispersing the multitude, and bore him back in safety, half spent with toil, thirst, and loss of blood.* The day ended in the defeat of Barbarossa; Muley Hassan was restored to his throne; and Charles returned to Italy in triumph.

After this expedition, Garcilaso spent some time at Naples and Sicily. During his residence there, he is said to have written his eclogues and elegies, which are the most beautiful of his poems. There is something so truly poetic in the site, the clime, the atmosphere of Naples, that the most prosaic spirit must feel its influence. There Petrarch was examined by king Robert, and declared worthy of the laurel crown; there he delivered that oration on poetry that won the king to admire the heretofore neglected art, and inspired the young Boccaccio with that enthusiastic love for the Muses, which lasted to his dying day. There (and Garcilaso

* Wiffen.

seems to have felt deeply the influence of these poets) Virgil and Sannazar wrote. The Spanish poet particularly loved and admired Virgil. Imbued by his spirit, he emulated his elegance and harmony, while he surpassed him in tender pathos.

One of his elegies to Boscan is dated from the foot of Etna. It does not rank among the best of his poems; but it is agreeable to preserve proofs of friendship between these gifted men. It a little jars, however, with our feelings, that he in it alludes to some lady of his love, though he was now married; however, there is a sort of poetic imaginative hue thrown over this elegy, which permits us to attribute his love complaints rather to the memory of past times and the poetic temperament, than to inconstancy of disposition. Garcilaso's poetry is refined and pure in all its sentiments, though full, at the same time, of tenderness. I subjoin a few stanzas from the elegy in question, such as give individuality and interest to the character of the poet:—

“ Boscan! here where the Mantuan has inurned
 Anchises' ashes to eternal fame,
 We, Cæsar's hosts, from conquests are returned;
 Some of their toils the promised fruit to claim—
 Some to make virtue both the end and aim
 Of action,— or would have the world suppose
 And say so, loud in public to declaim
 Against such selfishness; whilst yet heaven knows
 They act in secret all the meanness they oppose.

For me, a happy medium I observe,
 For never has it entered in my scheme,
 To strive for much more silver than may serve
 To lift me gracefully from each extreme
 Of thrifty meanness, thriftless pride; I deem
 The men contemptible that stoop to use
 The one or other, that delight to seem
 Too close, or inconsiderate in their views:
 In error's moonlight maze their way both worthies find.

* * * * *
 Yet leave I not the Muses, but the more *
 For this perplexity with them commune,
 And with the charm of their delicious love
 Vary my life, and waste the summer noon;
 Thus pass my hours beguiled; but out of tune
 The lyre will sometimes be, when trials prove
 The anxious lyrist: to the country soon
 Of the sweet Siren shall I hence remove,
 Yet, as of yore, the land of idlesse, ease, and love.

* * * * *
 But how, O how shall I be sure, that here *
 My evil genius, in the change I seek,

Is not still sworn against me ? this strong fear
 It is that chills my heart, and renders weak
 The wish I feel to visit that antique
 Italian city, whence my eyes derive
 Such exquisite delight, with tears they speak
 Of the contrasting griefs my heart that rive ;
 And with them up in arms against me here I strive.

O fierce — O rigorous — O remorseless Mars !
 In diamond tunic garmented, and so
 Steeled always in the harshness that debars
 The soul from feeling ! wherefore as a foe
 Force the fond lover evermore to go
 Onward from strife to strife, o'er land and sea ?
 Exerting all thy power to work me woe,
 I am so far reduced, that death would be
 At length a blessed boon, my refuge, fiend, from thee !

But my hard fate this blessing does deny ;
 I meet it not in battle ; the strong spear,
 Sharp sword, and piercing arrow pass me by,
 Yet strike down others in their young career,
 That I might pine away to see my dear
 Sweet fruit engrossed by aliens, who deride
 My vain distress ; but whither does my fear
 And grief transport me, without shame or pride ?
 Whither I dread to think, and grieve to have desied.

* * * *

But thou who in thy villa, blest with all
 That heart can wish, look'st on the sweet sea-shore ;
 And, undistracted, listening to the fall
 And swell of the loud waves that round thee roar,
 Gatherest to thy already rich scrutoire
 Fresh living verses for perpetual fame,
 Rejoice ! for fires more beauteous than of yore
 Were kindled by the Dardan prince, inflame
 Thy philosophic heart, and light thy laurelled name."

It may be supposed, that the learned Italians of those days welcomed a spirit congenial to their own, and were proud of a poet who transferred to another language that elegance of style and elevated purity of thought, the original growth of their native land. Cardinal Bembo thus writes of him to a friend, in a letter dated 15th of August, 1535 : — " Signor Garcilaso is indeed a graceful poet, and his odes are all in the highest degree pleasing to me, and merit peculiar admiration and praise. In fine spirit he has far excelled all the writers of his nation ; and if he be not wanting to himself in diligent study, he will no less excel other nations who are considered masters of poetry. I am not surprised that the marquis del Vasto has wished to have him with him, and that he holds him in great affection."

Among cardinal Bembo's Latin letters, there is one to Garcilaso, full of compliments, which show the high

esteem in which he was held. "From the verses which you have sent me, I am happy to perceive, first, how much you love me, since you are not one who would else flatter with encomiums, nor call one dear to you whom you have never seen; and, secondly, how much you excel in lyric compositions, in splendour of genius, and sweetness of expression. — You have not only surpassed all your fellow Spaniards, who have devoted themselves to Parnassus and the Muses, but you supply incentives even to the Italians, and again and again invite them to endeavour to be overcome in this contest and in these studies by no one but yourself; which judgment of mine some other of your writings sent to me from Naples have confirmed. For it is impossible to meet in this age with compositions more classically pure, more dignified in sentiment, or more elegant in style. In that you love me, therefore, I most justly and sincerely rejoice; and that you are a great and good man, I congratulate in the first place yourself, but most of all, your country, in that she is thus about to receive so great an increase of honour and glory.

"There is, however, another circumstance which greatly increases the honour I have received; for lately, when the monk Onorato, whom I perceive you know by reputation, entered into conversation with me, and, amongst other topics, asked me what I thought of your poems, the opinion I gave happened to coincide exactly with his own; and he is a man of very acute perception, and extremely well versed in poetical pursuits. He told me that his friends had written to him of your very many and great virtues, of the urbanity of your manners, the integrity of your life, and accomplishments of your mind; adding that it was a fact confirmed by all Neapolitans that knew you, that no one had come from Spain to their city in these times, wherein the greatest resort has been made by your nation to Italy, whom they loved more affectionately than yourself, or one on whom they would confer superior benefits."

Garcilaso did not, however, long enjoy the leisure that he so well employed. Charles V., whose great ambition was to crush the power of France, and to possess himself of a portion of that kingdom, was resolved to take advantage of the disastrous issue of Francis I.'s attempt upon the duchy of Milan, and rashly determined to invade a country whose armies, however he might meet victoriously in other fields, he could not hope to vanquish in their own. He entered France from the south; and recalling Garcilaso, conferred on him an honourable command over eleven companies of infantry. Leaving Naples to join this expedition, he traversed Italy, and from Vacluse wrote an epistle to Boscan in a lighter and gayer style than is usual with him; while he dwells with affectionate pleasure on the tie of friendship that united them, saying, among other things, —

“ Whilst much reflecting on the sacred tie
Of our affection, which I hold so high,
The exchange of talent, taste, intelligence,
Shared gifts and multiplied delights which thence
Refresh our souls in their perpetual flow—
There nothing is that makes me value so
The sweetness of this compact of the heart,
Than the affection on my own warm part.

* * * * *
Such were my thoughts. But oh! how shall I set
Fully to view my shame and my regret,
For having praised so at a single glance,
The roads, the dealings, and hotels of France.
Shame, that with reason thou may'st now pronounce
Myself a fabler, and my praise a bounce;
Regret, my time so much to have misused,
In rashly lauding what were best abused;
For here, all firs apart, you find but jades
Of hacks, sour wines, and pilfering chambermaids,
Long ways, long bills, no silver, fleecing hosts,
And all the luxury of lumbering posts.
Arriving too from Naples by the way—
Naples — the choice, the brilliant, and the gay!
Embrace Dural for me— nor rate my muse;
October twelfth, given forth from sweet Vacluse,
Where the fine flame of Petrarch had its birth,
And where its ashes yet irradiate earth.”

To the period of this campaign Wiffen is inclined to attribute the composition of his third eclogue which, in point of merit, is the second, and which was avowedly written during a war — for, as he says, —

“ 'Midst arms — with scarce one pause from bloody toil,
When war's hoarse trumpet breaks the poet's dream,
Have I there moments stolen, oft claimed.”

This expedition was disastrous in itself and fatal to the poet. An invading army is necessarily abhorred by all; and while it inflicts, also suffers the utmost horrors of war. The French general wisely acted on the defensive, and, having laid the country waste, left famine and disease to win the game. The emperor, unsuccessful in his attempts upon Marseilles and Arles, was obliged to retreat through a country roused to exasperation by the ills it had endured. His army, in consequence, was exposed to a thousand disasters, while the very peasants, hanging on its rear, or lying in ambush, cut off the stragglers, and disputed the passage of every defile. On one occasion, at Muy near Frejus, the imperialists were held in check by a party of fifty rustics, who, armed with muskets, had thrown themselves into a tower, and harassed them on their passage. The emperor ordered Garcilaso to attack and carry it with his battalion. Eager in his obedience, Garcilaso led the way to scale the tower. The peasants observing that he wore a gaily embroidered dress over his armour, fancied that it was the emperor himself, and marked him out for destruction. He was the first to mount the ladder; a block of stone rolled from the battlements, struck him on the head and beat him to the ground. He was carried to Nice; but no care could avail to save him: he lingered for twenty days, and then died, November, 1536, at the age only of thirty-three. He showed, we are told, no less the spirit of a Christian in his death, than of a soldier in the hour of peril. His death was universally lamented; and the emperor displayed his sense of the loss he had sustained, by causing all the peasants who survived the taking of the tower, twenty-eight in number, to be hanged. Such a token of respect would scarcely soothe the ghost of the gentle poet; but it was in accordance with the spirit of the times. The body was interred at first in the church of Saint Dominique at Nice; but two years afterwards was removed to the tomb of his ancestors in a chapel of the church of San Pedro Martyr de Toledo.

Garcilaso is always represented as the model of a young and gallant soldier, adorning his knightly accomplishments with the softer graces of a poet; as an imaginative enthusiast, joining sentiment to passion, and softening both by the elegancies of refinement. His tall figure was symmetrical in its proportions, and his mien was dignified. There was a mingled seriousness and mildness in the expression of his face, enlivened by sparkling eyes, and dignified by an expansive forehead. He was a favourite with the ladies, while he enjoyed the friendship and esteem of many excellent men. Wiffen takes pleasure in adopting the idea of doctor Nott, and likening him to our noble poet, lord Surrey. He left, orphaned by his death, three sons and a daughter. His eldest son incurred a similar fate with himself. He enjoyed the favour of the emperor, but fell at the battle of Ulpiano, at the early age of twenty-four. His second son, Francisco de Guzman, became a monk, and enjoyed a reputation as a great theologian. The youngest Lorenzo de Guzman, inherited a portion of his father's genius, and was esteemed for his talent. He scarcely made a good use of it, since he was banished to Oran for a lampoon, and died on the passage. The only daughter of the poet, donna Sancha de Guzman, married D. Antonio Portocarrero de Vega.

We turn, however, to Garcilaso's poetry as his best memorial and highest merit, at least that merit which gives him a place in these pages. When we remember that he died at thirty-three, we must regard his productions rather in the light of promise, than of performance. His muse might have soared higher, and taken some new path: as it is, he ranks high as an elegiac poet, and the first that Spain has produced. The most perfect of his poems is his second eclogue. Mr. Wiffen has succeeded admirably in transfusing, in some of the stanzas, a portion of the pathos and softness of the original. Emulating Virgil in his refinement and dignity, Garcilaso surpassed him in tenderness; and certainly the expression of regret and grief was never more affectingly

and sweetly expressed than in the laments that compose this eclogue.

The poem commences with the poet speaking in his own person. He introduces the personages of the eclogue: Salicio, who laments the infidelity of his lady; and Nemeroso, who mourns the death of his. It is supposed that, under the name of Salicio, Garcilaso personifies himself, and commemorates the feelings which he experienced, when suffering from the inconstancy of a lady whom he loved in his youth.

Nothing can exceed the living tenderness of the deserted shepherd's complaints; and we feel as if the tone of fond grief could go no further, till the interest becomes heightened by the more touching nature of Nemeroso's laments: under this name it is said that Garcilaso introduced Boscan. Boscan was a happy husband and father. In his epistle to Mendoza, he mentions his former passions as a troubled dream, where all seemed love, but was really hate; and he does not allude to the death of any object of his affections. Mr. Wiffen, with the natural fondness of a translator and an antiquarian, delights in putting together the scattered and half lost fragments of his poet's life, and to eke out the history of his mind by probable conjecture, and is inclined to believe that Boscan was intended, and that being dear friends, Garcilaso pleased his imagination and heart, in making them brother shepherds in his verses. It is an agreeable idea, and not improbable: the reader may believe according as his inclinations leads him.

But not to linger longer on preliminary matter, we select the most beautiful stanzas of the eclogue, which will confirm to the Spanish reader the opinion that Garcilaso is the most harmonious, easy, elegant, and tender poet Spain ever produced: soft and melancholy, he never errs, except in sometimes following the fashion of his country in reasoning on his feelings, instead of simply declaring them. Such fault, however, is not to be found in the following verses, wherein Salicio com-

plains of his Galatea's inconstancy, recalling the while the dear images of her former tenderness.

“ Through thee the silence of the shaded glen, *
 Through thee the horror of the lonely mountain,
 Pleased me no less than the resort of men :
 The breeze, the summer wood, the lucid fountain,
 The purple rose, white lily of the lake,
 Were sweet for thy sweet sake ;
 For thee, the fragrant primrose, dropt with dew,
 Was wished when first it blew.
 O how completely was I in all this
 Myself deceiving ! O the different part
 That thou wert acting, covering with a kiss
 Of seeming love, the traitor in thy heart !
 This my severe misfortune, long ago,
 Did the soothsaying raven, sailing by
 On the black storm, with hoarse sinister cry,
 Clearly presage : in gentleness of woe
 Flow forth, my tears ! 't is meet that ye should flow.
 How oft when slumbering in the forest brown,
 (Deeming it fancy's mystical deceit)
 Have I beheld my fate in dreams foreshown !
 One day, methought that from the noontide heat
 I drove my flocks to drink of Tagus' flood,
 And, under the curtain of its bordering wood
 Take my cool siesta ; but, arrived, the stream,
 I know not by what magic, changed its track,
 And in new channels, by an unused way,
 Rolled its warped waters back ;
 Whilst I, scorched, melting with the heat extreme,
 Went ever following in their flight astray,
 The wizard waves : in gentleness of woe,
 Flow forth, my tears ! 't is meet that ye should flow.

* “ Por tí el silencio de la selva umbrosa,
 por tí la esquividad y apartamiento
 del solitario monte me agradava :
 por tí la verde hierba, el fresco viento,
 el blanco lirio y colorada rosa
 y dulce primavera deseaba.
 ¡ Ay quanto me engañaba !
 ¡ Ay quan diferente era,
 y quan de otra manera
 lo que en tu falso pecho escondia !
 bien claro con su voz me lo decia
 la siniestra corneja, repitiendo
 la desventura mia.
 Salid sin duelo lágrimas corriendo.
 ; Quantas veces durmiendo en la floresta
 (reputandolo yo por desvarío)
 ví mi mal entre sueños desdichado !
 Soñaba, que en el tiempo del estio
 llevaba, por pasar allí la siesta,
 á beber en el Tajo mi ganado ;
 y despues de llegado,
 sin saber de qual arte,
 por desusada parte
 y por nuevo camino el agua se iba.
 Ardiendo yo con la calor estiva,
 el curso enagenado iba siguiendo
 del agua fugitiva.
 Salid sin duelo lágrimas corriendo.

In the charmed ear of what beloved youth,
 Sounds thy sweet voice? On whom revolvest thou
 Thy beautiful blue eyes? On whose proved truth
 Anchors thy broken faith? Who presses now
 Thy laughing lip, and takes thy heaven of charms
 Locked in the embraces of thy two white arms?
 Say thou, for whom hast thou so rudely left
 My love, or stolen, who triumphs in the theft?
 I have not got a bosom so untrue
 To feeling, nor a heart of stone, to view
 My darling ivy, torn from me, take root
 Against another wall, or prosperous pine,—
 To see my virgin vine
 Around another elm in marriage hang
 Its curling tendrils and empurpled fruit,
 Without the torture of a jealous pang,
 Ev'n to the loss of life: in gentle woe,
 Flow forth, my tears; 't is meet that ye should flow.

* * * *

Over my griefs the mossy stones relent
 Their natural durity, and break; the trees
 Bend down their weeping boughs without a breeze;
 And full of tenderness the listening birds,
 Warbling in different notes, with me lament,
 And warbling prophesy my death; the herds
 That in the green meads hang their heads at eve,
 Wearied, and worn, and faint,
 The necessary sweets of slumber leave,
 And low, and listen to my wild complaint.
 Thou only steel'st thy bosom to my cries,
 Not even once turning thy angelic eyes
 On him thy harshness kills: in gentle woe
 Flow forth, my tears! 't is meet that ye should flow.

¿ Tu dulce habla en cuya oreja suena?
 ¿ Tus claros ojos á quien los volviste?
 ¿ Por quien tan sin respeto me trocaste?
 ¿ Tu quebrantada fé dó la pusiste?
 ¿ Quál es el cuello, que como en cadena
 de tus hermosos brazos añudaste?
 No hay corazon que baste,
 aunque fuese de piedra,
 viendo mí amada yedra,
 de mi arrancada, en otro muro asida,
 y mi parra en otro olmo entretegida,
 que no se esté con llanto deshaciendo
 hasta acabar la vida.
 Salid sin duelo lágrimas corriendo.

* * *

Con mi llorar las piedras enternecen
 su natural dureza, y la quebrantan:
 los arboles parece que se inclinan:
 las aves, que me escuchan, quando cantan,
 con diferente voz se condolecen,
 y mi morir cantando me adivinan:
 las fieras, que reclinan
 in cuerpo fatigado,
 dejan el sosegado
 sueño por escuchar mi llanto triste.
 Tu sola contra mí te endureciste,
 los ojos aun siquiera no volviendo
 á lo que tú hiciste.
 Salid sin duelos lágrimas corriendo.

But though thou wilt not come for my sad sake,
 Leave not the landscape thou hast held so dear,
 Thou may'st come freely now, without the fear
 Of meeting me, for though my heart should break,
 Where late forsaken, I will now forsake.
 Come then, if this alone detain thee, here
 Are meadows full of verdure, myrtles, bays,
 Woodlands and lawns, and running waters clear,
 Beloved in other days,
 To which, bedewed with many a bitter tear,
 I sing my last of lays.
 These scenes, perhaps, when I am far removed,
 At ease thou wilt frequent
 With him who rifed me of all I loved :
 Enough, my strength is spent ;
 And leaving thee in his desired embrace,
 It is not much to leave him this sweet place."

The impatience natural to the resentment of inconstancy ruffles though it does not distort these sweet stanzas. But there is more of soft melancholy in Nemoroso, more of the entire melting of the heart in sad unavailing regret.

" Smooth, sliding waters, pure and crystalline, *
 Trees that reflect your image in their breast
 Green pastures, full of fountains and fresh shades,
 Birds, that here scatter your sweet serenades ;
 Mosses and reverend ivies serpentine,
 That wreath your verdurous arms round beech and pine,
 And, climbing, crown their crest !
 Can I forget, ere grief my spirit changed,

* " Mas ya que á socorrerme aqui no vienes,
 no dejes el lugar que tanto amaste ;
 que bien podrás venir de mí segura
 yo dexaré el lugar dó me dejaste :
 ven, si por solo este le detienes.
 Ves aqui un prado lleno de verdura,
 ves aqui una espesura,
 ves aqui una agua clara,
 en otro tiempo cara,
 á quien de tí con lágrimas me quejo,
 quiza aqui hallarás, pues yo me al ojo,
 al que todo mí bien quitarme puede:
 que pues el bien le dejo,
 no es mucho que el lugar tambien le quede.
 Corrientes aguas, puras, cristalinas :
 árboles, que os estais mirando en ellas :
 verde prado, de fresca sombra lleno :
 aves, que aqui sembrais vuestras querellas :
 yedra, que por los árboles caminas,
 torciendo el paso por su verde seno ;
 yo me ví tan ageno
 del grave mal que siento,
 que de puro contento

With what delicious ease and pure content,
 Your peace I wooed, your solitudes I ranged,
 Enchanted and refreshed where'er I went!
 How many blissful noons here I have spent
 In luxury of slumber, couched on flowers,
 And with my own fond fancies, from a boy,
 Discoursed away the hours,
 Discovering nought in your delightful bowers,
 But golden dreams, and memories fraught with joy.

* * *

Where are those eloquent mild eyes, which drew
 My heart where'er it wandered? where the hand,
 White, delicate, and pure as melting dew,
 Filled with the spoils, that proud of thy command,
 My feelings paid in tribute? the bright hair
 That paled the shining gold, that did contemn
 The glorious opal as a meaner gem,
 The bosom's ivory apples, where, ah! where?
 Where now the neck to whiteness overwrought,
 That like a column with genteelest scorn
 Sustained the golden dome of virtuous thought?
 Gone! ah, for ever gone,
 To the chill desolate and dreary fall,
 And mine the grief — the wormwood and the gall!

* * *

Poor, iost Eliza! of thy locks of gold,
 One treasured ringlet in white silk I keep
 For ever at my heart, which, when unrolled,
 Fresh grief and pity o'er my spirit creep;
 And my insatiate eyes, for hours untold,
 O'er the dear pledge, will like an infant's, weep.

con vuestra soledad me recreaba,
 donde con dulce sueño reposaba:
 ó con el pensamiento discurría,
 por donde no hallaba
 sino memorias llenas de alegría.

* * *

¿ Dó estan agora aquellos claros ojos,
 que llevaban trás sí como colgada
 mi anima, dó quier que se volvian?
 ¿ Dó está la blanca mano delicada,
 llena de vencimientos y despojos
 que de mí mis sentidos la ofrecian?
 Los cabellos, que vian
 con gran desprecio al oro,
 como á menor tesoro.
 ¿ Adonde estan? ¿ Adonde el blanco pecho?
 dó la coluna, que el dorado techo
 con presuncion graciosa sostenia?
 aquesto todo agora ya se encierra
 por desventura mia,
 en la fria desierta y dura tierra.

* \ * *

Una parte guardé de tus cabellos,
 Elisa, envueltos en un blanco paño,
 que nunca de mi seno se me apartan:
 descojolos, y de un dolor tamaño
 enternecerme siento, que sobre ellos
 nunca mis ojos de llorar se hartan.
 Sin que allí se partan

With sighs more warm than fire anon I dry
 The tears from off it, number one by one
 The radiant hairs, and with a love-knot tie;
 Mine eyes, this duty done,
 Give over weeping, and with slight relief
 I taste a short forgetfulness of grief."

Although this quotation has run to a great length, I cannot refrain from adding the ode to the Flower of Gnido. It is more fanciful and airy, more original, yet more classic. Mr. Wiffen's translation also is very correct and beautiful, failing only in not preserving all the exquisite simplicity of the original; but that is a charm difficult indeed to transfer from one language to another. Of the subject of the ode we receive the following account from the commentators. "The title of this ode is derived from a quarter of a city of Naples called Il Seggio di Gnido, or the seat of Gnido, the favourite abode then of the people of fashion, in which also the lady lived, to whom the ode was addressed. This lady, Violante San Severino, a daughter of the duke of Soma, was courted by Fabio Galeota, a friend of Garcilaso in whose behalf the poem was written."

" TO THE FLOWER OF GNIDO. *

L

Had I the sweet resounding lyre,
 Whose voice could in a moment chain
 The howling wind's ungoverned ire,
 And movement of the raging main,
 On savage hills the leopard rein,

con suspiros calientes,
 mas que la llama ardentes,
 los enjugo del llanto, ye de consuno
 casi los paso, y cuento uno á uno :
 juntandolos con un cordon los ato :
 tras esto el importuno
 dolor me deja descansar un rato."

* "A LA FLOR DI GNIDO.

Si de mi baja Lira
 tanto pudiese el són, que en un momento
 aplacáse la ira
 del animoso viento,
 y el furia del mar, y el movimiento:

The lion's fiery soul entrance,
 And lead along with golden tones
 The fascinated trees and stones
 In voluntary dance ;

II.

Think not, think not, fair Flower of Gnide,
 It e'er should celebrate the scars,
 Dust raised, blood shed, and laurels dyed
 Beneath the gonfalon of Mars ;
 Or, borne sublime on festal cars,
 The chiefs who to submission sank
 The rebel German's soul of soul,
 And forged the chains that now control
 The frenzy of the Frank.

III.

No, no! its harmonies should ring,
 In vaunt of glories all thine own,
 A discord sometimes from the string'
 Struck forth to make thy harshness known.
 The fingered chords should speak alone
 Of Beauty's triumphs, Love's alarms,
 And one who, made by thy disdain
 Pale as a lily cleft in twain,
 Bewails thy fatal charms.

IV.

Of that poor captive, too contemned,
 I speak, — his doom you might deplore —
 In Venus' galliot shell condemned
 To strain for life the heavy oar.
 Through thee, no longer as of yore,

y en asperas montañas,
 con el suave canto enterneciese
 las fieras alimañas,
 los arboles moviese,
 y al son confusamente los truxese :

No pienses que cantando
 seria de mí, hermosa Flor de Gnido.
 el fiero Marte ayrado,
 á muerte convertido,
 de polvo, y sangre, y de sudor teñido :
 ni aquellos capitanes,
 en la sublime rueda colocados,
 por quen los Alamanes
 el fiero cuello atados,
 y los Franceses van domesticados.

Mas solamente aquella
 fuerza de tu beldad seria cantada,
 y alguna vez con ella
 tambien seria notada
 el aspezeza de que estas armada.
 Y como pro tí sola
 y por tu gran valor, y hermosura,
 convertida in viola,
 llora su desventura
 el miserable amante en tu figura.

Hablo de aquel cautivo
 de quien tener se deve mas cuidado,
 que está muriendo vivo
 al remo condenado,
 en la concha de Venus amarrado.

He tames the unmanageable steed,
 With curb of gold his pride restrains,
 Or with pressed spurs and shaken reins
 Torments him into speed.

v.

Not now he wields, for thy sweet sake,
 The sword in his accomplished hand ;
 Nor grapples like a poisonous snake,
 The wrestler on the yellow sand :
 The old heroic harp his hand
 Consults not now ; it can but kiss
 The amorous lute's dissolving strings,
 Which murmur forth a thousand things
 Of banishment from bliss.

vi.

Through thee, my dearest friend and best
 Grows harsh, importunate, and grave ;
 Myself have been his port of rest,
 From shipwreck on the yawning wave ;
 Yet now so high his passions rave
 Above lost reason's conquered laws,
 That not the traveller ere he slays
 The asp, its sting, as he my face
 So dreads, and so abhors.

vii.

In snows on rocks, sweet Flower of Gnide,
 Thou wert not cradled, wert not born ;
 She who has not a fault beside,
 Should ne'er be signalised for scorn ;
 Else tremble at the fate forlorn

Por ti como solia,
 del aspero caballo no corrige
 la furia y gallardia
 ni con freno le rige,
 ni con vivas espuelas ya le affige.

Por tí, con diestra mano,
 no revuelve la espada presurosa,
 y en el dudoso llano
 huye la polvorosa
 palestra, como sierpe ponzoñosa.
 Por tí su blanda Musa,
 en lugar de la cítara sonante,
 tristes querellas usa,
 que con llantó abundante
 hacen bañar el rostro del amante.

Por tí el mayor amigo
 to es importuno, grave, y enojoso ;
 y puedo ser testigo
 que ya del peligroso
 naufragio fui su puerto, y su reposo.
 Y agora en tal manera
 vence el dolor á la razon perdida
 que ponzoñosa fiera
 nunca fue aborrecida
 tanto como yo dél, ni tan temida.

No fuiste tu engendada,
 ni producida de la dura tierra :
 no debe ser notada,
 que ingratamente yerra
 quien todo el otro error de sí destierra.

Of Anaxarete, who spurned
 The weeping Iphis from her gate ;
 Who, scoffing long, relenting late,
 Was to a statue turned.

VIII.

Whilst yet soft pity she repelled,
 Whilst yet she steeled her heart in pride,
 From her friezed window she beheld,
 Aghast, the lifeless suicide,
 Around his lily neck was tied,
 What freed his spirit from her chains,
 And purchased with a few short sighs,
 For her immortal agonies,
 Imperishable pains.

IX

Then first she felt her bosom bleed
 With love and pity—vain distress !
 O, what deep rigours must succeed
 This first sole touch of tenderness !
 Her eyes grow glazed and motionless,
 Nailed on his wavering corse ; each bone
 Hardening in growth, invades her flesh,
 Which late so rosy, warm, and fresh,
 Now stagnates into stone.

X.

From limb to limb the frosts aspire,
 Her vitals curdle with the cold ;
 The blood forgets its crimson fire,
 The veins that e'er its motion rolled ;
 Till now the virgin's glorious mould

Hagate temerosa
 El caso de Anaxárete, y cobarde,
 que de ser desdeñosa
 se arrepintió muy tarde,
 y así su alma con su marmol arde.

Estabase alegrando
 del mal ageno el pecho empedernido,
 quando abajo mirando,
 el cuerpo muerto vido
 del miserable amante allí tendido,
 y al cuello el lazo atado,
 con que desenlazó de la cadena
 el corazon cuitado,
 que con su breve pena
 compió la eterna punicion agena.

Sintió allí convertirse
 en piedad amorosa el aspereza.
 ¡ O tarde arrepentirse !
 ¡ O, ultima terneza !
 ¿ como te sucedió mayor dureza ?
 Los ojos se enclavaron
 en el tendido cuerpo, que allí vieron,
 los huesos se tornaron
 mas duros, y crecieron,
 y en sí toda la carne convirtieron.

Las entrañas eladas
 tornaron poco á poco en piedra dura :
 por las venas cuitadas
 la sangre, su figura
 iba desconociendo, y su natura.

Was wholly into marble changed ;
 On which the Salaminians gazed,
 Less at the prodigy amazed,
 Than of the crime aveuged.

XI.

Then tempt not thou Fate's angry arms,
 By cruel frown, or icy taunt ;
 But let thy perfect deeds and charms
 To poets' harps, Divinest, grant
 Themes worthy their immortal vaunt ;
 Else must our weeping strings presume
 To celebrate in strains of woe,
 The justice of some signal blow,
 That strikes thee to the tomb."

We have no room to multiply passages, and with this ode must conclude our specimens. Garcilaso is a happy type of a Spanish poet ; and when we think that such men were the children of the old liberty of Spain, how deeply we must regret the worse than iron rule that blasted the race ; while we view in any attempt to regain her ancient freedom, a promise of a new people, to adorn the annals of mankind with all the virtues of heroism and all the elevation of genius.

Hasta que, finalmente
 en duro marmol vuelta, y transformada,
 hizo de sí la gente
 no tan maravillada,
 quanto de aquella ingratitude vengada.

No quieras tu, Señora,
 de Némesis ayrada las saetas
 probar por Dios agora ;
 baste que tus perfetas
 obras, y hermosura a los Poetas
 den inmortal materia,
 sin que tambien en verso lamentable
 celebren la miseria
 de algun caso notable,
 que por tí pase triste y miserable."

MENDOZA.

1500—1575.

THE third in this trio of friendly poets was of a very different character. Mendoza was gifted neither with Boscan's mild benevolence nor Garcilaso's tenderness. That he was the friend of these men, and addicted to literature, is his chief praise. Endowed with talents, of a high and haughty disposition, his firmness degenerated into severity, and his valour into vehemence of temper. He was shrewd, worldly and arrogant, but impassioned and resolute. He possessed many of those high qualities, redeeming, while they were stained by pride, which in that age distinguished the Spanish cavalier; for in those days, the freedom enjoyed by the Castilian nobility was but lately crushed, and its generous influence still survived in their manners and domestic habits. It was characteristic of that class of men, that, when Charles V. asked a distinguished one among them to receive the Constable Bourbon in his house, the noble acquiesced in the commands of his sovereign, but announced at the same time, his intention of razing his house to the ground, as soon as the traitor had quitted it.

Don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza (and to give him all the titles enumerated by his Spanish biographer), Knight Commander of the Houses of Calatrava and Badajoz, in the order of Alcantara, of the council of Charles V., and his ambassador to Venice, Rome, England, and the council of Trent, captain-general of Siena, and gonfalonier of the holy Roman church, was born in the city of Granada, about the year 1500. He was of noble extraction on both sides, — his father being second count of Tendilla, and first marquis of Mondejar; his mother, donna Francisca Pacheco, daughter of don Juan Pacheco, marquis of Villena. Being the fifth son, Diego

was destined for the church, and from his most tender years received a literary education. He was sent to the university of Salamanca, where he studied theology, and became a proficient in the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic languages, to which he applied himself with diligence. Yet, though a laborious student, gayer literature engaged his attention; and while still at Salamanca, he wrote *Lazarillo de Tormes*, a tale at once declaratory of the originality of his genius. The graphic descriptions, the penetration into character, the worldly knowledge, the vivacity and humour, bespeak an author of more advanced years. Who that has read it, can forget the proud and poor hidalgo, who shared with *Lazarillo* his dry crusts; or the seven ladies who had one esquire between them; or the silent and sombre master whose actions were all mysteries, and whose locked-up wealth, used with so much secrecy and discretion, yet brings on him the notice of the inquisition? It is strange that, in after life, Mendoza did not, full of experience and observation, revert to this species of writing. As it is, it stands a curious specimen of the manners of his times, and as the origin of *Gil Blas*; almost we had said of *Don Quixote*, and is the more admirable, as being the production of a mere youth.

Mendoza probably found the clerical profession ill-suited to his tastes; he became a soldier and a statesman; and particularly in the latter capacity his talents were appreciated by the emperor Charles V. He was appointed ambassador* to Venice; and, in the year

* The penetration with which Mendoza saw through the lofty pretensions of diplomacy, and the keenness of his observation, which stripped this science of all its finery, is forcibly expressed in one of his epistles. He exclaims —

“O embajadores, puros majaderos,
que si los reges quieren engañar,
comiençan por nosotros los primeros.
Nuestro major negocio es, no dañar,
y jamas hacer cosa, ni dezilla,
que no corramos riesgo de enseñar.”

O ye ambassadors! ye simpletons! When kings wish to deceive they begin first with us. — Our chief business is to do no harm, and never to do or say anything, that we may not run the risk of making others as wise as ourselves.

1545, was deputed by his sovereign to attend the council of Trent, where he made a learned and elegant oration, which was universally admired, and confirmed the opinion already entertained of his talents, so that he was first promoted ambassador to Rome, and in 1547, he was named governor and captain-general of Siena. This was a difficult post; and Mendoza unfortunately acquitted himself neither with credit nor success.

Before the imperial and French arms had found in Italy a lists in which to contend, this country had been torn by the Ghibeline and Guelphic factions; and these names remained as watchwords after the spirit of them had passed away. When the French and Spaniards struggled for pre-eminence, the Spaniards, as imperialists, naturally espoused the interests of the Ghibeline cause, to which Siena was invariably a partisan. The Spaniards prevailed. At the treaty of Cambria, the emperor became possessed of acknowledged sway over a large portion of that fair land: over the remainder he exercised an influence scarcely less despotic. Florence, adhering with tenacious fondness to her ancient republican institutions, was besieged: it capitulated, and, after some faint show of temporising on the part of Charles, the chief of the Medici family was made sovereign with the title grand duke.

Siena, Ghibeline from ancient association, and always adhering to the imperial party, was not the less enslaved. Without openly interfering in its institutions, the emperor used his influence for the election of the duke of Amalfi as chief of the republic. The duke, a man of small capacity, was entirely led by Giulio Salvi and his six brothers. This family, thus exalted, displayed intolerable arrogance: it placed itself above the law; and the fortunes, the wives and children, of their fellow-citizens, became the victims.

The Sienese made their complaints to the emperor, on his return from his expedition against Algiers; while, at the same time, Cosmo I., whose favourite object was to possess himself of Siena, declared that the

Salvi were conspiring to deliver that town into the hands of the French, and so once more to give that power a footing in Italy. The emperor, roused by an intimation of this design, deputed an officer to reform the government of Siena. A new oligarchy was erected, and the republic was brought into absolute dependence on the commands of the emperor.

Siena was quieted, but not satisfied, while a new treaty between Charles V. and France took from them their hope of recurring to the assistance of the latter. After the peace, don Juan de Luna commanded at Siena, with a small Spanish garrison. But still the seeds of discontent and of revolt, fostered by an ardent attachment to their ancient institutions, lay germinating in the hearts of the citizens. Charles never sent pay to his soldiers: during time of war they lived by booty, in time of peace, by extortion; love of liberty, and hatred of their oppressors, joined to cause them to endeavour to throw off the foreign yoke. On the 6th of February 1545, the people rose in tumult; about thirty nobles were killed, the rest took refuge in the palace with don Juan de Luna. The troops of Cosmo I. hovered on the frontier. He, perhaps, fostered the revolt for his own ends; at least, he was eager to take advantage of it, and wished the Spanish governor to call in his aid to quell it. But don Juan wanted either resolution or foresight; he allowed the Spanish garrison to be dismissed, and, finally, a month afterwards, was forced to quit the town, accompanied by the obnoxious members of the aristocracy.

For sometime Siena enjoyed the popular liberty which they had attained, till circumstances led the emperor to fear that the French would gain power there; and he resolved to reduce the city to unqualified submission. Mendoza was then ambassador at Rome. Charles named him captain-general of Siena, and gave him orders to introduce a Spanish garrison, and even to build a citadel for its protection. Mendoza obeyed: as the subject of a despotic sovereign, he felt no remorse in crushing the

liberties of a republic. He did not endeavour to conciliate, nor to enforce respect by the justice of his measures. He held the discontented and outraged citizens in check by force of arms only; disarming them, and delivering them up to the insolence and extortion of the Spanish soldiery. They could obtain no protection against all the thousand injuries, thefts, and murders to which they were subjected. Mendoza, haughty and unfeeling, became the object of universal hatred. Complaints against him were carried to the emperor, and, when these remained without effect, his life was attempted by assassination: on one occasion his horse was killed under him by a musket shot, aimed at himself. But Mendoza was as personally fearless as he was proud; and the sternness that humanity could not mitigate, was not softened by the suggestions of caution.

Affairs of import called him away from his government. On the death of Paul III. his presence was required at Rome to influence the election of a new pope. He left Siena, together with the unfinished citadel and its garrison, under the command of don Juan Franzesi, and repaired to watch the progress of the conclave. Through his intrigues the cardinal del Monte was elected, who took the name of Julian III. The new pope, elected through Spanish influence, adhered to the emperor's interests. He instantly yielded the great point of contention between Paul III. and Charles V., and consented to the restitution of the general council to Trent. Mendoza twice attended this council for the purpose of bringing the cardinals and prelates to a better understanding. On his return the pope named him gonfaloniere of the church; and in this character he subdued Orazio Farnese, who had rebelled. Besides these necessary causes of absence from his government, he was accused of protracting his stay in Rome on account of an amorous intrigue in which he was engaged, and which occasioned a great deal of scandal.

The Sieneſe were on the alert to take advantage of

his absence. The rapacity and ill faith displayed by Mendoza effectually weaned them from all attachment to the imperial cause; and when fresh war broke out between Charles and the French king, the Sieneſe ſolicited the aid of the latter to deliver them from a tyranny they were unable any longer to endure. The grand duke of Florence had reaſon to complain of the Spaniards, and eſpecially of Mendoza, who treated him as the vaſſal of the emperor; yet he was unwilling that the French ſhould gain footing in Tuscany, and beſides hoped to advance his own intereſts, and to add Siena to his dukedom. He diſcovered a correſpondence between that town and the French, and revealed it to Mendoza, offering the aid of an armed force in the emperor's favour. Mendoza, diſtrusting the motive of his offers, rejected them. He applied to the pope for aſſiſtance; but Julian, offended by his conduct on various occaſions, evaded the requeſt and remained neutral. Meanwhile, Mendoza, either ignorant of the imminence of the danger, or deſpiſing the power of the enemy, took no active meaſures to prevent the miſchief which menaced his government.

The Sieneſe exiles aſſembled together, and put themſelves under the command of a leader in the French pay. They marched towards Siena, and arriving before the gates on the evening of the 26th of July 1552, proclaimed *Liberty!* The people, though unarmed, roſe at the cry. They admitted the exiles, and drove the garrison, which merely conſiſted of 400 ſoldiers, from the convent of San Domenico, in which they had fortified themſelves, and purſued them to the citadel, which was badly fortified and badly victualled. After a few days Franzesi capitulated, and Siena was loſt to the emperor. Mendoza was accuſed of various faults on this occaſion; of weakening the garrison, and of not putting, through avarice, the citadel in a ſtate of defence; and, above all, of delay, when he had been warned by Cosmo, and not being on the ſpot himſelf to ſecure the power of his maſter in the town. Theſe faults, joined to the hatred

in which he was held, caused the emperor not long after (1554) to recall him to Spain.

While thus employed in Italy as a statesman and a soldier, his active mind led him also to other pursuits. Many inedited philosophical works of his are to be found in Spanish libraries. He wrote a paraphrase of Aristotle, and a translation into Spanish of the *Mechanics* of that philosopher ; he composed *Political Commentaries*, and a history of the taking of Tunis. In the library of manuscripts at Florence, Sedano tells us there exists a volume in quarto entitled, "Various Works of D. Diego de Mendoza, ambassador of his majesty to Venice, Turkey, and England." On all occasions he showed himself an enthusiastic lover of learning, and a liberal patron of learned men ; as a proof of which the bookseller Paulus Manutius dedicated his edition of Cicero to him. Since the days of Petrarch, no man had been so eager to collect Greek manuscripts. He sent to Greece and Mount Athos to procure them, and even made their acquisition a clause in a political treaty with the Sultan. He thus collected a valuable library, which at his death he bequeathed to Philip II., and it forms a precious portion of the library of the Escorial.

It is, however, as a poet that his name is most distinguished in literature. He was a friend of Boscan, and entered into his views for enlarging the sphere of Spanish poetry by the introduction of the Italian style. Though a bitter enemy to the spirit of liberty in Italy, he could yet appreciate and profit by the highly advanced state of poetry and literature in that country, of which this very spirit was the parent.

It is mentioned in the record of his employments, that he went ambassador to England and Turkey ; but it is uncertain at what time these journies were performed ; probably before his return to Spain in 1554.

Considerable obscurity is thrown over the latter years of his life. That is, no sufficient pains has been taken to throw light upon them. His manuscript works would, doubtless, if consulted, tell us more about him

than is at present known. He devoted a portion of the decline of his life to study and literature ; but it would seem that on his return from Italy, he did not immediately retire from active life, as it is mentioned by some of his biographers that he continued member of the council of state under Philip II. and was present at the battle of St. Quentin, fought in 1557. One of the last adventures recorded of him is characteristic of the vehemence of his temper. While at court, he had a quarrel with a noble who was his rival in the affections of a lady. His antagonist, in a fit of exasperation, unsheathed a dagger ; but before he could use it, Mendoza seized him and threw him from the balcony where they were standing, into the street below. In all countries in those days, a personal assault within the precincts of a royal court was looked upon as a very serious offence, and Spanish etiquette caused it to be regarded in a still more heinous light. Still Mendoza was not the aggressor : and his punishment was limited to a short imprisonment, where he amused himself by addressing the lady of his love in various redondillas.

Much of the latter part of his life was spent in retirement in his native city of Granada, given up to study and literature. He here composed the most esteemed of his prose works — the “History of the War of the Moriscos in Granada.” The style of this work is exceedingly pure. He took the Latin authors Sallust and Cæsar for his models ; and being an eye-witness of the events he records, his narrative is highly interesting.

While in Italy, he had written a state paper, addressed to the emperor, dissuading him from selling the duchy of Milan to the pope, which was conceived in so free a style, that Sandoval, in quoting it in his history, believed it necessary to soften its expressions. In the same way this acute observer perceived the faults of the Spanish government against the Moriscos, and alluded to, although he did not dare blame them.

Philip II., a bigoted tyrant, drove this portion of his subjects to despair. Mendoza tells us that just before

their revolt, "the inquisition began to persecute them more than ever. The king ordered them to quit the Morisco language, and all commerce and communication one with the other: he took from them their negro slaves, whom they had brought up with the same kindness as if they had been their children: he forced them to cast off their Arab dress, in which they held invested a large capital, and obliged them, at a great expense, to adopt the Castilian costume. He forced the women to appear with uncovered faces, opening all that portion of their houses which they were accustomed to keep closed; and both of these orders appeared intolerable to this jealous people. It was spread abroad also that he intended to possess himself of their children, and to educate them in Castile: he forbade the use of baths, which contributed at once to their cleanliness and pleasure. Their music, songs, feasts, and weddings, held according to their manners and customs, and all assemblies of a joyful nature, were already interdicted; and these new regulations were published without augmenting the guards, without sending troops, without reinforcing the garrisons or establishing new ones." *

The effect of such a system on a proud and valorous people, passionately attached to their religion and customs, might be anticipated. The Moors collected arms secretly, and laid up stores in the rugged moun-

* Mendoza felt himself obliged in his own person to refrain from all censure on the edicts of his sovereign. But in a speech he introduced after the manner of Sallust, as spoken by one of the chiefs, he conveyed, in forcible terms, his sense of the persecution which the unhappy Moors endured. The conspirator exclaims: "What hinders a man, speaking Castilian, from following the law of the prophet, or one who speaks Morisco from following that of Jesus? They take our children to their congregations and schools, teaching them arts which our ancestors forbade, that purity of the law might not be disturbed nor its truth disputed. We are threatened at every hour that they shall be taken from the arms of their mothers and the bringing up of their fathers, and carried into distant lands, where they will forget our customs, and learn to become the enemies of the fathers who begot them, and the mothers who bore them. We are ordered to cast off our national dress, and to adopt the Castilian. Germans dress after one manner, the French after another, the Greeks after another. The clergy have a peculiar garb — youths one sort of dress — old men another — each nation, and each profession, and each rank, adopts its own style of dress. Yet all are Christians. And we Moors — why do we dress in the Morisco, as if our faith hung in our garb — not in our hearts?"

tains of the Alpujarra : they chose for king the young Fernando de Valor, descended from their ancient sovereigns, who assumed the name of Aben Humeya. The progress of the revolt, however, met with various checks, and they did not receive the aid they expected from the sultan Selim. Instead, therefore, of taking Granada, their war became guerilla ; and the spirit of vengeance incited them to the exercise of frightful cruelties, by way of reprisal, on the Christian prisoners who fell into their hands. An army was sent against them, commanded by don John of Austria, natural son of Charles V. ; Mendoza's nephew, the marquis of Mondejar, was one of the principal generals under him : Mendoza, therefore, had full opportunity to learn the details of the war, which terminated in the success of the Spaniards, whose cruelties rivalled those of the unfortunate rebels. The Moriscos were put down by the massacre of several villages, and the selling of the inhabitants of a whole territory into slavery. This total destruction of the Morisco people is described by Mendoza, with a truth that prevented his history from being published until 1610, and even then with great omissions : a complete edition did not appear till 1776.

After a retreat of some years, Mendoza appeared at court again in his old age, at Valladolid : his reputation caused him to be admired as an oracle ; his erudition and genius commanded universal respect. He enjoyed these honours but a few months, and died in the year 1575.

There are few men of whom the Spaniards are more proud than Mendoza, whom, to distinguish from other poets of the same name, they usually call the Ambassador. " Most certain it is," says Sedano, " that from the importance and diversity of his employments, he was considered one of the most famous among the many great men which that age produced. His ardent mind was perpetually employed in the support of the glory of his sovereign and the honour of his country ; and in all the transactions in which he was employed,

his zeal, his integrity, his deep policy, his penetration, and his understanding shone out; and the very faults of which he is accused, must be attributed to the envy and hatred of his enemies."

We may not, perhaps, be ready to echo much of this praise. The oppressor of a free people must always hold an obnoxious position; and when to the severe and un pitying system he adopted towards others, we find that he indulged his own passions even to the detriment of his sovereign's interests, we feel somewhat of contempt mingled with resentment. We are told that in person he wastall and robust, dignified in his deportment, but ugly in the face. His complexion was singularly dark, and the expression of his countenance haughty; his eyes were vivacious and sparkling; and we may believe that his irregular and harsh features were redeemed in some degree by the intellect that informed them.

In judging of him as a poet, he falls far short of Garcilaso; but in some respects he may be considered as superior to Boscan. His short and simple poems, named in Spanish *vilancicos*, are full of life and spirit, and are fitted to become popular from the simplicity and yet vivacity of their sentiments and versification: they are the sparkling emanations of the passions, expressed at the moment, with all the ardour of living emotion. Indeed, he so far indulged in this sort of composition, tempting to one who feels that he can thus impart, and so perhaps obtain sympathy for, the emotions that boil within him, that most of his smaller poems remain inedited as being too free; the Spanish press never being permitted to put forth works of a licentious nature. His epistles imitated from Horace, want elegance and harmony; but they are forcible, and full of excellent sense and good feeling. He could not rise to the sublime. There is a complimentary ode of his addressed to cardinal Espinosa, on his assuming the hat, for the writing of which, we are told by his secretary, that he prepared by three days' study of Pindar; but it breathes no Pindaric fire; there is bathos rather than

height in the similes he makes, drawn from the purple of the cardinal's new dress, and the crimson colours with which the sun invests the empyreum. Mendoza was not an imaginative poet ; and it is observable, that when a person, not such by nature, deals in the ideal, the result is rather the ridiculous than the sublime. Acute, earnest, playful, passionate, but neither tender nor sublime, if we except a few of his minor love poems, we read Mendoza's verses rather to become acquainted with the man than seek the soul of poetry in his compositions.

LUIS DE LEON.

1527—1591.

THERE is a variety in the physiognomy and character of the poets whose biography is here traced, that renders each in himself highly interesting; our misfortune is that we know so little of them. Sedano bitterly laments the obscurity which wraps the history of the great literary men of Spain, through the neglect of their contemporaries to transmit the circumstances of their lives. We have but slight sketches; yet their works, joined to these, individualise the man, and give animation and interest to very slender details. We image Boscan in his rural retirement, philosophising, book in hand;—revolving in his thoughts the harmonies of verse, conversing with his friends, enjoying with placid smile the calm content, or rather, may we not say, the perfect home-felt, heart-reaching happiness of his married life, which he felt so truly, and describes in such lively colours. Young still, his affections ardent, but concentrated, he acknowledges that serenity, confidence, and sweet future hopes; unreserved sympathy, and entire community of the interests of life, is the real Paradise on earth. Garcilaso, the gallant soldier, the tender poet, the admired and loved of all, is of another character, more heroic, more soft, more romantic. Mendoza, with his fiery eye, his vehement temper, his untamed passions—and these mingled with respect for learning, friendship for the worthy, and talents that exalted his nature to something noble and immortal, despite his defects, contrasts with his friends: and the fourth now coming, Luis de Leon—more earnest and enthusiastic than Boscan—tender as Garcilaso, but with a soul whose tenderness was engrossed by heavenly

not earthly love—pure and high-hearted, with the nobility of genius stamped on his brow, but with religious resignation calming his heart, — he is different, but more complete—a man Spain only could produce ; for in Spain only had religion such sovereign sway as wholly to reduce the rebel inclinations of man, and, by substituting supernal for terrestrial love, not diminish the fulness and tenderness of passion, but only give it another object. High poetic powers being joined not only to the loftiest religious enthusiasm, to learning, but also the works of this amiable and highly-gifted man are different from all others, but exquisite in their class. We wish to learn more of his mind : as it is, we know little, except that as his compositions were characteristic of his virtues, so were the events of his life of his country.

The family of Luis Ponce de Leon was the noblest in Andalusia. He was born at Granada in the year 1527. It would appear that his childhood was not happy, for in an ode to the Virgin, written when in the dungeons of the inquisition, he touchingly speaks of his abandonment in infancy, saying :—

My mother died as soon as I was born,*
 And I was dedicate to thee, a child,
 Bequeathed by my poor mother's dying prayer.
 A second parent thou, O Virgin mild.
 Father and mother to the babe forlorn ;
 For my own father made me not his care.

It was this neglect, probably, that led him to place his affections on religious objects ; and the enthusiasm he felt, he believed to be a vocation for a monastic life. At the age of sixteen, he endued the habit of the order of St. Augustin in the convent of Salamanca, and took the vows during the following year. Enthusiastically pious, but without fanaticism, his heart was warmed only by the softer emotions of religion ; love, and resignation, a taste for retirement, and pleasure in fulfilling

* “ Luego como naçí, murió mi madre :
 á tí quedé yo niño encomendado :
 dejoteme mi madre por tutora :
 del vientre de mi madre en tí fue echado ;
 murió mi madre, desechóme mi padre,
 tú sola eres padre y madre agora.”

the duties of his order. His soul was purified, but not narrowed by his piety. He loved learning, and was an elegant classical scholar. Most of his poems were written when young. He translated a great deal from Virgil and Horace, and became imbued by their elegance and correctness. He was celebrated also as a theologian, and he pursued his scholastic studies with an ardour that led him to adorn his religious faith with the imaginative hues of poetry and the earnest sentiments of his heart. He was admired for his learning by his contemporaries, and rose high in the estimation of the scholars of Salamanca, where he resided. At the age of thirty-three, he was made doctor of theology by the university of that town. In the year 1561, he was elected to the chair of St. Thomas, over the heads of seven candidates, by a large majority.

Although his learning, his piety, and the austerity of his life, caused him to be regarded with universal respect, yet he had enemies, the result, probably, of his very excellencies. These took advantage of a slight imprudence he had committed, to plunge him into the most frightful misfortune. He greatly loved and admired Hebrew poetry; and, to please a friend, who did not understand the learned languages, he translated into Spanish, and commented upon, the Song of Solomon. His friend was heedless enough to permit copies to be taken, and it thus became spread abroad. Who was the machinator of the disaster that ensued we are not told; but he was accused before the tribunal of the inquisition of heresy, for disobeying the commands of the church, in translating Scripture into the vulgar tongue. He was seized, and thrown into the prison of the inquisition, at Valladolid, in the year 1572. Here he remained five years, suffering all the hardships of a rigorous and cruel confinement. Confined in a dungeon, without light or space — cut off from communication with his friends — allowed no measures of defence — hope seemed shut out from him, while all means of occupation were denied him.

His pious mind found consolation in religion. He could turn to the objects of his worship, implore their aid,

and trust to the efficacy of their intercession before God. Sometimes, however, his heart failed him, and it was complaints rather than prayers that he preferred. His odes to the Virgin were written during this disastrous period; and among them that from which we have already quoted, in which he pathetically describes and laments the extremity of adversity to which he was reduced. The whole ode in Spanish is full of pathos, and gentle, yet deep-felt lamentation: a few stanzas may give some idea of the acuteness of his sufferings. Thus he speaks of the hopeless, lingering evils of his imprisonment: —

If I look back, I feel a wild despair —*
 I shrink with terror from the coming days,
 For they will mirror but the hideous past;
 While heavy and intolerable weighs
 The evil load of all that now I bear;
 Nor have I hope but it will ever last —
 The arrows come so fast;
 I feel a deadly wound,
 And, shudd'ring, look around;
 And as the blood, rushing all warm, doth flow,
 Behold! another, and another blow!
 While they who deal to me such fierce annoy,
 Rejoice to see my woe —
 Lamenting still they do not quite destroy!
 To what poor wretch did heaven e'er deny
 Leave to declare the misery he feels?
 Laments can ease the weight of heaviest chain;
 But cruel fate with me so harshly deals,
 Stiffing within my lips the gushing cry,
 So that aloud I never may complain:
 For, could I tell my pain,

*“ Se miro lo pasado pierdo el seso,
 y si lo por venir pierdo el sentido,
 porque veo sera qual lo pasado:
 si lo presente, hallome oprimido
 de tan pesada carga y grave peso,
 que resollar apenas no me es dado:
 apenas ha tirado
 un enemigo un tiro,
 la fresca llaga miro
 la sangre por las sienas ir corriendo:
 otro por otra parte me está hiriendo,
 mientras aquel en ver que me maltratan
 contentos está haciendo,
 pero tristes en ver que no me matan.

¿ A' cuál hombre jamás le fue negada
 licencia de decir el mal que siente?
 Que parece que alivia su tormento —
 á mí, porque mi mal mas me atormenta,
 la boca fuertemente me es cerrada,
 para que no publique el mal que siento;
 que es tal que si lo cuento,

What heart were hard enough,
 Though made of sternest stuff,
 Tiger or basilisk, or serpent dread,
 That would not gentle tears of pity shed,
 Symbols of tender sorrow for my woes?
 The while by hatred fed,
 Fate's hostile fury ever fiercer grows.

From living man no comfort reaches me :
 From me the dearest and most faithful friend
 Would fly beyond the earth's remotest end,
 So not to share my hopeless misery !
 And my sad eyes, where'er I turn my sight,
 Are strangers to the light.
 No man that comes anear,
 My name did ever hear —
 So I myself almost myself forget !
 Nor know if what I was, so am I yet —
 Nor why to me this misery befell :
 Nor can I knowledge get ;
 For none to me the horrid tale will tell.

* * * *

Wreck'd is my vessel on a shoreless sea,
 Where there is none to help me in my fear,
 Where none can stretch a friendly saving hand !
 I call on men — but there are none to hear ;
 In the wide world there 's no man thinks of me ;
 My failing voice can never reach the land !
 But, while I fearful stand,
 A blessed; heaven-sent thought,
 By bitter suffering brought,

á un corazon mas duro
 que una roca, ó un muro,
 ó sierpe, ó basilisco, ó tigre hircana,
 sin duda hará llorar, y muy de gana
 en señal que mi mal les enternece ;
 pero la furia insana
 de los que me persiguen siempre erece.

En ningun hombre hallo ya consuelo :
 la lumbré de mi ojos no es conmigo —
 el mas estrecho, fiel, y caro amigo
 huirá la tierra, el mar, el alto cielo,
 á trueco de se ver de mi apartado.
 Si mirò al diestro lado,
 no hallo solo un hombre
 que sepa ya mi nombre ;
 y asi yo mismo dél tambien me olvido,
 y nose mas de mi de que hube sido ;
 si mi troque, si soy quien antes era,
 aun nunca lo he sabido,
 que no me dá lugar mi suerte fiera.

* * *

Metido estoy en este mar profundo,
 dó no hay quien me socorra, quien me ayude ;
 dó no hay quien para mí tienda su mano.
 Llamo á los hombres, mas ninguno acude :
 no tengo hombre alguno en todo el mundo .
 estoy ronco de dar voces en vano :
 tomé un consejo sano
 despues de tanto acuerdo,
 que el mal me hizo cuerdo :

Bids me, O Virgin! trust to thee alone.
 Thou never turn'st away from those who cry,
 Nor wilt thou let thy son,
 O piteous Mother! miserably die.

My mother died as soon as I was born ;
 And I was dedicate to thee, a little child,
 Bequeath'd by my poor mother's dying prayer ;
 A second parent thou, O Virgin mild ! —
 Father and mother to the babe forlorn!
 For my own father made me not his care : —
 And, Lady, canst thou bear
 A child of thine thus lost,
 And in such danger tost ?
 To other sorrows art thou not so blind :
 They waken pity in thy gentle mind,
 Thou givest aid to every other,
 To me be also kind ;
 Listen, and save thy son, O piteous Mother !

It could not be, however, but that a heart so truly pious would find relief in prayer, and feel at intervals strong animating confidence in heaven. Thus, in contrast with these laments, we have a description of another mood of mind, which he gives in an epistle to a friend on his liberation. "Cut off," he writes, "not only from the conversation and society of men, but even from seeing them, I remained for five years shut up in darkness and a dungeon. I then enjoyed a peace and joy of mind that I often miss, now that I am restored to light, and the society of my friends."

He was at length liberated. Sedano tells us, that "at last his trial being over, in virtue of the proofs and

á tí sola pedir socorro quiero,
 que de los que te llaman no te escondes :
 pues me ves que me muero,
 ¿ como, piadosa Madre, no respondes ?

* * *

Luego como nací murió mi Madre ;
 á tí quedé yo niño encomendado :
 dejoteme mi madre por tutora ;
 del vientre de mi madre en tí fue echado :
 murió mi madre, desechóme el padre,
 tú sola eres padre y madre ahora ;
 ¿ y puede ser, Señora,
 que un hijo tuyo muera
 muerte tan lastimera,
 siendo por tí mil otros socorridos ?
 ¿ Porque me cierras, Virgen, los oidos ?
 ¿ Porque no escucharme ? ¿ Dí, porque te abscondes ?
 Y si oyes mi gemidos,
 ¿ como, piadosa Madre, no respondes ? "

exculpations which he was enabled to bring in support of his innocence, he was set at liberty at the end of the year 1576, and restored to all his honours and employments." It is some consolation to find that his imprisonment caused great scandal and outcry, and that his liberation was hailed with exultation and delight. The university had, from respect, never filled the professor's chair, vacated during his imprisonment; and, on his return to Salamanca, the most distinguished persons of the town met him on his way, and conducted him thither in triumph.

Few events after this are recorded of his life. He visited Madrid; and the royal council confided to him the task of the revision and correction of the works of St. Theresa de Jesu, which were much mutilated, and of preparing them for the press. About the same time, there was attempted the reform of his order in Portugal, a work of importance and difficulty to the catholic church. The assistance of Luis de Leon was required, and it is supposed that he even made a journey to Portugal for that purpose. In 1591, he was named vicar-general of his province, and soon afterward elected provincial; but he did not long enjoy this honour: nine days after his election he was attacked by some acute malady. The Spanish biographers take pains to assure us of the edifying piety of his end; and we can easily believe that a man who in youth was entirely dedicate to religion, should in the calmness of old age and in the hour of death, reap from his belief the composure of spirit that makes a happy end. He died on the 23d of August 1591, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

In person, Luis Ponce de Leon is described as of fair height, well-proportioned in person, vigorous and robust. His countenance was manly, and the expression, despite the vivaciousness of his eyes, serious and calm. His mind was ever bent on religious objects: he seems to have forgotten his high birth and the splendour of his name, and to have aspired only to Christian humility. Love of poetry and classical literature were the only

objects that ever called his attention from pious contemplations ; and these he followed chiefly in his youth. " God gifted him," says Sedano, " with a noble birth : he adorned him with understanding and extraordinary talents ; he made him the son of a house abounding in riches and prosperity, and bestowed on him religious and literary honours ; and it was necessary, for the sake of proving his virtues and purifying his soul, to visit him with the misfortunes belonging to the age in which he lived, proportionate to the greatness of his gifts." Sad as it is to reflect on an age and country in which virtues so exemplary, and talents so exalted, met with unmerited persecution, we are almost glad to find that one of the pillars of the very institutions that exercised such barbarous sway, was visited by its cruelty and injustice, to prove that no obedience and no excellence could shelter even the submissive slaves of despotism from its tyranny. Luis de Leon had indeed a soul at once above submission and suffering. He bowed before a higher than earthly power, and was exalted above persecution through his very humility — a proud humility, mixed with a consciousness of strength and worth. On his liberation from prison, and restoration to his professor's chair, all Salamanca flocked to hear his first lecture, drawn thither by reverence and curiosity. Luis de Leon appeared serene and cheerful, and commenced as if nothing had happened ; nor alluded to the long interval, filled with such misery, that had intervened since his last lecture, beginning thus : — " We said yesterday that he had a willow for his symbol, and at its foot a hatchet, with this inscription, ' Through injury and death.' Nobleness, virtue, and generosity spring up under the very attacks of adversity and persecution. A willow the more it is cut, so much the more vigorously does it throw out its shoots ; and for this cause has it its name (*salix*) from the vigour with which it sprouts, and the swiftness of its growth."*

* " Dicebamus hesterno die : Pro suis insignibus habet salicem, ad cujus pedem secuta et hæc verba : Per damna — per cædes. Virtuosum enim

he adopted for his emblem, a pruned tree with the knife at its foot, and the motto "*Ab ipso ferro.*"

As a theologian, his works are held in high repute. It is to his praise that, though austere and regular as a monk, he yet studied the liberal arts with assiduity and success. He was well versed in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, besides being entire master of his native Castilian. His poetry is held in great estimation: the purity and elegance of his style are unsurpassed. Those Spaniards, who are addicted to the tinsel of versification, accuse him of want of loftiness; but nothing can exceed the harmony and flow of his verse, the grace and propriety of his ideas, and the truth and simplicity — the extreme ease and animation, of his style. It is unornamented — but for that very reason, more purely poetic. The most perfect of his compositions is his "*Ode to Tranquil Life,*" in which he dwells with brooding, earnest delight on all the objects, and all the reveries that bless a man, content in solitude. His religious poetry comes less home to our hearts: it is so entirely catholic, but all is marked by enthusiasm and sincerity.

As a translator, he holds a high place; though he may be said rather to paraphrase than translate his models. He thus rendered into Spanish many of the odes of Horace, and various others selected from Pindar, Tibullus, and Theocritus. He translated all the Eclogues of Virgil, and the first book of his Georgics. He tells us, that he endeavoured to make the ancient poets speak as they would have expressed themselves, had they been born in his own age, in Castile, and had written in Castilian. In an inferior poet this attempt had been indiscreet and rash, but Luis de Leon was so much master of style and harmony, that it is impossible to regret the new costume with which he invests our old favourites. He is chiefly blamed because the beauty of his paraphrases is so great: and they have taken such hold of

nobile ac generosum germen oritur ex passionibus et summis cruciatibus. Salix enim quo magis ceditur, et magis germinans, ramos extollitur; et ideo dicitur: salix, à saliendo, et celeritate crescendi."

Spanish readers, that they preclude all future attempts at more literal translation. This is of slight import. If the poems he gives us in Castilian are in themselves beautiful, the Spanish reader must be satisfied. A vigorous desire to have a perfect understanding of the originals ought to lead to the study of them in their native language — the only way really to attain it, and, to a Castilian, not a difficult one.

Were there a good translation of the ode

“ Que descansada vida,”

we should prefer quoting it, as most characteristic of the peculiar imagery and feeling of the poet. As it is, we are tempted to present Mr. Wiffen's spirited translation of his ode on the Moorish invasion: the animation and fire which it breathes has made it a favourite, and shows that Luis de Leon was confined to didactic subjects rather from choice, than by the necessity or narrowness of his genius.

“ As by Tagus' billowy bed, *
 King Rodrigo, safe from sight,
 With the lady Cava fed
 On the fruit of loose delight ;
 From the river's placid breast,
 Slow its ancient Genius broke ;
 Of the scrolls of fate possess'd,
 Thus the frowning prophet spoke :

‘ In an evil hour dost thou,
 Ruthless spoiler, wanton here !
 Shouts and clangours even now,
 Even now assail mine ear —
 Shout and sound of clashing shield,
 Shiver'd sword, and rushing car —
 All the frenzy of the field ! —
 All the anarchy of war !

* “ Folgaba el rey Rodrigo,
 con la hermosa Caba en la ribera
 de Tajo sin testigo :
 El pecho sacó fuera,
 El rio, y le habló de esta manera.

‘ En mal punto te goces,
 injusto forzador, que ya el sonido
 oyo ya y las voces,
 las armas y el bramido
 de Marte, de furor y ardor ceñido.

- ‘ O what wail and weeping spring
 Forth from this, thine hour of mirth,
 From yon fair and smiling thing,
 Who in an evil hour had birth!
 In an evil day for Spain
 Plighted in your guilty troth—
 Fatal triumph! costly gain
 To the sceptre of the Goth!
- ‘ Flames and furies, griefs and broils,
 Slaughter, ravage, fierce alarms,
 Anguish and immortal toils
 Thou dost gather to thine arms,—
 For thyself and vassals — those
 Who the fertile furrow break,
 Where the stately Ebro flows,
 Who their thirst in Douro slake!
- ‘ For the throne — the hall — the bower —
 Murcian lord and Lusian swain —
 For the chivalry a flower
 Of all sad and spacious Spain!
 Prompt for vengeance, not for fame,
 Even now from Cadiz’ halls,
 On the Moor, in Allah’s name,
 Hoarse the Count — the Injur’d calls.
- ‘ Hark, how frightfully forlorn
 Sounds his trumpet to the stars,
 Citing Afric’s desert-born
 To the gonfalon of Mars!
 Lo! already loose in air
 Floats the standard—peals the gong;
 They shall not be slow to dare
 Roderick’s wrath for Julian’s wrong.
-

- ‘ ¡Ay esa tu alegría
 qué llanto acarrea! y esa hermosa,
 que vio el sol en mal día,
 á España ay quan llorosa,
 y al ceptro de los Godos quán costosa!
- ‘ Llamas, dolores, guerras,
 muertos asolamientos, fieros males,
 entre tus brazos cierras,
 trabajos inmortales
 á tí y á tus vasallos naturales.
- ‘ A’ los que en Constantina
 rompen el fertil suelo, á los que baña
 El Ebro, á la vecina
 Sansueña, ó Lusitaña,
 á toda la especiosa y triste España.
- Ya desde Cadiz llama
 el injuriado Conde, á la venganza
 atento, y no á la fama,
 la barbara pujanza
 en quien, para tu daño, no hay tardanza.
- ‘ Oye que al cielo toca
 con temeroso son la trompa fiera,
 que en Africa convoca
 el Moro á la vándera
 que el ayre desplegada va ligera.

- ‘ See their spears the Arabs shake,
Smite the wind, the war demand ;
Millions in a moment wake,
Join, and swarm o'er all the sand.
Underneath their sails, the sea
Disappears — a hubbub runs
Through the sphere of heaven, a-lee,
Clouds of dust obscure the sun's.
- ‘ Swift their mighty ships they climb,
Cut the cables, slip from shore ;
How their sturdy arms keep time
To the dashing of the oar !
Bright the frothy billows burn
Round their cleaving keels, and gales,
Breathed by Æolus astern,
Fill their deep and daring sails.
- ‘ Sheer across Alcides' strait,
He whose voice the floods obey,
With the trident of his state,
Gives the grand armada way.
In her sweet subduing arms,
Sinner ! dost thou slumber still,
Dull and deaf to the alarms
Of this loud intruding ill ?
- ‘ In the hallow'd Gadite bay,
Mark them mooring from the main ;
Rise, take horse ! — away ! away !
Scale the mountain — scour the plain !
Give not pity to thy hand,
Give not pardon to thy spur ;
Dart abroad thy flashing brand,
Bare thy fatal scimitar.
-

- ‘ La lanza ya blanda
el Arabe cruel, y hiere al viento,
llamando a la pelea ;
innumerable quento
de esquadras juntas vide en un momento.
- ‘ Cubre la gente el suelo,
debajo de las velas desaparece
la mar, la voz al cielo
confusa y varia crece,
el polvo roba el dia y le obscurece.
- ‘ ; Ay que ya presurosos
Suben las largas naves, ay que tienden
los brazos vigorosos
á los remos, y encienden
las mares espumosas por dó hien den ?
- ‘ El Eolo derecho
hinche la vela en popa, y larga entrada
por el Herculeo estrecho
con la punta acerada
el gran padre Neptuno da á la Armada.
- ‘ ! Ay triste y aun te tiene
el mal dulce regazo, ni llamado
al mal que sobreviene
no acorres ! ¿ Ocupado
no ves ya al puerto á Hercules sagrado ?

- ' Agony of toil and sweat
 The sole recompence must be
 Of each horse, and horseman yet,
 Plumcless serf, and plumed grandee.
 Sullied in thy silver flow,
 Stream of proud Sevilla, weep!
 Many a broken helm shalt thou
 Hurry to the bordering deep.
- ' Many a turban and tiar,
 Moor, and noble's slaughtered corse,
 Whilst the furies of the war
 Gore your ranks with equal loss!
 Five days you dispute the field;
 When 'tis sunrise on the plains, —
 O loved land! thy doom is seal'd —
 Madden — madden in thy chains! ' ”
-

- ' Acude, acorre, buela,
 trapasa el alta sierra, ocupa el llano,
 no perdones la espuela,
 no dez paz á la mano,
 menea fulminando el hierro insano.
- ' ; Ay cuánto de fatiga !
 ; Ay quanto de dolor está presente
 al que biste loriga,
 al Infante valiente,
 á hombres, y á caballos juntamente !
- ' Y, tu, Betis divino,
 de sangre agena y tuya amancillado,
 darás al mar vecino
 ; quanto yelmo quebrado!
 ; quanto cuerpo de nobles destrozado
- ' El furibondo Marte
 cinco luces las haces desordena,
 igual á cada parte :
 la sexta ; ay ! te condena,
 ó cara patria, ó barbara cadena ! ' ”

HERRERA, SAA DE MIRANDA, JORGE DE
 MONTEMAYOR, CASTILLEJO, THE DRA-
 MATISTS.

1500—1567.

THERE are several other poets whose names belong to this age, of whom very little is known except by their works. Yet to complete the history of Spanish literary men, it will be necessary to mention what has come down to us.

The first on the list is Herrera. Fernando Herrera was a native of Seville. We learn nothing of his family, and even the date of his birth is unknown. It is conjectured that he was born at the beginning of the sixteenth century. He was an ecclesiastic; but it is believed that he adopted this profession late in life, and we are ignorant of the position he held in the hierarchy, and of all the events of his life. It is believed that he died at a very advanced age; but when and where we are not told. In the midst of all these negatives as to events, we get at a few affirmatives with regard to his qualities. There is an inedited work, entitled "The illustrious Men, Natives of Seville," written by Rodrigo Caro, who thus mentions him:—"Herrera was so well known in his native town of Seville, and his memory is so regarded there, that I may be considered in fault if my account of his works is brief: however, I will repeat all I have heard without futile additions, for I knew, though I never spoke to him,—I being a boy when he was an old man; but I remember the reputation he enjoyed. He understood Latin perfectly, and wrote several epigrams in that language, which might rival the most famous ancient authors in thought and expression.

He possessed only a moderate knowledge of Greek. He read the best authors in the modern languages, having studied them with care; and to this he added a profound knowledge of Castilian, carefully noting its powers of expressing with nobleness and grandeur. He evidently wrote prose with great care, since his prose is the best in our language. As to his Spanish poetry, to which his genius chiefly impelled him, the best critics pronounce his poems correct in their versification, full of poetic colouring, powerful and forcible as well as elegant and beautiful; although, indeed, as he did not write for every vulgar reader, so that the uneducated are unable to judge of the extent of his erudition. He excelled in the art of selecting epithets and expressions, without affectation. He was naturally grave and severe, and his disposition betrays itself in his verses. He associated with few, leading a retired life, either alone in his study, or in company, with some friend, who sympathised with him, and to whom he confided his cares. Whether from this cause, or from the merit of his poetry, he was called the 'divine Herrera:' as a satirist of those days mentions:—

'Thus a thousand rhymes and sonnets
Divine Herrera wrote in vain.'

“His poems were not printed during his life; Francisco Pacheco, a celebrated painter of this city, whose studio was the resort of all clever men of Seville and the environs, performed this office. He was a great admirer of his works, and collected them with great care, and printed them under the patronage of the count de Olivarez. Herrera's prose works are the best in our language. They consist of the Life and Martyrdom of Thomas More, president of the English parliament in the time of the unhappy Henry VIII., leader and abettor of the schism of that kingdom (translated from the Latin of Thomas Stapleton); the Naval Battle against the Turks at Lepanto; a Commentary on Garcilaso; all of which display deep reading in Greek, Latin, and modern languages, and which he published while living. He employed himself on a general History of Spain, to the time

of the emperor Charles V., which he brought up to the year 1590. He was well versed in philosophy: he studied mathematics, ancient and modern geography, and possessed a chosen library. The reward of all this was only a benefice in the parish church of St. Andres in this city. But he has many associates in the moderation of his fortune; for though every one praises merit, few seek and fewer reward it."*

The praise of Caro is echoed by others of more note. Cervantes, when he resided at Seville, frequented the society of Herrera; in his "Voyage to Parnassus" he calls him the "Divine," and says that the "ivy of his fame clung to the walls of immortality." Lope de Vega in his "Laurel de Apollo," calls him the "learned," and speaks of him with respect and admiration. Sedano tells us that he was a handsome man; tall, of a manly and dignified aspect, lively eyes, and thick curled hair and beard. In addition, we learn that the lady of his love, whom he celebrates under the names of Light, Love, Sun, Star—Eliodora, was the Countess of Gelves. He loved her, it is said, all his life, to the very height of platonic passion, which burnt fiery and bright in his own heart, but revealed itself only by manifestations of reverence and self-struggle. This sort of attachment, when true, is certainly of an heroic and sublime nature, and demands our admiration and sympathy; but we must be convinced of the reality of the sufferings to which it gives rise, and of the unlimited nature of its devotion, or it becomes a mere picture wanting warmth and life. Petrarch's letters give a soul to his poetry: the various accounts they contain of his solitary struggles at Vacluse, make us turn with deeper interest to his verses, which, otherwise, might almost be reasoned away into a mere ideal feeling. Knowing nothing of Herrera but that he loved "a bright particular star," shining far above, we are willing to find an accord between this love of the elevated and unattainable, and the grandeur of

*. Sedano.

the subjects he celebrates in his poetry, and the dignity of his verse.

Herrera is a great favourite with those Spanish critics who prefer loftiness to simplicity of style, and the ideas of the head rather than the emotions of the heart: the sublime style at which he aimed gained for him the surname of Divine. Boscan, Garcilaso, and Luis de Leon, adopted the Italian metres, and with greater diffuseness, and therefore less classical elegance, but with equal truth and poetic verve, and informed the Spanish language with powers unknown to former poets. But this did not suffice for Herrera. He delighted in the grandiose and sonorous. He altered the language, introducing some obsolete and some new words, and, attending with a sensitive ear to the modulations of sound, endeavoured to make harmony between the thought and its oral expression. Lope de Vega held Herrera's versification in high esteem: quoting a passage from his odes, he exclaims, "Here, no language exceeds our own — no, not even the Greek nor the Latin. Fernando de Herrera is never out of my sight." Quintana, whose criticism is rather founded on artificial, rather than genuine and simple taste, as is apt to be the case with critics, is also his great admirer. He considers that he contributed more than any other to elevate, not only the poetic style of the Spanish language, but the essence of its poetry, in gifting it with more boldness of imagination and fire of expression than any preceding poet. Sedano is less partial: while he praises and admits his right to his name of "divine," he observes, that in endeavouring to purify and elevate his diction, he erred in rendering it harsh and barren, wanting in suavity and flow, and injured it by the affectation of antiquated phrases. His odes are certainly grand: we feel that the poet is full of his subject, and rises with it. It is rash of a foreigner, indeed, to give an opinion; still, we cannot help saying that while we admire the fervour of expression, the grandeur of the ideas, and the harmony of the versification, we miss the while a living grace more charming than all. It is the poetry of the head rather than the heart. And thus,

among Herrera's poems, the one we admire most is his Ode to Sleep; for, joined to elegant chasteness and great purity of language, we find a pure genuine feeling, feelingly expressed.

“Suave sueño, tu que en tarde buelo
 las alas perezosas blandamente
 bates, de adormideras coronado,
 por el puro, adormido, vago cielo,
 ven á la ultima parte de Occidente,
 y de licor sagrado
 baña mi ojos tristes que cansado
 y rendido al furor de mi tormento,
 no admito algun sosiego,
 y el dolor desconorta al infrimiento.
 Ven a mi humilde ruego:
 ven a mi ruego humilde, amor de aquella
 que Juno te ofreció, tu Ninfa bella.

Divino Sueño, gloria de mortales,
 regalo dulce al misero afligido:
 Sueño amoroso, ven a quien espera
 cesar del egercicio de sus males,
 y al descanso bolver todo el sentido.
 ¿ Como sufres que muera
 lejos de tu poder quien tuyo era?
 ¿ No es vileza olvidar un solo pecho
 en veladora pena,
 que sin gozar del bien che al mundo has hecho,
 de tu vigor se agena?
 Ven, Sueño alegre: Sueño, ven, dichoso:
 vuelve a mi alma ya, vuelve el reposo.

Sienta yo en tal estrecho tu grandeza:
 baja, y esparce liquido el rocío:
 huya la alba, que en torno resplandece,
 mira mi ardiente llanto y mi tristeza,
 y quanta fuerza tiene el pesar mio:
 y mi frente humidece,
 que ya de fuegos juntos el Sol crece.
 Torna, sabroso Sueño, y tus hermosas
 alas suenen aora,
 y huya con sus alas presurosas
 la desabrida Aurora;
 y lo che en mi falto la noche fria,
 termine la cercana luz del dia.

Una corona, o Sueño, de tus flores
 ofrezco: tú produce el blando efecto
 en los desiertos cercos de mis ojos,
 que el ayre entregido con olores
 alhaga, y ledó mueve en dulce afecto:
 y de estos mis enojos
 destierra, manso Sueño, los despojos.
 Ven pues, amado Sueño, ven liviano,
 que del ruo Oriente
 Despunta el tierno Febo el rayo cano.
 Ven ya, Sueño clemente,
 y acabara el dolor; así te vea
 en brazos de tu cara Pasitca.”

SAA DE MIRANDA.

AT this same period, so fertile in Spain with poetic genius, there flourished two Portuguese poets, whose names are introduced here from their connection with Spanish poetry. Saa de Miranda was born in 1494, and died in 1558. His Spanish poems are bucolic, and more truly imbued with rural imagery than that of those warrior poets, whose love of the country was that of gentlemen who enjoy the beauties of scenery and the blandishments of the odorous breezes, rather than of persons accustomed to the detail of pastoral life. Saa de Miranda sometimes mingled a higher tone of description with his rural pictures; thus imitating nature, who associates the terrible with the lovely, the storm and the soft breath of evening. At the same time, none excels Saa de Miranda in the union of simplicity and grace: some of his verses remind the Italian reader of the odes of Chiabrera, such as these, describing the wanderings of a nymph, with which his fancy adorned a woodland scene:—

Gently straying,
Gently staying,
She breathed the fragrance of the breezy field;
And, singing, fill'd her lap with flowers,
The which the meadows yield,
Painting their verdure with a thousand colours.*

Nor does his poetry want the charm of melancholy sentiment, nor the vehemence of passion; while all that he writes has the peculiar merit of a harmony and grace all his own.

* “ Graciosamente estando,
graciosamente andando,
blando ayye respirava al prado ameno
ella cantava, y juntamente el seno
inchiendose yva de diversas flores
en que el prado era lleno
sobre verde variado en mil colores.”

JORGE DE MONTEMAYOR.

JORGE DE MONTEMAYOR is another Portuguese poet, whose name belongs rather to Spain than Portugal. His real appellation is unknown. He adopted that of the place of his birth, Montemor, a town in the jurisdiction of Coimbra in Portugal, which he in a manner translated into Spanish, and called himself Jorge or George de Montemayor. He was born about the year 1520, of humble origin, and slight education. In his youth he entered the military profession. His talent for music first brought him into notice : he emigrated into Castile, and endeavoured to gain his livelihood by music : he succeeded in being incorporated in the band of the Royal Chapel ; and when the Infante don Philip, afterwards Philip II., made his celebrated progress through Germany, Italy, and the Low Countries, having in his suite a band of choice musicians and singers, Montemayor made one among them.

These travels tended to enlarge his mind ; and, although unacquainted with the learned languages, he became a proficient in various foreign ones, and joined to these accomplishments a taste for literature. His love for music was allied closely to a talent for poetry ; and when on his return to Spain, he resided at the city of Leon, he established his fame as an author, by writing his "Diana." The fame of this book spread far and wide : it was imitated by almost every poet that wrote in those days, and the style in which it was composed became the fashion throughout Spain.

The "Diana" is a pastoral of such an ideal species, that it sets chronology and history at defiance. Of these, our Shakspeare made light, when he wrote "Cymbeline" and the "Winter's Tale ;" but the "Diana" is even more confused in its costume. The scene of it is placed at the foot of the mountains of Leon ; and the heroine is said to be the object of a real attachment of the author.

This lady in other poems is called Marfida: he is said to have loved her before he left Spain with the court: on his return he found her married; and his grief and her infidelity he personified in the Sireno and Diana of his pastoral. Thus many modern events are spoken of; and the adventures of Abindarres and Xarifa, contemporaries of king Ferdinand, are mentioned as of old date, at the same time that Apollo and Diana, nymphs and fauns, are the objects of adoration among the shepherds; for, indeed, in those days the gods of the Greeks made as it were an integral portion of poetry, and it would have been considered a solecism to have omitted the names and worship of these deities. The story is conceived in the same heterogeneous manner. There is infinite simplicity in all the part that strictly appertains to Diana and her lover; and much of what is romantic and even supernatural in the other portions.

The first book commences with the return of Sireno to the valleys of the mountains of Leon. He has already heard of the falsehood of his mistress, who is married to another. The romance opens with the songs of his complaints. In one of these he addresses a lock of hair belonging to Diana; and nothing can be more simple, yet touching and true, and elegant, than the opening of this poem. He is joined by Silvano, another lover of Diana, who has always been disdained; and his resignation is truly exemplary: these two hapless lovers are joined by a shepherdess, who is also suffering the woes of unfortunate passion; and her history concludes the book. In the second, events of more action are introduced: the scene even changes to a sort of fairy tale; but though the machinery of the story alters, the sentiments remain the same, conceived in the language of passion and reality. It is not until the sixth book that Diana herself is introduced, and the canzoni placed in her mouth are among the best in the book: she lays the blame of her infidelity on her parents, who forced her to marry a rich shepherd. The romance concludes

without any change in the situation of the hero and heroine.

It is singular, that a work founded on such strange and unnatural machinery should have seized on the imagination, we may almost say, of the world, since this sort of pastoral became universally imitated; but there is something in the rural pictures and out-of-door life which composes the scenery of such works, grateful, we know not why, to our hearts. The style of the "Diana" is, indeed, peculiarly beautiful. Nothing can be more correct, yet less laboured; nothing more elegant, yet less exaggerated. To express vividly and truly, yet gracefully and in harmonious measure, the emotions of the various personages, appears to be the author's chief aim. Thus we read on, attracted by the melody of the style, the heartfelt truth of the sentiments, and the beauty of the descriptions, even while we are quite careless of the developement of the plot, and tolerably uninterested in any of the personages. To translate the poetry of this book would be difficult, as the style forms its charm; but it is impossible to read it in the original without being carried away by the flow of the versification, and the unaffected expression of real feeling.

The "Diana" superseded for a time the books of chivalry, of which the Spaniards were so fond. Since Amadis first appeared, no work had been so popular. Cervantes, who imitated it in his "Galatea," thus mentions it in the scrutiny the curate and barber make of Don Quixote's library. Speaking of pastorals in general, the curate says: "These books do not deserve to be burned with the rest, because they have never done nor will do the harm of which tales of chivalry are guilty; they are mere books of amusement, and hurt no one." Of the pastoral in question itself, he says: "Let us begin by the "Diana" of Montemayor: I am of opinion that we tear out all that relates to the wise Felicia and the enchanted water, and almost all the poems in long measure, and let the prose remain, and the merit of its being the first of this species of books."

Such was the reputation that Montemayor acquired by this romance, that the queen of Portugal was desirous that he should return to his native country. He was, accordingly, recalled, and nothing more is known of him than that it is supposed that he died a violent death *, — where, even, is not known; for some say in Portugal, some in Italy: the dates tolerably agree, those named being 1561 and 1562, so that he was scarcely more than forty at the time of his death.

CASTILLEJO.

To give a catalogue *raisonnée* of all the poets that flourished in Spain in this age would be of little avail, as little is known of them and their poetry: though much of it is beautiful, and much more of it agreeable, it does not bear the stamp of the originality and genius necessary to form an era in literature. Sedano gives brief notices of some of them. From him we learn that Fernando de Acuna, a nobleman of Portuguese extraction, a distinguished courtier in the court, a gallant soldier in the camp of Charles V., was also an intimate friend of Garcilaso de la Vega, and imitated him and Boscan in the style of his poetry. He died in Granada about the year 1580. There is elegance, and a certain degree of originality in his poems. Sedano almost places him above his friend Garcilaso. He mingled the Italian and old Spanish styles together, introducing metres more adapted to the Castilian language than the terzets of his predecessors, being shorter, more airy, and more graceful.

Gil Polo, a native of Valentia, flourished about the year 1550. He continued the *Diana* of Montemayor, and called his work “*La Diana Enamorada*.” He is chiefly famous for the praise that Cervantes bestows on

* Sedano tells us that the queen Catalina of Portugal, on recalling him, conferred on him an honourable situation in the royal household. The date of his death is ascertained through an elegy which is printed in all the editions of the “*Diana* ;” and which mentions that he died in 1562.

him, when in "Don Quixote" the curate says to the barber "Take as much care of Gil Polo's work, as if it were written by Apollo himself." Posterity has not confirmed this preference, and it is chiefly praised for elegance and purity of style.

Cetina, an anacreontic poet of merit, also finds a place in the "Parnaso Español." The same honour is not bestowed on Castillejo, who, however, deserves peculiar mention as the great partisan of the old Castilian style, and the antagonist of Boscan. Cristoval Castillejo flourished also in the time of Charles V., in whose service he went to Vienna, remaining there as secretary to Ferdinand I.; as, notwithstanding, the imperial crown of Germany was separated from the regal one of Spain, on the death of Charles V., there continued to subsist for some years intimate relations between the courts of Vienna and Madrid. The greater part of Castillejo's poems were written at Vienna, and are full of allusions to the gaieties of the court. He admired and celebrates a young German lady, named Schomburg, whose barbaric appellation he translates into Xomburg. Late in life he returned to Spain, became a Cistercian monk, and died in a convent in 1596.

Some Spanish critics raise Castillejo to a high rank among the poets of that nation, while others give him a juster place, and perceive that it was the want of strength to soar beyond, that led him, in his own compositions, to confine himself to the old coplas, and want of penetration that made him so violent an enemy of those whom he named the Petrarquistas. His satires against them are witty, and not without some justice; and certainly prolixity is a fault to be attributed to these poets he attacks. He begins with the true Spanish taste for persecution, exclaiming, —

As the holy Inquisition
Is apt, with saintly diligence,
To make eager perquisition,
And punish too with violence,
Each novel heresy and sect,
I would that it were found correct

To castigate in native Spain
 A heresy as bad as any
 That Luther, to our grief and pain,
 Has introduced in Germany.
 The Anabaptists' crime they share,
 And well deserve their punishment :
 Petrarchists — the new name they bear,
 Which they assume with bad intent ;
 And they are renegades most fierce
 To the old Castilian measure ;
 Believing in Italian verse,
 Finding there more grace and pleasure.*

Upon this, he institutes a ghostly tribunal, presided over by Juan de Mena, Jorge Manrique, and other ancient poets, before whom Boscán and Garcilaso are forced to appear — of course, to their utter discomfiture and disgrace. While it is impossible to accede to this sentence, and while we must look on Castillejo as an inferior poet, he merits great praise within the boundaries which he prescribes himself. His lyrics are light, airy, graceful ; and though they possess a fault little known in Spain — that of levity, — this defect is with him akin to that animation and wit which is the proper charm of poetry of this class.

* “Pues la santa Inquisicion
 suele ser tan diligente,
 en castigar con razon
 qualquier secta y opinion
 levantada nuevamente :
 resucitese luzero
 á castigar en España
 una muy nueva y estraña,
 como á quello de Lutero
 en las partes de Alemaña.
 Bien se pueden castigar
 á cuenta de Anabaptistas
 pues por ley particular
 se tornan á baptizar
 y se llaman Petrarquistas
 Han renegado la fé
 de la trobas Castellanas
 y tras las Italianas
 se pierden, diziendo, que
 son mas ricas y galanas.”

THE DRAMATISTS.

As in no long process of time, dramatic poetry became the distinctive and national turn of Spanish poetic genius, it would be ungrateful towards the originators of a species of composition imitated all over the world, and extolled by every man of taste, not to make mention of them. The first dawn of the drama has been mentioned: the representation of mysteries and autos being permitted by the clergy, leave was taken to exchange the purely religious for the pastoral or the moral. Besides the pastoral dialogues of Juan de Encina, before mentioned, there existed a moral Spanish play, whose origin is lost in obscurity. It is named, "Celestina, Tragicomedia de Calisto y Melibea." The first act is supposed by some to have been the work of an unknown priest or poet of the reign of John II. It was finished in the fifteenth century, by Fernando de Roxas. The drama consists of twenty-one acts, and is rather a long-drawn tale in dialogue than a play. It is more didactic than dramatic; descriptive and moral. Its purpose was to warn youth by displaying the dangers of licentiousness; and many an odious personage and scene is introduced to conduce to this good end; with considerable disdain, meanwhile, of good taste. The first act, of ancient date, brings forward the story — the loves of Calisto and Melibea, two young persons nobly born, divided from each other by their respective families. Melibea is perfectly virtuous and prudent, and submits to the commands that prevent all communication between her and her lover. Calisto is less patient: he applies to Celestina, an old sort of go-between, such as is frequent in a land of intrigue like Spain. Her artifices, her flatteries, her philtres, are all described and put in action; and the act breaks off under the expectation of what may be the result of such an engine. Roxas added twenty acts to this one. He in-

creases the romantic and tragic interest of the tale. Celestina introduces herself into Melibea's house. She corrupts the servants by presents; deludes the unfortunate girl by incantations, and induces her, at last, to yield to her lover. Her parents discover the intrigue; Celestina is poisoned; Calisto stabbed; and Melibea throws herself from the top of a tower. According to some writers, where crime is punished in the end, the tale is moral: thus, this drama was regarded as a moral composition; at all events, it was popular: doubtless, it pictured the manners of the times, and interested the readers as the novels of the present day do, by shadowing forth the passions and events they themselves experienced.

This was the first genuine Spanish play. In the beginning of the reign of Charles V., the theatre began to interest classic scholars; and the first step made towards improving the drama, was an attempt to introduce antique models. Villalobos, a physician of Charles V., translated the *Amphitryon* of Plautus, which was printed in 1515. Perez de Oliva made a literal translation of the *Electra* of Sophocles. Oliva was a man of infinite learning and zealous inquiry: passing through the universities of Salamanca and Alcalá, he visited first Paris, and afterwards Rome, where he gave himself up to the study of letters. The road of advancement was open to him in the papal palace at Rome, but he renounced it to return to Spain. He became professor of philosophy and theology in the university of Salamanca. One of his chief studies was his own language, and he is much praised for the classical purity of his style. Sedano goes so far as to say that the diction of his translation, which he entitles "*La Venganza de Agamemnon*," or, *Agamemnon Avenged*, "is so perfect in all its parts — so full of harmony, elevation, purity, sweetness, and majesty, that it not only excuses the author for not having written in verse, but may rival the most renowned poetry." It seems strange to read this sentence, and to turn to the bald

phraseology of the work itself: we cannot believe that this translation was ever acted. The first original tragedy published in Spain was the work of Geronimo Bermudez, a monk of the order of St. Dominic, a man of austere and pious life; but who joined a love of letters and poetry to his theological studies. He wrote "Nise Lastimosa," and "Nise Laureada." Ines de Castro, of whose name in the title he makes the anagram of Nise, but who is properly named in the play, is the heroine of these dramas. The first is by no means destitute of merit. The tale itself is of such tragic interest, that it naturally supports the dialogue, which is too long drawn, and interrupted by choruses. The fourth act, however, rises superior to the rest, and is extremely beautiful. Ines pleads before the king for her life. She uses every argument suggested by justice, mercy, and parental affection to move him. The language is free from extraneous ornament; tender elevated, and impassioned. It is impossible to read it without being moved by the depth and energy of its pathos. The second play, the subject of which is the vengeance the infante don Pedro took on her murderers when he ascended the throne, is a great falling off from the other. The plot is deficient — the dialogue tiresomely long — and the catastrophe, though historically true, at once horrible and unpoetic.

Besides these more classical productions, there were written various imitations of *Celestina*. They were all moral, for they all displayed in an elaborate manner the course of vice, and its punishment. Long drawn out — too real in their representation of vulgar crime, they neither interested on the stage, nor pleased in the closet.

The greatest obscurity has enveloped the earliest regular dramas written in Spanish. They were the work of Bartolomé Torres Naharro, a native of Estremadura, and a priest. Torres Naharro was born in the little town of Tore, near Badajos, on the frontiers of Portugal. Little is known of him, except his reput-

ation as a man of learning. After a shipwreck, which involved him in various adventures, he arrived at Rome, during the pontificate of Leo X., and was patronised by that accomplished pope. Naples was then in the hands of the Spaniards, and Naharro's comedies were doubtless represented in that city, whither Naharro himself removed, driven from Rome by the difficulties in which his satirical works involved him.*

Cervantes does not mention Naharro in his preface to his comedies, which contains the best account we have of the origin of the Spanish drama. But other writers, and among them the editor of Cervantes's comedies, mention him as the real inventor of the Spanish drama. His plays were written in verse; there is propriety in his characters and some elegance in his style. He brought in the intrigue of an involved story to support the interest of his plays. They did not, however, obtain possession of the stage in Spain.

Lope de Rueda followed him. The "great Lope de Rueda" Cervantes calls him, adding that he was an excellent actor and a clever man. "He was born," he continues, "at Seville, and was a goldbeater by trade. He was admirable in pastoral poetry, and no one either before or after excelled him in this species of composition. Although when I saw him I was a child, and could not judge of the excellence of his verses, several have remained in my memory, and, recalling them now at a ripe age, I find them worthy their reputation. In the time of this celebrated Spaniard, all the paraphernalia of a dramatic author and manager was contained in a bag: it consisted of four white dresses for shepherds, trimmed with copper gilt, four sets of false beards and wigs, and four crooks, more or less. The comedies were mere conversations, like eclogues, between two or three shepherds and a shepherdess, adorned and prolonged by two or three interludes of negresses, clowns or Biscayans. Lope performed the various parts with all the truth and excellence in the world. At that time there were no

* Bouterwek. Pellicer.

side scenes, no combats between Moors and Christians on horseback or on foot. There was no figure which arose, or appeared to rise, from the centre of the earth, through a trapdoor in the theatre. His stage was formed of a few planks laid across benches, and so raised about four palms above the ground. Neither angels nor souls descended from the sky: the only theatrical decoration was an old curtain, held up by ropes on each side; it formed the back of the stage, and separated the behind scenes from the front. Behind were placed the musicians, who sang some old romance to the music of a guitar."

As an actor himself Rueda doubtless could judge best of the public taste. His own parts were those of fools, roguish servants, and Biscayan boors. His plays were collected by Timoneda, a bookseller of Valencia, but, like the witticisms of the masks of the old Italian stage, they lose much in print. His plots consist of chapters of mistakes: there are a multitude of characters in his dramas, and jests and witticisms abound. These generally consist of ridiculous quarrels, in which a clown plays the principal part.* Spanish critics call him the restorer, it would be better to say—the founder of the Spanish theatre.

After Rueda, Cervantes tells us, came another Naharro, a native of Toledo; he was also an actor and manager. "He augmented the decorations of the comedies; he substituted trunks and boxes for the old bag. He drew the musicians out from behind the curtain, where they were previously placed. He deprived the actors of their beards; for before him no actor had ever appeared without a false beard. He desired that all should show an unmasked battery, except those who represented old men, or were disguised. He invented side scenes, clouds, thunder, lightning, challenges, and battles.

Such were the commencements of the Spanish theatre, destined to take so high a place hereafter in the history of the drama.

* Bouterwek.

We now come to a new era, and names more known. We have arrived at the age of Cervantes: these were the men who preceded him.

There is something very peculiar in the state of literature at this time. The infancy of Spanish poetry was such as might have been expected from a chivalrous nation; its themes were love and war, its heroes national, and its style such as to render it popular. The continued struggle with a foreign conqueror gave an ardent and gallant turn to the national character: and while the superior excellence of the enemy in arts and literature imparted some portion of refinement, national enthusiasm inspired independence. But now the enemy was quelled, the country overflowed with money, the harvest of the most nefarious cruelties, and the inquisition was established. Even these circumstances were not enough to subdue the heroism of the Spanish character: they made a stand for freedom against the encroachments of the monarchs; their disjointed councils caused them to fail, and from that moment they sank. The wars of Charles V. drained the country of men and money; the Lutheran heresy put fresh powers into the hands of the inquisition; a career of arms in a foreign country was all that was left; the gates of inquiry and free thought were closed and barred.

Intercourse with Italy opened fresh fields of poetry, which all other countries have found unlimited in the variety of subjects, and manner of treating them. Not so the Spaniards; they stopt short at once with elegies, and pastorals, and songs. Boscan, a man of gentle disposition and retired habits, naturally dwelt with complacency on descriptions of rural pleasures, or the sentiments of his own heart. Garcilaso de la Vega, a gallant soldier, found in poetry a recreation, a mode to gratify his taste; and retired from the world of arms to brood over the graceful and passionate reveries of a young lover. Mendoza, a man of harder temperament, was the servant of a king: a sort of worldly philosophy, Horatian in its expression, or the passion of love, inspired his writings

at first ; and when, later in life, he might be supposed to entertain the design of making his talents subservient to the good of mankind, he found, when he wrote the wars of Granada, the political and inquisitorial yoke so heavy that he could only hint at injuries, and allude to wrongs. The poets who came after were men of an inferior grade ; they wrote in a great measure to please their contemporaries ; they adopted, therefore, pastoral themes, they wrote elegies, sonnets ; and love and scenic descriptions were the subjects of their compositions.

In all this, it is not to be supposed that they were servile imitators of the Italians ; they were at first their pupils, but nothing more. Originality is the great distinctive of the Spanish character. Every line each author wrote was in its turn of thought and expression national. The conceits resulting from a meeting of ardent imaginations with ardent passions, which brought the whole phenomena of nature in the poet's service,—the burning emotions, the very constant brooding on one engrossing subject,—all belonged to a people whose souls were fiery, proud, and concentrated.

Still the Spaniards had found no peculiar form in which to embody the characteristics of the nation. Perhaps the gay sally of a youthful student, Lazarillo de Tormes, of Mendoza, was the most national work yet produced. In Italy the sort of free epic, introduced by Bojardo, became the expression of national tastes and character. This sort of composition never took deep root in Spain. The authors were too circumvented by the inquisition to dare say much ; thus we shall find in the end, that the theatre became the body informed by Spanish poets with a soul all their own, where passions and imaginations, the most ardent and the most wild, the most true and the most beautiful, found expression.

All the authors hitherto mentioned were born at the very commencement of the sixteenth century. By the time they had arrived at the age of manhood, the policy and success of Charles V. had established him firmly on

the Spanish throne, and was extending far and wide the glory of his name. To fight for and to serve him was the Spaniards' duty : they had not yet suffered by the yoke, but they had yielded to it. At first the nobles of the land were the sole authors, while writing was merely a taste, a study, or an amusement ; soon it was followed for purposes of gain and reputation by men of inferior rank, who were endowed with genius ; authorship became general ; and poetry grew into one of the chief pleasures of the court.

ERCILLA.

1533—1600.

THE Spanish muse has produced numerous epic poems, most of which are unknown beyond the limits of Spain, and many even there have been consigned to merited oblivion. The *Araucana* alone has been admitted to a station in general literature. This is owing partly to its own intrinsic merits, but in a greater degree to the novelty of its argument, and to the circumstances under which it was written. Unlike other poets, *Ercilla* was himself an actor in the scenes which he describes. The chronicler of his own story, he avowedly rejects the aid of fiction. Veracity and accuracy are the qualities in which, as a poetical writer, he is peculiar. His descriptions and characters are portraits taken from nature; invention is therefore a talent which he never exerts. If his imagination has any play, it is only in the grouping and distribution of his pictures. His scenery, his manners, his personages, are all copied from originals which he had actually before his eyes. The objects of his observation, the subject-matter of his poetry, were, moreover, of a class strikingly novel, — a new world, savage nations, for the first time brought into contact and collision with civilised man: on one side the love of independence; on the other, the thirst of plunder, the fury of religious zeal, and a misguided spirit of chivalrous enterprise. No ordinary talents were required to do justice to so rich a theme, whilst even ordinary abilities were sufficient to give interest to a poem founded on such a basis. To great genius the Spanish poet cannot lay a claim; he is indeed inferior to his labour: yet he had that cleverness requisite to produce a work not totally devoid of interest, occasion-

ally abounding in beauties ; such, in short, as entitles him to a respectable though not a very high station in the literary world.

Don Alonso de Ercilla was born in Madrid on the 7th of March, 1533. [Note 1.] His family was noble; by which word a meaning is conveyed different from that attached in this country to the notion of nobility, it being tantamount to saying that his ancestors were and had been for a long time gentlemen. Fortun Garcia de Ercilla, the father of Ercilla, a native of Biscay, was an industrious writer, whose labours as a jurist were highly prized, and obtained for him the cognomen of the "subtle Spaniard." He wrote generally in Latin, though a Spanish manuscript work of his upon the challenge sent by the emperor Charles V. to Francis I. king of France is recorded by the author of the *Bibliotheca Hispana*. [Note 2.] Fortun's wife, Doña Leonor de Zuñiga (ladies in Spain do not take their husband's names), was a woman of illustrious descent, the feudal lady of the town of Bobadilla, the domain of which, after her husband's death, was transferred to the crown, she having been admitted into the household of the empress. Three sons were the offspring of their union, of whom Alonso the poet was the youngest. He received his education at the royal palace, and since his tender years became a *menino* [Note 3.], or page of the heir to the crown, prince Philip, afterwards so famous as Philip II. of Spain. What sort of education he received under such circumstances we are not enabled to say. It is not probable that it was one suited to a man intended for literary pursuits. His works, however, prove him not to have been unacquainted with the Latin and Italian poets ; and though his knowledge of the latter was probably acquired in the course of his travels, he must have been indebted to his early studies for his introduction to the former. The words "gentleman" and "soldier" were at that time nearly synonymous ; and Don Alonso, though bred a courtier, and following his royal master in that capacity, was probably con-

sidered to be intended for the military profession. In his earlier years Philip was directed by his father to travel over his future extensive dominions, which formed a very considerable, and, with the exception of France, at that time the best, part of Europe. In this tour Ercilla was a constant attendant of the young prince, profiting, as he himself boasts*, by his travels, indulging his own inquisitive propensities, and, in imitation of Ulysses, acquiring an ample store of information and wisdom, derived from his observations of nations and manners. [Note 4.]

The ambition of Charles V. was not satisfied with the possession of Spain, Germany, the Netherlands, great part of Italy, and the countries recently discovered in America. The rich inheritance which he intended to transmit to his son was to be increased, and as a compensation for the loss of the empire of Germany, to which his brother Ferdinand had been elected successor, he aspired to the crown of England for the future king of Spain. A marriage between Philip and the English queen Mary was brought about; the young prince repaired to London, attended by Ercilla. During their residence in this metropolis, news reached them that the Araucanos, an Indian tribe in South America, had risen against the power of Spain. The insurrection appeared of a more serious nature than those which had hitherto occurred in the annals of Indian warfare. The charge of subduing the refractory patriots, or, as they were called by their invaders, the rebels, was committed to Geronimo de Alderete, who had come over from Peru to England, and soon set out again on his return, having been appointed, by the king, adelantado of Chili, — a title since become obsolete, which was equivalent to that of military commander of a district. To a man of Ercilla's adventurous disposition, this opportunity of military honour was too tempting to be resisted. He left the personal service of the prince, to follow the ade-

* Araucana, canto xxxvi.

lantado in his distant expedition, and girded on his sword*, as he himself says, for the first time, being then in the twenty-first year of his age. Geronimo de Alderete, however, did not reach the scene of warfare, having died while on his way, in Taboga near Panama. His young companion proceeded alone to Lima, the metropolis of Peru, to join the expedition.

Those distant possessions, which, for the most part, had been annexed to the Spanish crown by the prowess of obscure and enterprising adventurers, had already begun to rank high in the public estimation, and individuals of noble birth and courtly favour sought to reap the fruits of the labours of the neglected discoverers and conquerors.

Don Andres Hurtado de Mendoza, marquis of Cañete, was at that time viceroy of Peru; a man belonging to one of the oldest and most illustrious families in Spain.

This nobleman entrusted his son, Don Garcia, with the command of the forces destined to subdue the Araucanos. The expedition consisted of a corps of two hundred and fifty men, who went by sea—a brilliant and well armed and equipped band, as we are told by the Spanish historians [Note 5.]; and a nearly equal number which had been sent by land across those extensive regions. With such inconsiderable forces did the Spaniards attempt to conquer and hold in subjection those immense regions of South America!

The expedition having reached the point of its destination, the war proved of a far more important nature than those hitherto waged with the natives of the American continent. Unlike the Indians of the torrid zone, the Araucanos were a hardy and valiant race, whose courage was not less impetuous than persevering. They are described by a Spanish historian as “a people exceedingly brave, robust, and swift, who outstrip the deer in the race; and of so strong a breath, that they persist in the course for a whole day; superior

* Araucana, canto xiii.

to other Indian tribes, as well in the strength of their frames as in the vigour of their intellects; strong, ferocious, arrogant; filled with a generous spirit, and thus averse to subjection, to avoid which they readily peril their lives.* “Though masters,” says Ercilla†, “only of a district of twenty leagues’ extent, without a single town, or a wall, or a stronghold in it, destitute even of arms, inhabiting an almost flat country, surrounded by three Spanish towns and two fortresses, they, by dint merely of their valour and tenacity of purpose, not only recovered, but supported and maintained, their freedom.” Their gallant stand against the invaders of America was at last crowned with success. Instead of the subjects, they became the honourable foes, and in process of time the allies and friends, of the Spanish monarchy. The poverty of their native land proved their best auxiliary; it deterred the Spaniards from persisting in a contest in which nothing was to be gained which could repay their exertions; and so completely was the animosity of those nations changed into feelings of mutual esteem, that in the late events, which have severed the colonies from their mother-country, the Araucanos have constantly shown, and still preserve, the most decided partiality to the cause and fortunes of the old Spaniards.

In the conflicts of that Indian war Ercilla was eminently distinguished, according to the testimony of nearly all the Spanish writers [Note 6.], and to his own rather boastful account. He had an ample opportunity to indulge his daring spirit of enterprise and his habits of observation. After the tumult of a battle, or the toils of a march, he devoted the hours of night to write his half poetical, half historical, narration; wielding, as he says, by turns the sword and the pen, and writing often upon skins, and sometimes upon scraps of paper so small as to contain scarcely six lines. The ordinary duties, which he shared in common with his fellow-soldiers, were

* Cristobal Suarez de Figueroa, *Hechos de Don Garcia Hurtado de Mendoza*, edit. Madrid, 1613, p. 18.

† *Araucana*, Preface, p. iv. Madrid, 1776.

insufficient for his aspiring ambition, and as little did the matter for observation on men and countries, although the supply was unusually copious, satisfy the cravings of his inquisitive mind. Determined to accomplish more, he penetrated into the furthest parts of the South American continent; left the army, in company with ten of his fellow-soldiers; crossed twice, in a small boat, the dangerous pass of the archipelago of Ancudbox; and in the same manner, though with less of gasconade [Note 7.] than was long after shown by an enterprising French traveller, in an opposite region of the earth, carved upon a tree a record of his having, first of all human beings, reached that distant spot.

Upon his return from this expedition, Don Alonso narrowly escaped an early and disastrous end. News having been received at the city of *La Imperial*, where the head-quarters of the Spanish army were fixed, that Philip II. had succeeded to the Spanish crown in consequence of the abdication of his father, it was thought proper to solemnise the event by holding a tournament, after the fashion of those days of martial spirit, chivalrous feeling, and imperfect civilisation. Among the various shows and feats of skill there was an *estafermo*, a figure of wood or pasteboard, in striking which knights made a trial of their strength and dexterity. Don Alonso de Ercilla and a cavalier called Don Juan de Pineda had a dispute, each pretending to have struck the best blow. They soon passed from mock to real battle, drew their swords, and were followed by their respective partisans; so that the games, as not unfrequently happened in those martial amusements, were converted into strife and confusion. The general having, it is said, previously suspected the existence of a plot against his authority, concluded that this encounter at the games was meant to be the precursor of its execution. The civil wars, which had arisen in rapid succession among the invaders and conquerors of that part of South America, gave countenance to this impression. The pretended ringleaders were therefore committed to

prison; and the irritated general, being desirous of making a salutary example, to preserve discipline among his troops, ordered that the heads of the criminals should be cut off. The riot being quelled, and more correct information having convinced Don Garcia that the quarrel had been accidental, the severe sentence was revoked.* Of the treatment which he then suffered, Ercilla complains bitterly in his poem. He states that he was actually taken to a public place, there to be beheaded by sentence of a young and hasty general †; nay, that he had been already upon the scaffold, and had stretched out his neck for the axe, whilst he was only guilty of having unsheathed his sword, which he never drew without being most clearly in the right. ‡ The historian of Don Garcia Hurtado de Mendoza, on the other side, pretends that he had been justly condemned by the general, a person, in the opinion of his panegyrist, to whom, by confession of all, no blame could attach, of an exceedingly mild and humane disposition §, endowed with great equanimity, an acute intellect, and a fine memory, a perfect Christian, of marvellous prudence and activity, no gambler, a zealous restorer of discipline, highly abstemious, never tasting wine, and, to crown all, constantly keeping in hand his rosary to tell his beads. || He, moreover, affirms that our poet was indebted to Don Garcia for many favours; but that he hated Ortigosa, the general's secretary, whom he taxed with cowardice and incompetency for his office. ¶ It is impossible, and would be foreign to our present purpose, to settle this question. If Ercilla's testimony in his own case ought to be little attended to, the adulatory style of Don Garcia's eulogiser renders his assertions and opinions no less liable to suspicion and unworthy of credit.

Though the sentence of death passed upon Don Alonso was revoked, he had to undergo a long imprisonment, which terminated, as we are informed, in his being banished. We are at a loss how to reconcile this state-

* Suarez de Figueroa, *Hist. of Don Garcia*, Madrid, 1613, pp. 103, 104.

† Arauc. canto xxxvii.

‡ Arauc. canto xxxvi.

§ Suarez de Figueroa, pp. 104. 121.

|| *Ibid.* p. 104.

¶ *Ibid.*

ment with his own assertion, that he was, nevertheless, present at the several sieges and engagements which took place in those countries after the accident of which mention has been made. Not long after, he left Chili in disgust, without having been duly rewarded for his services. This fact appears to contradict Suarez de Figueroa, who says that he was under many obligations to Don Garcia * ; but what these obligations were the historian has not stated ; and, as has been observed by the writer of Ercilla's life prefixed to the edition of the Araucana of 1776 (p. 22.), it is evident from the narration of that prejudiced author, that in a distribution of rewards, which took place under the general, our poet received none.

A new field of exertion seemed now opened to the martial bard. A spirit of dissension and civil strife had prevailed among the conquerors of Peru ever since their establishment in those regions, where, to borrow the expression of the chief historian of Spanish America, " there had occurred frequent instances of disloyalty and disobedience, cruel murders, and various other crimes, two of the king's lieutenants having been deprived of their authority and imprisoned ; the tribunals having been reduced to utter insignificance ; the power of the crown and justice usurped and trampled upon ; and five civil wars had taken place, in which men became furiously enraged against each other, and fought with inhuman ferocity, till ultimately the prince prevailed." † One of the most famous " tyrants " of those times (for such was the appellation bestowed by the Spaniards upon those who usurped the royal authority) was Lope de Aguirre, a native of Guipuzcoa, who, having been sent upon an expedition to quell some Indians, raised the standard of revolt against the Spanish commanders, and ruled for a time over the provinces of Venezuela. Of his extraordinary cruelties much has been said, and they are still preserved by tradition, though, perhaps, with that exaggeration of blame which constantly attaches to the

* Suarez de Figueroa, p. 104. † Herrera, decada vii. lib. i. cap. i. p. 2.

memory of an unsuccessful rebel. In the style of the age, Ercilla compares him to Herod and Nero*; he having caused his own daughter to be put to death. But before our poet had been able to reach the scene of this civil war, the usurper had been defeated, taken, and executed. Nothing now remained for him to do, as the country was peaceable. He therefore determined to return to Europe, which at that time, however, a long and painful illness prevented. Having at length recovered, he left the American continent, proceeded to the Terceiras, and thence to Spain. At this period (1562), his age being only twenty-nine years, he was in the full and active vigour of life, and had lost none of that spirit which impelled him to enterprise and discovery. He accordingly had scarcely returned to his native country, when the restless energy of his mind sent him forth upon new travels. He visited France, Italy, Germany, Silesia, Moravia, and Pannonia.† Having gone back to Spain, he married, at Madrid, Doña Maria de Bazan, a damsel of rank, whose mother held a place at court as lady of the bedchamber to the Spanish queen. The manner in which he speaks of his marriage is quaint and singular: he represents himself to have been carried away by Bellona, in a dream, over a widely extended and flowery meadow, where, while he was intent upon devoting himself to amorous songs, he felt an invincible curiosity to be informed of the names of the beautiful damsels who inhabited that region, especially of one of them, who was such that he suddenly lay prostrate at her feet. She was of tender age, yet she showed a maturity of judgment and talent much above her time of life. While the poet felt compelled to gaze upon her, and while entranced and captivated by the contemplation of her beauty, he anxiously wished to know her name, he saw at her feet the motto, or inscription, "This is Doña Maria, a branch of the stem of Bazan."

Though the emperor and queen of Spain had stood

* Arauc. canto xxxvi.

† Arauc. canto xviii.

sponsors to the happy pair [Note 8.], Ercilla does not appear to have obtained any rewards or promotion. The emperor of Germany, Maximilian II., however, appointed him his chambellan, a distinction which did little to better his fortune. In 1580, he lived in Madrid, poor and neglected, and accordingly complaining of the disregard with which his services both at court and in the camp had been treated. The stream of fortune (he says) ran constantly against him: he was now in a state of perfect destitution and abandonment, yet he had the consciousness of having merited, by a long course of honourable service, the just recompence which was withheld from him; a consciousness which is itself a reward, of which the man of rectitude and honour can never be deprived by external circumstances.*

The following anecdote is recorded respecting Ercilla at this time:—Having waited to pay his court to the king, and wishing to speak to his majesty, he felt so disconcerted that he could not find words to declare the nature of his requests; and the king being well aware of the temper of the man who was before him, and sure that his timidity arose from the respect he bore to royalty, told him—“*Don Alonso, address me by writing.*” So Ercilla did (says the author from whom this story has been taken †), and the king granted his request.

What the nature of this request was it is impossible to ascertain, because Ercilla constantly complains of his having been totally neglected and forgotten. The anecdote, moreover, seems doubtful. Though a soldier, Don Alonso was not a blunt one: he had been brought up at court, nay, within the precincts of the palace, and as a youthful attendant on the person of that prince, whom now he is represented to have looked upon with such feelings of reverential terror. On the other hand, the account is not entirely devoid of probability, and if not true, is, at least, well imagined. The gloomy and stern disposition of Philip appears to have struck even

* Araucana, canto xxxvii.

† *Avisos para Palacio*, p. 194.

his confidential servants with a sort of respect bordering upon fear; and the notions of the divine attributes of royalty were then carried to the most extravagant lengths by the Spaniards; a feeling which can be traced in the Spanish writers down to a very recent period, and which has only disappeared in consequence of the late revolutions in the Peninsula.

The last years of Ercilla's life were spent in obscurity. The disappointments he had met with engendered a spirit of gloomy devotion, to which his countrymen were, in those days, peculiarly liable.* His morals in his juvenile years had been loose, as is proved by the circumstance of his having had a numerous illegitimate offspring. He now bitterly repented of his frailties; and lamented that he had devoted the best years of his life to worldly pursuits and vanities. † The year of his death is not known. In 1596 he was still alive, and is said to have been engaged in writing a poem to commemorate the exploits of Don Alvaro Bazan, marquis of Santa Cruz, the bravest and most fortunate of the Spanish naval commanders. This work, if it ever existed, has been lost; and Ercilla is only known in the literary world by his poem *La Araucana*, and by a few lines printed in the *Parnaso Español* ‡, which, though they were highly extolled by Lope de Vega, certainly do no credit to his poetical powers.

Respecting Ercilla's personal character we possess little information. He appears to have been brave, active, and clever, of an adventurous disposition, impatient of control, restless and querulous. That he, like most of the literary men of Spain, was shamefully neglected by his own countrymen, is an incontrovertible fact. In his account of the Indian war, and of his own share in the events of it, he shows himself to have been actuated by a more liberal spirit, towards the aboriginal natives, than was evinced by the generality of

* Most of the celebrated Spanish dramatists (*Lope de Vega*, *Calderon*, *Moreto*, and others,) became clergymen in their old age, and deplored that they had written for the stage.

† *Araucana*, canto xxxvii.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 199.

his fellow-soldiers and fellow-writers. That this arose from his discontent has been malignantly asserted by his enemies, but without sufficient evidence. The execution of Caupolican, the Indian general, which he so indignantly condemns, was a fact of glaring and atrocious injustice, though, unfortunately, of a class by no means uncommon, not only in the annals of Spanish warfare in those regions, but in the history of all conquests; where the assertion of independence has been held and treated as rebellion, and punishment the more severely inflicted in proportion as the right to inflict it was more doubtful or untenable. But as the name of Ercilla belongs rather to the literary than to the political history of Spain, the qualities of his poetry demand our attention in preference to the actions of his life.

The Araucana, though often quoted, is little known out of Spain. No English version of it has been published, but it is stated in an article in the *Quarterly Review**, that there exists one in manuscript from the pen of Mr. Boyd, known as one of the English translators of Dante. The writer of Ercilla's life, in the *French Biographie Universelle*, speaks of a French translation by M. Langlès, also unpublished. We are not aware that either the Italians or the Germans, the latter of whom have latterly directed their attention to Castilian poetry, possess any complete translation of that Spanish poem.

Voltaire was the first, amongst the French, who called the attention of his countrymen to the Araucana. In his very indifferent *Essay upon Epic Poetry*, he praises the speech of Colocolo in the 2d canto, which he places above that of Nestor in the first book of the *Iliad*, and says that the remainder of the work is as barbarous as the nations of which it treats.† Of the excellence of the speech so praised (without meaning to enter into a comparison with Homer) no doubt can exist, and the judgment passed upon it by Voltaire deserves the more to be

* *Quarterly Review*, n.

† Voltaire, *Essai sur la Poësie Epique*, liv. 8. Raynouard, p. 406.

relied upon, as, according to Bouterwek's acute remark *, he was a better judge of rhetorical than of poetical excellence. The unqualified condemnation of the rest of the poem cannot, indeed, be assented to ; for, though the *Araucana* is far from being a work of first-rate merit, yet it contains some manly beauties, which Voltaire's notions of poetry rendered him unable to perceive. [Note 9.] In an article of Moreri's *Dictionnaire* we find a more just though still a severe criticism of *Ercilla's* poem. Latterly the writer in the *Biographie Universelle* already quoted has expressed a more favourable opinion of the *Araucana*, and has perhaps erred on the other side. [Note 10.]

It is to Hayley that the English are indebted for a knowledge of the work in question : his analysis and partial translations of it, and his eulogium upon the author, are contained in the notes and body of his *Essay upon Epic Poetry*. [Note 11.] Hayley thought of *Ercilla*, perhaps, more highly than he deserves ; though, upon the whole, his notice of the *Araucana* is judicious. In his translations he was not quite so felicitous : his prosaic style was not ill calculated to give a just notion of the tenour of the Spanish poet's composition ; but he wanted that force of expression which constitutes the highest recommendation of *Ercilla's* poetry. The translator, besides, adopted the couplet, a very improper medium to convey to an English reader a just notion of a work originally written in the stanza. It would be needless to point out to those who are acquainted with the Spenserian stanza, or with the Italian and Spanish octava, so happily adopted by Fairfax in his *Tasso*, how far the mechanism of this measure affects the original conception and distribution of the poet's thoughts, and how much the structure of the couplet differs from it ; whence it follows, as a necessary consequence, that conceptions originally adapted to the former must appear distorted when brought by a forced adaptation to the latter.

* Bouterwek, *Hist. of Spanish Literature*, trans. Lond. 1823, p. 412.

From the discordant opinions of critics of all nations respecting the Araucana, we may safely infer that, although its defects may be great and numerous, and although even in the Castilian language it cannot be esteemed a first-rate poem, still it possesses just pretensions to a rank in literature above that which some would assign to it.

That Ercilla only meant to write a rhymed history cannot be justly asserted. His fictions, though most of them infelicitous, and unconnected with the main subjects of his story; his machinery; his imitations of Ariosto in the first stanzas of all his cantos, and especially at the opening of the work; his frequent similes;—all clearly prove that he intended to write a poem. But the novel nature of his arguments naturally suggested the idea of rendering his poem a composition far differing from those hitherto existing. He aimed at producing a work, striking from its subject-matter, recommended by the veracity and accuracy of the information [Note 12.] which it was destined to convey, yet clothed in a poetical style, and embellished by episodes where historical fidelity might be easily departed from, and would not, indeed, be expected on the part of the reader.

Don Alonso, however, was deficient in many of the qualities which constitute the poet: he wanted invention and command of language and versification; on the other hand, that which he conceived he could express with force, if not with correctness or delicacy. His adventurous disposition seems to prove that the elements of poetry were in his mind. He had no eyes for the beauties of nature; but he understood the workings of the human heart. His warlike habits directed his attention to those fierce passions which rage in the warrior's breast. He could interpret the feelings of the natives of those remote regions fighting for their homes, their altars, and their personal independence, against the invaders of their country; in his description of their characters and exploits, his style rises and his fancy kindles. By the force of mental association, he is thence

led to the contemplation of animated nature ; hence the frequency and beauty of his similes, drawn mostly from the animal creation.

In his delineation of character there is abundant matter for praise : his Indians are well pourtrayed, though his Spaniards are all failures. From this latter circumstance he has been accused of bearing ill-will to his fellow-soldiers ; but upon a consideration of his peculiar powers, the reason of that difference will be easily explained without admitting the invidious imputations thus cast upon him. Neither could his mind seize, nor his pen delineate, the complex character of civilised man ; whilst the bolder and simpler lineaments of the physiognomy of the savage were perfectly adapted to the nature of his genius and the extent of his abilities.

The want of unity is one of the greatest faults in the Araucana, as the poem is rendered thereby uninteresting. This defect does not arise solely from the want of a hero ; but likewise from the poet's inability to invent a story. Yet there are frequent instances of works, the plot of which is loose and unconnected, without losing much of their attractions. But in Ercilla, we miss the power of imparting interest, even to the separate stories which form his poem.

Ercilla's poem, on the whole, is rather deserving of censure than of praise ; and, if read through, will certainly be found tedious ; but parts of it may be perused with pleasure and admiration. The epithet of Homeric has been both applied and misapplied when bestowed upon his genius. Those qualities which have been praised in him must be admitted by an impartial judge to savour a little of the style of the father of epic poetry. That Ercilla was at an immense distance from his model must, however, be confessed, even by his warmest admirers.

NOTES.

NOTE 1. — This date is taken from the life of Ercilla prefixed to the edition of the Araucana, of Madrid, 1776. The author of Ercilla's life in the French Biographic Universelle fixes his birth at Bermeo, in Biscay, in 1525. He was led into error as to the place by the collector of the Parnaso Espanol: in assigning the year he confesses that he had no foundation but his own conjecture. This spirit led him to fix a date for our poet's death, which is uncertain.

NOTE 2. — Nicolaus Antonius. Bibl. Hisp. Nov. p. 395. Madrid, 1783. It is a remarkable fact, that while Ercilla the poet is slightly mentioned in this work, his father, whose labours are now forgotten, has nearly two columns devoted to a notice of his life and writings.

NOTE 3. — The *Meninos* were young gentlemen attached to the court. The word is no longer used, though the office is preserved in that of the king's pages.

NOTE 4. — The pedantic allusion, it is needless to say, is made by Ercilla himself, in the taste of his age.

NOTE 5. — Herrera. Historia general de los Hechos de los Castellanos en las Islas y tierra firme del Mar Oceano. Dec. viii. lib. vii. c. x. Our poet is there mentioned as the famous poet and honourable gentleman, Don Alonso de Ercilla.

NOTE 6. — Licentiate Cristoval Mosquera de Figueroa speaks of Ercilla's prowess at the battle of Millarapue, and the engagement at Puren, where, followed by eleven fellow-soldiers, he climbed up a mountain defended by the Indians, and won the day. The writer of Ercilla's life quotes the Chronicle of Philip II., by Calvete de la Estrella, as a testimonial of the poet's exploits, but this must be a mistake. There exists no such chronicle. Suarez de Figueroa only praises Don Alonso's gallant bearing at a mock fight or field-day (p. 60.) ; but he was prejudiced against him.

NOTE 7. — The last line of the inscription here alluded to,

Hic tandem stetimus nobis ubi defuit orbis,

was written by the French comic poet Regnard, in Lapland, in 1681. Though the thought is liable to the imputation of gasconade, it is spirited and beautiful. Ercilla's inscription was of a more unpretending nature. He merely says : —

“ Here, where no one had reached before, arrived Don Alonso de Ercilla, who, first of all men, crossed this pass in a small boat without ballast, attended only by ten companions, in the year of fifty-eight above fifteen hundred, on the last day of February, at two o'clock in the afternoon, returning afterwards to his companions whom he had left behind.”

This inscription forms a stanza of the Araucana. It is very prosaic. This instance is not the only one where dates are mentioned in the poem. In order to accommodate them to measure and rhyme, the author is often driven to very curious shifts, and strange phraseology.

NOTE 8.—Luis de Salazar *Advertencias Historicas*, p. 13. It has however, been remarked by the writer of *Ercilla's* life, that this author is wrong in stating, that Elizabeth, Philip's consort, or Isabel de Valois, acted as sponsor; she having died in 1568, and *Ercilla* having married in 1570, according to *Garibay*. Possibly the queen alluded to was Philip's fourth wife, Ann of Austria.

NOTE 9.—*Dictionnaire Historique de Moreri*, art. *ERCILLA*. The subject of the *Araucana* (says the critic) being novel, has suggested some novel thoughts to the poet; but his poem is too long, and abounds with low passages. There is great animation in his battles, but no invention, no plot, no variety in his descriptions, no unity in his general outline of the work, &c.

NOTE 10.—*Biographie Univ.*, Paris, 1815, art. *ERCILLA*. The merits of the *Araucana* (says this writer) consist in a correct style, proper imagery, beautiful descriptions, a plot constantly increasing in interest, a sort of unity of action, and a spirit of heroism spread over the whole work. The work is inferior to *Tasso's Jerusalem*, and superior to *Voltaire's Henriade*. There occur in it some feeble lines, and vulgar or common-place thoughts.

NOTE 11.—*Ercilla's* poetical character is drawn by *Hayley* in the following lines:—

With warmth more temperate, and in notes more clear,
That with Homeric richness fills the ear,
The brave *Ercilla* sounds, with potent breath,
His epic trumpet in the fields of death;
In scenes of savage war, when Spain unfurled
Her bloody banner o'er the Western world;
With all his country's virtues in his frame,
Without the base alloy that stained her name.
In danger's camp this military bard,
Whom *Cynthia* saw on his nocturnal guard,
Recorded, in his bold descriptive lay,
The various fortunes of the finished day;
Seizing the pen, while night's calm hours afford
A transient slumber to his satiate sword,
With noble justice his warm hand bestows
The meed of honour on his valiant foes.
Howe'er precluded, by his generous aim,
From high pretensions to inventive fame,
His strongly coloured scenes of sanguine strife,
His softer pictures, caught from Indian life,
Above the visionary forms of art,
Fire the awakened mind and melt the heart.

Hayley, Essay upon Epic Poetry, Epistle 3.

NOTE 12.—It is a curious fact, that, to the Antwerp edition of the *Araucana*, 157., and to several others, there is affixed an approbation from captain *Juan Gomez*, praising *Ercilla* for his historical veracity, which he, the captain, could vouch for, from his having resided twenty-seven years in Peru, near the scene of the *Araucan* war. A strange recommendation of an epic poem!

CERVANTES.

1547—1616.

It is most certain, that all those capable of feeling a generous interest in the fate of genius will turn with eager curiosity to the page inscribed with the name of Cervantes: not even Shakspeare has so universal a reputation. While the sublime character of Don Quixote warms the heart of the enthusiast, the truth of the sad picture which his fortunes present tickles the fancy of the man of the world. Children revel in the comedy, old men admire the shrewdness, of Sancho Panza. That this work is written in prose increases its popularity. Imperfect as all translations must be, none fail so entirely as those which attempt to transfuse the ethereal and delicate spirit of verse into another language. But though to read "Don Quixote" in its native Spanish infinitely increases the pleasure it affords, yet so does its mere meaning speak to all mankind, that even a translation satisfies those who are forced thus to content themselves.

For the honour of human nature, and to satisfy our own sense of gratitude, we desire to find that the author of "Don Quixote" enjoyed as much prosperity as is consistent with humanity, and that he tasted to its full the triumph due to the writer of the most successful book in the world. This satisfaction being denied us—for he was "fallen on evil days," a poor and neglected man—we are anxious, even at this distance of time, to commiserate his misfortunes, and sympathise in his sorrows. We desire to learn with what spirit he endured adversity—whether, like his heroic creation, he consoled himself at the worst by the sense of conscious worth and virtuous intention. We feel sure that his romantic imagination,

and keen sense of humour, must often have elevated him above his griefs or blunted their sting; but we wish to learn whether they were borne with moral courage; and how far, like his hero, he preserved a serene and undaunted spirit in the midst of blows and derision.

We are disappointed at the outset by finding how little is known of so renowned an author. Neglected during life, his memory also was unhonoured. His contemporaries gave themselves no trouble to collect and bequeath the circumstances of his life, so that they quickly became involved in obscurity. When, at last, it was endeavoured to do honour to his name, eulogy, rather than biography, was written; and it was only towards the end of the last century that pains were taken to make researches, which so far succeeded, that such discoveries were made as place various portions of his life in an interesting and romantic light. The Spanish Academy published an edition of "Don Quixote," to which is prefixed a biography, written by don Vicente de los Rios, who, with all the ardour of an admirer of genius, spared no pains to render his work full and accurate. At about the same time, don Juan Antonio Pellicer made similar researches, and threw some new lights on his situation and circumstances. Much more, however, has been done lately by a French gentleman of the name of Viardôt. He travelled in Spain, and exerted himself to the utmost to discover the yet hidden circumstances of Cervantes's life. By searching the archives of various cities where he had resided, and by a careful examination of contemporary writers, he has brought a mass of information together, the authenticity of which adds to its interest. Some circumstances, indeed, are important only as they are true, and appertain to Cervantes; others throw a great light on his character, and show his fortitude in suffering, his devoted courage when others depended on him, his cheerful content in poverty, his benevolence, and the dignity and animation of his mind, which raised him above his fortunes.

The first point to be decided was the place of his

birth: this had been attributed to various cities and towns of Spain—to Madrid, Seville, Esquivias, and Lucena. An allusion in “Don Quixote” led one of his biographers (Sarmiento) to conjecture that he was born at Alcalà de Henares, a town of some consequence, not far from Madrid. Another writer, following up this trace, discovered a baptismal register in the parish church of Santa Maria la Mayor of that town, which certified, that on Sunday, the 9th of October, 1547, the reverend señor Bachiller Serrano baptized Miguel, the son of Rodrigo Cervantes and donna Leonora, his wife.

While the question seemed thus put to rest, it was unsettled again by the discovery of another register. This was found in the parish books of Santa Maria, of Alcanzar de San Lugar, a town of La Mancha. It certified, that on the 9th November, 1558, was baptized, by the licentiate Alonso Diaz Pajares, a son of Blas Cervantes Saavedra and Catalina Lopez, who received the name of Miguel. A marginal note to this register declared, “This was the author of ‘Don Quixote.’” In addition, there were various traditions in Alcanzar of the house in which he was born. The name of Saavedra was another testimony in its favour. Cervantes always adopted this additional name; and no trace of it is to be found in the town of Alcalà; however, it would seem that the different families of these two towns were connected, as Cervantes had an uncle, Cervantes Saavedra, of Alcanzar. And thus, on minute examination, and bringing the aid of chronology to decide the question, the balance inclined uncontrovertibly in favour of Alcalà: the date of the battle of Lepanto, and the mention Cervantes makes of his own age in several of his later works, prove that he was born in 1547, and not so late as 1558. Another document, hereafter to be mentioned, discovered by Los Rios in the archives of the society for the redemption of captives in Algiers, declares him to be a native of Alcalà de Henares, and the son of Rodrigo Cervantes and donna Leonora de Cortina. Thus the question is set at rest; and it becomes matter of positive

history that Cervantes was born at Alcalà de Henares, and baptized (probably on the day of his birth, as is usual in catholic countries,) on Sunday, the 9th of October, 1547.

1547.

His family, originally of Galicia, and afterwards established in Castile, belonged to the same class in society, in which he places Don Quixote. They were hidalgos (hijos de algo, sons of somebody,) and, therefore, by right of birth, gentlemen, though not noble. The name of Cervantes is honourably mentioned in the Spanish annals, as far back as the thirteenth century. Warriors bearing that appellation fought under the banners of St. Ferdinand, and had a part in the taking of Baeza and Seville, and received a share in the distributions of land conquered from the Moors, then made. Others of that name figure among the first adventurers in the New World. His grandfather, Juan de Cervantes, was corregidor of Ossuna. The mother of Miguel was of a noble family of Barajas; she married his father about the year 1540. Four children were the fruit of the union; donna Andrea and donna Luisa, daughters; Rodrigo, and youngest of the four, Miguel. His parents were poor, and he could inherit little from them except his honourable rank.*

Very little is known of his early life. The town of Henares is but a few miles distant from Madrid, and it contains a university, where it is probable that Cervantes prosecuted his early studies. He tells us, in a poem written late in life,

From my most tender years I loved
The gentle art of poesy,—

and this taste gave the bias to his life. While still a boy he was attracted by the drama, and frequented the representations of Lope de Rueda; these recitations, and his taste for reading, which was such that he never passed the meanest bit of paper in the streets without deciphering its contents, were the early proofs he gave

* Viardôt.

of that love of inquiry which always accompanies genius.

Having attained the proper age, Miguel repaired to Salamanca, where he entered himself as a student, and remained for two years.* It is ascertained that he lived in Calle los Moros. He afterwards returned to Madrid, and was placed to study with the learned Juan Lopez de Hoyos, a theologian, who filled the chair for Belles Lettres in that city. It is conjectured that in giving him a literary education his parents meant that he should pursue one of the liberal professions; but we have no other token that such was intended. He acquired, however, a taste for literature, and aspired in his turn to be an author. He wrote, he tells us, an infinite number of what in Spain are called romances, being ballads and ditties; of which later in life, he says, he considered a few good among many bad. He wrote also a pastoral, called "Filena," which he boasts attained celebrity. "The woods resounded with her name," he says; "and many a gay song was echoed by them;—my many and pleasant rhymes and the light winds were burdened with my hopes, which were themselves light as the breezes, and shifting as the sands."

His master, Juan Lopez de Hoyos, admired and encouraged him in these pursuits, and, it would seem, endeavoured to bring him into notice. The death of Isabella of Valois, wife of Philip II., which happened in 1569, elicited the tribute of many an elegy from the poets of Madrid. The name of this queen is rendered romantic to us by its association with that of the unfortunate prince don Carlos, and the legend of his unhappy attachment and consequent death. Of course these circumstances were not the subject of verse intended for the royal ear; but Isabella was beloved and mourned with more sincerity than queens usually are. Lopez de Hoyos published a book called "History and

* This circumstance is mentioned by M. Viardôt only; and was unknown to every other biographer.

true relation of the sickness, pious death, and sumptuous funeral obsequies, of the serene queen of Spain, donna Isabella of Valois." This publication includes various elegies, one of which is thus introduced:—"These Castilian redondillas on the death of her majesty, which, as appears, indulge in rhetorical imagery, and at the conclusion address her majesty, are by Miguel de Cervantes, our dear and beloved pupil." Besides this, the book contains another elegy addressed by the whole school to the cardinal Espinosa, also written by Cervantes. Neither of these poems give promise; they are commonplace, wordy, and deficient both in sentiment and imagination.

In the same year that these poems were published Cervantes quitted Madrid. It is usually supposed that he left it in despair, to seek his fortune elsewhere; but there can be no doubt that he left it in the service of cardinal Acquaviva. On the death of the queen, pope Pius V. sent a nuncio to Madrid to condole with Philip II., and to seek compensation for certain dues of the church, denied by the king's ministers at Milan. The nuncio was a Roman prelate, named Giulio Acquaviva son of the duke of Atri, who was created cardinal on his return to Italy. His mission displeased the king, who, bigot as he was, never yielded any point to the court of Rome. He remained, therefore, but a short time, receiving an order, two months after his arrival, to return to Italy by way of Valencia and Barcelona. As Cervantes himself mentions that he was at Rome immediately after in the household of the cardinal, there can be little doubt that he was preferred to this situation while he was at Madrid. Preferred, we say, because in those days the sons of poor gentlemen often began their early career in the households of princes, thus forming high connections, and securing a patron for life. We may believe that the recommendation of De Hoyos, and the talents of the youth, induced the cardinal to choose him. In the suite of his new master Cervantes visited Valencia and Barcelona, and traversed the south of France,—places

1568.

Ætat.

21.

which he afterwards described in his writings, and which he at no other time had an opportunity of visiting.

1569. What hopes and views he nourished in his own heart
 Ætat. on visiting Rome we cannot tell. He was now in his
 22. twenty-third year. His temperament was ardent and
 aspiring, his tastes decidedly literary, but with no bent
 towards the clerical profession. That he had hopes we
 cannot doubt; and little doubt is there that these hopes
 proved, as he says, "light as the winds and shifting as
 the sands;" for he had not been a year at Rome when
 he changed the whole course of his life, and volunteered
 as a soldier. "The war against the Turks," his bio-
 grapher, Los Rios, observes, "which was declared in
 1570, gave him an opportunity of adopting a more noble
 profession, and one more consonant to his birth and
 valour;" and we may remark, that whatever hardships
 he suffered in his military career, Cervantes prided
 himself upon it to the end of his life. He always calls
 himself a soldier; and his heart is in the argument, when
 Don Quixote, comparing the student's and the soldier's
 life, gives preference to the latter as the more noble.

1570. To return to the Turkish war, during which he served.
 Ætat. The sultan Selim, being desirous of possessing himself
 23. of the island of Cyprus, broke the peace which he had
 made with the Venetian republic, and sent an arma-
 ment for the conquest of this island. The Venetians
 implored the aid of the Christian sovereigns. Pope
 Pius V., in consequence, sent a force, commanded by
 Marco Antonio Colonna, duke of Paliano. Cervantes
 enlisted under this general, and served during the cam-
 paign, which began late in the year, the object of which
 was to succour Cyprus, and raise the siege of Nicosia.
 The dissensions among the commanders sent by the
 various Christian princes prevented, however, the good
 they were sent to do. The Turks took Nicosia by
 assault, and proceeded to other conquests.

1571. During the following year greater efforts were made
 Ætat. by the Christians. The combined fleet of Venice, Spain,
 24. and of the pope, assembled at Messina. Marco Antonio

Colonna continued to command the papal galleys, Doria the Venetians; while the combined forces of all parties were placed under the command of don John of Austria, a gallant prince, the natural son of the emperor Charles V. Cervantes served in the company of the brave captain Diego de Urbino, a detachment of the *tercio* (regiment) of Miguel de Moncada.

Don John collected at Barcelona all the veteran troops whom he had tried in the war against the Moriscos in Andalusia; and among others, the renowned *tercios* of don Miguel de Moncada and don Lope de Figueroa; and, sailing for Italy, cast anchor off Genoa on the 26th June with forty-seven galleys. Thence he proceeded to Messina, where the combined fleet met. In the distribution now made of the troops on board the various vessels, the two new companies of veterans, taken from the *tercios* of Moncada, those of Urbino and Rodrigo de Mora, were embarked on board the Italian galleys of Doria. Cervantes followed his captain on board the *Marquesa*, commanded by Francesco Santo Pietro.*

The fleet of the confederates, after having succoured Corfu, went in pursuit of the enemy, and found the Turkish fleet, on the morning of the 7th October, in the entrance of the gulph of Lepanto. The battle began about noon: the confederates achieved a splendid victory; but it was a very sanguinary one, and, not being followed up by other successes, it remained a useless trophy of Christian valour.

Cervantes was at this time suffering from an intermittent fever, and his captain and comrades would have persuaded him to abstain from mingling in the fight; but he spurned the idea, and requested, on the contrary, to be placed in the post of honour, where there was most danger. He was posted near the shallop with twelve chosen soldiers. The galley, on board of which he was, distinguished itself in the action: it boarded the Captain of Alexandria, killed near five hundred Turks with their commander, and took the royal standard of

* Viardôt

Egypt. In this bloody fray Cervantes received three arquebuse wounds; two in the chest, and one that broke and destroyed his left hand. He always, however, regarded this loss with pride, and says, in one of his works, that the honour of having been at the battle of Lepanto was cheaply bought by the wounds he there received.

The advance of the season, the want of provisions, the number of their wounded, and the express orders of king Philip, prevented the victorious fleet from following up its victory; and don John returned to Messina on the 31st of October. The troops were distributed in various quarters, and the *tercio* of Moncada was posted in the south of Sicily. Cervantes himself, sick and wounded, remained in the hospital at Messina for at least six months. Don John of Austria had shown a lively interest in his fate on the morning succeeding to the battle, and did not forget him during his long confinement. The industrious Viardôt has discovered mention of various small sums given him by the pay office (*pagaduria*) of the fleet, under the dates of the 15th and 25th of January, and the 9th and 17th of March, 1572. When at last he recovered, an order was addressed by the generalissimo, on the 29th of April, to the pay-masters, that the soldier Cervantes should receive the high pay of four crowns per month, and be passed into a company of the *tercio* of Figueroa.

1572. The campaign of the following year was a failure.

Ætat. Of the three allied powers, the pope was dead, the

25. Venetians grown cold,—the Spaniards alone remained to prosecute the war. Marco Antonio Colonna set sail on the 6th of June for the Archipelago, with a part of the allied fleet; and, among others, the thirty-six galleys of the marquis of Santa Cruz, on board of which was embarked the regiment of Figueroa, in which Cervantes served.

Don John sailed on the 9th of August following; but the only enterprise they attempted was an unsuccessful assault on the castle of Navarino; thus the

account given of this disastrous campaign in the story of the captive in "Don Quixote" was related by Cervantes as an eye-witness.

During the following year the Venetians signed a peace with Selim; and the league being broken up, Philip was obliged to renounce all direct attack upon the Ottoman power; but having assembled a large force, he determined to employ it on a descent on Algiers or Tunis. Since the time of Charles V., the Spaniards possessed Goletta, a fortress near Tunis. Having, therefore, disembarked his troops, he sent the marquis de Santa Cruz to possess himself of Tunis, which might easily have been done; but Philip, jealous of the views of his brother, recalled him in haste from Africa. Feeble garrisons were left in Goletta, which the Turks took by assault the same year.

Cervantes had entered Tunis with the marquis of Santa Cruz, and returned to Palermo with the fleet. He made one of the force which, under the duke of Sesa, vainly attempted to succour Goletta: he afterwards wintered in Sardinia, and was brought back to Naples in the galleys of Marcel Doria. In the month of June, 1575, he obtained leave from don John of Austria to return to Spain, after an absence of seven years. Viardôt assures us, that in the intervals of military service, or during the various expeditions, Cervantes visited Rome, Florence, Venice, Bologna, Naples, and Palermo. He became accomplished in the Italian language: the anti-Petrarchists of his time detected the influence of Italian literature, and accused him, as Boscan and Garcilaso had been accused, of corrupting his native Castilian.

Cervantes, now twenty-eight years of age, having served in many campaigns, maimed and enfeebled, no doubt pined to revisit his native country. He had left it to seek his fortune; he was to return a simple soldier; yet the military profession continued dear to him; and when he speaks of the many misfortunes a soldier encounters,—his poverty so great that he is poor among the poor; ever expecting his slender pay, which he seldom receives,

1573.
Ætat.
26.

1575
Ætat.
28.

or is obliged to seize on, at the hazard of his life, and to the injury of his conscience; the hardships he encounters, the dangers he risks, and the small reward he gains,—yet he looks on all these circumstances as redounding to his glory, and rendering him deserving of honour and esteem from all men. We may believe also that Cervantes quitted Italy with well-founded hopes of preferment in his native country: he had distinguished himself in a manner that deserved reward. Don John appreciated his worth, and gave him letters to the king his brother, in which he gave due praise for his conduct at the battle of Lepanto, and begged Philip to confide to him the command of one of the regiments which were then being raised in Spain to serve in Italy or Flanders. The viceroy of Sicily, don Carlos of Aragon, and the duke of Sesa, also recommended him to the benevolence of the king and his ministers as a soldier whose valour and worth deserved recompence.*

Such recommendations promised fair. Cervantes embarked on board the Spanish galley *el Sol* (the Sun) with his elder brother Rodrigo, also a soldier, and with various officers of distinction; but disaster was near at hand to dash all his hopes, and devote him to years of adversity. On the 26th of September the galley was surrounded by an Algerine squadron, under the command of the Arnaout Mami, who was captain of the sea. The Turkish vessels attacked and boarded *el Sol*. The combat was obstinate, but numbers overpowered. The galley was taken and carried into Algiers. In the subsequent division of prisoners, Cervantes fell to the share of the Arnaout captain himself.

The frightful system of cruising for captives, and taking them to Algiers to sell them into slavery, which continued for so many hundred years, had not long before been carried to greater height than ever by two pirates, who possessed themselves of Algiers and Tunis. The horror of this warfare had excited the emperor Charles V. to undertake to crush it. He made two expeditions into Africa, the second of which was unsuc-

* Viardôt.

essful, and the Algerine corsairs pursued their nefarious traffic with greater cruelty and success than ever : every particular connected with it was frightful and deplorable : the weak and unoffending were its chief victims : the sea coasts were ravaged for prisoners ; and these, if too poor for ransom, became slaves for life, under the most cruel masters. The abhorrence excited by these unprovoked attacks caused the Mahometan name to be held in greater odium than ever ; and in Spain, particularly, this detestation was visited on the Moriscos : the cruelties and oppression they endured, again excited the Moors of Africa to reprisals ; and innocence and helplessness became on all sides the victims of revenge and hatred. Still the piracies carried on by the Algerines, and the system to which they reduced their practice of slavery, raised them to a “bad height” in this war of reciprocal cruelty. None, also, were more pitiless than the renegades ; Christians who, taken prisoners, bought their freedom by the sacrifice of their faith. These men, often the most energetic and prosperous among the corsairs, were also the most cruel towards their prisoners ; and, among them all, none was so cruel as the Arnaout Mami.

Fortunately, interesting details of Cervantes’s captivity have come down to us from undoubted and impartial sources, as well as from his own accounts ; and these place him in the brightest light as a man of sagacity, resolution, and honour. That these details are not fuller we must lament ; but, such as they are, they display so much gallantry and magnanimity on Cervantes’s part, that they must be read with the greatest pleasure.

In his tale of the “Captive,” Cervantes gives an account of the mode in which captives were treated at Algiers. He says, “There is a prison or house, which the Turks call a bagnio, in which the Christian captives are confined,—those belonging to the king as well as to various individuals ; and also those of the Almacen, or slaves of the council, who labour for the town at the public works, or are employed in other offices ; who, as they be-

long to the city, and not to any particular master, have no one with whom to treat concerning their ransom, and are worse off than the others. As I have said, various individuals place their slaves in this bagnio, and principally those whom they expect to be ransomed, because they are kept there more securely. The captives of the king, who expect to be ransomed, are not sent out to work with the rest ; and they wear a chain, more as a sign that they are to obtain their freedom than from any other cause : and here many cavaliers and men of birth live, thus marked, and kept for redemption ; and although hunger and nakedness might well weary them, nothing brought so much pain as witnessing the unspeakable and frightful cruelties practised towards the Christians. Each day, the dey, who was a Venetian renegade, hanged or impaled some among them ; and this from such trifling causes, and often from none at all, that the Turks themselves were aware that he inflicted these cruelties in wantonness, and because it was his natural disposition to be the enemy of the human race. One man only did he treat well, a soldier, by name Saavedra, who, having achieved things that will remain for many years in the memory of that people, and all for the sake of gaining his liberty, yet never received a blow nor an ill word ; though it was often thought that for the slightest of the things he did he would be impaled, and he himself often expected it ; and, if it were not that I have no time nor place, I would recount what this soldier did, which would indeed excite your admiration and wonder.”*

In these terms does Cervantes speak of himself in his captivity ; and so often are writers accused of boasting that this might have been brought forward as a proof of his vanity merely, but that we have another testimony in a book named “ Topography and general

* Bouterwek says, erroneously, that Los Rios has interwoven Cervantes's novel of the “ Captive ” into his biography, as being authentic, and relating to himself. This is a mistake : Los Rios conceives, indeed, that the mention made by the captive of “ a soldier, by name Saavedra, ” alludes to Cervantes himself, who adopted that surname, as of course he does ; but the history he gives of his captivity is drawn from other sources, such as are used, with some additions, for the present narrative.

History of Algiers, by Father Diego de Haedo*,” a contemporary; and his account, though not full enough to satisfy our curiosity, yet proves that Cervantes spoke of his deeds with no exaggeration; and that, to attain his liberty, he incurred every risk, and endured a thousand hardships and perils with dauntless courage. As Cervantes often alludes to himself, it is strange that he did not write an account of his years of captivity; but the truth is, that, though we may be led to mention ourselves, it is ever a tedious task to write at length on the subject: recollections come by crowds; hopes baffled, our dearest memories discovered to have a taint, our lives wasted and fallen into contempt even in our own eyes: so that we readily turn from dispiriting realities to such creatures of the imagination as we can fashion according to our liking. But to return.

The account above given of the situation of the captives refers to those best off. The rest were either employed as galley slaves, or in other hard labours. Among the latter Cervantes was probably numbered, as Haedo mentions that his captivity was one of peculiar hardship. Driven to resistance by his sufferings, Cervantes several times endeavoured to obtain his liberty. His first attempt was made in conjunction with several others, under the design of reaching Oran (a town of Africa, then in possession of Spain,) by land. He and his comrades even contrived to get out of the town of Algiers; but the Moorish guide whom they had engaged deserted them, and they were obliged to return and deliver themselves up to their masters.

1576.
Ætat.
29.

Some of his companions, and among them ensign Gabriël de Castañeda, were ransomed in the middle of the year 1576. Castañeda took letters from the captive brothers to their father, Rodrigo Cervantes, describing

* Topographia y Historia general de Argel, repartido en cinco tratados, do se veran casos estranos, muertas espantoas, y tormentas exquisitas, que conviene se entiendan en la christianidad; con mucha doctrina y elegancia curiosa. Por el Maestro Fray Diego de Haedo, Abad de Funes-
tra. Fol. Valladolid, 1612.

their miserable situation. He instantly sold or mortgaged his little property, and, indeed, every thing he possessed, even to the dowry of his daughters, who were not yet married; the whole family being thus reduced to penury. The entire sum, unhappily, did not suffice for the redemption of both brothers. Miguel accordingly gave up his share to secure the freedom of Rodrigo, who was set free in August, 1577. He promised at parting to get an armed vessel equipped at Valencia or the Balearic isles, which, touching at a place agreed on, near Algiers, would facilitate the escape of his brother and other captives; and he carried with him to this effect several letters from men of high birth, now fallen into the miserable condition of slaves, to various persons in power in Spain.

Meanwhile Cervantes was arranging another plan for escape, nay, he was far advanced in its execution at the time of his brother's departure. The alcayd Hassan, a Greek renegade, possessed a garden three miles from Algiers, close to the sea: in this garden Juan, a slave from Navarre, had contrived to dig a cavern; and here, under the conduct of Cervantes, a number of runaway captives hid themselves till an opportunity should offer for final evasion. Some of them had taken up their abode in the cave since the month of February, 1577: it was dark and damp, but it proved a safe asylum. The numbers increased till they amounted to fifteen. They had only two confidants, both Christians. Juan, the gardener of the alcayd Hassan, who worked near the mouth of the cave, and kept watch for them; and another, a native of Villa de Melilla, a small town of Barbary, subject to the king of Spain. He had become a renegade when a boy, and then again turned Christian, and was now captured for the second time. This man, who was commonly surnamed *el Dorador*, or the Gilder, had it particularly in charge to supply the fugitives with food and necessaries, buying them with the money given him, and bringing them secretly to the cavern.

The runaways had now been hidden for seven months: the confinement was irksome and unhealthy, and they

never breathed the free air of heaven except in the dead of night, when they stole out for a short time into the garden. They often incurred the greatest dangers,—as Haedo says, “what these men suffered in the cavern, and what they said and did, would deserve a particular account.” Several fell sick, and all endured incredible hardship ; while through all they were supported and encouraged by the firmness and dauntless courage of Cervantes. In the month of September, an opportunity offered itself, as they hoped, for effecting their ultimate escape. A Mallorcan captive, of the name of Viana, accustomed to the sea, and well acquainted with the coast of Barbary, was ransomed ; and the captives of the cave agreed with him that he should hire a vessel, either in Mallorca or Spain, and bring it to the neighbourhood of the garden by night, where they could unperceived embark, and sail for their native country. When this was arranged, Cervantes, who had hitherto thought that he served his friends best by remaining in Algiers, made his escape and repaired to the cavern, and remained there.

Viana performed his part with celerity and success. He hired a brigantine at Mallorca, and arrived with it at Algiers on the 28th of September. As had been concerted, he made, in the middle of the night, for the part of the coast where the garden and the cavern were situated. Most unfortunately, however, at the moment when the prow of the brigantine bore down on shore, several Moors passed by, and, perceiving the vessel, and that the crew were Christians, gave the alarm, crying out “Christians ! Christians ! a vessel ! a vessel !” When those on board heard this they were obliged to put out to sea again, and to give up their attempt for that time.

The captives in the cave were, however, undiscovered ; and they still put their trust in God, and believed that Viana as a man of honour, would not fail them ; and though suffering through sickness, confinement, and disappointment, they still supported themselves with the hope of succeeding at last in their attempt. Unfortunately the

Dorador turned traitor. The ill success of Viana's attempt perhaps made him imagine that all would be discovered and he be implicated in the dangers of the enterprise, while, on the other hand, he hoped to gain large rewards from the masters of the runaway slaves by giving them up. Two days only after Viana left the coast, he sought an audience with the dey, declared his wish to turn Mahometan, and asked his permission; while, as a proof of his sincerity, he offered to betray into his hands fifteen Christian captives, who lay concealed in a cavern, expecting a vessel from Mallorca for their deliverance.

The dey was delighted with this account. As a tyrant, he resolved, against all custom and right, to appropriate the runaways to himself; so sending immediately for Bashi, the gaoler of the bagnio, he commanded him to take a guard, and, guided by the renegade, to seize on the Christians hidden in the cave. Bashi did as he was ordered; and, accompanied by eight mounted Turks and twenty-four on foot, armed, for the most part, with muskets and sabres, he, guided by the traitor, repaired to the garden. The first man they seized on was the gardener; they then made for the cave, and captured all the Christians.

The traitor Dorador had mentioned Cervantes, whom Haedo names "a distinguished hidalgo of Alcalá de HERNARES," as the originator and the heart and soul of the whole enterprise. He, therefore, was singled out to be more heavily ironed than the rest; and when the dey, seizing on the whole number as his own, ordered them to be carried to the bagnio, he detained Cervantes in the palace, and, by entreaties and terrible menaces, tried to induce him to declare the true author of their attempt. His motive in this was to implicate, if possible, a friar of the order of mercy, established at Algiers as redeemer of slaves for the kingdom of Aragon, on whom he desired to lay hands for the purpose of extorting money.

But all his endeavours were vain; and though his merciless disposition gave Cervantes every cause to apprehend a cruel death, he, with undaunted firmness,

continued to reiterate that the whole enterprise originated in, and was carried on by, himself, heroically incurring the whole blame, and running the risk of the heaviest punishment. Finding all his endeavours fail, the dey sent him also to the prison of the bagnio.

As soon as these circumstances became known, the former masters of the captives claimed each his slave: the dey resisted where he could; but he was obliged to give up three or four, and among them Cervantes, who was restored to the Arnaout Mami, who had originally captured him. The alcayd Hassan hastened also to the dey to obtain leave to punish the gardener, who was hung with his head downwards, and left to die. Cervantes, meanwhile, returning to his old state of slavery, was by no means disposed to submit to it. Ardent and resolute, his schemes for procuring his liberation were daring in the extreme. Many times he reiterated his attempts, and ran risk of being impaled or otherwise put to death; and how he came to be spared cannot be guessed, except that the gallantry of his spirit excited the respect of his masters, and, perhaps, associating the ideas of bravery and resolution with noble birth, it was supposed that in the end he would be ransomed at a high price.

Soon after Hassan Aga himself purchased him from Mami, either hoping to gain through his ransom, or to keep a better watch over his restless attempts. At one time he sent letters through a Moor to don Martin de Cordova, governor of Oran; but this emissary was taken, and brought with his despatches before the dey. The unfortunate man was condemned to be impaled, and Cervantes was sentenced to the bastinado; but, from some undiscovered influence, his punishment on this occasion, as well as every other, was remitted.*

This ill success did not daunt his courage. In September, 1579, he formed acquaintance with a Spanish renegade, the licentiate Giron, born at Granada, who had taken the name of Abd-al-Rhamen. This renegade was eager to return to his native country, and reassume

* Viardôt.

the Christian faith. With him Cervantes concerted a new plan of escape: they had recourse to two Valencian merchants, established at Algiers,—Onofrio Exarch; and Bathazar de Torres: they assisted in the plot; and the former contributed 1500 doubloons for the price of an armed frigate with twelve banks of oars, which Abd-al-Rhamen bought under the pretence of going on a cruise as corsair. The vessel was ready, and the captives were on the alert to get on board, when they were betrayed. Doctor Juan Blanco de Paz, a Dominican monk, for the sake of a reward, denounced the scheme to the dey.

Hassan Aga at first dissimulated: his desire was, as in the former instance, though then frustrated, to confiscate the slaves to the state, by which means he should become possessed of them; nevertheless it became known that they were betrayed; and Onofrio, fearful that if Cervantes were taken, he would be tortured into making confessions injurious to him, offered to buy him at any price and send him to Spain. Cervantes refused to avoid the common peril. He had escaped from the bagnio, and was hidden at the house of one of his old military comrades, the ensign Diego Castellano. The dey made a public proclamation of him, threatening with death any one who afforded him refuge. Cervantes, on this, delivered himself up, having first secured the intercession of a Murcian renegade, Morato Ræz Matrapillo, who was a favourite with Hassan Aga. The dey demanded the names of his accomplices of Cervantes, and threatened him with immediate execution if he refused. Cervantes was not to be moved; he named himself and four Spanish gentlemen already at liberty, but fear of death extracted no other word. Despite his cruelty there must have been a touch of better things about Hassan Aga. He was moved by the constancy and fearlessness of his captive: he spared his life, but imprisoned him in a dungeon, where he was kept strictly guarded and chained. The ensign Luis Pedrosa, an ocular witness of his countryman's conduct, exclaims on this, that his

noble conduct deserved "renown, honour, and a crown among Christians."

The dey had now become thoroughly frightened. Cervantes's late plots were not limited merely to the attainment of freedom; he aimed at raising the whole captive population in revolt, and so gaining possession of Algiers for the crown of Spain. Hassan Aga, in his fear, was heard to exclaim, that "he only held his city, fleet, and slaves secure, while he kept that maimed Christian in safe custody."

The courage and heroism of Cervantes excited the respect of the friars of the Order of Mercy, who resided at Algiers for the purpose of treating for the ransom of the Christian captives. This order had been established as far back as the twelfth century by pope Innocent III. It was originally founded by two French hermits, who, dedicated to a holy life in solitude, believed themselves called upon by God to take more active service in the cause of religion. They repaired to Rome, and were well received by pope Innocent, who saw the benefits that might arise to Christianity from the pious labours of these men. He instituted an order, therefore, whose members were to dedicate themselves to the liberating of Christian slaves out of the hands of the infidels. It was called the order of the most Holy Trinity, for the Redemption of Captives. At first its labours were probably most in use to ransom crusaders, taken prisoners in the wars of Palestine. Africa afterwards became the scene of their greatest labours and dangers: various members of the order were regularly appointed, and resided in Algiers, for the purpose of carrying on treaties for the ransom of captives in particular. Each kingdom of Spain had its peculiar holy officer, a sort of spiritual consul, who transacted all the affairs of redemption and liberation for the unfortunate slaves.

Cervantes's case was peculiar: distinguished among his fellow slaves, the dey paid him the inconvenient compliment of rating his ransom highly, and set the price of 1000 golden crowns on him; application was made in Spain, and it was endeavoured to collect his ransom. His father was now dead, and his mother, donna Leonora.

a widow, could only contribute 250 ducats, his sister 50 more. This sum was placed in the hands of the friars Juan Gil and Antonio de la Vella, who arrived in Algiers in May, 1580, for the purpose of treating for the redemption of various captives. For a long time they were unable to bring the dey into any terms with regard to Cervantes: the sum of 1000 golden ducats was exorbitant, yet during several months he refused to take less. At last he received an order from the sultan, which appointed him a successor, and enforced his return to Constantinople. At first he threatened to take Cervantes, whom he kept on board his galley, with him; and the friars raised their offers to prevent this disaster: at last he agreed to receive 500 golden crowns as his ransom: on the 19th of September, 1580, the bargain was completed. Hassan sailed for Constantinople, and Cervantes was set on shore at Algiers, free to return to Spain.*

* For the sake of the curious we append a translation of the registry of Cervantes's liberation, as found by Los Rios in the archives of the order of mercy, and quoted by him in his "Proofs of the Life." These documents consist of two registers; one of the receipt of money for his redemption given by the friars Juan Gil, procurer-general for the order of the most Holy Trinity and Antonio de la Vella, minister of the monastery of the said order in the city of Baeza; and the second testified the payment of the money in Algiers. The first runs thus:—

"In the said city of Madrid, on the 31st of July, of the year 1579, in the presence of me, the notary, and the underwritten witnesses, the said fathers, friar Juan Gil and friar Antonio de la Vella, received 300 ducats, at eleven rials each ducat, being 250 ducats, from the hand of donna Leonora de Cortinas, widow, formerly wife of Rodrigo de Cervantes, and fifty ducats from donna Andrea de Cervantes, inhabitants of Alcalá, now in this court (*this expression is always used to signify Madrid*), to contribute to the ransom of Miguel de Cervantes, an inhabitant of the said city, son and brother of the above named, who is captive at Algiers in the power of Ali Mami, captain of the vessels of the fleet of the king of Algiers, who is thirty-three years of age, has lost his left hand; and from them they received two obligations and receipts, and received the said sum before me, the notary, being witnesses, Juan de Quadros and Juan de la Peña Corredor, and Juan Fernandez, residing in this court: in faith of which the said witnesses, friars, and I, the said notary, sign our names."

The second register is as follows:—

"In the city of Algiers, on the 19th of September, 1580, in presence of me, the said notary, the rev. father friar Juan Gil, the above named redeemer, ransomed Miguel de Cervantes, a native of Alcalá de Henares, aged thirty-three, son of Rodrigo de Cervantes and of donna Leonora de Cortinas, and an inhabitant of Madrid; of a middle size, much beard, maimed of the left arm and hand, taken captive in the galley el Sol, bound from Naples to Spain, where he had been a long time in the service of H. M. He was taken 26th September, 1575, being in the power of Hassan Pacha, king: his ransom cost 500 crowns of gold in Spanish gold;

The first use, however, that he made of his liberty was to refute, in the most determined manner, certain calumnies of which he was the object. The traitor, Juan Blanco de Paz, who falsely pretended to belong to the inquisition, cast on him the accusation of betraying the conspiracy, and of causing the exile of the renegade Giron. The moment that Cervantes was free he entreated father Juan Gil to examine the whole affair. In consequence, the apostolic notary, Pedro de Ribera, drew out twenty-five questions, and received the depositions of eleven Spanish gentlemen, the most distinguished among the captives, in answer. These examinations, in which all the events of Cervantes's captivity are minutely recounted, give besides the most interesting details concerning his understanding, his character, the purity of his life, and the devoted sacrifices he made to his companions in misfortune, which gained for him so many friends.

Viardot, who has seen this document, not mentioned by any other author, cites among the depositions that of don Diego de Benavides. Having made inquiries, he says, on his arrival at Algiers concerning the principal Christian captives, Cervantes was mentioned to him as honourable, noble, virtuous, of excellent character, and beloved by all the other gentlemen. Benavides cultivated his friendship, and he was treated so kindly, that he says, "he found both a father and a mother in him." The carmelite monk, Feliciano Enriquez, declared, that

because, if not, he was to be sent to Constantinople; and, therefore, on account of this necessity, and that this Christian should not be lost in a Moorish country, 220 crowns were raised among the traders and the remaining 280 collected from the charities of the redemption. Three hundred ducats were given in aid; and they were assisted by the charity of Francisco de Caramanchel, of whom is the patron the very illustrious Señor Domingo de Cardenas Zapata, of the council of H. M., with fifty doubloons, and by the general charity of the order they were assisted by fifty more; and the remainder of the sum, the said order engaged to repay, being money belonging to other captives, who gave pledges in Spain for their ransom; and, not being at present in Algiers, they are not ransomed; and the said order are under obligation to return the money to the parties, the captives not being ransomed; and besides were given nine doubloons to the officers of the galley of the said king Hassan Pacha, who asked it as their fees: in faith of which sign their names, &c.

having discovered the falsehood of an accusation made against Cervantes, he, in common with all the other captives, became his friend; his noble, Christian, upright, and virtuous conduct raising a sort of emulation among them. Finally, the ensign Luis de Pedrosa declares, "that of all the gentlemen resident at Algiers, he knew not one who did so much good to their fellow captives as Cervantes, or who showed a more rigid observance of the point of honour; and that in addition, all that he did was adorned with a peculiar grace, through his understanding, prudence, and forethought, in which few people could equal him.

Such was the natural elevation of Cervantes over his fellow-creatures, when, all being placed on an equality, the qualities of the soul alone produced a difference of rank. It inspires infinite contempt for the arbitrary distinctions of society when we find this prince and leader among his fellows was, when restored to his native country, depressed by poverty and obscured by want; and when we find no spirit of repining displayed during his after life, though he had dignity of soul to assert his worth, we are impelled to give Cervantes as high a place for moral excellence as his genius has secured for him in the world of intellect.

1581. Cervantes landed in Spain early the following year.
 Ætat. He so often expresses the excessive joy imparted by a
 34. restoration to freedom, that we may believe that his heart beat high with exultation when he set his foot on the shores of his native country. "On earth," he says, "there is no good like regaining lost liberty." Yet he arrived poor, and if not friendless yet his friends were poor also. His mother's purse had been drained to contribute to his ransom. As a literary man he was not known, nor, indeed, had he written any thing since he left Spain eleven years before. He evidently did not at first look upon literature as a resource by which to live. He was still a soldier in heart, and such he became again by profession, though it would seem that his long captivity erased the recollection of, and deprived him of all reward for, his past services.

At this time Portugal had been recently conquered by the duke of Alva. It was now tranquil, but still occupied by Spanish troops. This army was in preparation to attack the Azores, which still held out. Rodrigo de Cervantes, after his ransom, had re-entered the service. His brother found himself obliged to follow his example. That he had no powerful friend is proved by the circumstance that he again volunteered. Maimed of a hand, in a manner which proved his gallantry, while Algiers still rang with the fame of his intrepidity and daring, poverty in his native country hung like a heavy cloud over him. We must, however, at this period consider that he was not known as the author of *Don Quixote*, and a man of genius; he had shown himself only as a gallant soldier of fortune. Such he continued to be. He served in three campaigns. In the summer of 1581 he embarked in the squadron of don Pedro Valdes, who had orders to make an attempt on the Azores, and to protect the commerce of the Indies. The following year he served under the orders of the marquis de Santa Cruz, and was in the naval battle which that admiral gained on the 25th of July, within sight of the island of Terceira, over the French fleet, which had taken part with the Portuguese insurgents. It is asserted, that beyond a question Cervantes served in the regiment of the camp-major-general, don Lope de Figueroa. This corps was composed of veterans, and was embarked on board the galleon *San Mateo*, which took a distinguished part in the victory. In the campaign of 1583 he and his brother were at the taking of Terceira, which was carried by assault. Rodrigo distinguished himself greatly on this occasion, and was one of the first to spring on shore; for which, on the return of the fleet, he was promoted to the rank of ensign.

1582.
Ætat.
35.

1583.
Ætat.
36.

It is characteristic of Spanish manners that, although only serving in the ranks, Cervantes mingled in the society of the nobles of Portugal. He was an *hidalgo* and, as such, freely admitted to the circles of the well born, despite his poverty. He was engaged in a love affair at

Lisbon: the name of the lady is not known: it seems likely, from attendant circumstances, that she was not possessed of either rank or fortune. She bore him a daughter, whom he named donna Isabel de Saavedra, and brought up; and she remained with him even after his marriage till she took vows in a convent in Madrid, but a short time before her father's death. He never had another child.

1581.
Ætat.
37.

in the year 1584 Cervantes appeared as an author. He seems to have written rather under the excitement of his natural genius, which impelled him to composition, than under the idea of earning a livelihood by his pen. The most popular works then in Spain were the "Diana" of Montemayor, and the continuation of the same work by Gil Polo. This last was a particular favourite of Cervantes. In the scrutiny made by the curate of Don Quixote's library, he thus speaks of these books: — "I am of opinion that we do not burn the 'Diana' of Montemayor; let us only erase from it all the part that concerns the wise Felicia and the enchanted water, and almost all the poetry written in *versos mayores*, and let the prose remain, and the honour it enjoys of being the first of these species of books. As to the continuation by Gil Polo, take care of it as if Apollo himself were the author. Of his own 'Galatea,' he makes the curate say, "Cervantes has for many years been my intimate friend, and I know he has more experience in disasters than good fortune. There is the merit of invention in his book: he proposes something but concludes nothing; and we must wait for the second part, which he promises, when I hope he will merit the entire pardon which is as yet denied."

When pastorals were the fashion, there was something very attractive in the composition of them to a poetic mind. The author, if he were in love, could so easily turn himself into a shepherd, musing on his passion on the banks of rivulets, and all the lets and hindrances to his happiness he could transform into pastoral incidents. Montemayor and Gil Polo had

acknowledgedly done this before, and it was but in good costume to imitate their example. We are told that, at the time of writing this work, Cervantes was already deeply in love with the lady whom he afterwards married. She figured as the lovely shepherdess Galatea. Lope de Vega asserts that Cervantes introduced himself as Elisio, the hero of his work. Viardot says, "It cannot be doubted but that the other shepherds introduced in the romance as Tirsis, Damon, Meliso, Sivalvo, Lauso, Larsileo, Artidoro, are intended for Francisco de Figueroa, Pedro Lainez, don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, Luis Galvez de Montalvo, Luis Barahona de Soto, don Alonzo de Ercilla, Andres Rey de Artieda. These names all figure in the Spanish Parnassus, and it may be that they are introduced, but we have no proof. That the allusions made both to himself and his friends are very vague, is proved by the fact that Los Rios declares that Damon was the name of the shepherd figuring Cervantes, and Amarilis that of his lady-love. Of the pastoral itself we shall mention more when we come to speak of all Cervantes's works; suffice it now to say, that the purity of its style, and the ease of invention, must at once have raised Cervantes in the eyes of his friends to the rank of a writer of merit.

It certainly gained him favour in the eyes of the lady. Soon after the publication of the "Galatea" she consented to become his wife. On the 8th December, 1584, Cervantes accordingly married, at Esquivias, donna Catalina de Palacios y Salazar. Her family, though impoverished, was one of the most noble of that town. She had been brought up in the house of her uncle, don Francisco de Salazar, who left her a legacy in his will, or which reason she assumed his name in conjunction with her own; for it was the custom in those days for persons to call themselves after one to whom they owed the obligation of education and subsistence. The father of donna Catalina was dead, and the widow promised, when her daughter was affianced, to give her a moderate dower. This was done two years afterwards; the contract of

marriage bearing date of August 9th, 1586. This portion we find to consist of a few vineyards, a garden, an orchard, several beehives, a hencoop, and some household furniture, amounting in value to 182,000 maravedis, or about 5360 reals, being, in English money, about 60*l*. This property was settled on donna Catalina, the management of it only remaining with her husband, who also settled on her 100 ducats, which are stated as the tenth of his property.

On his marriage, Cervantes took up his abode at Esquivias, probably from some motive of economy. Still feeling within him the innate assurance of genius, and the laudable desire of distinction which that feeling engenders, he dwelt on the idea of becoming an author. Esquivias is so near Madrid that he could pay frequent visits to the capital; and he cultivated the acquaintance of the authors of that day, and in particular of Vicente Espinel, one of the most charming romance writers of Spain. A noble of the court had instituted a sort of literary academy at his house, and it is conjectured that Cervantes was chosen a member.

At this time he wrote for the theatre. There was ever a lurking love for the drama in Spain. In his youth Cervantes had frequented the representations of Lope de Rueda, previously mentioned in this work, and he felt impelled to contribute to the drama. He saw the defects of the plays in vogue, which were rather dialogues than dramatic compositions. He saw the miserable state of the stage and scenery. He endeavoured to rectify these deficiencies, and in some measure succeeded. "I must trespass on my modesty," he says, in one of his prefaces, "to relate the perfection to which these things were brought when 'The Captives of Algiers,' 'Numantia,' and 'The Naval Battle,' dramas written by me, were represented at the theatre of Madrid. I then ventured to reduce the five acts, into which plays were before divided, into three. I was the first who personified imaginary phantoms and the secret thoughts of the soul, bringing allegorical person-

ages on the stage, with the universal applause of the audience. I wrote at that time some twenty or thirty plays, which were all performed without the public throwing pumpkins, or oranges, or any of those things which spectators are apt to cast at the heads of bad actors: my plays were acted without hissing, confusion, or clamour."

Of the plays which Cervantes mentions, two only exist—"Numantia" and "Life in Algiers." They are very inartificial in their plots, and totally unlike the busy pieces of intrigue soon after introduced; but the first, in particular, has great merit, as will be mentioned hereafter. Still, his plays did not bring such profit as to render him independent. He was now forty: he had run through a variety of adventures, and remained unrewarded for his services, and unprotected by a patron. He was married; and, though he had no children by his wife, he maintained in his house his two sisters and his natural daughter: despite his vineyard, his orchard, and his hencoop, — despite also his theatrical successes — he felt himself straitened in circumstances. At this time, Antonio de Guevara, coun- 1588.
cillor of finance, was named purveyor to the Indian ^{Ætat.}
squadrons and fleets at Seville, with the right of naming 41.
as his assistants four commissaries. He was now employed in fitting out the Invincible Armada. He offered the situation of commissary to Cervantes, who accepted it, and set out for Seville with his wife and daughter, and two sisters.*

Cervantes lived for many years at Seville fulfilling

* It is usually said, and Viardôt repeats it, that Cervantes was driven from his theatrical labours by the success of Lope de Vega. This is not the fact. Lope sailed with the Invincible Armada, and it was not until his return that he began his dramatic career. The fact seems simply to have been that Cervantes, feeling the animation of genius within him, yet not having discovered its proper expression, was, to a certain degree, successful as a dramatist, though he could not originate a style which should give new life to the modern drama: thus his gains were moderate, and he found himself unable to support those dependant on him. The place of commissary offered itself to rescue him from this state of poverty. Afterwards, when Lope began his career, Cervantes found indeed, that, he filled the public eye, and had hit its taste; and that his dramas, with their jéjune plots and uninterwoven incidents, however, adorned by poetry and the majesty of passion, were thrown aside and forgotten.

1591. the duties of his employment. He served at first for
 Ætat. ten years under Guevara, and then for two more under
 44. his successor, Pedro de Isunza. That he was not con-
 1593. tented with the situation, and that it was an insignifi-
 Ætat. cant one, is proved by his having solicited the king to
 45. give him the place of paymaster in New Granada, or of
 corregidor in the small town of Goetemala. His request
 bears the date of May, 1590. It was refused fortunately;
 yet his funds and his hopes, also, must have been low
 to make him turn his eyes towards the Indies; for,
 speaking of such a design in one of his tales, he says of a
 certain hidalgo that, "finding himself at Seville without
 money or friends, he had recourse to the remedy to which
 so many ruined men in that city run, which is going to
 the Indies — the refuge and shelter of all Spaniards of
 desperate fortunes, the common deceiver of many, the
 individual remedy of few." At length the purveyor-
 ship being suppressed, his office was also abolished, and
 he became agent to various municipalities, corporations,
 and wealthy individuals: among the rest, he managed
 the affairs, and became the friend, of don Hernando de
 Toledo, a noble of Cigalés.

We have little trace of how he exercised his pen
 during this interval. The house of the celebrated painter
 Francisco Pacheco, master and father-in-law of Velas-
 quez, was then frequented by all the men of education
 in Seville: the painter was also a poet, and Rodrigo
 Caro mentions that his house was an academy resorted
 to by all the literati of the town. Cervantes was num-
 bered among them; and his portrait is found among
 the pictures of more than a hundred distinguished
 persons, painted and brought together by this artist. The
 poet Jauregui, who also cultivated painting, painted his
 portrait, and was numbered among his friends. Here
 Cervantes became the friend of Herrera, who spent his
 life in Seville, secluded from the busy world, but véné-
 rated and admired by his friends. Cervantes, in after
 days, wrote a sonnet to his memory, and mentions him
 with fond praise in his "Voyage to Parnassus." Viardôt

assures us, that it was during his residence at Seville that Cervantes wrote most of his tales. This appears probable. Certainly he did not lose the habit of composition. Much of the material of these stories was furnished him by incidents that actually occurred in Seville ; and when we see the mastery of invention and language he had acquired when he wrote "Don Quixote," we may believe that these tales occupied his pen when apparently, in a literary sense, idle.

It seems that, at Seville, and during his distasteful employments there, he acquired that bitter view of human affairs displayed in "Don Quixote." Yet it is wrong to call it bitter. Even when his hopes were crushed and blighted, a noble enthusiasm survived disappointment and ill-treatment ; and, though he looks sadly, and with somewhat of causticity on human life, still no one can mistake the generous and lofty aspirations of his injured spirit throughout. We have two sonnets of his, written at Seville, which justify the idea, however, that there was something in this city (as is usually the case with provincial towns), that peculiarly excited his spirit of sarcasm. The first of these sonnets was written in ridicule of some recruits gathered together by a captain Bercerra to join the forces sent under the duke of Medina, to repel the disembarkation of the earl of Essex, who hovered near Cadiz with his fleet.

The second is more known. On the death of Philip II. in 1598, a magnificent catafalque was erected in the cathedral of Seville, "the most wonderful funereal monument," says a narrator of the ceremony, "which human eyes ever had the happiness of seeing." All Seville was in ecstasy, the catafalque was superb ; it did honour to Spain ; and they built the catafalque: could provincial town have better cause to strut and boast?* The Andalusians, also, are addicted to gasco-

* This monument excited attention in the capital — Lope de Vega in his comedy of "La Esclava de su Galan," "The slave of her Lover" makes a lady living in great retirement in this country, say, "I visited Seville but twice: once to see the king, whom heaven guard! and a second time to see the wondrous edifice of the monument ; so that I was only to be tempted out by the grandest objects which heaven or earth contains"

nading, and Cervantes could not resist the temptation of ridiculing both the monument and its vaunting erectors. In his "Voyage to Parnassus," Cervantes calls this sonnet "the chief honour of his writings." After such an announcement it is bold to attempt a translation. This sort of witty burlesque can never be transfused into another language, for its point consists rather in association of ideas, which only those on the spot can enter into, than, in witty allusions common to all the world. The conclusion of the epigram is to this day the delight of the Spaniards, who all know it by heart. The species of sonnet is named an *Estrumbote*, having three verses more than the proper fourteen. The following translation being tolerably literal, may serve to satisfy the curiosity of the English reader, though it cannot do justice to the composition itself. For the sake of the Spanish one, the original is inserted underneath.

TO THE MONUMENT OF THE KING AT SEVILLE.

"I vow to God, I quake with my surprise!
 Could I describe it, I would give a crown —
 And who, that gazes on it in the town,
 But stands aghast to see its wondrous size:
 Each part a million cost, I should devise;
 What pity 't is, ere centuries have flown,
 Old Time will mercilessly cast it down!
 Thou rival'st Rome, O Seville, in my eyes!
 I bet, the soul of him who 's dead and blest,
 To dwell within this sumptuous monument,
 Has left the seats of sempiternal rest!"
 A fellow tall, on deeds of valour bent,
 My exclamation heard, "Bravo!" he cried,
 "Sir Soldier, what you say is true, I vow,
 And he who says the contrary has lied!"
 With that, he pulls his hat upon his brow,
 Upon his sword's hilt he his hand does lay,
 And frowns — and — nothing does, but walks away.*

The financial occupations of Cervantes at Seville were full of various annoyances; and it seems to have been his destiny at all times, to find his life beset with various forms of adversity. He was accused of malversation in the employment of monies entrusted to him. His poverty was his best defence, but it required other cir-

* "AL TUMULO DEL REY EN SEVILLA.

† Voto á Dios que me espanta esta grandeza,
 y que diera un doblon por describilla,

circumstances to prove his innocence, and his honest heart and lofty soul must have been tortured by all the detail of accusation and defence. Viardot has, by examining the archives of Valladolid, Seville, and Madrid, found traces of various circumstances, which he details. In themselves some of them scarcely deserve record, except as happening to Cervantes, and showing how like the equally unfortunate but more imprudent Burns, he was occupied by transactions antipathetic to his tastes and vocation. The first circumstance recorded by Viardot is indeed a mere mercantile casualty, full of annoyance at the time, but whose effects even to the sufferer, vanishes like footsteps in the sand, when the next tide flows.

Towards the end of 1594, while he was settling at Seville the accounts of his commissariat, and calling in with much difficulty several sums in arrear, he forwarded the receipts to the *contaduria mayor* of Madrid, in bills of exchange drawn upon Seville. One of these sums, arising from the taxation of the district of Velez-Malaga, amounting to 7400 rials, (little more than 70*l.*) was intrusted by him in specie to a merchant of Seville named Simon Freire de Lima, who undertook to pay it into the treasury at Madrid. It was not paid, and Cervantes was forced to make a journey to the capital to demand from Friere the sum in question ; but this man meanwhile became bankrupt, and had fled from Spain. Cervantes hastened back to Seville, and found the property of his debtor seized on by other creditors. He addressed a request

porque ¿ á quien no suspende y maravilla
esta maquina insigne, esta braveza ?
Por Jesu Christo vivo, cada pieza
vale mas que un millon, que es mancilla
que esto no duré un siglo. — O gran Sevilla ;
Roma triunfante en animo y riqueza.
Apostare que el anima del muerto,
por gozar esto sitio, hoy ha dexado
el Cielo de que goza eternamente !'
Esto oyo un valenton, y dixo : ' Es cierto
lo que dice voace, seor soldado,
y quien dixere lo contrario miente.'
Y luego en continente
caló el chapeo, requirio la espada,
miro al soslayo, fuese, y no hubo nada."

to the king, and a decree was published on the 7th of August 1595, ordering doctor Bernardo de Olmedilla, judge of *los Grados* at Seville, to take by privilege on the goods of Friere, the sum intrusted to him by Cervantes. This was done, and the money was sent by the judge to the general treasurer, don Pedro Mesia de Tobar, in a bill of exchange drawn on the 22d of November 1596.

The next anecdote is of more interest, and displays the style in which justice was carried on in Spain. Cervantes wrote from his heart and from bitter experience, when he introduces, in one of his tales, the arrival of a corregidor at an inn; and says, "The innkeeper and his wife were both frightened to death, for as when comets appear they always engender fear of disaster, so when the officers of justice enter a house of a sudden and unexpectedly, they alarm and agitate the consciences even of the innocent." It appears that at this time the tribunal of the *contaduria* examined the treasury accounts with the greatest severity, emptied as it had been by the various wars which had been carried

1597. on, and by financial experiments which had failed. The
 Ætat. inspector-general, of whom Cervantes was merely the
 , 50. agent, was sent for to Madrid to give in his accounts. He represented that the documents which served as vouchers were at Seville in the hands of Cervantes; upon this, without other form of trial, a royal order was sent to arrest him, and to send him under escort to the prison of the capital, where he was to be disposed of as the tribunal of accounts saw fit. Cervantes was accordingly thrown in prison. The deficit of which he was accused amounted only to 2644 rials, not quite 30*l*. He offered security for this sum, and was set at liberty, on condition that in thirty days he should appear before the *contaduria*, and liquidate his accounts. In all this, it is evident that no real accusation was levelled against Cervantes, and that it was only the clumsy and arbitrary proceedings of Spanish law that occasioned his imprisonment.

Some years after the claim of the treasury was revived; the inspector of Baza, Gaspar Osorio de Tejada, sent in his accounts, at the end of 1602; these included an acknowledgment from Cervantes, proving, that that sum had been received by him in 1594, when he was commissioned to recover claims in arrear on that town and district. Having consulted on this point, the judges of the court of the treasury made a report, dated Valladolid, January the 24th, 1603, in which they gave an account of the arrest of Cervantes in 1597 for this same sum, and his conditional enlargement, adding that since then he had not appeared before them. It appears that in this very year, 1603, Cervantes removed with his family to Valladolid, where Philip III. resided with his court. There is no trace, however, of any proceedings against him; and it is evident that there was proof of his honesty sufficient to satisfy the officers of the treasury; and his honour in this and every other transaction stands clear. His poverty was the great and clinging evil of his life. Many housekeeping accounts, and notes, and bills, have been discovered at Valladolid, proving the distress which he and his family suffered. In 1603 there is a memorandum showing that his sister, donna Andrea, was engaged in superintending the household and wardrobe of a don Pedro de Toledo Osorio, marquis of Villafranca, lately returned from an expedition to Algiers.

All these dates and papers seem to cast a gleam of light upon the history of Cervantes; yet after all they but render the "darkness visible," and these tiny lights becoming extinguished, we grope blinder than ever. It is generally supposed that Cervantes left Seville at the time of the death of Philip II. (1599). We find that he was at Valladolid in 1603, but both before and after this date it would appear that he resided in the province of La Mancha. His perfect knowledge of that country, his familiarity with its peculiarities, the lakes of Ruydera, the cave of Motesinos, the position of the fulling mills, and other places mentioned in "Don Quixote," shows an

intimate knowledge of the face of the country, to be gained only by a residence. The common conjecture is that he resided for several years in La Mancha, where he had several relations, acting as agent for various persons, and executing such commissions as were intrusted to him, and which brought in some small income. But adversity followed him here also, and again he became an inmate of a prison; wherefore cannot be discovered. The people of La Mancha were singularly quarrelsome. About this time they entered on lawsuits and contentions one with another, concerning some silly rights of precedence, which they pursued with such acrimony and vehemence, that the population of the province became diminished.

To some such litigious proceeding Cervantes was probably the victim. It has been said that this disaster happened at Toboso, on account of a sarcasm he had uttered against a woman, and that her relations thus avenged her. The common and the probable notion, however, is that the inhabitants of the village of Argamasilla de Alba threw him into prison, being incensed against him, either because he claimed the arrears of tithes due to the grand prior of San Juan, or because he interfered with their system of irrigation, by turning aside a portion of the waters of the Guadiana, for the purpose of preparing saltpetre. To this day they show in Argamasilla de Alba an old house called Casa de Medrano, which immemorial tradition declares to have been the prison of Cervantes. It seems likely that he was confined for some time; and he was forced to have recourse to his uncle don Juan Barnabé de Saavedra, a citizen of Alcazar de San Juan, asking for protection and assistance. We are told that the expressions of a letter written by Cervantes to this uncle are remembered, and that it began with these words: "Long days and short but sleepless nights wear me out in this prison, or rather let me call it cavern." In record of his ill-treatment here, he at the same time placed the residence of Don Quixote, in Argamasilla de Alba and refrained from mentioning

the name, saying, "In a village of La Mancha, whose name I do not wish to recollect."

It is impossible here not to remember the beautiful image of lord Bacon, that calamity acts on the high-minded as the crushing of perfumes, pressing the innate virtue out of each: for in this prison Cervantes wrote "Don Quixote." When we consider the ill-fortune that pursued him — his military career, which left him maimed and unrewarded — his captivity in Algiers, where he exerted a spirit of resistance sublime in its fearlessness and its risks, and whence he returned a beggar — his life spent as a sort of clerk where he gained his scanty daily bread, at the mercy of the arbitrary and litigious ministers of Spanish justice — and that he endured all the distresses incident to straitened means and friendlessness; when we consider that the end of all was to throw him into a squalid prison in an obscure village, where he must have felt all hopes, not only of advancement, but of attaining the means of existence, fail him — where in a dreary cavern-like chamber he passed long days and sleepless nights, weary and worn out: — when we think that he was now fifty-six years of age, a period when the fire of life burns dim — and then, when we compare all these sad depressing circumstances with the very outset of "Don Quixote," we feel that there must have been something divine in the spirit of this man, which could place a soul within the ribs of death, and vivify darkness and suffering with so animated a creation.

He himself speaks more modestly. "What," he says, in his preface to "Don Quixote," "could my barren and uncultivated understanding engender except the history of an offspring, dry, tough, and whimsical, and full of various fancies which had never entered the imagination of another? — like one born in prison, where every discomfort dwells, and every odious sound has birth."

With this we turn to the book itself, and it seems to

us that if Cervantes had never written more than the first chapter, his genius and originality had been acknowledged by all. There is so much life, such minute yet clear and characteristic painting — such an outset, promising so much, and in itself performing so much — that, but for its wisdom, it seems written by a man who had never known a check nor care. He must have felt happy while he wrote it; though the excitement of composition brings with it a reaction which, more than any other exercise of the brain, demands amusement and change. To turn exhausted from the written page, and find solitude and a dungeon walls about him, might well make him feel that imagination sterile, which was indeed exhausted by the very fertility and beauty of its creations.

1604. In 1604, Cervantes returned to what in Spain is called the court, that is, the town in which the monarch resided. He had left it thirteen years before, in hopes of earning a subsistence by the employment offered him. He had lived in poverty, and experienced a variety of disasters. During this period he had never thought of obtaining an income through authorship. Now he had with him that which in truth has proved to be his passport to immortality, and the admiration of the world. We may believe that an innate sense of the merit of his work led him to consider that he was not too sanguine in hoping thence to derive such profit and reputation as would rescue him from the distresses to which he had hitherto been the victim. But from first to last, in a worldly view, Cervantes was born to disappointment. His first attempt was to introduce himself to the notice of the duke of Lerma, the “Atlas of the monarchy,” as he calls him. The haughty favourite received him with disdain; and Cervantes, not less proud, renounced at once the humiliating task of seeking his favour.

His best and immediate resource was to print his book. But not only the fashion of the times demanded that it should be introduced under the nominal patronage of some great man, but the very title and nature of

“Don Quixote” rendered it necessary that in some way the public should from the outset be prepossessed in its favour, and let into the secret of its intentions. Cervantes applied to don Alonzo Lopez de Zuniga y Sotomayor, seventh duke of Bejar, a man who with literary pretensions himself, was pleased to arrogate the reputation of a patron of genius. A story is told, that the duke, understanding either that the work in question was a romance of chivalry, or that it was a burlesque, thought in either case his dignity compromised by its being introduced under the patronage of his name, and refused the author’s request. Cervantes, in reply, only begged permission to read a chapter of his work to him ; this was granted : the first chapter is enough indeed to awaken curiosity, to engage interest, and promise a rich harvest of amusement. The duke and his friends were so delighted, that they asked for another, and another chapter, till the whole book was read ; and the duke, giving up his prepossession, gladly yielded his consent to be in a manner immortalised, by having his name inscribed on the first page of the work. It is added, that a morose priest, who was religious director of the duke, was shocked at the immorality of the work, and bitterly censured both it and its author. He, they say, was the original of the priest, at the duke and duchess’s table in the second part, whom Cervantes takes to task for his impertinent interference. Whatever truth there be in this story, and whether influenced by this ecclesiastic, or the worldly feeling that hardens the hearts of the prosperous against those who really need assistance, certainly the duke was no generous patron. Cervantes never dedicated another work to him, nor makes allusion, and he was ready enough to do so, when merited, to any kindness received from him.

Tradition preserves the story, that even when published, “Don Quixote” met with no popularity, and was hailed with no glad welcome. The author was obscure — he had written nothing previously that had won the public ear, and so opened the way to success : the very

1605.
Ætat.
58.

title of the book excited the censure and ridicule of common critics. It was in danger of becoming a dead letter. Cervantes perceived that his readers did not understand the scope of the book; but he felt its merits, and was sure that if once the public were incited to read, its general popularity must ensue. To allure attention therefore, and awaken curiosity, it is said that he published an anonymous pamphlet, which he called the "Buscapié," (a name given to those little fuses or serpents, thrown forward in military operations to give light to a night mark), which affected to criticise his book, and insinuated, at the same time, that it was a covert and fine satire on several well known persons; at the same time, not mentioning who or what these personages were.

The existence of the "Buscapié" has been disputed, as well as that Cervantes was its author. Tradition asserted it, and brought its weighty testimony; but in addition to this, Los Rios brings forward a letter of a friend of his, don Antonio Ruidiaz, who saw and read the pamphlet, and gives the following account of it*:—"I saw the 'Buscapié' in the house of the late count de Saceda about sixteen years ago, and I read it in the short space of time for which that learned gentleman lent it me; to whom also it had been lent, by I know not who, for a few days only. It was an anonymous pamphlet, in duodecimo, printed in this court, (*en esta Corte — Madrid so called while the king made residence there,*) with that title only. I do not remember the date of the year, nor the printer's name: it contained about six sheets — good print, but bad paper. I will mention what my imperfect memory retains of its contents.

"The author begins by mentioning, or feigning, that a book had been published some time ago, entitled, 'Don Quixote de la Mancha,' but that for some time he had felt no inclination to read it, conceiving that it was only one of the romances of the day, or that its author

* Los Rios — Pruebas de la Vida.

had not talent sufficient to produce a work of any excellence. For this reason, he, like most others, felt no desire to read it; till at last, influenced by mere curiosity, he bought it, and having read it once, he felt impelled to read it again with more pleasure and attention; and then he became convinced that it was one of the cleverest books that had seen light, and a satire full of information and amusement, and written with the greatest dexterity and cleverness, for the purpose of dispelling the enthusiasm which the nation in general, and principally the nobles, felt for works of chivalry; and that the persons introduced were merely imaginary, brought in only for the sake of indicating those whose heads were thus turned. Nevertheless, it was not so entirely imaginary, but that an allusion might be perceived to the character and chivalrous actions of a certain champion, a favourite of fame, and of other paladins who had sought to imitate him, as well as other persons who had charge of the government of a most extensive and wealthy region of former times. The author went on to compare the incidents; and, although he artfully disguises some, he nevertheless plainly showed that he had in view the enterprises and gallantry of Charles V., as most of the points apply to this hero, though so veiled, both with regard to him and other persons, that it is impossible to point them out. At length he concluded, by saying, that to compensate to the author for the injury he had done him in the first instance, and to undeceive the prepossession of others, and that they might discover the treasure hid under that title, he had resolved to publish the "Buscapié," which might excite the attention of the unoccupied (which was almost all Spain), and entice them to take the book in hand and read it, well persuaded that whoever once cast his eyes on it, would appreciate at its just value that which they had before despised."

Whether this story be true, and whether "Don Quixote" owed its first celebrity to the "Buscapié," we will not decide; though I own I am led to reject it as un-

worthy. Cervantes makes no allusion to it in his after works ; and it seems more probable that it was written by some friend or disciple, than by himself. It is said that the trick succeeded : at any rate, the book at first excited no attention, and then, suddenly coming into vogue, it was devoured with insatiable 1605. curiosity. Four editions were published in Spain in one year, and its fame became spread to all neighbouring countries, and in no long time reached this island.

Books in those days sometimes enriched authors by gaining for them patrons and pensions ; the mere sale brought no great profit. No doubt Cervantes's distress was somewhat alleviated ; but still poverty clung to him, while his very success excited the enmity of a variety of the men of letters of the day, who could not endure that a man whose talents they had regarded with no consideration, should suddenly pass over the heads of all : a cloud of satires, epigrams, and criticism were levelled against his work. Old rough doctor Johnson would have revelled in such testimony of his popularity, and Cervantes was at least secure in having the laugh on his side. Los Rios, however, observes, that if the many satires, attacks, and persecutions, which the author and his book suffered had not been submerged in oblivion, or drowned in the quantity of eulogies and defences heaped on him by men of talent, who continued to subtract such disagreeable productions from the eyes of posterity, it would now appear, that "Don Quixote" had been written in the midst of a nation enemy to the muses. Now the attacks of these men redound to their own discredit, displaying only their envy or incredible bad taste. Cervantes indeed had not spared the authors of his time, and they almost all set themselves in array against him. Lope de Vega, from the height of his prosperity, showed a condescending good nature, which, considering that he was attacked in "Don Quixote," shows a sort of lion magnanimity : he even declared that the writings of Cervantes were not devoid of grace or style. Don Luis

de Gongora, a man of whom further mention will be made in this work, was his most virulent critic. Figuero, and Villegas both contributed their mite of disapprobation. We cannot tell how Cervantes viewed their attacks, but his warm heart must have been pained at the falling off of some of his friends; among these was Vicente Espinel, who had merit enough as a poet, perfect in his class, to hail with pleasure, instead of enviously depreciating, the merit of his friend.

Cervantes mentions some of these satires, and in particular, one sent to him in a letter when he was at Valladolid.* The circumstances accompanying this letter show that he was settled and had a house in that city. Philip III. had established his court there, and doubtless Cervantes thought that in the first flush of success his being in its immediate neighbourhood might occasion some noble to become his patron. When Philip IV. was born, James I. of England sent admiral lord Howard to present a treaty of peace, and to congratulate Philip III. on the birth of his son. He was received with the utmost magnificence: bull fights, tournaments, masked balls, religious ceremonies — all of feasting and splendour that the court could display, were put in requisition. The duke of Lerma caused an account of these festivities to be written: it is said that Cervantes was the author.

These rejoicings were scarcely over when an event occurred greatly to distress Cervantes, who seems to have been marked out by fortune for the endurance of every variety of galling disaster.

There lived in Valladolid a cavalier of Saint-Jago, don Gaspar de Ezpeleta, an intimate acquaintance of the marquis de Falces. On the night of the 27th of June, 1605, this gentleman, having supped, as he often did, with his friend, returned home on foot over an open field to a wooden bridge over the river Esqueva. He

* "When I was at Valladolid, a letter was brought to my house which cost a rial. It contained a bad, silly discourteous sonnet, without wit or point, speaking ill of 'Don Quixote,' — so that I grudged the rial infinitely." — *Postscript to the "Voyage to Parnassus."*

was here met by a stranger wrapped in a large cloak, who accosted him with incivility, and a quarrel ensuing, they drew their swords, and don Ga-par fell pierced by many wounds. Calling for help, and bleeding profusely, he staggered on towards a house near the bridge; part of the first floor of this house was occupied by donna Luisa de Montoya, widow of the historian Esteban de Garibay, with her two sons; the other part by Cervantes and his family. The cries of the wounded man drew the attention of one of the sons of Garibay, who rousing Cervantes, who had gone to bed, they proceeded to his assistance. They found him lying at their porch, his sword in one hand and buckler in another, and carried him into the apartment of donna Luisa, where he expired on the following day. An inquest was held by the alcayd de casa y corte, Cristoval de Villaroel, who, like all other officers of justice in Spain, took the safe side of suspecting the worst, and throwing every body into prison. Cervantes, his wife, donna Catalina de Palacios y Salazar; his daughter donna Isabel de Saavedra, twenty years of age; his sister donna Andrea de Cervantes, who was a widow, with a daughter named donna Costanza de Ovando, twenty-eight years of age; a nun called donna Magdalena de Sotomayor, who was also termed a sister of Cervantes; his servant maid Maria de Cevallos, and two friends, who were staying in his house, one named Señor de Cigales, and a Portuguese, Simon Mendez, made their depositions, and were indiscriminately thrown into prison. It is so usual in Italy as well as Spain to suppose that all those who come to the assistance of a murdered man, have had a hand in his assassination, that such an act probably excited no wonder. After a confinement of eight days, and a vast quantity of interrogation they were, on giving security, set at liberty. The depositions taken on this occasion show that Cervantes was still employed as an agent. When we consider that he maintained all these relations, we wonder less at his poverty, while we admire his liberality and kindness of

heart. Nor can we help remarking from this enumeration of his household, that Cervantes had that predilection for women's society which characterises the gentler and more gifted of his sex.

Though it is impossible to fix dates with any precision, there is reason to believe that when the court returned to Madrid in 1606, Cervantes followed it, and continued to inhabit that city to the end of his life. The freedom and society of a capital is always agreeable to a literary man; and his native town of Alcala de Henares, and his wife's of Esquivias were at a convenient distance. It has been ascertained that in June, 1609, he lived in the Calle (street) de la Magdalena; a little after, behind the college of Nuestra Señora de Loretto; in June, 1610, at 9 Calle del Leon; in 1614 in Calle de Las Huertas; afterwards, in the Calle de el Duque de Alva, at the corner of St. Isidoro; and lastly, in 1616, at 20 Calle del Leon, where he died.

It must rather have been the capital than the court that attracted him, for he lived in obscurity and neglect. He had only two friends of rank, who allowed him some small income; these were don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas, archbishop of Toledo, and don Pedro Fernandez de Castro, count of Lemos; and this was done through no solicitation on the part of Cervantes, nor in reward for any adulatory dedication, but simply out of admiration for his talent, and sympathy for his poverty.* At this time despotism and bigotry were extending their influence. Spain had degenerated, and letters, cultivated not long before with enthusiasm, were falling into neglect. The nobility surrounded themselves with jesters and flatterers, neglecting men of merit. Of the few of the old leaven, men admiring talent, and desirous of serving it, were the cardinal de Toledo, and the count of Lemos. The first was respected for his retired habits and generosity;

* Torres Marquez, master of the pages to the archbishop of Toledo, was a friend of Cervantes, and took every occasion to proclaim his genius and worth. It was through him, probably, that the archbishop bestowed a pension on him.

the other for his munificence and popularity. The cardinal treated men of letters with kindness and urbanity. The count sought out the necessitous and suffering among them, assisting them at their need with unlimited generosity.

In 1610 the count of Lemos was named viceroy of Naples; and here again Cervantes was doomed to disappointment. The count of Lemos held in high esteem the two Argensolas. These brothers, Lupercio and Bartolomé Leonardo de Argensola, were of a family originally of Ravenna in Italy, and settled in Aragon. They were surnamed the Horaces of Spain. Before he was twenty, Lupercio wrote three tragedies, which met with success, and which Cervantes praises highly in "Don Quixote:" too highly, indeed, for they are of the old school, wanting in versimilitude and regularity, and not elevated by the merits of poetry. Philip III. appointed him historiographer of the kingdom of Aragon. Bartolomé, his junior by a year, was an ecclesiastic and also a poet. These brothers were residing at Saragossa, when the count, wishing to have them with him, offered Lupercio the place of secretary of state and war at Naples, and requested that his brother should accompany him. The count also confided to them the charge of choosing the persons to fulfil the under places in their office, and they, confiding in the count's taste, selected various poets for this purpose.

Cervantes was their friend; he had reason to hope that they would use their interest when arrived at Naples to advance him. But he was disappointed. He takes a gentle revenge in his "Voyage to Parnassus." Mercury bids him invite the two Argensolas to assist in the conquest of Parnassus, but Cervantes excuses himself, saying, "I am afraid they would not listen to me — although I am desirous to oblige in all things — since I have been told that my will and my eyes are both short-sighted, and my poverty-stricken appearance would ill suit such a journey. They have fulfilled none of the many promises they made me at parting. Much I

hoped — for they promised much ; but perhaps their new occupations have caused them to forget what they then said.” *

Cervantes meanwhile had relinquished business, or nearly so : his means, considering the number of persons he maintained, were strait indeed : he felt that he was neglected, while others of far less talent basked in the favour of the court. But he did not hunt after patrons nor pension : he lived quiet and secluded, expecting nothing, repining at nothing — content, if not satisfied.

It is certainly strange that in those days, when it was considered a part of a noble's duty to protect and patronise men of letters, that Cervantes should have been thus passed over. Some men join a sort of querulousness and snarling independence to considerable self-esteem, which renders it difficult to oblige them. But there was no trace of anything of the sort in Cervantes — no trace of any quarrel or complaint ; nor, though himself obscure, was his book unknown. There is a story told of Philip III., that he was one day standing in the balcony of his palace at Madrid, overlooking the Manzanares, and he observed a student walking on the banks of the river, reading, and interrupting himself every now and then with strange gesticulations and bursts of laughter. The king exclaimed, “ Either that man is mad, or he is reading ‘ Don Quixote.’ ” The

* The Argensolas were men much esteemed in their day, and are so often mentioned by Cervantes and Lope de Vega, that they must not be passed over in silence. But as there is nothing very original in their writings, we shall take the liberty of dismissing them in a note. The elder, Lupericio, the historiographer for Aragon, secretary to the empress Maria of Austria, and secretary of state to the count of Lemos when viceroy of Naples, died in that city in 1613, at the age of forty-eight. He founded an academy at Naples, and was a studious and laborious man. He burned a considerable portion of his poems just before his death, as not worthy to survive him. Bartolomé was an ecclesiastic. He followed his brother to Naples. On his death he quitted Italy. He continued the “ Annals of Aragon,” and wrote a history of the conquest of the Molucca islands ; a work written with judgment and elegance. His secular poetry is so similar to his brother's that they cannot be distinguished one from the other. Following the same school, adopting the same tastes, and neither of them original, it is not surprising that their productions bore a close resemblance. The best works, however, of Bartolomé are his sacred Canzoni. He died at Saragossa, in the year 1631, at the age of sixty-five.

courtiers around, eager to confirm their sovereign's sagacity, started off to ascertain the fact, and found indeed that the book the student held was "Don Quixote;" yet not one among them remembered to remind their sovereign that the author of that delightful work lived poor and forgotten.

In the licence to print the "Second Part of Don Quixote," another story is told, showing how the Spaniards themselves regarded the obscurity in which they suffered the author to live: it is related by the licentiate, Francisco Marquez Torres, master of the pages to the archbishop of Toledo, to whom the censorship of the work was intrusted. He relates that in 1615, an ambassador arrived at Madrid from Paris, whose object being complimentary, he was followed by a numerous suite of nobles and gentlemen of rank and education. Among others, the ambassador visited the archbishop of Toledo. On the 25th February, 1615, the archbishop returned the visit, accompanied by various churchmen and chaplains, and, among others, by the licentiate, Marquez Torres, himself. While the archbishop paid his visit, those of his suite conversed with the French gentlemen present, and they discussed the merits of various works of talent then popular, and in particular of the "Second Part of Don Quixote," then about to appear. When the foreign cavaliers heard the name of Cervantes, they all began to speak at once, and to declare the estimation in which he was held in France. Their praises were such, that the licentiate Marquez Torres offered to take them to the house of the author, that they might see and know him — an offer accepted with delight, while a thousand questions were asked concerning the age, profession, rank, and situation of Cervantes. The licentiate was obliged to confess that he was a gentleman and a soldier, but old and poor; and his reply so moved one of his audience, that he exclaimed, "Is it possible that Spain does not maintain such a man, in honour and comfort from the public purse?" While another, with less warmth of heart,

though equal admiration, exclaimed, "If necessity obliges him to write, may he never be rich! for, being poor, he by his works enriches the world;"— words to comfort, with the hope of fame, one whose life was clouded by penury and neglect.

We cannot help observing that the court and the nobles did not form the whole world. Cervantes had ^{1608.} _{Ætat.} many dear, many well-informed and valued friends, ^{61.} and among these he could forget the carelessness of those who considered all reputation and prosperity to be inclosed within their magic circle; while in the case of Cervantes, it is proved that though neglected by them, the whole world rung with his fame and praise.

For some years Cervantes published nothing more. In 1608 he brought out a corrected edition of the "First Part of Don Quixote." He was employed, meanwhile, in a variety of works which appeared afterwards in quick succession, on which he employed himself at the same time. His "Voyage to Parnassus" peculiarly engaged his attention, but he feared that the publication, with its gentle attack on the Argensolas, might displease his kind patron, the count of Lemos. He therefore brought out first his "Twelve Tales" ("Novelas Exemplares") which raised yet higher his character as an author. These tales are dedicated in a few respectful lines to the count of Lemos; the preface to them is very interesting. Cervantes has been accused unjustly of vanity and boasting: of this he is innocent; but he had something of that feeling, the inherent quality of authors, which led him to dwell on his own idea and fortunes (what could be nearer, or better known, or more deeply felt by him?) the same that led Rousseau to make his confessions, and which when indulged in with good faith and without querulousness, sits well on a writer, and interests us in him. "I should be well content," he says, "to be excused this preface, and to give instead my portrait, such as it was painted by the famous don Juan de Jauregui: with this my ambition would be satisfied; and the curiosity would be gratified

of those who desire to know what the countenance and person is of him who has dared bring before the world so many inventions; and below the portrait I would place these words: ‘He whom you here see with a face resembling an eagle’s with chesnut brown hair, smooth and open brow, vivacious eyes, a hooked yet well-proportioned nose; with a beard now silver, but which twenty years ago was golden; thick mustachios and small mouth; ill-formed teeth, of which but few remain; a person between two extremes, neither tall nor short; of sanguine complexion, rather fair than dark; somewhat heavy about the shoulders, and not very light of foot;—this, I say, is the face of the author of ‘Galatea,’ and of ‘Don Quixote de la Mancha,’—he who, in imitation of Cæsar Caporal, the Perugian, made a voyage to Parnassus, and wrote other works, which wander lost, even with their master’s name. He is usually called Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. He was for many years a soldier, and a captive for more than five, where he learned to bear adversity with patience. In the naval battle of Lepanto he lost his left hand by a shot from an arquebuse, a wound which may appear a deformity, but which he considers a beauty, having received it on the most memorable and noble event which past ages ever saw, or those to come can hope to witness—fighting under the victorious banners of the son of that lustre of war, Charles V., of happy memory.”

There is certainly nothing boastful nor ungraceful in this—rather are we glad to find how Cervantes, old and poor, could dwell with complacency on past adversity, and cast the halo of glory round his misfortunes.

1614. These tales established more firmly than ever the
 Ætat. high reputation of Cervantes, and he now ventured to
 67. publish his “Voyage to Parnassus;” and after this the
 least successful of his publications, or, rather, that which
 is the only failure among them—his volume of “Comedias y Entremeses,” which he composed according to the new school introduced by Lope de Vega, but which were never acted. In his preface to this work he gives

some account of the origin of the Spanish drama, and the amelioration that he, in his younger days, introduced, which has already been quoted. He goes on to say, "Called away by other occupations, I laid aside my pen, and meanwhile Lope de Vega, that prodigy of nature, appeared, and raised himself to the sovereignty of the drama. He vanquished and reduced under his dominion all writers of plays: he filled the world with dramas, excellently written and well conceived, and that in so great number, that ten thousand sheets of paper would not contain them; and, what is surprising, he has seen them all acted, or known that they were acted. All those who have wished to share the glory of his labours, collectively, have not written the half of what he alone has given forth. And when," he continues, "I returned to the old employment of my leisure, fancying that the age which echoed my praises still endured, I began again to write plays, but I found no birds in the accustomed nest — I mean, I found no manager who asked for them, although he was informed that they were written; I threw them, therefore, into the corner of a trunk, and condemned them to eternal silence. A bookseller then told me that he would have bought them, if an author of reputation had not told him, that my prose was worth something; but nothing could be expected from my verse. To confess the truth, these words mortified me deeply; without doubt, I am either much changed, or the age has arrived at a higher degree of perfection, against the usual course of things, for I have always heard past times praised. I re-read my comedies, as well as some interludes I had mingled with them, and I found that they were not so bad, but that I might bring them out from what an author calls darkness, to what others may, perhaps, name day. I grew angry, and sold them to the bookseller who now publishes them. He gave me a reasonable price, and I received the money without caring for the rebuffs of the actors. I wish that they were the best ever written; and if, dear reader, you find any thing good in them, I wish

when you meet this ill-natured author, you would tell him to repent, and not to judge them so severely, since, after all, they contain no incongruities nor striking faults."

Unfortunately, the author was right—the pieces are very bad; so bad, that when Blas de Nasano reprinted them a century afterwards, he could find nothing better to say of them, than that they were purposely written badly, in ridicule of the extravagant plays then in vogue.

1615. Cervantes published another slight work in this
 .Etat. year. The custom of poetic games (*giustas poeticas*)
 68. was still preserved in Spain, which had been instituted even from the time of John II. Pope Paul V. having, in 1614, canonised the famous Saint Theresa, her apotheosis was given as the subject for competition. Lope de Vega was named one of the judges. Cervantes entered the lists, and sent in an ode; it did not receive the prize, but it is published among those selected as the best, in the account written of the feasts which all Spain celebrated in honour of a native and illustrious saint.

Two works employed Cervantes at this time—"Persiles and Sigismunda," and the "Second Part of Don Quixote." He appears to have intended to bring out the former first, but the publication of Avellanada's "Don Quixote" caused him to hasten the appearance of the latter.

The name of the real author of this book is unknown; he assumed that of the licentiate Alonzo Fernandez de Avellanada, a native of Tordesillas. No plagiarism is more impudent and inexcusable. Don Quixote and Sancho Panza were the offspring and the property of Cervantes: to take these original and unparalleled creations out of his hands—to make them speak and act according to the fancy of another, and that while he was alive, and still occupied in adorning them with fresh deeds and thoughts, all his own, is a sort of theft no talent could excuse. Avellanada's "Don Quixote" is not destitute of talent; but it is impossible to read it—the mind of the reader is tormented by finding another knight, and another esquire, whom he is called to look upon as the

same, but who are very different. The adventures are clever enough ; but the soul of the actors is gone. Don Quixote is no longer the perfect gentleman, with feelings so noble, pure, and imaginative, and Sancho is a lout, whose talk is folly, without the salt of wit. Cervantes, heartily disgusted, and highly indignant, hastened to publish his continuation. In dedicating his comedies to the count of Lemos, at the commencement of 1615, he says, " Don Quixote has buckled on his spurs, and is hastening to kiss the feet of your excellency. I am afraid he will arrive a little out of humour, because he lost his way, and was ill-treated at Tarragona: nevertheless, he has proved, upon examination, that he is not the hero of that story, but another who wished to look like him, but did not succeed."

In his dedication of the Second Part to the count of Lemos, he says, in not ungraceful allusion to the extent of his fame, while at the same time he covertly alludes to his expectation of being invited to Naples, " Many have told me to hurry it, to get rid for them of the disgust caused by another Quixote, who, under the name of the Second Part, has wandered through the world. And he who has shown himself most impatient is the great emperor of China, who a month ago wrote me a letter in Chinese, asking, or rather entreating me to send it for he was desirous of founding a college for the study of the Castilian language, and he wished " Don Quixote " to be the book read in it; at the same time, offering that I should be rector of the college: but I replied that I had not health to undertake so long a journey; and besides being ill, I was poor; and emperor for emperor, and monarch for monarch, there was the great count of Lemos at Naples, who assisted me as much as I wished, though he did not found colleges nor rectorships."

This was the last work that Cervantes published. He had finished " Persiles and Sigismunda," and meditated the " Second Part of Galatea," and two other works, whose subjects we cannot guess, though he has mentioned

the titles ("Bernardo" and "Las Semanas del Jardin"); but of these no trace remains. He published the "Second Part of Don Quixote" at the end of 1615, and being then sixty-eight years of age, he was attacked by the malady which not long after caused his death. Hoping to find relief in the air of the country during spring, on the 2d of the following April he made an excursion to Esquivias, but, getting worse, he was obliged to return to Madrid. He narrates his journey back in his preface to "Persiles and Sigismunda:" and in this we find the only account we possess of his illness. "It happened, dear reader, that as two friends and I were returning from Esquivias — a place famous on many accounts, — in the first place for its illustrious families, and secondly for its excellent wines, — being arrived near Madrid, we heard, behind, a man on horseback, who was spurring his animal to its speed, and appeared to wish to get up to us, of which he gave proof soon after, calling out and begging us to stop; on which we reined up, and saw arrive a country-bred student, mounted on an ass, dressed in grey, with gaiters and round shoes, a sword and scabbard, and a smooth ruff with strings; true it is, that of these he had but two, so that his ruff was always falling on one side, and he was at great trouble to put it right. When he reached us, he said, 'Without doubt your Honours are seeking some office or prebend at court, from the archbishop of Toledo or the king, neither more nor less, to judge by the speed you make; for truly my ass has been counted the winner of the course more than once.' One of my companions replied, 'The horse of señor Miguel de Cervantes is the cause — he steps out so well.' Scarcely had the student heard the name of Cervantes than he threw himself off his ass, so that his bag and portmanteau fell to right and left — for he travelled with all this luggage — and rushing towards me, and seizing my left arm, exclaimed, 'Yes, yes! this is the able hand, the famous being, the delightful writer, and, finally, the joy of the muses!' As for me, hearing him accumulate praises so rapidly,

1516.
Ætat.
69.

I thought myself obliged in politeness to reply, and taking him round the neck in a manner which caused his ruff to fall off altogether, I said, 'I am indeed Cervantes, sir; but I am not the joy of the muses, nor any of the fine things you say: but go back to your ass, mount again, and let us converse, for the short distance we have before us.' The good student did as I desired; we reined in a little, and continued our journey at a more moderate pace. Meanwhile, my illness was mentioned, and the good student soon gave me over, saying, 'This is a dropsy, which not all the water of the ocean, could you turn it fresh and drink it, would cure. Señor Cervantes, drink moderately, and do not forget to eat, for thus you will be cured without the aid of other medicine.' 'Many others have told me the same thing,' I replied; 'but I can no more leave off drinking till I am satisfied, than if I were born for this end only. My life is drawing to its close; and, if I may judge by the quickness of my pulse, it will cease to beat by next Sunday, and I shall cease to live. You have begun your acquaintance with me in an evil hour, since I have not time left to show my gratitude for the kindness you have displayed.' At this moment we arrived at the bridge of Toledo, by which I entered the town, while he followed the road of the bridge of Segovia. What after that happened to me fame will recount: my friends will publish it, and I shall be desirous to hear. I embraced him again; he made me offers of service, and, spurring his ass, left me as ill as he was well disposed to pursue his journey. Nevertheless, he gave me an excellent subject for pleasantries; but all times are not alike. Perhaps the hour may come when I can join again this broken thread; and shall be able to say what here I leave out, and which I ought to say. Now, farewell pleasure! farewell joy! farewell, my many friends! I am about to die; and I leave you, desirous of meeting you soon again, happy, in another life."

Such is Cervantes's adieu to the world; self-possessed,

and animated by that resigned and cheerful spirit which accompanied him through life. He wrote another farewell to his protector, the count of Lemos, in his dedication of this same work: it is dated 19th April, 1616. "I should be glad," he says, "not to apply to myself, as I must, the old verses which men formerly celebrated, that begin 'the foot already in the stirrup;' for with little alteration, I can say, that with my foot in the stirrup, and feeling the agonies of death, I write you, great lord, this letter. Yesterday extreme unction was administered me; to-day, I take up my pen; my time is short; my pains increase; my hopes fail; yet I wish to live to see you again in Spain; and perhaps the joy I should then feel would restore me to life. However, if I must lose it, the will of heaven be done; but let your excellency at least be aware of my wish, and learn that you had in me an affectionate servant, who desired to show his service even beyond death." Four days after writing this dedication, Cervantes died, on the 23d of April, 1616, aged sixty-nine. In his will, he named his wife, and his neighbour, the licentiate Francisco Nuñez, his executors. He ordered that he should be buried in a convent of nuns of Trinity, founded four years before, in the Calle del Humilladero, where his daughter donna Isabel had a short time before taken the vows. No doubt this last wish of Cervantes was complied with; but in 1633, the nuns left the Calle del Humilladero, and went to inhabit another convent in the Calle de Cantaranas, and the place of his interment is thus forgotten; no stone, no tomb, no inscription marks the spot. We have to regret also the loss of his two portraits, painted by his friends Jauregui and Pacheco: the one we have is a copy made in the reign of Philip IV., and attributed to various painters; it resembles the description before quoted, which Cervantes gives of himself.

In calling to mind all the events of this great man's life, we are struck by the equanimity of temper preserved throughout. As a soldier, he showed courage; as a

captive, fortitude and daring; as a man struggling with adversity, honesty, perseverance, and contentment. He speaks of himself as poor, but he never repines. In all the knowledge of the world displayed in "Don Quixote," there is no querulousness, no causticity, no bitterness: a noble enthusiasm animated him to his end. Despite his ridicule of books of chivalry, romantic in his own tastes, his last work, *Persiles and Sigismunda*, is more romantic than all. His genius, his imagination, his wit, his natural good spirits and affectionate heart, did, we must hope, stand in lieu of more worldly blessings, and rendered him as internally happy as they have rendered him admirable and praiseworthy to all men to the end of time.*

His life has been drawn to such a length, that there is no space for a very detailed account of his works; still something more must be said. His first publication, "*Galatea*," is beautiful in its spirit, interesting and pleasing in its details, but not original: as a work it is cast in the same mould as other pastorals that went before. Nor was Cervantes a poet. Many men have imagination, and can write verses, without being poets. Coleridge gives an admirable definition: "Good prose consists in good words in good places; poetry, in the best words in the best places." Cervantes had imagination and invention: the Spanish language offered great facility, and he wrote it always with purity; so that here and there we find

* Coleridge's summary of the character and life of Cervantes, though not correct in letter, is admirable in spirit: "A Castilian of refined manners; a gentleman true to religion, and true to honour. A scholar and a soldier; he fought under the banners of don John of Austria, at Lepanto, and lost his arm, and was captured. Indured slavery, not only with fortitude, but with mirth; and, by the superiority of nature, mastered and overawed his barbarian owner. Finally ransomed, he resumed his native destiny — the awful task of achieving fame; and for that reason died poor, and a prisoner, while nobles and kings, over their goblets of gold, gave relish to their pleasures by the charms of his divine genius. He was the inventor of novels for the Spaniards; and in his "*Persiles and Sigi munda*" the English may find the germ of their "*Robinson Crusoe*."

"The world was a drama to him. His own thoughts, in spite of poverty and sickness, perpetuated for him the feelings of youth. He painted only what he knew, and had looked into; but he knew, and had looked into much indeed; and his imagination was ever at hand to adapt and modify the world of his experience. Of delicious love he fabled, yet with stainless virtue."

lines and stanzas that are poetry, but, on the whole, there is a want of that concentration, severe taste, and perfect ear for harmony that form poetry.

Yet when we recur to the "Numantia," we find this sentence unjust, for there is poetry of conception and passion in the "Numantia" of the highest order; nor is it wanting in that of language. It has been mentioned that of the twenty or thirty plays which Cervantes says he wrote, soon after his marriage, "Numantia" and "El Trato de Argel" (Life in Algiers) alone remain. They are written on the simplest plan, though not on the Greek; they are without choruses, without entanglement of plot, sustained only by impassioned dialogue and situations of high-wrought interest. The "Numantia" is founded on the siege of that city, under Scipio Africanus, when the unfortunate inhabitants destroyed themselves, their wives and children, and their property, rather than fall, and let them fall into the conquerors' hands. It is divided into four acts: the first two are the least impressive, though containing scenes of extreme pathos, and well calculated to raise by degrees the interest of the reader to the horrors that ensue. Scipio, desirous of sparing the lives of his men, resolves to assault the city no more, but, digging a trench round it on all sides, except where the river flows, means to reduce it by famine. The Numantines determine to endure all to the last. They consult the gods, and dark auguries repel every hope: the dreadful pains of hunger creep about the city; and when two betrothed meet, and the lover asks the maiden but to stay awhile that he may gaze on her, he exclaims—

"What now? what stand'st thou mutely thinking,
Thou of my thought the only treasure?"

Lira. I'm thinking how thy dream of pleasure
And mine so fast away are sinking;
It will not fall beneath the hand
Of him who wastes our native land.
For long, or e'er the war be o'er,
My hapless life shall be no more.

Morandro. Joy of my soul, what has thou said?

Lira. That I am worn with hunger so,
That quickly will th' o'erpowering woe
For ever break my vital thread.
What bridal rapture dost thou dream,
From one at such a sad extreme?
For, trust me, ere an hour be past,
I fear I shall have breathed my last.
My brother fainted yesterday,
By wasting hunger overborne;
And then my mother, all out-worn
By hunger, slowly sunk away.
And if my health can struggle yet
With hunger's cruel power, in truth
It is because my stronger youth
Its wasting force hath better met.
But now so many a day hath pass'd,
Since aught I've had its powers to strengthen;
It can no more the conflict lengthen,
But it must faint and fail at last.

Morandro. *Lira,* dry thy weeping eyes;
But ah! let mine, my love, the more
Their overflowing rivers pour,
Wailing thy wretched agonies.
But though thou still art held in strife
With hunger thus incessantly;
Of hunger still thou shalt not die,
So long as I retain my life.
I offer here from yon high wall,
To leap o'er ditch and battlement;
Thy death one instant to prevent,
I fear not on mine own to fall.
The bread the Roman eateth now,
I'll snatch away and bear to thee;
For, oh! 'tis worse than death to see,
Lady, thy dreadful state of woe."*

After this the scenes of horror accumulate;— children crying to their mothers for bread; brothers lamenting over each other's suffering; and some repining at, and others nobly anticipating the hour when death and flames are to envelope all. Such scenes, denuded of their poetry, are mere horrors; but clothed, as Cervantes has clothed them, in the language of the affections, and

* Quarterly Review, vol. xxv.

of the loftier passions of the soul, the reader, even while trembling with the excitement, reads on and exults at last, when not a Numantine survives to grace Scipio's triumph. Nothing can be more truly national than the drama; and, as if fearful that a Spanish audience would feel too deeply the catastrophe, he introduces Spain, the river Duero, War, Sickness, and Famine, as allegorical personages, who, while they mourn over the present, prophesy the future triumphs of their country. Another merit of this play is one not usual in Spanish authors: it is of no more than the necessary length to develop its interest; there is no long spinning out, and except quite at the outset, before the poet had warmed to his subject, it has not a cold or superfluous line. It is indeed a monument worthy of Cervantes's genius, and proves the height to which he could soar, and brings him yet in closer resemblance to Shakspeare; showing that he could depict the grand and terrible, the pathetic and the deeply tragic, with the same master hand. It is said that this tragedy was acted during the frightful siege of Saragossa by the French in the last war; and the Spaniards found in the example of their forefathers, and in the spirit and genius of their greatest man, fresh inducements to resist: this is a triumph for Cervantes, worthy of him, and shows how truly and how well he could speak to the hearts of his countrymen.

In the comedy "Life in Algiers" there cannot be said to be any plot at all. Cervantes brought back from his captivity an intense horror of Christian suffering in Africa; and he had it much at heart to awaken in the minds of his countrymen, not only sympathy, but a spirit of charity, that would lead them to assist in the redemption of captives. He thus brings forward various pictures of suffering, such as would best move the hearts of the audience, and such as he himself had witnessed. Aurelio and Silvia, affianced lovers, are captives, and are respectively loved by Yusuf and Zara, the Moors who own them. In the old Spanish style, feelings are personified and brought on the stage. Fatima, Zara's

confidant, seeks by incantations to bend Aurelio to her mistress's will. She is told by a Fury, that such power cannot be exercised over a Christian, but Necessity and Occasion are sent to move him by the suggestions they instil by whispers, and which he echoes as his own thoughts. He almost falls into the snare they present by filling his mind with prospects of ease and pleasure, in exchange for the hardships he undergoes; but he resists the temptation, and is finally set free with Silvia. Besides, these, we have the picture of two captives, who escape and cross the desert to Oran, as Cervantes had once schemed to do himself. One of them appears worn and famished — willing to return to captivity so to avoid death: he prays to the Virgin, and a lion is sent, who guards and guides him on his darksome solitary way. To rouse still more the compassion of the audience, there is one scene where the public crier comes on to sell a mother and father, and two children: the elder one has a sense of his situation and of the trials he is to expect with firmness; the younger knows nothing beyond his fear at being torn from his mother's side. A merchant buys the younger, and bids him come with him.

Juan. I cannot leave my mother, sir, to go
With others.

Mother. Go, my child — ah! mine no more,
But his who buys thee.

Juan. Mother dear, dost thou
Desert me?

Mother. Heaven! How pitiless thou art!

Merchant. Come, child, come!

Juan. Brother, let's go together.

Francisco. It is not in my choice — may heaven go with
thee!

Mother. Remember, oh, my treasure and my joy,
Thy God!

Juan. Where do they take me without you,
My father! — my dear mother!

Mother. Sir, permit
For one brief moment that I speak to my
Poor child — short will the satisfaction be,
Long, endless sorrow following close behind.

Merchant. Say what thou wilt ; 't is the last time thou canst.

Mother. Alas ! it is the first that e'er I felt
Such woe.

Juan. Mother, keep me with thee ;
Suffer me not to go, I know not where.

Mother. Fortune has, since I bore thee, my sweet child,
Hidden her face — the heavens are dark — the sea
And the wild winds combine for my dismay ;
The very elements our enemies !
Thou knowest not thy misery, although
Thou art its victim — and such ignorance
Is happiness for thee ! My only love,
Since to see thee no more I am allow'd,
I pray thee never to forget to seek
The favour of the Virgin in thy prayers —
The queen of goodness she — of grace and hope
She can unloose thy chain, and set thee free.

Aylar. Hark to the Christian what advice she gives !
Thoud'st have him lost as thee, false infidel !

Juan. My mother, let me stay — let not these Moors
Take me away.

Mother. My treasures go with thee.

Juan. In faith, I fear these men !

Mother. But I more fear
Thou wilt forget thy God, me and thyself,
When thou art gone : thy tender years are such,
That thou wilt lose thy faith amidst this race
Of infidels — teachers of lies.

Crier. Silence !
And fear, old wicked woman, that thy head
Pay for thy tongue ! ”

At the end of the play, Juan is seduced by fine clothes and sweetmeats to become a Mahometan. When we think of the Spanish horror of renegades, and its fierce punishment, we may imagine the effect that such scenes, brought vividly before them, must have had. The play ends with the arrival of a vessel, with a friar on board, charged with money to redeem the captives, and the universal joy the Christians feel ; Cervantes had felt such himself, and well could paint it. The whole play, though without plot, and rendered wild and strange by the introduction of allegorical personages, yet is full of the interest of pathetic situations and natural feelings, simply, but vividly represented ; such,

doubtless, roused every sentiment of horror and compassion, and even vengeance in a Spanish audience. In some respects we feel otherwise ; and when one of the captives relates the cruel death of a priest burnt by slow fire, by the Moors, in retaliation of a Moor burnt by the inquisition, our indignation is rather levelled against that nefarious institution, which, unprovoked, punished those who adhered to the faith of their fathers, and filled the whole world with abhorrence for its name. Such, Cervantes could not feel ; and in reading his works, and those of all his countrymen, nothing jars with our feelings so much as the praise ever given to the most savage cruelties of the Dominicans, and the merciless reprobation expressed towards those who dared revenge their wrongs.

From the publication of these works to “ Don Quixote,” what a gap ! He would seem to have lived as an unlighted candle — suddenly, a spark touches the wick, and it burst into a flame. “ Don Quixote ” is perfect in all its parts. The first conception is admirable. The idea of the crazed old gentleman who nourished himself in the perusal of romances till he wanted to be the hero of one, is true to the very bare truth of nature, and how has he followed it out ? Don Quixote is as courageous, noble, princely, and virtuous as the greatest of the men whom he imitates : had he attempted the career of knight errantry, and afterwards shrunk from the consequent hardships, he had been a crazy man, and no more ; but meeting all and bearing all with courage and equanimity, he really becomes the hero he desired to be. Any one suffering from calamities would gladly have recourse to him for help, assured of his resolution and disinterestedness, and thus Cervantes shows the excellence and perfection of his genius. The second part is conceived in a different spirit from the first ; and to relish it as it deserves, we must enter into the circumstances connected with it. Cervantes was desirous of not repeating himself. There is less extravagance, less of actual insanity on the part of the hero. He no longer mistakes an inn for a castle, nor a

flock of sheep for an army. He sees things as they are, although he is equally expert in giving them a colouring suited to his madness. This, however, renders the second part less entertaining to the general reader, less original, less brilliant ; but it is more philosophic, more full of the author himself : it shows the deep sagacity of Cervantes, and his perfect knowledge of the human heart. Its drawback, for the second part is not as perfect as the first, consists in the unworthy tricks of the duchess — very different from the benevolent disguise of the princess Micomicona, the deceptions of this great lady are at once vulgar and cruel.

The greatest men have looked on “ Don Quixote ” as the best book that ever was written. Godwin said, “ At twenty, I thought ‘ Don Quixote ’ laughable — at forty, I thought it clever — now, near sixty, I look upon it as the most admirable book in the whole world.” In Coleridge’s “ Literary Remains,” there are some admirable remarks on “ Don Quixote ; ” they are too long to be inserted here, but I cannot refrain from quoting the contrast he draws between the Don and Sancho Panza. He says, “ Don Quixote grows at length to be a man out of his wits ; his understanding is deranged ; and hence, without the least deviation from the truth of nature, without losing the least trait of personal individuality, he becomes a substantial living allegory, or personification of the reason and moral sense divested of the judgment and understanding. Sancho is the converse. He is the common sense without reason or imagination ; and Cervantes not only shows the excellence and power of reason in Don Quixote, but in both him and Sancho the mischiefs resulting from a severance of the two main constituents of sound intellectual and moral action. Put him and his master together, and they form a perfect intellect ; but they are separated and without cement : and hence, each having need of the other for its whole completeness, each has at times a mastery over the other ; for the common sense, though it may see the practical

inapplicability of the dictates of the imagination of abstract reason, yet cannot help submitting to them. These two characters possess the world—alternately and interchangeably the cheater and the cheated. To impersonate them, and to combine the permanent with the individual, is one of the highest creations of genius, and has been achieved by Cervantes and Shakspeare almost alone.”

Of the “Novellas,” or tales of Cervantes, I had intended to give a detail, but have no space; they are among the best of his works. They cannot compete with the best of Boccaccio: they have not his energy of passion—his soul-melting tenderness—his tragic power and matchless grace; but the tales of Cervantes are full of interest and amusement: they possess the merit also of being perfectly moral; he calls them himself *Novellas Exemplares*, and there is not a word that need be slurred over or omitted. It is strange also that as afterwards the intrigue of his comedies was so bad, that that of some of his stories is so good, that Beaumont and Fletcher—than whom no dramatists better understood the art of fabricating plays—have adopted two, (“*La Señora Cornelia*” and “*Las Dos Doncellas*”), and so adopted them as to follow them line for line, and scene by scene. There is a very beautiful interview in “*Las Dos Doncellas*,” between a cavalier and a lady at night, by the sea-shore; Beaumont and Fletcher have but translated and versified this, and it stands among the most effective of their scenes.*

The “*Voyage to Parnassus*” has the inherent Spanish defect of length, otherwise it has great merit: the ridicule is playful—the machinery poetic—the story well adapted for burlesque. There had been a poem, written on the subject of a voyage to Parnassus, by Cezare Caporali—an Italian of Perugia. Cervantes begins his poem by mentioning the return of the Italian,

* There is an excellent translation of ten from among them; we may also mention that there is an admirable old English translation of *Don Quixote*, by Shelton.

and how he, who ever desired to deserve the name of poet, resolved to follow his example. In playful derision of his poverty, he describes his departure: a piece of bread and a cheese in his wallet, were all his provision—"light to carry, and useful for the voyage;" and then he bids adieu to his lowly roof—"Adieu to Madrid—adieu to its fountains, which distil ambrosia and nectar—to its Prado—to its society—to the abodes of pleasure and deceit." He arrives at Carthagena, and sees Mercury, who invites him to embark on board a boat, and to come to assist in the defence of Parnassus, which had been attacked by a host of poetasters. The skiff is fancifully described:—

And lo! of verses framed, the bark,*
 From the maintop to water mark,
 Without a word of prose betwixt;
 The upper decks were glosses mix'd—
 A hodge-podge badly put together,
 Ill-married all with one another:—
 And of romances form'd, the crew,
 A daring people glad to do
 The wildest acts, however fierce.
 The poop was made of other verse:
 'Twas form'd of sonnets, each one rare,
 Written all with the nicest care.
 Two tercets, bold as muse could write,
 The gunnels framed from left to right,
 And gave free scope unto the oar.
 The gangway's length was measured o'er
 By elegies most sad and long,
 More apt for tears than gladsome song.

-
- * "De la quilla á la gavia, ó estraña cosa!
 toda de versos era fabricada,
 sin que se entremiese alguna prosa.
 Las ballesteras eran de ensal:da
 de glosas, todas hechas á la boda,
 de la que se llamó Malmaridada:
 era la chusma de romances toda
 gente atrevida, empero necesaria
 pues á todas acciones se acomoda.
 La popa de materia extraordinaria,
 bastarda, y de legitimos sonetos,
 de labor peregrina en todo y varia.
 Eran dos valentisimos tercetos
 los espaldares de la izquierda y diestra,
 para dar boga larga muy perfetos.
 Hecha ser la cruxia se me muestra
 de una lengua y tristisima elegia,
 que no en cantar, sino en l orar es diestra,
 Por esta entiendo yo que se diria
 lo que suele, decirse á un desdichado,
 quando lo pasa mal, pa-ó cruxia.
 El arbol hasta el cielo levantado

The mast that rose unto the sky
 An ode embodied, long and dry,
 Tarr'd o'er with songs of dreary length,
 So to ensure its weight and strength.
 And all the yards that ran across
 Were burthens harsh — you're at no loss
 Their hard material to find:
 The parrel creaking to the wind,
 Of redondillas gay and free;
 So that more easy it might be.
 The ropes and tackle — rigging all —
 Of seguidillas light and small,
 Each twined with fancies gay and fickle,
 The which the soul are apt to tickle;
 The thwarts, of stanzas staunch and strong,
 Planks to support a world of song;
 While the pennants, flying lightly,
 Love songs framed so gay and sprightly.
 Sestinas grave, and blank verse ready,
 Shaped the keel both sharp and steady;
 That like a duck the bark might swim,
 And o'er the waters lightly skim.

Embarked on board this fanciful galley, Mercury shows him a long catalogue of poets, asking his advice as to their admission. Cervantes takes this occasion to characterise several of his contemporary poets, in a manner that in his day might have been keenly satirical or warmly laudatory: there is no doubt that there is a good deal of irony in his praise, but a portion also is sincere. The whole is obscure and uninteresting to us. In the midst of the examination, a crowd of poets rush into the skiff, in numbers that threaten its safety; and

de una dura cancion prolixa estaba
 de canto de seis dedos embreado.
 El y la entena que por él cruxaba
 de duros e-trambotes — la madera
 de que eran hechos claro se mostraba.
 La racamenta, que es siempre parlera,
 Toda la componian de redondillas,
 Con que ella se mostraba mas ligera.
 las xarcias parecian seguidillas,
 de disparates mil y mas compuestas
 Que suelen en el alma hacer cosquillas.
 las rumbadas, fortisimas y honestas
 estancias, eran tablas ponderosas,
 que llevan un poema y otro á cuestras.
 Era cosa de ver las bulliciosas
 vanderillas que a ayre tremolaban,
 De varias rimas algo licenciosas.
 Los grumetes, que aquí y allí cruxaban
 de encadenados versos parecian,
 puesto que como libres trabajaban,
 todas las obras muertas componian
 O versos sueltos, ó sextinas graves
 que la galera mas gallarda hacian.”

the syrens are obliged to raise a storm to scatter them. After this, he beholds a cloud obscure the day, and from this cloud falls down a shower of poets, and, among them, Lope de Vega, "a renowned poet, whom none excels, or even equals, in prose or verse." The voyage now proceeds prosperously; the vessel glides along impelled by oars formed of verses druccioli, (such as have a dactyl at the end of each line), and the sails, which are stretched to the height of the mast, were

Woven of many a gentle thought,
 Upon a woof that love had wrought,
 Fill'd by the soft and amorous wind
 Which breathed upon us from behind—
 Eager to waft us swift along;
 While the fair queens of ocean-song—
 The syrens three, around us float,
 And so impel the dancing boat;
 And crested waves are spread around,
 Snowy flocks on a verdant ground;
 And the crew are at work reciting,
 Or sweet love-laden sonnets writing,
 Or singing soft the sweetest lays
 All in their gentle ladies' praise.

They, at last, arrive at Parnassus; and then follows a description of the gardens of the Hesperides: arrived before Apollo, he invites them to sit down; on this, all the seats around are speedily occupied, and Cervantes remains standing. He then gives an account to Apollo of his writings, in which he praises himself modestly enough, and, after alluding to his poverty, sums up all, by saying, "that he is contented with little, though he desires much, and that his chief annoyance is to find himself standing there, when all others sit." Apollo answers him complimentarily, and bids him double up his cloak, and sit on that; but poor Cervantes has no cloak. "Well," replies Apollo, "even thus I am glad to see you; virtue is a mantle with which penury can hide and cover its nakedness, and thus avoid envy." I bowed my head to this advice, and remained standing; for it is wealth or favour alone that can fabricate a seat." Poetry herself now appears, and her description is the most poetic passage Cervantes ever wrote. The arts and sciences hovered round her, and, in serving her, were

themselves served; since thus all nations held them in higher veneration. All things he represents as bringing tribute to Poetry:—the rivers, their currents; the ocean, its changeful tides, and secret depths; herbs present their virtues to her; trees, their fruits and flowers; and stones the power they hold within; holy love presents her with its chaste delights; soft peace her happy rest; fierce war, her achievements. The wise and beautiful lady knew all, disposed of all, and filled all things with admiration and pleasure. There is real poetry in this description, melody in the verse, and truth and beauty in the imagery. But we get weary; for page succeeds to page, and the poem never ends. A second storm ensues. Neptune endeavours to submerge and destroy the poetasters; but Venus prevents them from sinking, by turning them into empty gourds and leathern bottles, which swim about in a thousand different manners. A battle, at last, ensues between the real and would-be poets; while Cervantes, full of annoyance, hurries away, seeking out his old and dusky dwelling, and throws himself wearied upon his bed.

There is a whimsical postscript to the “Voyage to Parnassus,” written in prose, and very amusing. It recounts the visit of a would-be poet, who brings Cervantes a letter from Apollo. The god reproaches him for having gone away from Parnassus without having taken leave of him and his daughters, and says the only excuse he can admit is his hurry to visit his Mecænas, the great count of Lemos at Naples: another token that Cervantes was disappointed in not receiving an invitation.

The last of Cervantes’s works, the one he was occupied upon up to the hour of his death, was “*Persiles and Sigismunda*,”—a romance, full of wild adventures, of love and war, of danger, escape, and indeed every variety of accident of “flood and field.” It shows the true bent of the author’s mind, who delighted to revel, like his own Don Quixote, in the very excesses of the imagination; and showing thus, how in his advanced age, he had forgotten none of his youthful tastes. He wrote it

in imitation of Heliodorus: it is amusing in parts, and in parts interesting; but now that the taste for this heterogeneous, though imaginative, species of writing has passed away it will scarcely find readers sufficiently persevering, and sufficiently fond of the fabulous and strange, to dwell upon its enchainment of impossible adventures.

LOPE DE VEGA.

1562—1635.

THERE is a vulgar English proverb of such a one being born with a silver spoon in his mouth. We are reminded of it when we compare the several careers of Cervantes and Lope de Vega. If we judged without inquiry, we should imagine no man more likely to obtain popularity through his works, than the author of "Don Quixote." His disposition was cheerful and unre-
 pinning; to the last hour of his life he displayed lightness of heart, even to the censure of a dull envious rival (Figueroa), who remarks, that such was his weakness, that he wrote prefaces and dedications even on his death bed,—prefaces, as we have shown, full of animation and wit. Yet he lived in penury, died obscurely, and went to his grave unhonoured, except by his friends; while all Madrid flocked to do honour to the funeral of Lope; and two volumes of eulogiums and epitaphs form but a select portion of all that was written to commemorate his death. It is true that posterity has been more just: great pains have been taken to give forth correct editions of Cervantes's works, and to ascertain the events of his life; while the twenty-one volumes of Lope's "Obras Sueltas" are full of errors, and his plays are only to be obtained in single pamphlets, badly printed, both to sight and sense.

It is curious to read the epithets of praise heaped on this favourite of his age, during his life and immediately on his death. His friend and disciple Montalvan adopts a phraseology very similar to that in use with

the emperor of China, when he is styled "Brother of the sun" and "Uncle of the stars." He with all the pomp of Spanish hyperbole, names him "the portent of the world; the glory of the land; the light of his country; the oracle of language; the centre of fame; the object of envy; the darling of fortune; the phoenix of ages: prince of poetry; Orpheus of sciences; Apollo of the muses; Horace of poets; Virgil of epics; Homer of heroics; Pindar of lyrics; the Sophocles of tragedy; and the Terence of comedy. Single among the excellent, and excellent among the great: great in every way and in every manner." Such was the usual style of speaking of Lope,—his common appellation being the phoenix of Spain. And now, while editions of "Don Quixote" are multiplied, and each hour adds to the fame of Cervantes, we inquire concerning Lope, principally for the sake of discovering the cause of the excessive admiration with which he was regarded in his own time. The life written by Montalvan, the biography compiled with such care and elegance by Lord Holland, and various researches given to light in several numbers of the "Quarterly Review," (written we believe, by Mr. Southey), are (in addition to the works of Lope himself) our principal guides in tracing the following pages.

Lope de Vega Carpio was born at Madrid*, in the house of Geronimo de Soto, near the gate of Guadaluaxara, on the 26th of November, 1562, on the day of St. Lope, bishop of Verona, and was baptized on the 6th of December following, in the parish church of San Miguel de les Octeos. His parents were in the

* In an epistle he mentions his father as having emigrated to Madrid—he speaks of him as living in the valley of Carriedo, but deficiency of means caused him to leave his ancestral inheritance of Vega, and to remove to Madrid. There had been a quarrel between him and his wife, who was jealous, and with reason, as Lope tells us he loved a Spanish Helen; she however followed him, and they were reconciled:

" Y aquel dia
fu piedra en mi primero fundamento
la paz de su zelosa phantasia.
En fin por zelos soy; que nascimiento!
imagonalde vos, que haver nacido
de tan inquieta causa fue portento."

Belardo á Amaryllis.

same situation as those of Cervantes—hidalgos, but poor. We have an account of Felix de Vega, father of the poet, which shows him to have been a good and pious man, and a careful father. He was very attentive to his religious duties, and had rooms in the Hospital de la Corte, whither his children accompanied him, and they performed several menial offices, and washed the feet of the poor—comforting and helping the convalescent with clothes and money. The good example thus implanted imparted a charitable and pious turn to Lope's life,—and still more to that of his elder sister, Isabel de Carpio, who was singularly pious, and died in 1601.* Felix de Vega was also a poet, as his son informs us in the “*Laurel de Apolo*,” in some verses of respectful and graceful allusion†; so that he added the inheritance of a poetical temperament to his pious instructions.

The boy early displayed great tokens of talent. What we are told of him does not exceed the accounts given of other young prodigies, and we are willing to believe the relations handed down of this wonderful child, who, whatever his other merits were, showed himself to the end of his life the prince of words, having written more than any other man ever did, and we may believe, therefore, that he acquired the art of using them earlier than others. At two years old he was remarkable for the vivacity of his eyes, and the drollness of his ways, showing even thus early, tokens

* Pellicer, *Tratado sobre el origen de la Comedia*.

† “Efectos de mi genio y mi fortuna,
que me enseñastes versos en la cuna,
dulce memoria del principio amado
del ser que tengo, á quien la vida debo,
en este panagyrico me llama
ingrato y olvidado,
pero si no me atrevo,
no fue falta de amor, sino de fama,
que obligacion me fuerza, amor mi inflama.
Ma si Felix de Vega no la tuvó,
basta saber que en el Parnaso estuvo,
haviendo hallado yo sus borradores,
versos eran á Dios llenos de amores;
y aunque en el tiempo que escribió los versos,
no eran tan crespos como ahora y tersos,
ni las Musas tenían tautos brios,
mejores me parecen que los míos.”

of his after career ; he was eager even then to learn ; and knew his letters before he could speak, repeating his lessons by signs before he could utter the words. At five years old he read Spanish and Latin—and such was his passion for verses, that before he could use a pen he bribed his elder schoolfellows with a portion of his breakfast, to write to his dictation, and then exchanged his effusions with others for prints and hymns. Thus truly he lisped in numbers ; as he says of himself in the epistle before referred to, “ I could scarcely speak when I used a pen to give wings to my verses ; ” and is another proof, (if proof were wanting that the sun shines at noon day) of innate talent. At twelve he was master of rhetoric and grammar, and of Latin composition, both in prose and verse. To the latter accomplishment we must put the limit, that probably he was as learned as his masters ; and that was not much, for the Latin verses he published in later life are excelled by any clever Etonian of the fourth form. In addition to these classical attainments, he had learned to dance, and fence, and sing.

He was left early an orphan, and his vivacious disposition led him into various scrapes and adventures. The most important among these was an elopement from school when fourteen years of age, impelled by a desire of seeing the world. He concerted with a friend of his, Fernando Muñoz, who was filled with a similar desire : they both provided as well as they could for the necessities of the journey, and went on foot as far as Segovia, where they bought a mule for 15 ducats ; with this they proceeded to Lavañeza, and Astorga—where meeting, we may guess, with several of those various discomforts we find detailed in “ Lazarillo de los Tormes, and other *picaresco* works, as inevitable in Spanish inns, they became disgusted, and made up their minds to return. When they had got back as far as Segovia, their purses were emptied of small money, and they had recourse to a silversmith, the one to sell a chain and the other to change a doubloon. The silversmith’s

suspicious were awakened and he sent for a judge, and the judge, a miracle in Spain, was a just judge, as Montalvan says, "he must have had a touch of conscience about him"—for he neither robbed nor threw them into prison; but questioning them and finding them agree in their story, and that their fault was that of youth, not of vice, he sent them back to Madrid, with an alguazil, who restored them, doubloons, chain and all, into the hands of their relations, "which," says Montalvan, "he did at small cost. Such then was the honesty of the ministers of justice, who now-a-days would have thought they had not gained enough had they not made an eight-days' lawsuit about it."

The youth soon after became an inmate in the house of the grand inquisitor, don Geronimo Manrique, bishop of Avila; it would appear that he was there as a *protégé*, and that the bishop thought his talents deserving protection and encouragement. His own expression is, "Don Geronimo Manrique educated me." He delighted the prelate with various eclogues that he wrote, and a comedy called the "Pastoral of Jacinto,"—from which Montalvan dates the change Lope de Vega operated in the Spanish theatre. This comedy is not extant, therefore it is impossible to pass a judgment upon it; but the name of pastoral rather seems to limit it to an imitation of the plays then in vogue; indeed his eulogist only mentions this difference, that he had reduced the number of acts to three. Montalvan goes on to speak as if he, at this time, brought out successful plays, but this arises rather from the confusion of his expressions, than mistake: he wrote them, it is true, for he tells us so himself; but there is no trace of any being played. Meanwhile, feeling that his knowledge was slight, and his education unfinished, with the assistance of the bishop, he entered the university of Alcala, where he remained four years, until he graduated, and was distinguished among his companions in the examinations.

On leaving the university of Alcala, he entered the service of the duke of Alva*, who became attached to him, and made him not only his secretary but his favourite. A doubt is raised as to which duke this is; whether it be the oppressor of the Low Countries, or his successor: chronology seems to determine that it was the former. It has already been mentioned in this work, that the duke of Alva,—whose name in the Netherlands, and with us, is stamped with all the infamy that remorseless cruelty, blind bigotry, and faithlessness bestows—was regarded in Spain as the hero of the age. Lope introduces the mention of a statue in the “Arcadia,” and says, “This last, whose grey head is adorned by the ever verdant leaves of the ungrateful Daphne, merited by so many victories, is the immortal soldier, don Fernando de Toledo, duke of Alva, so justly worthy of that fame, which you behold lifting herself to heaven from the plumes of the helmet, with the trump of gold, through which for ever she will proclaim his exploits, and spread his name from the Spanish Tagus to the African Mutazend; from the Neapolitan Sabeto to the French Garonne. He is a Pompilius in religion; a Radamanthus in severity; Belisarius in guerdon; Anaxagoras in constancy; Periander in wedlock; Pomponius in veracity; Alexander Severus in justice; Regulus in fidelity; Cato in modesty; and finally a Timotheus in the felicity which attended all his wars.”

* Lope often mentions having been a soldier in early youth. These expressions are generally used in reference to his having served on board the Invincible Armada, but there is a stanza in the “Huerto Deshecho,” that intimates that he had entered the army at fifteen.

“Ni mi fortuna muda
ver eu tres lustros de mi edad primera
con la espada desnuda
al bravo Portugues en la Tercera,
ni despues en las naves Españolas
del mar Ingles los puertos y las olas.”

Yet in the following stanza he calls himself “Soldado de una guerra.” In these verses, and in many others indeed in which he speaks of himself, his expressions are so obscure, and the whole stanza so ill worded, that it is scarcely possible to guess even at what he means. The translation of these verses seems to be:—“Nor did my fortune change on seeing me in the third lustre of my tender age, with a drawn sword among the brave Portuguese at Tercera, nor afterwards in the English ports and waves on board a Spanish fleet.”

At the request of the duke of Alva he wrote his "Arcadia." It has been mentioned how the imitations of Sannazaro's pastoral had become the fashion in Spain. The "Diana" of Montemayor, its continuation by Gil Polo, and the "Galatea" of Cervantes, were all read with enthusiasm. What the charm of this composition is, we can scarcely guess; yet we feel it ourselves when we read the "Arcadia" of sir Philip Sidney. The sort of purely sentimental life of the shepherds and shepherdesses, with their flocks, pipes, and faithful dogs, appears to shut out the baser portion of existence, and to enable us to live only for the affections,—a state of being, however impracticable, always alluring; and when to this is added the delightful climate of Spain, which invested pastoral life with all the loveliness and amenity of nature, we are the less surprised at the prevalence of the taste. Lope was very young when he entered the lists, and wrote his "Arcadia." There is exaggeration in its style, and in its sentiments; yet no one can open it without becoming aware of the talent of the author. The poetry with which it is interspersed possesses the peculiar merit of Lope — perspicuity, and an easy artless flow in its ideas; as for instance, the *cancion* imitated from the ancients, beginning,

"O libertad preciosa
No comparada al oro."

The story is meagre, and inartificial to a singular degree. But we follow an example set us, of giving some slight detail of it, for the sake of introducing a coincidence of a singular nature.* Anfrisio and Belisarda are lovers; Anfrisio is of so high descent that he believes Jupiter to be his grandfather; but Belisarda is designed by her parents to be the bride of the rich, ignorant, and unworthy Salicio. Anfrisio is forced to remove to a distant part of the country; but by a fortunate circumstance, thither also Belisarda is brought by her father, and the lovers meet and enjoy each other's society till scandal begins to busy herself

* Quarterly Review, vol. xviii.

with them, and, at the request of his mistress, Anfrisio sets out for Italy, so to baffle the evil thoughts of the malicious. He loses his way during his wanderings, and comes to a cavern, wherein resides Dardanio, a magician, who promises to grant him any wish he may express, however impossible. Anfrisio, with a moderation astonishing to our more grasping minds, asks only to see the object on whom he has placed his affections. He beholds her in conversation with a rival, whom, in pure pity, she presents with a black ribbon; which sight transports Anfrisio with jealousy, and he meditates revenging her perfidy by putting her to death; but Dardanio carries him off in a whirlwind. Soon after he returns home, and to annoy Belisarda, pretends to be in love with the shepherdess Anarda; while she in revenge openly favours Olimpío. They are both very miserable; and still more so when driven to desperation, Belisarda marries Salicio. Soon after, an explanation ensues between her and Anfrisio, but it is too late. Anfrisio's sole resource is to forget; and by means of the sage Polinesta, through a visit to the Liberal Arts, and an acquaintance with the lady Grammar and the young ladies Logic, Rhetoric, Arithmetic, and Geometry, and others not less agreeable—Perspective, Music, Astrology, and Poetry—he arrives at the temple of Disengaño, or Dis-illusion; where things are seen as they are, the passions cease to influence, the imagination to deceive, and the lovelorn shepherd becomes a rational man.

The composition of this story has given rise to a singular conjecture. When Montemayor wrote "Diana," and Gil Polo continued it, and Cervantes composed "the robe in which the lovely Galatea appeared to the eyes of men," it is known that they embodied their own passions and sorrows in the pastoral personages they brought on the scene; but Lope is not the hero of his tale. Anfrisio is supposed to represent the duke of Alba himself—the tyrant, the destroyer—who, it would seem, requested his young *protégé* to immortalise his early loves in the manner other poets had done their own. A good deal of testimony is brought in support

of this hypothesis.* In the commendatory verses prefixed to the "Arcadia," there is a sonnet from Anfrisio to Lope de Vega," which addresses him by the name of Belardo, under which he personified himself in the pastoral; and which shows by its context that it was written by a man of consequence, and a protector of the poet. "Belardo," he says, "it has proved fortunate for my loves, that you came to my estate and became one of my shepherds; for now neither time nor oblivion will cover them. You have dwelt upon my sorrows, yet not to the full; since they are greater than you have described, though the cause wherefore I suffered lessened them. Tagus and my renowned Tormes listen to you. They call the shepherd of Anfrisio, Apollo. If I am Anfrisio, you are my Apollo!" The painter Francisco Pacheco, in the eulogy that accompanies his portrait of Lope, speaking of the "Arcadia," says that the poet "had succeeded in what he designed, which was to record a real history to the pleasure of the parties."

Montalvan hints at the same thing, when he says that Lope wrote this work at the command of the duke, and calls it a "mysterious enigma of elevated subjects, concealed in the disguise of humble shepherds." And Lope himself says, "The 'Arcadia' is a true story;" and again, in the prologue to the work itself, he insists several times on the fact that he describes the sorrows of another, not his own. He assumes the name of Belardo for himself, but introduces himself only as a Spanish shepherd, poor and pursued by adversity. At the conclusion he comes forward as Belardo, addressing his pipe, and taking leave of the tale on which he was occupied. In this he talks of leaving the banks of the Manzanares (the river of Madrid), and seeking a new master and a new life. "What is better," he says, "when one has lost a blessing, than to fly from the spot where one enjoyed it, so not to see it in the possession of another? My fortunes are dubious; but what evil can befall him who has once known happiness? I lost that which was

* Quarterly Review, vol. xviii.

mine. more from not being worthy of it, than from not knowing its value; but I console myself with the expectation of fresh disasters."*

As the "Arcadia" was written in early life, but not published till 1598, it is impossible to say to what particular period of his career or to what misfortunes the above alludes.

It were a subject for a painter to portray the old grey-headed duke — the persecutor of heroes, the slayer of the innocent, but retaining throughout a satisfied conscience, and the dignity of virtue — pouring his love-tale in the young Lope's ear, or listening with delight while Lope read to him the tale of his early love, clothed in the fantastic costume of a pastoral and the ideal imagery of poetry.

Lord Holland has given a specimen of the poetry of the "Arcadia" in his life; but we refer to his pages, and will only conclude by mentioning that, despite the conceits, the false taste, and exaggeration, there is much genius, much real poetry, simplicity, and truth — lines full of sweetness and grace, and a lucidness of expression, which reminds the reader of Metastasio, who was indeed a lover of Spanish verse, and who has never been surpassed in the crystal clearness of his expressions, and the chiseled perfection (so to express ourselves) with which he represents his ideas.

The "Arcadia," though written thus early, was not published, as has been mentioned, till 1598; and it is conjectured that the death of its hero, the duke of Alva, was the cause of the delay. But it may be added, that Lope wrote a great deal but published nothing before that period, when, his plays having made him popular, he printed most of his early works.

He left the service of the duke of Alva, when he married a lady of rank, donna Isabel de Urbino, daughter of don Diego de Urbino, king-at-arms. The marriage took place to the satisfaction of the friends of both parties; and the

* In this and other quotations the reader must not expect sense. Even while reprehending Gongora for obscurity, from carelessness or from a notion of fine writing, Lope's meaning can very often only be guessed at. This may partly be attributed to misprints; in his best poems he is, for a Spaniard, singularly perspicuous.

lady is praised as beautiful and discreet. He did not, however, long enjoy his domestic happiness. "It happened," says Montalvan, "that there was a sort of half-and-half hidalgo * (for there is a twilight in the origin of nobility as well as in the break of day) of small fortune, but of great skill in contriving to dress and eat as well as the rest of the world, without other employment than frequenting society, when with little trouble to himself he lived cheaply by flattering those present and backbiting the absent. Lope heard that on one occasion he had entertained a company at his expense. He passed over the impertinence, not from fear, but contempt; but seeing that the man persisted in his attacks, he grew tired; so without quarrelling with him by sword or word — the first being impious, the second foolish — he depicted him in a song so pleasantly, that every body laughed." The would-be wit grew angry — none being more easily offended than those who take licence to offend — and he challenged Lope. They met; and the cavalier was dangerously wounded. This was the immediate cause that obliged Lope to quit Madrid; though Montalvan mentions other scrapes which he had got into in his youth, and which his enemies took this occasion to bring against him. He left wife and home with a heavy heart, and took up his residence in Valencia, where he was treated with distinction and kindness.

He remained at Valencia for some years, and doubtless wrote a great deal, though at that time he published nothing. He formed a friendship there with Vicente Mariner, himself a voluminous poet, whose compositions remain inedited in the king of Spain's libraries. Among these are many to the honour and memory of Lope, and in fierce attack of his enemies — so fierce that they deserve the name of abuse, and show that the Spanish cavalier could descend, as so many literary men have before, to calling names, as argument.†

* Lord Holland calls Lope's antagonist, a gentleman of considerable rank and importance — Montalvan's expressions denote the contrary: "un hidalgo entre dos luces, de poca hacienda, &c."

† Lord Holland's Life of Lope de Vega. Were these MSS. examined, we might discover the real history of Lope's life at this period.

After a few years, Lope returned to Madrid ; and such was his joy in revisiting the scenes of his youth, and being reunited to his wife, that even his health was affected by it. He did not, however, long enjoy this new-found happiness : his wife died shortly after his return. The death of this lady was celebrated in an eclogue, written conjointly by Lope and Medina Medinilla. The strophes, composed by Lope, are full of the tenderest grief and impatient despair, but there is not a word relative to their separation ; he exclaims at Death for having divided them, and implores her to take him to where she is — to where they might live for ever secure together.

1588. Almost immediately after he became a soldier, and
 †Etat. joined the Invincible Armada.

26. The causes of this apparent freak are differently represented. Montalvan attributes it chiefly to his grief on losing his wife. In the eclogue to Claudio, which Lope writes with the avowed intention of recording the events of his early life, but in which he mentions no adventures anterior to this period, he speaks of being banished from Filis, and that he sought relief from his tender sorrows by changing climate and element ; and Mars coming to his aid, he marched to Lisbon with the Castilian troops, with a musket on his shoulder, and tore up for cartridges the verses he had written in his mistress's praise. In several of his sonnets also he gives the same reason for his military career.*

It is the fashion of the present day to ransack every hidden corner of a man's life, and to bring to light all the errors and follies which he himself would have wished to consign to oblivion. A writer offers a fairer mark than any other for these inquiries, as we can always fancy at least that we trace something of the man himself in his works, and so form a tissue of some sort from these patchwork materials ; Lope felt this, and in one of his epistles, laments that by publishing his verses, he has perpetuated the memory of his

* *Vide* Sonnets 46. 66. 82. 92. &c. of *Rimas Humanas*, parte 1.

follies. " My love-verses," he says, " were the tender error of my youth ; would I could cover them in oblivion ! Those poets do well who write in enigmas, since they are not injured by the hidden." We do not know that we should have enlarged on this portion of his life, but for some conjectures given in the article before quoted in the eighteenth volume of the " Quarterly Review." The author of that article, in mentioning Lope's *second* marriage, says, " Lope speaks of this marriage as a happy one ; yet among the sonnets there are two which may excite a suspicion that his heart was placed on another object. The inference from the first of these poems is, that he did not love the woman whom he married ; and from the second that he had formed a miserable attachment to the wife of another man. This last inference will be much strengthened if there be any reason for supposing that he shadowed out his own character in the ' Dorotea ;' one of the most singular, and, unless such a supposition be admitted, the most unaccountable of all his works."

Taking it for granted that these sonnets and the ' Dorotea' refer to himself, we think there is every proof to show that they allude to his early life, his first marriage, and all those subsequent disasters, to fly from which he embarked on board the Armada. Certainly great obscurity hangs over the period of his first marriage, and the causes of his long exile at Valencia. His antagonist in the duel was a man of no consequence, and merely wounded ; so, although that duel might have occasioned him to fly, it would not have forced so protracted an absence. He does not allude to any of these circumstances in his eclogue to Claudio. In his epistle to doctor Gregorio de Angulo he seems to imply that being married, he loved another woman, or that he was not happy in his first marriage.* Montalvan, in speaking of his flight to

* " Crióme don Geronimo Manrique :
estudié en Alcalá, bachilleréme,
y aun estuve de ser clérigo á pique :
cegóme una muger, aficionéme,
perdoneselo Dios, ya soy casado,
quien tiene tanto mal, ninguno teme."

Epistola undecima.

Valencia, mentions, in addition to the duel, youthful scrapes, which his enemies took that opportunity of bringing against him.* In a funeral eulogium, written on Lope by don Joseph Pellicer, there are these expressions:—“The excellent qualities of Lope excited the animosity of several powerful enemies, who forced him several times to become a wanderer. His pen was his faithful companion in his disasters and exile, and secured him shelter and welcome in distant provinces.”†

Putting all these circumstances and hints together, it is plain that Lope suffered a good deal of adversity at this time. His illustrious patron, the duke of Alva, died soon after his marriage. When the duel and other circumstances caused him to fly, he had no powerful friend to assist him, but was driven to absent himself even for years. During so long a separation from home, and being only about four-and-twenty at this period, it is not impossible nor strange that he should have formed an unfortunate attachment.

The sonnets Mr. Southey mentions, and which he translates, are the following:—

“Seven long and tedious years did Jacob serve,
And short had been the term if it had found
Its end desired. To Leah he was bound,
And must by service of seven more deserve
His Rachael.—Thus will strangers lightly swerve
From their pledged word. Yet Time might well repay
Hope's growing debt, and Patience might be crowned,
And the slow season of expectance passed,
True Love with ample recompense at last,
Requite the sorrows of this hard delay.
Alas for me—to whose unhappy doom,
No such blest end appears! Ill fate is his,
Who hopes for Rachael in the world to come,
And chained to Leah drags his life in this.”‡

* “Este y otros desayres de la fortuna, ya negociados de su juventud, y ya encarecidos de sus opuestos, le obligaron á dejar su casa, su patria y su esposa, con harto sentimiento.”—*Fama Postuma á la Vida de Lope de Vega.*

† Bouterwek says that all the panegyrics and epitaphs written on Lope, ought to be carefully consulted as to the circumstances of his life. We accordingly looked them over; but amidst an incredible abundance and variety of hyperbolical praise, there are but two or three that allude to any events of his life—the one above quoted, which, after all, speaks vaguely and confusedly; the other is an elegy by Andres Carlos de Balmaseda, which mentions his sailing with the Armada, and his two marriages. But it tells nothing new. One or two others recount some anecdotes of his old age to prove his charity and piety.

‡ “Sirvió Jacob los siete largos años,
breves, si al fin, qual la esperanza fuera,

“ When snows before the genial breath of spring
 Dissolve — and our great Mother reassumes
 Her robe of green; the meadow breathes perfumes,
 Loud sings the thrush, the birds are on the wing,
 The fresh grass grows, the young lambs feed at will.
 But not to thee, my heart, doth nature bring
 The joy that this sweet season should instil:
 Thou broodest alway on thy cherished ill.
 Absence is no sore grief — it is a glass,
 Wherein true love from falsehood may be known;
 Well may the pain be borne which hath an end;
 But woe to him whose ill-placed hopes attend
 Another's life, and who till that shall pass
 In hopeless expectation wastes his own.”*

These sonnets are two among many, all addressed to a lady whom he calls Lucinda. Generally speaking, they treat only of her cruelty and his sufferings: there is no date given to certify at what period they were written; but they were published in 1604, during the life of his second wife — with whom there is every proof that he lived in harmony, and he would never have pained her by publishing his desire for her death. This circumstance renders it conclusive that they referred to the passions of his youth.

The “Dorotea” is indeed a singular performance, and we have read it with some care to discover what it contains that gives the idea that he shadowed forth himself. And

á Lia goza—y á Rachel espera
 otros siete despues, llorando engaños,
 assí guardan palabra los estranos.
 Pero in efecto vive, y considera
 que la podra gozar antes que muera,
 y que tuvieron termino sus daños;
 triste de mi, sin limite que mida
 lo que un engaño al sufrimiento cuesta,
 y sin rimedio que el agravio pida.
 Ay de aquel alma á padecer dispuesta
 que espera su Rachel en la otra vida,
 y tiene á Lia para siempre en esta.”

Parte I. de las Rimas Humanas de Lope de Vega, 1604. Soneto v.

* “ Quando la Madre antigua reverdeze,
 bello pastor, y á quanto vive aplaze,
 quando en agua la nieve se dehaze,
 por el sol que en el Aries resplandeze,
 la yerba nace, la nacida crece,
 canta el silguero, el corderillo paze,
 tu pecho a quien su pena satisface
 del general contento se entristece.
 No es mucho mal la ausencia que es espejo
 de la cierta verdad ó la fingida;
 si espera fin, ninguna pena es pena.
 ¡ Ay del que tiene por su mal consejo
 El remedio imposible de su vida
 En la esperanza de la muerte aghena! ” *Ibid.* Soneto xi.

we will give some account of the work, which diffuse and tedious, will hardly attract the reader, but which at least presents a vivid picture of Spanish manners, and if relating to Lope himself, must be regarded with increased interest. We must premise that though this work was one of the last that he published, and that he mentions it as the favourite his of old age*, yet that it was written at Valencia in his youth.†

“Dorotea” is not a play; it is a story told in dialogue, a sort of composition which has lately been named “Dramatic Scenes.” It is in prose, with a few poems interspersed. It is, as usual, very diffuse, and even incoherent and obscure in parts, and contains the story of the intrigues of a young man, whom it has been conjectured Lope intended for himself.

Don Fernando, the hero of the piece, says of himself that his parents dying, and leaving him in poverty, he went to the Indies to try his fortune, but not prospering he returned to Madrid, where he was hospitably received by a rich relation. This lady had in her house a daughter and a niece; with the niece, named Marfisa, Fernando fell, in some sort, in love. Unfortunately she was obliged to marry a gentleman of some rank and merit, but aged. The lovers parted with tears; but the marriage was of short duration, the husband dying soon after. Meanwhile Fernando, on the very day of Marfisa’s wedding, was introduced to Dorothea. He was then, he tells us, two-and-twenty, Dorothea fifteen, and beautiful beyond description. They seemed formed for each other, and though they now met for the first time, yet they felt as if they had known one another for years.

Dorothea was already married, but her husband was far away in India. She was courted by a foreign prince, whom she coquetted with, giving him large hopes, and slight favours. This powerful rival Fernando at length

* “ Postuma de mis Musas Dorotea,
y por dicha de mi la mas querida,
ultima de mi vida
publica luz desea,
desea el sol de rayos de oro lleno
entre la niebla de Guzman el Bu'no.”

Ecloga á Claudio.

† Prologo del Editor.

gets rid of: but he suffers from another evil, the evil of poverty; and the thoughts engendered by want of money fill him with melancholy. Dorothea observes his sadness, and he confesses its cause; she promises at once to give up all feasts and amusements, and sends to his house her jewels and plate in two coffers. He disposes of these, and even so draws on his mistress's resources, that she is obliged to deny herself fitting dress, and to betake herself to unaccustomed labour for her maintenance.

This lasted for five years; and the piece begins at this period, when an officious neighbour, Gerarda (who is set on by don Belia, a creole, who is another and a rich admirer of Dorothea) attacks Theodora, the mother of Dorothea, on the scandal the neighhours promulgate with regard to her daughter's life. Theodora is alarmed, and commands Dorothea to see Fernando no more. She, in despair, hurries (accompanied by her maid) to his house, to impart the sad intelligence. Fernando takes it very coolly, and dismisses her in a manner to make her believe that he no longer loves. But when she is gone, he falls into a transport of despair; and partly piqued at her daring to think of obeying her mother, and partly too miserable to stay longer in a town where he may no longer behold her, he resolves to quit Madrid, and go to Seville. Being in want of means, he applies to his old friend Marfisa; and trumping up a story of having killed a man, and being obliged to fly (which, he says, is true, since he himself was dead, and at the same time obliged to absent himself), Marfisa gives him "the gold she possessed, and the pearls of her tears;" and thus enriched, Fernando departs for Seville.

Dorothea remains: she talks of her lover, and her hard fate, with her maid Celia. Among other things, Celia says, "The scandal that arose was greatly occasioned by Fernando writing verses in his lady's praise." Dorothea replies, "What greater riches can a woman possess, than to have herself immortalised? Her beauty fades, but the verses written in her honour are eternal witnesses of it. The Diana of Montemayor was a lady

of Valencia; and the river Ezla and herself are immortalised by his pen. And the same has happened to the Philida of Montalvo, the Galatea of Cervantes, the Camila of Garcilaso, the Violante of Camoens, the Silvia of Bernaldes, the Philis of Figueroa, and the Leonora of Corte-real." But though Dorothea loves Fernando, and is grateful for his verses, she proves false, and admits to her favour his rich rival, don Belia.

Meanwhile Fernando, unable to endure his absence from her, returns. They meet by accident, and Dorothea feels all her affection revive. She exclaims on the cruelty of her mother, and the misery of her fate, and then intimates her falsehood. "All were against me," she says; "my mother with ill usage, Gerarda with flattery, you by leaving me, and a cavalier by persuading me." However, notwithstanding this, they are for a time in some sort reconciled. But Fernando becomes cold and uneasy; assured that Dorothea loves him, he grows indifferent; certain of her falsehood, he is annoyed: he fancies that his honour is injured in the eyes of the world by his toleration, and he resolves to break with her. He sees in Marfisa the love of his early years. "We had been brought up together," he says; "but although it is true that she was the object of my first attachment in the early season of my youth, her unlucky marriage, and the beauty of Dorothea, caused me to forget her charms as much as if I had never seen them. She returned home after the untimely death of her husband; and she regarded me with eyes of favour, but I vainly tried to admire her: yet I resolved to cultivate my attachment for her without giving up Dorothea. She (Dorothea) perceived a change, but attributed it to my honour being offended by the pretensions of don Belia; and in this she was right, since for that cause I had resolved to hate her. She indeed would have been willing to love me alone, but that was impossible — her fortunes forbade it."

Meanwhile an unlucky encounter with his rival, to whom he is forced to give way, rouses him to revenge

against Dorothea ; and fate puts the occasion in his hands. By mistake he sends her a letter from Marfisa to himself ; a violent quarrel ensues ; and they part to meet no more. A friend of Fernando prophesies to him the sequel of these disasters ; he tells him that he will be persecuted by Dorothea and her mother, and thrown into prison, but afterwards liberated and banished ; before this he will have become attached to a young lady, whom he will marry to the discontent of the relations on both sides. She will accompany him in his banishment with great constancy and love, but will die. He will then return to Madrid, Dorothea being then a widow, and will wish to marry him, but his honour has more influence over him than her riches, and he will refuse her. He will afterwards be very unfortunate in love, but by help of prayer will extricate himself, and enter another state of life. Marfisa will again marry a literary man, who will leave the kingdom with an honourable employment, but she will soon again be a widow, and then marrying a Spanish soldier, she will be very unhappy, and at last be assassinated by her husband in a fit of jealousy. Fernando is astonished at these prophecies, and announces his intention of joining the Invincible Armada. Dorothea, on her side, is teaching herself no longer to love him ; she breaks his portrait, and burns his letters. But while she is looking forward to happiness with don Belia, he is killed in a duel. She rushes out in despair, and Gerarda falls into a well, and is drowned. "And thus ends Dorothea," says the author, "the rest being only the misfortunes of Fernando ; the poet could not fail in the truth, for the story is true. Look at the example, for which end it is written."

All this strange medley of a story is told in dialogue, much of which is spirited and natural, but much, very much, pedantic, and beyond expression tedious. By some means, despite her misconduct, we are interested in Dorothea ; she is so frank, so beautiful, so generous ; while Fernando is, on the contrary, an object of con-

tempt. He takes the money of Dorothea, and then angry at the first mention she makes of her mother's interference, he flies from her rather in revenge than in grief: throughout he is selfish and ungenerous.

Whether Lope shadowed forth himself is very doubtful. There is a sort of dwelling upon trifles, and a reality in the situations, that makes the whole look as if it were founded on fact; yet the facts do not accord with the circumstances known of his life. If it be himself that he portrays, it is himself at two or three and twenty, in the first inexperienced dawn of life, in all the heyday of the passions, when love was life, and moral considerations and the softer affections still lingered far behind in the background. To this period he often alludes in his epistles, when he mentions the troubled sea of love in which he was lost before his second marriage; from which period he dates his peace and felicity. And all this together proves to us that his allusions to an unfortunate attachment have no reference to that happier time. We deduce also from this various evidence that his taking up the life of a soldier, and joining the Armada, arose from his desire to fly from the adversity he had fallen into, "to change clime and element," to begin a new career, in the hope of becoming a new man. Montalvan strengthens this view, when he says that this enterprise was undertaken in a fit of desperation, when he was desirous of finishing life and its sorrows at the same time; and thus driven by adversity, he enlisted under the banners of the duke of Medina Sidonia. Leaving Madrid, he traversed Spain to Cadiz, and thence repaired to Lisbon, where he embarked with a brother, who was an *alferez de marina*, a title probably answering to our midshipman, unless it be that he was ensign in a marine corps. Lope was a simple volunteer.*

* In his epistle to don Antonio de Mendoza, Lope alludes to his military life, but without assigning any cause for its assumption. "True it is," he says, "that in early life I left my country and friends to encounter the vicissitudes of war. I sailed on a wide sea towards foreign lands — where I served first with my sword, before I described events with my pen. My inclinations caused me to break off the career of arms, and the Muses gave me a more tranquil life."

It is well known with what sanguine expectations of glorious victory the Invincible Armada sailed. The privateering or piratical expeditions of Drake and Hawkins though in accordance with the manners of the times, and, indeed, disgracefully imitated in late years, had excited feelings full of burning animosity and fierce vengeance in the hearts of the Spaniards. Added to these natural feelings, was the odium of English heresy, which, deep rooted and rankling in Philip II.'s heart, was participated in by his subjects; they considered the expedition of the Armada as holy, as well as patriotic. Lope felt the full force of these sentiments; he bade the invincible fleet go forth and burn the world; wind would not be wanting to the sails, nor fire to the artillery, for his breast, he said, would supply the one, and his sorrow the other. Such was his ardour and such his sighs.

Twelve of the largest vessels, according to the favourite Spanish custom, were named after the twelve apostles. Lope's brother had a commission in the galleon San Juan, and he embarked on board the same vessel. In accordance with the crusading spirit of the expedition, all persons sailing in it were called upon to be duly shriven, and receive the sacrament with humility and repentance; and the general order went on to forbid all blasphemy against God, our Lady, and the saints; all gambling, all quarrels, all duels. Lope felt the enthusiasm of such an hour, and of such a character: a soldier of God going to relieve many contrite spirits oppressed by heretics,—a patriot about to avenge the disasters brought on his country by her enemies.

Lope gives an animated description of the setting forth of the Armada, — its drums and clarions, its gay pendants, the ploughing up of the waves by the keels, and the gathering together of the busy crews.* Of

* There is a very obscure stanza following this, it runs thus:—

“ ¿ Quien te dixera che al exento labio,
que apenas de un cabello se ofendia,
amanciera dia
de tan pesado agravio
que cubierto de nieve agradecida?
¡ no sepamos si fu e cometa ó vida!”

himself, he says that Aristotle slept, with matter, forms, causes, and accidents; but he was not idle; and in another work, he mentions that in this expedition, in which, for a few years, he followed the career of arms, "my inclination prompted me to use my pen, and the general finished his enterprise when I did mine; for there, on the waters upon the deck of the San Juan, beneath the banners of the Catholic king, I wrote, 'The Beauty of Angelica.'" Thus, amidst storms and disasters, when his brother died in his arms, struck by a ball in a skirmish with the Dutch at the very commencement of the expedition; while the ships around them were a prey to winds, and waves, and the enemy; and the fury of the violent tempests spread destruction around, Lope wrapped himself in his imagination, and beguiled his sorrows and anxieties by the pleasures of composition. "The Beauty of Angelica" is a continuation of Ariosto's poem. The Italian leaves the heroine on her road to Cathay, and Lope brings them to Spain. His tale is unconnected. Carried away by Spanish diffuseness, he frames neither plot nor story, but rambles on as his fancy leads. It opens with the marriage of Lido, a king of Andalusia with Clorinda, a daughter of the king of Fez, who, meanwhile, loves Cardiloro, a son of Mandricardo and Doralice; a pair familiar to all the readers of Ariosto. The unhappy bride dies of grief, and her husband follows her to the tomb, leaving his kingdom to the most beautiful, be that either man or woman. The judges sit in judgment, and give their stupid opinions, on which Lope exclaims —

In the Quarterly Review this is translated. "Who would have thought that this chin which had scarcely a hair upon it, should have sometimes been found in the morning so shagged with snow that it might have been mistaken for a comet?" This is obviously wrong. He alludes to his youth at the time of sailing with the Armada, and his age at the time of writing the eclogue to Claudio; and the swiftness with which the interval had passed. "Who could have told thee that there should come a day when the lip then scarcely deformed by a hair, should be so heavy covered with welcome snow (his beard turned white), [and that so swiftly that], we do not know whether it was a comet or life?" Nothing, however, can be so ill expressed and obscure.

“ O dotards ! through your spectacles who pry,
 And ask the measure of a lovely face ;
 Measure the influence of a woman's eye,
 And ye may then I ween compute the space ;
 That intervenes between the earth and sky.” *

Many candidates arrive, — the old and ugly and decrepit, leaving their homes, and braving every danger, — to claim the reward of beauty. Among them, but surpassing all in charms, Angelica and Medoro appear. Angelica is described with the greatest minuteness, — brow, eyes, nose, ears, and teeth are all depicted. But more beautiful than this sort of Mosaic portraiture are the verses that portray her companion.

“ Scarce twenty years had seen the lovely boy,
 As ringlet locks and yellow down proclaim ;
 Fair was his height, and grave to gazers seemed
 Those eyes, which where they turned with love and softness beamed.”

The judges decide in favour of Angelica, and she and her husband are crowned. But their beauty gives rise to many a passion in the bosoms of others ; and various are the incidents, brought about by enchantments and other means, which for a time disunite the beautiful pair, who, at last, discover their mistakes, and the poem ends with their happiness. This work possesses little merit, except here and there in short passages ; but it is a singular specimen of Lope's power of composition, amidst circumstances so foreign to the subject in hand.

On his return from the Armada, he quitted the 1590.
 career of arms, and entered the service, first, of the *Ætat.*
 marquis de Malpica, and soon after of the count of 28.
 Lemos, leaving him only on occasion of his second
 marriage to donna Juana de Guardio, a lady of Madrid, of whom he thus speaks : —

“ Who could have thought that I should find a wife,
 When from that war I reached my native shere,
 Sweet for the love which ruled her life,
 Dear for the sorrows which she bore ?
 Such love which could endure through cold and hot,
 Could only have been mine or Jacob's lot.” †

* Quarterly Review, vol. xviii.
 Ecloga á Claudio. Quarterly Review, xviii.

The sorrows to which Lope alludes, we conjecture to have arisen from straitened means. He brought out a vast quantity of plays at this time, and received no scanty remuneration; still he was not risen to the zenith of his fame, when on every side he received donations and pensions. He was extravagant we know, and prodigality might easily produce a gap between his expenses and his chance receipts as an author. This view is strengthened by his dedication of his play "*El Verdadero Amante,*" The True Lover, to his little son Carlos. This was not published till 1620, but must have been written long previous, as Carlos died before (how long, we know not) 1609, and is dedicated to him *while he was learning the rudiments of the Latin language.* He bids him follow his studies without impeding them with poetry, because he who had addicted himself to it was ill rewarded. He continues — "I possess only, as you know, a poor house, with table and establishment in proportion, and a small garden, whose flowers divert my cares and inspire me with ideas. I have written 900 plays, and twelve volumes on various subjects in prose and verse, so that the printed will never equal in quantity the unprinted; and I have acquired enemies, critics, quarrels, envy, reprehension, and cares; having lost precious time, and arrived nearly at old age without leaving you any thing but this useless advice." Notwithstanding this repining, Lord Holland is probably right in supposing that the years of Lope's second marriage were the happiest of his life, though, perhaps, he felt at the commencement some pecuniary embarrassments. Through life he was extravagant, and on first setting out as an author might easily be in debt; yet, as he rose in fame his fortunes mended, and affection and content enshrined the family circle.

The period of his domestic happiness did not last long. At six years old, his little son died; his wife soon followed her child to the tomb, and Lope was left with two daughters.* From his own pen we give an

* Montalvan and the other biographers mention only one daughter, Feliciana, the child of his second wife. The reader will presently see

account of his wedded happiness, and his grief when his home again became desolate. In the Eclogue to Claudio, he says : —

“ I saw a group my board surround,
 And sure to me, though poorly spread,
 'T was rich with such fair objects crowned —
 Dear bitter presents of my bed !
 I saw them pay their tribute to the tomb,
 And scenes so cheerful change to mourning and to gloom.”

In addition to this affecting picture, he makes frequent mention of these circumstances in his epistles, and we subjoin extracts, which we are sure must interest the reader.

One of these epistles is addressed to doctor Mathias de Porrás, who had been appointed corregidor of the province of Canta in Peru. These epistles are in verse ; but as their length is great, the abstract made from them might as well be in prose : —

“ Since you left me, Señor Doctor, and without dying went to the other world, I have passed my life in melancholy solitude ; the evils of my lot increasing in proportion to the blessings of which you saw me deprived. Did not my new office (of priest) give me breath, the prop of my years would fall to the ground. O vain hopes ! How strange are the roads that life passes through, as each day we acquire new delusions !” He then goes on to speak of his early loves and sorrows, and of the power of beauty, and continues, “ But the vicissitudes of a life of passion were then over, and my heart was liberated from its importuning annoyances, when each morning I saw the dear and sincere face of my sweet wife at my side, and when Carlos — his cheeks all lilies and roses — won my soul by his charming prattle. The boy gambolled about me as a young lamb in a meadow at the morning hour. The half-formed words of his little tongue were sentences for us, interpreted by our kisses. I gave thanks to

that we derive our knowledge of the existence of Marcella from Lope himself. It seems probable that she was the offspring of his first marriage, since when he speaks of Felician as an infant, he mentions that Marcella was fifteen. She entered a convent and was perhaps dead when Montalvan wrote.

Eternal Wisdom, and content with such mornings after such dark nights, I sometimes wept my vain hopes, and believed myself secure — not of life — but of reserving this felicity. I then went to write a few lines, having consulted my books. They called me to eat, but I often bade them leave me, such was the attraction of study. Then bright as flowers and pearls, Carlos entered to call me, and gave light to my eyes and embraces to my heart. Sometimes he took me by the hand, and drew me to the table beside his mother. There, doctor, without pomp, an honest and liberal mediocrity gave us sufficing sustenance. But fierce Death deprived me of this ease, this cure, this hope. I lived no longer to behold that dear society which I imagined mine for ever. Then I disposed my mind for the priesthood, that that asylum might shelter and guard me. The Muses were idle for a time, and I refrained from all things worldly, and humbly attained the sacred stole.”

Another epistle is written under the feigned name of Belardo, the appellation he had assumed in his “Arcadia,” to Amaryllis.* In this he gives a sketch of portions of his life. He speaks of his early turn for poetry and his predilection for study, and continues:—“Love, and love ever speaks false, bade me incline to follow him. What then befel me I now feel; but as I loved a beauty never to be mine, I had recourse to study, and thus the poet destroyed the love that destroyed him. Favoured

* That unknown ladies should write anonymous letters to poets expressive of their admiration and sympathy, is, it seems, no mere modern fashion. The epistle from Amaryllis to Belardo, was certainly not written by Lope himself—it is too full of enthusiastic praise; and the style is not his. It is well written, and interesting. Amaryllis addresses him from the New World. She describes herself as a creole, born of noble parents, in Peru. She and her sister were left early orphans—both endowed with beauty and talent. Her sister marries, but she dedicates herself to a life of celibacy, though she does appear to be a nun; she loves and cultivates poetry. She writes to Lope de Vega to offer her friendship—*una alma pura á tu valor rendida — accepta el don, que puedes estimallo*—and to exhort him to write religious poetry; and in particular, to celebrate St. Dorothea—a saint hitherto unsung, whom she and her sister hold in particular reverence. Lope replies with praises of her talents, and enters into a succinct account of his life, from which we have quoted, and says “I have written to you, Amaryllis, more than I ever thought to do concerning myself—this freedom proves my friendship for you.” He concludes by inviting her to celebrate St. Dorothea herself, and bids her immortalise the memory of her heroic ancestors, and bestow on them the eternal laurel of her pen

by my stars, I learned several languages, and enriched my own by the knowledge I gained through them. Twice I married; from which you may gather that I was happy — for no one tries twice a painful thing. I had a son whom my soul lived in. You will know by my elegy that this light of my eyes was called Carlos. Six times did the sun retrocede, equalling day and night, counting thus the time of his birth, when this my sun lost its light. Then expired life that was the life of Jacinta. How much better it had been that I had died, than that Carlos in his very morning should encounter so long a night! Lope remained, if it be Lope who now lives. Marcella at fifteen obliged me to offer her to God, although, and you may believe me, though a father's love might be supposed blind, she was neither foolish nor ugly. Feliciana showed me in her words and eyes the image of her lost mother, who died in giving her birth. Her virtues enforce tears, and time does not cure my sorrow. I left the gaieties of secular life; I was ordained. Such is my life; and my desires aspire to a good end only, without extravagant pretensions."

In his epistle to don Francisco de Herrera he enlarges on the vocation of Marcella. "Marcella," he says, "the first care of my heart, thought of marrying, and one evening she spoke freely to me of her betrothed. I, seeing that it was prudent to examine her wish, since accident might have swayed it, grew attentive; at the same time that I desired to avoid shaking her intention if it were founded in the truth of her heart. But her anxiety increasing each day, I resolved to give her the husband to whom she aspired with so much love." He then explains the Son of God to be her bridegroom — vows of chastity her nuptial benediction. He describes the whole ceremony of her taking the veil. The marchioness de la Tela was her godmother; the duke of Sesa and many other nobles being present. Hortensio preached the sermon. "She asked me," he says, "leave to conclude the marriage, and she whom I had

loved, and whose lovely person I had adorned more like a lover than a father, in gold and silk —like a rose that fades and falls to pieces at the close of day, losing the pomp of her crimson leaves—now sleeps upon rough straw, and barefoot and ill clad sits at a poor table.”

The dates of the various events of Lope's life are very uncertain, and none more so than that of his second marriage. He mentions it as happening soon after his return from the expedition to England. Yet he speaks of taking orders soon after his wife's death, and he took orders 1609. The term of his second marriage, however, endured only for eight years. It would therefore appear that several years elapsed after his return to Madrid before he married a second time. As diligent a researcher as M. Viardôt in old parish books and official documents, would clear up this obscurity. As it is, we can only give the facts, as we find them stated, obscurely.

The effect of his bereaved condition was, as has been mentioned, to induce him to take vows, and be ordained. He prepared himself, by retiring from gay society, assumed a priestly dress, served in hospitals, and performed many acts of charity; and finally, visiting Toledo, took orders, and said his first mass in a Carmelite church. He entered a fraternity of priests dedicated to the performance of good works and the assistance of the poor, and fulfilled his duties zealously, so that he became named head chaplain, and was as generous as conscientious in the exercise of his office. To his other sacred employments he added that of being a familiar of the inquisition. His piety, which was catholic and excessive, led to this; but it is a painful circumstance, in our times especially, when we are told that he presided over the procession of the confraternity of familiars of the holy office, on the occasion of an *auto da fé*, when a relapsed Lutheran was burned alive. We feel sure that Cervantes would never have been led to a similar act.

Meanwhile his reputation as an author was rising to that height which it afterwards reached. In 1598, the

canonisation of St. Isidro, a native of Madrid, was the occasion of prizes being given to the authors of verses written in his honour. Each style of poetry gained its reward, but above one could not be gained by the same person. Lope succeeded in the hymns; but he had tried in all. He wrote a poem of ten cantos in short verse, numberless sonnets and ballads, and two comedies. These were published under the feigned name of Tomé de Burguilos, and are among the best of Lope's compositions. Already his dramas were in vogue, and the public were astonished by their number and excellence. In this year also he published the "Arcadia," written long before. Afterwards he published others of his younger productions; for it is singular that he printed nothing while a very young man, and that he had established his reputation by his plays before he deluged the world with his lyric and epic poetry. The "Hermosura de Angelica" did not see light till 1604; and thus was it with many other of his productions, which he wrote probably at Valencia during his exile, and which when he found profit by so doing, he bestowed on the public.

The reputation he attained awakened the enmity of rivals and critics. When Cervantes published "Don Quixote," in 1605, Lope was risen high in popular estimation; he was generally applauded—almost adored. The abundance and facility of his verses, and the amiableness of his character, were in part the occasion of this; but the eminent cause was his theatre, which we delay considering, not too much to interrupt the thread of his history, but whose originality, novelty, vivacity, and adaptation to the Spanish taste, secured unparalleled success. Cervantes did not feel the merits of his innovations, and he considered himself also the unacknowledged originator of many of the improvements attributed to Lope. We have seen in what Cervantes's dramatic pretensions consisted—high wrought and impassioned scenes connected, not by the intricacies of a methodical plot, but by the simple texture of their causes and effects, such as we find in life itself. He felt that he had written well; he was

unwilling to acknowledge that Lope wrote better, nor did he, as a master of the human heart, and as presenting more affecting situations; but he did, as comprehending and representing more to the life the manners and feelings of his day. Cervantes easily perceived the faults of his rival; he discovered his incongruities, and noted the vanity or cupidity which made him more abundant than correct, and the currying to the depraved taste of the times, through a desire of popularity. In short, Lope was not perfect, but he had something that while he lived stood in the stead of perfection — he hit the public taste; he supplied it with ever fresh and ever delightful food; he pleased, he interested, he fascinated. To act posterity, and judge coolly of his works, was an invidious task; and though it was natural that a man so profound and sagacious as Cervantes should be impelled so to do, yet, by attacking him and proving him in the wrong, he could not weaken his influence, while he made an enemy. There is a sonnet against Lope attributed to him, of which the point is not acute; but it displays contempt for his pastorals and epics, and sarcastically alludes to his superabundant fertility. However, it is more than probable that Cervantes did not write this sonnet; for he wrote in praise of Lope in other works, and it was unlike the noble disposition of that single-hearted and excellent man to have contradicted himself. Still less likely is it that Lope wrote the answer. It is vulgarly abusive and ridiculously assuming: he calls Cervantes the horse to Lope's carriage; bids him do Lope honour, or evil will betide him; and sums up by saying that "Don Quixote" went about the world in wrappers to parcels of spices. It looks more like the spurt of an over-zealous disciple than of a man of Lope's judgment and character.*

His war with Gongora was of a more grave description, and we defer farther mention of it till in the life of Gongora we give some account of his poetic system.

Meanwhile Lope rose higher and higher in the estima-

* Pellicer.

tion of the public. There is scarcely an example on record of similar popularity. Grandees, nobles, ministers, prelates, scholars—all solicited his acquaintance. Men came from distant lands to see him; women stood at their balconies as he passed, to behold and applaud him. On all sides he received presents; and we are even told that when he made a purchase, if he were recognised, the seller refused payment. His name passed into a proverb; it became a synonyme for the superlative degree, — a Lope diamond, a Lope dinner, a Lope woman, a Lope dress, was the expression used to express perfection in its kind. All this might well compensate for attacks; yet as these were founded in truth, and he must sometimes have dreaded a reaction of popularity, he felt at times nettled and uneasy. His part was, however, 1616.
warmly taken by his adherents. Their intolerance was *Ætat.*
such that they gravely asserted that the author of the 54.
“Spongia,” who had severely censured his works and accused him of ignorance of the Latin language, deserved death for his heresy.*

His works were more numerous than can be imagined. Each year he gave some new poem to the press; each month, and sometimes every week, he brought out a play; and these at least were of recent composition, though the former consisted frequently in the productions of his early years, corrected and finished. He tried every species of writing, and became celebrated in all. His hymns and sacred poems secured him the respect of the clergy, and showed his zeal in the profession he had embraced. When Philip IV. came to the crown, he immediately heaped new honours on Lope; for Philip was a patron of the stage; and several plays of considerable merit, published as written 1621.
“By a Wit of the Court” (*Por un Ingenio de esta* *Ætat.*
Corte), are ascribed to him. Lope published at this 59.
time his novels, imitated from Cervantes — whom he graciously acknowledges to have displayed some grace and ease of style, and whom he by no means succeeds in

* Lord Holland.

rivalling — and several poems — which that they were ever read is a sort of miracle ; and the Lope mania must have been vehement indeed that could gift readers with patience for his diffuseness.

Still the taste was genuine, (though it seems to us perverted), as is proved by a rather dangerous experiment which he made. He published a poem without his name, for the sake of trying the public taste. It succeeded ; and the favour with which his unacknowledged “ Soliloquies on God,” were received must have inspired him with great reliance on his own powers. The death of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots at this time spread a very general sensation of pity for her and hatred for her rival through Spain. Lope made it the subject of a poem, which he called the *Corona Tragica*, which he dedicated to pope Urban VIII. ; who thanked him by a letter written in his own hand, and by the degree of doctor of theology. This was the period of his greatest glory. Cardinal Barberini followed him in the streets ; the king stopped to look at him as he passed ; and crowds gathered round him whenever he appeared.

The quantity of his writings is incredible. It is calculated that he printed one million three hundred thousand lines, and this, he says, is a small part of what he wrote.

“ The printed part, though far too large, is less
Than that which yet unprinted still remains.” *

Among these it is asserted that 1800 plays and 400 sacramental dramas have been printed. This account long passed as true. Lord Holland detected its fallacy ; and the author of the article in the *Quarterly* follows up his calculations, and proves the absurdity of the account. He himself says, in the preface to the “*Arte de Hacer Comedias*,” that he had brought out 483. There are extant 497. Some may be lost certainly, but not so many as this computation would assume. Many

* The translation is from Lord Holland. The Spanish runs thus : —

“ Que no es minimo parte, aunque es exceso,
De lo que está por imprimir, lo impreso.”

of his pieces for the theatre, indeed, consist of loas and entremeses, small pieces in single acts, which may have been taken in to make up this number, but which do not deserve to rank among plays.

With regard to the number of verses he wrote there is also exaggeration. He says he often wrote five sheets a day; and the most extravagant calculations have been made on this, as if he had written at this rate from the day of his birth, till a month or two after his death. It is evident, however, that the period when he wrote five sheets a day, and a play in the twenty-four hours, was limited to a few years. With all this he is doubtless, even in prolific Spain, the most prolific of writers, and the most facile. Montalvan tells us, that when he was at Toledo, he wrote fifteen acts in fifteen days, making five plays in a fortnight; and he adds an anecdote that fell under his own experience. Roque de Figueroa, a writer for the theatre of Madrid, found himself on an occasion without any new play, and the doors of his theatre were obliged to be shut — a circumstance which shows the vast appetite for novelty that had arisen, and the cause wherefore Lope was induced to write so much, since the public rather desired what was new than what was good. But to return to Montalvan's story. Being carnival, Figueroa was eager to open his theatre, and Lope and Montalvan agreed to write a play together; and they brought out the "Tercera Orden de San Francisco," dividing the labour. Lope took the first act and Montalvan the second, which they completed in two days; and the third they partitioned between them, eight pages for each; and as the weather was bad, Montalvan remained all night in Lope's house. The scholar finding that he could not equal his master in readiness, wished to surpass him by force of industry, and rising at two in the morning, finished his part by eleven. He then went to seek Lope, and found him in the garden, occupied by an orange-tree, which had been frost-bitten in the night. Montalvan asked how his verses speeded? Lope replied, "I began to write at five, and finished the act

an hour ago. I breakfasted on some rashers of bacon, and wrote an epistle of fifty triplets, and having watered my garden, I am not a little tired." On this he read his act and his triplets, to the wonder and admiration of his hearer.

He gained considerable profit by his writings. The presents made him by various nobles amounted to a large sum. His plays and autos, and his various publications, brought him vast receipts. He had received a dowry with each wife. The king bestowed several pensions and chaplaincies. The pope gifted him with various preferments. With all this he was not rich; his absolute income apparently amounted to only 1500 ducats, and profuse charities and prodigal generosity emptied his purse as fast as it was filled. He spent much on church festivals; he was hospitable to his friends, extravagant in his purchase of books and pictures, and munificent in his charities, so that when he died he left little behind him. We cannot censure this disposition; indeed it is inherent in property gained as Lope gained it, to be lost as soon as won; for being received irregularly, it superinduces irregular habits of expense. That Lope, the observed of all, he to whom nature and fortune had been so prodigal, should have been grasping and avaricious would have grated on our feelings. We hear of his profusion with pleasure: the well-watered soil, if generous in its nature, gives forth abundant vegetation; the receiver of so much showed the nobility of his mind in freely imparting to others the wealth so liberally bestowed on him.

In his epistles and other poems, Lope gives very pleasing pictures of the tranquillity of his life as he advanced in age. Addressing don Fray Placido de Tosantos, he says: "I write you these verses, from where no annoyance troubles me. My little garden inspires fancies drawn from fruits and flowers, and the contemplation of natural objects." In the epistle before quoted to Amaryllis, he says, "My books are my life, and humble content my actions—unenvious of the riches

of others. The confusion sometimes annoys me ; but, though I live in Madrid, I am farther from the court than if I were in Muscovy or Numidia. Sometimes I look upon myself as a dwarf, sometimes as a giant, and I regard both views with indifference ; and am neither sad when I lose, nor joyful when I gain. The man who governs himself well, despises the praise or blame of this short though vile captivity. I esteem the sincere and pure friendship of those who are virtuous and wise ; for without virtue, no friendship is secure ; and if sometimes my lips complain of ingratitude, this is no crime." To Francisco de Rioja he writes : " My garden is small ; it contains a few trees, and more flowers, a trained vine, an orange tree, and a rose bush. Two young nightingales dwell in it, and two buckets of water form a fountain, playing among stones and coloured shells." " My hopes are fallen," he says in another place, " and my fortune shuts herself up with me in a nook, filled with books and flowers, and is neither favourable nor inimical to me." In the " Huerto Deshecho," or Destroyed Garden, he gives further testimony of his love for his garden, which had just been laid waste by a tempest. He thus addresses his fair retreat : —

" Dear solace of my weary sorrow,
 Unhappy garden, thou who slept,
 Foreseeing not the stormy morrow,
 The while the tears that night had wept,
 Morning drank up, and all the flowers awoke,
 And I the pen that told my thoughts up took."

and he goes on bitterly to grieve over the desolation the storm had made.

If there is a touch of melancholy, and a half-checked repining in any of these quotations, I do not see that he is to be reprehended. Covered with renown and gifted with riches—it is said, who can be happy, if Lope de Vega were not? But we must remember that neither wealth nor fame are in themselves happiness. Lope had through death lost the dearest objects of life ; in a spirit of piety he had shut himself out from forming others. His heart was the source of his disquiet —

but he had recourse to natural objects for its cure, and often found repose among them. That his disposition was amiable and his temper placid, there is ample proof. He says of himself, "I naturally love those who love me, and I cannot hate those who hate me;" and we may believe him: for this is a virtue a man never boasts of without possessing it; to a nature formed to hate and to revenge, hatred and revenge seem natural and noble. That he was vain is evident: his sort of character, vivacious, kindly and expansive, tends to vanity. He would have been more than man not to have been vain, flattered as he was. Lord Holland mentions his complaints of poverty, obscurity, and neglect, in the preface to the "Peregrino," but they do not amount to much. He certainly writes in a very ill temper, nettled, it would appear, by some plays having appeared with his name, which were not written by him. There is more of complaint in his poem of the "Huerto Deshecho," one of the most elegant and pleasing of his poems. Alluding to his love of study, he says, "Though that be a work of praise, it was but the fatal prelude of the unhappy result of my hopes, since, in conclusion, my verses were given to the winds. Strong philosophy, and retired, but contented old age animate me on my way. If I do not sing, it is enough that others sing what I deplore — devouring time destroys towers of vanity and mountains of gold; one only thing, divine grace, suffers no change."

It is strange, indeed, that he should say that he had given his verses to the winds — but he says himself,

"No he visto alegre de su bien ninguno—"

I ne'er saw man content with what he had.

Thus he passed many years, living according to the dictates of his conscience, with moderation and virtue; unmindful of life, but deeply mindful of death, so that he was ever prepared to meet it. His piety indeed was tinged with superstition; but he was a catholic and a Spaniard, and dwelt fervently on the means of satisfying the justice of God in this world, so as to secure

a greater stock of happiness in the next. Charitable he was to prodigality; and as he grew old he used his pen on religious subjects only, repenting somewhat of his labours for the stage.

His health was good, till, within a very short time before he died, he fell into a state of hypochondria, which clouded the close of his existence.* His friend, Alonzo Perez de Montalvan, seeing him thus melancholy, asked him to dine with him and a relation, on the day of Transfiguration, which was the 6th of August. After dinner, as all three were conversing on several subjects, he said, that such was the depression of spirits by which he was afflicted that his heart failed him in his body, and that he prayed God to ease him by shortening his life. On which, Juan Perez de Montalvan (his biographer, friend, and pupil) remarked, "Do not feel thus. I trust in God and in your healthy looks, that this indisposition will pass away, and that we shall see you again in the health you enjoyed twenty years ago." To which Lope replied with some emotion, "Ah, doctor, would to God, I were well over it!"

1635.
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73.

His presentiments were verified: Lope was soon to die; this his feelings foretold, and so prepared him for the event. On the 18th of the same month he rose very early, recited the divine service, said mass in his oratory, watered his garden, and then shut himself up in his study. At mid-day he felt chilled, either from his work among his flowers, or from having, as his servants averred, used the discipline on himself with severity, as was proved by the recent marks of blood being found on the discipline, and staining the walls of the room. Lope was indeed a rigid catholic, as this circumstance proves, and also his refusing to eat any thing but fish, though he had a dispensation to eat meat, and it was ordered him during his indisposition. In the evening he attended a scientific meeting, but being suddenly taken ill, he was obliged to return home. The physi-

* Montalvan.

cians now gathered round with their prescriptions; and it happened that doctor Juan de Negrete, the king's physician, passed through the street, and he was told that Lope de Vega was indisposed, on which he visited him, not as a doctor, as he had not been called in, but as a friend. He soon perceived his danger, and intimated that it were better that he should take the sacrament, with the usual excuse, that it was a relief to any one in danger, and could only benefit him if he lived. "If you advise this," said Lope "there must be a necessity;" and that same night he received the sacrament. Extreme unction followed but two hours after. He then called for his daughter, and blessed her, and took leave of his friends as one about to make so long a journey; conversing concerning the interests of those left behind, with kindness and piety. He told Montalvan, that virtue was true fame, and that he would exchange all the applause he had received, for the consciousness of having fulfilled one more virtuous deed; and followed up these counsels with prayers and acts of catholic piety. He passed the night uneasily, and expired the next day, weak and worn, but alive to a sense of religion and friendship to the last.

His funeral took place the third day after his death, and was conducted with splendour by the duke of Sesa, the most munificent of his patrons, whom he had named his executor. Don Luis de Usategui, his son-in-law, and a nephew, went as mourners, accompanied by the duke of Sesa and many other grandees and nobles. The clergy of all classes flocked in crowds. The procession attracted a multitude; the windows and balconies were thronged, and the magnificence was such, that a woman going by, exclaimed, "This is a Lope funeral!" ignorant that it was the funeral of Lope himself, and so applying his name as expressive of the excess of all that was splendid. The church was filled with lamentation when at last he was deposited in the tomb. For eight days the religious ceremonies were kept up, and on

the ninth, a sermon was preached in his honour, when the church was again crowded with the first people of Spain.

By his will, his daughter, donna Feliciana de Vega, married to don Luis de Usategui, inherited the moderate fortune he left behind. He added in his will a few legacies of pictures, books, and reliques to his friends.

In person Lope de Vega was tall, thin, and well made; dark complexioned, and of a prepossessing countenance; his nose aquiline; his eyes lively and clear; his beard black and thick. He had acquired much agility, and was capable of great personal exertion. He always enjoyed excellent health, being moderate in his tastes, and regular in his habits.

To gather Lope's character from the events of his life, and his accounts of himself, it may be assumed that while young his disposition had all the vivacity of the south—that his passions were ardent, his feelings enthusiastic—that he was heedless and imprudent perhaps, but always amiable and true. Generous to prodigality—pious to bigotry—patriotic to injustice, he was given to extremes, yet he did not possess the higher qualities, the cheerful fortitude, and fearless temper of Cervantes. Time and sorrow softened in after times some portions of his character; but still in his garden, among his flowers and books, he was vivacious, perhaps petulant (for his complaints of neglect are to be attributed to petulancy rather than to a repining temper); warm-hearted, charitable and social, vain he might also be, for that we all are. The activity of his mind resembled more a spontaneous fertility of soil, than the exertion of labour: "plays and poetry were the flowers of his plain," as he says: and this seems an unexaggerated picture of the ease with which he composed. We need scarcely allude to the hypochondria that darkened his last hours, as Montalvan seems to mention it as a mere precursor of death. If it were more, it is only another proof that the mind must not work too hard, while it has this fragile body for its instrument and prop.

In drawing up Lope's character, Montalvan* praises him as agreeable and unpresuming in conversation. He was zealous in the affairs of others, careless of his own; kind to his servants, courteous, gallant and hospitable, and exceedingly well bred. His temper, he says, was never ruffled but by those who took snuff before company; with the grey who dyed their locks; with men who, born of women, spoke ill of the sex; with priests who believed in gipsies; and with persons who without intentions of marriage asked others their age. Good taste as well as good feeling is displayed in most of these slight intimations of character: it is to be cleanly to dislike to see snuff taken; it is being unusually just always to speak well of women.

As no writer ever surpassed him in quantity, so it will be impossible to give a full account of his works. We have already mentioned several: — His "Arcadia," the production of his youth, which may be considered the best of such of his writings as are not dramas; — "The Beauty of Angelica," is chiefly remarkable as showing how superior the Italian romantic poets are to any that Spain has produced. The "Dragontea" is another poem of which Sir Francis Drake is the hero, and the poet has not been sparing of vituperation. It is founded on the last expedition of Drake, when, to revenge the armada, and to inflict a deep blow on the Spanish power, injured by the destruction of its fleet, he scoured the Spanish coast, and did immense injury to the shipping. The poem of Lope is very patriotic; the hatred felt in Spain for the English queen was furious and personal; the marriage of Philip II. with

*. We cannot take leave of Montalvan without saying something of his merits as an author, and noticing his career. He was regarded by Lope as his favourite pupil and friend. He was notary to the inquisition. At the age of seventeen he wrote plays in the style of his friend and teacher, and continued to write after the death of Lope, with an assiduity and speed that rivalled him. He died in 1639, at the age of thirty-five only; and had already written nearly a hundred comedies and autos as well as several novels. These last are imaginative and entertaining. His comedies are not so finished nor well arranged as Lope's, but they have great merit, and indicate still greater powers, had he flourished in an age when such could have been developed, or if he had lived long enough to bring them to perfection.

bloody queen Mary, having caused much intercourse between the two nations, and the accession of Elizabeth being the signal of our island again falling off from the Roman Catholic faith; all therefore that could be imagined of horror for her heresy and wickedness, and that of her ministers, animated the soul, and directed the pen of Lope.

The "Jerusalem" was his next attempt at an epic; of this Richard Cœur de Lion is the hero, though the English of course are rendered subordinate to the Spaniards. We have not read it. Lord Holland pronounces it a failure; and the critic of the Quarterly observes, "A failure indeed it is, and a total one; the plan, when compared to that of the 'Angelica' is as 'confusion worse confounded,' — it has neither beginning, middle, nor end; neither method, nor purpose, nor proportion; and many of the parts might be extirpated, or, what is more extraordinary, might change places without any injury to the whole. But there is more vigour of thought in it, and more felicity of expression than in any other of his longer poems." And thus Spaniards alone write; with them a poem resembles a pathless jungle: you come to a magnificent tree, a wild and balmy breathing flower, a mossy pathway, and clear bubbling fountain; and beside these objects you linger a moment, but soon you plunge again among tangled underwood and uncultivated interminable wilds. When Lope takes a subject in hand he does not follow it up as a traveller who has a bourne in view; but he scrambles up every mountain, visits every waterfall, and plunges into every cavern; and like a tourist without a guide in an unknown country, he often loses his way, and often leads his reader a wild chase after objects, which, when reached, were not worth visiting.

This prodigality of verse, which caused him to be named the Potosi of rhymes, was indulged in to the utmost, when, on the canonisation of St. Isidro, he entered into the lists to win the prize instituted for poems in celebration of the event. Isidro had been elevated

into a saint at the solicitation of Philip III., who had been cured of a fever by the body of the defunct miracle-maker being brought to him. Every Spanish poet of the age, and they were all but innumerable, entered the lists. There are two volumes of Lope's productions, some in his own name, consisting of a sort of epic, composed in quintillas, or stanzas of five short lines each, a measure more suited to the genius of the Spanish language than longer ones; and a play, and a vast quantity of lyrics given under the name of *Burquillos*. These were all burlesque; but subsequently Lope continued to adopt the name, and published several poems under it, among others, the "*Gatomaquia*, or *War of Cats*," a mock heroic, which is a great favourite in Spain. The "*Corona Tragica*," a poem written on the death of Mary, queen of Scots, brought him an increase of reputation: it is bigoted to the excess of blind Spanish inquisitorial bigotry, and, except in a few passages, does not rise above mediocrity. It is impossible to give even a cursory account of Lope's lyrics and sacred poems. The best of the former are to be found in the "*Arcadia*" and the "*Dorotea*."

But it is not on any of these productions that the reputation of Lope really rests. That was founded on his theatre, and on that it must continue to subsist. There he showed himself master of his art: original, fecund, national, universal, true and spirited, he produced a form of dramatic writing that, to this day, rules the stage of every country of the world.

It was with considerable difficulty that the theatre established itself at all in Spain, the church setting itself against theatrical representations. This prejudice has continued even to modern days. No Spanish monarch since Philip IV. has entered a theatre; and Philip V., when he found in Farinelli the solace of his painful distemper, not only never heard him in a theatre, but caused him to give up the public stage, when he was admitted to sing privately before him. In the early day of which we are writing, the clerical outcry was

furious, and the drama only became tolerated by making over the theatres to two religious corporations, one a hospital, and the other of flagellants; and the wickedness of the stage was permitted* for the sake of the benefits to charity and religion to result therefrom. The sites of the theatres then consisted of two open court yards, *corrales* — corral is the Spanish term for farm-yard, or any enclosure for cattle, and long continued to be synonymous with a theatre. The representations took place at first in the open air. Alberto Gavasa, an Italian, who brought over a company of buffoons, was enabled by the greatness of his success to cover his corral with an awning, the court yard itself was paved and provided with movable benches, and called the *patio*, or pit, which no women ever entered. The grandees sat looking out of the windows of the houses that looked into the court yard, which government appropriated and distributed on this occasion. A prince or very great man having a room allotted to him, and minor gentlemen a single window, and this primitive arrangement was we are told the origin of our boxes. In addition, there were several galleries, into some of which women only were admitted. It was called the *cazuela*, and open to all classes.

Yet even this pious dedication of the proceeds of the theatre did not silence the clergy. In 1600, Philip III. ordered the subject to be referred to a junta of theologians. This council established certain conditions on which the performances were to be tolerated, the principal being that women were not to act, nor to mingle with the audience. It was at this time, and with this licence that Lope's career was run. He alone furnished all Spain with plays; and so great a favourite was he, that none but his were received with any approbation. On the accession of Philip IV., a man of pleasure, the theatre was more frequented than ever. Yet still, it may be observed, the clergy nourished a prejudice against it, censured Lope for

* Pelicer — Tratado sobre el Origen de la Comedia. Quarterly Review, No. 117.

being the occasion of much sin, and caused him on his death bed to express his regret at having written for the stage, and to promise that if he recovered he would do so no more.

Cervantes boasts of the improvements he occasioned in theatrical representations. Still his plays, though they have great merit from the passion and poetry they display, are inartificial in their construction, while Lope on the contrary, became popular from the admirable nature of his plots. His dramas are praised by a Spanish critic for "the purity and sweetness of his language, for the vivacity of his dialogue, for the propriety of many of the characters, for his invention, his exact description of national manners, for his serious passages, his merriment and his wit." There is often something barbaric in his carelessness of time and place, and also in the hinging on of his incidents: still the plot was preserved carefully throughout, and the catastrophe showed the intention of the author to have been always in his mind, even when he most seemed to swerve from it. The number of plays that Lope wrote has been alluded to, and is really astonishing: there is something of sameness, perhaps, at the bottom of all, but this is joined to prodigious variety and novelty within the circle by which his invention is circumscribed. He says himself —

"Should I the titles now relate
Of plays my endless labour bore,
Well might you doubt, the list so great,
Such reams of paper scribbled o'er;
Plots, imitations, scenes, and all the rest,
To verse reduced, in flowers of rhetoric drest.

The number of my fables told
Would seem the greatest of them all;
For, strange, of dramas you behold
Full fifteen hundred mine I call,
And full an hundred times—within a day,
Passed from my muse, upon the stage, a play."

And so entirely did he possess the ear and favour of the audience, that many a play of which he was innocent was brought out under his name, and thus obtained applause.

The causes of his success are easily discovered.

The Spaniards had hitherto wanted a national literature. Their poetry and their pastorals did not express the heroism, the bigotry, the tenacious honour and violent prejudices that formed their character. Their ballads did, and so did the romances of chivalry; but the latter had become mere imitations, and while they echoed some of the sentiments they entertained, did not mirror their manners. It was like a new creation when the poetic genius of Spain embodied itself in the drama, and under the guise of tragedy and comedy, each romantic, made visible to an audience the ideal of their prejudices and passions, their virtues and vices; and these, in connection with a story that engaged their interest and warmed their hearts with sympathy.

The plays of Lope were either romantic tragedies, or plays of *la Capa y Espada*, of the sword and cloak, sometimes tragic and sometimes comic, but which were founded on the manners of the day. Of course there is a great deal of killing and slaying, but none of the horrors that startle the reader of *Titus Andronicus*, and other English tragedies of that period.

The point of honour, loyalty, love, and jealousy, form the standard groundwork of the dramas of Lope. Lord Holland has analysed the "*Star of Seville*," in which the interest depends on an affianced lover killing the brother of his betrothed at the instance of the king, and then refusing to betray his royal master's secret. Love and jealousy take singular forms. It was the custom of the lover to watch beneath the barred windows of the house of his lady, and she, if she favoured him, descended and conversed with him from her casement. They never hesitate to acknowledge their love, but it must never be suspected by others. Were it known that a cavalier were thus favoured, the relations of the lady would at once assassinate him, and stab her or shut her up in a convent. Yet when the lovers have escaped these dangers, they marry, and at the sound of wedlock the honour of the family is secured; the injury, to be so mortally avenged, is no longer an injury, and all is

well and happy. If a husband is jealous, it is not that he doubts the fidelity of his wife, or even her attachment, but that she has been placed in a situation which might have led to dishonour. Others know this, and she must expiate the fault with her life. In the "Certain for the Doubtful," a lady wishing to dissuade the king from marrying her, confesses that his brother, who is his rival, had once kissed her without her permission. The king instantly resolves to have him assassinated, since he cannot marry the lady till his brother's death has freed her from the dishonour that must accrue, while the perpetrator of such an act lives. He says at the same time "I know that there is no reality in what you tell me, but, although this strange incident be a falsehood invented for the purpose of inducing me not to marry you, it suffices that it has been said, to force me to revenge it. If love makes me in any manner give credit to your story — Henriquez shall die, and I marry his widow ; for then, if what you tell me shall be discovered, we shall neither of us be dishonoured ; for you will be the widow of this kiss, as others are of a husband." Accordingly assassins are commissioned to to waylay his brother. Meanwhile Henriquez and the lady marry, and the king seeing the evil without remedy, and his honour safe, pardons the lovers.

Schlegel observes, "Honour, love, and jealousy are uniformly the motives : the plot arises out of their daring and noble collision, and is not purposely instigated by knavish deception. Honour is always an ideal principle, for it rests, as I have elsewhere shown, on that higher morality which consecrates principles without regard to consequences : the honour of the women consists in loving only one man, of pure, unspotted honour, and loving him with perfect purity : inviolable secrecy is required till a lawful union permits it to be publicly declared. The power of jealousy, always alive, and always breaking out in a dreadful manner,—not like that of eastern countries, a jealousy of possession, but of the slightest emotions of the heart, and its most imperceptible de-

monstrations, serves to ennoble love. In tragedies, this jealousy causes honour to become a hostile destiny for him who cannot satisfy it, without either annihilating his own felicity, or becoming even a criminal."

Schlegel, in his hatred of the French, espouses with too much warmth, and elevates too highly the nobleness of the passions on which the interest of the Spanish drama is founded. Where jealousy is the main spring of every action, there is little tenderness; however, it is in the comedies that this passion displays itself in the worst light. In tragedies, death, hovering over the scene, gives dignity and elevation to that which otherwise must seem the excess of self-love. The comedies present a tissue of intrigues and embroglios; but these are arranged with so much art, carried on with so much spirit, and aided by sparkling and natural dialogue, that it is impossible not to be amused, and even interested.

To these subjects are added plays in which religion is the master passion, where Catholicism is raised to the height which makes its assumed truth a justification for the worst crimes; and the vengeance which Moor or Jew pursue for infinite injuries, be considered a crime to be expiated by a cruel death. In the same way, the point of honour led to falsehood and dishonourable actions, all of which were considered venial, as founded on, or tending to, a lofty aim. Even in the lighter comedies, there is a dangerous and ticklish sense of honour always on the alert to create danger, and enliven the interest.

Lope also wrote many sacred dramas and Autos Sacramentales. Some of these are allegorical; others founded on the lives of the saints. God Almighty, the Virgin, the Saviour, and Satan are among his dramatis personæ. But in this species of writing he was far surpassed by Calderon. It required sublimity to give a proper tone to such subjects, and to this quality Lope cannot pretend. His *entremeses* or interludes, farces they may be called, are full of merriment; his vast facility in inventing plots enabled him to bestow a subject that might easily be drawn out into a comedy of five, on a

piece of one act. French and English writers have consulted him as a mine. In him originated also the introduction of the *Grazioso*, or jester — a clown who makes ludicrous observations on what is going on, and turning tragic sentiment into burlesque, acts as censor upon the motives and actions of the personages, and often disturbs the current of interest excited; but often also the sprightly wit he thus introduces, relieves the monotony of passion on stilts, and he is always a convenient personage in explaining away a difficulty, and disclosing a secret.

Lope, of course, wholly disregards unity of time and place. The incongruities of his plots are manifold. Success, popular success, was what he aimed at, and he gained it; but he was aware of the barbarism of many of his dramas, and has himself warmly censured his plays. In his "*Arte de hacer Comedias*" he says * : —

" I, doomed to write, the public taste to hit,
Resume the barbarous dress 'twas vain to quit :
I lock up every rule before I write,
Plautus and Jerome drive from out my sight,
Lest rage should teach those injured wits to join,
And their dumb books cry shame on works like mine.
To vulgar standards then I square my play,
Writing at ease, for, since the public pay,
'Tis just methinks we by their compass steer,
And write the nonsense that they love to hear : "

And again in the same poem : —

" None than myself more barbarous or more wrong,
Who, hurried by the vulgar taste along,
Dare give my precepts in despite of rule,
Whence France and Italy pronounce me fool.
But what am I to do ? who now of plays,
With one complete within these seven days,
Four hundred eighty-three, in all have writ,
And all, save six, against the rules of wit."

And in his eclogue to Claudio : —

" Then spare, indulgent Claudio, spare
The list of all my barbarous plays ;
For this with truth I can declare,
And though 'tis truth, it is not praise,
The printed part, though far too large, is less
Than that which yet unprinted waits the press."

To this severe censure of his own works was joined considerable study of the dramatic art. It had en-

* *Arte de hacer Comedias*. Lord Holland's Translation.

gaged his attention, he says, since he was ten years old ; and in the " Dramatic Art " from which we have just quoted, he shows great good taste and penetration in his observations.

His plays are not now acted in Madrid. The theatre, indeed, has declined in Spain, and melodramas and vaudevilles have taken place of the higher species of drama. Still Lope's works are a mine of wealth for any dramatist, whence to draw situations, plots, and dialogue. Dryden borrowed much from him ; and, notwithstanding his faults, there may be found in his plays a richness of invention, a freshness and variety of ideas, and a vivacity of dialogue unsurpassed by any author.

VICENTE ESPINEL.

1544 — 1634.

ESTEBAN DE VILLEGAS.

1595 — 1669.

THE vast number of poets who flourished in Spain at this epoch renders the task of furnishing the biography of even a selection from among them, hopeless. When we turn to the "Laurel de Apolo" of Lope de Vega, and see stanza after stanza devoted to different poets; and when, in the "Voyage to Parnassus" of Cervantes we find poets rain in showers, we give up the task as hopeless — especially when we are told that, although many of those so brought forward are unknown, many there are, who wrote well, who are not mentioned at all in these works.

Poetry was then the fashion; and it was easy to spin many hundred lines with few ideas, and those few common-place, though pretty and graceful. Despotism and the inquisition gave the creative or literary spirit of Spain no other outlet. Thought was forbidden. Description, moral reflection, where no originality nor boldness was admitted, and love and sentiment, — these were all the subjects that Spanish poets rung the changes on, till we wonder where they found fresh words for the same thoughts. In any longer poems they wholly failed: and the only compositions we read with pleasure are songs, madrigals, redondillas, and romances, which are often fresh and sparkling — warm from the heart, either dancing with animal spirits or soft with pathetic tenderness. Among the writers of such, none excelled Vicente Espinel. The following is a specimen, and may be taken as an example of that style of Spanish

poetry, simple, feeling and elegant, which preceded the innovations of the refined school. It is taken from Dr. Bowring's translation, and is good, though not comparable to the charming simplicity of the original: —

“ A thousand, thousand times, I seek *
 My lovely maid ;
 But I am silent still — afraid
 That if I speak,
 The maid might frown, and then my heart would break.

I've oft resolved to tell her all,
 But dare not — what a woe 't would be
 From doubtful favour's smiles to fall
 To the harsh frown of certainty.
 Her grace, her music cheers me now ;
 The dimpled roses on her cheek ;
 But fear restrains my tongue — for how,
 How should I speak,
 When, if she frown'd, my troubled heart would break ?

No, rather I'll conceal my story
 In my full heart's most secret cell ;
 For though I feel a doubtful glory,
 I 'scape the certainty of hell.
 I lose, 't is true — the bliss of heaven, —
 I own my courage is but weak, —
 That weakness may be well forgiven,
 For should she speak
 In words ungentle — O, my heart would break ! ”

Vicente Espinel was born at Ronda, a city of Granada, in the year 1544. He was of poor parentage, and left his native town early to seek his fortunes. A coun

* “ Mil veces voy á hablar
 á mi zagala,
 pero mas quiero callar,
 por no esperar
 que me envie noramala

Voy á decirla mi daño
 pero tengo por mejor,
 tener dudoso el favor
 que no cierto el desengaño ;
 y aunque me suele animar
 su gracia y gala,
 el temer me hace callar,
 por no esperar
 que me envie noramala.

Tengo por suerte mas buena
 mostrar mi lengua á ser muda,
 que estando la gloria en duda
 no estara cierta la pena
 y aunque con disimular
 se desigual,
 tengo por mejor callar,
 que no esperar
 que me envie noramala.”

tryman, don Francisco Pacheco, bishop of Malaga, so far favoured as to ordain him, and he became a beneficiary of the church at Ronda. He sought better preferment at court, but met with no success, either in his own native place nor out of it. In Ronda itself he had enemies, who pursued him with such calumnies and malignity that he withdrew into a sort of voluntary exile, which, loving Granada as he did, he bitterly lamented. He was at first a friend, and then an attacker, of Cervantes, which circumstance does not redound to his credit.* Lope de Vega speaks of his poetry with the approbation it deserved. He was a musician as well as a poet, and added a fifth string to the Spanish guitar. He died poor and in obscurity at Madrid, in 1634, in the ninetieth year of his age. He describes himself in some spirited and comic verses, as singularly ugly — a tub with a priest's cap at top, a monster of fat; — large face, short neck, short arms, each hand looking like a tortoise, slow of foot: "whoever sees me," he says, "so fat and reverend-looking, might think that I were a rich and idle epicure. — What a pretty figure for a poet!"

Another writer of the natural school, named the Anacreon of Spain, more easy, sweet and spirited even than Vicente Espinel, was Estévan Manuel de Villégas. He was born in the city of Nagera of Naxera, in the province or Rioja, in Old Castile, in the year 1595. He was of a noble and distinguished family. He spent his boyish years at Madrid. At fourteen he was entered in the university of Salamanca, and studied the law. His tastes inclined him, however, to the more agreeable parts of literature: he was a proficient in Latin and Greek; and, at fourteen, translated from Anacreon and Horace; and at the same time wrote original anacreontics, which he published in 1618, in his twenty-third year.

* Viardot, in his life of Cervantes, mentions that Vicente Espinel became his enemy. I have not discovered on what he grounds this assertion. In the postscript to the "Voyage to Parnassus", one of the latest of Cervantes's works, he feigns that Apollo sent messages to various Spanish poets:—"You will give my compliments," the God writes, "to Vicente Espinel, as to one of the oldest and truest friends I have."

On the death of his father, he returned to Nagera, to assist his widowed mother, and attend to the interests of his estate. Here, in retirement and peace, he dedicated himself to the acquirement of knowledge and the cultivation of poetry. He married, in the year 1626, donna Antonia de Leyva Villodas, a beautiful and distinguished lady. Having six children, he endeavoured, by means of powerful friends, to obtain some employment that might add to his scanty income, and give him leisure at the same time to prosecute various designs in literature and poetry which he projected on a large scale, but he only succeeded in being appointed to a place of slight importance and emolument. "Thus," says Sedano, "this great man was, in common with almost every other person of eminence, pursued by adversity, which was the cause that his talents did not shine as brilliantly as they might have done, and that his name has not come down with due celebrity to our days." At last, giving up hope of worldly advancement, he retired to his estate, where he died in 1669, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

Although the conceits, the fashion of the age, sometimes deteriorate from Villégas's poetry, he has more natural facility, added to classical correctness, than almost any other Spanish poet. His verses flow on with elegance and softness, joined to a nature and feeling quite enchanting. His translations of Anacreon have the simplicity and pure unencumbered expression of the original; that of the "Dove" breathes Anacreon himself. For the sake of the Spanish reader it is appended at the bottom of the page*, and he can compare it with the Greek, and perceive that Anacreon never found poet so capable of transfusing into another language the vivacity, and grace of his lyrics.

* "Amada Palomilla,
¿ de dónde, di, ú adonde
vienes con tanta prisa,
vas con tantos olores?
¿ Pues a ti que te importa?
Sabras que Anacreonte
me envia a su Batilo,
Señor de todo el orbe:"

His original Anacreontics may almost be said to deserve a place beside the immortal Greek. We copy from Mr. Wiffen's pages one of his sapphics, rendered pre-eminently by its delicacy and beauty: —

“ TO THE ZEPHYR.

“ Sweet neighbour of the green, leaf-shaking grove,
 Eternal guest of April, frolic child
 Of a sad sire, life-breath of mother Love,
 Favonius, Zephyr mild!
 If thou has learned like me to love, — away!
 Thou who hast borne the murmurs of my cry;
 Hence — no demur — and to my Flora say,
 Say that ‘ I die!’
 Flora once knew what bitter tears I shed;
 Flora once wept to see my sorrows flow;
 Flora once loved me — but I dread, I dread
 Her anger now.
 So may the Gods — so may the calm blue sky,
 For the fair time that thou in gentle mirth
 Sport’st in the air, with love benign deny
 Snows to the earth!
 So never may the grey cloud’s cumbrous sail,
 When from on high the rosy day-break springs,
 Beat on thy shoulders, nor its evil hail
 Wound thy fine wings!”

que como por un himno
 me emancipo Dione:
 nómbrome su page,
 y el por tal recibíome.
 Suyas son estas cartas,
 suyos estos renglones,
 por lo qual me prometo
 libertad quando torno.
 Pero yo no la quiero,
 ni quiero que me ahorre;
 porque ¿ de que me sirve
 andar cruzando montes
 comer podridas bacas,
 ni pararme en los robres?
 A mi pues me permite
 el mismo Anacreonte
 comer de sus viandas,
 beber de sus licores:
 Y quando vien brindada
 doy saltos voladores,
 le cubro con mis alas,
 y el dulce las acoge.
 Su citara es mi cama,
 sus cuerdas mis colchones,
 en quien suavemente
 duermo toda la noche.
 Mi historia es esta, amigo,
 pero queda á los dioses,
 que me has hecho parlara
 mas que graja del bosque.”

GONGORA.

1561—1627.

DON LUIS DE GONGORA Y ARGOTE was born at Cordova on the 11th July 1561. His father was don Francisco de Argote, corregidor of Cordova, his mother was donna Leonor de Gongora, both of ancient and distinguished noble families; and, as the name of his father was equally patrician with that of his mother, his having given preference to the latter has excited surprise among his Spanish biographers. At the age of fifteen he entered the university of Salamanca, and studied the law; but his inclination led him rather to the cultivation of poetry and general literature; and while at Salamanca, he wrote many amatory, satirical, and burlesque poems. At this time he had so severe an illness, that for three days he was believed to be dead, and his resuscitation was regarded almost as a miracle.

He passed his early life at Cordova, known and esteemed as a poet and a man of talent. His spirit was high, his character ardent and penetrating, and his pen ready, so that he was induced to indulge in personal satire, a circumstance which in after years he deeply regretted; and he changed so much that a friend of his writes, "he became the most ingenuous, candid, and unoffending man in conversation and writing that Spain ever saw." At the age of forty-five he took holy orders, and soon after visited Madrid, invited by several nobles who, esteeming his worth, and regretting his slender means, believed that he would there be enabled to increase them. But though he frequented the society of the great, he was but slightly benefited. However, through the patronage of the duke of Lerma and the marques de Siete Iglesias, he was named honorary chaplain to Philip III. He was held in much esteem by those nobles who cultivated literature, on account of his

great talents ; and he founded a sort of school of literature whose disciples were bigotted, zealous, and intolerant.

He thus wasted eleven years at court, not deceived by vain hopes, for his experienced understanding prevented his entertaining any such illusions, but forced by necessity. He was then taken suddenly and dangerously ill, while attending on the king in a journey to Valentia, away from all his friends ; the queen, however, hearing of his illness, sent a physician to attend him. His head was attacked in a manner not so much to destroy reason, as to take from him all memory ; and in this manner he continued lost to the end of his life. At one time, during a short interval of comparative health, he returned to Cordova that he might be buried in his native place. Not long after he died, on the 24th May, 1627, at the age of sixty-six.

In person Gongora was tall and robust, his face large, his eyes penetrating and lively, his whole appearance venerable, though severe and adust, bearing marks of the causticity and satire of his disposition, which however softened as he grew older. He was a disappointed man. His talents, his understanding, the grasp of mind of which he felt himself capable, nourished an internal ambition, which being ungratified, turned to discontent. It was some satisfaction to his imperious disposition to found a school of poetry, and attack the chief writers of the day, Cervantes and Lope de Vega, the Argensólas and Quevedo, in reply to their just criticisms on his inflated and tortuous style ; and it was balm to his pride to hear the applause of his followers. But it is greatly to his discredit that, while heretofore the disputes of the Spanish poets with regard to literature were conducted with temper, and for the most part with urbanity, Gongora indulged in scurrility and abuse. His excuse, Sedano tells us, is, that this sort of insolence was the fruit of youthful arrogance : yet, as he was a year older than Lope, and contemporary with most of the others, he could not have been so very young when

he entered the lists against them. However, as he grew older, visited Madrid, went to court, and took orders, he threw off the presumption he nourished in his native town, and became gentle, humane, and modest, and regretted his former excesses of temper.

The terms in which his friends speak of him, prove that the honesty and integrity of his disposition, and his great understanding, inspired them with love and veneration ; for, though their language be exaggerated, still it bears marks of sincerity. A friend and disciple writing his life, soon after his death, speaks of him as “the greatest man that not only Spain, but the world ever saw.” He laments his brief career, as he names sixty-six years ; but his praises being written in the excess of the *culto* style, it is impossible almost to understand — quite impossible to translate them. In this style the literal translation only offers nonsense : there is a hidden meaning which is to be guessed at, and that, so metaphoric and obscure, that it very much resembles a Chinese puzzle — difficult to put together, and, when discovered and arranged, not worth the trouble. The *cultoristos* themselves nourished unbounded contempt for any thing that was at all explicable to common understandings in a common manner.

It is remarkable that in the early poetry of Gongora there is no trace of this style which he afterwards invented (as his followers called it), and insisted upon as a prodigy of good taste and poetic genius. His early poetry is peculiarly simple and plain. He wrote redondillas or seguidillas in the old Spanish style, on the most common-place topics, which yet he treats with spirit and power ; others of his poems are softly pathetic ; but all are written without inflation — without conceits, but with all that fire and brilliancy — that gaiety and poignancy which characterised his vivid imagination. Of the first mentioned, those that even verge on the common-place, we may mention the “Child’s Address to his Sister,” as to how they should amuse themselves on a holiday ; in which he describes the plea-

tures of Spanish children, with infinite vivacity and nature. The subject of another, is the story of Hero and Leander. He transforms the hero and heroine of this romantic love story, into two poor peasants — she too poor to buy a lantern, he to hire a boat. The catastrophe, the last swimming of Leander, his coming to the dreary, stormy sea beach, and his throwing himself in — though tarnished by vulgarisms, is lively and picturesque. In all that he wrote there was fire and spirit, facility and a diction truly poetic. One of his sweetest lyrics is the “Song of Catherine of Arragon,” lamenting her sad destiny; it will prepossess the reader in favour of Gongora’s pure style, and we therefore quote the translation of Dr. Bowring: —

“THE SONG OF CATHERINE OF ARRAGON.

“O take a lesson, flowers! from me,
 How in a dawn all charms decay —
 Less than my shadow doomed to be,
 Who was a wonder yesterday.

I, with the early twilight born,
 Found ere the evening shades, a bier,
 And I should die in darkness lorn,
 But that the moon is shining here.
 So must *ye* die — though *ye* appear
 So fair — and night your curtain be;
 O take a lesson, flowers! from me.

My fleeting being was consoled
 When the carnation met my view:
 One hurrying day my doom has told —
 Heaven gave that lovely flower but two.
 Ephemeral monarch of the wold —
 I clad in gloom — in scarlet he;
 O take a lesson, flowers! from me.

The jasmin, sweetest flower of flowers,
 The soonest is its radiance fled;
 It scarce perfumes as many hours
 As there are starbeams round its head.
 If living amber fragrance shed,
 The jasmine sure its shrine must be:
 O take a lesson, flowers! from me.

The bloody-warrior fragrance gives,
 It towers unblushing, proud and gay;
 More days than other flowers it lives,
 It blooms through all the days of May.
 I’d rather like a shade decay,
 Than such a gaudy being be:
 O take a lesson, flowers! from me.”

The following song, sent with flowers, and asking from his lady a kiss for every sting he received while gathering them, is tender and elegant: —

" From my summer alcove, which the stars this morn
 With lucid pearls o'erspread,
 I've gathered these jessamines, thus to adorn
 With a wreath thy graceful head.
 From thy bosom and mouth, they, as flowers, ere death,
 Ask a purer white, and a sweeter breath.
 Their blossoms, a host of bees, alarmed
 Watched over on jealous wing,
 Hoarse trumpeters seemed they all, and armed
 Each bee with a diamond sting :
 I tore them away, but each flower I tore
 Has cost me a wound which smarteth sore.
 Now as I these jessamine flowers entwine,
 A gift for thy fragrant hair,
 I must have, from those honey-sweet lips of thine,
 A kiss for each sting I bear :
 It is just that the blooms I bring thee home
 Be repaid by sweets from the golden comb.*"

His poems in Spanish metres, his letrillas and romances, have the same brilliancy of expression, warmth of emotion, and vivid colouring. The "Ballad of Angelica and Medora" is particularly airy and fresh, but rich and strong as a deep clear inland river that reflects the gorgeous tints of the sky. Gongora surpasses every other Spanish lyricist, in the brilliant colouring of his poetry, and the vivacity of his expression.

But all this he voluntarily set at nought. Instead of writing as a poet, he adopted the crabbed critic's art, and, extreme in all things, gave no quarter even to the beauties of his own compositions. He might reprove the

* This translation is from Mr. Wiffin, to show how simply and beautifully Gongora wrote in his young and unspoiled style, and we give the Spanish of this last song :

" A UNA DAMA PRESENTANDOLA UNAS FLORES.

" De la florida falda
 que oy de perlas bordó la Alba luciente,
 tegidos en guirnalda,
 traslado estos jazmines a tu frente,
 que piden con ser flores
 blanca a tus sienes, y a tu boca olores.

Guarda destes jazmines
 de avejas era un esquadron volante,
 ronco, si, de clarines,
 mas de puntas armado de diamante,
 puselas en huida
 y cada flor mi cuestra una herida.

Mas Clori que he texido
 jazmines al cabello desatado,
 y mas besos te pido
 que avejas tuvo el esquadron armado,
 lisonjas son iguales,
 servir yo en flores, pagar tu en panales."

Obras de Gongora, 1633.

diluted interminable poems of Lope, and the unpoetic style of Cervantes ; he might have been displeased with the poverty of ideas and enervated conceptions of many of his contemporaries ; but he might have been satisfied with his own ease, purity, and strength : he, however, rejected even these, and instituted a system : a new dialect was invented, a new construction adopted, — new words, a dislocated construction, a profusion and exaggeration of figures were introduced. “ He rose,” one of his disciples writes, “ to the sublime height of refinement (*cultura*), which ignorance holds in distaste, and accomplished the greatness of ‘ Polyphemus,’ the ‘ Solitudes,’ and other shorter, but not less, poems.” He grew almost frantic in the dissemination of his system ; and in his vehemence against its opponents, he became lost to poetry, and lives, even to this day, more remembered as a fantastic and ill-judging innovator, than as one of the most natural, brilliant, and imaginative poets that Spain ever produced.

Lope de Vega has written a letter, or rather essay, upon Gongora and his system, and gives the following account of both :

“ I have known this gentleman for eight-and-twenty years, and I hold him to be possessed of the rarest and most excellent talent of any in Cordova, so that he need not yield even to Seneca or Lucan, who were natives of the same town. Pedro Linan de Riaza, his contemporary at Salamanca, told me much of his proficiency in study, so that I cultivated his acquaintance, and improved it by the intercourse we had when I visited Andalusia ; and it always appeared as if he liked and esteemed me more than my poor merits deserve. Many other distinguished men of letters at that time competed with him : — Herrera, Vicente Espinel, the two Argensolas, and others, among whom this gentleman held such place, that Fame said the same of him as the Delphic oracle did of Socrates.

“ He wrote in all styles with elegance, and in gay and festive compositions his wit was not less celebrated than Martial’s, while it was far more decent. We have

several of his works composed in a pure style, which he continued for the greater part of his life. But, not content with having reached the highest step of fame in sweetness and softness, he sought (I have always believed with good and sincere intentions, and not with presumption, as his enemies have asserted), to enrich the art, and even language, with such ornaments and figures as were never before imagined nor seen. In my opinion he fulfilled his aim, if this was his intent; the difficulty rests in receiving his system: and so many obstacles have arisen, that I doubt they will never cease, except with their cause; for I think the obscurity and ambiguity of his expressions must be disagreeable to many. By some he is said to have raised this new style into a peculiar class of poetry; and they are not mistaken: for, as in the old manner of writing, it took a life to become a poet, in this new one it requires but a day: for, with these transpositions, four rules, and six Latin words or emphatic phrases, they rise so high that they do not know—far less understand themselves. Lipsius wrote a new Latin, which those who are learned in such things say Cicero and Quintilian laugh at in the other world; and those who have imitated him are so wise that they lose themselves. And I know others who have invented a language and style so different from Lipsius that they require a new dictionary. And thus those who imitate this gentleman produce monstrous births—and fancy that, by imitating his style, they inherit his genius. Would to God they imitated him in that part which is worthy of adoption; for every one must be aware that there is much that is deserving of admiration, while the rest is wrapt in the darkness of such ambiguity as I have found the cleverest men at fault when they tried to understand it. The foundation of this edifice is transposition, rendered the more harsh by the disjoining of substantives from adjectives, where no parenthesis is possible, so that even to pronounce it is difficult: tropes and figures are the ornaments, so little to the purpose, that it is as if a woman, when painting herself, instead of putting the rouge on her cheeks, should apply it to her nose, fore-

head and ears. Transpositions may be allowed, and there are common examples, but they must be appropriate. Boscan, Garcilaso, and Herrera use them. Look at the elegance, softness, and beauty of the divine Herrera, worthy of imitation and admiration! for, it is not to enrich a language, to reject its natural idiom, and adopt instead phrases borrowed from a foreign tongue; but, now, they write in the style of the curate who asked his servant for the "anserine reed," telling her that "the Ethiopian licour was wanting in the cornelian vase." These people do not attend to clearness or dignity of style, but to the novelty of these exquisite modes of expression, in which there is neither truth nor propriety, nor enlargement of the powers of language; but an odious invention that renders it barbarous, imitated from one who might have been an object of just admiration to us all."*

In addition to these grave and reasonable arguments, Lope attacked the culto style with ridicule, better suited to explode the would-be invention of the unintelligible. In several plays he alludes to it with good humoured raillery. In one of them, a cavalier desirous of making use of the talents of a poet to write for him, asks —

Cav. A plain or polished bard? †
Poet. Refined my style.
Cav. My secrets then remain with me to write.
Poet. Your secrets? Why?
Cav. For, with refinement penned,
 Their meaning sure no soul shall comprehend. ‡

In another play, a lady describing her rival, ridicules her as,

"She who writes in that high polished style,
 That language so charmingly Greek,
 Which never was heard in Castile,
 And her mother ne'er taught her to speak."§

* Discurso sobre la Nueva Poesia por Lope de Vega.

† Lord Holland's *Life of Lope de Vega*.

‡ *Lop.* Sois vulgar o culterano?

Scv. Culto soy.

Lop. Quedaos en casa

Y escribireis mis secretos.

Scv. Sus secretos! por que causa?

Lop. Porque nadie los entienda.

"Aquella que escribe en culto
 por a quel Griego language;
 que no lo supo Castilla,
 ni se enseñóle su madre."

In addition to these quotations, there are many more chance arrows let fly at the absurdity, in his volume of burlesque poetry, written under the name of Tomé de Burguillos, in the shape of parodies on this style. We select one which however ridiculous it reads, is a very moderate representation of the bombast Gongora brought into fashion.

“ TO A COMB, THE POET NOT KNOWING WHETHER IT
WAS OF BOX OR IVORY.

“ Sail through the red waves of the sea of love,
O, bark of Barcelona, and between
The billows of those ringlets proudly move,
And now be hidden there, and now be seen !
What golden surges, Love, who lurks beneath,
Weaves with the windings of that splendid hair !
Be grateful for thy bliss, and leave him there,
In joyance unmolested by thy teeth.
O tusk of elephant, or limb of box,
Gently unravel thou her tangled locks,
Gently the windings of those curls unfold,
Like the sun's rays, in parallels arrange them,
And through the labyrinth shape thy paths of gold,
Ere yet to silver envious time shall change them.”*

While Lope on these occasions, and on many others, takes occasion to reprehend and satirise this new system, his disciples held it up as the wonder of the world ; they called it the *estilo culto*, or refined style, and themselves *cultoristos* : each phrase was to be twisted, each word to receive a new and deeper meaning, while mythology, and all sorts of phantastic imagery, gave a bombastic gilding to the whole ; and when they had written verses high in sound, but obscure and simple in meaning, they fancied they had arrived at sublimity. Thus, a petty hill

* “ A UN PEYNE, QUE NO SABIA EL POETA SI ERA DE BOX
O DE MARFIL.

“ Sulca del mar de amor las rubias ondas,
barco de Barcelona, y por los bellos
lazos navega altivo, aunque por ellos
tal vez te muestres, y tal vez te escondas.
Ya no flechas, Amor, dorados ondas
teje de sus esplendidos cabellos ;
tu con los dientes no lo quites dellos,
para que a tanta dicha correspondas.
Desenvuelve los rizos con decoro,
los paralelos de mi sol desata,
box o colmillo de elephante Moro,
y en tanto que esparcidos los dilata
forma por la madeja sendas de ora
antes que el tiempo los convierta en plata.”

assumes the proportions of a mountain in the evening mist. We may look at it with wonder, we may lose our way or tumble into a ditch in endeavouring to reach it ; but, once at its summit, and we find ourselves scarcely elevated above the plain.

The "Polyphemus" and the "Solitudes" of Gongora, are, as has been mentioned, the poems written in his most exaggerated style. The "Polyphemus" begins with a description of the giant, who "was a mountain of members eminent." His dark hair was a "knotty imitation of the turbid wayes of Lethe ; and, as the wind combs them stormily, they fly dishevelled, or hang down disordered : his beard is a torrent, the dried-up offspring of this Pyrenees ! Trinacria has no wild beast in its mountains armed with such cruelty, shod with such wind, whose ferocity can defend, nor whose speed may save ! Their skins, spotted with a hundred colours, are his cloak ; and thus he drives in his oxen to their stall, treading the doubtful light of morn." His "Soledades" or "Solitudes," commence even more in the *estilo culto*, and with such very refined phrases and images that no one can make any thing of it. We give a short passage with Sismondi's translation, and the Spanish, that the reader may judge in what a jungle of interminable words, and heterogeneous ideas, this mistaken poet lost himself : —

" 'T was in the flowery season of the year,
 When fair Europa's ravisher disguised,
 (A crescent moon, the arms upon his brow,
 And strewed with sunbeams all his glitt'ring skin),
 Shines out the glowing honour of the sky,
 And the stars pastures in the azure fields,
 When he who well the cup of Jove might fill
 More gracefully than Ida's shepherd boy,
 Was wrecked — and scorned as well as far away,
 The tears of love and amorous complaints
 Gave to the sea, which he then pitying
 Imparts to rustling leaves, that to the wind
 Repeats the saddest sighs,
 Soft as Arion's softest instrument —
 And from the mountain top a pine which aye
 Struggled with its fierce enemy the North,
 There rent a pitying limb — and the brief plank
 Became a no small dolphin to the youth
 Who wand'ring heedlessly, was forced t' intrust
 His way unto a Libyan waste of sea,

And his existence to an ocean-skiff,
 At first sucked in, and afterwards thrown forth,
 Where not far off a rock there stood, whose top
 Was crowned with bulrushes, and feathers warm
 With seaweed dank and foam besprent all o'er,
 And rest and safety found there where a nest
 The bird of Jove had built.
 He kissed the sands, and of the broken skiff,
 The portion that was thrown upon the beach
 He gave the rock — and let the rugged cliffs
 Behold his loveliness, for naked stood
 The youth. — The ocean first had drunk, and then
 Restored his vestments to the yellow sands,
 And in the sunshine he extended them,
 And the sun licking them with his sweet tongue
 Of tempered fire, slowly invests them round,
 And sucks the moisture from the smallest thread.”*

Sismondi only gives half this sentence, but the latter part is the most intelligible; and besides it was difficult to refrain from presenting the reader with the refined image

* “ Era del año la estacion florida,
 en que el mentido robador de Europa
 (media Luna las armas de su frente,
 y el Sol todos los rayos de su pelo)
 luziente honor del cielo
 en campos de zafiro paze las estrellas,
 quando el que ministrar podia la copa
 a Jupiter, mejor que el garçon de Ida
 naufragó, y desdeñado sobre ausente
 lagrimosas de Amor, dulces querellas
 Dá al mar, que condolido
 fue a las ondas, que al viento
 el misero gemido,
 segundo de Arion dulce instrumento
 del siempre en la montaña opuesto pino,
 al enemigo Noto
 piadoso miembro roto,
 breve tabla, Delfin no fue pequeño
 al inconsiderado peregrino,
 que a una Libia de ondas su camino
 fio, y su vida a un leño
 del oceano, pues antes sorvido
 y luego vomitado,
 no lexos de un escollo coronado
 de secos juncos, de calientes plumas,
 (Alga todo, y espumas)
 halló hospitalidad donde halló nido
 de Jupiter el ave,
 besa la arena, y de la rota nave
 aquella parte poca
 que lo expuso en la playa, dio a la roca,
 que aun se dexan las peñas
 lisongear de agradecidas señas,
 desnudo el joven, quanto ya el vestido
 oceano ha bevido
 restituir le haze a las arenas, .
 y al sol lo estiende luego,
 que lamiendolo apenas
 su dulce lengua de templado fuego
 lento lo embiste, y con suave estilo
 la menor honda chupa al menor hilo.”

(*culta figura*) of the manner in which the shipwrecked boy's clothes were dried. In a hurried translation of this sort, the harmony of verse is not preserved; and that, it must be remarked, is great, and one of Gongora's chief beauties. There is, indeed, a sort of dusky gorgeoussness throughout; but it makes the reader smile, to be told that this style of poetry was new and unknown, and "superior to aught that man ever before imagined or composed:" that it was to supersede Garcilaso, Herrera, and Gongora himself in his better days. Such was the faith of the *cultoristos*, such their hope in the *estilo culto*.

Sismondi's translation of the first part of this sentence runs thus: — "C'était la saison fleurie de l'année dans laquelle le ravisseur déguisé d'Europe, portant sur son front pour armes une demie-lune, et tous les rayons du soleil disséminés sur son front, devenu un honneur brillant du ciel, menait paître des étoiles dans des champs de saphir; lorsque celui qui était bien plus fait pour présenter la coupe à Jupiter que le jeune homme d'Ida, fit naufrage, et confia à la mer de douces plaintes et des larmes d'amour; celle-ci pleine de compassion les transmit aux feuilles qui répétant le triste gémissement du vent comme le doux instrument d'Arion ——" Here Sismondi breaks off, for here Gongora becomes particularly obscure. We guess (it is all guessing with the *cultoristos*), that the poet intends to say, that the pitying waves repeated to the winds the complaints of the wrecked youth, which in compassion tore from the pine the limb that served him as a skiff to save him. Whether the instrument, soft as Arion's, typifies the voice of the youth, or the waves, or the wind, or the pine tree, is an enigma beyond our solving.

QUEVEDO.

1580—1645.

SPANIARDS may look back with pride to this epoch, so fertile in genius, so prolific of the talent and high character that germinates in the Spanish soul, and which it required unexampled despotism and cruelty to crush and efface. Not that the inborn greatness of that people is lost, but its outward demonstration, after this period, became the unheard and sightless prey of political oppression. The words of Gray, wherein he speaks of the heroes and poets who may have been born and died without achieving distinction, or performing any act capable of winning it, is so true, perhaps, in no country as in Spain : but with them it cannot be said, that

“ Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.”

It was the stake and the dungeon, a system of misrule, and the aspect of the merciless deeds committed by their governors on helpless multitudes, that destroyed the energies, and blighted the genius, of the people. When we read of such acts as the banishment of the Moriscos, and the history of all that that high-hearted people suffered — torn from their native vales and hills, and cast out upon the stranger — we wonder what manner of men lived in Spain, and feel that these inhuman and impious deeds must have poisoned the very air. But, politically speaking, it is not the act, but its effects, that are so baneful ; national crime influences by causing the degeneracy of the race. The youth may live a life of sin ; it is the man that is the sufferer. And thus the heroes of Spain of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, might glory in their children of the sixteenth ; but the

infection of evil had touched these, and their descendants made good the awful denunciation, — that the children are to suffer for their parents' crimes — an annunciation of divine will, so carried out in the vast system of the world, though often omitted in particular instances, as to demonstrate that it is one of the laws bestowed by heaven to govern the human race.

Among the men who, last of the Spaniards of renown, flourished at that epoch, Quevedo deserves particular mention. He was a man of genius — a man who acted as well as wrote, and displayed in both originality, penetration and rectitude; whose character was as admirable as his intellect. He was the victim, also, of the most frightful misrule; and the fate of Quevedo alone might be brought forward as an example of the infamy of the political institutions of Spain.

Don Francisco Gomez de Quevedo Villegas, was born at Madrid in September 1580. His father, Pedro Gomez de Quevedo, was a courtier. He had been secretary to the empress Mary, and afterwards filled the same situation to queen Anne, wife of Philip II. His mother, donna Maria de Santibanez, also was attached to the court, and was a lady of the bedchamber to the queen. They were both of noble family, and descended from the most ancient landed proprietors of the Montana, in the Valle de Toranzo.

His father died when he was a child; and he was brought up in the royal palace by his mother, but she also died when he was young*, as we gather from one of his ballads, in which he gives a jocosely bitter account of the ill luck that pursued him through life. He went early to the university of Alcalà, and there his passion for study developed itself in all its intensity, so that we are told that he took his degree in theology, to the wonder of every body, at fifteen. This seems almost

* "Murieron luego mis padres,
Dios en el cielo los tenga,
porque no vuelvan acá,
y a engendrar mas hijos vuelvan."

Musa, VI.—*Romance*, XVI.

incredible ; but it is plain he took it with credit, and a the expense of great labour.

This science and success, however, did not satisfy him. He gave himself eagerly up to the acquirement of other knowledge : civil and canon law, medicine and natural history, the learned languages, and the various systems of philosophy, were in the number of his studies and acquirements : poetry was added to the list. His grasping and clear mind became informed by all the learning of the times ; it converted it all to nutriment, and acquired power from the various intellectual weapons he taught himself to wield.

His career was checked by a circumstance that may rather be looked on as fortunate, since it forced him to quit the immediate atmosphere of the court, and to make his way elsewhere, through his own exertions and merits. He was, though so young, held in high esteem for his conduct, and, as the most accomplished cavalier of his time, was often made the arbitrator of quarrels : in which character he displayed his good sense and good feeling by the care he at once took, to watch over the point of honour and to reconcile adversaries. He himself wielded all weapons of defence with singular dexterity ; though, being born with both his feet turned in, this deformity must have impeded the full developement of his powers, which, nevertheless, exceeded those of most men in strength and skill, and were aided by his bravery and greatness of mind. These qualifications had brought him off the conqueror in several unexpected and inevitable rencontres, where he had been obliged to defend or assert himself. On one occasion a man, calling himself a gentleman, entirely unknown to him, took advantage of the darkness in which churches are plunged during the evening of Holy Thursday, to insult a lady (equally unknown to Quevedo), in the church of St. Martin, at Madrid. Quevedo came forward to her assistance, forced the insulter into the street, and, reproving him for his brutality, they drew on each other, and Quevedo ran his adversary through the body. The friends

of the cavalier endeavoured to seize him, and he was obliged to fly: he took refuge in Italy, and thence, invited by the viceroy, repaired to Sicily.

At this time Don Pedro Giron, duke of Osuna and grandee of Spain, was viceroy of Sicily. He was a man of singular character; and the career he ran, in which Quevedo was involved, was as strange and various as was his disposition and designs.* The character of the Spanish, under the gloomy influence of Philip II., had become dignified, grave and ceremonious. His son Philip III. was of a different character. His father had taken pains to inculcate all his own bigotry in matters of religion, and, at the same time, to inspire him with application, judgment, and a knowledge of the arts of government. In the first part of his education he succeeded; in the latter he wholly failed. Philip III. was a weak prince and as such given up to favouritism. On coming to the crown, he devolved all the labours of government on the marquis of Denia whom he made duke of Lerma, who again entrusted much of the royal patronage and power to Don Rodrigo de Calderon, a man of low birth, but of high and haughty mind, who became count of Oliva and marquis de Siete Iglesias. The court of Philip III., however, preserved much of the dignity, the severe etiquette and solemn gravity brought in by Philip II. In this serious and ceremonious circle the duke of Osuna was almost regarded as a madman. He displayed the fervour and spirit of youth in a gaiety and recklessness of manner and behaviour, wholly at war with courtly decorum and seriousness. His wit was brilliant, his understanding penetrating, his imagination full of fire and extravagance; his temper ardent and joyous. He was often called insane, and the sober tried to bring him into disesteem. His high birth and vast fortunes, however, gave him rank and weight, and he had distinguished himself in the wars of the Low Countries, not only by his bravery but by his military skill. His

* Cespedes.

disposition prompted him to love the trade of war ; and he made such use of his experience during the struggle carried on in that disturbed country, that he became reputed fit to command an army. His valour was undoubted ; on one occasion he had three horses killed under him, and the success that attended his enterprises surrounded them with still greater lustre. He was licentious in his habits, but so grossly so, that he was never the slave of love. His ambition was unbounded ; his designs vast : his imagination suggested a thousand strange modes of satisfying it, and engendered schemes so wild and daring that, while the world was amazed, and its repose disturbed, their very singularity, in many instances, commanded success. His military reputation was the cause, joined to the influence of Uzeda, son of the duke of Lerma, who was his friend, that, notwithstanding his indiscretions and levity, he came to be named viceroy of Sicily.

Quevedo was an invaluable acquisition to such a man. His gaiety and wit recommended him as a companion : his understanding, his integrity, his elevated character, his resolution, his capacity for labour, and his great knowledge, caused him to be a useful servant to one, whose vast designs required instruments of power and skill. The duke showed his great confidence in his talents and fidelity by sending him as his ambassador to Madrid, to recount his exploits and explain his designs. Quevedo succeeded so well that, the king and council bestowed a pension on him, and the duke of Osuna was advanced to the viceroyalty of Naples—which opened a new scene for his schemes and a wide field for his towering ambition. Osuna's first acts were directed against the Turkish power, and he obtained several splendid victories in the Mediterranean and on the coasts of Africa, but he had designs more at heart than a victory over the Turks. The war of the Low Countries was concluded, and there was peace between France and Spain. The Spanish power, possessed of Sicily and Naples and Milan, threatened to become omnipotent in

Italy. Charles Emanuel, duke of Savoy, a gallant and patriotic prince in vain endeavoured to make head against it : he was forced to submit. Still in heart he was at war ; and this sovereign and the republic of Venice made a quiet but determined stand against the encroachments of Spain in Italy. The Duke of Osuna set himself in opposition to them, and, in particular, used every means he could command, to weaken and injure the Venetians.

The methods he took were lawless and dishonourable, but they shewed his despotic and daring spirit. He encouraged the *Uscocchi*, a tribe of pirates who inhabited Istria, and infested the Mediterranean. A Spanish fleet protected their attacks on the Venetians, intercepted the forces of the republic sent against them, and seized upon their merchantmen in the Adriatic. Corsairs and pirates of all nations brought their prizes to the ports of Naples, and found shelter and protection : they were permitted to trade ; and Osuna thus gathered together a number of desperate men whom he could use in the execution of any daring enterprise. The fair traders and merchants of Naples however, finding commerce decline, complained at the court of Madrid ; the French also made representations against the nefarious acts of the pirates protected by Osuna ; and the court, which had entered on a treaty of peace with Savoy, and was negotiating one between Venice and Ferdinand of Austria, sent an order to the viceroy to suspend all hostilities.

Osuna would not obey. He sent a fleet into the Adriatic, and threatened with death any one who should dare carry complaints to Madrid. His pretence was the alarm of an intended invasion by the Turks, while at the same time he was endeavouring to induce the Porte to attack Candia. This fleet was driven into port by a storm : but he had a number of privateers which, notwithstanding Spain was at peace with Venice, captured the vessels of that state ; and, when he was ordered to restore them, he obeyed by sending back

the vessels and keeping the cargoes. In vain did the Venetians complain. Osuna declared that he would persist while he detected latent enmity to Spain in the councils of the republic, and the Spanish ambassador was forced to allow that the viceroy was beyond royal control.

But his designs did not end here; his heart was set on the destruction of Venice: and, his daring and untroubled imagination suggesting the wildest schemes, he set on foot another attempt even less venial than his encouragement of the Uscocchi. It is true that Spanish historians, and, among them, Ortiz, deny the complicity of Spain in the conspiracy formed against Venice, and throw upon the Venetian senate the accusation of trumping up a plot, for the sake of getting rid of the Spanish ambassador: but all other nations concur in believing the conspiracy to have been real, and in affirming that the interesting account Saint Real gives, is, in the main, founded on undoubted facts.

The name of the Bedmar conspiracy against Venice is familiar to us through Otway's play. This is not the place to go into minute detail. The marquis of Bedmar was a man of great talent and acquirements. The Spanish government held him in high esteem; he was sagacious and discerning, and he had that zeal for the glory of his country, which in that day distinguished the Spaniards: and it was of the first importance to the prosperity of Spain to weaken, how much more to destroy the state of Venice. His design was to introduce foreign troops surreptitiously into the town — to fire the arsenal and other parts of the city, and to seize on its places of strength. The senators were to be massacred; and if the citizens offered resistance, artillery was to be turned on them, and the city laid in ruins. The plot was discovered: it is not known exactly how. It seems probable, that a conspirator, a Venetian, a Jaffier, betrayed it through the suggestions of fear or humanity, and Venice was preserved.

Bedmar, it is said, communicated his plot to Osuna, and they acted in concert. There can be no doubt, but

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that both ministers were zealously bent on weakening the power of Venice; and, as there appears ample proof that this conspiracy originated in the marquis of Bedmar, so is it also probable that he associated in it a spirit so lawless, a man so bold and resolute as Osuna. Quevedo was the emissary that passed between them, and if Osuna was privy to the plot, it seems certain that Quevedo also was. This is a painful circumstance. We hear so much of the integrity and excellence of Quevedo's character, that we are averse to believe his complicity in the nefarious attempt to destroy a rival state, not by the fair advantages of war, but by conspiracy, incendiarism, and massacre; that state also not only being at peace, but the plot originating in, and carried on by one who bore the sacred character of an ambassador. But, nurtured under the poisonous influence of the Inquisition, fraught with a zeal, which does not deserve the name of patriotic, since the true honour of their country was not consulted, the Spaniards nourished a false conscience; and the men who could serve God by the murder of the innocent and helpless, could serve their king by perjury and assassination. During his various political services the life of Quevedo had been several times attempted, and this also might tend to blunt his sense of right: he might fancy that it was but fair retaliation to use towards others the secret weapon levelled against himself. However this may be, whether or not he were acquainted with the secret of the conspiracy, and took a part in it, it is certain that he was in Venice at the time that the plot was discovered. Many of his intimate friends were seized and perished by the hands of the executioner; but he contrived to elude the vigilance of the senate, and finally made his escape in the guise of a mendicant.

Osuna continued viceroy of Naples, and it began to be suspected that he intended to arrogate power independent of the king his master. His success at sea against Venice raised him many enemies, as he gained it through the destruction of all fair trade, and also by the imposition of vast and burthensome taxes. The

Neapolitan nobility were, in a body, inimical to him ; and all those disaffected to the Spanish rule made him the apparent object of their hatred and complaints. He, aware of their aversion, endeavoured to crush them ; he visited all those crimes severely which they had hitherto, under shadow of their rank, committed unpunished. He excluded them from all offices of power and trust, and took occasion when he could, to confiscate their property. He encouraged a spirit of sedition among the common people ; he surrounded himself by foreign troops ; he encouraged men of desperate fortunes — he commanded the sea — and his power became unbounded. He utterly despised the king his master, calling him the great drum of the monarchy, as if he had been a mere tool and instrument, and possessed no real authority.

With all this it is not probable that he really conspired to seize on Naples. He wished to rule absolutely and unquestioned, but did not go beyond into forming designs of putting his power on a new and independent foundation. His wild projecting brain was well known, and caused many of his acts to pass unnoticed ; but his enemies increased, and their complaints at court were frequent. They fabricated accusations to his dishonour, exaggerated his weaknesses and faults, and combined together for his overthrow. Finding that he became aware of their attempts, they, fearful of his revenge, renewed them with increased fervour. Men of the highest rank in Naples visited Madrid, and put themselves forward to misinterpret his actions. They artfully represented that the ruin of commerce, and the desolation of the kingdom arose from his dissolute life and misrule. The king and his ministers gave ear to these representations, and commanded Osuna to return to Madrid. This was a great blow to the duke : though he received it with apparent constancy, he neither liked to lose his place, nor, above all, to lose it under dishonourable imputations, and he delayed obedience. Thus colour was given to the idea that he meant to assert his

independence. The court of Madrid, therefore, proceeded more warily: they contrived to get possession of his galleys and other vessels of war; and orders were dispatched to cardinal don Gaspar de Borgia, who was named his successor, to proceed instantly from Rome, where he was residing, to Naples, and to seize on the government. Borgia arrived at Gaëta, but still Osuna protracted his stay under various pretences. The nobles represented that he was endeavouring to raise an insurrection among the populace and soldiers; and Borgia, to put an end to the struggle, having gained the support of the governor of the Castel Nuovo, introduced himself into that fortress by night. The following morning the discharge of artillery proclaimed his arrival, and Osuna was obliged to submit. He returned by slow journies to Spain. He presented himself at court, and the king turned his back on him. Osuna eyed his sovereign with contempt, muttering, "The king treats me not as a man, but as a child." Not long after, Philip III. died. The enemies of Osuna were not idle; fresh accusations of his treasonable intents at Naples were perpetually made; and one of the first acts of the reign of Philip IV. was to throw him into prison. The distress of his mind increased the disease of which he was the victim, and he died in prison of a dropsy, in the year 1624.

1620. Quevedo was enveloped in his ruin. He had been a
 Ætat. zealous and laborious servant to Osuna and to his
 40. government. He had, by his attention to the finances discovered various frauds, and brought large sums into the treasury. He crossed the sea seven times as ambassador to the court of Madrid, and fulfilled the same employment at Rome. He had been rewarded by the gift of the habit of Santiago. He loved and revered Osuna, and testified his attachment by writing several sonnets in his honour. One is on his death, in which he says, "The fields of Flanders are his monument—the blood-stained Crescent his epitaph: Spain gave him a prison and death; but though his country failed him,

his deeds were his defence."* He wrote three other sonnets as epitaphs †: Ortiz mentions them as containing an epitome of the duke's life. He says of him that he was "The terror of Asia, the fear of Europe, and the thunder-bolt of Africa. His name alone was victory, there where the Crescent ruled. He divorced Venice and the Sea." In another he sums up his achievements against the Turks:—"He liberated a thousand Christians from the galleys; he assaulted and sacked Goletta, Chicheri, and Calivia: the Danube, and Moselle and the Rhine paled before his armies." The fall of Osuna included his own. There can be no doubt that he was innocent of all participation in any treasonable designs of the viceroy, but innocence was a slight resource in Spain against powerful accusers. He was arrested and carried to his villa of Torre de Juan Abad, and imprisoned there for three years and a half. He was confined with such rigour, that in default of medical aid he fell severely ill, so that he wrote to the president of the council, to represent the miserable state of his health, and obtained leave to attend to his cure in the neighbouring city of Villa Nueva de los Infantes. A few months after he was liberated, under the restriction that he was not to appear at court. But the total absence of all proof against him, caused this sentence to be taken off soon after. Unfortunately he was not satisfied with freedom from persecution. His fortunes had suffered during his imprisonment, and he sought to mend them by claiming the arrears of his pension, the payment of which had been suspended during his disgrace. This lighted again the fire of persecution, and he was again exiled, and retired to his villa of Torre Juan Abad, till after the lapse of another year he was allowed to return to Madrid. No longer persecuted, and restored to his proper place in society, he resided for some time at court, where he enjoyed the reputation his talents, pru-

* "Memoria immortal de D. Pedro Giron, duque de Osuna, muerto en la Prison." Musa 1. Soneto 13.

† Musa III. Sonetos 4, 5. 9.

dence, and conduct commanded, so that the king, to reward his services, and compensate for his sufferings, named him one of his secretaries.

1632. But such honours had ceased to charm Quevedo.
 Ætat. Misfortune and disgrace had taught him to look with
 52. aversion on public employments; his long imprisonment had accustomed him to study, and engendered a love of tranquillity. Several places were offered him by the count-duke Olivarez, minister and favourite of Philip IV., such as minister for state dispatches, and the embassy to Genoa, but he declined them and gave himself up to study and philosophy. His writings were many, and gained for him a high reputation; he was in correspondence with all the most learned men of Europe, and was enriched by the revenue of several benefices; thus for several years he enjoyed reputation and prosperity. He gave up, however, his church preferments for the sake of marrying. His wife was donna Esperanza de Aragon y la Cabra, Señora of Cetina, and she belonged to one of the highest families in the kingdom. With her he retired to Cetina; but he was not long allowed to enjoy the happiness he promised himself: his wife died within a few months, and this last misfortune, destroying the fabric of felicity he had erected, and counted upon possessing to the end of his life, was the heaviest blow of all. His resource and consolation was retirement and study. He took up his abode at Torre Juan Abad, and gave himself up to the cultivation of literature and poetry.
1634. Several of his poems are expressive of the delight he
 Ætat. felt at leaving Madrid for the solitude of his villa which
 54. was placed in the Sierra of La Mancha. One of his romances describes his progress from Madrid through Toledo, la Mancha, and the Sierra, to his estate: the poem is burlesque, and in ridicule of all he sees; but there are others in which he dwells with satisfaction on his tranquil occupations. "Retired to the solitude of these deserts," he writes, "with few but wise books, I enjoy the conversation of the dead, and with my eyes

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listen to those who are no more. The press gives into our hands those great souls whom death has freed from injury. The hour takes its irrevocable flight, but that is spent best which improves us by reading and study.”*

He was an excellent landlord, and a kind master; he exerted himself in acts of charity towards his vassals, and conducted himself with Christian humility and mercy. For a few years he was permitted to enjoy this tranquillity; it was a sort of calm after storm, where the absence of sorrow is called happiness. His active mind furnished him with occupation, while his piety and philosophy taught him content. He might now hope that he was assured of such a state of peace to the end of his life, — for he had relinquished every ambitious project, and limited his views to the narrowed sphere immediately around him. But Quevedo was one of those men marked by destiny for misfortune. He playfully, and yet with some bitterness, alludes to his evil fate, in a poem before quoted. He says: “My fortunes are so black, they might serve me for ink: I might be used as an image of a saint; — for, if the country people want rain, they have but to turn me out naked, and they are sure of a deluge; if they want sun, let me be covered by a mantle, and it will shine at night; I am always mistaken for some object of vengeance, and receive the blows intended for another. If a tile is to fall, it waits till I pass under. If I wish to

* The last three lines of this sonnet would serve admirably for a motto to a time-piece in a library. The whole, from which the above is an extract, runs thus: —

“Retirado en la paz de estos desiertos,
 Con pocos, pero doctos libros juntos,
 Vivo en conversacion con los difuntos,
 Y escuchocon mis ojos à los muertos.
 Sino siempre entendidos, siempre abiertos,
 O enmiendan, o fecundan mis asuntos,
 Y en musicos callados contrapuntos
 Al sueño de la vida hablan despiertos.
 Las grandes almas, que la Muerte ausenta
 De injurias, de los años vengadora,
 Libra, o gran Don Joseph, docta la emprenta.
 En fuga irrevocable huye la hora;
 Pero aquella el mejor calculo cuenta
 Que en la leccion y estudios nos mejora.”

borrow from any one, he replies so rudely, that, instead of borrowing, I am obliged to lend my patience. Every fool prates to me ; every old woman makes love ; every poor person begs ; every prosperous one takes offence. When I travel, I always miss my road ; when I play, I always lose ; every friend deceives, every enemy sticks to me ; water fails me at sea,—in taverns I find it in plenty, mingled with my wine. I have given up all employments, for I know that if I turned hosier, people would go bare-legged ; if physician, no one would fall ill. If I am gallant towards a woman, she listens to or refuses me,—both are equally disastrous. If a man wished to die neither by poison nor pestilence, he has but to intend to benefit me, and he will not live an hour. Such is the adverseness of my star, that I submit and try to propitiate its pride by my adoration." *

1641. But worse luck was in store for him, and a misfortune so heavy, as to put an end to his life, after exhausting him by suffering. He was suspected of being the author of certain libels against the court, and to the injury of public morals;—and an accusation was brought against him, either by some malicious enemy, or officious and mistaken meddler. Happening to visit Madrid for some cause, and being in the house of a grandee, his friend, he was arrested at eleven at night, in the month of December 1641, and imprisoned in a dungeon of the royal Casa de San Marcos de Leon, and his possessions seized on. His confinement was cruel as well as rigorous,—his dungeon was damp ;—a stream flowed through it close to his pillow. He was allowed no money, and lived by charity ; his clothes became rags, and he could not renew them. This frightful situation produced sores on his body, and not being allowed medical aid, he was forced to dress them himself.

There are two letters of his extant, written in prison, —one addressed to a friend,—the other, a memorial to the count-duke Olivarez, soliciting inquiry into his

* Musa VI., romance xvi.

case.* These letters are far less interesting than might have been expected from so vivid a writer as Quevedo, describing the squalid wretchedness of a dungeon, and the horrors of his lot ; but they are curious monuments of the manners of the day, shewing how men endured the evils of misrule, and evincing the resignation and dignity Quevedo could preserve throughout.

The first is addressed to a gentleman whom his biographers name his intimate friend, don Diego de Villagomez, a cavalier of the city of Leon ; but the style is as cold and ceremonious as if written to an archbishop. It begins by saying :—“ I who am a warning write to you who are an example to the world,—but different as we are, we both travel to the same end, — and adversity has this of good, that it serves as a lesson to others. Even in learning the military profession, you have shewn yourself a good captain. For you have not left it, but attained preferment. War endures to all men through life, for life is war ; and to live and to struggle is the same thing.” — He then makes a religious application of this maxim, saying, that to leave a worldly service for that of Jesus, is to follow a better banner and to be assured of the pay ; and, after a long disquisition on this subject, and in praise of St. Ignatius, he concludes by saying : “ I can count, señor don Diego, fourteen years and a half of imprisonment, and may add to this the misery of this last dungeon, in which, I count the wages of my sins. Give me pity in exchange for the envy I bear you ; and since God gives you better society, enjoy it, far from the solitude of your friend, who lies in the grasp of persecution, far short in his account, though he pays much less than he owes. And may God give you his grace and benediction. From prison, the 8th of June, 1643.”

The memorial to the count-duke is far more to the purpose, but, even that is very diffuse and pedantic, though the facts he details were impressive enough to obtain compassion without quotations from the ancients ; but such was the tone of that age.

* Vida de Quevedo por Tarsia.

“ My lord,” he writes, “ a year and ten months have passed since I was thrown into prison, on the seventh of December, on the eve of the Conception of our Lady, at half-past ten at night ; when I was dragged in the depth of winter, without a cloak, and without a shirt, in my sixty-first year, to this royal convent of San Marcos de Leon ; where I have remained all the time mentioned, in most rigorous confinement ; sick with three wounds, which have festered through the effects of cold, and the vicinity of a stream that flows near my pillow ; and not being allowed a surgeon, it has been a sight of pity to see me cauterise them with my own hands. I am so poor that I have been clothed, and my life supported by charity. The horror of my hardships has struck every one with dread. I have only one sister, a nun among the barefooted Carmelites, from whom I can hope nothing, but that she should recommend me to God. I acknowledge (for so my sins persuade) mercy in this cruelty. For I am myself the voice of my conscience, and I accuse my life. If your Excellency found me well off, mine would be the praise. To find me miserable, and to do me good, makes the praise yours ; and if I am unworthy of pity, your Excellency is worthy to feel it, and it is the appropriate virtue of so great a noble and minister. ‘ There is nothing,’ says Seneca, when consoling Marcia, ‘ that I consider so meritorious in those who hold a high station, as the pardoning many things, and seeking pardon for none.’ What worse crime can I commit, than persuading myself that my misfortunes are to be the limit of your magnanimity ? I ask time from your Excellency to revenge myself on myself. The world has already heard what my enemies can say against me ; I desire now that they should hear me against myself, and my accusations will be the more true from being exempt from hatred. I protest, before God, our Lord, that in all that is said of me, I am guilty of no other crime, than not having lived an exemplary life, so that my sins may be attributed to my folly. Those who

see me, do not believe that I am a prisoner on suspicion, but under a most rigorous sentence; wherefore I do not expect death, but live in communion with it. I exist only through its generosity,—and I am a corpse in all except the sepulture, which is the repose of the dead. I have lost every thing. My possessions, which were always trifling, are reduced to nothing, between the great expenses of my imprisonment, and the losses it has occasioned. My friends are frightened by my calamity, and nothing remains to me but my trust in you. No mercy can bestow many years on me, nor any cruelty deprive me of many. I do not, my lord, seek this interval, naturally so short, for the sake of living longer, but of living well for a little while.”

He then sums up, by quoting Pliny and Trajan on the merits of mercy, and the preferability of being loved rather than feared.

This memorial had the effect of drawing attention to his cause and sufferings. The accusation on account of which he was imprisoned was examined, and it was discovered that he had been calumniated, and the real author of the libel came to be known; on this he was set at liberty, and allowed to return to court. His first labour was to recover his property, the whole of which, except the portion he had entrusted to his powerful friend, doctor Francisco de Oviedo, had been sequestered. It was a work of difficulty; and, meanwhile, he found himself too poor to live with becoming respectability at court, so he retired to his country seat. Here he soon fell ill from the effects of neglect during his last, long, and cruel imprisonment; and he was obliged to remove to Villa Nueva de los Infantes, for the sake of medical treatment. He was long confined to his apartment, suffering great pain and annoyance, all of which he endured with exemplary patience. He made his will, and prepared his soul for death. He named his nephew his successor, on condition that he took the name of Quevedo. His death was lingering. To the

last he displayed fortitude and a tranquil spirit of resignation. He died the 8th of September, 1647, at the age of sixty-five.

In person, Quevedo was of middle height, and robust, though his feet were deformed. He was handsome in face, fair, and with curly hair inclined to red. He was short-sighted — but his countenance was full of animation. Notwithstanding his deformity, he was vigorous, — addicted to, and excelling in, manly exercises.

His life was spent in a series of vicissitudes ; at one time enjoying power and reputation ; at another, a prisoner, suffering all the evils of poverty and neglect. He bore all with fortitude : his active mind gave him employment, his genius caused him to find a resource in writing ; — and the vivacity and energy of his works display the unabated vigour of his soul. Nearly fifteen years of his life he spent in prison, as he mentions in his letter above quoted. Meanwhile his character remained uninjured by adversity. His disposition was magnanimous, so that he never revenged himself on any of his enemies : he was generous and charitable to those in need ; and so diffident of his own merit, that the only poems he published saw light under a feigned name.

His integrity had been put to the proof at Naples, where bribes were offered him to conceal the frauds practised on the royal revenue ; but he was far above dishonesty and peculation. The only slur on his character is his possible complicity in the Bedmar conspiracy ; but in those days the advantage of the state to which a man belonged was deemed preponderant to all the suggestions of justice and right. Quevedo also acted on this occasion (if he did act) under the command of his superiors ; and believed that fidelity to his patron was his first duty.

Of his “ *Affaires du Cœur*,” the great subject with poets, we know little. Several ladies are celebrated in his verses ; but a great proportion of his erotic poetry

is dedicated to one, whom he names Lisi, and to whom he appears to have been faithfully attached for a considerable space of time. In one of his sonnets to her, he says that ten years had taken their swift and noiseless flight since first he saw her ; and for these ten years the soft flame had warmed his veins, and reigned over his soul ; “ for the flame,” he says, “ that aspires to immortal life, neither fears to die with the body, nor that time should injure or extinguish it.” Many of his poems express great aversion to matrimony, and when, at last, in advanced age, he did marry, we have seen that he was widowed almost as soon as wed.

With the never-to-be-omitted exception of Cervantes, Quevedo is the most original prose writer Spain has produced ; but at the same time he is so quaint, referring to local peculiarities, and using words unknown, except colloquially, that he is often unintelligible, especially in his burlesque poetry, to a foreigner. His countrymen esteem him highly. One of the most pleasing stanzas of Lope de Vega’s *Laurel de Apolo* is dedicated to his praise. He speaks of him as “ Possessing an acute but gentle spirit ; agreeable in his wit, and profound in his serious poetry.” He adopted something of the *culto* style and conceits blemish his verses. Quintana says of him, “ Quevedo was every thing in excess ; no one in the same manner displays in the serious, a gravity so rigid, and morals so austere ; no one in the jocose, shows a humour, so gay, so free, and so abandoned to the spirit of the thing. His imagination was vivid and brilliant but superficial and negligent ; and the poetic genius that animates him, sparkles but does not glow, surprises but does not move deeply, bounds with impetuosity and force, but neither flies nor supports itself at the same elevation. I am well aware that Quevedo often diverts with what he writes, and raves because it is his pleasure. I know that puns have their proper place in such compositions, and that no one has used them more happily than he. But every thing has its

bounds; and heaped together with a prodigality like his, instead of pleasing they only create weariness.

“ His verse, however, is for the most part full and sonorous, his rhyme rich and easy. His poetry, strong and nervous, proceeds impetuously to its end; and if his movements betray too much of the effort, affectation and bad taste of the writer, their course is yet frequently seen to have a wildness, an audacity, and a singularity that is surprising.*”

To give some idea of Quevedo's style to the English reader we may liken him to Butler; but it is Butler rather in his fragments than in *Hudibras*, for a more elevated poetic tone is displayed in those. Quevedo could be sublime, though only by snatches. Serious he could be, to the depths of grave and profound disquisition, as his ethical and religious treatises testify.

One singular circumstance appertains to Quevedo's literary career — that he published none of his poetry himself, except that portion which he gave to the world under the feigned name of the Bachiller Francisco de la Torre. These are the choice of all. Being more elevated, more sweet, more pure in their diction and taste, several critics would deprive Quevedo of the merit of being their author. But who Torre was, if he were not Quevedo, nobody can tell: while, these poems appearing under his editorship, and the very name — Francisco being his own, and the surname, “ of the

* As a specimen of Quevedo's poetry, Quintana quotes a sonnet, which Wiffen has translated, and which has the merit of force and truth.

“ THE RUINS OF ROME.

“ Pilgrim, thou look'st in Rome for Rome divine,
And ev'n in Rome no Rome can find! her crowd
Of mural wonders is a corse, whose shroud
And fitting tomb is the lone Aventine.
She lies where reigned the kingly Palatine,
And Time's worn medals more of ruin show
From her ten thousand fights than even the blow
Struck at the crown of her imperial line,
Tiber alone remains, whose rushing tide
Waters the town, now sepulchred in stone,
And weeps its funeral with fraternal tears:
O Rome! in thy wild beauty, power, and pride,
The durable is fled; and what alone
Is fugitive, abides the ravening years !”

'Tower,' appropriate to his position, as the verses were written while he was living secluded in his patrimonial villa of Torre Juan Abad, seems to fix them unquestionably on him. Of the rest, a friend of Quevedo assures us that not a twentieth part of what he wrote has escaped destruction. His dramas and historical works have perished; by which he has lost the right to being considered the universal writer his contemporaries name him. This friend, and afterwards his nephew and heir, published his poems, distributed under the head of six muses, pedantically headed with mottos from Seneca. There is Clio the historic, consisting chiefly of sonnets on great events addressed to great people; Polyhymnia the sententious; Melpomene, composed chiefly of epitaphs; Erato the erotic, or as it is styled, "singing of the achievements of love and beauty:" the greater part of which is dedicated to Lisi. Terpsichore the light, gay and satirical, a large portion of which are written in the jargon of the gypsies, and are unintelligible on this side of the Pyrenees; and Thalia, longest of all, which sings, "de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis."

It is as a prose writer, however, that Quevedo has acquired fame out of his own country. And this not from his serious works; nor from his "picaresco," in which he relates the life of the great Tacaño, or captain of thieves, the type of a Spanish rogue. This tale, by its familiarity with vice, squalid penury, and vulgar roguery, becomes tiresome; nor is it to be compared in richness of humour to Mendoza's history of Lazarillo de los Tormes. The letters of the "Cavallero de Tenaza," or knight of the pincer, are very whimsical. They are in ridicule of avarice, a sin, which Quevedo declares in another work to be the most unnatural of all. They are addressed to a lady; and are lessons to teach how little can be given, and how much preserved, by a man on all occasions. This sort of dry humour turning on one idea amuses at first, but at last becomes wearisome.

It is on his Visions however, his most original work,

that his European reputation rests. Nothing can be more novel, singular and striking. They consist of various visions of the other world ; where he sees the end of earthly vanities and the punishments that await crime. They are full of knowledge of human nature, vivacity, wit and daring imagination ; they remind the reader of Lucian ; and if they are less airy and fanciful, they are bolder and more sarcastic. They have the fault, it is true, of dwelling too exclusively on subjects of mean and vulgar interest — alguazils, attornies, ruffians, and all sorts of rogues of both sexes ; among which, tailors figure preeminently. Now that tailors provide their own cloth, we have lost that intense notion of “cabbaging,” which was so deeply impressed on the minds of our ancestors, when they only fashioned cloth sent to them. Tailors are with Quevedo the very *ne plus ultra* of a thief. As lord Byron styles a pirate “a sea-solicitor,” so Quevedo calls a robber “a tailor of the highways.” Several of these visions were written while their author was comparatively young : (one, dedicated to the duke of Osuna, is dated 1610, when he was thirty years of age), and possess the glow and spirit of early life. Nothing can be more startling and vivid than the commencement of the “Vision of Calvary.” The blast of the last trump is described, and then he goes on to say : “The sound enforced obedience from marble, and hearing from the dead. All the earth began to move, giving permission to the bones to seek one another. After a short interval, I beheld those who had been soldiers arise in wrath from their graves, believing themselves summoned to battle : the avaricious looked up with anxiety and alarm fearing an attack, while men of pleasure fancied that the horns sounded to invite them to the chase. Then I saw how many fled with disgust or terror from their old bodies, of which some wanted an arm, some an eye ; and I laughed at the odd figures they cut, while I admired the contrivance of Providence, that all being confounded together, no mistake was made. In one churchyard only,

there was some confusion and exchanging in the appropriation of heads; and I saw an attorney who denied that his own soul belonged to him. But I was most frightened at seeing two or three merchants who put on their souls so awry, that all their five senses got into their fingers."

The commencement of the "Alguazil possessed" is equally spirited. A spectator calling him a man bedevilled, the bad spirit, within, cries out that "He is not a man but an alguazil; and you must know that it is against their will that devils possess alguazils; so that you ought rather to call me a devil be-alguazilled than an alguazil bedevilled." He is almost as inveterate against duennas, a race of people peculiar to Spain, and he disposes of them ludicrously enough in the infernal regions. "I went a little further," he says, "and came to an immense and troubled swamp, where there was so much noise that my head was bewildered: I asked what it was, and was told that it proceeded from women who had turned duennas on earth. And thus I discovered that those who are duennas in this life, are frogs in the next, and like frogs, are for ever croaking amidst the wet and mud; and very properly do they act the parts of infernal frogs, since duennas are neither fish nor flesh. I laughed to see them turned into such ugly things, with faces as care-worn and wrinkled as those of duennas here on earth."

Such is the sort of wit that Quevedo indulges in; terse, pointed, bitter, and driven home with an unsparing hand. Extravagant in its imaginations, yet so proportioned to the truth of nature as to excite admiration as well as surprise, and to be the model of a variety of imitations, none of which come up to him in penetration, vivacity and subtle felicity of expression.

CALDERON.

1601—1687.

WE draw to a close. Misrule and oppression had their inevitable results, crushing and destroying the spirit and intellect of Spain; and after, by an extraordinary harvest of writers, the soil had shown what it could do, it became waste and barren. For a long time, the purists, the Gongorists, the partisans of a glittering and false style, exerted their influence. A critic and poet of eminence, Luzan, exerted himself to restore Spanish poetry. He succeeded in exploding the false taste; and Moratin, the author of some excellent dramas, followed in his steps: but, latterly, the state of the country has been too distracted for literature to gain any attention.

Before we close the series of Spanish Lives, however, one more is to be added, and it is that of the greatest poet of Spain. Little, very little, however, is known of him. We regret that we have not fuller accounts of Cervantes. We search the voluminous works of Lope de Vega to acquire knowledge of his character and of the events of his life; while the career of one far greater than he, and, as a poet, infinitely superior to Cervantes himself, is wrapped in such obscurity that we can discern only its bare outline, and no one has endeavoured to fill up the sketch, nor by seeking for letters and other documents, to give us a fuller, and as it were coloured picture, of what Calderon was. This partly arises from the prosperity of his life: adversity presents objects that catch the attention and demand research: an even course of happiness, like a champaign country, eludes description. The only account we have of him proceeds from a friend*, who commences with blowing a

* *Fama Vida y Escritos de Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca por Don Juan de Vera Tassis y Villarroel.*

trumpet, as if he were going to tell us much. "How can his limited powers," he says, "describe him who occupies all the tongues of fame? and ill will a short epilogue befit the man whose merits endless ages cannot limit." And then he goes on to tell us that "his swift pen shall comprise a brief sigh in a long regret, and raise an honourable tomb to his sacred ashes; adopting for the purpose one of the many pens which his fame furnishes, until others better cut than his shall publish eulogies worthy of his name."

Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca was born in 1601* ; thus coming into the world of poetry at the moment when the plays of Lope de Vega were in vogue, and when Cervantes was calling the attention of mankind to his immortal work. His biographer takes the pains to preserve the intelligence that he wept before he was born; "thus to enter the world enshadowed by gloom, which he, like a new sun, was to fill with joy." And he tells us that he collected "this important information from Donna Dorotea Calderon de la Barca, his sister, a nun in the royal convent of St. Clara at Toledo." The family of Calderon was illustrious, and enjoyed an ancient hidalgship (or *solar*) in the valley of Carriedo among the mountains of Burgos; the very place, we may observe, where Lope de Vega's ancestors resided, and whence his father emigrated, when, driven by straitened means, he removed to Madrid. The family of Calderon had migrated many years before, and were settled at Toledo. His mother's name was Donna Ana Maria de Henao y Riaña, and her origin was derived from an ancient family in the Low Countries, descended from the Seigneur de Mons, and which had been settled in Spain for many years.

His childhood was spent under the paternal roof, and even as a boy he was conspicuous for his intelligence and acquirements. At the age of fourteen he entered the university of Salamanca. He remained there for

* Bouterwek and Sismondi give 1600 as the date of Calderon's birth.—His Spanish biographer mentions 1601.

five years, and rendered himself conspicuous by his ardour for study, and by the progress he made in the most abstruse and difficult sciences. Already also had he begun to write plays, which were acted with applause in several Spanish theatres.

1620. At the age of nineteen he left Salamanca. These
Ætat. dates are given us, but the intermediate spaces are un-
19. filled up. We are not told whether he resided at Madrid

or with his family at Toledo. His fame became established as a poet, and began to rival that of Lope, whom indeed he far transcended in the higher gifts of poetry, creative imagination, sublimity, and force.

1626. At the age of five and twenty he entered the military
Ætat. service, and served his king first in the Milanese and
25. afterwards in Flanders, the old fields of war for Spain,

whereon had fought and fallen so many heroes of both countries, and, so many human beings had fallen victims to religious and political persecution. He spent ten years in this manner. Sismondi says, that his life is sprinkled with few events. How do we know this? Throughout these campaigns, during these years of youthful ardour and enterprise, how much may have occurred, what dangers he may have run—what generosity, what valour he may have displayed—how warmly he may have loved, how deeply have suffered! As a poet and a master of the passions he must have felt them all. But a blank meets us when we seek to know more of these things.

A poet's life is ever a romance. That Calderon's was such we cannot doubt; but we must find its traces in the loves, the woes, the courage, and the joys of his dramatic personages: he infused his soul into these; what the events might be that called forth his own personal interest and sympathy we are totally ignorant. An order from his sovereign recalled him to court. Philip IV.

1637. was passionately fond of the theatre, and himself wrote
Ætat. plays. Innumerable dramas appeared under his patron-
36. age, the names of the authors being utterly unknown; and even of those of acknowledged writers few have

been collected and published under the name of their author. Single plays, in pamphlets, we find in plenty,

all very similar the one to the other ; a better arrangement in the plot, more or less poetry or spirit in the dialogue, being almost all the difference we find among them. Several of the most entertaining are given forth as by a Wit of the Court (*un Ingenio de esta Corte*), and attributed to Philip IV. himself ; though this honour has been disputed him. Moreto also, the gayest and most comic of the Spanish dramatists, flourished at this time. Lope was dead ; but his place was filled up, not by one, but by many, who, under royal patronage, were eager to pay the tribute of a play to the theatre of Spain.

Philip IV. saw Calderon's dramas represented. He perceived their merit, and thought he might serve his king much better by residing in Spain and writing for the theatre, than by bearing arms in Flanders, where there were so many men who could not write plays, much more fit to be knocked on the head. He summoned Calderon to court, by a royal order, for the sake of writing a drama for a palace festival ; bestowed on him also the habit of Santiago, and excusing him his military duties commanded him, instead, to furnish a play. Calderon wrote the " *Certamen de Amor*" (the Combat of Love), and " *Zelos*" (Jealousy), which were acted at the palace of Buen-Retiro. Calderon wrote as he was commanded ; but, unwilling to leave the army, he obtained a commission in the company of the count-duke of Olivarez, which he followed to Catalonia, and remained till the peace, when he returned to court ; when the king conferred on him the pay of thirty crowns a month in the artillery.

On another occasion, while staying in the country ^{1650.} with the duke of Alva, the king sent for him to celebrate ^{Ætat.} the festivals that occurred on his marriage with Maria ^{49.} Ana of Austria.

At the age of fifty-one he quitted the military career, to which for many years he had been passionately attached, and, being ordained, he became a priest. The king, who always favoured him, made him chaplain of

a royal chapel at Toledo, of which he took possession on 1654. the 19th of June of the same year. But the king, *Ætat.* dissatisfied with his distance from court, and his consequent inability to assist properly at the royal feasts, gave him a royal chaplaincy, and recalled him to Madrid; bestowing on him besides a pension, derived from the revenues of Sicily, besides other presents and rewards, the ever-renewing recompence of his labours. Calderon now wrote a play at each celebration of the king's birth-day, not only for Madrid, but for Toledo, Seville, and Granada. As he advanced in age, he obtained other church preferments. He died on the 29th of May, 1687. 1687, at the age of eighty-six. He left the congregation of St. Peter heir to all he possessed.

53. In describing his character, his biographer indulges in Spanish hyperbole instead of original traits. He calls him the oracle of the court, the envy of strangers, the father of the Muses, the lynx of learning, the light of the drama. He adds, that his house was ever the shelter of the needy; that his modesty and humility were excessive; attentive in his courtesy; a sure friend, and a good man.

86. Calderon never collected nor published his plays. The duke of Veragua at one time addressed him a flattering letter, requesting to be furnished with a complete list of his dramas, as the booksellers were in the habit of selling the works of other writers under his name. Calderon, who was then in his eightieth year, supplied the duke with a list only of "Autos Sacramentales." He added, in a letter, that with regard to his temporal dramas, of which he had written an hundred and eleven, he felt offended, that in addition to his own faulty works, those of other authors should be ascribed to him; and besides that his writings were so altered, that he himself could not recognise even their titles. He also expressed his determination of following the example of the booksellers, and to pay as little regard to his plays as they did. He observed, that on religious grounds, he attached more importance to his "Autos."

Several collections of Calderon's plays appeared during his life ; one of them being edited by his brother, and another by his friend and biographer, Don Juan de Vera Tassis y Villaroel, who published a hundred and twenty-seven plays, and ninety-five autos ; but it is doubted whether all these are really his. This doubt, of course, appertains to the more mediocre ones. In the best, the stamp of Calderon's original genius cannot be doubted.

Bouterwek and Sismondi have both entered into considerable detail with regard to Calderon's plays, but we have no space to indulge in a similar analysis, although, with our admiration for this great poet, we should be glad to enter with minute detail on his merits ; but we must confine ourselves to some description of his characteristics.

Schlegel is an enthusiastic admirer of Calderon ; and his observations on his works are replete with truth. Other writers—among them the author of an article on the Spanish theatre, in the twenty-fifth volume of the "Quarterly Review"—are less willing to attribute high merit to him. We confess that our opinion more nearly coincides with Schlegel. He carries too far, we allow, his theory of the ideal of Calderon's morality, piety, and honour. It is true, that these are too deeply founded on the bigotry and falsehood of inquisitorial faith, and a false point of honour ; but with all this, within the circle which his sentiments and belief prescribe, he is a master of the passions and the imagination. There is a wild and lofty aim in all his more romantic plays, which put barely down, despoiled of the working of the passions and the magic of poetry, seems monstrous, but which, however different from our notions of the present day, strike a chord that vibrates to the depth of the heart. We may give as an instance, that supernatural machinery is introduced into very many of Calderon's plays ; and Shakespear himself cannot manage the agency of the spiritual world as Calderon has done. He enlists a sort of belief on his side, which it is difficult to describe,

but impossible to withstand. It is not a mere ghost that walks the earth, but an embodying, at the same time, of the conscience and fears of the person thus visited. Thus in the "Purgatory of St. Patrick:" Ludovico Ennio, the villain of the piece, has for many years resolved to assassinate an enemy. He has travelled through many countries, nourishing the idea of vengeance, and returns to Ireland resolved to accomplish it. He wraps himself in his mantle, and thus disguised, he goes for three successive nights to the street where his enemy lives, resolved to stab him: but, at the moment that he fancies that he shall attain his aim, he is met by a man similarly disguised (*embozado*—muffled up in a cloak) who calls to him; but when he follows, the *embozado* disappears so quickly, it seems as if the wind were in his feet. Ludovico enraged, on the fourth night lays in wait again, and takes his servant with him, that the disguised intruder may not escape. He arrives again at the street, resolved on the death of his enemy. At this moment the cloak-wrapped figure appears before him. Exasperated by his appearance, he declares that he will take two vengeance; one on his ancient enemy, the other on the intruder: the figure calls him by his name, and bids him follow. Ludovico draws on him, but pierces only the empty air; at once astonished and indignant, he still pursues till they come to a desert place, when Ludovico exclaims, "Here we are, body to body, alone, but my sword cannot injure thee: tell me, then, who thou art; art thou a man, a vision, or a dæmon! You answer not—then thus I dare throw off your mantle!" But, hidden by the cloak is a skeleton only; and aghast with terror, he exclaims, "Great God! what dreadful spectacle is this! Horrible vision!—Mortal terror! what art thou—stark corse—that crumbled into earth and dust, yet live? The figure replies, "Knowest thou not thyself?—I am thy portraiture—I am Ludovico Ennio!" These words, this fearful sight, awaken horror and remorse in the criminal's mind; his heart per-

ceives the truth, and how his crimes, indeed, had made him but an image of death itself. He is thus prepared for the purgatory where his sins are to be expiated. Many of the plays thus turn upon visions, portions of the mind itself personified; while, at the same time, the affections and the passions find a voice all truth and poetry, that charms, agitates, and interests.

His autos are conceived in the same spirit. It is true, there is too much theological disquisition and doctrine in them, and that "God the Father plays the school-divine;" but, on the other hand, the poet often appears to open a new world before us, which we view tremblingly at first, till he leads us on by that mastery of the human imagination which he possesses — knowing so well what it can believe, and what it cannot disbelieve — and thus bringing heaven and hell palpably and feelingly before us. The auto of "Life is a dream." (*La Vida es Sueño*) more than any other, is an instance of that peculiarity, which we imperfectly endeavour to describe, of clothing in sensible and potent imagery, the thoughts of the brain, the feelings of the heart. Yet this is not done in the German style. The Germans subtilise, mystify, and cloud the real and distinct: they dissolve flesh and blood into a dream. Calderon, on the contrary, turns a dream into flesh and blood: he gives a pulse to a skeleton; he breathes passion from the lips of ghosts and spectres. Which is the greater power, others must decide. The influence of Calderon is greatest to us; he is master of a spell to which our souls own obedience.

Calderon, as a poet, is diffuse and exaggerated at times, but he is highly imaginative; and as he gives human sympathies to the impalpable and visionary, so does he inform the visible universe with a soul of beauty and feeling. A poet alone could translate Calderon. The only translation we have, is a few scenes from the "Magico Prodigioso" by Shelley. These breathe at once the Spaniard's peculiarities — his fantastic machinery — his incomparable sweetness. Justina is one

of the most beautiful of his creations; a maiden, vowed to chastity, who being in vain tempted by the love of many admirers, is assailed by the seductions of hell itself. Nature — the birds, the leaves, and wandering clouds, breathe of love, and endeavour to soften and corrupt her heart.* The “Principe Costante” (the Constant Prince) seems to be the most popular of Calderon’s plays with his critics. “La Vida es Sueño” (Life is a Dream) — not the auto, but the play — is another, full of wild strange interest, original and sublime. “The Schism of England” is among the most striking of his plays. One passage, where a cavalier describes how he fell in love with Anna Bullen, is fraught with touching sweetness and tender deep-felt passion.

Calderon is, besides, a great master of comedy. His “Gracioso” (or Clown), is different from Lope’s — more poetic and fanciful, more vivacious and humorous. In the “Señora y la Criada” (the Lady and her Maid,) where a country girl is carried off in mistake for her mistress, there is a comic mistake, most amusingly wrought.

It will be seen that we consider that, while Schlegel refines too much upon the perfection of the art and the sublimity of the moral of the poet, we think that the critic of the Quarterly Review rates his merits at too low a standard. We do not agree that he “cannot admit us within the gates of horror and thrilling fear.” On the contrary, we think that much of his power results from his mastery over these emotions. We can scarcely allow that “the sacred source of sympathetic flows not at his command.” The simply pathetic is certainly not his characteristic; but the tears may start forth in sympathy for the grandeur of soul exhibited by the Constant Prince; the heart be charmed and interested by the

* Shelley’s Posthumous Poems. — Translations. There is a beautiful passage, drawn from the “Purgatorio de San Patricio,” introduced into this author’s tragedy of the Cenci.

sweetness of Justina, and he touched by the fatherly sorrows of David, in "Los Cabellos de Absolom."

Calderon is much more readable, much more interesting than Lope. He rises higher. It is not only complexity of plot, endless variety of situations, and well sustained dialogue, there is interest of a higher kind; and, though it is true that perfect harmony is wanting in his compositions, and that he riots too much "without constraint or control," yet the colours of his poetry are so bright, and the music of his verse so grand and enthralling, that we feel as we read that he is one of the master geniuses of the world.

THE EARLY POETS OF PORTUGAL.

RIBEYRA, GIL VICENTE, SAA DE MIRANDA, FERREIRA.

THE same spirit that inspired the Spanish Cancionero, and animated the people of Castile with the love of song, spread itself to the western portion of the peninsula; and, from the earliest times, Portuguese poets composed, and the population of Portugal sang, in their native dialect: and thus using it as the medium for conveying their dearest feelings, caused it to be perpetuated as a national language. Originally the Portuguese tongue was the same as the Gallician; and, had Portugal remained a province of Spain, its peculiar dialect had, like that of Arragon and of Galicia, been driven from the fields of literature by the Castilian, and while (to use an appropriate metaphor) it might creep in tiny rivulets here and there over the country, the Castilian had flowed a mighty river, receiving all minor streams as tributaries. But at quite the close of the eleventh century Alphonso VI., a Spanish sovereign, celebrated for his victories over the Moors, gave the county of Portugal as a dowry to his daughter on her marriage with Henry of Burgundy, a prince of the royal family of France. The son of this prince, Alphonso Henriquez, was the founder of the Portuguese monarchy. He conquered all that portion of the peninsula that forms Portugal, with the exception of the Algarve. He took Lisbon, and thus became possessed of a powerful and rich capital, and he signalised his successes, by changing the appellation of what had hitherto been a province, and by naming his dominions a kingdom. From this

time the Portuguese became a separate nation from the Castilian ; their institutions became national, and their language asserted for itself a distinct existence.

The Portuguese were a poetic people, and the Portuguese language adapted to poetry. It is softer than the Castilian, it discards more entirely Latin consonants ; but with all, there is something truncated and incomplete in its sounds, very different from the sonorous beauty of the Spanish. It did not adopt the Arabic guttural, but it acquired, no one knows whence, a nasal twang, more decided and obtrusive even than that of the French, which considerably mars its melody. Still it is expressive, it is soft, and it is harmonious ; and these qualities rendered it applicable to verse : so that a poet found no difficulty in clothing his ideas and emotions in the language of his native country. Many poets flourished therefore at an early age, though we know little of their productions. Endeavours have been made to find their ancient *cancioneiro geral**, but they were unsuccessful, and a guess only can be made as to the nature of their contents.

The Portuguese nation was as peculiar in its pursuits and character as in its language. They were not an agricultural but a pastoral people ; and at the same time, their long extent of sea shore led them to the pursuits of commerce and navigation. While the Italian republics were enriching themselves by the trade of the Mediterranean, and while Spain, under Ferdinand and Isabella was, by conquering the whole of its territory from the Moors, laying the foundation of the brief grandeur of Charles V., and the despotism and national degradation that followed, the sovereigns of Portugal were encouraging their subjects in the maritime discoveries, which in a short time changed the aspect of the civilised globe : for the very expedition of Columbus was the offspring of the Portuguese voyages. It was for the sake of discovering *another* route to India, than the hitherto un-

* In Castilian *cancioneros general* or general song books. *Vide* Bouterwek ; Sismondi.

successful one along the coast of Africa, that he sailed over the illimitable Western Sea. In 1487, Bartolomeo Diaz doubled the Cape of Good Hope: many years had been previously occupied in creeping along the shores of Africa; but the moment this Cape was doubled, the navigators made a spring, and the celebrated Vasco de Gama reached the renowned and unvisited shores of India. In less than fifteen years from this time, Francisco de Almeida, and Alfonso de Albuquerque founded a Portuguese kingdom in Hindostan, of which Goa was the capital. We may imagine the spirit and enthusiasm that animated this people; they found a new world overflowing with all the precious treasures most valued in Europe; they did not content themselves with trading with the people, a people highly civilised, possessed of literature and all the appendages of an advanced state of human political association; but by their valour they conquered them and made a portion of the country their own. High notions of national importance and future national glory filled their souls; it was a period when each man could regard his native country with pride, and such a time is peculiarly favourable to the birth of genius, and, above all, to the development of the spirit of poetry.

Bernardim Ribeyro is named the Ennius of Portugal. He was a man of an enthusiastic and tender disposition; his poems, full of passion and despair, emanated from an attachment to some unknown lady; some say the infanta Donna Beatrice, the king's daughter. His eclogues are more known than the rest of his works, and are considered the most excellent*; yet, though they are feeling, there is a poverty of ideas, and a want of classical correctness and compression, that speaks of the infancy of composition. But his most celebrated work is an unfinished prose romance, in which, under feigned names and obscure allusions, he narrates his own history and loves. We have not seen this work, and borrow the account of it from Bouterwek, who observes, that "such is the ob-

* Bouterwek.

curity of the whole, that nothing can be comprehended of the circumstances without the utmost effort of attention. The monotony of incessant love complaints, renders the prolixity of the narrative still more tedious ; but even amidst that monotony and prolixity, it is easy to recognise a spirit truly poetic, more remarkable however for susceptibility than energy."

Other poets succeeded to Ribeyro, who also sang of love and pastoral themes, and the poetry of Portugal as well as that of Spain, confined itself to the language of sentiment and description—instead of assuming an heroic and epic measure.

The reformation of Castilian poetry introduced into Spain by Boscan and Garcilaso, penetrated into Portugal ; and, singularly enough, the poets who followed, quitted their native idiom to adopt that of the rival country. The cause of so unpatriotic an adoption can only be guessed at. Bouterwek attributes it to the more sonorous and complete sound of the Castilian. Spain, it may be observed, was the larger country and in more immediate connection with Italy ; when, therefore, Italian forms of poetic composition were introduced into the peninsula, they flowed, as it were, through Spain, and arrived at the West clothed in a Spanish garb. Perceiving the superior power and charm of the Petrarchist compositions, their imitators at once adopted the very language in which they were clothed. Saa de Miranda wrote his best works, his eclogues, in Spanish, though the same spirit that led him to desert Latin, so long the favourite of educated men, also induced him to write in his native language, and Francisco Diaz names him the real founder of Portuguese poetry. Saa de Miranda was a man of strong feelings, with something too of an eccentric turn of mind. He insisted on marrying a lady neither young nor handsome, whom he had never seen ; but whose reputation for discretion and goodness charmed him. He became so attached to her, that when she died some years after, he remained that most rare of all men, an inconsolable widower ; giving up all the pursuits and

purposes of life—neither shaving his beard nor paring his nails—and three years after following her to the grave. And Jorge de Montemayor altogether cast aside his native language, and enriched the Castilian by a new form of composition, the pastoral romance, which became a general favourite throughout Spain, imitated by every writer, but not excelled by any.

In this brief summary of the predecessors of Camoens, introduced chiefly to shew the state of national poetry when he appeared, we are unable to do full justice to any of these writers, and are obliged to omit the names of many. But we must not pass over Gil Vicente, who is styled the Portuguese Plautus. Very little is known of him—the very period of his birth only guessed at; it is supposed that he was born at the close of the fifteenth century. He was an indefatigable writer, and furnished the royal family and public with dramatic entertainments suited to the taste of the age. He wrote entirely in the old national manner. He appears to have been the inventor of *Autos*, or spiritual dramas, which raised into a regular and poetic style of play the monkish or buffoonish festive representations.

Doctor Bowring has introduced translations of several of this poet's songs; these were written in Spanish, they are characterised by a charming simplicity, and are peculiarly short; one chord of a lyre struck, as it were, one emotion of the heart breathed forth in words; without elaborate display or any attempt at imagery or metaphor beyond the one single feeling that dictates the poem.

Antonio Ferreira must be mentioned as a classic poet of Portugal. He is styled the Portuguese Horace. He was of noble family, and destined by his parents to fill some high public office in the state. He took the degree of doctor in the university of Coimbra, where he studied civil law. He was an enthusiastic lover of his native language, and resolved never to write in any other, at the same time that he founded his taste and style on the study of Horace. He admired also the

excellencies of Italian poetry, and introduced the measure and structure of its verse into the Portuguese. It was the object of his ambition at once to be himself a classic poet ; and to give to his native Portugal a classic style of poetry. Ferreira was nine and twenty when he published the first collection of his poetic works. He had friends who admired his genius and joined him in his pursuits. He quitted the university for the court, and filled a high place as judge, and was also appointed gentleman of the royal household ; he became an oracle of criticism, and looked forward to brilliant prospects through life, when he died of the plague which raged in Lisbon in 1569, at the age of forty-one.

Ferreira, without possessing the originality of Gil Vicente, his sweetness or his genius, was eminently useful to the art of poetry in Portugal. He taught the writers of that country to aim at correctness, and to enrich their compositions by the knowledge acquired from the writings of other countries ; but not, for that purpose, to adopt a foreign tongue, but to raise the Portuguese to the level of other languages, and gift it with the purest and noblest poetic measures. He is, himself, novel, however, rather in his style than in his ideas. His epistles are his best work ; the sentiments he expresses are elevated, and his fancy and poetic verve graced them with a diction and imagery which raises them in the class of such compositions. The distinctive feeling however to be found in Ferreira, animating all he wrote, was patriotism. The glory, the advancement and the civilisation of Portugal, were the themes of his praise, and the objects which he furthered with his utmost endeavours. He exhorts his friends not to permit the Muses in Portugal to speak any thing but Portuguese. Of himself, he says, in very beautiful verses, that " he shall be content with the glory of loving his native land, and his countrymen." It was this enthusiasm that elevated Ferreira into a great man. He is a little misplaced here, as he was a few years younger than Camoens ; but it shows the spirit that was abroad

in Camoens' time — a patriotic spirit that loved to express its genuine sentiments in language warm from the heart and familiar to the tongue. In this Camoens and Ferreira were alike ; they loved their native country, and were eager to adorn its literature with native flowers. In other respects they were different. Ferreira's classic pages bear no resemblance to the fire, passion, and rich fancy of Camoens, to whom we now turn as to one of the favourites of fame, though he was the neglected child of his country, and the victim of an adverse fate.

CAMOENS.

1524—1579.

CAMOENS and Cervantes encountered, in several respects, a similar destiny. They were both men of genius, both men of military valour; both were disregarded by their contemporaries, and suffered extreme misfortune. Camoens, indeed, has in this a sad advantage over Cervantes. The latter lived in poverty, but the former died in want. Posterity endeavoured to repair the injuries inflicted by ungrateful contemporaries. The circumstances of the life of Camoens were carefully collected. Several able native commentators wrote elaborate notes on the “*Lusiad*,” and lastly a magnificent edition of that poem was published in 1817. Nor have the English been unmindful of the great Portuguese poet. Sir Richard Fanshaw translated the “*Lusiad*” as far back as Cromwell’s time; but the present popular translation is by Mickle. He bestowed great pains on the work, and accompanied it by various essays relative to its subject, and a life of Camoens. His version has great merit, as will be hereafter mentioned, notwithstanding its want of fidelity and the signal defect of being written in heroic couplets, instead of eight-line stanzas, like the original. Lord Strangford appended a sketch of Camoens’ life to his translation of a portion of his “*Rimas* ;” and, lastly, Mr. Adamson has presented the English reader with an elaborate biography, attended by all sorts of valuable collateral information and embellishments.

The family of Camoens was originally of Galicia, and possessed extensive demesnes in that province. The old Spanish name of the family was Caamaños — the etymology of which has occupied the commentators.

We are told, among others, that it was derived from Cadmus. There is nothing extraordinary in this. All readers conversant with old national annals, are aware that they usually derive their immediate origin either from a son of Noah, or some well known Grecian hero; Ulysses, it was said, founded Lisbon. It was probably adopted from the castle of Cadmon, where they resided. The poet himself, however, refers it to a more imaginative source. In ancient times, in Galicia, there existed a bird named the Camaõ, which never survived the infidelity of the wife of its lord. The moment the lady went astray, the bird sought its master, and expired at his feet. A matron of the house of Cadmon was unjustly accused of ill faith — she entrusted her defence to the cadmaõ, and the success of her appeal caused her husband, grateful for this restoration to honour and domestic felicity, to adopt the name of the saviour bird. This is a tale of romance and barbarism, of the days of ordeal and degrading suspicion; but Camoens himself alludes to it, and it derives interest from his mention.*

The family of Caamaños possessed a *solar* or ancestral inheritance in Galicia, and reigned over seventeen villages near the promontory of Finisterre. One of the lords of this family having killed a cavalier de Castros, they were obliged to migrate, and settled at a fortress called Rubianes; where Faria y Sousa tells us the family still remain, great in birth, but of diminished means.†

Vasco Perez de Camoens, either brother or son of this Ruy, made a second migration to Portugal in 1370. Faria y Sousa conjectures that it might be from some such same cause as occasioned the first exiie, while Southey

* Experimentou-se alguã hora
Da Ave que chamaõ Camaõ,
Que, se da Casa, onde mora,
Ve adultera a Senhora,
Morre de pura paixãõ.

† Lord Strangford dates the migration of this family from the time of this Ancestor Ruy de Camoens — and speaks of him as a follower of king Fernando. Ferreira is his authority, but other commentators give a different account. See Vida del Poeta por Faria y Sousa, iii. iv.

attributes it to his having sided with Pedro the Cruel against his more infamous brother Henriquez II. However that may be, Fernando, king of Portugal, received him with distinction, and gifted him with the "villas" of Sardeal, Punhete, Maraõ, and Amendao, besides making him one of the principal fidalgos of his court. Nor did the favours of Fernando stop here. Vasco Perez received various other estates in gift, and filled places of political and military importance.

After the death of Fernando, Vasco Perez became involved in a dispute for succession, and he upheld the cause of the queen of Fernando, Leonor, and his daughter, the queen of Castile. His power was great, and his aid was held of importance, whichever side he espoused. Camoens considered that his ancestor assisted the wrong cause, that of Castile against Portugal. The latter was destined to triumph, and Vasco was the sufferer. He lost all command, but retained a considerable portion of his estates. A letter has been discovered by Sarmiento, written by the marquis of Santillana, which intimates that Vasco Perez was a poet as well as a warrior.

The descendants of Vasco Perez were of account, and married into the richest and most powerful families of Portugal. His second son, Joaõ Vaz, was the great-grandfather of the poet. He acquired glory by his military services under Alfonso V., and was named his *vassal* — a title of distinction in those days. He built a house at Coimbra, and there is a marble monument erected to his memory in the chapel of the cloister of the cathedral at Coimbra. Simaõ Vaz, the grandson of Joaõ Vaz, married Dona Ana de Sa e Macedo, of noble descent, and sprung from the Macedos of Santarem. Thus, in every way, Camoens was highly descended from nobles and warriors; but, springing from the younger branch, he inherited the blood and name without the estates of his family. As he never married this branch of the family became extinct.

Coimbra and Santarem have both contended for the

glory of having been his birth-place, but without foundation; for he was born at Lisbon, most probably in the district "da Mouraria," in the parish of San Sebastião, where his parents resided. The date of his birth has been disputed. A friend and contemporary, Manoel Correa, gave that of 1517; but a register, in the Portuguese India House, proves that he was really born in 1524.* This entry also is conclusive on another point. It was long believed that Camoens lost his father while a mere child. Simon Vaz de Camoens was a mariner; nearly all the biographers of the poet agree in stating that he lost a ship, of which he was commander, on the coast of Goa, and, escaping from the wreck, died soon afterwards in that city; though some aver that he fell in the combat in which his son lost an eye. Camoens himself does not mention his father as being with him on that occasion, nor during any of his adventures. This point, therefore, is left in obscurity.

Camoens was born at Lisbon; he celebrates with fondness the parental Tagus: "My Tagus," as he sometimes names the river. But most of his early years were spent at Coimbra, where, as has been mentioned, his father had a house. He often mentions the river Mondego in his verses. To a poet, there is something in a river that engages his affections and enlivens his imagination. Water is indeed the soul, the smile, the beaming eye of a landscape; and as Camoens' only happy days were those when he nourished hopes—hopes, as he says in a letter, which he afterwards cast aside as coiners of false money—in his youth, he might well record with fondness the hours he spent in the beautiful environs of Coimbra on the banks of its lovely river. Thus, in his poems, the nymphs of Tagus and of Mondego are both

* Faria y Soura, in his second life of Camoens appended to his "Rimas," mentions having found, in the registers of the Portuguese India House, a list of all the chief persons who sailed to India. In the list for 1550, there is this entry: "Luis de Camoens, son of Simon Vaz and Ana de Sa," inhabitants of Lisbon, in the quarter of la Mouraria, escudeiro (a name equivalent to our esquire), with a red beard; he gave his father as surety—and sails in the ship San Pedro los Burgalezes.

addressed ; and in one remarkable and most beautiful passage of the “ Lusiad ” he exclaims, “ What, insane and rash, am I about to do without ye, O nymphs of Tagus and Mondego, through so arduous, long, and various a way ? I invoke your favour, as I navigate the deep sea with so contrary a wind, that, unless ye aid me, I fear that my fragile bark must sink ! ” and then he goes on to describe his misfortunes in India, turning to those streams that watered his native land, and whose very names were full of blessed recollections of life’s prime, to give him fortitude and help.*

Camoens studied in the university at Coimbra. This university was founded by king Diniz, in 1308. Camoens introduces mention of this monarch in the “ Lusiad,” and alludes to the establishment of the university under his fosterage :—

From Helicon the Muses wing their way :
 Mondego’s flowery banks invite their stay,
 Now Coimbra shines, Minerva’s proud abode ;
 And fired with joy, Parnassus’ blooming God
 Beholds another dear-loved Athens rise,
 And spread her laurels in indulgent skies.†

* Lusiad, Canto vii. 78. Further mention will be made hereafter of this passage.

† It is curious to compare the smooth, even, and (so to speak) *unindividualized* verses of Mickle with the rugged and even uncouth stanza of Fanshaw. Both are unlike Camoens. He wrote with fire, and each word bore stamp of the man ; but his style is elevated and truly poetic—different from the Pope-like flow of Mickle, and the almost vulgar idiom that Fanshaw too often adopts. This is the stanza in the original Portuguese :

Fez primeiro em Coimbra exercitarse
 O valeroso officio de Minerva ;
 E de Helicon as Musas fez passar se,
 A pizar de Mondego a fertil herva.
 Quanto pode de Athenas desejar se
 Tudo o soberbo Apollo aqui reserva :
 Aqui as capellas dà tecidas de ouro,
 Do baccharo, e do sempre verde louro. —

Canto iii. 97.

“ He was the first that made Coimbra shine
 With liberal sciences, which Pallas taught ;
 By him from Helicon the Muses nine,
 To bruise Mondego’s grassy brink were brought :
 Hither transferr’d Apollo that rich mine,
 Which the old Greeks in learned Athens wrought :
 There ivy wreaths with gold he interweaves,
 And the coy Daphne’s never fading leaves.”

Fanshaw’s Translation.

The university, however, fell off, and it was don Manuel who exerted himself for its re-establishment; and don John, his successor, took equal pains to raise it to its former prosperity, and in the first place caused it again to be restored to Coimbra—for it had been transferred to Lisbon—and founded several new colleges. The date when Camoens entered it is uncertain. It has been supposed that he was twelve years old. In that case he must have attended it while at Lisbon; for it was only transferred in 1537, when Camoens was thirteen or fourteen.

Saa de Miranda had studied there, and Ferreira was also a student. He was younger than Camoens by four years, and that, at a boyish age, makes the difference of, as it were, a generation. There is no token that they were known to each other, nor, indeed, are there any traces of Camoens' life or pursuits at Coimbra, except such as we find in his poems; and these are in some sort contradictory—agreeing, however, in the love they express for the picturesque scenery in which this seat of learning was placed, and affection for its beautiful river.

Mr. Adamson quotes a canzone, in which he dwells with delight on the charms of the Mondego, and dates thence his earliest passion. Lord Strangford asserts that he had never experienced the passion of love while at Coimbra, and rests his assertion on expressions of the poet. Both of course are right, and the poet is wrong. Nor is this assertion paradoxical. When the heart of Camoens became susceptible to a master feeling, that filled it and awoke its every pulse to a sense of love, he would naturally wish to throw into the back-ground any boyish fancy; and comparing its slight and evanescent emotions with the mighty passion of which he was afterwards the prey, he might well say,—

All ignorant of love I pass'd my days,
Its bow and all its mad deceits despising,

and revert to that period as the time,—

* Cancam, vii. See also Cancam, ii.

When from the bonds of love I wander'd free —
 For always was I not chain'd to the oar : —
 Once liberty was mine — but that is o'er,
 And I now dwell in hard captivity.*

This certainly contrasts strangely with the poem quoted by Adamson, but it is a fair poetic licence, or rather a licence of the heart, which not only would bring to its selected shrine every former emotion and immolate them there, but is jealous that any such existed, and would gladly expunge all trace of them from the page of life. The verses above mentioned form his fourth canzone, and were written on taking leave of Coimbra.† The following is a portion of it:—

Soft from its crystal bed of rest,
 Mondego's tranquil waters glide,
 Nor stop, till, lost on ocean's breast,
 They, swelling, mingle with the tide.
 Increasing still, as still they flow —
 Ah ! there commenced my endless woe.
 * * * * *
 Yet whisper'd to the murmuring stream,
 That winds these flowery meads among,
 I give affection's cheating dream,
 And pour in weeping truth my song ;
 That each recounted woe may prove
 A lasting monument of love.

There is another sonnet, in which he takes leave of the Mondego, but its context renders it apparent that it was not written so early in life, as when he first quitted the university. As his parents had a house at Coimbra, it may be assumed that he frequently visited this place, and wrote the following sonnet in a later and sadder day:—

Mondego ! thou whose waters, cold and clear,
 Gird those green banks, where fancy fain would stay,
 Fondly to muse on that departed day,
 When hope was kind, and friendship seem'd sincere —
 Ere I had purchased knowledge with a tear. —
 Mondego ! though I bend my pilgrim way
 To other shores, where other fountains stray,
 And other rivers roll their proud career,
 Still, nor shall time, nor grief, nor stars severe,
 Nor widening distance e'er prevail in aught,
 To make thee less to this sad bosom dear ;
 And Memory oft, by old affection taught,
 Shall lightly speed upon the shrines of thought,
 To bathe among thy waters cold and clear.‡

There is nothing so attractive to a biographer as to complete the fragments of his hero's life ; and,

* Soneto, vi.

† The translation is from Mr. Adamson's pages ; it has the fault of being in longer measure than the original, and therefore losing some of its simplicity,

‡ Lord Strangford's translation, p. 94.

almost as children trace the forms of animals and landscapes in the fire, by fixing the eye on salient particles, so a few words suffice to give "local habitation and a name," to such emotions as the poet has made the subject of his verse. To do this, and by an accurate investigation of dates, and a careful sifting of concomitant circumstances to discover the veiled event, is often the art of biography — but we must not be seduced too far. Truth, absolute and unshakeable, ought to be the foundation of our assertions, or we paint a fancy head instead of an individual portrait. Truth is all in all in matters of history, for history is the chart of the world's sea; and if imaginary lands are marked, those who would wisely learn from the experience of others, are led sadly astray. Petrarch has been the mark of similar conjectures to a great extent; but his letters give a true direction to our researches. We have no such guide in the history of Camoens's attachment. He loved and was beloved; was banished, and his lady died. Such is nearly all that we absolutely know.

1545.* To return however from remark to history, Camoens *Ætat.* left Coimbra for Lisbon and the court. He had not
 21. lost his time at the University — he was a finished scholar. He was a poet also then when poetry was held a high and divine gift. With such acquirements and accomplishments, joined to his gentlemanly qualities, his courtesy and wit, he was favoured by the highest people at court; his handsome person also gained him the favour and estimation of the ladies. His defect was his poverty, but that defect might be remedied by the friendship of some great man, or the favour of his sovereign. As a young noble of illustrious descent, he had a right to expect advancement. As a poet full of imagination and ardour, at the very first glowing entrance to life, while (to speak metaphorically) the Aurora of hope announced the rising sun of prosperity, he might expect an ample portion of that hap-

* Faria y Sousa, says 1542 — other commentators give 1545. The latter seems the more likely date.

piness, which, while we are young, appears to us to be our just and assured inheritance.

Soon after his arrival at court he fell in love. One of his sonnets, (commented upon by an almanack,) fixes the date when he first saw the lady, as the eleventh or twelfth of April, 1545. He mentions that it was holy week, and at the time when the ceremonies that commemorate the death of our Saviour were celebrated. This sonnet is not one of his best; but we quote Lord Strangford's translation, as it is a monument of an interesting epoch — the commencement of that attachment which shed a disastrous influence over the rest of his life — for by it his early hopes were blighted, and they never flowered again:

“ Sweetly was heard the anthem's choral strain,
And myriads bow'd before the sainted shrine,
In solemn reverence to the Sire divine,
Who gave the Lamb, for guilty mortals slain;
When in the midst of God's eternal fane,
(Ah, little weening of his fell design!)
Love bore the heart, which since has ne'er been mine,
To one who seem'd of heaven's elected train!
For sanctity of place or time were vain
'Gainst that blind Archer's soul-consuming power,
Which scorns, and soars all circumstance above.
O! Lady, since I've worn thy gentle chain,
How oft have I deplored each wasted hour,
When I was free and had not learn'd to love!

It is said that this occurrence took place in the church of Christ's Wounds, at Lisbon.* There is so much resemblance of time and place between this event and the first time when Petrarch records that he saw Laura, that we might almost suppose that the later poet imitated the earlier one; but there is no other resemblance between their attachment. The name of the lady

* Mr. Adamson says, that “The sonnet does not allude to any particular situation;” but certainly the line

Eu crendo que o lugar me defendia,

alludes to its being a church, which, as is well known, is in Catholic countries, where young ladies are so much shut up, a usual place for falling in love. — Lope de Vega alludes to this circumstance and the similarity between the loves of Petrarch and Camoens —

*El culto celestial se celebrava
Del mayor Viernes en la Iglesia pia,
Quando por Laura Franco se encendia,
y Liso por Natercia se inflamava.*

Liso and Natercia were the anagrams which Camoens framed of his own and his lady's Christian name — his own, Luis, being frequently spelt Lois.

Camoens fell in love with, was dona Caterina de Atayde, and she was a lady of the palace. Many researches have been made to discover more of her parentage and station; dom Jose Maria de Sousa made diligent search in the "Historia da Casa Real;" but he can do no more than conjecture that she was a relation of dom Antonio de Atayde, the first conde de Castanheira, a powerful favourite of John III. It is guessed that she was not more than sixteen when Camoens first saw her. She was unmarried; his attachment therefore was totally unlike the Platonic, far-off worship of the lover of Laura de Sades. Camoens loved as a youth who dedicates himself to one whom he may hope to make his own in the open face of day—with whom he might spend his life, as her protector and husband; but she was of high birth, and her relations had lofty pretensions—a penniless, though noble and accomplished gentleman by no means suited their views. The love of Camoens was full of difficulties: his ardour was excited by them; and, while unassured of any return he was disposed to vanquish every obstacle for the sake of seeing, and endeavouring to win the heart of the beloved object.

Youth and love aided the developement of a vivid imagination. There never breathed a more genuine poet than Camoens, and now he poured forth his soul in rhymes: canzoni and sonnets are dedicated to his lady, describing her beauty, his sufferings, and the deep affection he nourished. Notwithstanding the good old proverb, commentators are fond of instituting comparisons, and the amatory poetry of Petrarch and Camoens has been compared. Camoens had doubtless read and studied Petrarch, but in no respect does he imitate him. There is more finish in the compositions of the Italian, and for this there is an obvious cause. While speaking slightly of them, Petrarch was employed even in his last days in the correction and polishing of his Italian poetry; while the verses of Camoens, written in the first gush of inspiration, were

never collected by him, or if collected, the volume was lost : and scattered over Portugal and India, it was with difficulty they were brought together, nor were they published till after his death, and some of those included in the collection are said not to be his.

There is a glow, a freshness, and a truth ; a touching softness and a heart-felt eagerness, in his verses on dona Caterina, which is very winning. The language he uses does not charm the ear like Italian, but it is capable of great melody and expression. We possess translations of a small portion, but lyrics can never be translated ; they have a *voice* of their own which cannot be transfused into another language. Lord Strangford's translations have this merit, that they read like original poetry — but something of truth has been sacrificed in consequence.

It is from these poems that we gather almost all we know of Camoens' attachment. As Petrarch did, he dedicates a sonnet to an emotion — which to a lover's heart seemed an event, or in a *canzone*, dwells at length on the course of his passion. One sonnet which describes the lady, is a great favourite with the Portuguese : the translation is difficult ; we quote the one given by Mr. Adamson —

“ Her Eye's soft movement, radiant and benign,
 Yet with no casual glance ; her honest smile,
 Cautious though free ; — her gestures that combine,
 Light mirth with modesty, as if the while
 She stood all trembling o'er some doubtful bliss,
 Her blithe demeanour ; her confiding ease,
 Secure in grave and virgin bashfulness,
 Midst every gentler virtue formed to please
 Her purity of soul — her innate fear
 Of error's stain ; her temper mild, resigned ;
 Her looks, obedience, her unclouded air,
 The faithful index of a spotless mind ;
 These form a Circe, who with magic art
 Can fix or change each purpose of my heart.”

He describes her charms in many of his poems. Dona Caterina had mild blue eyes, and hair of a golden brown, and he dwells on the softness of the former and the splendour of the latter with fond admiration ; but the poem which expresses most fervently the influence of

her beauty is one of which Dr. Southey has given a very exquisite translation, and which we are irresistibly tempted to quote —

“ When I behold you, Lady, when my eyes
 Dwell on the deep enjoyment of your sight,
 I give my spirit to that one delight,
 And earth appears to me a Paradise.
 And when I hear you speak and see you smile,
 Full, satisfied, absorbed, my centred mind
 Deems all the world's vain hopes and joys the while,
 As empty as the unsubstantial wind.
 Lady, I feel your charms, but dare not raise
 To that high theme th' unequal song of praise ;
 A power for that to language was not given :
 Nor marvel I when I those beauties view,
 Lady, that he whose power created you,
 Could form the stars and yonder glorious heaven.”

The concluding lines of the above sonnet are conceived in the very truth of love and ardour of imagination that stamps the lyrics and sonnets of Camoens with a charm almost unequalled by any other poet.

The obstacles that were in the way of all intercourse with the lady maddened his young and impatient spirit. Dona Caterina lived in the palace, and Camoens violated some rule of decorum in endeavouring to see her, and was exiled. We are not told what his fault was. Dona Caterina was not insensible to his passion. He always speaks of her as mild and retiring—modest and gentle; he never complains of her haughtiness nor her pride: indeed, several of his sonnets speak of how oft he was happy and content, and of “ past sweet delights.”* We do not venture too far, therefore, in supposing that her relations discovered that she returned her lover's attachment; and, as they were opposed to their being married, they used their influence to get the youthful and, as they deemed, presumptuous aspirant, banished.

Lord Strangford speaks decidedly of a parting interview, when the horrors of approaching exile were softened by finding his grief and his sorrow shared by her he loved. There indeed appears foundation for this, though the noble biographer uses a few fancy tints, when, quoting the twenty-fourth sonnet, he comments

* Soneto 25.

on it, by saying, "On the morning of his departure his mistress relented from her wonted severity, and confessed the secret of her long concealed affection. The sighs of grief were soon lost in those of mutual delight, and the hour of parting was perhaps the sweetest of our poet's existence." This may be true. The poet speaks of "a mournful and a happy morning, overflowing with grief and pity", which he desires should for ever be remembered, and he speaks of "tears shed by other eyes than his."*

Camoens appears to have passed his exile at Santarem (the native place of his mother), or in its neighbourhood. He was supremely unhappy; banished from her he loved, banished from the court, where all his hopes of advancement were centred, the gates of life were closed on him. His genius and his poetical imagination were his only resource and comfort. He wrote many of his lyrics and sonnets here, and among the rest a very beautiful elegy, in which he compares himself to Ovid banished to Pontus, and separated from the country and the friends he loved. He dwells on the Roman's misery, and proceeds —

"Thus Fancy paints me — thus like him forlorn,
 Condemn'd the hapless exile's fate to prove;
 In life-consuming pain, thus doomed to mourn
 The loss of all I prized — of her I love.

"Reflection paints me guiltless though oppressed,
 Increasing thus the sources of my woe;
 The pang unmerited that rends the breast,
 But bids a tear of keener sorrow flow.

* Lord Strangford's translation is not literal, but it retains all the feeling of the original, and is very beautiful: —

"Till lovers' tears at parting cease to flow,
 Nor Sundered hearts by strong despair be torn,
 So long recorded be that April morn
 When gleams of joy were dashed with showers of woe.
 Scarce had the purpling east began to glow,
 Of mournful men, it saw me most forlorn;
 Saw those hard pangs by gentle bosom borne,
 (The hardest, sure, that gentle bosoms know!)
 But oh, it saw love's charming secret told
 By tears fast dropping from celestial eyes,
 By sobs of grief, and by such piteous sighs
 As e'en might turn th' infernal caverns cold
 And make the guilty deem their sufferings ease,
 Their torments luxury — compared to these!"

“ On golden Tagus' undulating stream*
 Skim the light barks by gentlest, wishes sped
 Trace their still way midst many a rosy gleam
 That steals in blushes o'er its trembling bed.

“ I see them gay, in passing beauty glide
 Some with fix'd sails to woo the tardy gale,
 While others with their oars that stream divide
 To which I weeping tell the Exile's tale.”

At this period also he is supposed to have conceived and begun the *Lusiad*. Passionately fond of his country, and proud of her heroes, he believed it to be a glorious task to celebrate their deeds; and while his heart warmed and his imagination was fired with such a subject, he might hope that it would please his sovereign, and that his patriotic labours would bear the fruit of some prosperity for himself. That he hoped much, we know, and felt all the confidence in eventual happiness which the young and ardent naturally feel is certain. How bitter and how blighting was the *TRUTH*, that as it brought to light, piece by piece, year by year, the course of his life, shewed only barren tracks, storms, and hardship—to end at last in abject wretchedness!

The gleams that a little irradiate the obscurity in which this portion of the life of Camoens is enveloped, shed a very doubtful light upon his motives. Faria y Sousa says, that he returned to Lisbon, and was a second time exiled for the same cause, and then resolved on his expedition to India. But there is no proof of his being banished a second time by any royal order.

The simple facts appear to be these. In 1545 he left the university and began life. He was twenty-one, ardent in his temper, high of hope, of an aspiring but poetic temperament, that could bear all that called him forth to action and glory, but was impatient of obscurity, and the dull sleepy course of hopeless unvaried mediocrity of station and life. He loved, and he was banished.

* These verses are peculiarly beautiful in the original. The translation, though flowing, does not embody the ideas of the Portuguese with exactitude, or with equal energy of expression.

His heart then spent itself in rhymes, and he conceived the idea of a poem which he deemed to be epic, which spoke of heroes, who were his countrymen, who were but lately dead, and whose path to glory in the east he even saw open before himself. Five years were passed since he had left Coimbra; he was still poor and unprotected: he resolved to be and to do something, and on this, formed the project of going to India. He had formed an intimacy with dom Antonio de Noronha. Dom Alfonso de Noronha (who must have been some relation to this young noble) was at this time named viceroy for India; and the entry in the Portuguese East Indian register shows that Camoens had taken his passage on board the same vessel in which the viceroy sailed. From some reason, however, he changed his intention. Dom Antonio was about to join the Portuguese army in Africa. His father had discovered an attachment between him and dona Margarita de Silva, a lady of high birth and great beauty, but from some unknown cause, not approving of it, he sent his son to Ceuta. Nothing was more natural than that dom Antonio should solicit his friend to accompany him, instead of leaving his native country for the distant clime of India. Other commentators say that the father of Camoens was at that time in Africa, and sent for his son; but facts tend to negative this. We have seen that Simon Vaz was his son's surety on his projected voyage, on board the Don Pedro; nor have we any facility afforded us of reconciling these contradictions.* There are several expressions in his poems

* While Camoens was in Africa his father sailed to India, and died at Goa on his arrival. Is it not possible that Simon Vaz, instead of being in Africa, was in Lisbon, as indeed seems certain, as he was surety for his son; and that his projected voyage caused Luis to entertain the design of going to India also, though hopes of preferment induced him rather to wish to sail with the viceroy than on board his father's vessel. But the invitation of his youthful friend, the reluctance he felt to give up every hope of seeing dona Caterina again, made him prefer an expedition to Africa. — Simon Vaz died on his arrival at Goa, but voyages in those days were long and uncertain: and when Luis actually sailed for India, he probably had not heard of his father's fate, and went out with the intention of joining him.

which indicate that the poet, though innocent, was obliged to go to Africa.* These might allude to a paternal command, or simply to the evil fate that pursued him, driven by which, he might term that force, which was only a strongly impelling motive.

1550. While with the troops at Ceuta, Camoens was ac-
 Etat. tively employed, and displayed great bravery on various
 20. occasions ; on one, he was destined to be a great sufferer, as he lost an eye in a naval engagement which took place in the straits of Gibraltar.

Like Cervantes, Camoens fought for his country and was mutilated in her wars, and received neither reward nor preferment. After passing some time in the burning clime of Africa, he returned to Lisbon ; but no better fortune awaited him. He returned, deprived of an eye, and the unfortunate mutilation rendered him an object of ridicule to those very ladies who, eight years before, when he was in the prime of youth and beauty, had welcomed him with distinction. At this period, the biographers state that the object of his faithful and passionate attachment died : this seems a mistake, as we shall afterwards mention ; but he was divided from her by obstacles as insurmountable as death. His father was no more. He had sailed to India as commander of a vessel, was wrecked on the Malabar coast, and, escaping from the wreck, arrived at Goa ; but did not long survive the loss of his fortunes.

1553. Camoens cast hope to the winds, and embarked for
 Etat. India. Stricken by disappointment, rendered despair-
 29. ing by hopeless love—his wearied fancy could build no more airy fabrics of future good fortune to which to escape during the tedious or fearful hours of a long and dangerous voyage. His resource was his poem. He occupied himself with the *Lusiad* ; and, doubtless, found in the glow of inspiration, and in the exercise of his imagination, some relief from sorrow and care, while traversing those stormy and distant seas, which the

* Don Jose Maria de So usa.

heroes of his epic had before sailed over, even though he went towards

“ That long desired and distant land, which is
The grave of every poor and honest man.” *

He sailed in the *San Bento*, in which the commodore Fernando Alvares Cabral, who commanded the fleet then going to the east, also embarked. It was the only one of the squadron that reached its destination ; the rest being destroyed by tempests. It reached Goa in the September of the same year.

When Camoens visited India the glorious days of Portugal were at an end. Albuquerque, Almeida, and the heroic Pacheco, who like a fabulous Paladin, withstood whole armies with his single arm, and who died unrewarded and unnoticed by his ungrateful sovereign in a hospital in Lisbon, were no more ; the disinterestedness, the honour and humanity, that distinguished the administration of Albuquerque, was not imitated by his successors. He had taken Goa, and founded an empire, which the corrupt government of Portugal has caused us to inherit. The local governors too often sought only to enrich themselves ; the viceroys were involved in wars occasioned by their tyranny and extortion ; and that which Albuquerque intended should be a political and vast dominion tributary to his native land, sunk into mere commercial or piratical speculations. In the same way, the trade with China was stained by oppressions and rapine.

* There is a singular story told by Faria y Sousa, that he found among the old books on the stall of Pedro Coelho, at Madrid, a MS. copy of the first six cantos of the *Lusiad*, written before Camoens went to India. The copy at the conclusion contained this note : “ These six cantos were purloined from Luis de Camoens, from the work which has commenced on the discovery and conquest of India by the Portuguese : they are all finished except the sixth ; — the conclusion of that is here given, yet it wants the story of the history of his loves that Leonardo relates during his watch, which ought to follow at stanza 46., where the loss of it is felt, for the conversation of those on watch becomes in consequence shorter and duller, and the canto is shorter than the others.” Faria y Sousa adds that he found several stanzas in this MS. wanting in the printed copies, but as the *Lusiad* was published under the inspection of Camoens, it is to be doubted, whether a late commentator (Sousa) is right in reproaching his predecessor for not preserving the new ones, since it would appear that they were expunged by Camoens himself.

Dom Alfonso de Noronha was still viceroy on Camoens' arrival. He was avaricious and tyrannical. At this time the king of Cochin had applied to the Portuguese for protection against the king of Pimenta. An armament was sent in November; and Camoens, without giving himself time to repose from his long voyage, accompanied it. The artillery of the Portuguese gained for them a signal victory, and the king of Cochin soon sued for peace. "We were to retake an island," Camoens writes in his first elegy, "belonging to the king of Porca, and which the king of Pimenta had seized; and we were successful. We departed from Goa with a large armament, which comprised all the forces there, collected together by the viceroy. With little trouble we destroyed the quiver-armed people, and punished them with death and fire. We were detained in the island only two days, which was the last for some, who passed the cold waters of Styx."

Thus he enrolled his name at once among those adventurers who sought by their gallantry to conquer fortune, and to acquire prosperity and reputation by the sword. Camoens was full of military ardour, but he was a poet, and his disposition was gentle as it was fearless; and Southey well observes, that his better nature induced him, while recording this victory, to envy those happier men whose lives were spent in the exercise of the arts of peace.

On his return to Goa, he was saddened by the news of the death of his young and dear friend, dom Antonio de Noronha. He perished in an engagement with the Moors, near Tetuan, on the 18th of April, 1553. Antonio had been driven from his native country to fall in the destructive African wars, through the obduracy of his father. He was miserable in his exile; as Camoens pathetically describes:—

"But while his tell-tale cheek the cause betrays,
To him who marks it with affection's eye,
And speaks in silence to a father's gaze
The fatal strength of love's resistless sigh;
Parental art, resolved, alas! to prove
The stronger power of absence over love."

Unimaginative people fancy that when a poet laments in song, his heart is cold. How false this is, persons even of the chilliest fancy can judge if they call to mind, how, in times of vehement affliction, they are more alive, and the world is more alive to them, in images that bear upon their grief, than during periods of monotony. The act of writing may compose the mind; but the boiling of the soul, and quake of heart, that precede, transcend all the sufferings which tame spirits feel. Camoens wrote a sonnet* and an elegy on this loss, which he sent in a letter to a friend.

“I wish so much for a letter from you,” he says in this letter, “that I fear that my wishes balked themselves — for it is a trick of fortune to inspire a strong desire for the very purpose of disappointing it. But as I would not have such wrong done me, as that you should suspect that I do not remember you, I determined to remind you by this, in which you will see little more or less than that I wish you to write to me from your native land; and in anticipated payment I send you news from this, which will do no harm at the bottom of a box, and may serve as a word of advice to other adventurers, that they may learn that every country grows grass. When I left Portugal, as one bound for another world, I sent all the hopes I had nourished, with a crier before them, to be hanged, as coiners of false money, and I freed myself from all the thoughts of home, so that there might not remain in me one stone upon another. Thus situated, in the midst of uncertainty and confusion, the last words I uttered were those of Scipio Africanus — ‘*Ingrata patria, non possidebis ossa mea.*’ For without having committed any sin that would doom me to three days of purgatory, I have endured three thousand from evil tongues, worse intentions, and wicked designs, born of mere envy,

“to view
Their darling ivy, torn from them, take root
Against another wall.” †

* The sonnet has been translated by lord Strangford.

† These lines are quoted from the first eclogue of Garcilaso de la Vega.

Even friendships softer than wax have been warmed into hatred and set alight, whence my fame has received more blisters than the crackling of a roasted pig. Thus they found in my skin the valour of Achilles, who could only be wounded at the sole of the foot; for they were never able to see mine, though I forced many to show theirs. In short, Senhor, I know not how to thank myself for having escaped all the snares with which circumstances surrounded me in that country, except by coming to this, where I am more respected than the bulls of Merciana*, and live more peacefully than in the cell of friar. This country, I say, which is the mother of rascals, and the mother-in-law of honest men. For those who seek to enrich themselves float like bladders on the water; but those whose inclinations lead them to deeds or arms, are thrown, as the tide throws dead bodies on shore, to be dried up first, and then to decay."

He then proceeds to speak of the women. The Portuguese whom he finds there, he says, are old; and of the natives he dislikes their language — "for if you address them," he continues, "in the style of Petrarch and Boscan, they reply in a language so sown with tares, that it sticks in the throat of the understanding, and would throw cold water on the most burning flame in the world. And now no more, Senhor, than this sonnet, which I wrote on the death of dom Antonio de Noronha, which I send as a mark of how much it grieved me. I wrote an eclogue on the same subject, which appears to me the best I have written. I wished also to send it to Miguel Diaz, who would be glad to see it, on account of his great friendship for dom Antonio, but being occupied by the many letters I have to write to Portugal, I have no time."

Camoens could not remain inactive; he had left

It is supposed that Camoens meant, that his enemies were angry to see the reputation they coveted, possessed by him. The language and style of this letter is so very obscure as to be almost untranslatable.

* A place a few miles from Lisbon, where bulls are bred for the bull-fights. He seems to use these expressions ironically.

a country which, notwithstanding all he had suffered, he fondly loved, because no career was open to him. He sought one in India, and when none presented itself, he cast himself in the first expedition set on foot, however dangerous or tedious it promised to be, and with all the bravery and ardour of his soul, using both pen and sword, endeavoured to fight or write himself into reputation and preferment.

The year following his arrival at Goa, Noronha was succeeded in his viceroyalty by dom Pedro Mascarenhas, who soon after died, and Francisco Barreto acted as governor. The cruising of the Mahometans in the straits of Mecca was very detrimental to the Portuguese trade, and expeditions were sent out to protect the merchantmen, under the command of Manoel de Vasconcellos. On the second occasion, Camoens offered to serve as volunteer, and accompanying Vasconcellos, shared the great hardships of the expedition.

On his return to Goa, he wrote a most beautiful *canzone*, the ninth, descriptive of the wretchedness he endured, in which he pours that corner of the world, “neighbouring a barren, rocky, sterile mountain; useless, bare, bald and shapeless, abhorred of nature, where no bird flies, nor wild beast crouches—where no stream flows, nor any fountain springs, and whose name is Felix. Here my hapless fortune placed me; here, in this remote, rugged, and rocky part of the world, did fortune will that a short space of my short life should be spent, that it might be scattered in pieces about the world; here I wasted my sad, solitary, and sterile days, full of hardship, grief, and resentment; nor had I, as my only adversaries, life, a burning sun, and chilling waters, a thick and sultry atmosphere,—but also my own thoughts. They assailed me, bringing the memory of some passed and brief delight, which once was mine when I inhabited the world, to double the asperity of my adversity, by showing me that many happy hours may be enjoyed; and thus, in these thoughts, I wore out time and life.”

1554.
Ætat.
30.

1555.
Ætat.
31.

Camoens returned to Goa, only to again encounter the enmity of fate and malice of men. It was natural for him, to behold with indignation and contempt the extortion and tyranny of the Portuguese government; and he is said to have been excited by these feelings to express his dislike of various individuals that composed it in a satire, which he named "Follies in India," (*Disparates na India*), in which, in general terms, he lashes many potent individuals for their misdeeds. This made him enemies; and being suspected of composing another satire, still more distasteful to several who were named in it, as instituting a feast of canes in honour of the new governor, and getting drunk on the occasion; the persons aggrieved, fearing Camoens' sword as well as his pen, applied for redress to Barreto, and he was glad of the pretence to arrest and banish him to China*; or rather, Southey says, we should express it, ordered him to another station; but this is often the worst exile; when a man has sought a new country, where he has friends and prospects, it is an arbitrary and cruel act that drives him out to seek his fortune on unknown shores, where he arrives a stranger, and may be looked on as an intruder; his name already stigmatised by the very circumstances of his removal.

* A discussion has arisen concerning the cause of Camoens' banishment. Fario y Sousa, who lived near the time of Camoens, (he was born in 1590,) says that Barreto took offence at this second satire, and adds with great candour and good feeling: "There is not anything reprehensible in all my master's actions, except his having written these satires, for in doing so he lost sight of prudence, independence, and the bearing of a cavalier; as not any of these qualities belong to a satirist. Barreto, likewise, who was a man possessing a great mind, did not appear to advantage in revenging himself so sternly upon a man of such abilities, and in treating him with such rigour." The late biographer Sousa resents this account. He says, the satire was falsely attributed to Camoens, since no spark of his genius appears,—nor is he found either before, or after that time, indulging in that species of composition." Southey warmly takes Faria's part, (whom he names one of the most upright and high-minded men that ever ended his days in honourable poverty) and blames Camoens. Adamson is inclined to side with Sousa. We must remember that Barreto was a cruel, arbitrary, and extortionate man: and the sense Camoens evinces of his banishment, makes us willing to believe that he was supported by a lofty sense of innocence. He calls his banishment an unjust decree, in the *Lusiad*,—and in more energetic language in another poem, he wishes that the remembrance of his exile might, in punishment of those by whom it was obtained, be sculptured in rock or adamant.

Camoens departed from Goa in the fleet which Barreto ^{1556.} despatched to the South. He felt this arbitrary act ^{Ætat.} bitterly. He denounced it as unjust, and went, he says, ^{32.} "loaded with his recollections, his sorrows, and his fortunes, which were for ever adverse." He disembarked, at first, at one of the Molucca Isles; Ternate, as it is supposed: the term of his stay there is uncertain, but there is every reason to suppose that he soon proceeded to Macao.* He here held the office of "Provedor dos Defunctos," or commissary for the effects of the deceased; and here again we find a similarity with Cervantes, who was driven to maintain himself by accepting a clerkship; but in this Camoens was more fortunate than the Spaniard; the situation he held was of greater emolument, and he amassed a little fortune while holding it †; nor was it a place that demanded much time for the fulfilment of its duties. Camoens found leisure to retire from the details of business, and to pursue his poetical occupations. He was wont to spend much time in a grotto which commanded a view

* The description which he gives of the place where he spent the greater part of his exile, as doctor Southey justly remarks, applies decidedly to Macao and not to Ternate, as Mr. Adanson supposes.

Cercada esta de hum rio,
De maritims aguas saudosas,
Das herbas que aqui nascem,
Os gados juntamente, y es olhos passeml,
Aqui minha ventura
Quiz que huma grande parte,
Da vida ——— se passasse.

"It is surrounded by an ocean-stream of salt water. On the herbage that it produces the flock and the eye jointly pasture. Here fortune willed that a considerable part of my life should be passed."

† That Camoens, banished by Barreto, held a profitable situation under him seems a contradiction; yet since he amassed a sum of money that seemed wealth to him, he must have been appointed during the governorship of Barreto. The Quarterly Review, bent on admiring the virtues of power, deduces arguments in favour of Barreto: but Camoens could not have denounced him as he did had he been under obligations to him, obligations too, which the whole world in India would have considered full compensation for his exile from Goa. Sousa considers that his stay was of longer duration at Ternate than we assign, and that he did not fill the place at Macao till a later period, when it was given him by Barreto's successor. But then he would not have had time to amass a fortune. Here therefore is an enigma, whose solution we cannot discover, unless it be (and it seems the probable conjecture) that the local governor of Macao preferred Camoens to this place, and Barreto had nothing at all to do with it.

of the sea, and where, apart from the rest of the world, he wrote a great portion of the "Lusiad." This spot is still shown to strangers who visit Macao, as the grotto of Camoens; and an English visitor thus describes it: "It is pleasantly situated on the western shore of the promontory of Macao, and faces the harbour, which divides it on that side from the main land. This promontory is a narrow neck of land, whose stony and barren surface is only rendered habitable by the sea breezes, that blow from three quarters of the compass, and somewhat temper the natural heat of the climate." At this day, the English possessor has beautified it by a plantation of trees, and crowned it with a small Chinese temple, built on the rock, which is a sort of cromlech; the excavation beneath is the cave, or natural grotto, to which the poet resorted, bare in itself, but commanding a beautiful and extensive view:—"the wide sea flecked with verdant isles, the harbour busy with vessels, the line of woody and cultivated coast, bounded by the majestic Montagna, whose pyramidical form and dark aspect add no small charm to the scenery."

Here Camoens continued the "Lusiad;" here Southey supposes that the happiest years of his life were spent. It may be so, but airy and cameleon-like must that happiness have been. His imagination, his desire of fame, the grasp he held of it, as he added to his immortal work, doubtless often fired his soul with that rapture which poets only know; and, as he gathered together some of the world's pelf, he might dream of dona Caterina, of his native Lisbon, and hope to make her his own when he should return; he could look upon the sky and sea, and the beautiful earth, and feel the loveliness of the creation breathe peace and love around him. But still he was exiled and he was alone; his food was hope; far off expectation, and that too of blessings, which he was never doomed to possess; and as doubtless the human soul does unconsciously receive shadows or sunbeams from the future, so his melancholy mood may often have made him wonder, why on an earth

so lovely; beneath so sublime a heaven, he should be doomed to solitude and misfortune.

Thus several years were passed. Whatever the emoluments of his place were, or whatever fortune it was that he amassed, or whatever were the charms of his abode, they did not seduce him to stay a day longer than he was obliged. He obtained leave to return to Goa from, or was invited to do so by, dom Costantino de Braganza, the new viceroy, who had known and entertained friendship for him in Portugal. He embarked carrying with him his little fortune. But here fate at once displayed her unmitigated persecution; he was wrecked at the mouth of the river Mecon, and with difficulty reached the shore; carrying in one hand the manuscript of his poem, while he swam with the other. Every thing else that he possessed in the world was lost.*

Camcens was kindly received by the natives who lived on the banks of the Mecon; though he says of them with some scorn—

“The near inhabitants brutishly think
That pain and glory, after this life’s end
Even brute creatures of each kind attend.”

yet this very belief may have made them more sympathetic and charitable.

He remained on this coast for a few days after his wreck. And here all commentators agree that he wrote what are called his marvellous and inimitable *rendon-dilhas*, which commence by an allusion to the Hebrew psalm of exile, “By the waters of Babylon.” Southey rejects absolutely the possibility that this beautiful poem could have been written at such an hour of

* To this wreck, and to his escape he refers in the prophetic song in the tenth *Lusiad* when he speaks of the river Mecon —

“Upon his soft and charitable brim
The wet and shipwrecked song receive shall he,
Which in a lamentable plight shall swim
From shoals and quicksands of tempestuous sea,
The dire effect of exile, — when on *him*
Is executed the unjust decree,
Whose repercussive lyre shall have the fate
To be renowned more than fortunate.”

Lusiad, canto x. stanza 128. — *Fanshaw's Translation*

tumult and uncertainty, and brings as proof, that not only, he does not mention his wreck, nor the kindness he received, for which he evidently felt grateful, but speaks of himself as living in exile.

He soon pursued his voyage to Goa, where the viceroy received him with kindness and distinction; and hope might dawn again upon his heart, and he might expect preferment under dom Constantine de Braganza's patronage, who loved him as a friend. But we are almost forced to believe in the influence of a star, and that which ruled the fate of Camoens was full of storm and wreck, and miserable reverses. Dom Constantine, with whose viceroyalty, Faria tells us, ended all good government in India, the succeeding governors being unable to stem the tide and avarice of extortion, was soon replaced by don Francisco de Coutinho, Conde de Redondo. The poet's enemies took advantage of this change to urge against him an accusation of malversation in the exercise of his office at Macao. Don Francisco was said to be the friend and admirer of the poet, but Mickle, in reprobating his general character, accuses him also of deceit towards Camoens—at least he afforded him no protection on this occasion, and this thrice unhappy man was thrown into prison.

In the seventh canto of the *Lusiad*, the poet breaks off suddenly in the narrative, as if oppressed by the sense of his own woes; and, forced to give a voice to the anguish that wrung his soul, he recalls images of home and bids them assuage the bitterness of his grief, while he recapitulates the various disasters he had sustained—exclaiming,—

“ But, O, blind man
I? that, unwise and rude, without your clue,
Nymphs of Mondego and the Tagan stream,
A course so long, so intricate, pursue.
I launch into a boundless ocean,
With wind so contrary, that unless you
Extend your favours, I have cause to think
My brittle bark will in a moment sink.

Behold, how long, whilst I strain all my powers
Your Tagus singing, and your Portugal,
Fortune, new toils presenting and new sours,
Through the world drags me at her chariot's tail :

Sometimes committed to sea's rolling towers,
 Sometimes to bloody dangers martial!
 Thus I, like desperate Canace of old,
 My pen in this, my sword in that hand hold.

Now by declined and scorned poverty
 Degraded, at another's board to eat;
 Now in possession of a fortune high,
 Thrown back again, farther than ever yet;
 Now 'scaped, with my life only, which hung by
 A single thread, even that a load too great;
 That 'tis no less a wonder I am here,
 Than Judah's king's new lease of fifteen year.

Nay more, my Nymphs, I thus being made an isle
 And rock of want, surrounded by my woes,
 The same, whom I swam, singing all the while,
 Gave me for all my verses, but coarse prose:
 Instead of hoped rest for long exile,
 Or bays, to crown my head which bald now grows,
 Unworthy scandals they thereon did hail,
 Which laid me in a miserable jail.*

Camoens was easily enabled to prove the falsehood of the charges of which he was accused. And he would have been set free, but Miguel Rodrigues Coutinho, a man of wealth and consequence, but nicknamed Fios-seccos, detained him in prison for a trifling debt; not more, at the very largest computation, than twenty pounds. He petitioned for his release from the viceroy in some sportive verses, in which he ridicules the character of his creditor. The request was such as a man in adversity might prefer to a friend in power, without humiliation; and though the biographers are chary of attributing the merit of his release to the viceroy, and Mickle even asserts that he owed it "to the shame felt by the gentlemen of Goa," it seems likely that dom Francisco did shew his friendship by enlarging him.

He continued in India, and pursued his military career as a volunteer. On all occasions he displayed undaunted bravery; and his companions in arms loved him for the heroic as well as cheerful spirit which he displayed in all reverses, and during every hardship.

* We cannot help preferring the faithful and nervous, though uncouth and even obsolete, translation of Fanshaw to the more diluted stream of Mickle's heroics. Southey speaks of "the elaborate and curious infidelity of Mickle's version;" at the same time that he praises it highly. Desirous of understanding the soul of Camoens, it is not from his smooth expressions, that the reader unacquainted with Portuguese can be informed.

At this period he is supposed to have heard of the death of dona Catarina de Atayde*, who, in her grave, was not more lost to him than on earth, while such far seas lay between them; yet the thought of her was dear and consolatory. When recording that two blows befell him at the same time, the one the loss of fortune, he continues:—

“ And greater ill — the other blow destroyed
The gentle one, whom I so deeply loved,
Perpetual Recollection of my soul!”†

Of Catarina's story we may say, as Shakspeare's Viola does of her own history, it was “a blank.” She loved, she wept, she died. Her lover won her heart, and then was driven by fate to other lands at an immeasurable distance, and the course of long years promised no return. He fondly laments and commemorates her loss in poems which breathe tenderness and love in all its purity and truth.‡ He addressed her in

* Don Joze Faria y Souza, the latest Portuguese commentator, first suggested this as the probable epoch of dona Catarina's death, in contradistinction to all other biographers, who place it on his return from Ceuta. He founds his notion on the internal evidence of Camoens' lyrics and sonnets, and has made converts of Adamson and Southey, and will of all future biographers. There is this of agreeable also; that Camoens is rescued from the charge, that otherwise lies at his door (and is mentioned by Lord Strangford), of forgetting dona Catarina as soon as she was no more, and addressing another lady in the language of constant love. But these poems show by their context that they were addressed to his first love, who still lived.

† Perpetuo saudade da alma mia.

The word *saudade* is peculiar to the Portuguese language — it includes much — a recollection accompanied by affection, and regret, and pleasure: friends when they write, send *saudades* instead of our *remembrances* to others, and it speaks of more tender and kind feeling.

‡ One of the most perfect and beautiful of Camoens' poems, is a sonnet which many have preferred to the one of Petrarch on the same subject, or even to his *Trionfa*, which also narrates the visionary visit of his lost love. The following is Mr. Hayley's translation:—

“ While prest with woes from which it cannot flee,
My fancy sinks, and slumber seals my eyes,
Her spirit hastens in my dreams to rise,
Who was in life but as a dream to me.
O'er the drear waste, so wide no eye can see
How far its sense-evading limit lies,
I follow her quick step; but ah, she flies!
Our distance wid'ning by fate's stern decree.
'Fly not from me, kind shadow,' I exclaim;
She with fixed eyes, that her soft thoughts reveal,
And seemed to say, 'Forbear thy fond design,'—
Still flies. — I call her, but her half-formed name
Dies on my falt'ring tongue. — I wake and feel
Not e'en one short delusion can be mine.”

that heaven which she had reached, and adjured her :—

“ Prefer thy prayer
To God, who took thee early to his rest,
That it may please him soon amid the blest
To summon me, dear maid, to meet thee there.”

He had lost all ; poverty clung to him, and the last hope of seeing her he loved again, was taken away. Fame and glory only remained. His poem was finished ; and weary of hard services in wars — whose objects he condemned, and in reward for which he received but the slender pay of a volunteer — he desired to return to his native country, to publish his poem, and to receive the welcome of his friends, and perhaps the reward of his sovereign. He had left Portugal with an embittered spirit ; but his misfortunes in India made him turn with a longing eye to his native land, where he might hope that his enemies would cease to persecute him, and he obtain favour from his sovereign.

Pedro Barreto (a name unlucky for the poet) was appointed governor of Sofala, in the Mozambique, and invited Camoens to accompany him. Whether he offered him an office, or only allured him with the hope of facilitating his return to Portugal, Sofala being on the way, we are not told. It seems likely that Camoens went, induced by the latter motive, and trusting to the friendship of a low-minded and hard-hearted man. Arrived at Sofala, he obtained no situation ; it was his place to dine at the governor's table, to follow in his train, and to tell the world that he, a gallant soldier and a poet, who inherited immortality, was the dependant of Pedro Barreto. His proud spirit revolted, and he was content to endure the extreme of poverty, rather than play the servile part of parasite and hanger-on. It is probable that some absolute quarrel ensued, or at least that Barreto was so ill pleased with the independent deportment of the man whom he believed that he held in his power, that he expressed his dissatisfaction with an insolence which Camoens resented. At this juncture some of his Indian friends arrived in the

Santa Fé ; they found him in a most deplorable condition, dependent on others for his subsistence ; in want of clothes and every necessary. They supplied his wants, and invited him to accompany them, a proposal Camoens gladly accepted ; when the dastardly and malevolent Barreto refused to permit his departure, until he had been paid 200 ducats, which he alleged he had spent in his behalf. The newly-arrived gentlemen, indignant at this meanness, were only the more eager to rescue their friend out of such a person's hands : they subscribed the money, and as Faria expresses it, " ransomed him ; so that at the same time the person of Luis Camoens, and the reputation of Pedro Barreto, were bought and sold at the same price ;" and if, as men of genius and virtue fondly think, renown for good or ill in this world is an acquisition to be sought, or to be avoided, even with the loss of life, Pedro Barreto, as he counted his paltry ducats, had better have cast them and himself into the sea, than have put them into his pocket ; but even the sea could not have washed out the stain of moral infamy. These friends of Camoens were cavaliers, who loved literature and honoured the writer. Their names have been preserved : Hector da Sylveira, Duarte de Abreu, Diogo de Couto, Antonio Cabral, Antonio Serram, and Luis de Veyga. He was the intimate friend of Hector da Sylveira, who showed himself the most active and friendly, and who contributed the largest share to the payment of the debt, even if he did not, as has been asserted, pay the whole. Sylveira is mentioned in a Barmecide feast, Camoens describes as having given at Goa ; and they composed redondillhas and other light verses together. The reputation of Couto is known. He was an historian of great merit.

Camoens felt keenly the depth of adversity in which he had sunk. " Oh, how long drawn out," he exclaims in a sonnet, " year by year, is my weary pilgrimage ! I go hastening towards age, while my ills increase ; every

bright hope becomes a dark deceit, and I follow a good which I never reach. I fail midway in the path, yet falling a thousand times, I have still hoped." And in another, driven by despair into feelings unlike his natural ones, he asks, "where he may find a desert place, unvisited even by the brute creation; some gloomy wood or darksome forest — a place as dismal as his own thoughts, wherein to dwell for ever!"

During the voyage home, however, his spirit revived, refreshed by the kindness and admiration of his friends. They read, they praised, and anticipated success for the "Lusiad." Couto wrote a commentary on it, which was unfortunately lost; and the same writer tells us that Camoens employed himself, on the passage, in composing a work of great erudition and philosophy, which he entitled "Parnasso de Luis Camoens," and which Couto says was stolen from him, and irretrievably lost. Late commentators suppose that this must have been a collection of his minor poems: but as Couto speaks of its erudition, and had read it, he would have been aware of this, and expressed himself differently.

The sanguine spirit of the poet, to whom kindness was medicine, and the hope of fame the dearest joy, again dared look forward — again he trusted. A young ^{1569.} and gallant monarch had just ascended the throne, and ^{Etat.} he hoped to propitiate his favour by his patriotic work. ^{45.} The moment of his landing, however, was unfavourable; for the plague was raging at Lisbon, and the minds of even the great and prosperous were absorbed by the fear of death. The political state of the kingdom was also disadvantageous. Sebastian had succeeded to the crown when only three years old. The queen, Catherine of Austria, had been appointed regent by the will of the late king; but the cardinal Henrique, uncle to the infant sovereign, so disgusted her with his intrigues, that she resigned her power in his favour. Henrique did not show himself unworthy of the trust; but as Sebastian grew up, the courtiers around him were eager that

he should take the government of the kingdom into his own hands. Sebastian's own heart was set on military glory and conquests in Africa: a project favoured by all the young and ambitious, and deprecated by the experienced, who saw only a useless expenditure of life and money in the design. The cardinal, meanwhile, endeavoured to prolong his sway. Camoens must have found it difficult to trim his sail between the actual power of the cardinal and the anticipated influence of the favourites of the king. He wrote the verses in which he dedicates his poem to the young monarch; he corrected and polished it; but the publication lingered, and it was two years after his return to his native country before it appeared. It was hailed with

1571. enthusiasm, and reprinted within the year. The king
 .Etat. heard of it, it is said, and granted the poet a pension of
 47. 15,000 reis—about five pounds sterling—and required him to live within the precincts of the court, and obtain its payment half-yearly. A soldier who had fought as Camoens had done for his country, would have had his sufferings and mutilation better rewarded. It has been impossible to discover what occasioned the paltriness of the grant; if, indeed, it was not his half-pay as a military man, rather than a pension given to the poet. Some commentators fancy that the cardinal scowled on the poem, as likely to excite the martial ardour of the king, which he wished to repress. This fear almost seems to have gone the length of withholding the book altogether; for had Sebastian read the poem, he would surely have found in it a voice that echoed the emotions of his own heart, and would have regarded its writer with more favour; and when he sailed on his ill-fated expedition to Africa, and selected Diego Bernardes to accompany him as his poet, he would rather have chosen a man who could so well achieve and so well describe deeds of arms, as Camoens had proved that he could do.*

* Southey has given the following account of his rival:—“Diego Ber-

But in mentioning this we anticipate. Sebastian did not undertake his fatal expedition until the lapse of several years. Meanwhile the darkest shadows clouded the poet's fate. No court favour, no preferment was extended to him. Her he loved was dead; his poem was finished, published, read, admired; yet it proved barren of any advantage, except what he must have felt to be empty reputation, to its unfortunate writer. The poetry of his life faded before realities the most heartbreaking and oppressive. He continued to reside at Lisbon. He did not write, for he had fallen into a state of ill-health, the consequence of the many hardships he had endured, and the climate of India. He lived, he says, "in the knowledge of many, and the society of few." He enjoyed the acquaintance and conversation of some learned men, who belonged to the convent of S. Domingos de Lisboa, near which he lived.

The most melancholy circumstances attended his last days. He was sick and poor; his very life was supported by charity. His servant Antonio, a native of Java, by whom some say his life was saved when wrecked on the coast of Cochin, whom he had brought with him from India, was accustomed to steal out at night, and beg for bread, to support his miserable master during the following day.

While in this afflicting state, a fidalgo, Ruy Diaz de Camara, paid him a visit in his wretched dwelling, to complain that he had not fulfilled a promise which the poet had made of translating the penitential psalms.

Bernardes, one of the best of the Portuguese poets, was born on the banks of the Lima, and passionately fond of its scenery. Some of his poems will bear comparison with the best poems of their kind. There is a charge of plagiarism against him, for having printed several of Camoen's sonnets as his own: to obtain any proof on this subject would be very difficult: this, however, is certain, that his own undisputed productions resemble them so much in affecting tenderness and sweetness of diction, that the whole appear like the works of one author."—*Notes to Southey's Don Roderick*. Bernardes, however, had no reason to congratulate himself on the choice having fallen on him. He was taken prisoner in the battle in which Sebastian fell; and then he blamed the unfortunate king, and deplored his own fate—a captive doomed to labour and chains. He obtained his liberty, and died at Lisbon in 1596, and was buried in the same church a Camoens. Vide Adamson.

Camoens regarded with resentment the man who could urge him to write while starving. "When I wrote those verses," he replied, "I was young, well off, and in love; I possessed the affection of many friends, and was favoured of ladies, which imparted a poetic fire. Now I have neither spirit nor peace of mind for any thing. There stands my Javanese, who asks me for two pieces, to buy fuel, and I have none to give him." We are told, though it seems incredible, that "the cavalier closed his heart and purse and quitted the room." Thus shewing himself as base-minded as he was silly. Yet even in this state, so keen and patriotic were the poet's feelings, that his illness is said to have been increased by the tidings of Sebastian's overthrow and death in Africa.

Prophesying that the ruin of his country would result from this defeat, he says, in a letter written at that time,—“At least I shall die with it!”—and this sad reflection was a consolation. Southey conjectures that those friends who were kindest to him perished in this defeat, and that thus he lost that aid which had hitherto stood between him and absolute want.

1778. At length illness and suffering reduced him to so low
Ætat. a state that he was incapable of all exertion. He felt
54. that his death was near, and, as a last effort, he expressed in a letter some of the bitter feelings excited by the miserable circumstances with which it came attended.

1779. "Who ever heard," he says, "that fortune should wish
Ætat. to represent such vast misfortunes on the little theatre of
55. a poor bed! and I, as if they were not sufficient, make myself her ally; for it would appear effrontery to attempt to resist such ill."

But the last scene was saddest of all. He breathed his last in an hospital. The month and day of his decease are alike unknown. The sheet in which he was shrouded was the gift of a noble, Don Francisco de Portugal, whose name deserves no praise for so meagre an offering to the dead, whose life a small portion of wealth might have rendered easy. A moralising monk watched

his last hours. "How miserable a thing," he writes, "to see so great a genius so ill rewarded! I saw him die in a hospital at Lisbon, without possessing a shroud to cover his remains, after having borne arms victoriously in India, and having sailed 5500 leagues: — a warning for those who weary themselves by studying night and day without profit, as the spider who spins his web to catch flies."*

After his death his body was removed to the church of Santa Anna, where he was interred; but no tomb or monumental inscription marked the spot, till sixteen years after his death, don Gonçalo Coutinho placed a stone to his memory, with this inscription —

HERE LIES LOUIS, DE CAMOENS,
PRINCE OF THE POETS OF HIS TIME.
HE LIVED POOR AND MISERABLE,
AND THUS DIED,
IN THE YEAR MDLXXIX.

D. GONÇALO COUTINHO ORDERED
THIS STONE TO BE PLACED HERE,
UNDER WHICH
NO OTHER PERSON SHOULD BE BURIED.†

We are told that Camoens was handsome in person; and Faria y Sousa speaks of him as elegant and prepossessing in person before he went to India. Hardships and disappointments on his return bowed him down, destroyed his cheerfulness, and made him old before his time.

* Lord Holland possesses a copy of the first edition of the *Lusiad*, in which these words were written by the friar Josepe Judio, who left it in the convent of the barefooted Carmelites of Guadalaxara.

† This admirable inscription runs thus in its own native Portuguese on the stone itself —

AQUI JAZ LUIS DE CAMOES,
PRINCIPE DOS POETAS! DE SEU TEMPO,
VIVEO POBRE E MISERAVELMENTE,
E ASSI MORREO,‡
ANNO DE MDLXXIX.
ESTA CAMPA LHE MANDA AQUI,
POR D. GONÇALO COUTINHO,
NA QUAL SE NAÕ ENTERRARA
PESSOA ALGUMA.

Camoens was a great man, not only as poet, but in the qualities of his mind and heart. He entered life full of aspiration after the good and beautiful. He loved tenderly and fondly one who was as pure and good as she was lovely; and in absence, and through hardship and sorrow, still he worshipped her idea and mourned her fate. He was gallant and brave in doing, as well as in the harder task of bearing. No mean, no servile, no even dubious act is recorded of him, during the course of many misfortunes, when spirits less high might have bowed before the rich and powerful. He was naturally cheerful, friendly, and fond of society, which he enlivened and adorned by his wit and genius. Fortune warred with him long in vain, but she conquered at last, when poor, and sick, and friendless, he grew melancholy and despairing. At the commencement we compared his fortunes with those of Cervantes; but the career of Camoens was the most disastrous. Every act of his life had an adverse termination. In the early season of youth he loved tenderly and ardently; and this feeling had not injured his fortunes, if his attachment had not been returned. A modern poet asks, "What makes it fatal in this world of ours, to be loved?" It was the love that Dona Catarina bore the poet, that awakened the enmity of her powerful relations, and cast his whole life into shadow. From the hour he was banished for her sake, he succeeded in nothing. He fought for his country in Africa, only to be maimed and deformed for life. He visited India only to encounter the same hardships in a worse climate; he amassed a fortune, and lost it in shipwreck; he trusted to the kind feelings of the powerful, and found himself reduced to absolute want. The most adverse period of Cervantes' life was his captivity at Algiers*, when he had the spirit of early manhood, the love and admiration of his companions, his own conscience, and stirring hopes and

* We may remark that Camoens died while Cervantes was still a captive at Algiers. He was dead when the Spaniard joined the army at Lisbon two or three years after.

fears to animate him. The happiest portion of Camoens' existence, we are told, were the years he spent at Macao, away from every friend, with hope only to cheer him, and his imagination, while he looked over the wide distant sea that separated him from the dearest objects of life. In his last moments, Cervantes had wife and relation near; and, when dying, he said farewell, to joy; farewell to his friends. In Camoens' last hour his spirit was broken: want and penury, in their most loathsome guise, were his death-bed companions, in a wretched hospital. Southey justly remarks, however, that he is not to be considered a martyr to literature; for he in no way depended on that for bread. He was a martyr to that political system which created a body of men, (the younger sons of the nobility), who, if they inherited no property, could acquire a livelihood only by court favour; and that is never bestowed upon the worthiest. He sought advancement, as well as the "bubble, honour, at the cannon's mouth." He gained the latter only; and unless his spirit now enjoys the fame which he desired during life, it was a bubble indeed, without substance to support him in his necessity. Had he lived a little longer, we are told Philip II. desired to see him when at Lisbon; and he would have found assistance in him. Many is the reprieve fate sends to the suffering after they are dead, as if to show her power, and to impress us with the idea that all depends on her fiat. Wherefore Heaven has established a law, that the best men are to suffer most in this life, is a mystery. All we know is, that so it is, and so learn at least to revere those cast in adversity, and to glory rather than feel shame in the frowns of fortune.*

It seems strange that men should let a fellow-creature die as Camoens died; a man, too, who possessed

*"The poet's life is one of want and suffering, and often of mortification — mortification, too, that comes terribly home; but far be it from me to say that it has not its own exceeding great reward. It may be late in coming, but the claim on universal sympathy is at last allowed. The future, glorious and calm, brightens over the grave; and then, for the present, the golden world of the imagination is around it. Not one emotion of your own beating heart but is recorded in music." — *L. E. L.*

the much-coveted advantage of birth, who had fought for his country, and celebrated her glories in his verse. Long did these very verses — the “Lusiad,” and the reputation it promised — bear him up; yet some hope he lost as he concluded it, and at last he breaks off impatiently, —

“No more, my Muse, no more; my harp’s ill strung,
 Heavy and out of tune, and my voice hoarse —
 And not with singing, but to see I’ve sung
 To a deaf people, and without remorse.
 Favour that wont t’inspire the poet’s tongue,
 Our country yields not: she minds the purse
 Too much; exhaling from her gilded mud
 Nothing but dross and melancholy blood.

Nor know I by what fate or duller chance,
 Men have not now the life or general gust,
 Which made them with a cheerful countenance,
 Themselves into perpetual action thrust.

* * * * *

While I, who speak in rude and humble rhyme,
 Nor known, or dreamt of by my king at all,
 Know yet from mouths of little ones sometime
 The praise of great ones does completely fall.
 I want not honest studies for my prime,
 Nor long experience, since to mix withal;
 I want not wit, such as in this you see,
 Three things which rarely in conjunction be.”

An arm to serve you, trained in war have I,
 A soul, to sing you, to the Muses bent;
 Only I want acceptance in your eye,
 Who owe to virtue fair encouragement.

We have dwelt so long on the various and melancholy circumstances of Camoens’ lot, that small space is left to speak of his works. Of his lesser poems, his lyrics, and sonnets, such mention has been made in the foregoing pages as have informed the reader of their high merit. Impassioned yet tender, earnest, yet soft — full of heart, and all the better feelings of the soul, they are the type of Camoens, and deserve the same praise as he himself merits.

Patriotism, warmed by the heroic deeds of the discoverers of the passage to India, inspired him with the idea of the *Lusiad*. He named it “*Os Lusitanos*,” that is to say, the Lusitanians or Portuguese. It opens with the arrival of Vasco de Gama in the Mosambique; it carries him thence, after many dangers, to Calicut,

and brings him thence home. Episodical narrations vary the poem. It has faults.* Its mythology is clumsy. While bringing forward Christians as Moslems in contention, the introduction of the heathen deities, of Bacchus and Venus, is ridiculous; yet the description of Venus presenting herself to Jupiter, in the second canto, may make any lover of the beautiful pardon the incongruity. The *Lusiad* is full of beauties: stanzas that rise to sublimity, touch the heart by their pathos, or charm it by descriptive beauties, abound. Above all, there is fire, a heart, a soul — flesh and blood, enthusiasm, and the poet's best spirit, to adorn it with magnanimous sentiments, patriotism, and piety.

As such, the *Lusiad* is an immortal poem, and Camoens a poet that the world may be proud to have brought forth. He has been considered such, and his poem translated into many languages. In English Mickles' is the modern and popular one; but it has no pretension to fidelity; and, though Mickle was a man of taste and a poet, we turn impatiently from his paraphrase to the truer, though uncouth version of Fanshaw.†

* Doctor Southey has, in his article on the 'Life of Camoens, in the twenty-seventh volume of the "Quarterly Review," given an account of the attack made by Jose Agostinho de Macedon on the *Lusiad*, and the poem he wrote in rivalry on the same subject. Macedo was an acute critic: as such, he could more readily detect defects than beauties. He saw with discerning eye the faults of plan in the *Lusiad*; — but he was not warmed by its fire, nor elevated by its genius. The most entire vengeance a friend of Camoens could take, he himself achieved when he wrote his poem, whose machinery and plan are no better, and which possesses none of the transcendent merits of its predecessor. To subvert a national idol, is an invidious task — to set himself upon the same pedestal, a ridiculous pretension. A poet of the present day, whom the Portuguese, of whatever political creed, agree in admiring, Almeida-Garrett, has written a poem, entitled "Camoens," worthy of his great countryman.

† Fanshaw's poem was published without his own corrections. Southey observes on this, that "though he might have sometimes improved the harmony of his verses, and sometimes have changed a word or expression for the better, the main fault is not one he was like to have corrected," that fault being the imitating the Italian poets in mingling familiar and burlesque expressions with the grave and ideal. This observation is singularly true; the copy of sir Richard Fanshaw's *Lusiad* which we have consulted, contains manuscript corrections in his own hand. In this he has frequently changed a word or transposed it; but not one of the faulty passages is amended.

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