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AND
POETRY
OF SPAIN***



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Kennedy**

Modern Poets and Poetry of Spain

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INTRODUCTION.

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Those writers are very much mistaken who suppose, that, consequent upon the long domination of the Moors in Spain, there are to be found in Spanish literature any of the exuberances of style which are considered the principal characteristics of Eastern poetry. In all the Moorish ballads that have been handed down to us, those characteristics, both in thought and expression, abound as much as in the poems of more Eastern nations. But in even the earliest Spanish ballads, contemporary with the Moorish, a very decided difference is to be observed, as they show, on the contrary, a simplicity of expression and propriety of thought, which present an extraordinary contrast, not only to the Moorish, but also to the early poetry of other European countries. This favourable distinction has continued to the present day. The poetry of the Northern nations of Europe has been marked by extravagances throughout, as contrary to common sense as to good taste and nature. That of the French school has been distinguished by an affectation, a sentimentality and straining after effect, to say nothing of its peculiar ribaldry and licentiousness, all equally removed from the true feeling of poetry. Even the Italians, in their poetical works, have indulged in strange absurdities, the more remarkable from the good taste that has pervaded their other works of genius. It is only in English literature that we can find writers imbued with the same vigour of thought and depth of poetic feeling as the Spanish, and it is therefore only with them that the latter can be classed in

considering the relative merits of the poetry of different modern nations.

If the character of the poetry may be taken as the criterion by which to judge of the degree of civilization to which any people had attained in the earlier period of their history, Spain has a good right to claim the first place among the nations of Europe, when emerging from that period denominated the Dark Ages. While the popular poetry of other nations at that period was almost entirely occupied with childish stories of giants and supernatural beings, or in magnifying the outrages of their heroes, and even of their outlaws, as if they were honourable exploits, instead of merely murder and rapine, the Spanish bards were engaged in celebrating the patriotism and prowess of their Christian warriors in strains not unworthy of the deeds they commemorated. Those strains have been made sufficiently well-known to the English reader by the labours of Southey and Lockhart, for which the student of Spanish literature must feel the utmost respect and gratitude, as well as by those of Rodd, Bowring and others. From their translations the character of those warriors will be found to have been distinguished, differently from those of other nations in that age, for the milder virtues combined with pure chivalrous enterprise. If, as apparently was the case, the great champion, known as the Cid, especially was deserving of the eminently honourable character depicted for him by the poets, the popular feeling must have attained something of the same tone when he was adopted as the first object of national regard. Coming of a chivalrous race, engaged in a sacred warfare, the Cid combined in his

character all that was most noble in human conduct, and gave to his countrymen a fame which they knew full well how to appreciate. Thus the spirit which the ballads breathed in recounting his exploits was one in unison with that of the people. Each Spaniard of after-times, in listening to those recitals, felt he had no need to connect himself with fabulous narratives. He could say, like Diomedes,—“Of this race and blood do I boast myself to be” —

Ταύτης τοι γενεῆς τε καὶ αἵματος εὐχόμεαι εἶναι,

and so feeling could identify himself truly with his heroes.

Formed originally of very different races, Celts and Goths, mixed with the descendants of Romans and Phœnicians or Carthaginians, the Spaniards had against the Moors become amalgamated into one people, whose great bond of union was their religion more even than their country. This holy cause ennobled their conduct, and gave them higher aims and motives than any ordinary warfare could do; so that acting constantly under the sense of such feelings, their national character assumed the staid bearing, which has always since so favourably distinguished it. Hence also the national literature, even in its lightest productions, assumed the tone of high moral and practical tendency which it has generally borne, far removed from the comparatively trifling topics which formed the staple subjects of the literature of neighbouring countries.

There is another mistake into which some writers have fallen, in supposing that Spain owed her civilization entirely to the Moors. The Arab conquest undoubtedly entailed on her for many ages a succession of enlightened as well as warlike rulers, who are justly to be classed among the greatest patrons of literature and art; but they fostered

rather than founded the sciences that afterwards flourished under their rule, and which they found preparing to burst forth in the country they conquered. Though their forefathers might have come from the seats of learning in the East, such as they then were, the immediate conquerors of Spain were natives of the neighbouring parts of Africa, where the sciences had not flourished in any remarkable degree before the conquest, and where they did not rise subsequently to any eminence. The learned Lampillas, who has given us a very able Vindication of Spanish Literature, in answer to the attacks of some Italian critics, might justly have gone further than he has done as to its merits under the Moorish domination. Rather than as owing her advances in learning and civilization to the Moors, it is more probable that these were the remains of former civilization, existing among the Roman colonies on the dissolution of the empire. At that time Spain was essentially inhabited by descendants of Romans, as it still continues to be, mainly, to the present day. Latin had become the language of the country, and the best of the later Latin authors, Seneca, Lucan, Martial, Quintilian and others, were natives of the Peninsula. The Romans had planted sixty-seven colonies there, and in the time of Vespasian could enumerate 360 cities inhabited by them. These would undoubtedly retain their municipal institutions, and were perhaps more retentive of Roman manners than were even the towns of Italy. The original inhabitants had been driven into the mountains of Catalonia, Cantabria and Lusitania. They were of Celtic origin, and their descendants in those provinces still show that origin by a different pronunciation of the language

imposed on the country by the Romans; while the Castellians, being of purer descent from them, speak even now a language little different from that in common colloquial use under the Emperors. The lower orders, in fact, speak an idiom nearer to it than do the educated classes, showing that the main race of the people, in Madrid for instance, remains essentially Roman. In Betica or Andalusia and the South of Spain, the descendants of Romans had become incorporated with those of Phœnician or Carthaginian and a few Greek colonists, forming together a race perhaps still more civilized than the new-comers. Thus the Moors found the people they had conquered in a high state of civilization, scarcely affected by former conquests, and they had only the merit of accepting and continuing the mental culture which they found there, and which they had not possessed in their native deserts.

The Goths and Vandals had swept like a hurricane over Spain; but they passed over it without leaving any considerable traces of their conquest. This is clear from the circumstance of so few Northern words remaining in the language of the country. At the entrance of the Moors into Spain, the dominant party there was certainly of Gothic descent; but they had already lost their Northern idioms, and were immersed in the mass of the people they had conquered, in the usual course of such events, as the Scandinavians soon did in Normandy and the Normans in England. When the races had begun to amalgamate in Spain, the distinctive lines might have been longer discernible in the South, if it had not been for the Moorish invasion. This soon repeated the events of former

conquests, in the extermination of the fighting men and the enslaving of the other classes, who became feudatories or worse. Those who escaped to the mountains of the North constituted a nucleus of resistance, which was no doubt much strengthened in their subsequent contests by the aid of the Christian population left of necessity among the Moors, who thus became dangerous as internal enemies, though they had been tolerated at first as valuable dependents. The war that then arose in Spain, and continued for upwards of 600 years, was imbued, on the part of the Christians, with all those ingredients of religious as well as patriotic feeling that render wars remarkable for desperate conflict. On the part of the Moors, it is but justice toward them to say, that for chivalrous honour and bravery they proved themselves in no respect inferior to their opponents, who, thus engaged in generous rivalry, became distinguishable for the same virtues.

The circumstances of the wars between the Christians and the Moors were too near to the every-day experience of the people to allow of any imaginary addition to the legends of the times, and they were too engrossing in importance and interest to require any heightening. The ballads founded upon them, therefore, assumed almost the matter-of-fact air of history, and this seemed hence to become the characteristic of all the subsequent literature of Spain. It is true that romances abounded in which giants and other absurdities of knight-errantry might be found, but they were principally of foreign origin, and did not become incorporated in the national poetry. This national poetry was always true to its mission, for it may be observed that the

poets of Spain have seldom or never gone beyond their own history for their heroes; they have rather instinctively followed the maxim of the great lyrist of old, not to select objects of admiration from strangers, but to seek them at home,—

Οὐδ' ἄλλοτρίων ἔρωτες
Ἄνδρὶ Φέρειν κρέσσονες,
Οἰκόθεν μάτευε.

Thus also they were secure of the sympathy of their audience, and found patriotism the best inspirer of poetry.

None of the Spanish poets, of either former or present times, can be said to have attained the highest rank; yet as they have always shown a predilection for subjects of real incident and passion or feeling, they have gained, in perhaps a greater degree than those of any other modern nation, that hold upon the popular affections which arises from all earnest participation in kindred sentiments. This might arise partly from the national character developed, as before intimated, in the Moorish wars, and partly from the personal tendencies of the respective individuals. Whilst in other countries the poets were generally to be found among the classes dependent upon the rich and powerful, in Spain they were persons generally of the highest classes. Some were of royal rank, others were eminent as statesmen, and others, if not of the same high station, were yet equally engaged in military service or the active business of life. Three of the most favourite poets, Garcilasso de la Vega, Manrique, and Cadahalso, died the death of soldiers from wounds received in warfare. Ercilla, author of the chief poem in the Spanish language, which may be considered an Epic, was a participant in the wars he so graphically

describes. Cervantes received three wounds at the battle of Lepanto, by one of which he lost an arm. Calderon de la Barca passed many years of his life in the campaigns in the Low Countries, where he gained great military reputation; and Lope de Vega was one of the few adventurers in the "Invincible Armada" who were fortunate enough to return to their native country. Such men were not likely to indulge in dreamy idealities, or idle reveries, and fantastic imaginations, the offspring of morbid temperaments and sedentary habits. On the contrary, they were only calculated to adopt that peculiar manliness of style and sentiment, which their successors, from example, from national character, and from being placed in similar circumstances of life, have continued. How far those circumstances have affected the modern literature of Spain may be best seen from the memoirs hereafter detailed of the principal poets individually. Our present purpose in this Introduction is only to make general observations to lead to the conclusions that may be deduced from them.

Spain, as it has been already observed, cannot boast of having ever produced a poet of the highest class, meaning by that term, one of such high creative genius as to stamp his character, not only on the literature of his own age and country, but also on that of all successive ages within his possible influence. Of such poets the world has only seen four or five at the utmost, with the exception of the inspired writers, referring to Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, and perhaps we may add, Byron. With these, Virgil and other imitators must not be classed, however great the talents they may have displayed, nor yet other writers of greater

originality and even genius, who have, however, confined themselves to minor works or those on less important subjects. Of such writers of great original genius, who did not aim at works of the highest order, Spanish literature may claim as many as that of any other country. With them the English reader has been made acquainted more fully than with the writers of most other modern countries, by the works of Bouterwek and Sismondi, translated respectively by Mrs. Ross and William Roscoe, and now by the more comprehensive work of Mr. Ticknor (New York, 1849; London, 1850), who has supplied the deficiencies the others had left in the course of their inquiries. Of these works Sismondi's is little more than a repetition of Bouterwek's, without the acknowledgement made which was in justice due to his original. That however was in reality so jejune in treating of the materials at the command of the writer, as almost to warrant the use of his materials for a livelier production. Another work has been lately published on Spanish literature by Mr. A. F. Foster (Edinburgh, 1851), compiled in like manner from former writers, which, for succinct and able treatment of the subject, may perhaps be recommended as the one best suited to the general reader. But Mr. Ticknor's book must remain the great work of reference to the older Spanish authors, as he has left little for future writers to supply respecting them. Yet neither has he gone scarcely any further than Bouterwek, who wrote at the beginning of this century, and since whose time so many writers have arisen in Spain superior to any perhaps that have preceded them. In such works we have more cause to congratulate ourselves on having any one to

undertake the labour of going over so wide a field, than to complain of his stopping short at a point where less was known of Spanish literature, and where it became so much more interesting as connected with our own times. But as all the compilers now mentioned have so confined their labours to works written previously to the present century, it may be considered acceptable, in continuation of them, that the present essay should be offered to the public. This is, however, also undertaken on a more extended and somewhat different plan; not merely giving short notices of the several authors and their works, as in the nature of a catalogue or dictionary, but taking only the principal poets for a particular account of their history, and giving translations from their works most characteristic of their genius or best suited for translation, for the purpose of enabling the critical notices respecting them to be better understood.

In treating of the literature of any country historically, it may perhaps be considered necessary to give a catalogue of every person who has published a book of any pretensions to notice, whatever the different gradations of talent between the authors; but for the general reader, the better course seems rather to be to pass by those works which the nation had not accepted as to be incorporated in the national literature, and to dwell extendedly on those which, by repeated editions, were entitled to be considered of that character. Bouterwek's work on Spanish literature, which appears to have been his own performance, and which certainly does great credit to his industry, is an exemplification of the former course. The volume on

Portuguese literature, under his name, which he acknowledges to have been the contribution of a friend, is not so liable to the same objection, and may be considered written according to the other. It is so difficult a task, and so enviable a lot for any one to attain to excellence above his fellows, that beyond its being due to his own merits, it is an advantage to others to show them by his example the way to attain to the same eminence. Johnson, in his Lives of the English Poets, has given us a work admirable for its criticisms as well as for the other lessons it conveys for general conduct in life; but those criticisms would have lost much of their effect, if they had not had appended to them the works to which they referred. Biography, to be worthy of study, should be something more than a mere enumeration of those particulars of a man's life which are of the common class of every-day events, so as to be the reflex of every one's in his station. If any man's life be at all more memorable than that of ordinary mortals, the means by which he obtained his reputation alone merit a lengthened consideration for an example for others. With authors those claims must rest on their writings, which will speak for themselves; but this cannot be the case with foreign authors, as few readers of other nations can ever be expected to have acquired their language so perfectly as to understand the essential beauty of their poetry. To enable such readers therefore to understand their works, or even the criticisms upon them, a translation is necessary, on which again much depends, not only in respect of faithfulness but also of felicity of transcript, to render the beauties of the original sufficiently perceptible.

Many rules have been given by critics for the benefit of translators from the earliest times till now, to which it is not necessary here to refer further than to state the plan upon which these translations have been made. In a didactic or historical work, the more precisely the translation is made according to the letter of the original, the greater merit may it be considered to possess. But in works of imagination, especially of poetry, it may be more important to attend to the spirit of the original than to the literal construction. The main thoughts contained in each passage should be as faithfully given in the one case as in the other, though it may not be necessary, and sometimes not even becoming, to have the same regard to details. With poetry, the translator should make it his great aim to consider how his author would have expressed the same thoughts if he had been writing in English verse, and thus mould the original ideas into synonymous poetical expressions, as far as the idioms of the two languages and the requirements of metre will allow. It would be a poor vanity in a translator to think of improving on his original, so far as to make any alteration or addition merely for that purpose. But where any words admit of synonyms with different shades of meaning, it is certainly his right, if not his duty, to adopt the one he thinks most suitable. Sometimes it may seem to him accordant with good taste to make a more decided alteration, and in every language there are many expressions sufficiently poetical and appropriate, which if construed literally into another would appear otherwise. These the author, it may be supposed, would have altered himself, under the same circumstances, and the other, therefore, in so doing, would

be only acting on his presumed wishes. In all cases much must be left of necessity to the translator's judgement, and he, with every care he can take, must still be content to share, with Pope and Dryden and the greatest masters of rhyme, the consciousness of scarcely ever being able fully to convey the conceptions of a foreign author. The shackles of rhyme also require something to be sacrificed to them, so as of themselves alone to prevent any exact copy being given in verse. Yet still acting on the above considerations, and by rejecting expletives in some cases and adding a few in others, in following up the train of ideas suggested by the original, we may hope to succeed perhaps not only in giving the meaning, but something also of the spirit even of foreign authors.

It is fortunate for any writer to have his works sent forth to the world in any language of more than usual ascendancy, such as the Latin or English, whereby to obtain for himself, if he can claim it, the most extended reputation. But it is more fortunate for a translator under similar circumstances, because languages of such a character are almost of necessity mixed languages, acquiring from that cause an extraordinary nerve and richness, which render translations into them to be made more easily and satisfactorily than from them into a poorer. The English is essentially suited for such a purpose, as, being compounded of the French and German languages, it becomes a double one, combining the nerve of the one with the facility of expression of the other, and the copiousness arising from the union of both. The Latin is still more a mixed language, the roots of which are yet to be developed, notwithstanding

all the labours of philologists, who have erred in wandering after imaginary extinct languages for its derivations, instead of looking into those yet existing. Considering the Spanish to be the direct descendant of the Latin, it may be a matter of surprise that, though a very sonorous language, it cannot be termed a rich one. Abounding in long words (*sesquipedalia verba*), it loses in precision and strength what is gained in sound, and thus the ideas are encumbered when simplification was required. The comparatively monosyllabic character of the English language has in this respect an immense advantage for the translator, as it enables him to give the sentiments of the original more concisely than one from it into another. Having also more synonyms with different shades of meaning, a greater precision may be lost or gained, according to the circumstances and the judgement applied to them. Thus a translation may sometimes be even superior to the original, from its giving the ideas more distinctly, and as it is the test of good writing to find how it reads in another language, so with really superior authors it may be a matter of little importance in what version their thoughts are expressed. "Words are the daughters of earth, but thoughts are the sons of heaven." It is not presumed hereby that the following translations all come under this consideration, but with the advantages above expressed, it may be hoped that, as exotics in a greenhouse, these flowers of Spanish poetry may be found pleasing representations of what they were in their native soil, even if they cannot be made entirely denizens of our own.

Differing entirely from those writers who suppose that the best days of Spanish literature have gone by, and believing, on the contrary, that it never has been more truly original and flourishing than during the present and preceding ages, it might be justly considered presumptuous in any new author to present such opinions to the world without showing the grounds on which they were founded. Bouterwek and his copyist, Sismondi, together with their criticisms on the several Spanish poets, contented themselves with giving merely a few lines from the more favoured ones in their original language, without any translation whereby to enable those ignorant of it to judge even of the thoughts they contained. They thus resemble the wiseacre in Hierocles (the Σχολαστικὸς, which word Johnson has strangely translated 'pedant,' taking the primary for the intended meaning), who brought a stone as a description of a building. In so doing, they have seldom given even favourable specimens; but if they had, there are few authors who can be rightly estimated by isolated passages, or even by any one short poem. Almost all authors are unequal in their productions, and many seem, by an accidental felicity, to have produced some one effusion to which none of their other efforts could ever approach. As instances of this, we may note Heber's 'Palestine;' Pringle's lines, 'Afar in the Desert,' and Leyden's 'Ode to an Indian Gold Coin,' which Colton has pronounced, in his opinion, "to come as near to perfection as the sublunary Muse can arrive at."

It is only by several well-sustained efforts that any author has a right to be placed among poets, and it would not be

just, therefore, to judge of any without such a consideration of their productions. In all the translations here given, the most characteristic specimens of the style of each writer have been sought, particularly those containing what seemed to be his favourite course of thought, while selecting entire, though generally short, poems for that purpose. With the exception of the Duke de Rivas, the poets enumerated in this work have not published poems of any great length, and therefore the plan adopted may be considered altogether appropriate to the object in view.

With regard to the metres chosen, no rule has been attempted of taking the original strictly for a guide, where the style of verse, in a different language, would not admit of it easily. Perhaps the truest definition of Poetry may be given in the words of our great poet—

“Thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers—”

for it may be observed, that the finest passages are generally the easiest for translation and for rhyme. Thus keeping the original constantly in view as the guide, the verse has been adopted as the thoughts seemed to indicate the metre most appropriate.

With the disadvantage of rhyme, in a foreign language, no apology is requisite for the ruggedness of any lines which the critic may point out. I differ totally from those writers, Coleridge and others, who affect a contempt for finished versification, and rely entirely on the brilliancy of their ideas. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well, according to the writer’s best capability, and the reader’s ear ought surely to be as much consulted as his mind is sought to be engaged. Those who have had to write

“nonsense verses” at school or college, have no right to excuse themselves from labouring to make their lines run smoothly. If, therefore, any of the following translations are not so rendered, it will occasion the writer much regret that his best efforts for that purpose have been unsuccessful.

Another complaint may be anticipated, that this work does not comprehend authors either in prose or the drama. The fault, if it be one, must be admitted, with the observation, that the task undertaken was felt sufficient of itself to require the best exertions of the writer. According to the plan laid down of giving only entire pieces, in the case of including either prose or dramatic writers, the work would have been increased to an inordinate extent, or the plan must have been adopted of giving extracts, which would be contrary to the opinion expressed of the best course to be pursued. If this attempt should meet with public approbation, some one else may be induced to continue the further service. If it should not, the labour expended on a larger work would be so much more given in vain. In the one case, the failure might be ascribed to having attempted too much; in the other, the approbation might not have been gained but for the efforts having been directed undividedly to what was thus only within the reach of accomplishment.

In sequence of the remark before made, of the manly style of thought, feeling and expression which had characterized the older Spanish writers, from their having been persons generally who had engaged in the active affairs of life, the reader may perhaps feel interested in tracing how the same causes have produced the same effects with their successors. From the memoirs hereafter

detailed, it may be seen that no fewer than six out of the twelve had to suffer the evils of exile for public or private opinions, of whom three so died unhappily in foreign countries. Three others, though not actually exiled, were subjected to long and cruel imprisonment for the same causes, while two out of the remaining three had to take their share of burdens in the public service during the troubled state of the country. Such men could have no mawkish sentiments to develope, and no fantastic feelings to indulge. What they felt, they felt deeply; what they observed, they observed distinctly, and thus were enabled to give their thoughts and feelings clearly and strongly.

But in addition to the causes assigned for the superior character of modern Spanish poetry in particular, there is one other to be suggested, the association of which may perhaps occasion some surprise, though it may not be for that the less indubitable. This is the fact of the later Spanish writers having, perhaps unconsciously, but unmistakably, taken better models than their predecessors by preferring the study of English literature to that of the French. This fact, though without the full inference that might have been drawn from it, has been observed by a German author, F. J. Wolf, of the Imperial Library at Vienna, who has published a collection of modern Spanish poetry, with biographical notices, Paris, 1837, in two volumes—'Floresta de Rimas Modernas Castellanas.' It is an interesting collection, but being all given in the Spanish language, is only available to those who are acquainted with it. In the introduction to this work, Wolf treats of the "efforts of Melendez and the Salamanca school to give a new splendour to Spanish

poetry, partly by the study and imitation of the ancient and good Spanish writers, taking advantage of the national forms, and partly by making it more profound and substantial, imitating not only and exclusively the French, but also and especially the English." (Page 15.)

During the early part of the last century, consequent upon the accession of the Bourbons to the throne, the writers of verse in Spain, who obtained most favour among their contemporaries, formed their style avowedly upon the model of what was called the French school, and thus taking examples unworthy of imitation, became still more wretched as copyists. Towards the end of the century, however, a feeling arose, on the other side, in favour of the study of English literature, which has led to the happiest results. Of the twelve poets whose lives and poems it is the purpose of this work to delineate, no fewer than ten may be observed acquainted in no inconsiderable degree with the best English authors and proficient in the English language. Two only, Breton de los Herreros and Zorrilla, seem not to have extended their studies so far. With the peculiar humorous vein of the former, perhaps the deficiency may not be considered as leaving any merit to be supplied. But it does seem a matter of regret that a person of Zorrilla's exalted genius should have confined his studies so much to French writers, and so have deprived himself of the expansion necessary for the highest flights of poetry. France has never produced a great painter or a great poet. The very language, so monotonous and unmusical, in having the accent almost invariably on the last syllable of the words, seems opposed to rhythmical cadence, and not to admit of

the highest excellence either in oratory or poetry. Whatever may be the cause, it is evident that such excellence has not been attained in the language, and therefore the best works in it cannot be models for imitation when they are only themselves of an inferior value.

Beyond the writers enumerated hereafter, whose memoirs and writings are to be considered worthy of fuller notice, there are several others who, as especially coming under the consideration above suggested, may here be noticed in further corroboration of the statements we have made.

1. Juan de Escoiquiz, tutor to Ferdinand VII., one of the most upright, if not most successful, public men of his time, published, in 1798, an epic poem 'On the Conquest of Mexico,' which showed considerable poetical ability, though it did not obtain much popular favour. In 1797 he published a translation of Young's 'Night Thoughts,' from the English into Spanish verse, and in 1814 a translation of Milton's 'Paradise Lost.' Of the former, a translation in prose had been previously published by Cristoval Caldera. Escoiquiz died in 1814.

2. Josè de Cadalso or Cadahalso, born 1741, was a person of rank and fortune, who had travelled much in his youth, and become proficient in various foreign languages and literatures, especially the English. He wrote several works, both in prose and verse, which were received with great favour at the time, and have been republished frequently since his death. The last edition was in 1818, in three volumes, under the editorship of the late learned Navarrete, who appended to them an interesting biography

of the author. Among the miscellanies are several translations from the English, which language, we are informed, Cadalso not only studied himself assiduously, but induced Melendez Valdes to adopt for peculiar study also. This eminent poet was in early life so assisted by Cadalso as to have been pronounced his "best work," and he, as may be seen hereafter, seems sedulously to have followed the good counsels and example given him by his friend. Cadalso, like so many other of the principal poets of Spain, had embraced a military career, in which, having been ordered with his regiment to the siege of Gibraltar, he there received a wound of which he died a few days after, the 27th February, 1782. His death was a great loss to Spanish literature, and it was equally lamented by the English in the besieged fortress, by whom he was much esteemed from previous friendly communications.

3. The Conde de Noronia, born 1760, died 1816, another poetical writer of considerable reputation, was also engaged in military service, in which he attained high rank, and with the division of the Spanish army under his command, gained the victory at the battle of San Payo over the French. He was appointed ambassador successively at Berne and St. Petersburg, and was celebrated as a diplomatist for his knowledge of English and other languages. Notwithstanding an active life in the public service, he found leisure for literary pursuits, and in 1800 published a collection of poems in two volumes. Among these are to be observed several translations from the English, of which one of Dryden's celebrated 'Ode for St. Cecilia's Day,' rendered into Spanish verse with much spirit, deserves particular

mention. The best of his poems seems an 'Ode on the Death of Cadalso,' by whose side he was present when he received his wound. The Conde further attempted an epic, in twelve cantos, entitled 'Omniada,' detailing the events in the reign of Abderaman, the last of the Omniades, which poem was published in two volumes in 1816. For the purpose of assisting him in this work, he had translated several pieces from the Arabic and other eastern languages into Spanish verse, published since at Paris in 1833.

4. Juan Maria Maury, who died in 1846, was another writer of considerable talent. He was sent early in life to France, and completed his education in England, becoming thereby well acquainted with the language and literature of both countries. His principal work is a poem entitled, 'Esvero y Almedora,' in twelve cantos, published at Paris in 1840. It is founded on the adventures of a passage-at-arms, held against all comers, in 1434, at the bridge of Orbiza, near Leon, and contains several interesting scenes spiritedly described. His earliest work was a poem he called 'British Aggression,' published in 1806, the sentiments of which he seems afterwards to have considerably modified. Maury appears to have been a person of very amiable character, and much esteemed by all who knew him, judging by the manner in which Del Rio and others write respecting him. In his latter years he resided almost entirely at Paris, and gained for himself the extraordinary merit of being esteemed also a correct writer of French verse, by his translations of the principal Spanish poets into that language. This work, published in two volumes at Paris in 1826, entitled, 'Espagne Poétique, Choix de Poésies

Castellanes depuis Charles Quint jusqu'à nos jours,' is, as the name imports, a selection of Spanish poetry with critical and biographical notices, made with much taste and judgement, and forming altogether a very interesting work for the French student of Spanish literature. It is dedicated to his friends Arriaza and Quintana, in a poetical epistle, from which the following extract may be considered acceptable in corroboration of the previous remarks:—

“Sans doute, Emmanuel, aux champs de Tamise
Triomphe une vertu qu'ailleurs tu crus permise,
Et qui là fier génie a ravi le trident.
Jeune j'y respirai l'orgueil indépendant;
Là, j'admire l'accord, merveille alors unique,
Qui règle et garantit, sur le sol britannique
Au trône ses splendeurs, aux grands l'autorité,
Aux citoyens leurs droits, qu'on nomma liberté,
Et le temps destructeur y consacre, y conserve
Le plus beau monument élevé par Minerve.”

5. José Joaquín Mora, born at Cadiz, 1783, and yet happily surviving, is another modern poet of great merit. When the French invaded Spain, he entered a regiment of dragoons in the national cause, and was made prisoner in 1809, in consequence of which he was detained in France six years. He took advantage of this residence in that country to pursue his studies, and on the return of peace he undertook the editorship of the 'Scientific and Literary Chronicle of Madrid,' which, in 1820, he converted into 'The Constitutional.' In 1823 he had to emigrate to London, where he wrote and published several periodical and other works, under the auspices of Messrs. Ackerman, besides various translations. He afterwards went to Buenos Ayres, Chili and Bolivia, from which last republic he returned to

London as Consul-General, and published, in 1840, his principal work, entitled 'Spanish Legends.' This work, which is highly praised by Ochoa, gives, as the title imports, descriptive accounts of various events in the history of Spain, according to what seems to be the favourite formula of modern Spanish poetry. Another work he published, in 1826, entitled 'Poetical Meditations,' is founded principally on Blair's celebrated poem, 'The Grave.' Wolf pronounces him excelling in his satirical essays, which, he says, are full of grace and ease.

In addition to the writers mentioned above, and those whose works form the main purpose of this work hereafter in detail, many others have appeared, both during the latter part of the last century and during the present, who have shown much talent, and have been deservedly received with much favour by their countrymen. It will be sufficient for us here to give the names of Cienfuegos, Tapia, Lista, Gallego, S. Bermudez de Castro, Garcia Gutierrez and Pastor Diaz among them; and to meet any observation that may be suggested on account of no fuller notice being taken of them, it may be allowed me to state, that I have notwithstanding read and examined carefully all their works, and those of many others whose names it is needless to recapitulate. I would further add, that in so doing, although there was certainly much in them to admire, yet there was nothing in them, in my judgement, suited for translation to interest English readers, whose tastes it was my duty principally to consult. Some of those just mentioned and others omitted, I have personally known and appreciated in private life, but in all the selections and criticisms made or