

*Para o ceo cristalino levantando  
 Com lagrimas os olhos piedosos,  
 Os olhos, porque as mãos lhe estava atando  
 Hum dos duros ministros rigurosos :  
 E depois nos mininos atentando,  
 Que tão queridos tinha, & tão mimosos,  
 Cuja orfandade como mãy temia,  
 Para o avô cruel assi dizia.*

*O tu, que tens de humano o gesto, & peito,  
 (Se de humano he matar huma donzella  
 Fraca, & sem força, só por ter sujeito  
 O coração, a quem soube vencella)  
 A estas criancinhas tem respeito,  
 Pois o não tens a morte escura della,  
 Move a piedade sua, & minha,  
 Pois te não move a culpa, que não tinha.*

JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA Thus translated:

Lifting unto the azure firmament  
 Her eyes, which in a sea of tears were drown'd ;  
 Her eyes, for one of those malevolent  
 And bloody instruments, her hands had bound ;  
 And then, the same on her dear infant's bent,  
 Who them with smiling innocence surround,  
 By whom poor orphans they will freight be made,  
 Unto their cruel grandfather thus said :

O thou,

O thou, whose superscription ſpeaks thee, man,  
 (That the contents were ſuited to the cover !  
 A feeble-maid thou wouldſt not murder than,  
 Onely for loving him, who firſt did love her)  
 Pity theſe babes (*the babes about him ran*)  
 In thy hard doom ſince I am ſpot all over,  
 Spare, for their ſakes, their lives, and mine: and ſee  
 Whitenefs in *them*, though thou wilt not in *me*.

I am informed that a Mr. Mickle of Oxford intends ſhortly to  
 publiſh another tranſlation of this poem.

A French tranſlation (in proſe) of the Luſiad, was publiſhed  
 by Duperon de Caſtera, in three octavo volumes, with remarks.  
 This is the moſt deſpicable tranſlation that has ever diſgraced  
 any work, and I ſhall leave the reader to judge of the demerit of  
 the notes and explanations, by quoting a few of them. “ In  
 “ this poem, Venus repreſents the Chriſtian religion; Bacchus,  
 “ the devil; Mercury, the angels, who are the meſſengers of  
 “ God, in our religion, as he was the meſſenger of Jupiter, in  
 “ that of the pagans.

“ Mars repreſents Jeſus Chriſt: the alluſion is natural enough;  
 “ Jeſus Chriſt has ſhed his blood, he has fought for us, and his  
 “ goodneſs has furniſhed us with arms to combat vice; we may,  
 “ without a crime, call him the god of war, eſpecially after  
 “ what St. John ſays in the firſt chapter of the Revela-  
 “ tions: ‘ His voice was as the ſound of many waters: and he  
 “ had

“ had in his right-hand seven stars; and out of his mouth went  
 “ a sharp two-edged sword.” This description does not ill be-  
 “ come a warrior. As to what Camoens adds about the ancient  
 “ love of Mars to Venus, it must be understood of the love of  
 “ Jesus Christ to the church. Cupid represents divine love,  
 “ and ought always to accompany religion, which would with-  
 “ out it be a mere lifeless beauty.”

In the second canto, the story of Acteon is introduced, and  
 our ingenious commentator says, “ the mystical sense of this  
 “ fable, is, that if Acteon, and others who, like him, give a  
 “ loose to violent passions, were to discover the beauties of true  
 “ religion, they would be charmed with them. Mars, who is  
 “ Jesus Christ, feels his heart penetrated with tenderness on  
 “ beholding the beauties of his religion. Vulcan, who is a De-  
 “ mon as well as Bacchus, conceives a cruel jealousy on that ac-  
 “ count. All this is as it ought to be; and far from criticising  
 “ our author, ought we not rather to admire the delicacy  
 “ of his emblems, and the excellent use he makes of fabulous  
 “ history?”

In the notes on the ninth canto, after the description of the  
 island where the Nereids amuse themselves with the Portuguese  
 sailors, the explainer says, “ Poetry has always had a right to  
 “ make use of corporal images, in order to teach us moral and  
 “ metaphysical knowledge; not only Grecian and Latin authors,  
 “ but even the Psalms of David, the Canticles of Solomon, &c.  
 “ abound in the like allegories, &c.”

By this time I imagine the reader is sufficiently disgusted with this kind of remarks, so that I shall only add, that in one of the notes on the sixth canto, its worthy author has commemorated the names of the dozen knights who so valiantly fought for the English ladies; says he, "I thought I should have acted unjustly by those great men, if I had passed over their names in silence; so many personages are transmitted to posterity who do not deserve to be remembered, and should we refuse a few lines to the memory of those who ought to serve us for models?"

And this book was printed in Paris in 1768!

The new Paris edition of the works of Camoens, in three duodecimo volumes, 1759 (in Portuguese), contains, in the first volume the *Lusiad*; and, in the two others, upwards of 300 sonnets. A poem in three cantos, entitled, Of the Creation and Composition of Man, in 201 stanzas. Two comedies in verse, each of a single act: the one entitled, King Seleucus, and the other, The Amphitryons; and several pieces of miscellaneous poetry.

TOWARDS the end of the sixteenth century, Spain produced an epic poem, celebrated for the singularity of the subject, as well as for some peculiar beauties, but more so for the character of the author.

Don Alonso de Ercilla y Zuñiga, knight of the order of Santiago, and one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber to the



The emperor Rodolf II. was born in Biscay about the year 1540. He was brought up from his youth in the palace, and in the service of the emperor Charles V. he was afterwards page to king Philip II. and accompanied that prince in his travels through the Netherlands and Germany\*.

Don Alonso fought in the battle of St Quintin, and afterwards, "impelled by an insatiable avidity of acquiring true knowledge, that is to say, to know men and to see the world," travelled through Spain, France, Italy, Germany, Hungary, Bohemia, and England. When he was in London, he heard that several provinces of Peru, and of Chili, had taken arms against the Spaniards, their conquerors (this attempt of the Americans to recover their liberty, is treated as rebellion by the Spanish authors); the passion he had for glory, and the desire of seeing and undertaking extraordinary things, made him return to Spain, and embark for those parts of the new world. He landed in Chili with a few troops, and remained there during the whole time of the war.

On the southern frontiers of Chili is a little mountainous country, called Araucana, inhabited by a more ferocious and robust race of men than is found in any other part of America. They fought in defence of their liberty longer, and with more

\* In the folio edition of the book, entitled, *Viaje de el Principe Don Phelippe, por Don Juan Christoval Calvete de Estrella*, printed at Antwerp in 1552, Don Alonso is frequently mentioned.

courage than the rest of the Americans, and they were the last that were subdued by the Spaniards. Don Alonso was exposed to many dangers during the prosecution of the war; he saw, and performed many surprising actions, of which the only reward was the honour of conquering rocks, and of reducing a few barren lands under the obedience of the king of Spain.

Don Alonso during the war conceived the design of immortalizing his enemies, by immortalizing himself: he was at the same time the conqueror and the poet, writing at night the actions of the day\*, and was frequently obliged to lay down his pen and take up his sword; he fought in seven pitched battles, and returned to Spain with the first part of his *Araucana* finished, when he had not yet attained to the age of twenty-nine years. In 1577, he published the above-mentioned first part; and, in 1593, the entire poem. He was then about forty-three years old; after which there is no mention made of him in history, either regarding his station, his works, or the time and place of his death.

His poem is divided into three parts, containing 37 cantos, and the total number of stanzas is 2603, which is more than double the number of those of the *Lusiad*.

A continuation of the *Araucana*, by *Don Diego de Santistevan Olorio*, is usually bound with the original poem, in the Spanish editions. This continuation is comprised in 20 cantos, or about 2300 stanzas.

\* *Estando así una noche retirado,  
Escribiendo el suceso de aquel día.*

Canto xxiii. Stanza 61.



The poem is called *Araucana*, from the country where the events happened which are commemorated in it \*. It begins with a geographical description of Chili, and with an account of the manners and customs of the inhabitants. Such a beginning, which would be insupportable in any other poem, is necessary here, where the scene is laid beyond the other tropic, and where the heroes are savages, who would always have remained unknown to us, if they had not been conquered, and thus celebrated. The subject which is novel, gave rise to singular thoughts. I shall give the reader one example, as a spark of the noble fire which sometimes animated our author.

“The Araucanians, says he, were greatly astonished when  
 “they saw creatures like men, carrying fire in their hands, and  
 “mounted upon monsters, which fought under them; they at  
 “first thought them to be gods descended from heaven, armed  
 “with thunder, and followed by destruction, which made them  
 “submit, however reluctantly. But after a time, becoming fa-  
 “miliarised with their conquerors, they discovered their passions  
 “and their vices, and judged that they were men. Ashamed  
 “then of having crouched under mortals similar to themselves,  
 “they swore they would wash their error in the blood of those  
 “who were the cause of it, and to execute an exemplary, terrible,  
 “and memorable vengeance on them †.”

\* Most of the following remarks on this poem are translated from Voltaire.

† Canto i. stanza 64. And, canto ii. stanza 7.

Voltaire.





Voltaire has very justly made a comparison between Don Alonso and Homer, in regard to a particular passage in the works of each of those poets ; and, in order to do justice to the Spaniard, I shall give an extract of the whole passage, together with Voltaire's judgment on it.

Part of the second canto contains a subject which much resembles the beginning of the Iliad, but by being treated in a different manner, deserves to be placed under the eye of the impartial reader. The first action of the Araucana is a quarrel which arises among the barbarian chiefs, as that between Achilles and Agamemnon in Homer. The dispute is not about a captive, but about the command of the army. Each of the savage generals vaunts his merit and his exploits, and the dispute grows so warm, that they are ready to come to blows. Then one of the Caciques (named *Colocolo*) as old as Nestor, but less prejudiced in his own favour than the Grecian hero, makes the following harangue.

“ Caciques, illustrious defenders of our country, it is not the  
 “ ambitious desire of commanding which engages me to speak  
 “ to you. I do not complain that you should so warmly dispute  
 “ an honour which would be perhaps due to my age, and which  
 “ would adorn my decline. It is my tenderness for you, it is the  
 “ love that I owe to my country, which solicits me to demand  
 “ your attention to my feeble voice. Alas ! how can we have  
 “ an opinion of ourselves good enough to pretend to any grandeur,  
 “ and to be ambitious of pompous titles ; we who have  
 “ been



“ been the unhappy subjects, and the slaves of the Spaniards.  
“ Your anger, O Caciques, your fury, should they not be  
“ rather exercised against our tyrants? Why do you turn against  
“ yourselves those arms which might exterminate our enemies,  
“ and revenge our country? Ah! if you will perish, seek a  
“ death which will obtain glory. With one hand break the  
“ shameful yoke, and with the other attack the Spaniards, and  
“ do not spill in a sterile quarrel the precious remains of that  
“ blood which the gods have left you to revenge yourselves.

“ I applaud, I own, the haughty emulation of your courage:  
“ that fame pride, which I condemn, augments the hopes  
“ which I conceive. But, let not your blind valour combat  
“ against itself, and let it not, itself, destroy the country it ought  
“ to defend. If you are resolved not to cease your quarrels, plunge  
“ your blades into my frozen blood. I have lived too long:  
“ happy he who dies without seeing his country-men unhappy,  
“ and unhappy by their own fault! Listen then to what I ven-  
“ ture to propose to you: your valour, O Caciques, is equal;  
“ you are all equally illustrious by your birth, by your power,  
“ by your riches, by your exploits: your souls are equally  
“ worthy of commanding, equally capable of subjugating the  
“ universe. It is those celestial presents, which cause your  
“ quarrels. You want a chief, and each of you deserves to be  
“ it; thus, as there is no distinction between your courages,  
“ let strength of body decide what the equality of your virtues  
“ would never have decided, &c.” The old man then pro-  
“ poses an exercise worthy of a barbarian nation, to carry a large  
and:

and heavy beam, and to grant the honour of command to him who bears the weight of it longest.

As the best method of perfecting our taste, is to compare together things of a similar nature, let us oppose the discourse of *Nestor* to that of *Colocolo*, and renouncing that adoration which our justly prejudiced senses pay to the great name of *Homer*, let us weigh the two harangues in the balance of equity and reason.

After *Achilles*, instructed and inspired by *Minerva*, the goddess of Wisdom, has called *Agamemnon* a drunkard and a dog; the sage *Nestor* rises to calm the irritated spirits of those two heroes, and speaks thus:

“ What a satisfaction will the *Trojans* have when they hear  
 “ of your discords? Your youth ought to respect my years, and  
 “ submit itself to my counsels. I have formerly seen heroes  
 “ superior to you. No, my eyes will never more behold men  
 “ similar to the invincible *Pirithoüs*, to the brave *Cineus*, to  
 “ the divine *Theseus*, &c. I went to the wars with them, and  
 “ though I was young, yet my persuasive eloquence had power  
 “ over their minds. They listened to *Nestor*: hearken then,  
 “ young warriors, to the advice which my age gives you.  
 “ *Atrides*, you must not retain the slave of *Achilles*; son of  
 “ *Thetis* you must not treat the chief of the army haughtily.  
 “ *Achilles* is the greatest, the most courageous of warriors; *Agamemnon*  
 “ *memnon* is the greatest of kings, &c.”

His



Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
 CONSEJERIA DE CULTURA

His speech was infructuous; *Agamemnon* praised his eloquence, and despised his advice.

Let us consider on one side the art with which the barbarian *Colocolo* insinuates himself into the minds of the Caciques, the respectable sweetness with which he calms their animosity, the majestic tenderness of his words, how much the love of his country animates him; how much the sentiments of true glory penetrate his heart; with what prudence he praises their courage, while he represses their fury; with what skill he gives the superiority to no one: he is at once a dexterous censor and panegyrist, so that all submit to his reasonings, acknowledging the force of his eloquence, not by vain praises, but by speedy obedience. On the other side let us judge whether *Nestor* is wise in talking so much about his wisdom; whether to condemn the Grecian princes, and to place them below their ancestors, be a sure method of engaging their attention; whether the whole assembly with pleasure hears *Nestor* say, that *Achilles* is the most courageous of all the chiefs who are present. After having compared the presumptuous and unpolite babbling of *Nestor* with the modest and measured discourse of *Colocolo*, the odious difference which he puts between the rank of *Agamemnon* and the merit of *Achilles*, with the equal portion of grandeur and courage artfully attributed to all the Caciques, let the reader pronounce; and if there be a general in the world, who willingly suffers his inferior to be preferred to him in point of courage; if there be an assembly, the members of which will patiently

E e e

endure

endure an orator to talk of them contemptuously, and brag of their ancestors at their expence, then *Homer* may be preferred to *Alonso* in this particular case.

It is true, that if *Alonso* in one only passage is superior to *Homer*, he is in almost all the rest of his poem inferior to the least of poets: one is surpris'd to see him fall so low after having taken such a high flight. There is, without doubt, much fire in his battles, but no invention, no plan, no variety in the descriptions, no unity in the design. His poem is more savage than the nations which are the subject of it. Towards the end of the work, the author, who is one of the principal heroes of the poem, performs a long and tedious march during the night, followed by a few soldiers, and, to pass the time, he disputes with them about *Virgil*, and principally on the episode of *Dido*. He takes this opportunity of entertaining his soldiers with an account of *Dido's* death, as it is told by ancient historians; and, in order the better to give *Virgil* the lie, and restore the reputation of the queen of Carthage, he amuses himself with discoursing upon this subject during the greatest part of two cantos. (32d and 33d).

There are no other works of *Don Alonso* extant besides the *Araucana*, except a small Elegy of four stanzas, which is published in the second volume of the *Spanish Parnassus*, together with a head of the author, engraven by *Carmona*.

The



The *Araucana* has never (to the best of my knowledge) been translated.

As a specimen of the author's poetry, I shall insert the speech of Colocolo to the Caciques.

*Colocolo, el cacique mas anciano,  
A' razonar asi, tomò la mano.*

*“ Caciques del Estado defensores,  
Codicia de mandar no me convida  
A' pesarme de veros pretendores.  
De cosa, que á mi tanto era debida ;  
Porque segun mi edad, ya veis, señores,  
Que estoy al otro mundo de partida ;  
Mas el amor, que siempre os he mostrado,  
A' bien aconsejaros me ha incitado.*

*“ Por qué cargos honrosos pretendemos,  
Y ser en opinion grande tenidos,  
Pues que negar al mundo no podemos  
Haber sido sujetos, y vencidos ?  
Y en esto averiguarnos no queremos,  
Estando aun de Españoles oprimidos :  
Mejor fuera esta furia egecutalla.  
Contra el fiero enemigo en la batalla.*

*“ Qué furor es el vuestro, ó Araucanos  
Que á perdicion os lleva sin sentillo ?  
Contra vuestras entrañas teneis manos.  
Y no contra el tirano en resistillo ?*

E e e z

Teniendo

*Teniendo tan á golpe á los Christianos,  
Volveis contra vosotros el cuchillo?*

*Si gana de morir os ha movido,  
No sea en tan bajo estado, y abatido.*

*“ Volved las armas, y animo furioso  
A los pechos de aquellos que os han puesto  
En dura sujecion, con afrentoso  
Partido, á todo el mundo manifesto :-  
Lanzad de vos el yugo vergonzoso :  
Mostrad vuestro valor y fuerza en esto :-  
No derrameis la sangre del Estado,  
Que para redimir nos ha quedado.*

*“ No me pesa de vér la lozanía  
De vuestro corazon, antes me esfuerza ;  
Mas temo que esta vuestra valentía  
Por mal gobierno, el buen camino tuerza :-  
Que vuelta entre nosotros la porfía,  
Degollais vuestra patria con su fuerza :-  
Cortad, pues, si ha de ser de esta manera,  
Esta vieja garganta, la primera.*

*“ Que esta flaca persona, atormentada  
De golpes de fortuna, no procura  
Sino el agudo filo de una espada,  
Pues no la acaba tanta desventura :-  
Aquella vida es bien afortunada,  
Que la temprana muerte la asegura ;*

*Pero*

*Pero á nuestro bien público atendiendo,  
Quiero decir en esto lo que entiendo.*

*“ Pares sois en valor y fortaleza :*

*El cielo os igualò en el nacimiento :*

*De linage, de estado, y de riqueza.*

*Hizo á todos igual repartimiento ;*

*Y en singular por ánimo y grandeza*

*Podéis tener del mundo el regimiento :*

*Que este gracioso don no agradecido,*

*Nos hà al presente término traído.*

*“ En la virtud de vuestro brazo espero,*

*Que puede en breve tiempo remediar se ;*

*Mas hà de haber un capitan primero,*

*Que todos por èl quieran gobernarse :*

*Este serà quien mas un gran madero*

*Sustentare en el hombro sin pararse ;*

*Y pues que sois iguales en la fuerte,*

*Procùre cada qual de ser mas fuerte.”*

*Ningun hombre dejò de estàr atento,*

*Oyendo del anciano las razones ;*

*Y puesto yà silencio al parlamento,*

*Hubo entre ellos diversas opiniones :*

*Al fin, de general consentimiento,*

*Siguiendo las mejores intenciones,*

*Por todos los Caciques acordado*

*Lo propuesto del vieja fue aceptado.*

The:

The works of Cervantes, Quevedo, and Feijoo, are too well known in England to need any commemoration here.

Of the books of Phyfic, Law, and Divinity, which swarm in the Spanish and Portugese languages, as well as in others, I shall say nothing, because I understand them not.

In 1768, the first volume, in octavo, of a work entitled *El Parnaso Español*, was published in Madrid. In 1770, three more volumes appeared, and a volume in each of the three subsequent years. This work is a collection of the best Spanish poems, and fugitive poetical pieces, with some account of the lives of the authors, and a short criticism on each piece, very beautifully printed, and ornamented with twelve elegant copper-plates, all engraven by Carmona. I shall give a short account of the contents of each volume, and present the reader with some of the most select pieces, with the translations as literally as the two languages will permit. After a frontispiece, representing Apollo sitting among the Muses, the work opens with a translation of Horace's Art of Poetry, by Vincent Espinel.

Then follow twenty-two canzonets, selected from the forty-four, composed by D. Esteban Manuel de Villegas, under the title of *Delicias*.

Several detached pieces.

A Madrigal, by Lewis Martin, as follows:

*Iba*



*Iba cogiendo flores,  
 Y guardando en la falda  
 Mi ninfa, para hacer una guirnalda ;  
 Mas primero las toca  
 A' los rosados labios de su boca,  
 Y les dá de su aliento los olores ;  
 Y estaba (por su bien.) entre una rosa:  
 Una abeja escondida,  
 Su dulce humor hurtando ;  
 Y como en la hermosa  
 Flor de los labios se hallò, atrevida,  
 La picò, sacò miel, fuese volando.*

" My nymph collected flowers into her lap, in order to  
 " make a garland ; but she first applies them to her rosy lips,  
 " and with her breath gives them their odour. A bee (happily  
 " for it) was hidden within a rose, stealing its sweets ; and  
 " when it approached the beautiful flower of her lips, it  
 " boldly stung them, extracted honey out of them, and  
 " flew away."

A SONNET by *Lupercio Leonardo de Argensola.*

*Tras importuna lluvias amanece  
 Coronando los montes el sol claro,  
 Alegre salta el Labrador avaro,  
 Que las horas ociosas aborrece.*

*La*

*La corva frente al duro yugo ofrece  
Del animal, que à Europa fue tan caro,  
Sale de su familia fuerte amparo,  
Y los surcos solícito enriquece.*

*Vuelve de noche à su muger honesta,  
Que lumbre, mesa, y lecho le apercibe,  
Y el enjambre de hijos le rodéa.*

*Fáciles cosas cena con gran fiesta,  
El sueño sin embidia le recibe.*

*O corte, ó confusion, quién te desea !*

“ The bright fun rises, among importunate rains, crown-  
“ ing the mountains : the greedy labourer abhors idle hours,  
“ and goes joyfully to work ; he offers to the yoke the bent  
“ neck of the animal, which was so dear to Europa ; he is the  
“ strong support of his family, and carefully enriches the fur-  
“ rows ; he returns at night to his honest wife, who prepares  
“ fire, table, and bed for him, and his swarm of children en-  
“ viron him : he eats his light supper with great content, sleep  
“ receives him without envy. O court, O confusion, who de-  
“ fires thee !

A SONNET by *Christoval Suarez de Figueroa.*

*O bien feliz el que la vida pasa  
Sin ver del que gobierna el aposento,  
Y mas quien deja el cortesano asiento  
Por la humildad de la pajiza casa !*

*Que*

*Que nunca teme una fortuna escasa*

*De agena envidia el ponzoñoso aliento :*

*A la planta mayor persigue el viento ;*

*A la torre mas alta el rayo abraza.*

*Contento estoy de mi mediana suerte :*

*El poderoso en su deidad refida :*

*Mayor felicidad yo no procuro :*

*Pues la quietud sagrada al hombre advierte*

*Ser para el corto espacio de la vida*

*El mas humilde estado, mas seguro.*

“ O happy is he who passes his life without entering into  
 “ the dwelling of those who govern, and who abandons  
 “ courts for the humility of a cottage! who never fears a  
 “ scanty fortune, nor is tainted by the poisonous breath of  
 “ envy. The tallest trees are most persecuted by the winds,  
 “ and the highest towers are soonest struck by lightning. I am  
 “ content with my middling station, let the powerful enjoy  
 “ their grandeur, I desire no greater happiness. Because sacred  
 “ quietude teaches, that for the short time we are allotted to  
 “ live, the most humble station is the most secure.”

Nine of Virgil's Eclogues by various hands.

The twentieth Epigram of the first book of Martial, beginning, *Si memini fuerant tibi quatuor, Ælia, dentes, &c.* thus translated by *Barthol. Leonardo de Argenfola.*

*Quatro dientes te quedaron  
 (Si bien me acuerdo) ; mas dos,  
 Elia, de una tòs volaron,  
 Los otros dos de otro tòs.  
 Seguramente tofèr  
 Puedes yà todos los dias,  
 Pues no tiende en tus encias  
 La tercera tòs que hacer\*.*

The AMINTA of Tasso, translated into Spanish blank verse, by  
 D. Juan de Fauregui, in 1607.

The following celebrated passage in the first scene of the  
 first act :

*Forse, se tu gustassi anco una volta  
 La millesima parte de le gioie,  
 Che gusta un cor amato-riamando,  
 Diresti, ripentita, sospirando :  
 Perduto è tutto il tempo,  
 Che in amar non si spende ;  
 O mia fuggita etate  
 Quante vedove notti,*

\* This has been translated into English, beginning,

“ When Gammer Gurton first I knew,  
 “ Four teeth in all she reckon’d, &c.”

It is to be found in an old song-book, called *The Nightingale*.

*Quanti*



*Quanti di solitari  
 Hò consumato indarno,  
 Che si poteano impiegar in quest' uso,  
 Il qual più replicato, é più soave.  
 Cangia, cangia consiglio,  
 Pazzarella che sei:  
 Che 'l pentirsi da sezzo nulla giova.*

Is thus translated:

*Tù, por ventura, si una vez gustases  
 Qualquier mínima parte del contento  
 Que goza un corazon amante, amado,  
 Dijeras suspirando arrepentida:  
 Todo el tiempo se pierde,  
 Que en amar no se gasta:  
 O' mis pasados años,  
 Quàntas prolijas noches,  
 Quàntos silvestres solitarios dias  
 He consumido en vano,  
 Que pudiere ocuparlos  
 En estos amorosos pasatiempos!  
 Muda, muda de intento,  
 Simplecilla de tì, que no te entiendes  
 Y arrepentirse tarde importa poco.*

“ Perhaps if thou wert only once to taste the thousandth  
 “ part of the happiness which is enjoyed by a heart loving and

F f f 2

“ beloved;

“ beloved; thou wouldst say, repenting and sighing, lo! it is  
 “ all that time which is not spent in loving! O my past years,  
 “ how many widowed nights, how many solitary days have  
 “ I not consumed in vain? and which might have been employ-  
 “ ed in amorous pastimes, *which are the more sweet the more*  
 “ *often they are repeated*\*. Change, O change thy opinion,  
 “ simple girl as thou art, for repentance is of no service when  
 “ it is too late.”

The ladies will not, I hope, be displeas'd at here finding this same passage as verified by William Ayre, especially as the advice which is contained in it merits attention.

“ Could I to thy soul reveal,  
 “ But the least, the thousandth part,  
 “ Of those pleasures, lovers feel.  
 “ In a mutual change of heart;  
 “ Then, repenting, wouldst thou say,  
 “ Virgin fears from hence remove,  
 “ All the time is thrown away,  
 “ That we cannot spend in love.  
 “ Years are past, and took their flight,  
 “ Foolish days of coy disdain  
 “ Oh! how many a widowed night!  
 “ Past alone and past in vain,

\* This line is in the Italian, but not in the Spanish.

“ Hours



P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
 CONSEJERIA DE CULTURA

- “ Hours that in love employ’d,  
 “ Could with blifs the fenfes fill;  
 “ Bliffes, that the more enjoy’d  
 “ Greater grow, and sweeter fill.  
 “ Ah! change thy carriage, change thy heart,  
 “ Late repentance caufes fmart;  
 “ What a filly girl thou art !”

The fecond volume contains the portraits of Garcilafó de la Vega, and of Don Alonfo de Ercilla y Zuñiga. It begins with Eclogues by Garcilafó; then follows the difpute of Ajax and Ulyffes about the arms of Achilles.

Anacreon, tranflated in fixty monoftrophes, by D. Efteban Manuel de Villegas.

The Judgment of Paris, an epic fable, on occafion of the public entry which Don Ferdinand VI. made into Madrid in 1746, by D. Ignacio de Luzan.

The greateft part of the fecond canto of the *Araucana* before mentioned.

The Gatomachia, or Battle of the Cats, a burlefque epic poem, by Lope de Vega, under the fictitious name of Thome de Burguillos. This is a poem of ninety-feven pages in verfe, divided into feven *ſilvas*. Then follow a great number of fmaller poems.

The third volume contains the portraits of Frey Lope Felix de Vega Carpio, and of Dr. Barthol. Leonardo de Argenſola.

About:

About a third part of this volume consists of poems by de Vega, among which are the following :

Amarillis, an Eclogue of fifty pages.

A short poem, entitled *the Flea*.

A Sonnet composed of hard words, which concludes thus :  
 “ Understand’st thou, Fabio, what I am saying ? How, should  
 “ I not understand it ! Thou liest Fabio, for I myself do not  
 “ understand it.”

In the seventh volume, I find a sonnet by Pedro Espinosa, which, after a deal of pompous nonsense, concludes thus :  
 “ Thou who read’st this, do not be afraid if thou understand’st  
 “ it not, because even I who made it do not understand it, so  
 “ help me God.”

A SONNET by D. Manuel de Velasco.

*Quieres ser gran Señor ? ponte severo :*

*Gusta de sabandijas : tèn enano :*

*Con los pícaros sé muy cortésano,*

*Y con la gente honrada muy grosero :*

*Monta de quando en quando por cochero :*

*Lleva á pasear tus mulas en verano :*

*Haz desear lo que penda de tu mano ;*

*Y olvidate de que eres caballero.*

*Si te pide el rendido, tuerce el gesto :*

*De agena bolsa no escafées gasto :*

*Para las vanidades echa el resto.*

*Solo*





*Solo con tu muger seràs muy casto :  
 Pide, debe, no pagues ; que con esto,  
 Si no eres gran Señor, seras gran traſto.*

“ Dost thou desire to be a great lord ? be haughty ; have a  
 “ taste for butterflies ; keep a dwarf ; be very civil to rogues,  
 “ and very rude to honest people : get upon the coach-box and  
 “ drive thy own mules in summer-time : withhold what is in  
 “ thy power to bestow, and forget that thou art a gentleman.  
 “ If a favour is begged of thee, turn thy face away : spare not  
 “ another’s purse, and squander every thing upon vanities.  
 “ With thy wife alone be chaste ; demand, owe, and pay not ;  
 “ and by these means, if thou art not a great lord, thou art a  
 “ great rascal.”

The Doctrine of Epictetus, seventy pages, translated by Don  
 Francisco de Quevedo Villegas.

Phocilides, translated by the same hand, twenty pages.

The Fable of Apollo and Daphne, in burlesque verse, by Ja-  
 cinto Polo de Medina.

Seven Epigrams by the same, one of which is

*Cavando un sepulcro un hombre  
 Sacò largo, corvo y grueso,  
 Entre otros muchos, un hueso,  
 Que tiene cuerno por nombre :  
 Volviòlo al sepulcro al punto,  
 Y viéndolo un cortesano.*

*Dijo :*

*Dijo: bien haceis, hermano,  
Que es hueso de ese difunto.*

“ A man who was digging in a grave, among many other  
“ bones found a large horn, which he buried carefully again.  
“ Another person seeing this, said, Thou doest well, brother,  
“ because that is one of the bones of the person who was here  
“ interred.”

After several detached poems, this volume concludes with a  
song by the Licentiate Dueñas. The last couplet contains a very  
false and unjust satire on the ladies.

——— *ya no te quejes de mugeres ;  
Y si quejarte quieres,  
Forma de mi querellas,  
Porque me fié de ellas :  
Que entonces la muger es buena cierto  
Quando es mala y perversa al descubierto.*

“ —— Do not complain of women, but if thou wilt com-  
“ plain, complain of me who have trusted them ; for a woman  
“ is most certainly good when she is *openly* perverse and wicked.”

The fourth volume is decorated with the portraits of Don  
Diego Hurtado de Mendoza and Quevedo.

The

The most remarkable pieces it contains are the following :

A Sonnet by Don Diego, and another on the same subject by Lope de Vega. This last has been translated into English, and published in Doddsley's Collection of Poems, which I hope to be pardoned for inserting here after the Spanish originals.

SONNET by *Don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza.*

*Pedís, Reyna, un soneto, y ya le hago :  
Ya el primer verso y el segundo es hecho :  
Si el tercero me sale de provecho  
Con otro verso el un quarteto os pago.*

*Ya llego al quinto : España! Santiago!  
Fuera, que entro en el sexto : sus, buen pecho :  
Si del setimo salgo, gran derecho  
Tengo à salir con vida de este trago.*

*Ya tenemos à un cabo los quartetos :  
Què me decís, señora? no ando bravo?*

*Mas sabe Dios si temo los tercetos.*

*Y si con bien este soneto acabo,  
Nunca en todo mi vida mas sonetos  
Que de este, gloria à Dios, ya he visto el cabo.*

“ You ask a fonnet, my queen, I am making it;  
“ The first and second verses are already made;  
“ If the third succeeds happily,  
“ I shall pay you with one couplet.

G g g

“ I have

- " I have now got to the fifth line; Spain! St. James!  
 " Softly, I enter into the sixth, courage:  
 " If I get through the seventh, it will be a great action,  
 " I must get out of this scrape with life.  
 " Now I have finished the quadruplets:  
 " What do you say, madam? do not I proceed finely?  
 " But God knows if I fear the triplets.  
 " And if I end this sonnet happily,  
 " No more sonnets during my life  
 " As I have, glory be to God, concluded this one.

SONNET by *Lope de Vega*.

*Un soneto me manda hacer violante,  
 Que en mi vida me he visto en tal aprieto:  
 Catorce versos dicen que es soneto:  
 Burla burlando van los tres delante.*

*Yo pensè que no hallàra consonante,  
 Y estoy à la mitad de otro quarteto;  
 Mas si me veo en el primer terceto,  
 No hay cosa en los quartetos que me espante.*

*Por el primer terceto voy entrando,  
 Y aun parece que entrè con pie derecho,  
 Pues fin con este verso le voy dando.*

*Ya estoy en el segundo, y aun sospecho  
 Que voy los trece versos acabando:  
 Contad si son catorce, y està hecho.*

Thus



Thus translated by Mr. Roderick.

- “ Capricious B . . . . a sonnet needs must have,  
 “ I ne'er was so put to 't before :—a sonnet !  
 “ Why fourteen verses must be spent upon it ;  
 “ 'Tis good howe'er t' have conquer'd the first stave.  
 “ Yet I shall ne'er find rhymes enough by half,  
 “ Said I, and found myself i' th' midst o' the second.  
 “ If twice four verses were but fairly reckon'd,  
 “ I should turn back on th' hardest part and laugh.  
 “ Thus far with good success I think I've scribbled,  
 “ And of the twice seven lines have clean got o'er ten.  
 “ Courage! another 'll finish the first triplet.  
 “ Thanks to thee, Muse, my work begins to shorten,  
 “ There's thirteen lines got through, driblet by driblet.  
 “ 'Tis done! count how you will, I warr'nt there's fourteen.”

SONNET by an unknown hand.

*El que tiene muger moza y hermosa  
 Qué busca en casa de muger agena?  
 La suya es menos blanca? es mas morena?  
 Es fria, floja, flaca? no hay tal cosa.  
 Es desgraciada? no, sino graciosa.  
 Es mala? no por cierto, sino buena:  
 Es una Venus, una Sirena,  
 Un fresco lirio, y una blanca rosa.*

G g g 2

Pues

*Pues qué busca? dè vâ? de dònde viene?  
 Mejor que la que tiene piensa hallarla?  
 Ha de ser su buscar en infinito?  
 No busca èl muger, que ya la tiene:  
 Busca el trabajo dulce de buscarla,  
 Que es el que enciende al hombre el apetito.*

“ He who has got a young and beautiful wife, what does he  
 “ seek in the house of another man’s wife? is his own less fair?  
 “ is she more brown? is she cold, idle, weak? No such thing.  
 “ Is she deformed? No, she is graceful. Is she wicked? No,  
 “ certainly, she is virtuous; she is a Venus, a Syren, a fresh  
 “ lily, and a white rose. What does he then seek? whither  
 “ goes he? whence comes he? does he think to find a better  
 “ than he has gotten? is his search to be endless? He does not  
 “ seek a wife, for he has one already; he seeks the sweet la-  
 “ bour of searching, which alone excites the appetite of man.”

The two Odes of Sappho, translated by Don Ignacio de Luzan.

The first, which is the Hymn to Venus, is too long to have a place here. In the Spectator, N<sup>o</sup> 223, the English reader may see a translation of it.

The second is translated, as Mr. Addison, in the 229th N<sup>o</sup> of the Spectator, says of the Latin translation by Catullus, “ With the same short turn of expression, which is so remarkable in the Greek, and so peculiar to the Sapphic Ode.”

*A los*



thus: " Happy is the married man, who once becomes single,  
 " but superlatively happy is he who twice gets rid of one  
 " wife."

In the volume of *el Parnaso*, of which I am now giving  
 an account, is a short poem on the same subject by the  
 same hand.

*Al Infierno el Tracio Orfeo*

*Su muger bajò à buscar,  
 Que no pudo à peor lugar  
 Llevarle tan mal deseo.*

*Cantò, y al mayor tormento*

*Puso suspension y espanto  
 Mas que lo dulce del canto*

*La novedad del intento.*

*El dios adusto ofendido,  
 Con un extraño rigor*

*La pena que hallò mayor  
 Fue volverle à ser marido.*

*Y aunque su muger le diò*

*Por pena de su pecado,*

*Por premio de lo cantado*

*Perderla facilitò.*

" The Thracian Orpheus descended into hell to seek his wife,  
 " as he could not go to a worse place on such a bad errand. He  
 " sung, and suspended the greatest torments, not so much by  
 " the





“ the sweetness of his song, as by the novelty of his intention.  
 “ The stern god was offended, and as the most rigorous punish-  
 “ ment he could devise, permitted him again to become a hus-  
 “ band. But though he gave him his wife again to punish him  
 “ for his crime, yet to reward him for his music, he put him in  
 “ the way of getting rid of her.”

SONNET by the same, never before published.

*Esta es la informacion, este el proceso  
 Del hombre que ha de ser canonizado,  
 En quien, si es que vió el mundo algun pecado,  
 Advirtió penitencia con exceso :  
 Doce años en su suegra estuvo preso,  
 A muger y sin sueldo condenado :  
 Vivió bajo el poder de su cuñado :  
 Tuvo un hijo no mas, tonto y travieso :  
 Nunca rico se vió con oro ó cobre :  
 Vivió siempre contento, aunque desnudo :  
 No hay incomodidad que no le sobre :  
 Vivió entre un herrador y un tartamudo :  
 Fue martir, porque fue casado y pobre :  
 Hizo un milagro y fue no ser cornudo.*

“ This is the information and process of the man who is to  
 “ be canonized ; and who, if ever he committed any sin, did  
 “ superabundant penance for it. He was during twelve years  
 “ dominated by his step-mother, was condemned to a wife,  
 “ without

“ without wages, lived under the power of a cousin, and had  
 “ an only son, who was both foolish and disorderly. He  
 “ never possessed either gold or copper; he lived always con-  
 “ tentedly, though he was almost destitute of clothing, and  
 “ overloaded with afflictions : he lived between a blacksmith and  
 “ a stutterer; he was a martyr, because he was married and  
 “ poor; and he performed one miracle, which was, that he  
 “ never was a cuckold.”

It appears rather extraordinary to meet with such a sonnet in a book licensed by the inquisition.

The next poem I find worthy of notice is a Treatise on Painting, by Pablo de Céspedes, painter and poet\* : it contains seventy-six stanzas, each of eight lines. One of the finest passages in this poem is the description of the horse: the author has made great use of Job's sublime description of that noble animal, see Job, chap. xxxix.

SONNET by *Lupercio Leonardo de Argensola.*

*Quien casamiento ha visto sin engaños,*

*Y mas si en dote cuentan la hermosura?*

*Cosa que hasta gozarla solo dura,*

*Y os deja al despertar con desengaños.*

*O menos en la hacienda, o mas los años :*

*Y al fin la que parece mas segura*

\* His name is mentioned in p. 311 of this work.

*No esta sin una punta de locura,  
 Y à veces con remiendos de otros daños.  
 Mucho debes à Julia, Fabio amigo,  
 Que de tantos peligros te ha librado  
 Con negarte la fè que te debia.  
 Tù de que engaña al otro eres testigo,  
 Y lloras no haver sido el engañado?  
 Riete sino quieres que me ria.*

“ Who has ever seen a marriage without fraud, more espe-  
 cially if beauty be part of the portion? which lasts no longer  
 than till it be enjoyed, and leaves one to wake undeceived.

“ Either the years of the woman are more, or her estate is  
 less; and even in the safest way marriage is a kind of folly,  
 and only patches up the evils it wished to mend.

“ Friend Fabius, thou owest much to Julia, who has per-  
 mitted thee to escape so many perils, by denying thee her  
 hand; and dost thou, who art witness to the deceit used to  
 others, lament that thou art not the party deceived? Laugh,  
 if thou wilt not have me laugh at thee.”

A SONNET supposed to be written by *Don Diego de Mendoza*.

*No hay cosa mas gastada, ni traida,  
 Que la saya de Inès, y el pobre manto :  
 Un cerrojo de carcel no lo es tanto,  
 Ni la playa del mar siempre batida ::*

H h h.

Noo

*No lés dà hora de huelga la perdida.  
 En Pascua, ni Domingo, ni Difanto  
 Y tanto los aqueja, que me espanto  
 Como no dàn al traste con la vida.  
 La rueda de Ixion, que no sofiega,  
 Y su pena infernal que no reposa  
 Respeto de este manto està parada.  
 Pero la misma Inès tiene otra cosa  
 Que su persona y ella no lo niega,  
 Que està muy mas traida y mas gastada.*

“ There is nothing more common, nor more worn than the  
 “ cloak and petticoat of Agnes; a prison-bolt is not more used,  
 “ nor yet the shores which are eternally beaten by the waves :  
 “ their mistress never suffers them to rest either on Sundays or  
 “ holidays, and uses them so much, that I wonder they are not  
 “ fretted to pieces. The wheel of Ixion, which never rests,  
 “ and the never-ceasing pain it inflicts, stand still in compari-  
 “ son with this cloak. Nevertheless the same Agnes has another  
 “ thing of which she is very liberal, and which is much more  
 “ worn, and much more often used.”

This sonnet is somewhat in the style of one of Shenstone's  
*Levities*, which begins

“ Let Sol his annual journies run.”

The



The fifth volume is ornamented with the portraits of Fr. Luis de Leon, and el Conde de Rebolledo, and contains nothing but what is called sacred poetry, being songs and sonnets addressed to Christ, to the Virgin Mary, to St. James, to the archangel St. Michael, to the most Holy Trinity, to the Samaritan Woman, to the most Holy Sacrament, part of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, &c. I have not read this volume, but I believe the English reader's curiosity will be gratified in being acquainted with the subjects of three or four of the sonnets: one of which runs thus:

“ A clown asks Faith how the entire, real, and physical body of God can be contained in the sacramental bread, and likewise in every one of its parts when broken? To which Faith answers, that as a looking-glass, though broken into thousands of pieces, still reflects an entire image, so,” &c. &c.

In another sonnet, is a passage which says, “ The iron of the lance of Longinus served him for a steel, Christ for a flint, and the Cross for tinder,” &c. &c.

The sonnet, in p. 39, is extraordinary, but will not bear an English translation.

The last sonnet in the book is literally thus: “ The sovereign Pages of the most holy God, stand with white torches and white tapers in the empyrean palaces; a thousand sorts of Indian incenses and Syriac perfumes smoke upon carpets ornamented with foliages, between amaranths and silvered lilies. The Virgin arrived at the empyrean saloon, (a visit

H h h 2

“ greatly





“greatly desired by heaven) with the sun for her mantle, and  
 “the moon for her pattens. The seraphims prostrated them-  
 “selves at her feet, the angels sung joyfully to her, and the  
 “Holy-Word placed her at his side.”

The sixth volume consists wholly of dramatic pieces \*. After a frontispiece representing tragedy, are the two Spanish tragedies written in 1577 by F. Geronimo Bermudez; they are entitled *Nise to be pitied*, and *Nise crowned with laurels*, or the History of Doña Inès de Castro princess of Portugal †. They are each in five acts, and in blank verse, with double chorusses, of which three are Sapphic.

Then follows *The Vengeance of Agamemnon*, a tragedy of a single act, in prose, with chorusses, translated from Sophocles by Fernan Perez de Oliva.

*The Sorrowful Hecuba*, a tragedy of one act, in prose, by the same hand, from Euripides.

*Isabela*, and *Alexandra*, two tragedies by Lupercio de Argensola, each of three acts, in blank verse.

These two tragedies are praised by Cervantes in the first part of his *Don Quixote*. It cannot be expected that I should here give the plot of them, I have thought it sufficient to indicate where they are to be found.

\* The name of the compiler of this collection of poems is now acknowledged to be Don Juan de Sedano.

† See pages 348 and 383 of this work.

The seventh and last volume contains the portraits of Fernando de Herrera, and Don Luis de Gongora y Argote, and a great number of short miscellaneous poems, from which I shall select the following

TWO EPIGRAMS by *Baltasar del Alcazar*.

*Magdalena me picò*

*Con un alfiler un dedo :*

*Dijela : picado quedo,*

*Pero ya lo estaba yo.*

*Riòse, y con su cordura*

*Acudiò al remedio presto :*

*Chupòme el dedo, y con esto*

*Sanè de la picadura.*

*Mostròme Ines por retrato*

*De su belleza los pies,*

*Yo le dije : eso es Ines*

*Buscar cinco pies al gato.*

*Riòse, y como eran bellos,*

*Y ella por estremo bella,*

*Arremeti por cogella,*

*Y escapòseme por ellos.*

I conjecture these epigrams to be somewhat allegorical, and shall not translate them, for a reason which will be obvious to those who understand the Spanish language.

Eight Eclogues by *Quevedo*, entitled *La Bucolica de el Tajo*.

A SONNET by King Charles II. of Spain, not worth inserting, with which I shall embellish and conclude the account of this collection, as the compositions of monarchs are not numerous : it was written about the year 1695.

*O rompa ya el silencio el dolor mio,*

*Y salga de este pecho desatado ;*

*Que*

*Que sufrir los rigores de callado  
 No cabe en este pecho, aunque porfio.  
 De obedecerte, Anarda, desconfio,  
 Muero de confusion desesperado,  
 Ni quieres que sea tuyo mi cuidado,  
 Ni dejas que yo tenga mi alvedrio.  
 Mas ya tanto la pena me maltrata  
 Que vence al sufrimiento ; ya no espero  
 Vivir alegre : el llanto se desata ;  
 Y otra vez de la vida desespero :  
 Pues si me quejo tu rigor me mata,  
 Y si callo mi mal dos veces muero.*

“ O let my sorrow break silence, and issue loofe out of this  
 “ breast; for to suffer the rigours of concealment this constant  
 “ breast can no longer bear. I fear I cannot obey thee, *Anarda*,  
 “ I die with despairing confusion, and thou wilt not that my  
 “ cares shall become thine, nor wilt permit me to use my own  
 “ free-will. But thy troubles so much ill-treat me, that they  
 “ vanquish my sufferings; I no more hope to live happily; I  
 “ must give way to my mourning; I again despair of life; be-  
 “ cause if I complain, thy rigour kills me, and if I conceal my  
 “ pain I die twice.”

In 1772, Don Joseph Vasquez published two small books,  
 entitled *Los Eruditos a la Violeta*, which implies the *Violet Lite-  
 rati*, for the use of those who pretend to know much, and study  
 little.