

he oftener discovers a willingness to rebuke its vices, as when, discussing the character of Gonzalo Nuñez de Guzman, he turns aside from his subject, and says, solemnly, —

“And no doubt it is a noble thing, and worthy of praise, to preserve the memory of noble families, and of the services they have rendered to their kings and to the commonwealth; but here, in Castile, this \* 363 is now held of \* small account. And, to say truth, it is really little necessary; for nowadays he is noblest who is richest. Why, then, should we look into books to learn what relates to families, since we can find their nobility in their possessions? Nor is it needful to keep a record of the services they render; for kings now give rewards, not to him who serves them most faithfully, nor to him who strives for what is most worthy, but to him who most follows their will, and pleases them most.”<sup>19</sup>

In this and other passages there is something of the tone of a disappointed statesman, perhaps of a disappointed courtier. But, more frequently, as, for instance, when he speaks of the Great Constable, there is an air of good faith and justice that does him much honor. Some of his portraits, among which we may notice those of Villena and John the Second, are drawn with skill and spirit; and everywhere he writes in that rich, grave, Castilian style, with now and then a happy and pointed phrase to relieve its dignity, of which we can find no earlier example without going quite back to Alfonso the Wise and Don Juan Manuel.

<sup>19</sup> *Generaciones y Semblanzas*, c. 10. A similar harshness is shown in Chapters 5 and 30.

## \* CHAPTER XXI.

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FAMILY OF THE MANRIQUES. — PEDRO, RODRIGO, GOMEZ, AND JORGE. — THE  
COPLAS OF THE LAST. — THE URREAS. — JUAN DE PADILLA.

CONTEMPORARY with all the authors we have just examined, and connected by ties of blood with several of them, was the family of the Manriques, — poets, statesmen, and soldiers, — men suited to the age in which they lived, and marked with its strong and manly characteristics. They belonged to one of the oldest and noblest races of Castile; a race beginning with the Laras of the ballads and chronicles.<sup>1</sup> Pedro, the father of the first two to be noticed, was among the sturdiest opponents of the Constable Alvaro de Luna, and filled so large a space in the troubles of the time that his violent imprisonment, just before he died, shook the country to its very foundations. At his death, however, in 1440, the injustice he had suffered was so strongly felt by all parties that the whole court went into mourning for him, and the good Count Haro — the same in whose hands the honor and faith of the country had been put in pledge, a year before, at Tordesillas — came into the king's presence, and, in a solemn scene, well described by the chronicler of John the Second, obtained for the children of the deceased Manrique a confirmation of all the honors and rights of which their father had been wrongfully deprived.<sup>2</sup>

One of these children was Rodrigo Manrique, Count

<sup>1</sup> *Generaciones*, etc., c. 11, 15, and 24.

<sup>2</sup> *Crónica de Don Juan el II.*, Año 1437, c. 4; 1438, c. 6; 1440, c. 18.



of Paredes, a bold captain, well known by the signal advantages he gained for his country over the \* 365 Moors. \* He was born in 1416, and his name occurs constantly in the history of his time; for he was much involved, not only in the wars against the common enemy in Andalusia and Granada, but in the no less absorbing contests of the factions which then rent Castile and all the North. But, notwithstanding the active life he led, we are told that he found time for poetry; and one of his songs, by no means without merit, which has been preserved to us, bears witness to it. He died in 1476.<sup>3</sup>

His brother, Gomez Manrique, of whose life we have less distinct accounts, but whom we know to have been both a soldier and a lover of letters, has left us more proofs of his poetical studies and talent. One of his shorter pieces belongs to the reign of John the Second, and one of more pretensions comes into the period of the Catholic sovereigns; so that he lived in three different reigns.<sup>4</sup> At the request of Count Benevente, he at one time collected what he had written into a volume, which may still be extant, but has never been published.<sup>5</sup> The longest of his works now known to exist is an allegorical poem of twelve hundred lines, on the death of his uncle, the Marquis of Santillana, in which the Seven Cardinal Virtues, together with Poetry and Gomez Manrique himself, appear, and, with cold formality, mourn over the great loss their age and country had sustained. It was written soon after 1458, and sent, with an amusingly

<sup>3</sup> Pulgar, *Claros Varones*, Tit. 13. *Cancionero General*, 1573, f. 183. Mariana, *Hist.*, Lib. XXIV. c. 14. He began to distinguish himself in 1434, and was not only the first who openly opposed the power of Alvaro de Luna, but was active in the final overthrow of

that great minister and favorite. Alcantara, *Hist. de Granada*, Tom. III. 1845, pp. 255, sq.

<sup>4</sup> The poetry of Gomez Manrique is in the *Cancionero General*, 1573, ff. 57-77, and 243.

<sup>5</sup> *Adiciones á Pulgar*, ed. 1775, p. 239.

pedantic letter, to his cousin, the Bishop of Calahorra, son of the Marquis of Santillana.<sup>6</sup> Another poem, addressed to Ferdinand and Isabella, which is necessarily to be dated as late as the year 1474, is a little more than half as long as the last, but, like that, is allegorical, and resorts to the same poor machinery of the Seven Virtues, who come this time to give counsel to the Catholic sovereigns \* on the art \* 366 of government. It was originally preceded by a prose epistle, and was printed in 1482, so that it is among the earliest books that came from the Spanish press.<sup>7</sup>

These two somewhat long poems, with a few that are much shorter,—the best of which is on the bad government of a town where he lived,—fill up the list of what remain to us of their author's works. They are found in the *Cancioneros* printed from time to time during the sixteenth century, and thus bear witness to the continuance of the regard in which he was long held. But, except a few passages, where he speaks in a natural tone, moved by feelings of personal affection, none of his poetry can now be read with pleasure; and, in some instances, the Latinisms in which he indulges, misled probably by Juan de Mena, render the lines where they occur quite ridiculous.<sup>8</sup>

Jorge Manrique is the last of this chivalrous family

<sup>6</sup> *Adiciones á Pulgar*, ed. 1775, p. 223.

<sup>7</sup> Mendez, *Typog. Esp.*, p. 265. To these poems, when speaking of Gomez Manrique, should be added, 1, his poetical letter to his uncle, the Marquis of Santillana, asking for a copy of his works, with the reply of his uncle, both of which are in the *Cancioneros Generales*; and 2, some of his smaller trifles, which occur in a manuscript of the poems of Alvarez Gato, belonging to the Library of the Academy of History

at Madrid, and numbered 114,—trifles, however, which ought to be published.

<sup>8</sup> Such as the word *definicion* for *death*, and other similar euphuisms. For a notice of Gomez Manrique, see Antonio, *Bib. Vetus*, ed. Bayer, Tom. II. p. 342. The poem referred to is in the *Cancionero General*, 1535, and begins, "Quando Roma conquistaba," f. 40, a. His addition to Juan de Mena's "Siete Pecados" has been already noticed, *ante*, Chap. XIX.



that comes into the literary history of his country. He was the son of Rodrigo, Count of Paredes, and seems to have been a young man of an uncommonly gentle cast of character, yet not without the spirit of adventure that belonged to his ancestors, — a poet full of natural feeling, when the best of those about him were almost wholly given to metaphysical conceits, and to what was then thought a curious elegance of style. We have, indeed, a considerable number of his lighter verses, chiefly addressed to the lady of his love, which are not without the coloring of his time, and remind us of the poetry on similar subjects produced a century later in England, after the Italian taste had been introduced at the court of \* 367 Henry \* the Eighth.<sup>9</sup> But the principal poem of Manrique the younger is almost entirely free from affectation. It was written on the death of his father, which occurred in 1476, and is in the genuinely old Spanish measure and manner. It fills about five hundred lines, divided into forty-two *coplas* or stanzas, and is called, with a simplicity and directness worthy of its own character, "The Coplas of Manrique," as if it needed no more distinctive name.

Nor does it. (Instead of being a loud exhibition of his sorrows, or, what would have been more in the spirit of the age, a conceited exhibition of his learning, it is a simple and natural complaint of the mutability of all earthly happiness; the mere overflowing of a heart filled with despondency at being brought suddenly to feel the worthlessness of what it has most valued and pursued.) His father occupies hardly half

<sup>9</sup> These poems, some of them too free for the notions of his Church, are in the Cancioneros Generales; for example, in that of 1535, ff. 72-76, etc., and in that of 1573, at ff. 131-139, 176, 180, 187, 189, 221, 243, 245. A few are also in the "Cancionero de Burlas," 1519.

the canvas of the poem, and some of the stanzas devoted more directly to him are the only portion of it we could wish away. But we everywhere feel — before its proper subject is announced quite as much as afterwards — that its author has just sustained some loss, which has crushed his hopes, and brought him to look only on the dark and discouraging side of life. In the earlier stanzas he seems to be in the first moments of his great affliction, when he does not trust himself to speak out concerning its cause; when his mind, still brooding in solitude over his sorrows, does not even look round for consolation. He says, in his grief, —

Our lives are rivers, gliding free  
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,  
The silent grave;  
Thither all earthly pomp and boast  
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost  
In one dark wave.  
Thither the mighty torrents stray,  
Thither the brook pursues its way,  
And tinkling rill.  
\* There all are equal. Side by side  
The poor man and the son of pride  
Lie calm and still.

The same tone is heard, though somewhat softened, when he touches on the days of his youth and of the court of John the Second, already passed away; and it is felt the more deeply, because the festive scenes he describes come into such strong contrast with the dark and solemn thoughts to which they lead him. In this respect his verses fall upon our hearts like the sound of a heavy bell, struck by a light and gentle hand, which continues long afterwards to give forth tones that grow sadder and more solemn, till at last they come to us like a wailing for those we have ourselves loved and lost. But gradually the movement changes.

*Manrique*



After his father's death is distinctly announced, his tone becomes religious and submissive. The light of a blessed future breaks upon his reconciled spirit; and then the whole ends like a mild and radiant sunset, as the noble old warrior sinks peacefully to his rest, surrounded by his children and rejoicing in his release.<sup>10</sup>

\* 369 \* No earlier poem in the Spanish language, if we except, perhaps, some of the early ballads, is to be compared with the Coplas of Manrique for depth and truth of feeling; and few of any subsequent period have reached the beauty or power of its best portions. Its versification, too, is excellent; free and flowing, with occasionally an antique air and turn, that

<sup>10</sup> The lines on the court of John II. are among the most beautiful in the poem:—

Where is the King, Don Juan? where  
Each royal prince and noble heir  
Of Aragon?  
Where are the courtly gallantries?  
The deeds of love and high emprise,  
In battle done?  
Tourney and joust, that charmed the eye,  
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,  
And nodding plume,—  
What were they but a pageant scene?  
What but the garlands, gay and green,  
That deck the tomb?

Where are the high-born dames, and where  
Their gay attire, and jewelled hair,  
And odors sweet?  
Where are the gentle knights, that came  
To kneel, and breathe the love's ardent flame,  
Low at their feet?  
Where is the song of the Troubadour?  
Where are the lute and gay tambour,  
They loved of yore?  
Where is the mazy dance of old,  
The flowing robes inwrought with gold,  
The dancers wore?

These two stanzas, as well as the one in the text, are from Mr. H. W. Longfellow's beautiful translation of the Coplas, first printed, Boston, 1833, 12mo, and often since. A similar tone is the foundation of the Marquis of Santillana's "Pregunta de nobles" (ed. Ochoa, 1844, pp. 241-244), and may have given the hint to the passage cited from Manrique, who can hardly have been ignorant of the Marquis's poetry. The following stanza is in point:—

Pregunto que fue del fijo de Aurora,  
Achiles, Ulixes, Ajax Talamon,  
Pirro, Diomedes, y Agamemnon?  
Que fue de aquestos o do son agora?  
O quien los rebata en poca de hora,  
Que no vemos dellos sinon la su fama?  
O quien es aqueste que breve los llama?  
O qual es su curso que nunca mejora?

Both may be compared with a passage in the verses on Edward IV. attributed to Skelton, and found in the "Mirror for Magistrates" (London, 1815, 4to, Tom. II. p. 246), in which that prince is made to say, as if speaking from his grave,—

"Where is now my conquest and victory?  
Where is my riches and royall array?  
Where be my coursers and my horses hye?  
Where is my myrth, my solace, and my play?"

Indeed, the three poems are not unlike in their tone, though, of course, the old English laureate never heard of Manrique, and never imagined anything half so good as the Coplas. The Coplas were often imitated;—among the rest, as Lope de Vega tells us (Obras Sueltas, Madrid, 1777, 4to, Tom. XI. p. xxix), by Camoens; but I do not know the Redondillas of Camoens to which he refers. Lope admired the Coplas very much. He says they should be written in letters of gold. Such *coplas* as are used by Manrique, with a short line in every third place, are called "Redondillas con quebrados." Rengifo, *Arte Poetica*, ed. 1727, p. 39.

are true to the character of the age that produced it, and increase its picturesqueness and effect. But its great charm is to be sought in a beautiful simplicity, which, belonging to no age, is the seal of genius in all.

The Coplas, as might be anticipated, produced a strong impression from the first. They were printed in 1492, within sixteen years after they were written, and are found in several of the old collections a little later. Separate editions followed. One, with a very dull and moralizing prose commentary by Luis de Aranda, was published in 1552. Another, with a poetical gloss in the measure of the original, by Luis Perez, appeared in 1561; yet another, by Rodrigo de Valdepeñas, in 1588; and another, by Gregorio Silvestre, in 1589;—all of which were reprinted more than once, and the first two many times. But in this way the modest Coplas became so burdened and obscured, that they almost disappeared from popular circulation in the sixteenth century. Later, however, they shook off the useless encumbrance, and, from the beginning of the seventeenth, have been reprinted separately,—often in the fashion of the old ballads,—and so have vindicated for themselves that place among the most cherished portions of the elder literature of the country to which their merit unquestionably entitles them.<sup>11</sup>

<sup>11</sup> For the earliest editions of the Coplas, 1492, 1494, and 1501, see Mendez, *Typog. Española*, p. 136. I possess ten or twelve copies of other editions, one of which was printed at Boston, 1833, with Mr. Longfellow's translation. My copies, dated 1574, 1588, 1614, 1632, and 1799, all have *Glosas* in verse. That of Aranda is in folio, 1552, black letter, and in prose. For nearly two centuries the *coplas* have been published as the popular ballads are. I have seen such copies

with dates as far back as 1610 and 1632, and possess others printed within the last twenty years.

At the end of a translation of the "Inferno" of Dante, made by Pedro Fernandez de Villegas, Archdeacon of Burgos, published at Burgos in 1515, folio, with an elaborate commentary, chiefly from that of Landino,—a very rare book, and one of considerable merit,—is found, in a few copies, a poem on the "Vanity of Life," by the translator, which, though not equal to the Coplas



\* 370 \* The death of the younger Manrique was not unbecoming his ancestry and his life. In an insurrection which occurred in 1479, he served on the loyal side, and, pushing a skirmish too adventurously, was wounded and fell. In his bosom were found some verses, still unfinished, on the uncertainty of all human hopes; and more than one old ballad records his fate, and appropriately seals up, with its simple poetry, the chronicle of this portion, at least, of his time-honored race.<sup>12</sup>

of Manrique, reminds me of them. It is called "Aversion del Mundo y Conversion á Dios," and is divided, with too much formality, into twenty stanzas on the contempt of the world, and twenty in honor of a religious life; but the verses, which are in the old national manner, are very flowing, and their style is that of the purest and richest Castilian. It opens thus:—

Away, malignant, cruel world,  
With sin and sorrow rife!  
I seek the meeker, wiser way  
That leads to heavenly life.  
Your fatal poisons here we drink,  
Lured by their savors sweet,  
Though, lurking in our flowery path,  
The serpent wounds our feet.

Away with thy deceitful snares,  
Which all too late I fly!—  
I, who, a coward, followed thee  
Till my last years are nigh;  
Till thy most strange, revolting sins  
Force me to turn from thee,  
And drive me forth to seek repose,  
Thy service hard to flee.

Away with all thy wickedness,  
And all thy heartless toil,  
Where brother, to his brother false,  
In treachery seeks for spoil!—  
Dead is all charity in thee,  
All good in thee is dead;  
I seek a port where from thy storm  
To hide my weary head.

I add the original, for the sake of its flowing sweetness and power:—

Quedate, mundo malino,  
Lleno de mal y dolor,  
Que me vo tras el dulcor  
Del bien eterno divino.  
Tu tozigo, tu venino,  
Vevemos açucarado,  
Y la sierpe esta en el prado  
De tu tan falso camino.

Quedate con tus engaños,  
Maguera te dexo tarde,

Que te seguí de cobardo  
Fasta mis postreros años.  
Mas ya tus males estranos  
De tí me alcançan forçoso,  
Vome a buscar el reposo  
De tus trabajosos daños.

Quedate con tu maldad,  
Con tu trabajo inhumano,  
Donde el hermano al hermano  
No guarda fe ni verdad.  
Muerta es toda caridad;  
Todo bien en tí es ya muerto;—  
Acójome para el puerto,  
Fuyendo tu tempestad.

After the forty stanzas to which the preceding lines belong, follow two more poems, the first entitled "The Complaint of Faith," partly by Diego de Burgos and partly by Pero Fernandez de Villegas, and the second, a free translation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal, by Gerónimo de Villegas, brother of Pero Fernandez, — each poem in about seventy or eighty octave stanzas, of *arte mayor*, but neither of them as good as the "Vanity of Life." Gerónimo also translated the Sixth Satire of Juvenal into *coplas de arte mayor*, and published it at Valladolid in 1519, in 4to.

<sup>12</sup> Mariana, Hist., Lib. XXIV. c. 19, noticing his death, says, "He died in his best years," — "en lo mejor de su edad"; but we do not know how old he was. On three other occasions, at least, Don Jorge is mentioned by the great Spanish historian as a personage important in the affairs of his time; but on yet a fourth, — that of the death of his father, Rodrigo, — the words of Mariana are so beautiful and apt, that I transcribe them in the original. "Su hijo D. Jorge Manrique, en unas trovas muy elegantes, en que hay virtudes

\* Another family that flourished in the time \* 371 of Ferdinand and Isabella, and one that continued to be distinguished in that of Charles the Fifth, was marked with similar characteristics, serving in high places in the state and in the army, and honored for its success in letters. It was the family of the Urreas. The first of the name who rose to eminence was Lope, created Count of Aranda in 1488; the last was Gerónimo de Urrea, who must be noticed hereafter as the translator of Ariosto, and as the author of a treatise on Military Honor, which was published in 1566.

Both the sons of the first Count of Aranda, Miguel and Pedro, were lovers of letters; but Pedro only was imbued with a poetical spirit beyond that of his age, and emancipated from its affectations and follies. His poems, which he published in 1513, are dedicated to his widowed mother, and are partly religious and partly secular. Some of them show that he was acquainted with the Italian masters. Others are quite untouched by any but national influences; and among the latter is the following ballad, recording the first love of his youth, when a deep distrust of himself seemed to be too strong for a passion which was yet evidently one of great tenderness:—

In the soft and joyous summer-time,  
When the days stretch out their span,  
It was then my peace was ended all,  
It was then my griefs began.

poeticas y ricas esmaltes de ingenio, y sentencias graves, a manera de endecha, lloró la muerte de su padre." Lib. XXIV. c. 14. It is seldom History goes out of its bloody course to render such a tribute to Poetry, and still more seldom that it does it so gracefully. One old ballad on Jorge

Manrique is in Fuentes, Libro de los Quarenta Cantos, Alcalá, 1587, 12mo, p. 374; but Wolf refers to another and a better one in the Cancionero General; — I suppose the one at f. 208 b. in the edition of 1573, and No. 963 of Duran's Romancero, 1851.



When the earth is clad with springing grass,  
When the trees with flowers are clad ;  
When the birds are building up their nests,  
When the nightingale sings sad ;

\* 372 \* When the stormy sea is hushed and still,  
And the sailors spread their sail ;  
When the rose and lily lift their heads,  
And with fragrance fill the gale ;

When, burdened with the coming heat,  
Men cast their cloaks aside,  
And turn themselves to the cooling shade,  
From the sultry sun to hide ;

When no hour like that of night is sweet,  
Save the gentle twilight hour ;—  
In a tempting, gracious time like this,  
I felt love's earliest power.

But the lady that then I first beheld  
Is a lady so fair to see,  
That, of all who witness her blooming charms,  
None fails to bend the knee.

And her beauty, and all its glory and grace,  
By so many hearts are sought,  
That as many pains and sorrows, I know,  
Must fall to my hapless lot ;—

A lot that grants me the hope of death  
As my only sure relief,  
And while it denies the love I seek,  
Announces the end of my grief.

Still, still, these bitterest sweets of life  
I never will ask to forget ;  
For the lover's truest glory is found  
When unshaken his fate is met.<sup>13</sup>

<sup>13</sup> Cancionero de las Obras de Don Pedro Manuel de Urrea, Logroño, fol., 1513, apud "Ig. de Asso, De Libris quibusdam Hispanorum Rarioribus, Casaraugustæ," 1794, 4to, pp. 89-92.

En el placiente verano,  
D' son los días mayores,  
Acabaron mis placeres,  
Comenzaron mis dolores.

Quando la tierra da yerva  
Y los arboles dan flores,

Quando aves hacen nidos  
Y cantan los ruiseñores ;

Quando en la mar sosegada  
Entran los navegadores,  
Quando los lirios y rosas  
Nos dan buenos olores ;

Y quando toda la gente,  
Ocupados de calores,  
Van aliviando las ropas,  
Y buscando los frescores ;

Dé son las mejores oras  
Las noches y los albores ;—

\* The last person who wrote a poem of any \* 373 considerable length, and yet is properly to be included within the old school, is one who, by his imitations of Dante, reminds us of the beginnings of that school in the days of the Marquis of Santillana. It is Juan de Padilla, commonly called "El Cartuxano," or The Carthusian, because he chose thus modestly to conceal his own name, and announce himself only as a monk of Santa María de las Cuevas in Seville.<sup>14</sup> Before he entered into that monastery, he wrote a poem, in a hundred and fifty *coplas*, called "The Labyrinth of the Duke of Cadiz," which was printed in 1493; but his two chief works were composed afterwards. The first of them is called "Retablo de la Vida de Christo," or A Picture of the Life of Christ; a long poem, generally in octave stanzas of *versos de arte mayor*, containing a history of the Saviour's life, as given by the Prophets and Evangelists, but interspersed with prayers, sermons, and exhortations; all very devout

En este tiempo que digo,  
Comenzaron mis amores.

De una dama que yo vi,  
Dama de tantos primores,  
De quantos es conocida  
De tantos tiene loores :

Su gracia por hermosura  
Tiene tantos servidores,  
Quanto yo por desdichado  
Tengo penas y dolores :  
Donde se me otorga muerte  
Y se me niegan favores.

Mas nunca olvidaré  
Estos amargos dulzores,  
Porque en la mucha firmeza  
Se muestran los amadores.

Pedro de Urrea, soon after the publication of this volume of poems, entered into public affairs, and seems to have turned his back on letters. In 1516 he was ambassador of Ferdinand the Catholic in Rome. Argensola, *Anales de Aragon*. Zaragoza, 1630, fol., Tom. I. p. 13.

<sup>14</sup> The monk, however, finds it impossible to keep his secret, and fairly

lets it out in a sort of acrostic at the end of the "Retablo." He was born in 1468, and died after 1518.

The convent of Sta. Maria de las Cuevas is that establishment of the Carthusians in which the remains of Columbus rested from 1513 to 1536. (Irving's *Columbus*, London, 1828, 8vo, Vol. IV. p. 46.) Notwithstanding the severity of their order, however, the monks of this monastery lived in great luxury. Navagiero, who visited it in 1526, while the bones of Columbus were still there, and while Juan de Padilla was probably alive, says, after a more ample description of it than, in his brief notes, he commonly gives of anything: "Par che non li manca cosa alcuna a quella compita bellezza che puo avere un loco. Bon grado hanno i frati che vivono li á montar di li al Paradiso" (*Viaggio*, 1563, f. 14);—remarkable words for a grave old statesman, and one, too, who came from among the luxurious palaces of Venice.



and very dull, and all finished, as he tells us, on Christmas eve in the year 1500.

The other is entitled "The Twelve Triumphs of the Twelve Apostles," which, as we are informed, with the same accuracy and in the same way, was completed on the 14th of February, 1518; again a poem \* 374 formidable for \* its length, since it fills above a thousand stanzas of nine lines each. It is partly an allegory, but wholly religious in its character, and is composed with more care than anything else its author wrote. The action passes in the twelve signs of the zodiac, through which the poet is successively carried by Saint Paul, who shows him, in each of them, first, the marvels of one of the twelve Apostles; next, an opening of one of the twelve mouths of the infernal regions; and, lastly, a glimpse of the corresponding division of Purgatory. Dante is evidently the model of the good monk, however unsuccessful he may be as a follower. Indeed, he begins with a direct imitation of the opening of the "Divina Commedia," from which, in other parts of the poem, phrases and lines are not unfrequently borrowed. But he has thrown together what relates to earth and heaven, to the infernal regions and to Purgatory, in such an unhappy confusion, and he so mingles allegory, mythology, astrology, and known history, that his work turns out, at last, a mere succession of wild inconsistencies, and vague, unmeaning descriptions. Of poetry there is rarely a trace; but the language, which has a decided air of yet elder times about it, is free and strong, and the versification, considering the period, is uncommonly rich and easy.<sup>15</sup>

<sup>15</sup> The "Doze Triunfos de los Doze Apóstolos" was printed entire in London, 1843, 4to, by Don Miguel del Riego, Canon of Oviedo, and brother

of the Spanish patriot and martyr of the same name. In the volume containing the Triunfos, the Canon has given large extracts from the "Retablo de la Vida de Christo," omitting Cantos VII., VIII., IX., and X. For notices of Juan de Padilla, see Antonio, Bib. Nov., Tom. I. p. 751, and Tom. II. p. 332; Mendez, Typog. Esp., p. 193; and Sarmiento, Memorias, Sect. 844-847. From the last, it appears that he rose to important ecclesiastical authority under the crown, as well as in his own order. The Doze Triunfos was first printed in 1521, the Retablo in 1505. There is a contemporary Spanish book, with a title something

resembling that of the Retablo de la Vida de Christo del Cartuxano;—I mean the "Vita Christi Cartuxano," which is a translation of the "Vita Christi" of Ludolphus of Saxony, a Carthusian monk who died about 1370, made into Castilian by Ambrosio Montesino, and first published at Seville, in 1502. It is, in fact, a Life of Christ, compiled out of the Evangelists, with ample commentaries and reflections from the Fathers of the Church,—the whole filling four folio volumes,—and in the version of Montesino it appears in a grave, pure Castilian prose. It was translated by him at the command, he says, of Ferdinand and Isabella.