

English despotism. Some of his closest friends in Trinity were deep in the conspiracy of 1798. But even for his patriotism—a genuine passion which he never sought to disguise—Moore found plenty of sympathy among the Whig political leaders, when he made their acquaintance in the first years of the century.

Moore was fairly established in London society in the first year of the century, and from that time the hope of its applause was the ruling aspiration of his life and its judgment the standard of his work. In his letters to his mother, which are delightful prose lyrics and show the most charming side of Moore's character—he wrote to her constantly and with warm affection in his busiest weeks—we find him, even in 1800, declaring himself surfeited with duchesses and marchionesses, and professing his readiness at any moment to exchange all his fineries for Irish stew and salt fish. But he never did make the exchange, even for more potent attractions than the fare of his youth. He could not bear the shortest banishment from fashionable drawing-rooms without uneasy longings. The dignity and ease, the luxury, the gaiety, the brightness of fashionable life, wholly satisfied his joyous and self-indulgent nature. When men of rank courted his company, when princesses sang his songs and peeresses wept at them, Moore was too frank to affect indifference; he was in the highest heaven of delight, and went home to record the incident to his relatives or transmit it to posterity in his diary. If prudence whispered that he was frittering away his time and dissipating his energies, he persuaded himself that his conduct was thoroughly worthy of a solid man of business: that to get a lucrative appointment from his political friends he must keep himself in evidence, and that to make his songs sell he must give them a start with his own voice. But his mind was seemingly not much troubled either with sordid care or with sober prudence; he lived in the happy present, and he liked fashionable company for its own sake,—and no wonder, seeing how he was petted, caressed, and admired. Swift's saying that great men never reward in a more substantial way those whom they make the companions of their pleasures was often in Moore's mind. It was verified to some extent in his own case. Through Lord Moira's influence he was appointed registrar of the admiralty court in Bermuda in 1803. He went there to take possession, but four or five months of West India society, jingling pianofortes, and dusky beauties bored him excessively, and he appointed a deputy and returned to London, after little more than a year's absence. The office continued to bring him about £400 a year for fourteen or fifteen years, but at the end of that time embezzlement by the deputy, for whom he was responsible, involved him in serious embarrassment. This was all that Moore received from his great political friends,—no great boon as things went in the days of patronage. He had hopes from Lord Moira in the Grenville ministry in 1806,—hopes of an Irish commissionership or something substantial, but the king's obstinacy about Catholic emancipation destroyed the ministry before anything worth having turned up. The poet's long-deferred hopes were finally extinguished in 1812, when Lord Moira, under the Liverpool administration, went out as governor-general to India without making any provision for him. From that time Moore set himself in earnest to make a living by literature, his responsibilities being increased by his marriage in 1811. From his boyhood to 1812 may be called the first period of Moore's poetical activity. He had formed the design of translating Anacreon while still at college, and several of the pieces published in 1801 under the *nom de plume* of "Thomas Little" were written before he was eighteen. The somewhat ostentatious scholarship of the notes to his *Anacreon*, the parade of learned authorities, he explained

by his habit of omnivorous reading in Trinity College library. Throughout his literary life he retained this habit of out-of-the-way reading and clever display of it. Moore had really abundance of miscellaneous scholarship as well as great quickness in the analogical application of his knowledge; and, though he made sad havoc of quantities when he tried to write in Greek, there was probably no scholar of his time who would have surpassed him in the interpretation of a difficult passage. He seems to have spent a good deal of time in the libraries of the great houses that he frequented; Moira, Lansdowne, and Holland were all scholarly men and book-collectors. It might be asked,—What had "passion's warmest child," whose "only books were women's looks," to do with obscure mediæval epigrammatists, theologians, and commentators? But it would seem that Moore took the hints for many of his lyrics from books, and, knowing the great wealth of fancy among mediæval Latinists, turned often to them as likely quarters in which to find some happy word-play or image that might serve as a motive for his muse. The public, of course, were concerned with the product and not with the process of manufacture, and "Little's" songs at once became the rage in every drawing-room. He found his songs in Virginia when he landed there on his way to Bermuda. And not only were his songs sung but his poems were read, passing rapidly through many editions. The bulk of them were simple fancies, gracefully, fluently, and sometimes wittily expressed, the lyricist's models being the amatory poets of the 17th century from Carew to Rochester. Carew is the only eminent poet of that century with whom Moore will bear comparison. The highest praise that can be given to his amatory lyrics is that he knew his audience, wrote directly for them, and pleased them more than any of his competitors. His publication of 1806 was savagely reviewed in the *Edinburgh* by Jeffrey, who accused him of a deliberate design to corrupt the minds of innocent maidens with his wanton fancies, and who had in consequence to figure in a ludicrous attempt at a duel—ludicrous in its circumstances, though Moore was ferociously in earnest. We may well acquit Moore of the diabolic intention attributed to him, but Jeffrey's criticism of his poetry as poetry was just enough. The only parts of the volume that Jeffrey praised were the satirical epistles. The vein essayed in these epistles Moore pursued afterwards in his *Corruption, Intolerance* (1808), and *The Sceptic*, a philosophical satire (1809); but as long as he kept to the heroic couplet and the manner of Pope he could not give full scope to his peculiar powers as a satirist. It may be remarked in passing that the result of the hostile meeting with Jeffrey is a striking evidence of the impressiveness of Moore's personality; in the course of a few minutes' conversation he changed a bitter critic into a lifelong friend. Of all the poetical enterprises that Moore undertook, either at this period or later, none was so exactly suited to his powers as the task proposed to him by the publisher Power of supplying fit words to a collection of Irish melodies. The first number appeared in 1807, and it was so successful that for twenty-seven years afterwards writing words to music was one of Moore's most regular occupations and his steadiest source of income, Power paying him an annuity of £500. Six numbers of Irish melodies were published before 1815; then they turned to sacred songs and national airs, issuing also four more numbers of Irish melodies before 1834. Moore entered into this work with his best and most practised powers and with all his heart. From his boyhood he had been in training for it. The most characteristic moods of Irish feeling, grave and gay, plaintive and stirring, were embodied in those airs, and their variety touched the whole range of Moore's sensitive spirit, carrying him far beyond the shallows of his

apurious Anacreontic sentiment, namby-pamby when not prurient; he wrote with full inspiration, unreserved sincerity, and thoroughly roused faculty. Divorced from the music, many of them are insipid enough, but they were never meant to be divorced from the music; the music was meant, as Coleridge felt when he heard them sung by the poet himself, to twine round them and overtop them like the honeysuckle. Moore accomplished this with exquisite art. His most conspicuous failures may be traced to his habit of taking as his starting-point not an emotional incident but some unmanageable intellectual conceit. Hence arose intellectual discords, incongruous and imperfectly harmonized fancies, which even the music can hardly gloss over.

The regent's desertion of the Whigs in 1812 cut them off from all hope of office for many years to come, and Moore from his last hope of a snug sinecure, when Lord Moira also was practically "oblivious" of him. There was at once a marked increase in his literary fertility, and he broke ground in a new field, which he cultivated with pre-eminent success—political squib-writing. Moore was incapable of anything like rancour, but he felt the disappointment of his hopes enough to quicken his fancy and sharpen the edge of his wit. The prince regent, his old friend and patron, who was said to have begged all Lord Moira's appointments for personal favourites, was his first butt. The prince's defects and foibles, his fatness, his huge whiskers, his love for cutlets and curaçoa, for aged mistresses and practical jokes, were ridiculed with the lightest of clever hands. Moore opened fire in the *Morning Chronicle*, and crowned his success next year (1813) with a thin volume of "Intercepted Letters," *The Twopenny Post Bag*. A very little knowledge of the gossip of the time enables us to understand the delight with which Moore's sallies were received in the year which witnessed the imprisonment of Leigh Hunt for more outspoken attacks on the regent. Moore received every encouragement to work the new vein. He was at one time in receipt of a regular salary from the *Times*; and his little volumes of squibs published at intervals,—*The Fudge Family in Paris*, 1818; *The Journal of a Member of the Pocomurante Society*, 1820; *Fables for the Holy Alliance*, 1823; *Odes on Cash, Corn, Catholics, and other Matters*, 1828; *The Fudges in England*, 1835—went through many editions. The prose *Memoirs of Captain Rock* (1824) may be added to the list. Moore's only failure was *Tom Cribb's Memorial to Congress* (1819), for which he had made an elaborate study of thieves' slang. It was of course on the side of the Whigs that Moore employed his pen, and his favourite topics were the system of repression in Ireland and the disabilities of the Catholics. He made rather too serious a claim for his pasquinades when he spoke of "laying the lash on the back of the bigot and the oppressor." It was not exactly a lash or a scourge that he wielded. It was in happy, airily malicious ridicule of personal foibles that his strength lay; he pricked and teased his victims with sharp and tiny arrows. But, light as his hand was, he was fairly entitled to the enthusiastic gratitude of his countrymen for his share in effecting Catholic emancipation.

The disappointment of 1812, which started Moore on his career as a squib-writer, nerved him also to a more sustained effort in serious verse than he had before attempted. *Lalla Rookh* would never have been written if the author's necessities had not compelled him to work. To keep himself at the oar, he contracted with the Longmans to supply a metrical romance on an Eastern subject, which should contain at least as many lines as Scott's *Rokeby*, and for which the publishers bound themselves to pay three thousand guineas on delivery. The poem was not published till May 1817. Moore, as was his habit,

made most laborious preparation, reading himself slowly into familiarity with Eastern scenery and manners. He retired to a cottage in Derbyshire, near Lord Moira's library at Donington Park, that he might work uninterruptedly, safe from the distractions of London society; and there, "amid the snows of a Derbyshire winter" as he put it, he patiently elaborated his voluptuous pictures of flower-scented valleys, gorgeous gardens, tents, and palaces, and houris of ravishing beauty. The confidence of the publishers was fully justified. Moore's contemporaries were dazzled and enchanted with *Lalla Rookh*. It was indeed a wonderful *tour de force*. There was not a single image or allusion in it that an ordinary Englishman could understand without a foot-note. High testimonies were borne to the correctness of the local colouring, and the usual stories were circulated of Oriental natives who would not believe that Moore had never travelled in the East. Moore was less successful in realizing Oriental character than he was in details of dress and vegetation. His fire-worshipper is an Irish patriot betrayed by an informer, his Zelica a piously nurtured Catholic maiden brooding over unpardoned sin, his Mokanna a melodramatic stage monster,—though they are so thickly covered with Oriental trappings that their identity is considerably disguised. Of the four tales put into the mouth of Feramorz, the "Veiled Prophet" was the least suited to Moore's Turkey-carpet treatment. We can understand the enthusiasm with which Moore's Orientalism was received as "the best that we have had yet," and we can honour the honest labour with which he achieved this success; but such artificial finery, as the poet himself had the sense to suspect, could have only a temporary reputation. He deliberately sacrificed the higher qualities of poetry for accuracy of costume and soft melody of rhyme and rhythm, and he had his reward. His next Orientalism, the *Loves of the Angels*, published in 1822, was hardly less popular than *Lalla Rookh*. The artificiality of the manufacture was shown by the ease with which, after a few editions, he changed his angels from Jews into Turks, to evade a charge of impiety which was supposed to impede the sale of the work. Immediately after the completion of *Lalla Rookh* Moore changed his residence to Sloperton Cottage in Wiltshire, to be near Lord Lansdowne and the library at Bowood, his next literary project being a life of Sheridan. His plans were interrupted by the consequences of the rascality of his deputy at Bermuda, which has been already mentioned. To avoid arrest for the sum embezzled, Moore retired to the Continent, and fixed his residence at Paris. He could not return till November 1822, when the affair was compromised. His friends lamented that the attractions of Paris occupied so much of his time, but, though his diary contains almost daily records of visits to operas, fêtes, and fashionable entertainments, it shows also that he was busier than he seemed. He wrote a goodly number of squibs during his exile, besides composing the *Loves of the Angels* and accumulating materials for his prose tale of the *Epicurean*—a fair amount of production considering his slow and painstaking habits of composition. His alertness of mind, self-possession, and steadiness of purpose enabled him to work as few men could in the midst of diversions and distractions; and, although he himself took a brilliant part in conversation, we can see, from a comparison of his diary with his published writings, that he kept his ears open for facts and witticisms which he afterwards made his own. The darling of the drawing-room was as much bee as butterfly. On his return to England he resumed work steadily at his memoirs of Sheridan, writing *Captain Rock* as a *jeu d'esprit* by the way. The *Sheridan* triumphantly despatched in the autumn of 1825, Moore's next important work was the *Life of Byron*. The first

volume of this was published early in 1830, and the second was ready by the end of the same year. In 1831 he completed a memoir of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, for which he had been collecting materials for some time. Moore's biographies call for no comment, except that they were faithful and conscientious pieces of work. He spent much industry in the collection of characteristic anecdotes, for which his position in society gave him exceptional opportunity. His connexion with the burning of Byron's autobiography is too complicated a question to be discussed here. His own version of the circumstances is given in his diary for May 1824.

It was a misfortune for the comfort of the last twenty years of Moore's life that he allowed himself to be drawn into a project for writing the "History of Ireland" in *Lardner's Cyclopaedia*. Scott and Mackintosh scribbled off the companion volumes on Scotland and England with very little trouble, but Moore had neither their historical training nor their despatch in writing. Laborious conscientiousness and indecision are a fatal combination for a man who undertakes a new kind of task late in life. The history sat like a nightmare on Moore for fifteen years, and after all was left unfinished on the melancholy collapse of his powers in 1845. From the time that he burdened himself with it Moore did very little else, beyond a few occasional squibs and songs, the last flashes of his genius, and the *Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion*, although he had tempting offers of more lucrative and, it might have been thought, more congenial work. Moore's character had a deeper manliness and sincerity than he often gets credit for; and his tenacious persistence in this his last task was probably due to an honourable ambition to connect himself as a benefactor with the history of his country, by opening the eyes of the English people to the misgovernment of Ireland. It was a misjudgment altogether; the light irony of *Captain Rock* was much more effective than the minute carefully-weighed details of the history. Moore's last years were harassed by the weakness and misconduct of his sons, and by pecuniary embarrassments. An annual pension of £300 was conferred upon him in 1833, and he had always received large sums for his work; but, while waiting for the sinecure which never came, he had contracted an unfortunate habit of drawing upon his publishers in advance. After the death of his last child in 1845, Moore became a total wreck, but he lingered on till 26th February 1852. The diary, which he seems to have kept chiefly that it might be the means of making some provision for his wife, and which contains so many touching expressions of his affection for her, was edited by Lord John Russell with his letters and a fragment of autobiography in 1853-56. The charge of vanity has often been brought against this diary from the writer's industry in recording many of the compliments paid him by distinguished personages and public assemblies. It is only vanity that is annoyed by the display of vanity in others. (W. M.)

MOOR-HEN,¹ the name by which a bird, often called Water-hen and sometimes Gallinule, is most commonly known in England. An earlier name was Moat-hen, which was appropriate in the days when a moat was the ordinary adjunct of most considerable houses in the country. It is the *Gallinula chloropus* of ornithologists, and almost too well known to need description. About the size of a small Bantam-hen, but with the body much compressed (as is usual with members of the Family *Rallidae*, to which it belongs), its plumage above is of a deep olive-brown, so dark as to appear black at a short distance, and beneath

¹ Not to be confounded with "Moor-cock" or "Moor-fowl," names formerly in general use for the Red Grouse (vol. xi. 221).

iron-grey, relieved by some white stripes on the flanks, with the lower tail-coverts of pure white,—these last being very conspicuous as the bird swims. A scarlet frontlet, especially bright in the spring of the year, and a red garter on the tibia of the male render him very showy. Though often frequenting the neighbourhood of man, the Moor-hen seems unable to overcome the inherent stealthy habits of the *Rallidae*, and hastens to hide itself on the least alarm; but under exceptional circumstances it may be induced to feed, yet always suspiciously, with tame ducks and poultry. It appears to take wing with difficulty, and may be often caught by an active dog; but, in reality, it is capable of sustained flight, its longer excursions being chiefly performed by night, when the peculiar call-note it utters is frequently heard as the bird, itself invisible in the darkness, passes overhead. The nest is a mass of flags, reeds, or other aquatic plants, often arranged with much neatness, almost always near the water's edge, where a clump of rushes is generally chosen; but should a mill-dam, sluice-gate, or boat-house afford a favourable site, advantage will be taken of it, and not infrequently the bough of a tree at some height from the ground will furnish the place for a cradle. The eggs, from seven to eleven in number, resemble those of the Moor (vol. vi. p. 341), but are smaller, lighter, and brighter in colour, with spots or blotches of reddish-brown. In winter, when the inland waters are frozen, the majority of Moor-hens betake themselves to the tidal rivers, and many must leave the country entirely, though a few seem always able to maintain their existence however hard be the frost. The common Moor-hen is extensively spread throughout the Old World, being found also at the Cape of Good Hope, in India, and in Japan. In America it is represented by a very closely-allied form, *G. galata*, so called from its rather larger frontal helm, and in Australia by another, *G. tenebrosa*, which generally wants the white flank-markings. Both closely resemble *G. chloropus* in general habits, as does also the *G. pyrrhorhoa* of Madagascar, which has the lower tail-coverts buff instead of white. Celebes and Amboyna possess a smaller cognate species, *G. hæmatopus*, with red legs; tropical Africa has the smallest of all, *G. angulata*; and some more that have been recognized as distinct are also found in other more or less isolated localities. One of the most remarkable of these is the *G. nesiotis* of Tristan da Cunha,² which has wholly lost the power of flight concomitantly with the shortening of its wings and a considerable modification of its external apparatus, as well as a strengthening of its pelvic girdle and legs.³ A more extreme development in this direction appears to be exhibited by the singular *Habroptila wallacii* of Jilolo,⁴ and to some extent by the *Pareudiastes pacificus* of Samoa,⁵ but at present little is known of either. Of other forms, such as the common *Gallinula (Erythra) phœnicura*, and *Gallinula cristata* of India, as well as the South-American species classed in the genus *Porphyrio*, there is not room to speak; but mention should be made of the remarkable Australian genus *Tribonyx*, containing three species,⁶ which seem to be more terrestrial than aquatic in their haunts and habits.

Allied to all these is the genus *Porphyrio*, including the bird so named by classical writers, and perhaps a dozen other species often called Sultanas and Purple Water-hens, for they all have a plumage of deep blue,—some becoming violet, green, or black in parts, but preserving the white lower tail-coverts, so generally characteristic

² *Proc. Zool. Society*, 1861, p. 260, pl. xxx.

³ A somewhat intermediate form seems to be presented by the Moor-hen of the island of St Denis, to the north of Madagascar (*Proc. Zool. Society*, 1867, p. 1036), hitherto undescribed.

⁴ *Op. cit.*, 1860, p. 365, pl. clxxii.

⁵ *Op. cit.*, 1871, p. 25, pl. ii.

⁶ *Ann. Nat. History*, ser. 3, xx. p. 123.

of the group; and their beauty is enhanced by their scarlet bill and legs. Two, *P. alleni* of the Ethiopian Region and the South-American *P. parva*, are of small size. Of the larger species, *P. cæruleus* is the "Porphyrio" of the ancients, and inhabits certain localities on both sides of the Mediterranean, while the rest are widely dispersed within the tropics, and even beyond them, as in Australia and New Zealand. But this last country has produced a more exaggerated form, *Notornis*, which has an interesting and perhaps unique history. First described from a fossil skull by Prof. Owen,¹ and then thought to be extinct, an example was soon after taken alive,² the skin of which (with that of another procured like the first by Mr Walter Mantell) may be seen in the British Museum. Other fossil remains were from time to time noted by Prof. Owen³; but it began to be feared that the bird had ceased to exist,⁴ until a third example was taken about the year 1879, the skin and most of the bones of which, after undergoing examination in New Zealand by Dr Buller and Prof. T. J. Parker,⁵ found their way to the museum of Dresden, where Dr A. B. Meyer discovered the recent remains to be specifically distinct from the fossil, and while keeping for the latter the name *N. mantelli* gives the former that of *N. hochstetteri*. What seems to have been a third species of *Notornis* formerly inhabited Lord Howe's Island, but is now extinct (see BIRDS, vol. iii. p. 732, note). Whether the genus *Aptornis*, of which Prof. Owen has described the remains from New Zealand, was most nearly allied to *Notornis* and *Porphyrio* cannot here be decided. Prof. T. J. Parker (*loc. cit.*) considers it a "development by degeneration of an ocydromine type" (see OXYDROME). (A. N.)

MOOSE. See DEER, vol. vii. p. 24.

MORADABAD. See MURADABAD.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY. See ETHICS, vol. viii. p. 574.

MORATIN, LEANDRO FERNANDEZ DE (1760-1828),

Spanish dramatist and poet, was the son of N. F. Moratin mentioned below, and was born at Madrid on 10th March 1760. His poetical and artistic tastes were early developed, but his father, keenly alive to the difficulties of the literary calling, caused him to be apprenticed to a jeweller. At the age of eighteen Moratin surprised his friends by winning the second prize of the Academy for a heroic poem on the conquest of Granada, and two years afterwards he attracted still more general attention by a similar success of his *Lección Poética*, a satire upon the popular poets of the day. Through Jovellanos he was now appointed secretary to Cabarrus on his special mission to France in 1787, and during his stay there he diligently improved his opportunities of becoming acquainted with the contemporary French drama, and of cultivating the acquaintance of men of letters. Of the literary friendships he then formed the most important was that with Goldoni; indeed, Moratin is much more correctly styled "the Spanish Goldoni" than "the Spanish Molière." On his return to Spain Florida Blanca presented him to a sinecure benefice in the diocese of Burgos; and in 1790 his first play, *El Viejo y la Niña* (The Old Husband and the Young Wife), a highly finished but somewhat dreary verse comedy in three acts, written in 1786, but delayed by objections of the actors,

¹ *Proc. Zool. Society*, 1848, p. 7; *Trans.*, iii. p. 336, pl. lvi.

² *Proc.*, 1850, pp. 209-214, pl. xxi.; *Trans.*, iv. pp. 69-74, pl. xxv.

³ Thus the leg-bones and what appeared to be the sternum were described and figured by him (*Trans.*, iv. pp. 12, 17, pls. ii. iv.), and the pelvis and another femur (vii. pp. 369, 373, pls. xlii. xliii.); but the supposed sternum subsequently proved not to be that of *Notornis*, and Professor Owen's attention being called to the fact he rectified the error (*Proc.*, 1852, p. 689) which he had previously been "inclined to believe" (*Trans.*, viii. p. 120) he had made.

⁴ Notwithstanding the evidence, which it must be allowed presented some incongruities, offered by Mr Mackay (*Ibis*, 1867, p. 144).

⁵ *Trans. N. Zeal. Inst.*, xiv. pp. 238-258.

was at length produced at the Teatrò del Principe. Its success was only moderate. *El Café* or *La Comedia Nueva*, on the other hand, given at the same theatre two years afterwards, at once became deservedly popular, and had considerable influence in modifying the public taste. It is a short prose comedy in two acts, avowedly intended to expose the follies and absurdities of the contemporary dramatists—the school of Lope de Vega run to seed—who commanded the support of the masses; and it is still read with pleasure for the simple ingenuity of its plot, the liveliness of its dialogue, and the easy grace of its style, while to the student of literature it throws much useful light on the contemporary state of the Spanish drama, and on the reforming aims of the author and his party. In the same year (1792) Florida Blanca was disgraced, but Moratin at once found another patron in Godoy, who provided him with a pension and the means for foreign travel; he accordingly passed through France into England, where he began the free and somewhat incorrect translation of *Hamlet* which was printed in 1798, but which has never been performed. From England he passed to the Low Countries, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, and on his return to the Peninsula in 1796 he received a lucrative post at the Foreign Office. His next appearance in the drama did not take place until 1803, when *El Baron* was first publicly exhibited in its present form. It successfully weathered a determined attempt to damn it, and still keeps the stage. It was followed in 1804 by *La Mogigata* (The Female Hypocrite), of which imperfect manuscript copies had begun to circulate as early as 1791. It was favourably received, as on the whole it deserved to be, by a public which was now at one with the author as to the canons of his art, and an attempt to suppress it by means of the Inquisition on alleged religious grounds (*La Mogigata* being an imitation, a somewhat feeble one, of Molière's *Tartuffe*) was successfully frustrated. Moratin's last and crowning triumph in the department of original comedy was achieved in 1806, when *El Sí de las Niñas* (A Girl's Yes) was performed night after night to crowded houses, ran through several Spanish editions in a year, and was soon translated into several foreign languages. In 1808, on the fall of the Prince of the Peace, Moratin found it necessary to leave Spain, but shortly afterwards he returned and consented to accept the office of royal librarian under Joseph Bonaparte—a false step, which, as the event proved, permanently alienated from him the sympathies of his country, and compelled him to spend almost all the rest of his life in exile. In 1812 his *Escuela de los Maridos*, a translation and adaptation to the more dignified and stately Spanish standard of Molière's *École des Maris*, was produced at Madrid, and in 1814 *El Médico a Palos* (from *Le Médecin Malgré Lui*) at Barcelona. From 1814 to 1828 Moratin lived in France, principally at Paris, and devoted himself to the preparation of a learned work on the history of the Spanish drama (*Orígenes del Teatro Español*), which unfortunately stops short of the period of Lope de Vega. He died at Paris on 21st June 1828.

An edition of his *Obras Dramáticas y Líricas* in three vols. was published at Paris in 1825. The lyrical works, consisting of odes, sonnets, and ballads, are of comparatively little interest; they reflect the influence of his father and of the Italian Conti. The best edition of the *Obras* is that published by the Spanish Academy of History in four vols. at Madrid in 1830-1831; see also vol. ii. of *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles* (1846).

MORATIN, NICOLAS FERNANDEZ DE (1737-1780), Spanish poet, was descended from an old Biscayan family, and was born at Madrid in 1737. He was educated at the Jesuit college in Calatayud, and afterwards studied law at the university of Valladolid. He then received an appointment in the service of Queen Elizabeth, the widow of Philip V., which enabled him to see much of the society