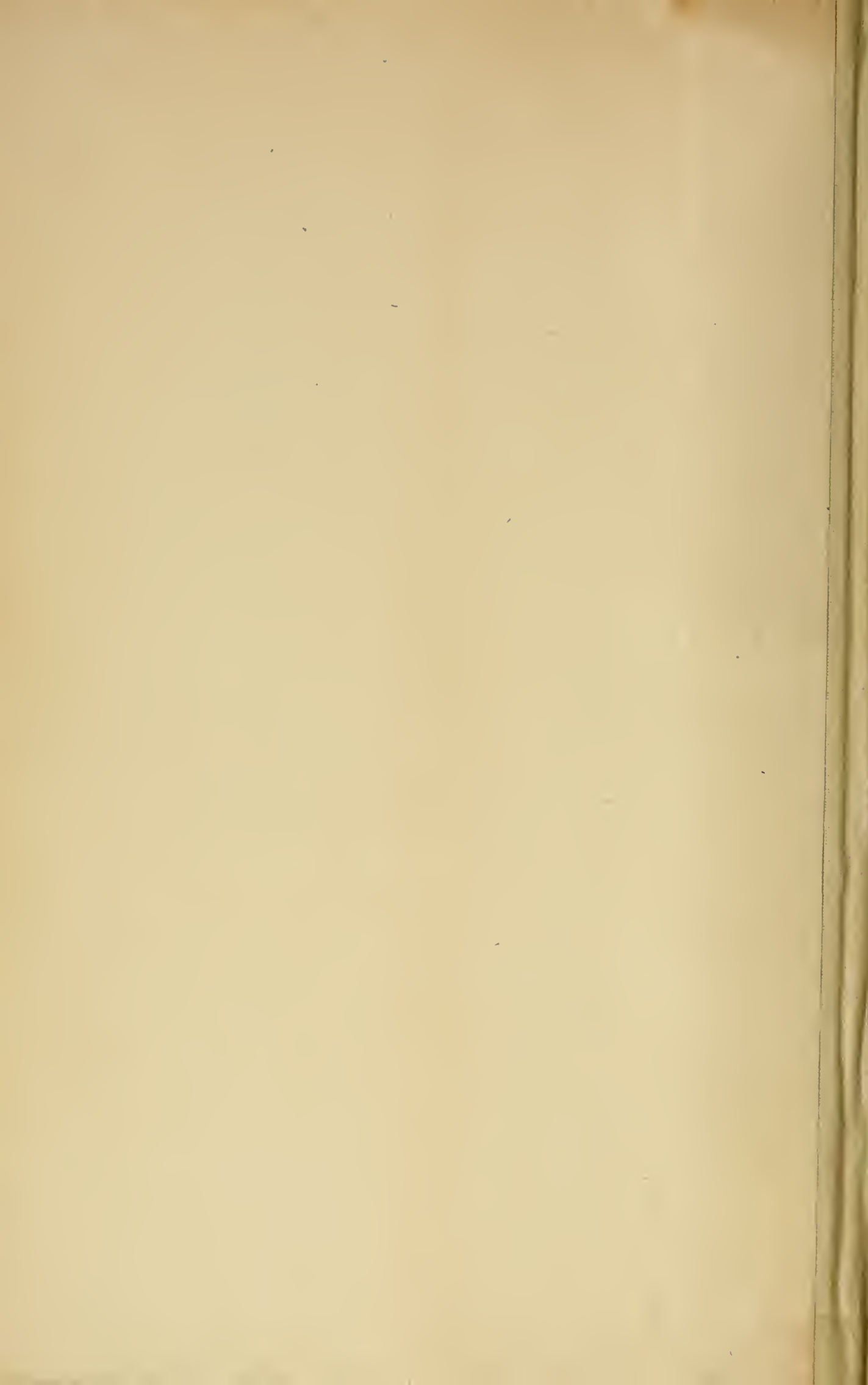
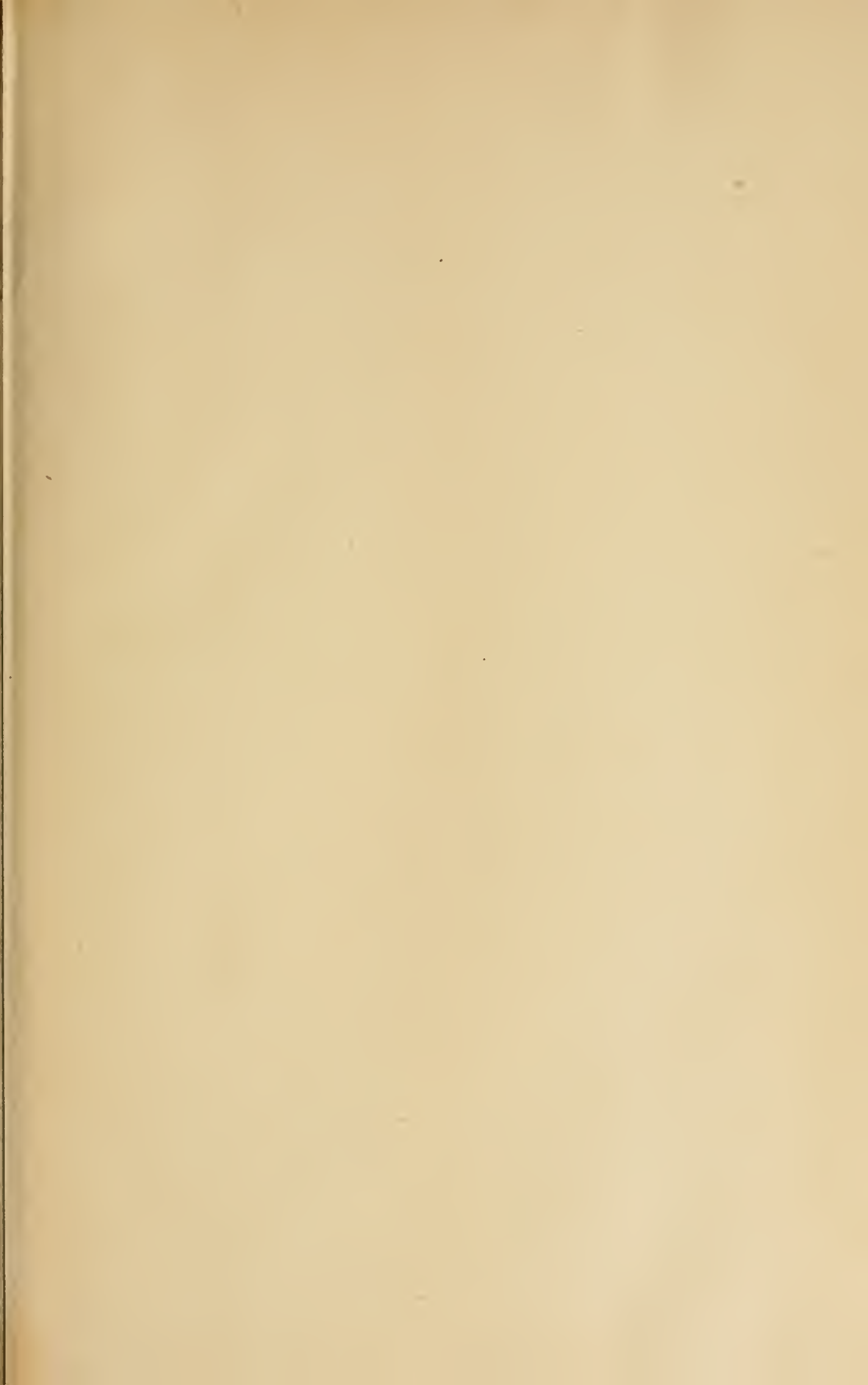


UNIV. OF
TORONTO
LIBRARY









19642

REVUE HISPANIQUE

Numéro 57

MARS 1909



REVUE HISPANIQUE

MACON, PROTAT FRÈRES, IMPRIMEURS.

REVUE HISPANIQUE

*Recueil consacré à l'étude des langues, des littératures et de l'histoire
des pays castillans, catalans et portugais*

DIRIGÉ PAR

R. FOULCHÉ-DELBOSC

TOME XX



NEW YORK

THE HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA

AUDUBON PARK, WEST 156 TH STREET

PARIS

LIBRAIRIE C. KLINCKSIECK, 11, RUE DE LILLE

1909

106079
5/11/10

PQ
6001
R5
t.20

BYRON AND ESPRONCEDA ¹

INTRODUCTION

La suerte quiso
Que no fuera yo Adam², sino Espronceda.

El Diablo Mundo.

In the spring of the year preceding ³ Byron's hasty ride through Spain, there was born near the Estremaduran town of Almendra-

1. This discussion of the Byronism of José de Espronceda formed the most important part of a dissertation presented for the degree of doctor of philosophy in Harvard University. The relative absence of predecessors in a scientific study of Spanish romanticism has compelled me to be somewhat more discursive than I should have liked in this article, as practically nothing could be taken for granted, and as the subject is one of first importance. Subsequent treatment of romantic topics — and of Byronism in particular — will be based upon this beginning, and I shall hope to get it into smaller compass.

Bibliography. The biographical statements in this study are not based on original investigation. I have used rather uncritically the material at hand in the following works: Padre Francisco Blanco García, *La Literatura Española en el siglo XIX*, segunda edición (Madrid, 1899), vol. I, ch. IX; Enrique Piñeyro, *El Romanticismo en España* (Paris, n. d.), *passim*; Patricio de la Escosura, *Espronceda: Obras Poéticas y Escritas en Prosa*, vol. I (Madrid, 1884), with considerable introductory matter, — a biography by Antonio Ferrer del Río and a study
(See next page for the rest of this note.)

2. In the first edition the spelling « Adam », not « Adán », is used.

3. For a long time the date of Espronceda's birth was disputed. Antonio Cortón (in his *Espronceda*, Madrid, 1906, p. 10 sq.) reports the researches of Nicolás Díaz Pérez, who has brought to light the certificate of baptism and shown that the poet was born March 25, 1808. His father was a lieutenant-colonel named Juan de Espronceda and his mother María del Carmen Delgado y Lara. The father died in 1834 and the mother in 1840. For the place of the poet's birth, see Cascales y Muñoz, *loc. cit.*

lejos, — where his father's duties as colonel of cavalry had

by the editor called *D. José de Espronceda : Su Personalidad Poética y sus Obras*; E. Larigaudière, *Espronceda : Sa vie et ses œuvres* (in the *Revue Nationale et étrangère, politique, scientifique et littéraire*, 56^e Livraison, Tome XV, 10 décembre 1863); E. Rodríguez-Solis, *Espronceda : Su Tiempo, Su Vida y Sus Obras Ensayo histórico-biográfico* (Madrid, 1883), accompanied by comment and inedita. These books are, of course, of unequal value. Solís is scorned as *di nessun valore* by Farinelli (*Giorn. Stor.* XXVII, 318, note 1), and Blanco García calls him a worthless *novelista populachero*: his book is full of information — useful if exact —, but is discursive and occasionally irrelevant, and biased by his liberal and anticlerical leanings and by his admiration for Espronceda. Larigaudière's essay is rather slight, containing, beside comment, an acceptable biography and an outline of some of the poems. Piñeyro's work is that of a sound critic who knows something of English literature, and his bibliographical references are useful. But the most useful biography of all, and one by which I have had to control all the material, is Antonio Cortón's *Espronceda*, Madrid (1906). Other valuable articles on the life of Espronceda which have appeared recently are those by Sr. Don José Cascales y Muñoz (*José Espronceda y Delgado*, in *La España Moderna*, May and June, 1908), and by Mr. James Fitzmaurice-Kelly (*Espronceda*, in *The Modern Language Review* for October, 1908, vol. IV, n^o 1, pp. 20-39). The brief mention of the poet in Juan Valera's *Florilegio de poesías castellanas del siglo XIX* (Madrid, 1902, sq., vol. I. p. 102 sq., and vol. V, pp. 197-207) contains some interesting facts and ideas. A more careful study of *El Pensamiento de Espronceda* has recently been published by my friend Sr. Dn. Adolfo Bonilla y San Martín in *La España Moderna*, June, 1898.

No critical edition of Espronceda's poetry has yet been made. I have given references to the Valladolid edition of 1900 for most of the verse, though Escosura's edition (mentioned above) contains a few pieces not included in this work. For the plays and the novel (*Sancho Saldaña*) I have had recourse to the first editions mentioned in my bibliography published in the XVIIth volume of the *Revue Hispanique*. In the same place are to be found my critical edition of *Blanca de Borbon* and some unpublished verse (of which not all is surely genuine). My quotations from Espronceda's verse have been verified by comparison with the first editions.

When my study of Byron's influence on Espronceda was practically completed, I came upon Monsieur Edmond Estève's most learned work on the Englishman's influence in France (*Byron et le romantisme français*, Paris, 1907), and I take great pleasure in acknowledging my indebtedness to this thesis for several suggestions.

taken him — José de Espronceda, the child who was to become the Byron of Spain. When the war was over the family established itself in Madrid, and the boy's father secured for him a place in the Colegio de Artillería of Segovia (June, 1821). For some reason the youth did not follow a military career, but entered in 1821 the Colegio San Mateo, the best school of the period, which was then under the direction of Dr. J. M. Calleja. Among Espronceda's masters in this school were Lista and Hermosilla, both liberals : all of his teachers except Lista (an eclectic) were classical. His first important endeavor in verse was an ode written to celebrate events which took place in Madrid July 7, 1822, when an attempt was made to restore the despotic government of Ferdinand VII. This poem was showed to Lista, who approved of it highly but corrected it somewhat. The Colegio San Mateo was closed by the king toward the end of 1823, but Espronceda continued his studies privately under Lista's direction. Shortly before writing his political ode, young Espronceda, along with Escosura, Vega, and others, had formed a poetic society called *El Mirto*. This was followed by a secret political organization of twelve youths, mostly from fourteen to sixteen years old, that was dubbed *Los Numantinos* ; Arenas, Barrera, Tijero, Cortés, etc., were members, beside those mentioned above. At fifteen years, writes a biographer, Espronceda was not one of those intelligent and docile students who delight their masters ; the inspectors of the colegio noted his pranks rather than his intelligence. When once free from the routine of school, and a private student under Lista, he cast mathematics to the wind, and gave himself up to poetry, which took complete possession of him ¹. Along with Escosura he read Calderón, and the two boys burned to imitate

1. Escosura (*op. cit.* p. 49) says that his friend was neither erudite nor ignorant : he had read the Spanish poets, also those of France, Italy, and (especially) England. A letter published in the *Revue Hispanique*, vol. XVII, pp. 707-710, throws some light on his reading in Italian and French.

the love-making and the fighting of the gallants they read about. Espronceda was the more impetuous of the two and was seldom in good odor. Political conditions favored this desire for adventure. The young Numantinos, who had sworn to avenge the judicial murder of Riego, were caught; Vega, Espronceda and others were imprisoned and brought to trial, and the young poet was banished to the monastery of Guadalajara, a little town where his father was then living. Here he composed, in part at least, his epic *Pelayo*, which he later lost, except for a few fragments. On his return to Madrid from exile (which lasted really but a short time), he was further harassed by the police; his active and independent character made him suspected, and possibly he was implicated in a rising in Estremadura. At any rate, either through political troubles, or because, as he himself says, he desired to see the world, he left Spain for Gibraltar, whence he went to Lisbon. We have the young exile's own account of the voyage, with the well-known story to the effect that, after he had paid a tax on entering the port, he had left but two pesetas, which he threw away, not wishing to enter so great a town with so little money. When he wrote this story, Piñeyro remarks aptly, « tenía ya endosado el disfraz y adquirido el hábito de esas *boutades* á lo Byron »¹.

At the request of the Spanish government, says Solís, all the Spanish *emigrados* in Portugal were imprisoned. Among these were a certain « Colonel M. »², his daughter Teresa, and the young poet. This curious meeting was the beginning of a profound and violent passion for the daughter, which lasted almost until Espronceda's death. Lisbon, it seems, was too near Spain for the comfort of the home government, so the happy lovers had to be

1. If *Un Recuerdo* (see *Páginas Olvidadas* [1873], p. 60), is genuinely autobiographical in all its details, Espronceda was sixteen years old when he left his fatherland.

2. I am told that this name is Mancha.

separated by the Portuguese authorities, and Teresa and her father were shipped off to England ¹. Espronceda soon followed them to London, but was shocked to find Teresa now the wife of another. Her marriage, however, did not put an end to the passion. While in England, say the biographers, Espronceda continued the study of English, which he had begun at school, and conceived a fondness for Byron, whom he set up as his model. During this period, too, he wrote some passionate verse which he dedicated to Teresa, and some ardent patriotic poems as well.

Some time before 1830 ², Espronceda and his mistress fled together from London to Paris. Solís attributes the departure to the pressure of disagreeable family complications which he prefers to pass over, and Larigaudière simply remarks that they went « voluntarily ». In Paris he took part in the revolution of 1830 ³: and he also joined the expedition against Spain headed by Chapalangarra (Joaquín de Pablo). These raiders penetrated Navarre, but they were not amicably received, were attacked by royal troops, and their leader was captured and slain. Espronceda has written some verse in memory of the attempt. Valera states that he was about to join the uprising in Poland (probably inspired by Byron's Greek affair ⁴), and that he took an active part in

1. *El Emigrado Observador* (London) of February, 1829, contains an advertisement that may have some bearing on the condition of these exiles: « Las hijas del Coronel Mancha bordan con el mayor primor brazaletes, sacando de esta industria auxilios para socorrer su indigencia honrada ». Señor Cascales y Muñoz has informed me that Espronceda seems to have given fencing lessons while in London.

2. A group of poems published in the *Revue Hispanique*, vol. XVII, pp. 724-9, has written on it, « De Espronceda : Paris 1829 ». Quite possibly this is correct. In the first edition of Espronceda's *Poesias* we find the date « Londres, 1829 » ascribed to the poem *A la Patria*, but this date was 1828 in *El Español* for March, 1836, where the poem seems first to have appeared.

3. Valera reports this as hearsay.

4. M. Estève (*op. cit.*, 189) tells of the young Byronist, Jules Lefèvre, who offered himself in the service of the revolted Poles.

many disastrous expeditions during the last years of Ferdinand VII's reign. This sojourn in Paris, thinks Piñeyro, brought the young Spaniard into contact with French romanticism; he read Béranger, Hugo, and perhaps Musset. His poetry before this period writes the same critic, shows nothing of the accent of Byron and Hugo, but is in direct line with the work of Quintana and the teaching of Lista; cf., for instance, *A la Patria*, and the lines on Torrijos and on Joaquín de Pablo. Assistance from his family saved him from destitution. Teresa was always by his side, and apparently the handsome couple were liked in Paris¹.

With the amnesty of 1833 Espronceda returned to Spain. Almost unknown at the time, he soon became a leader of young men, the glass of fashion, a popular and ambitious agitator. Through the influence of the minister Cea he obtained a post in the royal guards, a curious position for a radical, and one which he soon lost on account of some important political verse which fell into the king's hands and brought about another banishment — this time to Cuéllar, in the province of Segovia. Here he collected the materials — if he went no further — for his mediocre novel, *Sancho Saldaña*, in which (vol. III, p. 181, note) he makes the following reference to the locality: « El autor de esta novela ha recorrido detenidamente las salas del castillo de Cuéllar, pueblo de su destierro² ». The promulgation of the *Estatuto Real* seemed

1. Before Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly (*op. cit.*, p. 26, note 1), none of the biographers seem to have noticed the fact that the lines *A Matilde* (« Aromosa blanca viola ») are dated « Londres 1832 ». This is not an editor's slip, for I have seen the poem in its first published form, in *El Pensamiento* (1841), p. 184. Unless this date was a printer's error in the first place, an interesting little change will have to be made in the chronology of these years. See also *Revue Hispanique*, XVII, 556, note, for another presentation of these facts.

2. To this period should be assigned the letter which I published in the *Revue Hispanique*, vol. XVII, p. 711, though the date seems to have been conjectured by the owner of the autograph. It is dated, however, not at Cuéllar, but at Guadarrama, and was probably written after the return from the former.

to promise freedom, and Espronceda was allowed to return to Madrid. At this time he began to write for the *Siglo*, of which Bernardo Núñez Arenas was editor-in-chief, and Faura owner; and from now on he was conspicuous as journalist, poet, clubman, and orator in the battle for liberalism. But *El Siglo* and its editors soon got into trouble; for the press censor, González Allende, prohibited the use of some material intended for number 14, and at Espronceda's suggestion a blank edition was issued, as a result of which the journal was suppressed and the editor fled. Espronceda, among others, was imprisoned and condemned to exile. On August 7, 1834, he wrote a letter from the Cárcel de Corte to the *Revista Española*, telling of his imprisonment; and on August 12th the same journal published a letter from him to Cristina in complaint of his treatment.

About this time Espronceda became a father. In lieu of direct testimony, I assume that this child was Doña Blanca Espronceda de Escosura, whom Piñeyro calls the « hija única, hoy difunta, del poeta y de Teresa. » Contemporary evidence gives us clearer light on some of his literary associations at this time; for we know from Mesonero Romanos' charming description of the Parnasillo¹ — a group of young Spanish romantics — that Espronceda was there, « con su entonada y un tanto pedantesca actitud, lanzando epigramas contra todo lo existente, lo pasado y lo futuro ».

His political activity continued in 1835-6. In the former year the national militia rose against Toreno, and Espronceda was at the head of his company. Toreno fell. The next year the poet wrote more fiery articles against the government. Now comes the separation from Teresa, which I shall give as Solís states the case. Jealousy seems to have been the chief cause. Since Espronceda's return to Spain, he and Teresa had lived in separate houses,

1. *Memorias de un Setentón*, Madrid, 1881, part. II, p. 59.

and he, busy with public life, was compelled to leave her much alone. This irritated Teresa, who saw the opportunity for vengeance in the attention and popularity she enjoyed among her lover's friends. To one of the latter she proposed that they should flee together, after he had slain Espronceda; but the suitor drew back and Teresa fled without him to Valladolid. The poet went after her and brought her back; but the bond was weakened, and the lover became cooler. Moreover, he was compelled to hide, for political reasons, in the house of a friend (where he wrote *El Verdugo* and *El Mendigo*), to which Teresa could not, of course, accompany him. So they saw each other less and less, and finally their love ceased. Teresa died Sept. 18, 1837. Zorilla ¹ gives a picture of Espronceda at the beginning of 1837, as he was convalescing from an illness. « Teresa », he adds, « had just left him. I never saw her, nor knew that she existed. »

On September 28, 1838, was played a comedy called *Amor Venga sus Agravios*, written by Espronceda and Eugenio Moreno López, but published under the pseudonym of Luis Senra y Palomares. In October of the same year the poet went on an adventurous journey as conspirator and revolutionary, being, of course, watched by the police. Then came peace and the end of the Carlist war. About this time he read a fragment of *El Estudiante de Salamanca* at a *velada* given by the *Asociación Literaria* of Granada, and published in *La Alhambra*. He also published *El Dos de Mayo* in *El Labriego*, with great effect on the popular mind ². May 5, 1840, the papers announced the sale of his poems; the volume was dedicated with the sonnet, « *Marchitas ya* ». The impression created by this edition among men of letters was good. Lista wrote a favorable review.

Some time before 1840 Espronceda had fled for political reasons to Santa Engracia, but in September of that year the suc-

1. *Recuerdos del Tiempo Viejo*, Barcelona, 1880, pp. 46 sq.

2. Other minor pieces had, of course, preceded this.

cessful revolution in Madrid brought him back to join the chas-seurs, in which he was a lieutenant. Scarcely had this movement for limiting the power of the monarchy succeeded when he declared himself frankly a republican and turned against what he had helped to establish. No. 90 of *El Huracán* (September 25, 1840) was accused of attacking Queen Cristina. Espronceda defended the journal, and made at that time statements which seemed to indicate his republican leanings. He defended his ideas further in the *Huracán* of October 13th. He and others seem to have wished to make use of the revolutionary movement of 1840 to proclaim a republic. About this time he was appointed on the committee to congratulate the army for its victories against the factions of Cabrera; his work was attacked by the moderates, but defended in the *Labriego*. The death of his mother occurred in 1840. Early in October of the same year the *Diablo Mundo* appeared; there is a short notice of it in the *Labriego* of October 7th.

In December 1841 Espronceda was appointed secretary to the Spanish legation at the Hague (for his nomination, see the *Gaceta*, Dec. 28). He accepted this post at the request of his friends, and possibly in the interest of his daughter. He left for Holland at the end of 1841; but early in the next year he was elected deputy for Almería and returned to Spain. On his way home he passed through Paris, where he met for the last time his friend Escosura, who has described the scene interestingly. The successful politician and poet, on his way back to his native land, envied the lot of the exile with a happy home; « estás », he said, « en las condiciones de todo el mundo.... ¡ Y yo! ».

Espronceda took his political duties seriously; he was not a great orator, but he spoke often and earnestly. He was sworn in as deputy for Almería March 1, 1842, and entered the « second section »¹. On March 3rd he was chosen by his section to pro-

1. As this expression is meaningless to most non-Spanish readers, I take the liberty of quoting the following from the *Manual para uso de los Señores Diputados* (Madrid, 1900) : p. 338 (*Reglamento del congreso de los diputados*, Título IV,

pose a law for the suspension of monasteries, etc. On the 11th he made a speech on the mobilization of 50,000 militia, opposing the idea as unnecessary. On April 3rd he spoke on matters relating to taxation, and on the 6th he was selected by his section to propose a law concerning judges in the capitals of the provinces. In his speeches he showed himself broad, generous and high-minded. On April 26th he was again chosen by his section to represent it, and on the 28th he was made secretary of the same commission. May 7th he signed a proposition to prevent various office-holders from being deputies. The 12th of the same month he spoke again on retrenchments in embassies, and on the 16th on the law *sobre quintas*. The last session he attended was that of May 17th. His health had, of course, been shaken by his excesses, and the trip to a cold country like Holland had not helped matters. For some time he had been suffering from trouble with his stomach. About this time he was courting Doña « B. B. » and, says Escosura, he would probably have married this « hermosa y discreta señora », if he had not died¹. A fatiguing trip to Aranjuez, where this lady was, and the excitement of the interview (think his friends) probably caused his death. Others believe that it resulted from a cold in the throat caught on leaving a reception. At any rate he died at 9 A. M., May 23rd, 1842, at the home of Miguel de los Santos Alvarez (who was absent), No. 19 Calle de la Greda, 2º, surrounded by his friends Gil, Villalta, Ros de Olano, Bretón, etc., together with his

Art. 44), « Acto continuo... se dividirán por suerte en siete Secciones de igual número todos los Diputados presentes... »; p. 340 (*De las secciones*, Título VII, Art. 60, sq.), « Las Secciones se designarán por orden numérico desde el uno al siete ». Each is to choose monthly a president and other officers. When a measure has been sufficiently discussed a representative is chosen from each section to form a commission of seven — each commission having one concrete purpose.

1. Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly (*Mod. Lang. Review*, p. 30) says that he was engaged to Bernarda Beruete at the time of his death.

daughter Blanca. His death was received with feeling and respect in the Cortes. A throng followed his body to the Puerta de Atocha, and Enrique Gil recited an elegy over his grave.

The problem we have set ourselves — that of comparing Byron and Espronceda — has three main aspects. The more concrete and for this reason more satisfactory part of our study deals with definite similarities — in phrasing or in situations — in the poetical work of the two men; these parallels we shall take up in the last chapter. Before that we propose to suggest some of the formal literary likenesses and the more general similarities and contrasts between the two poets in character and in belief. In this delicate, not to say vague, matter of general similarities, but little attempt will be made to prove Byronic influence on Espronceda. Pessimism, revolt, *Weltschmerz*, and skepticism were endemic: it is fatuous to assume — with Dr. Weddigen¹ — that the presence of these things in Espronceda can be traced to contagion. And yet the Byronic influence may fairly be assumed as at least a partial cause even here; for we are studying a poet whose work can be proved to have direct contact with that of the Englishman whom he is known to have held in lifelong admiration.

Rodriguez-Solis², Espronceda's not impartial biographer, indignantly denies the « accusation hurled » at his idol to the effect that he imitated Byron. In support of this plea he argues first from the differences in their lives; Byron's loves, in contrast to Espronceda's, were either infantile or those of a student; his drinking from a skull and assuming oriental garb were the tricks of a spoiled child; his political ideas were uncertain; his heroes were always the same proud, cynical, quarrelsome, skeptic, who is the poet himself; and finally, he leaves England voluntarily

1. *Lord Byron's Einfluss auf die europäischen Litteraturen der Neuzeit*, Hannover, 1884, pp. 96-7.

2. *Op. cit.*, 266-7.

and travels abroad, avoiding women, always bitter and proud, jealous in literature and in love. Espronceda, on the other hand, was a political exile, who lived by his own toil, lost (!) the woman he adored, and sacrificed himself for the liberty of a beloved country in the face of opposition and hardship; he needed to imitate nothing from Goethe or Byron; the germ of the new school was already in the Spanish classics; Felix (in *El Estudiante de Salamanca*) is not derived from Byron, whose heroes he outshines just as Elvira does Byron's heroines; Espronceda is merely the genuine representative of the romantic revolt in Spain. This argument is a curious mixture of fact with triviality, irrelevancy and absurdity. That Byron was a more subjective poet than Espronceda, that his patriotism was of an inferior grade, that he was guilty of puerile behavior, we may admit, nay argue; but just how these differences in character and life prevented literary borrowing by the Spaniard is not quite clear. One may question, too, the statement that Byron never loved deeply; and — though the matter is irrelevant, unless pushed to some conclusion — it is inexact to call Byron's exile from England wholly voluntary, and his feelings toward his country must have been as bitter as those of any *emigrado*. Probably the only literary value of Solís' argument lies in his assertion that the germ of the new school was already in the Spanish classics: better critics agree with him here. But this does not answer the bald facts, first that Espronceda had probably studied and admired Byron, and secondly that striking similarities can be found between the two poets both in general spirit and in concrete details. Solís further quotes from Pi y Margall the pleasing notion that it is an error to see in Espronceda only the reflection of Goethe and Byron, there being little more than identity of forms and partnership in the same poetic evolution; and he adds from Bârcia the crass absurdity that Espronceda took from Goethe and Byron what they would have taken from him had they read him.

Wiser and better informed Spanish literary historians have

taken precisely the opposite view. Piñeyro ¹ justly observes that Espronceda is the Spanish Byron by direct contact and by the general tone and various details of his most important works; and that, beside this direct relation, there exists a profound likeness between the two poets, Byron being the prototype of Espronceda's most marked characteristics, good and bad. Elsewhere he writes that, after Musset,

Ninguno ha importado á otro país y en otra lengua con más tino y mejor fortuna los caracteres especiales de la poesía de Byron, que el malogrado vate español, José de Espronceda... ..No solamente se asimiló gran parte de lo que había de superior en la inspiración de Byron, y recogió y guardó como un reflejo brillante del estilo del poeta, para verterlo después con éxito maravilloso sobre la rotunda versificación castellana, sino que penetró hasta lo más íntimo en ese nuevo arte, en esa poesía de combate, que era por su esencia una protesta incesante y elocuente contra las miserias y las locas reacciones de la época ².

So Blanco García :

Tan manoseada como cierta, tan falta de novedad como llena de significado, es la comparación entre Espronceda y lord Byron. La primacía de tiempo está por Byron, y fuera de la cariñosa afición que le tuvo Espronceda desde su mocedad, es constante que procuró seguirle siempre, conforme que lo prueban, no tanto la analogía de argumentos y personajes, como el estilo y tono especial, tan semejantes en los dos, salvo la forzosa diferencia del idioma. Probable es que entre los ensueños de gloria fantaseados por el joven discípulo en sus verdes abríles viviera el de hombrearse con el insigne poeta del *Childe Harold* ³.

1. *El Romanticismo en España*, p. 140.

2. *Poetas fumosos del siglo XIX; su vida y sus obras* (Madrid, 1883); part. III « Un Imitador español de Byron : Espronceda », pp. 125 and 128. Again he writes (*El Romanticismo etc.*, p. 179); « Era indisputable... que Espronceda.. con todo su empeño de asemejarse á Byron y seguir sus huellas, había escrito en un magnífico lenguaje y grandemente aumentado la riqueza, la belleza de la versificación castellana ».

3. *Literatura española en el siglo XIX*, segunda edición, I, 156. Cf. also p. 85.

Patricio de la Escosura, for whom his fellow-student Espronceda is « el predilecto de mi corazón », « en la temprana edad por instinto y simpatía, »¹ but who seems to be an impartial critic, says that his friend's poetical peculiarities cannot be explained without taking into account the influence of English literature and especially the work and the eccentric personality of Byron. It was most natural, he adds, that a striking romantic genius like Byron should influence the fiery soul of this Spanish poet : even modern men feel his powerful charm, how much more then a revolutionary *emigrado* of the period, struggling with exile and misery, and consumed by passion². Cánovas del Castillo's is a mediating opinion; according to him Espronceda is not so exclusively an imitator as is asserted, though he was undeniably possessed by a spirit similar to Byron's³ (!). Zorrilla, in his *Recuerdos*, mentions Espronceda's English studies, but has not a word to say of Byron. (One may note in passing that this curious poet neglects to admit his own literary debts to Dumas and to Southey). The more scholarly and more admirable Lista says nothing of Byron in his review of Espronceda's first edition ; but we should not forget that this collection did not include *El Diablo Mundo*. Enrique Gil, however, who reviewed the *Poesías* for the *Semanario Pintoresco* (July 12, 1840), says that *El Verdugo* and *El Rey de Muerte* belong to the bitter Byronic school. The opinion of Antonio Alcalá Galiano, expressed twenty years later, but still belonging rather to the category of contemporary opinion than to the later critical estimates, is in a different vein from all of those given above. In the preface to the version of *Manfred* published in 1861, after calling attention to Byron's vogue in Spain, he continues :

1. See also his remark on one of the British Museum manuscripts of *Blanca de Borbon* (*Revue Hispanique*, vol. XVII, p. 552).

2. *Obras Poéticas*, etc., Madrid, 1884, pp. 28-29, 39, and 41.

3. « *El Solitario* » y su *Tiempo*, Madrid, 1883, I, 116 : « poseído de un espíritu algo semejante al de Byron ».

Y con todo, lord Byron es más nombrado que verdaderamente conocido en nuestra patria, donde son pocos los que han leído sus obras en su lengua original y en su forma primitiva, supliendo la falta de una y otra versión en prosa francesa. Porque si Espronceda, sin duda dotado de altas prendas poéticas y dueño del idioma inglés, había leído y estudiado las poesías de Byron con empeño y afición, y dándose con frecuencia á imitarlas, saliendo más de una vez airoso en su empresa, aunque mezclando recuerdos de Béranger con los del par de Inglaterra, todavía es cierto que por la naturaleza de las composiciones de nuestro poeta moderno, no pudo llegar á comprenderse cabalmente la índole del autor que imitaba.

If Byron's influence upon Espronceda is to be proved more than superficial, it will be necessary to examine the relationship of the two poets in the world of ideas; for similarities in wording and in literary procedure, concrete and convincing though they be, are of only limited interest. And yet a study of the influence of one romantic poet upon the ideas of another is a dangerous business: it deals too often with things that one can only « feel », and gives too free rein to the vagaries of the subjective dreamer. Besides, what diviner's rod can separate those ideas that must be ascribed to a given « influence » from those due rather to the *zeitgeist* of the romantic revolt, — unless the apparent borrowings are supported by the modest but reliable verbal similarities. My results, then, in this part of the study, are advanced with all due modesty. Alike Byron and Espronceda unquestionably were, — profoundly alike — and it is no despicable task to call attention to this likeness, whatever its cause: but when it comes time to assert that this or that idea is the sure result of Byronic influence, rather than the child of a thousand possible influences at work in those days, the skeptical critic must be allowed to make his reservations.

I

IN THE INTELLECTUAL DOMAIN.

No. I was not born for philosophy,
 Though I have that about me which has need on't.

The Deformed Transformed.

Romantic thinking not orderly. — Byron's Pyrrhonism; his religious position progressive skepticism, wavering and occasionally frivolous. — Espronceda's skepticism; doubt of the ethical order and of immortality; despair of the future of humanity. — Byron more theological and intellectual than Espronceda; but the latter has the Byronic spirit of semi-philosophical mockery. — Byron's philosophizing on life's emptiness; jests at metaphysics and religion. — Mockery prevalent in both poets; jocular morality and Biblical quotations, jocular lewdness, jests at science, self-mockery. — Pessimism in Byron and Espronceda; the latter more tender; is his *desengaño* Byronic? — Revolt against society; sentimental humanitarianism. Byron's revolt Titanic and aristocratic; Espronceda defends the vulgar criminal. Poems in which the Spaniard's revolt is seen. Primitive innocence. Byron's revolt becomes moral nihilism in *Don Juan*; manifestation of the tendency in Espronceda. — Minor romantic characteristics. — Contrast between the poets in political thought. Byron's weakness; but his dubious republicanism is at least a literary influence. Espronceda's life-long radicalism. The Spaniard's love for Spain contrasted with Byron's hatred of England. — But both poets attack the powers that be.

The search for a romantic poet's philosophy of life is not likely to be rewarded by very definite results. Sworn enemies of system, the men of that great generation of revolt spurned orderly thinking, putting whim or feeling in its place. This was conspicuously true of the great English romantic of whom William Gerard¹ writes: "It is only as a philosopher that Byron fails —

1. *Byron Re-studied in his Dramas*, by William Gerard, London, 1886, p. 192 and note.

when he reflects he is a child ». « One may in fact truly say that with him inspiration takes the place of reflection », said Goethe to Eckermann. But, in spite of all his weaknesses and inconsistencies, Lord Byron had his opinions about the universe, and he expressed them freely. For his generation he was the embodiment of what Monsieur Estève¹ calls the thirst to know, « l'inquiétude de la pensée, l'obsession du problème de la destinée »; he thus typifies the poet's revolt in the face of the insoluble enigma of life and death, angry at the small importance of his own personality, and resentful of his fruitless search for a good God. In *Cain* (II. II. 125 sq.) he gives expression to these ideas in words that might be taken as the creed of the more rebellious romantics :

It is not with the earth, though I must till it,
I feel at war — but that I may not profit
By what it bears of beautiful, untoiling,
Nor gratify my thousand swelling thoughts
With knowledge, nor allay my thousand fears
Of Death and Life.

The key-note to Byron's vague beliefs can be found, I think, in a letter which he wrote to Murray from Bologna in 1819 : « It is an odd World, but the Watch has its mainspring, after all »². Beyond this he rarely went ; the ethical order, immortality, the Christian revelation, were subjects with which his fancy loved to play, but usually in a negative mood :

It is a pleasant voyage perhaps to float,
Like Pyrrho, on a sea of speculation ;
But what if carrying sail capsize the boat ?
Your wise men don't know much of navigation ;

1. *Byron et le romantisme français*, by Edmond Estève, Paris, 1907, p. 37.

2. Letter 746 of the *Letters and Journals* in the edition of *Byron's Works*, published by John Murray, London, 1898-1904.

And swimming hung in the abyss of thought
 Is apt to tire : a calm and shallow station
 Well nigh the shore, where one stoops down and gathers
 Some pretty shell is best for moderate bathers ¹.

And again :

Between two worlds Life hovers like a star,
 'Twixt Night and Morn, upon the horizon's verge.
 How little do we know that which we are !
 How less what we may be ! The eternal surge
 Of Time and Tide rolls on and bears afar
 Our bubbles ; as the old burst, new emerge,
 Lashed from the foam of ages ; while the graves
 Of Empires heave but like some passing waves ².

Byron — at least the Byron of the literary world — never advanced beyond negation either in religion or in politics ; this is the source of his weakness, but of his power and influence as well ³. We shall see presently how this spirit of Pyrrhonism leads to nihilism in morals and negation in every sphere of life ; but our present task is to follow out this « philosophy » on its speculative side. « But what's Reality ? » cries the poet in despair, « Who has its clue ? »

Philosophy ? No ; she too much rejects.
 Religion ? Yes ; but which of all her sects ? ⁴

Byron's religion, says Elze, was unstable, contradictory, insincere, chiefly negative. Disliking the strict Calvinism of his youth, the poet soon became engaged in a continuous and harsh conflict with orthodoxy, which made him unpopular in England. Yet

1. *Don Juan*, IX, 18.

2. *Don Juan*, XV, 99, Cf. also I, 133-4 ; XIV, 1 ; XV, 88-90 ; and especially XIV, 3.

3. Elze, *Lord Byron* (Dritte, verbesserte Auflage), Strassburg, 1886, p. 431.

4. *Don Juan*, XV, 89.

he was always under the influence of Christian belief and was not an enemy to positive religion ¹; he was by no means an atheist, and he never fully decided for deism; immortality he doubted; eternal punishment he denounced, probably because he dreaded it: possibly Pyrrhonism was his final conviction, though he had no taste for metaphysics and no gifts for logic ². Byron's skepticism is progressive. Its early form is to be seen in the *Prayer of Nature*; in *Childe Harold* it has gone forward; in *Don Juan* it is bold and cynical. But he was a skeptic of feeling rather than of cool thought, and he always seemed to fear that the doctrines he rejected might after all prove true ³. Especially bold is the spirit of skepticism in *Heaven and Earth* and in *Cain*; Cain's questionings are Byron's own and Adah is a feeble sponsor for dogmatic belief. The great doubt raised in this dramatic poem touches the goodness of Nature ⁴, and far indeed is its muttered rebel-

1. Shelley once remarked to his wife: «By what he said last night in talking over his *Cain*, the best of all his undramatic dramas, I do believe, Mary — I do believe, Mary, that he is little better than a Christian!» (Jeaffreson, *The Real Lord Byron*, Boston, 1883, p. 40).

2. Elze, *op. cit.*, 365 and 369 sq.

3. Jeaffreson, *op. cit.*, 132 sq.

4. Alfred de Vigny's spirit is, of course, akin to Byron's. He felt Nature to be hostile and merciless, and he sought no compassion from her, assuming the attitude of the disillusionized Stoic. But he pities suffering humanity more than the disdainful and rebellious author of *cain* does. Vigny's *Mort du Loup* was influenced by the following stanza from *Childe Harold*, which so well expresses Byron's pessimism:

Existence may be borne, and the deep root
 Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
 In bare and desolated bosoms: mute
 The camel labours with the heaviest load,
 And the wolf dies in silence, — not bestowed
 In vain should such example be; if they,
 Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
 Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
 May temper it to bear, — it is but for a day. (IV, 21).

lion from the *Prayer of Nature*. Compare also *Sardanapalus*, III.

I. 43 :

MYR. Thou'rt no God, then — not to be
Able to work a will so good and general,
As thy wish would imply.

SARD. And your Gods, then,
Who can, and do not ?

See Estève, *op. cit.*, 403 ; see also p. 392. One of the most striking passages in all Byron's verse on the mystery of evil is to be found in *Cain* (II. II. 278 sq.) :

CAIN

Why do I exist ?

Why art *thou* wretched ? why are all things so ?
Ev'n he who made us must be, as the maker
Of things, unhappy ! To produce destruction
Can surely never be the task of joy,
And yet my sire says he's omnipotent :
Then why is Evil — he being Good ? I asked
This question of my father ; and he said,
Because this Evil only was the path
To Good. Strange Good, that must arise from out
Its deadly opposite. I lately saw
A lamb stung by a reptile : the poor suckling
Lay foaming on the earth, beneath the vain
And piteous bleating of its restless dam ;
My father plucked some herbs, and laid them to
The wound ; and by degrees the helpless wretch
Resumed its careless life, and rose to drain
The mother's milk, who o'er it tremulous
Stood licking its reviving limbs with joy.
Behold, my son ! said Adam, how from Evil
Springs good.

LUCIFER.

What didst thou answer ?

CAIN

Nothing ; for

He is my father : but I thought, that 'twere
A better portion for the animal
Never to have been *stung at all*, than to
Purchase renewal of its little life
With agonies unutterable, though
Dispelled by antidotes.

The same tragedy (IV. i. 55 sq.) expresses beautifully the poet's halting attitude toward the problem of immortality, —

If there be indeed
A shore where Mind survives :

though it is perhaps more exact to say that throughout the whole play the hero but impersonates the speculations of the pleasure-loving poet himself. Doubt about immortality is more concretely expressed in the earlier but more famous passage in *Childe Harold* (II. 1-8), e. g. :

Yet if, as holiest men have deemed, there be
A land of Souls beyond that sable shore,
To shame the Doctrine of the Sadducee
And Sophists, madly vain of dubious lore.

In their original suppressed form these lines were more outspoken in their skepticism :

Frown not upon me, churlish Priest ! that I
Look not for Life, where life may never be :
I am no sneerer at thy phantasy ;
Thou pitiest me, alas ! I envy thee,
Thou bold Discoverer in a unknown sea
Of happy Isles and happier Tenants there.

An interesting contrast to these feelings is to be found in the generally respectful tone of the *Hebrew Melodies*, when dealing with religious matters ; especially is this true of the lines beginning *When Coldness Wraps this Suffering Clay*, with their apparent acceptance of immortality¹ — unless they must be thought wholly objective. Also, at a later day, Count Gamba reports a conversation in which Byron said : « How, raising our eyes to heaven, or directing them to earth, can we doubt of the exist-

1. Dated « Seaham, 1815 ».

ence of God ? — or how, turning them to what is within us, can we doubt there is something more noble and durable than the clay of which we are formed ? » ¹ Such remarks were not, of course, a part of Byron's literary legacy, but the same hopeful, if uncertain, attitude also characterizes the speculations of the tragedy *Sardanapalus*. The contrast between this mood and the bitter mockery of *Don Juan* gives the key to Byron's religious and philosophical position — wavering and at bottom, I fear, not wholly serious. Some lines from the ninth canto of the great epic (st. 16 sq.) illustrate the point :

« To be, or not to be ? » — Ere I decide,
 I should be glad to know that which *is being*.
 'Tis true we speculate both far and wide,
 And deem, because we *see*, we are *all-seeing* :
 For my part ; I'll enlist on neither side,
 Until I see both sides for once agreeing.
 For me, I sometimes think that Life is Death,
 Rather than Life a mere affair of breath.

« Que sçais-je ? » was the motto of Montaigne,
 As also of the first academicians :
 That all is dubious which man may attain,
 Was one of their most favorite positions.
 There's no such thing as certainty, that's plain
 As any of Mortality's conditions ;
 So little do we know what we're about in
 This world, I doubt if doubt itself be doubting.

The ultimate skepticism of the last two verses is typical of

1. *Poetry*, VI, 179, note 3 (in *Byron's Works*, London, 1898-1904). Contrast also with the unbelieving moments the following from the *Detached Thoughts (Letters and Journals)*, London, 1898 sq., vol. V, pp. 456-7): « Of the immortality of the Soul, it appears to me that there can be little doubt if we attend for a moment to the action of Mind... I used to doubt of it, but reflection has taught me better ». This, however, was also not part of Byron's poetical legacy, and that is our chief concern.

the mood, and, whatever allowance we may make for the objective poetical attitude he may have assumed now and then, I firmly believe that we here catch a glimpse of the real Byron, if a wavering and occasionally frivolous poet may ever be really known. For the mood is recurrent. In *Don Juan* itself we have for example (VI. 63):

But still the spouseless virgin *Knowledge* flies.
 What are we ? and whence came we ? What shall be
 Our *ultimate* existence ? what's our present ?
 Are questions answerless, and yet incessant.

Or again (X. 20) :

Don Juan who was real, or ideal,
 For both are much the same, since what men think
 Exists when the once thinkers are less real
 Than what they thought, for Mind can never sink
 And 'gainst the Body makes a strong appeal ;
 And yet 'tis very puzzling on the brink
 Of what is called Eternity to stare
 And know no more of what is *here* than *there*.

A passage from *Manfred* (III. 1. 9 sc.) echoes the same thought, though allowance should here be made for the skepticism native to the Faust tradition :

If that I did not know Philosophy
 To be of all our vanities the motliest,
 The merest word that ever fooled the ear
 From out the schoolman's jargon

But the religious instinct would not down completely, and as late as the third canto of *Don Juan* — written in the autumn of 1819 — he penned this timorous, half jocose, half reverent creed :

Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,
 In nameless print — that I have no devotion ;
 But set those persons down with me to pray,
 And you shall see who has the properest notion

Of getting into Heaven the shortest way ;
 My altars are the mountains and the Ocean,
 Earth — air — stars, — all that springs from the great Whole,
 Who hath produced, and will receive the Soul ¹.

More uncompromisingly Christian are the words written, in the spring of 1823, in a note to the eighteenth stanza of *Don Juan*, canto fifteen : « As it is necessary in these times to avoid ambiguity, I say that I mean, by 'Diviner Still', CHRIST. If ever God was man — or man God — he was *both*. I never arraigned his creed, but the use — or abuse — made of it ». This may be taken as typical of Byron's paradoxical faith — and of the gross inconsistencies that he allowed to creep into his theology and ethics ; if to doubt the goodness of God and immortality, and to scoff at chastity, are not to « arraign » the creed of Christ, then Byron was the most orthodox of Christians.

As a philosopher, Espronceda is a true romantic and a loyal disciple of Byron : his thinking is vague, disconnected, inconsistent, emotional. The irreligious note is more evident in his *Diablo Mundo* than it is in his earlier work. The novel which he published in 1834 — *Sancho Saldaña* —, like Walter Scott's work in numerous other ways, points again to the author of *Waverly* by its tone of unquestioning piety. Though he speaks of Sancho as *supersticioso* and of his sister as *fanática*, yet his references to Providence, and his picture of the hero's despair at his evil life and his fear of God's wrath are wholly unlike Byron ². Likewise in a later political discourse (1841) on *España y Portugal* ³, he argues for the providential mission of conquest, giving as an example the preparation of the world for

1. *Don Juan*, III. 104.

2. Cf. Vol. I, p. 149 (of the first edition, 1834) : « Pero el cielo, que vela sobre la inocencia y convierte en humo... los pensamientos del impío, hizo que » *etc.*

3. Cf. *Páginas olvidadas* [1873], p. 74.

Christianity by the unification and extension of the Roman Empire; and he remarks, speaking of the difficulty of working out the future of humanity after Napoleon's destructive mission had been completed: « la duda misma, compañera del análisis que todo lo ha deshecho y nada crea, y que viene medrosa á mezclarse en todas las combinaciones para lo futuro, [etc.]... son otros tantos obstáculos al cumplimiento de la inmensa obra emprendida ». Even in *Jarifa*, M. Larigaudière¹ believes, his skepticism is not the joyous indifferent unfaith of a Faust, but a deep sadness which is evidence of a real underlying faith. Nor is it Byron's « caprice d'un grand seigneur blasé... Malgré le désir de s'affranchir des dogmes que sa raison repoussait, Espronceda reste le poète d'un pays profondément catholique ». He cries out in his agony:

« Que así castiga Dios el alma osada,
Que aspira loca en su delirio insano,
De la verdad para el mortal velada,
A descubrir el insondable arcano² ».

Blanco García, somewhat more wisely, it seems to me, maintains that Espronceda's skepticism was instinctive rather than intellectual; it was the natural tendency of a heart tortured by misfortune and ennui, with its attention centred on its own ill-starred love and the misery of society about it. Reflection plays little part in his doubts; he reduces human happiness to the pleasures of the senses, sees the inconstancy of such happi-

1. *Espronceda: Sa vie et ses œuvres*, p. 303 (in the *Revue Nationale et étrangère, politique, scientifique et littéraire*, XV, pp. 285-304, déc. 10, 1863).

2. *A Jarifa en una orgía*, vv. 85-88. Don Juan Valera remarks most pertinently regarding this poem: « La parte metafísica de la composición á Jarifa casi es absurda. Dios no se enoja porque le busquemos con la razón que nos ha dado y porque anhelemos conocerle: pero es harto extraño método de alcanzar este conocimiento y de formar una teodicea el andar en citas amorosas, orgías y otros poco edificantes diversiones (*op. cit.*, p. 206).

ness, and then assumes a disdainful pout or utters the blasphemies of despair¹. Perhaps, after all, the contrast between the opinions of these two critics is due to the fact that their attention is fixed for the moment on two different periods in the poet's life. If we think of the days of the *Diablo Mundo*, we shall have to side with the Spanish priest rather than with the Frenchman; for skepticism, however unsound its reasoning, looms up as large in the *poema*, as it does in Byron's *Don Juan* and *Cain*, the latter of which need not be long searched for passages resembling the spirit of the following lines:

« ¿ Es Dios tal vez el Dios de la venganza,
y hierve el rayo en su irritada mano,
y la angustia, el dolor, la muerte lanza
al inocente que le implora en vano ?
¿ Es Dios el Dios que arranca la esperanza,
frívolo, injusto y sin piedad tirano,
del corazon del hombre, y le encadena,
y á eterna muerte al pecador condena ? »

« Embebido en su inmenso poderío,
¿ es Dios el Dios que goza en su hermosura,
que arrojó el universo en el vacío,
leyes le dió y abandonó su hechura ?
¿ Fué vanidad del hombre y desvarío
soñarse imágen de su imágen pura ?
¿ Es Dios el Dios que en su eternal sosiego
ni vió su llanto ni escuchó su ruego ? ? »

The reasoning of these lines is close to that of Lucifer, the creation of a poet whose doubt of the ethical order emerges wherever he discusses the deep things of the world. Perhaps the deism of the passage, too, may have been caught from the

1. Blanco García, *La Literatura Española en el siglo XIX* (segunda edición), Madrid, 1899, I, 157.

2. *Diablo Mundo* (cf. *Obras Poéticas de Espronceda*, Valladolid, 1900, p. 170).

author of *Cain*. So, also, on a later page of the *Diablo Mundo*, we find Adam musing thus over the words of a bereaved mother :

¡ El Señor me la dió y él me la quita !
 repite luego en su delirio insano,
 y penetrar tan insondable arcano
 su mente embarga y su ansiedad irrita.

El Dios ese que habita
 omnipotente en la region del cielo,
 ¿ quién es, que inunda á veces de alegría,
 y otras veces cruel con mano impía
 llena de angustia y de dolor el suelo ?

And the irony of the reply made by the innocent youth to the weeping old woman is evident to all but the speaker :

¿ Cómo en vuestro dolor...

 no os postrais ante Dios ? ¡ Ah ! si él os viera
 desdichada á sus pies cual yo á los míos,
 y los ojos de lágrimas dos ríos,
 y ese del corazón hondo lamento
 de amarga y melancólica querrela
 oyera.....

 ¿ por qué á la rosa

 no renovára su color hermosa,
 y volviera su aroma y su frescura ?
 Desdichada muger, ¡ oh ! ven conmigo,
 juntos lloremos á sus pies tus penas,
 él nos dará su bondadoso abrigo ;
 á la fuente volemos
 eterno manantial de eterna vida
 y la rica simiente allí escondida
 juntos recogeremos.....²

1. *Obras Poéticas*, 1900, p. 320.

2. *Ibid.*, 321.

I have noted three passages expressing Espronceda's doubt of immortality, all in *El Diablo Mundo*. The first (from canto III) runs as follows :

Vamos andando pues y haciendo ruido,
llevando por el mundo el esqueleto
de carne y nervios y de piel vestido.
¡ Y el alma que no sé yo dó se esconde !
Vamos andando sin saber á dónde.

And a little later (canto IV) he speaks of this « incesante flujo y reflujó de hombres »,

Ignorando de donde procedieron,
y á dónde luego para siempre fueron.

If such expressions were not commonplaces, one would be tempted to set beside this Byron's

What are we ? and whence came we ? What shall be
Our *ultimate* existence ?

A third expression of this doubt can be found in the introduction to the *poema* :

« Y al fin la materia muere ;
pero el espíritu ¿ á dónde
volará ? ¿ Quién sabe ? Acaso
jamás sus cadenas rompe !!! »

One might be tempted to appeal to the *Hymn to the Sun* as an example of skeptical musing on the fleeting nature of all things ; but even if it were not already proved that this hymn is a mere paraphrase of Ossian¹, its unfaith is of a very mild nature. Not so these lines, which we take from the *Diablo Mundo*, on the

1. Cf. *Modern Language Notes*, XXIII, 1 (January, 1908).

luckless lot of humanity in its fruitless search for progress in knowledge :

« ¿ Adelante tal vez corres ?
 ¿ Quizá una ley te subyuga ?
 ¿ Quizá vas sin saber dónde ?
 Las creencias que abandonas,
 los templos, las religiones
 que pasaron, y que luego
 por mentira reconoces,
 ¿ son quizá menos mentira
 que las que ahora te forjes ?
 ¿ No serán tal vez verdades
 los que tú juzgas errores ¹. »

Particular interest attaches to such outbursts when one compares them with passages like this from *Childe Harold* (II. 3) :

Even Gods must yield — Religions take their turn :
 'Twas Jove's — 'tis Mahomet's — and other creeds
 Will rise with other years, till Man shall learn
 Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds,
 Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built on reeds ².

In obvious sympathy with these thoughts, as well as with Byron's preference for

a calm and shallow station
 Well nigh the shore, where one stoops down and gathers
 Some pretty shell,

are the lines from the third canto of *El Diablo Mundo*, in which the poet declares that

Lanzarse á descubrir y alzarse al cielo
 cuando apenas alcanza nuestro vuelo
 á elevarnos un palmo de la tierra,

1. *Obras*, 1900, p. 173.

2. Cf. further *Don Juan*, XV, 89.

miserables enanos,
 y con voces hacer mezquina guerra
 y levantar las impotentes manos,
 es ridículo asaz y harto indiscreto.

Occasional references in the *Diablo Mundo* to other religious problems have their value in showing that Espronceda thought of such things ; here we have, for instance, the *reformista* landlord who

á educarse aspira
 en la buena moral,
 y á la patria á ser útil en su oficio,
 habiendo ya elegido en su buen juicio
 en cuanto á religion, la natural :
 y mirando con lástima á su abuelo
 que fué al fin un esclavo ¹.

Here is another who,

á los milagros poco afecto,
 con ódio á todo clerical bonete,
 probó que nada, en un sábio discurso,
 basta del mundo á trastornar el curso ².

But, while we know from Byron's letters and from other sources, that he was interested in such questions, and while many passages show that he now and then dragged them into his poetry, yet due allowance should be made for the working of other forces, general and special, in the production of similarities of so vague a nature.

Between Espronceda and Byron there are, in the religious and philosophical aspects of their verse, two fundamental distinctions : the Spaniard is not so essentially intellectual a poet, and his interest in Biblical and theological questions is less marked

1. *Obras*, 1900, p. 223.

2. *Ibid.*, 249.

than that of his English master. Making allowance for these differences in mental attitude, — due in part, it may be, to differences in early training — we can easily detect in Espronceda a spirit of doubt and mocking speculation that reminds us altogether of Byron, and which, by reason of the concrete verbal resemblances, — elsewhere described — we may safely believe to have been due to direct influence. I question whether the Spanish poet ever studied deep philosophical problems in the way Byron has done in *Cain* and in *Sardanapalus* : his philosophy — developed, I believe, only in the *Diablo Mundo*, and there only in shreds and patches — seems to me sporadic and poetical. Where he does show the genuine Byronic spirit is in playing with the deep problems of philosophy, not in the sober mood of *Cain*, but in the mocking spirit of *Don Juan*. Both poets were alike in thinking and writing more or less about these questions — though I believe Byron to be much more original ; and both at times gave them up with a skeptical jest. For it is in this half-humorous philosophizing that the two men most closely resemble each other. A glance at such stanzas as the following from the *Diablo Mundo*, canto I, is enough to show the family likeness :

Es fama que soñó.... y hé aquí una prueba
de que nunca el espíritu reposa,
y esto otra vez á digresar me lleva
de la historia del viejo milagrosa ;
y á nadie asombre que á afirmar me atreva
que siendo al alma la materia odiosa,
aquí para vivir en santa calma,
ó sobra la materia, ó sobra el alma.

Quiere aquella el descanso, y en el lodo
nos hunde perezosa y encenaga ;
ésta presume adivinarlo todo,
y en la region del infinito vaga :
flojo, torpe, á traspies como un beodo
que con sueños su mente el vino estraga,
la materia al espíritu obedece
hasta que yerta al fin, cede y fallece.

.....
 Por la inerte materia, vaga incierta
 el alma en nuestra fábrica escondida,
 á otra vida durmiendo nos despierta,
 vida inmortal, á un punto reducida.
 De la esperanza la sabrosa puerta
 el espíritu abre, y la perdida
 memoria renovando, allí en un punto
 cuanto fué, es y será, presenta junto.

¿ Será que el alma su inmortal esencia
 entre sueños revela, y desatada
 del tiempo y la medida su existencia,
 la eternidad formula á la espantada
 mente obscura del hombre ? ¡ O ciencia ! ¡ O ciencia
 tan grave, tan profunda y estirada !
 vergüenza ten y permanece muda.
 ¿ Puedes tú acaso resolver mi duda ?

Philosophizing — rather than philosophy — in a spirit that is frequently frivolous, occasionally blasphemous, is a favorite occupation of Byron's. This habit will be seen to recur in Espronceda, who caught it, I believe, from his English master. For typical examples of this sort of thing one turns as a matter of course to *Don Juan*. Here in the very first canto (stan. 218 sq.) we find the poet discoursing on the emptiness of fame, in a passage deliberately paralleled by Espronceda, as we shall see in a later chapter. The end of fame, says Byron, is

but to fill
 A certain portion of uncertain paper :
 Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
 Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour.

Authors, preachers, heroes, old Egypt's King Cheops, struggle
 for fame, simply in order

To have, when the original is dust,
 A name, a wretched picture and worse bust.

.....
 Let not a monument give you or me hopes,
 Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops.

And the next stanza is in the same vein. Canto eleven opens with a jest at Berkeley : when the good bishop

said " there was no matter, "
 And proved it — 't was no matter what he said.

Then he runs on in half-serious, half-sympathetic dalliance with Berkeley's idealism, —

What a sublime discovery 't was to make the
 Universe universal egotism —

only to relapse into his customary banter in stanza 5 :

And therefore will I leave off metaphysical
 Discussion, which is neither here nor there :
 If I agree that what is, is ; — then this I call
 Being quite perspicuous and extremely fair ;
 The truth is, I've grown lately rather phthisical :
 I don't know what the reason is — the air
 Perhaps ; but as I suffer from the shocks
 Of illness, I grow much more orthodox.

This in turn becomes mockery of religion :

The first attack at once proved the Divinity
 (But *that* I never doubted ¹, nor the Devil);
 The next the Virgin's mystical virginity ;
 The third, the usual Origin of Evil ;
 The fourth at once established the whole Trinity
 On so uncontrovertible a level,
 That I devoutly wished the three were four —
 On purpose to believe so much the more.

1. This is probably true; see previous statements.

In Byron and in Espronceda mockery and humor color the expression of almost every sentiment. Nothing escapes their satire — the Deity, his universe, society, the moral conventions, science, the poet's own self. In its nihilistic expression this mood will presently be studied ; we are now interested rather in the general use of mockery. The very earliest verse attributed to Byron showed this satirical bent :

In Nottingham county there lives at Swan Green
As curst an old Lady as ever was seen ;
And when she does die, which I hope will be soon,
She firmly believes she will go to the Moon ! ¹

« These rhymes », which Moore took down from Byron's nurse, though doubting their originality, appear, if genuine, to have been written in 1798 ; they were first published in the *Letters and Journals* of 1830 (I. 28). From 1809 on we find many epigrams and short poems written in the jocular vein, and some of a more seriously satirical nature ; for these I know of practically no parallel in the published verse of Espronceda, though one of the grosser productions recently edited resembles this sort of thing ². But the habit of discursive jocularly seems, on the whole, to have entered late into Byron's longer compositions, and I believe the same to be true of Espronceda ; and here again we find *Don Juan* ³ and *El Diablo Mundo* to be the poems in which kinship is betrayed. Mockery appears in our quotations from Byron's epic in other connections : we here add a few passages showing the poet in the jocularly moral tone, which he assumed rather frequently, and which Espronceda imitated. From the first canto we select the following :

1. *Poetry*, VII, 1.

2. Internal evidence allows us to date this in the last years of Espronceda's life. See the *Revue Hispanique*, XVII, 734-9, especially p. 736, note 4.

3. *Beppo*, of course, is in the same mood.

If any person should presume to assert
 This story is not moral, first, I pray,
 That they will not cry out before they're hurt,
 Then that they'll read it o'er again, and say
 (But, doubtless, nobody will be so pert),
 That this is not a moral tale, though gay :
 Besides, in Canto Twelfth, I mean to show
 The very place where wicked people go ¹. (St. 207.)

In the fifth canto he takes a rather different turn, but in the same spirit :

I therefore do denounce all amorous writing,
 Except in such a way as not to attract ;
 Plain — simple — short, and by no means inviting,
 But with a moral to each error tacked,
 Formed rather for instructing than delighting,
 And with all passions in their turn attacked ;
 Now, if my Pegasus should not be shod ill,
 This poem will become a moral model. (St. 2.)

In the next canto the poet says of the sultan's wife, who has an illicit passion for Juan :

I know Gulbeyaz was extremely wrong,
 I own it, I deplore it, I condemn it ;
 But I detest all fiction even in song,
 And so must tell the truth, howe'er you blame it. (St. 8.)

Three stanzas from canto twelve will suffice as additional evidence on this point :

Oh pardon my digression — or at least
 Peruse ! 'Tis always with a moral end
 That I dissert, like grace before a feast :
 For like an aged aunt, or tiresome friend,

1. See also stanza 119.

A rigid guardian, or a zealous priest,
 My Muse by exhortation means to mend
 All people, at all times, and in most places,
 Which puts my Pegasus to these grave paces. (St. 39.)

.....
 My Muses do not care a pinch of rosin
 About what's called success, or not succeeding:
 Such thoughts are quite below the strain they have chosen;
 'Tis a "great moral lesson" they are reading. (St. 55.)

.....
 But what, and where, with whom, and when, and why,
 Is not to be put hastily together;
 And as my object is Morality
 (Whatever people say), I don't know whether
 I'll leave a single reader's eyelid dry,
 But harrow up his feelings till they wither,
 And hew out a huge monument of pathos,
 As Philip's son proposed to do with Athos¹. (St. 86.)

It has been said that Byron was a more theological poet than his Spanish disciple. This difference can be discerned even in their jocoseness, for the Englishman deals much more in jovial quotations from the Bible than does the Spaniard. The lines *To Eliza*, though written so early as 1809, contain an illustration of the point :

This terrible truth, even Scripture has told,
 Ye Benedicks! hear me, and listen with rapture;
 If a glimpse of redemption you wish to behold,
 OF ST. MATT. — read the second and twentieth chapter.

'Tis surely enough upon earth to be vex'd,
 With wives who eternal confusion are spreading;
 " But in Heaven, " (so runs the Evangelists' Text,)
 " We neither have giving in marriage, or wedding ".

1. Cf. also XII, 43.

And three cases from *Don Juan* doubtless do not exhaust the stock :

Their charity increased about their guest ;
 And their compassion grew to such a size,
 It opened half the turnpike-gates to Heaven —
 (St. Paul says, 'tis the toll which must be given). (II, 131.)

But from being farmers, we turn gleaners, gleaning
 The scanty but right-well threshed ears of Truth ;
 And, gentle reader! when you gather meaning,
 You may be Boaz, and I — modest Ruth. (XIII, 96.)

Witness the lands which " flowed with milk and honey, "
 Held out unto the hungry Israelites. (XIII, 100.)

Even if the one case I have to record of this kind of thing in Espronceda's work be not the only instance of his falling into the habit, I do not feel rash in asserting that he was less given to it than Byron. But this case is quite Byronic :

Musas, decid qué vió . . . La Biblia cuenta
 Que hizo á su imágen el Señor al hombre,
 Y á Adam desnudo á su muger presenta
 Sin que ella se sonroje ni se asombre ¹, etc.

To show that Byron's mockery went so far as to ridicule his own enthusiasms and speculations, one has but to remind the reader of his jocular philosophizing. All the early French romantics, as Mr. Clark points out in his study of Byron's influence on their period, were almost ridiculously in earnest ². De Vigny, for instance, seems to have lacked any sense of humor. Here, then, we find Spanish and English literature more akin; for a lack of jocularly cannot be ascribed to either of the great romantics we are now studying. I have long felt that one great reason for the curious literary sympathy which has apparently existed

1. *Obras*, 1900, p. 228.

2. Walter J. Clark, *Byron und die romantische Poesie in Frankreich*, Leipzig, 1901, p. 30. But one should not forget Musset's Byronic humor.

between two races so far apart as the Anglo-Saxons and the Spaniards is just this appreciation of humor, which they both possess to a degree not reached by the other great literary races of Europe; and a consideration of this contrast between the French romantics and the Spanish is no mean argument in support of the theory. At any rate mockery is plentiful in Espronceda; but it plays a less important part than in Byron's work, and in the *Diablo Mundo* it is without the depth and reach of that found in *Don Juan* ¹. The Spaniard, throughout his verse, more often sings the true lyric song or sticks to his objective tale, and spends less of his energy describing his own mocking attitude toward the world. But a poet so influenced by Byron could hardly have escaped the habit altogether; it is perhaps in his satire, particularly in his jocular lewdness, that we find the most Byronic Espronceda. As an instance of this humorous indecency one recalls, of course, the situation in which Doña Julia's husband and his companions, suspicious of Juan's presence in her bed-room, search everywhere for the lover; after telling how they ransacked every corner, the poet adds,

Under the bed they searched, and there they found —
No matter what — it was not what they sought. (*Don Juan*, I. 144.)

Compare also these lines from canto VIII, stanza 130, of the same poem :

Some odd mistakes, too, happened in the dark,
Which showed a want of lanterns, or of taste —
Indeed the smoke was such they scarce could mark
Their friends from foes, — besides such things from haste
Occur, though rarely, when there is a spark
Of light to save the venerably chaste :
But six old damsels, each of seventy years,
Were all deflowered by different grenadiers ².

1. Piñeyro, *El Romanticismo en España*, p. 140.

2. Cf. further *Don Juan*, I, 130-131.

Many other and worse cases of such taste can be found in *Don Juan*. In Espronceda it is less common: I have only two significant quotations of this kind, but their Byronic spirit will, I think, be at once perceived. Adam's wild pranks in his room have been pictured by the poet, and also the haste of the other occupants of the house to see what is the matter. But the scene changes when the rejuvenated savage shows signs of making trouble:

¡ Oh confusion ! que al verle de repente,
rápido desprenderse de lo alto,
cada cual baja atropelladamente,
con gritos de terror, de aliento falto :
rueda en monton la acobardada gente,
y el regidor, queriendo dar un salto,
entre los pies del médico se enreda,
se ase á su esposa, y con su esposa rueda.

Y el médico tambien rueda detrás,
á un tobillo cogido del patron,
entrégase el pintor á Barrabás,
que en un callo le han dado un pisoton,
ármase un estridor de Satanás,
el poeta ha perdido una ilusion,
que ha visto de la dama no sé qué
y á mas acaba de torcerse un pie ¹.

In a similar case, just a few stanzas back, this trait in Espronceda is practically identical with the mock moralizings found in Byron. The same wife of more than tender years has run up to see Adam, when his antics have attracted the occupants of the house. Her husband points out to her the lightly clad youth, and,

¡ Oh *terrible visu!* ¡ cuadro infando !
¡ Oh ! la casta matrona ruborosa
vió... mas ¿ qué vio, que de matices rojos
cubrió el marfil y se tapó los ojos ?

1. *Obras*, 1900, p. 232.

.....
 Y al contemplar las formas magestuosas,
 la robustez del loco y carnes blancas,
 recordó suspirando las garrosas
 del pobre regidor groseras zancas:
 son las comparaciones siempre odiosas,
 siempre, y en el archivo de Simancas,
 si no me engaño, pienso haber leído
 que en el símil perdió siempre el marido.

¡ Oh cuán dañosas son las bellas artes!
 y aun mas dañosa la afición á ellas!
 A sus maridos estudiar por partes
 ¡ cuántas estravió mugeres bellas!
 No pensó mas moléculas Descártes,
 ni en mas rayos se parten las estrellas,
 que en partes ¡ ay! una muger destriza
 á su esposo infeliz y lo analiza.

.....
 El pensamiento que cruzó la mente
 de la honrada muger del concejal,
 fué, sin pasión juzgado, estrictamente
 cuando mas un pecado venial:
 la honrada dueña que no sea siente
 (y éste es un sentimiento natural)
 tan membrudo, tan noble y vigoroso
 como su huésped su querido esposo.

Y otra cosa además siente también
 que no se ha de saber por mí tampoco,
 ya que ella la reserva y hace bien,
 que al cabo el hombre aquel no es mas que un loco.
 hay quien dice además que con desden
 vió desde entonces y le tiene en poco
 (tal impresión en ella el huésped hizo)
 á un mozo de la tienda asaz rollizo 1.

1. *Obras*, 1900, pp. 227-230. Grosser cases of jocular lewdness are to be found in the extremely indecent verse which I published in the *Revue Hispanique*, vol. XVII, pp. 734-740. The desire to avoid parading this kind of thing unnecessarily, and the possibility that, after all, the lines *might* not be Espronceda's, have induced me to leave further comparisons to the curious reader.

Another instance of mock moralizing, which we shall have no trouble in ascribing to its proper source, is the following from the fourth canto of the *poema* :

Mas yo, como escritor muy concienzudo,
incapaz de forjar una mentira,
confesaré al lector que mucho dudo
de la verdad del caso que le admira :
contaré el cuento con mi estilo rudo
al bronco son de mi cansada lira,
y el hecho á otros afirmar les dejo,
de haberse el mozo convertido en viejo ¹.

Or consider this from the first canto, when the poet is outlining his task :

Batallas, tempestades, amoríos,
por mar y tierra, lances, descripciones
de campos y ciudades, desafíos,
y el desastre y furor de las pasiones,
goces, dichas, aciertos, desvaríos,
con algunas morales reflexiones
acerca de la vida y de la muerte,
de mi propia cosecha, que es mi fuerte ².

Espronceda's moral reflexions may have been of his own « *cosecha* », but it is certain that this mood had another origin. To prove this one need only recall the passages from *Don Juan* in which Byron descants on the morality of his poem; and the recurrence of this very Byronic promise to treat of « Love, War, and a heavy gale at sea » makes it even more certain that the Spaniard was under the Englishman's influence in this moment. At the very beginning of the first canto of the *Diablo Mundo* Espronceda adopts the playful attitude toward his reader. Here, for instance, is a passage in which he exhorts us not to criticize the vision he has

1. *Obras*, 1900, p. 247.

2. *Ibid.*, 198-199.

just been describing, and assures us that he is writing to please us alone —

Juro que escribo para darte gusto
á ti solo, y al mundo entero enojo ;

and it should be noted, by the way, that there are at this point in *El Diablo Mundo* in two successive stanzas two clear imitations of Byron that will be discussed under the head of concrete parallels; these are the explanation for the use of a given word in the rhyme, and the reference to Aristotle. Here, too, might be quoted the playful opening of canto III, again closely imitated from Byron. But instances of the mocking mood in Espronceda embarrass the critic by their plentifulness : now he draws a sarcastic picture of Adam's landlord, the *reformista*, and disciple of natural religion; next he is showing us the middle-aged wife with her hypocritical prudery; now he depicts a young painter in a Madrid *buhardilla*, more in need of *doblones* than *inspiraciones*; on a later page he says :

Hay en el mundo gentes para todo,
muchos que ni aun se ocupan de sí mismos;
otros que las desgracias de un rey godol
leen en la historia, y sufren parasismos :
quien por saber la cosa, y de qué modo
pasó, y contarla luego, á los abismos
es capaz de bajar, quien nunca sabe
sino es de aquello en que interés le cabe.

Quien por saber lo que á ninguno importa
anda desempolvando manuscritos,
para luego dejar la gente absorta
con citas y con textos eruditos ¹.

He has his little jibe at science, too, as in the passage quite

1. *Obras*, 1900, p. 246.

near the end of the fourth canto of the *Diablo Mundo* where he says that he has given up life's illusions and become scientific :

¿ Y habrá tal vez alguno que sostenga
que no vale la ciencia para nada?
¿ Y habrá menguado que á probar nos venga
que está la dicha en la ilusion cifrada?
¿ Pues hay cosa que mas nos entretenga
que medir de los astros la jornada,
y saber que la luna es cuerpo oscuro,
y aire ese cielo al parecer tan puro ?

Viva la ciencia, viva, y si en el mundo
perdiste ya del alma la energía,
y en ella guardas con dolor profundo
algun recuerdo de un dichoso día,
con viva aplicacion, meditabundo
engólfate en los libros á porfía,
que aunque ellos nunca calmarán tu pena
al menos te dirán que es luna llena ¹.

Like Byron's, this mockery turns often against the poet himself. All our illustrations of this kind of thing are from the *Diablo Mundo*, an early case being this comment which the poet makes on one of his own philosophizing passages ² :

1. *Obras*, 1900, pp. 272-3. Compare *Namouna*, II, 45 :

Voilà ce que le monde
Au bout de trois cents ans demande encor tout bas.
Le sphinx aux yeux perçants attend qu'on lui réponde.
Ils savent compter l'heure, et que leur terre est ronde,
Ils marchent dans leur ciel sur le bout d'un compas ;
Mais ce que tu voulais, ils ne le savent pas.

2. *Ibid.*, 182-3. Cf. also 217 :

Cuanto diciendo voy se me figura
metafísica pura,
puro disparatar, y ya no entiendo,
lector, te juro, lo que voy diciendo.

Lllaman pensar asi, filosofia,
 y al que piensa, filósofo, y ya siento
 haberme dedicado á la poesia
 con tan raro y profundo entendimiento.
 Yo con erudicion ; cuánto sabría! . . .

Then he tells his readers how much more he would have made of himself in any other career than in that of poet :

Y mucho mas sin duda me valiera,
 que no andar por el mundo, componiendo.

At the end of this canto comes a significant passage which is like Byron in many particulars : it contains the description of the content of the poem (*Batallas, tempestades, amorios*), the attack on Toreño, the praise of ambition, and the humorous reference to the bust in a barber-shop as the end of fame ¹. And through all this there runs a strain of Byronic humor that makes the passage one of the most important illustrations that can be found in this connection. Near the beginning of the third canto of *El Diablo Mundo* occurs another passage in the same vein of self-mockery :

¿ A que vuelvo otra vez al Paraiso
 cuando la suerte quiso
 que no fuera yo Adam, sino Espronceda ?
 Ni el primer hombre, ni el varon segundo,
 sino Dios sabe el cuantos, que no tengo
 número conocido, y me entretengo
 en este mundo tan alegre y vário
 como en jaula de alambres el canario
 divertido en cantar mi *Diablo-Mundo*,
 grandiloquio poema y elocuente,
 en vez de hablar allí con la serpiente.

1. See the last chapter for a detailed discussion of these unquestionable imitations.

The fourth canto opens with a lovely description of dawn, running through five stanzas; the sixth turns to mockery in this fashion :

Y resonando . . . et cétera ; que creo
 basta para contar que ha amanecido,
 y tanta frase inútil y rodéo,
 á mi corto entender no es mas que ruido :
 pero tambien á mí me entra deseo
 de echarla de poeta, y el oido,
 palabra tras palabra colocada,
 con versos regalar sin decir nada †.

Almost the last verse that came from Espronceda's pen is satirical. In this passage he first indulges in some humorously blasphemous praise of the joint use of profanity and prayer :

No hay suspiro mejor que un juramento,
 y aun es mejor remedio
 para aliviar el tedio
 mezclarlo con humildes oraciones,
 como al son blando de acordada lira
 la voz de melancólicas canciones
 confundida suspira ;
 y asi tambien se dobla la esperanza,
 que á donde falta Dios, el diablo alcanza.

After this he cries:

Mas juro, vive Dios, que estoy cansado
 ya de seguir á un pensamiento atado
 y referir mi historia de seguida,
 sin darme á mis queridas digresiones,
 y sabias reflexiones
 verter de cuando en cuando.

An admission similar to this is to be found in canto III, where he sings sarcastically the praise of his *Diablo Mundo*,

1. *Obras*, 1900, 245-6.
REVUE HISPANIQUE. XX.

Grandiloquio poema y elocuente,
and makes a mock apology for his digressions,

Mas largas cada vez, mas enojosas,
que para mí son tachas y borrones
de las mejores obras, fastidiosas
haciéndolas, llevando al pacienczudo
lector confuso siempre, aunque es defecto
de escritor concienzudo
que perdona el efecto,
con la intencion de mejorar conciencias
con sus disertaciones y advertencias 1.

But the mockery is not always of so harmless and jocular a nature. It can grow relentlessly bitter and pessimistic. His *Bueno es el mundo*, cited in another connection, shows him in this mood, as indeed does the whole canto *A Teresa*, to which the quotation is prefixed; but the depths of brutal satire are reached in the very last stanza of this canto, in which the poet mockingly sings the praises of the world, —

Gocemos sí; la cristalina esfera
Gira bañada en luz: ¡bella es la vida! —

a powerful stanza ending with the bitter line,

¡ Que haya un cadáver mas, qué importa al mundo!

From skepticism and mockery to pessimism and despair there is but a step. In fact the line can not safely be drawn between them, nor will that which we shall now add on this topic be of a very different nature from what has just been said. Byron's *weltschmerz*, says Weddigen ², is egoism and *blasiertheit*, not human sympathy or sorrow over unrealized inner ideals. It was a poi-

1. *Obras*, 1900, 219.

2. *Lord Byron's Einfluss auf die europäischen Litteraturen der Neuzeit*, Hannover, 1884, p. 10.

sonous miasma with a pernicious influence. This, adds Elze ¹, he introduced into modern literature as the distinctive characteristic of his genius — namely a subjective and morbid grief for the gloomy and transitory lot of man. He transports his own vacillations, longings, isolation, satiety, misanthropy and bitterness into his attitude toward humanity; his sympathy for man's wretchedness is often merely a foil to his own. Byron's pessimism is found as a poetic mood in his verse, and fills the diary he wrote from November 1813 to April 1814. Of its causes and its depth we have no reason to speak here; it is enough to admit that Byron stood for the poetry of hopelessness in the eyes of the world. The boyish gloom of *Childe Harold* is familiar; so, too, are later expressions of similar feelings all through his verse; but pessimism is especially conspicuous in the two mysteries, *Cain* and *Heaven and Earth*, and in *Don Juan*. In view of what we have already quoted from him in this mood, it is hardly necessary to carry further the demonstration of Byron's gloomy views about the emptiness and fleeting nature of life, and the hopelessness of the search for lasting happiness. But, as Cánovas del Castillo says ², this bitter *desengañado* spirit of *Childe Harold*, *René*, and *Werther* was never cultivated universally in Spain, even by Zorrilla or Espronceda; it was always exotic and never really popular. Still the ennui and *desengaño* of such poems as *Jarifa* and the *Diablo Mundo* should not be ignored; and it is important to study the presence of such feelings throughout Espronceda's work. As far back as *Sancho Saldaña* we find a sentence that may have autobiographical value; at any rate it shows Espronceda's appreciation of an important mood. He there pictures his hero bemoaning the fact that the pleasures to which he had looked forward as the quintessence of delight had always proved unsatisfactory.

1. *Op. cit.*, p. 407 sq.

2. « *El Solitario* » y su *Tiempo*, Madrid, 1883, I, 117.

This sentiment is doubly important because it recurs in Espronceda's verse, and because Sancho is, after all, a Byronic figure essentially like Lara. It is worth noting, however, that the description of this character seems wholly objective, and that his baseness is deplored by the author. To the same year belongs the *Himno al Sol*, which was first published, without signature, in the *Siglo* (No. 3, Jan. 28, 1834, p. 4). This composition would make on any uninformed reader the impression of Byronic influence, as it did on the scholar, Dr. Weddigen. The real facts of the case have been presented by me elsewhere¹; but, even when we know the lines to be a mere verse amplification of Ossian, the choice of such a theme independently by the two poets shows a similar predilection for gloomy subjects. Northern melancholy again appears in *A una Estrella*, a poem directly due to Byron, as we shall see. Occasionally Espronceda's melancholy took a gentler and more tender form than Byron's, for instance, in the elegy on the death of Don Diego de Alvear's father, which was written, apparently, when the poet was scarcely nineteen years old; but we should be ready to discount sentiments expressed in a poem composed under circumstances of such an especial nature. Such sympathetic tenderness, however, does not characterize much of Byron's verse, and the young Spaniard can not be said to have learned it from the English poet. Even in the bitter *Diablo Mundo* — written at the other end of the author's life — there are bursts of tenderness. Almost the first lines of that scandalous canto *A Teresa* are full of tender regret for bygone happy days, even though their chief interest be egoistic :

¿ Dónde volaron ¡ ay! aquellas horas
de juventud, de amor y de ventura,
regaladas de músicas sonoras,
adornadas de luz y de hermosura?

1. *Mod. Lang. Notes, loc. cit.*

Imágenes de oro bullidoras,
 sus alas de carmin y nieve pura,
 al sol de mi esperanza desplegando,
 pasaban ¡ ay ! á mi alrededor cantando.

The lot of humanity is described in one passage with rather tender and sympathetic melancholy on an early page of the *Diablo Mundo*; we quote :

« Tú te agitas como el mar
 que alza sus olas enormes,
 humanidad, en oleadas
 por quebrantar tus prisiones.
 ¿ Y en vano será que empujes,
 que ondas con ondas agolpes,
 y de tu cárcel la linde
 con vehemente furia azotes ?
 ¿ Será en vano que tu mente
 á otras esferas remontes,
 sin que los negros arcanos
 de vida y de muerte ahondes ?
 ¿ Viajas tal vez hácia atrás ?
 ¿ Adelante tal vez corres ? »

But these are hardly the prevailing moods, especially of the later verse. The canto to Teresa soon degenerates into a base and disgusting pessimism, and we can almost believe that the descriptions of the brighter side of life in the *Diablo Mundo* are there but to set off the gloom. This accent of complete disgust is heard as early as *Jarifa* :

Y busco aun y busco codicioso,
 y aun deleites el alma finje y quiere :
 pregunto, y un acento pavoroso
 « ¡ Ay ! me responde, desespera y muere.

1. *Obras*, 1900, pp. 172-3.

« Muere, infeliz : la vida es un tormento,
un engaño el placer : no hay en la tierra
paz para tí, ni dicha, ni contento,
sino eterna ambicion y eterna guerra.

« Que asi castiga Dios el alma osada,
que aspira loca, en su delirio insano,
de la verdad para el mortal velada
á descubrir el insondable arcano ».

The *Estudiante de Salamanca* strikes the same note in the following passage, from the fourth part :

¡ Ay! del que descubre por fin la mentira !
¡ Ay! del que la triste realidad palpó !
del que el esqueleto de este mundo mira
y sus falsas galas loco le arrancó !!.

¡ Ay! de aquel que vive solo en lo pasado!
¡ Ay! del que su alma nutre en su pesar !
Las horas que huyeron llamará angustiado,
las horas que huyeron jamás tornarán !!.

To trace the despairing mood through the *Diablo Mundo* is simply to list quotations, one after the other. The spirit of *desengaño*, however, it must be admitted, is not to be called Byronic in all its manifestations : the idea of illusion in Spanish thought is almost proved omnipresent by the very commonness of the word *desengaño*; the feeling that « life's a dream » did not originate with Espronceda or Lord Byron either. In fact many of our citations have their chief interest rather as illustrating contrast than as samples of parallelism. One interesting passage from the first canto, however, in which the poet discourses on the emptiness of life, and then admits the thought to belong to the common stock of musings on the human lot, is an exceedingly important instance of direct imitation — as we shall see; and this should be borne in mind by those who believe that the *desengaño* mood is exclusively Spanish. Another pessimistic pas-

sage that is just as closely copied from Byron is the beginning of canto III, in which the poet quotes Horace and jokes about his grey locks; this, too, will be taken up under concrete parallels. Among passages betraying a feeling of rather mild despair and disillusion are the following :

Sueños son los deleites, los amores,
 la juventud, la gloria y la hermosura,
 sueños las dichas son, sueños las flores,
 la esperanza, el dolor, la desventura :
 triunfos, caídas, bienes y rigores
 el sueño son que hasta la muerte dura,
 y en incierto y continuo movimiento
 agita al ambicioso pensamiento. (Canto I.)¹

Or these lines on the sadness of the average human lot :

¿ Quién no lleva escondido
 un rayo de dolor dentro del pecho ?
 ¿ Por cuál dichoso rostro no han corrido
 lágrimas de amargura y de despecho ?
 ¡ Quién no lleva en su alma
 ¡ ah ! por muy joven y feliz que sea,
 un penoso recuerdo, alguna idea,
 que nublando su luz turba su calma ! (Canto III.)²

Or this on lost illusion :

¿ Quién de nosotros la ilusión primera
 recuerda acaso con su niñez perdida ?
 ¿Cuál fue el primer dolor, la mano fiera
 que abrió en el alma la primer herida ?
 ¡ Ay ! desde entonces, sin dejar siquiera
 un solo día, siempre combatida
 el alma de encontrados sentimientos,
 ha llegado á avezarse á sus tormentos. (Canto III.)³

1. *Obras*, 1900, p. 197.

2. *Ibid.*, p. 218.

3. *Ibid.*, p. 242.

At times the picture grows darker, the note more strident. Instead of a tender or at least not bitter despair, we have a poet who sings his absolute disgust with life. Traces of this sort of thing are to be found in the sonnet prefixed to the first edition of the *Poesías* :

Marchitas ya las juveniles flores,
nublado el sol de la esperanza mia,
hora tras hora cuento y mi agonía
crecen y mi ansiedad y mis dolores.

The nihilism of *Jarifa* is symptomatic of a pessimism more serious than even the gentle melancholy we have been treating up to this point ; this will be mentioned in another connection, and we pass to more important passages better illustrating the exact mood we now have in mind. A stanza from the first canto of the *Diablo Mundo* well expresses the poet's disgust with life :

Uniforme, monótono y cansado
es sin duda este mundo en que vivimos ;
en Oriente de rayos coronado,
el sol que vemos hoy, ayer le vimos :
de flores vuelve á engalanarse el prado,
vuelve el Otoño pródigo en racimos,
y tras los hielos del invierno frio,
coronado de espigas el Estío.

(Canto I.)¹

In the third canto he sings ironically the words of Miguel de los Santos Alvarez :

¡ Bueno es el mundo ! ¡ bueno ! ¡ bueno ! ¡ bueno !
ha cantado un poeta amigo mio,
mas es fuerza mirarlo así de lleno,
el cielo, el campo, el mar, la gente, el rio,

1. *Obras*, 1900, p. 198.

sin entrarse jamás en pormenores
 ni detenerse á examinar despacio,
 que espinas llevan las lozanas flores,
 y el mas blanco y diáfano topacio
 y la perla mas fina,
 manchas descubrirá si se examina ¹.

The idea that distance lends enchantment is no novelty ; we leave the reader to decide whether the following quotation from *Cain* is accidentally or causally like the lines just cited :

LUCIFER. Approach the things of earth most beautiful,
 And judge their beauty near.
 CAIN. I have done this —
 The loveliest thing I know is loveliest nearest.
 LUCIFER. Then there must be delusion. What is that
 Which being nearest to thine eyes is still
 More beautiful than beauteous things remote? ²

As far back as the *Verdugo* we catch a glimpse of a thoroughly unsympathetic and pessimistic view of mankind, this time of *society* rather than *humanity*, that is to say of the regulating forces among men rather than of the suffering mass. We meet this mood again in Tío Lucas of the *Diablo Mundo*, an old reprobate whose criminal career has been guided by the principle of universal distrust. He is advising the innocent Adam to adopt the same attitude toward mankind :

Mira, de nadie te fies,
 hijo Adam, vive en acecho,
 lo que guardes en tu pecho
 ni aun á tí mismo confies.

1. *Obras*, 1900, p. 221. Disgust with life is found in another setting in the opening passage of *El Diablo Mundo*, canto VI.

2. *Cain*, II, ii, 248 sq.

La gente... no hay un amigo :
 al que cae la caridad...
 De una mala voluntad
 tienes un falso testigo ¹.

Of course a poet with any view of life may adopt this objective pessimism when painting the ideas of so base a character as Tío Lucas; but the same explanation can not be made of the famous second canto of the *Diablo Mundo*, which the poet himself admits to be « un desahogo de mi corazon ». Here the note of lost illusion is strong and will not be drowned out. Woman has deceived him, and he distrusts all life therefor ². The irony of the closing stanza can not be outdone :

Gocemos sí ; la cristalina esfera
 gira bañada en luz : ¡ bella es la vida !
 ¿ Quién á parar alcanza la carrera
 del mundo hermoso que al placer convida ?
 Brilla radiante el sol, la primavera
 los campos pinta en la estacion florida :
 truequese en risa mi dolor profundo...
 ¡ Que haya un cadáver mas, qué importa al mundo ! ³

Among the writers associated with what is called the Romantic School there is to be found almost universally a fondness for making a hero of the idealized brigand or criminal. Society, it was argued, is really to blame in this conflict between the out-

1. *Obras*, 1900, p. 259.

2. Being primarily interested in questions of literary influence, the sincerity of the pessimism expressed in the verse of these poets is a matter of relative unconcern to us. It may be of interest to note in passing, however, that Don Juan Valera has given (in his *Florilegio*, V., 204) a reminiscence of Espronceda — just a year after Teresa's death and shortly before the publication of the canto *A Teresa* — which betrays the critic's doubt of the reality of the poet's gloom. Don Adolfo Bonilla y San Martín has defended the poet against this accusation in: *La España Moderna*, June, 1908, pp. 71 sq.

3. *Obras*, 1900, p. 212.

law and itself. This note of revolt or of sentimental humanitarianism can be heard as far back as Rousseau, with his hatred for tyrants and priests, and his assertion of the rights of the common people. Schiller's *Robbers* creates the type of the heroic and sympathetic brigand, sentimental and fraternal. In politics Marat took up the cry that society is to blame for the crimes of malefactors, and in literature the germ developed into a swarm of Jean Valjeans and Hernanis, saintly outlaws crushed by a relentless and brutal social order. Discipline offends them; « let us be beautiful », they say, « and do what the heart aspires ». Werther, as M. Estève¹ points out, escapes from ennui by suicide; Schiller's Charles Moore becomes a robber, and is the ancestor of the brigand in revolt. The Byronic renegades (like Moore) have a manly beauty, a superhuman vigor, and an imperious air; they are born to command, are inexorable in their treatment of the powerful, but kind to the humble; they love passionately and inspire in return a fatal passion to which they refuse to yield themselves wholly. To these characteristics Byron adds romantic mystery²; Moore's antecedents are well known, Conrad and Lara hint at a black, mysterious origin. Freed from all law, human or divine, these noble rebels personify anarchic individualism, unchained natural forces. In Byron it is chiefly *The Corsair* that pleads for the outlaw, as for instance in these lines (248 sq.) :

Yet was not Conrad thus by Nature sent
To lead the guilty — Guilt's worst instrument —
His soul was changed, before his deeds had driven
Him forth to war with Man and forfeit Heaven.

1. *Op. cit.*, pp. 30-31.

2. But Byron lived long enough to outgrow the mood of *Lara*. In *Don Juan*, II, 124, he writes :

Besides, I hate all mystery, and that air
Of clap-trap, which your recent poets prize.

Warped by the world in Disappointment's school,
 In words too wise — in conduct *there* a fool;
 Too firm to yield, and far too proud to stoop,
 Doomed by his very virtues for a dupe,
 He cursed those virtues as a cause of ill,
 And not the traitors who betrayed him still;
 Nor deemed that gifts bestowed on better men
 Had left him joy, and means to give again.
 Feared — shunned — belied — ere Youth had lost her force,
 He hated Man too much to feel remorse,
 And thought the voice of Wrath a sacred call,
 To pay the injuries of some on all.
 He knew himself a villain — but he deemed
 The rest no better than the thing he seemed;
 And scorned the best as hypocrites who hid
 The deeds the bolder spirit plainly did.

But it is important to note that tenderness is conspicuously absent from this description. Titanic revolt, rather than sentimental humanitarianism, characterizes Byron's opposition to society¹. Still tenderness and sentimentality can be discerned in Byron in at least this one passage in which he allows himself to idealize the brigand. The Corsair has just been urged, by the woman who loves him, to slay his enemy, Seyd, in order to effect his escape; he replies (vv. 1525 sq.) :

« Gulnare — Gulnare — I never felt till now
 My abject fortune, withered fame so low :
 Seyd is mine enemy; had swept my band
 From earth with ruthless but with open hand,
 And therefore came I, in my bark of war,
 To smite the smiter with the scimitar;
 Such is my weapon — not the secret knife;
 Who spares a Woman's, seeks not Slumber's life ».

Gulnare protests, and finally takes the murder upon herself. When she returns from the deed, with a drop of blood on her forehead, Conrad's disgust is thus described :

1. Cf. *Lara*.

He had seen battle — he had brooded lone
 O'er promised pangs to sentenced Guilt foreshown;
 He had been tempted — chastened — and the chain
 Yet on his arms might ever there remain :
 But ne'er from strife — captivity — remorse —
 From all his feelings in their inmost force —
 So thrilled, so shuddered every creeping vein
 As now they froze before that purple stain.
 That spot of blood, that light but guilty streak,
 Had banished all the beauty from her cheek!
 Blood he had viewed — could view unmoved — but then
 It flowed in combat, or was shed by men. (vv. 1586 sq.)

And so the lament for Conrad, at the very end of the poem, tells us that

His heart was formed for softness — warped to wrong,
 Betrayed too early, and beguiled too long;
 Each feeling pure, — as falls the dropping dew
 Within the grot — like that had hardened too.

Another superior criminal is Haidée's father, the Greek pirate Lambro, who is pictured as a relatively moral person goaded to outlawry by misfortune;

He was a man of a strange temperament,
 Of mild demeanour though of savage mood,
 Moderate in all his habits, and content
 With temperance in pleasure, as in food,
 Quick to perceive, and strong to bear, and meant
 For something better, if not wholly good;
 His Country's wrongs and his despair to save her
 Had stung him from a slave to an enslaver¹.

But I know of no case in which Byron deliberately chooses a low and vulgar criminal and sets him against society with the evident intention to plead his cause : his antisocial types are

1. *Don Juan*, III, 53.

Titanic and defiant. The absence of this trait is interesting; I explain it by appealing to Byron's essentially aristocratic temperament. But in Espronceda it recurs, and in acute form; and here again we have discovered, not another point of contact between the two poets, but a wide and impressive chasm that makes the Spaniard a member of another group of romantics, and shows him to be either temperamentally different from Lord Byron or under influences other than the poetry of the author of *The Corsair*. But, in his hatred of all tyrannies and social prejudices, says Blanco García, Espronceda follows Byron rather than Béranger. His *Mendigo*, the *Reo de Muerte*, the *Verdugo*, and the like, in spite of their energy and virility of tone and varied and ornate form, are full of false sentimentality and powerful antisocial sophistry. Like Eugène Sue, he makes society responsible for all the ills of mankind, and believes the outcast fundamentally innocent. The *Canción del Pirata* and the *Canto del Cosaco* are more Byronic and less humanitarian in their tendency, being rather a general expression of Titanic revolt and contempt for restraint than a specific argument against the organization of society as seen in its punitive functions. But with the *Mendigo*, the *Reo*, and the *Verdugo*, the case is different. In the *Verdugo* all the poet's energy is spent in a specious attack on what he deems the vengeful attributes of society, deliberately turning his back on the necessity for protecting the innocent, and refusing to consider the deserts of a heartless murderer. So in the *Reo de Muerte*²,

1. *Literatura Española*, etc., 1899, I, 164-7.

2. Hugo's treatment of this topic appeared in Spanish in the following form : « El Último Día // de un // Reo de Muerte // Por Victor Hugo // Traducido al Castellano // por // D. José García de Villalta. // Madrid. // Imprenta de D. Norberto Llorenç. // Noviembre de 1834 ». Villalta, it may be recalled, was the friend of Espronceda who wrote the preface to the first edition of the latter's *Poesías* (1840), and, according to Blanco García (*op. cit.*, I, 255, note), he also translated *Macbeth* from the English into Spanish verse. Espronceda's

which recalls Larra in a very similar prose composition, he pours out all his pity on the criminal, and has not a thought for the victim. The *Mendigo*¹ is a sort of « poem from Vagabondia », with perhaps less social protest, and more expression of Rous-selien sympathy for the lower orders. It would be difficult to imagine Byron writing such a poem : the aristocrat-poet is not so apt to grieve over the lot of the lower classes ; his revolt, when not of the moral sort seen in *Don Juan*, is rather political

Reo de Muerte was published, probably for the first time, in *El Español*, July 11, 1837. (A note states that, « En otro número del antiguo *Español* se insertaron las primeras estrofas de esta composición » ; but the poem here begins with the verse, *Reclinado sobre el suelo*, which opens the same composition in the 1st edition). It is interesting to compare with the compositions herein mentioned the following verses from *Parisina* (XV) :

The Convent bells are ringing,
 But mournfully and slow ;
 In the grey square turret swinging,
 With a deep sound, to and fro.
 Heavily to the heart they go !
 Hark ! the hymn is singing —
 The song for the dead below,
 Or the living who shortly shall be so !
 For a departed being's soul
 The death-hymn peals and the hollow bells knoll :
 He is near his mortal goal ;
 Kneeling at the Friar's kneec,
 Sad to hear, and piteous to see —
 Kneeling on the bare cold ground,
 With the block before and the guards around ;
 And the headsman with his bare arm ready,
 That the blow may be both swift and steady.

Probably there is no connection between Espronceda's poem and Byron's ; hence I do not include a comparison of them in my chapter on concrete parallels. But the similarity is at least worth noting.

1. Influenced by Béranger's *Les Gueux*.

than social, embodied in the outlaw and not in the submerged tenth; he is no kin to the socialist; he writes no social protest like that which Espronceda has put into the mouth of Adam, who can not understand why some should be rich and others poor :

Tú que has visto
 esos ricos tan galanes,
 que en poderosos caballos,
 con jaeces tan brillantes
 galopan, ó reclinados
 en magníficos carruajes,
 parece que se desdeñan
 en su soberbia insultante
 de mirar á los que cruzan
 á pie como yo las calles;
 tú, en fin, que el mundo, aunque en vano,
 quisiste ayer explicarme;
 mundo que en mil confusiones
 mas me enreda á cada instante,
 dime ¿ esas damas tan bellas
 con esos garbos y trajes,
 viven así? dime, ¿ hablan
 como nosotros? ¿ qué hacen? 1

While the tone of *El Mendigo* is rather antisocial and unmoral, it may be better not to take too seriously what is possibly, after all, only a free objective lyric. But this view can not be taken of the *Diablo Mundo*: purposeless as this long *poema* may be, there can be little doubt that part of its author's intention is to attack the social order, cleverly emphasizing its injustices, and leaving us with the impression that criminals are, after all, relatively innocent folk, and that « justice » has been created to make mankind unhappy. So, when Adam awakes rejuvenated, he is wholly ignorant of the world about him, innocently runs

1. *Obras*, 1900, p. 284.

amuck of social convention and is hurt. But the absurdity of such reasoning — if, indeed, it deserve so dignified a name — is patent : it is not difficult to create all sorts of misery by imagining the impossible. Bad as some present conditions may be, a creature like Adam is practically unthinkable, and therefore unconvincing. Salada is less so; no thoughtful man needs to have Espronceda remind him that society is terribly to blame for the misery of many an outcast woman. And yet the indiscriminating sentimentalism of the romantic, which will allow no blame to be laid at the door of the outcast herself, needs toning down by the sober sense of classic reason.

Rousseau's dream of the savage superior in his primitive goodness to the corrupt product of civilization does not find clear expression in Espronceda ¹. His pirate is but the outlaw in revolt; his Cossack, if relatively primitive, is not good; Adam represents chiefly the miseries of the lower orders, and the disillusion of primitive innocence of any sort (savage or childish), when brought into contact with miseries — such as death — which are not peculiar to European civilization. Still Adam's sufferings at the hands of the law may justly be considered in a sense the picture of the primitive and uncorrupted man in the clutches of organized society; and his subsequent moral perversion might be taken as the poet's notion of what modern civilization is prepared to do for the savage. Byron, on the other hand, frequently preaches the true Rousselian idea of primitive goodness. Of Juan and Haidée he sings :

They should have lived together deep in woods,
Unseen as sings the nightingale; they were
Unfit to mix in these thick solitudes
Called social, haunts of Hate, and Vice, and Care :

1. This idea is to be found in Spanish literature at least as far back as Quintana's *A la Expedicion española para propagar la vacuna en América*. (Cf. Blanco García, *op. cit.*, vol. I, p. 8.)

How lonely every freeborn creature broods!
 The sweetest song-birds nestle in a pair;
 The eagle soars alone; the gull and crow
 Flock o'er their carrion, just like men below ¹.

A similar preference for man removed from the corroding influences of civilization is seen in the passage on Boone, the Kentuckian ²; but we must turn to *The Island* for the clearest statement of this article of the Rousselian creed. All the first part of the second canto is filled with the idea; one stanza is sufficient for our purposes:

Thus rose a song — the harmony of times
 Before the winds blew Europe o'er these climes.
 True, they had vices — such are Nature's growth —
 But only the barbarian's — we have both;
 The sordor of civilisation, mixed
 With all the savage which Man's fall hath fixed.
 Who hath not seen Dissimulations's reign,
 The prayers of Abel linked to deeds of Cain?
 Who such would see may from his lattice view
 The Old World more degraded than the New ³.

This acceptance of « Man's fall » is a little too orthodox and unsentimental for the true romantic; the less qualified praise of man in the savage state is to be found in the previous passage from *Don Juan*, which was written, it may be noted, about four years earlier.

Revolt, in its wider moral bearing and in its more petty manifestation in such details as style, might be interestingly traced

1. *Don Juan*, IV, 28.

2. *Ibid.*, VIII, 61 sq.

3. *The Island*, II, 4. The first canto of the same poem (stanza 10) has a strong passage depicting the savage before Europe

Bestowed her customs and amended theirs,
 But left her vices also to their heirs.

out in both the poets we are now considering. We have just been comparing *The Corsair* and the *Cosaco*; but it is in *Don Juan*, of course, that one finds the more dangerous application of this principle of revolt, not as manifested in some specific protest against society, but in its more sweeping defiance of all law, divine and human. Of this poem Goethe, who thought it the most immoral work ever produced by poetic art, remarked that its author had spared the language as little as he spared man, the technical treatment of the verse being in curious agreement with the wild reckless manner of the poem¹. In the sphere of morals this spirit of revolt breeds a nihilism that gnaws away the very roots of ethical seriousness. The German biographer calls attention to the fact that women have always disliked *Don Juan*, for instance Byron's Italian mistress, Teresa Guiccioli, and his beloved sister, Augusta. The usual charge against the poem is its sensuality; but its deeper immorality, says Professor Elze, lies in the cynical nihilism that pervades the whole work, destroying the difference between good and evil, right and wrong, the beautiful and the repulsive, and degrading to its meanest level everything but sensual pleasure, which alone escapes his ridicule. Fame, renown, glory, enthusiasm, love, science, are nothing; all forms of activity, political, religious, social, and literary, are the victims of his scornful wrath. It is the epic of Epicurean nihilism, never advancing beyond negation either in politics or religion, and upon its negation depends its great influence. Everything is condemned, — Shakespeare, Wellington, Plato; he loves to paint things in their least ideal aspect, remarking only defects and follies. Ultimately he opposed things simply for the sake of opposition, and, not content with destroying illusion, declares that reality itself is an illusion². Medwin, however, expresses the opinion that only

1. Elze, *op. cit.*, 431.

2. *Ibid.*, 359-60, 429 sq.

to superficial observers did Byron seem to confound virtue with vice : his ridicule, though it fell on all mankind, was meant only for cant, hypocrisy, pettiness, and intrigue ; he respected liberty from which the social virtue emanate ; his writings tended to exalt human nature, and generous actions inspired him with sublime emotions ¹. We need not take the gossipier too seriously in order to gather what virtue there may be in his protest : but we need not go the whole way with Elze, either. The danger lies in confounding the poetic, perhaps the posing, Byron with the real man of flesh and blood. The man himself undoubtedly had his times of revolt, and he certainly fretted greatly under moral restraint ; but I question seriously whether he ever really went so far as did the poet when in the literary mood that produced *Don Juan*. When considering his influence on Espronceda, however, it is this literary Byron with whom we are concerned, and we are thus justified in applying to him all the epithets used by Elze. A few quotations will illustrate the point. The lines from canto VII (stanza 3) beginning,

They accuse me — *Me* — the present writer of
 The present poem — of — I know not what —
 A tendency to underrate and scoff
 At human power and virtue and all that,

are more interesting in connection with a passage that Espronceda based directly on them, and they will be studied in that way. But cantos XI and XII furnish sufficient material on this subject. Read, for instance, these lines :

And, after all, what is a lie ? 'Tis but
 The truth in masquerade ; and I defy
 Historians — heroes — lawyers — priests, to put
 A fact without some leaven of a lie.

1. *Conversations of Lord Byron*, London, 1824, pp. 341-2.

The very shadow of true Truth would shut
 Up annals — revelations — poesy,
 And prophecy — except it should be dated
 Some years before the incidents related †. (xi. 37.)

Again, in the 86th stanza of the same canto, he urges men

above all to keep a sharp eye
 Much less on what you do than what you say :
 Be hypocritical, be cautious, be
 Not what you *seem*, but always what you *see*.

For this nihilism in the world of thought, rather than in its relations to the realm of practical morals, the reader is referred to the previous discussion of Byron's Pyrrhonism. We now turn to the spirit of revolt and moral nihilism in Espronceda. We have already seen how Byron's free types — his pirates and adventurers in conflict with society — made him the popular champion of revolutionary ideas, and how this was reflected in such characters as Espronceda's *pirata*, who sings,

« Que es mi Dios la libertad,
 mi ley la fuerza y el viento,
 mi única patria la mar ».

This idea of social and philosophical revolt grows in Espronceda, beginning rather mildly in the earlier poems, and ending

1. Cf. also *Don Juan*, II, 71 :

...I will not swear that black is white,
 But I suspect in fact that white is black,
 And the whole matter rests upon eye-sight : —
 Ask a blind man, the best judge. You'll attack
 Perhaps this new position — but I'm right ;
 Or if I'm wrong, I'll not be ta'en aback : —
 He hath no morn, nor night, but all is dark
 Within — and what seest thou? a dubious spark!

with a truly Byronic rebellion in some parts of the *Diablo Mundo*. From the boisterous revolt of the Cossack, who declares

Dictará allí nuestro capricho leyes,

we come later, in the last fragments of the *Diablo Mundo* (canto VII), to expressions of the rebellious spirit quite similar to those in *Cain* :

¡ Oh hijo de Cain ! sobre tu frente
tu orgullo irreverente
grabado está, y tu loco desatino :
de tus negros informes pensamientos
las nubes que en oscuro remolino
sobre ella apiñan encontrados vientos.

.....
¡ Muéstrame en tí al poeta,
el alma en guerra con su cuerpo inquieta !
¡ Muéstrame en tí la descendencia al fin
rebelde y generosa de Cain ! 1

One of the poems falsely attributed to Espronceda, *Desesperación* 2, is of some interest in this connection, for it is reproduced in one of the editions of Espronceda's poetry as an example of the commonest and least bad of the pseudepigrapha ; and as it is full of the sort of nihilism that we are now discussing, it shows that some of the poet's contemporaries or near successors thought his spirit to be of that temper. We quote a line or two :

Me gusta la campiña
de nieve tapizada,
de flores despojada,
sin fruto, sin verdor :

1. *Obras*, 1900, p. 329.

2. Cf. *Ibid.*, p. 349.

sin pájaros que canten
y sin sol que la alumbre ;
que solo se vislumbre
la muerte en derredor.

.....
Me gusta que al Averno
lleven á los mortales
y alli todos los males
les hagan padecer ;
les abran las entrañas,
les rompan los tendones,
rasguen los corazones,
sin de ayes caso hacer.

As far back as *Jarifa* this spirit shows itself, though it can there be explained, perhaps, as an objective poetic mood. These lines, however, are striking :

¡ Qué la virtud, la pureza !
¡ Qué la verdad y el cariño !
Mentida ilusion de niño,
que halagó mi juventud.

Dadme vino ; en él se ahoguen
mis recuerdos ; aturdida
sin sentir huya la vida,
paz me traiga el atahud

.....
.....

Yo me lancé con atrevido vuelo
fuera del mundo en la region etérea,
y hallé la duda y el radiante cielo
ví convertirse en ilusion aérea.

Luego en la tierra la virtud, la gloria
busqué con ansia y delirante amor,
y hediondo polvo y deleznable escoria
mi fatigado espíritu encontró.

Mujeres ví de virginal limpieza
entre albas nubes de celeste lumbre ;
yo las toqué, y en humo su pureza
trocarse ví, y en lodo y podredumbre.

Y encontré mi ilusion desvanecida
y eterno é insaciable mi desseo ,
palpé la realidad y odié la vida :
solo en la paz de los sepulcros creo.

This poem will be more fully discussed in the next chapter.

Many passages from the *Diablo Mundo* might be cited to illustrate this point, expressing, however, less regret and more mockery than does *Jarifa*. In the *Introducción* the poet sings the praise of falsehood in some lines that remind one of Byron's « what is a lie ? », though we may be permitted to think Espronceda a bit more poetical :

TERCER CORO

Mentira, tú eres
luciente cristal,
color de oro y nácar
que encanta el mirar.

UNA VOZ

Feliz á quien meces,
mentira, en tus sueños,
tú sola halagüeños
placeres nos das.
¡ Ay ! ¡ nunca busquemos
la triste verdad !
La mas escondida
tal vez ¿ qué traerá ?
¡ Traerá un desengaño !
¡ con él un pesar !

Shortly after this comes a passage in which the spirit of humanity is described as bent on a fruitless search for truth, and, as a result,

« ¡ Ay ! su corazon se seca,
y huyen de él sus ilusiones,
delirio son engañoso
sus placeres, sus amores,

es su ciencia vanidad,
y mentira son sus goces :
¡ solo verdad su impotencia
su amargura y sus dolores ! »

Finally we shall quote from the first canto of the *Diablo Mundo* a few more lines that are wholly Byronic in their spirit. The vision speaks to Adam, saying,

Isla yo soy de reposo
en medio el mar de la vida,

and she invites him « al reposo y al no ser », urging him to leave humanity with its

Mentiras de la esperanza,
recuerdos del bien que huyó ;
mentira son sus amores,
mentira son sus victorias,
y son mentira sus glorias,
y mentira su ilusion.

It is only necessary to recall Byron's « I doubt if doubt itself be doubting », to feel how close the two men are in such moods.

It may be well to discuss briefly some of the other aspects of romanticism ¹ that are usually associated with the Byronic type, and to see whether Espronceda has traces of them. For instance there is the whole question of romantic reverie, now evidenced by dwelling lovingly on a bygone childhood (of the individual or of the race), now by dreaming of some Arcadia. Turn to Byron's *Elegy on Newstead Abbey* and read (st. 33):

1. Much of this very convenient classification of the attributes of romanticism is taken from the lectures of Professor Irving Babbitt, of Harvard University, not yet in print, I regret to say.

Ah happy days ! too happy to endure !
 Such simple sports our plain forefathers knew :
 No splendid vices glitter'd to allure ;
 Their joys were many, as their cares were few.

This was first printed in January, 1807. The next year was published the poem which begins thus :

I would I were a careless child,
 Still dwelling in my Highland cave,
 Or roaming through the dusky wild,
 Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave :
 The cumbrous pomp of Saxon pride,
 Accords not with the freeborn soul,
 Which loves the mountain's craggy side,
 And seeks the rocks where billows roll.

And in the same year appeared the *Lines Written beneath an Elm in the Churchyard of Harrow*, beginning :

Spot of my youth ! whose hoary branches sigh,
 Swept by the breeze that fans thy cloudless sky ;
 Where now alone I muse, who oft have trod,
 With those I lov'd, thy soft and verdant sod.

With equal justice might be cited the compositions called *To a Youthful Friend*, and *Childish Recollections*. These are both especially interesting because of their combination of revery with the idea of primitive goodness, another pet notion of the romantics ; here are a few illustrative lines from the second :

Untaught by worldly wisdom how to feign,
 And check each impulse with prudential rein ;
 When all we feel, our honest souls disclose,
 In love to friends, in open hate to foes ;
 No varnish'd tales the lips of youth repeat,
 Nor dear-bought knowledge purchas'd by deceit ;
 Hypocrisy, the gift of lengthen'd years,
 Matured by age, the garb of Prudence wears.

It may be an exaggeration to assert that this feeling is entirely absent from Espronceda ; but I am sure that I know of no good case of its manifestation. His praise of revery, « Dicha es soñar », in the *Diablo Mundo* ¹ is by no means the same kind of thing ; the poet is here thinking of the delight of illusion :

Su mente halaga la ilusion risueña,
Y el bien presente al venidero alcanza :
Y tras la aérea y luminosa enseña
Del entusiasmo, el ánimo se lanza
Bajo un cielo de luz y de colores,
Campos pintados de fragantes flores.

This state of the soul should not be identified with romantic recollection. The praise of romantic solitude ², and of idleness³, and the feeling of « otherwiseness » and uniqueness⁴, are characteristics that have been pointed out in the poets of the romantic school, and are present in Byron. If they exist in Espronceda's work, I am not able to put my hand on them.

An interesting comparison can be made between the two poets ⁷ we are studying as they appear in the sphere of politics and political thought. Both were active men and both discoursed not a little on governments and the wrongs of society. Byron began by playing at being a Whig while still at Cambridge. His maiden speech in the House of Lords was on the « Nottingham Frame-breaking Bill », Feb. 27, 1812, and it created a favorable impression. He at once joined the opposition with vigor, and in April of the same year spoke on the « Roman Catholic Claims », with rather less success. But his part in English politics was soon played, and we must look for his subsequent political activity

1. *Obras*, 1900, pp. 196-7.

2. E. g., *Childe Harold*, II, 25 and 26 ; and IV, 177.

3. *Ibid.*, IV, 33.

4. E. g., *I Would I Were a Careless Child* (st. 3), *Stanzas to a Lady on Leaving England* (st. 4), *Childe Harold*, III, 12.

to the abortive *carbonari* uprising in Italy, and to the Greek revolt, the final success of which the poet's early death prevented him from seeing. Byron's German biographer, Professor Elze, characterizes his political life as unstable and contradictory, vain and insincere. Though he never fawned on greatness, as did some contemporary men of letters, yet were his political views the product rather of prejudice and feeling than of reasoned conviction, and they were too largely negative. He proclaims against despots, but is at heart an aristocrat with leanings toward despotism. When he chose despots as heroes for his tales he identified himself more or less with them. His inconsistency is chiefly due to the fact that he was a poet, not a political thinker. « *Politics with me is a feeling* », he wrote to Murray¹. No wonder, then, that he was unfit for the statesman's career. Though far from a republican in temperament, his hopes were fixed, at the time of the *carbonari* movement, on a general republic. But when he entered the Greek affair he gave up everything visionary and urged a practical attitude. It has been hinted that secret offers were made to him for helping in this revolt and that he was guided by motives that he never explicitly declared. Whatever be the truth and the bearing of this detail of Byron's public life, it is certain that he expressed in his verse the great radical revolt against the reactionary spirit of the Holy Alliance², and that as the standard-bearer of this political poetry he had tremendous influence. From his very mother he had learned to hate tyrants and distrust kings, and feel a romantic concern for « the people ».

And yet he was not of the people, either by blood or by

1. Letter 396, written January 22, 1814. (Cf. *Letters and Journals*, 1898 sq., vol. III).

2. But *Childe Harold* (III, 82, and IV, 97) contains some very sensible lines on the distinction between real liberty and the excesses of the French Revolution.

taste. « Born an aristocrat », said he to Medwin ¹, « I am naturally one by temper ». Similarly in *Don Juan* (IX, 25) he protests,

It is not that I adulate the people :
Without *me* there are demagogues enough :

and Elze's dictum is that « Byron..... in spite of his radicalism on paper, was a thorough aristocrat, and..... valued his pedigree above every other consideration ² ». Still, this paper radicalism can not be denied, and as a literary influence it may well have been powerful in spite of inconsistencies in the poet's personal political faith and works. For the spirit of such lines as these is unmistakable :

But never mind : — « God save the King ! » and *Kings* !
For if *he* don't, I doubt if *men* will longer —
I think I hear a little bird, who sings
The people by and by will be the stronger :
.....
..... and I would fain say « fie on't, »
If I had not perceived that Revolution
Alone can save the earth from Hell's pollution ³.

And so, on a page certainly not intended for such wide circulation, he wrote : « There is nothing left for Mankind but a republic, and I think there are hopes of such. The two Americas (South and North) have it ; Spain and Portugal approach it ; all thirst for it. Oh Washington ! ⁴ » Scott, however, took little stock in such remarks : « Witness », he says, « ... Byron's ridiculous pretense of Republicanism, when he never wrote sincerely

1. *Conversations*, London, 1824, p. 337.

2. *Op. cit.*, 218.

3. *Don Juan*, VIII, 50-51.

4. *Letters and Journals*, 1898 sq., V, 462. The quotation is from Byron's *Detached Thoughts*.

about the Multitude without expressing or insinuating the very soul of scorn ».

Here, then, one at once discovers a contrast between Byron and Espronceda : the latter was a sincere radical, and a not wholly inconsistent republican in his last years. Possibly his view of life in general affected his opinion of society as then constructed. From the despair of sensual pleasure, writes the not unprejudiced critic, Blanco García, there developed in him a censorious attitude which finds nothing good in society. The laws of decorum and virtue seemed an intolerable tyranny, simply because they checked his caprices¹. A man with prejudices of this sort would instinctively ally himself with the destructive forces of society ; but when one remembers the abuses with which « the established order » in Spain was associated during most of Espronceda's life, one need not assume him to be a saint, in order to believe that his lifelong liberalism was sincere. Whether the example of Byron's *carbonari* and Greek experiences was the cause or not, Espronceda began to be a liberal agitator in his school days, being driven from Madrid when the youthful society of the *Numantinos* was discovered by the police. Soon thereafter he was a political exile, first in Portugal, then in England. Next we find him fighting in the barricades of 1830 ; then, after participating in fruitless expeditions against the Spanish government, he returns with the amnesty of 1833 to his native land, where he soon becomes a more or less conspicuous figure, his last years being marked by public services of an important kind. Here, then, we meet with two fundamental contrasts to the political attitude of Byron — patriotic public service and active if not wholly consistent republicanism². Both of these can be found in Espronceda's life ; but

1. *Op. cit.*, I, 157-8.

2. Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly reminds us of Espronceda's inconsistencies. He profits by an amnesty to join the fashionable Guardia de Corps, defends

the latter, through having been oftener woven into his poetry, is of greater interest to those of us who study him chiefly as a man of letters.

Byron's patriotism was certainly not of the aggressive kind. Childe Harold's good night to his native land does little but record the fact that he is leaving ¹ the country where he happened to have been born; and the lines in *Don Juan* (II, 12) which recall the same scene are frivolously sentimental:

I can't but say it is an awkward sight
 To see one's native land receding through
 The growing waters; it unmans one quite,
 Especially when life is rather new:
 I recollect Great Britain's coast looks white,
 But almost every other country's blue,
 When gazing on them, mystified by distance,
 We enter on our nautical existence.

But his dominant mood is dislike for England ²:

republican theories yesterday and accepts a post under the regency to-morrow. But he made no pretension to consistency. His feelings were more violent than deep, and he was not an intellectual man. Though a romantic liberal and the poet of Revolution, he probably had no grasp on political doctrine (*Mod. Lang. Rev.*, *loc. cit.*).

1. With what sentiments I have tried to show elsewhere; cf. *Bulletin Hispanique*, vol. XI, n^o 1, pp. 57-8.

2. Not, however, for Scotland. In *Don Juan*, XI, 12, we find him saying,
 Half English as I am
 (To my misfortune);

and in the tenth canto, stanza 18, we read:

As « Auld Lang Syne » brings Scotland, one and all,
 Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills, and clear streams,
 The Dee — the Don — Balgounie's brig's *black wall* —
 All my boy feelings, all my gentler dreams
 Of what I *then dreamt*, clothed in their own pall, —
 Like Banquo's offspring — floating past me seems
 My childhood, in this childishness of mine: —
 I care not — 'tis a glimpse of « *Auld Lang Syne* ».

Scotland, it may be noted, would not have typified for the poet the triumphant reactionary British element which he so cordially despised.

I've no great cause to love that spot of earth,

he says in the tenth canto of *Don Juan* (st. 66), and in a later stanza he vents his spleen against

the land

Which 'tis the common cry and lie to vaunt as
A moral country ;

adding

But 'tis as well at once to understand,
You are *not* a moral people, and you know it,
Without the aid of too sincere a poet. (XI, 87).

Matthew Arnold explains this hostility by the mental bondage of the English middle classes to the narrow and false system of established facts and dominant ideas — a bondage deep and dark in Byron's day. He was revolted by the cant of the Philistines, and more still by that of his own class, which deferred to and profited by the Philistine cant. All of this led to a falsehood and cynicism which infuriated Byron. The old order, which Byron hated, triumphed in 1815 : he expresses his « utter detestation of all existing governments » and his longing for a republic¹. Arnold's opinion may be criticized for its confusion of the social and the political elements : a man may hate his government, but love his nation, — as did Espronceda — and reasons should be adduced in Byron's case to show why he detested both. Another critic attributes the poet's lack of patriotism and his cosmopolitan sympathies to the keenness with which he perceived what is lowest in the English character, and he asserts that Byron says more than he means, believing that the poet felt a genuine sympathy for his fatherland and would have embraced a regenerated England². Now I believe that both of these critics have

1. Matthew Arnold, *Essays in Criticism* ; Second Series, London, 1889, pp. 193-5.

2. William Gerard, *Byron Re-studied in his Dramas*, London, 1886, p. 218.

left out of account an important motive for Byron's hostility to England, a motive which had some influence on Espronceda, and which one sees at work every day in the hostility felt by uncritical young persons toward every institution that has the misfortune to be both venerable and powerful. Opposition for opposition's sake is a mood native to the spirit of romanticism : Byron must hate both his nation and its government, since these are united and successful ; Espronceda believes in his people, — that is, in the oppressed opposition — but hates the government, because it is in power. Such prejudices may be admitted, even though, in one case or another, they coincide with pardonable resentments and laudable convictions. Byron, for instance, was probably right in his dislike for the hypocrisy of certain Englishmen ; and, even in spite of his Satanism and his bad temper, he almost wins our pity when we see him hounded from his native land by an over-zealous public conscience. In the government, moreover, there may have been and probably was much to criticize. But a wise and just man would have perceived that occasional hypocrisy and prudery may easily be evidences of general virtue ; that he himself was as much to blame as was his wife for the marital troubles ; and that his detested government of tyrants was, after all, about the only thing that stood between Europe and a universal Napoleonic empire. What Byron did see in England, I believe, was a victorious power, perhaps too proud of her success, and possibly not making the best use of it ; and a prosperous but serious people, proclaiming standards of virtue that annoyed him ¹ and which many of his countrymen only pretended to obey. A romantic

1. The Countess Abruzzi said : « Lord Byron disliked his countrymen, but only because he knew that his morals were held in contempt by them. The English, themselves rigid observers of family duties, could not pardon him the neglect of his, nor his trampling on principles ». (Quoted in Moore's *Life*, London, 1847, p. 415).

of the Byronic type could not love such a nation, especially if it happened to be his own ¹.

Mr Walter Clark has shown how Byron's cosmopolitanism took hold of Musset ²: Espronceda shows not a trace of this great romantic trait. Whether we are right or not in believing that his birth in a suffering rather than a prosperous nation would incline him less to the anti-patriotic mood, certain it is that his verse bursts forth often into ardent patriotic strains, and that his life is full of what he considered service to his country. At the age of fourteen he enlisted in the National Militia to help put down an absolutist uprising, and his lines (now lost) called *Al Siete de Julio* celebrate the triumph of constitutional liberty on that occasion ³. And what could be more sincere in its patriotism than the lines written in London, recently published in this journal?

Mas ¡ ay ! yo triste de contino lloro,
y de contino crece mi quebranto.
Y tu horror ¡ estacion ! me enluta el alma ;
cuatro veces aqui te vi el tesoro
á los campos robar, tender tu espanto
y derramar terror, silencio y calma.

1. To *Childe Harold*, canto I, is prefixed a quotation that seems to imply relative approval of England. It is from *Le Cosmopolite, ou le Citoyen du Monde*, par Fougere de Monbron (Londres, 1753), and it runs thus : « L'univers est une espèce de livre, dont on n'a lu que la première page quand on n'a vu que son pays. J'en ai feuilleté un assez grand nombre, que j'ai trouvé également mauvaises. Cet examen ne m'a point été infructueux. Je haïssais ma patrie. Toutes les impertinences des peuples divers, parmi lesquelles j'ai vécu, m'ont réconcilié avec elle, » etc. I attach no importance to this selection because (1) we can not be sure that the poet is vouching for all its sentiments, and we have, in fact, enough data from his letters to prove that he felt otherwise; and (2) it belongs to a period previous to his domestic troubles and to his long exile, not to mention the British triumphs.

2. *Byron und die romantische Poesie in Frankreich* von Walter J. Clark, Leipzig, 1901, p. 63.

3. Cascales y Muñoz (*La España Moderna*, May, 1908, pp. 40-41).

Palpita al ronco estruendo
de la alterada mar el pecho mio,
el ponto inmenso viendo
que me encadena entre el Breton sombrío,
y cuyas turbias olas
me alejan de las costas Españolas.

.....
Alli gozé del placido contento,
de un tierno corazon amable prenda,
y del primer amor senti la llama :
ya fogoso volò mi pensamiento
de la alta gloria á la sublime senda
y de mi *Patria* celebré la fama :
ora el cañon sonante
que en las cavernas hondas retumbaba,
ora el grito tonante
de *libertad* que entre el fragor volaba
mi espíritu movía,
y guerra, dije, á la maldad impia.

.....
Bajel dichoso, que á la playa cara
que me miró nacer tornas tu prora,
raudo dejando el Tamesis undoso,
siempre dulce la mar, serena y clara,
siempre un aura feliz consoladora,
hagan cierto tu rumbo presuroso :
su costa descubriendo
do eterna el sol su claridad derrama,
tu vela en popa hinchendo
el aligero viento que la inflama,
diras con alegría :
« Un desterrado la salud te envia » ¹.

Practically the whole composition breathes this spirit of love for Spain, combined with hatred for her oppressors. These sentiments are found again in the elegy *A la Patria*, also written in London, one year later :

1. *Revue Hispanique*, vol. XVII, pp. 716-720.

¡ Cuán solitaria la nacion que un dia
 poblara inmensa gente,
 la nacion cuyo imperio se estendía
 del Ocaso al Oriente ¹!

And the affectionate lament continues thus to the very end :

Desterrados ¡ oh Dios! de nuestros lares,
 lloremos duelo tanto ;
 ¿ Quién calmará ¡ oh España! tus pesares ?
 ¿ Quién secará tu llanto ?

¡ *Guerra!* is another poem full of ringing patriotism; one stanza is sufficient to give an idea of the whole :

Al grito de la patria
 volemós, compañeros,
 blandamos los aceros
 que intrépida nos da.
 A par en nuestros brazos
 ufanos la ensalcemos
 y al mundo proclamemos :
 « España es libre ya ».

This composition, too, strikes another note of Espronceda's political scale, his hatred of those he considered the enemies of his country, — *mueran los carlistas* — but more of this presently. Other examples of the poet's patriotic verse are the *Asuntos Históricos*, such as the laments for Torrijos and for Joaquín de Pablo; likewise the ardent *Dos de Mayo*. In all of these, and in Espronceda's political speeches as well, there breathes a lofty patriotism that one seeks in vain in Byron. The reasons for the difference we have already tried to enumerate. They are, we repeat, beside

1. Cf. *The Lamentations of Jeremiah*, I, 1 : « Quomodo sedet sola civitas plena populo : facta est quasi vidua : domina gentium, princeps provinciarum facta est sub tributo ». *A la Patria, Elegía* (dated « Londres, 1828 ») appeared in *El Español*, March 11, 1836; in the first edition of the *Poesías* this composition is dated 1829.

temperamental differences (which should not be ignored), first the fact that the Spaniard was exiled by a government which he was wise enough not to identify with the Spanish people, while Byron was hounded from the shores of England by the wrath of his fellow-citizens; and secondly, the English romantic's inevitable contempt for a powerful fatherland, which feeling the Spaniard can not well imitate so long as his own country is in distress. Whether this diagnosis be fanciful or not, the longing of the *joven proscrito* for his fatherland, and the later patriotism of such poems as ¡*Guerra!* — read at a patriotic function in the Teatro de la Cruz, Oct. 22, 1835 — are wholly un-Byronic. Blanco García speaks of *A la Patria* as belonging to a peaceful pre-Byronic period; but, if the date assigned to it when it first appeared be correct, it was written in London in 1828, five years after the poet's arrival in England¹, and four years after Byron's dramatic death had added to the glamour of his name. And ¡*Guerra!* comes seven years later still². To be sure the *Diablo Mundo*, the great evidence of Byronism in Espronceda, belongs to the end of his career; but I do not feel that it is safe to assume the less cynical tone of the above mentioned poems to be due to their date; for, even if none of the other unquestioned imitations

1. This date can be derived from the poem published in the *Revue Hispanique*, vol. XVII, p. 714, called *La Entrada del Invierno en Londres* [1827]:

Cuatro veces aqui te vi el tesoro
á los campos robar, etc. (P. 716)

2. The earliest publication of this poem known to me is the following: "El Plan//De un Drama,//ó//La Conspiracion.//Improvisacion Dramática//Por Don Manuel Breton de los Herreros//y//Don Ventura de la Vega//para representarse en el teatro de la Cruz la noche//del Jueves 22 de Octubre de 1835 en la funcion dis-//puesta por la Empresa de los teatros de esta Corte//para aplicar su producto á las urgencias de la guerra.//Madrid.//Imprenta de Repullés. //Año de 1835". (The cover differs somewhat from the title-page.) At the end of this pamphlet (27 pages) there are several verse compositions, among them ¡*Guerra!* pp. 22-23, signed with Espronceda's name.

of Byron can be dated early, we shall still have to explain why the unpatriotic Byronic vein does not develop in the later work.

If these two poets were unlike in their attitude toward their native lands, their hostility toward the governments thereof makes them once more kin; but the attacks engendered by this state of mind may safely be classed as a literary mannerism and treated in the chapter that follows.

II

LITERARY MATTERS

Son las comparaciones siempre odiosas.
El Diablo Mundo.

Personal attack. — Style. — Form; prefaces, notes, and minutiae; digressions.
— Subject-matter. Napoleon. Byron's greater diversity in character and setting.
— Historical spirit; literary reminiscences. — The classics and « classicism ».
— Attitude toward Nature. — Subjectivity and objectivity.

The philosophical aspect of a poet's work shades imperceptibly into questions of literary content; and we may conveniently, if not too logically, utilize the hostility felt by Byron and Espronceda for the governments of Spain and of England as a bridge to lead us into the second domain which it is our purpose to explore. On the one hand this political attitude has its intellectual implications; on the other, it assumes, at least in the poets now under our eyes, its expression in definite literary mannerisms.

No thoughtful Byronist could read the personal attack in Espronceda's verse without at once perceiving whence it comes. Lord Byron, unfitted for the work of a Liberal peer, turned to poetry as a weapon of political attack; and he used the same means of squaring accounts with some of his personal enemies. This habit of personal attack begins as early as 1806, for *Granta (A Medley)* written in that year, contains references to Petty and Palmerston that can not be called wholly complimentary ¹. The *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* is, of course, full of this kind of thing ². So, too, near the end of his life we find

1. Cf. also the attack on « Pomposus » in *Childish Recollections* (115 sq.), a poem first printed in 1807.

2. We are not here attempting to limit our discussion of this trait to Byron's *political* attacks.

in *The Age of Bronze* a recurrence of the same habit, as for instance in stanza XIII :

Shall noble Albion pass without a phrase
 From a bold Briton in her wonted praise?
 « Arts — arms — and George — and glory — and the Isles,
 And happy Britain, wealth, and Freedom's smiles,
 White cliffs that held invasion far aloof,
 Contented subjects, all alike tax-proof,
 Proud Wellington, with eagle beak so curled,
 That nose, the hook where he suspends the world!
 And Waterloo, and trade, and — (hush! not yet
 A syllable of imposts or of debt) —
 And ne'er (enough) lamented Castlereagh.
 Whose penknife slit a goose-quill t'other day ».

Such passages in *Don Juan* are almost too numerous to need mention; here, however, the poet pays his respects rather to public men whom he considered unworthy, than to personal enemies. In fact he seems to have repented of some of his early venom; for, in a note to the last verse of the *English Bards*, he wrote (at Geneva, in July, 1816): « The greater part of this satire I most sincerely wish had never been written, not only on account of the injustice of much of the critical, and some of the personal part of it — but the tone and temper are such as I can not approve ». So he writes, in the same year, in a note to line 464; « All this is bad because personal ». Hence his attack on Wordsworth and Southey to be found in the *Dedication* of *Don Juan* might be ascribed rather to political contempt for men he considered renegades, than to a recurrence of personal venom; though too great consistency should not be expected from Lord Byron, nor need we assume that, even after his regrets for the *English Bards*, he could never again be goaded into personalities for the sake of private revenge. Still, the fact remains that the satire of *Don Juan* is largely political or national. Indeed Byron does not need to tell us that his

notion is not high
Of politicians and their double front,
Who live by lies, yet dare not boldly lie (XI, 36) ;

for a dozen passages could be quoted like the following (anent the pirate Lambro) :

Let not his mode of raising cash seem strange,
Although he fleeced the flags of every nation,
For into a Prime Minister but change
His title and 'tis nothing but taxation (III, 14).

Perhaps the best examples are the remarks on Southey and Wordsworth in the *Dedication*, and such as the following on Wellington :

Oh, Wellington! (or « Villainton » — for Fame
Sounds the heroic syllables both ways;
France could not even conquer your great name,
But punned it down to this facetious phrase :
Beating or beaten she will laugh the same,)
You have obtained great pensions and much praise :
Glory like yours should any dare gainsay,
Humanity would rise, and thunder « Nay! » (*Don Juan*, IX, 1).

The poet continues thus to compliment the Duke through several stanzas, reminding him of numerous things that it

won't do to tell
Upon your tomb in Westminster's old Abbey.

But Castlereagh is the favorite object of his vilification, and the following lines, written in his honor, are doubly interesting because of their close resemblance to what we shall presently quote from Espronceda about a certain Spanish worthy :

Cold-blooded, smooth-faced, placid miscreant!
Dabbling its sleek young hands in Erin's gore,
And thus for wider carnage taught to pant,
Transferred to gorge upon a sister shore,

The vulgarest tool that Tyranny could want,
 With just enough of talent, and no more,
 To lengthen fetters by another fixed,
 And offer poison long already mixed ¹.

Not satisfied with this, Byron devotes three more stanzas to his pet aversion, but this one will suffice to show him in this mood.

Espronceda learned this trick somewhere, and we need scarcely hesitate to call Byron his teacher, particularly as he falls into the mood nowhere but in the *Diablo Mundo*, which is so saturated with the Byronic spirit. Unfortunately he seems to have imitated the more violently personal sort of attack, which Byron lived to repent ². His most characteristic imitation of this kind is the bitter vilification of Toreno :

No es dado á todos alcanzar la gloria
 de alzar un monumento suntuoso,
 que eternice á los siglos la memoria
 de algun hecho pasado grandioso :
 quédele tanto al que escribió la historia
 de nuestro pueblo, al escritor lujoso,
 al conde que del público tesoro,
 se alzó á sí mismo un monumento de oro.

Al que supo, erigiendo un monumento,
 (que tal le llama en su modestia suma,) ³
 premio dar á su gran merecimiento,
 y en pluma de oro convertir su pluma,
 al ilustre Asturiano, al gran talento,

1. *Don Juan, Dedication*, 12.

2. Byron's expression of regret for the calumnies of the *English Bards* was published by Moore and might have been seen by Espronceda.

3. « En una de las sesiones de esta última legislatura tuvo el egregio conde la llaneza de decir que había erigido á la gloria de su patria un monumento en su historia de la revolucion de 1808 ». Queipo de Llano Ruiz Saravia (José María). Conde de Toreno (1786-1843), politician and author, wrote a *Historia del levantamiento, guerra y revolución de España* [1807-1814].

flor de la historia y de la hacienda espuma,
 al necio audaz de corazon de cieno,
 á quien llaman el CONDE DE TORENO ¹ (*Diablo Mundo*,
 [Canto I].

Patricio de la Escosura, the poet's life-long friend, and brother-in-law of his daughter, writes in his preface to the 1884 edition of Espronceda's poetry, that, even making allowance for political circumstances and party fanaticism, he finds it hard to forgive the poet's treatment of one of the foremost Spanish statesmen, a man of whom he was neither friend nor enemy, and to whom Spain and Spanish literature are much indebted. If Espronceda was really without personal or political motive, the literary pedigree of the trick is all the more apparent. But Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly and Blanco García assert that the poet was stung by Toreno's statement that one did not need to read Espronceda's work if he was familiar with the Byronic originals. Cortón doubts the story ².

Ridicule of the government finds a place, too, in the *Diablo Mundo*. For instance, when the unfortunate Adam creates an uproar in the street and the crowd hurries after him, fright seizes the authorities, and measures are taken to protect the public peace and quiet, orders being given

Que luego á son de guerra se publique
 la ley marcial, y á todo ciudadano,
 cuyo carácter no le justifique,
 luego por criminal que le echen mano :
 que á vigilar la autoridad se aplique
 la mansion del Congreso soberano,

1. *Obras*, 1900, pp. 199-200.

2. *Espronceda*, por Antonio Cortón, Madrid [1906], 57-8. The reference to Fitzmaurice-Kelly is p. 370 of the English edition (New York, 1908), and p. 391 of the French translation (Paris, 1904). Blanco García's statement is on page 169 (vol. I) of the *Literatura*, note 1. In his more recent article Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly admits that the story is dubious (*Mod. Lang. Rev.*, *loc. cit.*).

y bajo pena y pérdida de empleos,
sobre todo, la casa de Correos.

Pásense á las provincias circulares,
y en la gaceta en lastimoso tono,
imprimanse discursos á millares
contra los clubs y su rabioso encono;
píntense derribados los altares,
rota la sociedad, minado el trono,
y á los cuatro malévolos de horrendas
miras, mandando y destrozando haciendas.

¡ Oh cuadro horrible! ¡ pavoroso cuadro!
pintado tantas veces y á porfía
al sonar el horrisono baladro
del mónstruo que han llamado la anarquía.
Aqui tu elogio para siempre encuadro,
que á ser llegaste el pan de cada dia,
cartilla eterna, universal registro
que aprende á gobernar todo ministro.

¡ Oh, cuánto susto y miedos diferentes,
cuánto de afan durante algunos años
con vuestras peroratas elocuentes
habeis causado á propios y aun á estraños!
Mal anda el mundo, pero ya las gentes
han llegado á palpar los desengaños
y aunque cien tronos caigan en ruina
no menos bien la sociedad camina.

¡ Oh imbécil, nécia y arraigada en vicios
turba de viejas que ha mandado y manda!
ruinas soñar os hace y precipicios
vuestra codicia vil que asi os demanda :
¿ pensais tal vez que los robustos quicios
del mundo saltarán si aprisa anda,
porque son torpes vuestros pasos viles,
tropel asustadizo de reptiles 1?

Three more stanzas continue this tirade against the

Ministros de escribientes y porteros,
de la nacion eternos parasitos, —

including some ridicule of police regulations; but we have given perhaps enough to show the way in which Espronceda did such things.

Canto V of the *Diablo Mundo* has some interesting comment on criminal procedure in Spain :

La causa en tanto en un rincon dormía,
sin cuidarse de Adam el escribano,
y un año largo de prision corría,
y nadie de él se acuerda : y un verano,
y otro pasará, y ciento, y pasaría
un siglo entero, y mil, y todo en vano,
situacion en las cárceles no estraña,
gracias al modo de enjuiciar de España 1.

This last passage, however, does not impress me as being essentially Byronic, since a similar criticism might have occurred to any poet angry with such conditions as those he describes.

Espronceda's attack on Toreno is unique, I believe, in his verse, and this very scarcity is a contrast to Byron. Another contrast can be found in the absence of comment — favorable or otherwise — on contemporary men of letters. We need not repeat here the remarks on Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth in the *Dedication to Don Juan*; but we may add this from the eleventh canto (stanzas 57 and 58) :

Sir Walter reigned before me; Moore and Campbell
Before and after; but now grown more holy,
The Muses upon Sion's hill must ramble
With poets almost clergymen, or wholly;
And Pegasus has a psalmodic amble
Beneath the very Reverend Rowley Powley 2,

1. *Obras*, 1900, 266.

2. The Reverend George Croly, D. D.

Who shoes the glorious animal with stilts,
A modern Ancient Pistol — « by these hilts! »

Still he excels that artificial hard
Labourer in the same vineyard, though the vine
Yields him but vinegar for his reward, —
That neutralised dull Dorus of the Nine ;
That swarthy Sporus, neither man nor bard ;
That ox of verse, who *ploughs* for every line : —
Cambyses' roaring Romans beat at least
The howling Hebrews of Cybele's priest ¹.

And so he runs on for several stanzas more, much in the vein of the *English Bards*, to which one should of course also refer in discussing this aspect of Byron. But Espronceda did not take to this sort of thing ; Musset is much more Byronic in his girding at literary contemporaries such as Hugo and Sainte-Beuve ².

To assert that a foreign poet is superior to one of our own tongue in so delicate a matter as style is something that should be done with much hesitation. I can feel justified in doing so only because of Byron's well-known defects in this particular, and because the worthy critic, Enrique Piñeyro, believes in Espronceda's superiority. Matthew Arnold ³ accuses Byron of the « insensibility of a barbarian », « so negligent » was he « in his poetic style, so slovenly, slipshod, and infelicitous », — a poet without « the true artist's fine passion for the correct use and consummate management of words ». Byron is rhetorical, though, as Goethe says, when at his best his representation of things is as easy and real as if he were improvising, and he then seems inspired in the true poetic style. Gerard likewise admits Byron's weakness as a stylist. But is there not something

1. The reference is to Henry Hart Milman. Byron was under the impression that Milman had influenced Murray against continuing the publication of *Don Juan*.

2. Estève, *op. cit.*, 416.

3. *Essays in Criticism*, Second Series, London, 1889, p. 175.

to be said on the other side? Not for one moment should I presume to deny that Byron frequently lapses into a wretched style, but parts of the tragedies, for instance *Sardanapalus*, *Marino Faliero*, and *Manfred*, rise to really great heights, considered from the stylistic point of view alone, and the poetic terseness of lines here and there in *Mazeppa*¹ can not but excite admiration from a sympathetic reader. Espronceda's one verse tragedy (*Blanca de Borbon*) impresses me as being distinctly inferior to Byron's, not only in nobility of thought, but in diction as well. Piñeyro thinks Espronceda's versification (not that of *Blanca*, presumably) of the first rank, and superior to Byron's in richness of musical effects. He adds that his style is rather eloquent than poetic, on account of the relative poverty of images²; but one should not forget the wealth of image displayed in the early part of the *Diablo Mundo*, when one makes an assertion like that. The musical effects in Espronceda's verse, especially in the last part of the *Estudiante*, impress me as superior, on the whole, to most of Byron's work; note this, for instance:

Fúnebre
llanto
de amor,
óyese
en tanto
en son

flebil, blando,
cual quejido
dolorido
que del alma
se arrancó:
cual profundo
¡ ay! que exhala
moribundo
corazon.

1. E.g., lines 437-8.

2. *Poetas famosos del siglo XIX*, Madrid, 1883, p. 131.

Música triste,
 lánguida y vaga,
 que á par lastima
 y el alma halaga;
 dulce armonía
 que inspira al pecho
 melancolía,
 como el murmullo
 de algun recuerdo
 de antiguo amor,
 á un tiempo arrullo
 y amarga pena
 del corazon.

Mágico embeleso,
 cántico ideal,
 que en los aires vaga
 y en sonoras ráfagas
 aumentando va ¹.

Among modern English poets it is rather, perhaps, to Swinburne that we should turn for music like Espronceda's: a critic in the *New York Nation*, who probably had no thought of instituting such a comparison with Byron as we are now making, writes thus of the great Englishman who has just died :

« For Spanish we do not know that he [Swinburne] had any special predilection, yet to our ear his rhythms have more affinity to the sweeping majesty of that language than to his beloved French or to any other modern tongue. In the lyrics of Espronceda's *El Diablo Mundo*, in the grave lilt of the opening words, 'Boguemos, Boguemos', we have something that suggests very strongly the manner of the later English poet » ².

Unfortunately it must be admitted that both Byron and Espronceda can be puerile and unpoetic when the wings of inspiration droop. Both insert jarring figures in the midst of their verse.

1. *Obras*, 1900, pp. 147-8.

2. *The Nation* (New York), vol. LXXXVIII, No 2285 (April 15, 1909), p. 379.

This is perhaps the basis of much in the humor in *El Diablo Mundo* and *Don Juan*, but it does not add to their charm as pure poetry.

In the matter of form much may be said by way of contrast between the two men whom we are analyzing. In the first place we may note the long prefaces set before many of Byron's poems for the purpose of historical explanation or personal controversy. These are wholly absent from Espronceda; all of his poetical work was given to the public in an impersonal, and therefore more artistic fashion, if we except the brief note explaining the loss of the *Pelayo* manuscripts, and the other in which he half apologizes for the canto *A Teresa*. This brings us to the second formal difference between the two poets — the use of notes. How often does Byron descend from poetry to argument and personalities in his footnotes! The subjective Englishman must step in and tell his reader just how he feels about each point, or explain each allusion like a school-master: the Spaniard, truer artist, can let his allusions go unexplained and keep his opinions to himself. Turning the pages of the edition under my hand (Valladolid, 1900), I find only these notes which have the air of coming from the author's pen¹: first, the explanation of the reference to the « monument » which Toreno said he had erected in honor of his country; second, a page or two further on, some light on a hit at Villena; third, the disgraceful excuse offered for canto II of *El Diablo Mundo*; finally (unless one should include some slang words glossed), the statement made in canto V that the priest there pictured is not to be taken as a type. Four notes, and all in the six cantos of *El Diablo Mundo*! Coming as they do in Espronceda's last poetic period, I believe that they help to bind his *poema* even more closely to the author of *Don Juan*; but

1. To these should probably be added the notes on *Stambul* and on the loss of the *Pelayo* MSS., both of which read, in the first edition of the *Poesias*, as if written by the author.

their extreme scarcity proves that the Spaniard did not tax kindly to all the mannerisms of his model.

The insertion of songs in narrative poems like *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan* has but one unimportant parallel in Espronceda, I believe ¹. The use of them in the latter's historical novel and in his plays is quite another matter. Among formal minutiae is to be noted Byron's trick of using a French word, in the rhyme or not; e. g. :

But Juan was received with much « *empressment* » (XI, 42).

And if in fact she takes to a *grande passion* (XII, 77).

The reason's obvious : if there's an *éclat*,
They lose their caste at once, as do the *Parias* (XII, 78).

The party might consist of thirty-three
Of highest caste — the Brahmins of the *ton* (XIII, 83).

« Alas, poor ghost! » — What unexpected woes
Await those who have studied their *bons-mots* ! (XIII, 97).

Her Grace, too, passed for being an *intrigante*,
And somewhat *méchante* in her amorous sphere (XIV, 63).

A couple of cases from the *Diablo Mundo* will be sufficient to suggest the similarity :

Aunque ahora que un sastre es *esprit fort* (p. 183).

Débilmente contar *dévouement* tanto ! (p. 229).

No case has come to my notice of the use by Espronceda of a Greek word in the rhyme, as Byron does in *Don Juan*, II, 130 :

Because the good old man had so much « *σοφία* ».

We shall presently mention, under the head of classicism, the use of Latin words ; but a few cases of such in the rhyme may be inserted here :

1. In the unfinished *Canto del Cruzado* (*Obras Poéticas*, 1884, p. 251).

For Europe ploughs in Afric like « *bos piger* » (*Don Juan*, XII, 70);
and

I tell the tale as it is told, nor dare
To venture a solution : « *Davus sum!* » (XIII, 13).

These are given because Espronceda's lines, which run as follows, sound not unlike them :

Y á mí este juicio me parece esacto
y parézcales mal á los maridos,
que ellos han hecho con el mundo un pacto
y sus derechos son reconocidos ;
y si tienen muger, justo *ipso facto*
es que su condicion lleven sufridos,
que habla con su muger el que se casa
y yo con las paredes de mi casa ¹.

The Spaniard also used at least one proper name in rhyme, — his own ² — but I do not believe that the habit was as common with him as with Byron ³. Nor do I think that he indulged in « rhymes » like the following :

1. *Obras*, 1900, p. 230. M. Estève notes the Byronic use of foreign words by Musset, a poor rhymist.

2. Y... Pero, pluma, queda...
¿ A que vuelvo otra vez al Paraiso
cuando la suerte quiso
que no fuera yo Adam, sino Espronceda?

3. Cf., for instance, *Don Juan*, VII, 25 :

A habit rather blameable, which is
That of despising those we combat with,
Common in many cases, was in this
The cause of killing Tchitchitzkoff and Smith —
One of the valorous « Smiths » whom we shall miss
Out of those nineteen who late rhymed to « pith » ;
But 'tis a name so spread o'er « Sir » and « Madam »,
That one would think the first who bore it *Adam*.

But he, poor fellow, had a wife and children, —
Two things for dying people quite bewildering ¹.

A few cases of this sort of thing may have escaped my foreign ear in reading the *Poesías*; but I should find it hard to believe that it is nearly so common as in the author of *Don Juan*. Nor have I found in Espronceda the puns of which Byron was so fond; for instance:

I wonder (although Mars no doubt's a god I
Praise) if a man's name in a *bulletin*
May make up for a *bullet* in his body ².

When we come to digressions and interruptions, we are on absolutely sure ground; there can be no doubt of the Byronic influence here. Both poets digress, and both call attention to the fact. And here again it is chiefly the *Diablo Mundo* that shows the Englishman's influence. « I must own », says Byron,

If I have any fault, it is digression,
Leaving my people to proceed alone,
While I soliloquise beyond expression ³.

The Spaniard exclaims,

Mas juro, vive Dios, que estoy causado
ya de seguir á un pensamiento atado
y referir mi historia de seguida,
sin darme á mis queridas digresiones,
y sábias reflexiones
verter de cuando en cuando ⁴.

Here, then, is a candid admission in both camps — originating

1. *Don Juan*, II, 43.

2. *Ibid.*, VII, 21.

3. *Ibid.*, III, 96.

4. *Obras*, 1900, p. 323.

everyone sees where. After that it is almost unnecessary to pile up cases in evidence. But it will be wise, I suppose, not to take the whole matter for granted, and it may add interest if we are able to trace out the earlier manifestations of this habit. Even in *Childe Harold* we can catch Byron at this sort of thing. The first fifteen stanzas of canto II wander from the theme of the poem, including, among other things, the famous speculations on immortality. Stanzas 34 and 35 of the same canto contain some parenthetical matter for which the poet rebukes himself in the next stanza. As the poem continues, the habit grows; in canto IV, stanza 25, the author again chides himself, as follows:

But my Soul wanders; I demand it back
To meditate amongst decay, and stand
A ruin amidst ruins.

But the confession is not true repentance, for the canto is full of passages in which the poet's « soul wanders ». *Beppo* is the composition in which the true *Don Juan* mockery first shows itself, and it is here also that jocosely digressions are for the first time greatly in evidence. The following might almost have come from the great epic:

But to my tale of Laura, — for I find
Digression is a sin, that by degrees
Becomes exceeding tedious to my mind,
And, therefore, may the reader too displease. (Stanza 50.)

It takes Byron three full stanzas to get back to Laura; and when he does recover the thread of the story, he holds it but for six stanzas, for with the 59th he is off on a discussion of what « mixed company » is in England « during the dynasty of Dandies ». Then comes a discourse on Fortune and Napoleon's discomfiture, ending thus:

To turn, — and to return; — the Devil take it!
This story slips for ever through my fingers,

Because, just as the stanza likes to make it,
 It needs must be — and so it rather lingers ;
 This form of verse began, I can't well break it,
 But must keep time and tune like public singers ;
 But if I once get through my present measure,
 I'll take another when I'm next at leisure (Stanza 63).

The evidence of this habit in *Don Juan* is too plentiful to need presentation ¹; and it is this poem that we must hold chiefly responsible for the appearance of digressions in Espronceda, since it can be proved to have influenced him so greatly in other ways. An early case of digression in the Spaniard is to be found in the *Estudiante de Salamanca*, « parte cuarta ». We are told that Don Felix groaned, and then a dozen stanzas are employed to give parallels for the kind of groan it was ²; the spirit of the passage is, however, serious, and the digression is not of the wholly irrelevant sort that we find in *Don Juan*. This is not true of the cases that can be produced from *El Diablo Mundo*. Here we have a clear and unmistakable imitation of Byron, even to his mock humility for the weakness. He has told us, for instance, that the old man of his story has gone to sleep, and he continues :

Quedóse en su profundo sueño, y luego
 una vision... — ¡ Vision !... frunciendo el labio,
 oigo que clama, de despecho ciego,
 un crítico feroz. — Perdona ¡ o sábio !
 sábio sublime, espérate, te ruego,
 y yo te juro por mi honor, ¡ oh Fabio !...
 si no es Fabio tu nombre, en este instante
 á dártelo me obliga el consonante ³.

The mood of this stanza — Byronic also in its jocose discussion of the rhyme — continues for several more, the poet mean-

1. *E. g.*, I, 114, 116, 128, etc., etc.

2. *Obras*, 1900, p. 132-3.

3. *Ibid.*, 181.

time wandering from his excuses for writing in such haphazard fashion to all sorts of topics, discussing soul and matter, the choice of a profession, and the education of youth; and he also has his little jibe at this sapient philosophizing. It may be noted, however, that all this digression serves an artistic purpose in this passage by giving the illusion of duration to the old man's sleep, and keeping the reader occupied meantime; this can not be said of many of Byron's digressions, which seem rather to interrupt the narrative. Nearer the end of this same first canto, we find the Spanish poet wandering off to discourse on the illusory nature of life; then, bringing himself up with the regret that this is an old theme, he passes to a lament for life's monotony; next, after apologizing for his own repetitions, and telling us what kind of poem he will try to write, he takes the occasion to have his fling at Torenó, who had praised his own history a bit too highly, and then ends the canto with an important passage on the end of glory¹. Of pure *byronismo* it would be hard to select a better example. Canto III again begins in an essentially Byronic mood², with a passage that will be analyzed elsewhere; we mention it here simply for its digressions, which are many, and, as the poet confesses,

Mas largas cada vez, mas enojosas.

Presently the story is resumed and it holds its own for a few pages, but soon we find the poet wandering off again to talk of the study of the fine arts, and the harmful effect of a woman's analysis of the male form, the following stanza being a marvel for the crowding of interruptions into small space:

*¡ Ay infeliz de la que nace hermosa !
mas la verdad, (si la verdad se puede
en materia decir tan espinosa)
es (y perdon la pido si se escede*

1. *Obras*, 1900, 196 sq.

2. *Ibid.*, 213 sq.

mi pluma en lo demas tan respetuosa)
 (y esto ¡oh lector! entre nosotros quede),
 mas no lo he de decir, que es un secreto,
 y siempre me he preciado de discreto ¹.

After a short return to the hero, we are again listening to an irrelevant description of riots and governmental endeavors to keep order. This habit, then, characterizes *El Diablo Mundo* throughout. At the very end, in almost the last lines Espronceda wrote, we find in that blasphemously humorous picture of the old woman who mingled her curses and her prayers, — with the poet's commendation of the habit — the admission of dislike for logical and orderly narration with which we began our discussion of Espronceda's Byronic digressions ².

In approaching the question of subject-matter we may well turn our attention at the outset to Napoleon. In their attitude toward the greatest figure of their time — or rather of Byron's time — the two poets are conspicuously unlike, and the differences are worthy of some emphasis, in the midst of so many similarities and borrowings. Monsieur Estève declares that Byron was the first poet to turn his attention to the great exile of Saint Helena, but that the subject was soon taken up by the French, the imitation of Byron being obvious in some instances ³. Byron wrote several short poems with Napoleon for their central figure, and *Childe Harold*, as well as *The Age of Bronze*, contains references to him that are of considerable interest ⁴. Apparently he could not make up his mind about him. « It is

1. *Obras*, 1900, 230-1.

2. Other excellent examples of Byronic digression may be found in the rather unedifying verse of Espronceda's published in the *Revue Hispanique*, vol. XVII, pages 734-740.

3. *Op. cit.*, 161 sq.

4. *Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte*; *Napoleon's Farewell*; *From the French*; *Ode from the French*; *On Napoleon's Escape from Elba*; *Napoleon's Snuff-box*; *Childe Harold*, I, 52-3, and III, 36; and *The Age of Bronze*.

impossible not to be dazzled and overwhelmed by his character and career », wrote the poet to Moore in March, 1815¹; and there is evidence of constant hesitation in his verse whenever the subject is broached. In the early days of *Childe Harold* he laments the fact that Spain must bleed

To swell one bloated chief's unwholesome reign ;

but as time went on he hesitated between sympathetic admiration and reluctant disapproval. Medwin's testimony, too, is interesting : « I told him I never could reconcile the contradictory opinions he had expressed of Napoleon in his poems. 'How could it be otherwise ?' said he. 'Some of them were called translations and I spoke in the character of a Frenchman and a soldier. But Napoleon was his own antithesis (if I may say so). He was a glorious tyrant after all... I blame the manner of his death... He should have gone off the stage like a hero²' ». His odes were translated into Spanish and published in Paris in 1830³, not necessarily for the first time, as I suppose one must admit. Nine years before there appeared in France a Napoleonic poem called « *Le Dernier Jour du Captif*, par un ancien militaire. Imitation libre de lord Byron, publiée par M. de Lavillemeneuc » (assigned by the National Library of Paris to the year 1821). An undated pamphlet of eight pages in the Bibliothèque Nationale bears the following title : « *La Mort de Napoléon* ; Manuscrit récemment trouvé dans les papiers de Lord Byron, traduit de l'Anglais par C*** G*** (Paris, Jules Berrie, éditeur, Quai aux fleurs, 3) ». Nei-

1. Letter 531, in *Letters and Journals*, 1898, sq.

2. *Conversations of Lord Byron*, London, 1824, pp. 223-4.

3. *Odas á Napoleon*, por lord Byron, Traducción Castellana. Paris. Librería Americana, 1830, 60 pages, 12°. A copy is to be found in the National Library of Paris, N° « Yk. 2190 » ; another is in the British Museum, N° « 11646. cc. 9 ». An edition in 1829 is advertised, but I have not seen the book.

ther Spanish nor French translations, of course, are necessarily of any particular interest in connection with Espronceda, except in so far as they help to show that Byron's writings about Napoleon were valued on the Continent. I have not found in Espronceda a trace of imitation of Byron's pronouncements on this subject ¹. We have two sources of knowledge of the Spaniard's opinions of Napoleon — a rather prosaic and confused political discussion called *España y Portugal* ², and his poem *A la Traslacion de las cenizas de Napoleon* ³. The first treats Bonaparte as marking the boundary between feudal monarchy and popular freedom; he could not bring about popular liberty, but he taught men the weaknesses of kings, and left humanity to work out for itself the problems of peace and of international coöperation. His poem *A la Traslacion* is a lament over a shamefully commercial generation that has forgotten the greatness of the dead Captain, for, after all, he was a generous hero, and men should draw near and worship.

Leaving Napoleon for the general problem of subject-matter, it may not be uninteresting to note the fact that Espronceda never makes adultery the theme of his poems in the way Byron was fond of doing, though his life seems not to have been exemplary on this score, and though he once uses free love, which theme recurs in Byron. I have noted also the absence of Biblical themes from Espronceda's work; probably Byron's early Calvinistic training and his more speculative nature account for this difference in part; and possibly, too, theological discussions are

1. Unless one attach any importance to the similarity between the lines:

Centro es tu corazon de podredumbre,

cuando la voz en ti ya no retumba,

vieja Europa, del héroe ni el profeta (*A la Traslacion*, stan. 2),

and Napoleon's words in his *Farewell* (to France):

Decayed in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.

2. *Páginas Olvidadas* [1873], p. 74 sq.

3. *Obras*, 1900, p. 332.

more common in English life than in Spanish. Thirdly, Byron is different from Espronceda by reason of his delight in scenes from high life ; he lingers gladly among

The twice two thousand for whom Earth was made.

In the *Diablo Mundo* the countess is the only aristocrat, and she is little more than a lay figure. On the other hand, such low types as Adam, Salada, Lucas, and the inmates of the brothel, are in distinct contrast to the aristocratic personages of *Don Juan*. With Byron even the criminals (with such rare exceptions as the highwayman in *Don Juan*, XI) are Titanic and aristocratic ; vulgarity is altogether uncommon, if indeed it exist. Again, Byron's travels in the East and his wide reading give him a range of subjects that Espronceda never approaches. To be sure they both write of Greece (the Spaniard only once, I think) ; but how colorless is the *Despedida* beside the verse written by the man who had seen Hellas with a sympathetic eye ! The French romantics, who, after the triumph of Greece wrote often of a conventional Orient with Byron as their model, or who used Venice in imitation of the author of *Marino Faliero*, contrast interestingly with « the Spanish Byron ». So, too, Mohammedan subjects are absent from Espronceda (except the stock historical Moor of *Pelayo*), and Italian as well. And this greater wealth of subject certainly gives Byron a charm that his Spanish imitator lacks. More varied in his historical and national settings, Byron is superior also in the characters he created, as would be naturally the case with a poet who wrote so often in the narrative vein. Subjective as these creations may be, they are at least real and interesting. Espronceda has given us a novel character in Adam, a beautifully pathetic one in Elvira (if she be original), and tragic figures in Blanca de Borbón (whom he did not wholly create), Aben-Farax, and the Maga ; but it would be rash to assert that one could draw up a list to rival Werner,

Cain, Sardanapalus, Don Juan, and Manfred, to mention only the best known of Byron's protagonists.

The historical spirit which crops out so often in Byron's work is conspicuously absent from the verse of Espronceda; his novel, *Sancho Saldaña*, and the tragedy, *Blanca de Borbon*, — which, though historical, are un-Byronic in most respects — need not enter into the present discussion. The great Englishman was fond of history from his boyhood, storing his remarkable memory with many a fact and fable that served him in good stead in his productive days. *Childe Harold* is crammed with references to current event and deed of olden time. Spanish conflict with Moor, the battles of the Carthaginian, the literary history of Dante, Petrarch, and Tasso, stories of Sardanapalus and Faliero and the Foscari, — all served a literary purpose in a fruitful way. On the whole, Espronceda's poetry is either devoid of such interest, or the use of historical material is without especial significance. The comparison may be carried into the domain of letters and literary history; for, while the foreign critic may have missed now and then a literary reminiscence tucked away in Espronceda's verse, it would be bold indeed to credit him with the wide reading that makes Byron's poetry simply bubble over with reminiscences of Voltaire, Rousseau, La Rochefoucauld, and a host of obscure writers — not to mention the English and the Italian poets, whom there were especial reasons for him to know well, nor the classics, of whom we shall speak next.

Byron's familiarity with classical literature betrays itself in various ways. In the first place his wonderful memory was stored with a great quantity of Latin verse, which reappears at every moment in his poetry. This kind of thing one naturally associates with the training of the English school and university: and though, to be sure, the young poet was no model product of these institutions, he seems at least to have read and remembered. This classic bent shows itself, not only in frequent cita-

tions, but also in the many translations made from Greek and Latin — Catullus, Tibullus, Horace, Anacreon, *The Medea*. The following stanzas from the epic of laughter show how easily the great names of classical literature slipped off his pen :

Ovid's a rake, as half his verses show him,
 Anacreon's morals are a still worse sample,
 Catullus scarcely has a decent poem,
 I don't think Sappho's Ode a good example,
 Although Longinus tells us there is no hymn
 Where the Sublime soars forth on wings more ample ;
 But Virgil's songs are pure, except that horrid one
 Beginning with « *Formosum Pastor Corydon* ».

Lucretius' irreligion is too strong
 For early stomachs, to prove wholesome food.
 I can't help thinking Juvenal was wrong,
 Although no doubt his real intent was good,
 For speaking out so plainly in his song,
 So much indeed as to be downright rude ;
 And then what proper person can be partial
 To all those nauseous epigrams of Martial ?

And *Childe Harold* is a perfect storehouse of classic reminiscence. Familiarity with classical literature is not in evidence in Espronceda's verse. The nearest approach to a paraphrase or translation of a Latin author is the gross travesty of Virgil which has recently been published ². In general, classical antiquity did not influence his poetry. One little mannerism that the Harrow boy did give, as I believe, to Lista's pupil is the use of Latin phrases in a line of the vernacular ³ ; instances in Espronceda are *nihil novum sub sole*, *nihil admirari*, *terrible visu*, *ipso facto*, all in the *Diablo Mundo* ⁴, their presence in the *poema*

1. *Don Juan*, I, 42-3.

2. *Revue Hispanique*, vol. XVII, 734-9.

3. E. g., *bos piger* (*Don Juan*, XII, 70), and *Davus sum* (*ibid.*, XIII, 13).

4. *Obras*, 1900, pp. 197, 227, and 230.

being in itself an indication of their Byronic origin. Another more significant case of Latinity is the quotation from Horace which begins the third canto of *El Diablo Mundo*, introducing a passage in exactly the same spirit as another passage from Byron which likewise contains a quotation from the same Latin poet ; it runs as follows :

« ¡ Cuán fugaces los años
¡ ay ! se deslizan, Póstumo ! » gritaba
el lírico latino que sentía
como el tiempo cruel le envejecía.

The kind of Hellenism which occasionally crops out in Byron, whether it be in the lovely « Isles of Greece, where burning Sappho loved and sung », or at some other point, finds no counterpart in Espronceda, though the Spaniard did, as we know, write once on a Greek topic, which case I am inclined to attribute to Byronic influence. On the whole, as Valera says, the Spanish romantics objected to classicism, and here Espronceda was more of a romantic than a Byronist. There is another sense in which Byron is a « classicist », in theory at least, and we may be allowed to mention it in this connection, in spite of a slight irrelevancy in the introduction of the subject here. It may be remembered how, in a curious discussion of literary theories, he strives to prove Pope greater than Shakespeare, and to uphold the three dramatic unities ¹. As an interesting contrast — and nothing more — we have noted the following concrete statement of literary theory from Espronceda's *Sancho Saldaña*, his one historical novel. Speaking of the performances of some actors at a wedding, the novelist remarks : « Y los cuatro histriones empezaron despues á representar no una tragedia greco-francesa-clásica á lo Racine, no alguna hermosa creacion román-

1. See *Letters and Journals*, 1898 sq., V, 522 (Appendix III : « Controversy between Byron and Bowles as to the Poetry and Character of Pope »).

tica á lo Shakespeare ó á lo Calderón », *etc.* His preference for the romantic type might be inferred from this passage alone, even if we could not demonstrate it by his work and his other declarations of faith¹. As a matter of fact his *Amor Venga Sus Agravios* violates the unities both of time and of place; *Blanca de Borbon* changes the scene freely, and is not strictly loyal to the twenty-four-hour time-limit. Byron, in spite of his protestations, defies the time and place canons in *Werner*, and plays fast and loose with the unity of place in *Marino Faliero*.

Another interesting contrast is to be found in the attitude of the two men toward Nature. While Byron seems always to have retained his childhood's affection for the beautiful scenery of Scotland, yet he did not possess that loving devotion to Nature in all her forms that one associates with Shakespeare and Wordsworth. He seemed to prefer the wild and sublime — the sea, the sky, the mountains, the mysterious and superstition-breeding aspects of Nature². Quite in line with this preference are his creations of the dream-realm of Assyria in *Sardanapalus*, the primeval world in *Heaven and Earth*, and the Eden and the abyss of *Cain*³. Here, I believe, we are brought into contact with a great contrast between the Englishman and his Spanish disciple. Byron, the stronger personality, takes naturally to the sublime and powerful; Espronceda, more delicate and « poetic », sings Nature in her softer moods. For the serene, plaintive, Rousselian love of Nature, Byron substituted an affection that

1. For instance *El Pastor Clasiquino*, published in *El Artista*, vol. I, p. 251, and the sarcastic allusion to Aristotle in another article in the same periodical (*ibid.*, p. 204). Blanco García (*op. cit.*, I, 92) says that the *Pastor Clasiquino* greatly irritated the disciples and imitators of Meléndez, and that Estébanez Calderón wrote a weak reply to it.

2. Elze, *op. cit.*, 375-7.

3. Gerard, *op. cit.*, 188. Cf. also page 135 sq. for a discussion of the use of Nature in *The Two Foscari* (I, i) and in *Marino Faliero* (IV, i).

was tumultuous and grandiose. Generally speaking, his Nature is sympathetic, such passages as the beginning of the second canto of *Lara*¹ being rather exceptional : Vigny, on the other hand, felt more often the cruelty of Nature, —

On me dit une mère et je suis une tombe ;

he first looked on solitude as suffering, and only later saw the grandeur of the lonely lion². That Byron consciously admired Nature may be demonstrated by many a passage in such poems as *Childe Harold* ; for instance the following from canto II :

To sit on rocks — to muse o'er flood and fell —
 To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
 Where things that own not Man's dominion dwell,
 And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been ;
 To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
 With the wild flock that never needs a fold ;

-
1. Night wanes — the vapours round the mountains curled
 Melt into morn, and Light awakes the world,
 Man has another day to swell the past,
 And lead him near to little, but his last ;
 But mighty Nature bounds as from her birth,
 The Sun is in the heavens, and Life on earth ;
 Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,
 Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.
 Immortal Man ! behold her glories shine,
 And cry, exulting inly, « They are thine ! »
 Gaze on, while yet thy gladdened eye may see, —
 A morrow comes when they are not for thee :
 And grieve what may above thy senseless bier,
 No earth nor sky will yield a single tear ;
 Nor cloud shall gather more, nor leaf shall fall,
 Nor gale breathe forth one sigh for thee, for all ;
 But creeping things shall revel in their spoil,
 And fit thy clay to fertilise the soil.

2. See Estève, *op. cit.*, 25 sq., 400, 401. Cf. *Manfred*, III, i, 121-3.

Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean ;
 This is not Solitude — 'tis but to hold
 Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled.

(St. 25.)

This explicit praise of natural scenery and dispraise of human society is a note that we do not find in Espronceda ; his antisocial cry is directed rather against governments and judges than against man. The next canto of the *Pilgrimage* contains a beautiful set of stanzas on the mountains :

But these recede. Above me are the Alps,
 The Palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
 Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
 And throned Eternity in icy halls
 Of cold Sublimity, where forms and falls
 The Avalanche — the thunderbolt of snow !
 All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
 Gather around these summits, as to show

How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below (III, 62).

That is stanza 62 ; the 68th is again interesting for its contrast of Nature with Man :

Lake Lemán woos me with its crystal face,
 The mirror where the stars and mountains view
 The stillness of their aspect in each trace
 Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue :
 There is too much of Man here, to look through
 With a fit mind the might which I behold ¹.

1. Cf. also IV, 178 :

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep Sea, and Music in its roar :
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
 From these, our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the Universe and feel
 What I can ne'er express — yet cannot all conceal.

But the poet hastens to assure us that, though he dislikes human society, yet

To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind :
All are not fit with them to stir and toil.

He turns to Nature for solace, for he has the true romanticist's feeling of affinity with her :

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part,
Of me and of my Soul, as I of them ?

Nothing, I believe, in Espronceda's verse is to be compared with the powerful descriptions of natural scenery to be found in *Childe Harold*. The Spaniard paints the weird beautifully in the *Estudiante* and in the *Diablo Mundo*, and softer pictures of real nature he can draw exquisitely ; but no scenes of grandeur give his pages the swing that parts of the *Pilgrimage* possess. Noteworthy, too, is the variety of external effects Byron can reach ; he can take us to the stars with Lucifer ; to the dream-realm with Sardanapalus, to Heaven and back to Earth, to the palaces of Venice, and over half Europe with Don Juan ; and the natural background plays an emphatic part in his dramas ¹. His sunset descriptions merit particular attention, especially those in *Manfred* III, ii, and at the opening of *The Curse of Minerva*. Most of Espronceda's descriptions of Nature are, as we have said, of the softer kind ; the terrible and the weird he attempts in his supernatural scenes alone. Some of his dawn pictures are exquisitely delicate ; for instance this from the *Estudiante* :

Blanca nube de la aurora,
teñida de ópalo y grana,
naciente luz te colora,
refulgente precursora
de la cándida mañana ².

1. Gerard, *op. cit.*, 102, 158.

2. *Obras*, 1900, pp. 113-4.

The figure is here used to describe Elvira's virginal innocence. The next quotation is not figurative :

En tanto en nubes de carmin y grana
su luz el alba arrebolada envía,
y alegre regocija y engalana
las altas torres el naciente día :
sereno el cielo, calma la mañana,
blanda la brisa, trasparente y fría,
vierte á la tierra el sol con su hermosura
rayos de paz y celestial ventura ¹.

Omitting another description of this sort near the opening of canto II of *El Diablo Mundo*, we shall reproduce part of the beautiful picture with which canto IV begins :

Rizados copos de nevada espuma
forma el arroyo que jugando salta,
ricos paisés de vistosa pluma
en campos de aire el pajarillo esmalta :
álzase lejos nebulosa bruma,
de sombras rica, si de luces falta,
y el verde prado y el lejano monte
muro y término son del horizonte.

Allá en la enhiesta vaporosa cumbre
su manto en Oriente el alba tiende,
y blanca, y pura, y regalada lumbre
de su frente de nácares desprende :
cándida silfa á su fugaz vislumbre
el aire en torno sonrosado enciende,
y en su fuente la ondina voluptuosa
se mece al son del agua armoniosa.

Y tras la densa y fúnebre cortina,
del hondo mar sobre la rúbia espalda,
ráfagas dando de su luz diviua,
mécese el sol en lechos de esmeralda :

1. *Obras*, 1900. pp. 155.

la niebla á trozos quiebra y la ilumina
 del terso azul por la tendida falda,
 y de naranja, y oro, y fuego pinta
 sobre plata y zafir mágica cinta ¹.

The picture is completed in two more stanzas, after which the poet abruptly changes the topic by the jest at his own eloquence, already quoted. It is interesting to compare with such descriptions as this the opening lines of *Sardanapalus*, Act V; though a woman is speaking, yet I believe that we can feel the Byronic vigor even here, as contrasted with the rather tender spirit of the Spanish lines :

MYRRHA (*at a window*). The day at last has broken. What a night
 Hath ushered it ! How beautiful in heaven !
 Though varied with a transitory storm,
 More beautiful in that variety !
 How hideous upon earth ! where Peace and Hope,
 And Love and Revel, in an hour were trampled
 By human passions to a human chaos,
 Not yet resolved to separate elements —
 'Tis warring still ! And can the sun so rise,
 So bright, so rolling back the clouds into
 Vapours more lovely than the unclouded sky,
 With golden pinnacles, and snowy mountains,
 And billows purpler than the Ocean's, making
 In heaven a glorious mockery of the earth,
 So like we almost deem it permanent ;
 So fleeting, we can scarcely call it aught
 Beyond a vision, 'tis so transiently
 Scattered along the eternal vault ; and yet
 It dwells upon the soul, and soothes the soul,
 And blends itself into the soul, until
 Sunrise and sunset form the haunted epoch
 Of Sorrow and of Love.

Byron and Espronceda come nearer together in the pictures

1. *Obras*, 1900, pp. 244 sq.

both have drawn of lovers wandering along the shore at twilight, with the moon just appearing. In fact it seems that there has been some borrowing here; but, even if the case which we present in the next chapter be not proved, the similarity is at least striking and interesting. For night scenes I believe that the Spaniard is far superior to Lord Byron. Nocturnal mystery and terror are the themes of the opening lines of the *Estudiante* :

Era mas de media noche,
antiguas historias cuentan,
cuando en sueño y en silencio
lóbrego envuelta la tierra
los vivos muertos parecen,
los muertos la tumba dejan.
Era la hora en que acaso
temerosas voces suenan
informes, en que se escuchan
tácitas pisadas huecas,
y pavorosas fantasmas
entre las densas tinieblas
vagan, y ahullan los perros
amedrentados al verlas :
en que tal vez la campana
de alguna arruinada iglesia
da misteriosos sonidos
de maldicion y anatema.
que los sábados convoca
á las brujas á su fiesta.
El cielo estaba sombrío,
no vislumbraba una estrella,
silvaba lúgubre el viento,
y allá en el aire, cual negras
fantasmas, se dibujaban
las torres de las iglesias,
y del gótico castillo
las altísimas almenas,
donde canta ó reza acaso
temeroso el centinela 1.

1. *Obras*, 1900, pp. 106-7.

The serenity and charm of the night are felt in such passages as the first stanzas of « parte segunda » of the *Estudiante*¹ :

Está la noche serena,
de luceros coronada,
terso el azul de los cielos
como trasparente gasa.

The same spirit permeates a beautiful lyric that was recently printed in this review, some of the first stanzas of which run as follows :

Salve, tranquila, plateada luna
Que de la noche la grandeza ensalzas,
Tus rayos ora derramando, alegras
Mares y tierra.

Triste te admira desdichado amante,
Entre las ramas escuchando ahora
Dulce jugando con sonantes alas
Céfiro flebil.

Tu me recuerdas, amorosa luna,
La dulce noche que en mis tiernos brazos
Cayó mi bien enagenada, dando
Lánguidos besos².

This element in Espronceda's genius — the evocation of nocturnal serenity — is, to my mind, essentially foreign to the typical Byronic mood.

By no means most definite among the problems to be discussed under literary content is the question of subjectivity and objectivity. Lady Byron wrote as follows concerning her husband to Lady Anne Barnard : « In regard to his poetry, egotism

1. Evidently there is an intentional contrast between these night scenes in the opening passages of parts one and two.

2. *Revue Hispanique*, vol. XVII, page 722.

is the vital principle of his imagination, which it is difficult for him to kindle on any subject with which his own character and interests are not identified; but by the introduction of fictitious incidents, by change of scene or time, he has enveloped his poetical disclosures in a system impenetrable except to a very few, and his constant desire of creating a sensation makes him not averse to be the object of wonder and curiosity, even though accompanied by some dark and vague suspicions». Of this judgment the biographer Elze remarks that «the essence of Byron's character and poetry could not be more strikingly expressed. He tells no story which does not introduce himself and his own thoughts; never utters a reflection not drawn from experience»¹. Byron, says another critic, approached his subjects at a point of personal sympathy; some experience or emotion must kindle his own genius; he steps into his characters and is led by the personal impulse to identify himself with each in turn. This is his weakness². This view is borne out from the very start by the reminiscent nature of Byron's poems, many of them equipped with notes that add the author's opinions and feelings about this or that. In this distinctly subjective vein are *Childish Recollections*, *Lines* (to Rev. J. T. Becher), and the many specifically dedicated poems that he wrote in his earliest period. Such, of course, is *Childe Harold*, in spite of the poet's denials. And so we might continue through the better known creations, such as *Lara*, *Mansfred*, *Sardanapalus*, *Don Juan*, only to find the poet's heart beating under the garb of each personage in turn.³ In *Beppo* and in *Don Juan*, he delights to tell us of his tastes, humors, habits, and whims; of the fine eyes he admires, and of Giorgione's

1. *Op. cit.*, pp. 197 and 427.

2. Gerard, *op. cit.*, pp. 147 and 170.

3. It should not be assumed, of course, that Byron was *never* objective. His treatment of Dante and of Tasso, and the Christian girl's plea in *The Bride of Abydos* are cases for the negative.

women, and Rhine wine. Musset, as M. Estève notes, imitates this trait in *Mardoche* and in *Namouna*; he tells of his love for black eyes, fair hair, a woman, and a supper; like Byron, too, he discourses on marriage, religion, and literature¹. We have already instituted a comparison between Byron and Espronceda in the matter of the formal difference caused by the presence of prefaces and notes in the former's work; but the extremely personal nature of these extraneous elements is as important as their mere quantity. Note, for instance, the brazen fashion in which Byron thus defends the turn of a phrase in *The Bride of Abydos* (line 826): « I must here shelter myself with the Psalmist — is it not David that makes the 'Earth reel to and fro like a Drunkard' ? If the Globe can be thus lively on seeing its Creator, a liberated captive can hardly feel less on a first view of his work ». And that is only a sample. Then, too, many cases of autobiographical lines in his verse could be quoted; we select two:

Of many creditors the worst a Jew it is,
 And *that's* their mode of furnishing supply :
 In my young days they lent me cash that way,
 Which I found very troublesome to pay. (*Don Juan*, II, 65.)

He could, perhaps, have passed the Hellespont,
 As once (a feat on which ourselves we prided)
 Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and I did. (*Ibid.* 105.)

Like Byron, Espronceda travelled; has he left us a *Childe Harold*? So far as I can remember, the only traces of his foreign experiences left in his verse are the short laments he wrote, while in exile, over the misfortunes of the land to which he longed to return. Definite description of his travels is limited to a dull prose fragment on the trip to Portugal. One would have thought that the very example of Lord Byron would have suggest-

1. Estève, *op. cit.*, 416.

ed to him a narrative poem similar to *Childe Harold*; and I believe that the absence of any such is an indication that he did not take instinctively to putting his own experiences into his poetry, and, besides, a possible proof of his desire not to imitate his master slavishly. In the main, then, Espronceda should be considered an objective poet. His little lyrics vary in tone and never seem to be the mere parading of the poet's own opinions. His Felix, in the *Estudiante*, is by no means identified with the author, as is Byron's *Don Juan*; rather is he treated objectively and condemned. So, in his little-known plays, the personality of the author is never thrust in upon the reader as is Byron's in his dramas. Still, the subjective mood is not, of course, wholly absent from Espronceda. Escosura remarks of three little compositions first published in his edition (that of 1884), that the poet « se consagra á sí mismo, escudriña los más recónditos senos de su alma, y lanza gritos de dolor profundo ¹ »; and whether we agree with this judgment or not, it will be hard to deny that the subjective mood begins early in the *Diablo Mundo*. In canto I of the latter, for instance, the poet tells us about leaving his studies at fifteen years, and canto II is nothing but a personal lament thrust into a world poem. Furthermore, it is quite justifiable, I think, to believe that the musings about the nature of God, found from beginning to end of this *poema*, are really nothing more than the poet's own opinions. The lines which we have already quoted as indicative of a Byronic spirit of self-mockery might be adduced as proof of subjectivity as well, and it is but fair that what evidence there is on this side of the question be honestly faced. But the scarcity of such passages makes them conspicuous: in the *Diablo Mundo*, as in the *Estudiante*, the strongest and most beautiful parts are those in which the poet forgets himself, and bursts into the truly lyric ² strain.

1. Page 55 of his introduction to the *Obras Poéticas y Escritos en Prosa* (1884).

2. I trust that I may be allowed this free interpretation of the word «lyric».

III

CONCRETE BORROWINGS.

« Byron, me direz-vous, m'a servi de modèle. »
Vous ne savez donc pas qu'il imitait Pulci ?

Lisez les Italiens, vous verrez s'il les vole.
Rien n'appartient à rien, tout appartient à tous.
Il faut être ignorant comme un maître d'école
Pour se flatter de dire une seule parole
Que personne ici-bas n'ait pu dire avant vous.
C'est imiter quelqu'un que de planter des choux.

MUSSET.

Conditions of the problem. — The question of *Pelayo* and *Sardanapalus*. — Other minor or doubtful cases: the possible use of *Cain*, *The Vampyre* and *The Siege of Corinth*. — *A una Estrella* certainly from *Sun of the Sleepless*, and the *Cancion del Pirata* from *The Corsair*. — Sources of *Jarifa*. — Use of *Don Juan* in *El Estudiante de Salamanca*; *Haidée* and *Elvira*. A *Fragmento*. — *El Diablo Mundo* and *Don Juan*: (1) General: — word in rhyme; mention of Aristotle; discussion of putative sources and nature of poems; apostrophe to reader; valedictory at end of cantos. (2) Concrete parallelisms: — on disillusionment (Horace quoted, jest at metaphysics, folly of ambition, sadness of human lot); on sweets of life; love is woman's all; lovers by the sea; *varia*. — The canto *A Teresa* and the *Poems of the Separation*. — Espronceda's novel and plays. — Did he know Byron's poems in the original English?

Concrete parallelisms between two poets, in idea or in wording, point to borrowing with varying degrees of plausibility. Some superficial similarities must be classed as possibly independent, arising from mere accident or from the common influence of temperament or *Zeitgeist*. Sure relationship may be asserted for a few of the rest; but in the case of many others there will be ample excuse for the critic to demur, however plausible the apparent connection. Similarities that would carry little weight in themselves may fairly be used, I believe, as cumulative evidence, adding to the interest of other and stronger testimony.

The external reasons for Byronic influence in Espronceda's poetry need not be repeated here; our present task is to examine concrete instances of that influence. The biographer, Señor Antonio Cortón, has summed up the discovered imitations of Byron by Espronceda in the following rather contemptuous language:

Y sin embargo, casi toda la crítica honda consagrada á Espronceda se reduce á afirmar —sin demostrarlo, por supuesto— que imitó á Byron. Si Espronceda hubiese confesado estas imitaciones, como hizo con respecto á Ossian en *Oscar y Malvina* ¿ en qué hubiesen entonces empleado su intelecto los críticos?

Estas imitaciones son muy vagas: además, son muy pocas. D. Juan Valera, que es el único que cita los textos imitados, ve entre algunos trozos de lord Byron y otros de Espronceda estas semejanzas; entre la canción de *Childe Harold* á Inés, y la canción *Á Jarifa*: entre el primer párrafo del canto primero de *El Corsario*, y la célebre *Canción del Pirata*; entre la carta de Julia á D. Juan y la de Elvira á D. Félix en *El Estudiante de Salamanca*; y entre las digresiones y genialidades del poema *Don Juan* y las de *El Diablo Mundo*. Con respecto á esto último, basta haber leído el *Tristram Shandy*, de Sterne, para comprender que no fué á Byron, sino al humorista inglés á quien el autor de *El Diablo Mundo* imitó en las festivas digresiones que abundan tanto en su poema. Donde está el espíritu de Byron, más que en ninguna obra de Espronceda, es en Sancho Saldaña, de la novela de este título. Sancho, en efecto, es un personaje lírico de la misma casta y catadura que la mayor parte de los héroes del Olimpo « byrónico. »¹

Much of this summary is correct, as we shall presently show in detail; in fact it is as good a statement of the case as one should expect in a semi-popular biography. But it is, of course, incomplete; Señor Cortón has not examined the evidence in detail, nor had anyone else before him. This lack it is our duty to supply, and we hope to add the proofs that the biographer demands. But we must first protest against a few of the points made by him. In the first place, Espronceda did not always acknowledge his debt to Ossian; I have established elsewhere² the

1. *Espronceda*, por Antonio Cortón, Madrid (1906), pp. 115-6.

2. *Modern Language Notes*, vol. XXIII, No 1.

fact that the hymn to the sun is but a versified amplification — a magnificent one, to be sure — of a passage from Macpherson's bard. Secondly, I do not believe that there is any basis for the assertion that Sterne, and not Byron, is the model for the digressions to be found in Espronceda; this has been demonstrated in the last chapter, and would be antecedently improbable, in any case, on account of the numerous other Byronic imitations in the *Diablo Mundo*. That *Sancho Saldaña* is the most Byronic product of Espronceda's pen I stoutly deny. Walter Scott is the father of that novel, however much the hero may resemble Byron's gloomy types.

Superficial similarities, as we have said, should not always be taken as borrowings. For instance, consider these lines from the *Soliloquy of a Bard in the Country* and from *El Diablo Mundo*, which one might perhaps be tempted to believe related :

And Critics rise in every country Squire —
But yet this last my candid Muse admits,
When Peers are Poets, Squires may well be Wits.

Aunque ahora que un sastre es *esprit fort*
No hay ya vision que nos inspire horror.

But one's enthusiasm would suddenly be cooled by the discovery that the *Soliloquy* was not published until 1898, fifty-six years after Espronceda's death. With such dangers in mind as warnings against hasty conclusions, we shall now examine in detail — with no idea that all possible borrowings have been discovered — the passages in the work of the two poets that seem to be related.

It will be remembered that Espronceda's earliest verse of importance was the epic *Pelayo*, of which but a few fragments have been preserved. *A priori* reasoning and an examination of the facts lead us to expect and find little evidence of Byronic influence in these youthful efforts; and yet the similarities between these

fragments and the tragedy *Sardanapalus* are so frequent that (though no one of them be conclusive in itself) a full statement of the case is desirable. First, however, I wish to call attention to a Biblical reminiscence in *Pelayo* which may throw some light on the discussion. The last stanza of the first fragment runs as follows :

Tal otro tiempo en la soberbia cena
 donde mofaba de Jehová el impio,
 ya la medida al sufrimiento llena,
 rebosó de ira caudaloso rio ;
 y el Rey Asirio con amarga pena
 vió en el muro de marmol con sombrío
 fuego animarse escrito sobre humano,
 trazado alli por invisible mano.

Now Belshazzar was not an « Assyrian king ¹ », but Sardanapalus was. Besides, there is nothing in *The Book of Daniel* about fire on the wall, and the hand was not « invisible » ². But if we turn to a short poem by Byron called *To Belshazzar*, we find these words :

Behold! while yet before thee burn
 The graven words, the glowing wall.

The first objection to connecting these lines with the Spanish quoted above is that Byron does not explicitly state that the words were written in literal fire; but he comes near enough to this to allow anyone, especially a foreigner, so to construe him. Secondly, it may be urged that Byron's poem was not published until 1831, and that *Pelayo* is the work of Espronceda's youth : I reply that *Pelayo* was not *published* until 1840, and we have Piñeyro's authority ³ for the statement that, in its present form,

1. *Daniel*, V, 30, « Baltassar rex Chaldaeus ».

2. *Ibid.*, V, 5 : « In eadem hora apparuerunt digiti, quasi manus hominis scribentis contra candelabrum in superficie parietis aulae regiae ; et rex aspicebat articulos manus scribentis. »

3. *El Romanticismo*, etc., p. 144.

it is not just as it was written by the poet of eighteen, but as corrected for the first edition of his collected poems. It would have been perfectly natural for a confused reminiscence of the Bible, mixed with Byron's *To Belshazzar* and with his *Sardanapalus* (the catastrophe being easily confounded with Belshazzar's, especially on account of the impiety of both and the conflict with rival warriors), — it would have been quite easy for such a compound recollection to suggest the addition of this stanza to the epic, — a stanza which, be it noted, is complete in itself, and not in close organic connection with the rest of the narrative. On this theory, moreover, the idea that Espronceda's youthful poetry is un-Byronic is not violated. And even Blanco García, who insists that *Pelayo* precedes Espronceda's pessimistic Byronic period, and is the first vigorous cry of a new-born muse, admits that some fragments (*La Batalla del Guadalete*, *El Consejo*, *La Procesion*, *Cuadro del Hambre*) « predict the tempestuous poet of sad amours and social miseries ¹ ». This admission, coupled with the possibility that any amount of the epic may have been inserted after the Spanish poet's sojourn in England, is enough seriously to weaken the assumption that the « early » poetry is predominately un-Byronic, even if we grant that Espronceda did not begin to imitate his master in his school days. With these facts in mind we turn to a comparison of *Sardanapalus* ² and *Pelayo*. Certain general features common to the two suggest themselves : both picture luxury-loving kings, given to women and banqueting, who are forced to fight for all they possess — though *Sardanapalus* appears to much better advantage in battle

1. *Op. cit.*, I, 157.

2. *Sardanapalus* was first published Dec., 1821. In Espronceda's novel, *Sancho Saldaña* (V, 112-3), the episode of the writing on the wall is mentioned, but in such a way as to have little bearing on our discussion. A disguised Jew, urging Elvira to murder king Sancho, says « Baltasar está en el festín, y Dios ha decretado su ruina : las fatidicas palabras están ya trazadas sobre el muro ».

than does Rodrigo; both kings are under divine wrath, and their impending doom is suggested throughout; both have miraculous dreams and are warned by thunder; both are victims of treachery and are summoned to virtue by sterner heroes; armor is conspicuous in both poems; in both cases respite and apparent victory are followed by complete collapse. But I am far from maintaining, in spite of these facts, that the epic and the tragedy are essentially alike in spirit: I feel the reverse to be true. Moreover, allowance should be made for the traditional figure of Rodrigo.

In the detailed discussion of the problem, I propose first to list parallel passages, following the order of *Pelayo*. In the very first *fragmento* we get a picture of amorous music in the luxurious palace¹:

Contemplo el brillo del *palacio*^a augusto.
 Al blando son^d de la armoniosa *lira*^b
 oigo la voz^e de alegres trovadores,
el aura siento que fragancia espira^c,
 y al eco escucho murmurando amores. (Page 8.)

Here is a similar picture from *Sardanapalus*:

(*A Hall in the Palace*^a.)
 Hark! the lute —
 The *lyre*^b — the timbrel; the lascivious tinklings^d
 Of lulling instruments, the softening voices^e
 Of women...

1. As it has seemed wise to call particular attention to the parallelisms which I believe to exist in the passages to be quoted in this chapter, I have allowed myself to bring them to the reader's notice by means of pairs of « superior » letters. In addition to this, the words involved in the parallelisms are printed in italics. Some cases of doubtful value have been indicated by the letters, but italics have not been used. In some of the longer quotations, the letters have been used both at the beginning and the end, but I have not sought to be theoretically consistent in this matter, suiting my method to what seemed to be the demands of clearness in each case.

.....Already I perceive
The reeking odours of the perfumed trains^c 1. (I, i, 28 sq.)

A few lines further on in *Pelayo* we get a drinking scene :

Alli entregado á espléndidos festines^a,
 Rodrigo alegre y descuidado liba
copas de nectar^b de fragancia pura,
 al *deleite*^c brindando^b y la *hermosura*^d.

Compare the opening of Act III in *Sardanapalus* :

(SARDANAPALUS and his Guests at Table)^a.

SARD. *Fill full*^b! Why this is as it should be; here
 Is my true realm amidst *bright eyes*^d and faces
Happy^c as *fair*^d! Here sorrow cannot reach.
 ZAM. Nor elsewhere — where the King is, *pleasure*^c sparkles.

 ALT.Sardanapalus...
 Has placed his joy in peace — the sole true glory.
 SARD. And *pleasure*^c, good Altada...

But a storm is brewing :

En tanto *encubre pavorosa nube*
el cielo^a en antes transparente y terso,
 y relumbra la espada del querube^b,
ministro del Señor del universo^c;
 que ya la voz de la inocencia sube,
 que en llanto el gozo trocará al perverso ;
 y á la luz del relámpago^b se muestra,
 del rayo armada la divina diestra ^c. (Page 9.)

1. This luxurious effeminacy is thus expressed elsewhere :

El Rey en tanto
 derrama entre sus hembras debil llanto

Compare *Sardanapalus*, II, i, 48 :

The she-king
 That less than woman, is even now upon
 The waters with his female mates.

So further :

Envuelto en noche tenebrosa el mundo,
 las densas *nubes*^d agitando, ondean
 con sus alas los genios del profundo,
 que con cárdeno sulco centellean^b ;
 y al ronco trueno, al eco tremebundo
 de los opuestos vientos que pelean,
se oye la voz de la celeste saña^c ;
 « ¡ Ay Rodrigo infeliz ! ¡ Ay triste España ! »

The parallel passage is as follows :

MYRRHA. King ! *the sky*
Is overcast^a, and musters muttering thunder^c,
 In *clouds*^d that seem approaching fast, and show
 In forked flashes^b a commanding tempest.
 Will you then quit the palace ?

SARD. . . . Say, Myrrha,
 Art thou of those who dread the roar of clouds ?

MYR. In my own country *we respect their voices*
As auguries of Jove^c. (II, i, 537 sq.).

It may be urged that clouds, thunder and lightning are rather natural companions of a storm, and that the idea of divine warning is a commonplace. I do not deny this : the passages by themselves prove little. But the interruption of the revelling by the tempest is more significant. In both cases the first warning is scorned :

Súbito un trueno retumbar se siente^a :
 « ¡ Himnos, vivas al Rey !^b la danza siga,
 y nuestra *dicha*^f y *júbilo*^e acreciente
 el g mútuo amor que nuestras almas liga g. »
 Tal grita *aquella juventud demente*^c,
 y al Rey ensalza^b que Jehová castiga^d :
 « Himnos, vivas al Rey. » *Súbito un rayo*^a
 heló^h sus pechos con mortal desmayoⁱ.

1. This stanza comes between the last two just quoted from *Pelayo*.
 REVUE HISPANIQUE. XX.

Compare *Sardanapalus*, III, i, 29 sq. :

(ZAMES and the Guests kneel and exclaim)

Mightier than

His father Baal, the God Sardanapalus^b!

(IT THUNDERS^a as they kneel; some^b start up in confusion.)

ZAM. Why do you rise, my friends? In that strong peal
His father gods consented.

MYR. Menaced, rather^d.
King, wilt thou bear *this mad impiety?*^c

SARD. Impiety! — nay, if the sires who reigned
Before me can be Gods, I'll not disgrace
Their lineage. But arise, my pious friends;
Hoard your devotion for the Thunderer there :
I seek but to be loved, not worshipped.

The joyous tones of lines 2-4 quoted above in the Spanish remind one of the following (some of which has been already cited) from *Sardanapalus* :

Here^g

Is my true realm, amidst bright eyes and faces
Happy as fair! Here sorrow cannot reach.

ZAM. Nor elsewhere — where the king is, pleasure sparkles^g.
(III, i, 1 sq.)

.....
All hearts are *happy*^f, and all voices *blest*^b
The King of peace — who holds the world in *jubilee*^e.
(Lines 17-18).

.....
SARD. Hoard your devotion for the Thunderer there :
I^g seek but to be loved, not worshipped^g. (Lines 35-36.)

Rodrigo's banquet is broken up by the storm. The Assyrian's continues for a short time in spite of the interruption; but a bloody and disordered messenger soon comes in and announces the beginning of the rebellion that is to ruin Sardanapalus. In comparing these passages attention is called to the general tone as well as to verbal agreements.

Dreams, like storms and revelling, may have conventional features, and yet when two kings have dreams that presage ill, seem to see a weird figure from which they can not escape, and awake in the terrible belief that the vision was a reality, some suspicion of influence is justified. Of Roderick's awakening the poet says :

En medio á su delirio y agonía
trémulo y fatigoso se despierta ;
un helado sudor su cuerpo enfria. (P. 12.)

Compare Myrrha to Sardanapalus, as he wakes :

Alas ! thou art pale, and on thy brow the drops
Gather like night dew. (IV, i. 38.)

Espronceda has a line on the contagion of royal vice

Que los vicios de un Rey vician su gente ;

like it is the stern rebuke administered by Salemenes to his brother-in-law, the sinful Sardanapalus :

The false and fond examples of thy lusts
Corrupt no less than they oppress, and sap
In the same moment all thy pageant power
And those who should sustain it. (I, ii, 74.)

For a time neither divine admonition nor the invading enemy can arouse the Spanish king,

Que en infame placer yace embriagado —

a state that is closely paralleled by Sardanapalus, who is

Steeped, but not drowned, in deep voluptuousness. (I, i, 13.)

But Roderick must awake and fight the rude Moor :

Al *deleite*^a se arranca, el hierro viste,
cálase el yelmo^b, el tresdoblado escudo
con fatiga tal vez debil resiste^c,
de esfuerzo el corazon y ardor desnudo.

The Assyrian's experience is similar ; Pania, who has interrupted the *joyous banquet*^a, his sword and garments bloody, thus addresses him :

Prince Salemenes doth implore the King
To arm himself, though but for a moment.

.....
SARD. What, ho !

My armour there.

MYR. And wilt thou ?

SARD. Will I not ?

Ho, there ! — but seek not for the buckler ^c : 'tis

Too heavy : — a light cuirass and my sword. (III, i, 94 sq.)

Sfero enters with the arms and cries :

King ! your armour.

SARD. (*arming himself*). Give me the cuirass — so : my baldric ; now

My sword : I had forgot the helm^b — where is it ?

That's well — no, 'tis too heavy : you mistake, too —

It was not this I meant, but that which bears

A diadem around it. (Lines 126-130.)

.....
(*Looking at himself*). This cuirass fits me well, the baldric better,
And the helm not at all. Methinks I seem

(*Flings away the helmet after trying it again*)

Passing well in these toys. (Lines 163-5.)

The theme of a voluptuous court with its music and its women is again used by the Spanish poet in his *Descripcion de un Serrallo* (« fragmento quinto », page 29), this time in picturing the *moro rey*. The passage is not of great interest ; we note, however :

*de silfas mil tropa lasciva,
con diademas de oro y de esmeralda^a
saltando en danzas ágiles, festiva
gira y se enlaza entre gentil guirmalda.* (P. 30.)

With this we may compare :

And see the *bright gems of the glittering girls*^a,
At once his *Chorus*^b and his Council, flash
Along the gallery. (I, i, 39.)

And this again is like a previous line or two :

Alli cercado del *amable corob*
que el de las Houris célicas no iguala.

So much for verbal parallels. As I have said, the spirit of the two compositions differs distinctly in many particulars. Moreover, one might wish that the similarities between them were of a more specific and striking nature. Given two luxurious monarchs brought face to face with war (certainly independent factors), similar situations are bound to arise; and perfumery, music, and dancing girls are as natural as air to such courts. All this is admitted : the case rests on a rather large amount of cumulative evidence, and even then is not more than probable.

As I am inclined to believe that Espronceda used *Sardanapalus* for another important episode in a later and much more important work, I wish to insert the parallels at this point. In the fourth act of Byron's tragedy, the king sleeps and sees a fearful vision, which he describes thus to Myrrha :

A^a grey-haired, withered, bloody-eyed,
And bloody-handed, ghastly, ghostly thing,
Female in garb, and crowned upon the brow,
Furrowed with years, yet sneering with the passion^a
Of vengeance, leering too with that of lust.
..... Upon.
Her right hand — her lank, bird-like, right hand^b — stood
A goblet, bubbling o'er with blood.

.....
Aye, Myrrha, but the woman,
The female who remained, *she flew upon me,*
And burnt my lips up with her noisome kisses^c.

.....
Still she clung^d;
The other phantoms, like a row of statues,
Stood dull as in our temples, but she still
Embraced me^d, while I shrunk from her^e.
.....

Then — then — a chaos of all loathsome things
 Thronged thick and shapeless ¹. I was dead, yet feeling —
 Buried and raised again ². (IV, i, 104 sq.)

When Don Felix de Montemar, the « estudiante de Salamanca », is carried off to the spirit-world by the shade of a girl whom he has wronged, the poet's description is strikingly like the above in many details :

Y entonces la vision del blanco velo
 al fiero Montemar tendió una mano,
 y era su tacto de crispante hielo,
 y resistirlo audaz intentó en vano

.....

Y^a era

¡ desengaño fatal ! ¡ triste verdad !
 una sórdida, horrible calavera
 la blanca dama del gallardo andar^a !

.....

El cariado, lívido esqueleto
los frios, largos y asquerosos brazos^b
le^c enreda en tanto en apretados lazos
y ávido le acaricia en su ansiedad :
y con su boca cavernosa busca
la boca á Montemar^e, y á su mejilla,
 la árida, descarnada y amarilla,
 junta y refriega repugnante faz.

Y^d *él envuelto en sus secas coyunturas,*
aun mas sus nudos que se aprietan siente^d :

.....

pugna con ansia á desasirse en vano^e,
 y cuanto mas airado *forcegea^e,*
tanto mas se le junta y le desea^d
 el rudo espectro que le inspira horror.

.....

1. These lines have no verbal parallel in *El Estudiante*, but they are altogether true to the spirit of the episode.

2. The sensation of Felix is the same.

*Entre^d los brazos líbricos
que aprémianle sujeto,
del hórrido esqueleto
entre caricias mil^d.*

(P. 150 sq.)

If this latter case helps to make it probable that *Sardanapalus* was known to and used by the Spanish poet, even more interest attaches to the *Pelayo* question, to which we now revert for a summary of the evidence. Account must now be taken of the traditional figure of Rodrigo in Spanish history and literature. First, then, let us consider the features common to *Sardanapalus*, *Pelayo*, and Spanish tradition (*see table*): these prove nothing, but they might have led Espronceda to connect Sardanapalus and Rodrigo. More important are the elements common to *Sardanapalus* and *Pelayo* which do *not* appear in Spanish tradition: most of these have been suggested in the verbal parallels previously given. The question hinges, I think, on the possibility of finding in Spanish tradition the origin of the interrupted banquet, which I take to be the most important of the parallels discussed. The essential features of this episode, it will be remembered, are the riotous and blasphemous banquet and the interrupting thunder — with the inexact allusion to Belshazzar as an interesting bit of additional evidence. My efforts to find these factors in the former renditions of the Rodrigo story have taken me into history, literature, and criticism¹; but nowhere do they

1. The following have been examined: (A) CRITICAL WORKS: (1) *El Último Godo* (pp. xxv sq.) by M. Menéndez y Pelayo (in *Obras de Lope de Vega* publicadas por la real Academia Española. Tomo VII. Madrid, 1897. « Observaciones preliminares », III); this study quotes widely from all kinds of sources. (2) *Antología de Poetas Líricos Castellanos*, by the same, vol. XI (Madrid 1903). (3) Juan Menéndez Pidal, *Leyendas del Último Rey Godo: Notus e Investigaciones*, Madrid, 1906.

(B) HISTORIES: (1) Pedro del Corral, *Crónica del rey D. Rodrigo*. (2) Marineo Siculo, *Cosas memorables de España* (1539). (3) *Crónica General*. (4) Miguel de Luna, *La verdadera historia del rey Don Rodrigo*, etc., (Çaragoça, 1603).

BIBLE (<i>Daniel</i> , V).	BYRON	PELAYO	SPAN. LIT. and HIST.
	1. <i>Belsazzar</i> « Burn the gra- ven words, the glowing wall »	« Vió... fuego ani- marse »	
Rex aspiciēbat ar- ticulos manus		« Mano invisible »	
Superficie parietes		« Muro de mar- mol »	
Rex Chaldæus	2. <i>Sardanapalus</i> Assyrian king	« Rey asirio »	
	POINTS IN COMMON IN <i>Sardanapalus</i> and <i>Pelayo</i> .		
	Treachery. Summons to virtue by stern patriot. Drinking scene; toasts to pleasure and beauty. King tears himself from pleasure and fights. Resists buckler because too heavy.		
	Blasphemous revelry interrupted by thunderstorm. (Sard.'s banquet continues until re- bellion announ- ced.)	(Rodrigo's broken up by storm.)	MONTENGO Celebration of Ro- drigo's coronation turned to horror by comet, earthquake and flood : these depart and confi- dence is restored.
	POINTS IN COMMON WHICH MIGHT HAVE MADE ESPRONCEDA CONNECT SARDANAPALUS AND RODRIGO. Kings fond of wine and women. Both under divine wrath. Forced to fight for their all. Miraculous dreams. Apparent victory, then complete collapse.		

appear with satisfactory definiteness. All the chronicles seem to lack the spirit of impiety and the oriental luxury that Espronceda attributes to Rodrigo. This king usually appears as a brave if sensual man; but his going into battle with the crown on his head is frequently mentioned. To be sure, the banquet does appear in Rivas' *Florinda*, where it is spoiled by a Jew's prophecy of ill and by an attack: in this poem, however, *Florinda* becomes a willing mistress. Gil y Zárate's play, too, has a thunderstorm which frightens Rodrigo in his ravishing, but no banquet is mentioned. Luna's *Historia* tells of a curious tower which contained inscriptions predicting the king's ruin. Lobo Laso de la Vega has a ballad¹ which depicts a situation much like ours, but the revelling is wanting; it runs thus:

Con rigurosos señales
 está el cielo amenazando
 al descuidado Rodrigo,
 futuro mal denunciando.
 Cometas, con largas colas,
 ven con sanguinoso rastro,
 y bajar rayos al suelo
 en día sereno y claro.
 Oyen aullidos de perros
 en los campos y poblados, etc.

(5) *Las quatro partes enteras de la Crónica de España* (Valladolid, 1604). (6) *Crónica General de España*, que continuaba Ambrosio de Morales (Madrid, 1791). (7) Mariana, *Historia General de España* (Madrid, 1794). (8) Gayangos, *The History of the Mohammedan Dynasties in Spain* (London, 1840).

(C) BELLES LETTRES: The Ballads; Luis de Leon, *La Profecía del Tajo*; Lope de Vega, *El Último Godo*; Fermin de Laviano, *Triunfos del valor y horror en la corte de Don Rodrigo*; N. F. de Moratín, *Hormesinda*; P. de Montengón, *El Rodrigo, Romance Epico* (Madrid, 1793); Jovellanos, *Pelayo*; Quintana, *Pelayo*; Rivas, *Florinda* (1826); Gil y Zárate, *Rodrigo* (Madrid, 1838); Mora, *Leyendas Españolas* (Madrid, 1840).

(D) FOREIGN LITERATURE: Scott, *The Vision of Don Roderick* (1811); Southey, *Roderick the Last of the Goths* (1814).

1. *Romancero General*, number 593.

Timoneda's ballad, *Rosa española*, is in the same vein :

Los vientos eran contrarios — la luna estaba crecida,
 Los peces daban gemidos — por el tiempo que hacía,
 Cuando el rey don Rodrigo — junto á la Cava dormía,
 Dentro una rica tienda — de oro bien guarnecida.
 Trescientas cuerdas de plata — la su tienda sostenían;
 Dentro había cien doncellas — vestidas á maravilla,
 Las cincuenta están tañendo — con muy extraña armonía;
 Las cincuenta están cantando — con muy dulce melodía;
 Allí hablaba una doncella — que Fortuna se decía ¹.

Here we have the music and the maidens and the portents, but no boisterous banquet — « junto á la Cava dormía ». But we have yet to mention what is possibly the closest Spanish parallel to Espronceda — Montengón's *Rodrigo*. In this dull story by the Spanish translator of Ossian, which differs fundamentally from the Rodrigo tradition as I know it, the festivities that attended the coronation were turned to horror by the appearance at nightfall of a fearful comet, with an immense flaming tail; the earth shook and the rivers overflowed their banks. But, after a time of general consternation, the portents disappeared and confidence was restored. While this picture and other details resemble Espronceda's handling of the legend, yet it will be noted that the sensual debauch and the thunder, which are common to *Sardanapalus* and *Pelayo*, are not found here, and that the festivities in *Rodrigo* are not permanently broken up. Still, for those who believe that the chain of evidence linking Espronceda to *Sardanapalus* is a weak one, and that the similarities just brought out (added to the antecedent probability that the young poet would have used some native form of the Rodrigo tradition) are sufficient to make the proof of Byronic influence impossible — for those who hold these opinions, there is abundant justifi-

1. Quoted by Menéndez y Pelayo, *El Último Godo*, p. xli.

cation. The evidence is not overwhelming, and I am content to await further investigation. But I believe that a very interesting case can be made out for Byron.

Before giving our attention to some absolutely certain parallels between Byron and Espronceda, we shall have to take note of others that are less convincing. One of Byron's most attractive love lyrics is that written in Athens in 1810 and first published in the 1812 edition of *Childe Harold*, the opening lines of which are :

Maid of Athens, *ere we part*^a,
Give, oh give me back my heart^b!

A *Serenata* by Espronceda, which was first published in the play, *Amor Venga sus Agravios*¹, contains the following rather similar lines :

Adios, señora; *mi alma*
dejo^b *al partirme*^a, *contigo*;

Compare further this :

Though I fly^a to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul^b.

Another *Serenata*, dated « Londres, 1828 », is interesting in the same connection. This poem, it is true, is different in spirit from the *Maid of Athens* : it is a hopeful plea that the lady addressed will awake and join her lover. Still, it is worth while to set down a few evident similarities, without any attempt to prove them more than the accidental use of like amorous commonplaces :

1. The refrains :

ESPRONCEDA : Yo te adoro (5 times).
BYRON : Ζωή μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ (4 times).

1. *Obras*, 1900, p. 59. Cf. also *Revue Hispanique*, XVII, 763, note 1.

2. By that lip I long to taste.
 Por esos labios de rosa
 de tí imploro...
3. By those tresses unconfined,
 Wooed by each Ægean wind.
 Enderredor de tu frente
 leve soplo vuela apenas
 Muy callado.

Another figure from the first *Serenata* quoted is this :

Den luz á la noche umbria
 tus ojos que soles son.

This likewise runs too great a risk of being a commonplace to be taken as a reminiscence of a similar figure in the lines *To Edward Noel Long, Esq.* which follow :

And though the Sun, with genial rays,
 His beams alike to all displays,
 And every lady's eye's a sun,
 These last should be confin'd to one.

In the year 1807 Lord Byron wrote a poem called « *The Adieu, Written under the Impression that the Author Would Soon Die* ¹ ». In it the poet bids farewell to the scenes of his youth, recalls « Mary » and another « Friend », and turns his thoughts toward death, with renunciation of fame, and a prayer that the « Father of Light » will instruct him « how to die ». In the *Páginas Olvidadas de Espronceda* (1873 ²) there was published a composition called *Improvisacion*, which has been printed in other editions as *Ante la Muerte*, and seems to have been written by Espronceda

1. First published in 1832.

2. Also in an earlier publication; see the *Revue Hispanique*, vol. XVII, pages 762 and 751.

when he supposed he was dying¹. I have at present no way of going behind these returns, which, of course, are not sure proof of the authenticity of the composition; but, if the poem is by Espronceda, it is essential that it be compared with Byron's lines written under such similar circumstances. My own comparison reveals no sure Byronic influence in the Spanish composition, which is a very incoherent piece of work.

Several of our doubtful cases are connected with *Cain*. I do not mean such trifles as these lines from *El Estudiante* :

« Seguid, señora, y adelante vamos :
tanto mejor si sois el diablo mismo,
y Dios y el diablo y yo nos conozcamos^a,
y acábese por fin tanto embolismo ; »

which might possibly be connected with this from *Cain* :

...the great double Mysteries ! the *two Principles* !
And gaze upon them on their secret thrones !
Dust ! limit thy ambition ; for to see
Either of these would be for thee to perish.

CAIN. And let me perish, so I see them^{a 2} !

1. The note in the edition of 1900 runs as follows : « Estos fragmentos de una improvisación que dictó Espronceda durante una aguda enfermedad que padeció en Granada, fueron recogidos por algunos de sus amigos ».

2. Note also these lines from the *Estudiante* (*Obras*, 1900, p. 143) :

Segundo Lucifer que se levanta
del rayo vengador la frente herida,
alma rebelde que el temor no espanta,
hollada, sí, pero jamás vencida,

and compare them with Lucifer's words in *Cain*, II, ii, 429 :

I have a victor — true ; but no superior.

The spirit of Cain's journey to the shadow world is much the same as that of Montemar's mysterious descent to Hades, and there are, too, a few little similarities like that just given. If there be no other source for Espronceda in this episode, *Cain* may have influenced him, but the absence of concrete and certain borrowings prevents one from asserting this to be true.

Things like that have no great importance in a serious literary discussion. More interesting, if by no means wholly convincing, similarities to *Cain* are to be found in *El Diablo Mundo*, especially in the fragments of canto VII. Two earlier cases should be first examined. In the introduction to the *poema*, one of the vague spirits says to humanity :

Me erigiste en tu verdugo,
me tributaste temores,
y entre Dios y yo partiste
el imperio de los orbes.

The idea is old enough, to be sure ; the only question is whether the following from *Cain* (I, i, 546) is conspicuously like it (Lucifer loquitur) :

Where are
Thy God or Gods — there am I : all things are
Divided with me : Life and Death — and Time —
Eternity — and heaven and earth — and that
Which is not heaven nor earth, but peopled with
Those who once peopled or shall people both --
These are my realms ! so that I do divide
His, and possess a kingdom which is not
His.

But little more alike are the following two passages, except in their common sympathy for coming generations. In the first canto of the *Diablo Mundo*¹ we read :

Y otros siglos ansiosos se lanzan,
desparecen y llegan sin fin,
y en su eterno trabajo se alcanzan,
y se arrancan sin tregua el buril.

Y afanosos sus fuerzas emplean
en tu inmenso taller sin cesar,
y en la tosca materia golpean,
y redobla el trabajo su afan.

1. *Obras*, 1900, pp. 192-3.

The possible source of this is *Cain*, I, i, 447 :

And all the unnumbered and innumerable
Multitudes, millions, myriads, which may be,
To inherit agonies accumulated
By ages !

And lines 519 sq. contain the following suggestive dialogue :

LUCIFER. Alas ! those tears !
 Couldst thou but know what oceans will be shed.
ADAH. By me ?
LUC. By all.
ADAH. What all ?
LUC. The million millions —
 The myriad myriads — the all-peopled earth ¹.

These, however, leave one unconvinced : not so some of the following. In the sixth canto of his *poema*, Espronceda's Adam meets with death for the first time, and he says to the bereaved mother :

« Yo, buena madre, *ignoro*^a,
nuevo en el mundo aún, *lo que es la muerte*^a ;
...pero ¿quién pudo
arrebatar sañudo^b
la que fué vuestro encanto de esa suerte ?

Lucifer converses as follows with Cain :

LUC. Darest thou look on *Death*^a ?
CAIN. *He has not yet*
 Been seen^a.

 Who could do
Such evil things to beings save a being ^b ?
LUC. Ask the Destroyer.
CAIN. Who ?

1. Cf. also II, ii, 219 sq.

LUC. The Maker — Call him
Which name thou wilt : he makes but to destroy.
CAIN. I knew not that, yet thought it, since I heard
Of Death : *although I know not what it is*^a.
.....
What^a is Death ? I fear.
I feel, it is a dreadful thing ; but what
I cannot compass^a. (I, i, 249 sq.)

The fragment of canto VII called *El Angel y el Poeta*, besides the specific use of the expression « *hijo de Cain* », contains several interesting passages like Byron's mystery, and may safely be said to be very similar to it in spirit. The very first lines have the following challenge and reply (note the dialogue form) :

ANGEL. ¿ Osas trepar, poeta, á la montaña
de oro del zenit ?
POETA. Quien quier seas
.....
dame que del mundo
rompa mi alma la prision sombría,
mis pies desprende de su lodo inmundo,
y en alas de Aquilon álzame y guía.

I have thought that this might well be placed beside these lines from *Cain* (I, i, 246 sq.) :

CAIN. But thou canst not
Speak aught of Knowledge which I would not know,
And do not thirst to know, and bear a mind
To know.
LUC. And heart to look on ?
CAIN. Be it proved.
LUC. Darest thou look on Death ? *etc., as above.*

Considerable interest attaches to the words of the *poeta*, who continues thus :

Quien quier seas^a,
ángel^b *sublime del empireo cielo,*
radiante aparicion, ó del profundo
principe condenado á eterno duelo^b

y á llanto eterno ; dame^c que del mundo
rompa mi alma la prision sombría,
mis pies desprende de su lodo inmundo^c,
y en alas de Aquilon álzame y guía !

ANGEL. ¡ Oh *hijo de Cain* ! sobre tu frente
tu orgullo irreverente
grabado está, y tu loco desatino :
de tus negros informes pensamientos
las nubes que en oscuro remolino
sobre ella apiñan encontrados vientos,
y al raudo sulco de amarilla lumbre,
que en pálida vislumbre,
ráfaga incierta de la luz divina,
sus sombras ilumina,
muéstrame en tí al poeta,
el alma en guerra con su cuerpo inquieta^d !
Muéstrame en tí *la descendencia al fin
rebelde y generosa de Cain* !

Tú mas alto, poeta, que los reyes,
tú cuyas santas leyes
son las de tu conciencia y sentimiento ;
*que^d á penetrar el pensamiento arcano
osas alzar tu noble pensamiento,
del mismo Dios^d, en tu delirio insano.* (P. 329.)

Occasional lines of this long passage are to be compared carefully with such as the following from *Cain*¹ :

1. It can not be denied that the situation presented in the two passages we are here considering bears some resemblance to Ciprian's interview with the Demon in the *Mágico Prodigioso* (cf. the edition of A. Morel-Fatio, Heilbronn, 1877, lines 1684 sq.). I can simply assert that the similarity of Espronceda's lines to Calderón's does not strike me as significant when put beside the parallelism we are able to establish between *El Diablo Mundo* and *Cain*. It may be remembered that Shelley translated a part of the *Mágico Prodigioso*, including the passage referred to, for publication in *The Liberal*, and the question might arise whether it would be worth while to examine *Cain* for echoes of this translation. *Cain*, however, was finished in September, 1821, and Shelley's translation was made about a year later.

*Whom have we here^a ? — A shape^b like to the angels
Yet of a sterner and a sadder aspect
Of spiritual essence^b : why do I quake ?*
.....

LUC. Mortal !

CAIN. *Spirit, who art thou^a ?*

LUC. Master of spirits.

CAIN. And being so, canst thou
Leave them, and walk with dust ?

LUC. I know the thoughts
Of dust, and feel for it, and with you.

CAIN. How !

You know my thoughts ?

LUC. They are the thoughts of all
Worthy of thought : — 'tis your immortal part
Which speaks within you^d.

.....
Thou livest — and must live for ever. Think^c not
The Earth, which is thine outward cov'ring, is
Existence — it will cease — and thou wilt be —
No less than thou art now^c. (I, i, 80 sq.)

The passage quoted above containing Cain's answer to the challenge to seek for knowledge should be read again in connection with the lines in the long Spanish quotation which begin, « Que á penetrar el pensamiento arcano ». In the same spirit is the following :

Cain ! thou hast heard.
*If thou dost long for knowledge, I can satiate
That thirst^d ;* (557 sq.)

and this :

CAIN. *Thou hast shown me much
But not all ; show me where Jehovah dwells^d,
In his especial Paradise — or thine.* (II, ii, 365.)
.....

LUC. Dust^d ! limit thy ambition ; for to see
Either of these would be for thee to perish !

CAIN. And let me perish, so I see them^d ! (Ibid., 406.)

In a spirit similar to Cain's departure from the material world is the following; attention is called to its general tone, rather than to specific lines :

ANGEL. Alzate^c en fin, y rompe tu cadena,
y el alma noble y de despecho llena,
á las regiones célicas levanta¹,
y ruedan en monton bajo tu planta
los cetros, las tiaras, las coronas,
la hermosura y el oro, el barro inmundo,
cuanto es escoria y resplandor del mundo,
y en tu mente magnífica eslabonas^c !

POETA. *Si, levántame, si ; sobre las alas
cabalgue yo del Huracan sombrío^a,
cruce mi mente las etéreas salas,
llene mi alma el seno del vacío,
sobre mi frente el rayo se desprenda,
mi frente en Dios, mi planta en el profundo,
y al contemplar al Hacedor del mundo^b
mi espíritu en su espíritu se encienda!* (P. 330.)

This passage, I have thought, contains the same ideas as some of the following lines from *Cain* :

CAIN. *I tread on air, and sink not^a — yet I fear
To sink.*

LUC. Have^c faith in me, and thou shalt be
Borne on the air, of which I am the Prince^c. (II, i, 1-3.)

.....
Fly with me o'er the gulf
Of space an equal flight, and I will show
What thou darest not deny, — the history
Of past — and present, and of future worlds. (*Ibid.*, 22-5.)

.....
CAIN. Thou hast shown me much
But not all : *show me where Jehovah dwells^b,*
In his especial Paradise. (II, ii, 365-7.)

1. Cf. the spirit and the facts of *Cain*.

So much for *Cain*. Our next topic is a work which Byron did not write, but which was for some time ascribed to him — *The Vampyre*. It is evident that this story was associated with Byron, and that it was very popular, especially — it may be — on the Continent. The value of these facts in connection with Espronceda lies in their bearing on a prose tale of his, called *Un Recuerdo*, published in the *Páginas Olvidadas*. The author of this story describes himself as a Spaniard in exile, and spending a short time at the country-seat of an English friend, near London. Upon one occasion the host and his guest meet in the dark. After a discussion of metempsychosis, the host announces that he will « reveal a secret »; this proves to be that one of his favorite horses had turned into a man and had disappeared. Those who will take the trouble to read this tale, here so briefly outlined, will note that its spirit of weird supernaturalism and melancholy put it at once into the same class of tales as *The Vampyre*; but another more specific detail links it to the pseudo-Byronic story — the name of the host is none other than Lord « Ruthwen ».

It will be difficult to persuade the student of Byron that the *Despedida del Patriota Griego de la Hija del Apóstata* is wholly independent of the influence for which we are searching. In the first place we may fall back on the general argument that Byron's life and verse must have entered the mind of Espronceda the moment he thought of Greece. But perhaps even more may be said when we have given a little consideration to the situation in the *Despedida*, and have compared it with *The Siege of Corinth*. Alp, the hero of the latter, is a renegade Venetian, who loves Francesca, daughter of the Christian governor of Corinth. The Moslems are besieging Corinth. Alp draws near the walls one night, and Francesca appears to him and entreats him to repent; he refuses and she disappears. During the attack the next day, Alp meets Francesca's father, from whom he learns that she had died the night before. Alp quails and is slain. In the *Despedida* we have

three important similarities to this story — the love of young people separated by the conflict between cross and crescent, apostasy (in the Spanish poem the father of the girl is the guilty one), and a nocturnal farewell. The tragic ending, too, is not unlike that of Byron's poem :

Dice, y se alejan. A esperar consuelo
la hija del Apóstata en la tumba ;
él batallando pereció en las lides,
y ella víctima fué de su amargura.

In contrast to the possibilities of the immediately preceding discussions is the study of the Byronism of Espronceda's *A una Estrella* and his *Pirata*. The first is taken directly from Byron's *Sun of the Sleepless*, the Hebrew Melody that Gertrudis Gómez de Avellaneda twice used. But Espronceda has expanded his material more than ten times, and has made the theme personal and concrete. Furthermore, he introduces the lost-love idea, and makes his star represent states of the soul. Byron's short poem runs thus :

Sun^a of the sleepless ! melancholy star !
Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far^a,
That show'st the darkness thou canst not dispel,
How like art thou to Joy remembered well^b !
So gleams the past, the light of other days^c,
Which shines, but warms not with its powerless rays^d :
A night-beam Sorrow watcheth to behold^e,
Distinct, but distant — clear — but, oh how cold^f !

The important lines from the Spaniard are these :

¿Quién eres tú, lucero misterioso,
tímido y triste entre luceros mil^a,
que cuando miro tu esplendor dudoso^a
turbado siento el corazón latir ?

¿ Es acaso tu luz *recuerdo triste*
de otro antiguo perdido resplandor^b,
 cuando engañado como yo creiste
 eterna tu ventura que pasó ?

.....
 Mas ¡ ay ! que luego el bien y la *alegría*^b
 en llanto y desventura se trocó :
 tu esplendor empañó niebla sombría ;
 solo un *recuerdo*^b al corazón quedó.

Y ahora melancólico me miras
y tu rayo es un dardo del pesar^a :
 si amor aun al corazón inspiras
 es un amor sin esperanza ya^d.

¡ *Ay*^b, *lucero ! yo te vi*
resplandecer en mi frente,
cuando palpar senti
mi corazón dulcemente
con amante frenesi^b.

Tu faz entonces lucía
con mas brillante fulgor^c,
 mientras yo me prometía
 que jamás se apagaría
 para mí tu resplandor.

¿ Quién aquel brillo radiante
 ¡ oh lucero ! te robó^{b,c} ?
 ¿ Qué oscureció tu semblante,
 y á mi pecho arrebató
 la dicha en aquel instante ?

.....
 Pero^e tú conmigo lloras,
 que eres el ángel caído
 del dolor,
 y piedad llorando imploras,
 y recuerdas tu perdido
 resplandor^c.

.....
 Mas hoy miro tu luz casi apagada,
 y un vago padecer mi pecho siente^f.

Though this parallelism is obvious and undeniable, it has never, I believe, been pointed out before.

Quite as satisfactory is the evidence of borrowing from *The Corsair*, which has been mentioned in general terms by other critics. The only part that Espronceda seems to have imitated obviously is the first stanza; this he has used freely in his *Cancion del Pirata*. This was a natural procedure, for Byron himself says of this stanza, in the first two verses of the second :

Such were the notes that from the Pirate's isle
Around the kindling watch-fire rang the while.

The first sixteen lines of canto one, together with verses 23-26, are those that interest us most specifically at present :

« O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and *our souls as free*^f,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home^a !
These are our realms, no limits to their sway^c —
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey^b.
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
Oh, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;
Not thou, vain lord of Wantonness and Ease!
Whom Slumber soothes not — Pleasure cannot please —
Oh^e, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
The exulting sense — the pulse's maddening play,
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way^e?
.....
No^d *dread of Death — if with us die our foes —*
Save that it seems even duller than repose;
Come when it will — we snatch the life of Life —
When lost — what reck's it — by disease or strife^d? »

The Byronism of the *Pirata* might be argued from its general spirit of recklessness and revolt; but the many minute parallels

make such a line of argument unnecessary. We note first the refrain :

« Que es mi barco mi tesoro,
que es mi Dios la libertad ^f,
mi ley la fuerza y el viento,
mi única patria la mar^a. »

Other significant passages are the following :

« Veinte presas
hemos hecho
á despecho
del inglés,
y han rendido
sus pendones
cien naciones
á mis pies^b. »

.....
« Allá muevan feroz guerra
ciegos Reyes
por un palmo mas de tierra ;
que^c yo tengo aquí por mio
cuanto abarca el mar bravio
d quien nadie impuso leyes^c. »

« Y^c no hay playa,
sea cualquiera,
ni bandera
de esplendor,
que no sienta
mi derecho,
y dé pecho
á mi valor^c. »

.....
« A la voz de « ¡ barco viene ! »
es de ver
como vira y se previene
á todo trapo á escapar :
que yo soy el rey del mar,
y mi furia es de temer^b. »
.....

« ¡ Sentenciado^d estoy á muerte !
 Yo me rio :
 no me abandone la suerte,
 y al mismo que me condena,
 colgaré de alguna entena,
 quizá en su propio navio^d. »

« Y^d si caigo,
 ¿ qué es la vida ?
 Por perdida
 ya la di,
 cuando el yugo
 del esclavo,
 como un bravo,
 sacudi^d. »

.....
 Son^e mi música mejor
 Aquilones;
 el estrépito y temblor
 de los cables sacudidos,
 del ronco mar los bramidos
 y el rugir de mis cañones^e. »

Such are the direct imitations. Two or three more similar details should, perhaps, be added. First compare the lines,

But who that CHIEF? his name on every shore
 Is famed and feared — they ask and know no more,

with this from the *Pirata*,

« Que yo soy el rey del mar,
 Y mi furia es de temer. »

The first lines of the third stanza of *The Corsair* are these :

« A sail! — a sail! » — a promised prize to Hope!
 Her nation — flag — how speaks the telescope?
 No prize, alas! but yet a welcome sail:
 The blood-red signal glitters in the gale.

Possibly they should be associated with this :

« A la voz de « ¡ barco viene ! »
 es de ver
 como vira y se previene
 á todo trapo á escapar. »

Finally we may mention the fact that the line :

Y allá á su frente Stambul

is supplied with this note : « Nombre que dan los turcos á Constantinopla¹ ». By a rather curious coincidence, to say the least, Byron's *Maid of Athens* contains the word « Istambol », with the author's explanation, in a note, that it means Constantinople.

In the *Pirata*, as in *A una Estrella*, Espronceda has expanded and varied his theme in working it over. While the song in *The Corsair* does not contain the specific expressions of contempt for outlawry found in the Spanish *Cancion*, yet its spirit can easily justify Espronceda's lines. The « belleza sin rival » may be derived rather from the story of *The Corsair* than from any set words. The great contrast between the two poems, it seems to me, is to be found in the moods of the bandit chieftains. We see the *pirata* « cantando alegre en la popa » ; the corsair's gloomy disposition is pictured in these lines :

With these he mingles not but to command ;
 Few are his words, but keen his eye and hand.
 Ne'er seasons he with mirth their jovial mess,
 But they forgive his silence for success.
 Ne'er for his lip the purpling cup they fill,
 That goblet passes him untasted still.

The contrast is sharp. Is it not possible to see in these lines the reflection of Byron as he fancied himself, and in the *Pirata* a picture of the less gloomy Spaniard ?

1. This note appears in the first and second editions (Madrid, 1840 and 1846), as well as in the later ones.

In the *Historia General de España* ¹ the statement is made that the *Canto del Cosaco* is derived from Béranger ², with free imitation of Byron. The Byronic spirit is not easily discerned. To be sure, the contempt for sloth and effeminate luxury, as well as the delight in danger, are similar to the spirit of the opening song in *The Corsair*; but this is too vague to be of much significance. The revolt in the *Cosaco* is, of course, broadly romantic.

The composition called *A Jarifa, en una Orgia* offers an opportunity for a most interesting comparison, though the evidence may not appear conclusive to all. Cortón ³ quotes Valera to the effect that this poem is an imitation of the song *To Inez* in *Ckilde Harold*; and I have the best authority for the belief — suggested in a conversation — that one of Shakespeare's sonnets is responsible for some of it. The Shakespearean sonnet is number LXVI, beginning:

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry
As to behold desert a beggar born.

Neither of the two English poets has presented the sentiment of disillusion in the same environment of orgy and debauch that the Spaniard has seen fit to select. But, if he used these sources at all, it is from Byron that he got the « settled, ceaseless gloom », and from Shakespeare the thought that what seems good and fair in this world is all deceit and mockery. Shakespeare's woe is very real and comprehensible, and Espronceda has put his on the same footing: Byron's is the mysterious gloom of the romantic. Analyzing *Jarifa*, we find an introduction which has

1. By Lafuente, and continued by Juan Valera, Barcelona, 1890; vol. XXII, pp. 319 sq.

2. From *Le Chant du Cosaque*. Béranger also inspired *El Mendigo* (cf. *Les Gueux*). Other poems due to French influence are *El Reo de Muerte* (from Hugo) and *El Verdugo* (from Joseph de Maistre).

3. *Espronceda*, p. 116.

no counterpart in either of the English poems: it is a cry for wine to drown sorrow, though the Shakespearean idea that virtue and truth are a cheat is soon thereafter suggested, and the hatred expressed for the woman of the poem might be likened to Byron's mood. With the four-line stanzas the resemblance to Byron becomes closer; in fact the two poems seem to run along side by side, stanza for stanza:

Nay, smile not at my sullen brow;
 Alas! I cannot smile again:
 Yet Heaven avert that ever thou
 Shouldst weep, and haply weep in vain.

¿ Porqué murió para el placer mi alma,
 y vive aun para el dolor impío?
 ¿ Porqué si yazgo en indolente calma,
 siento, en lugar de paz, árido hastío?

The vague resemblances in these two stanzas should not be taken as the best examples of borrowing to be offered; the next two are more alike:

And dost thou ask what secret woe
 I bear, corroding Joy and Youth?
 And wilt thou vainly seek to know
 A pang, ev'n thou must fail to soothe?

¿ Porqué este inquieto abrasador deseo?
 ¿ Porqué este sentimiento extraño y vago,
 que yo mismo conozco un devaneo,
 y busco aun su seductor halago?

Byron's third stanza can hardly be said to have a specific parallel in Espronceda; but the fourth is somewhat like the Spaniard:

It is that weariness which springs
 From all I meet, or hear, or see:
 To me no pleasure Beauty brings;
 Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me.

¿ Porqué aun fingirme amores y placeres
que cierto estoy de que serán mentira ?
¿ Porqué en pos de fantásticas mugeres
nécio tal vez mi corazon delira,

si luego en vez de prados y de flores
halla desiertos áridos y abrojos,
y en sus sándios ó lúbricos amores
fastidio solo encontrará y enojos ?

This is the point at which the use of Shakespeare begins. The first two lines with which it is possible to see any connection have been misunderstood by Espronceda, if imitated at all — so much so that the suggestion of parallelism borders on the trivial. Can it be possible that even the foreigner Espronceda could have gone so far astray on the line,

As to behold desert a beggar born,

that he should have believed it rendered by his « halla desiertos » ? And it is equally dangerous to assume that he so misunderstood this line,

And purest faith unhappily forsworn,

as to interpret « faith » in the religious sense and to seek to render Shakespeare's idea in this fashion :

Yo me lancé con atrevido vuelo
fuera del mundo en la region etérea,
y hallé la duda, y el radiante cielo
ví convertirse en ilusion aérea.

However fanciful this notion may seem, it is borne out by the order in which the supposed parallels occur in the respective poems ; and also by their relation to two other less doubtful imitations which follow. These are :

And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted ;

which are thus elaborated :

Luego en la tierra la virtud, la gloria,
 busqué con ansia y delirante amor,
 y hediondo polvo y deleznable escoria
 mi fatigado espíritu encontró.

Mugeres ví de virginal limpieza
 entre albas nubes de celeste lumbre ;
 yo las toqué, y en humo su pureza
 trocarse ví, y en lodo y podredumbre.

Now we come back to Byron. The last stanza quoted from the lines *To Inez* was the fourth ; the fifth is thus :

It is that settled, ceaseless gloom
 The fabled Hebrew Wanderer bore ;
 That will not look beyond the tomb,
 But cannot hope for rest before.

This last line is probably the most certain argument that can be urged for associating Byron and Espronceda in these two poems ; for its thought is very close to that of the following famous stanza :

Y encontré mi ilusion desvanecida
 y eterno é insaciable mi deseo ;
 palpé la realidad y odié la vida ;
 solo en la paz de los sepulcros creo.

And the next but one continues the idea :

« Muere, infeliz : la vida es un tormento,
 un engaño el placer : no hay en la tierra
 paz para tí, ni dicha, ni contento,
 sino eterna ambicion y eterna guerra. »

We next compare stanza six from the lines *To Inez* with what follows in *Jarifa* :

What Exile from himself can flee ?
 To zones though more and more remote,

Still, still pursues, where'er I be,
The blight of life, — the Demon Thought.

Que así castiga Dios el alma osada,
que aspira loca en su delirio insano,
de la verdad para el mortal velada,
á descubrir el insondable arcano.

¡ Oh ! cesa ; no, yo no quiero
ver mas, ni saber ya nada ;
harta mi alma y postrada,
solo anhela descansar.

Stanza seven of Byron's poem may profitably be compared with these two from *Jarifa* :

Pasad, pasad en óptica ilusoria,
y otras jóvenes almas engañad :
nacaradas imágenes de gloria,
coronas de oro y de laurel, pasad.

Pasad, pasad, mugeres voluptuosas,
con danza y algazara en confusion ;
pasad como visiones vaporosas
sin conmovier ni herir mi corazon.

The English lines are :

Yet others rapt in pleasure seem,
And taste of all that I forsake ;
Oh ! may they still of transport dream
And ne'er — at least like me — awake !

Here the similarity ceases ; for the last two stanzas of *Jarifa* express sympathy for the woman who has suffered « como yo », —

tú nunca lloras ;
mas ¡ ay triste ! que no ignoras
cuan amarga es mi afliccion.

Una misma es nuestra pena,
en vano el llanto contiene....
Tú tambien, como yo, tienes
desgarrado el corazon.

Byron, on the contrary, expresses this hope :

Yet Heaven avert that ever thou
Shouldst weep, and haply weep in vain.

In the foregoing rather intricate bit of comparing, the case seems stronger the more one considers the similarities, and I should not be at all surprised if at least some reflection of these two English poems is to be found in *Jarifa*.

It is most natural that Espronceda's greatest debt to Byron should be connected with the Englishman's most notable poem — *Don Juan*. In form, in ideas, and in concrete figures it is possible to trace the influence of this powerful and sinister composition. While this influence is to be found chiefly in the later work of Espronceda, especially in the *Diablo Mundo*, a possible trace of it is present in the elegy which he wrote at the age of nineteen to Diego de Alvear, on the death of the latter's father : but unfortunately the one figure that seems to be borrowed may easily be a commonplace. The lines are as follows :

¿Qué es la *vida*^a? ¡gran Dios! plácida aurora
cándida rie entre arboles cuando
brillante apenas esclarece un hora :

pálida luz^b y trémula *oscilando*^c,
baja al silencio de la tumba fria,
del pasado esplendor nada quedando^d.

Between two worlds *Life*^a *hovers*^c like a *star*^b,
'Twi'x Night and Morn, upon the horizon's verge.
How little do we know that which we are !
How less what we may be ! The eternal surge
Of Time and Tide rolls on and bears afar
Our bubbles ; as the old burst, new emerge,
Lashed from the foam of ages ; while the graves
Of Empires heave but like some passing waves^d.

(*Don Juan*, XVI, 99.)

The last lines of *El Estudiante de Salamanca* are these :

Y si, lector, dijeres ser comento,
como me lo contaron, te lo cuento.

It is not impossible that Espronceda may have been thinking, when he wrote them, of the the following from *Don Juan*¹ :

I tell the tale as it is told, nor dare
To venture a solution : « *Davus sum!* » (XIII, 13.)

But the borrowing of greatest importance in *El Estudiante* is, of course, the letter written by Elvira to her lover, which both Valera² and Weddigen³ call a translation of Doña Julia's famous letter to Don Juan. Piñeyro⁴ notes the curious fact that Espronceda should make the maid Elvira imitate and partly copy the letter of a married woman in such a different situation, and we shall begin our comparison of these important letters by noting some of the contrasts between the situations of the writers : Julia is an adulterous married woman, Elvira an innocent maid seduced ; Elvira dies of her love, Julia is relegated to a convent ; finally, Elvira's letter is saturated with the idea of death and is in a serious lyric mood, while the other is set in mockery and has on it little of the gloom of the tomb. The following are the most obviously similar lines :

I have no further claim on your young heart^f.

.....
My eyeballs burn and throb, but have no tears^o. (I, 192; 3, 8.)

.....
I loved, I love you^g, for this love have lost
State, station, Heaven. (193; 1-2.)

.....
I've nothing to reproach, or to request^k. (193; 1-2,8.)

1. See « Postscript ».

2. *Florilegio*, vol. I (Madrid, 1902), p. 109, — « casi una traducción ».

3. *Op. cit.*, 97.

4. *El Romanticismo*, p. 161.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
 'Tis a Woman's whole existence : Man may range
 The Court, Camp, Church, the Vessel, and the Mart ;
 Sword, Gown, Gain, Glory, offer in exchange
 Pride, Fame, Ambition to fill up his heart. (194.)

.....
 You will proceed in *pleasure*^h, and in prideⁱ,
Beloved and loving many : *all is o'er*
For me on earth^p except some years to hide^r ;
 My shame and sorrow deep in my heart's core^l.

.....
 And so *farewell*^a — *forgive me*^b, *love me*^c — *No*^d,
That word is idle now^e — but let it go. (195.)

My breast has been all weakness, is so yet ;
 But still I think I can collect my mind ;
 My blood still rushes where my spirit's set,
 As roll the waves before the settled wind ;
 Myⁿ heart is feminine, nor can forget —
 To all, except one *image*^m, madly blindⁿ. (196.)

El es, don Felix, el postrer lamento
 De la muger que *tanto te ha querido* g.

.....
 A Dios : ni amor ni compasion te pido^k.

.....
 Miⁿ mente aun goza en la ilusion querida
 que para siempre misera perdiⁿ!...

.....
 Yoⁿ las bendigo, sí, felices horas,
 presentes siempre en la memoria mia,
imágenes^m de amor encantadorasⁿ !...
 que aun vienen á halagarme en mi agonía.
 Mas ¡ay ! volad, huid, engañadoras
 sombras, por siempre ; mi postrero dia
 ha llegado.

1. Cf. also what Elvira's spirit says to Felix in the nether world :

« Para mí los amores acabaron,
 Todo en el mundo para mí acabó,
 Los lazos que á la tierra me ligaron
 El cielo para siempre desató. »

.....
 Piensa estan hartos de llorar mis ojos
 lágrimas silenciosas de amargura^o.

.....
Goces^h te dé el vivir, triunfos la gloria,
 dichas el mundo, *amor otras mugeresⁱ* !

.....
 Llórame, si; pero palpíte exento
 tu pecho de roedor remordimiento^k.

A Dios por siempre, á Dios : un breve instante
 siento de vida, y en mi pecho el fuego
 aun arde de mi amor^l: mi vista errante
 vaga desvanecida... calma luego

¡ oh muerte ! mi inquietud... ¡ sola... espirante... !

Amame^c : no^d, perdona^b : ¡ inútil ruego^e !¹

á Dios, á Dios^a, ¡ tu corazón perdí^f !

— *Todo acabó en el mundo para mí^p !²* (Pp. 117 sq.)

1. This line should be kept in mind as it will be used again.

2. The closing letter of Musset's *Frédéric et Bernerette* is similar in spirit to both of the passages quoted in this discussion, and one should not avoid the possibility that Espronceda used the Frenchman rather than Byron. On the whole, I suppose, the general similarities of situation between any given two of these three deserted-mistress stories are about as important as those between any other two ; no two are identical, either in spirit or details. On the other hand, all three are alike in the tone of tender regret expressed by the deserted lady. The reasons for believing that Espronceda used Byron are the following : (1) The general effect of important similarities to Byron is stronger ; (2) *Don Juan* has certainly been used elsewhere by the Spaniard, and I know of no proof that he ever imitated Musset ; (3) There is at least one passage similar to *Don Juan* which has no analogue in Bernerette's letter ; this is :

Ámame : no, perdona : ¡ inútil ruego !

á Dios, á Dios, ¡ tu corazón perdí !

Compare

And so farewell — forgive me, love me — No,

That word is idle now — but let it go.

(4). Moreover, the lines from Byron :

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,

'Tis a Woman's whole existence,

though not imitated here, reappear (as we shall see) in another passage by

A complete analysis of Elvira's character would be of interest to the student of comparative literature; I venture to surmise, without having probed the question deeply, that investigation would show her to be made up of elements taken from Goethe's Margaret, Shakespeare's Ophelia, and, besides Doña Julia, from Byron's Haidée. But the relationship with the last is distant, as a consideration of some of their differences will show. Haidée is high-spirited and passionate, and her insanity has the wildness of the « cubless tigress »: Elvira is a creature of gentle innocence without a trace of fierceness. Haidée, too, is separated from her lover, not abandoned; and the character of her illness is quite different from that of Montemar's victim. And yet, as Piñeyro says¹, the imitation of Byron is evident throughout the episode of the love and death of Elvira. Espronceda, he adds, let this be seen by placing as the *epigrafe* of the second part of the poem the final lines of Haidée's story. It may be interesting to note, by the way, the incomplete form in which these lines appear in the first and second editions (1840 and 1846):

[No dirge] Except the hollow sea's,
Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.
Byron — *D. Juan. Canto 4º* [72]

Other editions have done even worse. The use of these lines, then, creates an antecedent probability that Espronceda had Haidée in mind; and the fatal madness after her lover's departure stresses the likeness. Piñeyro sums up the case by remarking that Elvira recalls Byron's Haidée, and would be as purely and

Espronceda. I do not deny that the Spaniard may have known *Frédéric et Bernerette*, nor even that he was thinking of the heroine of this nouvelle when he drew the character of Elvira; the presence of the latter's announcement of her approaching death (not, however, by suicide) may be a reason for believing this to be true. What I do deny is that Musset is the basis of this letter to the exclusion of Byron.

1. *Poetas famosos*, 131-2.

divinely tragic, except for the final letter, which contrasts strangely with Haidée's silent resignation.

May we invoke one more Byronic character to explain Elvira? A maiden of the fifteenth canto of *Don Juan* is thus described:

Aurora Raby, a young *star*^a who shone^b
 O'er Life, too sweet an image for such a glass^b.
 A lovely being, scarcely formed or moulded,
 A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded. (Stanza 43.)

 Early^c in years, and yet more infantine
 In figure^c, she had something of Sublime
 In eyes which sadly shone^d, as Seraphs' shine.
 All Youth — but with an aspect beyond Time;
 Radiant and grave. (45.)

In spirit, if not in the letter, this picture is too much like that drawn of Elvira to allow one to pass over the resemblance without mention; but it is one of those cases that should not be pressed. Here are the Spanish lines:

Bella y mas pura que el azul del cielo
 con dulces ojos lánguidos y hermosos^d,

 tímida *estrella*^a que refleja al suelo^b
 rayos de luz brillantes y dudosos^b,
 ángel puro de amor, que amor inspira,
 fué la inocente y desdichada Elvira.

 Que^c no descansa de su madre en brazos,
 mas descuidado el candoroso infante^c 1.

Another point of contact with *Don Juan* is to be found in a fragment, published in the appendix of the 1900 edition, with

1. *Obras*, 1900, p. 110.

no indication of its date ¹. As it is not long, and as so much of it is connected with Byron, I quote in full :

Y á la luz del *crepúsculo*^a serena
solos vagar^b por la desierta *playa*^c,
 cuando allá mar adentro en su faena,
 cantos de amor el marinero ensaya,
 y besa blandamente el mar la arenaⁱ,
la luna en calma al horizonte raya^e,
y la brisa que tímida suspira^f,
 dulces aromas y frescor respira.

Y ¡ *búmedos ver sus ojos de ternura*
que abren al alma enamorada un cielo,
estáticos de amor y de dulzura
con blando, vago y doloroso anhelo^j,
 mágia el amor prestando á su hermosura
 y el pensamiento deteniendo el vuelo
 allí donde encontró la fantasía
 ciertas las dichas que soñó algun día.

Y *respirar su perfumado aliento*^k,
 y al tacto palpitar de sus vestidos,
 penetrar su amoroso pensamiento
y contar de su pecho los latidos^g,
 exhalar de molicie y sentimiento
 tiernos *suspiros*^l, lánguidos gemidos,
mientras al beso y al placer provoca
con dulce anhelo la entreabierta boca^h.

(P. 338).

Who that knows his Byron could fail to connect such a scene with Juan and Haidée? The stanzas in question are in the second canto of *Don Juan*, beginning with number 183 :

It^a was the cooling hour, just when the rounded
 Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill^a. (183.)

.....

1. So far as I know, the first publication of these lines was in *El Pensamiento* (1841?), p. 133. They also appeared in *El Semanario Pintoresco* (1851), p. 239. Cf. further *Revue Hispanique*, XVII, 772 and note 2.

*And thus they wandered forth, and hand in hand^b,
Over the shining pebbles and the shells,
Glided along the smooth and hardened sand^c ;
.....
Yielded to the deep Twilight's^a purple charm.* (184.)

They looked up to the sky, whose floating glow
Spread like a rosy Ocean, vast and bright ;
They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
Whence *the broad Moon rose circling into sight^e ;*
They heard the waves' splashⁱ, and the *wind so low^f,*
*And saw each other's dark eyes darting light
Into each other yⁱ — and beholding this,
Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss^h.* (185.)

.....
They had not spoken, but they felt allured,
As if their souls and lips each other beckoned^h. (187.)

.....
And all the burning tongues the Passions teach
Found in one *sigh^l* the best interpreter
Of Nature's oracle — first love — that all
Which Eve has left her daughters since her fall. (189.)

.....
*And, beating 'gainst his bosom, Haidée's heart^g
Felt as if never more to beat apart.* (191.)

.....
*She sits upon his knee, and drinks his sighs
He hers^k, until they end in broken gasps.* (194.)

In his *fragmento* Espronceda either did not reach or preferred to omit the passionate ending to this scene of love ¹.

The most superficial reading of Byron and Espronceda would suffice to make one guess that the clearest reflection of the Englishman's *Don Juan* is to be found in *El Diablo Mundo*. Both

1. For a sort of repetition of this scene, cf. *Don Juan*, IV, 20 sq. ; e. g.,
They gazed upon the sunset ; 'tis an hour
Dear unto all, but dearest to *their* eyes,
For it had made them what they were : *etc.*

in form and in matter, in details and in general spirit, these two amorphous monuments to cynicism are strikingly alike. For mere humor *Don Juan* is far ahead of the Spanish poem, which, in revenge, oftener strikes the true lyric note. The spirit of serious revolt, too, seems to me to be more apparent in the *Diablo Mundo* than in the jesting *Don Juan*. According to M. Estève, the two great figures that haunted the literary generation of 1830 in France were Don Juan and Faust, the latter having been introduced by Manfred, whom he soon eclipsed ¹. The collocation of these two embodiments of skepticism — the philosopher and the voluptuary — is significant for Espronceda's poem, and shows how closely Spain followed on the heels of France; for, saturated as is the *Diablo Mundo* with Byron's *Don Juan*, the other great literary influence obviously behind it — an influence seen in the very name and in the rejuvenation *motif* — is the Faust story ².

In the last chapter we mentioned Byron's habit of using French words in his verse, frequently in the rhyme. I fully believe this peculiar trick to be a Byronic trait in Espronceda; but, however that may be, few would deny Byron's influence in the case of the more peculiar and more marked mannerism that we shall now illustrate. Time and again does Byron jokingly inform the reader that he uses or avoids such and such a word for the convenience of his rhymes. We note one case from *Beppo* (xxi):

And so we'll call her Laura, if you please,
Because it slips into my verse with ease.

But *Don Juan* is better supplied with examples:

With many of the military set,
Exceedingly remarkable at times,
But not at all adapted to my rhymes (I, 3.)

1. Estève, *op. cit.*, pp. 202-3 and 243.

2. The spirits of *Heaven and Earth* are suspiciously like those of *El Diablo Mundo*, but it would be difficult to prove contact in this case.

(This should be *entre nous*, for Julia thought
In French, but then the rhyme would go for nought). (I, 84.)

Which — as we say — or as the Scotch say, *whilk*,
(The rhyme obliges me to this ; sometimes
Monarchs are less imperative than rhymes). (V, 77.)

The « tu » 's *too* much, — but let it stand, — the verse
Requires it, that's to say, the English rhyme. (VI, 18.)

So in VII, 15-16, he says of the Russian generals, that

Fame (capricious strumpet),
It seems has got an ear as well as trumpet,

And cannot tune those discords of narration,
Which may be names at Moscow, into rhymes ¹.

Espronceda's use of precisely the same device is well illustrated
in the following two citations from the *Diablo Mundo* :

¡ Vision!... frunciendo el labio,
oigo que clama, de despecho ciego,
un crítico feroz. — Perdona ¡ o sábio !
sábio sublime, espérate, te ruego ;
y yo te juro por mi honor, ¡ oh Fabio !...
sí no es Fabio tu nombre, en este instante
á dártelo me obliga el consonante. (P. 181.)

Y andan por la ciudad gefes diversos
cuyos nombres no caben en mis versos. (P. 235.)

These last two lines are an especially striking parallel to Byron's
on the Russian generals.

Byron mentions Aristotle several times in the course of *Don*

1. Cf. further XV, 71 :

All which I use to make my rhymes run glibber.

*Juan*¹; the case that interests us most at present is found in canto one, stanza 201 :

All these things will be specified in time,
With strict regard to Aristotle's rules.

I suspect that Espronceda had this in mind when he wrote :

Juro que escribo.....
.....
un libro en que á Aristóteles me ajusto
como se ajusta la pupila al ojo. (P. 181.)

Both poets deal jestingly with their putative sources, defending themselves against the reader's possible doubt of the truth of their tales. But how differently they worked out the idea may be seen from the quotations that follow. Other epics, says Byron, embellish the facts,

Their labyrinth of fables to thread through,
Whereas this story's actually true.

If any person doubt it, I appeal
To History, Tradition, and to Facts,
To newspapers, whose truth all know and feel,
To plays in five, and operas in three acts ;
All these confirm my statement a good deal,
But that which more completely faith exacts

1. See I, 204 :

I'll call the work « Longinus o'er a Bottle,
Or, Every Poet his *own* Aristotle » ;

also :

I'll prove that such the opinion of the critic is
From Aristotle *passim* — see ΠΟΙΗΤΙΚΗΣ (III, 111);

and :

As I have a high sense
Of Aristotle and the Rules, 'tis fit
To beg his pardon when I err a bit. (I, 120.)

Is, that myself, and several now in Seville,
Saw Juan's last elopement with the Devil. (I, 202-3.)

Espronceda's conscience is equally tender :

Mas yo como escritor muy concienzudo,
 incapaz de forjar una mentira,
 confesaré al lector que mucho dudo
 de la verdad del caso que le admira.

Como me lo contaron te lo cuento ¹.

 Baste saber que el diario.....

 refiere este suceso interesante.

 Y todos los de todos los colores
 periódicos.....

 hallaron.....
 que era un pagado y vil aventurero. (Pp. 247-8.)

Not only do both Byron and Espronceda discuss their sources in similar vein, but the nature of their poems themselves is treated in a serio-comic mood so nearly identical as to make it impossible to deny Byronic influence on the Spanish poet. The topics thus discussed by both poets, in a tone of familiarity with the reader and in a strikingly similar spirit, are the approaching conclusion of the canto and the possibility of writing another (depending on the favor of the public), the nature of the poems (which are to cover all of life), the nothingness of glory, and the poet's longing for novelty. Toward the end of the first canto of *El Diablo Mundo* Espronceda indulges in one of these descrip-

1. Compare the closing lines of *El Estudiante de Salamanca* :

Y si, lector, dijeres ser comento,
 como me lo contaron, te lo cuento.

tions; he has complained that there is nothing new under the sun, and that he will be able to say only what others —

Byron, y Calderon, Shakspear, Cervantes—

have said before him. With this he begins the following characterization of his epic :

Nada menos te ofrezco que un Poema
con lances raros y revuelto asunto,
de nuestro mundo y sociedad emblema g,
que hemos de recorrer punto por punto :
si logro yo desenvolver mi tema,
fiel traslado ha de ser, cierto trasunto
de la vida del hombre y la quimera
tras de que va la humanidad entera.

Batallas^b, *tempestades*^c, *amorios*^a,
por^f mar y tierra, lances^f, descripciones
de campos y ciudades, desafíos,
y el desastre y furor de las pasiones,
goces, dichas, aciertos, desvaríos,
con algunas morales reflexiones^h
acerca de la vida y de la muerte,
de mi propia cosecha, que es mi fuerte.

En varias formas, con diverso estilo,
en diferentes géneros, calzando
ora el coturno trágico de Esquilo,
ora la trompa épica sonando^d :
ora cantando plácido y tranquilo,
ora en trivial language, ora burlando,
conforme esté mi humor, porque á él me ajusto,
y allá van versos donde va mi gusto.

(Pp. 198-9.)

Now, making all possible allowances for the use of epic commonplaces¹, I can not fail to connect these sentiments with Byron;

1. We know, for instance, that both Byron and Espronceda read Ariosto,

the agreement in detail and in spirit is too clear. In the first canto of *Don Juan*, stanza 200, one reads :

My poem's epic^d, and is meant to be
 Divided in twelve books ; each book containing,
 With *Love*^a, and *War*^b, a *heavy gale*^c at sea,
 A list of ships, and captains, and kings reigning,
 New characters ; the episodes are three :
 A panoramic view of Hell's in training,
 After the style of Virgil and of Homer,
 So that my name of Epic's no misnomer.

Compare also :

Reader ! I have kept my word, — at least so far
 As the first Canto promised. You have now
 Had sketches of *Love*^a — *Tempest*^c — *Travel*^f — *War*^b. (VIII, 138.)

So on I ramble, now and then narrating,
 Now pondering. (IX, 42.)

Love^a — *War*^b — a *tempest*^c — surely there's variety ;
 Also a seasoning slight of *lucubration*^h ;
 A *bird's-eye view*, too, of that *wild, Society*^g,
 A slight glance thrown on men of every station. (XIV, 14.)

If Espronceda can not thus boast the completion of his project, we should remember that his poem was far less developed at

yet how much more are they like each other than either is like the following :

Le donne, i cavalier, l'arme, gli amori,
 Le cortesie, l'audaci imprese io canto,
 Che furo al tempo che passaro i Mori
 D'Africa il mare, e in Francia nocquer tanto,
 Seguendo l'ire e i giovenil furori
 D'Agramante lor re. *Orlando furioso*, I, 1.

It is not commonly known that Espronceda began to collaborate in a translation of this poem while at school. He got as far as the first three stanzas of canto II. (Cf. *Orlando Furioso // Poema Heroico/ de Ludovico Ariosto // traducido en verso castellano // Por el..... // Conde de Cheste // Madrid // 1883*).

the time of his death than was Byron's; his *batallas* and *tempestades*, if ever really intended, were never created. A few more lines from Byron must be quoted to complete the parallelism in the protestations of high moral purpose :

if, after all, there should be some so blind
 To their own good this warning to despise,
 Led by some tortuosity of mind,
 Not to believe my verse and their own eyes,
 And cry that they « the moral cannot find »,
 I tell him, if a clergyman, he lies ;
 Should captains the remark, or critics, make,
 They also lie too — under a mistake. (I, 208.)

Oh, pardon my digression — or at least
 Peruse ! 'Tis always with a moral end
 That I dissert, like grace before a feast. (XII, 39.)

My Muses do not care a pinch of rosin
 About what's called success, or not succeeding ;
 Such thoughts are quite below the strain they have chosen ;
 'Tis a « great moral lesson » they are reading. (XII, 55.)

Espronceda excuses his digressions in some lines in the third canto of *El Diablo Mundo* that closely parallel the second of the above quotations from Byron :

Y dejando tambien mis digresiones,
 mas largas cada vez, mas enojosas,
 que para mí son tachas y borrones
 de las mejores obras, fastidiosas
 haciéndolas, llevando al pacienczudo
 lector confuso siempre, aunque es defecto
 de escritor concienzudo
 que perdona el efecto,
 con la intencion de mejorar conciencias
 con sus disertaciones y advertencias. (P. 219.)

Both poets admit, however, that whim is the guiding force of their work. We have already quoted from Espronceda the lines :

Ora en trivial language, ora burlando,
conforme esté mi humor, porque á él me ajusto,
y allá van versos donde va mi gusto. (P. 199.)

Near the beginning of this same canto he had written :

Que yo bien sé que el mundo no adelanta
un paso mas en su inmortal carrera,
cuando algun escritor como yo canta
lo primero que salta en su mollera ;
pero no es eso lo que mas me espanta,
ni lo que acaso espantará á cualquiera :
terco escribo en mi loco desvarío
sin ton ni son, y para gusto mio^a.
.....
Sin^b regla ni compás canta mi lira :
solo mi ardiente corazon me inspira^b ! (Pp. 181-2.)

Byron puts his case thus :

Some have accused me of a strange design
Against the creed and morals of the land,
And trace it in this poem every line :
I don't pretend that I quite understand
My own meaning when I would be *very* fine ;
But the fact is that I have nothing planned^b,
Unless it were to be moment merry^a —
A novel word in my vocabulary. (Don Juan, IV, 5.)

But what's this to the purpose ? you will say.
Gent. reader, nothing ; a mere speculation,
For which my sole excuse is — 'tis my way ;
Sometimes *with* and sometimes without occasion,
I write what's uppermost, without delay^a 1. (XIV, 7.)

This topic is closely related to the literary procedure of the two poets, especially to « digression », for a discussion of which the reader is referred to a previous page.

1. The same thing recurs in canto XV, stanza 20.

As far back as the first canto of *Childe Harold* Byron had formed a sort of habit of telling the reader that the present « fyte » was ended, and that

Ye who of him may further seek to know,
Shall find some tidings in a future page ¹. (I, 93.)

Nearly every canto of *Don Juan* ends with some similar comment on the way the poet has kept his promises, with reasons for stopping, and with suggestions of what will follow in future cantos. The approval of the reader and the interest of purchasers, too, are often solicited. Compare I, 199 :

This was Don Juan's earliest scrape ; but whether
I shall proceed with his adventures is
Dependent on the public altogether ;
We'll see, however, what they say to this :
Their favour in an author's cap's a feather,
And no great mischief's done by their caprice ;
And if their approbation we experience,
Perhaps they'll have some more about a year hence^b.

Note further, in the same vein :

But for the present^c, gentle reader^e ! and
Still gentler purchaser^a ! the Bard — that's I —
Must, with permission, shake you by the hand,
And so — « your humble servant, and Good-bye ! »
We meet again, if we should understand
Each other^b ; and if not, I shall not try
Your patience further than by this short sample —
'Twere well if others followed my example. (I, 221.)

1. This is not unlike Ariosto, but I am convinced that the relationship between Byron and Espronceda in this particular is demonstrably closer than is that of either of them to the Italian.

Near the end of the first canto of *El Diablo Mundo*, one finds the following :

¿ A tí no te será nunca molesto,
 ; o caro comprador^a ! que con zozobra
 Imploro en mi favor, comprar mi obra ?

 Mas vale prometerse poco ahora
 y algo despues cumplirte, lector mio. (Pp. 198-9.)

En tanto^c ablanda, oh público severo,
 y muéstrame la cara lisongera ;
 esto le pido á Dios, y algun dinero,
 mientras sigo en el mundo mi carrera ;
 y^b porque fatigarte mas no quiero,
 caro lector^e, al otro canto espera,
 el cual sin falta seguirá, se entiende
 si este te gusta y la edicion se vende^b. (P. 202.)

And the very last lines of canto six are :

Al llegar á este punto me prevalgo
 y de este canto y de su historia salgo.

As has been said, nearly every canto of *Don Juan* ends with some sort of valedictory ; in a few cases the poet declares that he is weary of his task, at least for the nonce. Note, for instance :

I feel this tediousness will never do —
 'Tis being *too* epic, and I must cut down
 (In copying) this long canto into two. (III, 111.)

But now I choose to break off in the middle,
 Worn out with battering Ismail's stubborn wall. (VIII, 139.)

Whether Don Juan and chaste Adeline
 Grew friends in this or any other sense,
 Will be discussed hereafter, I opine :
 At present I am glad of a pretence
 To leave them hovering, as the effect is fine,
 And keeps the atrocious reader in *suspense*

Whether they rode or walked, or studied Spanish,

.....
 are the topics I must banish
 To the next Canto.

(XIV, 97-8.)

Espronceda strikes a similar note :

Mas juro, vive Dios, que estoy cansado
 ya de seguir á un pensamiento atado
 y referir mi historia de seguida,
 sin darme á mis queridas digresiones,
 y sábias reflexiones
 verter de cuando en cuando, y estoy harto
 de tanta gravedad, lisura y tino
 con que mi historia ensarto.
 ¡ Oh, como cansa el órden ! no hay locura
 igual á la del lógico severo.

(P. 323.)

We have now presented enough evidence drawn from the general characteristics of *Don Juan* and *El Diablo Mundo* to establish their broad relationship. A discussion of concrete minutiae can do nothing but emphasize an already clear case. In view of the formlessness of these poems it is better to compare them topically, and a natural subject with which to begin is the pessimism and disillusionment they both express. One of the many passages in which Byron strikes this note begins with the 212th stanza of canto one :

« *Nou ego hoc ferrem calidus juvenia
 Consule Planco* », Horace said^c 1, and so
 Say I.....

But now at *thirty years*^a my *hair is grey*^b, —
 (I wonder what it will be like at forty ?
 I thought of a peruke the other day —)

1. *Odes* III, 14, final words. Byron quoted Horace at least once more in *Don Juan* (XIV, 77).

*My^d heart is not much greener ; and, in short, I
Have squandered my whole summer while 'twas May,
And feel no more the spirit to retort^d ; I
Have spent my life, both interest and principle,
And deem not — what I deemed — my soul invincible. (213.)*

.....
*No more — no more — Oh ! never more, my heart,
Canst thou be my sole world, my universe^f !
Once all in all, but now a thing apart,
Thou canst not be my blessing or my curse :
The illusion's gone forever^e, and thou art
Insensible, I trust, but none the worse,
And in thy stead I've got a deal of judgmentⁱ ,
Though Heaven knows how it ever found a lodgment. (215.)*

*My days of love are over^f ; me g no more
The charms of maid, wife, and still less of widow,
Can make the fool of which they made before g, —
In short, I must not lead the life I did do ;
The credulous hope of mutual minds is o'er,
The copious use of claret is forbid too,
So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice. (216.)*

In the third canto of *El Diablo Mundo* Espronceda is in exactly the same mood. He begins the canto with a quotation from Horace, and is then carried along — possibly by the spirit of *Don Juan* — to discourse on old age, life's illusions, and the coming of gray hairs at thirty. The same *desengañado* mood is to be noted in both poets in these cantos. Byron's separation from his wife, it may be noted, had taken place about three years before the writing of the first canto of *Don Juan*, and he had just been through the disgraceful doings of his early Italian years; Espronceda, too, had just lost Teresa and published a scandalous canto as a « *desahogo de su corazón* ». The following lines from the Spaniard are of interest to us :

« ¡ Cuán fugaces los años
¡ ay ! se deslizan, Póstumo ! » *gritaba*

el lírico latino ^c 1 que sentía
 como el tiempo cruel le envejecía,
y el ánimo y las fuerzas le robaba ^d.
 Y es triste á la verdad ver como huyen
 para siempre las horas y con ellas
 las dulces esperanzas que destruyen
 sin escuchar jamás nuestras querellas.
 ¡ Fatalidad ! ¡ fatalidad impía !
 pasa la juventud, la vejez viene
 y nuestro pie que nunca se detiene
 recto camina hácia la tumba fría ! ^e
 Así yo meditaba
 en tanto me afeitaba
 esta mañana mismo, lamentando
 como *mi negra cabellera* ^b riza,
 seca ya como cálida ceniza,
iba ^b por varias partes *blanqueando* ^b :
y un triste adios mi corazón sentido
daba á mi juventud ^d, mientras la historia
 corría mi memoria
 del tiempo alegre por mi mal perdido,
 y un doliente gemido
 mi dolor tributaba á mis cabellos
 que canos se teñían ³,
 pensando que ya nunca volverían
 hermosas manos á jugar con ellos.

1. *Odes* II, 14, opening words.
2. Cf. also the spirit of the lines :

Alas !

All things that have been born were born to die,
 And flesh (which Death mows down to hay) is grass.

(*Don Juan*, I, 220.)

3. About the time of the publication of *El Diablo Mundo*, Escosura and Espronceda met for the last time, in Paris, and the former writes thus of his friend : « El Angel de la muerte tenía ya levantada sobre aquella hermosa cabeza, cuyo magnífico cabello todavía no matizaba una sola cana, la segur inexorable, de que todos hemos de ser víctimas. » (*Obras Poéticas*, 1884, p. 35). Testimony about such a detail as the absence of gray hair should not be assumed to be absolutely reliable, but if Escosura's statement be correct, it is one more indication that Espronceda is here imitating.

¡ Malditos *treinta años*^a,
funesta edad de amargos desengaños^e!

.....

Y g luego las mugeres, todavía
 son mi dulce manía :
 ellas la senda de ásperos abrojos
 de la vida suavizan y coloran,
 y á las mugeres los llorosos ojos
 y los cabellos blancos no enamoran g !

.....

Adios amores^f, juventud, placeres,
 adios g, vosotras, las de hermosos ojos,
 hechiceras mugeres g,
 que en vuestros lábios rojos
 brindais amor al alma enamorada.

.....

Mi tierno corazon siempre os adora,
 mas mi cabeza se me vuelve cana. (Canto III, pp. 213-4.)

The lines about love and women, it may be said in passing, are of interest rather by contrast than as imitation ; Byron pretends to be tired of the sex, while Espronceda is regretful that he can no longer charm them. But I do not believe that this variation in theme seriously alters the case for the critic who finds the passages strict parallels. Moreover, at the end of the next canto Espronceda falls exactly into Byron's notion that, after all, experience is better than woman's love ; there he says :

Aunque^f por otra parte me consuela^r
 no tener ya que ir como iba un día
 á escape con el alma y dando espuela
 al alma que en mi curso antecogía ;
 ni soñada esperanza me desvela,
 ni doy crédito ya á mi fantasía,
 y si de amor no late el pecho mio
 tambien en cambio á mi placer me hastío^f.

1. The reference letters in this stanza and the next should be paired with those of the last passage quoted from Byron.

¡ Oh ! bendita mil veces la esperiencia,
 y benditos tambien los desengaños ^e.
Piérdese en ilusion ^e, gánase en ciencia ⁱ,
 gastas la juventud, maduras años.
 Tanta profundidad, tanta sentencia,
 tantos remedios contra tantos daños,
 ¿ á qué los debes, mundo, en tanta copia
 sino á la edad y á la esperiencia propia ?

(P. 272.)

Canto three of the *Diablo Mundo* is, of course, not the first place in which the Spanish poet bewails the emptiness of life. At the very beginning of the narrative he depicts the hero before his rejuvenation, in the mood of a modern Ecclesiastes :

« ¡ *Todo es mentira y vanidad^a*, locura ! »
 con sonrisa sarcástica exclamó.

.....
 « ¡ Ay ! para siempre, dijo, la ufanía
 pasó ya de la hermosa juventud,

.....
 y abre su seno hambriento el ataud,
 y único porvenir, sola esperanza
 la muerte, á pasos de gigante avanza. »

« ¿ Qué ^b es el hombre ? Un misterio ¿ Qué es la vida ?
 ¡ Un misterio tambien ! ^b... Corren los años
 su rápida carrera, y escondida
 la vejez llega envuelta en sus engaños :
 vano es llorar la juventud perdida,
 vano buscar remedio á nuestros daños ;
 un sueño es lo presente de un momento,
 muerte es el porvenir, lo que fué, un cuento !.. »

« Los siglos á los siglos se atropellan,
 los hombres á los hombres se suceden,
 en la vejez sus cálculos se estrellan,
 su pompa y glorias á la muerte ceden :
 la luz que sus espíritus destellan
 muere en la niebla que vencer no pueden,
 y es la historia del hombre y su locura
 una estrecha y hedionda sepultura ! »

« ¡ Oh ! si el hombre tal vez lograr pudiera
ser para siempre jóven é inmortal ! »

.....
*Todos^c mas de una vez hemos pensado
como el honrado viejo en este punto;
y mucho nuestros frailes^e han hablado,
y Séneca y Platon^d sobre el asunto^c.*

(Pp. 179-180.)

The Byronic tone of these lines lies on the surface ¹; I desire to place them beside some concrete parallels to be found in the seventh canto of *Don Juan* ²:

O Love ! O Glory ! what are ye who fly
Around us ever, rarely to alight ?
There's not a meteor in the polar sky
Of such transcendent and more fleeting flight. (Stanza 1.)

.....
When we know what all are, we must bewail us,
But ne'ertheless I hope it is no crime
To laugh at *all* ³ things — for I wish to know
What, after *all*, are *all* things — but a *show* ?^b (2.)

They accuse me — *Me* — the present writer of
The present poem — of — I know not what —
A tendency to under-rate and scoff
At human power and virtue, and all that ;
And this they say in language rather rough.
Good God ! I wonder what they would be at !
*I^c say no more than hath been said in Dante's
Verse, and by Solomon and by Cervantes ;* (3.)

1. The succeeding stanzas help to emphasize the Byronic spirit of the whole passage. Espronceda continues with a jest at his rhyming the name of Fabio, a declaration of his desire to please the reader alone, a mention of Aristotle, some more self-mockery, some musing about the nature of spirit, a jest at philosophy, and an apostrophe to the educators of youth.

2. *Don Juan* VII, 1-15 was much imitated by Espronceda in various ways. He was also greatly influenced by the first canto.

3. The italics are Byron's in this line and the next two.

By Swift, by Machiavel, by Rochefoucault,
By Fénelon, by Luther, and by Plato^d ;
By Tillotson, and Wesley^e, and Rousseau^e,
 Who knew this life was not worth a potato.
 'Tis not their fault, nor mine, if this be so, —
 For my part, I pretend not to be Cato,
 Nor even Diogenes. — We live and die,
 But which is best, *you* know no more than I. (4.)

 Ecclesiastes said that, « *all is vanity^a* » —
 Most modern *preachers^e* say the same, or show it. (6.)

Byron, as we have seen, likes to relieve the strain of his philosophizing by a jest about the metaphysical tone his verse has assumed; for instance :

But I am apt to grow too metaphysical :
 « The time is out of joint, » — and so am I :
 I quite forget this poem's merely quizzical,
 And deviate into matters rather dry. (IX, 41.)

 And therefore will I leave off metaphysical
 Discussion, which is neither here nor there. (XI, 5.)

 But I'm relapsing into Metaphysics,
 That labyrinth, *etc.* (XII, 72.)

Compare Espronceda :

Cuanto diciendo voy se me figura
 metafísica pura,
 puro disparatar, y ya no entiendo
 lector, te juro, lo que voy diciendo. (P. 217.)

In the first canto of *Don Juan* disillusion takes a somewhat different form from that found in the lines quoted above from canto seven; here the poet discourses on the folly of ambition :

Ambition^a was my idol, which was broken
 Before the shrines of Sorrow, and of Pleasure ;
 And the two last have left me many a token
 O'er which reflection may be made at leisure :

Now, like Friar Bacon's Brazen Head, I've spoken,
 « Time is, Time was, Time's past : » — a chymic treasure
 Is glittering Youth, which I have spent betimes —
 My heart in passion, and my head on rhymes^a. (217.)

*What is the end of fame? 'tis but to fill
 A certain portion of uncertain papere :*
Some liken it to climbing up a hillⁱ,
 Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour ;
 For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes killg,
 And bards burn what they call their « midnight taper »,
 To have, when the original is dust,
 A name, a wretched picture and worse busti^h. (218.)

What^{a,c} are the hopes of man ? Old Egypt's King
 Cheops erected the first Pyramid
 And largest, thinking it was just the thing
 To keep his memory whole^d, and mummy hid^{a,c}. (219.)

« You've^b passed your youth not so unpleasantly,
 And if you had it o'er again — 'twould pass^b —
 So thank your stars that matters are no worse,
 And read your Bible, Sir, and mind your purse. » (220.)

The Spanish poet has imitated this passage, beyond peradventure ; but, while using Byron's ideas, he has inserted some local matter, and has treated the subject with more mockery and less philosophy. Quite near the end of the first canto of the *Diablo Mundo* the poet tells the reader that he prefers not to begin his poem with pretentious promises :

No^a una altiva columna vencedora
 que jamás rinda con su planta impío
 el tiempo destructor alzar intento^a ;
 yo con pasar mi tiempo me contento^b.

No^c es dado á todos alcanzar la gloria
 de alzar un monumento suntuoso,
 que eternice á los siglos la memoria^d
 de algun hecho pasado grandioso^c. (P. 199.)

1. Byron sat for his bust to Thorwaldsen in May, 1817 ; *Don Juan*, canto I, is dated Nov., 1818.

Then follows his attack on Toreno ; but two stanzas later he returns to his theme :

¡ Oh gloria ! ¡ oh gloria ! ¡ lisongero engaño,
que á tanta gente honrada precepitas !
tú al mercader pacífico en estraño
guerrero truecasg.

.....
*Túe al que otros tiempos acertaba apenas
á escribir con fatigas una carta,
animas á dictar páginas llenas
de verso y prosa en abundante sarta^e :*
político profundo en sus faenas,
folletos traza, artículos ensarta,
suda y trabaja, y en manchar se emplea
resmas para envolver alcarabea.

The quest of glory leads some into the government, others into the clubs of the opposition :

A todos, gloria, tu pendon nos guia.

.....
*Y yo, ¡ pobre de mi ! sigo tu lumbre,
tambien ¡ oh gloria ! en busca de renombre^a,
trepar ansiando al templo de tu cumbreⁱ,
donde mi fama al universo asombre :*
quiero que de tu rayo á la vislumbre
brille grabado en mármoles mi nombre,
y espero que mi bustoⁱ adorne un día
algun salon, café, ó peluquería.

(Pp. 201-2.)

Another lament over human destiny is to be found in an earlier stanza of *Don Juan*, canto one ; agnosticism is here the mood :

Man's a phenomenon, one knows not what,
And wonderful beyond all wondrous measure ;
.....
Few mortals know what end they would be at,
But whether Glory, Power, or Love, or Treasure,

The path is through perplexing ways, and when
The^b goal is gained, we die, you know — and then —

What then ? — I do not know, no more do you —
And so good night^b.

(133-4.)

To these lines should be added those already quoted on another page, from the fifteenth canto, stanza 99 :

Between^a two worlds Life hovers like a star,
 'Twixt Night and Morn, upon the horizon's verge^a.
How little do we know that which we are !
How less what we may be^b !

I can not maintain that Espronceda has any verbal imitation of these passages, but I do believe that the following lines contain an important analogue in ideas :

Que^a no es menor misterio este incesante
 flujo y reflujo de hombres, que aparecen^a
 con su cuerpo y su espíritu flotante,
 que se animan y nacen, hablan, crecen,
 se ajitan con anhelo delirante,
para^b siempre despues desaparecen,
ignorando de donde procedieron
y á donde luego para siempre fueron^b.

(P. 247.)

Beside these should be placed a couple of earlier lines in the third canto :

¡ Y el alma, que no sé yo dó se esconde ¡
Vamos andando sin saber á donde^b.

(P. 222.)

When the discouraged old man of the *Diablo Mundo* fell asleep, in the first canto of the poem, two strange visions appeared to him, the second of which made to pass before his eyes all the sweets of this life — endless existence, imperishable glory, crowns of laurel and of gold, triumphs, pleasures, splendor, victory, wealth and power, — all these she shows him, and then :

*El eco blando del primer suspiro,
la dulce queja del primer amor^a,
la primera esperanza y el respiro,
que pura exhala la aromosa flor :*

*la faz hermosa de la noche en calma
y el son del melancólico laud^b,
los devaneos plácidos del alma,
el sosiego y la paz de la virtud :*

*la^c santa dicha del hogar paterno,
del amigo la plática sabrosa,
el blando sueño en el regazo tierno
de la feliz, enamorada esposa^c :*

*el puro beso del alegre niño
que entorno de sus padres juguetea^d,
prenda de amor, emblema del cariño
en que el alma gozosa se recrea :*

.....
*el aplauso del mundo y la tormenta,
y el afán y el horrisono vaiven,
el noble orgullo y la ambición sangrienta,
de nombre avara y de esplendente pre^zg :*

.....
*el^e oro que famélico codicia
el hombre, y en montones lo atesora,
alimento infernal de la avaricia,
que hambre mas siente cuanto mas devora^e :*

*la crápula, el escándalo y mareo
de en vicios rica, estrepitosa orgía^f,
el pudor resistiéndose al deseo,
y mezclándose el vino en la porfía^f.*

(Pp. 189-190.)

That Espronceda got the inspiration for most of these images from Byron I find it hard to doubt ¹ when I compare them with a few

1. The lines from Byron that influenced this passage by the Spaniard were used by Gautier in an *Imitation de Byron (Poésies complètes, 1889, I, 77)*, a com-

stanzas (122 sq.) from canto one of *Don Juan*. The amour with Julia has come to full fruition, and the poet stops to discourse on the sweets of life, and to contrast them with « first and passionate love ». « 'Tis sweet^k to hear^l » he says ¹,

At^b midnight on the blue and moonlit^m deep
The *song*ⁱ and *oar*^j of Adria's gondoleer^b,
By distance mellowed, o'er the waters sweep;
'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;
'Tis sweet to listen as the *night-winds*^h creep
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

'Tis^c sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home:
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come^c;
'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,
Or lulled by falling waters; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children, and their earliest words^d.

position in four-line stanzas like Espronceda's. This was published in 1830 (De Spoelberch de Lovenjoul, *Histoire des œuvres de Théophile Gautier*. Paris, 1887, I, 7), and could, therefore, have been the direct source, rather than Byron. In fact Espronceda's :

El pudor resistiéndose al deseo
is rather less like Byron than it is like Gautier's :
Mais il est bien plus doux, plein d'ivresse,
Sous un berceau de fleurs, d'entourer de ses bras
Pour la première fois sa première maîtresse,
Jeune fille aux yeux bruns qui tremble et ne veut pas.

But, on the other hand, the Spaniard treats the following topics in common with Byron which one looks for in vain in Gautier's poem : (1) The home scene, (2) children, (3) the applause of the world, (4) the miser's heaps. Moreover, Espronceda uses none of the elements added by Gautier to the original Byronic theme. See further the Postscript.

1. Some of the references in these lines indicate similarities to a passage that is to follow.

Sweet^f is the vintage, when the showering grapes
 In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,
 Purple and gushing; sweet are our escapes
 From civic revelry to rural mirth^f;
Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps^e.

.....
'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels,
By blood or ink^g...

.....
 Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels.

.....
But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
Is first and passionate Love^a — it stands alone.

With these stanzas may also be compared the following from
El Diablo Mundo :

Y la brisa en la noche^b serena
 en sus ráfagas trae la canciónⁱ,
 que al compás de los remos^j entona,
 mar adentro quizá un pescador. (P. 177.)

And this from a *romance*, *A la Noche* :

Al blando latir del remoⁱ
 dulces^k cantaresⁱ se escuchan^l
 del pescador, y su barco
 al plácido rayo^m cruza. (P. 47.)

In this connection may properly be discussed the sentiments expressed by both Espronceda and Byron concerning the part love plays relatively in the life of man and of woman. In Julia's letter, already quoted as furnishing Espronceda with material for Elvira's farewell, one good stanza runs as follows :

« Man's love is of man's life a thing apart^b,
'Tis a Woman's whole existence^a : Man may range
The Court, Camp, Church, the Vessel^c, and the Mart^g ;
Sword, Gown, Gain^e, Glory^d, offer in exchange

Pride, Fame, *Ambition*^f, to fill up his heart,
 And few there are whom these cannot estrange ;
 Men have all these resources, we but one —
 To love again, and be again undone. » (I, 194.)

Perhaps it would be well to insert here, too, four lines from canto two, stanza 199 :

Alas ! the love of Women ! it is known
 To be a lovely and a fearful thing ;
 For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
 And if 'tis lost, Life hath no more to bring
 To them but mockeries of the past alone.

In canto five of *El Diablo Mundo* (not far from the end of the first *cuadro*), — just as Adam is being enticed away from his mistress, Salada — we find these observations made by the poet :

*Tú^a el espíritu, amor, tú eres la vida
 de la muger que en tu ilusion se ceba,
 y balla en ti solo su ansiedad cumplida
 la que tu dardo penetrante prueba^a :
 el^b viento en remolinos sacudida
 acá y allá inconstante el alma lleva
 del hombre, y pasajero devaneo
 eres no mas de su primer deseo^b.*

Imenso mar que brinda al navegante
 con mansas olas y sereno viento^c,
 y una playa riquísima g y distante
 que ilumina á su gusto el pensamiento,
 y una luz que se pierde rutilante
 y brilla con inquieto movimiento,
*glorias^d, tesoros^e, la esperanza ofrece
 á su ambicion^f que en su delirio crece^f.* (P. 281.)

1. There can be no reasonable doubt that Madame de Staël is the originator of the literary expression of these sentiments. In her treatise *De l'influence des passions*, chapter IV, « De l'amour » (*Œuvres complètes*, Paris, 1820, III, 130 sq.), we find these words : « L'amour est la seule passion des femmes ; l'ambition

On a preceding page the amorous scene between Juan and Haïdée was compared with a *fragmento* of Espronceda's. The same episode, but not quite the same lines, is vaguely recalled in some stanzas describing lovers on the sea-shore, early in the first canto of *El Diablo Mundo*, and it finds another echo in a passionate scene between Adam and Salada. It must be admitted, however, that the similarities in this latter passage are not quite convincing; furthermore, it should be remembered that many of the lines apparently imitated here are the same as those which seemed similar to the *fragmento*, which fact, while it might allow us to argue that the lines were especially impressed on Espronceda's

l'amour de la gloire même leur vont si mal, qu'avec raison un très petit nombre s'en occupent... L'amour est l'histoire de la vie des femmes; c'est un épisode dans celle des hommes; réputation, honneur, estime, tout dépend de la conduite qu'à cet égard les femmes ont tenue... Toutes au moins sont marquées du sceau fatal de la douleur; et pendant ce temps les hommes commandent les armées, dirigent les empires et se rappellent à peine le nom de celles dont ils ont fait la destinée. » The connection between Byron and Staël is too evident to merit discussion; but which one did Espronceda follow? His omission of many details common to the other two proves nothing; our task is to discover elements in his version of the theme that he could have taken from but one of the others. The undeniable fact that this passage from *Don Juan* was used as the basis of Elvira's farewell creates a presumption against any non-Byronic source for these lines; most of us would be willing to let the case rest there. I find, moreover, nothing in Espronceda's lines that points indisputably to Madame de Staël, and I believe that the following two probable borrowings from Byron will satisfy most critics that the Frenchwoman has not been imitated by the Spaniard:

- 1) (a) Man may range
The Court, Camp, Church, *the Vessel*, and the Mart.
- (b) Inmenso mar que brinda al navegante
Con mansas olas y sereno viento.
- 2) (a) Sword, Gown, *Gain*, Glory, offer in exchange.
- (b) Glorias, *tesoros*, la esperanza ofrece
á su ambicion que en su delirio crece.

These parallelisms indicated by the italics could not have been based on Madame de Staël.

memory, might also mean that they are commonplaces, given the situation. Here are the important lines from Byron :

*And thus they wandered forth, and hand in hand^e,
Over the shining pebbles and the shells.* (II, 184.)

.....
They looked up to the sky, whose floating glow
Spread like a rosy Ocean, vast and bright ;
They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
Whence the broad Moon rose circling into sight ;
They heard the waves' splash, and the wind so low,
And saw each other's dark eyes darting light
Into each other^a — and, beholding this,
Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss ; (185.)

A long, long kiss, a kiss of Youth and Love^f. (186.)

.....
*Their intense souls, into each other poured^e,
If souls could die, had perished in that passion, —
But by degrees their senses were restored,
Again to be o'ercome, again to dash on ;
And, beating 'gainst his bosom, Haidée's heart
Felt as if never more to beat apart^d.* (191.)

.....
*She sits upon his knee, and drinks his sighs,
He hers^b, until they end in broken gasps.* (194.)

The first time that Salada and Adam are alone together, a passionate scene ensues, part of which is described in the following lines (*Diablo Mundo*, canto IV) :

*Y entre sus manos trémula su mano^e,
sus labios devorándose encendidos^f,
al rudo impulso y al furor tirano
de sus tirantes nervios sacudidos,
él, ignorante en su delirio insano,
respondiendo latidos á latidos,
al corazon la aprieta, el juicio pierde^d,
la besa hambriento y con placer la muerde.*

Amor encuentra en su sabrosa boca,
 y en sus ojos de amor, amor respira^a,
 afán de amores en su frente loca
 latir contempla si á su hermosa mira ;
 furor ardiente que al amor provoca
él en su aliento abrasador aspira^b,
 y ella á su furia y su pasión demente
 doblar su amor al estrecharle siente^d.

.....
 Y el aura del deleite que las mece
 y *confunde sus almas^c*, en un velo
 cubriéndolas de gloria y de ventura,
 allá las alza en sueños de dulzura.

.....
*¡ Oh ! ¡ como vibra y en acorde canto
 el alma de ella al alma de su amante^d !*

(Pp. 269-71.)

The obvious sensuality of this passage may be Byronic. M. Estève stresses the sensual nature of much of Byron's work, citing as proofs the harem scene, and Juan's adventures with Julia, Haidée, and Queen Catherine. The relations of Adam and Salada, it may be noted, are altogether on the sensual plane ; another indication of this fact may be found in the girl's frank words — worthy of a Salome — when she threatens vengeance on her wavering lover :

¡ Triste la que me arrebató
 su corazón ! ¡ Oh ! ¡ morir
 solo me queda en tal trance !
 ¡ Matarle y morir, y luego
 idolatrar su cadáver !

(P. 287.)

Espronceda's scene of love on the sea-shore is less concrete, and perhaps for that reason less gross. I at first thought it an imitation of the Juan-Haidée episode, but now consider these four charming stanzas interesting chiefly as a contrast to the sensual picture in *Don Juan*, with only a possibility of influence :

¿ Visteis la luna reflejar serena
 entre las aguas de la mar sombría,
 cuando se calma nuestra amarga pena,
 y siente el corazón melancolía ?

¿ Y el mar que allá á lo lejos se dilata,
 imágen de la oscura eternidad,
 y el horizonte azul bañado en plata,
 rico dosel que desvanece el mar ?

¿ Y del aura sutil que se desliza
 por las aguas, oísteis el murmullo,
 cuando las olas argentadas riza
 con blanda queja y con doliente arrullo ?

¿ Y sentísteis tal vez un tierno encanto,
 una voz que regala el corazon,
 dulce, inefable y misterioso canto
 de vago afan é incomprendible amor ? (Pp. 186-7.)

Before ending our comparison of *Don Juan* and the *Diablo Mundo*, I desire to mention a few other possible parallels that have no interrelations, and, perhaps, no great importance. First let us examine Espronceda's description of the countess' palace in the opening lines of canto VI. I have compared this with the stanzas on Newstead Abbey (*Don Juan*, XIII, 55 sq.), and find no possible point of contact, unless it be the paintings on the walls. But Haidée's luxurious surroundings (III, 61 sq.), and Gulbeyaz' apartment offer some suspicious similarities to the Spanish poem; perhaps, however, it is only natural for a poet to talk of mother-of-pearl and ivory and so on, in attempting to picture oriental luxury.

A possible reminiscence of Byron is the appeal which Espronceda makes in the hope that other youths may turn out to be something better than mere poets like the writer of the lines :

¡ O padres ! ¡ O tutores ! ¡ O maestros,
 los que educáis la juventud sencilla ! (P. 183.)

Byron mockingly laments Juan's lapse from virtue, and pleads for a stricter and more successful training for other youths, beginning,

Oh ye ! who teach the ingenuous youth of nations. (II, 1.)

A similar curious detail is the common use of the following figure by both poets :

Palpar, gritar, examinar anhela
cuanto mira y en torno de él se agita,
como al amor del maternal cariño
mira la luz embelesado el niño. (P. 240.)

The poet is here telling of Adam's attitude toward his newly discovered world. When Juan has fallen asleep in Haidée's arms, Byron describes her joy in watching over her beloved by the use of several similes, among them that of

An infant when it gazes on a light. (II, 196.)

We shall conclude this long comparison of *El Diablo Mundo* and *Don Juan* by presenting two passages that are of interest because they treat the desire for novelty from opposite stand-points — Byron pretending to be satisfied with things as they are, and Espronceda resentful of monotony. Even if there were no reason to think that one poet has influenced the other, — and I believe that there is — such a case would have an interest all its own. The passages are these :

'Tis said that Xerxes offered a reward
To those who could invent him a new pleasure :
Methinks the requisition's rather hard,
And must have cost his Majesty a treasure :
For my part, I'm a moderate-minded bard,
Fond of a little love (which I call leisure) ;
Ia care not for new pleasures, as the old
Are quite enough for me, so they but hold^a. (*Don Juan* I, 18.)

Nil novum sub sole, dijo el sábio,
nada hay nuevo en el mundo 1 : harto lo siento.
Que^a, como dicen vulgarmente, rabio
yo por probar un nuevo sentimiento :

1. The italics are Espronceda's.

palabras nuevas pronunciar mi labio,
renovado sentir mi pensamiento,
ansio, y girando en dulce desvarío,
ver nuevo siempre el mundo en torno mio^a.

Uniforme, monótono y cansado
es sin duda este mundo en que vivimos, *etc.* (*Obras* 1900, pp. 197-8.)

Just about the time of Byron's final farewell to Teresa Guiccioli, when he was thinking of the expedition to Greece, the young romantic Espronceda, exiled in Portugal, met another Teresa, who was to play an important part in his life. I suppose we shall never know just how influential the very name of this girl was — recalling, as it must have done, the famous amour of the brilliant and noble English poet with the young Italian countess — in making her attractive to the youthful Spanish romantic: equal uncertainty must meet the investigations of the critic who endeavors to connect Byron's poetry with the notorious second canto of the *Diablo Mundo*, which Espronceda dedicated to Teresa, after her death. One thinks instinctively of the *Poems of the Separation*; but, aside from the bitterness common to the two poets, it would be fanciful to maintain even a similarity between the base and passionate Teresa canto and the coldly regretful, if sometimes bitter, verse that Byron wrote concerning his marital troubles¹. For a more tender regret we might turn to the compositions on the death of the mysterious Thyrza; but here the chivalrous spirit and the tender tone preclude the idea of general parallelism, and minute similarities seem wholly lacking. The results, then, are unfavorable to the

1. Byron's spirit, if not always noble, was certainly above that shown in the Teresa canto. For examples of his satire on his wife see *The Blues*, the famous description of Don Juan's mother (*Don Juan* I, 10 sq.), and the bitter lines on *The Charity Ball*. The nearest approach to parallelism between the two poets in this particular is probably in the spirit of revery found in the Thyrza poems and in some stanzas of the Teresa canto.

idea of Byronic influence in this canto, an opinion to which *a priori* reasoning, based on the wholly personal nature of the lines, would have led almost anyone.

A brief word remains to be said of Espronceda's plays and novel. The latter, *Sancho Saldaña, ó el Castellano de Cuellar* (1834), is a long, not wholly dull story, obviously influenced by Scott. Its importance in the study of Byron's influence lies in the fact that the hero evidently belongs to the *homme fatal* class in which we find Marino Faliero ¹ and Lara. The connection with the latter is especially close. Passing over such details as the strange fascination felt by a woman for the hero, the gloom at the feast ², the challenge and the morose courage of the combatant ³, and the rebellion ⁴, we may emphasize the secret guilt and all-pervading melancholy of the two protagonists, which put them in the same clan if they do not make them father and son. In France, as M. Estève ⁵ points out, Scott's popularity probably prevented Byron from having much influence on the novel of romanticism. From about 1820 Sir Walter was the unquestioned master of the French historical novel: Mérimée, Vigny, Hugo, and Dumas learned from him the art of mingling truth and fancy. But Byron's lyrism and his somber heroes reappear in the novel, as well as in the verse. The similarity between the case of *Sancho Saldaña* and that of the historical novels written on the other side of the Pyrenees is interesting.

« *Amor Venga sus Agravios*, drama original en cinco actos y en prosa, por Don Luis Senra y Palomares » is a tragedy somewhat in Lope's manner, with not a trace of

1. Cf. *Marino Faliero*, V, ii, 10 sq.

2. Cf. *Lara*, 382 sq.

3. *Ibid.*, 790 sq., and 989 sq.

4. *Ibid.*, 855 sq.

5. *Op. cit.*, 482 sq.

Byronism in it ¹. Espronceda's only comedy, which he wrote in 1834 in collaboration with Antonio Ros, is called « *Ni el Tío ni el Sobrino*, comedia en tres actos y en verso ² ». To me it seems to belong to the Molière-Moratín tradition ³, with nothing of the spirit of Byron or of Hugo. Possibly, however, these lines are meant to picture the noble English traveller-poet :

Que soy hombre conocido
de los monarcas de Europa ;
que cuantas mugeres veo
me persiguen y me adoran ;
y que tengo de mis viajes
para imprimir una obra
de ciento y un mil renglones. (Act. II, sc. 8.)

The tragedy, *Blanca de Borbon*, which was recently printed in this review, probably belongs between 1832 and 1836 ⁴. In this, too, I have found no Byronism.

If Patricio de la Escosura could have completed his edition of Espronceda's works, we might very well have had another important imitation of Byron to record. As it is, we can but state the case and guess what we have lost, until some lucky investigator brings to light what Escosura seems to have had in

1. *Amor Venga sus Agravios* was reviewed and ridiculed in *Fray Gerundio*, October, 1838.

2. Ros de Olano's own account of the hasty making and ill success of this play is to be found in a letter written by him Oct. 29, 1871, and recorded in the *Diccionario Biográfico y Bibliográfico de Escritores y Artistas Catalanes del Siglo XIX*, por Don Antonio Elías de Molins, Barcelona, Tomo II, pp. 506 sq. *Ni el Tío* was censured by Larra.

3. Compare the Duque de Rivas' comedy *Tanto Vales Cuanto Tienes*, likewise played in 1834, and which, though written after the author's conversion to romanticism, was, says Blanco García (*op. cit.*, I, 144), an « imitación fría de Moratín ».

4. I have tried to prove these dates in my edition of the tragedy. (Cf. *Revue Hispanique*, XVII, 556-7.)

his possession. As we know, the latter's edition never proceeded beyond the first volume — the verse. But he had announced, on the cover of the volume published, the material which he intended to print in the succeeding volume or volumes ¹. Among the *Obras Dramáticas*, announced as in press and soon to appear, is a production with a title no less significant than *Heaven and Earth* (in mutilated English). Unfortunately I know of no one who has any idea what this drama was, but the title certainly justifies the suspicion that it was Byronic.

We have postponed until the very end of our discussion the delicate question whether Espronceda read Byron in English, in the French translations, or in the Spanish versions, which were practically all based on the French. We may first examine the testimony of the biographers regarding his knowledge of English. He began the study of the language at school, we are told ²,

-
1. This cover announces the following as in press and soon to appear :

Obras Dramáticas :

Algunas noticias de Espronceda como dramático.
 Blanca de Borbon (Trajedia).
 Plan y fragmentos de una comedia clásica.
 El Conde de Alarcos.
 Fragmentos de un drama.
 Hearen [*sic*] and Earth.

Escritos en Prosa :

Espronceda, prosista.
 De Gibraltar á Lisboa.
 Un recuerdo.
 España y Portugal.
 Sobre la destruccion de nuestros monumentos artísticos.
 Principio de un cuento ó novela.
 Diccionario infernal.

2. Escosura, *op. cit.*, p. 33 ; Solís, *op. cit.*, p. 62. Victor Hugo, says M. Estève (*op. cit.*, 299), though he knew Shakespeare and Byron, never mastered the English language. This fact alone is sufficient to make clear the folly of assuming that Espronceda's use of Byron is proof that he read him in English.

and when he got to London he was already in a position to absorb it readily. His favorite authors here seem to have been Shakespeare, Milton, and Byron ¹, for the last of whom his liking, says Escosura ², was formed in London. Blanco García states that he liked Byron from his youth, but that his early poetry (e. g. *A la Patria*, *Pelayo*) is free from the vacillation between egoistic Epicureanism and inspired enthusiasm that took hold of him after his spirit had been poisoned by grief, ennui, and the reading of his favorite English poet ³. It will be remembered, too, that Alcalá Galiano, who was in a fair position to judge such matters, speaks of Espronceda as « dueño del idioma inglés », and says that he had « leído y estudiado las poesías de Byron con empeño y afición, y dándose con frecuencia á imitarlas ». But even this clear and respectable testimony is not above the suspicion of error; Blanco García, too, for all we know, may be repeating common literary tradition; and Escosura's statements are those of a fond friend. While I believe that a strong presumption is established by this consistent testimony of contemporaries, and also that it is reasonable to suppose that even the most indolent of men would have learned English during a sojourn as long as was Espronceda's in London, yet a fair examination of the internal evidence is not to be shunned. The only direct mention of or quotations from English literature that I have noted in Espronceda's work are, first, a reference (in *Un Recuerdo*) to *Cymbeline* and the following from « Shakespeare » :

I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here which burns
Worse than tears drown ⁴.

1. *Obras Poéticas*, 1884, p. 13 (in the biography by Ferrer del Río).

2. *Ibid*, 33 (in Escosura's critical preface).

3. *Op. cit.*, I, 156-7.

4. *The Winter's Tale*, II, i, 109-111. The article called *Un Recuerdo* was printed, probably for the first time, in *El Pensamiento*, number 3, page 60;

Secondly, the heading to « parte segunda » of *El Estudiante de Salamanca*, taken from *Don Juan* and badly mutilated. Finally, these lines from *El Diablo Mundo* :

¿ Qué habré yo de decir que ya con creces
no hayan dicho tal vez los que murieron,
Byron y Calderon, Shakspear, Cervantes,
y tantos otros que vivieron antes ?¹

(p. 198.)

Important negative testimony in regard to his interest in English literature is to be found in the verse headings to the chapters of his novel, *Sancho Saldaña*. Though this book was written after his exile in London and is strongly influenced by Scott, every one of these chapter headings is from a Spanish poet; some of them are from the older masters, others from such romantics as Rivas, Larra, and Bretón. Evidence of a similar kind is to be found in an unsigned but probably genuine letter recently published², said to have been written by Espronceda in London in 1826. It begins thus : « Tengo el Taso á la vista, y voy á darte mi parecer sobre su poema. Mil veces lo he leído y con mucho despacio, y te aseguro que no conozco entre los modernos poeta alguno que le exceda, ni con quien siquiera poder compararle fuera del Ariosto ». The omission of Byron's name is significant; but its importance may be diminished by the fact that the writer of the letter seems to be thinking only

1841 is the date which I believe should be assigned to this periodical. The lines from Shakespeare are correctly given in this place, but they have been badly mangled in the reproduction of the article to be found in *Páginas Olvidadas* [1873], p. 66.

1. To these references we may add the passing mention of Shakespeare in *Sancho Saldaña* (see the discussion of classicism), and the use of Ossian mentioned on page 206.

2. Cf. *Revue Hispanique*, XVII, pp. 707-710. Through the kindness of Miss Anita Lenz, of Heidelberg, I have discovered that in publishing this letter I was merely doing what had already been done by Rodriguez-Solís (cf. *Op. cit.*, p. 88), who does not say where he found it.

of the genuine epic. At any rate, no amount of such « negative evidence » would suffice to prove that Espronceda did not know Byron well, either in the original or in translation, and it can not help us to decide between these channels of his information.

The next step in the study of internal evidence is an examination of the wording of passages closely imitating Byron. Few imitations are useful in this scrutiny, for even an obvious use of a passage from Byron is of no value unless it be so close to the original as to be a virtual translation; and unless the French or the Spanish prose versions differ markedly from the English original, there is no way of telling which one of the three may have been the source of Espronceda's inspiration. I have examined, with this object in view, the following passages in which Espronceda has imitated Byron, in each case comparing Espronceda's lines with the original English, the French translation, and the Spanish prose version; but as these Spanish versions were, in almost every case, slavish translations from the French, it will not be essential always to present both forms.

One case affords a little support to the theory that Espronceda read Byron in the Spanish translations. In a passage from *Don Juan* (II, 191) already discussed among the less certain imitations, we find this line :

Their intense souls, into each other poured.

The Spanish based upon this reads :

Y el aura del deleite que las mece
confunde sus almas.

Now the French translation which Espronceda could have known (Paris, 1827, or one of the reprints, which did not differ greatly from the princeps) puts this passage as follows : « Suivant la loi de la nature, les âmes des deux amants, en passant l'une dans

l'autre, auraient cessé d'exister dans cette enivrante passion, si les âmes pouvaient mourir » ; and the Spanish translator has thus phrased the opening words : « Según las leyes de la naturaleza sus almas se confundían una con otra », *etc.* The point to be noticed is that Espronceda and the unknown author of this prose version have, by accident or because the former utilized the latter, both rendered the English « into each other poured », or the French « en passant l'une dans l'autre », by the none too literal « se confundían » and « confunde ». Does this prove much? I doubt it, in view of the fact that the borrowing is not certain, of the similar cases on the other side, and of the contrary evidence of another nature either already presented or to be brought forth shortly.

Don Juan, I, 194, runs as follows in the original :

Man may range
The Court, Camp, Church, the Vessel, and the Mart ;
Sword, Gown, Gain, Glory, offer in exchange
Pride, Fame, Ambition, to fill up his heart.

This has been thus turned by the Spanish *prosis*ta : « Las dignidades de la corte y de la iglesia, los laureles de la guerra, y los dones de la fortuna son el patrimonio del hombre ; el orgullo, la gloria, la ambición le ofrecen de que llenar su corazón ». Espronceda puts the idea thus, in part :

Inmenso mar que brinda al navegante
con mansas olas y sereno viento,
.....
glorias, tesoros, la esperanza ofrece
á su ambicion, *etc.*

Does not the word *tesoros* point rather to Byron's « Gain », than to the « dones de la fortuna » of the prose version? In the same canto, stanza 218, in the important passage on ambition, Byron has this line :

Some liken it to climbing up a hill,

which evidently inspired in Espronceda the following :

Trepar ansiando al templo de tu cumbre,
donde mi fama al universo asombre.

The word « climb » (*trepar*) is not to be found in the French prose version — « Les uns la comparent à une colline », *etc.*, nor in the Spanish, which is a literal translation of the French.

Several pages back a reasonably strong case was made out for the idea that part of the poem *A Jarifa* is based on Shakespeare. It was there argued that the lines from the LXVITH sonnet, which run as follows :

And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,

were in all probability responsible for two stanzas of Espronceda's poem. We found, too, that the two preceding lines of the sonnet seem to have been misunderstood by the Spanish poet, but used in their original order; that is to say that he renders Shakespeare's

As to behold desert a beggar born

by

si luego en vez de prados y de flores
halla desiertos áridos y abrojos ;

and that the English line

And purest faith unhappily forsworn

is interpreted as applying to religious faith, and thus put :

y hallé la duda, y el radiante cielo
ví convertirse en ilusion aérea.

If the reader will grant that Shakespeare is unquestionably the inspiration of this passage, we may get some light on the general

question whether Espronceda read English authors in the original : only the bare possibility that he could have found some miserable French or Spanish translation of the sonnets, containing the erroneous interpretation that we have just described, can provide an escape from the conclusion that he got these ideas directly from the English.

And then there is the Ossian matter, already discussed in print ¹. It has been shown that Espronceda's imitations « del estilo de Osian » have beneath the title, in correct English, the words, « A tale of the times of old »; that some lines in *El Combate* recall distinctly a passage in Ossian not contained in Montengón's translation; and that the hymn, *Al Sol*, which is obviously a mere versification of a passage from Ossian, is likewise not to be found in Montengón, though it did appear in a periodical publication, but in such form as to suggest no connection with Espronceda's poem.

But Shakespeare and Ossian are not Byron, and presumption is not proof. We turn, then, to some final evidence of a more satisfactory nature. We may, I believe, safely reject the theory that Espronceda read Byron in one of the wretched Spanish prose versions that were produced about 1830; the simple reason for this is that he utilized poems by the great Englishman which were not, so far as some rather exhaustive research can determine, put into Spanish before his death. The *Hebrew Melodies*, for instance, were not translated into Spanish, so far as I know, before 1854 ², but Espronceda has made what is practically an amplified version of *Sun of the Sleepless*. And, even if we admit that he might have sought out that quotation from *Don Juan*, IV, 72 ³, in the English form, after reading the poem in Spanish,

1. *Modern Language Notes*, XXIII, 1.

2. See « Postscript ».

3. Put at the beginning of the second part of *El Estudiante de Salamanca*, and running as follows :

[No dirge] Except the hollow sea's
Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

the possibility of such reading is precluded by the simple fact that no such Spanish version of the fourth canto is known. In view of these powerful arguments, — and I do not see how we can evade the conclusions derived from Espronceda's use of *Sun of the Sleepless* — it is to me a most curious fact that the Spaniard should have made the most conspicuous use of those parts of *Don Juan* which are known to have been translated into Spanish during his lifetime, namely cantos one, two, and seven¹. My own guess is that Espronceda could and did read Byron in English, but that he also may have known the miserable Spanish versions, and possibly owed some of his familiarity with *Don Juan* to these productions.

But we have not yet formally disposed of the possibility that Espronceda read Byron in one of the plentiful French translations that we know to have been popular with the Spaniards. The strongest reasons against such a supposition are the following general facts that have just been brought out : — that he lived long in England and was supposed by many contemporaries to be a master of the English language; that he apparently was independent of the versions of Byron in his own tongue; that he quoted from English originals; and that he made errors, in his use of Shakespeare, due to a misunderstanding of the English text. A rather bold type of skepticism would be necessary to the critic who would maintain that the possibility in favor of the use of the French versions is more than scant; but, if it were

1. « Don Juan || Novela || Por Lord Byron. || Tomo Primero || Paris. || En la Libreria Americana, || Calle del Temple N. 69 || 1829 || » pp. 179, 120. This contained canto one; the second canto appeared as a second volume altogether similar to the above. The only other translation of *Don Juan* before 1843 of which I have any knowledge is the following : « El Sitio || De Ismaïl, Novela Heróica, || Por lord Byron. || Paris, || Libreria Americana, || Calle del Temple, N° 69. || 1830 || » pp. 184, 120. This contained cantos seven and eight of *Don Juan*, but canto eight does not seem to have been utilized by Espronceda to any extent.

possible, I should like to add conclusive internal evidence based on some passage known not to have been put into Spanish. Such a passage it does not seem possible to find, but the lines called *A una Estrella* come the nearest to being satisfactory. We have already stated that Byron's *Sun of the Sleepless* was not put into Spanish before Espronceda's death; we turn, then, to the French translation of 1827 (volume X, page 232) as the only plausible source aside from the original. Here we find this brief poem turned as follows :

Soleil de ceux qui ne goûtent plus le sommeil, astre mélancolique, dont la molle et tremblante lueur nous montre les ténèbres que tu ne peux dissiper, combien tu ressembles au souvenir du bonheur qui n'est plus ! Ainsi brille le passé, lumière d'un autre temps, dont les impuissants rayons ne peuvent communiquer de chaleur : ce n'est qu'une lumière nocturne ; la douleur veille pour la contempler : elle la distingue, mais de loin ; elle reconnaît sa clarté, mais que l'impression en est faible !

If this version be compared with the English, to be found on page 149, where the question was originally discussed, it will be seen that it is quite literal ; and an examination of Espronceda's poem will disclose the fact that it has few close verbal similarities to Byron's. Hence the difficulty of determining which form was his source. But there is, perhaps, just a little evidence here, too, in favor of the view that he used the English, namely the expressions which seem to be based on the line :

Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far.

Molle certainly does not render « tearful », even loosely ; but Espronceda speaks of the star as *tímido y triste*, which words are not far from the English adjective ; and a little weight may be added to the contention by the later expression, *tú conmigo lloras*. But, in view of the obvious limitations of such arguments, most of us would prefer to let the case rest on the general considerations listed above.

The historian Blanco García ¹ in the enthusiastic conclusion to his chapter on the great lyricist says, with considerable justice :

Si lo que hace insigne á un poeta es la asimilación, digámoslo así, de conceptos, aunque ajenos, vaciados en nueva turquesa y el encendido calor de su espíritu, cuando no cabe entera novedad, no hay razón para arrebatár esa gloria á Espronceda. Por su manera de sentir y de pasar se aparta, es cierto, de la corriente tradicional en la poesía española ; pero ¿ qué cosa no participó y participa de esa universal degeneración ? Dígase, en cambio, si una sola vez se confunden sus obras con las de los modelos ; si una sola vez pierden aquel soplo de vitalidad que no se transfunde ni se falsifica, y eso aun cuando más de cerca sigue ajenas huellas. La musa de Castilla, traída á miserable esterilidad por la escuela neoclásica del siglo XVIII, nunca se había mostrado tan majestuosa y pujante, sin exceptuar, á lo menos en mi juicio, los cantos nacionales del mismo Quintana. Bien auguró Lista la fama de Espronceda, y con harta razón dijo de las obras líricas de este su ilustre discípulo que aventajaban á todas las de su tiempo. Repitémoslo nosotros una vez más, aunque separemos siempre el soberano ingenio con que enriqueció Dios al poeta, del lodo con que el lo manchó poniéndolo á servicio de malas causas y torpes ideales.

In this long discussion I have endeavored to give a full account of the influence of Lord Byron on José de Espronceda ², taking up and developing the material provided by previous critics, and adding some facts of my own discovering. One hardly dares ever to consider such work ended ; still, one must draw the line somewhere, and I am willing to rest my case here. That this influence was tremendous I consider proved ; but that Espronceda's remarkable individual merit is not greatly diminished by this fact I also believe, not only because of the clever way in which he worked over his Byronic material, but also,

1. *Op. cit.*, I, 169-170.

2. Upon more than one occasion I have deliberately allowed my study to become a critical comparison of the two poets, rather than a mere search for Byronic influence. Such material is not, I trust, without its value in the making of literary history.

and chiefly, because, in spite of this profound external influence on his genius, he still remained a personal poet, distinctly different from Lord Byron in many ways, frequently the equal, and occasionally the superior of the great English romantic ¹.

Philip H. CHURCHMAN.

POSTSCRIPT. As the last pages of this article are going through the press, a few new facts have come to light which it may be worth while to add :

(1) One page 161 these lines are quoted from Espronceda :

Y si, lector, dijerdas ser cuento,
Como me lo contaron, te lo cuento ;

and the opinion is expressed that « it is not impossible » for the Spaniard to have been thinking of a certain passage from Byron. It so happens that the original source of the lines is Juan de Castellanos (*Elegias de varones ilustres de Indias*, Elegy II, canto II, oct. 14), who, with a little more respect for Spanish grammar, wrote *os*, not *te*. (Cf. León Medina : « *Frases literarias afortunadas* », *Revue Hispanique*, XVIII, 226 sq.). But Espronceda probably did not get the lines from the obscure Juan de Castellanos, for they are also to be found, with the incorrect *te* in a work by a friend of the poet, published in plenty of time for it to have influenced *El Estudiante* ; this book is Villalta's historical novel, *El Golpe en Vago* (Madrid, 1835), and the lines appear on the title page.

(2) On pages 187-190 there is a discussion of the use made by Espronceda of a passage by Byron on the sweets of life ; it may not be without interest to note that Juan Valera published in *La Alhambra*, nov. 7, 1841 (vol. I, p. 24), an *Imitacion de Byron*, clearly derived from the same passage. The date, of course, renders impossible any influence on Espronceda's imitation.

(3) It is asserted on page 206 that the *Hebrew Melodies* were not translated into Spanish before 1854. In *La Alhambra*, V, 106 (Dec. 26, 1841, and hence too late to affect the case of *A una Estrella*), there appeared a poem by Manuel Cañete called *A la luna, Paráfrasis de Lord Byron* ; over it are the words, « Sun of the Sleepless — Hebrew Melodies », upon which poem it is based.

1. Two debts of gratitude must be gladly acknowledged by the author of this study : first, to el Señor Don Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo for his cordial interest and fruitful suggestions ; secondly, to my friend Mr. George Aynsley Smith, of Darlington, England, for his goodness in assisting me in the reading of the proofs.

FRASES LITERARIAS AFORTUNADAS

VII

Con las frases célebres sucede á menudo lo que con las noticias, que al correr de boca en boca llegan muchas veces al fin de la jornada desfiguradas y maltrechas, de lo que hemos ofrecido ya notables ejemplos. No menos numerosas son las que nacidas para ser declamadas con entonación trágica, andan por esos mundos de las citas provocando la risa y llenando de regocijo á los oyentes. La fórmula de amenaza

Ahora lo veredes, dijo Agrajes,

que este personaje del *Amadís de Gaula* usufructúa sin razón suficiente, era ya frase con visos y ribetes de cómica cuando Cervantes la puso en boca de Don Quijote (I^a, 8) al entrar en campal batalla con el Vizcaíno, y Quevedo la satirizó en su *Visita de los Chistes* diciendo « que al tal Agrajes no se le daba nada que entonces ni nunca lo vieran ».

Tan general es también dar intención cómica á este verso de *El Trovador* de García Gutiérrez (II, 1^a)

Siempre lo fué Don García

que muchos no sospechan siquiera que se halle en esa trágica composición. La célebre redondilla con que termina el acto primero,

Al campo, Don Nuño, voy
Donde probaros espero,
Que si vos sois caballero
Caballero tambien soy

ha corrido suerte semejante, y fuera del teatro se oye recitar más á menudo con la declamación adecuada para sainetes como *El Manolo* que con la propia de tan vigorosa escena.

No obstante la popularidad alcanzada por el drama de Gil y Zárate *Guzmán el Bueno*, ocurre también que aquella frase tan repetida en todos los tonos, pero con más frecuencia en el trágico-cómico,

Españoles no sois ? pues sois valientes

se cita las más de las veces sin acordarse del autor ni de la obra á que pertenece. Y es que por haberse ridiculizado tanto aquel apóstrofe, cuesta trabajo suponer que se halle no sólo en aquel drama sino precisamente en una de sus más aplaudidas escenas, la que comienza (I, IIª)

Ois soldados ? la sonora trompa
Nos llama á la lid,

y en la cual se leen versos como los siguientes

Seguidme y descargando golpes ciertos
Los contareis mejor despues de muertos.

Creer innata la valentía entre españoles y dar á esta cualidad más importancia de la que tiene en la vida de las naciones, ha sido tópico ó lugar común que casi en idéntica forma que Gil y Zárate expresó Vara de Guzmán en este verso de la octava 39 de su poema *Las naves de Cortés* :

Pero tienen valor : son españoles.

A los que sueñan con nuevos Pavías, Otumbas y Lepantos, bueno sería recordarles aquel discurso de las armas y las letras, en que el hidalgo manchego abomina de los endemoniados instrumentos de la artillería, « causa de que un infame y cobarde brazo quite la vida á un valeroso caballero » (*Quijote*, Iª, xxxviii)

Para deshacer legendarias ilusiones, convendría publicar nueva edición de tan admirable discurso y á modo de comentario transcribir lo que del valor dijo Calderón, soldado antes de ser sacerdote, en la segunda parte de *La hija del aire* (II, 9ª) :

Aunque el natural temor
En todos obra igualmente,
No mostrarle es ser valiente
Y esto es lo que hace el valor ;

doctrina que concuerda con la expresada por Ercilla en estos versos de su *Araucana* (Cant. VII, oct. 1ª)

El miedo es natural en el prudente
Y el saberlo vencer es ser valiente

de los cuales dijo Larra (Figaro) que «podrían ser mejores, pero difícilmente más ciertos » en su artículo *La policía*, al señalar la idea que esos versos entrañan como el fundamento y el preclaro origen de institución tan maltratada.

En la célebre tragedia de Quintana, *Pelayo*, hay otra frase que ordinariamente se cita mal y de burlas, desnaturalizando la intención del autor. ¿ Quién no ha oído decir : « Ya no hay patria, Veremundo » ó bien « Aun hay patria, Veremundo » ? Es más de lamentar el abuso porque el coronado poeta escribió no una sino tres veces en el mismo parlamento « ¡ No hay patria ! » y la última dijo :

¡ No hay patria, Veremundo ! ¿ No la lleva
Todo buen español dentro en su pecho ?

versos que algunos timoratos corrigen de este modo :

¿ No hay patria, Veremundo ? ¿ No la tiene
Todo buen español dentro del pecho ?

por creer sin duda de buena fé, que no pudo escribir Quintana « dentro en su pecho »,

De la misma tragedia son estos versos (III, 3ª) :

A fundar otra España y otra patria
Más grande, más feliz que la primera

lema de nuestros flamantes regeneradores al uso, y que según Mesonero Romanos (*Memorias de un setentón*, 1ª ed., pág. 190) declamaba con fascinador acento el célebre actor Máiquez allá por los años de 1816, electrizando al público y obligando al Alcalde Presidente á destacarle sus alguaciles para que mitigase su ardimiento. Por esos y otros versos de su popular tragedia, como los que endereza el héroe de Covadonga al soberbio Munuza (II, 4ª)

La muerte de un contrario generoso
Solamente el que es vil la solemniza

dijo Quintana, que su *Pelayo* no era obra dramática de escuela determinada sino escrito político de circunstancias ; y con gracejo en él desusado, según contó el Marqués de Molins al contestar á Ayala en el acto de su recepción en la Academia Española, añadía : « Tenía yo gana de decir muchas cosas y no encontrando un cristiano que quisiera oírlas, tuve que buscar un moro para decírselas todas. »

De la clase de estos cristianos que no querían oír á Quintana, debió ser el primero á quien se le ocurrió aplicar festivamente aquel hermoso verso último de la inspiradísima y clásica oda de Alberto Lista *A la muerte de Jesús* :

Todos en El pusisteis vuestras manos.

Púsolas en efecto sacrílega é inútilmente aquel cristiano en estos versos, pues tantos otros pudo haber escogido en su lugar y al mismo propósito. Sin ir muy lejos, el propio Quintana de quien poco ha citábamos versos célebres, hubiérale prestado aquella exclamación de Hormesinda en el *Pelayo* (I, 2ª) :

Vuestra es la culpa,
Y el fruto ¡ hombres ingratos ! tambien vuestro.

Otra víctima del trasiego que sufren las frases por esos mundos de las citas es Espronceda, á quien hizo decir cierto literato de mala memoria :

Ya ni en la paz de los sepulcros creo,

que es precisamente lo contrario de lo que expresó el romántico en su canción *A Jarifa*

Palpé la realidad y odié la vida,
Solo en la paz de los sepulcros creo.

También ha perdido el carácter serio que quiso darle el autor este verso :

Tan joven y ya tan desgraciada

que se lee al principio de la octava 35, una de las más endebles del célebre *Canto á Teresa* de su poema *El Diablo mundo*.

Moratin, en *La comedia nueva* (II, 2^a) pone en boca de Don Hermógenes para consolar á Don Eleuterio que no había vendido más que tres ejemplares de su comedia, este aforismo :

Nada hay que sea poco ni mucho *per se* sino respectivamente.

Al público que cita le ha parecido por lo que se ve demasiado largo el axioma, y nunca se acuerda del texto de Moratin, á quien han enmendado la plana de este modo :

Todo es relativo, como dice Don Hermógenes.

Quizás por esta misma razón se oye siempre :

Los modernos lo hemos arreglado de otra manera,

versión que no se encontrará en la traducción que hizo Moratín de *El médico á palos* de Molière, pues allí Bartolo al verse cogido por haber asegurado que el corazón estaba al lado derecho, exclama : « Si señor, antiguamente así sucedía ; pero ya lo hemos arreglado de otra manera. »

Muchas veces estas alteraciones del texto en las obras dramáticas, son morcillas que nada tienen que ver con la de *La cena jocosa* de Baltasar de Alcázar.

¡ Que oronda viene y que bella !
 ¡ Que través y enjundia tiene !
 Paréceme, Inés, que viene
 Para que demos en ella.

La frase ya proverbial,

El verdadero conde es el que paga

pertenece según la común opinión á *La Redoma encantada*, comedia de magia de Don Juan Eugenio Hartzenbusch que pocos españoles habrá que no hayan visto representar. Esto no obstante, ni en las primeras ediciones de esta obra, ni en las posteriores al año 1862, corregidas por el autor, se encuentra la frase. En la escena 14 del acto 3º existe algo parecido : en aquel momento de la comedia resulta que por cierto artificio mágico, aparecen confundidos Don Enrique de Villena y el auténtico conde de la Biznaga ; y los personajes que intervienen en la escena, maliciosa é interesadamente resuelven la dificultad, sosteniendo por su orden, que « el conde que presta, que el conde que compra, que el conde que convida es el verdadero conde », pero en boca de ninguno de ellos se pone la frase que hemos oído en la representación y que cita todo el mundo ; por lo que nos inclinamos á creer, que algún actor de los que intervienen en dicha escena debió improvisarla consagrándola para la posteridad en alguna función de Nochebuena.

Refiriéndose á Fray Antolín, dice Luzbel en la célebre comedia de Belmonte, *El diablo predicador* (III, 5ª)

No puede
Este lego reprimirse,
Pero yo haré que escarmiente.

Algún embutido de los antes mencionados, ó el poder de algún refundidor de los que no dejan verso sano, han transformado la frase, y generalmente se oye en esta forma :

¡ Que no pueda
Este lego reprimirse !

También hay morcillas y embutidos fabricados en el silencio de los gabinetes sin la circunstancia atenuante de la animación escénica.

Cierto cocinero de quien debieran esperarse combinaciones más clásicas, confeccionó el siguiente pisto, con varios versos de la fábula de Iriarte *El elefante y otros animales*, que ya hemos visto servido en diferentes ocasiones y calificados los versos de algún tanto chabacanos por un *estadista* ¡ tanta es la fuerza del mal ejemplo !

A todos y á ninguno
Mis advertencias tocan ;
Quien se crea aludido
Con su pan se lo coma.

Entre las notas que conservamos referentes á esta composición de Iriarte, hay una que dice : « Víctor Hugo en el Prólogo de su drama *Cromwell*, manifiesto y biblia del romanticismo francés, citó la siguiente cuarteta de nuestro célebre fabulista :

Y pues no vituperan
Señaladas personas,
Quien haga aplicaciones
Con su pan se lo coma !

Confrontadas ambas versiones con el texto de Iriarte, averiguamos con tristeza que Víctor Hugo había citado bien y que el escritor español no sabía los versos de Iriarte, pues con ligereza reprehensible había refundido dos cuartetas, y sustituido además uno de los versos del autor con otro espúreo, como observará el lector menos avisado :

A todos y á ninguno,
 Mis advertencias tocan :
 Quien las siente, se culpa ;
 El que no, que las oiga.

 Y pues no vituperan
 Señaladas personas,
 Quien haga aplicaciones
 Con su pan se lo coma.

Don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, en una de sus muchas y buenas redondillas, nos dejó cierta imitación del proverbio latino *Excusatio non petita accusatio manifesta*, del que es en suma reminiscencia la cuarteta de Iriarte.

Se halla en la carta que empieza *Gloria y descanso*, donde dice :

Mas yo callo, aunque importuno,
 Y huyo de dar escusa,
 Porque quien la da se acusa
 Sino se la pide alguno.

Y también como Iriarte, Mendoza encontró quien le reformase sus versos, aunque no llegó el atrevimiento del Conde de Lemos, á quien nos referimos. al extremo del cocinero de marras, pues sólo puso en gerundio el indicativo del segundo verso, como puede verse en la carta que aquel prócer y mecenas de Cervantes escribió á Bartolomé Leonardo de Argensola, recientemente reimpresa por el Sr. Paz y Mélia en su curioso libro *Sales españolas*, Primera serie.

Si todas estas libertades son en mayor ó menor grado repre-

hensibles, hay otras que tienen en su abono las exigencias y reglas propias del arte de citar, según las cuales ha de procurarse que encajen los textos extraños en el discurso tan ajustadamente que parezca que el autor los escribió para aquel lugar y propósito. Por esta razón los diálogos dramáticos no suelen utilizarse en las citas, aunque contengan pensamientos interesantes; y si algunas veces se sirven de ellos los escritores, es reduciendo el diálogo á sentencia impersonal.

Si á la intención del que escribe conviene el siguiente diálogo de una de las comedias más famosas de Ayala, lo citará de este modo :

El hombre más caballero
 Cuando no tiene dinero
 No lo tiene... y no lo paga.

pero á fin de que el lector vea que la cita está hecha con conocimiento de causa, vendrá bien añadir : como dicen Roberto y Sabino en la escena 13 del acto 1º de *El tanto por ciento*.

Nadie tampoco se atreverá á citar este pensamiento de Ventura de la Vega en *El hombre de mundo* (II, 6ª), tal como lo desarrolló el poeta :

EMILIA. — La que es buena....
 CLARA. — Debe
 Además
 EMILIA. — Qué ?
 CLARA. — Parecerlo.

Todos extractarán el diálogo, diciendo únicamente :

La que es buena, debe además parecerlo.

trabajo que se ahorrarán los que sepan que Cervantes nos dejó la misma idea preparada y dispuesta para servir de cita literaria en su *Comedia entretenida* (I, 1ª), al decir :

La mujer ha de ser buena
 Y parecerlo, que es más,

VIII

Si, según Quevedo en su *Culta latiniparla* (§ 17), « remudar frasis es limpieza », cumplen con esta recomendación los que pueden ofrecer, si es preciso, dos textos equivalentes al mismo propósito. Este lujo literario no es para todos : los más han de darse por contentos si en el momento oportuno, su memoria les descubre uno ya clásico, ya de menos elevado origen, y lo recuerdan sin trabucar autores ni conceptos.

Muchos citadores con escasos conocimientos en el Parnaso por tener trato solamente con cuatro ó cinco poetas, les encajan sin más averiguaciones cuantas frases se asemejan á las de su reducido repertorio. Saben ellos por ejemplo que Calderón escribió en *El Mágico prodigioso* (III, 6ª)

No fuera libre albedrio
Si se dejara vencer,

y no bien oyen algo que suena á albedrío ó á forzamiento de voluntades, le cuelgan el milagro, siguiendo la teoría de aquel pedante á cuyas pecadoras manos vino á parar cierta comedia en que se decía : « A Doña Clara pretendo », y victoriosamente puso al margen : « Plagio de Calderón que dijo ya : « Apurar cielos pretendo. »

A esta escuela pertenecía el que por calderonianos tuvo los siguientes versos :

El sí ó el no, todo es mio,
Que el hado, en el albedrio
No tiene jurisdiccion,

y se los arrebató á Alarcón que los había escrito en *Las paredes oyen* (I, 18), catorce años antes de que el Príncipe de nuestros dramáticos compusiera *El Mágico prodigioso* para la villa de Yepes.

Con menos escusas eufónicas le atribuyen algunos esta frase,

Para querer
No pienso que ha menester
Licencia la voluntad,

original del mencionado Don Juan Ruiz de Alarcón y Mendoza, como fácilmente se convencerá quien lea la quinta escena del acto primero de *La verdad sospechosa*.

Alguna disculpa merecen los que achacan al autor de *La vida es sueño* este desahogo del Olibrio de *La margarita preciosa* (II, 10), cuando su cristiana mujer le confiesa sus místicos amores con Cristo :

Mujer, dime que le crees,
No me digas que le amas

pues al menos escribió Calderón la tercera jornada, y aunque esos versos están en la segunda, que es de *Cancer*, la comedia tiene cierto aire de familia con *El Josef de las mujeres*, *El mágico prodigioso* y *La exaltación de la cruz*.

De tan expreso modo declara el argumento y la lección del drama el título del conocidísimo de Calderón *A secreto agravio secreta venganza*, que si se recitan delante de veinte personas estos versos :

No publiques, si eres sabio,
La infamia de aqueste insulto
.....
Que entretanto que está oculto
No da deshonra el agravio

diez y nueve los celebrarán como de dicha composición, sin atinar con que pertenecen á *La villana de Vallecas* (I, 3) de Tirso de Molina.

Para los citadores á que venimos refiriéndonos, Tirso es el regocijado poeta, autor de todos los dichos agudos y atrevidos de nuestro teatro clásico : y en oyendo su nombre ya les retoza la risa, como á los candorosos espectadores de paraísos y cazuelas, cuando ven salir por el foro al gracioso de la compañía. Con tal

preocupación no es extraño que adjudiquen al célebre mercenario esta salida del criado de *A secreto agravio* (I, 2) :

¿ Y no miras que es error
digno de que al mundo asombre
que vaya á casarse un hombre
con tanta prisa, señor ?

ó esta otra frase de *El Alcalde de Zalamea* (I, 7) del mismo Calderón :

En tu vida no has de dar
consejo al que ha menester
dinero.

El nombre de Alarcón sirve en cambio para autorizar los dichos sentenciosos ó morales, entre los citadores referidos, únicos responsables de esas falsas atribuciones, pues nuestro poeta maltratado por sus compañeros de profesión que no le perdonaban tanto ingenio en tan mal acondicionado físico, muy sobre aviso hubo de andar en esto de usurpar conceptos ajenos. Algunas de las sátiras que llovieron sobre él, todavía corren por el mundo de las citas, como esta quintilla,

Tanto de corcoba atras
Y adelante, Alarcon, tienes,
Que saber es por demás
De donde te corco-vienes
ó á donde te corco-vas

conservada por Alfay en sus *Poetas varias de grandes ingenios españoles* impresas quince años después de la muerte del asendereado poeta. El autor de esta sátira, Juan Fernández, regidor cuasi-perpetuo de la villa y córte y dueño de la huerta que sirvió de título á una de las comedias de Tirso, es ejemplo de la verdad que encierra el refrán « Donde las dan, las toman », pues también él ha pasado á la posteridad con su correspondiente sátira á cuestas. El Conde de Villamediana, sin fundamento plausible,

si son exactas las cuentas que acaba de ajustar á ambos don Carlos Cambronero en el *Homenaje á Menéndez y Pelayo*, le dirigió esta redondilla :

Buena está la torrecilla ;
Tres mil ducados costó.
Si Juan Fernandez lo hurtó,
Que culpa tiene la villa ?

prueba de haber sido mirados de reajo en todos tiempos por sus convecinos, los regidores y los concejales de la villa del oso y del madroño.

La modestia y encogimiento del lisiado poeta fue sin duda la causa de que se le subieran á las barbas y se declararan repentinamente poetas satíricos, oscuros literatos como Juan Fernández. Del mismo modo que Cervantes trabajó más contra su gloria de poeta, que cuantos críticos le hayan podido caer en suerte, al escribir aquel conocido terceto de su *Viaje al Parnaso* (I, 9)

Yo que siempre trabajo y me desvelo
Por parecer que tengo de poeta
La gracia que no quiso darme al cielo.

Alarcón, al decir en *Las paredes oyen* (III, 5) :

¿ Satirizas ? no conviene,
Que eso solo puede hacer
Quien no tiene que perder
O que le digan no tiene :
Pero yo ¿ como querias
Que predique sin ser santo ?
¿ Que faltas diré, si hay tanto
Que remediar en las mias ?

dió pie para que sus émulos se le atrevieran, haciendo bueno el refrán de que Fray Modesto nunca llegó á prior.

No necesita en verdad Alarcón para sustentar su fama de Terencio español que le imputen agenos conceptos, pues con los

propios puede formarse riquísima colección. Si en *Á secreto agravio* (I, 3) Calderón dijo, alzándose contra el engaño del mundo que respeta el vestido y no la sangre :

Al cuerpo le viste el oro,
Pero al alma la nobleza,

Alarcón sin duda antes había escrito en *Las paredes oyen* (II, 4)

En el hombre no has de ver
La hermosura ó gentileza ;
Su hermosura es la nobleza
Su gentileza el saber.

De su pluma brotaban á cada paso consejos y apotegmas, declarados en lenguaje claro y sencillo, y dispuestos á salir de la comedia donde los colocó para figurar con honor en el catálogo de las frases que quedan. En *los pechos privilegiados* (I, 10) léese esta repulsa contra los inadvertidos habladores :

Así quien prudencia alcanza
Ó no ha de dar á entender
Que hay secreto que saber
Ó ha de hacer dél confianza.

En *El examen de maridos* (I, 5) fija los límites dentro de los cuales la amistad puede resentirse de indebidos silencios ú ocultaciones :

Porque los cuerdos amigos
Tienen razon de quejarse
De que la verdad les nieguen,
Mas no de que se la callen.

Y en *Las paredes oyen* (III, 5) ¡ cuán bien descrita se halla la impresión que el murmurador deja en el ánimo de los que le escuchan ! pues,

Cada cual entre sí
Dice, oyendo al maldiciente :
« Este cuando yo me ausente
Lo mismo dirá de mí. »

No menos aplaudida ha sido esta comparación que se lee en *Los pechos privilegiados* (I, 3) :

Los malos honran los buenos
Como honra la noche al día ;
Pues sin tinieblas tendria
El mundo la luz en menos.

Tanto se ha elogiado y puesto de relieve por los críticos esta particularidad de su genio dramático, que al cabo pocos son los que reputan como suyas las frases heróicas ó amorosas esparcidas en comedias.

De *Las paredes oyen* (II, 4) son también estos versos :

¿ Que delito cometí
En quererte, ingrata fiera ?
¡ Quiera Dios !... Pero no quiera !
Que te quiero más que á mí.

Y de su hermoso drama *Ganar amigos* (I, 9) esta otra,

La tierra que estais pisando
Será el altar de mi boca.

Entre los muchos versos celebrados que contiene el parlamento del Príncipe Don Enrique en el primer acto de *Los favores del mundo* muy conocidos son los siguientes :

La victoria el matador
Abrevia, y el que ha sabido
Perdonar, la hace mayor,
Pues *mientras vive el vencido*
Venciendo está el vencedor.

Calderón en *La devoción de la Cruz* (III, 9) aunque no expresó la misma idea, dió á otra semejante toda la pompa y magstad de su grandilocuente estilo :

El acero de un noble aunque ofendido
No se mancha en la sangre de un rendido ;
Que quita grande parte de la gloria,
El que con sangre borra la victoria

idea que repitió en *El mayor monstruo los celos* (III, 3) aplicándola á los triunfos militares en estos conocidos versos :

Que eres tu y has de ser tan victorioso
 Que conozcas que alcanza menos gloria
 El que con sangre mancha la victoria.

Como la frase citada de Alarcón no corresponde al género en que fue maestro, y tiene con las de Calderón trascritas puntos de semejanza, los que no se hartan de aumentar sin orden ni concierto el inventario de las más celebradas del Príncipe de nuestros dramáticos, á éste la adjudican sin duda alguna.

Por este trance han pasado y pasan á menudo los autores menos conocidos en todas las literaturas. Juvenal no es autor grato á los compiladores de antologías escolares : en cambio Cicerón es uno de los autores latinos más conocidos en los Institutos de segunda enseñanza.

De esta diferente popularidad procede que al oír los que ya olvidaron los mal aprendidos textos, este verso del primero (Sat. II, v. 24) :

Quis tulerit Graccos de seditione quœrentes

lo diputen por prosa ciceroniana, recordando en lontananza aquellos apóstrofes de las Catilinarias del gran orador romano, cuyo sentido general y movimiento oratorio tienen con la frase referida alguna similitud.

Si está bien ó mal desterrado Juvenal de las colecciones escolares de autores latinos, no es hora de dilucidarlo. Nuestro insigne Quevedo no debía de ser de la misma opinión, pues en el capítulo « Enfermedad » de su *Virtud militante contra las cuatro fantasmas*, al citar este verso del gran satírico (Sat. X, v. 356)

Orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.

dice que su décima sátira « es poema en que excedió en la doctrina á todos los filósofos, en la elegancia á todos los poetas ».

Después de dictamen tan autorizado y entusiasta como el de nuestro gran polígrafo, podría decir Juvenal á los que le niegan la entrada en las aulas (San Marc., X, 14)

Sinite parvulos venire ad me

y en apoyo de su demanda no tendría más que aducir aquel fragmento del verso 47 de su Sátira XIV :

Maxima debetur puero reverentia,

frase en que se cifran y compendian cuantas reglas se hayan dado para la virtuosa educación de la juventud. Y á mayor abundamiento también podría recordarles que es suya aquella máxima (Sat. IV, v. 91)

Vitam impendere vero

digna de cualquier cristiano escritor.

La fama buena ó mala, según la expresión de Virgilio (*En.* IV, 175)

Vires acquirit eundo.

Juvenal, á pesar de sus hermosas y morales sentencias, no ha logrado que le perdonen sus licencias de lenguaje, no mayores que las de otros autores paganos. Lucrecio, que escribió el célebre impío verso (*De rer. nat.*, I, 102)

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum

como lo califica Lista en sus *Ensayos*, suele cargar con la paternidad de otros, que como éste tiene también sus puntas y ribetes de impíos. A Petronio, pues que consta en su *Satyricon* (§ 106) ó á Stacio que ó coincidió con Petronio ó se lo hurtó para su *Tebaida* (III, 661) debería adjudicarse el siguiente :

Primus in orbe deos fecit timor

vuelto así al castellano por el Licenciado Juan de Arjona, traductor de Stacio :

Que yo sé bien que el miedo fué el primero
Que hizo dioses y inventó el agüero.

y sin embargo ambos se ven libres de la acusación de irreligiosos que podrían lanzárseles por esta frase, que viene á aumentar el número de las que se echan en cara á Lucrecio, que como Voltaire entre los modernos, asume cuantas impiedades dijeron los antiguos.

No hay en España autor latino más conocido que Horacio : pocos habrá que por vía de enseñanza ó de castigo no hayan tenido que aprender de memoria muchos exámetros de su *Arte poética*. Las reminiscencias de la célebre *Epístola á los Pisones* se dilatan y extienden de manera que por semejanzas muchas veces únicamente literales pasan como horacianas frases de muy distinto origen. Aquella máxima griega que Augusto repetía á menudo, según cuenta Suetonio en la vida de aquel Emperador (XXV),

Festina lente

más de una vez hemos oído asegurar que se hallaba en el *Arte poética*, ofuscados los que tal afirman con el recuerdo del verso 148 de esa composición :

Semper ad eventum festinat.

Análoga sustitución en provecho de Horacio efectúan otros, suponiéndole autor del siguiente verso de Ovidio (*Pont.* II, 7, 8)

Tranquillas etiam naufragus horret aquas

sólo porque el gran preceptista aludió al principio de su *Arte poética*, á la costumbre de los náufragos de implorar la piedad, llevando al cuello una pintura temerosa de la borrasca que los redujo á la miseria.

También creen muchos que han de encontrar en la *Epístola* horaciana, la conocida frase

Habent sua fata libelli

que alguna vez hemos visto citada y estropeada en esta forma :

Sunt fata libellis

¿ Quién, aunque haya estudiado humanidades con aprovechamiento, conoce ni de oídas á Terenciano Mauro y menos todavía su poema *De litteris, syllabis et metris* descubierto en el siglo xv? No figura este poeta ni en los trozos escogidos ni en las grandes colecciones de autores latinos : esta oscuridad en que siempre ha vivido es causa de que, siendo célebre la frase, supongan los más que ha de haberla inventado algún autor conocido, y como Horacio está en ese caso, y escribió el *Arte poética*, carga con la paternidad de la que tratamos, fragmento del verso 288 de la parte del citado poema *De litteris*, titulada *Carmen heroicum*. Muy conocida es entre españoles aquella fórmula de que nos vanagloriamos como prueba del estado de progreso de nuestras instituciones políticas en épocas remotas, la cual se lee en el párrafo primero del primer título del *Liber judicium visigothorum* ó *Fuero Juzgo* de esta manera :

Rex ejus eris si recta facis : si autem non facis, non eris.

Parece á los más frase castizamente española y nacida en nuestra tierra, sin parar mientes en que el código visigótico la cita ya como proverbio antiguo.

El ilustre cantor de las ruinas de Itálica, Rodrigo Caro, en sus *Dias geniales y lúdricos* (IV, 3 ; VI, 6) aclaró este punto recordando que Julio Polux en el libro 3º de su *Onomástico*, cap. 7º, describió el juego de pelota llamado Urania por los antiguos, en el cual era aclamado rey el vencedor. De este juego nació el pro-

verbio á que aludió Platón en el diálogo Tarteo y Horacio, en la Epístola 1ª del libro 1º, cuando dijo :

At pueri ludentes : « Rex eris aiunt
Si rectè facies. »

¡ Quien había de suponer que era cosa de juego una de las frases más célebres en la historia de nuestro derecho, y que el Fuero Juzgo citaba al clásico poeta Horacio en su primer capítulo !

Otras veces, la circunstancia de ser conocido el autor únicamente como prosista, dáñale para que se le atribuyan los versos que escribió. En este caso se encuentra Cicerón, que no sólo compuso tratados en prosa sino que alguna vez empuñó el plectro, con éxito, puesto que Séneca honró sus escritos citando en la Epístola 107 de las dirigidas á Lucilio varios versos del gran orador, entre los cuales éste :

Ducunt volentem fata, nolentem trahunt

ha logrado pasar con gloria á la posteridad, pero sin provecho para Cicerón, de quien pocos se acuerdan al citararlo.

Causa es también de que un escritor pierda entre el vulgo la propiedad de algunos versos, no haberlos escrito en el metro que le ha valido su reputación poética. Los Argensolas son más conocidos por los tercetos de sus sátiras y de sus epístolas y por sus celebrados sonetos que por los versos cortos, que en escaso número compusieron : y así cuando se oyen éstos :

Guarda el otro su secreto
sin querer en el testigo ;
encúbrelo de un amigo
y dícelo en un soneto

de las *redondillas* que empiezan *Mil quejas, niña, me has dado*, nadie se acuerda de Bartolomé Leonardo, y se busca para prohijarlos á

poetas que han conseguido fama en esta clase de rimas, como aquellos dos de quienes dijo Lope de Vega en el Prólogo del *Isidro*, « ¿que cosa iguala á una redondilla de Garci Sanchez ó Don Diego de Mendoza ? »

Por el contrario, al menor de los Argensolas adjudican Retóricas y Manuales de Literatura, estos tercetos

Duélome y con razon, de ver cuan poco
Se premian los ingenios cultivados,
Tanto que el cielo con las manos toco.
Y más si considero los premiados
En quien el idiotismo se trasluce
Como en vasos de vidrio delicados

originales de Esteban Manuel Villegas, autor de la conocida anacreóntica,

Yo ví sobre un tomillo
Quejarse un pajarillo

publicada en sus *Eróticas*, cuya dedicatoria empieza con estos versos tantas veces citados :

Mis dulces cantinelas,
Mis suaves delicias,
A los veinte limadas,
A los catorce escritas.

Como la celebridad del cisne de Najerilla se funda precisamente en esos versos cortos, los que oyen citar sin nombre de autor los referidos tercetos, salvados por Mayans del olvido en su *Retórica*, aplícanlos á cualquiera de los Argensolas resueltamente, pues tercetos, y satíricos por añadidura, ¿ quién sino uno de los dos hermanos poetas había de haberlos compuesto ? Y sin embargo las ideas en ellos vertidas denuncian al que dijo :

Que todos se escondiesen
Cuando los rayos de su ingenio viesen

según la expresión de Lope de Vega en su *Laurel de Apolo*, y reflejan los vanos ensueños de grandeza poética de que está llena la octava elegía de sus *Eróticas*, dedicada al Conde de Lemos á quien sin duda no sonaría bien el riguroso desprecio con que habla de los *premiados*, muchos de los cuales deberían al Mecenas de Cervantes recompensas ó beneficios.

IX

Los que por conjeturas métricas como las señaladas, resuelven acerca de la paternidad de las frases, alguna disculpa merecen por las muestras que dan de ser algo leídos, si bien no todo lo entendidos que fuera de desear. No pueden invocar ninguna los que encajan á Santos Padres y Doctores de la Iglesia y aún á la misma Biblia frases cuyo autor es completamente ignorado. Como en el mundo de los seres llamados racionales, en el de las frases hay también la correspondiente Inclusa, y si los que de ella salen andan por este valle de lágrimas con apellido de Expósitos, á los que de la literaria consiguen la vida inmortal de la fama, bástales tener por padre al grande y á veces ilustre Anónimo. ¿Ha de cargar el Apóstol de las gentes ó el gran Padre San Agustín con el manoseado texto *In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus charitas*, sólo porque á cualquier escritor de tres al cuarto, se le haya antojado que tales nombres autorizarían las consecuencias más ó menos lógicas que de ese principio pretendía sacar? Ni en las obras del Obispo de Hipona ni en los escritos del gran apóstol San Pablo, se hallará esa frase cuyo autor no han logrado descubrir hasta ahora los rebuscadores de ambos hemisferios.

Tampoco hay razón para atribuir á San Agustín, como ocurre generalmente, el *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*, consejo más á menudo citado que seguido, aun por los mismos que lo invocan á cada paso. Esta frase, como la anterior, procede sin duda de las escuelas de la Edad Media, donde como proverbio ó aforismo,

y sin firma de autor, corrió pronto de boca en boca, según es costumbre entre retraheres y decires de buena cepa. Hay quien pretende ver el origen de esta frase en aquellas palabras de la *Sabiduría* (VIII, 1) : *Attingit ergo à fine usque ad finem fortiter, et disponit omnia suaviter*, traducidas por Scio de este modo : « Ella pues (la sabiduría) alcanza de fin á fin con fortaleza y lo dispone todo con suavidad. » No es posible negar, teniendo oídos para oír, que en el texto bíblico como en el aforismo latino existen el mismo *suaviter* y el idéntico *fortiter* ; pero esta razón que hubiera convencido á Fray Gerundio, para quien no había sermón dificultoso si podía encontrar en las concordancias bíblicas la voz correspondiente, sospecho que no ha de parecer á todos igualmente indiscutible. Por ahora, y mientras los eruditos no descubran el afortunado autor de tan celebrada frase, echémosla en el montón anónimo, donde no estará en mala compañía.

Con mayor fundamento, se atribuye á San Agustín este principio : *Roma locuta est, causa finita est*, pues en efecto en el 131 de sus Sermones, párrafo 10º, (ed. Migne), se lee : « Jam enim de hac causa (Pelagiana) duo concilia missa sunt ad sedem apostolicam. Inde etiam rescripta venerunt : causa finita est », donde la última parte de la frase existe literalmente y la primera de modo implícito.

El ilustre Fray Gerundio de Campazas (II, ix, 6 y 7) opinaba que aún cuando ningún autor haya soñado en decir lo que dice el predicador, éste puede citar á bulto autores, padres, concilios y teólogos : porque, ¿ quién había de ser predicador si todas las noticias, erudiciones y textos que se traen en los sermones habían de encontrarse en los libros ? Y no paraba aquí el ilustre discípulo de Fray Blas, sino que « tampoco veía inconveniente en que fingieran los predicadores textos de la Sagrada Escritura que no se hallan en ella, porque así como el Espíritu Santo inspiró á los Profetas y á los Evangelistas las cosas que dijeron, así puede inspirar á los predicadores las que ellos dicen ».

Nieto ó chozno, literariamente hablando, de Fray Gerundio

debió ser el que con tales licencias gerundianas, adjudicó á no sé que Profeta de la Antigua ley, el famoso *Errare humanum est, perseverare autem diabolicum*, que en ninguno de los sagrados libros se encuentra. Este es otro refrán latino que entró pronto á formar parte del largo catálogo de los españoles, pues ya en *La Celestina* (I, ult^o) se lee : « De los hombres es errar, y bestia es porfiar » ; y al recopilar el Comendador Hernán Núñez sus preciados *Refranes ó Proverbios*, allá por los años de 1555, no se olvidó de este :

Malo es pecar, diabólico perseverar.

El que puso en circulación ese refrán, debió sin duda acordarse de aquellas palabras de Cicerón en su 12^a Filípica, § 2^o : « Cujusvis hominis est errare, nullius nisi insipientis in errore perseverare », de las que el refrán viene á ser una variante, digámoslo así, cristianizada.

El prurito de abominar de lo anónimo, es causa de que á menudo se citen como frases originales de autores célebres, ciertos refranes de sabor literario, ó que guardan mejor que otros las leyes de la rima y del metro. A Tirso de Molina hay quien cuelga este vulgar proverbio

Todos sospecha el ladrón
Que son de su condición,

sólo porque se halla, así versificado, en *Marta la piadosa* (I, 1^a).

Otros refranes se autorizan con las socorridas fórmulas de « como dijo el poeta » ó « el dramático » y así he visto citadas por ejemplo el que dice « A moro muerto gran lanzada », que ya se lee como antiquísimo retraher en el *Juego trobado de Pinar*, y en las coplas de Jerónimo de Artés (Cancionero de Castillo, tomo II, pág. 89 y 173, ed. de los Bibliófilos). Lo mismo ha ocurrido con este otro :

No vive más el leal, que cuanto quiere el traidor

incluido en el siglo xvi por el Comendador Hernán Núñez en sus *Refranes ó Proverbios*, y que más de uno cree ha de encontrarlo en alguna escena culminante de Calderón. Cierta amigo llamóme la atención no hace mucho tiempo acerca de la siguiente frase que había recogido en no sé qué discurso político :

« Puede aplicarse á estas operaciones de crédito, decía el orador, aquella frase que creo pronunció por primera vez el barón Luis y después se ha hecho vulgar : lo barato es caro. »

No se refería el preopinante á ningún Rothschild, aunque barón y operaciones de crédito, tal consecuencia traen aparejada generalmente : pero si el barón que era católico y ministro de Luis XVIII de Francia puso con éxito en práctica el principio, era éste popularísimo en España siglos antes, pues en el xvi, con las mismas palabras, consta en el citado libro de *Refranes* del Comendador griego. ¡ Lástima grande que sean los de fuera, quienes se aprovechen de nuestras riquezas así materiales como espirituales !

Otras frases hay que han adquirido forma proverbial, olvidando el vulgo el autor que las inspiró, como sucede por ejemplo con esta latina :

Docendo discitur,

que procede de la Ep. 7^a de Séneca : *Homines dum docent, discunt* : procedimiento que no ha sido unánimemente elogiado, pues el Príncipe de Esquilache, en la dedicatoria que encabeza la edición Plantiniana de sus obras completas, con el título de *El Príncipe á su libro*, sostuvo

Y á quien se debe admitir
Estudie para escribir,
No escriba para estudiar.

Otras veces este horror á lo anónimo, da origen á graves y censurables calumnias, Pocos espíritus fuertes de la centuria que

finalizó y de la anterior, habrá que, al oír la máxima *El fin justifica los medios*, no hayan tenido por evidente que sirve de piedra angular á la moral de la Compañía de Jesús, y aun sostendrán que con esas mismas palabras se encuentra impresa en sus constituciones. Pascal, calumniador de genio, que nos ha legado una mentira inmortal, según frase de su compatriota Chateaubriand, fue sin duda quien acreditó esta calumniosa invención al atribuir, en la séptima de sus *Cartas provinciales*, á los Jesuitas la siguiente doctrina : « Ciertamente que procuramos apartar á los hombres de todo lo prohibido : pero cuando nos es imposible impedir la ejecución de algún acto, purificamos al menos la intención, y templamos de este modo lo vicioso del medio con la pureza del fin. »

Difícil es averiguar quien escribió en la forma citada, esta frase tristemente célebre, pero la doctrina que contiene se halla en este pasaje de *El Príncipe* de Maquiavelo, cap. XVIII : « En las acciones de los hombres y particularmente en las de los Príncipes, que no tienen quien los juzgue, debe mirarse al fin. Preocúpese pues el Príncipe de mantener y salvar la existencia del Estado, y los medios de que se valiere serán siempre considerados honrosos y por todos aplaudidos. » Pero mucho antes que Maquiavelo, ya debían los Príncipes conocer tales máximas, pues análoga doctrina puso Eurípides en boca de Eteocles en su tragedia *Las fenicias* (v. 524, 525) para justificar su usurpación. Esta impía y criminal máxima, según la calificó Cicerón, cítase generalmente en latín siguiendo la traducción que nos dejó el gran orador romano (*De off.*, III, 21) con apariencias de verso :

Nam, si violandum est jus, regnandi gratia
Violandum est : aliis rebus pietatem colas.

principio que transformó la República romana de este modo, según se lee en el *Tratado de las Leyes* del mismo Cicerón (III, 3°)

Salus populi, suprema lex esto.

Aunque de menos trascendencia que la calumnia referida, corre acreditada otra que conviene desvanecer. A Quintana hemos visto atribuidos estos versos :

Jurad sobre esta tumba, castellanos,
Antes morir que consentir tiranos.

Acúsale Campoamor, en *La metafísica y la poesía*, de escribir versos que ocultan la vanidad de la idea con la entonación de la forma, como el primero de su *Oda á la expedición española para propagar la vacuna en América*.

¡ Virgen del mundo, América inocente !

« Estos versos, prosigue el autor de las *Doloras*, no nacen, se hacen ; y yo sé lo poco que valen porque estoy en el secreto del ningún trabajo que cuesta fabricarlos. » Habrá en las obras de Quintana versos dignos de la censura horaciana, *inopes rerum nugaeque canora* (*Art. poet.*, v. 322), nada armoniosos, que no podrían siquiera aspirar al calificativo de *difficiles nugæ* de Marcial (II, 86) : no será tampoco difícil encontrar otros, como el de su *Canción al Combate de Trafalgar*, dirigido á Nelson,

Inglés te aborrecí, héroe te admiro,

que quizás brotó en la imaginación del poeta, por haber leído el último de un soneto de Juan de Arguijo, *A Julio César mirando la cabeza de Pompeyo* :

Vivo te aborrecí, te lloro muerto

pero suponerle capaz de aquella cacofonía imperecedera, es dar pruebas de no conocer el estilo del autor.

Quintana, en su *Oda á España después de la Revolución de Marzo*, expresó la misma idea, pero diciendo :

¡ Antes la muerte
Que consentir jamás ningún tirano !

Esta circunstancia nos inclina á creer que quien puso en circulación la noticia de ser Quintana el autor del pareado, confundió las especies, al recordar que algo parecido había leído en sus poesías. La infelicísima que nos ocupa, y que tenía por digna compañera esta otra :

A los que mueren dándonos ejemplo
No es sepulcro el sepulcro sino templo

lució como inscripción en el túmulo erigido en las honras fúnebres que se celebraron en Cádiz en 1810 por los héroes del 2 de Mayo, y volvió á servir en el aniversario de 1839 cuando se inauguró provisionalmente en Madrid el monumento actual del Prado. Al ejecutarse definitivamente la obra de escultura, del basamento desapareció tan deplorable arranque de patriotismo, según refiere Fernández de los Ríos en su *Guía de Madrid* (ed. 1876, p. 191). Como ni en los periódicos ni en las Memorias de la época se reveló el nombre del autor de aquellos versos, cuanto hoy se diga acerca del particular no pasará de conjeturas, que por ser en desprestigio de las personas sobre quienes recaen, es preferible no apuntarlas siquiera.

No todos han juzgado con igual severidad ese sonsonete : algunas cualidades le habrán descubierto los que en Málaga lo reprodujeron como ornamento del Obelisco á Torrijos y sus compañeros con las siguientes variantes :

El mártir que transmite su memoria
No muere, sube al templo de la gloria.
A vista de este ejemplo, ciudadanos,
Antes morir que consentir tiranos.

No ha mucho, cierto autor coronado por la Real Academia Española, y seguramente no por ese rasgo de erudición, exclamaba, « como dijo el Mantuano,

Audaces fortuna juvat, timidosque repellit. »

Si hubiera puesto á continuación el libro y el verso de la *Eneida* á que quería referirse, y antes hubiera compulsado la cita, no habría colgado á Virgilio lo que nunca escribió : pues en todo su inmortal poema, no hubiese encontrado esa frase, sino esta otra (*En.*, X, 284) :

Audentes fortuna juvat.

Lo de *audaces* en vez de *audentes*, y las últimas palabras añadidas, *timidosque repellit*, nada tienen que ver con el latín virgiliano, y deberán su existencia á algún pseudo-Virgilio medioeval, que arregló ó compendió el auténtico del siglo de Augusto. De alguno de esos arreglos pasó á la erudición vulgar literaria de la Edad media, de donde la tomó el autor de nuestra *Celestina* (V) al escribir : « ¡ Oh buena fortuna, como ayudas á los osados y á los tímidos eres contraria ! » Pero cuando la imprenta, difundiendo las ediciones de la *Eneida*, permitió conocer en su integridad y exactitud el texto virgiliano, nuestros escritores se contentaron con citar aquel antiguo adagio latino, de que ya Terencio (*Phorm.*, I, 4) y Cicerón (*Tusc. quæst.*, II, 4, 11) hicieron mención en sus obras, conforme á la breve y expresiva fórmula que nos conservó Virgilio diciendo, como Moreto en *El caballero* (II, 8) :

La fortuna ayuda á los audaces.

Otra frase que debe también á las transformaciones medioevales la forma en que á menudo se cita todavía, es aquella que Adolfo de Castro, en *El libro de los galicismos*, cap. VII, atribuye á Ovidio

Gutta cavat lapidem, non vis sed sæpe cadendo

asegurando además que se esculpió en recuerdo de San Isidoro en una piedra del monasterio sevillano de Sancti Ponce.

Con atención hemos registrado las obras de Ovidio en busca

de tan célebre frase, y con perdón de la buena memoria del literato gaditano y aun de la de otros muchos que también se la atribuyen, nos vemos obligados á confesar que no la hemos encontrado. En la Edad media se citaba la frase que discutimos de este modo :

Gutta cavat lapidem, non bis, sed saepe cadendo,
Sic homo fit sapiens, non bis, sed saepe legendo.

como puede verse al fin de manuscritos y ediciones del siglo xv de las *Fábulas esópicas* de Walther el inglés, cuya descripción trae Leopoldo Hervieux en su obra *Les fabulistes latins* (ed. 1893, I, 614 y 629). Ni en esas fábulas, ni en *Il Candelaio* (III, 6ª) de Giordano Bruno, donde se citan, aparece el nombre del autor de aquellos versos.

Si es difícil dar con el autor de ese adagio en su forma latina, no lo es tanto señalar su origen. Galeno y Simplicio, el primero en su tratado *De temperamento* y el segundo en sus comentarios á la *Física* de Aristóteles, citaron ya como proverbial el uno y como del poeta Choerilo el otro, un verso griego que traducido al latín significa :

Saxum cavat gutta, cadentis aquæ assiduitate,

todo lo cual se halla recogido y recordado en el Noveno de los *Fragmenta epicorum græcorum* de Dübner, edición Didot.

Nuestros escritores utilizaron el proverbio, que en el acto séptimo de *La Celestina* se lee así : « Mucho puede el continuo trabajo : una continua gotera horadará una piedra », y en *La Villana de Vallecas* (III, 3ª) de Tirso, de este modo :

Que cayendo á cada instante
Sobre una peña, una gota,
La rompe aunque sea diamante.

Si se nos permite añadir que los que dicen

Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi sed semper cadendo

faltan á las reglas de la prosodia latina, habremos agotado nuestros conocimientos respecto de frase tan repetida, aun en nuestros días.

Las dos frases que acabamos de estudiar prueban que en la Edad media no eran aficionados á lo implícito y sobreentendido. Otra frase corregida y aumentada en aquellos siglos corroborará todavía más esta observación. En el Evangelio de San Juan (X, 38) se lee : *Operibus credite* : el menos avisado comprende que si es preciso creer sólo en las obras, no hay para que fiarse de las palabras. No obstante la clara expresión del concepto expresado por el Evangelista, alargaron la sentencia así : *Operibus credite, et non verbis*.

Preferimos á este empeño de atribuir á Virgilio ó á Ovidio versos que no les pertenecen, la noble sinceridad del humanista Paulo Manucio, quien en sus *Adagia* al compilar este proverbio :

Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim

confesó llana y honradamente que no recordaba de momento el autor de verso tan celebrado entre los latinos. Perdióle en esta ocasión su excesiva benevolencia, pues si no lo hubiera reputado clásico del siglo de oro, quizás hubiese recordado que era el verso 301 del libro V de la *Alexandreis* de Gualtero de Chantillon, autor del siglo XIII.

Leutsch, en el *Corpus p̄aroemiographorum graecorum* (II, 672), enseña que el proverbio es griego y que lo cita Apostolio (XVI, 49), perteneciendo sólo al autor de la *Alexandreis* la forma latina en que generalmente se cita. Hay, además de ésta, otras muchas versiones del proverbio como por ejemplo la que se lee en los *Adagia* de Erasmo,

Evitata Charybdi in Scyllam incidi ;

cuya significación es por lo demás tan conocida, que en castellano suele decirse sencillamente « Entre Scila y Caribdis ».

En ocasión semejante, también Fournier ha tenido la honradez literaria de reconocer en *L'esprit des autres* su ignorancia respecto de este verso

Alterius non sit, qui suus esse potest.

Leyendo el *Ensiemplo delas ranas en como demandaban rey a Don Jupiter* del célebre Archipreste de Hita, tropezamos con el verso,

Quien puede ser suyo, non sea enagenado,

traducción literal del latino referido.

Conocidas las fuentes de los apólogos que intercaló en su obras el gran poeta español del siglo xiv, no nos fué difícil ya averiguar que el *Ensiemplo* era ni más ni menos que la fábula XXI de las *Esópicas* de Walther el inglés al mismo asunto. En ella se encuentra el verso, cuyo origen ignoraba el compilador de la *Menagiana*, pero que debió conocer el autor de este otro tan á menudo citado :

Yo no quiero ser nada sin ser mio,

divisa de *El criticon* del célebre literato Bartolomé José Gallardo, no menos reputado como bibliógrafo que como poco aficionado á devolver libros. El verso referido no es de Lope de Vega, como aseguró Cañete en un Discurso pronunciado en el Ateneo de Madrid el año 1884, sino de Luis de Ulloa, y se lee en su Carta al P. Hernando Dávila S. J.

Más que en otra literatura, en la nuestra es indispensable hallarse dispuesto á admitir el anónimo, pues como ya hemos dicho, el romancero, anónimo en su mayor parte, contiene multitud de frases que corren de boca en boca, y de muchas otras composiciones es aventurado señalarles autor.

La manía de poner siempre al pie de todo verso ó composición algún nombre propio, ha llevado á cierto crítico á citar como

de Manuel Fernández y González la conocida exclamación del Abad de Cardeña, en sus pláticas con el Cid Campeador :

Home soi, dijo Bermudo,
Que antes que entrara en la regla
Si non venci reyes moros
Engendré quien los venciera.

cita que hizo con un *hombre* en el primer verso y un *no* en el tercero, fuera de lugar pues el romance está escrito contrahaciendo la fábula antigua. Sin duda el crítico citador se acordó de que el popular novelista era autor del drama *Cid Rodrigo de Vivar*, y le parecieron esos versos, dictados por el mismo numen que inspiró estos otros, harto conocidos (III, 15):

Por necesidad batallo,
Y una vez puesto en la silla,
Se va ensanchando Castilla
Delante de mi caballo.

Es tanto más de extrañar esa ignorancia supina, cuanto que el romance anónimo que empieza *Fablando estaba en el claustro*, donde se encuentra la citada exclamación del Abad Bermudo, es conocidísimo, y son muchos los versos del mismo que con frecuencia se citan. ¿Quién no ha oído alguna vez el apóstrofe del Cid

El que fizo aquel venablo
Si le pagan fará treinta ?

¿ ó aquella severa reflexión del de Vivar

Muchos daños han venido
Por los reyes que se ausentan
Que apenas han calentado
La corona en la cabeza ?

No menos conocidos son estos dos, aunque proverbiales, mal citados á menudo,

Cosas tenedes, el Cid,
Que faran hablar las piedras.

A algunos que presumen de versados en lenguaje antiguo, les ha parecido que tenía todavía poco sabor arcaico el primer verso, y por creer sin duda que proceden del poema y no de los romances relativos al Campeador, han añadido un *mio*, fuera de propósito, y han cambiado el verbo del primer verso en esta forma, dejándole sin sentido dentro de la composición á que pertenece,

Cosas veredes, mio Cid,
Que faran hablar las piedras.

Vergonzoso es que haya quien ignore en la patria del Cid el origen y el texto de los versos célebres referentes al más célebre de nuestros compatriotas, aquende y allende los Pirineos.

Otro romance antiguo y muy celebrado del ciclo del Cid, que no ha tenido aun la suerte de lucir autor conocido, es aquel que empieza exclamando la infanta Doña Urraca :

Afuera, afuera, Rodrigo,
El soberbio castellano,
Acordarsete debria
De aquel tiempo ya pasado

bien que el último verso en algunos romanceros se inserta con esta variante :

De aquel buen tiempo pasado.

En el montón anónimo hay que colocar también esta enérgica imprecación de Mudarra González, vengador de los Infantes de Lara, en el romance que comienza *A cazår va Don Rodrigo*,

Aqui moriras, traidor,
Enemigo de Doña Sancha ;

y esta salida de la referida y andariega infanta Doña Urraca en el romance *Morir os queredes, padre* :

A los moros por dinero,
Y á los cristianos de balde,

que con su proverbial gracejo comentó Quevedo en cierto romance de burlas cuyos dos primeros versos son los que acabamos de citar.

De romance también anónimo, *En el más soberbio monte*, y no de Quevedo, como alguno ha creído, son estos otros asimismo celebrados,

Si callo me llaman mudo,
Y maldiciente si hablo :
Y lo que de griegos digo,
Lo entienden por los troyanos.

Y no menos anónimo ni menos citado es este otro rasgo del romancero,

Tan celoso está Adalifa
De su querido Abenamar,
Que si le miran se ofende
Y se ofende si le hablan.

Este principio de romance como aquel otro,

Si tienes el corazon,
Zaide, como la arrogancia,
Y á medida de las manos
Dejas volar las palabras

han logrado el aplauso de los críticos por la viveza de expresión y el movimiento que desde luego imprimió el autor á su relato.

De este último romance celébrase asimismo este rasgo que se cita como modelo de onomatopeya nada vulgar :

Esto el moro Tarfe escribe,
Con tanta cólera y rabia,
Que donde pone la pluma
El delgado papel rasga,

Más conocido que por su texto original,

Nunca fuera caballero
De damas tan bien servido
Como fuera Lanzarote
Cuando de Bretaña vino,
Que dueñas curaban dél,
Doncellas del su rocino

lo es el presente romance por la parodia del mismo que Cervantes puso en boca de Don Quijote en la aventura de la venta (I^a, 11),

Nunca fuera caballero
De damas tan bien servido
Como fuera Don Quijote
Cuando de su aldea vino;
Doncellas curaban del,
Princesas de su rocino.

También deben á Cervantes (I^a, 11) haber conservado la aceptación de que gozaban en su tiempo estos versos del romance *Moriana en un castillo*

Mis arreos son las armas,
Mi descanso el pelear,
Mi cama las duras peñas,
Mi dormir, siempre velar.

No todos los versos de romances que en los siglos XVI y XVII se citaban á cada paso en la conversación ó en los libros han logrado mantenerse en el favor del público, constantemente como los que acabamos de recordar. Los hay como aquel verso del romance viejo que empieza *Tristes avn los zamoranos*:

Todos duermen en Zamora
Mas no duerme Arias Gonzalo

que siendo frase hecha y muletilla por doctos é indoctos, empleada según se desprende del uso que hicieron de él Tirso en *La Villa-*

na de Vallecas (I, 3ª) y Moreto en *La ocasión hace el ladrón* (I, 3ª) hoy solo entre literatos se sospecha que debe ser cita y reliquia de agena composición, cuando se tropieza con él en las obras de nuestros clásicos.

Aquellos dos versos con que dormían los niños, según consigna Quevedo en *El entremetido*,

Con la grande polvareda
Perdimos á Don Beltran

léense con la variante de *mucha* en vez de *grande* en los romances, y fueron aprovechados por Lope de Vega, así como otros pasajes del romance *Cuando de Francia partimos* al que pertenecen, en su comedia *El casamiento en la muerte* (III, 2ª), siendo hoy apenas conocidos más que de los eruditos.

Otra frase hecha, era en aquellos siglos clásicos de nuestra literatura, esta que se encuentra en la linda comedia de Lope de Vega *Al pasar del arroyo* (II, 14ª)

Vele á ver con un gaban
Y un escardillo en la mano,
Porque en forma de hortelano
No le conozca Galvan

y que procede del romance que principia así :

Vamonos, dijo mi tío,
A Paris esa ciudad,
En figura de romeros,
No nos conozca Galvan;
Que si Galvan nos conoce,
Mandaría nos matar.

empleada también como expresión proverbial por Tirso de Molina en dos lugares de *Marta la piadosa* (I, 5ª y III, 13). Este romance que cuenta como acabó á manos de su hijastro Don Gayferos, esposo de la cautiva Melisendra, aquel traidor de Don

Galván, fue popularísimo en los siglos XVI y XVII, y no lo fueron menos cuantos trataron de la libertad de esa princesa hija de Carlo Magno, asunto del retablo de Maese Pedro que tan mal parado dejó el héroe manchego (IIª, 25 y 26). En dicho episodio cita Cervantes algunos versos de tales romances, habiendo llegado hasta nosotros, con el mismo favor de antaño, aquel que como modelo de énfasis presentó Patón en su *Trimegisto* :

Melisendra está en Sansueña,
 Vos en París descuidado ;
 Vos ausente, ella mujer,
 ¡ Harto os he dicho, miraldo !

A diferencia de los versos citados hasta ahora, los presentes tienen padre ; y convendría, al citarlos, acordarse de esta circunstancia, como con repetición cómica aconseja á su compinche, cierto personaje de un sainete reciente con música y no de las peores : tanto más, cuanto que el padre no es un cualquiera sino el mismísimo Miguel Sánchez, apellidado por sus contemporáneos *el Divino*. Conviene asimismo advertir, que lo de *miraldo* no es errata de imprenta sino una figura de dicción que se llama en las gramáticas metátesis. No hubiéramos apuntado esta observación filológica, si no tuviéramos necesidad de recordar aquí cierto mote de galanes que dice

Este de sabio presume,
 Y sabe menos que Baldo ;
 Harto os he dicho, miraldo

que carecería de consonancia si se imprimiera la última palabra sin la referida figura de dicción. Pertenece al mote en que se aplica el verso del romance, á Don Antonio de Solís, cuya fama de poeta nada despreciable así en las burlas como en los versos, ha quedado oscurecida por lo muy grande que su *Historia de la conquista de Méjico* le ha valido como prosista.

Pocos son los romances de sabor antiguo, donde se hallen ver-

sos celebrados que no sean anónimos : el que acabamos de citar del divino Miguel Sánchez es excepción honrosa.

Anónimo es el romance referente á Bernardo del Carpio, *Con cartas un mensajero*, que contiene estos versos,

Mensajero sois, amigo,
Non mereceis culpa, non

que como proverbiales citaron Lope en *Por la puente, Juana* (II, 18) y Cervantes en su *Don Quijote* (II^a, 10).

Lo mismo ocurre con la expresión que Moreto empleó en *Las travesuras de Pantoja* (I, 13) :

Y cuando el gallo cantare
Media noche era por filo

que procede del romance sobre el Conde Claros, que de esta suerte comienza,

Media noche era por filo,
Los gallos querian cantar,
Conde Claros por amores
No podía reposar

y que empleó Cervantes en el noveno capítulo de la segunda parte de su inmortal novela. Y ahora,

Si parva licet componere magnis,

como inspirándose en Herodoto (*Hist.*, II, 10) escribió Virgilio en sus *Geórgicas* (IV, 176), también anónimo aunque menos rancio que los anteriores es el romance acerca de *Los nombres, costumbres y propiedades de las Señoras mujeres* donde se encuentra esta profunda reflexión tan sabida en el Avapiés de Madrid como en el Perchel de Málaga,

Las Marias son muy frias
Y de puros celos rabian

composición que sin notas ni escolios incluyó Durán en su *Romancero general* con el número 1355. A pesar de su popularidad no recordamos haber visto ninguna disertación referente al autor de este romance, lo que no nos hubiera admirado, pues en *El Averiguador* cierto curioso impertinente, execrador de lo anónimo, preguntó quien era el poeta Calainos, autor, según él, de las coplas que se citan como verbigracia de lo malo; cuando sabido es que el tal Calainos que, si anduvo en coplas, anda hoy en romances, no fue ningún poeta, sino un moro en extremo enamorado que murió á manos de Don Roldán, como cuenta el romance *Ya cabalga Calainos*, y contarían sin duda las coplas, hoy desconocidas.

X

La Academia española y Clemencín han incurrido también en la nota de dar padre á versos cuya filiación se ignora. Al comentar estos,

No hay amigo para amigo,
Las cañas se vuelven lanzas

citados por Cervantes en el capítulo doce de la Segunda Parte del *Quijote*, enseñaron ambos, siguiendo á Bowle, que « están tomados de un romance de Ginés Pérez de Hita autor del libro intitulado *Historia de los bandos de los Zegries y Abencerrajes* ». Hubieran dicho únicamente que están tomados de un romance del libro intitulado *Historia de los bandos de los Zegries y Abencerrajes* y nadie podría contradecir su afirmación; pero asegurar que es de Pérez de Hita el romance, es ir más allá de lo que los documentos conocidos permiten. Los versos son del romance *Afuera, afuera, aparta, aparta*, publicado en la segunda parte de la *Flor de varios romances* por Andrés Villalta, impresa en 1593, mientras que la primera edición conocida de la *Historia de los bandos* es de 1595. Preciso es ante tales fechas, y lo que es más, ante la confesión de Pérez de Hita

que en el capítulo vi de su *Historia* dice al copiarlo « y por eso se hizo este romance » despojarle de blasones que no le pertenecen. Lo mismo acontece con la canción que un poco antes transcribe el novelista :

Lágrimas que no pudieron
Tanta dureza ablandar,
Yo las volveré á la mar,
Pues que de la mar salieron

cantada en arábigo por el valeroso Zaide, que habrá de quedar huérfana hasta que se averigüe si fue el propio Zaide su autor, ó algún moro Muza de ignorado paradero.

No siempre ocurre por fortuna que la erudición eche al montón anónimo versos prohijados durante largo tiempo por algún vate. Como de incierto autor habían sido siempre citados, aquellos del romance que celebra la acción heroica de Pero González de Mendoza en la batalla de Aljubarrota,

Si el caballo vos han muerto,
Subid, Rey, en mi caballo

los cuales sirvieron íntegros de título á una comedia de Luis Vélez de Guevara, aunque no parecían destinados, por su longitud al menos, á semejante oficio. Corrió el romance como de los antiguos y tradicionales, gracias á su estilo arcaico. Pero cayó en manos de los ilustres escritores contemporáneos Fernández Guerra y Tamayo la manuscrita *Historia de las vidas de los Ex̄mos Duques del Infantado* por el P. Pecha S. J. « y murieron las inocentes ilusiones de bibliófilos y dilettanti », que por antiguo lo tenían. Allí encontraron los escritores referidos, noticia cabal de haber sido autor de tan famoso romance un poeta casi desconocido, Don Alfonso Hurtado de Velarde, contemporáneo de Lope, y maestro en contrahacer la fabla española medioeval, según la opinión de Suárez de Figueroa en su *Plaza universal de ciencias*. Y no paró en esto lo feliz del hallazgo, pues allí trope-

zaron también con asunto para un drama, *La Ricabembra*, Doña Juana de Mendoza, casada por un bofetón con aquel Adelantado y poeta Don Alfonso Enríquez, de quien, según Menéndez y Pelayo en su *Antología* (IV, LXV), « quizás no merezcan recordarse más que estos dos versos á modo de proverbio, que nos dan el sentido de su leyenda y parecen el mote de su triunfante empresa de amor :

Porfia mata venado,
Que non montero cansado. »

Quevedo, en su *Perinola* contra el *Para todos* de Montalbán, colocó en el pináculo de los retruécanos y revoltillos literarios, lo de

Verde y flores que prometen.
Verde y florida y esperanza,

que se lee en el romance que empieza con los dos siguientes versos

A la gineta, y vestido
De verde y flores de plata.

Como anónimo y con la errata garrafal de suprimir la conjunción en el primer verso, se ha reproducido muchas veces en romanceros y antologías esta composición, flor y nata del jugar del vocablo, y de mérito superior en su clase á *las intrincadas* razones de Feliciano de Silva que volvieron el juicio á Don Quijote (I^a, 1) con *la razon de la sinrazon que á su razon se le hacia*. Por espacio de diez y nueve cuartetas no desmiente su sutileza el autor, continuando con soltura el romance de Arbolán,

Por divisa un corazon,
Morado y blanco en la adarga,
Blanco, que es blanco que tira
Lo que deja en blanco á tantas,

Busca el gallardo Arbolan
Su bella mora Guahala,
Mora que eu su pecho mora,
Mora que enamora y mata.

El mismo célebre crítico y erudito don Aureliano Fernández Guerra, que poseía cierto códice escrito de puño y letra del doctor don Juan de Salinas, poeta contemporáneo de Lope y Góngora, fue quien por primera vez en sus notas á la *Perinola* de Quevedo, descubrió el verdadero autor de ese romance que podrá pecar contra las leyes del buen gusto, pero que como ha sido siempre citado, y mal citado además, y siempre atribuido á *El otro*, tiene preferente derecho á figurar en este catálogo de frases con más ó menos razón celebradas. Hemos de confesar que nuestra natural suspicacia contra los eruditos, hizo que suspendiéramos todo juicio respecto del descubrimiento de don Aureliano : pues más de una vez ha ocurrido encontrar cierta composición escrita de puño y letra de un célebre autor, y resultar á la postre, que la había copiado para su solaz y entretenimiento. Felizmente no nos hallamos en ese caso; no sólo está en el códice del ilustre colector de Quevedo, sino en otros, especialmente en el que preparado para la imprenta y con aprobación y licencia autógrafas, aquélla del célebre Rodrigo Caro y ésta del Dr. Ribera, ha servido para la edición de las *Poesías del Doctor Don Juan de Salinas* que dió á la estampa la Sociedad de bibliófilos andaluces en 1869. En ella consta también la conocida cuarteta *A un Cristo de cera* donde mezcló nuestro autor lo divino con lo humano, « género de mezcla de quien, como dice Cervantes en el Prólogo de su *Don Quijote*, no se ha de vestir ningún cristiano entendimiento » :

Pecador que estás temblando
De mi justicia severa,
Llégate, que soy de cera
Y fácilmente me ablando.

Como Góngora, con quien lo compara Rodrigo Caro, Salinas

ha tenido la desgracia de ser más célebre por sus extravagancias que por sus aciertos, que fueron muchos. Pero no nos detengamos en elogios que no nos incumben : quien quiera saborear su agudeza en las alusiones y equívocos donde no es inferior á los demás, antes superior en la pureza del habla castellana, según el dictamen del célebre autor de la *Canción á las ruinas de Itálica*, recréese en los romances suyos que publicó Durán y en las obras que coleccionaron los bibliófilos andaluces.

Los refundidores de dramas al estilo antiguo, es decir callando el nombre del autor de la obra refundida, han logrado á menudo que el vulgo los considere como autores de muchas de las frases del original. Han contribuido á veces á este hurto literario con su silencio los críticos que como don Alberto Lista, por ejemplo, juzgando en *El Censor* con aquel seguro gusto que todos le reconocen, la comedia *El monstruo de la fortuna*, *La lavandera de Nápoles*, obra de tres ingenios que algunos suponen ser Calderón, Montalbán y Rojas, dijo « En esta comedia está el célebre verso,

Madruga y mata primero. »

Dicho así sin más explicaciones, el lector supondrá seguramente que el verso es original del autor de la comedia juzgada. En la ocasión presente la consecuencia sería atribuir el verso á Montalbán, de quien, según Hartzenbusch y otros escritores, es la segunda jornada donde Felipa Catanea la lavandera da el siguiente consejo (II, 10ª) :

Pues si todo está difícil,
Y está tu vida en peligro,
Pues que te quiere matar,
Madruga y mata primero.

Para ser exacto y no inducir á error, debió nuestro preceptista contar inmediatamente por vía de comentario la siguiente anécdota que del P. Farfán refiere Juan de Robles en *El culto Sevi-*

llano (pag. 174): « Le cogió un fraile un sermón y predicólo á la letra en una fiesta del convento : oyéndolo el P. Farfan y preguntándole algunos que le había parecido, respondió : Es — cogido. » Pues en efecto : antes que los aludidos tres refundidores del trabajo ageno, había escrito Lope de Vega una comedia al mismo asunto titulada *La reina Doña Juana de Nápoles*, en la cual (III, 15) cantan los músicos á la regia protagonista esta letra, nueva, según la confidente Margarita,

Si te quisiere matar
 Algun enemigo fiero,
 Madruga y mata primero.

Ciertos admiradores del poeta catalán conocido por el Rector de Vallfogona, no sólo le han colgado salidas y agudezas apócrifas, sino versos cuya invención no le pertenece. Puso en catalán los siguientes conocidísimos,

No es menester que digais
 Cuyas sois, mis alegrías,
 Pues bien se ve que sois mias,
 En lo poco que durais

y los glosó aquel repentista poeta en su lengua nativa, basando estas circunstancias para adjudicarle la redondilla. El Sr. Rubió y Ors su paisano, en un excelente artículo publicado en la *Revista del Siglo Futuro* (pág. 43), demostró cronológicamente el ningún fundamento de aquella opinión.

Lope de Vega en su *Dorotea* (III, 7^a) impresa en 1632, debió de beber en las mismas fuentes que el Rector catalán, cuando dijo :

Que me quereis, alegrías,
 Si me venis á alegrar ?
 Pues solo podeis durar
 Hasta saber que sois mias.

Antes que en las obras citadas, según la razonada opinión del

Sr. Rubió, léense aquellos versos en *Amar después de la muerte* (II, 5ª, 6ª y 8ª) de Calderón, como letra de una canción que da mucho en que pensar á Doña Clara y con razón, pues su fin no pudo ser más desastrado.

El emplear esos versos nuestro gran dramático para letra de una canción, es circunstancia que incita sin embargo á reflexionar acerca de la originalidad calderoniana de la redondilla. Estudio curioso y no fácil de llevar á término, sería el de averiguar el origen de la multitud de canciones que intercaló en sus dramas el autor de *La vida es sueño*, pues sin duda gran parte de ellas no se deben á su pluma. De algunas consta el origen, como la ya citada

Ven, muerte, tan escondida

y esta otra de *El Conde Lucanor* (I, 8ª),

¡ Ay loca esperanza vana !
 ¡ Cuantos días ha que estoy
 Engañando el día de hoy
 Y esperando el de mañana !

que se encuentra con estas variantes en la Carta de don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza que empieza « Amor, amor, que consientes » :

Oh larga esperanza vana
 Cuantos días ha que voy...

En *La niña de Gomez Arias*, de Calderón, dice la protagonista

¿ Ya anda en cauciones mi historia ?

al oír la siguiente que cantan entre bastidores (III, 13):

Señor Gomez Arias,
 Duelete de mí,
 Que soy niña y sola,
 Y nunca en tal me ví.

Que Calderón no es autor de *La niña de Gomez Arias*, sino refundidor de la comedia que con el mismo título y asunto nos dejó don Luis Vélez de Guevara, es punto que no ofrece duda. En la escena culminante de la comedia de Vélez, una de las más patéticas de nuestro fecundo teatro, repite la protagonista cual doloroso y sentido estribillo estos versos,

Señor Gomez Arias,
Duélete de mí,
Que soy niña y muchacha,
Y nunca en tal me ví

los que, así como toda la escena donde se hallan interpolados, tan bien pintan la infantil pavora de aquel

Humano hechizo de amor
Que ufana y altiva ostenta
Muchos siglos de hermosura,
Como dice aquella letra,
En pocos años de edad

según describe á su víctima el Gómez Arias de Calderón (I, 5) recordando dos versos del romance de Góngora *Apeóse el caballero*.

Tanta emoción producía en el público esta célebre escena, que Menéndez y Pelayo, en sus *Conferencias* sobre Calderón, recuerda ser fama que un alguacil que asistió á la representación quiso arrojarse espada en mano para librar á la desventurada doncella vendida á los moriscos por el facineroso Gómez Arias. El cantar que Calderón parodió así en *La Dama duende* (II, 10):

Señora dama duende,
Duélase de mí,
Que soy niño y solo,
Y nunca en tal me ví,

no es por tanto original de nuestro gran dramático : pero ¿ lo es de Vélez ? Suponen los críticos que formó parte de una canción

popular que refería las infames aventuras del foragido Gómez Arias, y de la cual tomó Vélez el argumento de su drama. Cervantes, que elogió en el Prólogo de sus comedias el rumbo, tropel, boato y grandeza de las de ese poeta, cita así, en el entremés *El viejo celoso*, la canción : « Eso me parece, señora, á lo del cantar de Gomez Arias: Señor Gomez Arias, doleos de mí, soy niña y muchacha, nunca en tal me ví. » Si lo hubiera tenido el gran novelista por original de Vélez, habría citado probablemente su nombre en aquel pasaje, supuesta la buena amistad que entre ambos existía. De todas suertes no hay dato alguno que pruebe no ser de Vélez, y á fin de cubrir nuestra responsabilidad, añadiremos que los que le asignan origen popular no señalan el pliego suelto ó libro donde se halla el cantar, al cual pueden aplicarse estos versos del *Demetrio* de Metastasio sobre el ave fénix (II, 3) :

Che ví sia ciascun lo dice,
Dove sia, nessun lo sa.

XI

Si las comedias de Calderón tan honda emoción y tan buenas entradas producían en los tiempos del alguacil susodicho, de sus frases y de sus versos puede decirse que continúan siendo moneda corriente entre los que citan en lengua castellana. Conforme al parecer de Quintana en su ensayo didáctico *Las reglas del drama*, al compararlo con Lope,

Más enérgico, más grave, á más altura
Se eleva Calderon y el cetro adquiere,
Que aun en sus manos vigorosas dura.

Como Horacio (Lib. 3º, od. 30), hubiera podido terminar su última comedia *Hado y divisa* exclamando :

Exegi monumentum aere perennius

y aun añadir como aquel gran amigo de Mecenas y Pisones en el mismo lugar de sus obras,

Non omnis moriar.

Hasta en los tiempos de los Moratines, cuando se juzgaban las comedias con el rasero de las tres unidades, y Nasarre declaraba las frases de aquel gran escritor, humana y poéticamente insufribles, los que como don Nicolás Fernández de Moratín eran poetas, confesaron mal de su grado que « por su dulce boca hablaron suavidades las musas ».

Abrió en nuestro teatro el autor de *La vida es sueño*, según la feliz expresión de Hartzenbusch, « cátedra pública de galantería y de honor » donde han quedado como esculpidos en el frontis del ideal edificio aquellos célebres versos de *El Alcalde de Zalamea* (I, 18) :

Al Rey la hacienda y la vida
Se ha de dar : pero el honor
Es patrimonio del alma,
Y el alma sólo es de Dios.

Aunque se nos acuse de

Acabar en tiquis miquis,
Propio paso de comedias

como dice el gracioso en *Trampa adelante* de Moreto (I, 1) séanos permitido añadir algunas palabras acerca del texto de estos proverbiales versos. Difícil es determinar el verdadero texto calderoniano de *El Alcalde de Zalamea*, drama no incluido en los tomos de sus comedias publicados durante su vida, é impreso suelto con el poco poético título de *El garrote más bien dado*. La Academia española, en los dos tomos del *Teatro escogido* de nuestro autor, tampoco coleccionó esta joya dramática, de suerte que no tenemos donde volver los ojos para encontrar la claridad de que

tan necesitados estamos. Lejos de hallar luz por alguna parte, la misma Academia española, encargada no sólo de limpiar y fijar, sino de dar esplendor, ha contribuido á sumirnos en la más completa oscuridad, pues dos académicos en público, en el acto de la recepción de don Mariano Catalina, citaron los versos de Pedro Crespo de diferente modo : el recipiendario, diciendo,

Al Rey la hacienda y la vida
Se debe...

y don Aureliano Fernández Guerra, que le daba la bienvenida, repitiéndolos en esta forma :

Al Rey la hacienda y la vida
Se ha de dar...

Algo semejante ocurre también con la hermosa y cristiana definición que en *La exaltación de la Cruz* pone Calderón en boca del Emperador Heraclio (I, 9):

El madero soberano,
Iris de paz que se puso
Entre las iras del cielo
Y los delitos del mundo

que algunos académicos para dar á los versos más gallardía, y distraer de este modo la atención respecto de la paranomasia que en ellos existe, citan con estas variantes :

El madero soberano,
Iris de paz que Dios puso
Entre las iras del cielo
Y los pecados del mundo.

Nunca quiso Calderón que sus comedias se imprimiesen, ni menos corregir pruebas de las que contra su voluntad, pusieron los libreros en letras de molde : y como á pesar de que se quejó

á los jueces privativos de imprentas y librerías, según escribió al Duque de Veragua, éstos no hicieron caso de sus reclamaciones, se vió en la necesidad de desconocer cuantas ediciones de sus obras se publicaron durante su vida; por lo que pudo decir su gran amigo don Gaspar Agustín de Lara en el *Obelisco fúnebre* á la memoria del gran poeta, que Calderón ha logrado con su conducta lo que ningún otro autor, á saber, que los primores de sus obras se le adjudiquen y no puedan imputársele los defectos.

No á todas sus frases célebres les ha cabido en suerte esta ó la otra variante: las hay que siempre se citan siguiendo un texto único, que por ser unánime puede pasar por auténtico. Por tal debe de tenerse por ejemplo el de la exclamación de Segismundo en *La vida es sueño* (II, 5ª):

Cayó del balcon al mar,
Vive Dios, que pudo ser

pues siempre se ha citado de este modo y siempre, añadiremos, ha servido de ocasión á los críticos para darle su correspondiente leccioncita de geografía por haber supuesto que el mar llegaba hasta la capital de Polonia. Y ya con la palmeta levantada no han pasado adelante sin echarle en cara que en *El mayor monstruo los celos*, convirtió á Jerusalén y á Menfis en puertos de mar. Respecto del delito geográfico que en *La vida es sueño* se le imputa, muchos le han defendido, y entre otros don Adolfo de Castro en su libro *Varias obras inéditas de Cervantes* (pág. 27) donde asegura que Calderón empleó la palabra mar en significación de estanque ó laguna grande, y que si en Castilla llaman mar á la de Ontígola, también en Polonia pudo existir la misma costumbre ponderativa. Para confirmar más y más su opinión, asegura Castro que Calderón leyó y estudió con ahinco y con provecho, cierto libro de Fray José Gallo, *Historia y diálogos de Job*, donde no sólo aprendió á sufrir con paciencia á sus editores y á los jueces privativos de imprentas y librerías, sino á llamar mar á los estan-

ques grandes, pues en el capítulo XVIII de dicha obra enséñase lo siguiente : « Y si tuvieras un estanque tan grande y anchuroso que la vista no le alcanzara por todos lados ¿ no le llamarías mar ? » La contestación no tardó mucho en darla Calderón por boca de Segismundo, y con el aprovechamiento que supone la celebridad conseguida por los versos citados.

Entre los dramas de Calderón que críticos y públicos unánimemente han aplaudido, *La vida es sueño* figura en primera línea. Doctos é indoctos saben de memoria no sólo sus versos más notables, sino parlamentos enteros, desde aquel enrevesado comienzo,

Hipógrifo violento
Que corriste parejas con el viento,

modelo de culto y conceptuoso estilo, hasta la sentencia proverbial de la última escena,

El traidor no es menester,
Siendo la traición pasada,

que ha arrinconado por completo el antiguo refrán castellano « aunque la traición aplace, el traidor se aborrece » mencionado en el *Quijote* (I, 39), y de cuyo origen trató Plutarco en la Vida de Rómulo, sosteniendo que es antiquísimo proverbio que procede « de la aversión general hacia los malos, de todos los que tienen que valerse de ellos ».

Si hubiéramos de consignar todas las frases de *La vida es sueño* que andan en boca de todos, tendríamos que reproducir casi por entero esta famosa comedia. ¿ Qué verso, por ejemplo, del célebre monólogo de Segismundo en la última escena de la jornada segunda, que empieza

Es verdad : pues reprimamos
Esta fiera condicion

no se ha citado alguna vez ?

Allí se encuentran estos repetidos conceptos

El hombre que vive sueña
Lo que es hasta despertar
.....
Sueña el rico en su riqueza
Que más cuidados le ofrece :
Sueña el pobre que padece
Su miseria y su pobreza

y esta filosófica definición que no hay español que ignore,

¿ Que és la vida ? una ilusion,
Una sombra, una ficcion,
Y el mayor bien es pequeño :
Que toda la vida es sueño,
Y los sueños sueños son.

Oportunidad habrá en el transcurso de nuestro estudio para recordar otras célebres frases de este drama incomparable, que no es posible omitir por su notoriedad ó por las curiosas observaciones que han sugerido. De ningún otro autor se citan tantas frases como de Calderón, y en las obras del Príncipe de la escena española, hasta los primeros versos de sus comedias sirven de modelo, por el interés que desde luego suscitan en el ánimo del espectador. El principio de *Casa con dos puertas* ha sido siempre propuesto como ejemplo en este punto; y lo mismo ocurre con la comedia *Los empeños de un acaso*, que comienza con este animado y dramático diálogo :

DON FELIX. O he de matar ó morir,
O quien sois he de saber.
DON DIEGO. Pues mirad como ha de ser,
Porque yo no lo he de decir.

Contienen las comedias de Calderón repertorio variado de frases y sentencias para todas las ocasiones en que una cita oportuna hace buen papel. En *El Alcalde de Zalamea* (I, 16) defiende la agricultura contra las vanidades de la milicia,

Que no hubiera un capitan
Si no hubiera un labrador

y la autoridad municipal contra las arrogancias y desmanes de la soldadesca (III, 9) :

Yo os apercibo
Que soy un capitan vivo.
¿ Soy yo acaso alcalde muerto ?

contesta Pedro Crespo, con aquella su legendaria impasibilidad irónica. Las graves cuestiones acerca del libre arbitrio tan discutidas en aquellos siglos de Reforma, las sintetiza en versos que fueron y son todavía populares. Justina, en *El Mágico prodigioso*, drama cada vez más reputado, en lucha con el espíritu maligno exclama (III, 6) :

Desconfiarme es en vano
Aunque pensé ; que aunque es llano
Que el pensar es empezar,
No está en mi mano el pensar
Y está el obrar en mi mano.

Y cuan poético es el apólogo de *Hombre pobre, todo es trazas* (I, 6), en el que desflorecido el almendro á impulsos del austro fiero, exhala sus arrepentimientos en estos dulces versos al venturoso lirio :

Tu vivir solo es vivir :
No llegues á florecer,
Porque tener que perder
Solo es tener que sentir.

En *A secreto agravio* (I, 3), enseña á no fiarse de la fortuna, porque,

¿ Quien ganó al principio
Que á la postre no perdió ?
¿ Quien fué antes tan felice
Que despues no declinó ?

y allí también pone de manifiesto el ningún remedio que se logra,

persiguiendo públicamente la defensa del honor que no fué en público vilipendiado (III, 7) :

Por vengarse uno atrevido,
 Por satisfacerse honrado,
 Publicó su agravio mismo :
 Porque dijo la venganza
 Lo que la ofensa no dijo.

Supo como nadie expresar las delicadas y sùtiles teorías donde se hallan encerrados los vidriosos puntos : de la honra y del honor. En *El Astrólogo fingido* (I, 1) pone de relieve su fragilidad en estos versos más conocidos que la comedia misma :

Un hombre con solo hablar
 ¡ Tan fácil es la deshonra !
 Es bastante á quitar la honra
 Que muchos no pueden dar :

y por eso aseguraba en *La dama duende* (II, 12) que

Donde el honor es lo más
 Todo lo demás es menos.

Todas las precauciones resultan sin embargo inútiles, y de ello se queja amargamente en *No siempre lo peor es cierto* (II, 8) diciendo :

Mal haya el primero que hizo

 Entre el hombre y la mujer
 Un tan desigual partido,
 Como que esté el propio honor
 Sujeto al ageno arbitrio.

Como es innegable esta verdad, debe de tenerse por exacta la observación de la reina de *Afectos de odio y amor* (I, 6), decidida adversaria de la ley sálica :

Hombre, si por ser inutil
 La mujer, no le fias nada,
 ¿ Como todo se lo fias
 Puesto que el honor le encargas ?

Según aquella soberana, es pues el sexo feo quien ha hecho para su daño *tan desigual partido*; y siendo esto cierto, ya no merecen las quejas de *El pintor de su deshonra* (III, 13), toda la piedad que invoca en estos versos,

Poco del honor sabía
El legislador tirano
Que puso en agena mano
Mi opinion, y no en la mia.

Verdad es que así como en nuestros días las mujeres burladas fian al vitriolo su indemne venganza, en los de Calderón los maridos en igual caso, se tomaban por su mano la justicia, tan temida en aquellos tiempos, como lo revela esta reflexión de la dama de *El médico de su honra* (II, 4),

Si inocente una mujer
No hay desdicha que no aguarde,
¡Valgame Dios, que cobarde
La culpa debe de ser!

y la exclamación del amante en la misma escena, que corrobora las aprensiones de la dama

¡ O que valiente
Debe de ser un marido !

No es de extrañar pues, que con tan estrechas reglas del honor y de la honra, el gracioso de *Donde no hay agravios* de Rojas (III, 2), se hallara muy bien sin ella y dijera

¡ Bendito seais vos, señor,
Que no me habeis dado honra !

El monólogo donde se lee esta juiciosa reflexión del criado Sancho, es uno de los más cómicos de nuestro teatro; y todas sus frases son como el reverso de las teorías caballerescas de su amo, que pretende que su criado venga en duelo las afrentas

recibidas. Por eso dice Sancho, según el texto que nos ha parecido más correcto :

¿ Que aquestos duelos prosigan ?
 ¿ Que sea el mentir afrenta ?
 ¿ Que no importe que yo mienta
 E importe que me lo digan ?

donde sin duda remedó Moreto una redondilla muy celebrada de la carta que escribió el famoso jurado de Córdoba, autor de *La Austríada*, don Juan Rufo, á su hijo Luis :

Ten siempre puesta la mira
 En tratar pura verdad,
 Porque es gran calamidad
 El ser cogido en mentira.
 Esto es facil de inferir,
Pues no hay razon que consienta
Que sea el mentís afrenta
 Y no lo sea el mentir.

Al mismo monólogo pertenece la siguiente redondilla, también celebrada :

Duelista que andas cargado
 Con el puntillo de honor,
 Dime, tonto, ¿ no es peor
 Ser muerto que abofeteado ?

En serio ya, clamó contra el puntillo de honor Pedro Crespo en *El Alcalde de Zalamea* (II, 21) afirmando

Que si hubiera un maestro solo
 Que enseñara prevenido
 No el como, el porque se riñe,
 Todos le dieran sus hijos.

Desgraciadamente los buenos deseos de Calderón no hallaron

Pachecos ni Narvaez que lo pusieran en práctica, y cada día se ve más lejano el de la creación de esa cátedra, que tan útil sería para los duelistas presentes y futuros.

XII

En esa misma escena de *El Alcalde de Zalamea* (II, 21) y entre los consejos que Pedro Crespo dió á su hijo, cuando se alistó en los famosos tercios españoles, están los siguientes versos á menudo citados,

No hables mal de las mujeres ;
La más humilde, te digo
Que es digna de estimacion,
Por que al fin de ellas nacimos,

reminiscencia de otros no menos celebrados, de la famosa composición que un siglo antes escribía Juan de la Encina *Contra los que hablan mal de las mujeres*,

Si á mujeres ultrajamos
Miremos que deshonramos
Las honras de nuestras madres.

En el teatro de Calderón abundan las frases de respeto y consideración hacia el bello sexo, dictados por un espíritu que no puede confundirse con la galantería vana y bachillera corriente en la corte de los Felipes. En *El segundo Escipion* (I, 4) se lee esta sentencia, más digna de aplauso por el fondo que por la forma,

No puede ser valiente
Con los hombres, quien no es
Cobarde con las mujeres,

y *En esta vida todo es verdad y todo es mentira* (I, 7), llega nuestro gran dramático á la cúspide de las alabanzas y encarecimientos, al decir

Si el hombre es breve mundo,
La mujer es breve cielo,

definición que estuvo á punto de ocurrírsele al enamorado príncipe Segismundo de *La vida es sueño* (II, 7), pues al recapacitar sobre sus fugitivos coloquios con Rosaura, exclama :

Leia
Yo una vez en los libros que tenia,
Que lo que á Dios mayor estudio debe,
Era el hombre por ser un mundo breve ;
Mas ya que lo es recelo
La mujer, pues ha sido breve cielo.

Después de tales ponderaciones, pálidos parecerán cuantos encomios han derramado los poetas por sus escritos en laude de las mujeres. Lope de Vega, autoridad en la materia, se quedó corto, opinando que,

Es la mujer del hombre lo más bueno
Y locura decir que lo más malo ;

así al menos se lee el comienzo de este célebre soneto en sus *Rimas humanas*, primera parte. A don Cayetano Rosell le pareció errata la versión del segundo verso, y propuso esta lección,

Y lo fuera decir que lo más malo,

menos inteligible todavía que la de las *Rimas*. Si como buen colector y crítico, necesitaba variantes con que exornar su trabajo, hubiera debido acordarse de las *Flores de poetas ilustres*, publicadas por Espinosa en 1605, y allí habría leído el soneto en esta forma :

Es la mujer del hombre lo más bueno,
Es la mujer del hombre lo más malo,

variante que con su contradicción y todo expresa una idea com-

prehensible y semejante á la que más tarde Calderón declaró en *En esta vida todo es verdad* (I, 4) :

No hay
Cosa en el mundo que sea
Tan mala como la mala,
Tan buena como la buena.

Otra cita de las obras de Lope muy acreditada es esta redondilla de su conocidísima comedia *La dama boba* escrita para la célebre farsanta Jerónima de Burgos (III, 3) :

¿ Quien la mete á una mujer
Con Petrarca y Garcilaso,
Siendo su Virgilio y Taso
Hilar, labrar y coser ?

que cualquier sociólogo poco versado en nuestro antiguo teatro podría creer fragmento de un drama contemporáneo contra la invasión del feminismo.

Lejos estamos ya del *breve cielo* de Calderón, y todavía nos apartaremos más si recordamos la extraña definición que Bretón de los Herreros dió en su aplaudida comedia *Quien es ella ?* (v. esc. últ.) llamando á la mujer

El animal más bello
Que Dios crió en este mundo,

conocida ya en tiempo de Rojas, pues sólo así se comprende que la Doña Matea « segundita, pobrecita, feíta y enamorada » de su comedia *Lo que son mujeres* (II, 6) discutiendo con su hermana que era el reverso de la medalla, por sonarle á elogio dijera :

Hermana, de errores tales
Ni te admires ni te asombres ;
Créeme y quiere á los hombres
Que son bellos animales.

Sin duda Doña Matea habría leído el célebre tratado *Del amor de Dios* del agustiniano Fray Cristóbal de Fonseca, elogiado por Cervantes en el prólogo de la primera parte del *Quijote*, pues allí (XLV) se cuenta esta antiquísima anécdota con referencia á las *Vidas* de los padres del desierto : « Un monge viejo llevó al desierto un muchacho deudo suyo, deseoso de aficionarle á la soledad y perfección. Después de algunos años, ya el mozo era grande, y vió en una ermita unas mujeres bien ataviadas y hermosas que habían venido en romería : y como nunca hubiera visto mujeres, preguntó al viejo que animales eran aquellos, respondiéndole que eran demonios. Después de muchos días, preguntándole el viejo acaso, que cosa de las que había visto en el mundo causaba mayor recreación en sus pensamientos, respondió : Aquellos demonios que topamos en la ermita el otro día .»

Muchos tomos serían precisos para consignar cuanto han dicho de la mujer los poetas solamente. Desde Virgilio que en la *Eneida* (IV, 568, 569) nos dejó el

Varium et mutabile semper
Fœmina,

amplificado por el Conde de Villamediana en el soneto que comienza :

Es la mujer un mar todo fortuna
Una mudable vela á todo viento,

hasta Gaspar de Aguilar que, adelantándose á Quevedo, aseguró en *El mercader amante* (I, 10) que,

La de mayor decoro
se casa con el tesoro
y no con el que lo tiene

¡ cuánto no habría que recordar, justo ó injusto, favorable ó

adverso, referente á la mujer, parte y aun todo en el gran pleito humano que iniciado en el Paraiso, durará tanto como *el eterno femenino* que cantó Goethe al fin de la segunda parte de su misterioso poema *Fausto!*

Con expresión menos poética y romántica ya Juvenal habló también del eterno femenino, cuando en sus *Sátiras* (VI, 242 y 243) aseguró que,

Nulla fere causa est in qua non foemina litem
Moverit,

frase que adaptó á nuestra lengua Bretón de los Herreros, diciendo en *¿Quién es ella?* (II, 1) :

En vano más de una vez
Se sigue al crimen la huella,
Por no preguntar el juez
Quién es ella.

Esta pregunta que Bretón tomó del vulgo y la dignificó escogiéndola para título de una de sus mejores comedias, resume todo un mundo de pasiones y de sentimientos que se cifran en el más universal y poderoso de los afectos humanos, el amor,

Que gobierna al mundo
Con ley dulce eternamente

según la feliz expresión del gran poeta agustiniano en las redondillas que empiezan, *Vuestra tirana exencion.*

Si Fray Luis de León estimaba dulce la ley del amor, de cruel y trabajosa la calificó Virgilio por boca de Dido cuando el poco piadoso Eneas le anunció con escasos miramientos su próxima partida (*En.*, IV, 412) :

Improbe amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis !

Tan diversas maneras de juzgar y de definir el amor provienen ó de que, como dice el refrán ya catalogado por el Marqués de Santillana, « cada cual habla de la feria según le va en ella », ó de que en esa pasión se anidan revuelta y confusamente los más contrarios estados del ánimo. Ya dijo Moreto, en un célebre soneto de su comedia *No puede ser* (I, 2) :

Todos ven su traicion y su mudanza,
 Todos cuantos le siguen se han perdido,
 Y todos van tras él con esperanza.

A pesar de tantas y tan autorizadas advertencias, continúa muy en boga la doctrina del *Pervigilium Veneris*, poema atribuido á Catulo sin razón :

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit ;
 Quique amavit, cras amet.

y todavía se cita con la misma frecuencia y autoridad la enérgica exclamación del regio autor del *Cantar de los Cantares* (VIII, 6) :

Fortis est ut mors dilectio

y el célebre verso de Virgilio (Eglog. X, 69) censurado por Macrobio (Saturn. V, 16) como desmayado y prosáico :

Omnia vincit amor et nos cedamus amori.

Y para los que pretenden sustraerse á esa ley universal de los humanos, reserva el *Eclesiastés* (IV, 10) aquella conocida imprecación :

¡ Vae soli !

que conviene relacionar y explicar con este versículo de San Mateo (XIX, 6), comentario que pone en su punto la clase de uniones á que exhorta la bíblica amenaza :

Quod Deus conjunxit, homo non separet,

palabras cuyo sentido recóndito declaró el P. Fonseca en su *Tratado del amor de Dios* (53) diciendo que « aquellos casados tienen derecho á acudir á Dios con sus cuitas, que son casados por las manos de Dios. »

Los antiguos tuvieron también como un presentimiento de la esencia elevada de esa pasión, cuando Afranio en este verso citado por Apuleyo en su *Apología*, dijo

Amabit sapiens, cupient cœteri.

En estos sabios de Afranio pensaría sin duda Arriaga, cuando paseándose por « los hermosos jardines de Madrid que tienen el nombre de Buen Retiro y al margen del magnífico estanque que se dilata en medio de ellos », compuso estos versos de *La cavilación solitaria* :

La amistad y el amor son dos consuelos
que nos dispensa en medio de los males
la benigna influencia de los cielos,

á menos que errase todavía por aquellos parages el espíritu poético del gran amigo del Conde Duque de Olivares, don Luis de Ulloa, y fueran á parar á sus oídos estos tercetos de la carta que el autor de *Raquel* dirigió al P. Hernando Dávila :

Así Fernando insigne como el cielo
A los afanes del linage humano,
En la amistad aseguró el consuelo :
El que primero la violó profano
Con el artificioso cumplimiento
Fué de las almas el mayor tirano.

Pero desgraciadamente para el linage humano, pocos son los que obtendrán consuelo por esos dos caminos : pues el amor no es para todos según la sentencia de Afranio, y si hemos de creer á Fedro, que principió una de sus fábulas (III, 9) con este aforismo :

Vulgare amici nomen, sed rara est fides.

muchos serán los que se hayan quedado sin este otro consuelo en el presente valle de lágrimas. Una de las causas que embarazan ó ahogan la amistad, la señaló Terencio en su comedia titulada *Andria* (I, 1) :

Obsequium amicos, veritas odium parit.

Cuando lo asegura Terencio, el poeta humano por excelencia, que dijo en su *Heautontimorumenos* (I, 1) :

Homo sum : humani nihil a me alienum puto

sabido se lo tendría. — Lo cierto es que Cicerón en su tratado *De amicitia* certificó que las cosas no habían variado un ápice en su tiempo, y cualquiera que en el nuestro tenga ojos para ver podrá observar que la verdad continúa produciendo los mismos fatales resultados. Otra de las causas que desbaratan esas amistades corrientes del fabulista latino, y que siendo de todos los siglos ejerce su imperio con mayor vigor en el actual, es la estigmatizada por Adelardo López de Ayala en estos conocidos versos de *El tanto por ciento* (I, 13) :

Una cosa es la amistad
Y el negocio es otra cosa.

Para Cicerón (*Pro Plánc.*, XI), la verdadera amistad es « asociación perfecta de voluntades y unanimidad en los pareceres », lo que por tan evidente siempre ha pasado, que adquirió pronto fuerza proverbial entre los latinos la frase de Salustio (*De bell. cat.*, XX)

Idem velle atque idem nolle ea demum firma amicitia est.

Corolario de este proverbio es *aquel otro, también recordado

por Cicerón (*De senec.*, III, 7), que se juntan fácilmente los iguales, el cual logró forma definitiva cuando escribió Quinto Curcio en la *Vida de Alejandro Magno* (VII, 8) :

Firmissima est inter pares amicitia,

idea parafraseada por el poeta aragonés Pedro Liñán de Rianza en un soneto que nos conservó Espinosa en sus *Flores de poetas ilustres*,

Es la amistad un empinado Atlante ;
Su madre es la igualdad : por ella vive.

XIII

Frases célebres hay que, por haberlas admitido una ciencia ó facultad como aforismos propios, suenan á prosáico principio inventado por algún profesor de aquellas enseñanzas, cuando fueron en su origen rasgos poéticos celebrados. El manoseado *Cui prodest*, base de la mayor parte de las pistas que los jueces de instrucción han seguido en todos los tiempos para llegar al descubrimiento de los delitos, inútil es buscarlo en las obras de Cayo ó Modestino : pues pertenece á la tragedia *Medea* (v. 500 y 501) de nuestro compatriota Séneca :

Cui prodest scelus

Is fecit.

El mismo aspecto de proverbio jurídico tiene este otro verso de Juvenal (Sat. II, 83)

Nemo repentè fuit turpissimus

que Bartolomé Leonardo de Argensola trasladó así en la tercera de sus Epístolas,

Ninguno fué torpísimo de presto.

Fournier, en *L'esprit des autres*, dió á esta bienaventuranza jurídica

Beati possidentes

el mismo elevado origen : pero examinadas las obras de Horacio á quien se refería el erudito francés, ninguna expresión se halla que permita hacer semejante suposición : antes al contrario se lee en la Oda IX, versos 45 y 46 :

Non possidentem, vocaveris
Rectè beatum.

Lo más probable es que este aforismo legal sea como resumen y compendio de las doctrinas romanas acerca de la posesión, consignadas en el Código justiniano como reglas de derecho (17 y 50), y según las cuales, en caso de duda es mejor la condición del que posee.

Principio filosófico de la escuela aristotélica les parece á algunos esta repetida verdad :

Ignoti nulla cupido.

que disertando acerca de puntos menos graves y severos, se le escapó á Ovidio en su *Ars amandi* (III, 397) :

Quod latet ignotum est : ignoti nulla cupido.

Por haberse usado y aun abusado, en discursos y sermones, de esta regla de credibilidad como prueba de la verdad del cristianismo :

Nemo omnes, neminem omnes fefellerunt

hay quienes pretenden ha de encontrarse en las obras de Orígenes ó de Tertuliano, quedando sorprendidos al saber que se lee en el capítulo 62 del *Panegírico de Trajano*, escrito por Plinio el Joven años antes que florecieran aquellos apologistas cristianos.

Ni en Hipócrates ni en Galeno, se hallará, á pesar de su sabor

médico, el *Principiis obsta*, síntesis de la terapéutica amorosa de Ovidio, expresada en estos conocidísimos versos, 91 y 92 de su *Remedium Amoris*

Principiis obsta : sero medicina paratur
Cum mala per longas convaluere moras.

Cicerón, que en su libro *De Senectute* tantas páginas memorables nos ha dejado, no es el autor de aquel conocido aforismo,

Senectus ipsa morbus est

que tampoco brotó de la pluma de ningún médico insigne, sino de la del gran poeta cómico latino, Terencio, tan conocedor de la naturaleza humana y de todas sus flaquezas : pero en *El Formión* (IV, 1ª) se lee con esta variante :

Senectus ipsa est morbus.

En cambio no suena á frase médica esta otra tan repetida :

Vita brevis, ars longa,

que siempre se cita al revés,

Ars longa, vita brevis .

corrigiendo los que tal hacen la plana al mismo Séneca, el cual, ateniéndose al texto griego de los *Aforismos* de Hipócrates, su verdadero autor, la tradujo en latín de este modo :

Vitam brevem esse, longam artem

(*De brev. vit.*, I).

En las obras del gran Hipócrates hay que buscar también el origen de este lema :

Similia similibus curantur,

divisa de la escuela homeopática, inscrita por su inventor Hahnemann en la portada de su obra fundamental *Organon der Heilkunst*. Desarrolló Hipócrates la doctrina contenida en ese aforismo, así como la que expresa el siguiente :

Contraria contrariis curantur

en el capítulo 42 de su tratado *De los lugares en el hombre*.

Origen médico exclusivamente debe tener también aquel principio que Don Quijote (IIª, 2) apuntó en latín, pero tradujo por entero al castellano, al confesar Sancho que no entendía más lengua que la suya :

Cuando la cabeza duele, todos los miembros duelen.

El célebre canciller Pero López de Ayala decía ya en el siglo XIV, en el *Rimado de Palacio* (191) :

*Los físicos lo dicen, si bien me viene en miente.
Si la cabeza duele, todo el cuerpo es doliente*

traducción libre, el último verso, del vulgar apotegma latino,

Quando caput dolet, cœtera membra dolent.

Y ya que de aforismos médicos hablamos, no pasaremos adelante, sin apuntar aquí otro bien sabido que el Doctor Sorapán de Rieros en su *Medicina española* trae de este modo :

Post prandium dormire, post coenam mille passus abire

fórmula sin duda inventada por nuestros antiguos físicos para transigir con la siesta nacional, manteniendo sin embargo el principio médico que la Escuela de Salerno consignó de este modo en su *Flos sanitatis* del siglo XI :

Post coenam stabis aut passus mille meabis,

lo que el curioso lector podrá confrontar abriendo el primer volumen de la *Collectio Salernitana* publicada en 1852 por De Renzi.

Otras veces los errores y engaños respecto del autor de ciertas frases, proceden no de su materia ó asunto, sino de haberse repetido hasta la saciedad en determinadas épocas, por lo que parecen nacidas en ellas; ¡cuantas que supone el vulgo contemporáneas, fueron dichas por primera vez hace muchos siglos! Durante los primeros años de la revolución de Septiembre, repitióse muy á menudo con intención evidente de aludir al Duque de Montpensier, pretendiente á la corona de España entonces vacante, la frase « Por atún y á ver al Duque », que de buena fé los poco leídos tuvieron por reciente ocurrencia de algún escritor satírico.

Si nuestras obras dramáticas no estuvieran tan olvidadas, más de uno hubiera recordado seguramente que don Antonio de Zamora, escritor de fines del siglo xvii, la había usado en su célebre comedia *El hechizado por fuerza* (II, 6), donde dice un personaje :

Yo creo
Que vienes, segun la pinta,
Por atun y á ver al Duque.

El Duque á quien alude el verso es el mismo que excitó la indignación de don Juan Sanz de Zumeta á fines del siglo xvi, manifestada en un soneto, publicado por Pellicer en su *Vida de Cervantes* (pág. 47), que termina :

Y el dios de los atunes lo consiente!

El Sr. de Zumeta tuvo buen cuidado de añadir por nota que ese *dios* era el Duque de Medinasidonia, cuya flema y desidia fueron causa de que entraran á saco los ingleses la ciudad de Cádiz en 1596. ¿Y por qué le llamó *dios de los atunes* aquel buen patricio y no despreciable poeta? A poca costa podríamos entrar en largas explicaciones respecto de este punto. El lector curioso

podrá satisfacer sus pruritos de erudición leyendo en la *Segunda ración de artículos* del Dr. Thebussem el muy interesante con que ilustra la historia de esta frase picaresca. Por nuestra parte nos limitaremos á consignar que desde el siglo XIII correspondían á los Duques de Medinasidonia las almadrabas ó pesquerías de atún de Zahara « donde era el finibus terre de la picaresca » según dijo Cervantes en *La ilustre fregona*; y los pícaros que iban á cursar en aquella *academia*, llevaban fundadas esperanzas de matar de un tiro dos pájaros, pues el Señor de las almadrabas residía frecuentemente en aquellos lugares.

Si Quevedo hubiera escrito en nuestros días su famoso *Cuento de cuentos*, mucho más largo habría sido el catálogo de los bordoncillos y estribillos que expuso con su inimitable gracejo á la vergüenza pública. Y no hubiese sido el último ni el menos maltratado, el de la frase hecha *brillar por su ausencia*, emblema y divisa del gran partido contemporáneo que cifra su gala en guardar la ropa cuando llegan momentos críticos y difíciles. Por esta conformidad sin duda entre las ideas reinantes y la significación de aquella frase, piensan los que la emplean con lastimosa frecuencia que es nativa del siglo del vapor y del buen tono. Pero ni es oro todo lo que reluce ni todas las frases son del siglo que parecen, y la susodicha, si se estilaban centenarios para las frases, se hubiera solemnizado ya muchas veces, como que se le ocurrió á Tácito al describir en el capítulo 76 del libro 3º de sus *Anales*, las exequias de Junia. Contraviniendo los que dirijieron aquel fúnebre aparato, á los usos y costumbres romanos, no colocaron en el lugar de los funerales, los retratos de Casio su marido y de Bruto su hermano : y el historiador reflejando en su relato, el efecto que produjo omisión tan comentada, dijo : *sed proefulgebant Cassius atque Brutus eo ipso quod effigies eorum non visebantur*.

Mayor antigüedad que la frase de Tácito puede ostentar el proverbio que como inglés de pura raza corre por el mundo, pregonando la superioridad que pretenden los anglo-sajones contemporáneos en toda clase de oficios y facultades,

Time is money.

Pero la importancia y el valor del tiempo era conocido mucho antes que existieran Manchester y Liverpool; como que ya en la culta Atenas, era proverbio, conservado por Diógenes Laercio, que « el tiempo es el gasto ó empleo más precioso », dijéralo ó no por primera vez Teofrasto, según asegura el autor de las *Vidas de los filósofos griegos* (V, 2). Si alguna novedad contiene la versión anglo-sajona, es la de reducir á dinero las excelencias del tiempo: y esta circunstancia será la causa de que suene á novísimo principio, tan antigua verdad. Por la misma razón parece acabada de inventar la repetida sentencia « El dinero es el nervio de la guerra », pues en ningun tiempo como en el nuestro se ha hecho la guerra con el oro y por el oro. Pero si en otras épocas se guerreaba por librar el *gran sepulcro de Cristo* ó por vengar injurias más ó menos livianas, y no por conquistar minas de oro y de diamantes, no se ignoraba por eso la necesidad del dinero para tales impresas, pues ya Cicerón en su *Quinta Filípica* (§ 2º), había enseñado que « para combatir al enemigo eran primeramente necesarios los nervios de la guerra: muchísimo dinero, después cuanta caballería se quisiera ».

Tiene también sabor moderno casi contemporáneo esta filosófica reflexión acerca de lo mucho que pierden vistos de cerca en la intimidad doméstica, los hombres más eminentes, sujetos como los demás mortales á las manías, flaquezas y debilidades humanas:

No hay grande hombre para su ayuda de cámara.

Instintivamente, al oír esta frase, viene á la imaginación el recuerdo del último que mereció según la opinión vulgar ese calificativo, no prodigado todavía como los de ilustre y eminente. Sin embargo, mucho antes que Napoleón existiera, Mademoiselle Aïssé, en una de sus *Cartas* publicadas por J. Ravenel, refirió que era frase de Madame Cornuel conocida entre las *Preciosas* del siglo xvii,

Il n'y a pas de héros pour son valet de chambre

y Montaigne en sus *Ensayos* (III, 2) había dicho algo semejante :

Peu d'hommes ont été admirés par leurs domestiques.

En los años que duró el período revolucionario de Septiembre empezaron á brillar los Segismundos, y es claro se ofreció entonces más de una vez la ocasión de lanzar á modo de epigrama, aquello de,

Señor
Soy un grande agradador
De todos los Segismundos ;

pero preocupado el público con los Segismundos del día, no cayó en la cuenta de que pertenecía la frase á comedia tan conocida como *La vida es sueño* de Calderón (II, 3).

La misma actualidad tuvieron en aquel período de pronunciamientos revolucionarios y guerras civiles estos versos de Bances Candamo en su hermoso drama, *Por su rey y por su dama* (III, 3^a) :

Solo á las temeridades
Las sentencia la fortuna ;
Pues con juicio desigual
Hace que el nombre les den,
De hazaña si salen bien,
Y de locura, si mal.

Escritor de segundo orden Bances, y no representado hacía mucho tiempo, no es de extrañar que se citaran sus versos desconociendo la obra donde se hallaban : pero es imperdonable que al oír estos otros, también muy manoseados en aquellos tiempos,

En batallas tales
Los que vencen son leales,
Los vencidos los traidores,

no añadieran en seguida, « como dijo Calderón en la escena 13

del acto tercero de *La vida es sueño* ». Tanta es la afición á lo extranjero en nuestros días, que no ha mucho cierto escritor que con chasquidos quiso llamar la atención del público hacia su libro, en vez de recordar los citados versos de Calderón, sacó á plaza estos otros que asegura se encuentran en las obras de Lord Byron,

Que el vencedor es leal,
Pero el vencido traidor.

XIV

Si algunos escritores pueden quejarse de olvidos tan visibles como los censurados, otros con más suerte se han alzado con frases y aun palabras usuales y corrientes. ¿ Quien, al oír

Burla burlando

no recuerda Lope de Vega y el conocidísimo soneto compuesto por orden y mandado de cierta Violante, según reza *La niña de plata* (III, 4) del Fénix de los ingenios ?

El mundanal ruido

de que nos habla Fray Luis de León en la primera estrofa de su oda *A la vida del campo*, por juro de heredad le pertenece ya, así como el

Ni envidiado ni envidioso

de la célebre décima que empieza

Aquí la envidia y mentira
Me tuvieron encerrado,

escrita por el ilustre traductor del *Cantar de los Cantares* en las paredes de su prisión, según testifica Fray Tomás de Herrera en la *Historia del convento de San Agustín de Salamanca* (cap. 57).

Corriente era en nuestra lengua la frase que escogió Francisco de Rojas para título del más famoso de sus dramas, *García del Castañar* :

Pero en tanto que mi cuello
 Esté en mis hombros robusto
 No he de permitir me agravie
 Del rey abajo ninguno.

Desde que Rojas la engastó de esta valiente manera en el último parlamento de su heroico drama, como suya ha quedado en el repertorio de las frases que andan en boca de todos.

Samaniego usufructúa también expresiones corrientes de nuestro idioma : pero como es de esperar, supuesto el género literario en que se distinguió, suelen ser vulgares y triviales las que han pasado á ser propiedad suya. Condenado entre los modos de decir corruptores de la buena prosa se hallaba la frase

Pintar como querer

por la *Pregmática* de Quevedo *contra los bordoncillos*, cuando el poeta vascongado la empleó en su fábula *El león vencido por el hombre* (I, 6) :

Bien se deja ver
 Que es pintar como querer,
 Y no fué leon el pintor.

y así rejuvenecida y autorizada con el nombre del primero de los literatos que caen en infantiles manos españolas, desafía nuevamente las críticas de antaño.

Tanta es la popularidad de Samaniego, que como suyas se citan frases que nunca usó.

Poner el cascabel al gato

era y es expresión trivial en castellano procedente de la antiquísima fábula que, después de otros muchos, tradujo el rival de

Iriarte con el título de *El Congreso de los ratones* (III, 8.). A la fábula de Samaniego van á buscar la frase los que quieren puntualizar la cita : y grande es su sorpresa, al no hallar en esa forma tan conocida, la salvadora proposición presentada al ratonil Congreso. Nuestro fabulista emplea la locución siguiente :

Propuso el elocuente Roqueso
Echarle un cascabel,

olvidando en el momento solemne de su narración la frase consagrada, que siglos antes había empleado ya Lope de Vega en *La esclava de su galán* (I, 9) al referir el mismo cuento :

Quien de todos ha de ser
El que se atreva á poner
Ese cascabel al gato ?

Todos los aplausos que de Iriarte acá, haya merecido el antiguo adagio que en su fábula *La mona* cita de esta manera,

Aunque se vista de seda,
La mona, mona se queda,

los ha acaparado aquel poeta, á pesar de que con probidad literaria poco común entre fabulistas, añadió :

El refran lo dice así,
Yo tambien lo diré aquí.

Y cuenta que pocos adagios había más antiguos ni de más clara historia que éste, nacido, según refiere Luciano en sus *Diálogos* (LVIII, 4; XV, 36; XVIII, 5), de cierto entretenimiento inventado por un rey ó por una reina de Egipto, que este punto no se ha puesto todavía en claro. Propúsose el monarca aludido, enseñar la danza pirrica á unos monos; y como estos animales imitan fácilmente las acciones humanas, aprendieron pronto á saltar vestidos de púrpura y enmascarados. El espectáculo duró

hasta que en una de las representaciones, un chusco les echó un buen puñado de nueces : verlas y olvidarse del baile y convertirse de pirriquistas en lo que verdaderamente eran, todo fue uno, y en medio de la risa y de la algazara de la concurrencia, dieron fin al baile, pisoteando y desgarrando los lujosos vestidos. Y por esto se dijo ya entre los latinos, *Simia est simia, etiamsi aurea gestet insignia*, como lo recordaron en sus *Adagia*, Erasmo y Manucio.

Ese mismo cuento sirve también para acreditar con el ejemplo, que la naturaleza vence al arte, idea expresada por el poeta francés Destouches, y no por Boileau según creía don Patricio de la Escosura, en este conocido verso de su comedia *Le Glorieux* (III, 5) :

Chassez le naturel, il revient au galop

traducción elegante de aquel otro de Horacio (Lib. 1º, ep. 10, v. 24) :

Naturam expelles furca, tamen usque recurret,

todo lo cual sirvió á nuestro poeta Cristóbal de Monroy para aderezar un gracioso cuento que se lee en la tercera jornada de su comedia *El encanto por los celos*.

Por haber acertado Calderón en *Mañanas de Abril y Mayo* á expresar toda la alegría y frescura que respira el título de su linda comedia, como originales se le atribuyen estos versos (I, 4) :

Mañanicas floridas
De Abril y Mayo,
Despertad á mi niña,
No duerma tanto

que son copia con ligeras variantes exigidas por el título de su comedia, de estos otros de Lope en *El acero de Madrid* (I, 9) :

Mañanicas floridas
Del mes de mayo,
Recordad á mi niña,
No duerma tanto.

De tan donosa manera acertó á aprovecharse Góngora del siguiente refrán para estribillo de una de sus más celebradas letrillas

Ande yo caliente
Y ríase la gente

que no habrá español medianamente instruido que no recuerde á Góngora al citarlo. Este estribillo es antiguo adagio incluido en ciertos *Refranes glosados*, publicados en 1541, y reproducidos en nuestros días por el erudito señor Sancho Rayón. No podemos ser en cambio tan afirmativos respecto de este otro, del mismo poeta cordobés,

Dineros son calidad,
Verdad,

pues aunque Rojas en *Lo que son mujeres* (I, 2) se expresa de este modo por boca del casamentero Gibaja :

Si es rico y no es bien nacido,
Le doy con el refrancillo :
Dineros son calidad.

Lope, en *El premio del bien hablar* (I, 1), nos llena de confusiones con esta oscura alusión :

Mas presumo yo que mira
Del oro la cantidad.
Dineros son calidad,
Dijo el cordobés Lucano.

En otro género de confusiones nos veríamos metidos, si quisiéramos explicar al lector cuando y como pronunció el héroe manchego aquel *Peor es meneallo* (I^a, 20), que como cervántico pasa, aunque era tan proverbial como aquel otro refrán que Sancho (II^a, 37) enderezó á Doña Rodriguez : « será mejor no menear el arroz, aunque se pegue », del cual sin duda procede la frase referida.

Asimismo ocurre con frecuencia que adagios ó expresiones conocidas y vulgares se atribuyan como originales á autores contemporáneos, si han logrado ingerirlas en sus obras con oportunidad.

Camprodón, á pesar de sus éxitos teatrales, nunca pudo obtener de sus compañeros consideración de literato, y siempre que habían de citar sus métricas invenciones, escogían las más censuradas, como este diálogo con que da principio su comedia *Flor de un día* :

Bello país debe ser
El de América, papá :
¿ Te gustaría ir allá ?
Tendría mucho placer,

por los cuales dijo un mal intencionado crítico que cualquier prosa era más poética que los versos de Camprodón.

Sea de ello lo que fuere, en sus zarzuelas puede recogerse abundante cosecha de frases que se citan á menudo, como la siguiente:

Cuantas manos besa el hombre
Que quisiera ver cortadas.

Efectivamente se lee en la escena 10 del acto 3º de *El diablo en el poder*, pero era proverbial, como que Salvá en su *Catálogo* (nº 2073) describe un pliego del siglo XVIII titulado *Glosas curiosas y discretas* en que un amante se despide de su dama motejándola por la aplicación de adagios antiguos, una de las cuales dice así :

Besa la mano á tu amante
Que sé que te quiere bien,
Aunque allá en tu pecho digas,
Manos besa el hombre que...

Otra frase que ha adquirido cierta celebridad, es la que Eulogio Florentino Sanz pone en boca del protagonista de su celebrado drama *Don Francisco de Quevedo* (III, 5),

Aquí estoy porque he venido

tan corriente, que recordamos haberla leído en la *Galeria literaria* de Ferrer del Rio (314) años antes del estreno del drama de Florentino Sanz.

Si esto ocurre con frases que en nuestros tiempos eran sabidas de todos como proverbiales, no estrañará que al cabo de los años corran por esos mundos, atribuidos á autores griegos ó romanos, adagios cuyo origen no es posible determinar ahora.

Julio César, de cuyas obras no hay fragmento alguno que haya logrado el honor de ser incluido en el repertorio de las citas literarias, ha sido más dichoso con las frases que pronunció en los momentos solemnes de su vida. Precisamente una de las más celebradas es adagio griego que como original del gran capitán romano pasa generalmente; aunque Suetonio y Plutarco en las *Vidas* (32) que de él escribieron, advierten el origen proverbial de la exclamación de César antes de pasar el Rubicón. Al traducir el proverbio griego en latín, no están de acuerdo los autores, pues mientras algunos opinan por esta lección: *Alea jacta est*, otros que presumen de helenistas consumidos aseguran que debe decirse: *Jacta alea esto*. En castellano, Ranz Romanillos tradujo el pasaje de Plutarco, luciendo en su trabajo la siguiente poco recomendable cacofonía: « tirado está el dado », y apartándose, no sabemos por qué causa, de la versión corriente entre nuestros clásicos: pues Lupercio Leonardo, en el soneto que empieza *Aquel rayo de Marte*, nos dejó la siguiente:

Determinado al fin de ir adelante,
Vamos, dijo, que echada está la suerte:

y Calderón en *No siempre lo peor es cierto* (II, 19), jugando del vocablo dió la misma lección, en este diálogo:

Inés, la suerte está echada.
Y echada á perder, señora.

De « uno de los más antiguos refranes del mundo » califica éste,

Non omnium est adire Corinthum

aquel obispo de Mondoñedo Fray Antonio de Guevara, satirizado finamente por Cervantes en el Prólogo de la primera parte del *Quijote*. Como Horacio en sus *Epístolas* (I, 17, 36) lo versificó de esta manera,

Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum

y en esta forma más elegante se cita generalmente, muchos le adjudican no sólo el verso sino el adagio. Pero Aulo Gelio (I, 8), con referencia á una obra del antiguo filósofo Soción, nos ha conservado el texto original del proverbio y una anécdota acerca del origen del mismo. El texto del adagio puede traducirse así en castellano :

No á todo el mundo le permiten sus medios ir á Corinto.

En cuanto á la anécdota, puede leerse en las *Epístolas familiares* (II, 4) del obispo de Mondoñedo con todos sus pelos y señales, y aun con añadiduras donde campean el estilo y la invención peculiares del biógrafo de Lamia, Láida y Flora.

Si por haber revestido con formas literarias un refrán obtiene el refundidor su propiedad, mayores títulos á la misma recompensa tiene quien, limpiándolo de expresiones bajas, lo introduce en las reuniones más atildadas. En este caso se halla Ventura de la Vega que, en *El hombre de mundo*, prototipo de las comedias de frac y corbata blanca, adecentó cierto antiguo refrán, alusivo á las desgracias maritales, diciendo (I, 8) :

Todo Madrid lo sabía,
Todo Madrid menos él.

Otros proverbios menos afortunados, cuyo origen fue literario,

se convirtieron pronto en dichos vulgares, como éste que cita Bastús en *La Sabiduría de las naciones* (1ª ser., núm. 111) :

El ojo del amo engorda al caballo.

Si el pasaje de Plutarco á qué alude Bastús es auténtico, resultará que ya en tiempo del autor de las *Vidas paralelas* se había olvidado el origen de esta sentencia proverbial : pues Plutarco la atribuye á un palafrenero, cuando según Aristóteles se debe á personaje de más campanillas. En su *Œconomica* (I, 6, 3) refiere lo siguiente : « Oportunos fueron tanto el dicho de Persa, como el de Afro. Interrogado aquél acerca de lo que engordaba más al caballo, contestó : el ojo del amo. Pero Afro, á quien también preguntaron cual era el mejor abono para las tierras, respondió : las huellas del dueño. » De ambas contestaciones tomaron los romanos lo que mejor les pareció, y aderezaron el apotegma que Plinio, en su *Historia natural* (XVIII, 8), trae así : « Los antiguos dijeron que nada fertilizaba las tierras como el ojo del amo. »

Nadie sospecharía tampoco que bajo esta humilde vestidura, « De la mano á la boca se pierde la sopa » pueda encontrarse un refrán de origen regio y antiquísimo. La decadencia en que hoy le vemos debió iniciarse ya en el siglo xvii, pues Llamazares en sus *Apophtegmas* lo cita de este modo : « De manos á boca no hay cosa segura. »

Lope de Vega hizo lo que pudo en su *Gatomaquia* para detener la degeneración literaria, que hoy lo desfigura en aquellos versos de la Silva 5ª :

Mas muchas veces con peligro toca
El vidrio lleno de licor, la boca.

Su ilustre prosapia se revela en este elegante verso latino,

Multa cadunt inter calicem, supremaque labra

traducción anónima del proverbio griego conservado por Aulo Gelio (XIII, 17) y recordada en los *Iámnicos* de Licofronte.