A Study of-
THE RODERICK LEGEND
in
ENGLISH POETRY
by
SCOTT, LANDOR And SOUTHEY

Presented for the degree
of Master of Arts by
Allan H. Stevenson

The Rice Institute
Houston, Texas--
1926
INTRODUCTORY--

The comparative study of the literatures produced by England and Spain holds not the joys for the student that abound for him elsewhere. Somehow, for us of modern English speech, Spain has seemed a land apart in the field of letters; whereas we readily find names to conjure with in Boileau and Rousseau, Goethe and Schiller, Dante and Boccaccio, and Ibsen, when discussing the "influence" of other literatures on ours, we are really hard put to it to offer the names of any Spanish writers who can compare with these and others as models. Spanish literature for the most part has remained a closed province to English readers.

Cervantes is the exception; yet in his case we may suppose too much. Undoubtedly we know Spain for its picaresque novel best of all, but Cervantes did not father that form; here we owe much more to the long unknown author of Lazarillo de Tormes than to him; and little in the English form in the way of character and incident that was dubbed "quixotic" was truly Cervantean. It was an attractive term and one easy to overuse.

Lope de Vega, the Spanish Shakespeare and the author
of an amazing series of dramatic masterpieces, might have had an immense effect upon English literature if he had not lived in Elizabethan times, when the English dramatists had their models to follow; and the same might be said for Calderon de la Barca. Don Quijote had a universal human interest too strong for prejudice; not so their comedias. Their great stature among the giants of the pen must not induce us to assign them more influence than is their due. Likewise, a person must read Spanish to acquaint himself with such poets of merit as Espronceda, Quintana, Zorrilla and Campoamor, else he scarcely hears of them—altho it is probable that four English poets of similar worth will be fairly well known in the peninsula.

And yet there are various connections between the literatures of the two countries well worth noting. More than traces of the influence of the Diana of Jorge de Montemayor are present in the English pastoral; the dramatic novel of Celestina by Fernando de Rojas was denounced by J. Luis Vives at Oxford and, in spite of or because of him, became the forerunner of our modern novel and play; Richard Hakluyt no doubt used various Spanish texts in preparing his Voyages; Dryden and Cibber borrowed freely of Spanish plays for their own plots; and so the story goes; the points of contact have been
minor ones, but they are all worth noting. Echegaray has been the model for several American playwrights. The epic story related in the Poema del Cid has inspired poets throughout the world; and in a smaller way the Spanish historical chronicles and ballads have been a storehouse of material to which French and English writers have gone from time to time— as Scott, Landor and Southey did in the poems which are the subject of this paper.

In dealing with The Vision of Don Roderick, Count Julian and Roderick, the Last of the Goths, I propose to examine the ballad and chronicle sources, together with such historical matter as is known, giving a few comments on the uses to which the Spanish writers have put the legends, before dealing with the English poems themselves. And after that will come the harder question as to whether their utilization of Don Rodrigo had for Scott, Southey and Landor, any influence on the later tales they told, on later characters they drew, on later incidents forged by their several resourceful intellects and imaginations— on their later writings in any manner. The pursuit of such will-of-the-wisps is interesting, usually profitable, seldom quite pointless.
Roderick seems to have remained in his native haunts until the beginning of the nineteenth century. Except for that other Rodrigo, El Cid Campeador, Spain had no heroes for the average Englishman—until Napoleon wished to take the peninsula under his august, all-embracing wing. Then, indeed, British sympathy was all on the side of the "oppressed" and the ill-directed, swarthy soldiers fighting for the retention of such shreds of liberty as they had known, for their hearths and families and olive trees. The heart of Walter Scott having been moved to compassion, he composed a poem and gave the proceeds for the relief of destitute Portuguese sufferers. The nation sent provisions and men, and among these went Landor himself, to return at length laden with the material whence he drew the story for a somewhat inexplicable and non-dramatizable drama. And for his part in the program, Southey got together reams of blank verse based on the book-lore he had acquired in his two visits to Portugal and Spain at the end of the century, and passed on to posterity what has become a half-forgotten epic.

The poet laureate was the only one of the three who was careful to give us anything like full particulars of his sources; but in his case they might have been divined without great difficulty. It was the long Crónica
del Rey Don Rodrigo filled with medieval knight-errantry and other anachronistic happenings that he used, whereas both Scott and Landor took other and older sources into consideration.

Without doubt the Spaniards have shown more facility in the art of ballad-making than the English. Not often does their *romancero* appear to be so thoroughly the product of the folk as our own heritage of popular ballads does; for the early poets, especially those of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, tried earnestly to *improve* upon the originals they found current in the land, with the result that it is now quite impossible to give any sort of date to those originals they must have used. The Spanish historical ballads form the largest class by far and deal with every subject imaginable, from the time of the fall of man until that of the conquest of Granada—from the beginnings of things until 1500 A.D.

Among the *Romances relativos A la historia de España* in the great *Romancero general* (1) of D. Augustin Durán (called *la véritable Iliade d'Espagne* by Victor Hugo), there have been gathered twenty-five ballads dealing with King Roderick and two dealing with King Pelayo. Menéndez y Pelayo preserves seven of the oldest and most reliable of these ballads in his reworking of the *Primavera collection of Wolf* in *Romances viejos castellanos* (2).
These form the most trustworthy springs of information that our poets, Castillian or English, could go to, and the story in them runs somewhat as follows:

Roderick, son of Theodofred, having been elected king of the Visigoths after his defeat of Witiza, rules well until curiosity gets the best of him. He visits the Palace of Hercules in Toledo. Every king before him has put a padlock on the door of the Palace, according to an old edict, but Roderick orders them broken, enters and learns the dire fate that awaits him because of this act. He also sins against heaven infalling in love with the daughter of Count Julian, whom he violates. The daughter, Florinda or La Cava writes her father and he takes mighty vengeance. He has been one of Roderick's chief lieutenants up to now. He hands over his post at Ceuta to the Moors and then leads his former enemies against his native land and Roderick, Tarifa, Muza, and Abdalazis being the Moorish chiefs. A long battle occurs on the battle of the banks of the Guadalete between the mighty hosts assembled for the occasion. Roderick performs mighty deeds of valor, sometimes on his steed Orelia, sometimes in his jewelled chariot, until on the eighth day the fighting turns definitely against him. Wounded, he tries to escape from the field, but is drowned in attempting to cross a river. Thus Spain was lost to the Moors.
Such is the story in the earliest romances that have come down to us. It is noteworthy that sober history tells a somewhat less poetical tale— and mentions Florinda not at all. Someone has said that the one thing certain is the name of Roderick. It seems he gained the throne by force of arms and usurpation, defeating the sons of Witiza, his predecessor, and reigned during the years 710-11. Witiza's sons invoked aid from Africa and readily obtained it. Olban (the traitor Julian of the ballads), a Christian Berber, who had been on friendly terms with Witiza and had long defended the stronghold of Ceuta against the invading Arabs. He took advantage of the appeal of the disposed princes to make peace with the Arabs and accompanied Tarik in his conquest of Spain. Rodrigo was defeated by the Moorish hosts in the battle of Lake Janda, where he was probably killed; the Arab chronicles report that his riderless horse and one of his golden boots were found in a quagmire near the battlefield. The Arabs, who had begun the invasion as the allies of the sons of Witiza, soon dropped that role and made themselves masters of all Spain, with the exception of the corner of Asturias where Pelayo and his followers held out among the mountains and began the reconquest. The invading army was led by Arabs but was composed mostly of Berbers (4).

The legendary version does not appear in Christian
chronicles till four centuries after the events. In these intervening years there had been much more than ample time for any sort of story to have built itself on the original facts concerning Don Roderick. Students of history have noted that twenty-five or thirty years have often proved enough to create legendary characters out of historical personages; thus it may not be doubted that the real Roderick was lost irretrievably, that Count Julian had come to have no identity with his true self, that the latter's daughter was thrust upon him by the poets as a casus belli extraordinary. Fitzmaurice-Kelly (5) mentions a thirteenth-century French epic, Ansesis de Carthage, whose startlingly similar story might have suggested that there be a woman in the case, but it seems more probable that Florinda had become part of the fable before that time. There must have been a number of, say, eleventh-century epics dealing with Roderick's overthrow, but certainly no vestige of these epics survives (6). However, there are remains of a cantar de gesta, called La Perdida de España, of very early date, dealing with Roderick and the happenings of the year 711. This is in fragments.

Thus the Crónica general de 1344 is the oldest Christian repository for the Roderick material. A century later (c. 1443) Pedro de Corral in his Crónica sarrazyna added a mass of pure fiction to previous tradition
and first gave wide currency to the story of the king's penance. His work in turn was the chief source for the Crónica del Rey Don Rodrigo, con la destrucción de España (1511); and if Corral's work was a pack of lies, this was even more so. It is rather a book of knighthood than a history of the Visigoth; it is full of tourneys, jousts and combats, and Roderick becomes for the most part a wandering paladin who succors ladies in distress quite after the usual medieval fashion (7). Truly, this Chronicle of King Roderick was far from the historical—being four-fifths imagination and one-fifth legend—but, at that, it was the version which Southey chose to use as the basis of his epic of the last of the Goths. Likewise, it seems to have given rise to most, if not all, of the "ballads" collected by Durán, Wolf, and Menéndez y Pelayo, altho it is apparent that the anonymous authors had the common-sense to forsake most of the medievalism of their text and hark back to more believable versions of the story.

Some of these romances were known to Landor and Southey; but it is a pity they did not use more of what they found in them. Scott was content to employ the tale of the enchanted cave and Southey to embroider the ballads of the king's repentance and of the battle of Covadonga into something quite original as far as the
usual story was concerned; while Landor showed even more independence and wrote imaginatively about scenes between Roderick and Julian that no Spaniard seems ever to have thought of at all. The story of the love of Roderick and La Cava (Florinda) and that of the eight-day battle at Guadalete should have intrigued the inspiration of some English poet. They overlooked the best of all these romances—wherein is something of animation and boldness and lyric beauty, as Menéndez y Pelayo points out. One passage (8) runs—

Ayer era rey de España,— hoy no lo soy de una villa,
Ayer villas y castillos,— hoy ninguno poseía;
Ayer tenía criados,— hoy ninguno me servía.
Hoy no tengo una almena— que pueda decir que es mia.

Lockhart translated these memorable lines thus (9):

Last night I was the king of Spain— today no king am I;
Last night fair castles held my train, tonight where shall I lie?
Last night a hundred pages did serve me on the knee,—
Tonight not one I call mine own:— not one pertains to me.

Cervantes quoted from this passage and made it familiar to the world.

The charm of the following, too, should have been irresistible (10):

Los vientos eran contrarios,— la luna estaba crecida,
Los peces daban gemidos— por el tiempo que hacía,
Cuando el Rey Don Rodrigo— junto a la Cava dormía,
Dentro de una rica tienda— de oro bien guarnecida,
Trescientas cuerdas de plata— la su tienda sostenían;
Dentro habla cien doncellas— vestidas de maravilla;
Las cincuenta están teneando— con muy extraña armonía;
Las cincuenta están cantando— con muy dulce melodía;

translated thus by James Young Gibson:—

The winds were sadly moaning, the moon was on the
change,
The fishes they were gasping, the skies were wild
and strange,
T'was then that Don Rodrigo beside La Cava slept,
Within a tent of splendour, with golden hangings
deckt.
Three hundred cords of silver did hold it firm and
free,
Within a hundred maidens stood passing fair to see;
The fifty they were playing with finest harmonie,
The fifty they were singing with sweetest melodie.

And the poem goes on with a prophetic warning from Fortuna, who appears to Roderick as he sleeps.

Perhaps the most notable use of Roderick by Spain's own masters of the quill was by the great Lope de Vega himself, who put him into dramatic verse about 1604. He may have been composing this comedia at the very time that Shakespeare was busy with Hamlet—also the tale of a man who was the last of his line. Lope's production he called El último Godo or El postrer Godo de España (The Last Goth). This pieza, as Menéndez y Pelayo notes (11), was much more important for its subject than for its method of presentation, with the result that the Teatro Nacional has found it convenient to forget the play quite and publishers to leave it out of most collections of Lope's works. The treatment is that of a trilogy: first, the love-affair of Don Rodrigo and La Cava; second, the vengeance of Count Julian, with the defeat of Rodrigo at Guadalete; and third, the beginnings of the restoration—
the reconquest—of Spain by Pelayo at the Battle of Covadonga. There are possibilities—tho not probabilities— that Southey had the second and third parts of The Last Goth in mind when he wrote Roderick, the Last of the Goths. The virtual identity in titles is striking but proves nothing; "the last of" subjects have been prime favorites with writers both Spanish and English—to those especially whose taste has been pathos in characterization, as with Bulwer-Lytton and J. Fenimore Cooper.

Others wrote tragedies along similar lines. The Rodericus Fatalis of Fr. Manuel Rodriguez (1631) was a classical-in-form, little-read Latin drama in five acts. An outline of the acts will serve to keep the co-relation of the episodes in mind: in the first, Rodrigo conquers Witiza and puts out his eyes; in the second, he falls in love with Florinda and violates her; in the third, he causes the enchanted palace to be opened, after which Don Julian prepares for vengeance; in the fourth, the Moors defeat Roderick and take possession of Spain; and in the fifth, the same Moors punish with death the traitors Julian and Orpas.

A Portuguese poem, published in Lisbon in 1671, by Andrés da Silva Mascarenhas, relates the story in nine cantos. Less important renderings of the epic were those in two monstrous plays by Manuel Fermin de Laviano.
in the early years of the eighteenth century, and in Rodrigo, an historical novel by the ex-Jesuit Montegnon, published in 1793.

But the greatest interest in the subject was that during the nineteenth century; and here—what is of paramount interest to us—the inspiration for the Spanish writers who took up the subject came from once well hated Inglaterra. Scott's The Vision of Don Roderick and Southey's Roderick reawakened, rekindled interest in the theme; in fact, they typify the return of romanticism to Spanish letters.

From the pen of Trueba, one of the Spanish emigrados who lived in England, came The Romance of the History of Spain (1830), which popularized in England the greater part of Spain's legends, these being illustrated by romances translated by Lockhart, and containing two legends on Roderick and Pelayo, The Gothic King and The Cavern of Covadonga. It is interesting to note that here appears an original twist in the plot, presumably encouraged by Southey's own individual twist. Roderick dies at the hands of the irate Count Julian after the battle of Guadalete, and Florinda is made to weep and wail over the corpse of her lover (12).

Florinda, by Angel de Saavedra, written on the isle of Malta sometime before 1826, dealt idyllically with
the love theme. **Don Opas** was a humorous poem by José Joaquin de Mora, published in 1840, and interesting to us as being an imitation in method of Byron's **Don Juan**. Once more there was a **Rodrigo** on the stage—about 1825—and this a classical tragedy by Antonio Gil de Zarate. The extremely long **El Conde Don Julian** came out in 1839 and was from the pen of Miguél Augustín Principe and differs from all preceding works on the subject in that Julian and La Cava are vindicated; this will be spoken of again in connection with Landor's work.

Plays on the legends which suited the popular fancy more than these two were **El Puñal del Godo** (1842) and **La Calentura** (1847) by Zorrilla. There can be but little doubt that **El Puñal del Godo** was based on Southey's **Roderick**, altho Zorrilla never admitted that himself. These counter influences of English letters on those Spanish were interesting phenomena and are a subject worthy of careful investigation; pleasing they are to the Anglo-Saxon ego.

The downfall of the Visigothic kingdom was next related in novel form, in 1843, when Alejandro Herculano produced his **Eurico el Presbitero**. This had a poetry-in-prose sort of treatment and dealt with other matters than our story of Roderick.

In the meantime there were appearing various plays and
poems dealing with Pelayo, always a welcome subject to
the theater-goer and reader, for he was revered as the
first Spanish king and the originator of the Reconquest.
El Pelayo, drama by Alonzo López Pinciano; La Restauración de España, poem by Cristóbal de Mesa (whose ideas coincide in places with those of Southey's); an epic poem in twelve cantos, Pelayo, by Alonzo de Solis Folch de Cardona, with robust and sonorous versification; the beautiful fragments of Espronceda's Pelayo, "primicias de un gran poeta que no había roto aún los andadores del colegio, pero que en estos primeros vuelos mostraba la pujanza de sus alas," (13) as Menéndez y Pelayo puts it—quite possibly the finest lyrical treatment that Roderick and Pelayo have yet been honored with--; still another epic Pelayo, enormous in length and little in value, by Domingo Ruiz de la Vega, dated 1840; Hormesinda (1770), by the elder Moratin, Pelayo, by Jovellanos, and, especially, Pelayo by Quintana (1805), three dramas presenting the story of the younger king and his sister; — all of these mentioned or recounted the Battle of Covadonga, but none followed Southey's lead and placed Roderick among those present.

What is remarkable and interesting to me about this list of Spanish authors and their works using the Roderick legends is the fact that after all there is no worthwhile literary epic among them. Men like Domingo Ruiz de la
Vega and Folch de Cardona overestimated their abilities as poets when they tried to follow in the footsteps of Homer and Vergil; for it takes a poet among poets to write an epic. We wish that Espronceda had seen fit to return to the subject of his youthful, unfinished effort. A perusal of that poem gives one confidence in his ability to have treated it with great power and on a proper scale. But so it is, the magnificent story of the illicit love and defeat and death of Rodrigo remains within the list of the world's great unwritten epics, so far as real dignity and permanency of composition are concerned; in this he suffers the fate of King Arthur, Charlemagne, Godfrey of Boulogne and Alexander the Great.
The unbalanced English trilogy of *The Vision of Don Roderick*, *Count Julian*, and *Roderick, the Last of the Goths* recounts rather imperfectly and with a varying point of view the epic story of the great Goth.

In dealing Scott handles him in an impersonal manner, with the legend of the padlocked palace of Toledo, and his treatment becomes rather the excuse for a lyrical paean of praise than that of a dramatic, adventure verse romance, as one would expect. Landor takes up the story at approximately the same time, although not mentioning the palace episode, and carries us through a story of Roderick's defeat that is peculiarly his own. Too, he paints in characters that seem strange indeed, when they are compared with the people bearing the same names when depicted by the pens of their own countrymen. Of course, most notable here is his sympathetic presentation of the outraged father Julian. Southey follows with a recital of the legend, plunging into his subject after the excitement of the great battle of Guadalete is over, and leads the fleeing monarch northwestward, deals with his penitence after the usual fashion, and then, quite naively and originally, takes him to the battle of Covadonga in the
guise of a monkish priest, where once more he becomes
a veritable Attila in battle-- for a brief hour the
Roderick of old.

One's first impression in taking a bird's eye view
of the matter is that our poets did wretchedly with the
legend-- especially if one knows well the tale as told
by the Spaniards themselves. When it is remembered that
Scott, Landor and Southey made no concerted attempt to
recount the adventures of the legendary hero, that they
prepared their works for a public that was totally unacquainted with the legends as they had grown to be in
Spain, and that all have given us something strictly
original and novel, with a purely Anglo-Saxon love for
unshackling themselves from what was old and altogether
foreign, we are bound to examine the three poems with
less of prejudice and displeasure.

The poets necessarily had in mind the popular in-
terest in Spanish subjects. The heart of their nation
beat sympathetically for the oppressed peasant when
Napoleon overran the peninsula and sought to establish
his brother on the throne of the Spanish Bourbons,--
and it swelled with pride, too, when the soldiers of the
mighty conqueror were beaten back with the aid of vol-
unteers from Scotch, Irish and English soil. So time
was taken by the forelock, three poems were written,
and yet the public was not very favorably impressed by any of the three. Certainly it turned a deaf ear on the offerings of Landor and the poet laureate; while Scott served the cause of the Portuguese destitute in a tidy way— but at the expense of a slice of his own popularity.
The **Vision of Don Roderick** was begun in the spring of 1811. Scott had read an advertisement for subscriptions for the relief of the Portuguese and decided to contribute, not money, but the proceeds of "some wild stanzas referring to the Peninsula," as he termed them himself (14). The poem was published in July and did in a measure succeed in its purpose of aiding the sufferer, whereupon his friend the Earl of Dalkeith commended him warmly, writing that "those with ampler fortunes and thicker heads may easily give a hundred guineas for a subscription, but this man is really to be envied who can draw that sum from his own brains, and apply the produce so beneficially and to so exalted a purpose." (15)

But the poem added little to the earthly fame of Scott; today it ranks as one of his least known works. For one thing, it was evidently written very hurriedly; too, it was composed in the measures of *The Faery Queen*, a stanzaic form with whose properties and possibilities Scott had not previously familiarized himself; and, besides, it did not prove to be balanced in theme, in political attitude, in attention to details. Scott admitted himself that his work was nothing more than a "patriotic puppet-show." At that, we can hardly forgive
him for subordinating the beauties of the legend to the exigencies of the then all-important present.

The astute critic, Menéndez y Pelayo, points out that Scott's source for the legend was Miguel de Luna's fraud known as The True History of King Roderick and the Loss of Spain (c. 1589), and Scott establishes the truth of this statement in one of his own notes to the poem, saying, in fact, that he is "indebted to the Historia Verdadeyra for some of the imagery employed in the text." De Luna's account is more highly imaginary than those in the Crónica general and the ballads, altho it does not take the legend so far from its beaten path as The Chronicle of Don Roderick, used by Southey. One wonders that a perusal of this true history that was a pack of lies did not inspire the romancer-poet to attempt something ampler and nobler with the subject. Perhaps he thought it well to leave that purpose with him he deemed to be a greater poet than himself, the laureate; or perhaps he knew himself incapable of dealing with any matter more epic than Marmion; certainly he never returned to the subject. For all the use he made of it here, the commoner histories of Spain written in English could have afforded the necessary material, as these have been mainly based on the graphic accounts of the later ballads and the chronicles.
We must not forget that Scott used the fated king only as a peg on which to hang a glowing account of the Peninsular War— that he was not especially concerned with sources and took little or no time to ascertain whether he was holding to the favorite Spanish way of telling the story or not.

Some lines from one of the old romances may be set down for purposes of comparison:

En Toledo está Rodrigo.
Al comienzo del reinado
Vinole gran voluntad
De ver lo que está cerrado
En la torre que está allí,
Antigua de muchas años

Creyó el Rey que había en la torre
Grande tesoro guardado:
La torre fue luego abierta,
Y quitados los canados.
No hay en ella cosa alguna,
Solo una caja han hallado
Con unas letras latinas
Que dicen en castellano:
"Cuando aquestas cerraduras
Que cierran estos canados
Fueren abiertas, y visto
Lo en el paño dibujado,
España será perdida
Y en ella todo asolado.
Ganará la gente extraña
Como aquí está figurado,
Los rostros muy denegridos,
Los brazos arremangados
Muchas colores vestidas,
En las cabezas tocados:
Alzadas traerán sus senas
En caballos babalgando,
En sus manos largas lanzas,
Con espadas en su lado.
"Alárabes se dirán
"Y de aquesta tierra extraños;
"Perderáse toda España,
"Que nada no habrá fincado."
El Rey con sus ricos-hombres
Todos se habían espantado
Cuando vieron las figuras,
Y letras que hemos contado:
Vuelven á cerrar la torre,
Quedó el Rey muy angustiado. (18)

Englished these lines tell us that—When Roderick was in Toledo at the commencement of his reign, there came to him a great desire to see what might be locked up in the extremely old tower there..... The King believed that a great treasure lay in the tower. The padlocks were then removed and the tower opened. They found nothing in it except a box, which the King ordered opened. Within they found a cloth covered with Latin words, which were interpreted thus:

"When the locks which close these padlocks are opened, and what is drawn on the cloth—is seen, Spain will be lost and all in her destroyed. A foreign people will conquer her, like those pictured here— a people whose faces are very dark, whose sleeves are rolled up, who wear many-colored dresses, and turbans on their heads. They ride upon horses, with long lances in their hands and swords at their sides. They will be called Arabs and strangers to this land. All Spain will be lost, for nothing will be saved."
The King and his rich men were all frightened when they saw the figures and the words we have shown. They locked the tower again, and the King continued very uneasy.

It is at once apparent that Scott has made great changes, some of which are due to Miguel de Luna. He has disposed of the time-honored assembly of padlocks and even of the chest itself. In place of the latter he has furnished the room with polished marble and carvings and the stone giants, Destiny and Time. When Time's sand-glass "wastes away," "even while they read," Destiny causes the farthor wall to crumble away with his club, thus betraying the future to the King in a series of pageant-visions "filled with mystic scene." In The True History there is but one gigantic figure, this holding a battleaxe with which he beats on the floor, and he is surrounded by old mottoes and prophecies carved deep into the walls. Scott's device allows him room for a longer foredast than could be easily put on the cloth or the walls, and his certainly is an improvement from a dramatic standpoint, but it is quite foreign to the spirit and the letter of the old legend. He has made the part of the priest important, he has modified the character of Don Roderick, and he has failed to extricate the fated chieftain from the room at all. The king and his acts
are a mere excuse for the usual Scott panorama of turrets and hills and men and wars.

Published in July, 1811, the poem was promptly reviewed in the next numbers of the Edinburgh Review and the Quarterly. Both periodicals took notice of the fact that The Vision did not show Scott's usual ability. Dealing with a subject so immediate that he could "neither add any ennobling circumstance to the certain and notorious truth, nor suppress any vulgar and degrading ones with which it happened to be encumbered," it was a fact that the poem had "been received with less interest by the public than any of the author's other performances"; and had "been read, we should imagine, with some degree of disappointment, even by those who took it up with the most reasonable expectations," the Scotch review tells us.

These early critics found enough flaws in Scott's work to explain the lack of interest in it that later critics have shown; but they were impressed with certain features of it that do not appeal to us now; as if they were amazed that Scott had not produced another verse-romance of great merit and must needs prove it a little greater than it was at that. One reads with an ironical half-smile the Edinburgh reviewer's hope that certain elaborate patriotic stanzas would be "oftener quoted than any other passage in the poem," and wonders vaguely at the Quarterly's
rating of *The Vision* over Gray's *The Bard*, altho admitting the ingeniousness of the comparison of the prophecy in *The Vision* with that in the pindaric ode. Roderick would have been quite uninterested in many events of the succeeding ten centuries; that makes all the difference. Nor can the reader now enter into the contemporary praises of Scott's passages on his favorite heroes of the Napoleonic struggle, even if he may divine how such stanzas once pleased. War poetry written at the time of conflict by one who did not experience the strife itself has seldom lived. The later commemorator, or the man who saw the thick of the action, has a greater chance for fame; Byron we could never forget if we had but his lines on Waterloo; and a few sonnets from the front will ever recommend Rupert Brooke to his share of glory among the world's sons of unfulfilled renown.

Some of the worse features of *The Vision* may be set down in short order. The introduction is too long and so artificial that it is well-nigh absurd. The ending is equally disappointing, for Roderick is abruptly dismissed—left stranded, as it were—in the depths of the Palace of Hercules. The concluding stanzas are noisy and full of patriotic fervor, which necessitates a change in the point of view. And as one reads thru the pages of the vision itself, one wonders if Roderick could indeed interpret all the shadowy allegorical forms that Scott caused to pass before
him, even if he cared for the inexplicable events of seven hundred and a thousand years after his death. What was the attraction that chained the Visigoth's attention to what befell after the picturization of his own miserable and cowardly (so Scott puts it) death? We must admit then that the whole scheme of the poem was wrong (19A), and that either Don Roderick should have been featured in a romance where there was no Wellington to overshadow him, or else the Scotch and English minor heroes should have been dealt out paeans of praise in some simpler way—and without the aid of some far-seeing, pre-feudal monarch.

Still, we give the poet credit for his attempt to recommend a familiar subject to his reading public by infusing into that subject something of the romantic past which had always appealed to them before. He, however, did not take proper heed of the fact that things Spanish-romantic might not draw the amount of interest that had been shown in things Celtic-romantic by this people stubbornly proud of their insularity.

And commendation must be offered certain other aspects of the work. The appreciative reader need not be over-critical of the scheme of things or resent too consciously the various verbal inaccuracies and faults in versification that show an unmistakable haste in composition. Scott does succeed in using some trifles from the old legend other than that of the locked room itself, and he inweaves them skill-
fully and artistically.

When, before the vision itself, Roderick is depicted in the attitude of repentant prayer, a splendid scene for which the legends give no authority, Scott causes the king to whisper falteringly the tale of his sins.

"Thus royal Witiza was slain," he said; "Yet, holy Father, deem not it was I."

(St. 7) Thus still Ambition strives the crimes to shade—
"Oh rather deem 'twas stern necessity!
Self-preservation bade, and I must kill or die.

"And if Florinda's shrieks alarmed the air,
If she invoked her absent sire in vain,
And on her knees implored that I would spare,
Yet, reverent priest, thy sentence rash refrain!—"

Whereupon he asks for absolution, which the priest refuses. (For purposes of accuracy, however, it must be stated that Florinda offered neither resistance nor imploration to the lust of Roderick, according to Scott's own authorities.) And, meanwhile his soldiers without, those gathered to repel the invasion of Julian and the swarthy Moors, chafe at the delay and hold

... his lengthened orisons in sport:—
"What! will Don Roderick here till morning stay,
To wear in shrift and prayer the night away?
And are his hours in such dull penance past,
For fair Florinda's plundered charms to pay?"

During the early part of the vision, "showing the fate of battles ere they bled"—

First shrilled an unrepeated female shriek!—
It seemed as if Don Roderick knew the call,
For the bold blood was blanching in his cheek,—
and the fight at Guadalete begins, giving rise to excited comments from Roderick:

"By Heaven, the Moors prevail! the Christians yield!
Their coward leader gives for flight the sign!
The sceptred craven mounts to quit the field--
Is not yon steed Orelia?-- Yes, 'tis mine!
But never was she turned from battle-line:
Lo! where the recreant spurs o'er stook and stone!
Curses pursue the slave, and wrath divine!
Rivers ingulph him!"-- "Hush," in shuddering tone,
The prelate said;-- "rash Prince, yon visioned form's thine own."

This stanza is perhaps the most powerful in the story as Scott tells it, but it too seems to contain an inaccuracy, for nowhere in the old legends, not even in those from Moorish hands, is the Goth pictured as a real coward, despite the weight on his conscience (20). Southey refers to his having been valiant in the struggle on the Guadalete. On the other hand, Scott does not take the liberties with Roderick's end that Southey does; he disposes of him in the way sanctioned by the history books:

Just then a torrent crossed the flier's course;
The dangerous ford the Kingly Likeness tried;
But the deep eddies whelmed both man and horse,
Swept like benighted peasant down the tide.

The lines quoted serve to link the rest of the story in the reader's mind with what part of the legend of the legend Scott is chiefly concerned, and are also fair examples of his pictorial power. The bird's eye view of Toledo at the first of the poem is Scott at his best in
powerful description:

Rearing their crests amid the cloudless skies,
And darkly clustering in the pale moonlight,
Toledo's holy towers and spires arise,
As from a trembling lake of silver white.
Their mingled shadows intercept the sight
Of the broad burial-ground outstretched below,
And nought disturbs the silence of the night;
All sleeps in sullen shade, or silver glow,
All save the heavy swell of Tejo's ceaseless flow.

As the visioned pantomime proceeds, there are a number of other pictures that please because of their magnificence and beauty; and, as the Edinburgh Review remarked at the time, "The picture of Buonaparte, too, considering the difficulty of all contemporary delineations, is not ill executed."

The Vision of Don Roderick is interesting to the modern student for its stanzaic form. No poet but has experimented with the Spenserian stanza at some time in his career—perhaps during his early period when he was not yet sure what his abilities were best suited for, or possibly when he, tired of one constant form of expression, wished to prove his mastery of other forms, as was the case with Scott. And thus he added his name to that list headed by Spenser and made up of such masters of verse as those who wrote The Castle of Indolence, The Cotter's Saturday Night, Adonais, The Eve of Saint Agnes, Childe Harold, Gertrude of Wyoming, The Lotus-Eaters. It must have been a novel experience for him, this writing in the old, involved meter after accustoming himself for so long to the
octasyllabic couplet; not, of course, that he had not at¬
temptsed the thing before, as witness the song Harp of the
North in The Lady of the Lake; but this was the first time
he had mad e it the stanza of a larger, narrative poem.
Spenser had used it in dealing with a subject both epic
and romantic; why not he? Well, Scott's gifts were in
no wise like those of Spenser's: Altho the form adopted
gave rise to some brilliant descriptive passages, for the
most part it made the poem tedious and dull, whereas Scott's
usual forte had been action and climax. Scott had discar¬
ded Spenser's burden of obsolete phraseology but has re¬
tained the chilling maze of didactic allegory; and his
style has become turgid and verbose, slow and laborious,
as was the earlier poet's.

Certainly it was no form for hasty composition; there
are a number of careless rimes, lengthened lines and other
traces of negligence, altho the fact that there is a four¬
teener in place of the alexandrine in the very first stanza
may indicate that that sort of irregularity was rather in¬
tentional. Scott agreed with his critics as to "the lum¬
bering weight of the stanza, and I shrewdly suspect," he
goes on to say in one of his letters, "it would require
a very great poet indeed to prevent the tedium arising
from the recurrence of rhymes. Our language is unable to
support the expenditure of so many for each stanza: even
Spenser himself with all the license of using obsolete words and uncommon spellings, sometimes fatigues the ear." (21)

Arthur Symons has expressed his opinion that Scott was not a poet. (22) Only once in his whole experience of versifying did he attain true poetic quality, he says, and that was when he wrote the short ballad-lyric Proud Maisie in The Heart of Mid-Lothian. An examination of Scott's doubtful success with Spenserian might bring many more to agree with Mr. Symons, despite the beauties in such stanzas as were quoted a few pages back.
LANDOR'S COUNT JULIAN

Walter Savage Landor embarked on English tragedy and the writing of his Count Julian in the late summer of 1810, at virtually the same time that Southey was conceiving the plan of his epic, and at least half a year before Scott began to deal with the subject, for the latter did not commence The Vision until after the spring vacation in 1811. In April the drama was finished, two months before Scott's work was ready for the Ballantynes; but Landor did not succeed in getting it published until the beginning of 1812. So, from the standpoint of the public, Landor was not the first but the second to make interest literary capital out of the contemporary in things Spanish; while Southey came in a bad third in the race, his handicap having been the epic proportions of his work.

Landor had more reason to deal with the old legends than had Scott. In 1808, at the height of the rebellion against the suzerainty of the obnoxious Joseph Napoleon, Landor had suddenly set off for the peninsula, whither England was dispatching men and money to secure "the salvation of the world," and, having first made a gift of ten thousand reals for the relief of the sufferers, had placed himself at the head of a band of volunteers
and marched to the front in the mountains of Biscay. But his expedition had brought him only idle weeks, not a single battle, not even a visit to Madrid—merely the thanks of the Spanish Junta and an honorable colonelship in the Spanish army, which came to him some time after he had returned to England as suddenly as he had left. In January, 1809, he had been on the point of sailing to Spain and volunteering his services again, but he had thought better of it; unlike Southey he did not visit the country for a second time.

Naturally, therefore, altho possessed of more zest for his subject and first hand information about the scenes in which the legends had come into being than was the case with Scott, he was not so well prepared for his undertaking as was Southey. He had no uncle's well-filled library to delve into for lore and authority, and possibly not the necessary studious habits of the other that should go with such a library—and, anyway, things Spanish were not things Greek.

In fact, Landor did not greatly concern himself with sources. Forster mentions none, and there were none in the sense that there were for Scott and Southey. The legend was still a popular one in Spain, one recounted in the evenings about the native hearths; for the most part our poet scorned other sources than this; his material was rather such as
his agile brain offered, with the consequence that his play had far less to do with the legends than do the poems of Scott and Southey, and for sheer imagination excels either the idea of causing Roderick to foresee the victories of Wellington a millenium away, or that of placing him in the thick of the fight at Covadonga as monkish priest turned warrior. That Landor was a stubborn stickler for originality we know from a comment he made on his Gebir. He declared there was "not a single sentence in the poem nor a single sentiment in common with" the source. "Some characters," he said, "were drawn more at large, some were brought out more prominently, and several were added." He had not "changed the scene, which would have distorted the piece; but every line of appropriate description and every shade of peculiar manner were originally and entirely" his own (23). This was perhaps an overstatement of his position as regards either Gebir or Count Julian, but it does not indicate his proneness to take liberties with his material.

The germ of Count Julian did not come from sources so hidden as did Gebir; that is, the story was more generally known. The question is, did Landor draw special inspiration from any particular "authority" of old. If so, the name of the Moor Rasis must be mentioned. It was from his glamorous accounts, as it happens, that Washington Irving says he gathered his Legends of the Conquest of Spain (1823),
altho, in truth he seems to have confounded him with Pedro de Corral (24). Something from the Moorish side would seem to be indicated by the mere fact that Julian is the hero of the piece and Roderick is completely abased. That may or may not mean Rasis. This writer was the first to call the traitor Count Julian and the first to describe the chariot of Roderick, which Landor mentions in a passage to be quoted below. The dramatic relation of the deaths of Julian's sons and his wife, the emphasis on the suit of Sisabert for Covilla's (Florinda's) hand, and the carefully built character of the generous Abdalazis show more particular points of resemblance with the account of Rasis, tho the conditions around each have been changed. Somewhere a critic has suggested that Landor is the only writer who has properly understood the character of Julian in all its nobility, its pathos, and its tragedy; but whether or no that is so, Landor has caused him to perform a number of acts he never did before. It is unrelated by history or fable that Roderick went to Julian as envoy for himself just before the battle of Guadalete to beg that he turn traitor on the Moors before he had turned traitor on the Christians, and it was certainly never known before that Roderick was captured by his arch-enemy in that battle and then forced to humble himself before Julian. Nor, in such a case can the reader be made to believe that Julian would have freed his kingly prisoner either
thru nobility of mind or thru design that life might become to him a burthen, the traitor thus bringing upon himself his own fate at the hands of his swarthy comrades. The death of Julian's family comes because of a jealous order from Damascus and not from Muza in such stories as deal with this part, and the assignment of La Caba to a convent is peculiar to Landor. Elsewhere she dies by throwing herself off a tower, or by wasting away thru shame and remorse. Southey keeps her among the living until after the battle of Covadonga. Truth to tell, at almost every point Southey and Landor differ as to details; that was as Landor would have it be—for at the time of composition he was reading Southey's Roderick in manuscript as his friend mailèd it to him part by part. In Southey, for instance, there is a decided emphasis on Julian's turning apostate as well as renegade and traitor, so that the sending of the girl to a convent would have been impossible there.

A strange thing is the fact that neither of the widely read Spanish critics, Menéndez Pidal and Menéndez y Pelayo, mentions Landor's tragedy, altho they seem quite familiar with the works of Scott, Southey, and Irving. Can it be possible that they found Landor's play so out of tone with the general run of the legend or such difficult English that they hesitate to list him among those inspired by the epic theme? Menéndez y Pelayo, however, mentions an obscure drama
which Don Miguel Augustin Príncipe wrote in vindication of the Conde D. Julián in 1839 (25), and one wonders if a perusal of that might show some Landonian influence in idea, at least, even tho the intent of the playwright was to put all the blame for the loss of Spain on the heads of the Jews.

Landor's tragedy is after the Greek method. Scene follows scene to a Greek ending, mere dialogs strung together, with little of suspense or climax and a wild sort of coherence. The unities seem to be followed: the action occurs at Xeres, which is close by the scene of the Gaudalete; and thus we are made to understand that Roderick becomes a repentant monk in a nearby monastery, and not in Portugal where the chronicles and ballads place him. Too, the tragedy begins on the eve of the battle, that seems to last one day instead of eight, and Julian is brought to justice for his crimes real or otherwise immediately thereafter; so the matter of unity of time is taken care of. And as for that of mood, the tragic intenseness of Julian's character and fate pervades the scenes so thoroughly that they seem to lead the reader, the purely hypothetical playgoer, nowhere, even tho he has a general feeling that Julian has lodged himself in so unstable a position that his actions both right and wrong more and more bring on him suspicion, hate, impending doom. As Forster remarks, "it is the old story of crime propagating crime; of evil failing ever to expiate evil; and of blind necessity, out of one fatal wrong, reproducing wrong
in endless forms of retaliatory guilt and suffering." (26).

The very compression that Southey marvelled at seems Grecian, as does even the Miltonic lines and language and structure—for Landor was still the same keen, appreciative student of Milton that he had been when he wrote Gebir. As Southey remarked, with Athenians for an audience, the play could have been staged and successfully. But, "living in an age when public criticism upon works of fine literature was 'at the very point of pessimism,' he could only guess that it would pass silently; that a few persons would admire it with all their 'hearts' and the rest of the world pass it by (27).

In Milton Landor had especially liked the haughty appeal of Satan and the repentance of Eve, and he himself is at his best in similar passages in Count Julian. There is epic grandeur in the character of the noble renegade. He is proud, disdainful, honest to a fault, once he has made his great mistake—far different from the false hearted rascal that Southey makes him out to be. Landor's Julian sends his daughter to a Christian convent; Southey's Julian advises her to embrace the Moslem faith; in either case he is a "good father"; moreso, however, in the present instance, for there the man's love for his dear, outraged daughter is the underlying cause in the motivation. DeQuincey said that Landor "adequately conceived the situation, the stern self-dependency and the monumental misery of Count Julian. That sublimity of penitential grief which cannot accept consolation from man, connot
bear external reproach, cannot condescend to notice insult, cannot so much as see the curiosity of bystanders; that awful carelessness of all but the troubled deeps within his own heart, and of God's spirit brooding upon their surface and searching their abysses never was so majestically described." (28). Landor's hero is a magnificent, impressive personage and his Roderick, as Lamb once intimated, a creature hardly characterized at all—again the reverse of the case with Southey— but he brings his king to humble repentance in a passage that indeed rivals that of the repentance of Eve, if one does not think it absurd.

Sidney Colvin admits the magnificence in the characterization of avenging Julian but points out that he is rather an ideal than a human being, however real he may appear to the poet-creator. "The conception of Count Julian, desperately loving both his dishonoured daughter and the country against which he has turned in order to chastise her dishonour; inexorably bent on a vengeance the infliction of which costs him all the while the direst agony and remorse; is certainly grandiose and terrible enough. But even this conception does not seem to be realized, except at moments .... Still less are we livingly impressed by the vanquished, remorseful, still defiant and intriguing Roderick, the injured and distracted Ecilona, the dutiful and outraged Covilla, her lover, or the vindictive and suspicious Moorish leader Luza. These and the other characters are
made to declare themselves by means of utterances often admirably forceful, and images sometimes magnificently daring; yet they fail to convince or carry us away." (29) So much for the chances that the legend gave Landor for worthwhile characterization. The view of Colvin's is far more satisfactory than that of the enthusiastic biographer-friend of Walter Savage Landor.

While Gebir and the Imaginary Conversations are procurable, there will continue to be just a few to read Count Julian. The reason will never be that the latter has no passages of striking poetical beauty, however. Any number of Julian's speeches is remarkable for compact thought, luminous images and dignified emotion. For instance, in the very first scene Julian addresses himself to duty thus:

Till I have met the tyrant face to face
And gained a conquest greater than the last,
Till he no longer rules one rood of Spain,
And not one Spaniard, not one enemy,
The least relenting, flags upon his flight,
Till we are equal in the eyes of men,
The humblest and most wretched of our kind,
No peace for me, no comfort, no . . . child! (30)

Or, better than this, note Julian's words when the king stands a prisoner before him asking meekly for mercy:

I stand abashed before insulting crime,
I falter like a criminal myself;
The hand that hurl'd thy chariot o'er its wheels,
That held thy steeds erect and motionless
As molten statues on some palace-gate,
Shakes as with palsied age before thee now.
Gone is the treasure of my heart forever,
Without a father, mother, friend or name.
Daughter of Julian... Such was her delight...
Such was mine, too! what pride more innocent,
What surely less deserving pangs like these,
Than springs from filial and parental love! (31)

Or, again:

Silence, thou wretch! live on ... ay, live ...
abhor'd.
Thou shalt have tortures, dungeons, chains enough;
They naturally rise and grow around
Monsters like thee, everywhere, and for ever. (32)

There is here the grand quality we look for in the verse
of Milton and the same splendor of diction. Landor,
however, is never so partial to the run-on line in blank
verse as was Milton. Landor shows in his a learning
more capricious, even if just as great.

Frequently this modern Milton voices his philoso-
phy and reflections upon life in pretty, polished epi-
grams; these might be often quoted but for their being
compressed in a manner that was Landor's alone. In one
place Egilona says to Abdalazis:

A fall so great can never happen twice, .
Nor man again be faithless, like Roderigo.

Julian asks of Muza:

Why smilest thou? I never saw that smile
But it portended an atrocious deed.

And note this pithy observation:

Of all who pass us in life's drear descent
We grieve the most for those who wish to die.

"Ah," wrote Southey to his friend once, when he
himself was writing *Roderick*, "it is much for a poet to have traversed the scenes in which the subject of his poem is laid. It gave you an advantage in *Count Julian*."

Landor does make vivid use of his own experiences in Spain, especially when he has Julian describe for his daughter the retreats where she may hide her shame. And no doubt the name of Nelson was in Landor's mind when he wrote Hernando's speeches to Julian in the third scene of the fourth act. The admiral's name might almost be substituted for that of Tarik where the Moor--

```
Smote their high masts and swelling rampires down,
And Cadiz wept in fear o'er Trafalgar. (33)
```

The passage might be lengthened, for the comparison is an interesting one.
SOUTHEY'S RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHS

Southey's contribution to the English commemoration of the Roderick theme arrived before the public in 1814, precisely one thousand years after that fateful battle on the plain of Xeres which came near surrendering Western Europe to the sword of the Arab. But that was before the custom of centenary and tercentenary celebrations grew up, and the echoed date interested no one; in fact, it was unfortunate, for it had been two years since Landor's Count Julian had found a publisher and there had been a revulsion in popular feeling towards things of Spain. No longer was she a land of heroes and sympathized-with sufferers; for England had become tired of the inaction of the Spanish leaders, disgusted with the fickleness and sloth in the Spanish character. Roderick, the Last of the Goths did not have even so auspicious a start in life as The Vision of Don Roderick had had.

This lengthy poem of Southey's deserved slightly more attention than it received; the readers of Roderick in 1815 hardly exceeded in numbers those of today. For one thing, Southey was the only one of the three poets who saw that the subject of the great Goth was epical and not dramatic or lyrical. What he did not see or know was the fact that he did not have the genius of the epic poet. In his case not even practice could make
perfect. This little dog barked at the moon until it went behind a cloud. He rivaled and displaced Milton as the epic poet of the English people, and pasted his name between those of Homer and Vergil in the poetic firmament. ... However, just once in a golden age of literature does a true epic poet appear.

The Spanish tale of Roderick was epic in its nature; but Southey was not satisfied with things as they were; he made almost as many changes in the legend as Landor did, but after a different fashion. He gives us the impression of having made us sit thru a three-hour show, which at the end is found to be a mere prologue to a wholly unexpected and tedious drama that takes the characters on a long wild-goose chase after several of them are supposed to be decently settled in their graves. The reason, of course, for this queer state of affairs was that Southey began with the idea of recounting the fortunes of Pelayo, but in his plodding way was so long in getting to Pelayo that he changed the name and the hero of his epic,—to the disquietude of the occasional reader, who can but wonder at the outset what there may be to tell about Roderick, after his life is virtually over according to the verdict of those whose business it was to make legends about him.

If ever an Englishman should have been fully acquainted with these legends, 'it was Southey himself. At the end of 1795, and about fifteen years before he
began the composition of Roderick, having been furnished with the necessary funds by his uncle Mr. Hill, he left his newly-married wife and his ideas of pantisocracy behind in England to travel thru the Spanish provinces to Madrid, and thus to his uncle's estate at Cintra, near Lisbon, where he culled the romantic lore of the peninsula from his uncle's immense library. Thus, he became at once an authority on the people of Spain and Portugal and their literatures. And four years later, in 1800, he again made a trip to Cintra, going this time with the avowed purpose of regaining his health, of writing a history of Portugal, of securing material for the epics he dreamed of writing. He saturated himself with the lore of the library, rising each morning at five to assail the contents of new folios.

And so it was that he knew the Roderick legend in many forms. For his own purposes he chose that account which was the worst of the lot, judged by any standards of credibility and readability, namely, the anonymous Crónica del Rey Don Rodrigo (1511). The author of this verbose old book had at his command the lies and imaginings of Rasis, the Crónica general, and Pedro de Corral's Crónica sarrazyna (1443), besides much ingenuity of his own. Altho he discarded the absurd knight-errantry of it, Southey used the 1511 chronicle more exclusively
than he indicates in his voluminous notes. There he endeavors to show his scholarly attainments by quoting from Juan de Lema, Sylva Mascarenhas, the Crónica General, Augustín Curio, Quintana, Lope de Vega, Florez, Miguel de Barrios, Bernardo de Brito, Cristóbal de Mesa, el Conde de Salduéña and others.

It is only in the Chronicle of King Roderick, however, that there appears the strange story of the final wanderings and repentance of the king, from which Southey drew the idea for his epic; and yet his changes are startling. The source-chronicle relates that Roderick fled after his defeat at Guadalete as fast as Orella could take him. After his tired and wounded horse gets into a quagmire, the king goes on by foot until he comes to a hermitage, whose recluse dies three days later, leaving the king directions concerning the repentance which he must perform. Then Roderick goes thru a singular series of temptations by the devil himself, who appears to him in the guise of an ancient hermit, as Count Julian, and still later as Florinda. But the Holy Ghost saves him until such time as he arrives at a new place of penance, where he learns he may obtain grace by being enclosed in a tomb alive with a two-headed serpent. He patiently suffers that awful fate. And it is related that a humble tomb remains to prove to posterity that the king died
repentant—and not at Guadalete. In Southey Roderick leaves his faithful horse on the field of battle after they have both fought bravely for seven days and dons the clothing of a dead peasant that he may flee in disguise. All along the way the sight of his suffering countrymen and his devastated nation move him to remorse. He decides on a life of penance when he comes to a hermitage by the sea. Southey follows the Chronicle in allowing the king to pass a year in humble penitence, but he does not employ the series of temptations. Then the poet deviates from his source; he rouses the hermit-king by visions and impulses to undertake something for the deliverance of his people; he creates the "amazon" Adosinda, who sends Roderick on a mission which finally results in the crowing of Pelayo as the hope of Spain, the encountering of a repentant Florinda and the discovery of the king's old mother, Rusilla. Then occurs a protestantized version of Covadonga, wherein Adosinda takes the place of the Virgin. Victory redounds to the side of the Christians when a mountain of rocks deluges the Moors and Roderick hurls himself into the fray, raising his ancient war cry of "Roderick the Goth! Roderick and victory!" Matters are brought to a too perfect ending when Julian dies in a nearby chapel repenting his apostasy, when Florinda also yields up the ghost, happy in the
knowledge of the mutual forgiveness of her father and her old lover. As for Roderick, he seems to return to the *Chronicle of the King Don Roderick* story and dies in penance,—if not in the actual poem, at least in the appended notes. Southey based a part of his account of the battle of Covadonga on the fourteenth-century *Crónica general*. He used also Miguel de Luna's *Verdadera Historia del Rey Rodrigo* (1539) (Scott's source), which the gullible Southey is disposed to regard as an authentic history despite its evident monstrosities, and was aided by passages from the *Conde de Saldaña* and Cristóbal de Mesa descriptive of those rocky regions.

Several of Southey's additions merit commendation despite their near-absurdity. The scene in which Florinda confesses her sins to her former lover, who seems no more than a patient monkish father to her, shows Southey at his level best in the depiction of human emotions, altho he idealizes both characters to the point of unreality. The passages descriptive of the inspiration Roderick receives from the vision of his mother as he lay on the grave of Romapo and from the militant Adosinda are also rememberable, as also the picture of Roderick's being recognized by Theron, his old dog, while all his human companions know him not. But in many places, in whole cantos, the action goes so slowly and uninter-
estingly that the reader is constantly encouraged to
slumber, or else inclined to feel aggrieved at the gen-
eral drivel that takes the place of what should have
been consistently noble and impressive, for Southey was
right in considering his subject worthy of an English
epic.

Southey's own notes are so full that there is no
need here to set down parallel illustrative passages from
Roderick and its sources. However, two passages from
the romances that show marked similarity to what the poet
wrote are in order, because the ballad authors and Southey
drew from the same source, the redoubtable Crónica del
Rey Don Rodrigo. When Roderick is escaping from Guada-
lete, Southey relates that—

All night

He fled, the sound of battle in his ear
Ringing, and sights of death before his eyes,
With forms more horrible of eager friends
That seem'd to hover round, and gulphs of fire
Opening before his feet. At times the groan
Of some poor fugitive, who, bearing with him
His mortal hurt, had fallen beside the way,
Roused him from these dread visions, . . . (34)

which is reminiscent of this:

Huyendo va el rey Rodrigo
Por montes, valles y sierras.
Tristes representaciones
Ante los ojos le vuelan;
Hiere el temeroso oido
Confuso estruendo de guerra;
No sabe donde mirar,
De todo teme y recela;
Si al cielo, teme su furia,
Porque hizo al cielo ofensa,
Si a la tierra, ya no es suya,
Que la que pisa es ajena:
Pues, si dentro de si mismo,
Con sus memorias se encierra, (35)

"and between sobs and sighs he complains" and repents much after the fashion of Southey's Roderick. -- The following passage from the description of the battle in the pass is impressive, almost splendid:

... and forthwith
On either side along the whole defile
The Asturians shouting in the name of God
Set the whole ruin loose; huge trunks and stones,
And loosen'd crags, down they roll'd with rush
And bound, and thundering force. Such was the fall
As when some city by the labouring earth
Heaved from its strong foundation is cast down,
And all its dwellings, towers and palaces
In one wide desolation prostrated.
From end to end of that long straight, the crash
Was heard continuous, and commixt with sounds
More dreadful, shrieks of horror and despair,
And death, ... the wild and agonizing cry
Of that whole host in one destruction whelm'd; (36)

which is better than the parallel lines from the Spanish romance:

Bata la cueva los moros
Con piedras, flechas y dardos;
Mas como al intento bueno
Nunca Dios niega la mano,
Quiso mostrar su grandeza
Con su notorio milagro,
Y fue': que todos los tiros
Que los moros indignados
A los cristianos tiraban
Resultaban en su daño
Y volviéndose a los moros,
Mas de treinta mil mataron. (37)

This is hardly as vivid as the passage just quoted from Southey, for it lacks the noise and confusion he de-
scribes.

The Spanish side of the subject must not be left without some comments upon the distinct influence Southey's poem had upon the use of the Roderick material by Spanish writers of the nineteenth century. The force of his romantic imagination and the vigor of his style impressed the countrymen of Menéndez y Pelayo, the latter relates (38), and not only was new interest aroused in the subject, but, as in the case of Zorrilla's El Punal del Godo, there were actual adoptions of the novel trend Southey had given to the story. Parts at least of the epic were laboriously translated into Spanish, and poems on other subjects appeared in a Spanish approach to the Southey style— for instance, the Omniada of the Conde de Moroña, which came out just two years after Southey's epic saw print. And English literature in general was held in higher esteem from this time on in Spain.

Today one reads with sardonic amusement the very friendly review of Roderick, the Last of the Goths in the Quarterly of April, 1815. Contributor-poet Southey is rated virtually as high as he rated himself, and every worthy feature of his verse is praised long and loudly, to the exclusion of nearly all adverse criticism. Not that some of it is not merited. The writer shows that in Roderick, as in the previous of Southey, the emotional
content is very remarkable; the poet, he says, "has employed ... a machinery of intelligence and the passions, and it forms the distinguishing feature of his composition."

He cites many passages both poor and good, each with its little pill of praise for the reader. Southey is over-warmly congratulated on the originality of his plan, the well developed, human character of Roderick, the handling of Adosinda, and the moral to be derived from the life and fortunes of Count Julian. Weaknesses and affectations are, indeed, casually mentioned; but the, to us, dry and tedious versification is thought to merit these words: "The variety of its cadences gives a spirit which relieves its grandeur, and the redundant syllable at the end of many of the lines prevents the majesty of its tone from oppressing the ear." At the end Southey is congratulated "upon the success of his labors, which will form an epoch in the literary history of his country, convey to himself a 'name perdurable on earth,' and to the age in which he lives a character that need not fear comparison with that of any by which it has been preceded."

The judgment of the Edinburgh Review (issue of June, 1815), on the other hand, conforms quite closely to present-day opinion. Altho Roderick is granted to be "the best ... and the most powerful of all Mr. Southey's poems, ... it is too monotonous-- too wordy-- and too uniformly stately, tragical, and emphatic. Above all, it is now
and then a little absurd—and pretty frequently not a little affected." Southey, in fact, is not a poet of the highest order. "There is rather more of rhetoric than inspiration about him. ... He is never plain, concise or unaffectedly simple, and is so much bent upon making the most of everything, that he is perpetually overdoing; ... the most trivial occurrences, and fantastical distresses, are commemorated with the same vehemence and exaggeration of manner, as the most startling incidents, or the deepest and most heart-rending disasters." This review is as unfavorable as the other os favorable: recent estimates have found no more flaws and blemishes than the Edinburgh Review did. Yet it is not thoroly hostile, for, in summation, it says that "the beauties, upon the whole preponderate," altho "there are many dull passages, ... some silliness, and a great deal of affectation." At the end of the article Southey is severely criticised for using such pedantic and affected diction as avid, aureate, auriphrygiate, leman, weedery, frequentage, and youthhead; for—"if poetry is intended for general delight, ought not its language to be generally intelligible?"

Roderick must be reckoned the most worthy interpretation of the Roderick theme that there is in English, altho Count Julian and even The Vision of Don Roderick
have better verse. Southey so carefully depicts his hero that he seems to exist, to have a capacity for those adventures which the poet leads him thru. He lives even tho he is an artificial, inconsistent paragon. A similar statement might be made about Florinda and Pelayo; but Julian is too absurd to stand. Influenced by Landor's drama, perhaps, the character of the treacherous count suffers so improbable a change in the latter stages of Roderick that one feels Southey has succeeded with him no better than Landor did with Roderick. The comparison is an interesting one.
In this matter-of-fact existence of ours, we travel from day to day, from happening to happening, scarce noticing that each grows out of each. Neither life nor the work we do is a series of unconnected rings-of-completion, but a chain that is as strong as our willingness to learn from past experiences. Someone has said that experience consists in having done a thing well ... once; but one seldom wishes to perform the same operation in the same way twice; life becomes, then, a chain of experiences linked up by cause-effect relationships into a limited sort of immortality. All that I have done previous to this moment is a cause, one of the causes, of what I do the next moment, tomorrow, next year. And my fame and fortune and happiness depend upon my ability to "live and learn."

In this special sense, whatever a poet does with the lyric he is writing today is an outcome of how he mastered the subject he chose to write on yesterday, and what he does with the present poem would be somewhat different if he had flaunted the fates and slept yesterday away. The difference might be slight— in the majority of cases it is; but it may be guessed that the poem of reality would appear more unlike its purely hypothetical brother than
one would judge off hand, could the two be seen together. In such a case "influences" might be pointed out readily; as it is, they are often of such a simple, innocent character that even when found they must be offered to fellow critics with ungainly proofs and considerable hesitation.

If Scott had finished Waverly when he began it, in 1805, no doubt it would have been different in many ways from the publication of 1814. The changes may but be guessed at, however, because the complexities of human experience are more various than the imaginings of the human mind. If we follow out this reasoning, it becomes evident that the same Waverly must have some relation with even The Vision of Don Roderick, altho it may have to be admitted that the link between the two is so weak that really worthwhile relationship cannot be pointed out. So the critic finds that he has to confine himself to more on-the-surface matters, however convincingly his intuitions indicate deeper but unprovable interconnections.

Continuing with the case of Scott, we can say with a fair amount of assurance that The Vision of Don Roderick had rather indirect than direct effects upon his later productions. It closed rather than opened up new vistas for him. It contained several warnings as to his future success in certain fields, some of which he noted at once
to his own betterment, others of which he heeded for a number of years, some which he noted not at all.

A romancer-novelist shows himself either very foolish or very clever when he adopts the same plot twice. There were times when Scott was quite at a loss to know what plan of action to follow next, but he never plagiarized one of his earlier works. For one thing, his themes were usually so bound up with historical personages and definite periodic backgrounds, that plot came naturally once he had determined the setting and actors. And unless he wrote a sequel, like The Abbot, he dealt with once and once only. In The Vision of Don Roderick, it is true, he handled a small part of the Roderick legend, but to make the story plain and intelligible, he found it necessary to refer specifically to other parts of the old tale, like Roderick's unfortunate love affair with the daughter of Count Julian, his own repentance, and his dreadful defeat at the hands of the Moors. If Scott had been a poet in the true sense of the word, that is, a lyricist, he might have found it convenient to utilize the subject at another time, as Southey did; but his forte was romance, verse or prose, and he never returned to the history of the Visigoth again. The only regret is that Scott did not see fit to deal with the subject of Roderick at length and in true heroic style, while he was
at it, instead of using the king, as I said once before, merely as a peg on which to hang a supernatural panorama of more contemporaneous happenings and heroes. It is pretty patent, tho, that Scott was not very interested in Roderick.

That is not to say that Spanish subjects did not occasionally appeal to him. Despite the fact that not one of his novels used a Spanish theme— a lesson he had learned from _The Vision_, as some might say, he was interested in Spain in other ways.

Lockhart relates (39) that Scott's most youthful attempt at poetry had a Spanish subject:

"It is affirmed ... that about this period Scott showed him (Mr. Allan) a MS. poem on the Conquest of Granada, in 4 books, each amounting to about 400 lines, which, soon after it was finished, he committed to the flames. ... I presume this Conquest of Granada, the fruit of his study of the Guerras Civiles, must be assigned to the summer of 1786. ... It was probably composed in imitation of Melke's _Lusiac_. ... Thus with him, as with most others, genius had hazarded many a random effort ere it discovered its true keynote."

And his interest in things rather grew than diminished with the passage of years, but it devoted itself mainly to the contemporary. His hopes rose and fell, as
if he had had a son of his own in the struggle, during the period of the peninsular war. In a letter to his brother Thomas dated June 20, 1808, he writes (40):

"Excellent news to-day from Spain—yet I wish the patriots had a leader of genius and influence. ... A Wallace, Dundee, or Montrêse would be the man for Spain at this moment. It is, however, a consolation, that tho the grandees of the earth, when the post of honour becomes the post of danger, may be less ambitious of occupying it, there may be some hidalgo among the mountains of Asturias with all the spirit of the Cid Ruy Díaz, or Don Pelayo, or Don Quijote, if you will, whose galantry was only impeachable from the objects on which he exercised it. It strikes me as very singular to have all the places mentioned in Don Quijote and Gil Blas now the scenes of real and important events. Gazettes dated from Oviedo, and gorges fortified in the Sierra Morena, sounds like history in the land of romance."

Thus, two or three years before the composition of The Vision, he was thinking of the romantic history of Spain in relation to the then-present. More particularly, the mention of Don Pelayo and Asturias brought him very close to the Roderick subject. Pelayo, too, would have made a great epic hero for a metrical romance. Don Quijote was always an especial favorite of his.
When Southey's *History of the Peninsular War* appeared, Scott hastened to commend the author, and he used the work of his friend as a main source of his own *Life of Napoleon*. Judging from the excerpt from the letter given above, one would expect to find Scott bringing up historical associations with names of places that figured in the war in Spain; but that is exactly what he does not do, albeit his sympathetic treatment of the Spanish cause is one of the highlights of the *Life*, which brought him a greatly needed 40,000 pounds. An illuminating expiation occurs in the pages of his *Journal* (41) under date of Oct. 19, 1826; "..... read Southey's *History of the Peninsular War*. It is very good indeed,— honest English principle in every line; but there are many prejudices, and there is a tendency too augment a work already too long by saying all that can be said of the history of ancient times appertaining to every place mentioned."

Scott had a mere working knowledge of Spanish, and certainly was not well read in its classics; so that something more than his usual haste was responsible for several peculiar slips that occur in *The Life Of Napoleon* and his later essays. There is one in his *Essay on the Drama* (42) that will prove how faulty his general knowledge of things Spanish was. He is saying that:--

"..... The Spaniards had the start in the revival
of the Drama. Ferrex and Porrex, earliest tragedy, was presented first in 1561; and, Gammer Gurton's Needle, our first comedy, in 1575; whereas Lopez (sic) de Vega (who earliest was not by any means the first Spanish dramatist) died in 1562, leaving the stage stocked with his innumerable productions, to which his contemporaries had not failed to add their share."

Now, as Macaulay would say, any school-boy knows that Lope was born in 1562 and that he died in 1635; and Scott is not only wrong in his date but in the reasoning he deduces from it. In his Essay on Romance (43), tho everywhere praising the literature of Spain, he admits his limited knowledge of the subject, after a fashion.

Another of his longer essays, that on Chivalry, is full of references to Cervantes and Don Quixote, and there is a notice of the fact that "the Visigoths of Spain fell before the Saracens" (44). But that is all; Scott had no need for Roderick even by way of illustration after 1811.

There are elements in the Roderick story which find echoes in the plots of several of his novels, but not because of any real relationship in Scott's mind. Scott portrays human acts and emotions as he finds them everywhere; his subject in The Heart of Mid-Lothian has to do with the violation of maiden innocence, and the
theme of revenge occurs in his writings quite frequently; but there is nothing to parallel the mighty revenge of a father who hands over his native country to a hated foe of a different creed, as Julian did for Florinda's sake. This plot was on too grand a scale to duplicate in different surroundings.

But, Roderick aside, The Vision did have a definite influence on the later writings of Scott. For one thing, he learned that he was by no means at his best when he stepped off his native Scottish soil. He could handle details better when he had a world of them at his disposal. There is scarcely any action in The Vision, and Scott had to have colorful action in order to succeed. It was bad enough to step down into England in writing Rokeby, The Bride of Triermain, Ivanhoe and The Fortunes of Nigel, without going far afield. Scott could not succeed with the exotic, as did Byron; he knew it and learned his lesson from The Vision--but not thoroughly, for he should have seen he was destined to fail once he began choosing such subjects as that of The Talisman for his novels.

A whole chapter could be written on Scott's use of the supernatural. Perhaps the present poem was not a fair test of his ability in that line. The machinery of the supernatural that he employs is a clumsy sort, was drawn from German sources originally, and culminates in such a
novel as *The Monastery*, the relative unpopularity of which is mostly to the presence of this feature.

As has been shown already, the adoption of the Spenserian was one of the most noteworthy features of *The Vision*. As Scott was aware that he had not exactly succeeded with it there, he attempted it again in his few later metrical romances. Usually the basic measure is still the octosyllabic couplet, but for purposes of securing atmosphere and mood he relies upon the Spenserian. Naturally, then, such stanzas were put at the first of cantos, in introductions, in conclusions. Scott included seventeen Spenserians in *The Lord of the Isles*, six in *The Field of Waterloo*, and no less than thirty-two in *Harold the Dauntless*, his last long poem (1816) and a failure. There are none in *Rokeby*. The following is perhaps a fair example from *The Lord of the Isles*:

```
Hast thou not marked, when o'er thy startled head
Sudden and deep the thunder-peal has rolled,
How, when its echoes fell, a silence dead
Sank on the wood, the meadow, and the wold?
The rye-grass shakes not on the sod-built fold,
The rustling aspen's leaves are mute and still,
The wall-flower waves not on the ruined Hold,
Till, murmuring distant first, then near and shrill,
The savage whirlwind wakes, and sweeps the groaning hill! (45)
```

And here is an example of a closing alexandrine at its worst:

```
Or children whooping wild beneath the willows green. (46)
```
Scott proved to himself that he could not thru his com-
parative failure with the Spenserian. Childe Harold,
be it noted, came out the January following the publish-
ing of Scott's Roderick poem— and there was reason enough
to quit the Spenserian, at least.

The Vision kept alive Scott's concern for things
of Spain, if not in Roderick. That is partly the reason
why such reviews as that on Amadis de Gaul and The Cid
and now and then a song like The Bold Dragoon (1812)
came from his pen. Even when he uses the name Rodrigo of
Bivar in referring to the Cid, he mentions no other Ro-
drigo. It is quite disappointing!

It would be hard to say exactly what part the failure
of The Vision had in causing Scott to turn from verse to
prose— but the connection is there. As Rokeby and The
Lord of the Isles intervened, credit must be distributed.
At least, it taught him not to deal with the subjects of
two ages in the same piece, and that it was wise for him
always to provide plenty of action for his readers.
After all, the poems of Scott were but the preface to
his work. His real and enduring glory is in his novels—
the freer and greater drama which did not naturally shape
itself into verse, and which was quite beyond the min-
streell's sphere.
Count Julian was for Landor a test of his abilities along several lines. It showed him what he could do and what he could not do well. It was his first attempt at drama and virtually his last, altho there are a number of playlets included among his Acts and Scenes. If anyone had told him while he was writing it that Count Julian was unstageable, he would have exploded wrathfully; but he himself readily admitted the difficulties in the case at a later time. His change in attitude is an interesting one to follow—until such time as he dubbed Julian and its satellites Acts and Scenes and prefaced a note to Count Julian, to the effect that "None of these poems of a dramatic form were offered to the stage, being no better than Imaginary Conversations in metre."

For him and for us, then, Count Julian is merely a preparatory piece for the dialogues in prose. These were fairly popular; the former never was. Like Scott he had had his lessons and benefited by them. He even decided he could write prose better than verse, which thing was surprising, considering the abundance of real poetry in Count Julian. Southey, too, succeeded in writing better prose than poetry, but he never realized it. Gebir and Count Julian formed the experimental part of Landor's career, just as the metrical romances did for Scott.
With the *Imaginary Conversations*, Landor entered upon a period of solid and confident production, having found the form and mode of expression that best suited his genius.

Really, no great difference lies between his healthy prose and his Miltonic verse. They show the same characteristics. Both have the same grave and somewhat rugged march in them. In both the ruggedness is often broken by sentences of such marvellous art and beauty that the reader wonders how the same writer could write in two such different forms. Both have similar defects. The compression is frequently carried too far, the characters are usually dealt with too freely and originally, there are abstruse passages at times, and he is not always at the same level.

The character of Julian was about ninety per cent. imaginary. In the *Conversations*, Landor draws people from his scholarly storehouse of great historical personages, but even on them he used his invention. Each he colors with his own peculiar touch. Most of the time he puts speeches into their mouths that they would not have been capable of—altho we appreciate the phantasy of that. His hobby was to collect philosophers from all classes and conditions of men. Landor did indeed have a dramatic instinct which prompted him to reanimate a considerable
number of the interesting figures of the past.

Special features of Count Julian appear once more. Oddities in spelling appeared in the drama; there were as many as the printers would allow; and now we find him writing an imaginary conversation between Archdeacon Hare and himself, in which the two explain their ingenious simplified and clarified spellings and defy the rest of the (unperturbed) world. Landor discards even the Welsh double initial and makes the name of his estate read Lantony instead of Llanthony.

Again he displays a plenitude of well-formed, concise epigrams and pithy observations on life. There follow two examples taken almost at random:

"From the plant that gives honey to the bee, the spider and wasp draw poison." (Philip II and Doña Juana Coelho.)

"The business of an enlightened prince is twofold; namely, to unite kingdoms and disunite their inhabitants," (Don Victor Saez and El Rey Netto.)

He still shows a proper interest in things Spanish. There are about six dialogs in which Spaniards participate: the two quoted from above and General Lacy and Cura Merino, López Baños and Romero Alpuente, Don Ferdinand and Don Juan-Mary-Luis, and Miguel and his Mother. These have all to do with the period of the Peninsular War, and most are
between members of the Spanish house of Bourbons. Portrayal of weakness in such characters was a favorite theme of Landor.

The Spanish is present, too, in some other parts of Landor's works. In a short play he deals with the legendary story of Inez de Castro, making the girl's character and the events suit himself, as he did in *Count Julian*. *Guzmán and his Son* is a yet shorter scene treating a Spanish popular ballad theme; it is notable for the intenseness of its situation. *A Story of Santander* is a compressed short story of the time of the Napoleonic wars. Then, there are occasional lyrics, parodies and humorous verses, several of which are to be found in Stephen Wheeler's *Letters and Unpublished Writings of Landor*. His lines on Cervantes are especially interesting. (47)

Landor pleases his limited audience by the perfection of form in his short pieces. *Rose Aylmer* is one of the most rememberable poems in the language; and the *Conversations* needed few rules to obtain perfection; so it was a wise step he made, that from unorganized tragedy to careful dialog.

*Roderick, the Last of the Goths* by Southey was a result rather than a cause in Southey's poetic career. It was the last of his epics, and he held it, therefore to be the greatest of his poems. It may be, at that. As successively he
published Madoc, The Curse of Kehama, and Thalaba, he thought he had at last a pillar to which he might attach his fame as a poet; and he remained content with what elegies had been heaped on Roderick to the end.

Southey's general trend was from legend to history; but that does not allow of a graduated scheme of his works. Perhaps Kehama or Madoc was more legendary, showed less spirit, than Roderick, but what then of Joan of Arc? And there is no readable sign in Roderick that Southey would attain a measure of fame thru a prose work, his Life of Nelson,—which was not in the same way related to the history of Spain. I believe it is true, however, that in Roderick the pictures he painted are more real than those in any of his earlier epics—leading one to a suspicion that there is a trend from the fantastic to the real. As Dowden says, "Scarcely had he overcome the narrative poet's chief difficulty, that of subduing varied materials to an unity of design, when he put aside verse and found it more natural to be historian than poet." (43)

There would indeed have been a relationship in subject matter between his Roderick epic and The History of Portugal, if he had ever succeeded in putting the latter work together. The History of the Peninsular War permits more ready comparison with Scott's The Vision than it does with Southey's Roderick.
Most of Southey's other Spanish efforts preceded the Roderick. He had dealt with Amadís de Gual and The Cid years before he took up the Visigothic tradition.

There are about ten short pieces, lyrics, dated around the first of the century dealing with Spain, such as Written in Alentejo, and Inscriptions for a Monument at Torsedillas.

There is a highly interesting monodrama on the subject of La Caba, written in 1802, "several years before the author had any intention of treating at greater length the portion of Spanish history to which it relates." (49) The source here is Miguel de Luna, whom he drew on for the battle of Covadonga in Roderick and did not use materially elsewhere—because, as this poem shows, there was in De Luna a decidedly different disposal of La Caba—suicide.

We must come to the opinion that the writing of Roderick shows very vaguely if at all in anything Southey wrote at a later date. However, his early visit to Lisbon, when his mind was in its freshest activity, had attracted him to the literature of Spain and Portugal; and the local associations, which gave a vivid charm to his taste, imparted that character to his later poems and sketches. It is well that it is possible to say something good about Southey at the end.
NOTES

(1) Durán, p. 398 ff. (Bibliog. 16.)
(2) Antología, vol. 9, p. 2 ff. (Bibliog. 18.)
(3) ------
(4) V. Morley, p. 147. (Bibliog. 19.)
(5) V. Chapters on Spanish Literature, p. 85.
(6) M. y P. (Lope de Vega, III, pp. 25-6) points out that the epic material is really muslim, and states that the first author who put into express terms the violation of La Cava, the vengeance of Don Julian and the history of the enchanted cave was the Egyptian Aben-Abdelhâquem, a writer of the ninth century; and he quotes the essential passages.
(7) The earliest known edition is that of 1511, printed at Seville.
(8) Durán, no. 602. (Bibliog. 16.)
(9) Lockhart, Ancient Spanish Ballads, 1823.
(10) M. y P., no. 5a. (Bibliog. 18.)
(12) Trueba's book, mirabile dictu, carries the motto of Byron "Truth is strange, stranger than fiction."
(13) "The first fruits of a great poet, who had not yet broken the school leading-string, but who in those first flights showed the strength of his wings"—M. y P., Lope, III, p. 75.

(15) Idem, p. 162.

(16) "No parece haber consultado, para la exposición de la leyenda, más libro que el de Miguel de Luna."--Lope, III, p. 66.

(17) Dennis's Scott, III, p. 52. (Bibliog. 8.)

(18) From Sepúlveda (Durán, no. 584).

(19) Bibliog. 25, 23.

(20) Scott may have exaggerated or misinterpreted a passage in Mariana's History of Spain, which he quotes in his notes to the poem.

(21) Quoted by Lockhart, II, pp. 169-70.

(22) Atlantic, Nov., 1904.

(23) Bibliog. 26.


(26) Forster, p. 131.

(27) Ibid., pp. 140-1.


(29) Colvin, pp. 61-2.

(30) C. J., p. 46. (Vol. VII of works, bibliog. 1.)

(31) Ibid., p. 80.

(32) Ibid., p. 78.

(34) *Roderick*, pp. 4-5.


(36) *Roderick*, p. 220.

(37) *Durán*, no. 608, p. 412.

(38) *Lope*, III, p. 67.


(40) Ibid., II, p. 17.

(41) *Journal*, p. 277.


(43) Ibid., p. 196.

(44) Ibid., pp. 11-12.


(46) Ibid., p. 70.

(47) Bibliog. 2. V. pp. 199, 213, 230.


BIBLIOGRAPHY


8. The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, edited by John Dennis, in five volumes; London, 1892. Esp. Vols. III (The Vision), IV, V.


15. Spanish Influence on English Literature, by Martin Hume; London, 1905.


17. Estudios sobre el teatro de Lope de Vega, por el doctor Don Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo, Tomo III; Madrid, 1922.

18. Antología de Poetas Líricos Castellanos, Tomos 3-4, 9-10, 11-12, por D. Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo; Madrid, 1912, n. d., 1914, resp.


28. Various periodicals; such as, Living Age, 152: 759; Atlantic, 51: 208; 90: 126; 97: 808; Yale Review, 4: 330 ff.