The Conde de Sabugosa has laid all lovers of literature under another heavy debt. The edition of this new play from his library follows the plan of his celebrated edition of Gil Vicente's *Auto da Festa* (1906); that is, it is accompanied by a facsimile of the original sixteen-page edition and preceded by an elaborate and most interesting introduction. This hitherto unknown play was acted before King João III about the year 1550. Its author, the witty and acute Chiado (c. 1520?—1591), whose name is still remembered in that of Lisbon's Piccadilly, and whom the editor here compares and contrasts with John Skelton, was a Franciscan monk, but, finding convent ways hard and dull, he escaped to the greater freedom of a vagabond poet's life. A hundred anecdotes gathered about his name. Two of these will show the cast of his humour. A bowl of lentil soup was set before this unwilling monk. Seeing a single lentil lying in much water he began to undress rapidly, saying that he would dive for it. On another occasion, when burglars had entered his house and taken most of the furniture, he seized what he could carry of the remainder and hurried after them with the inquiry 'Where are we moving to?' Of the *Auto da Natural Invenção* the author himself, towards the end, says that it is tedious in parts, but 'discreet and natural.' Its discretion is shown in sparing us the classical allusions of which Antonio Prestes was so fond; the conversation of the *ratinho* from the country and of the *escudeiro*, those two *pièces de résistance* of Portuguese comic authors in the sixteenth century, is natural enough, and Chiado plumes himself on having no forced rhymes. But if the *lisboetas* of that day could crowd to hear so undramatic a display of disconnected scenes they must have been easily amused. For us time has given to the play an extraordinary interest. It is as if Manuel Tamayo y Baus' *Un Drama Nuevo*—like this *auto*, a play within a play—which shows us Shakespeare in person on the stage, had been written not in the nineteenth century but in the time of Shakespeare. A large company is gathered in the house of Senhor Gomez da Rocha one evening in Lisbon. The players are due to arrive at ten or at latest at eleven, but they have to play first at two other private houses. The house is crowded, in one part thirty persons are seated on chairs, others are on the floor, or overflow into the study (*estudo*) or gather about the door, which is much battered owing to the attempts of the uninvited to press in. Outside, the street is so thickly crowded that the unpunctual actors can with difficulty force a way through. At last they appear, author and players and musicians, and, after quarrels among the actors and many a hubbub, the play, for which Rocha had paid ten crusados, begins, not without interruptions from the audience. It was shorter than the play which one of the characters says he had seen in Italy, and which lasted six hours, nor was it the approach of dawn which caused the rejection of Rocha's proffered torches as the guests departed, after one of them had invited
the company to witness another play at his house on the following Sunday.

The Conde de Sabugosa considers (p. 29) that Rocha belongs to the middle class, but he is clearly the Gomez da Rocha of Chiado's earlier play *Pratica de Oito Figuras*, a rich *fidulgo* who had lost a lawsuit and would thus especially relish the quips against judges in both plays, and is fond of listening to *trovas*, although, as we now learn, he is not such a devotee of the drama as to wish ever again to have a play acted in his own house, however pleasant it may be to listen to one, after a good dinner, in an armchair in the house of a friend, with thirty or at most a hundred other guests (pp. 65, 89). We are sorry to see that he has not mended his language (cf. l. 140 and *Obras do Poeta Chiado* [1889] p. 29).

The *velha*, too, is an old friend or, rather, she reappears in the later *Auto das Regateiras*, and *a sua Varela* (p. 97) is evidently her daughter, lazy, well-dowered Beatriz Varela, whose wedding occurs in that *Auto* (*Obras*, p. 91). The reminiscences of Vicente are evident, here as in most of the sixteenth century *autos*. This old woman, to Beatriz more dragon than woman, comes from *Quem tem farelos?*, the rhymes *papas, trapas, solapas* (p. 87) and *confusão, concrusão* (p. 88) are from *Os Almocreves*.

The Conde de Sabugosa has transcribed the play with great care. It is perhaps a pity that he did not adhere to the original spelling even more closely. For instance the word *procoladores* (*procuradores*) is worth comparing with the *ploculador* of Prestes' *Auto do Mouro Encantado*. In l. 240—1 the reading should surely be *cautos-autos*. The present *cantor-autor* makes no sense. In l. 261 *que figi eu?* should be given to the *ratinho*. *Mangaz* of l. 352 is the *mengaz* of the *Pratica dos Compadres*, or rather the latter should probably be spelt *mangaz*. *Cadeiras* (l. 578) should of course be *cadeira*. There seems no reason to alter the original *s'o* (l. 736) to *se*. Is it possible that the cryptic *curto* of p. 103 is connected with the Galician *curuto*? Does the audacious old woman threaten to hurl part of the roof at the squire? These and other minute points may perhaps be considered for a second edition of a work which is certain to receive a very wide welcome.


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Dr Held, who is Associate Professor of German in Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, has done good service in drawing the attention of students to Andreae's little known Utopia, and in trying to ascertain its relation to the works of More and Campanella which preceded it and to those of Bacon...