

"De Remediis utriusque Fortunæ," of Plutarch's "Marcus Brutus," and other similar works, seem to have been chiefly produced by his sufferings, and to have constituted the occupation of his weary hours during his different imprisonments. As \* 286 their titles indicate, \* they belong, except the Anacreon, to theology and metaphysics rather than to elegant literature. They, however, sometimes show the spirit and the style that mark his serious poetry; — the same love of brilliancy, and the same extravagance and hyperbole, with occasional didactic passages full of dignity and eloquence. Their learning is generally abundant, but it is often pedantic and cumbersome.<sup>23</sup>

Not so his prose satires. By these he is remembered, and will always be remembered, throughout the world. The longest of them, called "The History and Life of the Great Sharper, Paul of Segovia," was first printed in 1626. It belongs to the style of fiction invented by Mendoza, in his "Lazarillo," and has most of the characteristics of its class; showing, notwithstanding the evident haste and carelessness with which it was written, more talent and spirit than any of them, except its prototype. Like the rest, it sets forth the life of an adventurer, cowardly, inso-

<sup>23</sup> These works, chiefly theological, metaphysical, and ascetic, fill more than six of the eleven octavo volumes that constitute Quevedo's works in the edition of 1791–1794, and belong to the class of didactic prose.

The Life of St. Thomas de Villanueva, by Quevedo, is an abridgment, hastily made in twelve days from a larger work on the same subject, to meet the popular demand for the approaching canonization of that admirable person in 1620. It makes a neat little volume, which I possess, and which may be read with pleasure by the severest Protestant, — with the same pleasure that he

would look on one of Murillo's grand pictures of the charities of the same beneficent man of God. This little volume, it should be added, is the earliest of Quevedo's known publications, and one of the rarest books in the world.

Quevedo valued himself a good deal on his "Marco Bruto," which he was employed in correcting just before he died, and on his "Romulo," which was a translation from a work of the same title, by the Marquis Malvezzi, an Italian diplomatist much in the service of Philip IV., and at one time his Ambassador in London.

lent, and full of resources, who begins in the lowest and most infamous ranks of society, but, unlike most others of his class, he never fairly rises above his original condition; for all his ingenuity, wit, and spirit only enable him to struggle up, as it were by accident, to some brilliant success, from which he is immediately precipitated by the discovery of his true character. Parts of it are very coarse. Once or twice it becomes — at least according to the notions of the Romish Church — blasphemous. And almost always it is in the nature of a caricature, overrun with conceits, puns, and a reckless, fierce humor. But everywhere it teems with wit and the most cruel sarcasm against all \* orders and conditions of \* 287 society. Some of its love adventures are excellent. Many of the disasters it records are extremely ludicrous. But there is nothing genial in it; and it is hardly possible to read even its scenes of frolic and riot at the University, or those among the gay rogues of the capital or the gayer vagabonds of a strolling company of actors, with anything like real satisfaction. It is a satire too hard, coarse, and unrelenting to be amusing.<sup>23</sup>

<sup>23</sup> Watt, in his Bibliotheca, art. *Quevedo*, cites an edition of "El Gran Tacaño," at Zaragoza, 1626; and I think there is a copy of it in the British Museum. Since that time, it has appeared in the original in a great number of editions, both at home and abroad. Into Italian it was translated by P. Franco, as early as 1634; into French by Genest, the well-known translator of that period, as early as 1641; and into English, anonymously, as early as 1657. Many other versions have been made since; — the last, known to me, being one of Paris, 1843, 8vo, by A. Germond de Lavigne. His translation is made with spirit; but, besides that he has thrust into it passages from other works of Quevedo, and a story by

Salas Barbadillo, he has made a multitude of petty additions, alterations, and omissions; some desirable, perhaps, from the indecency of the original, others not; and winds off the whole with a conclusion of his own, which savors of the sentimental and extravagant school of Victor Hugo. There is, also, a translation of it into English, in a collection of some of Quevedo's Works, printed at Edinburgh, in 3 vols., 8vo, 1798; and a German translation in Bertuch's Magazin der Spanischen und Portug. Litteratur (Dessau, 1781, 8vo, Band II.). But neither of them is to be commended for its fidelity. Dr. Julius says, there was a German translation of it published at Leipzig (1826, 2 vols.) by a female hand,



This, too, is the character of most of his other prose satires, which were chiefly written, or at least published, nearly at the same period of his life; — the interval between his two great imprisonments, when the first had roused up all his indignation against a condition of society which could permit such intolerable injustice as he had suffered, and before the crushing severity of the last had broken down alike his health and his courage. Among them are the treatise “On all Things and many more,” — an attack on pretension and cant; “The Tale of Tales,” which is in ridicule of the too frequent use of proverbs; and “Time’s Proclamation,” which is apparently directed against whatever came uppermost in its author’s thoughts when he was writing it. These, however, with several more of the same sort, may be passed over to speak of a few better known and of more importance.<sup>30</sup>

\*288 \*The first is called the “Letters of the Knight of the Forceps,” and consists of two-and-twenty notes of a miser to his lady-love, refusing all her applications and hints for money, or for amusements that involve the slightest expense. Nothing can exceed their dexterity, or the ingenuity and wit that seem anxious to defend and vindicate the mean vice, which, after all, they are only making so much the more ridiculous and odious.<sup>31</sup>

The next is called “Fortune no Fool, and the Hour of All”; — a long apologue, in which Jupiter, sur-

and another by Guttenstern in 1841. He kindly forbears to give the lady’s name, though she had put it on her own title-page.

<sup>30</sup> They are in Vols. I. and II. of the edition of his Works, Madrid, 1791, 8vo.

<sup>31</sup> The “Cartas del Cavallero de la Tenaza” were first printed, I believe,

in 1627; and there is a very good translation of them in Band I. of the Magazin of Bertuch, an active man of letters, the friend of Musäus, Wieland, and Goethe, who, by translations, and in other ways, did much, between 1769 and 1790, to promote a love for Spanish literature in Germany.

rounded by the deities of Heaven, calls Fortune to account for her gross injustice in the affairs of the world; and, having received from her a defence no less spirited than amusing, determines to try the experiment, for a single hour, of apportioning to every human being exactly what he deserves. The substance of the fiction, therefore, is an exhibition of the scenes of intolerable confusion which this single hour brings into the affairs of the world; turning a physician instantly into an executioner; marrying a match-maker to the ugly phantom she was endeavoring to pass off upon another; and, in the larger concerns of nations, like France and Muscovy, introducing such violence and uproar, that, at last, by the decision of Jupiter and with the consent of all, the empire of Fortune is restored, and things are allowed to go on as they always had done. Many parts of it are written in the gayest spirit, and show a great happiness of invention; but, from the absence of much of Quevedo’s accustomed bitterness, it may be suspected, that, though it was not printed till several years after his death, it was probably written before either of his imprisonments.<sup>32</sup>

\*But what is wanting of severity in this \*289 whimsical fiction is fully made up in his *Visions*, six in number, some of which seem to have been published separately soon after his first persecution, and all of them in 1635.<sup>33</sup> Nothing can well be more

<sup>32</sup> I know of no edition of “La Fortuna con Seso” earlier than one I possess, printed at Zaragoza, 1650, 12mo; and as N. Antonio declares this satire to have been a posthumous work, I suppose there is none older. It is there said to be translated from the Latin of Rifroserancot Viveque Vasgel Duacense; an imperfect anagram of Quevedo’s own name, Francisco Quevedo Villegas. But

it must have been written as early as 1638, because it speaks of Louis XIII. as being without hope of issue, and Louis XIV. was born in that year.

<sup>33</sup> One of these *Sueños* is dated as early as 1607, — the “Zahurdas de Pluton”; but none, I think, was printed earlier than 1627; and all the six that are certainly by Quevedo were first printed together in a small collec-



free and miscellaneous than their subjects and contents. One, called "El Alguazil alguazilado," or The Catchpole Caught, is a satire on the inferior officers of justice, one of whom being possessed, the demon complains bitterly of his disgrace in being sent to inhabit the body of a creature so infamous. Another, called "Visita de los Chistes," A Visit in Jest, is a visit to the empire of Death, who comes sweeping in surrounded by physicians, surgeons, and especially a great crowd of idle talkers and slanderers, and leads them all to a sight of the infernal regions, with which Quevedo at once declares he is already familiar through the crimes and follies to which he has long been accustomed on earth. But a more distinct idea of his free and bold manner will probably be obtained from the opening of his "Dream of Skulls," or "Dream of the Judgment," than from any enumeration of the subjects and contents of his Visions; especially since, in this instance, it is a specimen of that mixture of the solemn and the ludicrous in which he so much delighted.

\* 290 \* "Methought I saw," he says, "a fair youth borne with prodigious speed through the heav-

tion of his satirical works that appeared at Barcelona, in 1635, entitled "Juguetes de la Fortuna." They were translated into French by Genest, and printed in 1641. Into English they were very freely rendered by Sir Roger L'Estrange, and published in 1668 with such success, that the tenth edition of them was printed at London in 1708, 8vo, and I believe there was yet one more. This is the basis of the translations of the Visions found in Quevedo's Works, Edinburgh, 1798, Vol. I., and in Roscoe's Novelists, 1832, Vol. II. All the translations I have seen are bad. The best is that of L'Estrange, or at least the most spirited; but still L'Estrange is not always faithful when he knew the meaning, and he is sometimes unfaithful from ignorance. In-

deed, the great popularity of his translations was probably owing, in no small degree, to the additions he boldly made to his text, and the frequent accommodations he hazarded of its jests to the scandal and taste of his times by allusions entirely English and local. The Visions, besides the translation of Genest above referred to, were evidently in fashion in France still later, for I have seen, — (1.) L'alguasil (sic) burlesque imité de Don F. de Quevedo, &c., par le Sieur de Bourneuf P. Paris, 1657, 8vo, pp. 143; (2.) L'Enfer burlesque tirée, &c., par M. I. C. Paris, 1668, 12mo, pp. 81; and (3.) Horreur des Horreurs sans Horreurs tirée des Visions, &c., par Mons. Isaulnay. Paris, 1671, 8vo. They are all in verse.

ens, who gave a blast to his trumpet so violent, that the radiant beauty of his countenance was in part disfigured by it. But the sound was of such power, that it found obedience in marble and hearing among the dead; for the whole earth began straightway to move, and give free permission to the bones it contained to come forth in search of each other. And thereupon I presently saw those who had been soldiers and captains start fiercely from their graves, thinking it a signal for battle; and misers coming forth, full of anxiety and alarm, dreading some onslaught; while those who were given to vanity and feasting thought, from the shrillness of the sound, that it was a call to the dance or the chase. At least, so I interpreted the looks of each of them, as they sprang forth; nor did I see one, to whose ears the sound of that trumpet came, who understood it to be what it really was. Soon, however, I noted the way in which certain souls fled from their former bodies; some with loathing, and others with fear. In one an arm was missing, in another an eye; and while I was moved to laughter as I saw the varieties of their appearance, I was filled with wonder at the wise providence which prevented any one of them, all shuffled together as they were, from putting on the legs or other limbs of his neighbors. In one graveyard alone I thought that there was some changing of heads, and I saw a notary whose soul did not quite suit him, and who wanted to get rid of it by declaring it to be none of his.

"But when it was fairly understood of all that this was the Day of Judgment, it was worth seeing how the voluptuous tried to avoid having their eyes found for them, that they need not bring into court witnesses against themselves, — how the malicious tried to avoid

levanta  
falsos

steque

disquert

remelte

remelte



their own tongues, and how robbers and assassins seemed willing to wear out their feet in running away from their hands. And turning partly round, I saw one miser asking another (who, having been embalmed and his bowels left at a distance, was waiting \* 291 silently till they should \* arrive), whether, because the dead were to rise that day, certain money-bags of his must also rise. I should have laughed heartily at this, if I had not, on the other side, pitied the eagerness with which a great rout of notaries rushed by, flying from their own ears, in order to avoid hearing what awaited them, though none succeeded in escaping, except those who in this world had lost their ears as thieves, which, owing to the neglect of justice, was by no means the majority. But what I most wondered at was, to see the bodies of two or three shopkeepers, that had put on their souls wrong side out, and crowded all five of their senses under the nails of their right hands."

The "Casa de los Locos de Amor," the Lovers' Madhouse, — which is placed among Quevedo's Visions, though it has been declared to be the work of his friend Lorenzo Vander Hammen, to whom it is dedicated, — lacks, no doubt, the freedom and force which characterize the Vision of the Judgment.<sup>34</sup> But this

<sup>34</sup> The six unquestioned *Sueños* are in Tom. I. of the Madrid edition of Quevedo, 1791. The "Casa de los Locos de Amor" is in Tom. II.; and as N. Antonio (Bib. Nov., I. 462, and II. 10) says Vander Hammen, a Spanish author of Flemish descent, told him that he wrote it himself, we are bound to take it from the proper list of Quevedo's works. This, however, has been sometimes thought to be a piece of vanity and falsehood in Vander Hammen, because in 1627 he had dedicated several of the Visions — the one in question among the rest — to Francisco Ximenez de Urrea, as the works of Que-

vedo. But it is much more likely that Quevedo should have countenanced this little *supercherie* of his friend, than that Nicolas Antonio should have been deliberately imposed upon by Vander Hammen. Besides, large portions of the "Casa de los Locos de Amor" are beneath the talent of Quevedo, and not at all in his manner. Vander Hammen was the author of several works now forgotten; but, in his time, he was connected with men of note. Lope de Vega dedicated to him "El Bobo del Colegio," in 1620, begging him to publish his "Secretario," which, however, I believe, never was printed.

is a remark that can by no means be extended to the Vision of "Las Zahurdas de Pluton," Pluto's Pigsties, which is a show of what may be called the rabble of Pandemonium; "El Mundo por de Dentro," The World Inside Out; and "El Entremetido, la Dueña, y el Soplón," The Busybody, the Duenna, and the Informer; — all of which are full of the most truculent sarcasm, recklessly cast about by one to whom the world had not been a friend, nor the world's law.

In these Visions, as well as in nearly all that Quevedo \* wrote, much is to be found that indi- \* 292 cates a bold, original, and independent spirit. His age and the circumstances amidst which he was placed have, however, left their traces both on his poetry and on his prose. Thus, his long residence in Italy is seen in his frequent imitations of the Italian poets, and once, at least, in the composition of an original Italian sonnet;<sup>35</sup> — his cruel sufferings during his different persecutions are apparent in the bitterness of his *invectives* everywhere, and especially in one of his Visions, dated from his prison, against the administration of justice and the order of society; — while the influence of the false taste of his times, which, in some of its forms, he manfully resisted, is yet no less apparent in others, and persecutes him with a perpetual desire to be brilliant, to say something quaint or startling, and to be pointed and epigrammatic. But over these, and over all his other defects, his genius from time to time rises, and reveals itself with great power. He has not, indeed, that sure perception of the ridiculous which leads Cervantes, as if by instinct, to the exact measure of satirical retribution; but he perceives quickly and strongly; and though he often

<sup>35</sup> Obras, Tom. VII. p. 289.



errs, from the exaggeration and coarseness to which he so much tended, yet, even in the passages where these faults most occur, we often find touches of a solemn and tender beauty, that show he had higher powers and better qualities than his extraordinary wit, and add to the effect of the whole, though without reconciling us to the broad and gross farce that is too often mingled with his satire.<sup>86</sup>

<sup>86</sup> A violent attack was made on Quevedo, ten years before his death, in a volume entitled "El tribunal de la Justa Venganza," printed at Valencia, 1635, 12mo, pp. 294, and said to be written by the Licenciado Arnaldo Franco-Furt; a pseudonyme, which is supposed to conceal the names of Montalvan, of Father Niseno, who busied himself in getting Quevedo put on the Index Expurgatorius, and of other persons; for such a satirist could not be wanting in enemies. The "Tribunal" is thrown into the form of a trial, before regular judges, of the satirical works of Quevedo then published; and, except when the religious prejudices of the authors prevail over their judgment, is not more severe than Quevedo's license merited. No honor, however, is done to his genius or his wit; and personal malice seems apparent in many parts of it. At the beginning it is intimated that it was written at Seville.

Probably the Jesuits there had a hand in it, but, as it is admitted that there were several authors, so it is possible that it was prepared in different places.

In 1794, Sancha printed, at Madrid, a translation of Anacreon, with notes by Quevedo, making 160 pages, but not numbering them as a part of the eleventh volume, 8vo, of Quevedo's Works, which he completed that year. They are more in the terse and classical manner of the Bachiller de la Torre than the same number of pages anywhere among Quevedo's earlier printed works; but the translation is not very strict, and the spirit of the original is not so well caught as it is by Estevan Manuel de Villegas, whose "Eroticas" will be noticed hereafter. The version of Quevedo is dedicated to the Duke of Ossuna, his patron, Madrid, 1st April, 1609. Villegas did not publish till 1617; but it is not likely that he knew anything of the labors of Quevedo.

## \* CHAPTER XX.

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THE DRAMA.—MADRID AND ITS THEATRES.—DAMIAN DE VEGAS.—FRANCISCO DE TARREGA.—GASPAR DE AGUILAR.—GUILLEN DE CASTRO.—LUIS VELEZ DE GUEVARA.—JUAN PEREZ DE MONTALVAN.

THE want of a great capital, as a common centre for letters and literary men, was long felt in Spain. Until the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, the country, broken into separate kingdoms, and occupied by continual conflicts with a hated enemy, had no leisure for the projects that belong to a period of peace; and even later, when there was tranquillity at home, the foreign wars and engrossing interests of Charles the Fifth in Italy, Germany, and the Netherlands led him so much abroad, that there was still little tendency to settle the rival claims of the great cities; and the court resided occasionally in each of them, as it had from the time of Saint Ferdinand. But already it was plain that the preponderance which for a time had been enjoyed by Seville was gone. Castile had prevailed in this, as it had in the greater contest for giving a language to the country; and Madrid, which had been a favorite residence of the Emperor, because he thought its climate dealt gently with his infirmities, began, from 1560, under the arrangements of Philip the Second, to be regarded as the real capital of the whole monarchy.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Quintana, *Historia de Madrid*, 1630, folio, Lib. III. c. 24-26. Cabrera, *Historia de Felipe*, II., Madrid, 1619, folio, Lib. V. c. 9; where he says Charles V. had intended to make Madrid

his capital. Charles, indeed, permitted Madrid in 1544 to take a crown into its escutcheon, since which time it has been called *Villa Imperial y Coronada*. (Origen de Madrid, ec., por Juan Ant.