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Ticknor

**HISTORY
OF SPANISH
LITERATURE**

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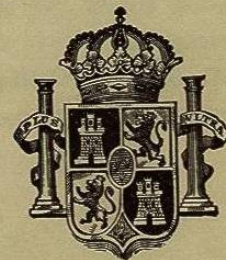
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HISTORY OF SPANISH LITERATURE.

VOL. I.

HISTORY
OF
SPANISH LITERATURE.

BY
GEORGE TICKNOR.



IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

FOURTH AMERICAN EDITION, CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.

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GEORGE TICKNOR



FONDO LITERATURA

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. I

ROBERTS AND NEW YORK

HORTON'S LITHO COMPANY

475 Broadway, New York

TO

MRS. ANNA TICKNOR.

THE first copy of the first edition of this History of Spanish Literature was offered to you as an expression of my grateful love and respect. I now dedicate to you, in the same spirit, every copy that has heretofore been published, and every other that may hereafter appear.

GEORGE TICKNOR.

PARK STREET, BOSTON, U. S. A.,
November, 1868.

PREFACE TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

THE third edition of the History of Spanish Literature, differing materially from those that had preceded it, was published in 1863. In his Preface to this edition Mr. Ticknor says that it is not probable that he shall ever again recur to the task of revision, for the purpose of further changes or additions. He was at that time seventy-two years old, and the statement was doubtless prompted by that distrust of the future natural in one who had already passed the Psalmist's allotted limit of life. But the apprehension was not confirmed by the event. Mr. Ticknor's life was prolonged for eight years more, and these years were passed, as his previous days had been, among his books. A copy of his History was always on his table; and, retaining to the last his literary activity and his interest in his favorite studies, he constantly had it in hand for the purpose of making such revisions as were suggested by his own researches, or those of Spanish scholars in Europe. Thus the present edition is a reprint of the third, with such corrections and additions as were made by Mr. Ticknor during the last eight years of his life. The text does not differ materially from that of the previous edition, but there are frequent corrections and additions in the notes. Any one who will take the trouble to compare the two editions will see how carefully and conscientiously Mr. Ticknor labored to the day of his death to secure completeness and finish to the work to which the best

portion of his life was dedicated with a singleness of devotion rare in these days of desultory activity and rapid production.

The present edition brings the history of Spanish literature down to the present date, containing all that the most careful and vigilant research could gather in illustration of the subject. It is not necessary to say anything in commendation of a work which Spain has adopted and translated as her own, and on which all Spanish scholars have bestowed such generous praise. So far as the past is concerned, the history of Spanish literature need not be written anew, and the scholars who may hereafter labor in this field of letters will have little else to do than to continue the structure which Mr. Ticknor has reared. This new edition of the History is more ample and complete than those which have preceded it, and is that by which the claims of the author to a place in the literature of his country should be tried.

Boston, September, 1871.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

THE present edition of the History of Spanish Literature differs materially from both of the American editions that have preceded it, as well as from the English edition and from the translations that have been made in conformity with all of them. It omits nearly the whole of the inedited, primitive Castilian poems which have heretofore filled about seventy pages at the end of the last volume. These poems were inserted, not merely to make them known, but to secure them, once for all, as important remains of early modern culture, from the accidents to which they were inevitably exposed, so long as they existed only in a few manuscripts, or even only in one of value and authority. The space they occupied was originally yielded to them with reluctance, and, now that three thousand five hundred copies of them have been published in the United States, — to say nothing of the English edition or of the translations, in all of which they have successively appeared, — they can no longer be regarded as exposed to their former hazards, nor as being inaccessible to any persons who may be interested in them as monuments illustrating the dawn of European civilization. The space given up to them has, therefore, been resumed, and only such extracts from them are now published as are deemed needful to set forth their peculiar value and character.

But in other parts of the work a corresponding, and even more than a corresponding, amount of new matter has been

introduced, which will, it is believed, be accounted of greater interest than the early poetry it displaces. The lives of Garcilasso de la Vega, the poet, and of Luis de Leon, the persecuted scholar, have been rewritten and enlarged, from materials not known to exist, or at least not published, when the earlier editions of this History appeared. The lives of Cervantes, of Lope de Vega, and of not a few others, have, in the same way and from the same causes, received additions or corrections. Above a hundred authors of inferior importance, no doubt, but, as I suppose, worthy of a notice they had not before received, have now found their appropriate places, generally in the notes, but sometimes in the text. And discussions, which, taken together, are of no small amount, have been introduced respecting books already examined with more or less care, but now examined afresh. There are accordingly but few consecutive pages in this History of Spanish Literature, as it is now presented to the public, which do not bear witness to what, I hope, may be accounted improvements, and what are certainly considerable changes in the work as it has heretofore been published, whether in the United States or in Europe.

The sources of these additions and changes have been very various. The most important and the most numerous are the results of a regular and large increase of my own collection of Spanish books, and especially of such as are become rare. After this, I owe much to the libraries in Europe, both public and private, which I visited anew in 1856 and 1857; — in England, the British Museum, where Mr. Panizzi has done so much to render that vast storehouse of knowledge accessible and useful; the library at Holland House, tapestried with recollections of its accomplished founder; the precious collection of the Duc d'Aumale, at Orleans House on the Thames; that of Mr. Stirling, author of the faithful

History of the Arts and Artists of Spain; and that of Mr. Ford, always to be remembered for his Handbook; Lord Taunton's, at Gray's Stoke-Poges, small in numbers, but, I suppose, the most complete in the world on Lope de Vega's plays; Lord Stanhope's, at Chevening, begun above a century and a half ago by his great ancestor, whose career in Spain he has so well illustrated; Mr. Chorley's, in Chester Square, London; and Mr. Turner's, in Regent's Park, — all of which were opened to me with a kindness which sometimes made me feel as if I might use them like my own.

On the Continent, too, — in Germany, Italy, and France, — I found resources, not unfrequently, where I least looked for them. The Royal Library at Berlin, admirably administered by Dr. Pertz, the historian; the Royal Library at Dresden, where Dr. Klemm seemed to know the place of every book it contained; the Imperial Library at Vienna, with its two principal Curators, Baron Bellinghausen and Dr. Ferdinand Wolf, who have done so much for Spanish literature, and who found in this very library the means for doing it; St. Mark's at Venice; the Ambrosian and the Institute's at Milan; the public libraries of Modena, Parma, and Bologna; the Magliabecchi and the Grand Duke's at Florence; the Sapienza at Rome, and, above all, the Vatican, for which the Cardinal Secretary of State gave me especial indulgences; — all and each of these libraries contained something for my purpose, and the last two what can hardly be found elsewhere. And, finally, in Paris I resorted to the Imperial Library, and to the libraries of the Arsenal and St. Geneviève, with less profit, indeed, than I had hoped, though still, by the kind aid of M. Taschereau, M. Montaignon, and M. de Brotonne, not without advantage.

It is, however, I believe, a fact, that nowhere in the world is there a truly rich and satisfactory collection of books in elegant Spanish literature; for, in Spain, the libraries that in the least

partook of a public character were so long kept under ecclesiastical supervision of the most rigorous sort, that poetry and fiction, until lately, have with difficulty been permitted to find shelter in them at all; while, out of Spain, I have not been able to hear of any collection that deserves to be called tolerably complete. The best, perhaps, is that of Vienna, much of it obtained, with care, two centuries ago, when the relations between Spain and the German Empire were still intimate and important; but to all the other great libraries of Europe outside the Pyrenees, Spanish books seem to have come, when they came at all, as at Prague, Munich, and Wolfenbüttel, only through some accident now forgotten, or else through the excitement of some temporary fashion, as in France during the reigns of Louis XIII. and XIV., when repeated marriages between the two crowns brought what was cultivated in the society of both countries into unwonted relations. No doubt, each of the collections I have mentioned is worth a pilgrimage to one who is in earnest pursuit of whatever is best in the literature of Spain, because what is best is generally old and often rare; but, after all, no one of them will enable him to look over the entire field of his chosen studies, nor will the whole, taken together, do for him what, in the case of the greater institutions, he might perhaps reasonably ask from each of them.

He must, therefore, after having visited the rest of Europe, go to Spain. Perhaps, like Schack, who has so thoroughly investigated the Spanish drama, he must go there twice. At any rate, he must examine the Royal Library at Madrid, which, though it dates only from 1711, and was long after that of little consequence, has lately made important additions to its collections in the polite literature of the country. He must go to the Escorial, dark as it always was, and now decaying, but where, from the days of Mendoza, the states-

man, historian, and poet, precious treasures have been hidden away. He must visit the library which the scholar-like son of Columbus left, marked with his own learning, to the Cathedral of Seville. And he must get access to the private collections of the house of Ossuna, of the Marques de Pidal, of Don Pascual de Gayangos, of the venerable Duran, and perhaps others. All but three of these that I have enumerated, whether in Spain or out of it, I have seen in the course of different visits to Europe during the last five-and-forty years, — many of them twice and some three times. I hope, therefore, that much has not escaped me which I ought to have discovered and used. That something has, I may well fear. A traveller cannot always choose the happiest moment for his researches in a strange city; nor can he always be sure of finding librarians intelligent and good-natured enough to open for him the obscure recesses of their collections.

But to the resources of my own library, which, in consequence of the favoring circumstances explained in my earlier Preface, is not ill provided with books in Spanish literature, and to my inquiries among the larger libraries of Europe, should now be added what I owe to my accomplished and learned annotators and translators. I refer especially to the very ample notes of Don Pascual de Gayangos, of the University of Madrid, in the Spanish translation of this History published at Madrid by him and Don Enrique de Vedia between 1851 and 1856, and to the German translation by Dr. N. H. Julius, of Hamburg, published at Leipzig in 1852, and enriched not only with notes by himself, but with others by Dr. Ferdinand Wolf, the Austrian scholar already alluded to. From the results of their labors, carefully prosecuted, as they were, in the best libraries of Spain and Germany, I have taken — with constant acknowledgments, which I desire here gratefully to repeat — everything that, as it has

seemed to me, could add value, interest, or completeness to the present revised edition. Its preparation has been a pleasant task, scattered lightly over the years that have elapsed since the first edition of this work was published, and that have been passed, like the rest of my life, almost entirely among my own books. That I shall ever recur to this task again, for the purpose of further changes or additions, is not at all probable. My accumulated years forbid any such anticipation; and therefore, with whatever of regret I may part from what has entered into the happiness of so considerable a portion of my life, I feel that I now part from it for the last time. *Extremum hoc munus habeto.*

PARK STREET, BOSTON, February, 1863.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

IN the year eighteen hundred and eighteen I travelled through a large part of Spain, and spent several months in Madrid. My object was to increase a very imperfect knowledge of the language and literature of the country, and to purchase Spanish books, always so rare in the great book-marts of the rest of Europe. In some respects, the time of my visit was favorable to the purposes for which I made it; in others, it was not. Such books as I wanted were then, it is true, less valued in Spain than they are now, but it was chiefly because the country was in a depressed and unnatural state; and, if its men of letters were more than commonly at leisure to gratify the curiosity of a stranger, their number had been materially diminished by political persecution, and intercourse with them was difficult because they had so little connection with each other, and were so much shut out from the world around them.

It was, in fact, one of the darkest periods of the reign of Ferdinand the Seventh, when the desponding seemed to think that the eclipse was not only total, but "beyond all hope of day." The absolute power of the monarch had been as yet nowhere publicly questioned; and his government, which had revived the Inquisition and was not wanting in its spirit, had, from the first, silenced the press, and, wherever its influence extended, now threatened the extinction of all generous culture. Hardly four years had