

Here stood the warriors of the Cid, that noble champion;  
 Opposite, on the other side, the lords of Carrion.  
 Earnestly their minds are fixed each upon his foe.  
 Face to face they take their place, anon the trumpets blow;  
 They stir their horses with the spur, they lay their lances low,  
 They bend their shields before their breasts, their face to the saddle-bow,  
 Earnestly their minds are fixed each upon his foe.  
 The heavens are overcast above, the earth trembles below;  
 The people stand in silence, gazing on the show.<sup>19</sup>

These are among the most characteristic passages in the poem. But it is throughout striking and original.

It is, too, no less national, Christian, and loyal. \* 21 It breathes \* everywhere the true Castilian spirit, such as the old chronicles represent it amidst the achievements and disasters of the Moorish wars; and has very few traces of an Arabic influence in its language, and none at all in its imagery or fancies. The whole of it, therefore, deserves to be read, and to be read in the original; for it is there only that we can obtain the fresh impressions it is fitted to give us of the rude but heroic period it represents: of the simplicity of the governments, and the loyalty and true-heartedness of the people; of the wide force of a primitive religious enthusiasm; of the picturesque state of manners and daily life in an age of trouble and confusion; and of the bold outlines of the national genius, which are often struck out where

<sup>19</sup> Los Fieles è el rey enseñaron los moiones.  
 Librabanse del campo todos aderedor:  
 Bien gelo demostraron à todos seis como son,  
 Que por y serie vencido qui saliese del moion.  
 Todos las yentes esconbraron aderedor  
 De seis astas de lanzas que non legasen al moion.  
 Sorteabanles el campo, ya les partien el sol:  
 Salien los Fieles de medio, ellos cara por cara  
 son.  
 Desi viñien los de Mio Cid à los Infantes de  
 Carrion,  
 Ellos Infantes de Carrion à los del Campeador.  
 Cada uno dellos mientes tiene al so.  
 Abrazan los escudos delant' los corazones:  
 Abaxan las lanzas abueltas con los pendones;  
 Enclinaban las caras sobre los arzones:  
 Batien los cavallos con los espolones:  
 Tembrar querie la tierra dod eran movedores.  
 Cada uno dellos mientes tiene al só.  
 Sanchez, Tom. 1. p. 368.

A parallel passage from Chaucer's "Knight's Tale"—the combat between Palamon and Arcite (Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 2601)—should not be overlooked.

"The heraudes left hir priking up and down,  
 Now ringen trompes loud and clarioun,  
 There is no more to say, but est and west,  
 In gon the speres sadly in the rest:  
 In goth the sharpe spore into the side:  
 Ther see men who can just and who can ride."

And so on twenty lines further, both in the English and the Spanish. But it should be borne in mind, when comparing them, that the Poem of the Cid was written two centuries earlier than the "Canterbury Tales" were.

we should least think to find them. It is, indeed, a work which, as we read it, stirs us with the spirit of the times it describes; and as we lay it down and recollect the intellectual condition of Europe when it was written, and for a long period before, it seems certain that, during the thousand years which elapsed from the time of the decay of Greek and Roman culture, down to the appearance of the "Divina Commedia," no poetry was produced so original in its tone, or so full of natural feeling, graphic power, and energy.<sup>20</sup>

<sup>20</sup> The change of opinion in relation to the Poema del Cid, and the different estimates of its value, are remarkable circumstances in its history. Bouterwek speaks of it very slightly, — probably from following Sarmiento, who had not read it, — and the Spanish translators of Bouterwek almost agree with him. F. v. Schlegel, however, Sismondi, Huber, Wolf, and nearly or quite all who have spoken of it of late, express a strong admiration of its merits. There is, I think, truth in the remark of Southey (*Quarterly Review*, 1814, Vol. XII. p. 64): "The Spaniards have not yet discovered the high value of their metrical history of the Cid as a poem. They will never produce anything great in the higher branches of art till they have cast off the false taste which prevents them from perceiving it."

Of all poems belonging to the early ages of any modern nation, the one that can best be compared with the Poem of the Cid is the Nibelungenlied, which, according to the most judicious among the German critics, dates, in its present form at least, about half a century after the time assigned to the Poem of the Cid. A parallel might easily be run between them, that would be curious.

In the *Jahrbücher der Literatur*, Wien, 1846, Band CXVI., M. Francisque Michel, a scholar to whom the literature of the Middle Ages owes much, published, for the first time, what remains of an old poetical Spanish chronicle, — "Crónica Rimada de

las Cosas de España," — on the history of Spain from the death of Pelayo to Ferdinand the Great; — the same poem that is noticed in Ochoa, "Catálogo de Manuscritos" (Paris, 1844, 4to, pp. 106–110), and in Huber's edition of the Chronicle of the Cid, Preface, Appendix E.

It is a curious, though not important, contribution to our resources in early Spanish literature, and one that immediately reminds us of the old Poem of the Cid. It begins with a prose introduction on the state of affairs down to the time of Fernan Gonzalez, compressed into a single page, and then goes on through eleven hundred and twenty-six lines of verse, when it breaks off abruptly in the middle of a line, as if the copyist had been interrupted, but with no sign that the work was drawing to an end. Nearly the whole of it is taken up with the history of the Cid, his family and his adventures, which are sometimes different from those in the old ballads and chronicles. Thus, Ximena is represented as having three brothers, who are taken prisoners by the Moors, and released by the Cid; and the Cid is made to marry Ximena, by the royal command, against his own will; after which he goes to Paris, in the days of the Twelve Peers, and performs feats like those in the romances of chivalry. This, of course, is all new. But the old stories are altered and amplified, like those of the Cid's charity to the leper, which is given with a more striking air, and of Ximena and the king, and of the Cid and his father, which are partly thrown

\* 22 \* Three other poems, anonymous like that of the *Cid*, have been placed immediately after it, because they are found together in a single manuscript assigned to the thirteenth century, and because the language and style of at least the first of them seem to justify the conjecture that carries it so far back.<sup>21</sup>

into dialogue, not without dramatic effect. The whole is a free version of the old traditions of the country, apparently made in the fifteenth century, after the fictions of chivalry began to be known, and with the intention of giving the *Cid* rank among their heroes.

The measure is that of the long verses used in the older Spanish poetry, with a caesural pause near the middle of each, and the termination of the lines is in the *asonante* a-o. (See Chap. VI, and the notes to it.) But in all this there is great irregularity;—many of the verses running out to twenty or more syllables, and several passages failing to observe the proper *asonante*. Everything indicates that the old ballads were familiar to the author, and from one passage I infer that he knew the old poem of the *Cid*:—

Veredes lidiar a profia e tan firme se dar,  
Atantos pendones obrados alçar e abaxar,  
Atantas lanças quebradas por el primor que-  
brar,  
Atantos cavallos caer e non se levantar,  
Atanto cavallo sin dueno por el campo andar.  
vv. 805-809.

The preceding lines seem imitated from the *Cid*'s fight before Alcoer, in such a way as to leave no doubt that its author had seen the old poem:—

Veriedes tantas lanzas premer e alzar:  
Tanta adarga a foradar e pasar;  
Tanta loriga falsa desmanchar:  
Tantos pendones blancos sin bermellos e  
sangre;  
Tantos buenos cavallos sin sos duenos andar.  
vv. 731-738.

Since the preceding remarks on the *Crónica Rimada* were published, Duran has reprinted the whole poem carefully, with the preface and notes, in the second volume of his *Romancero*, 1851, pp. 647-664. He comes to the conclusion, though he expresses it very modestly, that the *Poema del Cid* is much older than the *Crónica Rimada*,

—es muy anterior— (p. 649); and I doubt not that he is right, though he has not seemed to observe that the *Crónica* imitates the *Poema*. He remarks, however, on its free use of the old ballads, and on the additions it makes, without early authority, to the life of the *Cid*. I am, therefore, confirmed in my opinion that the *Crónica* is a much later work than the *Poema*; but it is right to add that Dozy (Tom. I. pp. 623-637) is of a different opinion, although he admits that its language is that of the fifteenth century, and cites to prove its great antiquity a ballad (pp. 635 and 675), which, on the contrary, I have little doubt served, as did other ballads, to build up the *Crónica*, and should, therefore, be cited to prove it to be later than the *Poema*, and not earlier. These two poems on the *Cid* have some resemblance to the "Chansons de Geste" of the Northern French Poets; so that Wolf has thought the Spanish was imitated from the French. (Wiener Jahrbücher, Band CXVII. p. 110, and Translation of this History, Band II. 485.) But Dozy (Recherches, Tom. I. p. 616 sqq.) is of an exactly opposite opinion, and seems to me to be right.

<sup>21</sup> The only knowledge of the manuscript containing these three poems was long derived from a few extracts in the "Biblioteca Española" of Rodriguez de Castro;—an important work, whose author was born in Galicia, in 1739, and died at Madrid, in 1799. The first volume, printed in 1781, in folio, under the patronage of the Count Florida Blanca, consists of a chronological account of the Rabbinical writers who appeared in Spain from the earliest times to his own, whether they wrote in Hebrew, Spanish, or any other language. The second, printed in 1786, consists of a similar account of the Spanish writers, heathen and Christian,

\* The poem with which this manuscript opens \* 23 is called "The Book of Apollonius," and is the reproduction of a story whose origin is obscure, but which is itself familiar to us in the eighth book of Gower's "Confessio Amantis," and in the play of "Pericles," that has sometimes been attributed to Shakespeare. It is found in Greek rhyme very early, but is here taken, almost without alteration of incident, from that great repository of popular fiction in the Middle Ages, the "Gesta Romanorum." It consists of about twenty-six hundred lines, divided into stanzas of four verses, all terminating with the same rhyme. At the beginning, the author says, in his own person:—

In God's name the most holy, and Saint Mary's name most dear,  
If they but guide and keep me in their blessed love and fear,  
I will strive to write a tale, in mastery new and clear,  
Where of royal Apollonius the courtly you shall hear.

The new mastery or method—*nueva maestría*—here claimed may be the structure of the stanza and its rhyme; for in other respects the versification is like that of the Poem of the *Cid*, showing, however, more skill and exactness in the mere measure, and a slight improvement in the language. But the merit of the poem is small. It contains occasional notices of the manners of the age when it was produced,—among the rest, some sketches of a female *jong-*

who wrote either in Latin or in Spanish down to the end of the thirteenth century, and whose number he makes about two hundred. Both volumes are somewhat inartificially compiled, and the literary opinions they express are of small value; but their materials, largely derived from manuscripts, are curious, and frequently such as can be found in print nowhere else.

In this work (Madrid, 1786, fol., Vol. II. pp. 504, 505), and for a long

time, as I have said, there alone, were found notices of these poems; but all of them were printed at the end of the Paris edition of Sanchez's "Coleccion de Poesias Anteriores al Siglo XV," from a copy of the original manuscript in the Escorial, marked there III. K. 4to. Judging by the specimens given in De Castro, the spelling of the manuscript has not been carefully followed in the copy used for the Paris edition.

\* 24 *leur*, or rather one who pretended to be \* such, — that are curious and interesting. Its chief attraction, however, is its story, and this, unhappily, is not original.<sup>22</sup>

The next poem in the collection is called "The Life of our Lady, Saint Mary of Egypt," — a saint formerly much more famous than she is now, and one whose history has often been rejected by the wiser members of the church that canonized her. Such as it appears in the old traditions, however, with all its sins upon its head, it is here set forth. But we notice at once a considerable difference between the composition of its verse and that of any Castilian poetry assigned to the same or an earlier period. It is written in short lines, generally of eight syllables, and in couplets; but sometimes a single line carelessly runs out to the number of ten or eleven syllables; and, in a few instances, three or even four lines are included in one rhyme. It has a light air, quite unlike the stateliness of the Poem of the *Cid*; and seems, from its verse and tone, as well as from a few French words scattered through it, to have been borrowed from some of the earlier French *Fabliaux*, or, at any rate, to have been written in imitation of their easy and garrulous style. It opens thus, showing that it was intended for recitation:—

Listen, ye lordlings, listen to me,  
For true is my tale, as true as can be;

<sup>22</sup> *Juglares* are regarded as a very degraded class in Partida IV. (Tit. xiv. Ley 3). The story of Apollonius, Prince of Tyre, as it is commonly called, and as we have its incidents in this long poem, is the 153d tale of the "Gesta Romanorum" (s. l. 1488, fol.). It is, however, much older than that collection. (Douce, Illustrations of Shakespeare, London, 1807, 8vo, Vol. II. p. 135; and Swan's translation of the Gesta, London, 1824, 12mo, Vol.

II. pp. 164–495.) Two words in the original Spanish of the passage translated in the text should be explained. The author says:—

Estudiar guerra.  
Componer un romance de nueva maestría.

*Romance* here evidently means *story*; and this is the earliest use of the word in this sense that I know of. *Maestría*, like our old English *Maisterie*, means *art* or *skill*, as in Chaucer, being the word afterwards corrupted into *Mystery*.

And listen in heart, that so ye may  
Have pardon, when humbly to God ye pray.

It consists of fourteen hundred such meagre, monkish verses, and is hardly of importance, except as a monument of the language at the period when it was written.<sup>23</sup>

\* The last of the three poems is in the same irregular measure and manner. \* 25 It is called "The Adoration of the Three Holy Kings," and begins with the old tradition about the wise men that came from the East; but its chief subject is an arrest of the Holy Family, during their flight to Egypt, by robbers, the child of one of whom is cured of a hideous leprosy by being bathed in water previously used for bathing the Saviour; this same child afterwards turning out to be the penitent thief of the crucifixion. It is a rhymed legend of only two hundred and fifty lines, and belongs to the large class of such compositions that were long popular in Western Europe.<sup>24</sup>

<sup>23</sup> St. Mary of Egypt was a saint of great repute in Spain and Portugal, and had her adventures written by Pedro de Ribadeneyra, in 1609, and Diego Vas Carrillo, in 1673. They were also fully given in the "Flos Sanctorum" of the former, and, in a more attractive form, by Bartolomé Cayrasco de Figueroa, at the end of his "Templo Militante," itself a sort of Flos Sanctorum (Valladolid, 1602, 12mo), where they fill about one hundred and thirty flowing octave stanzas, and by Montalvan, in the drama of "La Gitana de Menfis." She has, too, a church dedicated to her at Rome, on the bank of the Tiber, made out of the graceful ruins of the temple of Fortuna Virilis. But her history has often been rejected as apocryphal, or at least as unfit to be repeated. (Bayle, Dictionnaire Historique et Critique, Amsterdam, 1740, fol., Tom. III. pp. 334–336.)

It is agreeable to add that this conjecture of the French origin of the "Vida de Sta. Maria Egypciaca," first

published by me in 1849, has been fully confirmed by a learned paper in the Sitzungsberichte of the Vienna Academy, 1863 (Class. Phil.-Hist., Vol. XLIII.), by Adolf Mussafia. He reprints the early part of the *Fabliano*, from which, or from some recension of it, the Spanish poem is undoubtedly, in substance, a translation. The suggestion, therefore, of Mifa y Fontanals (Trovadores, 1861, pp. 511, 512), that it was taken from some *Provençal* poem, is not to be accepted.

<sup>24</sup> Both of the last poems in this MS. were first printed by the distinguished statesman and scholar, the Marques de Pidal, in the Revista de Madrid, 1841, and, as it would seem, from bad copies. At least, they contain many more inaccuracies of spelling, versification, and style, than the first, and appear to be of a later age; for I do not think the French *Fabliaux*, which they imitate, were known in Spain till after the period commonly assigned to the Apollonius.

Thus far, the poetry of the first century of Spanish literature, like the earliest poetry of other modern countries, is anonymous; for authorship was a distinction rarely coveted or thought of by those who composed in any of the dialects then forming throughout Europe, among the common people. It is even impossible to tell from what part of the Christian conquests in Spain the poems of which we have spoken have come to us. We may infer, indeed, from their language and tone, that the Poem of the Cid belongs to the border country of the Moorish war in the direction of Catalonia and Valencia, and that the earliest ballads, of which we shall speak hereafter, came originally from the midst of the contest, with whose very spirit they are often imbued. In the same way, too, we may be persuaded that the poems of a more

religious temper were produced in the quieter \* 26 kingdoms of the North, \* where monasteries had been founded, and Christianity had already struck its roots deep into the soil of the national character. Still, we have no evidence to show where any one of the poems we have thus far noticed was written.

But, as we advance, this state of things is changed. The next poetry we meet is by a known author, and comes from a known locality. It was written by Gonzalo, a secular priest who belonged to the monastery of San Millan or Saint Emilianus, in the territory of Calahorra, far within the borders of the Moorish war, and who is commonly called Berceo, from the place of his birth. Of the poet himself we know little, except that he flourished from 1220 to 1246, and that, as he once speaks of suffering from the weariness of old

age,<sup>25</sup> he probably died after 1260, in the reign of Alfonso the Wise.<sup>26</sup>

His works amount to above thirteen thousand lines, and fill an octavo volume.<sup>27</sup> They are all on religious subjects, and consist of rhymed Lives of San Domingo de Silos, Santa Oria, and San Millan; poems on the Mass, the Martyrdom of San Lorenzo, the Merits of the Madonna, the Signs that are to precede the Last Judgment, and the Mourning of the Madonna at the Cross, with a few Hymns, and especially a poem of more than three thousand six hundred lines on the Miracles of the Virgin Mary. With one inconsiderable exception, the whole of this formidable mass of verse is divided into stanzas of four lines each, like those in the poem of Apollonius of Tyre; and though in the language there is a perceptible advance since the days when the Poem of the Cid was written, still the power and movement of that remarkable legend are entirely wanting in the verses of the careful ecclesiastic.<sup>28</sup>

<sup>25</sup> It is in Sta. Oria, st. 2.

Quiero en mi vegez, maguer so ya cansado,  
De esta santa Virgen romançar su dictado.

<sup>26</sup> Sanchez, Poesías Anteriores, Tom. II. p. iv; Tom. III. pp. xlv-lvi. As Berceo was ordained Deacon in 1221, he must have been born as early as 1193, since deacon's orders were not taken before the age of twenty-three. See some curious remarks on the subject of Berceo in the "Examen Critico del Tomo Primero de el Anti-Quixote" (Madrid, 1806, 12mo, pp. 22 et seq.), an anonymous pamphlet, written, I believe, by Pellicer, the editor of Don Quixote.

<sup>27</sup> The second volume of Sanchez's Poesías Anteriores.

<sup>28</sup> The metrical form adopted by Berceo, which Lorenzo de Segura, in the same century, calls the *quaderna via*, and which is, in fact, that of the poem of Apollonius, should be particularly noticed, because it continued to be a favorite one in Spain for above two centuries. The following stanzas, which

are among the best in Berceo, may serve as a favorable specimen of its character. They are from the "Signs of the Judgment," Sanchez, Tom. II. p. 274:—

Esti sera el uno de los signos dubdados:  
Subira a las nubes el mar muchos estados,  
Mas alto que las sierras è mas que los collados,  
Tanto que en sequero fincaran los pescados.

Las aves esso mesmo menudas è granadas  
Andaran dando gritos todas mal espantadas;  
Assi faran las bestias por domar è domadas,  
Non podran à la noche tornar a sus posadas.

And this shall be one of the signs that fill with  
doubts and fright:  
The sea its waves shall gather up, and lift them,  
in its might,  
Up to the clouds, and far above the dark sier-  
ra's height,  
Leaving the fishes on dry land, a strange and  
fearful sight.

The birds besides that fill the air, the birds  
both small and great,  
Shall screaming fly and wheel about, scared by  
their coming fate;  
And quadrupeds, both those we tame, and those  
in untamed state,

- \* 27 \* "The Life of San Domingo de Silos," with which his volume opens, begins, like a homily, with these words: "In the name of the Father, \* 28 who made all things, and of \* our Lord Jesus Christ, son of the glorious Virgin, and of the Holy Spirit, who is equal with them, I intend to tell a story

Shall wander round, nor shelter find where safe they wouled of late.

There was, no doubt, difficulty in such a protracted system of rhyme, but not much; and when rhyme first appeared in the modern languages, an excess of it was the natural consequence of its novelty. Scott once attempted it near the end of "The Talisman," when he undertook to imitate the Provençal style of verse. But though he gave it up gracefully, I think he was stopped by its difficulty from going beyond a few lines. In large portions of the Provençal poetry, its abundance is quite ridiculous; as in the "Croisade contre les Hérétiques Albigeois," — a remarkable poem, dating from 1210, excellently edited by M. C. Fauriel (Paris, 1837, 4to), — in which stanzas occur where the same rhyme is repeated above a hundred times. When and where this quaternion rhyme, as it is used by Berceo, was first introduced cannot be determined; but it seems to have been very early employed in poems that were to be publicly recited. (F. Wolf, *Ueber die Lais*, Wien, 1841, 8vo, p. 257.) The oldest example I know of it in a modern dialect dates from about 1100, and is found in the curious MS. of Poetry of the Waldenses (F. Diez, *Troubadours*, Zwickau, 1826, 8vo, p. 230) used by Raynouard; — the instance to which I refer being "Lo novel Confort" (*Poésies des Troubadours*, Paris, 1817, 8vo, Tom. II. p. 111), which begins: —

Aquest novel confort de vertuos lavor  
Mando vos scrivent en carita et en amor:  
Prego vos carament per l'amor del seignor,  
Abandona lo segle, serye a Dio cum temor.

In Spain, whither it no doubt came from Provence, its history is simply, — that it occurs in the poem of Apollonius; that it gets its first known date in Berceo about 1230; and that it continued in use till the end of the fourteenth century.

The thirteen thousand verses of Ber-

ceo's poetry, including even the Hymns, are, with the exception of about twenty lines of the "Duelo de la Virgen," in this measure. These twenty lines constitute a song of the Jews who watched the sepulchre after the crucifixion, and, like the parts of the demons in the old Mysteries, are intended to be droll, but are, in fact, as Berceo himself says of them, more truly than perhaps he was aware, "not worth three figs." They are, however, of some consequence, as perhaps the earliest specimen of Spanish lyrical poetry that has come down to us with a date. They begin thus: —

Velat, alhama de los Judios,  
Eya velar!  
Que no vos furten el fijo de Dios,  
Eya velar!  
Car furtarvoslo querran,  
Eya velar!  
Andre è Pedro et Johan,  
Eya velar!

Duelo, 178-9.

Watch, congregation of the Jew,  
Up and watch!  
Lest they should steal God's son from you,  
Up and watch!  
For they will seek to steal the son,  
Up and watch!  
His followers, Andrew, and Peter, and John,  
Up and watch!

Sanchez considers it a *Villancico*, to be sung like a litany (Tom. IV. p. ix); and Martinez de la Rosa treats it much in the same way. (*Obras*, Paris, 1827, 12mo, Tom. I. p. 161.)

In general the versification of Berceo is regular, — sometimes it is harmonious; and though he now and then indulges himself in imperfect rhymes, that may be the beginning of the national *asonantes* (Sanchez, Tom. II. p. xv), still the license he takes is much less than might be anticipated. Indeed, Sanchez represents the harmony and finish of his versification as quite surprising, and uses stronger language in relation to it than seems justifiable, considering some of the facts he admits. (Tom. II. p. xi.)

of a holy confessor. I intend to tell a story in the plain Romance, in which the common man is wont to talk with his neighbor; for I am not so learned as to use the other Latin. It will be well worth, as I think, a cup of good wine."<sup>29</sup> Of course, there is no poetry in thoughts like these; and much of what Berceo has left us does not rise higher.

Occasionally, however, we find better things. In some portions of his work there is a simple-hearted piety that is very attractive, and in some a story-telling spirit that is occasionally striking. The best passages are to be found in his long poem on the "Miracles of the Virgin," which consists of a series of twenty-five tales of her intervention in human affairs, composed evidently for the purpose of increasing the spirit of devotion in the worship particularly paid to her. The opening or induction to these tales contains the most poetical passage in Berceo's works; and in the following version the measure and system \* of rhyme in the original have been preserved, \* 29 so as to give something of its air and manner: —

<sup>29</sup> San Domingo de Silos, st. 1 and 2. The Saviour, according to the fashion of the age, is called, in v. 2, *Don Jesu Christo*, — the word then being synonymous with *Dominus*. See a curious note on its use, in Don Quixote, ed. Clemencin, Madrid, 1836, 4to, Tom. V. p. 408.

Don was, originally, and for a long time, it is said, given as of right to nothing less than saints, the royal family, and the *Ricos Omnes*; — a rank nearly or quite equal to that of *Grandees* in modern times. When it was conferred, it was done by especial patent, as, for instance, in the case of Columbus; for it was not implied by the fact of having another title. (*Gudiel Familia de los Girones*, 1577, ff. 4 b. and 73 a. *Salazar de Mendoza*, *Origen de las Dignidades seglares*, 1618, Lib. I. c. 6 and 9. *Navarrete*, *Coleccion de Viajes*, Tom. II. 1825, p. 9.) But it gradually lost much of its meaning, and soon

after 1600 Salazar says it was *conferred* on anybody that wanted it, — a *quantos le quieren*. Later it was *assumed*, without authority, even more than the title of *Esquire* is with us. A poem, ridiculing its abuse, was written as long ago as the middle of the eighteenth century, in which we are told that, since the apple-women give and take *Señor* and *Don* by basketsful, these titles have lost all meaning: —

Porque dar *Señor* y *Don*  
Es lo mismo que dar nada,  
Pues se lo toman y tornan  
Las *Fruterías* a *Canastas*.

(*El Jornalero por Sylvestre Campesino que no tiene Don si no es prestado*, Madrid, 1759, 4to, pp. 8.)

Nowadays everybody receives it. Your tailor is addressed *Señor Don Luis X.*, *Sastre*. *Minutoli*, *altes und neues aus Spanien*, 1854, 8vo, Tom. II. p. 127.

My friends, and faithful vassals of Almighty God above,  
If ye listen to my words in a spirit to improve,  
A tale ye shall hear of piety and love,  
Which afterwards yourselves shall heartily approve.

I, a master in Divinity, Gonzalve Berceo hight,  
Once wandering as a Pilgrim, found a meadow richly dight,  
Green and peopled full of flowers, of flowers fair and bright,  
A place where a weary man would rest him with delight.

And the flowers I beheld all looked and smelt so sweet,  
That the senses and the soul they seemed alike to greet;  
While on every side ran fountains through all this glad retreat,  
Which in winter kindly warmth supplied, yet tempered summer's heat.

And of rich and goodly trees there grew a boundless maze,  
Granada's apples bright, and figs of golden rays,  
And many other fruits, beyond my skill to praise;  
But none that turneth sour, and none that e'er decays.

The freshness of that meadow, the sweetness of its flowers,  
The dewy shadows of the trees, that fell like cooling showers,  
Renewed within my frame its worn and wasted powers;  
I deem the very odors would have nourished me for hours.<sup>30</sup>

This induction, which is continued through forty stanzas more, of unequal merit, is little connected with the stories that follow; the stories, again, are not at all connected among themselves; and the whole ends abruptly with a few lines of homage to the Madonna. It is, therefore, inartificial in its structure throughout. But in the narrative parts there is often naturalness and spirit, and sometimes, though rarely, poetry. The tales themselves belong to the religious fictions \* 30 of the Middle Ages, and were no \* doubt intended to excite devout feelings in those to whom they were addressed; but, like the old Mysteries, and

<sup>30</sup> Amigos è vasallos de Dios omnipotent,  
Si vos me escuchasedes por vuestro consiment,  
Querriavos contar un buen aveniment:  
Térredeslo en cabo por bueno verament.

Yo Maestro Gonzalvo de Berceo nomnado  
Iendo en Romeria caeci en un prado,  
Verde è bien senecido, de flores bien poblado,  
Logar cobdiciaduro para ome cansado.

Daban olor sobejo las flores bien olientes,  
Refrescaban en ome las caras e las mientes,

Manaban cada canto fuentes claras corrientes,  
En verano bien frias, en yvierno calientes.

Avie hy grand abondo de buenas arboledas,  
Milgranos è figueras, peros è mazanedas,  
E muchas otras fructas de diversas monedas;  
Mas non avie ningunas podridas nin acedas.

La verdura del prado, la olor de las flores,  
Las sombras de los arbores de temprados sabores  
Refrescaronme todo è perdi los sudores:  
Podrie vevir el ome con aquellos olores.  
Sánchez, Tom. II. p. 285.

much else that passed under the name of religion at the same period, they often betray a very doubtful morality.<sup>31</sup>

"The Miracles of the Virgin" is not only the longest, but the most curious, of the poems of Berceo. The rest, however, should not be entirely neglected. The poem on the "Signs which shall precede the Judgment" is often solemn, and once or twice rises to poetry; the story of María de Cisneros, in the "Life of San Domingo," is well told, and so is that of the wild appearance in the heavens of Saint James and Saint Millan fighting for the Christians at the battle of Simancas, much as it is found in the "General Chronicle of Spain." But perhaps nothing is more characteristic of the author or of his age than the spirit of childlike simplicity and religious tenderness that breathes through several parts of the "Mourning of the Madonna at the Cross,"—a spirit of gentle, faithful, credulous devotion, with which the Spanish people in their wars against the Moors were as naturally marked as they were with the ignorance that belonged to the Christian world generally in those dark and troubled times.<sup>32</sup>

<sup>31</sup> A good account of this part of Berceo's works, though I think somewhat too severe, is to be found in Dr. Dünham's "History of Spain and Portugal" (London, 1832, 18mo, Tom. IV. pp. 215-229), a work of merit, the early part of which, as in the case of Berceo, rests more frequently than might be expected on original authorities. Excellent translations will be found in Prof. Longfellow's Introductory Essay to his version of the Coplas de Manrique, Boston, 1833, 12mo, pp. 5 and 10.

<sup>32</sup> For example, when the Madonna is represented as looking at the cross, and addressing her expiring Son:—

Fio, siempre orivemos io è tu una vida;  
Io à ti quisi mucho, è fui de ti querida;  
Io sempre te crey, è fui de ti creida;  
La tu piedad larga ahora me oblida?

Fio, non me obliedes è lievame contigo,  
Non me finca en sieglo mas de un buen amigo;

Juan quem dist por fio aqui plora con migo:  
Ruegote quem condones esto que io te digo.  
St. 78, 79.

I read these stanzas with a feeling akin to that with which I should look at a picture on the same subject by Perugino. They may be translated thus:—

My son, in thee and me life still was felt as one;  
I loved thee much, and thou lovedst me in  
perfectness, my son;  
My faith in thee was sure, and I thy faith had  
won;  
And doth thy large and pitying love forget me  
now, my son?

My son, forget me not, but take my soul with  
thine;  
The earth holds but one heart that kindred is  
with mine.—  
John, whom thou gavest to be my child, who  
here with me doth pine;  
I pray thee, then, that to my prayer thou gra-  
ciously incline.

\*31 \* I cannot pass further without offering the tribute of my homage to two persons who have done more than any others in the nineteenth century to make Spanish literature known, and to obtain for it the honors to which it is entitled beyond the limits of the country that gave it birth.

The first of them, and one whose name I have already cited, is Friedrich Bouterwek, who was born at Oker, in the kingdom of Hanover, in 1766, and passed nearly all the more active portion of his life at Göttingen, where he died in 1828, widely respected as one of the most distinguished professors of that long-favored university. A project for preparing by the most competent hands a full history of the arts and sciences from the period of their revival in modern Europe was first suggested at Göttingen by another of its well-known professors, John Gottfried Eichhorn, in the latter part of the eighteenth century. But, though that remarkable scholar published, in 1796-99, two volumes of a learned Introduction to the whole work which he had projected, he went no further, and most of his coadjutors stopped when he did, or soon afterwards. The portion of it assigned to Bouterwek, however, which was the entire history of elegant literature in modern times, was happily achieved by him between 1801 and 1819, in twelve volumes, octavo. Of this division "The History of Spanish Literature" fills the third volume, and was published in 1804;—a work remarkable for its general philosophical views, and by far the best extant on the subject it discusses; but imperfect in many particulars, because its author was unable to procure a large number of Spanish books needful for his task, and because he knew many considerable Spanish authors only by insufficient extracts. In 1812 a translation of it into French was printed, in two volumes, by Madame Streck, with a judicious preface by the venerable M. Stapfer. In 1823 it came out, together with its author's brief "History of Portuguese Literature," in an English translation made with taste and skill by Miss Thomasina Ross; and, in 1829, a Spanish version of the first and smallest part of it, with important notes, sufficient with the text to fill a volume in octavo, was prepared by two excellent Spanish scholars, José Gomez de la Cortina, and Nicolás Hugalde y Mollinedo,—a work which all

lovers of Spanish literature would gladly see completed. It was, however, attacked in a paper published at Bayonne; but it was defended successfully in a tract entitled "Cuatro Palmetazos bien plantados por el Domine Lucas a los Gazeteros de Bayona," ec. (Cadiz, 1830, 4to, pp. 28), written by Bart. José Gallardo. Puigblanch *Opusculos Gramatico-Satiricos*. Londres [1832], 12mo, Tom. I. p. lxxvi;—a whimsical collection of odds and ends of politics and learning.

Since the time of Bouterwek, no foreigner has done more to promote a knowledge of Spanish literature than M. Simonde de Sismondi, who was born at Geneva, in 1773, and died there in 1842, honored and loved by all who knew his wise and generous spirit, as it exhibited itself either in his personal intercourse, or in his great works on the history of France and Italy,—two countries to which, by a line of time-honored ancestors, he seemed almost equally to belong. In 1811 he delivered in his native city a course of brilliant lectures on the literature of the South of Europe, and, in 1813, published them at Paris. They involved an account of the Provençal and the Portuguese, as well as of the Italian and the Spanish; but in whatever relates to the Spanish Sismondi was even less well provided with the original authors than Bouterwek had been, and was, in consequence, under obligations to his predecessor, which, while he takes no pains to conceal them, diminish the authority of a work that will yet always be read for the beauty of its style, and the richness and wisdom of its reflections. The entire series of these lectures was translated into German by L. Hain, in 1815, and into English with notes, by T. Roscoe, in 1823. The part relating to Spanish literature was published in Spanish, with occasional alterations and additions, by José Lorenzo Figueroa and José Amador de los Rios, at Seville, in two vols. 8vo, 1841-42,—the notes relating to Andalusian authors being particularly valuable.

None but those who have gone over the whole ground occupied by Spanish literature can know how great are the merits of scholars like Bouterwek and Sismondi,—acute, philosophical, and thoughtful,—who, with an apparatus of authors so incomplete, have yet done so much for the illustration of their subject.

## \* CHAPTER III.

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ALFONSO THE WISE.—HIS LIFE.—HIS LETTER TO PEREZ DE GUZMAN.—HIS CÁNTIGAS IN THE GALICIAN.—ORIGIN OF THAT DIALECT AND OF THE PORTUGUESE.—HIS TESORO.—HIS PROSE.—LAW CONCERNING THE CASTILIAN.—HIS CONQUISTA DE ULTRAMAR.—OLD FUEROS.—THE FUERO JUZGO.—THE SETENARIO.—THE ESPEJO.—THE FUERO REAL.—THE SIETE PARTIDAS AND THEIR MERITS.—CHARACTER OF ALFONSO.

THE second known author in Castilian literature bears a name much more distinguished than the first. It is Alfonso the Tenth, who, from his great advancement in various branches of human knowledge, has been called Alfonso the Wise, or the Learned. He was the son of Ferdinand the Third, a saint in the Roman calendar, who, uniting anew the crowns of Castile and Leon, and enlarging the limits of his power by important conquests from the Moors, settled more firmly than they had before been settled the foundations of a Christian empire in the Peninsula.<sup>1</sup>

Alfonso was born in 1221, and ascended the throne

<sup>1</sup> Mariana, *Hist.*, Lib. XII. c. 15, ad. fin. Ferdinand was canonized by Clement X. in 1671, and the magnificent festival that followed—the most magnificent and gorgeous that Seville ever saw—is recorded at length in a folio volume, with numerous plates, published the same year by Fernando de la Torre Farfan, which, notwithstanding the Gongorism of its style, is a book to be read for the history of Spanish art. The remains of St. Ferdinand constitute the peculiar claim of the Cathedral of Seville to the worship of the devout; but it may not be amiss to remember that this is the king who, to show his religious zeal, carried, with his own royal hands, wood for burning a poor

Albigensian heretic, and then kindled the flames;—an act of devotion recorded by Mariana, as if to do him honor (Lib. XII. c. xi.), and glorified in poetry by Calderon (*Auto del Santo Rey*, Parte I.), and in a fresco by Lucas de Valdes, on the walls of the church of St. Paul, at Seville. (Cean Bermudez, *Diccionario*, 1800, Tom. V. p. 106.) It is but just to add that this early spirit of intolerance is not due to the Inquisition, which was not known in Spain till two centuries after Ferdinand's death (see post, Chap. XXIV.); but that this spirit rather itself gave birth to the Inquisition, as its natural result and exponent.