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# HISPANIC

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# FERNAM LOPEZ

BY

AUBREY F. G. BELL



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## PREFACE

IT is characteristic of Portuguese 'desleixo' that Fernam Lopez, 'the best chronicler of any age or nation', cannot be read in a good edition. That of the *Biblioteca de Classicos Portuguezes* is careless and unreliable, while the excellent edition by Senhor Braamcamp Freire includes only the first part of one chronicle and its retention of the original spelling in every particular, e.g. *naturall* (*natural*), *escrevem* (*escrevem*), *geeraçom* (*geraçam*), *recomtando* (*recontando*), makes it somewhat difficult reading. The spelling will have to be slightly modernized when Fernam Lopez' chronicles are included in the definitive *Biblioteca de Autores Portugueses* which is so long overdue. Fernam Lopez wrote for the people (*ao povo*) and should be read by hundreds of thousands. The popular character of his chronicles was appreciated by the author of the miniatures

in the manuscript of Part I of the *Cronica de D. Joam* in the Biblioteca Nacional at Madrid (V. 2. 2). They include crowned kings but also many peasant types: two men sawing, in green and blue; a boy leaning on a stout staff keeping the sheep, a dog asleep at his side (black cap, grey wallet, maroon smock, brown leggings, black shoes); a woman with distaff, spinning (white kerchief, blue blouse, brown skirt over green underskirt, black shoes); a man in light green pouring red wine from a small vat into a barrel, a negro with red-pointed slippers and red shield; a peasant with a stick and huge black hat, black shoes, tight-fitting red trousers, deep-blue blouse, and green cloak; another similarly dressed, only that he has black boots reaching above the knee; another with game and a basket of eggs (or cheeses) in grey smock, loose yellow gaiters, black shoes, and grey cowl-like cap; a man in the stocks; a man rowing, with a black kind of *boina* on his head. It was fitting that the popular atmosphere of Fernam

Lopez' chronicles should be thus expressed. Even more curious than the absence of good Portuguese texts of Lopez is the fact that he has not been translated. No doubt his chronicles are long, but, while the need in Portugal is not for selections but for a good complete text of all the classics, there is no reason why the story contained in the chronicles should not be presented to foreign readers in carefully chosen translated extracts. The neglect in modern times of the writer of whom Herculano said that 'adivinhou os principios da moderna historia' is one of the most interesting facts in literature. The following are the existing

EDITIONS: *Cronica de D. Joam*, Lisboa, 1644, 7 vols. Lisboa, 1897, 8 [Biblioteca de Classicos Portuguezes]. *Primeira Parte*, ed. A. Braamcamp Freire, Lisboa, 1915; *Cronica de D. Pedro*, in *Collecção de Livros Ineditos de Historia Portugueza*, vol. iv (1816). pp. 1-120, Lisboa, 1895 [Biblioteca de Classicos Portuguezes]; *Cronica de D. Fernando*, in *Collecção de*

Livros Ineditos de Historia Portugueza, vol. iv (1816), pp. 121-535, 3 vols., Lisboa, 1895, 6; *Coronica do Condestabre de Purtugal*, Lisboa, 1526, 2<sup>a</sup> ed., *Coronica do Condeestabre de Purtugall*, Lisboa, 1554, Lisboa, 1563, Porto, 1848; *Chronica do Condestabre de Portugal*, ed. J. Mendes dos Remedios, Coimbra, 1911 [Subsidios para o Estudo da Historia da Literatura Portuguesa, vol. xiv].

WORKS OF REFERENCE: F. M. Trigozo d'Aragão Morato, *Discurso preliminar e introdução ás Chronicas de Fernam Lopes*, in *Collecção de Livros Ineditos*, vol. iv (1816), pp. vii-xxxvii; Alexandre Herculano, *Historiadores Portugueses*, in *O Panorama* (1839), reprinted in *Opusculos*, vol. v, 1907 ed., pp. 3-6; A. Braamcamp Freire, *Primeira Parte da Crónica de D. João I* (1915), *Introdução*, pp. v-lxx; F. M. Esteves Pereira, *A Chronica do Condestabre de Portugal*, D. Nuno Alvarez Pereira, in *Boletim da Segunda Classe da Academia das Sciencias de Lisboa*, vol. ix, fasc. 2 (1915), pp. 380-9.



## FERNAM LOPEZ

(c. 1380—c. 1460)

## I

THOSE who believe that the Renaissance came bringing floods of light to put an end to the pitch darkness of the Middle Ages are inclined to date the beginning of Portuguese prose from the stately periods of the historian João de Barros. Others, to whom the Renaissance seems often as much destroyer as renewer, will find powerful arguments to support that view in the Portugal of the fifteenth century. The prose of the Infante Pedro, Duke of Coimbra, of his brother King Duarte, of Fernam Lopez, Frei João Alvarez, Lopo de Almeida, and others has qualities of concision, vigour, and vivid

directness which subsequently became deadened, so that a Portuguese stylist to-day must go for his models not only to Frei Luis de Sousa or Frei Manuel Bernardes and other sixteenth and seventeenth-century masters, but to the earlier prose of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Fernam Lopez was successful and honoured in his lifetime, but his fame during the last four or five centuries has suffered many eclipses. The influence of the Renaissance in Portugal in the first third and the conquest of Portugal by Spain in the last third of the sixteenth century could not but be fatal to so national a writer, and the numerous accounts of the Portuguese discoveries and victories in Africa and India threw him temporarily into the shade. Damião de Goes, as an independent scholar, championed this 'copious and discreet writer', and Duarte Nunez de Llam spoke of his 'diligence and enthusiasm (*fe*)'. In the eighteenth century an author of his quaintness and individuality was naturally

neglected, but his opportunity came in the first third of the nineteenth century, with the advent of romanticism; in 1816 two of his chronicles were published by Francisco Trigozo de Aragão Morato; in 1826 the French critic Ferdinand Denis spoke of him in terms of eulogy; in 1839 the great Portuguese historian Alexandre Herculano declared that 'in the chronicles of Fernam Lopez there is not only history, there is poetry and drama; there is the Middle Ages, with their faith, their enthusiasm, their love of glory. In this he resembles the almost contemporary French chronicler Froissart, but in all these qualities he clearly excels him.' Only those who have not read Fernam Lopez and do not know Herculano can look upon this reasoned judgement as a piece of patriotic boastfulness. Robert Southey had already called Fernam Lopez 'the greatest chronicler of any age or nation'. But by a singular misfortune, just when the Romantic movement might have helped to spread knowledge and appreciation of Fernam

Lopez, in England the path was effectively blocked by the sentence contemptuously passed upon him by the only available authority on Portuguese literature in the English language: 'The narrative of this diligent compiler is, indeed, quite as dull and monotonous as that of the older Portuguese chroniclers; but he obviously made efforts to express himself with a certain degree of dignity. He neglects no opportunity of making his historical characters deliver speeches, after the manner of the ancient writers; and a certain degree of energetic simplicity is to be found in some of those harangues.' Probably neither the author of these words, Friedrich Bouterwek (1), nor their translator, Thomasina Ross, had read the chronicles of Fernam Lopez, but however that may be this outrageous and inexcusable passage was no doubt responsible for the fact that they remained a closed book to English readers during the nineteenth century. Nor did they in Portugal receive the tribute of a good



and authoritative text till Senhor Braamcamp Freire published that of the first part of the *Cronica del Rei Dom Joam* four and a half centuries after Fernam Lopez' death.

## II

ALTHOUGH it may be maintained that Fernam Lopez is the greatest of the chroniclers, he was certainly not the earliest of the great chroniclers. He might not have reached so high a pitch of excellence had not Froissart (1337-c. 1410) and López de Ayala (1332-1407) written before him. Froissart died about half a century before Fernam Lopez, and in the twelfth century the cold restraint of Geoffroy de Villehardouin (†1212) and in the thirteenth the vivid ingenuous charm of Jean de Joinville (1224-1319) had foreshadowed between them many of the best qualities of the later chroniclers, while another French chronicler of merit, Jean Lebel, died in 1370. In English we have nothing in this line so early as Fernam

Lopez; Italy had produced the painstaking, honest chroniclers Dino Compagni (1257?-1324) and Giovanni Villani (c. 1285-1348). In Spain and Portugal there were a host of brief anonymous chronicles and the *Crónica General* of Alfonso the learned had existed since 1268. It required, however, the genius of two men, López de Ayala in Spain, Fernam Lopez in Portugal, to give life to the dead bones. The debt of Lopez to Ayala was obviously great. The classical introduction of speeches, which has been made a reproach to Lopez, was derived from his Spanish predecessor, and, as we shall see, he not only imitated his methods but transferred from him bodily such passages as suited his purpose.

Fernam Lopez was born about the year 1380, about the time of Aljubarrota. The first forty years of his life are plunged in a darkness upon which the most careful researches have been able to throw no ray of light. We do not know exactly when he was born nor where he was born

(at Lisbon, surely, his 'city famous among cities'), nor the name of the father who had witnessed the heroic events which his son was destined to record and render immortal. In the year 1418 Lopez was appointed Keeper of the Archives in the Lisbon Torre do Tombo. He was secretary to King João I from 1419, at least, till the king's death in 1433, and subsequently to his successor, King Duarte (1433-8), whose secretary he had apparently been in 1418; while in 1422 he became private secretary to another of the royal princes, the unfortunate Dom Fernando, who in his will left him 50,000 réis and a book. On March 19, 1434, the serious and literary King Duarte assigned him a yearly stipend of 14,000 réis (2), to be a reward for his services as chronicler: 'We have charged Fernam Lopez, our secretary', runs the decree, 'to set in chronicles the history of the kings who reigned of old in Portugal, and of the great and noble deeds of the most virtuous king my lord and father' (3). This salary was continued after King



Duarte's death, and was increased to 20,000 by his successor King Afonso V in 1449. For thirty-three years Lopez kept his official post in the Torre do Tombo, and only old age was the reason of his being replaced in 1451 or 1452 by another famous chronicler, Gomez Eanez de Zurara, who became his official successor by a decree of June 6, 1454, which records that Fernam Lopez is 'so old and weak that he cannot personally fulfil the duties of his office'. Eleven years earlier Lopez had lost his son Martim, who accompanied the Infante Fernando as physician during his captivity in Morocco and died there, as did the Infante, in prison. He left an illegitimate son, Nuno Martins, to whom we are grateful for affording us proof that his grandfather was still alive on July 3, 1459. On that date he obtained a decree allowing him the free disposal of his belongings, which he had no intention of bestowing on his grandson, against whose legitimization he had protested. Thus the approximate date of

his death is 1460, at the age of about eighty. For his character his long tenure of office, the trust placed in him by two kings of high ideals, João I and Duarte, and the scrupulousness of his historical work speak clearly. No less favourable is the impression made by his beautifully distinct, strong, bold handwriting (4), and indeed by the fact that so little is known of him although he occupied a high position: he was too wrapped up in the magic of his story to give us details about himself; he was content to do his work well and we abundantly reap the reward.

## III

ALTHOUGH Fernam Lopez wrote the history of Portugal from the beginning, all the chronicles of the kings, that is, from the twelfth century to 1411 (5), only three remain in the form in which he wrote them: the short *Cronica del Rei Dom Pedro I* (6), the *Cronica del Rei Dom Fernando* (7), and the *Cronica del Rei Dom Joam* (8) in two parts. The rest only survive in the work of later authors who revised and renewed them. Even so a glamour and interest is cast over many a passage. The terrible system of whitewash which has defaced so many ancient buildings in Spain and Portugal was fatal also to the chronicles of Fernam Lopez, but ever and anon his genius shows through the whitewash.

Lopez viewed the post and duties of official chronicler as seriously as King Duarte could have wished. With a truly modern conception of the historian's art he made the most careful scrutiny of all available sources, inscriptions, and manuscripts. With 'great toil and diligence' he turned over the leaves of many books. 'Who is there', he exclaims, and the sentence has a modern ring, 'who is not annoyed in turning over bundles of rotten documents when their age and decay refuse what one would fain know?' (9) From 1418 he had an official post in the Lisbon archives, he had the run of the king's library, and King Duarte had manuscripts specially brought from Castille for his use. For the next sixteen years he collected and examined materials. 'O with what care and diligence', he delightfully exclaims, 'we examined great volumes of books of various lands and languages, and also public documents of many archives and other places, so that, after long vigils and great labours, we could not



have arrived at greater certainty than is contained in this work. And if in some books be found the contrary of what is here set down, consider that they wrote thus not wittingly but certainly in error. If others perchance seek beauty and novelty of style in this chronicle and not the truth of history, they may be displeased with what is so easy for them to read, but has cost us so much labour to compose' (10). 'This master of style is in fact so sure of his hold on his readers that he can refer again and again to his 'bare prose' and absence of rhetoric. But had he been less well equipped with materials and knowledge, had he schooled himself less diligently, he might have been more inclined to give the reins to his rhetoric and have produced a work more showy and less substantial. Lopez thus satisfies the first test of a great historian: diligence in search for and examination of the materials for his work. He possesses also in a high degree a regard for truth and accuracy and a judicial mind in weighing

evidence. He has no wish, he says, to 'deck out history with foolish fairy tales'. His object is *a certa verdade como se passou*. The chronicler must be 'very sure in what he says' and 'history must be the light of truth'. 'Setting aside those ornate and artificial sentences which greatly delight the ear, we prefer the naked truth to adorned falsehood, and be assured that we assert nothing that has not proof and documents to attest it, nay, we would rather be silent than write that which is false' (11). He wrote *sine ira et studio (posta adeparte toda afeiçom)*. If he portrays the Master of Avis and his Constable Nun' Alvarez with glowing enthusiasm, he is surely justified by their great services to their country, and he skilfully defends himself beforehand against the critics (12).

Thirdly, he fulfils the demand that the matter thus obtained, examined, and sifted should be set forth in clear style and good proportion. He gives the events 'plainly without rhetoric', 'in a good and clear style'. Rarely indeed does he fall into

the flowery phrases which were so dear to his successor Zurara, who could combine accuracy and sincerity with the most pompous and inflated diction (13). He boasts of the brevity of his style (*brevidade do curto estylo*). He is no less concerned with the proportion and clear ordering of his work. He will deal, he says in one passage (14), with 'a matter which famous historians have mentioned in their chronicles, and will do so briefly, but more clearly than they'. And in fact there is not an obscure passage in his chronicles. The sentences are sometimes long, or even clumsy, but their sense is never doubtful. There was evidently an ordered method in his history of the kings of Portugal covering three centuries. History, he says, should be perfectly and well ordered. ✓ He would have been glad, he declares, to pass over the praises of King João I, so afraid is he of not doing justice to his subject, but to omit to give a summary of his character would be to break with the system followed in the rest of the work,

and that would be a fault (15). To all these qualities must be added that without which an excellent historian may nevertheless produce a lifeless work : the fervour, enthusiasm, and unflagging zest which survived all his toil and accompanied him into old age.

## IV

Was he original? The pedants may say that so industrious an author could hardly be so, and will also point to the passages copied from other authors. But genius is justified of her children, who seem able to confound their petty critics even when they are discovered not only turning bricks into marble but appropriating solid blocks of pure marble prepared by others. Fernam Lopez not only pointed the way to modern serious and accurate historians, but in his literary style is an original genius of the first order. It is therefore with no misgivings that we will draw attention to one of the good marble blocks which he worked into his great edifice. Lopez often enlarges on his borrowings from preceding writers, and in one place (16)

speaks openly of the large slices he has taken from a single authority. If he had only borrowed passages from obscure writers and said nothing about it, we might have judged him more severely, but when he has recourse to a writer so famous as the Spanish chronicler Ayala, it is obvious that he had nothing to hide. Let us take an example from the *Cronica de Dom Pedro*, printing by its side the passage of Ayala from which it is translated:—

Y el Maestre llevo a Sevilla el dicho dia Martes por la mañana a hora de Tercia. Y luego como llevo el Maestre fue a hazer reverencia al Rey y hallolo que jugava a las tablas en el su Alcaçar de Sevilla. Y como llevo besole las manos y los otros cavalleros que venian con el. Y el Rey rescibiolo con buena voluntad que le mostro y preguntole que de

Em esto chegou Dom Fradarique ante de comer huuma terça feira vijnte e nove dias de maio e como chegou de caminho fo logo veer el Rei, que estava no alcaçar da çidade jugamdo ás tavollas, e beijoulhe a mão e mujtos cavalleiros com elle, e el Rei oresçebeo mujbem, mostrandolhe boa voomtade, e per-



donde partiera aquel dia y si tenia buenas posadas, y el Maestre le dixo que de Cantillana que es a cinco leguas de Sevilla y que de las posadas aun no sabia que tales las tenia pero que bien creia que serian buenas. Y el Rey le dixo: Maestre yd a sossegar a vuestras posadas y que despues se viniese a el. Y esto dezia el Rey porque avian entrado con el Maestre mucha gente.

Y el Maestre se partio del Rey y fuese a ver a doña Maria de Padilla y a las hijas del Rey que estaban en otro apartamiento en el Alcaçar que dezian de Caracol. Y doña Maria sabia bien todo lo que estava ordenado y acordado contra el Maestre. Y ella como vio al Maestre hizo tan triste cara que todos lo pudieran

guntoulhe domde partira e que pousadas tijnha.

O Meestre disse que partira de Camtilhana (17) que som dalli cimquo legoas e que as pousadas cuidava que seeram boas; e el Rei, porque entraram mujtos com o meestre, disse que se fosse apousemtar e depois se vijmria pera elle.

O meestre partiosse e foi ver Dona Maria de Padilha e as sobrinhas que estavam em outra parte dos paços.

entender, ca ella era dueña muy buena y de buen seso y no se pagava de algunas cosas que el Rey hazia, y pesavale mucho de la muerte que al Maestre le era ordenada de dar esse dia. Y el Maestre desque vio a doña Maria y a las hijas del Rey sus sobrinas, partio de alli y fue al corral del Alcaçar donde avian dexado las mulas, que se queria ir a sus posadas y assossegar sus compañas. Y quando llevo al corral del Alcaçar no hallaron ai las bestias, ca los porteros del Rey avian mandado a todos desembargar el Alcaçar y el corral y echaron todas las bestias del corral afuera y cerraron todas las puertas, que assi les era mandado porque no estoviesse ai mucha gente. Y el Maestre desque no hallo las mulas no sabia si se

e dalli se veeo ao curral homde leixara as bestas,

e nom achou hi nenhuma, ca

assim for mandado aos porteiros. O meestre nom sabendo se tornasse a el Rei ou que fizesse, disselhe

tornasse al Rey o que haria. Y un su cavallero que era ai con el, que dezian Suer Gutierrez de Navales, que era asturiano, entendio que algun mal era aquello. Ca veia en el Alcaçar gran movimiento; y dixo al Maestre: Señor, el postigo del corral está abierto, salid de fuera, que no vos faltarán mulas. Y esto le dixo muchas vezes porque bien creia que si el Maestre saliera fuera del Alcaçar que por ventura pudiera escapar o que no le pudieran tomar assi solo que no muriessen antes muchos de los suyos delante del. Y el estando en esto llegaron al Maestre dos cavalleros por mandado del Rey, que eran hermanos y dezian al uno Fernan Sanchez de Tovar y Juan Fernandez de Tovar, que no sabian

huum seu cavalleiro, sospeitamdo mal de tal feito,

que se sahisse pelo postigo do curral que estava aberto, ca lhe nom mimgoaria besta se fosse fora.

Elle cuidamdo se o faria veeromlhe dizer que

nada desto. Y dixerón al Maestre: Señor, el Rey vos llama, y el Maestre bolvióse para ir al Rey muy espantado. Ca ya el se recelava del mal. Y assi como yuan entrando por las puertas del palacio y de las camaras toda via yuan mas sin compañía, ca los que tenían las puertas en guarda les era mandado assi que no les acogiesen. Y en esto lleo el Maestre donde el Rey estaua; y no entraron en aquel lugar sino el Maestre don Fadrique y el Maestre de Calatrava, don Diego Garcia, que esse dia acompañava al Maestre de Santiago, y no sabia cosa deste hecho, y otros dos cavalleros. (Pero López de Ayala, *Coronica del Serenissimo Rey Don Pedro*, ed. Pamplona, 1591, año 9, cap. 3, f. 60 v.)

o chamava el Rei, e el começou de tornar pera el Rei, pero spantado, receamndose muyto; e como hia emtrando pellas portas dos paaços e das camaras assi hia cada vez mais desacompanhado, em guisa que quando chegou omde el Rei estava nom hia com elle salvo el meestre de Callatrava.

(Fernam Lopez, *Cronica d'el Rei Dom Pedro*, cap. xix, 1816 ed., pp. 55-6.)

It was worth while, for several reasons, to give these parallel passages from the famous description of the murder of Don Fradique, the memory of which still lingers in the halls of the Seville Alcazar. In the first place, although Senhor Braamcamp Freire has pointed out that in the *Cronica de Dom Joam* Lopez translated twenty lines from Ayala, his indebtedness to the Spanish chronicler has never been sufficiently emphasized. Secondly, in this passage, one of the few in which Ayala may be said to be equal to Fernam Lopez at his best, one feels that the translator positively gloats over the dramatic touches; indeed, in the wonderful sentence describing how 'ever as they entered the doors of the palace and its chambers they were more alone', he improves upon the original by altering the verbs from the plural to the singular: 'ever as he entered'. One notices, too, that Fernam Lopez, who has been reproached with an excessive love of detail (18), was evidently no blind slave in this respect, since here in the case of

names and details which could have but little interest for Portuguese readers, he constantly omits them. Above all his translation of Ayala in a passage so striking and dramatic disposes of one of the chief arguments in the question of the authorship of the *Cronica do Condestabre* (19). From the comparison of parallel passages in this chronicle and in Fernam Lopez, it follows, says Senhor Braamcamp Freire, that 'either Fernam Lopez, as an unworthy plagiarist, could not be the "notable person, a man of great learning and high authority" described by Zurara, or was the author of the *Cronica do Condestabre*. One of the two conclusions must necessarily be adopted, and no one will hesitate before accepting the second' (20). After reading the passage translated word by word from Ayala it is no longer possible to lay such stress on this argument. The fact is that too much of a modern atmosphere has been breathed into this question of plagiarism. Clearly, if a modern private historian were to translate without acknow-



ledgement long passages of other authors, a hue and cry would be raised, and he would rightly be dismissed as an 'unworthy plagiarist'. Very different was the position of the official historian in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. His business was to compile a connected narrative of the history of successive reigns, using his judgement freely in the selection and inclusion of materials, anonymous or of known authorship, and being careful to give to the whole an ordered plan and uniform style, that of the period in which he wrote. If he believed that Ayala was the best authority, it was his *duty* to work Ayala into his history, of which he was to think more than of himself and his individual reputation, and so present the King, his master, with an official narrative or general summary. In the case of a writer whose genius is so constantly apparent as is that of Fernam Lopez, it is impossible to consider charges of plagiarism very seriously.

## V

FERNAM LOPEZ mentions Ayala several times (21) by name, and tells how he was taken prisoner at Aljubarrota, and held to ransom, but he says no word of the chronicles or the literary bent of this remarkable man. Without naming them, with the exception of Martim Afonso de Mello and a Latin chronicler whom he calls Doctor Cristoforus, Lopez freely refers to his predecessors in the art of history. He makes his choice most carefully between them, and often has occasion to criticize their shortcomings with some asperity. Eager to set the truth before his readers, he protests that if any one writes of the matter differently, his words must be rejected as untrue. 'Consider such a version nonsense, and do not be-

lieve it as being very contrary to the truth', or 'he who wrote thus misread the text of this gospel', 'say that he dreamed it', 'let them kneel on the ground and pray truth to pardon them'. Others 'are astray in their reasoning'; 'greatly are we displeased with those who have gone searching for fictitious statements'. He laments the mistakes (22) of some writers, the laziness of others, their mistiness (*tudo nevoa*) or tinsel to deceive the ignorant. Others err rather through ignorance than malice. 'It was a great defect of some authors who were minded to write history that they should have written it in the way they did, for some things needful to be known they altogether omitted, and others they touched upon lightly and left full of doubt; and if they had written briefly but truly, they would have deserved praise, but rather than write briefly and erroneously it would have been better to have let the subject alone.' Of others he says more laconically that 'they were not well informed'. He is equally critical of

those who write 'roughly' and 'confusedly' or *com desordenança*, and who composed books, booklets (*livrosinhos*) which give no clear understanding of how the events happened. All these sources, however, furnished grist for Fernam Lopez' busy mill. Until recently the *Cronica do Condestabre* was considered an anonymous work, but there is now a decided tendency, under the authority of two eminent scholars, Senhor Braamcamp Freire and Senhor Esteves Pereira, to attribute it to Fernam Lopez. Senhor Braamcamp Freire gives a list (23) of some of the almost identical passages in the chronicles of King Fernando and King João and the *Cronica do Condestabre*. As we have seen, the argument based on plagiarism falls to the ground. Nevertheless, there is good reason to assign the work to Lopez. Who else could have written it? Who but the copious and discreet chronicler of King Duarte? Could there be two Fernam Lopez in one generation? Could any but Fernam Lopez have exclaimed, when Nun'

Alvarez has charitably given the poor man of Torres Vedras a ride, *Oo que humano e caridoso señor!*, although this exclamation does not occur in the corresponding passage of the *Cronica de Dom Joam* (24). It may be objected that the style of the *Cronica do Condestabre* is somewhat inferior to that of the *Cronica de Dom Joam*, and that the reader is not addressed directly and taken into the author's confidence as in the later chronicle. But Fernam Lopez' style improved with the years. One will not find in the *Cronica de Dom Joam* a sentence containing *que* eighteen times as in the earlier *Cronica de Dom Fernando* (cap. 4). Similarly, a long string of sentences beginning with 'And' in the *Cronica do Condestabre* (cap. 5) is remodelled in better and less monotonous style in the *Cronica de Dom Joam*. This improvement is not confined to the style: unnecessary details and repetitions are omitted (for instance, the words 'thirteen years old, as we have said above'), the essential is added, dates being supplied. It may

further be objected that, since in the later version of the deeds of the Constable Nun' Alvarez, Fernam Lopez frequently declares that his work is based on that of previous chroniclers, something had evidently been written on the subject since 1431, and that one of these sources may be the *Cronica do Condestabre*. When, for instance, Lopez gives in the *Cronica de Dom Joam* (cap. 70) two versions, introducing the first, which is that of the *Cronica do Condestabre* (cap. 22), with the words: 'Now here some say', and then quoting the second at length with the prefatory words: 'But another historian, whose account pleases us better, tells the matter very differently', it seems at first sight that we have a strong argument against the attribution of the *Cronica do Condestabre* to Lopez. But a little thought shows that the argument is really in its favour. What evidently happened was that Lopez first, in the *Cronica do Condestabre*, followed the account of the 'some' (*alguũs*), and subsequently found another version to which



he gives the preference in the *Cronica de Dom Joam* (25). The approximate date of the *Cronica do Condestabre* is known, since Fernam Lopez tells us that nothing was written about Nun' Alvarez during his lifetime, and he died on December 1, 1431. He also tells us that he was writing the First Part of the *Cronica de Dom Joam* in 1443, and the *Cronica do Condestabre* is earlier. Since it was only in March 1434 that Lopez was bidden *poer em caronyca as estorias dos Reys*, we may narrow the date yet further, to between 1434 and 1443.

## VI

FERNAM LOPEZ' natural genius for telling a story, fastening on dramatic details, delineating character, and describing the emotions of a people, combined with a magnificent and national theme, make of the *Cronica de Dom Joam* a great epic. The *Cronica de Dom Pedro* has not the same unity: it is broken and episodic, passes from Portugal to Spain, from Pedro I of Portugal to Pedro the Cruel of Spain (26). Yet it contains some of the most memorable scenes ever penned by Fernam Lopez or any other writer. In the *Cronica de Dom Fernando* the story still goes off to Spain, but it gathers volume and national flavour. Indeed, these chronicles must not be regarded as separate works, but as chapters in the

national history, which reaches its climax in the First Part of the *Cronica de Dom Joam*, the crown and glory of Lopez' life's work, happily preserved for us as he wrote it. Afterwards the interest dwindles, although it is kept alive by the frontier campaigns and great actions of Nun' Alvarez; with a note of praise on this national saint and hero, Lopez fitly ends his splendid and splendidly accomplished task, after bringing down the history to the peace between Spain and Portugal signed in the year 1411.

We would give much to read the chronicles written by Fernam Lopez in the years 1434-42, to have his description of the early warfare against the Moors, of the deposition of Sancho II, of the reign and character of King Dinis (27), of the romance of Inés de Castro. Yet we must not visit our disappointment too harshly on Ruy de Pina because, taking advantage of his official position as *Cronista Mór*, and following the custom of the period, he laid sacrilegious hands on Fernam Lopez' in-

valuable chronicles and dressed them up in his own style for their beauty's heightening. In the words of Herculano, he was 'the poor crow of King João II who wished to adorn himself with the peacock's feathers of the Homer of King João I'. If Fernam Lopez was a great genius, and Ruy de Pina was not, that is our loss and Pina's misfortune, but we must at least remember that their view on this matter was essentially the same: that the official chronicler of the day should take over and work up what he considered best in the material provided by his predecessors and contemporaries (28).

## VII

THE persons who stand out most prominently in the great fragment of Fernam Lopez which survives are King Pedro, generous, popular, devoted to the chase, stammering in speech, and impetuous in deed, fond of meting out justice with his own hand ; King Fernando, gay, gallant, and debonair, magnificent in thought, *grandioso de vontade*, wavering and feckless in action (29) ; Queen Lianor, beautiful, charming, accomplished, bold in word and deed, imperious, shrewd, but rash of speech and vindictive (30) ; King João I, ambitious, active, statesmanlike, prudent and politic, with a peculiar gift of ruling horse and hound, himself and others ; his chancellor João das Regras, *aquelle grão doutor*, charged with all the

authority of the University of Bologna; Queen Philippa, noble and virtuous as her husband, with even more than his strength of will and character; the chivalrous Constable Nuno Alvarez Pereira, fervent, outspoken, obstinate, vigorous, saintly, true to the core. The sayings and actions of the great are recorded, but the deeds and very words of the common people, the *poboo meudo*, *arraia meuda*, are set forth as matters of no less importance. It is in his presentation of the people that consists one of Fernam Lopez' chief titles to originality and fame. Enthusiastic, ignorant, visionary, superstitious, cruel, atrocious in its occasional outbursts of savagery, generous in its patriotism, the people become the real protagonist of his history. Every now and then a man of the people, anonymous or cited by name (as Gonçalo Ovelheiro of Beja) emerges from the crowd in a brief speech or sentence, which, as Professor Fitzmaurice-Kelly remarks of Ayala, if not the actual words used, seem so. Speech is even



given without absurdity to the very city of Lisbon. Numberless are the scenes which live for ever in the pages of this prince of chroniclers : King Pedro in fierce rage thrashing the Bishop of Oporto ; the people feasting in the Lisbon Rocio in the golden time of this justice-loving king ; King Pedro dancing through the streets of Lisbon with torches and long silver trumpets (*paraímentes se foi bom sabor*) ; the execution of two of the murderers of Inés de Castro ; the escape of the third, disguised as a peasant, to France ; the body of Inés borne along seventeen leagues of road fringed with men holding burning torches ; King Pedro of Castille at Coruche despondently throwing gold doubloons over the roof of a porch ; the murder of Don Fradique at Seville ; the Infante João riding through the streets of Coimbra before the dawn to murder his wife, Dona Maria Tellez, sister of Queen Lianor ; the Infante Dinis defiantly bidding the upstart Queen kiss his hand since he would not kiss hers ; the ambush laid by

Nun' Alvarez at the bridge of Alcantara near Lisbon ; the Archbishop of Braga in armour on horseback, lance in hand, urging on the work of building ships for the defence of Portugal ; the storm which overtook the Master of Avis between Lisbon and Sintra ; the forebodings and murder of Count Andeiro, his body lying neglected in the palace, dressed in red satin, covered with an old carpet ; the people rushing through the streets of the capital to save the Master of Avis ; the murder of the Spanish Bishop of Lisbon, of the Admiral Lançarote Pessanha at Beja, and the even more dastardly assassination of the Abbess at Evora ; numerous incidents of Nun' Alvarez' frontier warfare south of the Tagus ; Nun' Alvarez riding through the night to seize a town at dawn ; the beacon-fires of Palmella announcing the capture of the town to the people in Lisbon across the river, the fires round Lisbon when the King of Castille raised the siege, the sight of which filled with dismay the watchers on the heights ;

Nun' Alvarez crossing the Tagus and bidding his trumpeters blow defiance to the Castilian fleet ; the Homeric fight for a galley at the water's edge ; the entry of the newly crowned King João into Oporto ; his marriage there to the English Princess Philippa ; the battle of Aljubarrota ; the arrival of the news of the victory at Lisbon ; the victory of Valverde ; above all, the siege of Lisbon, worthy of the account of the siege of Plataea in the pages of Thucydides. These, and a hundred similar scenes, tumults, forays, assaults, and skirmishes (St. George, St. George for Portugal) place Fernam Lopez among the greatest of the world's writers. The account of the siege of Lisbon by the King of Castille by land and river brims over with vivid descriptions and moving incidents in chapter after chapter. We see the people crowding into the gates from the outlying districts ; the besiegers' camp filled with luxury and soon stricken by pestilence ; the besieged driven to extremes of thirst and famine, manning and

repairing the walls 'like Nehemiah rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem', and singing in defiance :

This is Lisbon fair to view :

You may look at it, but it's not for you.

If it's a sheep for which you wish,

That was Count Andeiro's dish ;

Or perhaps you would rather a kid we  
should dish up,

That was the fare they gave the Lord  
Bishop ;

or falling on their knees to implore the  
mercy of Heaven, the mothers teaching  
their babes to raise their hands in suppli-  
cation to God ; the battle of the fleets  
before the city.

## VIII

A GOOD example of the marvellous skill with which the chronicler makes the people live before our eyes is the chapter relating the hopes and fears of the besieged people in Lisbon :—

‘As soon as João Ramalho had taken leave of the Master [of Avis], although it was the dead of night, nevertheless it became known in the city that a message had come from the fleet at Cascaes and that on the following day it was to enter the river and fight with the fleet of Castille, and it was immediately known throughout the city, and what hope and fear then filled the hearts of its inhabitants is no easy matter to relate. And great pleasure was theirs, as they hoped that, if their fleet fought and conquered that of

Castille, the city would be free on the side of the sea, and they would be able to receive provisions, of which they stood in sore need, and that they would obtain possession of a great part of the vanquished fleet and the loss of it might well cause the King of Castille to raise the siege. But, again, they were in doubt and fear when they considered that the fleet of Castille was far larger than theirs and strongly equipped with men and could receive much help from their camp so near at hand, and they bethought them of their great loss were the fleet of Portugal defeated and of their sons and husbands and others who would perish and die, and moreover that the city would be set in such straits that all hope of its defence would end, and they then in a few days would fall into the furious hands of their mortal enemies to use them at their will ; and these strong fears caused them all to rise, men and women, for they could no longer sleep. And as they spoke one to another from their windows of this

thing and of the battle on the following day, there arose through the city a din and hubbub of conversation which lasted for a long space of time and was the cause of the bells being rung soon for matins, more especially as the nights were short. And then the people began to go to the churches with lighted torches in their hands, to order masses and other devotions with many prayers and tears. O what station or way of life was then free from this anxiety? Most surely none, since not only lay persons but all the priests were thrown by this news into sudden expectation. For, as each must suffer the consequences of victory or defeat, what heart could be so closed to pity as not to be softened by gentle compassion at the sight of the churches filled with men and women, with their children in their arms, all crying to God to come to their assistance and save the house of Portugal? Most surely none, none belonging to a true Portuguese. And thus they spent a great part of the night until



the morning, some in tears and devout prayers, others in arming themselves and making ready to meet the enemy' (31).

The account of the murder of Dona Maria Tellez by her husband is equally vivid, the actors in the drama being now not a whole people, but a few individuals: it helps us to realize how great is the loss of Fernam Lopez' description of the death of Inés de Castro. The Infante and his attendants ride into Coimbra in the night, and by the time they have found the house where D. Maria dwelt 'the dawn was beginning to show in the sky and morning was hastening on'. A woman going out to wash clothes in the river unbolted the door, and the Infante rushed in and broke his way into D. Maria's chamber. 'O Sir, what extraordinary coming is this?' But he had not come to answer questions: 'I am not here to bandy words with you,' and as he stabs her she calls on the Mother of God to have mercy on her soul. Then, taking horse again, he did not draw rein

for many a league. But the chronicler pauses to say: 'O pity of the most high God, if it had been Thy will to blunt that cruel knife, it would not have torn her white body, innocent of that shameful charge!' (32). In scenes of rest or turmoil, peace or war, Fernam Lopez ever preserves a charming air of leisure amid the unfailing rapidity of his narrative.

## IX

AND as if all these stirring events, so delightfully narrated, were not enough, he has a hundred devices for enchaining attention. He is like the ancient mariner, and you cannot choose but hear. 'Hear' is, indeed, the right word, for his chronicle was intended to be read aloud. He is the most courteous of chroniclers. He scarcely for a page forgets his reader, with whom he never suffers himself to be on any but the most cordial terms, captivating him by his ingenuous reflections. Well might he turn in his grave with righteous indignation at the charge of being dull and monotonous. Listen how cunningly he twines his tendrils round the reader's heart. He is ever as it were holding out a carrot for the ass. 'Consider', he says, 'if it was not

a pleasant thing'; 'O what a terrible thing and mortal war'; 'O what a sorrowful thing it was to look and see by day and night so many men and women flocking into the city with children in their arms'; 'O what a lovely thing it was to see so noble and mighty a king as the King of Castille with such a multitude of men by sea and land set in great array in the siege of so noble a city, and the city well manned and equipped for its defence, so that those who saw it say that so fair a siege had not been known within the memory of man.' He forces the reader to take an active part in the story: Now consider as though you were present; or What division think you there was then between father and son, and brother and sister, and wife and husband; or Let us first take the Queen to Santarem; Let us leave the King at Seville, killing and imprisoning; Let us leave the Master at Alenquer and the Queen at Santarem and go and see what the King of Castille is doing in his kingdom; Let him there

remain and we will cross the sea, for it is summer, and see what the ambassadors are doing in England, since they have now been there close upon four years. He expects the reader to share his own enthusiasm: What shall we say of this virtuous lord and of his great goodness?, or O fortunate, most fortunate the man who deserved to have so loyal and brave a vassal! He flatters the reader's intelligence: Now after many arguments, such as you can imagine would be used; Let your discretion judge; It would not be foolish but reasonable were the reader to inquire. He gives various versions and opinions, so that each may accept that which seems best to him. He is most thoughtful for his reader's comfort: We will not speak more of these matters, for we do not know how it might please our hearers; We will omit this so as not to detain you; The day would not be long enough to tell of this, and it would weary you to hear and me to write; See how it was; It seems to us well that you should

know ; Let not your ears be displeased to hear ; and he begs for patience if he cannot content every one, since not all the saints can be included in the litany.

Yet he is not only a quaint picturesque chronicler, he is also a painstaking accurate historian, a critic, and a philosopher. He holds his reader under so powerful a spell that he is not afraid to invite his attention to serious matters, to refer to Tully and Aristotle, 'that clear light of philosophy', to mention Eusebius' *De Temporibus* or St. Augustine's book of the City of God, and to give at length important documents and speeches. With all the chronicler's charm of style and many blandishments the reader would be churlish indeed if he complained or refused to 'listen' to a long speech in council by João das Regras or by King João or Nun' Alvarez, to Frei Pedro's sermon after the victory of Aljubarrota on the text 'This is the Lord's doing and it is marvellous in our eyes', or the sermon after the raising of the siege of Lisbon, or to the terms of the treaty

between Portugal and Castille. Fernam Lopez found bald annals, and left living history, but although he constantly fascinates his reader he will make no convenient omissions of facts and documents requiring to be known. He is a wizard who forces his reader to accept all these interpolations in inverted commas, and to delight and acquiesce in his quaintly expressed wisdom. He is often as rapid as Homer, yet he never hurries, and even when most keenly exercising his gifts of imagination or critical insight he conveys an impression of ingenuousness. He easily excels both Froissart and Ayala, his humanity is so much broader than theirs. Ayala, more austere, has not his charm; Froissart, more intellectual, may have the charm and quaintness, but is without his sympathy and ideals. The scope of the adventures that he relates may be narrower than Froissart's, but within his limits he has a depth and universality to which Froissart never attains, and while the latter is content to chronicle the deeds of lords and princes,



Fernam Lopez shows us a whole nation as it lives and acts and speaks. Both are truthful, convincing, and marvellously vivid, but Froissart is the court chronicler of external shows and actions, Fernam Lopez is the national historian of the heart-beats of a people.

It was well that before the advent of the elderly and sedate art of Commynes (c. 1447-1511) and the self-conscious superior style of Zurara (c. 1410-74), a writer of genius should have shown what it was possible to achieve without reference to foreign lands or narratives of Indian adventure, and without crowding his pages with Latinisms and rhetoric. Without sacrificing the dignity and truth of history on the one hand nor charm and individuality on the other, he raised a most enduring memorial for the nation to whose interests he was so deeply devoted. If Portugal has no early epics like the *Poema del Cid*, that wonderful poem with the spirit of which Fernam Lopez has so much in common, it can at

least boast to have produced a chronicler to whose fascination all who read him inevitably succumb and whose pre-eminence has only not been generally acknowledged because he wrote in a less universal language than French. Fernam Lopez is the Middle Ages at their best. He is one of their most splendid bequests to humanity, and ranks with the great Gothic cathedrals, like them the expression of a whole people rather than a single individual. His masterpiece, the *Cronica de Dom Joam*, was, indeed, written for the people (33) under the influence of a great national enthusiasm with which he was thoroughly identified.

## NOTES

(1) *Geschichte der portugiesischen Poesie und Beredsamkeit*. Göttingen, 1805. English tr. London, 1823. Vol. 2, p. 22.

(2) In 1920 this = about 13s. 4d., in 1914 nearly £3. In the last third of the sixteenth century 15,000 réis was the pension granted to Camões.

(3) For the text of this and other documents see *Cronica del Rei Dom Joam*, ed. A. Braamcamp Freire (1915), pp. xlv-lxx.

(4) A specimen page is given by Snr. Braamcamp Freire (*ibid.*, p. xlvi).

(5) There can be no doubt whatever on this point. Damião de Goes (*Cron. de D. Manuel*, Part IV, cap. 38) is very explicit, and several passages of the extant chronicles of Fernam Lopez admit of no other interpretation. In the *Cron. de D. Fernando* (cap. 81) he refers to his account of the thirteenth-century Conde de Bolonha. In

the first sentence of his earliest extant chronicle he speaks of an earlier preface (*no primeiro prologo*). When we consider the value and extent of those chronicles that we have we may well wonder at their author's industry and genius.

(6) *Coll. de livros ined.* Vol. 4 (1816), pp. 1-120, and Lisboa, 1895.

(7) *Ibid.*, pp. 121-525, and Lisboa, 3 vols., 1895-6.

(8) Lisboa, 1644, and Lisboa, 7 vols., 1897-8; *Parte primeira*, ed. A. Braamcamp Freire, Lisboa, 1915.

(9) *Cron. de D. Joam*, Part I, cap. 159.

(10) *Ibid.*, *Prologo*.

(11) *Ibid.*, *Prologo*. —

(12) *Ibid.*, cap. 31.

(13) For one such phrase in Fernam Lopez see *Cron. de D. Pedro*, cap. 30: *porque razoada fe lhes dera ousado acoutamento nas fraldas da segurança*.

(14) *Cron. de D. Fernando*, cap. 107.

(15) *Cron. de D. Joam*, Part II, *Prologo*: *britavamos a nossa ordenança de todo, que era cousa de reprender; por nam dizerem que britamos a primeira ordenança*.

(16) *Cron. de D. Joam*, Part I, cap. 152, ed. Braamcamp Freire (1915), p. 281 ad fin.

(17) The 1895 edition reads Santillana, an error worthy of the Torre de filhas (Tordesillas) of the 1897 edition of the *Cronica del Rei D. Joam* or the Dureito (Dürer) and *Ortographia* (*Aulegrafia*) of the 1900 edition of Mello's *Apologos Dialogaes*.

(18) Cf. F. de Figueiredo, *Historia da Litteratura Classica* (Lisboa, 1917), p. 45.

(19) *Coronica do Condestabre de Portugal*, Lisboa, 1526; Lisboa, 1554; ed. Mendes dos Remedios, Coimbra, 1911 [*Subsidios*, no. xiv].

(20) *Cron. de D. Joam* (1915), p. xxv.

(21) *Cron. de D. Fernando*, cap. 163; *Cron. de D. Joam*, Part II, caps. 51, 62.

(22) *O desvairo dos autores; seu desvairado modo de escrever; errados ditos; erradas historias; livros de patranhas*.

(23) *Cron. de D. Joam* (1915), p. xxiii. For the question of the later additions in the *Cronica do Condestabre* see Senhor Braamcamp Freire's amusing and scholarly account, *ibid.*, pp. xxvi-vii.

(24) Part I, cap. 180; *Cron. do Condestabre*, cap. 41, 1911 ed., p. 102.

(25) A similar explanation holds good of the passage *Outros dizem* (C. J. I. 170) corresponding to C. C. 38; of the *outro*

*historiador* (C. J. I. 172) corresponding to C. C. 40; and of the *escrivães* of C. J. II. 53, corresponding to C. C. 53.

(26) There is much confusion in the early legends and anecdotes of Portugal and other countries. The story of King Pedro and the priest and stonecutter is told also of Pedro of Castille; the legend of Queen Isabel and the roses is that of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. In the same way later witticisms attributed in Portugal to the Portuguese poet Chiado are found recorded in Spanish collections as examples of Spanish humour.

(27) The spelling of his name is very various: Dionis, Donis, Denis, Dinis, Diniz. If the *Rei onde his* of *Cron. de D. Joam* (Part II, cap. 174) was a play on words (*Rei Dom Denis*), it points to the form Denis, which has survived in French and English.

(28) Garcia de Resende in his turn made use of material prepared by Ruy de Pina for the *Cronica de D. João II*. Later Nunez de Liam again (1600) 'renewed' the chronicles of the kings of Portugal.

(29) After promising his daughter in marriage to the Duke of Cambridge he gave her to the King of Castille, but could not even do this whole-heartedly, and sent word to the

English Court professing to consider his daughter dead to him and promising never to fail in any matter plighted between him and the King and the Duke ; whereupon the King of England ' began to smile derisively ' (*Cron. de D. Fernando*, cap. 161).

(30) In her thirst for vengeance (she desired a barrel full of the tongues of the citizens of Lisbon) she gave herself entirely into the hands of King Juan I of Castille. There is a curious passage (*Cron. de D. Joam*, Part I, cap. 83) in which in one breath she denies and confesses the truth of the Jew's accusation : ' You lie like a treacherous hound, and if what you say is true, I acted on your advice.'

(31) *Cron. de D. Joam*, Part I, cap. 132.

(32) *Cron. de D. Fernando*, cap. 103.

(33) Part I, 1915 ed., p. 2 : *ao poboo*.





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