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DON QUIXOTE

BY MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

INTRODUCTION BY HENRY GRATTAN DOYLE



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The Ingenious Gentleman

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA

By MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

OZELL'S REVISION OF THE
TRANSLATION OF PETER MOTTEUX

Introduction by HENRY GRATTAN DOYLE

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INTRODUCTION

By HENRY GRATTAN DOYLE

"And may God deny you peace, but give you glory!" These words, with which one of the greatest of modern Spanish writers, the philosopher Miguel de Unamuno, ends his *The Tragic Sense of Life*, seem to apply with special aptness to that other Miguel, Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, whose masterpiece so obsessed Unamuno that Maurice Francis Egan, in an essay written forty years ago, characterized *The Tragic Sense of Life* as "the deification of Don Quixote."

Seldom has any book, or its protagonist, so filled the minds of men, women and children of all conditions and climes as *The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha*. Seldom has the creator of an unforgettable character—or, rather, two of them, for Don Quixote and Sancho Panza are complementary and forever inseparable—lived a life so devoid of what we think of as worldly success, of comfort, of money, of freedom from cares and from that common human obligation—the task of carrying the burdens of others. Yet that life of trials and misfortunes—as much of it as Cervantists have been able to piece together—is itself a noble saga of courage and patience and uncomplaining acceptance of one's lot which deserves to stand beside his deathless masterpiece on any bookshelf.

"More versed in adversities than verses," Cervantes called himself in the famous "scrutiny of the books" in Don Quixote's library (chapter 6 of Part I). The brave soldier who received three wounds and lost the use of his left hand in the great naval battle of Lepanto (1571) when the combined forces of Spain, Venice, and the Papal States, under the command of Don John of Austria, broke the Turkish power in Europe, the prisoner of war in Algiers who for five years never ceased to inspire his fellow serfs with the hope of escape—and nearly succeeded in

leading them to freedom on more than one occasion—passed much of his life in obscurity and more of it in poverty, while with his busy pen he sought the fame and fortune that eluded him until the sunset of his days and which he did not live to enjoy.* His moving dedication of his last published work, *Persiles and Sigismunda*, addressed to the Count of Lemos and written on April 19, 1516, only four days before he died, quotes the old verses beginning, *Puesto ya el pie en el estribo* ("With my foot already in the stirrup, In the agony of death, Great lord, I write you this."). Sir Walter Scott, Lockhart tells us, asked to have the prologue of the same work read to him during his last days at Abbotsford and doubtless found solace and courage in Cervantes' account of his meeting with a student during his last journey from Esquivias to Madrid, of the joy the young man felt in finding himself in the company of the famous man, the "joy of the Muses." "I am Cervantes," he answered, "but not the 'joy of the Muses' or any of those other trifling things."

And the prologue ends, "Good-bye jests, good-bye witticisms, good-bye merry friends; for I am dying, desiring to see you soon contented in the other life."

A brave man's farewell to a world that had not been kind to him, but which he never held accountable for what happened to him, because he knew and loved humanity and recognized its *right* to "live and love," to experience joy and sorrow.

Of common human experience Cervantes had more than his share, and out of his experience wrought the book that you are about to enjoy, in one of its raciest translations, though not, unfortunately, always its most accurate one. That distinction belongs to others than Peter Motteux, whose translation of *Don Quixote* first appeared in 1700, and John Ozell, who revised Motteux's translation in 1719.** But perhaps because this version is so much closer in spirit and language to the time of Cervantes himself (as the reader will quickly discover), one may hope that those who read it will savor its language and style as they might not savor closer and more reliable translations of later times, which in their successful efforts to satisfy scholars and professors may have lost something of that magic

* I have summed up the main facts of Cervantes' life in the biographical note which follows this introduction.

** A copy of this edition was recently advertised for sale at \$100.

power to transport the reader back across more than three centuries. This power the Motteux-Ozell version undoubtedly has. You will get a certain feeling from its archaic words, its sometimes extraordinary footnotes, even its (to us) strange use of capital letters, that the scholars' favorites may fail to give. Some of you may even be inspired by your taste of Cervantes in this edition to learn to read *Don Quixote* in the original, "a pleasure" Byron tells us in *Don Juan* "before which all others vanish." Aubrey Bell, in a noteworthy book published in the year of the Cervantes Quadricentennial, makes the significant remark, "The best of Cervantes is untranslatable, and this undeniable fact is in itself an incentive to learn Spanish." And he adds, "On the other hand, those who deny themselves the pleasant task of acquiring this beautiful language should refrain from passing judgments on the masterpieces of Cervantes. . . . Critics, commentators, illustrators and translators for the most part seem to have been induced by a spirit of mischief to distort and travesty the original text."

To that charge our translators can not plead innocent. As the Italians put it, "*Traduttore, traditore*" ("Translator, traitor"); and Cervantes himself tells us (Part II, chapter 62) through the lips of Don Quixote, that translation is "like viewing a piece of Flemish tapestry on the wrong side." But, as I have remarked elsewhere, it is better to have read a great work of another culture in translation than never to have read it at all.

So here it is. It is a book that appeals to persons as widely apart in background and interests as the Belgian Maurice Maeterlinck, the American J. Edgar Hoover and the Englishman Somerset Maugham. To quote Aubrey Bell again: "The Ingenious Knight returned thrice to his village, on a peasant's donkey, in an oxcart, and on a litter; and not less than three times in his or her life should everyone read *Don Quixote*. It is a book for youth, for the age of the senses and irresponsible laughter; it is a book for middle age, the age of reason and discreet mirth; it is a book for old age, the age of the spirit, of the quiet smile and the philosophic mind."

No book in history, except the Bible, seems to have had so wide an audience. It was a best seller in the lifetime of Cervantes (though he himself derived small profit from it), for he tells us (Part II, chapter 16) again through the lips of Don Quixote, that, "by my many valorous and Christian deeds, I

have merited being in print in almost all or most of the nations of the world. Thirty thousand volumes of my history have been printed, and it is on the way to be printed thirty thousand thousands of times, if Heaven does not prevent it." In the nineteenth century, for example, more than two editions per year, on the average, were published in France (207), one and three-quarters a year in England (176). The record of the twentieth century shows continued interest in the book, often in surprising places. There was only one translation of *Quixote* into Japanese before the twentieth century; but between 1900 and 1937 no less than nineteen Japanese editions appeared. In Spain itself, partly, perhaps, because of the observance of the tercentenary of the death of Cervantes in 1916, 155 editions were published in the same thirty-seven years, as against 208 for the entire nineteenth century.* An examination of the Rius, or Ford-Lansing, or Suñé bibliographies reveals translations not only into the "common" languages (French, English, German, Italian), but into Russian, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, Finnish, Hungarian, Czech, Serbian, modern Greek, Bulgarian, Rumanian, Polish, Croatian, Turkish, Hindustani and others. Esther Crooks and others have studied the influence of Cervantes in France; Edwin B. Knowles, James Fitzmaurice-Kelly and others in England; Lienhard Bergel, in Germany; and Ludmila Bukevich has recently published *Cervantes in Russia*.**

More significant, perhaps, than any statistics, are the estimates of *Don Quixote* and of its characters and its author formed by writers and critics of many nations. Crusty old Samuel Johnson observed, "Was there anything ever written by mere man that the reader wished longer except *Robinson Crusoe*, *Don Quixote* and *The Pilgrim's Progress*?" Macaulay called *Don Quixote*, "Incomparably the best novel ever written." Charles Lamb, in his essay on "The Imaginative Faculty," referring to those who see only the comic element in *Don Quixote*, says, "That man has read his book by halves; he has laughed, mistaking his author's purport, which was—tears. The artist that pictures Quixote (and it is in this degrading point that

* These figures are taken from Ronald Hilton's article "Four Centuries of Cervantes," in the Cervantes Quadricentennial Number of *Hispania*.

** See Flores and Benardete, *Cervantes Across the Centuries*. Mrs. Turkevich's book is published by the Princeton University Press.

he is every season held up at our Exhibitions) in the shallow hope of exciting mirth, would have joined the rabble at the heels of his starved steed." Henry Morley remarked that, "There is in the satire of Cervantes not a touch of mocking scorn. Shakespeare himself is not more human." Carlyle, referring to Cervantes, said, "A kindlier, meeker, braver heart has seldom looked upon the sun." Havelock Ellis, in *The Soul of Spain*, wrote that, "If Cervantes had never written a line he would still have seemed a remarkable man and a notable personality. Before he wrote of life he had spent his best years in learning the lessons of life." John Bailey, the English critic, asks, "What had England or France to compare with this beautiful prose of Cervantes which has upon it that instant seal of universality which is the seal of immortality as well? . . . Cervantes writes for soldiers and courtiers, gentlemen and servants, scholars and merchants, in fact for men, women and children of all ages, conditions and countries." Sir Walter Raleigh, Professor of English Literature at Oxford, wrote, "That is the story of Don Quixote; it seems a slight framework for what, without much extravagance, may be called the wisest and most splendid book in the world. It is an old man's book; there is in it all the wisdom of a fiery heart that has learned patience. . . . Shakespeare himself has written nothing so full of the diverse stuff of experience, so quietly and steadily illuminated by gentle wisdom, so open-eyed in discerning the strength of the world; and Shakespeare himself is not more courageous in championing the rights of the gallant heart." And William Butler Yeats said, "No playwright ever has made or ever will make a character that will follow us out of the theater as Don Quixote follows us out of the book."

American critics have been no less generous. One of James Russell Lowell's best and most sensitive essays deals with *Don Quixote*: I hope many of those who read and enjoy this book will feel impelled to look it up and read it, too. In another essay, Lowell includes Cervantes among the "five indispensable authors"; the others are Homer, Dante, Goethe, and Shakespeare. Of *Don Quixote* he writes: "Here we have the spiritual and the natural man set before us in humorous contrast. In the knight and his squire Cervantes has typified the two opposing poles of our dual nature—the imagination and the understanding as they appear in contradiction. This is the only compre-

hensive satire ever written, for it is utterly independent of time, place, and manners." I shall quote but one more American, the scholarly Hispanist Rudolph Schevill, whose book on Cervantes I strongly commend, who repeats this passage from *Persiles and Sigismunda*:

We can not call that hope which may be resisted and overthrown by adversity, for as light shines most in the darkness, even so hope must remain unshaken in the midst of toil; to despair is the act of cowardly hearts, and there is no greater pusillanimity or baseness than to allow the spirit, no matter how beset by difficulties it may be, to yield to discouragement.

Then Schevill adds, "*Don Quixote*, which embodies this sentiment, is thus by the great simplicity of its thought, by the ease with which it may be comprehended, a book for the average person, and so for every man. It voices those qualities from which humanity draws its noblest inspirations, an unclouded faith in God and His world, spiritual poise and the triumphant heroism that greets the unseen with a cheer."

A great man and a great book. May our readers agree with the critics, and find hope and inspiration and courage in its pages.

Let us turn now to discussion of the book. Its full title in Spanish is *El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quijote de la Mancha*, which has been almost as variously translated as the book itself has been interpreted. *The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha* will serve, provided we understand clearly what *ingenioso* and *hidalgo* really mean. An *hidalgo* is not necessarily a nobleman nor even a knight; he is a member of a family that owns property which is handed down from generation to generation—what the British call a "landed gentleman," or a member of the "gentry" or of the "county families." His ancestry may be even better than that of the nobility, but he usually bears no title. *Ingenioso* has been well explained by John Ormsby, one of the best translators of *Don Quixote*, as follows: "By *ingenioso* Cervantes means one in whom the *imagination* is the dominant faculty, overruling reason. The opposite is the *discreto*, he in whom the *discerning* faculty has the upper hand—he whose reason keeps the imagination under due control." And Ormsby reminds us that this distinction is "admirably worked out in chapters 16, 17 and 18 of Part II."

With this definition in mind, I think you will find Don Quixote more comprehensible. Ormsby was not the first to point this out, nor was Coleridge, whom Lowell quotes, in the essay already mentioned, as follows: "Don Quixote is not a man out of his senses, but a man in whom the imagination and the pure reason are so powerful as to make him disregard the evidence of sense when it opposed their conclusions."

That is why so many things, in Quixote's mind, "seem to be, and are without doubt" giants or great armies when to Sancho they are obviously windmills or flocks of sheep.

The purpose of the book has also been subjected to much discussion and in recent times to what may be called the "higher criticism." These modern theories are admirably discussed by Professor Helmut Hatzfeld in his article "Thirty Years of Cervantes Criticism."* Cervantes is interpreted as a "reactionary," a "nonconformist," a "relativist," an "anti-superman," a "psychologist," an "Erasmian," a "timeless Spaniard," a "Man of the Middle Ages," a "Baroque man," even a "Communist." Space does not permit analysis of these theories. I seriously doubt that Cervantes ever consciously thought of himself as anything but a man who had something to say and drew upon his vast experience of human life for the material with which to say it. As he himself tells us, "He who sees much, and travels much, and reads much, knows much."

We may well agree with Miguel de Unamuno that every man must make his own interpretation. "What does it matter to me what Cervantes intended or did not intend to put into it [*Don Quixote*] and what he did actually put into it? What is living in it is what I myself discover in it, whether Cervantes put it there or not, what I myself put into and under and over it, and what we all put into it."

With that authority, even the extremists have a right to their own interpretations.

It has been common to say that Cervantes wrote his book to undo the vogue of the novels of chivalry. He tells us so himself, just as he tells us many other things that only vaguely seem to be borne out by the evidence of the book itself, as witness the device of its supposed Arab author, Cide Hamete Benengeli, who appears and disappears as suits Cervantes' fancy. He knows we aren't fooled by it; it is a kind of convention between him and his readers, a game we play together. The great Spanish scholar,

* Published in the Cervantes Quadricentennial Number of *Hispania*.

Ramón Menéndez Pidal, finds the germ of his original idea in a certain *Entremés de los romances*, (*Interlude of the Ballads*), in which the chief character, Bartolo, goes mad, not from reading novels of chivalry, but from reading the Spanish ballads. It is significant in this connection that in the early chapters it is the heroes of the ballads that Don Quixote has in mind as his models.* One of our best Cervantists, Joaquín Casaldueiro, in recent studies, analyzes the structure of *Don Quixote* and develops a well fitted together and harmonious architectural plan of the work that one wishes he could accept. The general opinion remains, as I see it, that Cervantes, like other great novelists—for instance, Thackeray—began with only the most general outline of a plan in his mind, conceived as he wrote, and out of the raw material of his rich personal experience, his own trials and hopes and disappointments, his own instinctive and charitable understanding of the weaknesses and strengths of human beings, his keen humor that sometimes descended to pure slapstick, produced from his fertile imagination episodes and characters that, because they are so human, appeal to the broadly human in all of us.

What I am saying is that like other great writers he wrote intuitively, subconsciously—not directed by his will, not following a careful plan, but guided by thoughts and feelings he never stopped to question, much less analyze. Like many Spanish writers, form was unimportant to him; what really mattered was content. This is one of the marked distinctions between Spanish and French literature; it was the latter's devotion to form, for instance, that inspired Voltaire's rather harsh criticisms of Shakespeare. Cervantes' very carelessness (as in the loss of Sancho's donkey, upon which Sancho is represented as riding only a little further on) and other inconsistencies in the work which he makes only a half-hearted effort to explain and justify, seem to support this view. The careful planner is likely to be a critical self-evaluator and a precise reviser. Like his great contemporary Lope de Vega, Cervantes never seems to have bothered much about that sort of thing. Creative productiveness like that which characterized these two great Spanish writers accepts unwillingly the bit and curb of precision, either in plan or in execution.

* See "The Genesis of *Don Quixote*," by Ramón Menéndez Pidal, in *Cervantes Across the Centuries*.

As for the "lesson" of *Don Quixote*, I like the theory Aubrey Bell expressed in his stimulating book, that aside from entertainment and the desire to destroy the vogue of the chivalrous novels, Cervantes had in mind something that is fundamental in the Spanish psychology, its extreme individualism, the characteristic that, according to Salvador de Madariaga, has prevented Spain from developing the social and political institutions that mark the Anglo-Saxon commonwealths. For extreme individualism means the right not to be interfered with, either by governments or by other individuals. Bell ably develops the view that Don Quixote's sin was in interfering in matters that were none of his business, and the book is, therefore, an attack on those "who subvert society and disturb the peace and order of the world." The duty of the individual is to his immediate surroundings; Christ, in the Spanish view, Bell believes, "bids each man bear his cross," but not the cross of his neighbor. If this view is accepted, the pathetic deathbed scene, the renunciation of all he had led Sancho, the unbeliever, to believe, becomes more understandable. Don Quixote has had to learn that "will and skill, chivalry and courage, will be fruitless if they are misapplied." The irony of *Don Quixote* is double-edged. "It emphasizes the folly of the individual who abandons the immediate sphere of well-doing and well-being in order to embark on an enterprise for which he has neither skill nor preparation."

I have said nothing about Don Quixote's other self, Sancho Panza, who represents the earthy, "when do we eat" side of our dual nature. An interesting contrast between the first part and the second part of the *Quixote*, not unnoticed by commentators, is the way in which Sancho becomes more and more like his master, his master more and more like his squire—even to quoting proverbs. No one should overlook, in this connection, Salvador de Madariaga's *Don Quixote: An Introductory Essay in Psychology*. Blasco Ibáñez, the Spanish novelist, long ago pointed out that at the deathbed it is Sancho who wants his master to go out again in search of wrongs to right, deeds of derring-do to perform, even to cultivate the charms of the shepherds' life as portrayed in the pastoral novels, only to be reminded by Don Quixote that "There are no birds this year in the nests of yesteryear." But Sancho has developed, too, as a person. His experience as governor of his longed-for "ínsula"

is a demonstration of the fundamental democracy of Cervantes and of the Spanish character. Sancho's good sense, the native shrewdness that has nothing to do with formal education, stands him in good stead when his opportunity comes. This is "human" in the highest sense; it is also typically Spanish.

You will find Sancho's use of proverbs one of the chief delights of reading the book and you will enjoy, as have its readers for centuries, the dialogues between Sancho and his master and between Sancho and his wife. The proverbs, especially, are a manifestation of the vigor of Spanish style, even on the lips of the uneducated. Their frequent occurrence in the *Quixote* demonstrates again the wide experience of Cervantes, his contacts with the common people, his profound knowledge of human nature. How much of human experience is summed up in the following: "Everyone is as God made him, and often much worse." "You can't catch fish without getting your breeches wet." "Education without virtue is like pearls on a manure-pile." "There is no book so bad that there isn't some good in it." "He preaches a good sermon who leads a good life." "Whether the pitcher strikes the stone, or the stone the pitcher, it's hard luck for the pitcher." "Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition" (*A Dios rogando, y con el mazo dando*). "The man who sings frightens away his troubles." "Don't go around looking for a cat with three hind legs." "The advice of a woman doesn't amount to much, but he who doesn't take it is a fool." "God suffers the wicked, but not forever." "Don't mention rope in the household of a man who has been hanged." "He who spits against Heaven, spits in his own face." Some are crude, but all embody common human experience, and many have specific applications today.

Cervantes' use of proverbs is only one instance of his ability to turn to account every bit of life's experience. He was a skillful transmuter of earlier material, like his great contemporary, Shakespeare. All was grist that came to his mill. He loved to read, to read anything or everything, even, as he tells us, scraps of paper in the street. He knew a great deal about the literature of his own people, but he had also soaked up the Italian romances of chivalry—Boiardo, Pulci, Ariosto—and the works of the Italian *novellieri*. He had a tremendous knowledge of Spanish local history and an intimate acquaintance with Spanish cities, including their more unsavory districts. Above all, he was

a patriot. He loved his country. He loved his religion. One of the most extravagant of the "new" theories about the *Quixote* is the idea that it is a veiled attack upon the Catholic Church—an attack by a man who never forgot that the Trinitarians had ransomed him from captivity in Algiers, a man who was a tertiary of the Franciscan Order, a man who was buried in the grounds of the Trinitarian Convent in Madrid; a man who tells us, four days before his death, in the moving dedication of his last work, that he had received Extreme Unction and was ready to die. Men do not lie at such times.

On his personal appearance we have some data from his own pen. He was sharp-featured, with a "curved but well-proportioned" nose; his hair was chestnut, his beard (at fifty-five) silvery—twenty years before it had been "golden"; his mustaches large; his mouth small, his teeth scanty (he had only six at fifty-five); somewhat stoop-shouldered; not very light of foot; his brow smooth; his eyes bright and merry. In short, just the kind of man we might have liked to know.

A further word about the environment in which Cervantes wrote, and I am done. He lived from 1547 until 1616.* That period, like the Elizabethan period in England, was a "high point." The reign of Charles I (better known as Charles V, his title as German Emperor), which extended from 1516 to 1555, and that of his son Philip II, together are known as the Golden Age of Spanish literature. It was in the second phase of this great period that Cervantes lived and flourished. But the Golden Age was more than a period of literary flowering. It was the period in which Spain was the dominant power in Europe. The house of Hapsburg, which came to power in Spain, the Netherlands, Germany and Italy under Charles V, and held the French temporarily in check after the devastating defeat of Francis I at Pavia in 1524, was in the saddle in all Europe. Henry VIII of England was not unwilling to see France humbled by Spain.

* Some writers on Cervantes have made much of the fact that Cervantes and Shakespeare "died on the same day," overlooking the fact that April 23, 1616, in Spain was "New Style," *i.e.*, the reformed Gregorian calendar adopted in Spain in 1582, while the same date in England was "Old Style," involving a difference of eleven days. For religious reasons, England did not adopt the Gregorian calendar until 1752, nearly two centuries later. The important fact, however, is that Shakespeare and Cervantes were contemporaries—and kindred souls in more ways than one.

In fact, his first wife was a Spanish princess. In addition to their vast possessions in Germany, in Austria, in Burgundy, in the Netherlands and in Italy, the Hapsburgs had the immense resources of America at their command. The revolt of the Netherlands and the defeat of the Spanish Armada changed all that. But, as in most civilizations, economic and political eclipse preceded artistic and literary eclipse by at least one generation. While Cervantes lived, Spain was still enjoying the glories of her past, still unconscious of the desperate poverty of her lower classes, still unable to realize how tremendous had been her sacrifice of energy and human resources in the conquest and settlement of the New World. It was an age of conspicuous expenditure, of great advances in art and education, of the splendor of courts and the squalor of the cities; of decline in agriculture; of the loss of Spain's best blood in European wars and overseas adventures. Cervantes had seen the triumph of Spanish power at Lepanto. He also knew, as a civil servant, the disaster that overtook the Armada. In his works, therefore, we see the representation of his times: the returned captives from Algiers; the officials destined for service in America; the drab life of the great central *meseta*, dry and hot in summer and dry and cold in winter; the poverty and discomfort of inns; the uncertain security of travel, even on the king's highway under the protection of the Holy Brotherhood; the rascalities of wanderers and impecunious students. All this passes before our eyes in kaleidoscopic profusion as we read the masterpiece of Cervantes. Without that masterpiece we should be poorer indeed in our knowledge of Spain in her heyday—not to mention our knowledge of the human soul.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

The best and soberest life of Cervantes is James Fitzmaurice-Kelly's *Miguel de Cervantes: A Memoir*, or its Spanish translation by Baldomero Sanín Cano. It makes no statements that do not have documentary support, provided by such collections

as Cristóbal Pérez Pastor's *Documentos cervantinos* and Francisco Rodríguez Marín's *Nuevos documentos cervantinos*.

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra was born at Alcalá de Henares, not far from Madrid, and baptized in the church of Santa María la Mayor in Alcalá on October 9, 1547. The exact date of his birth is not recorded, but because of the custom in Catholic countries of giving children the name of the saint on whose day they are born, it is generally believed that he was born on the preceding September 29, St. Michael's Day (Michaelmas). He was the fourth of the seven children of Rodrigo de Cervantes and his wife Leonor de Cortinas. Rodrigo was a surgeon, and not a successful one, who changed his location but not his fortunes by moving from Alcalá to Valladolid in 1550, from Valladolid to Madrid in 1555, and from Madrid to Seville in 1564. In 1566 the young Miguel was again living in Madrid, where he attended the school of Juan López de Hoyos, who apparently exercised a considerable influence on his development. At this time Cervantes composed some poetry, which included an elegy on the death of Isabel de Valois, the third wife of Philip II. In 1569 we find him in Rome, as a chamberlain in the household of Cardinal Giulio Acquaviva, who had been Papal Delegate at Madrid. There is some reason to believe that his departure for Italy was due to a quarrel or duel in which a certain Antonio de Sigura was wounded. Such a duel is described in *Persiles and Sigismunda*. In 1570 Cervantes enlisted in the Spanish army, in a company commanded by Diego de Urbina, in one of the famous fighting corps of the Spanish infantry, at that time the best soldiery in Europe. In 1571 Cervantes participated in the battle of Lepanto, on board the "Marquesa," one of the ships of Don John of Austria's fleet, fighting bravely in spite of the fact that he was ill when the battle began, and receiving two wounds in the chest and one in his left hand. It is not believed that he lost his hand, but that it was *estropeado*, incapacitated. After convalescence in a hospital in Messina he rejoined the army, in the regiment of Lope de Figueroa, one of the famous commanders of the time, taking part in the battles of La Goleta (commemorated in one of his few successful poems, *Almas dichosas*) and Tunis, and serving as well in Sardinia, Naples, Sicily and Genoa. In 1575 he embarked for Spain on the galley Sol, which was captured by three corsairs. Because of commendatory letters from Don John of

Austria and the Duke of Sessa found upon him, Cervantes was deemed a person of considerable ransom value. He spent the next five years as a captive in Algiers, where he won respect and a certain indulgence from his Moorish master, despite his numerous efforts to escape, in which he displayed great personal bravery. He was finally ransomed by a Trinitarian monk, Fray Juan Gil, for five hundred ducats, partly contributed by his family, which made heroic sacrifices to gain his liberty. Returning to Spain in 1580, he spent some time in Cartagena and later in Lisbon, where he became the father of an illegitimate daughter, his only child, known as Isabel de Saavedra, by Ana Franca de Rojas, presumably a Portuguese. In 1584 Cervantes married, at Esquivias, on the road to Toledo, the village from which he began his last journey to Madrid, Catalina Salazar y Vozmediano. In the meantime he had been busily writing plays, perhaps as many as thirty, only two of which are preserved, the *Trato de Argel* and the *Numancia*, a play of considerable merit which commemorates the heroic resistance of the inhabitants of Numantia against an overwhelming Roman force led by Publius Cornelius Scipio in 134 B.C. In 1585 he published his pastoral romance, the *Galatea*, written in the tradition of Sannazzaro's *Arcadia* and Montemayor's *Diana*, and to which he himself gives only qualified praise in the "scrutiny of the books" in *Don Quixote*, but which he obviously thought well of, for he continued to promise a "second part," or continuation, almost to the day of his death—a promise never fulfilled. Unsuccessful as a playwright, he became a royal commissary, engaged in purchasing supplies for the outfitting of the Great Armada, and still later a tax collector. Because of laxness rather than dishonesty he was twice imprisoned, in 1592 and in 1597. In 1603 he was living at Valladolid, with his wife, his natural daughter, his sister Andrea, and her daughter, and it was there that he wrote the first part of *Don Quixote*, completed in 1604 and published early in 1605. Shortly thereafter Cervantes and all his family were imprisoned because of the death near their house of a young rake, Gaspar de Ezpeleta, in which they were unjustly suspected of complicity. The *Quixote* was a great success, with six editions in a year, but because of the careless business methods of his publisher Cervantes derived little profit. In 1606 he returned to Madrid, and in 1613 published his *Novelas Ejemplares* (*Exemplary Novels*), a work second in