The Ingenious Gentleman

DON QUIXOTE

OF

LA MANCHA.

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DON QUIXOTE

OF

LA MANCHA

BY

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

A NEW EDITION:

Done into English

WITH NOTES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,

AND

A NEW LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

BY

HENRY EDWARD WATTS.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.—BIOGRAPHY; CRITICISM; BIBLIOGRAPHY.

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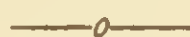
PREFACE.



HE object and character of this new edition of *Don Quixote*, and the general principles on which I have made my translation, being set forth at length in my Introduction, I have only to add a few words explanatory of the scheme of publication. The whole work is comprised in five volumes. The first volume is devoted entirely to a life of Cervantes, drawn from the best and latest sources of information, some of which have never before been accessible to English readers; together with the bibliography of *Don Quixote*, and of the romances of chivalry. The remaining volumes will include a new and original translation of *Don Quixote*, based on that which must be regarded as the best Spanish text, namely, the last edition of the Royal Spanish Academy, published in 1819, accompanied by a commentary partly selected from the Spanish editions

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of Bowle, Pellicer, Clemencin, and others, and partly new, the result of my own reading, research, or travel. The notes, which I trust will not be found superfluous by any lover of Cervantes, are intended to explain difficulties in the text, the numerous references to the chivalric romances and poems, and the allusions to historical personages and events, as well as to contemporary Spanish life and manners. I have restrained myself, as far as it was possible, from intruding mere verbal criticisms and thrusting what have been called "finger post" comments on my readers.

This work being intended for those not absolutely ignorant of Spanish or insensible to humour, I have not thought it necessary to instruct my readers as to what they should admire or where they should laugh.

With all my care and solicitude in this respect, it is possible that I may have erred sometimes in putting a note to a passage where it was not wanted, but I hope for forgiveness for this and for graver offences, inevitable in a work of so much labour and difficulty.

My translation I claim to be original, so far as it is possible for any version of a prose work, so frequently translated as *Don Quixote* has been, to be original, in this present age. I have read every previous English translation, as it was my duty to do, and I have not hesitated to take the best English word wherever I

found it ; holding fast to my one purpose, which is to give *Don Quixote* his best English dress, and regarding rather the interests of the author than of the translator.

This work, as I have said, being intended rather for Spanish scholars and students of Cervantes who have some previous knowledge of *Don Quixote*, than for the wholly uninstructed general public, I need not occupy much time in teaching my readers how to pronounce certain leading Spanish words. I presume every one knows that *Quixote*, which is now universally spelt *Quijote* in Spanish, is properly a word of three syllables,—with the accent on the penultimate, and the *x* or *j* sounded as a guttural aspirate. The change from the *x* to the *j* in Spanish words came into fashion about the middle of the last century. Before that period, and even for some time after, *x* and *j* were used indiscriminately,—having precisely the same sound, which there is some reason to believe has been changed since the time of Charles V. from the sound of the French *ch*, or the English *sh*, to that of the Arabic aspirate. Some Spanish scholars even maintain that it was the German courtiers of Charles who first brought the aspirated *j* into fashion.[1] Cervantes himself probably

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[1] According to the *Ortografia Castellana*, which may be taken to be a sufficient authority in the matter, *x* should be retained in

called his hero *Keeshōte.* My readers may call him what they please. I myself incline, in an English book, to the old English form *Quixote—Quicksot.* It has become naturalised as an English word, and has become the father of the undoubted English words *Quixotism*, *Quixotic*, &c.

As to *Sancho* and *La Mancha*, one may combine correctness with English use and convenience without any effort. It is just as easy to say *Santcho* and *La Mantcha* as to say *Sanko* and *La Manka;* and more correct. *Rozinante* or *Rocinante*,—the *z* and the soft *c* being unisonous and interchangeable,—has these letters sounded, in pure Castilian, like the dental English *th;* but those who prefer, as I do, the plain old pronunciation, have the satisfaction of knowing that even in most Spanish countries it is so pronounced.

In regard to the spelling of the proper names through-

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all words of pure Latin origin, while *j* should be used in words from the Arabic. But this rule is disregarded by modern Spanish writers, who use *x* and *j* indiscriminately. Thus we have *ejemplo* and *ejercito*, instead of *exemplo* and *exercito*,—which are clearly solecisms, and in violation of the rule. So late as in 1623, Minsheu, in the appendix to his Spanish and English Dictionary, directs his readers that the Spanish *j* "is pronounced as in French *jamais*," and *x* like the French *ch*,—*ojo* like *osho*, and *floxo* like *flosho*.

out *Don Quixote* I have adhered generally to the English mode, as being most in character in an English translation, not binding myself to any hard and fast rule. It is not always easy to say when the Spanish name has become sufficiently familiar to be used, in such a book as this, in its English form. We are all agreed to say Seville for *Sevilla*, and Biscay for *Biscaya*; but there is no sufficient reason for preferring Saragossa and Pampeluna to *Zaragoza* and *Pamplona*. In the case of the names of the heroes of fable, it is difficult to lay down any fixed rule; but I have generally Englished the foreign name, wherever an English form of it was known. I have preferred, however, Orlando to *Roland*, seeing that nearly always the allusions in *Don Quixote* are to the Italian hero of Boiardo's or Ariosto's poem. While they are by origin one, the Italian *Orlando* differs materially from the English or French *Roland*, just as either differs from the Spanish *Roldan*. It would make confusion, however, were I to vary the name according to the several countries of this general Latin hero (who was not Latin at all, but a Frank, if he was anything); so I have preferred to call him Orlando throughout. And for such a form as *Valdovinos* I need plead no excuse in substituting *Baldwin*, any more than for turning *Arturo* or *Artus* into *Arthur*. In regard to such an absurd name (however consecrated by usage) as *Don*

John—half Spanish, half English—I have preferred the wholly Spanish *Don Juan.* We do not say *Sir Pedro* or *Sir Henrique.* The Oriental and Arabic names of persons and places I have given according to the English Romanised forms ; as *Hadgi Murad* for *Agi Morato.* I do not pretend, in all this, to follow any scientific scheme of transliteration, but, amidst the multitude of systems of spelling, have looked only to that which is most easy and familiar to the English reader.

There remains one other duty for me to discharge in this place, which is to record my acknowledgments to those who have helped me in this arduous undertaking. In expressing my obligations to Don Pascual de Gayangos for much kindly sympathy and assistance, especially in the bibliographical part, I merely repeat what has become almost a stereotyped phrase in the prefaces of English books relating to Spain or to Spanish literature. There is no living scholar of a knowledge so accurate and profound on all matters relating to the books of his country as my good friend Don Pascual, and no one of a good-nature and liberality so profuse and untiring. To the editor of the *St. James's Gazette* I am indebted for the privilege of using the substance of several articles contributed to that journal on *Don Quixote* and Cervantic literature. To Mr. Francis Storr I have to express my thanks for

having lent me the translation of Heine's essay on *Don Quixote*, which appears in the Appendix to Vol. I. Mr. Edmund Gosse I have to thank for his graceful rendering of one of the occasional sonnets in the text. Lastly, and in an extreme measure, my gratitude is due to Mr. C. H. H. Macartney, who has relieved me of infinite labour by reading my proofs and by aiding in the compilation of my two Indices—one to the Life of Cervantes and the other to the text of *Don Quixote*. This last, to his special glory be it recorded, is a service which no English editor has ever before done for Cervantes.

In bringing to a conclusion a work in which I have been engaged, more or less busily, for the last eighteen years,—begun in the midst of the cares, distractions, and turmoil of a harassing and jealous profession,—which has been to me a perpetual and ever-abiding source of delight and comfort, fulfilling in my regard, in a very special sense, that object for which the book was designed by its author, according to his own words, I am sensible of an emotion which has in it more of pain than of pleasure. It is the taking leave of an old friend, who can never more be the same again,—the companion of my leisure, the solace of many dull and weary hours. I can scarcely indulge my readers with the hope which is implied in the common form

of an author's farewell to his book. I cannot flatter myself that any one will take so much delight in reading this translation of *Don Quixote* as I have had in making it. The mischief is that it is done; and the labour can delight no more.

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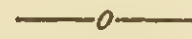

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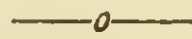

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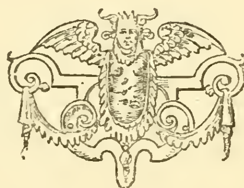
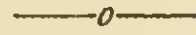


INTRODUCTION.



MY purpose in this work is to tell the story of DON QUIXOTE to English readers as Cervantes, his creator, has told it; observing, so far as the difference between the Spanish of the Sixteenth century and the English of the Nineteenth will allow, the same simplicity, clearness, and directness of language which are the distinctive attributes of the original; and ever regarding it as my first duty to be faithful to the text and to the author. To this end three things chiefly are necessary: First, a true and faithful translation of the text of DON QUIXOTE, without mutilation or abridgment or addition: Second, a full commentary in explanation of the innumerable references to books, to events, and to persons, and in elucidation of the manners, customs, idioms, characters, and phrases, which either time has rendered obscure, or the translators and commentators have made unintelligible: Third, a biography of the author, with a

survey of the time and the conditions under which he lived and wrote, which is the one thing, above all, essential to the true understanding of his book.

Of the translation I need only say, in excuse for my seeming audacity in undertaking what so many have attempted, that DON QUIXOTE is the book of all others in the world the most translateable, which is proved, I maintain, by the fact of its being the book most often translated. The prophecy of Cervantes, put into the mouth of Samson Carrasco, has been more than fulfilled: *No ha de haber nacion ni lengua donde no se traduca.* The book of Spain has become the common property of mankind. In the words of the great French critic—*Ce livre d'àpropos est devenu un livre d'humanité.* Every literature has its DON QUIXOTE, as it has its Bible. There is no language but has been enriched by the coinage of Cervantes. Quixote, Rozinante, Sancho Panza, Dulcinea, Maritornes—they are words in every tongue. In a sense, and to an extent which the author himself could hardly have anticipated, proudly confident as he was of the fortunes of this child of his genius, DON QUIXOTE has become "the plaything of infancy, the study of mankind, the idol of old age." To say that there is no book in the world so popular, is to bear but scant testimony to the triumph it has achieved over readers of all nations, all tastes, and all ages. Bibliography can hardly keep pace with the number of editions through which DON QUIXOTE has passed. Don Lopez de Fabra, the editor of the beautiful fac-simile first editions of Part I. and II.,

published at Barcelona in 1874, enumerates 278 editions of DON QUIXOTE up to that date, of which 136 are in Spanish. This gives us some 150 in other languages, two of the latest of these to acquire Cervantes' masterpiece being Rouman and Guzerati. A book which has passed the ordeal of translation so bravely proves itself to be, in spite of what its author himself has said in discouragement of translators, one eminently adapted for translation. The Spaniards continue to maintain, in spite of all these proofs to the contrary, that DON QUIXOTE is untranslateable. Richard Ford, who had so much in his own genius to make him a competent translator of Cervantes, has declared it to be "a mortal sin for any man to read DON QUIXOTE except in the original." I cannot flatter myself that I shall be able to keep any one from his salvation in this respect. Of course, it is true that DON QUIXOTE, like every other book, loses by translation. But though thrice blessed are they who have command enough of the noble Castilian tongue to be able to read DON QUIXOTE in the original, it is something like a paradox to say that a book which has borne so much translation —which, in spite of the translators, is still popular— cannot be translated. This is the one quality which gives to DON QUIXOTE its unique place among the books of the world; that, however badly it may be rendered, however roughly treated, in the baldest and driest version it never ceases to be readable: something of the delicate aroma escapes, as with the choice wine of its native La Mancha, the *Val-de-peñas añejo*, in

the process of transfer. The grace and the spirit which are in the form itself cannot be "done" into any other language. The characteristic Cervantes' flavour, the ever-flowing under-current of humour, the play upon words, the subtle half-meanings and double-meanings, the fascination which resides in the style, whose carelessness is itself a grace,—all this no translator can hope to preserve. Something, however, may be achieved,—of the much which has been attempted,—by the bold and loyal spirit who shall be content to abide in a due respect for the work, with which is indissolubly connected a reverence for the author. He who shall follow his text closely and ask for no other inspiration—who shall put away the temptation to decorate the plain words in his own manner—who shall not mock the greatest of humorists, with any vain endeavour to bring him into a line with "the humour of the times"—for him the adventure may yet be reserved.

The ideal of a true translation seems to be best indicated by August Schlegel, when he bids us "follow step by step the letter of the sense (*den Buchstaben des Sinnes*), and yet catch part of the innumerable indescribable beauties which do not lie in the letter, but hover about it, like an intellectual spirit." The curse which Voltaire has pronounced on the literal translator notwithstanding, there is no book tempts to literal translation like DON QUIXOTE. The language is always simple and clear; the construction, though careless and irregular, easy and direct. The meaning, at least one meaning, it is always possible to give in a

foreign language. Yet there are pitfalls in the very ease with which the Spanish seems to fit into any tongue with a Romance root; as the fate of some who have gone bravely into *condicion*, *suceso*, *gracioso*, *discreto*, and come out with "condition," "success," "gracious," and "discreet," has painfully illustrated. The letter has killed. The spirit only, is a delusion, a will-o'-the-wisp. The true salvation is in something which is neither, but *the spirit of the letter;* which is the only thing the good translator has to regard. In the case of DON QUIXOTE the temptation to break away from the text is almost irresistible. The story seems to tell itself. The style is so very simple that one ceases to study it with the due respect. For a long time, even in Spain, the original was regarded as scarcely deserving of the serious attention of men of letters. Printed on the vilest of paper and with the dirtiest of ink, it used to be what they called "illustrated" with the most hideous "sculptures," caricaturing the Knight and his squire, and reducing all the romance, all the pathos, and all the humour of the story to the meanest and rudest of ideals. For nearly a century and a half DON QUIXOTE was only a larger sort of chap-book for the million. England, it may fairly be said, was the first of all the nations to recognise the writer of DON QUIXOTE. The first translation—that of Shelton—was the English. The first edition of the text, in a shape worthy of the author and befitting a classic, was an English one,—that published under the auspices of the great English Minister, Lord Carteret, in 1738. The first commentary

in any language was that of the Rev. John Bowle, printed at Salisbury in 1781, in an edition whose value has scarcely yet been duly estimated. Lastly, and as a final proof of her sympathy with Cervantes and regard for his work, it is England who has produced the greatest number of translations of DON QUIXOTE, from the author's lifetime to the present date. Spain may have begotten the child, but England has been his foster-mother.

Of the English translators whom I have now to speak of, Thomas Shelton, the earliest, is deserving of much gratitude for what he did to popularise DON QUIXOTE in this country. Who Thomas Shelton was I have utterly failed to learn. He remains *nominis umbra*, without a single word in any biographical dictionary, or any mention from a contemporary. That he had a competent knowledge of Spanish, perhaps more than any of his successors had, is, I think, sufficiently proved by his translation; which, rude, careless, and imperfect as it is, must still be reckoned as one of the most spirited and the most genuine that has ever been done in English. Shelton tells us in his preface that he did it (meaning the First Part) "in the space of forty days;" that he then threw it aside, and "never once set hand to review or correct the same," his "many affairs hindering him from undergoing that labour"—all which is extremely probable, to which the state of his text bears witness. Although a rough and slovenly piece of work, of which the first edition is now a very rare book, it is an honest attempt to convey the spirit of

DON QUIXOTE into the tongue which Englishmen spoke in that period. Shelton was fortunate in being able to use the language of Shakespeare to express the mind of Cervantes,—not, indeed, that the language which he uses is the best equivalent for Cervantes' Spanish. The language in which the Spaniard wrote was more advanced and more highly developed than was English in the reign of Elizabeth. Spain was then at the very zenith of her greatness, and in the flush of her golden age of literature. England was still almost "in the gristle," with a literature yet "mewing its mighty youth." Shelton seems to have based his translation of the First Part, which was first published in 1612 (in Shakespeare's as well as in Cervantes' lifetime), on the Brussels edition of 1607,—an edition of some interest as being more carefully printed than the previous Spanish ones of 1605, but entirely without authority, and probably a piratical enterprise, without the author's knowledge or sanction. Shelton's Second Part, which is much inferior to his First, was printed in 1620. Together, the two Parts constitute the very earliest recognition of Cervantes' great work in any country outside of Spain, and are a very remarkable evidence of the influence of Spanish literature in England at that early date. Shakespeare might have read DON QUIXOTE in Shelton's English before he died; supposing that he had not read it in Cervantes' Spanish.

The next after Shelton to turn DON QUIXOTE into English was John Phillips, the nephew of Milton, who may be dismissed in a very few words. In an evil hour

he conceived the notion of adapting DON QUIXOTE to "the humour of the age." He fell into oblivion speedily, helped thereto by a shaft out of the quiver of Swift. The third to enter the lists was Motteux, in 1712, whose version has been as much over-praised as that of Shelton, from whom he stole largely, has been neglected. That Motteux's version of DON QUIXOTE still continues to be printed, even attains to the dignity of an "edition de luxe," with elegant and curious etchings, must be accepted as a proof of the undying popular interest in the book, rather than in this particular translation. Of all the English versions of DON QUIXOTE, Motteux's is the one most remote from the spirit and genius of Cervantes. Motteux was, indeed, not wanting in a spirit of a sort, but it is a spirit wholly alien from that of his author. He was an indefatigable writer, or rather head of a manufactory of books which were turned out according to the demand, with much skill and neatness, after the manner of his nation. He was a naturalised Frenchman, a refugee from Rouen, who must have acquired an extraordinary proficiency in the English language to have moved the wonder of Dryden,—

> that a foreign guest
> Should ever match the most and match the best.

Besides retailing tea and carrying on the business of a general dealer in Leadenhall Street, Peter Anthony Motteux wrote, or was at the head of a company which wrote, poems and plays with great ease and in singular profusion; all of which, in spite of Dryden's praise, are

now forgotten. He was a dead hand at a translation; and of all the wares he dealt in, his translations of RABELAIS and of DON QUIXOTE seem to have brought him the greatest profit while he lived, and lasting fame since his death.[1] To what extent he himself was responsible for the version of DON QUIXOTE which goes by his name, it is now impossible to decide. The original editions—and there have been many since the first of 1712—announced in the title-page that the translation is by "various hands, published by Mr. Motteux." Ozell, who helped in the translation of RABELAIS, is said to have been the chief hand under Motteux; but how many others there might have been of the crew we have now no means of knowing. The work bears manifest signs of a loose and unequal collaboration. Of Motteux's qualifications for the task of supervising a translation of DON QUIXOTE there is no evidence whatever. He had a great reputation for his knowledge of languages; but whether among the languages he knew Spanish is to be included may be strongly doubted. His innumerable blunders, his ignorance of common Spanish customs and manners,

[1] Motteux was a busy, bustling man, a sort of jack-of-all-trades, who was an auctioneer, and kept a miscellaneous store at the sign of the "Two Fans," near the old India House, where he retailed, according to his letter in the *Spectator* (January 30th, 1712), Teas Muslins, Arrack, Pictures, and Silks of the newest modes; besides odes, prologues, and translations. He avers that "the foreign goods I sell seem no less acceptable than the foreign books. I translated *Rabelais* and *Don Quixote*." Motteux made a miserable end, being found murdered in a brothel near Temple Bar in February, 1718.

his poverty in the way of illustration, his persistent avoidance of difficulties in the text, his entire want of sympathy with the author, and his general un-Spanish (so to speak) tone throughout, proclaim him to be only one of the numerous pretenders who, on the strength of a superficial colloquial acquaintance with the language, have flattered themselves and their readers with the belief that they are competent to interpret Cervantes. Motteux's style is a coarse, tawdry, ribald, graceless style; not without a certain rough humour of its own, but a humour alien to that of Cervantes, and of all English styles the most unlike the Spanish. The liberties which Motteux permits himself to take with his original are quite without excuse as they are without parallel in any translation of a great classic. He seems to have imagined that his sole duty was tell the story of DON QUIXOTE without any regard to the manner in which it had been told before by Cervantes. He tramples ruthlessly on all the delicate graces of the Spanish, blurring the native tints, decking the author with fancies not his own, loading false humour upon true, and producing something which is an outrage upon art and upon truth—a mock burlesque Knight Errant, a Sancho conscious of his own drollery, nay, a comic DON QUIXOTE—than which false taste and irreverence can no further go.[1]

[1] Motteux's version has been many times reprinted, even to our day, with a few trifling corrections and alterations. Lockhart made

After Motteux came Charles Jarvis, better known as Jervas and a painter, the friend of Pope, who gave his name to a translation of DON QUIXOTE first brought out by the booksellers in 1742, which has been more often reprinted than any other. Jervas himself, a gentleman from Ireland, and a very bad painter in spite of his eulogist and pupil Pope, died in 1739, so that he could not have revised the work to which the name of "Jarvis" was carelessly attached by the booksellers. Of his DON QUIXOTE it cannot be said what Pope wrote of some of the beauties whom Jervas painted, that it will—

> bloom in his colours for a thousand years.

According to Warburton, Jarvis's own friend Pope said of him that "he translated DON QUIXOTE without knowing Spanish."[1] Certainly neither his knowledge of

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it the medium of giving to the world his translation of the Spanish Ballads, a translation quite as loose and as unlike the original as that to which it was tacked. Lockhart, though a man of fine taste and of fastidious judgment, had very little Spanish.

[1] Sir John Hawkins, in his *Life of Dr. Johnson*, tells a curious story about Jarvis and his translation. "The fact is Jervas laboured at it for many years, but could make but little progress, for being a painter by profession, he had not been accustomed to write, and had no style. Mr. Tonson, the bookseller, seeing this, suggested the thought of employing Mr. Broughton, the reader at the Temple Church, the author and editor of sundry publications, who, as I have been informed by a friend of Tonson, sat himself down to study the Spanish language, and in a few months acquired, as was pretended, sufficient knowledge thereof to give to the world

Spanish nor his mastery of English appears in the book which goes by his name. Although free from the glaring errors of his predecessors, and from some of their worst offences against the spirit of Cervantes, Jarvis is dull, commonplace, and unhumorous. He has not the "curious felicity" of Shelton in difficult passages, though he frequently borrows from the old translator. His version is generally correct and judicious, but certainly not faithful, and it is not easy to discover why it has become so generally accepted, unless it is that Jarvis's dulness has served him for a warrant of morality. Chiefly on the strength of his own profuse professions of piety, Jarvis has been regarded as the one interpreter of Cervantes who says nothing calculated, in the words of the proprietor of Mrs. Jarley's Wax-Work, to "bring a blush on the cheek of innocence."[1] As for the version of Smollett, which was a commission from the booksellers in opposition to those who published Jarvis', what must be said of it is that he executed his task in the full spirit of his commission. The author of *Humphrey Clinker* was gifted with a genius not without affinity to that of Cervantes, but unfortunately he knew no Spanish. He seems to have done his book

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a translation of *Don Quixote* in the spirit of the original, and to which is prefixed the name of Jarvis."

[1] Attached to the early editions of Jarvis is "A Supplement to the Translator's Preface," dealing with the principles and practice of "the ancient chivalry," said to be "communicated by a learned writer, well-known in the literary world." This was Bishop Warburton, of whose dogmatism, arrogance, and hollow, pompous pedantry this essay is a very choice specimen.

out of the French, clumsily, and with as small a regard for the text as even Motteux.

I need go no further into the characters of the old translators, my predecessors. As to the two recent translations, which are more directly the competitors with this for the favour of all faithful Cervantists, it would be unbecoming of me to speak. That I am not content with them sufficiently appears in this present undertaking.

The adventure may be perilous, but the lists, at least, are not closed to the *aventureros*. The field is still open to all; though the prize grows more and more remote as the host of the *mantenedores* increases. The principles on which I have based this new translation of DON QUIXOTE may be briefly stated. The first duty of the translator is to make sense of what is written. If a plain, intelligible meaning can be given in words corresponding with those of the original, then such words should be chosen. For an English book they must be English words. All archaisms and conceited forms of locution—all verbal surprises, new coinages, and modern picture-words—all "taffeta phrases, silken words precise"—all pieces of "preciousness," for which there is no parallel in the original, must be piously avoided. There is no book in which extravagance and affectation are more out of place than in DON QUIXOTE, the most simple and sensible of books; which has for its very aim the suppression of the false romantic, the exposure of mock enthusiasm, of charlatan chivalry. Of course, Cervantes himself some-

times uses archaic and affected words; but these are put where they are proper, in the mouth of one whose brain has been turned by the reading of the extravagant books called "of chivalries." DON QUIXOTE, when he is on his stilts, uses the language which the knights, his ever-present models, used in the Romances. To find fault with the author for making his personages speak "according to the trick," as some of Cervantes' critics, Spanish and English, have done, is absurd. We might as well censure Shakespeare for the rant he has put in the mouth of Ancient Pistol, or Walter Scott for making Edie Ochiltree talk Scotch. When Cervantes himself is speaking, the language is ever plain, clear, and graceful, in words, except when he intends to be jocose, or deliberately to wrap up his meaning, so simple that any peasant in Castile may understand him. The English translator must in this follow his author, so far as the resources of English will allow. Again, there is the language of Sancho Panza and of the peasants and clowns who figure in the story. They, of course, talk in the vulgar tongue, which however is not, or at least was not, so distinct in Spain as it is in this country. The Spanish peasant, in the districts where Spanish is spoken, talks good Castilian. Where there is no *patois*, or relic of another language, as in Galicia and in Catalonia, and except where the speakers deliberately use slang or the dialect of *Germania*,[1] the speech

[1] *Germania* is the classic slang of Spain, more prevalent in Cervantes' time in Andalusia than in any other province. It is

of the lower classes in Spain is not very different from the speech of the higher. Moreover, there is a nearer approach to social equality, an inheritance probably from the Arabs, between master and man than was ever the case in England. Therefore the attempts which some of our translators have made to degrade Sancho by putting his speeches into vulgar, provincial English, are as absurd as they are untrue to the original. Sancho talks, as well as behaves, in his governorship, as no man would talk or behave who had been brought up an English labourer; nor is there any inconsistency in this, such as the translator need trouble himself to modify or correct. The best results, I believe, are to be obtained, as I have endeavoured to obtain them, by following the text as closely as possible, departing only from it when a literal adhesion would lead to obscurity or absurdity. There are some idioms and peculiar terms of phrase, of course, which cannot be rendered plainly into any corresponding English. The only proper way with these is to render them by parallel English idioms, when such can be found; if not, then by the nearest English equivalents or analogues.

To sum up the duties of a translator: he should above

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defined by Don Sebastian Covarrubias, in his valuable *Tesoro de la Lengua Castellana* (published shortly after the date of *Don Quixote*), as *el lenguaje de la rufianesca*—"the language of the ruffianry"—the idiom of the Lazarillos and the Cortadillos, in which Cervantes, as his books show, was a proficient. *Germania* has its dictionary and its grammar, and must not be confounded with Romany, which is a jargon based on Hindustani.

all seek to bring the work translated into a shape as nearly resembling the original as possible, not in the general outline only, but in the form and colour of every detail and accessory. Always remembering that he has to make an English book out of a foreign one, to be read by English men and women, the translator should endeavour to make the author speak instead of speaking for him. To do the showman to such a man as Cervantes is a presumption intolerable—all the more unpardonable seeing the exquisite art with which Cervantes avoids being the showman to DON QUIXOTE. The translator should efface himself, for it is not he whom the public have come to see, but the author. To intrude one's own Nineteenth-Century personality into such a book as DON QUIXOTE, is an offence as gross against good manners as against art. A worse crime than this, however, is to deck the author as well as his book in your own colours—to put on him your livery—to make him speak after a set manner—to torture and twist his character, as well as his work, into conformity with some fantastic ideal in the translator's brain. A Frenchman who translated *Plautus* in 1719, one Gueudeville, tells us in his preface, by way of recommending his work, that he had spared no pains, "*pour mettre ce vieux comique à la mode.*" To make out a certain *vieux comique*, known as MIGUEL DE CERVANTES, to be the image of a certain *vieux comique*, only grander, who lives in our own time—to discover a similitude in the work of the Spaniard to the work of an English politician—to make DON QUIXOTE a sort of political mani-

festo and missionary prospectus, that is a fantasy wilder than any which Cervantes took up his pen to dispel, a romance more extravagant than any which helped to turn Don Quixote crazy.

I have endeavoured to keep free from this sin at least, letting Cervantes declare himself in his own way and in his own words.. The text I have followed in my translation is that which must be regarded as the best available up to the present time—certainly the most authoritative—namely, the fourth and last edition of the DON QUIXOTE published in Madrid in 1819, under the direction of the Royal Spanish Academy. The basis of this edition is that of 1608, the third printed by Juan de la Cuesta, and the only one which the author ever took the trouble to revise, though he revised it but partially. Of this edition of 1608 the Academy says in the preface to its own that it has selected it as the basis of its text, "regarding it as the last choice of the author and preferable to the first (of 1605), which was neither made under his eyes nor received the last touch of his hand." There is, indeed, no positive evidènce that Cervantes ever corrected his book after the manuscript left his hands; but what sort of evidence could we have? The universal tradition and belief among Spanish scholars, confirmed by all internal evidence and probability, have been that Cervantes, though he did not correct any of the editions printed in 1605, did correct and alter that of 1608. In 1605 he was living at Valladolid, and there was some excuse for his neglecting to revise his book printed at

Madrid. In 1608 he had changed his residence to Madrid; and it is a most extravagant theory that even then, with the book printed under his eyes which had been so successful and brought him so much fame, if not profit, the author should have deliberately allowed his DON QUIXOTE to be published anew without correction. This theory, however, monstrous as it is, has been adopted by Señor Hartzenbusch in his editions of DON QUIXOTE published at Argamasilla, and is defended and acted upon by the latest of English translators, Mr. John Ormsby. I have discussed the question elsewhere in the various passages where it arises, and so I need not open the controversy here. Suffice it to say, that if we reject that which has been the belief of all Spanish scholars up to the time of Señor Hartzenbusch, we must believe, not only that Cervantes valued his work so little as not to care to revise it when he had the chance of doing so, but that he allowed some material alterations and additions to be made in the text by some one who,—seeing that on this theory he is the author of one of the most delightful and characteristic passages in the book, namely, the lamentation of Sancho Panza over the loss of his Dapple,—must have been of a genius akin to the author's own. The notion that "the printer, apparently *proprio motu*, supplied this passage," seems to me to be as extravagant as that other theory of the matter, that Cervantes purposely mutilated and defaced his story in order to make it resemble the romances of chivalry. How, then, if these additions were not made by Cervantes himself, does it happen that he

makes no mention of the independent and unauthorised corrector when this very matter of the robbery of Sancho's ass is discussed? The sensitiveness which Cervantes shows in the Second Part in regard to Avellaneda's base attempt to intrude upon his field and spoil his work, is entirely incompatible with the temper of one who was so absolutely indifferent to the fate of his book, even after it had achieved an enormous and unprecedented popularity, as not to care who altered it or added to it in a material passage.

To leave this question for the present, it is enough to say that the text, as given by the Spanish Academy, must be regarded as the most authoritative in Cervantes' native country, and therefore the one which an English translator is bound to follow. The edition of 1819 does certainly not pretend to give a perfect text, and it must be admitted that it leans over-much to the conservative side in the matter of emendation. Still, this is a good fault, and I hope I shall be accused of none worse. In a few places I have preferred to take the reading of Clemencin's edition, and in some have accepted even the emendations of Hartzenbusch, reckless and licentious as for the most part they are. With every effort to follow what appears to be the best text of DON QUIXOTE, I must acknowledge that sometimes I have failed to make sense of the words as they stand, and I need have the less hesitation in making this admission, seeing how often the good Clemencin himself, the acutest of the critics of DON QUIXOTE, confesses himself puzzled to make out the author's meaning.

I come now to the second of the features which I claim to be distinctive of this edition of DON QUIXOTE, namely, the commentary. To read a book without notes to distract one's attention is a great delight and a greater privilege. A commentary is unflattering both to the book and to the reader, as it presumes the one to be obscure and the other to be dull of comprehension. But time, though it has dealt more gently with DON QUIXOTE than with any other work of the same age, has made some annotation necessary. The astonishing thing, considering the purpose for which DON QUIXOTE was written, and its intense spirit of nationalism, being, as it is, the quintessence of *Españolismo*, is that it has survived to be so well understood, or, at least, so well liked, in all languages. "It is so clear," said the author himself, "that there is nothing to raise a difficulty in it."[1] However true this might have been in Cervantes' time, it is not so now, even in Spain. From being a satire on the popular taste, a parody on the prevailing fashion in reading, a flying shot at a folly long since dead, DON QUIXOTE has come to be a classic, more than fulfilling all the conditions which St. Beuve has laid down as necessary to classics. Although what makes it popular is the story,—which we can go on reading with delight in any version however bald, and in any text however bare,—it is not for the story alone that DON QUIXOTE should be read. Even if we could pass by without inquiry the innumerable passages

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[1] *Es tan clara que no hay cosa que dificultar en ella.*

where it is evident that the author purposes to imitate some action, or burlesque some speech of a character in one of the romances which it is his declared object to destroy, it would be necessary to explain the references to historical events and persons; the allusions to contemporary books and their authors; the customs, manners, and mode of life of the people amidst whom the action of the story takes place; the geography, natural history, and character of the country which is the scene of the adventures; lastly, the idioms, the proverbs, the local sayings, and the ballads which are so abundant throughout the book. And if the Spaniards themselves, as the elaborate commentaries of Pellicer, Clemencin, and Hartzenbusch bear witness, cannot read DON QUIXOTE without the help of notes, how much less can the English reader afford to do without them? Granted that some notes are necessary, there is no stopping short of a full commentary. Such I have endeavoured to supply, to the best of my ability, partly from original research and personal travel, partly and perhaps more largely, as must be the case with an Englishman annotating a foreign classic, out of the works of the Spanish critics and commentators.

The chief of those from whom I have taken such notes as are not original are the Reverend John Bowle, the first of all the commentators on DON QUIXOTE, native or foreign; Don Juan Antonio Pellicer, the editor of the very creditable edition which followed Bowle's in 1798; Don Diego Clemencin, whose commentary is the amplest and the most complete of all; and Don

Eugenio Hartzenbusch, who has published two editions of DON QUIXOTE in 1863 and 1865, besides contributing a supplementary volume of notes, chiefly new readings of his own, to Lopez de Fabra's fac-simile reproduction of the first edition of the Two Parts. There have been of late various other detached volumes and papers of criticism and commentary on Cervantes and his works, by Guerra y Orbe, Barrera, Valera, Asensio, Aribau, Mainez, and numerous other of the smaller fry of Cervantistas, to whom I have been more or less indebted. Unhappily, there is not much of material value to glean from these gentlemen. Their enthusiasm, in this age of strong reaction in favour of Cervantes and DON QUIXOTE, takes the form chiefly of turgid verse, in ecstatic eulogy of EL PRINCIPE DE LOS INGENIOS ESPAÑOLES, of patriotic exaltation of the virtues of EL MANCO DE LEPANTO, with a complacent enumeration of all that foreigners have done in honour of the great Spaniard, or elaborate calculation of the number of times DON QUIXOTE responds or Sancho speaks in the course of the narrative.

Chief among the commentators, and worthy of all honour for what he has done for DON QUIXOTE, is the Englishman Bowle, whose edition, with an elaborate commentary in six volumes, though it fell almost dead from the press, has now, after a hundred years of neglect, met with its just recognition even in Spain. Bowle was an English clergyman, a canon of Salisbury, who, as he tells us, spent fourteen years in learning and in reading Spanish in order to bring out a Spanish edition

of DON QUIXOTE, with annotations. Bowle was never in Spain, and his Spanish is sometimes an occasion of stumbling and of sarcasm to his rivals. But his honesty, industry, and patience are worthy of all commendation. He is specially strong in his classical references and his quotations from the Italian poets and the Spanish romances of chivalry, some of which, perhaps, no one but himself has ever read since DON QUIXOTE appeared. For a reason which needs too long a story to explain, the Italian Baretti, the well-known friend of Dr. Johnson, pursued Bowle and his literary adventure with great malignity, writing an ill-natured book styled *Tolondron*,[1] of which the object was to ridicule the idea of any one who had never been in Spain commenting in Spanish upon DON QUIXOTE. Next to Bowle as a commentator stands Pellicer, who did a good deal to explain old customs in his notes and to clear up obscure allusions in the text. After him came Clemencin, whose commentary, though not deserving of all the praise given to it by Ticknor, must be regarded as the most notable literary monument which

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[1] *Tolondron* means "a giddy-pate," "a hare-brained fellow." The book was published in London in 1786, and is an angry, spluttering, performance, full of venom and bad language. The respectable Bowle is called many foul names, such as "Ourang-Outang," "Monsieur Cerberus," "Dr. Coglione"; and is generally addressed as "Jack." There is a tradition that Baretti, who was a most malignant creature, believed that Bowle had written a paragraph to his discredit, in the matter of his trial for murder, in the *Monthly Review*. Poor Bowle's end is said to have been hastened by the ill-success of his book.

has ever been raised to the memory of Cervantes. I know of no modern book which has been the subject of so minute, searching, and profuse a scheme of criticism and illustration as that which appears in Don Diego Clemencin's six volumes of DON QUIXOTE, published in 1833–9. There is scarcely a point or turn in the story where we do not find Clemencin lying in wait for us with a little note (often a very long one), a reference, a correction, a judgment, or a remark on the style, the matter, or the man. Of his learning, his industry, and, on the whole, his love and respect for the author there cannot be any doubt.[1] Of judgment, or good taste, or modesty, or sense of proportion he had very little. He has but an imperfect sympathy with the genius of Cervantes. He has very little humour of his own, and will not allow anything to be good which he does not understand. He frequently mistakes his author's meaning, confounding irony with earnest, and his inability to comprehend the difference between Cervantes and Don Quixote amounts to a kind of intellectual colour-blindness. His remarks are very often purely trivial and impertinent. He is hypercritical, exacting, and cantankerous. He stands over Cervantes like a schoolmaster over a dull

[1] There is a tradition, how well founded I do not know, though Hartzenbusch seems to hint that it is true, that Clemencin had got hold of certain manuscripts of one Don Ramon Cabrera (not to be confounded with the Carlist leader), the author of an Etymological Dictionary, and used them as his own in the composition of his commentary.

pupil, with ferrule in hand, and sublimely unconscious of the profane liberties he is taking with a great genius: pruning, cutting up, and laying on as if he had to do with a school-boy's exercise instead of the finest book in the world. For his numerous offences against good taste, his dulness, and his insensibility to the subtler beauties of the book, Clemencin has been the favourite butt of succeeding critics.[1] With all his faults, however, and I shall have frequent occasion to differ from him, we cannot do without Clemencin. He has certainly done more for the elucidation of DON QUIXOTE than any one else. On all points connected with the national manners and customs—on questions of grammar and orthography—on the traditions, the history, and the literature of Spain he is generally a safe guide—to the foreign translator, at least, indispensable.[2] To him, as well as to Bowle, I must here

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[1] His chief enemy, and the most redoubtable champion on the Cervantist side, is Juan Calderon, the author of an admirable little book, entitled *Cervantes Vindicado* (Madrid, 1854). Calderon, of whom I can learn nothing but that he was a refugee in England and had turned Protestant, is one of the best of all the later critics of *Don Quixote*, who "gives it back" to Clemencin in a rare good style.

[2] Towards the end of his sixth volume Clemencin seems to be visited with some glimmering sense of remorse for having been too hard on Cervantes, and tries to make up for his past freedoms with *Don Quixote* by some uncouth gambollings of delight over that good though ungrammatical work. In this he shares the common lot of those who have had to do with Cervantes, whose critics, commentators, and translators cannot help loving the man even when they ill-treat his book.

express, once for all, my deep sense of obligation for assistance which it would be tedious in each particular instance to acknowledge—to the former for the greater number of my references to Spanish books and customs, and to the latter for his labours in the quotation o parallel passages from the Italian poets and the romances of chivalry.

Of Don Eugenio Hartzenbusch, himself a conspicuous man of letters, a poet and a dramatist, who has enriched the language of Spain with many compositions of real merit and permanent value, I confess I cannot speak with much respect as a commentator on Cervantes. His services in the cause of Cervantic literature in the co-editing of the magnificent edition of Cervantes' works printed at Argamasilla in 1865, have been to a great extent neutralised by the rashness with which he engages in the perilous work of conjectural emendation. What Cervantes left as the text of his DON QUIXOTE was not held by Señor Hartzenbusch good enough. He takes it in hand, therefore, to re-fashion it; not only altering words and phrases which he cannot understand, or which he imagines the author did not write, but dislocating the narrative, cutting episodes out of one chapter and putting them into another, introducing ideas and expressions into the text without any warrant whatever except his own belief that he (Hartzenbusch) knew better what Cervantes should, or might, or would have written, than Cervantes has chosen to write. For this reason, and in spite of the ingenuity and acumen which are manifest in some of his emen-

dations, I have had very little to do with Señor Hartzenbusch.

Of the numerous other critics and commentators, in Spain and elsewhere, who have made DON QUIXOTE the subject of study, it is unnecessary to speak in detail. It is enough to say that I have made use of all the material, wherever I could find it, that I have thought useful for my purpose, which is to give as full and complete a commentary on DON QUIXOTE as an English translation ought to have to be properly understood by English readers,—having regard to no considerations of personal fame, but looking only to the honour and glory of my author.

The third feature of my enterprise, which is no less important than the others in any new edition of DON QUIXOTE, is a Life of Cervantes, brought down to the latest state of knowledge, and illustrated with all the lights which modern research has furnished. Of no other book and its author can it be said that they are related, as Cervantes and his DON QUIXOTE are related. As the book is the true witness to the man, so the life of the man is the best light to guide us to a true knowledge of the book. Of many other masterpieces of human wit, it can be said that they would be equally interesting and equally good whether we knew their authors or not. The impersonality of Shakespeare, so far as the present age is concerned, does not make us relish Falstaff, or Touchstone, or Autolycus any the less. His types of humour are perfect in themselves, and it is only curiosity which

tempts us into lifting the veil which shrouds their creator. Cervantes, however, cannot be separated from DON QUIXOTE. It is not that he has not fashioned his creatures so that they are able to stand alone; but that, underlying the wit, the wisdom, and the humour, ever present in the story and vivifying Sancho as much as his master, is the spirit of Miguel de Cervantes. The fable cannot be understood without the fabulist. The clue to the mystery of DON QUIXOTE is to be found in the life of the author, and there only. That "very perfect gentle Knight," that reviver of the ancient chivalry, that would-be redressor of wrongs, that sweet and noble nature which, in spite of all buffetings and reverses, we never cease to love and admire,—who is he but the hero of Lepanto himself, whose life is a romance of chivalry, at least as various, eventful, and arduous,—as full of glory, hardship, and sadness;—as prolific of surprising adventures, as the immortal story he has written? Many volumes have been written, and a vast amount of ingenuity wasted, in the attempt to discover the secret of DON QUIXOTE —its object and purpose; to find the *mot de l'énigme*— the key to the mystery. Why need we go further than the life of Cervantes in the search for a motive to DON QUIXOTE?

That life I will now proceed to tell as it is to be learnt from all the existing authorities. The materials for a full and perfect biography are, fortunately, more abundant than in the case of Cervantes' great English contemporary. There have been many biographies of

Cervantes, from the first by Mayans y Siscar, prefixed to Lord Carteret's edition of 1738, to that of Don Ramon Mainez, published at Cadiz in 1876. None of them can be said to be wholly satisfactory. The best of them is the standard one by Don Martin Navarrete, which was published in 1819 as a supplement to the Academy's fourth edition of DON QUIXOTE. This, though a judicious and well-proportioned piece of work, is now out of date. Many things have since been discovered about Cervantes, some of great importance, such as his rhymed letter from Algiers to Mateo Vasquez, Philip the Second's secretary, and the remarkable correspondence of Lope de Vega, unearthed by Schack from the library of the Duke de Sesa, which throws so much new light on the relations between Lope and his rival. The curious mystery of Avellaneda and his false Second Part of DON QUIXOTE, which was the last of the several strange tricks played off by fortune against this hapless child of genius—a mystery which Cervantes' early biographers seem almost afraid to touch—has recently been more closely investigated, with results such as I purpose to give in their right place. Hitherto there has been no English biography of Cervantes which has dealt fully with the romantic passages of his career as bearing upon the chief product of his genius. It is in this sense, and as an essential part of the commentary on DON QUIXOTE, that I propose to write the life of Miguel de Cervantes.

LIFE OF CERVANTES.

CHAPTER I.

Birth and Parentage — Youth and Education—Early Essays in Literature — Service with Cardinal Acquaviva—Journey to Rome.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES[1] was born at Alcalá de Henares, a small town of New Castile, in 1547. The exact day of his birth is not recorded, but he was baptised, according to the register still extant,

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[1] The name is generally supposed to be drawn from the ruined tower which stands near the end of the bridge opposite Toledo, familiar to all visitors to the old Gothic capital, called *Castillo de San Cervantes.* Ford denies this origin, and I think he is right. The name of the tower is known to be a corruption of San Servan, or Servando, a martyr of the early Spanish church. That San Servan became corrupted into San Cervantes is certain ; but that Servan or Servando gave the name of Cervantes to the family is not probable. According to the pedigree given by Mendez de Silva (hereafter to be spoken of), the first who took the name of Cervantes was Gonzalo, in the early years of the Thirteenth century, to distinguish himself from his elder brother, Pedro Alfonso, who was called Cervatos. That both these names sprung from the same root is probable, seeing that the arms of the two brothers were nearly alike; their chief blazon being, of the one,

in the parish church of Santa Maria the Greater, on the 9th of October. From this fact, which was brought to light for the first time by Don Vicente de Los Rios, in the Life of Cervantes appended to the first edition of the Spanish Royal Academy, it has been assumed that the author of DON QUIXOTE was born on the 29th of September preceding. It was the custom of Castile for the infant to be christened by the name of the saint on whose day he was born, and hence, without any direct evidence, it has been settled that Michaelmas, 1547,

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two stags (ciervos) *or;* and of the other, two hinds *or*, in a field azure. The arms doubtless had a punning allusion to the name. But *Cervatos*, which seems to be the older surname, is even less likely than Cervantes to have come from Servando. *Cervatos* is said, however, to have been the name of the place whence the progenitor of the family first took his appellation, probably so called as being a place of stags. There is, at the present day, an estate in La Mancha called *La Cervanta*, in which is a deer-park. The family, in 1089, is said to have founded a Benedictine monastery on the site of what was supposed to be a castle of the Goths, on the ruins of which stands the present tower of "San Cervantes," of unknown antiquity. The question is wrapt in much confusion, nor is it worth while to attempt to solve it. Miguel de Cervantes himself generally wrote his name *Cerbantes;* and in one case at least, in the direction of the rhymed letter to Mateo Vasquez, *Ceruante*. It is, perhaps, needless to remark that the Spanish *b* and *v* are interchangeable, both being pronounced more softly than the same letters in English ; and that the gentlemen of that period were not particular as to their spelling. The second name, *Saavedra*, seems to have been assumed by Cervantes after his return from captivity, being taken, according to a common custom, from the name of a distinguished ancestor, Juan Arias de Saavedra, the father of Maria Avellaneda, who was the mother of Juan Cervantes, the grandfather of our hero.

was the date of the birth of Miguel de Cervantes. His parents were Rodrigo de Cervantes, a native of Alcalá, and Leonor de Cortinas, a native of the neighbouring village of Barajas. Both the father and mother, who were married in 1540, though of straitened circumstance, were of good family, entitled to be classed among *hidalgos*. The father of Rodrigo was Juan de Cervantes, who seems to have been of higher station than his progeny, since he filled the office of *Corregidor* (corresponding to that of Mayor or Stipendiary Magistrate) of the city of Osuna, and is mentioned as a friend and associate of the Conde de Ureña, the father of the illustrious Don Pedro Giron, first Duke of Osuna, who was the first Viceroy of Sicily, and afterwards of Naples, under Philip II. The family is supposed to have sprung originally from Galicia. Rodrigo Mendez de Silva, the genealogist who wrote in 1648 of the ancestry and deeds of the famous Nuño Alfonso, Alcaide of Toledo (A.D. 1090), traces the line of Cervantes up to the early Gothic Kings of Leon;[1] thus making the author of DON QUIXOTE to be of the same blood with his king, and with his chief, the victor of Lepanto.[2] One of the five sons of Nuño Alfonso was Alfonso Nuño, who took

[1] See the Cervantes genealogical tree, taken from Mendez de Silva, in the Appendix A., Vol. I.

[2] Don Juan of Austria, the natural son of Charles V., can, in fact, be made out to be a cousin of Miguel de Cervantes who fought under him at Lepanto. Charles V. was the grandson of Ferdinand and Isabella, Ferdinand being seventeenth in descent from Ximena Muñez, who was sister to the first bearer of the name of Cervantes.

the surname of *Cervatos*, from the castle and lordship of that name, which he inherited from his father. His son was Gonzalo de Cervantes, who was the first who took that name, to distinguish him from his elder brother. Both brothers figured largely in the wars against the Moors—the elder being present at the battle of *Las Navas de Tolosa* in 1212—the great victory which was the first decisive blow struck at Mahomedan ascendancy in the Peninsula. Gonzalo de Cervantes accompanied the king, St. Ferdinand, in the campaign which ended in the conquest of Seville, and was rewarded for his services by a share of the lands re-conquered from the Moors. From him, if we are to believe the genealogists and chroniclers, there came in a direct line Juan de Cervantes, who, in the reign (A.D. 1407–54) of King Juan II., was a *veinticuatro*, or alderman, of Seville. Thence the descent to Miguel de Cervantes, our hero, seems clear and uninterrupted.[1]

The enthusiasm of his countrymen, in rude atonement for the past, may perhaps have glorified over-

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[1] Full details of the genealogy of Cervantes are to be found in the pages of *Navarrete* (232–246), derived from Juan de Mena, who wrote the Chronicle of Juan II., and Rodrigo Mendez de Silva, the author of many genealogical treatises, who flourished some two generations after Cervantes. The work of Juan de Mena is in manuscript in the Royal Library at Madrid. The family had numerous branches, spreading all over Spain and the New World, which have produced Cardinals, Generals, Presidents of Republics, and other high personages in Castile, Andalucia, and Catalonia, as well as in Mexico and Central and South America, down to our own times.

much the family of Cervantes. These genealogical exercises, so much to the taste of the Spanish writers, may be taken as expiatory offerings at the shrine of the genius who, in his lifetime, not the kinship with royalty nor even the writing of DON QUIXOTE could save from poverty and ill-treatment. Cervantes himself cared little for these things; and when taunted by his enemy, Avellaneda, with being "as old as the castle of San Cervantes," which was probably intended as a sarcasm on his high birth as well as his infirmities, cared only to reply that "poverty might cloud but could not wholly obscure nobility." What is certain, and the only thing material, is that the family of Cervantes, at his birth, were of the condition of poor untitled gentlefolk. Of the father, Rodrigo de Cervantes, nothing whatever is recorded in history. The mother, Leonor de Cortinas (who, according to Pellicer, was a cousin of Lope de Vega's first wife's mother), survived her husband many years. They had four children, two sons and two daughters, of whom Miguel was the youngest. Rodrigo, the elder brother, was a soldier, who will figure in several passages of this history. He distinguished himself greatly in the expedition of the Marques de Santa Cruz against the Azores, and in the campaigns in Flanders, and appears to have died, at a date uncertain, before Miguel.

Alcalá de Henares (in Arabic "the castle of the river, according to Ford), so called to distinguish it from several other Alcalás, is a dull, decayed town, about twenty miles east of Madrid. The Henares, a

stream of which Cervantes seems to have entertained pleasant recollections, is a feeder of a more considerable river—the Jarama—which flows into the Tagus. The walls and towers, colleges and chapels, which give Alcalá so imposing an appearance from a distance, bear witness to its former importance, as the seat of a University only second to that of Salamanca in greatness and in celebrity. The old city was called *Complutum* (quasi *confluvium*, Ford suggests), whence Cervantes' *la gran Compluto*, in the only mention he makes of his birthplace in DON QUIXOTE. The University, founded by Cardinal Ximenes, the famous Minister of Ferdinand and Isabella, in 1510, once contained nineteen colleges and twice as many chapels, and was so amply endowed that Erasmus dubbed it *Panplouton*.[1] Cardinal Ximenes, who retired hither when he had lost the favour of "the Catholic Kings," devoted all his great wealth, the plunder of Moordom, to its adornment and enrichment. Hither came in the early half of the Sixteenth century most of the golden youth of Spain to be educated; here was printed, at the Cardinal's instigation and expense, the famous Complutensian Polyglott; here Francis the First, when

[1] Also the "cumplimiento" of all learning. There is said to have been 11,000 students here in the reign of Charles V.; the French King Francis remarking, when a visitor here in 1525, that "one Spanish monk had done what it would have taken a line of kings in France to accomplish." See Ford, and the authorities he quotes in the first edition of his *Handbook*, of 1845,—which is by far the best edition, being unmutilated, and the only one I shall quote in the course of this work.

Charles V.'s prisoner, was royally entertained; here Ximenes himself is buried in the Collegio Mayor, under a gorgeous monument with an arrogant epitaph. The once famous University has been removed to Madrid, and Alcalá is now, as Ford describes it, a shadow of the past, the echoes of whose deserted streets are scarce ever awakened but by the tread of pilgrims, chiefly English and American, to the birthplace of Miguel de Cervantes. The house where he was born is now distinguished by a wall-plate, with a flaming inscription. It is, what remains of it, of decent size and appearance, denoting that its once owners were of the rank of respectable *hidalgos*.

A signal proof of the carelessness and indifference with which Spaniards regarded their greatest countryman, is afforded by the fact that it was more than a century and a half after his death before they began to investigate a detail so considerable as the place of his birth. Although Fr. Diego de Hædo, in his *Topografia de Argel* (written before DON QUIXOTE appeared, though not published till 1612), had given a long account of Cervantes as "*un hidalgo principal*" of Alcalá de Henares; and although Mendez de Silva, a leading genealogist of the Seventeenth century, in one of his works[1] has repeated this statement, confirming it by particulars of

[1] Of Hædo and his book I will speak more in a chapter to follow. The title of Mendez de Silva's book, one of the scarcest of the series (not mentioned by Salvá), is *Ascendencia illustre, gloriosos hechos, y posteridad noble del famoso Nuño Alfonso, Alcaide de la imperial Ciudad de Toledo.* Madrid, 1648.

Cervantes' lineage, no one in Spain seems to have taken any notice of these informations for a hundred and fifty years after Cervantes' death. The mystery in which Cervantes had deliberately wrapped the birthplace of his hero—*cuyo nombre no quisó acordarse*—to the end that "all the towns and villages of La Mancha might contend among themselves for the honour of giving him birth and adopting him for their own, as the Seven Cities of Greece contended for Homer," by a singular freak of destiny involved his own place of birth. The prediction was fulfilled to the letter, for DON QUIXOTE as well as for his author. The contention among the towns of La Mancha for the honour of being DON QUIXOTE'S birthplace was no fiercer than the dispute which has raged among the towns of Spain for the glory of producing the most illustrious of her children. Seven cities have actually contended for the honour of being the cradle of Miguel de Cervantes,—Madrid, Seville, Toledo, Lucena, Esquivias, Alcázar de San Juan, and Consuegra. Don Gregorio Mayans y Siscar, Cervantes' first biographer, in the Life prefixed to the London edition of 1738, maintains that Cervantes was born at Madrid, which was also, apparently, Lope de Vega's opinion. Don Nicolás Antonio, in his scanty article on Cervantes in his *Bibliotheca Hispanica*, makes him a native of Seville. The claims of Alcázar de San Juan are hotly advanced to this day,[1] on the strength of a certain

[1] I have had myself to argue with more than one citizen of this ancient town, against the local claim,—among others with a

entry in the parish register recording the baptism of a certain "Miguel," son of Blas Cervantes Saavedra and Catalina Lopez, on the 9th of November, 1558. Opposite to the entry, in a comparatively modern hand, is writen, *Este fué el autor de la historia de Don Quixote* (this was the author of the history of DON QUIXOTE). That such the said Miguel could not be is clearly proved by the date of his birth, a date which would make him taking a conspicuous part in the battle of Lepanto before the age of thirteen. That there was another Miguel de Cervantes, who, strangely enough, had for a second surname Saavedra, is certain, and I cannot help thinking that some of the incidents of his life (he seems to have been somewhat of a scapegrace) have got mixed up with the history of the true Miguel de Cervantes. He might have been some cousin, for the name is by no means uncommon in Spain, then as now; and the author of DON QUIXOTE is known to have had an uncle and other relatives in La Mancha. The credit of having settled this controversy is shared between the learned Benedictine Fr. Martin Sarmiento and Don Juan de Iriarte, the King's Librarian at Madrid, *temp.* Charles III. Iriarte discovered among the manuscripts of the Royal Library a document, dated 1581, giving a list of certain captives who had been redeemed from Algiers the year before, among whom is included "Miguel de Cervantes, of the age of

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patriotic Manchegan, station-master at Argamasilla, whom I can hardly flatter myself I was able to convince, that being my first argument in the Spanish tongue.

thirty years, a native of Alcalá de Henares." Following up this clue, Father Sarmiento consulted Hædo's *Topography of Algiers*, and found there the notice of Cervantes to which I have referred above. Sarmiento seems to have hesitated for some time, strangely enough, between these evidences in favour of Alcalá and the entry in the parish register of Alcázar de San Juan. Finally he made up his mind, and wrote the tract, *Noticia sobre la Verdadera Patria de Cervantes*, in 1761, which has settled the question. That there should have been so long a doubt on the subject, with the abundant material at hand, printed and in manuscript, extant, for resolving it, is a striking proof of the indifference with which the Spanish men of letters and learning regarded Cervantes and DON QUIXOTE, until foreign opinion had stirred them to an effusion of patriotism.[1] Even to this day, the authors of the once flaming dispute between Alcalá and Alcázar have not lost their heat,[2] in spite of the testimony afforded under Cervantes' own hand, among the papers discovered in 1804 by Cean Bernudez in the archives of the Indies at Seville. Among these, which are printed in full length by Navarrete,

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[1] See for further details of the story of how Cervantes' birthplace came to be discovered, *Navarrete*, p. 206, and following.

[2] One of the stoutest champions on the side of Alcázar is a respectable gentleman of that city, Don Juan Alvarez Guerra, who tried to impress me with his views by word of mouth in 1884, and who gave me his book, entitled *Sol de Cervantes Saavedra, su Verdadera Patria Alcázar de San Juan*—a quarto of 240 pages, of a credulity and unreason stupendous.

is a memorial in Cervantes' own writing, demanding of Father Juan Gil, the official redeemer of captives in Algiers, an investigation into his life and conduct in captivity, in which he styles himself "*Miguel de Cervantes, natural de la villa de Alcalá de Henares.*"[1]

Of Cervantes' youth and early life at Alcalá we have no details, and only such slight traces as are to be found in his works. In one of those delightful bits of autobiography which he now and then (alas! too rarely) indulges us with in his prologues and dedications, he tells us of one of the favourite amusements of his early years. This was to attend the representations given by the strolling company of players organised by Lope de Rueda, the first who gave form and order to the Spanish Drama. The passage occurs at the beginning of the Prologue to the collection of Cervantes' Comedies and Farces, published in September, 1615, a few months before his death: "In past days I once found myself in a conversation among friends in which we discussed Comedies and matters relating thereto . . . . And the question was raised; Who was the first who brought them out of their swaddling clothes and gave them habitation, and attired them decently and handsomely? Said I, who was the oldest of them there, I remembered well seeing the great Lope de Rueda act, a man distinguished for his acting and for his intelligence. He was a native of Seville, and by trade a gold-beater, that is, one of those who make gold-leaf. He was admirable

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[1] See Navarrete, *Ilustraciones y Documentos*, p. 311-49.

in Pastoral Poetry, and in that department, neither then nor since till now, has any one excelled him; and though from being then a boy I could not form any right judgment as to the goodness of his verses, from some which cling to my memory, examined now in mature age, I find that what I have said is true. . . . In the time of this celebrated Spaniard the whole apparatus of a manager of plays was contained in a sack, and consisted of four white sheep-skin dresses trimmed with gilt leather, and four beards, wigs, and crooks, more or less." As to the stage and the properties, they consisted, Cervantes says, the first, of "four benches arranged in a square, with five or six planks on top of them, raised but four hands'-breadth from the ground." The only decoration of the theatre was "an old blanket drawn aside by two ropes, which made what they call the green-room, behind which were the musicians singing some old ballad without a guitar."[1] The performances used to take place then in some public square, as now with strollers at a country fair, and were given twice a day, in the forenoon and the afternoon. Lope de Rueda is known to have been present at Segovia with his company of players on the occasion of the festivities held in that city when the new Cathedral was consecrated in August, 1558,[2] and it is most likely that he

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[1] See Prologue in *Ocho Comedias y Ocho Entremeses nuevos nunca representados.* Madrid, 1615: reprinted, with an absurd preface by Don Blas Nasarre, in 1749.

[2] Navarrete, p. 257, who quotes from Diego de Colmenares, the historian of Segovia.

proceeded thence to Madrid and perhaps to Alcalá. Cervantes was then in his eleventh year. Of any other pursuit or employment than theatre-going in these early days we have no record. Grammar and the Humanities Cervantes learned under Lopez de Hoyos, a teacher of some celebrity in that age, a poet and a man of letters, who seems to have kept a school at Madrid.[1] From Lopez de Hoyos, who is praised by Nicolás Antonio as a man of "vast erudition," Cervantes probably acquired all the learning he ever possessed, which, though sneered at in after life by some of his contemporaries, was such as befitted a youth of his station at that period. Though never a ripe or an exact scholar, he himself was well read and informed, more than some of those who have ventured to correct him. Like many other great writers, he is to be claimed as one of the condemned band of "desultory readers." According to his own account he read everything, even to the pieces of torn paper to be picked up in the streets.[2] Of romances and the romantic poetry, both of Spain and of Italy, he must have acquired a knowledge as profound as did Alonzo Quijano himself; nor did any one ever study those pernicious books of chivalries with greater enthusiasm and relish than he who lived to give them the

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[1] The site of this school is said, in a book entitled *El Antiguo Madrid*, to be No. 2, in the Calle de la Villa, now occupied by a house inhabited by the Countess De la Vega del Pozo, which bears on its gate a marble slab with a commemorative inscription. (Mesonero Romanos, in the *Ilustracion*, 15th April, 1872.)

[2] See *Don Quixote*, Part I. C. ix.

death-stroke. With the literature of his own country he shows in all his works that he was well acquainted; and all that was romantic in the poetry of Italy must have been as familiar to him as *Amadis* or *Palmerin.*

Of any other education than that which Cervantes received from Lopez de Hoyos and gave himself, there exists no evidence. The tradition that he spent two years at the University of Salamanca, which is accepted by Navarrete and by Ticknor, rests upon no basis of fact. Considering the circumstances of his family, and that they had a University at their doors as celebrated as any in Spain, it is most unlikely that they sent him to Salamanca. Navarrete, indeed, quotes the statement of a certain ex-professor of rhetoric at Salamanca, to the effect that he had seen the name of Miguel de Cervantes in the University Registers as having matriculated and gone through a two years' course of philosophy; but this seems to have been an idle rumour, which no one has since been able to confirm.[1] Of the

[1] The tradition that Cervantes studied at Salamanca is thought to be strengthened by the local belief that he lodged in the Calle de Moros, in which a house is shown as that of Cervantes. It is said also that in the novel *La Tia Fingida*, the author shows much familiarity with Salamanca, in which city the scene is laid, the story being taken from a real occurrence in 1575. But *La Tia Fingida* was never acknowledged by Cervantes, nor did he include it in the edition of the *Novelas* published in his life-time. From internal evidence I do not believe it to be his work, nor could he have had any personal knowledge of what happened at Salamanca in 1575, being in that year either at sea in the Mediterranean or a captive at Algiers.

class to which Cervantes belonged, very few went to the University, unless intended for the priestly profession. Cervantes, indeed, seems in various passages of his writings to ridicule the student life and system of training at Salamanca ; and such familiarity as he shows with it might easily have been acquired by his residence at Alcalá There was not much in that age which the Universities of Spain could teach beyond grammar and what was called philosophy—a philosophy which knew no science but that of Aristotle and Ptolemy, and rejected as false and immoral all that was contrary to the Catholic Faith and the teaching of the Church.

The relations between the young Cervantes and his tutor, Lopez de Hoyos, seem to have been most intimate and cordial. Hoyos may, indeed, claim the honour not only of having given a bent to the genius of the youth, but of being the first to detect in his literary productions the promise of greatness. When Isabel of Valois, the beautiful third wife of Philip II., died suddenly, as did so many of Philip's family and kin, her obsequies were celebrated at Madrid with great pomp and splendour, on the 24th of October, 1568. Among other offerings laid on her tomb were a number of encomiastic sonnets and elegies, composed by the pupils of Lopez de Hoyos. Cervantes could hardly be now reckoned a pupil, being twenty-one years of age, yet some half-a-dozen of the poems were contributed by him "in the name of the whole establishment" (*de todo el estudio*). Of these, Hoyos, in his introduction and notes, makes special mention, as of

"elegant style," "rhetorical colours," and "delicate conceits," speaking of their author, with fond partiality, as his "dear and beloved pupil." These early pieces are still extant;[1] but, though interesting as the first-fruits of that intense love of poetry of which, in a well-known passage in his *Voyage to Parnassus*, he speaks,[2] they are of small merit.

Besides these early poems, written under the auspices of his tutor, and under the influence of ceremonial woe, Cervantes seems at this early period to have written a pastoral poem called *Filena*, for so we must read the passage in the *Viaje del Parnaso*—

> Tambien al par de Filis mi Filena
> Resonó por las selvas, que escucharon
> Mas de una y otra alegre cantilena;

which Mr. J. Y. Gibson, in his elegant version of the *Voyage to Parnassus* has Englished thus:—

> To rival Phyllis my Phylena gay
> Hath carolled through the woods, whose leafy land
> Gave back the sound of many a merry lay.

Filena has been overtaken in the wave which has swept away to oblivion so many of Cervantes' early

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[1] They are to be found in Aribau's edition of the works of Cervantes in Rivadeneyra's series of the *Biblioteca de los Autores Españoles;* also in the sumptuous Argamasilla edition of Rosell and Hartzenbusch.

[2] *Desde mis tiernos años amé el arte*
Dulce de la agradable poesia
Y en ella procuré siempre agradarte.
—*Viaje del Parnaso*, ch. iv

productions; ballads innumerable, sonnets, elegies, and plays, of whose fate he speaks, with a gay good humour, as not undeserved. What survived was a certain reputation as a maker of poetry, which he had acquired even at this early period of his manhood,[1] and before he had entered upon the next stage of his busy and troubled life.

Towards the end of 1568 there came to Madrid the Cardinal Acquaviva, on the part of his Holiness the Pope, to condole with Philip II. on the death of his son Don Carlos, and for the settlement of certain outstanding differences with Rome about the Milanese. The Cardinal (he did not actually don the *capelo* till the 17th of May, 1570) is described by Philip's ambassador at Rome as *muy virtuoso y de muchas letras;* and there is elsewhere mention of him as a prelate fond of the society of men of genius, whom he would much favour, even to carrying them with him when he went out in public, taking pleasure in discussing with them "divers curious questions of politics, the sciences, learning, and literature."[1] To this noble and holy person Cervantes probably received an introduction through the Cardinal Espinosa, then Inquisitor-General and President of the Council, to whom some of the poems written on the death of Queen Isabel had been dedicated; and was taken into his

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[1] Navarrete, with what seems to be a confidence scarcely warrantable, speaks of Cervantes as being already at this early period reckoned among "the most celebrated poets of the nation."

[2] So says Mateo Aleman, who saw his Excellency at Madrid as quoted in Navarrete, p. 285–6.

service as *camarero*,[1] which may be translated page or chamberlain. Under such conditions, it was held in that age to be no menial office, but such as might be filled by young men of good birth without reproach. The great Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, a scion of the proudest noble house in Spain, who rose to fill the highest offices in the State, commenced his career in the same humble employment, as *camarero* to a cardinal. Cervantes' motive in taking service with Cardinal Acquaviva[2] has been represented by some of his biographers as evidence of his great affection and fidelity to the Church at this early period of his life; but it is more probable that he was actuated simply by a desire to see the world. In December, 1569, Acquaviva,—his mission, either of the condolence or in the matter of the Papal jurisdiction in the Milanese, not having been successful,—returned to Rome, taking Cervantes in his train. They journeyed, as it is conjectured, overland by Valencia, Barcelona, and the South of France, as descriptions of the cities along this route are to be found in Cervantes' next important work, composed before he could have visited this part of Europe.

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[1] Cervantes mentions this himself in the Dedication of his *Galatea* to Ascanio Colonna.

[2] The Cardinal Julio Acquaviva was but a year or two older than Cervantes. He died in July, 1574, and is buried in the church of Saint John Lateran, at Rome.

CHAPTER II.

Leaves the Service of Cardinal Acquaviva—Enlists as a Soldier—The Holy League—The Battle of Lepanto—Cervantes' Conduct in the Fight—His Wounds—Recovery and Return to Service—Navarino—Tunis—Italy—Obtains Leave to Visit Spain—Embarks at Naples.

OF Cervantes' residence at Rome in the service of Acquaviva, we have no record beyond the passing allusions he himself makes to this period of his life. The employment could hardly have been one congenial to a youth of his tastes and temper, with a soul inflamed by visions of romance and knight-errantry. The circumstances of the age and of the country seemed exactly suited to one inspired by the genius of adventure; nor can one wonder that the Cardinal's ante-chamber detained Miguel de Cervantes but a very few months from his natural bent. Early in the spring of 1570, being then in his twenty-fourth year, Cervantes exchanged his place of page for that of soldier in the Spanish service, enlisting in the regiment of infantry commanded by Don Miguel de Moncada, in the company of the famous captain, Diego de Urbina. There has been a good deal of controversy and some confusion among his biographers

on the question whether the military service which Cervantes first entered was that of the Pope or of his natural sovereign, the King of Spain,—some doubts being raised by certain words of Cervantes in the dedication of his *Galatea*[1] to Ascanio Colonna, to the effect that he had "followed for some years the conquering banners" of that celebrated Papal general (his father), Marco Antonio Colonna. Those solicitous to claim Cervantes in every act of his life as a true son of the Church, triumphantly quote this passage as indicating his preference of the Pope's to the King's service. The question is one of small importance, and is very easily settled. The truth appears to be that a Spanish contingent was placed at the service of his Holiness by Philip II. at this time, which for a short period was under the command of Marco Antonio Colonna.[2] At this period the fame of that redoubtable Spanish infantry, who "made the earth tremble with their fire-

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[1] The words in the dedication of the *Galatea* are *por haber seguido algunos años las vencedoras banderas de aquel sol de la milicia que ayer nos quitó el cielo delante de los ojos.* In the prologue to his novels Cervantes says, speaking of himself, that he "fought under the victorious banners of the son of that thunderbolt of war, Charles V. of happy memory" (*militando debajo de las muy vencedoras banderas del hijo del rayo de la guerra Carlos Quinto de felice memoria*).

[2] As Colonna was afterward second in command of the allied fleets at Lepanto and elsewhere, Cervantes might well speak of having followed his conquering banners, without being guilty of inconsistency in saying, some thirty years afterwards, that he had fought under Don Juan.

locks,"[1] was at the very highest. A succession of skilful masters of war, from Gonsalvo de Cordova to the Duke of Alva, had brought the Spanish foot-soldier to a perfect state as a man-at-arms. As a fighting instrument, the *tercio*[2] was without an equal in the armies of Europe; and perhaps for solidity, for discipline, for the confidence bred by a long course of victory, was unsurpassed by the Macedonian Phalanx, the Roman Legion, or the unreformed British Regiment. None but picked men, of good character and decent birth, were eligible to the ranks; and to be a common soldier under so distinguished a captain as he who led the *tercio de Moncada* was in itself no mean distinction for a youth of good family. Under the Papal general, Colonna, the Spanish contingent in Rome was ordered, in the summer of 1570, to Naples, there to be amalgamated with the other forces of the King of Spain, and re-organised for the great enterprise, which was then in contemplation by the heads of the Church, for the advancement of Christendom.

The Holy League against the Turks, inspired and

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[1] So Don Lorenzo Vanderhammen; the first biographer of Don Juan of Austria, and also historian of Philip II.

[2] The normal strength of the *tercio* was 3,000 men, divided into companies of from one hundred to a hundred and fifty. In the case of such regiments as those of Moncada and Figueroa, the number of men serving in the ranks (or as *bisoños*, supernumeraries waiting for vacancies) would be considerably higher from the greater attraction which those names had for recruits of good family, and the greater demand for their services in the extensive dominions of Spain.

devised by Pope Pius V., a man whose zeal, energy, and sincerity of character did so much to re-kindle the fine old rage of Christendom against Islam, is an adventure which need not occupy us any more than it is connected with the life and fortunes of Miguel de Cervantes. While Philip, with characteristic caution, was still hesitating whether or not to involve his forces in a struggle which he suspected to be less for the benefit of himself than of his maritime rivals, the Venetians, the winter of 1570 saw the power of the Turk advanced to its very zenith. All Christendom had been alarmed and scandalised by the easy conquest of Cyprus; though every Power thought the particular scandal and the first peril to belong to its neighbour. The Turkish fleet had no rival in the Mediterranean. The Turks, though of a race which belonged rather to the desert and the mountain than the sea, trained and led by those renegade Christians of whose abilities they have always been known to make good use, had come to be reckoned as the best of sailors in the narrow seas. In number, in strength, and in the perfectness of their equipment, the Turkish ships constituted a force such as no single Christian Power could then encounter with any hope of success. The siege and conquest of Cyprus by Selim II., proved that Venice, single-handed, was unequal to the task of resisting the Ottoman. The Pope might well begin to fear for his own temporal dominions. But Pius V. was a Pontiff of the antique mould, who looked beyond the aggrandisement of the Papal See, the strengthening of his own power, or the

enrichment of his own family—the usual concerns of the successors of the Apostle. He invoked all Christendom to the aid of Venice, in language such as for centuries had not been heard from the chair of St. Peter. And though the Christian States could hardly have doubted the sincerity of a spiritual head who had declared his readiness to give his last shirt in aid of the good work of the assassination of Protestant Elizabeth, yet Christendom did not respond so cordially as might have been expected. The Powers, as in every age before and since, were jealous of each other. Some of them were not sorry at heart that the maritime pride of Venice had been lowered. The Most Christian King could not be got to hate the Sultan so much as he did the House of Austria. Charles IX. of France had hereditary friendly relations with the Turk, and was even suspected of giving secret aid to the Porte. The Emperor Maximilian had but lately made a treaty of peace with Turkey, and was not likely to be turned from it by any tender feeling for his kinsman of Spain, any more than for his old rival the Pope. Only Spain could be got to give a reluctant and hesitating response to the prayer for aid to Christendom in its great duel with Islam. It was not, however, until after the year had passed which had witnessed the fall of Cyprus, and until late in the summer of 1571, that any active steps were taken to give effect to the Holy League, of which the three members were the Pope, Spain, and Venice. The treaty between these three Powers was signed on the 20th of May, 1571. The combined fleet,

of which the primary object was the recovery of Cyprus, assembled in the harbour of Otranto on the 21st of August. The Spanish contingent was under the command of the Genoese admiral, Giovanni Andrea Doria, a seaman almost equal in reputation already, though only in his thirty-first year, to his uncle, the famous Andrea Doria. The Venetians were led by the veteran Sebastian Veniero, and the Papal squadron by Marco Antonio Colonna, who was appointed Commander-in-Chief until the arrival of Don Juan of Austria. The very names of the leaders of the allied fleet seem to indicate the insincerity of the alliance, and were no good augury of its stability. The three admirals, though all Italians and all good Catholics, were known to be in mortal enmity one with another,—the Genoese and the Venetian, hereditary foes of many generations, being only prevented from flying at each other's throats by the presence and predominant influence of the Roman-Spaniard, who in his turn hated and distrusted his two associates.

During the winter of 1570 and until the arrival of the Spanish reinforcements, with the regiment of Lope de Figueroa and the main body of Moncada's, Miguel de Cervantes was at Naples, where he tells us that he "trod the streets for more than a year."[1] Don Juan of Austria,[2] who had been appointed Generalissimo of

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[1] —Nápoles la ilustre,
Que yo pisé sus ruas mas de un año.
—*Viaje del Parnaso*, canto viii.

[2] He was the natural son of the Emperor Charles V. by Barbara Blomberg, a singer of Ratisbon. That is the accepted story of his

the allied forces, arrived at Naples on the 9th of August; and on the 20th of that month,—the valuable interval being spent in high festivities,—put to sea again with thirty-five galleys. Of these the *Marquesa* was one, a private ship of Doria's, commanded by Francisco Sancto Pietro, on board of which was Miguel de Cervantes, with a detachment of the Moncada regiment. On the 23rd of August, Don Juan arrived at Messina, the appointed final rendezvous of the allied fleets, and took over the supreme command from Marco Antonio Colonna. A council was summoned of the chief naval and military commanders, in order to settle the plan of operations. Much time was spent in discussing various schemes and in arranging the disputes between the several commanders. The Venetians were all for immediate attack, though they are described by Don Juan himself, in a private letter, as being the worst provided and the least orderly of all their ships. The strength of the Spaniards consisted in their trained soldiers; that of their allies chiefly in seamen. Don Juan himself, who seems to have exercised very little authority over the Venetians, was at first for delaying the sailing of the fleet, but at last became enthusiastic for an immediate attack. The allied squadrons put to sea on the 16th of September, numbering, according to a letter of Don Juan himself,

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birth, but there is much reason to doubt whether Barbara Blomberg was his mother. The historian Strada believes, on the authority of the Archduchess Isabella, the favourite daughter of Philip II., that Don Juan's mother was a high lady of the Court.

208 galleys, 7 galleasses, and 24 sailing ships.[1] The total number of troops on board the fleets was 26,000. The line of battle, as arranged on the advice of the most expert captains, was in three divisions. The first division or right wing, consisting of the Spanish vessels

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[1] The war galley of this period, in build and appearance was not unlike those of the Romans except that it had only one tier of oars, and was from a hundred and twenty to a hundred and fifty feet in length, with a beam of from fourteen to twenty feet. It was propelled by from twenty to twenty-six pairs of oars, each worked by from three to six men, sitting close together on benches set athwart or at a right angle to the side—the strongest rower taking the inside place. The oars were thirty to forty feet long, worked through thwart-holes, one-third within and two-thirds without, the rowers being protected while at work by a row of iron shields running down outside, as well as by the high bulwarks. There was a high poop and a forecastle where the guns were placed, on traversing platforms, which could only be fired fore and aft. From stem to stern there ran a gangway, on a level with the shoulders of the rowers, on which the officers walked to give their orders and to direct the oarsmen. The galley carried sometimes two, sometimes three masts, according to its size, with fore and aft sails,—the masts low and the yards high-peaked, in the Mediterranean fashion. The *galleass* was a larger and more powerful galley, with longer oars, set wider apart, requiring seven men to each. Besides the forecastle and poop guns, the *galleass* carried smaller broadside pieces, placed on platforms between the benches of oarsmen, with loop-holed bulwarks for the musketeers. Sailing ships were rarely used in the Mediterranean in the Sixteenth century except for trade, and of their employment in battle in the narrow seas this, I think, is the first instance. The oarsmen in the galleys, it is, perhaps, needless to say, were all criminals under sentence. In the Turkish galleys they were Christian slaves—prisoners of war.

and those in the immediate service of Spain, 54 in number, was under the command of Doria. The centre was composed of 64 galleys, Spanish and Roman, under Don Juan himself. The left wing, of 53 galleys, comprising the Venetian ships, was under the command of Agostino Barbarigo. There was a rear or reserve squadron of 30 galleys, under the Marquess of Santa Cruz ; while the six galleasses were distributed in pairs among the three divisions of the line. Besides the galleys and galleasses were the 24 sailing ships, chiefly used as transports and as depôts of the soldiery, under the command of Arguello, whose orders were to employ them wherever he could inflict most damage on the enemy.

The allied fleet, which was the largest up to this time ever seen under the Christian flag, sailed at once in search of the enemy, who was not found till the 7th of October,—the interval being chiefly passed in quarrels between the Spaniards and the Venetians, which at one time rose to such a pitch that Don Juan threatened to put the Venetian admiral under arrest, who had hanged some Spanish soldiers for disobedience of orders almost under his eyes. The sight of the enemy at length brought the Christian commanders to reason if not to harmony. The Turkish fleet was discovered in order of battle within the Gulf of Lepanto, at the entrance of the Gulf of Corinth, in waters which have been reddened with the blood of more than one great sea-fight.[1] The Turks

[1] The site of the battle was not far from the promontory of Actium where Augustus, just sixteen hundred years before, won

were commanded by Ali Pasha, who had under him the most skilful corsair of the time—Aluch Ali—a Calabrian renegade.[1] Their galleys, though more numerous, were smaller than those of the Christians; inferior in the number and calibre of their guns, and rowed by Christian slaves, who could have had no great stomach for the fight under such masters. The two fleets advanced towards each other both animated by the desire of battle, the Turks at first having the weather-gauge, though the wind shifted suddenly to the west, by a special interposition of Providence, at the very crisis of the shock, with a smooth sea,—and so the allies had the advantage.

The Battle of Lepanto, the greatest of sea-actions in modern history up to that date, and perhaps, for the number of men engaged and the issues at stake, the greatest ever fought in any age, has been so often described, and recently with such elaborate minuteness

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the empire of the world from Antony—within a short distance of Navarino, the "untoward event," which for ever closed the record of the Turks as a great naval power.

[1] Aluch Ali, variously called Uluch Ali, Ouloudg Ali, L'Ochiali, Luchali, and in the English State papers of the time Ochali, was a very conspicuous figure in the chronicles of that period—the most famous commander at sea perhaps whom the Turks ever possessed. He was given the name of *Khilidg*, or the Sword, by the grateful Sultan, for his good conduct at Lepanto. He died of poison in 1580, at a good old age. In the Story of the Captive, in the xxxix. and xl. Chapters of *Don Quixote*, Pt. I., this eminent naval hero is spoken of with respect for his bravery and comparative clemency.

in the animated pages of the biographer[1] of Don Juan of Austria, that it will scarcely be expected of me to tell the story afresh. Suffice it to say, that the allied fleets won a victory which, if not so decisive as it should have been, was very creditable to their Commander-in-Chief, and especially to the soldiers who fought on board his ships. But of all who distinguished themselves in that memorable fight,—though the names of the leaders of the Christian host included half the Golden Books of Venice and of Genoa, with the most famous of the proud nobility of Spain, including Don Juan himself, who fought on that day like a hero of romance,—the one who is best remembered by posterity for his share in the battle is Miguel de Cervantes, the common soldier of the regiment of Moncada. And as a common soldier, his conduct would have made him famous had he not survived that glorious day to be the author of DON QUIXOTE. Cervantes' ship, the *Marquesa*, though belonging to Doria, was placed in the left wing, which was under the immediate command of the Venetian *provedditore general*, Barbarigo. Upon the testimony of his fellow-soldiers and of eye-witnesses

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[1] The late Sir William Stirling Maxwell, whose *Life of Don John of Austria*, in two beautiful volumes, is, whether in the larger or in the smaller edition, so splendid a monument to that perhaps a little over-praised hero. I have followed Sir William Stirling Maxwell generally as my guide in the account of the battle of Lepanto. The best Spanish history of the battle is Don Cayetano Rosell's *Historia de la Combate Naval de Lepanto*: Madrid, 1853.

we have an exact account of his behaviour on this occasion. Being ill and weak through a fever he had contracted at Naples, Cervantes was entreated by his captain and his comrades to remain quiet in the cabin of the galley. But he replied that he preferred to die fighting for his God and for his king to betaking himself to cover and preserving his health; and he besought the captain to station him in the post of greatest danger.[1] In accordance with his desire, he was placed in command of twelve soldiers on the quarter-deck, by the side of the long-boat (*esquife*)—a station where he was necessarily exposed to the hottest fire from the enemy's arquebusiers and bowmen.[2] The *Marquesa*, judging by the loss she suffered and the trophies she secured,

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[1] See the sworn testimony given by Mateo de Santisteban before the Alcalde, in support of Rodrigo de Cervantes' (the father's) petition for aid in raising the money for Cervantes' ransom, on the 17th of March, 1578 (*Navarrete*, p. 317). Santisteban was one of Cervantes' fellow-soldiers in Diego de Urbina's company, who fought by his side on the deck of the *Marquesa*. After quoting the words of Cervantes as I have given them above, Santisteban declares that he saw him fight as a valiant soldier at the post to which he was appointed by the captain. Gabriel de Castañeda, an *alferez* or ensign in the same company, gives the same testimony, repeating Cervantes' words, adding that he knew that Don Juan had raised his pay by five or six *escudos*. Others of his comrades speak in equal high terms of Cervantes' conduct in the battle.

[2] Bows and arrows were used by the Turks at Lepanto, and apparently with great effect when at close quarters—perhaps for the last time in a sea-battle. The inferior quality of the Turks' artillery was doubtless one of the chief causes of their defeat.

must have been in the very thick of the fight, and contributed at least her full share to the signal victory achieved by the left division. Cervantes was among the foremost who boarded the galley of the Pasha of Alexandria, which was captured with the royal standard of Egypt, more than five hundred Turks being slain, with the Pasha himself. Cervantes suffered severely in his own person for the active part he took in the fight. He received three gun-shot wounds, two in the breast and one in the left hand, which maimed it for ever. Yet were these hurts cherished by him in after-life as the most glorious of his honours, having been got, as he says himself, on "the greatest occasion that past or present ages have witnessed, or that the future can hope to witness,"—preferring to have endured his losses and his sufferings to being whole and taking no share in the glory of that day. That the conduct of Cervantes in the battle of Lepanto earned the applause of all his comrades and won for him, as a private soldier, the especial notice of his leaders we have ample evidence to prove,—evidence which is beyond the suspicion of having been manufactured after he had become celebrated as a writer.

The honour of the victory must be said to be due, in an unusual measure, to the skill, intrepidity, and moral influence of the Generalissimo himself,—a youth of the same age as Miguel de Cervantes,—who gave promise in this brilliant achievement of a future which fate and the envious Philip did not permit him to reach. Beginning the day by dancing a *galliard* on

the poop of the flagship, with some of his noble companions, to the music of the kettle-drums and recorders,[1] Don Juan performed his part throughout with admirable coolness and judgment, distinguishing himself no less by his modesty in speaking of his brilliant exploit, his clemency to the vanquished, and his magnanimity to the sulky and stubborn Venetians; on whom, however, to judge by the tale of the killed and wounded, the hardest part of the fighting had fallen. But though the centre and the left wing had been signally victorious, the right wing, under Doria, which was opposed to the Turkish left, under the astute and daring Aluch Ali, came out of the battle with less honour. Doria made the mistake, so common in naval warfare, of extending his line with a view to envelop his adversary. After much manœuvring between the rival leaders, both renowned in that age for seamanship, Aluch Ali found an opening in Doria's line through which he bore down with 30 of his swiftest galleys; and, getting in the rear of the main body of the allies, was able to inflict much damage and rescue several of his own captured vessels, finally making his escape to sea in good order with the remnant of the Ottoman fleet. The victory of the Holy League, though dearly purchased, was, in a material sense, more decisive than naval engagements are wont to be. Over 20,000 of the Turks were calculated to have perished,

[1] See the curious account of Don Juan's behaviour, quoted in Stirling Maxwell's book (vol. i. p. 411) from Caracciolo's *Commentaries*.

including all the principal commanders; 5,000 were taken prisoners, including Ali Pasha's two youthful sons; 170 galleys were captured, most of them useless from the wear of battle, and more than 100 were supposed to be sunk or wrecked. The Holy Standard of Mecca, the Sultan's Imperial flag, and the sword of the Turkish Admiral-in-Chief, were among the trophies of the victors. From 12,000 to 15,000 Christian captives obtained their freedom from slavery. The loss of the allies is reckoned at between 5,000 and 7,000 killed, and 8 or 10 galleys sunk or burnt.[1] All Christendom rang with the fame of the victory. Pope Pius, to whom the news had been already revealed by special miracle,[2] burst out when the actual message came from the young conqueror, in the Evangelist's words:—*Fuit homo missus a Deo cui nomen erat Joannes.*[3] To Marco Antonio Colonna, when

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[1] These figures make out the total number engaged on both sides to be no less than 70,000 men,—soldiers, seamen, and oarsmen,—a host more numerous perhaps than any ever fought in a naval battle in modern history.

[2] The legend, as preserved in Rome to this day, is that the Pope was on his knees in prayer before the image of the Madonna, painted by Fra Angelico da Fiesole, in the afternoon of October 7th, which was a Sunday, when the Virgin revealed to him, in the usual manner, that the Christians had beaten the Turks. This image which now belongs to the Church of the Magdalen near the Pantheon, is still held in special honour by the Romans; and on the tercentenary of Lepanto, was carried in procession through the streets, clad in a new frock and enriched with a new garniture of gold and gems.

[3] The same words are said to have been uttered by the Emperor

he entered his native city there was given an ovation after the antique pattern. The Blessed Virgin received a new title from the grateful Pope. Painters, sculptors, poets vied with each other in commemorating the events of that glorious day. Philip II., of all, was least moved by the event, receiving the joyful news at vespers "without a change of countenance." When [illegible] two years afterwards, at the Feast of St. Bartholomew, the grim monarch was able to smile.

After the victory the allied fleet, having been somewhat damaged in a storm and sorely needing refurnishment, was carried by Don Juan to the friendly harbor of Messina, where the sick and wounded were landed and carefully tended. The Commander-in-Chief showed what in that age was most unusual interest in the invalids, appointing his own household physician, Gregorio Lopez, to the task of attending the wounded, devoting a sum of [illegible] crowns which had been presented to him by the municipality to their use, and personally visiting the hospital and seeing that his orders were carried out. Among those under treatment was Cervantes with two wounds in the breast and one through the hand. That these wounds must have been severe is shown by his long detention in the hospital, and by the fact that when, two years afterwards, he shared in the expedition against Tunis, they

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[illegible] of Vienna by the Polish King John Sobieski, in 1683.

were still unhealed.[1] The arquebuss ball which had pierced his left hand rendered it useless for the rest of his life.[2] Never was any token of valour or prize of victory more dearly cherished by a soldier than were these wounds by Cervantes, who ever esteemed them, though they added to his infirmities and diminished

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[1] [illegible] "my wound still [illegible] blood," he says in his epistle to Mateo Vazquez.

[2] Of this wound in the hand the popular belief fostered by the forged and lying portraits and effigies of Cervantes that it led to the loss, that is the amputation, of the hand at the wrist, is not true, being contrary to all that Cervantes himself says of the matter. In the epistle to Mateo Vazquez he says:—

—la siniestra mano
Estava por mil partes ya rompida—

"the left hand was shattered in a thousand places." In the *Viage del Parnaso*, he says that he lost "el movimiento de la mano izquierda," meaning the use of it, the hand remaining maimed, crippled, "[illegible] and [illegible]." There is no reason to suppose that he lost his hand altogether by a shot or a surgical operation; and the fact that he was able to serve as an infantry soldier for four years afterwards, and was employed actively in more than one campaign, is a final and conclusive proof that he must have retained some power in the wounded member. Yet in the made-up portrait affixed to the edition of [illegible], which served, and still serves, as the original of all the current portraits of Cervantes (see C. [illegible] following), he is represented with his left arm ending in a shapeless stump; and in the mean and common-place statue erected at Madrid, opposite the Palace of the Cortes, with the conventional [illegible] features, he is exhibited, in an expensive piece of ill taste, hiding his left hand under the folds of his cloak, as though he were ashamed of it—that hand which he cherished as the greatest glory of his person.

contributed to make the struggle of his after life more bitter, as among the most fortunate accidents of his career. When taxed by his enemy, Avellaneda, by a thrust not more malicious than maladroit, with this among other personal defects that he had "more tongue than hands" (*mas lengua que manos*), Cervantes' retort was, that to charge him with the loss of his hand was to impute to him the greatest honour to which a soldier could aspire. In several of his works he speaks with a simple yet proud complacency of his wounds, holding them as his chief titles to honour, the left hand being maimed "for the greater glory of the right." That his services and suffering in the battle attracted an unusual degree of notice, we know from contemporary records and from official documents.[1] In the archives of Simancas are preserved the accounts, secret and extraordinary, of Don Juan's expenditure in the campaign of the Levant. Among these is an entry by the Treasurer of the Fleet to the effect that, on the 23rd of January, 1572, at Messina, various sums were distributed among those who had been wounded at Lepanto, the name of Miguel de Cervantes being down in the list for 20 ducats. There is another entry on March 17th of the same year, of payments made to those who had deserved well in the battle of the 7th of October, and among these is Miguel de Cervantes, who receives 22 ducats. On the 29th of April of the same

[1] See the *Ilustraciones* and *Documentos* collected by the faithful and judicious Navarrete, and appended to his *Life of Cervantes.*

year an addition was made to the pay of Miguel de Cervantes, by a special order, of three *escudos* a month —these being, we may suppose, silver *escudos* or crowns, worth eight or ten *reals* apiece.[1] On the 29th of April, 1572, being convalescent, though, as we learn from himself, not yet cured of his wounds, Cervantes left the hospital of Messina to join the regiment of Lope de Figueroa,—then the most famous in the Spanish infantry, and, doubtless, a *corps d'élite*,—being enrolled in the company soon afterwards commanded by Don Manuel Ponce de Leon. The allied fleets had by this time completed their re-fitting; and though the enthusiasm of the Leaguers had considerably abated, through internal dissensions fomented by the outside Christian states and by Turkey, it was resolved that Don Juan should lead another armament against the Turks in the Levant. The death of the energetic old Pope, in April, was a great blow to the cause; for, although his successor, Gregory XIII., began his pontificate by urging the Confederates to action, there was much difficulty in getting them to move. The truth is that from this time the allies began to perceive that their objects were by no means identical. Each, as in every Christian alliance since, had his own policy to serve in the East. The Venetians were intent solely upon recovering their lost colonies in the Levant. The King of Spain was jealous of his victorious and popular half-brother; and though bent upon schemes of African

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[1] *Navarrete*, p. 294.

conquest, was not over eager to entrust them to the execution of Don Juan, who was himself suspected of visions of an independent empire in Africa. Meanwhile, the Turks were busily employed in recruiting their shattered forces and in building a new fleet. By June Aluch Ali was at sea again with 170 galleys, laying waste the shores of Greece and re-conquering many of the fortresses which had been lost in the year before. In July the Turkish fleet, relatively as strong as it had been before Lepanto, was once more threatening the Adriatic. Don Juan being still delayed at Messina through the difficulties placed in his way by the King, the allied fleet, reduced by many individual secessions, was under the command of Colonna, who had joined with the Venetians at Corfu. Some skirmishing ensued between the two fleets on the western coast of the Morea, but to no purpose,—Colonna's endeavours to force on a battle, of which he might have all the glory before the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief, being frustrated by Aluch Ali. At length Don Juan was enabled to take command of the fleet, which was now, by the accession of the Spanish ships, increased to a total of nearly 200 galleys, besides 40 large sailing ships and 8 galleasses,—a force actually larger than that which had won at Lepanto, and perhaps more highly organised and in better discipline. Nothing, however, came of this grand expedition, which, partly through the unaccountable hesitations of the leaders, but more perhaps through their divisions and mutual jealousies, utterly failed of its object; though at one

time the entire Turkish fleet was blockaded within the narrow port of Modon, and might have been easily destroyed. Every attempt to bring on a general engagement was foiled by the superior skill and seamanship of the Turks, and at last the allied fleet had to retire, through stress of weather, to Corfu, abandoning all the fruits of the victorious campaign of Lepanto, and leaving Aluch Ali master of the sea. On the 25th of October, Don Juan re-entered the harbour of Messina, this time not as a conqueror; while the Turks hailed their own admiral with acclaim, who, without hazarding a battle, had restored to them all their old power and prestige at sea.

That Cervantes was on board the fleet during this inglorious second campaign in the Levant is clear, if only from the minute and accurate account of the futile operations in the Bay of Navarino which he gives in the Story of the Captive in DON QUIXOTE. The winter and spring following, the regiment of Figueroa was quartered mainly in Sicily, though from an entry in the Treasurer's account-books Cervantes seems to have been left with his company at Naples. On the 11th of Febrúary, 1573, there is an order on the officials of the fleet, dated from Naples, to pay Miguel de Cervantes, "a soldier in the company of Don Manuel Ponce de Leon" ten *escudos* of what is due to him; another sum of twenty *escudos* being paid him in the month following. The beginning of March saw the Holy League dissolved, through the secession of the Venetians, who had been enabled, by the good

offices of France, to make a separate peace with the Sultan. The Pope urging King Philip to a war of conquest on his own account against the Turks, an expedition was resolved upon, under the conduct of Don Juan, against Tunis. Nothing, however, was done until the autumn. On the 8th of October the expedition appeared off the Goletta, the harbour of Tunis, in the fort at the entrance of which, since the time of its conquest by Charles V. in 1535, there had been a Spanish garrison. Driving the Turks out of Tunis Don Juan took possession of the city, and an attempt was made, by setting up a Moorish prince of the old reigning family as ruler, to create a division among the natives and the Turks. Leaving a small reinforcement with the Spanish garrison at the Goletta, Don Juan returned to Naples. That Cervantes served in the Tunisian campaign we know from his own words.[1]

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[1] In the rhymed epistle to Mateo de Vasquez, Philip II.'s secretary, he says :—

> Y al reino antiquo y celebrado,
> A do la hermosa Dido fué vendida
> Al querer del Troyano desterrado,
> Tambien, vertiendo sangre aun la herida,
> Mayor con otras dos, quisé ir y hallarme,
> Por ver ir la Morisma de vencida.
>
> Then to the kingdom, ancient and renowned,
> Where beauteous Dido, by love betrayed,
> Her doom in Troy's illustrious exile found.
> Though yet my stricken hand distilled its gore
> With other hurts still green, I fain would go
> To see the unbelievers trounced once more.

From the end of 1573 to the beginning of May of 1574, Cervantes was in garrison with his regiment in the island of Sardinia. In that month he was sent to Genoa in the galleys of Marcelo Doria in order to be stationed in Lombardy, under the orders of Don Juan. On the 27th of July there was held at Piacenza, with all antique pomp and ceremony, a grand tournament, under the auspices of the Farnese, in honour of their illustrious kinsman, "the most valiant of Knight Errants," "the only hope of an oppressed and afflicted religion," the puissant conqueror of the Turk. Cervantes might have been present as a spectator. At least he would have heard news of these chivalric doings, and many things of "tilting furniture and emblazoned shields," such as could not but be stored up in the memory of one, by nature already well inclined to dream of

> Le donne, i cavallier, l'arme, gli amori,
> Le cortesie, l'audaci impresi—

the singing of which by the great romantic poet of Italy was then fresh in the minds of men. There were gallant doings at Piacenza on this occasion,—pageants, processions, defiances,—such as recalled the proud days of the old chivalry. The circumstantial matter-of-fact way in which the business is recorded, as though it were a fitting and necessary end to the sterner work to which it was to do homage, proves how deeply the minds of the noble youths of the period were still impressed with the spirit of the extinct chivalry,—how green were its memories and recent its glories. A

challenge was sent by the Count Alberto Scotti, in due knightly form, to all the world, inviting the entire universe to testify to the superior loveliness and virtue of the lady whom the said Knight, defender of the lists, had made mistress of his affections, and declaring that he is prepared, with sword and lance and other necessary furniture, to do battle against any Knight so daring as to decline to comply with that simple proposal, and to "make him feel how greatly he has deceived himself."[1] The hero in whose honour the tournament was held was one to whom on every account such an offering was most fitting and congenial. There was much of the Errant about Don Juan, in his character and in his genius, as in his career; much that was calculated to arouse the golden youth of Spain and of Italy to the emulation of the deeds of "fabled knights in battles feigned."[2]

On the 7th of August, Don Juan, sated as he must

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[1] See the account of this quaint proceeding, with all the ceremonial of the tournament, in Sir W. Stirling Maxwell's *Life of Don John of Austria*. The gravity and the business-like air with which the proceedings were conducted are curious, as affording evidence that up to this date at least (1574) the practices, the language, and the apparatus of knight-errantry had by no means become extinct.

[2] At the tournament which took place in connexion with Count Alberto Scotti's challenge, Don Juan himself "being the honourable and unconquered Knight for which the world knows him, could not restrain himself from appearing," says the chronicler. And to Don Juan was awarded the prize of the lance, as having been the most expert in the use of that weapon.

have been with the incense offered him by the best blood of Italy, embarked at Spezzia, taking with him the regiment of Figueroa, in which, doubtless, Cervantes was still serving. He was called to the affairs of Tunis, now, through the weakness of the Spanish garrison and the increasing audacity of the Moors and their Turkish allies, growing daily more desperate. A shifty and equivocal letter from Philip had thrown upon Don Juan the whole responsibility of deciding upon the fate of Tunis, while refusing the material aid he required in order to restore the Spanish dominion in Africa. There were reasons, independent of his jealousy of his brilliant half-brother, which at that time might well make the Spanish monarch hesitate to support Don Juan in any vigorous attempt to stave off the coming disaster at Tunis. The Low Countries were in open rebellion, encouraged both by France and by England. The war with Turkey was still raging, and a powerful Ottoman fleet had sailed for the African coast. Italy itself was in a troubled state, with the Pope irritated at the continued occupation of his territory by Spanish troops. In the midst of the conflicting instructions which he received from Madrid, whose real purpose seems to have been to spare the King any further expense in Africa, while involving Don Juan personally in the dishonour of retreating before the Turks, there came a series of furious storms which detained the Spanish fleet, with the troops intended for the succour of Tunis, in the Sicilian ports. Before the fleet could sail, news came of the fall of Tunis and of the Goletta, after a

desperate resistance to an overwhelming military and naval Turkish armament. This ignoble end to the chapter of warlike enterprise and glorious adventure which had seemed to open for Spanish manhood by the great day of Lepanto, must have filled the bosom of the ardent young soldier of Figueroa's regiment with a sense of deep disappointment and disgust, which, in his DON QUIXOTE, in the chapters referring to this shameful Tunis episode, he does not care to conceal. The vision of chivalry was dissolved. The age of knightly deeds, which seemed to have come again to this eager student of romance, he must have felt to be a mockery of the past. The glimmer of Lepanto was but the departing light of a day which was gone for ever. And now the sick and maimed soldier, fretting out his heart for want of action, must have felt that

> —the true old times were dead,
> When every morning brought a noble chance,
> And every chance brought out a noble knight.

In August, 1575, when there appeared to be no further prospect of active work with the army, Cervantes, being then at Naples, besought and obtained leave to visit Spain, having been absent from home nearly six years. Don Juan himself gave him letters to the King, strongly recommending him, as "a man of valour, of merit, and of many signal services" done to his Majesty, for the command of a company of the troops being raised for Italy.[1]

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[1] See the memorial presented by Cervantes to the King in 1590. Also the testimony of his fellow-soldier, Gabriel de Castañeda, a captive at Algiers. *Navarrete*, pp. 312 and 317.

Don Carlos de Aragon, the Duke of Sesa and Viceroy of Sicily, also wrote to the King and to his Council, in very flattering terms, in favour of "a soldier as deserving as he was unfortunate, who, by his noble virtue and gentle disposition, had won the esteem of his comrades and chiefs."[1] Furnished with these,—which proved, alas! to be "letters of Bellerophon" to him, tending, as we shall see, rather to the aggravation of his state than the bettering of his fortunes,—Cervantes embarked at Naples for Spain on board the galley *El Sol*, in company with his brother Rodrigo, who had also served in the campaigns of the previous years—of Don Pero Diaz Carillo de Quesada, ex-Governor of the Goletta, and several other distinguished gentlemen, chiefly soldiers on leave returning to their native country.

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[1] The Duke of Sesa's own evidence as a member of the Royal Council, before which Cervantes' petition for a bounty in aid of his ransom was considered in 1578, confirms of his own part all that is said in Cervantes' favour by other witnesses.

CHAPTER III.[1]

Cervantes' Galley attacked by Algerine Corsairs—Taken Captive—Slave of Déli Mami—Attempts at Escape—Projected Rising of Christian Captives—Treatment of Cervantes by Hassan Pasha—Testimony as to his Conduct at Algiers—Father Hædo's Account of Cervantes—Is ransomed and returns to Spain.

ON the voyage to Spain there befell Cervantes that great and cruel calamity which, while it altered the whole current of his fortunes and spoilt his career, brought out into stronger relief the nobility of his

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[1] The chief authority for the facts of Cervantes' captivity in Algiers is Hædo's *Topografia y Historia General de Argel*, published at Valladolid in 1612. Fray Diego Hædo, a Benedictine monk, was Abbot of Fromesta, and nephew of a prelate of the same name, Archbishop of Palermo, who died in 1608. The book seems to have been the joint composition of uncle and nephew, and bears internal evidence of truthfulness in its minuteness, elaboration, and candour. The latter part, giving an account of the sufferings of the captives in Algiers, is based on the information of certain well-known persons who had been released from slavery, especially of Dr. Antonio de Sosa, the Captain Géronimo Ramirez, and Don Antonio Gonzalez de Torres, Knight of the Order of San Juan, who are introduced as interlocutors in the story, and evidently speak of their personal knowledge of Cervantes. Although the book was not published till 1612, the licence for printing it is dated 1604. Father Hædo, therefore, must have written before the publication of the First Part of *Don Quixote;* nor is there any

character, and perhaps determined the course of his genius. The vessel in which he had taken his passage home—the galley *El Sol*—when almost in sight of the Spanish coast, was met, on the 26th of September, 1575, by a squadron of Algerine corsairs under the command of the redoubtable Arnaut Mami, one of those renegade sea-captains who were then the terror of the Mediterranean.[1] After a fruitless attempt at escape, there ensued a desperate fight between the *El Sol* and three of the foremost of the pirate galleys, in which Cervantes is reported to have borne a conspicuous part. The unequal combat ended in the surrender of the Spaniards, who were divided among the corsairs, according to their custom,—the captives being prized according to their supposed rank and ransom-yielding capacity. Cervantes himself fell to the lot of one Déli Mami, a renegade Greek, a man noted even amongst that ungodly brood for his wild ferocity,—a *raez*, or corsair captain.[2] The letters of Don Juan of Austria

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evidence in his book to show that he had any other knowledge of Cervantes through his informants except as *un hidalgo principal de Alcalá de Henares*.

[1] Arnaut Mami, as his name indicates, was an Albanian renegade, chief of the Algerine corsairs, and a very celebrated sea rover of that age. He is mentioned in several of Cervantes' works, and figures in two of the ballads in Duran's *Romancero General* (vol. i. p. 147).

[2] Déli Mami, Cervantes' first master, should not be confounded, as sometimes he has been, with Arnaut Mami. The one was but a *raez*, or owner and captain of a corsair galley; the other held the supreme command of the corsair fleet.

and of the Duke of Sesa, found upon Cervantes, led his captor to believe that he was a prize of exceptional value, upon whom a large ransom might be set. He was, therefore, brought to Algiers, loaded with chains, and treated with especial severity, in accordance with the corsair policy, in order that he might be the more solicitous of freedom.

The kingdom and city of Algiers were then a dependency of the Turkish Empire, having been conquered from the Moors by Aruch Barbarossa, the elder brother of the more celebrated Khayreddin Barbarossa, in 1516. The government was administered by a Viceroy from Constantinople, frequently changed, who was usually a successful soldier or seaman, Turk or renegade. In 1575 the Viceroy, or Dey, who was the twenty-first in succession from Barbarossa, according to Father Hædo, was Rabadan Pasha, a Sardinian renegade,—a pupil, like his successor, of the famous Aluch Ali, who had then exchanged Algiers for Tunis.[1] The whole business and *raison d'être* of Algiers were piracy. The corsair captains were the rulers of the State, and their prizes at sea the whole public revenue. The Dey was but the chief of the corsairs, who administered the affairs of his truculent little kingdom upon a system the most methodically ruthless and regularly savage, perhaps ever known within so short a distance of civilisation. The barbarities practised

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[1] *Hædo*, p. 84. Rabadan was succeeded in June, 1577, by Hassan.

upon the unfortunate Christians who fell within their power have been the theme of innumerable pens ; nor can we refrain from a feeling of wonder how so insignificant a band of adventurers was able for so long a period to defy all the naval powers of Christendom. The total population of the city of Algiers, which really contained the whole Algerine State and strength, according to the careful estimate of Father Hædo, did not amount to 100,000, about the year 1575.[1] Of these the Turks proper,—the ruling caste,—were in an insignificant minority. The renegades,[2] who were of every Christian nation in the world, including English, Scotch, Irish, Russian, must have numbered nearly one-third of the entire people, and seem to have taken more than a proportionate share of the pirating and plundering. The captives who still retained their name of Christian are reckoned at nearly 25,000, among whom were noblemen and officers of the highest quality, especially Spaniards and Italians. Except when they gave offence to their masters by attempting to escape,

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[1] There were 12,200 houses within the city walls in Hædo's time, which, giving a larger allowance than usual to each house, in consideration of the polygamous establishments of the great, would still bring the total number within 100,000.

[2] Of the 35 corsair captains whose names are given in *Hædo* (p. 18), 24 were renegades, or sons of renegades, 10 Turks, and one Jew. Though dubbed corsairs and pirates by their Christian neighbours, these gentlemen rovers probably no more deserved the epithet than did the privateers in the last great war, and not so much as the buccaneers of the New World in that and subsequent ages.

and thus trying to rob them of what was supposed to be their lawful perquisites, namely, their ransoms,—the captives who were in the ransomable class seem to have been treated with tolerable liberality. They were not debarred from commerce among themselves. They led their own life, were allowed (as Mahomedans in Spain or in Italy certainly were not) the free exercise of their religion, and were even permitted their own recreations.[1] The number of renegades of every race and tongue among them was, perhaps, regarded by their masters as sufficient security for their slaves' good behaviour.

Cervantes had not been long at Algiers before he began to plot schemes of escape. In company with several other of his fellow-captives, he made an attempt to reach Oran by land,—Oran being then in Spanish hands; but the party was deserted by the Moor whom they had engaged as their guide after the first day's march, and were compelled to return to Algiers, there to be loaded with heavier chains and kept in stricter confinement. Two or three other ineffectual attempts were made by him to recover his freedom, as he mentions himself in his comedy of *El Trato de Argel;* but

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[1] Plays were allowed to be acted and poems to be recited,—the authorities, with that scornful tolerance ever characteristic of the Turk, refraining from interfering with these amusements. See Cervantes' comedy of *Los Baños de Argel.* Cervantes himself is said to have composed poems and dramas, profane and religious, to keep up the spirits and to cheer the faith of his brethren in captivity.

in every case, though he displayed extraordinary courage and craft in planning what could not have been other than a very desperate enterprise, and was invariably the first to take the blame when the attempt miscarried, he met with his usual bad luck, being foiled by the timidity or the treachery of some one amongst his companions.

In the second year of his captivity, some of his personal friends having been rescued, Cervantes wrote home by one of them,—Gabriel Castañeda,[1]—to his parents, describing his own and his brother's deplorable state. The father, Rodrigo Cervantes, responded to this appeal by remitting to Algiers a certain sum, being all that he was able to raise by the pledging of his estate and the dowries of his two daughters. The money was rejected by Déli Mami as not enough for the redemption of so illustrious a captive as he deemed Miguel de Cervantes to be.[2] The ransom, however, was sufficient to obtain the release of his elder brother, Rodrigo, with whom Cervantes concerted a scheme for the deliverance of himself and certain of his friends through the agency of an armed Spanish ship, which was to appear off the shore on a stipulated day.

[1] Gabriel de Castañeda was with Cervantes in the attempt to escape to Oran. He was an *alferez*, or ensign, and had fought at Lepanto. He was one of those who bore witness to Cervantes' behaviour in that battle, and testified, in his deposition in support of Rodrigo Cervantes' petition (to be mentioned hereafter), that he had read the commendatory letters which Cervantes was bearing when taken captive.

[2] *Navarrete*, p. 35.

Rodrigo Cervantes returned to Spain in August, 1577, furnished with letters from two captives of high rank—Don Antonio de Toledo, of the family of Alva, and Don Francisco de Valencia—directed to the Viceroys of Valencia and the Balearic Islands, praying them to help this design by the despatch of a war-vessel, as agreed upon between Cervantes and his brother.

In preparation for this, the most daring of his attempts at escape, Cervantes had already taken the preliminary steps. About six miles from the town of Algiers, to the eastward, a certain Greek renegade Hassan, one of the Alcaldes of the city, had a country-house, with a garden, by the sea-shore, under charge of a slave called Juan, a native of Navarre. In this garden was a cavern in which Cervantes, with the connivance of Juan, had concealed several Christian captives. Others were from time to time introduced, until, at the date of Rodrigo's departure, there were hidden away in this place of refuge, in anticipation of the relief to come from seaward, forty or fifty escaped slaves, most of them Spaniards and gentlemen of quality. It is a proof at once of Cervantes' resources of invention and dexterity, as well as of the ascendency acquired by him over all with whom he came into contact,—a proof also, perhaps, of the comparative liberty enjoyed by the Christian captives, in certain cases,—that he was able to support the members of this subterraneous republic with food for more than six months without incurring the suspicions of his jealous master, Déli Mami. His plans being completed

at last, and the day drawing near which had been arranged for the coming of the Spanish vessel in aid, Cervantes himself took refuge in the cavern, about the 20th of September. Everything seemed to promise well for the success of his hardy enterprise. A frigate was despatched from Majorca, under the command of a tried and expert seaman acquainted with the coast, which came off Hassan's garden on the night of the 28th of September, and was able to communicate with the inmates of the cavern. Some Moorish fishermen, however, having given the alarm, the vessel was obliged to put out to sea again. Meanwhile, treachery was at work among those who knew of the secret of the cave. A certain renegade called El Dorador ("the gilder"), who had been entrusted by Cervantes with the duty of conveying provisions to the people in the cavern, repented of his resolution to return to the land and the faith of his fathers, and went before the Viceroy, Hassan Pasha,[1] to reveal the scheme of Cervantes. The Viceroy, who appears to have had an extraordinary and inexplicable dread mingled with no less strange a respect, for Cervantes, was all the more eager to profit by El Dorador's disclosure, as it would give him the property in all these would-be fugitive slaves, according to the law and custom of Algiers. A strong force of

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[1] So I have Englished, according to my rule in such cases, the name which appears in all the Spanish histories as Azan, or Asan Baxá, or Bají. There is no sound of *sh* in Spanish—the harsh, guttural aspirate *x* or *j* being used to express it in all words of Eastern origin.

armed Turks was sent to the Alcalde's garden to search for the captives in the cavern. Cervantes, perceiving the failure of his scheme, was the first to come forward; and, presenting himself at the entrance of the cavern, to declare before the Viceroy's soldiers that none of his companions had any part or blame in that business; that he alone had persuaded them to fly and to conceal themselves there, and that he had arranged and managed the whole affair. The Turks, surprised at a confession so extraordinary and magnanimous, sent off one of their number to the Viceroy to inform him of what Cervantes had said, with the result that Hassan Pasha ordered all the other captives to be incarcerated in his bagnio, but Cervantes to be conducted to his presence.

In this crisis of his fate, Miguel de Cervantes owed his escape from a cruel death to his undaunted bearing,—with some aid, perhaps, from the Viceroy's cupidity and jealousy.[1] Of all those who had held rule in Algiers under the Turk, Hassan Pasha, the renegade Venetian, was the most noted for his extravagant and inhuman cruelty. Father Hædo's testimony, which is based on that of eye-witnesses, describes his reign as one of the bloodiest in the annals of Algiers. Cervantes himself, who is rarely betrayed into speaking ill of an enemy, has drawn a graphic picture of this monster whom, by a pardonable pleonasm, he styles "the homicide of all human kind."[1] Speaking through the mouth of the

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[1] See *Don Quixote*, Part I. C. xl.

captive Captain, Viedma, in the fortieth chapter of the First Part of DON QUIXOTE,—"nothing distressed me so much," he says, "as to hear and see at every turn the till then unheard-of and unseen cruelties which my master practised on the Christians. Every day he hanged a slave; impaled one; cut off the ears of another; and this upon so little occasion, or so entirely without cause, that the Turks would own he did it merely for the sake of doing it, and because it was his nature." Over this tyrant Cervantes seems to have exercised some extraordinary influence, which can be attributed only to his undaunted spirit and the singular respect in which he was held by his companions, many of whom were superior to him in rank and in condition. According to the remarkable testimony of Father Hædo, Hassan Pasha was wont to say that, "could he have this maimed Spaniard in safe keeping, he would reckon as secure his Christians, his ships, and his city."[1] Threatened with torture and instant death, with the spectacle of many of his companions hanged or mutilated before his eyes, Cervantes refused to implicate any one in his scheme of flight. The Viceroy, who was as greedy as he was cruel, was eager to find some pretext for laying hold of the Redemptorist Father Jorge Olivar, who, in the character of official ransomer for the kingdom of Aragon, was protected by Algerine custom. Could Olivar be proved to have been cogni-

[1] *Dezia Azan Baxá, Rey de Argel, que como el tuviesse guardado al estropeado Espanol tenia seguros sus Christianos, baxeles, y aun todo la ciudad. Hædo*, p. 185.

sant of the cavern scheme, there would be a tangible pretext for squeezing out of him a large ransom. But nothing could be got out of Cervantes, whom the Viceroy,—whether for greater safety, or in the belief that so resolute a slave must be a man of great mark in his own country, and therefore likely to be redeemed at a high price,—purchased from his master, Déli Mami, for 500 gold crowns.

About this period it must have been, in the autumn of 1577, that Cervantes wrote his rhymed epistle to Mateo Vasquez, the Secretary to Philip II. It consists of 81 tercets of 243 lines, beginning with a biographical sketch of the author, in which his acts and services by sea and land are recited, and concluding with a proposal for a general rising of the Christian slaves in Algiers, to be seconded by an armament from Spain. King Philip was entreated to conclude the work begun with so much daring and valour by his beloved father; to quell the pride of that pirates' nest; to take pity on the Christians who, with straining eyes, watch for the coming of the Spanish fleet to unlock their prison doors. Nor does the poet doubt that the "benign Royal bosom" feels the misery of the poor wretches who pine in chains, almost within sight of the sacred, invincible shores of their native land. The adventure, though bold and romantic, was by no means impracticable, and, had there been any chivalry extant in Spain, would have been attempted. The captives in Algiers were strong in numbers. The land was weak; the city ill-fortified; and its defenders, divided by blood

and race, united only by a common faith and lust of gain. The enterprise was far easier than that which, at this time, tempted the madcap Don Sebastian, last of the Portugal Knights Errant, into the neighbouring realm of Morocco. But Philip the Prudent had other designs in view. That benign bosom was occupied just then with his Christian neighbour's heritage. The epistle of Cervantes to Mateo Vasquez probably never got beyond the desk of the Secretary.

Never weary of seeking for a means of breaking out of his abhorred prison, Cervantes, about the end of 1577, made another attempt at evasion. He sent a secret message by a Moor to Don Martin de Cordova, the Governor of Oran, praying him to send some safe Christian men to the frontier to meet himself and some other captives. The unfortunate messenger was intercepted and taken before the Viceroy, with his letters, which bore Cervantes' seal and signature. The Moor was ordered to be impaled, and Cervantes to receive two thousand blows with the stick. The captives and others interceded for him, and once more he gave an opportunity to Hassan Pasha to exercise the unfamiliar virtue of clemency. But neither the terrible risks he had run, nor the persistent misfortune which seemed to dog his steps, could keep Cervantes from meditating fresh schemes of escape. In September, 1579, there was a Spanish renegade, known when in grace as the Licentiate Giron, of Granada, but, since his backsliding, as Abderrahman. This renegade, pining to return to his faith and his country, sought out Cervantes,

and plotted with him a plan of escape. Two Valencian merchants resident in Algiers—Onofre Exarque and Baltasar de Torres—were to provide an armed vessel at their cost, in which sixty of the principal captives were to embark at some favourable moment, under the secret direction of Cervantes. Once again the scheme was frustrated by treachery. One Blanco de Paz, an Arragonese and Dominican monk, who had conceived a bitter enmity against Cervantes, revealed the plot to the Viceroy. Cervantes, we are told, might have escaped himself had he accepted the offer of one of the Valencian merchants to fly with him at once and abandon his companions. But he refused his liberty on these conditions. Meanwhile, the Viceroy, having learnt of the scheme through the information of Blanco de Paz, made public proclamation through the city that any one harbouring Cervantes (who had fled from his house and sought refuge with one of his friends) should be punished with death. In order that no Christian might suffer on his behalf, Cervantes came forward voluntarily and presented himself before the Viceroy. He was seized and bound hands and feet, with a rope round his neck, and threatened with instant death. But Cervantes, preserving the utmost serenity, not only refused to inculpate any one in this design, but, by his ingenious and witty answers, so tempered the wrath of Hassan that for his only punishment he was ordered to be confined in the Moors' prison, which was in the Viceroy's palace, where he was kept for five months, laden with chains

and fetters and guarded with the utmost rigour, acquiring, as one of the witnesses of his conduct—Luis de Pedrosa—says, "great fame, praise, honour, and glory among the Christians."[1] Not less wonderful than the constancy and the fortitude displayed by Cervantes through all these trials, was the singular forbearance displayed towards him by those to whom generosity to a Christian slave must have been a virtue very little practised. In recalling the memory of this cruel time afterwards in DON QUIXOTE, Cervantes speaks with a certain complacency of the immunities which his character among the Algerines had won for him. Captain de Viedma, the captive whose story forms an episode in the First Part of DON QUIXOTE, after reciting some of Hassan Pasha's cruelties, says:—"The only one who held his own with him was a Spanish soldier, called De Saavedra,[2] to whom, though he did things which will dwell in the memory of those people for many years, and all for the recovery of his freedom, his master never gave a blow, nor bade any one to do so, nor even spoke to him an ill word, though for the least of the many things

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[1] *Navarrete*, p. 41 and 358. It seems, by the deposition of some of the witnesses at the enquiry afterwards held on Cervantes' conduct, that he was befriended in this, perhaps his worst strait, by one Morato (Murad), called Maltrapillo (the Sloven), a Murcian renegade and corsair captain, who was one of Hassan's principal favourites. This man is mentioned by Hædo as one of the thirty-five owners and masters of galleys. He may be the Agi Morato (Hadji Murad) who figures conspicuously in Captain Perez de Viedma's story in *Don Quixote*, Part I. C. xl.

[2] *i.e.*, Cervantes.

he did we all feared he would be impaled, as he himself feared more than once."[1] There is a mystery about this treatment of Cervantes in Algiers which is not explained by the fact that his captors took him to be a person of more importance than he really was. Christian noblemen and gentlemen of high rank and condition were almost daily the victims of Hassan Pasha's inordinate lust for blood; it being one of the favourite amusements of the tyrant to cut off the noses and ears of those who offended him, especially those who were caught trying to escape. What was the nature of the spell which Cervantes only, of all who fell into his power, was able to exercise over this monster? That Cervantes was known to be the ringleader of the malcontent slaves, and suspected of plotting a general rising of the Christian captives, were but reasons the more why the Algerines, having him in their power, should do to him as they had done to thousands of his companions. But though they loaded him with irons, and kept him in a duress so strict that Father Hædo says of his captivity it was "one of the worst ever known in Algiers,"[2] he was never beaten or hurt or abused in his person. Fear alone could hardly account for this immunity; still less can we believe, after the emphatic testimony borne by his comrades to

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[1] *Don Quixote*, Part I. C. xl.

[2] *Con ser de los peores que en Argel avia.* Hædo says, moreover, that "had his fortune corresponded to his intrepidity, his industry, and his projects, this day Algiers would belong to the Christians; for to no other end did his intents aspire." *Hædo*, p. 185.

his unswerving loyalty to creed and country, that his captors treated him with indulgence through any hope of his turning renegade. May we not suppose that there was really more of human nature among those wild corsairs,—that collection of adventurers from all parts of the earth, who held their own so boldly in their pirates' nest against all maritime Christendom,—than the Spanish annalists and monkish chroniclers have been willing to allow; that the mingled genius and moral greatness of Miguel de Cervantes were enough to account for even that miracle, the clemency of Hassan Pasha?

Towards the end of 1579 this cruel episode in the life of Cervantes was drawing to its term. In that year the great preparations made by Philip II. for the conquest of Portugal, the throne of which country was left vacant by the tragic end made by the King Sebastian at Alcázarquivir, in the year preceding,[1] spread terror along all the coasts of Barbary; it being supposed that Philip's object was to make a descent on Algiers. The strenuous efforts made by the Algerines to add to the defences of their port were the occasion of fresh suffering and hardship to their captives, who were worked day and night on the fortifications. It may be also that the prospect of danger from without made the masters more eager to realise their property in slaves.

[1] The battle of Alcázarquivir, where Sebastian, King of Portugal, and all his army were overthrown and destroyed by the Moors under their dying Sultan Muley Muloch, was fought on the 4th of August, 1578.

A ransom had been placed upon Cervantes, as we have said, far larger than his friends could afford to pay. Meanwhile, his father and mother, with other relatives, had never ceased in their efforts to raise sufficient funds for the redemption of their younger son. Among the documents found by Cean Bermudez in 1808, in the archives of the Indies at Seville, is the petition presented to the Royal Council, the 17th of March, 1578, by Rodrigo Cervantes, the father, reciting his son's services and praying for assistance to free him from his captivity.[1] The Duke of Sesa backed up this petition, writing strongly in Cervantes' favour,—speaking of him as a good soldier who had fought for his Majesty; whom he had himself recommended for promotion; and who was deserving of all favour and aid to free him from captivity.[2] It does not appear that this appeal met with any direct response. The father, Rodrigo Cervantes, died in 1579, leaving the burden of Miguel's liberation to fall upon the mother, Leonor de Cortinas, and the widowed sister, Andrea de Cervantes. These two women managed to raise between them a sum of 300 ducats, equivalent to 3,300 reals.[3] A sum about

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[1] *Navarréte*, p. 315.

[2] *Navarrete*, p. 314. Don Carlos de Aragon, Duke of Sesa and Terranova, and lately Viceroy of Sicily, had already borne flattering testimony to Cervantes' services at the battle of Lepanto. He was afterwards the great friend and patron of Lope de Vega, and in that character lost sight of the old soldier of Lepanto.

[3] There is so much confusion in the Spanish coinage of this period, through the same denominations serving for gold and for

equal to this was got from various other sources, chiefly by way of loan; and the money was entrusted to Father Juan Gil—*stet nomen in æternum!*—of the holy order of the Redemptorists, and official Redeemer of Castile.[1] Father Gil arrived at Algiers on his mission of mercy on the 29th of May, 1580. The offer of 600 ducats was refused by Hassan, who demanded

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silver pieces, that it is difficult to arrive at an exact estimate of the value of the sums raised for Cervantes' ransom in our money. The *ducado*, or ducat, used throughout Italy, Spain, and the Mediterranean, was fixed by a decree of Philip II., in 1566, to be of the value of 400 *maravedis*. As 34 *maravedis* went to a *real*, the ducat (of gold) was worth a little less than 12 reals, which would be about equal to our half-a-crown. The *escudo*, so called from bearing the royal escutcheon, was always half a *doblon*, though what a *doblon* was,—the familiar *doubloon* of our buccaneers, so called from bearing the two effigies of Ferdinand and Isabella,—is not so certain. The *escudo* of gold was worth 10 reals,—a little less than the ducat. The coinage of Spain, especially the gold, was in that age at a premium throughout the Mahomedan countries; and in all bargains about ransom in Algiers, says Hædo, it was stipulated that the price should be paid in Spanish gold. The sum contributed by the widow Cervantes for the release of her son would be equal to about £35 in English money, without allowing for the difference of value in money between that time and this.

[1] To the character and services of this eminent servant of God, Cervantes bears grateful and emphatic testimony in his *Trato de Argel*, calling him "a most Christian man; known to be friendly to the doing of good, who set an example of great Christianity and great wisdom" (act v.). In the novel of *La Española Inglesa*, there is also a graceful tribute to the zeal, courage, and humanity of this most useful and blessed order of Redemptorists, who devoted their lives to the rescuing of poor Christian captives from slavery, and often were known to give their own persons in pledge to redeem poor captives unable to raise a ransom.

1,000—that being double the sum he had paid for his slave to Déli Mami. Hassan Pasha had now been recalled from his government, and was on the point of giving up the Viceroyalty to his successor, Jaffier. He had completed his arrangements for the voyage to Constantinople, and Cervantes, with the rest of his slaves, was put on board one of his galleys, chained and fettered. At the last moment, moved by compassion and fearing to let slip the opportunity, Father Gil, by his earnest supplications and efforts among the local merchants and others, was enabled to raise a further sum of 500 *escudos* in Spanish gold, with which Hassan was satisfied.[1] Cervantes disembarked on the 19th of September, once more a free man, having completed just five years of captivity.

There took place a delay of a few weeks longer before he was enabled once more to set foot on his native soil, through an incident highly characteristic of our hero. His malignant enemy, the Dominican Blanco de Paz, the same who had denounced him to Hassan for his last attempt at escape, had circulated certain calumnies in Spain respecting Cervantes' behaviour at Algiers during his captivity. In order to obtain greater credit for these inventions, Blanco de

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[1] Thus the total sum paid for Cervantes to his captors, after five years of incessant striving among his relatives and friends, supplemented largely by the charity of the Redemptorists and of those who knew him in Algiers, was a little more than £100 of English money—equal in these days, at the usual reckoning, to about £500.

Paz had given himself out to be a familiar of the Holy Office, with a mandate and commission from the King to exercise his functions in Algiers. Whether Blanco de Paz really possessed this character, or whether he was an impostor, is not very clear from the scanty lights we have on this, not the least mysterious passage in Cervantes' history. Considering the malevolence with which he pursued Cervantes, and the strange, inexplicable rancour with which he followed up the feud, apparently for some time after the Algerine episode,—a rancour totally irreconcilable with his being a charlatan or having only a personal quarrel with Cervantes,—I cannot help thinking that there was something more than a private grudge at the bottom of Blanco de Paz and his enmity. That he was a Dominican is certain; and the Dominicans were but slaves of the Holy Office. In after years it was a Dominican who tried to do Cervantes a mortal injury by disfiguring DON QUIXOTE, and robbing him of the credit and the fruit of his genius.[1] Why should Cervantes have taken such pains formally to combat Blanco de Paz, and to contradict his calumnies? That he did so we may be thankful; for it is through the investigation held before Father Juan Gil, for want of any judge or commissary qualified to administer justice in Algiers, that we obtain a most minute, vivid, and pathetic picture of Cervantes' life

[1] The so-called Fernandez Avellaneda, author of the spurious Second Part of *Don Quixote*, is demonstrated to have been a priest and a Dominican. Some have supposed that he was Blanco de Paz himself; but more of this hereafter.

during his Algerine captivity. Had there survived no other record than this of the life of Cervantes,—had he not written a line of the books which have made him famous,—the proofs we have here of his greatness of soul, constancy, and cheerfulness under the severest of trials which a man could endure, would be sufficient to ensure him lasting fame. The enthusiasm, the alacrity, and the unanimity with which all the witnesses,—including the captives of the highest rank and character in Algiers,—give their testimony in favour of their beloved comrade, are quite remarkable and without precedent. They speak of him in terms such as no Knight of romance ever deserved; of his courage in danger; his resolution under suffering; his patience in trouble; his daring and his fertility of resource in action. He seems to have won the hearts of all the captives, both laymen and clerics, by his good humour, unselfish devotion, and kindliness of heart. Finally, the elaborate process, with its twenty-five articles and the individual depositions to each, which lasted over twelve days, was concluded on the 22nd of October, by an affirmation under the hand of Father Juan Gil himself that he knew the parties to the process and all the deponents of personal knowledge; that Blanco de Paz was a notorious liar and calumniator, hated of all; and Miguel de Cervantes deserving, for his conduct in captivity, of all the praises which he had received.[1]

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[1] See Appendix B, at the end of the *Life of Cervantes*, for an abstract of all the proceedings at this curious and interesting

This affair ended, Cervantes left Algiers, landing in Spain with some of his ransomed companions on one of the last days of 1580.[1]

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inquiry, with the depositions of the principal witnesses, taken from Navarrete, who quotes the documents in full, from the copy made by Señor Cean Bermudez of the papers found in the Archives of the Indies at Seville.

[1] Cervantes made frequent mention and great use of his Algerian experiences in all his works. The story of the Captive in *Don Quixote* is evidently a real passage in the life of one of his fellow-prisoners, in which allusion is made to himself and to some of his own adventures. In several of the novels, as *El Amante Liberal* and *La Española Inglesa*, are introduced Algerine corsairs and their captives. In the comedy of *El Trato de Argel* (Life in Algiers), which was thirty years afterwards incorporated in another called *Los Baños de Argel*, the scene is laid in Algiers, and Hassan Pasha and other real personages are brought upon the scene. In *El Gallardo Español*, the hero, Saavedra, turns renegade for love, but returns to the true faith and retrieves his honour. In *La Gran Sultana*, the heroine is a Spanish lady captured by the Algerines, who is taken to Constantinople and captivates the Grand Señor,—founded on the real story of one Doña Catalina de Oviedo. In *Persiles and Sigismunda*, there are also captives and corsairs. In all his works Cervantes shows what, for that age, was an unusual familiarity with the Moors, the Mahomedan faith and customs, and the language and idioms of the East, having probably acquired a competent knowledge of colloquial Arabic, as well as of the *Lingua Franca*, a mixed language then commonly spoken throughout the Levant and the courts of Barbary,—making use of his knowledge occasionally in *Don Quixote*, in which words of Eastern origin and Eastern ideas are of frequent occurrence.

CHAPTER IV.

Cervantes returns to Spain—State of the Country under Philip II.—Greatness of Philip's Dominion—Signs of Decadence and its Causes—Extraordinary Growth of the Ecclesiastical Power—Influence of Priestcraft — The Inquisition — Cervantes re-enters the Military Profession—Service in Portugal — In the Azores—Residence in Lisbon—Quits Military Life.

CERVANTES returned to Spain to experience that which he has declared to be the greatest pleasure which can be enjoyed in this life, which is "to arrive, after a long captivity, safe and sound to one's native country." Little other cause had he for joy on the termination of his long and cruel slavery. He was now in his thirty-third year, with a courage unbroken and a heart and temper over which fortune seemed to have no power. Yet his condition was desperate enough, in a worldly sense, to need all the resources of his gay and sanguine nature to preserve him from despair. He had come back to Spain, after ten years' absence, disappointed in the promise of his life, without a profession, without a career, neither a soldier nor a civilian, not knowing whether he was in the King's service or out of it. To begin the world afresh he was even less favourably equipped than he had been as a young man before

Lepanto. His wounds must have been a serious impediment to him in the profession of arms which he had adopted. His chief patron, Don Juan, was now dead; and such interest as his past services and good character had won him could scarcely avail him much among the multitude of competitors for preferment. His family were reduced to poverty through their efforts for his release. He himself was encumbered with a portion of the debt which had been incurred for the raising of his ransom, which, small as it was, took him four years to discharge.[1] What was there to do in the Spain of Philip II. for the poor maimed soldier, who had not yet discovered the treasure of his own genius?

Spain in 1580, to all outward seeming, was at the very height of her power and greatness. During the hundred years preceding she had risen, amidst the wonder and envy of her neighbours, from a cluster of petty states to the foremost place among the nations of the earth. The extinction of the Moorish dominion

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[1] By a document found among the Archives of the Indies in Valencia, being a *cedula* or deed in the name of the King Philip II., dated the 11th of August, 1584, extending the time during which a certain privilege was granted to Doña Leonor de Cortinas (the mother of Cervantes) for sending merchandise for sale from Valencia to Algiers, it appears that up to this date some of Cervantes' ransom-money was still unpaid to those who had helped his family to raise it; nor was it until the December following that the debt was finally paid off, out of the profits of the cargo for which the King's licence was given.

in the Peninsula; the conquests of her valiant soldiers, under a succession of able native generals, in Italy and in Flanders; the distracted condition of France through internal religious wars; and a lucky marriage with the House of Austria, had contributed to advance a State hitherto almost a stranger—a *quantité négligeable* in the policy of Europe—to be the greatest, the strongest, and the wealthiest empire on earth. The heir of the Emperor Charles V., although he succeeded to but a portion of his father's dominion, was the master of two continents. No monarch since Charlemagne had exercised so wide a rule. In 1580 he had acquired, by the easy conquest of Portugal, the sovereignty of the entire Peninsula. He was lord of more than half of Italy, including Lombardy and Naples, with the islands of Sicily and Sardinia. The states of Tuscany and of Genoa were his vassals. The Duke of Savoy was his son-in-law and dependent. The Low Countries he still held military possession of, in spite of all the genius and craft of Orange and all the valour and obstinacy of the Dutch. Of the new world Spain held the fairest portion. From Chili to Florida, three-fourths of the known continent was hers. All the wealth of the Indies, then not merely a figure of speech, but a substantial yearly tribute, of which the Spanish King was the sole dispenser, was poured into the Spanish ports. Seville had been raised to be the rival of Venice as the emporium of commerce, the mart of the world. By sea and by land Spain was predominant. Her navy was by far the greatest ever seen

in Europe, and, in spite of the English adventurers, still held the command of the seas. Her soldiers were acknowledged to be the best, for trained valour and skill, in the world. She was the mingled envy, admiration, and terror of her neighbours. She was at the head of European civilisation, and aspired to give law and fashion to all Christendom. Her native art was still in its infancy; but in literature her golden age had dawned with extraordinary splendour. No nation seemed to exhibit the promise of a more exuberant harvest in poetry and in the drama. The age was pregnant with greatness—the soil bursting with the long pent-up life of centuries. Never before had there been such a prospect opened to the national genius. Never had Spain filled so large a space in the eyes of the world.

At this epoch, when all her greatness was at the highest, the decay of Spain had already begun. The fruit was rotting before it was ripe. Under the rule of Philip II. it was impossible but that the true health and strength of the nation should decline. This puny Atlas had, in 1580, borne the burden of the two worlds now for five-and-twenty years. The patriotic historians trace the decadence of Spain from the degenerate successors of "Philip the Prudent," who himself is always spared from criticism by reason of his orthodoxy, his very Spanish character, and his active repression of heresy, abroad and at home. But there can be no doubt that the mortification in this overgrown carcase of empire had commenced with Philip II. At heart a monk rather

than a king, a meaner creature never held dominion over the sons of men. With none of the impulses which contribute to a nation's greatness had Philip the smallest sympathy. He had no taste either for war or for letters. He was splendid only in *autos de fé*. He preferred burning his subjects to any other pastime or exercise. In him the national tendency to intolerance, begotten of the long duel with the Moslem, during which to be a Christian was to be a patriot and a good Spaniard, found its purest expression. He hated poetry, and tried to put down the drama. He was jealous of all intellectual eminence. He had no idea but to strengthen the Church, and conceived of no duty higher than of extirpating freedom of thought throughout his dominions. Under this sour and gloomy despot, who boasted of governing two worlds from his solitary desk, what could ensure the health and prosperity of a great empire? Nothing is more certain than that the decay of Spain had begun even from the very moment when she was crowned arbitress of the destinies of Europe. There was no real life in the members of this giant body, which lay like a huge polype across two hemispheres. The heart fulfilled none of its functions. The energy which had sustained the people against the Moors seemed to die out suddenly, as a national force, after the conquest of Granada. The discovery of America rather precipitated than retarded the ruin of Spain. All the enterprise, all the chivalry, all the enthusiasm inherited from their Gothic blood seemed to flow in one ceaseless stream across the Atlantic. Cortez

and Pizarro — the last of the true Knights Errant—sought their adventures in the New World ; and their companions practised in Mexico and in Peru the lessons they had learnt in their romances. There is ample testimony, even in the pages of the native writers, to prove that the discovery of America, instead of being a source of riches, was really a cause of impoverishment to the mother-country. The best blood of Castile was poured out into Mexico and Peru. The lust for gold—the rage for dominion—absorbed every other wholesome passion, drained every other feeling. There is much reason to doubt whether Spain derived even any material benefit from her American colonies. The ten or twelve millions of gold which were computed, in the most prosperous period, barring accidents and the English buccaneers, to come in every year, were more than counterbalanced by what went out in the shape of men, their industry, and their enterprise. It is certain that Philip's revenue, never estimated at more than sixteen or seventeen millions of dollars, was never equal to his wants. In his correspondence with Don Juan in Flanders, and with his Viceroys in Italy, the one constant burden is the inadequacy of the Royal income to supply their demands ; and yet Philip had the one virtue of frugality. The foreign wars had exhausted his treasury. Flanders was an ever open sore—the support of the Catholic League a running issue—the garrisons in Italy a perpetual drain. Of the total revenue of Spain, nearly two-thirds were unavailable for the current expenses of the State, being already

pledged to the bankers of Venice or of Genoa. Indeed, the whole realm of Spain was "leased out like to a tenement or a pelting-farm." Every great office was sold for the benefit of the King. The few rich were becoming richer, while the mass of the people were steeped in poverty—a poverty year by year becoming straiter through the increase of the cost of living, caused by the influx of American gold. There was much splendour at Court, and much show of wealth among the grandees and the great ecclesiastics, but we have ample evidence to prove that the nation at large was poor. There was a certain activity of commerce, and a movement in industry, greater, perhaps, than there has been since; but the country, as then administered, was a losing business. All public life under Philip II. had been extinguished. Aragon still claimed, indeed, to exercise her *fueros*, and sometimes, as in the affair of Antonio Perez, used them to thwart the King's humour.[1] But there was very little left of the old provincial constitutions and privileges. All power was centred in the Sovereign, more completely, perhaps, than in any state in Christendom. Philip was absolute master of the lives and liberties of his people. The Cortes still met occasion-

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[1] Aragon had, from a remote date, her own especial laws and privileges, *fueros*, to which she clung with great tenacity, and always possessed a greater share of individual liberty than any of the kingdoms which, under Ferdinand and Isabella, became provinces. *Fuero* is from Gothic = Latin *forus*, from *forum*, because, says Covarrubias, the old laws were administered in the market-place.

ally, indeed, and it was a part of the tyrant's policy to pretend to consult them when he desired to divide his responsibilities ; but, except to vote supplies or to pass resolutions in restraint of vice or luxury, the Cortes had ceased to be a living power in the State.

One only power was alive, which absorbed all the heart's blood of the nation, whose vigour and vitality were such as, without any other evidence, to demonstrate the decrepitude of Spain. Under Philip II., if nothing else flourished, the Church was in rude and rampant health. To quote the words of the English Ambassador, Sir Charles Cornwallis (written in the next reign, but as true of the state of things under Philip II.), "the riches of the Temporall hath in a manner all fallen into the mouthes and devouring throates of the Spirituall." Under Philip commenced that rage for religion,—at least, that enthusiasm for the idle and luxurious life led by the monks and nuns, which attained to such prodigious and almost incredible lengths within the next generation. While everything else withered, the Church alone remained green and luxuriant. So vast an establishment for the service of God was, perhaps, never maintained in any other country on earth, with so beggarly a return in the shape of good morals. All virtue, all enthusiasm, all intellect,—whatever was spared from America,—went in the direction of the Church. There is something positively appalling in the rush which was made towards the religious life and the religious endowments in that age and in the succeeding one. The Spanish writers, in their pious

exultation, are even too profuse of their details. In a petition to the King, only a few years after Philip II.'s death, the Cortes,—even the Cortes,—express their alarm at the multiplication of churches and convents. They say that there were in Spain 9,088 monasteries, not reckoning the nunneries, who "little by little, with dotations, confraternities, chapelries, or purchases, are getting the whole kingdom into their power."[1] In the beginning of the reign of Philip's son, the two orders of Dominicans and Franciscans alone numbered 32,000. In two bishoprics, Calahorra and Pamplona, Davila reckons that there were 24,000 of clergy. In the diocese of Seville there were 14,000 ministers of religion, the cathedral alone engaging the services of a hundred priests.[2] Within the whole dominions of Philip, with a population, excluding the wild Indians of South America, which could not have exceeded 50,000,000,[3]

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[1] See the authorities quoted by Buckle in his famous chapter on the history of the Spanish intellect, in his *History of Civilization*, vol. ii. p. 476. I have never found Buckle wrong in his citations, though often hasty in his conclusions.

[2] See Davila and Yanez, in their histories of Philip III., Gerónimo de Cevallos, *Discurso de los Razones*, and a cloud of other witnesses, lay and ecclesiastic.

[3] Ticknor and others make it 100,000,000 ; but this is surely an exaggeration, unless we include all the unreclaimed Indians of Mexico and South America. In Spain, the population, which under the Romans used to be reckoned at 14,000,000 (probably an exaggeration), and in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella at 15,000,000, had declined at the end of Philip's reign, to 12,000,000. The Milanese, Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, and the other Italian

there were 58 archbishops, 684 bishops, 11,400 abbeys, 936 chapters, 127,000 parishes, 7,000 religious hospitals, 23,000 religious orders and confraternities, 46,000 monasteries, 13,500 nunneries, 312,000 secular priests, 400,000 monks, 200,000 friars and other ecclesiastics.[1] About 1,000,000 human beings cut off from natural and wholesome life, and dedicated to a life of idleness, whether in mortification or in luxury! To crown all, there hung over the land the black shadow of the Inquisition. The age of most abundance and fruitfulness in Spain,—the seed-time, if not the harvest, of the national genius,—was also unhappily the age of the greatest oppression. The crop, debarred from free growth, shut out from wholesome light and air, chilled and stunted by the cold breath of the Holy Office, produced little but sickly and distorted weeds. The period of activity in art and in letters coincided with the renewed vigour of the Church against heresy and free thought. What Bossuet called "the holy severity

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dominions of Spain might have contained a third more. The Low Countries could not have numbered more than 4,000,000. This leaves 18,000,000 for America and the colonies.

[1] The Rev. Dr. Dunham, in his *History of Spain*, on the whole an honest piece of work, though with a strong bent towards absolutism and ecclesiasticism, quotes these figures not only without wonder but actually with a certain complacency, defending them as "not so outrageous," and as evidencing a state of things over which good Churchmen should rejoice, following up this glorious list of good things belonging to the Church with the remark that "at this time the state of the Peninsular population was one of comparative comfort!"

of the Church of Rome, which will not tolerate error," was never more conspicuous than in the reign of Philip II. The Inquisition, which had been comparatively idle during the tolerant age of Charles, had broken out into new heat under his son. From 1556 to 1597, the tale of heretics roasted gives a total of 3,990, or about 140 a year; besides 18,450 imprisoned and sent to the galleys. With this dread tribunal, with its secret processes, its mysterious agents, and its invisible spies, darkening every act of life, what nation, with all its material wealth and its vigour of spirit, could hope to retain greatness? Is there any wonder that the state of Spain, in spite of shows of vigour, of a certain pomp and bustle which imposed on the world, should be radically unsound after twenty-five years of such a reign as Philip's?

Such a world as this it was into which Cervantes, with his gifts, his experiences, and his yearnings, was launched in the year 1580. The records of his life at this period are extremely scanty; but it seems that, despairing of any other employment, Cervantes was driven to take service again as a common soldier, resuming his place in his old regiment of Figueroa, which now formed part of the army destined for the subjugation of Portugal. In the beginning of 1580, King Philip was lying at Badajoz, sick of fever and of grief, it is said, for the loss of his fourth wife, Anne, of Austria. By the spring of the next year, the Duke of Alva had completed the conquest of Portugal; but Dom Antonio, the Prior of Ocrato, a rival claimant to

the throne, had gathered a force of his adherents at the Azores, which he was occupying with a fleet, strengthened by some English and French ships.[1] An expedition was organised at Lisbon against him, under the veteran commander, Don Alvaro de Bazan, the Marquess of Santa Cruz, in which Rodrigo Cervantes took a part, and probably his brother also. The head-quarters of the regiment of Figueroa were at Lisbon. Some disputes between the naval and military commanders seem to have frustrated the first expedition against Dom Antonio, and it was not until the summer of 1582 that the fleet under the command of the Marquess de Santa Cruz was able to attack the allied Portuguese, French, and English ships off the island of Terceira. Miguel de Cervantes and his brother Rodrigo were in the action fought on the 25th of July, 1582, being on board the galleon *San Mateo*,[2]

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[1] Dom Antonio, who figures in history as the Prior of Ocrato, was the illegitimate son of Dom Luis, the brother of Dom Joam III., who died in 1557. Philip claimed the throne of Portugal through his mother, the Infanta Isabella, sister of King Joam III. Both England and France supported the claims of Dom Antonio, and lent him some assistance,—Elizabeth, as was her wont, in a very niggardly spirit, and, of course, not so much for love of him as out of hatred to Philip, and in accordance with her policy of war with Spain at all points. Very little is known from English or French sources of this allied expedition in aid of Dom Antonio, and it seems probable that the assistance given, at least on the part of England, was limited to a few ships under private adventurers. The French were more conspicuous in this affair.

[2] See *Navarrete*, p. 60. The *San Mateo* seems to have been the centre round which the battle raged.

which was attacked by several of the French ships. The result of the day's fighting was to give the Spaniards a complete and decisive victory—about the last ever achieved by them at sea. The Marquess de Santa Cruz returned to Lisbon on the 25th of September. His work, however, was not yet done, for a third expedition was despatched in the following year against the refractory Dom Antonio, whose adherents had made head again, leaving Lisbon on the 23rd of June. Terceira was again the scene of an obstinate struggle, in which Rodrigo Cervantes so greatly distinguished himself by his personal valour as to obtain the notice of his commander and promotion in the service.[1] Whether Miguel also was in this expedition is not certain. We know from his own memorial to the King, some years afterwards, petitioning for employment, that he served under the Marquess de Santa Cruz in the Azores,[2] but it was probably in no very active or prominent capacity. In a contemporary record of the campaign in the Azores, appears an eulogistic sonnet by Miguel de Cervantes, in which "the great Marquess" (the same whose beard was singed by Drake at the entrance of the Tagus in 1585), the first Admiral-in-

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[1] See *Navarrete*, p. 62.

[2] The petition will be given in full in its due place. It was found by Cean Bermudez, among other documents relating to Cervantes, in the archives of the Indies at Seville, in the year 1808. It is dated 1590, and is backed up by one from the Duke of Sesa, confirming what Cervantes says of his public services.

Chief of the Invincible Armada, is exalted for his great deeds in the usual hyperbolical style of the period.[1] After the completion of the work in the Azores, and the suppression of Dom Antonio, the Spanish fleet returned to port, on this occasion to Cadiz, there to receive, says the historian, the applause of all good Spaniards.

With this ended the military career of Miguel de Cervantes. The precise date of his leaving the regiment of Figueroa is not recorded. During his stay in Lisbon, he conceived a favourable opinion of the Portuguese and of their city, lavishing on them much praise for their agreeable, courteous, and liberal manners; commending their language as sweet and pleasant, and especially admiring the beauty and lovable qualities of their women,[2]—praise rarely earned by the Portuguese from their neighbours, and in that age especially most uncommon. Cervantes had room in his large heart for every one,—Moors, Portuguese, even Englishmen,—in

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[1] *Comentarios de la Jornada de las islas Azores*, by Cristóbal Mosquera de Figueroa, published after the death of this famous warrior in 1585, whose deeds as thus celebrated, Cervantes declares, "neither oblivion, nor time, nor death can consume."

[2] How deeply imprinted on the heart of Cervantes was the memory of this pleasant time in Portugal, is proved by the singular enthusiasm with which he speaks of the country and of the people thirty years afterwards in his *Persiles y Sigismunda* (bk. iii. ch. vii.). This was in an age when, as Byron says in *Childe Harold*—

> "Well did the Spanish hind the difference know
> 'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low."

days when the English Queen was looked upon by Spanish patriots as a monster outside of humanity, and when Lope de Vega could write his *Dragontea*, full of foaming wrath and spite, over the dead Sir Francis Drake. Of the Portuguese ladies, Cervantes' good opinion was not without return. He had an amour with one unknown, by tradition a lady of high quality, the fruit of which was a daughter, Isabel, his only child, her father's constant companion till his death.[1]

At some period, which his biographers have not been able to fix with any certainty, but probably subsequent to his return from the last expedition under the Marquess of Santa Cruz, Cervantes was at Mostagan, on the coast of Barbary, then a Spanish possession, whence he was sent to Spain by the Governor with despatches for the King, by whom he was ordered on some service, most likely in connexion with the provisioning of the troops, to Oran, where also was a Spanish garrison.[2] This employment, which may have flattered Cervantes' hopes of civil preferment, seems to have led to no immediate results.

Meanwhile Cervantes was engaged in preparing for the press his first acknowledged work, a mixed prose and poetical romance, upon the model of the pastorals

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[1] Called Doña Isabel de Saavedra, who, after her father's death took the veil, and entered a convent of bare-footed Trinitarian nuns at Madrid.

[2] The sole authority for these facts is Cervantes' memorial to the King in 1590, in which they are recited.

then in fashion, entitled *Galatea.* He had also in contemplation about this time another important step in his life, which was his marriage.[1]

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[1] Sir Richard Burton, in one of his notes to the translation of the *Lusiads* (vol. iii. p. 67), remarks that "seeing they must often have heard of one another, curious to say, Camoens never mentions Cervantes." It would have been curious if he had. Camoens was born in 1524,—twenty-three years before Cervantes. The *Lusiads* were published in 1572. He died in 1579,—six years before Cervantes published his first book. Cervantes mentions Camoens once in *Don Quixote* (Part I. C. lviii.).

CHAPTER V.

Begins his career as a Man of Letters—Story of his Portraits—Ideal Portrait by Kent—The Conde del Aguila's Picture—Asensio's Discovery—Description of Himself—Publication of Galatea—Marriage.

A NEW epoch in the life of Cervantes opens in 1584. In that year he printed his first book, and married a wife—these two momentous steps being, in more than one way, connected. He was now in his thirty-seventh year; and perhaps there could be no more fitting time to describe his personal appearance. There is no curiosity so natural or reasonable as that which seeks to know how the great men of the past, whose names are eternal, looked to the world when alive. Few men there are whose images we should more gladly call up than that of the author of DON QUIXOTE. Unhappily, his own creations have a more real bodily presence than is retained by their creator. The images of DON QUIXOTE and of Sancho Panza we can call up with a sufficient distinctness, in spite of all that several generations of painters and engravers have done to distort and disfigure Cervantes' ideals. But of Cervantes himself we have not, alas! any pictured memorial. The Stratford bust and the Droeshout portrait have done something, if not

very much, to enable us to realise the features of Shakespeare. But the country of Cervantes has preserved no true effigy or picture which can be safely accepted as the portrait of the author of DON QUIXOTE. Careless in every point and circumstance of their greatest genius, neglectful of him when he lived, they who forgot where he was born, and still do not know where he was buried, have, by a supreme and almost incredible piece of apathy, even allowed all trace of at least two portraits of Cervantes, which were painted in his lifetime by well-known artists, to be lost, or, if extant, to be past identification. More fortunate than his contemporary, Shakespeare, Cervantes lived in an age when art was in the full vigour of its spring. He is known to have been intimate with two of the best of the early Spanish painters—Francisco Pacheco, the master and father-in-law of Velasquez, and Juan Jaureguy, poet as well as artist, whom our author extols in several of his writings. There is no reason for doubting the statement,—in itself most credible, and confirmed by what Cervantes himself says, at least in regard to one of them,[1]—that by both Cervantes' portrait

[1] See the opening sentences of the address to the reader in the Prologue to *Novelas Exemplares*. Cervantes is apologising for some friend who, like many others in the course of his life, has dealt with him rather according to his worldly state than his genius, "which friend might well have engraved and sculp'd me on the first leaf, since the famous D. Juan de Jaureguy gave him my portrait." I cannot understand any one reading the words and concluding, as a recent English translator has done (who seems to think that Cervantes got no more than his deserts in his

was painted. Pacheco is known to have made a collection of a hundred and seventy portraits, in black and red chalk, of all the most eminent men of his time; and that Cervantes' portrait was among them cannot be doubted.[1] That a portrait by Jauregui existed, from

treatment by his countrymen) that "they imply nothing more than that Jauregui could or would paint a portrait of him if asked to do so." Surely they imply that there was such a picture, but that the friend who might have engraved it for the book, failed to do so, as Cervantes hints, because he was not sure of being paid for his work. It is not the picture, but the print from it, the absence of which Cervantes so good-humouredly bewails, in the reader's interest.

[1] See *Navarrete*, pp. 92, 196, and 537. Navarrete, who in matters of fact may be entirely trusted, quotes from the *Grandezas de España* of Pedro de Medina, published in 1590, in which, speaking of Seville, the author says it was the centre of men of learning and letters. In that year Cervantes was residing at Seville; now well known by his poems and plays; and Pacheco, a great lover of literary company and a poet himself, was one of his friends. It is Pacheco himself who tells us, in his *Arte de la Pintura* (bk. iii. ch. viii.), that he had drawn more than a hundred and seventy portraits in black and red chalk. Rodrigo Caro, in his *Claros Varones de Sevilla*, confirms Pacheco's statement, adding that to every portrait was appended an eulogy, and that of the whole collection a volume was made which Pacheco sent to the Conde-Duque de Olivares, the celebrated favourite of Philip IV. Pacheco, born in 1568, lived to 1654. After his death his collection of portraits was broken up, some of them being engraved in various books of that and the following century. In 1830 the book, with a reduced number of drawings, was in the possession of one Don Vicente Avilés. From him or his successors it passed, in 1864, after various fortunes, into the hands of Señor Asensio, one of the most devoted, persevering, and enlightened of all modern Cervantists, who has done so much by his own labours to atone

which an engraving was to have been made, to be affixed to the first edition of the *Novelas Exemplares*, we know by the opening words of the author's preface, apologising to his readers for its non-appearance. What has become of these two portraits? For more than a hundred years,—since Spain awoke to discover the merit of the author of DON QUIXOTE,—they have been lost. If they exist at all, they are hidden away in some old museum or private gallery, doing duty, perhaps, for ancestors of the family, or portraits of gentlemen. But what, then, it will be said, of that stately and ultra-Spanish face, which looks out upon us in all the modern editions of DON QUIXOTE,—that "portrait of a gentleman," in a dress of surprising splendour and newness such as Cervantes never wore in his life,—he who had not even a cloak in his old age to clothe him before Apollo,[1]—all starched and frilled in a collar of the period, in a close-buttoned doublet of

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for the past ill-treatment of Cervantes by his countrymen. The precious volume, which has been carefully reproduced by photo-lithography (Seville, 1869), now contains only fifty-six portraits, among which, unhappily, Cervantes is not to be found. See for a very full account of Pacheco's work and its history Asensio's *Francisco Pacheco, sus Obras Artisticas y Literarias*, Seville, 1886.

[1] See his reply when advised by Apollo to show no resentment at unkind Fortune, but to "fold up his cloak and sit thereon":—

—Bien parece, señor, que no se advierte,
Le respondi, que yo no tengo capa.

("It seems, my Lord, then that you have not noted,"
I answered him, "that I possess no cloak.")

the fashionable cut, who so long has decorated our frontispieces, to the confusion of all physiognomy? Unhappily for those who insist upon a portrait of the real man,—perhaps happily for Cervantes and his character,—this is an impostor, who is easily exposed. The story of how this head came to delude the world as the *vera effigies* of the great Spaniard is a singular one. When, in 1738, Lord Carteret, to please Queen Caroline, brought out his fine edition of DON QUIXOTE in four large quarto volumes,—the first in which the text received due honour as a classic, and still one of the handsomest which has ever appeared, printed in all the luxury of Tonson's type, and adorned with gorgeous and ghastly sculptures by Vanderbank and Vandergutch,—all possible efforts were made, through the British Ambassador in Spain, to discover a portrait of Cervantes, to be engraved in the frontispiece. According to the opening sentence in Dr. Oldfield's preface, no portrait of Miguel de Cervantes could be found, in spite of all the inquiries made.[1] In this extremity William Kent, the well-known English artist, was set to make a figure of the author of DON QUIXOTE which should be appropriate to his great

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[1] *No aviendo hallado (por mas solicitud que se aya puesto) retrato alguno de Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, ha parecido conveniente poner en el frontispicio de su Historia de Don Quixote de la Mancha una representacion que figure el gran designio que tuvo tan ingenioso Autor*—says Dr. Oldfield. (*Advertencias sobre las estampas desta Historia*, in the first page of Vol. I. of the *Don Quixote* of 1738.)

design in writing that book. This task William Kent executed in all good faith and with perfect honesty, taking for his guidance the minute and particular account of his person and features which Cervantes himself drew in the prologue to the *Novelas Exemplares*, in lieu of the print after Jaureguy, of which he was disappointed—which, perhaps, he could not afford to have engraved. That there was no attempt at deception, by palming off an imaginary for a true portrait, is proved by the lettering—*Retrato de Miguel de Cervantes per el Mismo* (Portrait of Miguel de Cervantes by Himself). The figure is a three-quarter length, representing a man in the prime of life, elegantly attired, with the well-known ruff and frills, seated on a chair, with a pen in his hand. The left arm ends at the wrist in a stump. In the background is a picture of DON QUIXOTE on horseback, fully armed, with Sancho on his ass behind. In the margin is the painter's name and legend—"G. Kent invent. et delin." The design is wholly conventional, precisely such as any foreign artist might have drawn out of his own imagination after reading Cervantes' description of himself and hearing a little about DON QUIXOTE. That this could be no true portrait, and that the print could not have been copied out of any contemporary picture or engraving, is proved by the left hand being represented as mutilated, and by the introduction of DON QUIXOTE and Sancho Panza. Cervantes' left hand, as we have shown in a previous chapter, had not been lopped off, but only disabled; nor is he known to have been painted

by any one after the publication of DON QUIXOTE, when he was nearly sixty years of age.

This fanciful picture drawn by the English artist, William Kent, to decorate the first great English edition of DON QUIXOTE, has served as the basis of all the existing portraits of Cervantes. The invention proved an entire success,—that highly-typical Spaniard, with the hooked nose, the large moustache, the round eyes and the baby mouth, in the portentous collar, having achieved a triumph such as few works of English art ever won outside of England. The after-history of this child of William Kent's fancy is very curious. When, some forty years afterwards, the Spanish Academy, shamed by the homage paid to Cervantes by foreigners, brought out their own first classical edition of DON QUIXOTE, more fortunate than the English editors, they were able to give what claimed to be a true portrait of the author. The narrative of its discovery, as told by the Spanish editors in their preface, is as romantic as the story told by the author himself of the finding of the missing portion of DON QUIXOTE[1]—fitting into its place, at the head of the first Spanish edition, with a neatness and felicity none the less admirable for being wholly undesigned. The editors begin by ingenuously confessing that all trace of the two portraits of Cervantes known to have been painted in his lifetime were at that date (1780) lost beyond recovery. But by great good luck, precisely when they

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[1] See *Don Quixote*, Part I. C. viii.

most wanted a portrait with which to deck their edition, the Conde del Aguila, a patriotic nobleman of Seville, was found to possess one. The Conde del Aguila had purchased it some years before of a picture-dealer in Madrid, who sold it as the work of Alonso del Arco. But here was a little difficulty, as the Academy naïvely suggest. Alonso del Arco, the deaf and dumb painter, was born in 1625, nine years after the death of Cervantes, so that he could not have painted his picture from the life. The Academy, however, wanted a portrait of Cervantes badly, in order to be on a level with their English rivals. They seem to have pursued their investigations in the spirit of cautious research with which DON QUIXOTE tested his helmet, which, on the first trial, we learn that he demolished with ease; "and so, without caring to make a fresh trial of it, he constituted and accepted it for a very perfect good helmet." The Academy, fearing to prove too much and to lose their prize if they persevered with their inquiries, pronounced the Conde del Aguila's picture a very good and proper portrait—if not an original, probably the copy of some original by Jaureguy, or Pacheco, or some one else, executed in Cervantes' lifetime. It was accordingly engraved and prefixed to the great edition of DON QUIXOTE printed by Ibarra in 1780, with copper-plates by native artists, which were at least as grotesque and even worse drawn than the rival Dutch embellishments. But now a strange thing appeared. The portrait in the Academy's edition, which was a bust only, was found to be identical in feature, in look, and in *pose* with

Kent's ideal portrait of 1738. It was in an oval frame, bordered with appropriate emblematical devices, showing only the face and the upper part of the body, but with the same dress, the same starched and enormous ruff, the same pronounced aquiline nose, and smug, well-contented expression, with the eyes even a size larger and rounder, the mouth even smaller, and the moustache more trim and pointed. The Academy's own explanation of this mystery (of which the true solution is, of course, that the Conde del Aguila, or the dealer who sold him the picture, had copied the English print) can scarcely be said to be satisfactory, as, indeed, it has not satisfied even Spaniards themselves. They submitted, they say, Conde del Aguila's picture to two professional painters, who, comparing it with Kent's print, came to the conclusion that it was the older of the two; that the style was of the schools of Vincenzo Carducho and Eugenio Cajes, who flourished in the reign of Philip IV.; and that, though not a contemporary portrait, it must have been copied from an older picture, probably of the time of Cervantes. These conclusions, which to an unprejudiced judgment appear to be self-contradictory and mutually destructive, were accepted by the Academy as decisive. While admitting that the one portrait must have been a copy of the other, they tried to make the world believe, as several generations of good Spaniards believed, that it was the earlier one which was the copy, the later the true original. This absurd theory cannot deceive any but those who desire to be deceived. Putting

aside the palpable internal evidences of falsity in the picture itself,—the features, which could never have belonged to Cervantes; the costume, which he never could have worn; the accessories, which openly proclaim the forgery,—the idea that the English editors, having a true portrait before them wherewith for the first time to adorn an edition of DON QUIXOTE and give it value, should deliberately lie and palm off an imaginary for a real picture, is too preposterous to need a word in its refutation.[1]

To the long story of the quest of Cervantes' portrait there yet belongs another chapter. Not content with the effigy which had done duty for so many years among Spaniards as the true image of Miguel de Cervantes, a gentleman of Seville, Don José Maria Asensio y Toledo, one of the most ardent and enlightened of the modern race of Cervantophiles, who has done

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[1] Navarrete, like a good Spaniard, accepts the decision of the Academy, which Ticknor also seems to support, on the ground that "the old picture," meaning Conde del Aguila's, is "*conforme en todo*," with the author's own description of himself. But it must be evident that this can be no proof of its genuineness; for, of course, the painter, whoever he was, would take care to keep as close to the written description as he could. By the majority of Spanish Cervantists in the present day, the puerile fable of the Conde del Aguila's picture is rejected; the fancy portrait by Kent being admitted to be the original. Yet to this day the national artists go on repeating the same well-worn face on canvas, in stone, and in brass; and the national poets continue to write sonnets on that forged nose and those artificial eyes.

knight's service in the cause of the author of DON QUIXOTE, following up a clue contained in a certain anonymous manuscript relating to the history of his native city, was led to search among certain pictures known to have been painted by Pacheco for a convent at Seville. In the manuscript was a note to the effect that in one of six pictures was a portrait of Miguel de Cervantes. The pictures were a series intended to celebrate the good deeds of the brethren of the Redemptorist Order, in the release of captives from Algiers. Pacheco was known to be a friend of Cervantes; and Cervantes was certainly among the most famous of the captives redeemed from Algiers. Furnished with these lights, Señor Asensio, aided by some artist friends, made a careful search among Pacheco's six pictures now in the Provincial Museum of Seville. Among them was one numbered and described: "No. 19. *San Pedro de Nolasco en uno de los pasos de su vida*" (St. Peter of Nola in one of the passages of his life). It represents a boat putting off from the Algerian shore, in and about which are seven figures, one of which is the saint himself, apparently in the act of embarking. Among the other six, which Señor Asensio has satisfied himself are all portraits, is a man standing on the stem of the boat, pushing her off from shore with a pole—attired like a sailor, with bare legs and feet, and a wide, low-crowned hat. He has his face turned to the spectator, as though the artist intended him to be fully seen. This is Miguel de Cervantes, according to Señor Asensio. Unfortunately, the con-

clusion is but the last step of a long process of conjecture. There is no proof whatever that Señor Asensio is right; nor can there be any proof until the missing sketch of Cervantes in black and red, known to have been included in Pacheco's contemporary book of portraits, is discovered. All we can say in favour of Señor Asensio's hypothesis is that it is a very ingenious and plausible one. That it may prove to be true should be the prayer of every lover of Cervantes. For this might be, if it is not, the portrait of the author of DON QUIXOTE; and, at least, it is vastly better than the cheat which has long imposed on the world—the terrible creature of Kent's fancy. The figure in the boat represents a man in the prime of early manhood, such as Cervantes was when he was released from captivity. The face, though badly modelled and ill drawn, is a singularly fine one, and such as might well belong to Miguel de Cervantes. The broad forehead, the beautiful eyes, the well-defined and prominent nose, the shapely head set upon a manly neck and shoulders,—are somewhat marred by a weak chin and jaw; but the physiognomist will discover in all these features nothing but what is characteristic of the genius and temperament of Cervantes. Señor Asensio rather spoils his own case by saying, as a climax to his reasoning in favour of the truth of his discovery, that the face of *el barquero* resembles that in the Conde del Aguila's picture. But that which is a forgery can lend no confirmation to that which claims to be true. The two portraits are really quite distinct, and

could never have been painted of one and the same man.[1]

A far better testimony in favour of *el barquero* is that his features tally exactly with the portrait of himself which Cervantes has painted in words.[2] In the prologue to his Novels, written when he was in his sixty-sixth year, after asking his readers to excuse him for not giving them an engraving from Jaureguy's picture in the frontispiece, he thus paints himself:—"He whom you see here, of aquiline feature, with chestnut hair, a smooth, unruffled forehead, with sparkling eyes, and a nose arched, though well proportioned,—a beard of silver which, not twenty years since, was of gold, great moustaches, a small mouth, the teeth of no account,

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[1] See Asensio's *Nuevos Documentos para ilustrar la vida de Miguel de Cervantes*, &c. Seville, 1864. I write with a copy of the head and bust of *el barquero* in colours before me, for which I am indebted to the kindness of Señor Asensio. The head has been engraved in Sir William Stirling's *Life of Don John of Austria*, who takes it unreservedly as a genuine portrait of Cervantes. It also appears in the frontispiece to Mr. Gibson's translation of the *Viaje del Parnaso*. In neither of these etchings is the expression of the original well conveyed. The eyes, especially, are of a wonderful softness and brilliancy in the original, and the chin and jaw not quite so feeble as in the reproductions.

[2] Here I must differ from Ticknor, who, in a note to Asensio's book, printed in the catalogue of his library at Boston, says that "the handsome boatman is very unlike the description Cervantes gives of himself." Ticknor could not have seen the original picture at Seville, and is evidently speaking of the print given in Asensio's book, which is by no means a satisfactory reproduction of Pacheco's figure.

for he has but six of them, and they in bad condition and worse arranged, for they do not hold correspondence one with another; the body, between two extremes, neither great nor little; the complexion bright, rather white than brown, somewhat heavy in the shoulders—this, I say, is the aspect of the author of DON QUIXOTE of La Mancha."[1] With this, which presents to us a sufficiently striking and attractive personality, the world must be content. To enable us still further to call up the image of the man before our mind's eye, let it be added that he had a hesitation in his speech, of which he himself makes a jest, and to which his veiled adversary, Avellaneda, seems to allude; and that he was near-sighted.[2]

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[1] *Prologo al Lector*, in the introduction to the *Novelas Exemplares*. The colour of the boatman's hair and beard is a ruddy chestnut in the picture; and one touch at least of the verbal description,—the shoulders *algo cargados*,—is strikingly evident in the picture. Cervantes belonged by blood to the old Gothic red-haired type of Spaniards,—the type to which Camoens also belonged, as Sir Richard Burton remarks in his translation of the *Lusiads*,—the type of the conquering race,—of the Cid, of Don Enrique, the sailor prince of Portugal,—and of the best manhood of the Peninsula.

[2] In the Prologue to the *Novelas* he alludes to his infirmity of speech. Also in the *Viaje del Parnaso*, cap. III. Also in the letter to Mateo Vasquez, where he speaks of—

Mi lengua balbuziente y quasi muda.

Avellaneda, in his bitter, envenomed prologue to his parody of *Don Quixote*, which is a long personal attack on Cervantes, speaks of the author's having *mas lengua que manos*.

The *Galatea,* Cervantes' first book, appears to have been completed before the end of the year 1583. It was approved for publication on the 1st of February, 1584, but, for some reason not explained, it was not published till the beginning of the year following.[1] The dedication, in which Cervantes speaks of his early life at Rome, is to Ascanio Colonna, abbot of St. Sophia, the son of Marco Antonio, his old admiral at Lepanto. *Galatea* is a pastoral romance, or, as Cervantes calls it, an Eclogue, of the kind which the Portuguese poet, Jorge Montemayor, in his *Diana* had brought into fashion from Italy. A Valencian poet before Cervantes,—Gil Polo,—had improved upon Montemayor's model in his *Diana Enamorada*, which Cervantes praises somewhat extravagantly in the Sixth Chapter of the First Part of DON QUIXOTE. The *Galatea* is, perhaps, the best in that kind, which, perhaps, is no great praise. That Cervantes' contemporaries thought so is proved by the fact that seven editions were called for in the author's lifetime, and by the praises which were lavished on the book, not only at home, but abroad. That, judged by our modern standard of taste, the *Galatea* is tedious, feeble, and diffuse, is to condemn, not so much the work of Cervantes, as the temper of the age in which he lived. Probably he wrote for the same reason that the Cid

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[1] Navarrete and Ticknor, following all the older authorities, make the place of publication Madrid and the date 1584. But Salvá has proved in his Bibliography that the *Galatea* was first published at Alcalá, the author's birthplace, at the beginning of 1585.

fought—*para que hubiese que comer.*[1] Not much can be done with shepherds and shepherdesses in fable. They sing, they love, they talk. One asks another (not without cause) why he is dull; the other answers, because some girl whom he loves does not love him. Then, perhaps, the lady enters and gives many long reasons why she should love somebody else. No genius can invest such themes, whether in prose or in poetry, with any human interest. The life is unreal; the passions false; the loves and the occupations equally artificial. In the *Galatea* the absurdity is heightened by the unhappy device of introducing real personages on the scene under stage names. The poet's own friends figure in the action, after a fashion which he himself so happily ridiculed thirty years afterwards in DON QUIXOTE. His future wife, in whose honour and for whose delectation the tradition runs that Cervantes composed the story, appears disguised as *Galatea*; while Cervantes himself masquerades as her lover, the shepherd Elicio. Introduced into the body of the romance, without much pertinency to what is doing, is a long poem called the *Canto de Caliope*, which is a catalogue of all the leading poets of Spain,—an enormous tribe, whose very names and obscurity are sufficient to deaden any attempt to

[1] The Cid, a warrior strictly impartial in his enterprises, who pillaged Christian churches and Moorish mosques with equal zest, when reproached with the somewhat indiscriminate character of his raids, and asked why he so behaved, is reported in the *Cronica General*, to have made the answer quoted in the text—"that he might have something to eat."

preserve them alive. Some of the occasional stories and the episodes, though they have little to do with shepherding, are prettily told, with all Cervantes' grace and skill as a *raconteur*. But, apart from the romantic circumstances of its birth, *Galatea*, though it brought our author fame, even beyond his own country, must be pronounced unworthy of his powers, as it was out of keeping with his genius. He himself, in the famous Inquisition on DON QUIXOTE'S library, has pronounced a very fair verdict on the book (of which it must be remembered that he had promised a second part, which never came), by saying that "it contains a little of good invention: it proposes something, but concludes nothing." [1]

A few days before the publication of *Galatea*, Cervantes was married at Esquivias, a small town of New Castille between Madrid and Toledo, to Doña Catalina de Palacios y Salazar,—a young lady of respectable family, perhaps a little higher than his own in worldly position. The 12th of December, 1584, was the date of the ceremony. There is a tradition that a kinsman of the bride's opposed the match, on the ground that the aspirant to the hand of Doña Catalina was not sufficiently endowed with the gifts of fortune, and that Cervantes, in revenge, made him the hero of DON QUIXOTE.[2] This legend belongs to the foolish family

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[1] See *Don Quixote*, Part I. C. vi.

[2] The story as told by D. Jimenez Serrano, in his article *Un Paseo á la Patria de Don Quixote* in the *Seminario Pintoresco*, 1848, is that it was a cousin of Cervantes' wife who opposed the match;—one Don Rodrigo Pacheco, who was a *hidalgo* of Arga-

of the inventions based on the theory that DON QUIXOTE was a satire, intended to have a personal application. Very little is known about Cervantes' wife except that she was much younger than himself,—that she bore him no children,—and survived him more than ten years, requesting in her will to be buried by his side.[1] Cervantes settled upon her a dowry of a hundred ducats, which was estimated at that time to be a tenth of his fortune. By a subsequent deed, of which a copy is preserved with all the items, all the goods of Doña Catalina at the time of her marriage are secured to her by her husband. There is a curious inventory of the young lady's effects given by Pellicer, which proves that in worldly substance she must have been superior to her husband. The goods of Doña Catalina, the enumeration of which is not without a certain pathos, as showing what was held at that time to be more than equivalent to the fortune with which Cervantes was endowed, include several plantations of young vines in the district of Esquivias, together with various articles of household furniture; two linen sheets, three of cotton, a cushion stuffed with wool, two pillows of the same, one good blanket and one worn; tables, chairs, pots and pans; a brasier, a grater, several jars, sacred images in

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masilla, of whom and his picture in the parish church of that town we shall have more to say hereafter. Others say his name was Quesada.

[1] Doña Catalina died at Madrid on the 31st of October, 1626, and was buried in the convent of the Trinitarian nuns, in her husband's grave, of which the site is now forgotten.

alabaster and silver gilt; a crucifix, two little infant Christs, four bee-hives, and forty-five hens and pullets, with one cock.[1] These details of household wealth seem to justify the opinion of those neighbours of Doña Catalina at Esquivias who held that in marrying the old maimed soldier she threw herself away.

Cervantes seems to have been resident in his wife's town of Esquivias for some months after his marriage. We find him at Madrid soon after, occupied in his first efforts to make a living by his pen.

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[1] See the inventory in full as given by Pellicer in the Appendix to his Life of Cervantes, in his edition of *Don Quixote*, vol. i. p. ccv.

CHAPTER VI.

Cervantes adopts Literature as a Profession—Multitude of Poets in Spain—Writes for the Stage—His Comedies—Numancia—El Trato de Argel—Lope de Vega—Retires from Madrid—Life in Seville—A Commissary in Andalusia—Imprisonment—Trials and Experiences in La Mancha—Argamasilla—The Cradle of Don Quixote.

IN 1585 Cervantes moved from his wife's town of Esquivias to take up his residence for a time in Madrid. He had now finally adopted literature as a profession, having no other means than by his pen to support himself and those dependent upon him. These included at this time, and for some years afterwards, not only his wife and his little daughter, Isabel, but his widowed sister, Andrea, with one daughter, Constanza, now eight years of age. His other sister, Luisa, three years older than himself, had become a nun in 1575.[1]

[1] Of the other members of the family, the brother, Rodrigo, was serving with his company of the Figueroa regiment in Flanders. The mother, Doña Leonor de Cortinas, seems to have been living on her own small means, but that Cervantes still preserved the due filial relations with her is proved by her becoming one of his securities, in 1595, on account of his debt to the Crown. Pellicer, upon no other foundation than that one Doña Magdalena de Sotomayor, a *beata*, is named as a sister of Miguel de Cervantes,

The household must have been a poor one, for, beyond some small income derived by the wife from her little estate in vines, and the earning of the sister by needlework, there was no other provision than such as Cervantes was able to make by his writings. This was a resource sufficiently precarious in that age, before letters had become recognised either as a calling or as a trade; when those who wrote were many, and those who read were few; when authors were poorly paid, if paid at all, and publishers, in the modern sense, did not exist. Cervantes was probably the first man of genius since the revival of learning who made an attempt to earn a livelihood by his pen, unaided by any other resource. The attempt was all the more desperate from the peculiar condition of Spain in the latter years of Philip's reign,—a condition which made the struggle for existence almost hopeless for a writer of original genius, who was also of independent mind. It was a period of extraordinary growth, combined with a season of sternest repression. Never was the Spanish intellect so fruitful or so busy; never was the popular taste so corrupt, or the restraints upon free thought so numerous and so degrading. The blight fell precisely when the ground was richest and the promise of a crop most hopeful. At that date no country in civilisation could

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in a deposition made at Valladolid some years afterwards, makes Doña Leonor to have taken a second husband, one Nicolás de Sotomayor. But Navarrete proves that this could not be (*Vida de Cervantes*, p. 249).

boast of an intellectual energy so great as Spain. Her renown in arms, her supremacy in empire, seems to have acted as a spur to the national genius. The season of glory was the season of growth. In spite of all external checks, there was a spring of life in the nation such as Spain had never experienced. There was a tumult in the veins of the people such as even Philip could not repress, which the Church vainly attempted to stem or to guide. It was the dawn of the Golden Age in letters and in art. In one direction the outburst was phenomenal. The Spanish nation went into poetry with a vigour and unanimity such as could be nothing less than appalling to a man intending to enter the profession of letters. The easy Castilian tongue which, with its double resource of consonant and assonant, lends itself naturally to rhyme, grew poets at an alarming rate. The multitude of versifiers in Cervantes' time was so great as to be a standing joke with the wits. All Spain was a grove of singing-birds. Men in every station of life turned to verse-making. Those who could not spell yet dared to rhyme. A theme was never wanting so long as fortune was unkind, Ministers forgetful, or hunger pressing. The struggle for existence brought out poets in shoals. "In every street four thousand poets," writes one, as the last news from Madrid.[1] There were tailor poets and cobbler poets, who rhymed

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[1] *En cada calle quatro mil poetas*, says Tomé de Burguillos,—that is, Lope de Vega himself, who took that name to cover some of his more sportive effusions.

when they should be sewing and heeling. Cervantes himself, in his *Voyage to Parnassus*, though the most tolerant of critics, who praised more bad writers than any good writer ever did, makes immense fun of the *poetambre*—the deluge of bards from the clouds—"the vulgar squadron of seven-month poets, twenty thousand strong, whose being is a mystery,"—"the useless rabble who attempt to storm the mount when they are not worthy to stand under its shade." [1]

To strive against this hungry herd for a living, to win his bread in such a struggle, was a task to which the good-natured genius of Cervantes was unequal. Though he had won much fame by his *Galatea*, it was such fame as could avail him little in the severe competition with his higher-placed rivals. He had not yet found the secret of the treasure which lay within him, nor is there anything more pathetic in literature than his desperate efforts to earn his fortune by doing as others did. Of poems and ballads, he says himself, that he wrote an infinite number,[2] all of which have perished

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[1] See especially the second chapter of the *Viaje del Parnaso*. The whole poem is a good-natured satire on the poetasters of the day.

[2] Yo he compuesto romances infinitos
Y el de los *Zelos* es aquel que estimo,
Entre otros que los tengo por malditos.

(Of ballads I've writ many, and the best
I hold to be on *Jealousy*, the rest
I fear are gone unto the place unblest.)

It may be necessary to inform some of my readers that the Spanish *romance*, as a composition, does not mean the English

—perhaps without any great loss to himself or the world. A few commendatory sonnets which, with his usual good nature, he lent to his poet friends, to help their dull productions, are all that survive of his works which belong to this period. They are distinguished rather by their subtlety in discovering the merits of others than by any merit of their own. At what period Cervantes began to write plays for the stage, then fast rising in popular favour, we are not told. In an interesting passage of the Prologue to the collection of Comedies and Farces, which he published in his latter years (these are not to be included among those he

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romantic tale in prose, but always *ballad*,—a short poem in the vulgar tongue,—as opposed to the higher and more artificial products of *el arte mayor*. The *romance* in old Spain was the language of the common people,—the degraded Roman of their conquerors, as opposed to the Latin, which was the language of educated society. In the old translations the Spanish *romance* is nearly always rendered into English as *romance*, which causes confusion. Some of Cervantes' ballads may be still extant, if no longer to be identified as his. Clemencin starts the very reasonable conjecture that the ballads about Uchali (Aluch Ali), of which there are several in the collections, may have been among those composed by Cervantes. (See Clemencin's *Don Quixote*, vol. iii. p. 157.) In Duran's *Romancero* are five anonymous ballads, in which a slave of Aluch Ali is introduced, the first of which represents him as sighing for his mistress *Talinca*, which is an anagram of *Catalina*, the name of Cervantes' wife. This can hardly be accidental. (Duran, vol. i. p. 145.) The ballad of *Los Zelos* is included among Cervantes' smaller poems in Aribau's edition of his works in the *Biblioteca de los Autores Españoles*. The best of Cervantes' known ballads are those in his charming novel of *La Gitanilla*, which are full of grace and tenderness.

speaks of), he says that he composed at this time about twenty or thirty plays, which were all put upon the stage and received with favour. "They ran their course without hisses, cries, or disturbances."[1] Elsewhere, in his delightful appendix to the *Voyage to Parnassus*, he mentions the names of some of these plays :—*Los Tratos*, or *El Trato de Argel* ("Life in Algiers"), *La Numancia*, *La Gran Turquesca*, *La Batalla Naval* (probably the battle of Lepanto), *La Jerusalen*, *La Amaranta*, or *La del Mayo* ("The Flower of May"), *El Bosque Amoroso*, *La Unica y Bizarra Arsinda* ("The Rare and Matchless Arsinda"), with many others whose names he cannot remember.[2] But the one of which he speaks with special pride is *La Confusa* ("The Perplexed Lady"), to which he refers more than once as ranking "good among the best of the comedies of the Cloak and Sword (*de capa y espada*) which had been, up to that time, acted." In regard to these plays of his, of which he speaks with so much modesty and simplicity, the author declares that he was the first who introduced moral or allegorical figures on the stage, and the first who reduced the number of acts from five to three. In neither of these statements is he strictly correct. If

[1] They were all acted, he says, moreover, *sin que se les ofreciese ofrenda de pepinos ni de otra cosa arrojadiza*—"without their receiving tribute of cucumbers or of any other missile,"—the throwing of cucumbers at the actors being, we presume, the prevalent mode of displaying the displeasure of the audience.

[2] See the interview between the poet and Pancracio de Roncesvalles, in the *Adjunta al Parnaso*.

there is any merit in introducing creatures of the imagination, abstractions, the virtues and the vices, and on the stage to mingle and talk with the flesh-and-blood personages of the drama, the merit of the invention belongs to the earliest forms of the drama, this being a common device, as Ticknor has pointed out, in the old miracle plays. As to the change in the number of acts, it had been made long before Cervantes' time by Avendaño.[1] These are points, however, of small importance, on which it is excusable Cervantes, writing in his old age, thirty years afterwards, should err. What is certain, and the only thing material to this history of his career, is that he was for some time successful in his calling of a playwright. According to Pellicer he received payment for each play at the full rate, which was 800 reals.[2] There were then two licensed companies of actors in Spain. Only two of Cervantes' plays have survived to this day,—*La Numancia* and *El Trato de Argel*,—two of a character and quality so different as, if one did not know the extraordinary versatility of the writer, to make it difficult to believe that they were the work of the same hand. Although exalted, perhaps, beyond its due merits by Schlegel and Bouterwek, who have placed it on a level with the masterpieces of Æschylus, the *Numancia* of Cervantes is a noble work, which, apart altogether from its artistic

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[1] See Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature*, vol. ii. p. 192.

[2] See Pellicer, *Vida de Cervantes*, p. lxxi. in the first volume of his *Don Quixote*.

worth, rises, by its grandeur of patriotic sentiment and loftiness of moral tone, to a height such as no Spanish dramatist ever reached. From its very subject, it is something more than a poem. The verse is inspired by the very genius of patriotism. The lines glow with a fierceness and intensity of national passion which absorb and lull all meaner sentiment. For this quality of pure, concentrated heroic energy, there is nothing equal to it in the ancient or modern drama. Defective in almost everything necessary to make a successful tragedy; without plot or passion; with very little action, and devoid of all stage artifice and conventional effect, *Numancia* is to the Spanish drama what DON QUIXOTE is to Spanish romances,—the one only second to the other among the numerous and varied products of the genius of Cervantes.[1] To be properly appreciated it must be regarded as a chapter in a great national epic. As one who has translated it

[1] The *Numancia* has for its subject the famous siege of the Iberian city of Numantia by the Romans, under Scipio Africanus. After resisting the power of Rome for fifteen years, and suffering fourteen months of every kind of privation and horror, the Numantines perished to a man, conquered by famine,—the last survivor of the garrison, Viriatus, hurling himself from the battlements as the Romans entered the city. It is the most heroic page in the history of Spain which Cervantes chose for his theme. The ancient town of Soria, in Old Castile, on the borders of Aragon, claims the name of Numantia; but the true site of the old city is about five miles distant, it being difficult to identify the spot which was the scene of this unparalleled deed of *δαιμονίη ἀρετή*, as the Romans passed a ploughshare over the ruins of the devoted city.

with abundant grace and sympathy remarks, it is "simply a glorious page in Spanish history converted into sounding verse"—"an attempt to give form and body on the stage to a great national event."[1] One incident in its life speaks eloquently of the success achieved by the author in his immediate purpose. During the memorable siege of Zaragoza in 1808, when the French cannon were thundering at the gates, and Palafox and Tio Pepe were holding them heroically against overpowering numbers, the happy idea occurred to the national leaders of putting *Numancia* upon the stage, to give life and courage to the garrison. Thus had Cervantes a triumph such as few dramatists have been able to claim. A play that could fulfil such a function is not to be judged like an ordinary drama. In the power of moving the readers, in the reality of the impressions conveyed, in the painting of the sublime pathos, horror and despair of the scene, *Numancia* is, indeed, unique among plays. In the construction of the several kinds of verse here used, Cervantes displays a skill, grace, and happiness of which no other of his poems gives any evidence. One scene alone,—the rising of the corpse on the invocation of the wizard Marquino,—is for sublimity of horror, for grandeur of tragic effect, and sustained power of invention superior to anything imagined by Shakespeare or Marlowe.[2]

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[1] The late J. Y. Gibson, who has given us in English a very faithful and spirited version of the poem.

[2] Even the judicious Hallam is moved out of his ordinary stolid

This height Cervantes in his dramas touched but once. What *La Confusa* may have been we cannot guess from the author's perhaps too partial judgment upon it as the best of the class to which it belonged; but *El Trato de Argel*, the only comedy of this period which has survived, may be taken as a fair specimen of Cervantes' acted plays. It is without any regular plot, written in that irregular, octosyllabic metre, in both consonant and assonant rhyme, with *redondillas*, *terza rima*, and other popular measures interspersed, in that style which to English ears is so monotonous, and, according to English taste, so unsuitable to dramatic effect. The scenes are little else than transcripts from Cervantes' own experiences as a captive in Algiers. Real incidents and even real personages are introduced, mingled with demons, and abstractions like *Necessity* and *Opportunity*. It is difficult to conceive how such a play could ever have been acted, and even more difficult to imagine how it could have been written by one who, as Cervantes shows, through the mouth of the Canon of Toledo in DON QUIXOTE,[1] had conceived so true and excellent an idea of the drama. Certainly his own genius,—various of resource and fruitful in kind as it was,—was not suited to play-

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reserve to give three pages of his history to an analysis of this remarkable poem. Ticknor, who is not usually given to over-laudation of Cervantes, is unstinted in his praise. August Schlegel thinks it was here that Cervantes found a proper field for the complete development of his inventive mind.

[1] See *Don Quixote*, Part I. C. xlviii.

writing. The qualities most admirable in his own masterpiece are precisely those which are of least account in the drama. Cervantes could paint individual scenes of comedy, and no one so perfectly understands the art of making the creatures of his imagination live and move. But in that rude age, having to battle with adverse fortune, he was unable to compete in the new art with others less hampered by scruples of duty,—more prolific and more pliable.

About the same time when Marlowe in England had prepared the way for Shakespeare's entrance, Cervantes made his exit from this stage.[1] As he tells us himself, with his wonted frankness, he found other things to occupy him. "I gave up the pen and comedies, and there entered presently the monster of nature, the great Lope de Vega, and assumed the dramatic throne. He subjugated all the actors, and placed them under his jurisdiction. He filled the world with comedies,—suitable, felicitous, and well-worded,—and so many that those

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[1] The growth of the drama in Spain was almost contemporaneous with that of England, though it is probable that the first came to maturity, both in the writing and in the representation, a little sooner than the second. Spain during the latter two decades of the Sixteenth century was certainly more advanced in all the liberal arts than in England, though how much was derived by the latter from the former is not to be determined. Cervantes left off writing plays about 1588. Lope de Vega must have begun dramatising immediately after his return from the expedition in that year against England in the *Invincible Armada*, in which he served as a soldier. Shakespeare's first play, *Love's Labour Lost*, was produced, according to the authorities, in 1590.

in writing exceeded ten thousand sheets, all of which have been seen represented."[1] Lope de Vega was about this time, 1588, twenty-six years of age, being fifteen years younger than Cervantes. Unable to cope with a rival of a comedy-making power so prodigious, of whom it is reported that he could produce an original play of three acts in forty-eight hours, Cervantes was driven to seek for a livelihood elsewhere and by other means.[2] Abandoning literature, he removed with his

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[1] See the interesting Prologue to the Comedies, published by Cervantes a year before his death. The words used by Cervantes of his great rival, considering the relations between the two men, and all that had happened in that interval of nearly thirty years, must be regarded as fair, impartial, and even generous. In some of the expressions, however, we may detect a very natural tone of bitterness, such as Cervantes was fully justified in using towards one who had shown himself so unscrupulous as a competitor. *El monstruo de naturaleza*, which I have translated "the monster of nature," is commonly rendered by those who insist upon shutting their eyes to the true history of the relations between Cervantes and Lope de Vega, as "the prodigy of nature." But *monstruo* is certainly more often used *in malam partem*. It is so used by Cervantes himself in the only other place where the phrase occurs, in *Don Quixote*, when the Knight is rating his squire (Part I. C. xlvi.). Seeing that, more than once, Lope had taken the bread out of Cervantes' mouth, the passage, as we have quoted it, cannot be characterised as anything less than magnanimous.

[2] A recent English writer on the subject denies Cervantes our statement of the cause which led him to abandon play-writing, on the ground that Cervantes had left for Seville before Lope de Vega began to write for the stage. But in the *Nuevos Documentos* of Señor Asensio, published in 1864, there is printed an agreement between Cervantes and one Rodrigo Osorio, by which the latter

family in 1588 to Seville, then the richest, busiest, and most populous city in Spain,—"the support of the poor and the refuge of the outcast,"—the emporium of the commerce and wealth of the New World, with whose life and manners he came to acquire so profound and minute an acquaintance. Through the interest of some of his friends he obtained a place as one of four commissaries employed under Antonio de Guevara, the Royal Purveyor-General for the fleets and armaments of the Indies, to purchase stores in Andalucia. His commission is signed the 12th of June, 1588, his two sureties in the office being Juan de Nava Cabeza de Vaca and Luis Marmolejo. From that date for some time after, we hear of Cervantes only as a buyer of grain and oil in the districts round Seville, an occupation of little profit to him, except in so far as it enlarged his field of knowledge of men and manners, and subject to risks which involved him in a new series of misfortunes. This business seems to have included the collecting of small dues on behalf of the King from the country people, and making advances for the supply of such articles as were required for the public service. The irony of fate is here curiously illustrated. While not a scrap of any of his other manuscripts survive,

agrees to give the author fifty ducats each for six comedies, provided they are successful. The date is 1592, which proves that Cervantes clung to the hope of succeeding as a playwright *after* he left for Seville. Lope de Vega had certainly begun to write plays before this date.

there are extant, carefully preserved, many receipts, schedules of expenditure, invoices, and accounts relating to these transactions, written in a bold, clear hand. In May, 1590, being sick of the grain and oil buying in Andalucia, Cervantes bethought him of the usual resource in those days of men of broken fortune, to pass to the Indies, "the refuge and the sustenance of desperate men of Spain." He therefore addressed a memorial to the King, through the President of the Council of the Indies, in June, 1590, in which, after reciting his services by sea and land, especially at Lepanto and in the Levant, his sufferings as a captive in Algiers, his subsequent employment in Portugal and in the Azores, during all which period he had received no favour,[1] he humbly solicits His Majesty for one of three or four places which he learns at that time to be vacant,—namely, the accountantship of the new kingdom of Granada (in the North of South America), or the governorship of the province of Soconusco in Central America, or paymaster of the galleys of Carthagena (then the chief port of the Spanish-American trade), or magistrate of the city of La Paz (in Bolivia).[2] The petition seems

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[1] *En todo este tiempo no se le ha hecho merced ninguna*—meaning no favour in the shape of place or preferment.

[2] See the memorial in full, with the unsatisfactory endorsement (seeming to imply approval), by Dr. Nuñez Morquecho, probably a secretary—*busque por acá en que se le haga merced*—("Let him seek about here for the favour he wants"), in *Navarrete*, p. 312. The document was found among others relating to

to have been not unfavourably received, and it is said that Cervantes might have been successful in obtaining one of the places he asked for, but for his own imprudence or negligence in some point of conduct which is left a mystery. In one of the autobiographical stanzas of the *Voyage to Parnassus*, the poet seems to hint at some incapacity on his part to preserve the good which he had won from fortune.[1] Probably, without imagining anything worse to his discredit, Cervantes had a full measure of the defects which belonged to one of his gay, romantic, fervid temperament. The very qualities which made him loved by his fellow-captives and dreaded by his gaolers in Algiers, were those most unsuitable to official life in Spain under such a ruler as Philip. That he was careless, unthrifty, irresolute of will, and too quickly moved from following the path of his own good by dreams of some more romantic pursuit, is easily conceivable of the author of DON QUIXOTE.

Failing to get a place in America, Cervantes was compelled to return to his miserable work of buying

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Cervantes, in 1808, by Cean Bermudez, among the archives of the Indies at Seville. It is most valuable as containing some particulars of his service nowhere else recorded.

[1] Apollo says to him:—

> Tú mismo te has forjado tu ventura,
> Y yo te he visto alguna vez con ella,
> Pero en el imprudente poco dura.
>
> (Thyself hast forgéd thine own destiny,
> And Fortune I have seen some time with thee,
> But from the imprudent she doth quickly fly.)

corn and oil and wine for His Majesty's fleets,—a service which brought him into close communion with all the country people in the districts about Seville and Granada. Up to 1598 he was employed in various parts of the kingdom in this and the kindred office of small tax-collector, at an annual salary, according to his papers still extant, of three thousand reals, or £30 a year.[1] In 1594 we hear of him for a time as being in Madrid, but it is in connexion with one of those unpleasant passages which showed how unfit he was for work of this kind,—demanding scrupulous exactitude in the paying and receiving of moneys, and entire distrust of his fellow-men. On two or three occasions, through what appears to be nothing more than over-confidence in his agents, he fell into trouble, having to pay in his own person, or out of his own pocket, for the failure of those in whom he trusted. In the midst of these uncongenial occupations, we get just one glimpse of the man of letters. In 1595, on the canonization of San Jacinto, a Dominican house at Zaragoza offered a prize of *three silver spoons* to whoever should make the best gloss on a quatrain in praise of the new saint. Cervantes entered the lists as a competitor, and was successful in winning the first prize. In 1596 he found a very different theme for his pen. In that year an expedition was sent by Elizabeth, in revenge for the affront offered her by Philip in his *Invincible Armada*, to "singe the King of Spain's

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[1] See *Navarrete*, p. 77.

beard." A fleet under the command of Lord Howard of Effingham entered the port of Cadiz, and a body of soldiers was landed, under the orders of the Earl of Essex, who burnt and destroyed what property of His Spanish Majesty's they could not carry away,—to the consternation of the citizens and the great glory of Protestant England. The Spanish army and fleet, under the Duke of Medina Celi, who ought to have defended Cadiz, got themselves into places of safety, and it was not until after the English had gone away with their rich booty,—after destroying thirteen ships and forty large galleons, and inflicting a wound to Spanish finance from which it is said that Philip never recovered,—that the Duke of Medina Celi marched in with his brave soldiers. Cervantes wrote a satirical sonnet on this occasion, ridiculing the display of tardy valour made by the beplumed volunteers, and how,—the English Earl having gone away without any fear,—the great Duke of Medina came in triumphantly.[1] The incident afforded Cervantes, moreover, a subject for one of his smaller novels, *La Española Inglesa*, written some years afterwards.

About this period Cervantes fell into the first of his

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[1] The sonnet was first printed by Pellicer in his *Life of Cervantes*, from a manuscript in the Royal Library at Madrid The concluding lines are:—

> Ido ya el Conde sin ningun recelo,
> Triunfando entró el gran duque de Medina.
>
> (The Earl departed without dread or damage,
> In triumph there came in the great Duke Medina.)

money troubles in connexion with his office. Having to remit a sum of 7,400 reals from Seville to Madrid, he entrusted it to the hands of one Simon Freire, as his agent. Freire became a bankrupt, and fled from Spain. This involved Cervantes in a debt to the Crown, for which, being unable to pay, he was thrown into prison. Having reduced the amount by what he had recovered from the bankrupt estate of Freire to 2,600 reals, Cervantes was released, after a detention of three months; neither then nor at any time afterwards,—although the affair hung over him to trouble him for many years,—there being any charge implicating his own personal rectitude.[1]

On the 13th September, 1598, died Philip II.; and we know of Cervantes' presence in Seville at this time through the satirical sonnet he wrote on the exaggerated grandeur of the sepulchral monument which was raised in honour of the dead King. On this occasion there took place a curious wrangle in the Cathedral itself, carried to most unseemly lengths, between the representatives of the Inquisition and the civic authorities, which was not settled without some painful scenes,—serving to show that the people thought less of the deceased monarch than of their own rights and dignities. The catafalque, which one of the historians of the time describes as one of the rarest mortuary structures which human eyes ever beheld, was embellished with nume-

[1] Cervantes seems to have been twice imprisoned in connexion with this unhappy business, before he finally left Andalucia.

rous statues by leading sculptors, and pictures by the most eminent local painters, among whom Pacheco is named. Cervantes seems to have regarded the whole proceeding with great disgust, and wrote upon it an ironical sonnet, which was as successful in hitting the taste of the citizens as it was in winning his own good opinion, for he praises it extravagantly in the *Voyage to Parnassus* as "the principal glory of his writings."[1] The sonnet, which has great merit in a line which Cervantes rarely attempted,—and never without so much success as proved that this was more congenial to him than sentimental or romantic poetry,—is of irregular structure,—or rather, it is a sonnet with a piece of another attached to it, seventeen lines in all,—but of an excellent wit and humour, and perhaps not least interesting for this, that it seems to indicate what was in Cervantes' secret mind regarding the character and rule of Philip.

During this period of his life, Cervantes is said by his biographers, upon what appears to be quite insufficient evidence, to have enjoyed the society of the learned and lettered persons who then made Seville a famous centre of the liberal arts. The only traces we have of his acquaintance with his contemporary writers are such as are found in the commendatory verses he

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[1] *Honra principal de mis escritos.* The death of Philip was doubtless regarded as a relief by the majority of his subjects, and the new reign was looked forward to as the opening of a freer life. Such a sonnet as this could hardly have been published in Philip's life-time.

lent to their books,—a form of compliment of which, though he came to ridicule it afterwards, Cervantes was very profuse. We may reasonably suppose that it was about this time that he wrote the majority of his *Novelas*, in several of which we find scenes and characters such as only could have been drawn from a familiar and intimate knowledge of Seville and its environments. That, before he left Seville, he was a second time cast into prison because of his old debt incurred on account of Simon Freire, is to be gathered from extant documents. That about this time, from between the end of 1599 and 1603, is to be placed that passage in his life which brought him in connexion with La Mancha, and was the source of DON QUIXOTE, seems highly probable. This was the lowest point he touched in his fortunes. He had fallen into such poverty as to be even dependent for bread on his friends,—on one of whom, Pedro de Morales, who afterwards became a distinguished actor, he lavishes tender expressions of gratitude for aid rendered him in this his worst strait.[1]

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[1] Pedro de Morales is twice mentioned, with more than usual warmth, in the *Voyage to Parnassus*. In the first passage Cervantes calls him "the asylum where his fortune was repaired." In the second, towards the close of the poem, he says:—

> El pecho, el alma, el corazon, la mano
> Dí á Pedro de Morales y un abrazo.
>
> (My bosom and my soul, my heart and hand
> I Pedro Morales gave, in one embrace).

This benefactor of Cervantes lived to be one of the most famous actors of the time, surviving Cervantes many years.

Very little is known about the circumstances which brought Cervantes to La Mancha. Some say that he was commissioned to collect tithes on behalf of the Grand Priory of San Juan,[1] which had certain rights in the district, and that his unpopularity in that character caused him to be seized by a leading citizen of Argamasilla and thrust into prison. Another theory is that he was concerned in some enterprise connected with the manufacture of saltpetre and gunpowder, and that he incurred the wrath of the people of the neighbourhood through employing the waters of the Guadiana in that industry to the prejudice of their corn-fields. A third story is that while engaged in

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[1] This was not the first time,—as it would appear from a communication for which I am indebted to my friend Don Pascual de Gayangos,—that Cervantes had been employed in the service of the Priory of San Juan. Among the Spanish Manuscripts in the British Museum (Add. 28, 364, No. 38), catalogued by Señor Gayangos (vol. iii. p. 757), is an interesting passage about Cervantes, which has never before been noticed by any biographer. It occurs in a letter from Sanctoya de Molina (the secretary of the Council of the Military Orders in 1584) to Mateo Vasquez, the King's Secretary, in which he discusses the qualifications of various persons for the vacant offices in the Order of San Juan. Among them he names three, Ruben de Celis, *Cervantes*, and Canto. "El Ruben no conviene de ninguna manera, y el Cervantes es muy benemerito y sirvió el partido de Montanches muy bien. No conoce á Canto" (Reuben will not do by any manner of means, and Cervantes is very deserving and served the district of Montanches very well. Nothing is known of Canto). Montanches is in the province of Estremadura, and that Cervantes was employed there is quite a new fact to his biographers.

collecting certain dues or taxes in La Mancha, Cervantes gave offence to certain high people of the place by his satirical humour. Whatever the cause might have been, it is certain, according to a tradition which has been handed down from that time to this, that Cervantes was incarcerated for some time in a cellar of a house in Argamasilla, called *La Casa de Medrano.* A letter of his was extant up to the beginning of this century addressed to an uncle, Juan Bernabé de Saavedra, a citizen of Alcázar de San Juan, soliciting his aid and favour to rescue him from his miserable condition.[1] The unanimous testimony of the people of this neighbourhood points to a house, which is still standing in pretty much the same condition as when Cervantes was here, as the place where the author of DON QUIXOTE was imprisoned. I have little doubt myself that it was here where the idea of writing the book, which was "engendered in a prison," as we learn from the author's prologue, was first conceived.[2] That

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[1] Navarrete quotes the opening words of Cervantes' despairing letter:—*Luengos dias y menguadas noches me fatigan en esta cárcel, ó mejor diré caverna* (long days and troubled nights are wearing me out in this cell, or, I should rather say, cave). This interesting document, which was in existence up to the beginning of this century, appears to be now lost. I have seen the cellar in which Cervantes was confined, under the intelligent guidance of the good priest of Argamasilla, and can vouch for its dismal condition. No one would lightly commit a dog to such a hole.

[2] Don Aureliano Guerra y Orbe (see *Athenæum*, Nov. 1867) maintains that the prison of Seville was where Cervantes wrote, or at least planned, *Don Quixote.* I cannot agree with this opinion,

Cervantes passed some time in La Mancha, and had opportunities of studying the character of that singular province and its not less remarkable people, is sufficiently proved in DON QUIXOTE. That he had conceived some grudge against the Manchegans on account of some affront or wrong suffered at their hands is likely enough; even though we may refuse to believe that DON QUIXOTE was intended to be a satire on La Mancha and the Manchegans.

Argamasilla de Alba, the town whose name the author of DON QUIXOTE "would not recall,"—which is sufficiently identified, however, in the progress of the story as the village where *El Ingenioso Hidalgo* lived,—has acquired a renown which, to its present inhabitants, is a little embarrassing, though they cannot be persuaded to regard it as unflattering. The place is not undeserving of the honour which has been conferred upon it. Among the towns of La Mancha,—an unlovely region, inhabited by a rugged people, whose chief characteristic at sight is a curious mingling of shyness, cunning, and ferocity,—Argamasilla holds no mean place, and perhaps held a still higher one in Cervantes' time, when all the traffic of the Indies must have passed through the district. The town is substantially built, with streets wider and cleaner than are usual in Spain,

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for this, among other reasons, that *Don Quixote* must have been written after Cervantes' visit to La Mancha. There is no evidence of Cervantes being imprisoned at Seville after he left La Mancha.

amidst fertile and not unpleasant surroundings.[1] The river Guadiana flows (when there is any water) through it, as it did when the Duchess's messenger arrived there to look for Sancho Panza's wife. Women may be seen washing clothes in the sluggish stream, just as Sancho's daughter was doing when called to hear news of her father, the Governor. The *Casa de Medrano*, the house where Cervantes was locked up, is still standing—a solid structure of stone.[2] On the outskirts of the village are shown the ruins of a house which is affirmed to have been the dwelling of Don Quixote, where may be traced a window, out of which the Knight's books might have been pitched by the Housekeeper into the outer yard. The place of chief interest to the visitor, however, next to the dungeon which held Miguel de Cervantes captive, is the parish church, which, by its size and grandeur, proves that Argamasilla was once a much more considerable place than it is now. In the north transept of this church, in one of the side chapels, there is an oil picture enclosed in a *retablo*, representing the Virgin in the air, with angels about her, looking

[1] The traveller by the main line of railway from Madrid to the South need not look out for Argamasilla at the station so named. The village is ten miles away from the railway-station, by a very bad road.

[2] Some twenty-five years ago it was used by Rivadeneyra as a printing-office, from which was issued his two beautiful editions of *Don Quixote*. This curious act of expiatory homage was rendered more emphatic by the presence of the Infante Don Sebastian Gabriel de Borbon, by whom the first sheets of the larger edition were pulled from the press.

down upon a gentleman and a lady kneeling in the act of prayer. The gentleman is of about fifty years of age, with high cheek-bones and lantern jaws, adust complexion, wandering eyes, and large moustaches The lady is much younger, and not uncomely. Below the picture is an inscription setting forth how that Our Lady appeared to this gentleman when given up by physicians, on the eve of St. Matthew, in the year 1601, and cured him, who had promised her a lamp of silver, and called day and night upon her in his great affliction, of a great pain he had in his brain through a chilliness or dumbness which "curdled it within."[1] The portrait is of one Rodrigo Pacheco, who is known to have been the only *hidalgo* resident at Argamasilla at this period. The lady was his niece. The picture was painted to commemorate Rodrigo Pacheco's recovery from a mental affliction,—he being the owner of the only house in the village which corresponds to the description of Don Quixote's. It must have been put up in the church about the time when Cervantes was in La Mancha. Lastly, Pacheco, as the leading man in Argamasilla, was he by whose authority Cervantes was clapped into the cellar under the house known as La Casa de Medrano.

Such are the facts which, pieced out by local belief

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[1] The concluding words of the inscription, now to be read with some difficulty, are "Clamandola de dia y de noche del gran dolor que tenia en el celebro de una gran frialdad que se le quajo dentro"

and tradition, have been used to support the legend which connects Cervantes' trials and experiences in La Mancha with his next work, the HISTORY OF DON QUIXOTE.[1]

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[1] Hartzenbusch tells us in a note on this subject in his larger edition, that he once had a female servant, a native of Argamasilla, who used to assure him in all seriousness that on an altar of the church of her village there was painted a picture of Don Quixote. D. Enrique de Cisneros, in an article in the *Revista Española*, November, 1869, gives a full account of the tradition and of the evidence on which it rests. What is certain is that at this day it is the common belief of the inhabitants of Argamasilla that Don Quixote was their townsman. Cervantes himself is less spoken of. Against this may be set the story of that more advanced Spanish gentleman, who gravely assured a friend of Jarvis, the translator, that "Cervantes was a wag, his whole book mere fiction, and that there never was such a person as Don Quixote." (Translator's preface in Jarvis's original edition.)

CHAPTER VII.

Return to Valladolid — Disappointed in his hopes of Preferment — Writes Don Quixote — The Duke of Béjar — Publication of Don Quixote — Reception of the Book — Its Object and Character discussed — The Romances of Chivalry and their Influence — Their Annihilation by Don Quixote.

THE four years between 1598 and 1602, in which period must be placed his visits to La Mancha, are among the obscurest in the life of Cervantes. But little is known, nor does he tell us himself, of what he did or where he lived in the struggle with his relentless evil fortune. For his fame, it was the darkest hour before the dawn. In 1602, being then in his fifty-fifth year, he must have begun to write DON QUIXOTE, according to my calculations.[1] He had duly qualified himself by personal experience to tell the story of the adventures of one who sought to revive the spirit of

[1] That *Don Quixote* could not have been written before 1591, is proved by the mention in Chapter vi. of a book published in that year. That it must have been written subsequently to 1596 is proved by the reference in Chapter xix. to an incident which was not ended till September, 1596 (see *Navarrete*, p. 79). There are other hints and allusions in the story which, I think, show that it could scarcely have been begun while Philip II. was alive.

the ancient chivalry. His own romance was ended. The pathetic lines of Goethe might seem to be written for his own case:—

> Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass,
> Wer nicht die kummervollen Nächte
> Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,
> Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte.[1]

Never had any man of letters to go through a severer ordeal. At last his genius found the true path for which it had been beating about so many years; but not until his prime of life had passed, when even that brave heart must have been chilled and that gay spirit deadened. In 1601, Philip III. removed the Court to the old capital of Castile, Valladolid, by nature far better situated for a metropolis than Madrid, which had been the choice of his grandfather, Charles V. Thither Cervantes repaired, in 1603, doubtless with some hope of sharing in the Royal favour. But Philip III., though he had some taste for letters, was a poor, weak creature, even more completely abandoned to the debasing influences of priestcraft than his father had been, without any of his father's talent or force of character. The Duke of Lerma, "the Atlas who bore the burden of this Monarchy," as Cervantes called him, was lord of

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[1] From *Wilhelm Meister*, *Lehrjahre*, ch. xii., thus Englished by Thomas Carlyle:—

> "Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
> Who never spent the darksome hours
> Weeping and watching for the morrow,
> He knew you not, ye unseen Powers."

his Sovereign's will and dispenser of his power and grace,—a man, says Quevedo, "alluring and dexterous rather than intelligent; ruled by the interested cunning of his own creatures, but imperious with all others; magnificent, ostentatious; choosing his men only by considerations of his own special policy, or from personal friendship, or family ties." Under such a man it was not likely that any portion of the King's benevolence should light upon Miguel de Cervantes. Moreover, the crowd of suppliants at Court was very great. A contemporary writer laments with pathetic zeal and pious indignation the lot of many famous captains and valiant soldiers, who, after serving the King all their lives and being riddled with wounds, were not only pushed aside into corners without any reward, but condemned to see unworthy men without merit loaded with benefits, merely through enjoying the favour of some Minister or courtier.[1] The Duke of Lerma, as one who professed a contempt for all letters and learning, was even less likely to be influenced by Cervantes' literary merits than by his services as a soldier,—services which had now become an old story. Disappointed in his hopes of preferment, Cervantes had to maintain himself and his family by the exercise of his pen,—writing, as we learn, letters and memorials for those who needed them,[2] while busy upon DON QUIXOTE.

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[1] Fr. Sepúlveda, quoted by Navarrete, p. 98.

[2] And "in various agencies and businesses," says Navarrete, vaguely, p. 99.

His book was probably finished by the beginning of 1604, though it was some time before he was able to print it. The story was probably handed about in manuscript among his friends,[1] as seems to have been the custom of that age, before he found a patron or a publisher. The publisher was found at last in Francisco Robles, the King's printer, to whom the copyright was sold for ten years.[2] The patron appeared in the person of the Duque de Béjar, a nobleman described by a writer of that age,—Cristóbal de Mesa,—as himself both a poet and a valiant soldier. The choice was not altogether a happy one, for the Duke of Béjar might be said to have an ancestral claim to be regarded as a patron of books of chivalries. It was to his great-grandfather that one of the silliest and most extravagant of the romances had been dedicated, by the

[1] There are two curious pieces of evidence in proof that *Don Quixote* was known before it was printed. In the first edition of the *Picara Justina*, composed by Francisco de Ubeda,—the licence to print which is dated August, 1604,—there are some truncated verses, like those in the beginning of *Don Quixote*, in which *Don Quixote* is mentioned by name as already famous (*Catalogo de Salvá*, vol. ii. p. 157). Also in a private letter from Lope de Vega to his patron, the Duke of Sesa, there is a malignant allusion to Cervantes, speaking of poets. "There is none so bad as Cervantes, and none so foolish as to praise *Don Quixote*." The letter is dated August 4th, 1604, showing how quick Lope de Vega was to discover that in *Don Quixote* possibly his hated rival had at last made a hit.

[2] That seems to have been the usual period for which a book was licensed in that age. The sum which Cervantes received for his copyright is not recorded.

author, Feliciano de Silva, who is the writer specially ridiculed by Cervantes, and the very book which is the subject of a parody in the opening chapter of DON QUIXOTE.[1] The Duke of Béjar was noted, moreover, for his own uncommon affection for the books of chivalries then in fashion, and it is probable that he at first understood DON QUIXOTE to be one such as he was in the habit of reading. Learning of his mistake, he refused, it is said, the dedication, and withdrew his patronage from the author. Then, according to that pleasant story first told by Don Vicente de Rios, was enacted that scene which has been so favourite a subject with modern artists. Cervantes begged of the Duke to give him a hearing before deciding against his book; upon which he was permitted to read a chapter, which the Duke found so much to his taste that he graciously re-admitted the author into his favour, and consented to receive the dedication. There is another tradition which imputes to the Duke's confessor,—an ecclesiastic who must have had a keener nose for heterodoxy than most of his fellows,—the original rejection of the dedication of DON QUIXOTE by the Duke Béjar, and the subsequent neglect of the author.[2]

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[1] The Third Part of *Don Florisel de Niquea* was dedicated to a former Duque de Béjar. See *Salvá's Catalogue* (vol. ii. p. 14).

[2] Cervantes is supposed to allude to this ecclesiastic in Part II. C. xxxi. of *Don Quixote*, where there is a passage against those of the religious profession who "govern the houses of Princes," written with a bitterness and heat most unusual in our author. Confessors seem to have been almost as obnoxious a race in his eyes as duennas.

The dedication itself, as I shall show in the proper place, bears strong marks of having been tampered with by some one not very well disposed to Cervantes.[1]

The privilege of publication is dated the 26th of September, and the *Tasa* the 20th of December, 1604. The book itself, the First Part of DON QUIXOTE (it was not so called in the first edition, which is evidence that the author intended it to be complete in itself), was printed by Juan de la Cuesta during 1604, and published at Madrid in January, 1605.[2] The impression was very carelessly made, and swarms with blunders, typographical and otherwise, showing that it was not corrected or revised by the author. The press-work, however, is quite equal in execution to that of most books of that age.

The reception which DON QUIXOTE met with on its first appearance was cordial beyond all precedent, and such as must have convinced the author, who was evidently doubtful of his new experiment, that here at last his genius had found its true field of exercise. The persons of culture, indeed, received the book coldly.

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[1] See note to Dedication in Vol. II. p. 3.

[2] Those who are fond of dwelling on coincidences may find one here of singular interest. The year during which *Don Quixote* was being printed was also the year in which, according to the best authorities, Shakespeare was producing his perfected *Hamlet.* The two noblest works of human wit, their subjects bearing a curious affinity one to another, each the story of a mind disordered by the burden of setting the world right, were thus begotten in the same year. *Hamlet* and *Don Quixote !*—Does not the conjunction throw light on each?

The half-learned sneered at the title as absurd, and at the style as vulgar.[1] The envy and malice of his rivals, and especially of those who found themselves included in the satire, were aroused against the author. The chorus of detractors was swelled by all those, chiefly persons in high station, whose taste in romance had been ridiculed. So daring an innovation as a book, professing to be of entertainment, in which Knights and Knightly exercises were made a jest of,—in which peasants, innkeepers, carriers, and other vulgar people spoke their own language and behaved after their own fashion,—had, since the revival of letters, never been made. Lastly, the entire ecclesiastical body, with all their patrons, dependents, and dupes, though they were too dull to perceive and too dense to feel the shafts aimed at obscurantism, superstition, and bigotry, had something more than a suspicion that DON QUIXOTE was a book to be discouraged. In spite of the frowns and the sneers of the quality, however, and the ill-concealed disgust of the learned, DON QUIXOTE was received with unbounded applause by the common

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[1] Among those who sneered at Cervantes, the *ingenio lego* (the lay, or unlearned, wit), as one of the minor fry of detractors, Tamayo de Vargas, called him,—was Gongora, who wrote a satirical sonnet the year following on the Queen's *accouchement*, in which Don Quixote, and Sancho Panza, and his ass are introduced, in ill-natured connexion with their author. Dr. Cristóbal Suarez de Figueroa, a writer of comedies, also pursued Cervantes with great venom throughout his life, and made him the subject of disparaging criticism after his death.

people.[1] The proud and happy author himself spoke of his success with a frank complacency, which, in any other man, would savour of vanity. Some seven or eight editions of DON QUIXOTE are supposed to have been printed in the first year, of which six are now extant,—two of Madrid, two of Lisbon, and two of Valencia.[2] The number of copies issued from the press in one year were probably in excess of the number reached by any book since the invention of printing.[3]

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[1] *Con general aplauso de las gentes*—he says in the Second Part of *Don Quixote*, speaking through the mouth of the Duchess. The legend, revived in the present age, that *Don Quixote* hung fire on the first publication, and that the author wrote anonymously a tract called *El Buscapié* (lit. the Search-Foot), in order to explain his story and its object, rests only upon the evidence of one Ruidiaz, and is contradicted by all the facts of the case. No such aid was necessary to push the sale of the book, whose purpose had been sufficiently explained by the author in his preface. The so-called *Buscapié*, published in 1848 by Adolfo de Castro, is an impudent forgery, which has imposed upon no one. It is the composition of Señor Castro himself, who is a *farceur*, of some wit and more effrontery. Ticknor is even too serious in the attention which he bestows on Señor Castro and his work, which an English publisher has thought worthy of a translation.

[2] Señor Gayangos is of opinion that there were other editions of 1605 which have wholly perished; one probably at Barcelona, the press of which city was very active in that year; one at Pamplona, and probably one at Zaragoza, which were capitals of old kingdoms. See also Señor Asensio's letter to the *Ateneo*, No. 23, p. 296; and the Appendix on the Bibliography of *Don Quixote* at the end of this volume.

[3] The ordinary *obrada*, or impression, of a book at this period, I am told by Senor Gayangos,—and there can be no better authority,—was 250 copies. But in the case of a popular book like *Don*

But though all Spain talked of DON QUIXOTE and read DON QUIXOTE; and though the book brought him much fame, some consolation, and a few good friends, it does not appear to have helped to mend the fortunes of Cervantes in any material degree. In accordance with the usual dispensation, the author derived the least benefit from his success. Francisco Robles and Juan de la Cuesta, doubtless, made a good thing of it; but to Miguel de Cervantes there must have come but a small share of the profit. The laws of copyright were, in that age, little regarded; and it may be questioned whether, in a book published in Madrid, they could be enforced outside of Castile. The pirates and the wreckers were busy upon DON QUIXOTE from its very earliest appearance; and its quick and plentiful reproduction in all the chief cities, not only of Spain, but of the outside Spanish dominions, though highly flattering to the author, could not have greatly helped to lighten his life of toil and penury.

Taking the object of DON QUIXOTE to be,[1] what

Quixote, it was probably 500 copies. Supposing eight editions to have been issued in 1605, there would thus have been printed 4,000 copies in the first year,—a number unprecedentedly large in an age when readers were few and books a luxury.

[1] We need hardly discuss the various theories which have been put forth, from that time to this, which assign to Cervantes a particular motive, and to his book, which some will have to be a satire, a personal application. Charles V., Philip II., the Duke of Lerma, Ignatius Loyola,—these are some among the suggested originals of Don Quixote. What there is in the lives of either of

Cervantes declared it,—"the causing of the false and silly books of chivalries to be abhorred by mankind,"—no book was ever so successful. The doughtiest Knight of romance never achieved an adventure so stupendous as that which Miguel de Cervantes undertook and accomplished. With his pen, keener than the lance of Esplandian or Felixmarte, he slew the whole herd of puissant cavaliers, of very valiant and accomplished lovers. Before him went down the Florisandros and Florisels, the Lisuartes and Lepolemos, the Primaleons and the Polindos, and the whole brood of the invincible. Scarcely a single romance was printed, and not one was written, after the date of the publication of DON QUIXOTE.[1] Such a revolution in taste was

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the two Spanish monarchs to liken him to the Knight of La Mancha it is difficult to see; but there are people who are not content unless they find in every book of humorous invention an object and a motive. Those who have looked upon that wonderful equestrian picture of Titian's in the *Museo* at Madrid, with its weird, weary, far-off expression, are irresistibly led to think of Don Quixote; but the converse is by no means so clear, that on looking at *Don Quixote* we are tempted to think of that most unromantic of monarchs, Carlos Quinto. As to the Duke of Lerma, they who can believe, on the faith of the cock-and-bull stories told by the Abbé Lenglet du Fresnoy and the Jesuit Rapin, that Cervantes satirised the all-powerful Minister in revenge for personal injuries, may be consigned to the same limbo with the believers in the Bacon-Shakespeare. The theory about Loyola was first mooted by Bowle in his *Letter to Dr. Percy.*

[1] The last book of the kind written before *Don Quixote*, according to Clemencin, was *Policisne de Boecia*, published in 1602. But *La Toledana Discreta*, which is a romantic poem in *ottava rima*,

never accomplished by any single writer before or since.

To estimate the worth of the service performed by Cervantes,—not in abolishing romance, as has been absurdly said, still less in discrediting chivalry, as with even a more perverse misconception of his purpose it has been suggested,[1] but in purging books of fiction of their grossness and their extravagance, and restoring romance to truth and to nature,—we have to consider the enormous influence exercised by this pernicious literature over the minds of the people of Spain in the Sixteenth century. Thoroughly to deal with even the bibliography of the romances called of chivalry is not practicable within the limits of this volume, nor is it necessary for the purpose of understanding Cervantes' object in writing DON QUIXOTE. I must be content with a brief sketch of the extent to which the reading of "books of chivalries" prevailed in Spain, and its effects upon public taste and morals. At what precise period the chivalric romance had its origin in Europe is an inquiry which need not occupy me here. The class of books we have specially to consider I hold

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was published in 1604; and a few chap-books and religious romances, of small account, afterwards.

[1] Byron's oft-quoted line about Cervantes having "laughed Spain's chivalry away," may be paired off for extravagance if not for wit with Montesquieu's remark that "the Spaniards have but one book,—that which has made all the others ridiculous." There was little chivalry left in Spain to laugh away; and Cervantes, of all Spaniards, was the man least likely to aid in laughing it away.

to be essentially of Spanish growth, owing nothing except the germs of some of the stories and a few names of heroes and of places to the romances of Northern Europe, of Gothic or of Gaelic origin. The idea of Warton that the romances are of Arabic or Eastern descent may be summarily dismissed. There is nothing in the literature of the East in the least like these stories, nor has any one ever succeeded in tracing any of the tales of adventure to an Eastern source. Some of the inventions, the apparatus, the furniture of the romances are, of course, the common property of mankind. As Hobbes observes, "impenetrable armour, enchanted castles, invulnerable bodies, iron men, flying horses, and other such things are easily feigned by them that dare." The East had its heroes and its romances,—its tales of love, of war, and adventure,—but they are wholly distinct from the parallel inventions of Western Europe. Rustem and Antar and Hatim belong to a different order of beings from Amadis and Lancelot and Tristan. At the root of Western Romance is the spirit of chivalry—the spirit of which the exaltation of woman was the essence,—an idea repugnant to the Oriental mind, and alien to all Moslem sentiment. Chivalry, as an institution, was a product of an order of society such as could not exist except where there was freedom of intercourse between the sexes. It was necessarily evolved from the more or less artificial life which was led by men and women in mediæval Europe. The principle of honour, on which chivalry was founded, was the salt which kept society sweet in an age darkened by igno-

rance and soured by superstition. In its purest form the state was that so eloquently described in the famous sentence of Edmund Burke:—"The generous loyalty to rank and sex, the proud submission to dignified obedience, and that subordination of the heart which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom,—that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness."

However exaggerated such a description may be of the condition of France in the Eighteenth century, it is not untrue of the state of Spain in the Fifteenth. South of the Pyrenees chivalry survived, long after its spirit had fled from Western Europe. A century after Chaucer wrote his *Sir Thopas*, which mocked at forms and observances of knighthood, the knightly calling was in full glory in Spain. In no country, indeed, did chivalry make such strong root or flourish so luxuriantly. The ceaseless wars with the Moors had trained the whole manhood of the nation to soldiership. The trade of fighting was familiar to every man of good birth, so that the word for *knight* came to be synonymous with that for *gentleman*. The constant exercise in arms made of chivalry, in Spain, a more sober and serious business than elsewhere. As one of the native writers says, with equal spirit and point, there was developed by the chronic war with the Moor a *caballerismo* (there is none but a Spanish word for a quality

purely indigenous) essentially distinct from the gay, fantastic chivalry of the North. It extended to all classes of the people. It was not confined to the aristocracy. "Every Spaniard was a warrior, every warrior a noble, and every noble a Knight of his country."[1] They had not to go far to seek for adventures. They had the Paynim at home: Mahound and Termagaunt were at their doors. The long and desperate struggle for existence evolved the highest qualities of the race. And small wonder it was that out of that fruitful soil which had grown the Cid and the warriors of the heroic age (who should be classed as præ-chivalric) there sprung up that ranker produce, the Knights Errant. Of these, the seekers after adventure, the Bohemians of the Knightly order, —Spain, as her native historians boast, was the teeming mother. No other country in that age, or in the previous one, could show the world such a scene as that gravely enacted before King Juan II. and his court, when eighty Knights ran a-tilt with each other, and incurred serious loss of limb and permanent injury to their persons, in order that one of them might fulfil a fantastic vow made to his mistress.[2]

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[1] See the eloquent and judicious prologue to his *Romancero General*, by Don Agustin Duran.

[2] See the account of the *Paso Honroso*, held at the instance of Suero de Quiñones, before Juan II., in 1434, at the bridge of Orbigo, near Leon (Appendix E at the end of Vol. II.) Knight-Errantry, in fact, which was only a caprice in France or in England, was a calling in Spain. No other country could afford such a

The romance of chivalry was the natural growth of this fashion of Knight Errantry; and, like its parent, it flourished nowhere so luxuriantly as in Spain. *Amadis of Gaul* and *Belianis of Greece* are, in fact, as much "racy of the soil" as DON QUIXOTE itself. The theory much favoured by French writers, who see French influence in all that displays imagination, that the romance of chivalry had its origin in France, may be true of most, but is certainly not true of *Amadis* and his race. M. Baret, who maintains—"c'est la France qui a fourni le canevas sur lequel le génie Castillan a brodé le riche tissu qui a si longtemps charmé l'Europe," has himself contributed the evidence by which to refute that position.[1] The *Amadis* and its compeers (excluding the books of Provençal birth, such as *Tirant lo Blanch*) have little in common with the Armorican or Norman legends. No one can compare them with the romances

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field for it, and to no other society was it suited. The grave and wise Fernando de Pulgar, of the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, speaks of noblemen whom he knew who had gone into foreign countries in search of adventures, "so to gain honour for themselves and the fame of valiant and hardy Knights for the gentlemen of Castile,"—boasting that there were more Spanish Knights of the errant sort than those of any other nation.

[1] *De L' Amadis de Gaule et de son Influence*, par Eugène Baret, 1853—a work of much intelligence, to which recent Spanish critics have been more indebted than they have cared to acknowledge. M. Baret's main thesis is that *Amadis of Gaul* came into Spain in the suite of the literature of Provence,—a position, which, I think, cannot be maintained. The *Amadis* is of a character essentially distinct from any work of Provençal origin.

of the Sangréal and the Round Table without being struck with their essential difference, not only in style, but in tone and in spirit. There is no doubt that the Breton romances were known in the Peninsula long before any of native growth made their appearance. In the *Amadis* itself there are allusions to the characters in the older books. Arthur himself is mentioned—"El muy virtuoso rey Artur."[1] The names of Lancelot and Tristan occur, and the *Tabla Redonda* is frequently referred to as the pattern of chivalry. But the spirit of *Amadis* is as distinct from the spirit of the *Mort d'Arthur* as one book can differ from another, both relating to knightly adventures. The *Amadis*, which is the purest type, as it is the first and by far the best, of the Spanish romances, introduces us to a world entirely strange,—as unlike that of Arthur and Lancelot as Lyonnesse is to Trapisonda. The hero himself is cast in a more refined and elaborate mould than any of the Arthurian heroes. He has sensibility, tenderness, culture, and even virtue. As the perfect Knight, the model man-at-arms, he is a far higher conception than Lancelot or any of the rough-and-tumble heroes of the British school. The scenes in which he moves are drawn with a more skilful hand; the society is more

[1] *Amadis de Gaula*, bk. i. ch. i. In the Fourth Book there is mention of the king "Uterpadragon," father of Arthur, of "Tristan de Leonis," and of "Mares de Cornualla,"—but only in a very casual way, showing that the writer had heard of these worthies, but not indicating any kind of connexion between them and the subject of his own story.

highly developed, more civilised, and, on the whole, more moral than that to which we are introduced in the French books. In the history of Amadis itself, there is no coarse word and no lewd idea, though much freedom and simplicity. Sir Walter Scott, who should be no mean judge, thought it "a well-conducted story." Ticknor, who is not apt to be enthusiastic in these matters, praises it for its "lofty tone that rises to eloquence,"—for its "earnestness and truth." Tasso has called it "the most beautiful as well as the most profitable story of the kind that can be read." As a mirror of the age when it was composed, when the spirit of chivalry was a living and real influence, when a belief in giants and magicians was a part of the national religion, when to worship one's mistress and to insist upon her pre-eminent beauty and virtue was the duty of every well-born gentleman, nothing which has been written in any tongue is superior to *Amadis of Gaul*,—to which we have to add Cervantes' own opinion, that it is "unique in its art, and the best of all the books which have been composed in that kind."[1]

[1] Compared with any of the romances of that age, or of the age succeeding, to *Amadis of Gaul* must be assigned a very high place. It is a well-constructed story; the characters are drawn with a certain skill and fidelity to nature; the situations are, some of them, highly dramatic; the scenes, such as that between the Child of the Sea (the youthful Amadis) and Oriana, in the First Book, when they first become aware of their love; the interview between the lovers, after Amadis is acknowledged son of Perion, King of Gaul; the scene between mother and daughter, in the Third Book; and several others, are not less pure and natural in

The kind was infinite; for *Amadis* had a numerous progeny. It is enough in this place to say that, from the first to the last, covering a period of nearly two hundred years, there were produced in Spain over seventy romances of chivalry; this one fact alone testifying to the enormous hold which this species of literature had taken of the national mind. Of the extent to which the popular morals as well as the popular taste were corrupted by this kind of reading (it being understood that the successors of *Amadis* departed very widely from their ancestor in morals as in manners), we have abundant testimony. Among other famous writers who declaimed against the evil caused by the books of chivalries were Luis Vives, Alejo Venegas, Diego Gracian, Melchior Cano, Fr. Luis de Granada, and Arias Montano. Venegas tells us that "the reading of Books of Chivalries were the sole entertainment of the country people and persons of leisure, and the object of discussion to the learned and intelligent men of the nation." The Cortes and the Church inveighed strongly against the

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feeling than simple and dignified in language. With what romance of the Fifteenth or Sixteenth centuries can we compare *Amadis?* It is not only the best in its kind, but vastly better than the tedious and artificial romances of the age succeeding,—the productions of Gomberville, Calprenéde, and Madame de Scudery. It is long; but so are many good books. The hero fights too often, and wins too certainly. There is a monotony in his unvaried triumphs, but so there is in the exploits of Achilles, and the God-protected heroes of Homer. After all, very few romances have been written from that time to this so worthy of that name, so pure in spirit, so noble in sentiment, as *Amadis of Gaul.*

pernicious literature, and edicts were more than once passed for its suppression. The Emperor Charles V., in 1543, issued a decree prohibiting the printing or sale of these books in the Indies. Yet Charles himself, we are told, chose *Belianis of Greece* for his favourite reading. Father Passevinus, in 1593, preached a sermon averring that it was the Devil himself who had inspired the idea of translating *Amadis* into Spanish, in order to aid the revolt of Luther and to overturn the Catholic Religion. As a last resource, the Priests attempted to stem the flow of knightly romance by writing religious books in imitation of those of chivalries. Fr. Gabriel de Mata, in 1587, wrote of the exploits of St. Francis of Assisi under the name of *El Caballero Asisio.* In 1554, Heronimo de San Pedro had composed *The Celestial Chivalry*, in which the same pious object was veiled under a romantic name, and the *Cavallero Peregrino, Conquistador del Cielo*, which brought down romance proper to the humble level of the religious tract. All these laws and these decrees and devices could not, however, wean the people from their favourite passion. Long after chivalry was dead,—even though jousts and tourneys still survived,—men continued to read *Amadis*, and would read nothing else. Of the grave and potent Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, we are told that, when sent on an embassy to Rome, he took with him, as his only reading, *Amadis of Gaul* and *Celestina*,—finding them, it is added, more substantial than the epistles of St. Paul.[1]

[1] Francisco de Portugal, in his *Arte de Galantería*, 1682, p. 71. This is not saying much, perhaps, for the entertainment to be

Even the sainted Teresa, glory of Spanish piety, not only found much pleasure and spent much time in reading these wicked books, but, it is reputed, wrote them herself.[1] Of Loyola, also, it is told that he formed his idea of a Christian order upon that of chivalry. The learned and acute author of the *Dialogo de la Lengua*, lately identified as Juan Valdés the Reformer, speaks of the ten years he wasted at Court, studying Florisando, Lisuarte, and the rest.[2] The characters, the incidents, the names in *Amadis* were familiar in all men's mouths, and found currency even out of Spain. Elizabeth of England was dubbed *Oriana* by the gallants of her court. *Darioleta*, the confidant, became a synonym for a go-between, surviving even to this day in cookery-books as a name for a cheese-cake. There were some simple or devout enough to take the romance for a gospel,—who believed in Amadis as much

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found in *Amadis*, but a good deal for the taste of Mendoza,—the author of *Lazarillo de Tormes*, and a prime favourite with Cervantes.

[1] See the Life of this most romantic and sentimental lady,—a female Quixote, if ever there could be one,—written by Dr. Francisco de Ribera.

[2] In the *Dialogo de la Lengua*, first published by Mayans y Siscar in his *Origenes*, 1737, as *Dialogo de las Lenguas*, and so generally cited. But Usoz y Rio, in his recent edition of the works of this eminent Spanish Reformer (published under the auspices of B. B. Wiffen), has proved that, seeing the subject was only the Spanish language, it should be *Dialogo de la Lengua*. It was written in the first half of the Sixteenth century, and is very valuable for its just and acute remarks on the language. The style of Amadis is praised by Valdés.

as in any other hero or saint. In the *Arte de Galantería*, written by Francisco de Portugal about the close of the Sixteenth century, it is mentioned that a Portuguese poet, Simon de Silveira, once swore upon the Evangelists that he believed the whole of *Amadis* to be true history. This is capped by another story in the same book of how a certain Knight came home from hunting and found his wife and daughters dissolved in tears. Asking them what was the matter,—whether any child or relation was dead,—they said "No; but Amadis is dead." They had come to the 174th chapter of *Lisuarte of Greece*, where the old Amadis finally dies.

The influence of the *Palmerins* and of the Carlovingian romances, which form a class by themselves, was scarcely inferior to that of *Amadis*. Palmerin of England itself, the patriarch of the family,—that "Palm of England," as Cervantes calls him,—may be placed second to his rival in merit. The difference in spirit is great between the two; for *Amadis* is of the Fourteenth century, when chivalry was in its early prime, and *Palmerin* was not written till the Sixteenth century, when the true ideal of knighthood had already been dimmed by the lust of gold-seeking and religious adventure. Southey, perhaps, ranks *Palmerin* too high in the literary scale by placing it on a level with *Amadis*, and averring that he knew "no romance and no epic in which suspense is so successfully kept up." Of their successors, the long line of sons, grandsons, and nephews, each more valiant and puissant than the last, they are as scant of beauty as of grace. In order to

keep up the interest of their readers, the authors of the Primaleons and the Polindos,—the Florisels and the Florisandos, were compelled to put in wonders on an ascending scale; to pile up adventure upon adventure; to make the dragons fiercer, the giants huger, the fighting more terrible, and the slaughter more bloody. The popular appetite, which craved for more and more excitement with every successive stimulant, could only be fed by inventions so monstrous that it is a wonder the stomach of the readers of romances of chivalry did not reject the nauseous aliment. Yet there is no evidence of any decline in the production of these books up to the date of the appearance of DON QUIXOTE.

It was to do battle with this brood of fabled monsters, against whom the pulpit and the parliament had preached and legislated in vain, that Cervantes took up his pen. The adventure was one reserved for his single arm; and it was achieved with a completeness of success such as must have astonished our hero himself, as we know by many signs that it disgusted and irritated many of his literary rivals. The true nature of the service performed, as well as Cervantes' motive in undertaking it, has been greatly misrepresented. Nothing can be more certain than that his aim in DON QUIXOTE was, primarily, to correct the prevailing false taste in literature. What moral and social results followed, were the necessary consequences of the employment of his rare wit and humour on such a work. There is no reason to believe that Cervantes, at first, had any more serious

intention than that which he avowed, namely, to give "a pastime to melancholy souls"[1] in destroying "the authority and influence which the books of chivalries have in the world and over the vulgar." That he was not impelled to this work by any antipathy to knightly romances as such,—still less by any ambition to repress the spirit of chivalry, or to purge the commonwealth of social and political abuses,—is abundantly proved by the whole tenour of his book, if not by the evidence of his life. His own tastes strongly inclined him to books of romance. Perhaps no one in that age had read more of those books, or was so deeply imbued with their spirit. He cannot help letting us feel, even in that famous Inquisition which the Priest and the Barber held on Don Quixote's library, that he has a kindness for those he chastens. He specially excepts the good books from the penalty of the fire, speaking highly of *Amadis of Gaul* and *Palmerin of England*. To argue that because he burlesqued them, therefore he hated them, is to go against the order of nature. The *Orlando Furioso* is almost as much parodied in DON QUIXOTE

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[1] See the *Viaje del Parnaso*, ch. iv.:—

> Y he dado en *Don Quixote* pasatiempo
> Al pecho melancólico y mohino
> En cualquiera sazon, en todo tiempo.
>
> (And I it is in *Quixote* who have given,
> A pastime for the melancholy soul
> In every age, and all time and season.)

Why cannot we believe the author, when he thus plainly and candidly avows his purpose?

as is *Amadis of Gaul;* yet are we to conclude that Cervantes despised Ariosto and proposed to annihilate him? That Cervantes had no feeling against romances of chivalry, as such, but only against bad romances, is proved in DON QUIXOTE itself, where, through the mouth of the Canon of Toledo, the author lays down the rules on which a true romance should be written, purposing himself to write one.[1] His complaint of the majority of the old romances is that they were so full of absurdities and extravagances as to bring such literature into discredit. The opinion of an acute Spanish writer, Don Vicente de Salvá, on this point we hold to be a very sensible one:—"Cervantes did not intend to satirise the substance and essence of books of chivalries, but only to purge away the follies and impossibilities." What is DON QUIXOTE itself, it is shrewdly added, but a romance of chivalry, "which has ruined the fortunes of its predecessors by being so immensely in advance of them?"[2] What was Cervantes' own last book, as we shall presently show, but a romance of chivalry,—not free, alas! from some of the very errors he had himself burlesqued? Nay, what was Cervantes' own life but a romance of chivalry?

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[1] See *Don Quixote*, Part I. C. xlviii. Here, and in the chapter before, Cervantes, through the mouth of the judicious Canon of Toledo, criticises the books of chivalries because they are deficient in art, and do not fulfil their purpose. He is opposed to them, not because they are of chivalries, but because they are bad books.

[2] See the essay of Salvá's, in Ochoa, *Apuntes para una Biblioteca*, vol. ii. p. 723–40. Paris, 1842.

That, after all, the overthrow of the books of chivalries was but a small part of the good work which Cervantes performed in DON QUIXOTE is only to say that, like all great writers, he "builded better than he knew." The pen of the genius, as Heine says, is ever greater than the man himself. Rejecting all the many subtle and ingenious theories as to what was Cervantes' object in writing his book,—that it was a crusade against enthusiasm, as even Heine seems to suspect; that it was a missionary tract, intended to destroy Popery and throw down Anti-Christ, as some, even bearded men, have dared to suggest; that it was a programme of advanced Liberalism artfully veiled under a mask of levity, and, indeed, the forerunner of that gospel of sentimental cosmopolitanism since preached by other eminent persons supposed to resemble Cervantes in their characters or Don Quixote in their careers;—I hold that the author wrote but out of the fulness of his own heart,—giving us, by a happy impulse, a fable in which are transparently figured his own character, his own experiences, and his own sufferings. What is the key but this to the mystery which makes this book, on a purely local subject of passing interest, the book of humanity for all time,—as popular out of Spain as among Spaniards? A mere burlesque would have died with the books which it killed. A satire survives only so long as the person or the thing satirised is remembered. But DON QUIXOTE lives, and, by a miracle of genius, keeps *Amadis* and *Palmerin* alive. What matter what the lesson is the book teaches? Mankind do not read it

for the lessons. The truest wisdom and philosophy are there, dressed in a humour and wit which none of the sons of men have equalled; but the wit and the philosophy are one. The humour spells humanity. It is this, the human element, which is the perennial charm of DON QUIXOTE. The invention is the most original, as well as the most simple, in literature. From this book dates an epoch in the art of fiction. For once Cervantes was happy in his opportunity. How could his romance fail of holding the field against all the romances? It was drawn out of his own romantic life, which had been a real Knight Errantry. The hero himself, the enthusiast who is for ever mocked by Fortune; who aimed at reviving the old order of chivalry, and is buffeted by clowns and made sport of by the vulgar; who is for ever taking inns for castles, scullery wenches for princesses, flocks of sheep for armies, windmills for giants, barbers' basins for helmets; who, in spite of the frequent blows, jeers, reverses, and indignities, never ceases to command our love, respect, and admiration,—is not this the greatest feat ever achieved by the human imagination? The art by which Sancho, the commonplace man of sense, is perpetually set against the romantic enthusiast, out of his senses though not bereft of his wits,—the two between them possessing the world, as Coleridge says,—is that touch of nature which makes DON QUIXOTE a world's book.

CHAPTER VIII.

Life at Valladolid—Arrival of the English Ambassador—The Festivities at Court—Gongora—Affair of Ezpeleta—Visit to Seville—Return to Madrid—Cervantes' Pursuits—Friends and Rivals—Publication of the Novels—The Voyage to Parnassus and Appendix—Cervantes' Patrons—Publication of Comedies and Farces—Poverty of the Author—Foreign Opinion.

THE records of Cervantes' life at Valladolid are brief and scanty. The publication of DON QUIXOTE did not lead to any improvement in the author's fortunes; and that same cruel destiny which had marred his life pursued him still. The book brought him much fame and a few friends; but it stirred up against him the malice of his rivals, especially of those who supposed themselves and their works to have been the objects of his ridicule. Valladolid, as the seat of the Court, was the resort of all the most famous of the men of letters. Those mentioned as being intimate with Cervantes were Pedro Lainez, a poet, whom he had introduced twenty years before as one of the characters in his *Galatea*, under the name of *Damon;* Bartolomé Leonardo de Argensola who, with his brother Lupercio, was one of the

best writers of the age; and Vicente Espinel, the author of the *Escudero Marcos de Obregon*, who afterwards, like the Argensolas, forgot his friend, and spoke sneeringly of DON QUIXOTE.[1] Among those who could not forgive Cervantes for writing DON QUIXOTE was one, Luis de Gongora, at this period passing from his pure and simple early style into the abyss of *Cultismo*, from whom—but that he was a priest, of a narrow, envious nature, and jealous of every one who sought to rise by the profession of letters—Cervantes might fairly have looked for sympathy.[2]

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[1] Pedro de Lainez, one of the interlocutors in *Galatea*, and an early friend of Cervantes, died at Valladolid in the year 1605—his widow living in one of the apartments of the house where Cervantes lodged. The two Argensolas, whom Cervantes was always praising, appear to have ill deserved his friendship. They followed in the train of the Conde de Lemos, when that nobleman was appointed Viceroy of Naples in 1610; and Cervantes seems to complain in Chapter III. of the *Voyage to Parnassus* of promises made by them and forgotten :—

> Mucho esperé, si mucho prometiéron,
> Mas podra ser que ocupaciones nuevas
> Les obligue á olvidar lo que dijéron.
>
> (I hoped for much, for much they promised,
> But may be occupations new and strange
> Have caused them to forget all that they said.)

Vicente de Espinel, also an old friend, took occasion after Cervantes' death to speak of his own *Marcos de Obregon*, published in 1618, as superior to *Don Quixote*. The only one of the fellow-writers, his contemporaries, who, to his own honour, had never an ill word to say of the author of *Don Quixote*, is Francisco Quevedo —the one of all nearest akin in genius to Cervantes.

[2] There is a satirical sonnet printed in *Pellicer*, attributed to

A satirical sonnet by Gongora contains one of the earliest of the contemporary references to DON QUIXOTE. On the 26th of May, 1605, there was received at the Spanish Court the Earl of Nottingham (late Lord Howard of Effingham), the Lord High Admiral of England, who came with a train of thirty or forty noblemen and gentlemen to celebrate the new peace between Spain and England, and also to be present at the baptism of the son who had been born to Philip III. The visit was one marked by a singular display of splendour on the side of Spain; the enthusiasm exhibited over the English Lutherans,—the time-honoured enemies of the faith and nation,—being, as we learn from various contemporary references, not very much to the taste of the rigid Catholics, who grudged the large sums expended on the festivities. There is a sonnet, written by Gongora on the occasion, which seems to me to bear a significance deeper and other than that which has been assigned to it by Spanish critics. In this the coupling of the names of Don Quixote and Sancho with the Lutherans is not only, I take it, an evidence

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Gongora, attacking Lope de Vega with great bitterness, which on account of its being in truncated verse might be taken to be the work of Cervantes. That Lope so believed, is said to be proved by a dirty and scurrilous sonnet in reply addressed to Cervantes (*Pellicer*, p. 110, in the Life prefixed to his *Don Quixote*). This may have been that "bad, weak, graceless, and pointless sonnet;" speaking ill of *Don Quixote*, to which Cervantes refers in the *Adjunta al Parnaso*, for which his niece paid a real for postage. I think Gongora's mischief-making hand is to be traced in both sonnets.

of Gongora's ill-humour with the festivities, but an early suggestion, not only of Cervantes' un-nationalism, but of his heterodoxy.[1] From that day to this there

[1] The sonnet written by Gongora on this occasion is curious enough, apart from its reference to *Don Quixote*, to be quoted at length, as a specimen of the poet's sarcastic humour and an evidence of the popular feeling on the Englishmen's visit :—

Parió la Reyna : el Luterano vino
Con seiscientos herejes y heresias :
Gastamos un millon en quince dias
En darles joyas, hospedaje y vino :
Hicimos un alarde ó desatino,
Y unas fiestas, que fueron tropelias,
Al Anglico legado y sus espias
Del que juró la paz sobre Calvino :
Bautizamos al niño Dominico
Que nació par serlo en los Españas :
Hicimos un sarao de encantamento :
Quedamos pobres, fué Lutero rico :
Mandaronse escribir estas hazañas
A Don Quixote, á Sancho, y su jumento.

(The Queen brought forth : there came the Lutheran,
Six hundred heretics and heresies
In's train—a million in a fortnight flies
In gew-gaws, shows, and wine to greet the man.
We made parade—our feasts to follies ran,
To hurry skurry our festivities,
All for the English legate and his spies ;
Who Calvin's bible swore the peace upon.
The brat we christened Dominick, for he
Was born to be our Spain's Dominican ;
We gave a ball for fairy feast might pass,
We rested poor, that Luther rich might be ;
Unto Don Quixote the commandment ran,
To write these deeds—to Sancho and his ass.)

have not been wanting Spaniards who, even while flattered by the attentions paid to DON QUIXOTE by foreigners, cannot rid themselves of a suspicion that they have been earned at the expense of the nation, if not of the Catholic religion. They half resent an appreciation which seems to imply that the only good book in Spain is that which ridicules what they feel to be the leading Spanish weaknesses. In the reference to the mandate to Don Quixote, Sancho, and his ass to write of the deeds of extravagant welcome on the occasion of the Englishmen's coming, I do not think that Gongora meant any more than to gibe Cervantes for the liberality he had always shown in writing of those who were the bitter enemies of his country and his faith. On the strength of this sonnet, however, and without any other evidence, the biographers have concluded that the official account of the Earl of Nottingham's embassy, and of his reception by the Spanish Court, was written by Cervantes; and the piece is even included among the works of Cervantes in the larger Argamasilla edition. I confess I can see no trace of Cervantes' hand in this dull and formal narrative; nor was it in the least likely that he would be employed in such a work, being, so far as

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The allusion to Dominico contains a play upon the young Prince's name (he was baptized Felipe Dominico Victor, and lived afterwards to be the well-known patron and model of Velasquez) as well upon Dominico in its old sense of *señor*, a conceit which may not be produced in an English version.

can be learned, without any favour at Court at this time.[1]

A passing glimpse is obtained of Cervantes and his family about this time by an unpleasant affair which was the occasion of trouble, and perhaps of scandal, to the household. On a night in June, 1605, Don Gaspar de Ezpeleta, one of the Court gallants, passing along the street where Cervantes lived,[2] was suddenly assailed by a man out of the darkness, who dealt him two severe wounds and fled. Crying out for help, there ran to his assistance the dwellers in the house near where he fell, among whom were Miguel de Cervantes and some of the women of his family. Don Gaspar was taken into Cervantes' lodging, where he died in a few hours, living long enough, however, to bequeath some of his fine clothes to a member of Cervantes' family, in recompense of her services to him when wounded. In accordance with the rude custom of Spanish law, Cervantes and his family were taken off to the gaol, where they were detained until after the inquiry into the cause of Don Gaspar's death. The formal depositions[3] before

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[1] The tract is entitled: *Relacion de lo sucedido en la ciudad de Valladolid*, &c. &c. It was published at Valladolid in 1605; and is reprinted among Cervantes' works in the octavo Argamasilla edition of 1864.

[2] Cervantes lived in the house opposite the slaughter-house, near the wooden bridge over the small river Esqueva. The house now pointed out as his is No. 14, Calle de Rastro.

[3] See the account of the affair in detail as given by Pellicer, with the depositions of the witnesses. *Vida de Cervantes*, p. 119, in vol. i. of his edition of *Don Quixote*.

the Alcalde are still extant, and they are curious for this only as throwing light upon the circumstances and the manner of living of Cervantes at this period. The family of Cervantes,—himself fifty-seven years of age,—consisted at this time of his wife, Doña Catalina; his natural daughter, Isabel, aged twenty; his widowed sister, Andrea, aged sixty-one; Constanza, her daughter, aged twenty-eight; Doña Magdalena de Sotomayor, called his sister, but who must have been a cousin, over forty; and Maria, their servant. Out of the depositions is to be gleaned these facts:—That the household was poor, living in a not very high quarter, in a house shared by other tenants; that Miguel de Cervantes had many visitors; that he "wrote and transacted business" there (*escribia y trataba negocios*, says his sister, Andrea); and that the family were dependent on him, assisted by some needlework of the women, for their living.[1]

[1] There is no trace of any suspicion attaching to Cervantes, or to any member of his family, of complicity in this affair. But one of the witnesses speaks of a woman having been the cause of the trouble, which is probable enough,—without witnesses. Don Gaspar de Ezpeleta had a repute for gallantry. There is in the British Museum Library a manuscript diary by a Portuguese gentleman, living at Valladolid at this time, in which the name of "Cervantes" occurs, in a not very reputable connexion—being uttered by a woman in a gambling-house. Señor Gayangos wrote an article on this Portuguese and his diary in the *Revista de España*. I do not myself—*con paz sea dicho*—attach any importance to this discovery. The name of Cervantes was common enough in that age. Had there been any ground for the imputation that our Miguel de Cervantes was a night-ruffler and a frequenter of gambling-houses (he being now nearly sixty years of age), we may be sure

In 1606, Valladolid having been found unsuitable for the Royal residence, the Court was removed once more, and for the last time, to Madrid. Thither Cervantes with his family followed,—not sorry, perhaps, to be nearer the ancestral homes of Alcalá and Esquivias. There is some reason to believe that, after leaving Valladolid, Cervantes paid a short visit to Seville, where he had many friends, before settling in Madrid. Among the manuscripts preserved in the *Biblioteca Colombina* (the library founded by Fernando Colon, the son of the great Admiral, in the chapter-house of the cathedral), is one of the early part of the Seventeenth century, including various comic pieces by Quevedo and others, with the novel of the *Tia Fingida*, ascribed to Cervantes,—the account of a burlesque tourney held at San Juan de Alfarache, a village near Seville, on the 4th of July, 1606. In this, many of the poets and men of letters residing in Seville took part, among whom was Ruiz de Alarcon, afterwards well known as a dramatist. It was a kind of poets' festival, at which poems were recited, comedies acted, and a mock contest fought with swords and spears, held in the open air, on the banks of the Guadalquivir. A prose narrative of the proceedings, in the shape of a letter to one Don Diego de Astudillo, in the city of Seville, was written by some one, whose name is not disclosed, who acted as secretary of the revels. From internal evidence,

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that we should have heard of it from the mouths of some of his enemies.

I am inclined to believe, with Señor Guerra y Orbe, who first published the letter in 1864, that this secretary might have been Miguel de Cervantes. The style is very like his, and the letter abounds in phrases such as occur in DON QUIXOTE, with unmistakeable allusions to the characters and incidents in the story. The names assumed by the various competitors, such as *Don Tal Principe de Para-cual la Baja*, *Don Floripando Talludo, Principe de Chunga*, one of the *mantenedores* (taken by Alarcon, who was a Mexican by birth), and *Don Rocandolfo de la Insula Firme*, are in the humour of Cervantes, and seem to come from the same mint as *Brandabarbaran de Boliche* and *Pentapolin the Garamantan.* If not written by Cervantes himself, and one of those "stray pieces going about hereabouts without the name of their author," of which he has told us there were many,[1] this letter to Astudillo is important, if only for this,—as showing that even at this early date (1606) the names, phrases, and incidents out of DON QUIXOTE had become familiar in the mouths of the gay youth of the period.[2]

Of the first three or four years passed at Madrid, there is nothing worthy of record in the life of Cervantes, except that in 1608 was brought out that which

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[1] See Prologue to the *Novelas.*

[2] The tract is entitled, *Algunos Datos nuevos para ilustrar el Quijote*, &c. &c., par Don Aureliano Fernandez Guerra y Orbe. Madrid, 1864. Señor Guerra y Orbe (Phœbus! what a name!) makes out a very good case, and is entitled to much credit among Cervantists for his discovery.

must be regarded as the true second edition of the First Part of DON QUIXOTE, the first which had the benefit (though only partially) of the author's corrections and alterations. With characteristic carelessness, while he corrected some of the blunders and supplied some of the omissions in the text, Cervantes left others unnoticed, to the confusion of his critics, and commentators, and translators thereafter.[1] His two chief patrons at this time were the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, Don Bernardo Sandoval y Rojas, uncle of the Duke of Lerma, and the Conde de Lemos, nephew and son-in-law of the King's favourite. Both these high-placed men were noted for their fondness for learning and literature, and their liberality to poets and men of letters. The Archbishop, by his position, was the most powerful churchman in Christendom next to the Pope, and being at the same time Inquisitor-General,—an office which he assumed unwillingly after twice refusing it,—his friendship must have been of singular value to the author of DON QUIXOTE. That he was a prelate in advance of his age is shown by various acts of his life, such as his rebuke to the Provincial Boards of the Inquisition for their over-zeal in witch-finding;[2] his discouragement of *autos-de-fé*, which were considerably fewer under his administration than under any previous Inquisitor-General; and, lastly, by his appreciation of the merits

[1] See my remarks in the Introduction and elsewhere as to the value to be attached to this edition of 1608.

[2] See *Llorente*, ch. xxxvii, 2, 51.

of DON QUIXOTE,—a book, as we shall see, always under suspicion of the orthodox.[1] The Conde de Lemos, the Archbishop's kinsman, who in these years held the important office of President of the Council of the Indies, being removed to the Viceroyalty of Naples in 1610, must also receive such credit for goodness as is implied by the praises which Cervantes bestows on him as a lover and a patron of literature. He seems to have held out some promise of employment to the author of DON QUIXOTE in his government of Naples; but the Argensolas, Bartolomé, and Lupercio, held a monopoly of his countship's favour; and they, it is suspected, and as Cervantes hints, intercepted the Conde de Lemos' bounty. There is no reason to believe that from either of his two patrons Cervantes received any favour more substantial than such as took the shape of casual alms; though with his usual pro-

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[1] One proof of the Archbishop's freedom from the prejudices of his cloth and of the period is to be found in the fact that *Don Quixote* was published—the Second Part, with his special approbation—without any passage being marked as offensive to the Catholic Faith, or included in the Index Expurgatorius. Yet at Lisbon, outside of the Archbishop's jurisdiction, and where his example was of no force, several passages, as I shall show, came under the jealous eyes of the Holy Office. There can be no doubt that Cervantes was greatly indebted during his lifetime to the protection of the Archbishop for what cannot but be regarded as his singular immunity from the attentions of the Inquisition. It was not until after the Archbishop's death that the Inquisition, in 1619, ordered a passage in *Don Quixote* to be expunged (Part II. C. xxxvi).

fusion of good-nature he speaks of them both as though they were the supports of his life and the cheerers of his now fast-coming old age.

Disappointed in his hopes of preferment, Cervantes devoted himself more strictly henceforth to his books and his literary projects. In 1609, being then in his sixty-second year, he sought to make a provision for his last days and to secure himself decent burial, according to the fashion of the age, by entering the congregation of the Oratory of the Knights of Grace—a confraternity in connexion with a monastic order, though not itself monastic, which was much patronised by the leading men of letters as well as by the magnates of the Court, in which number were included Lope de Vega, Quevedo, the Prince of Esquilache, and others. His wife and his sister Andrea had joined the Third Order of St. Francis—the latter, who had been her brother's faithful and devoted companion ever since his return from Algiers, dying in October, 1609. About this period also, if we may believe his biographer Navarrete, Cervantes had become a member of a literary club or society, called the *Selvages*, which was composed of the best wits of Spain residing in the capital.

Stimulated, doubtless, by the applause with which DON QUIXOTE had been received, and believing himself now secure of his public, Cervantes, in his latter years, took pains to gather together his various writings, developing at the same time an activity and fecundity in production most unusual in a man of his age. In 1613 he published his *Novelas Exemplares*, some of

which had been written many years before.[1] In a dedication to the Conde de Lemos he speaks somewhat bitterly of the evil tongues who, out of envy, had tried to do him wrong, while offering to his patrons thirteen (they were but twelve) of his tales, which, "had they not been turned out of the workshop of his own wit, he might presume to place by the side of the best ever designed" (*los mas pintados*). In a lively prologue, interesting, as all his prologues are, because of the glimpses they give us of his life and character, Cervantes claims to be the first who has written novels in the Castilian tongue (*el primero que he novelado en la lengua Castellana*), and explains why he has called them *novelas exemplares*, because "there is not one of them from which some profitable example (or instruction) cannot be drawn." They are of various character and merit, exhibiting in an extraordinary degree the versatility of the author, and his deep and wide knowledge of life under divers conditions. Those in which the scene is laid in Seville, as the *Rinconete y Cortadillo*—which, next to DON QUIXOTE, must be regarded as the author's best piece of humour—were probably written on the spot, exhibiting, as they do, so fresh and lively

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[1] Scott, who was a great lover and reader of Cervantes, admired his *Novelas* excessively, and told Lockhart that it was from them he conceived the idea of writing his own novels. The traces of Monipodio and his fraternity are to be plainly detected in some of the scenes in the *Fortunes of Nigel;* Dickens also being indebted in *Oliver Twist* to *Rinconete* and *Cortadillo.* Monipodio is clearly the original of Fagin.

a picture of the vagabond and *picaresque* society.[1] *La Española Inglesa*, or *The English-Spanish Lady*, a charming, pathetic tale, full of a rare kindliness for the heretic and the enemy, is founded on the sacking of Cadiz by the Earl of Essex, in 1598. In it Elizabeth and her courtiers are introduced in a way which is more creditable to Cervantes' generous heart than to his knowledge of a neighbour nation. Ricaredo, Arnesto, and the other English personages, are amusingly unlike any known types of that nation, and might be Tartar chiefs or Indian *caciques*. *La Gitanilla* (The Little Gipsey) is the original of all the modern gipsey stories, which have for their basis a child of noble parentage stolen by the tribe, and afterwards recovered to society, —Weber taking from it not only the plot of his opera of *Preciosa*, but the name of his heroine. In this there are some beautiful ballads and songs sung by the little gipsey, and many touches of wild and natural pathos. *El Amante Liberal* (The Generous Lover) is drawn from the author's experiences of life in captivity among the Turks. *Los Perros de Mahudes*, or *The Colloquy of Scipio and Berganza*, is another reminiscence of the *Triana*, and the Seville thieves' quarter, in which *Monipodio*, the "Fagin" in *Rinconete and Cortadillo*, is introduced. *La Ilustre Fregona* (The Illustrious Scullery Maid) is one of the best constructed of the little stories, the scene of which is really laid in a *posada* at Toledo, which still survives in almost the same state as when

[1] See note 1, p. 197.

Costanza served there, under the name of the *Posada de Sangre*. *El Licenciado Vidriera* (The Licentiate Glass-house) is a sketch of an eccentric, whose brain was turned by a love-potion, so that he conceived himself to be made of glass, abounding in Quixotic humour. *El Zeloso Extremeño* (The Jealous Estremaduran), and *El Casamiento Engañoso* (The Deceitful Marriage) are probably transcripts from real life. *La Fuerza de Sangre* (The Force of Blood), *Las Dos Doncellas* (The Two Damsels), and *La Señora Cornelia*, are not unequal in merit to the others, though no two are alike in style and in character,—which has given rise to a suspicion current even in Cervantes' life-time, that they are not all the work of the same author.[1]

As to this, however, there can be no doubt. By Cervantes' contemporaries the *Novelas* were received with a favour even more ungrudging than had been bestowed on DON QUIXOTE. They were praised as much for their elegant style as their singular invention. So good a judge as Tirso de Molina gave Cervantes the name of "The Boccacio of Spain"; while even Lope de Vega, who jealously followed wherever Cervantes led, confessed that they were not wanting "in grace and style." *The Exemplary Novels*, from which awkward

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[1] There has been no adequate translation of the *Novelas* into English. The best is that of James Mabbe (the translator of Guzman de Alfarache), in 1640, who, however, only translated six out of the twelve. Godwin praises it a little extravagantly, as "perhaps the most perfect specimen of pure translation in the language." There is a poor version, by one Kelly, in Bohn's series.

designation there is no escape, have ever been esteemed by his countrymen as only second among Cervantes' works to his DON QUIXOTE. For their language and their composition they are even placed higher; and there can be no doubt that, among foreigners, they have been unduly neglected, as, indeed, all of Cervantes' works have been, and are likely to be, falling, as they must do, under the shadow of the one great masterpiece of their author.

The year following, in 1614, Cervantes published his *Viaje del Parnaso*, usually, but wrongly, in all the modern editions, entitled *Viaje al Parnaso*. It is a journey not to, but in and around, Parnassus, written in *terza rima*, in eight chapters, professedly in imitation of an Italian poem by Cesare Caporali in the same metre. The poem of Caporali, to which that of Cervantes bears no resemblance whatever except in name and measure, is now forgotten. That of Cervantes might, perhaps, have shared the same fate but for its autobiographical details. Ticknor's verdict that as a poem it has "little merit," is too harsh a one. The leading idea is a battle between the good and the bad poets, which might have furnished Swift with a hint for his *Battle of the Books*. The bad poets having taken unlawful possession of Parnassus, Apollo summons Cervantes in order to consult him as to those who should be enlisted on his side to drive out the intruders. Mercury is sent in a galley, built of allegory and rigged with verse—in a passage which is the best in the poem for richness of fancy and playful invention—to Cervantes on this mis-

sion. The occasion is seized by the poet for an enumeration of the good poets existing in Spain, in a style which recalls that of the *Canto de Caliope* of thirty years before. Like the *Canto de Caliope*, the *Viaje del Parnaso* is spoilt by excessive good nature.[1] The interminable roll-call of names of fifth-rate poetasters, most of whom survive only in this record, even relieved as it is here and there by a stroke of irony or sarcasm, is heavy enough to sink even a more buoyant vessel than that of Apollo's messenger, of which the rigging was all of *seguidillas*, the yards of couplets, and the timbers of stanzas.[2] The conceit is too delicate a one to bear all this living freight; and it is no wonder that the *Viaje del Parnaso* fell dead in its day, and remained forgotten till nearly a century and a half afterwards.[3] Its chief interest to us lies in the fourth chapter, where the poet gives us a list of his several productions, and some

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[1] The *Viaje del Parnaso* was dedicated to Don Rodrigo de Tapia, a Knight of the Order of Santiago, of whom nothing is known except that he was the son of Don Pedro de Tapia, a member of the King's Council, and adviser to the Holy Office.

[2] Profuse as are the praises which are showered on the poets,—good, and mediocre, and bad,—they did not satisfy everybody. Manuel de Villegas, a respectable poet himself, best known by his *Eroticas*, which are imitations of Anacreon, was offended with Cervantes because he had not said enough in the *Viaje* of his friend Bartolomé de Argensola, and assailed him as *mal poeta y Quixotista.* The motive with Villegas might have been a less pious one than regard for his friend, seeing that he also was one of the dependants on the bounty of the Conde de Lemos.

[3] It was republished by Sancha in his useful, but most incorrect, series of Cervantes' minor works in 1784.

pregnant hints as to his condition of life, his poverty, and its causes. Of far greater intrinsic value is the Appendix, in which, under the name of the *Adjunta al Parnaso,* we have a charmingly characteristic presentment of the writer in his habit as he lived. The picture of Pancracio de Roncesvalles—the young exquisite who comes in rustling silks, in starched ruff and frills, to visit Cervantes,—is conceived in the author's happiest vein, and may match with any of the living figures in the DON QUIXOTE gallery.[1] The mingled grace, modesty, and humour with which Cervantes speaks of his literary projects and their fate contribute to make this one of the most delightful of those only too brief transcripts he gives us of his early life ; nor can we wonder, contrasting the ambitious poem with the modest appendix, that there should prevail among the booksellers of that age the opinion, so naïvely repeated by Cervantes himself, that "of his prose much was to be expected, but of his verse nothing."[2]

The next year, 1615, even while he was engaged in the completion of that great work which was to be the crown and sum of his literary achievements,—the

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[1] Let Pancracio de Roncesvalles be set alongside of Osric, "the water-fly"; and Sancho Panza with Christopher Sly. They are the only two parallels I can trace between the creations of Cervantes and of Shakspeare, in neither of whom is to be detected any hint of the other. Yet Shakspeare might have read *Don Quixote* before he died ; though, certainly, Cervantes never knew of Shakspeare.

[2] See the Prologue to the *Comedias y Entremeses*, 1615.

Second Part of DON QUIXOTE,—Cervantes brought out a volume of eight comedies and eight farces (*entremeses*), which had never been played, and perhaps were never intended for representation. They had probably been written some years before, and had been laid aside in some coffer and forgotten. Induced by the fame of the author, even though he had been told that his verse was less marketable than his prose, a bookseller was found who offered to buy them. "I made the venture," says Cervantes in his preface to the book; "I sold them to the bookseller, who sent them to the press. He paid me a reasonable sum for them; I took my money meekly, without making account of the quirks and quibbles of the players. I would they were the best in the world, or, at least, of fair worth."[1] The comedies are certainly not good; one of them—*Los Baños de Argel*—is a mere re-cast of *El Trato de Argel*, written thirty years before. In them the author violates every one of the canons of the dramatic art he had himself laid down in DON QUIXOTE. Indeed, the fact

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[1] One Blas de Nasarre, who, in 1749, reprinted these plays of Cervantes for the first time, gravely starts the theory that their author made them purposely bad in order to caricature the plays of Lope de Vega, just as he had written *Don Quixote*, to parody the old romances. I agree with Ticknor, that Nasarre's sincerity is greatly to be suspected. It was he who, as we shall see, republished Avellaneda's spurious Second Part of *Don Quixote* in 1752, averring it to be superior to that of Cervantes. It was Nasarre who, Navarrete declares, wrote the misleading entry opposite to the baptismal register at Alcázar de San Juan (*Navarrete*, p. 556; and p. 39 of Vol. I. of this Life).

that he was induced to publish them at all proves, I think, only that he was poor and in stress of money. The farces are much superior to the comedies in spirit and in style. In one or two of them, such as *La Guarda Cuidadosa* (The Watchful Guardian), are abundant traces of Cervantes' humour, and they have such a bustle of life and movement as might even fit them at this day for the stage. The publication was no success, however; and there is good reason to believe from the tone of his private letters, as well as his printed addresses to his patrons, that at this period, on the eve of the crowning glory of his life, which was to be the close of his career, Cervantes was no better off in worldly means than before DON QUIXOTE had been written.

A story told by Francisco Marquez de Torres, chaplain to the good Archbishop of Toledo, in the approbation prefixed to the Second Part of DON QUIXOTE, dated February 27th, 1615, may be properly introduced here as throwing a light on the condition of Cervantes and the opinion of his contemporaries about him at this period. After speaking of the great popularity which the works of Cervantes had won for their author,—not only throughout Spain, but in France, Italy, Germany, and Flanders,—the Archbishop's chaplain certifies that, two days before, he had received a visit from several French gentlemen who had come to Madrid in the train of the French Ambassador,[1] when, the name of Miguel

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[1] The French ambassador, called by the Spanish commentators the *Duque de Umena*, must have been the Duc de Mayenne, who

de Cervantes having been brought up in conversation, they broke out into praises of his books, one of them saying that he knew the *Galatea* almost by heart. "They interrogated me very minutely about his age, his profession, his quality, and fortune. I found myself compelled to say that he was an old man, a soldier, a gentleman, and poor. To which one of them responded in these precise words :—'But does not Spain keep such a man rich, and supported out of the public treasury?' Another of those gentlemen broke in with this idea, saying, with much acuteness : 'If it is necessity compels him to write, may God send he may never have abundance ; so that, poor himself, he may make the whole world rich.'"[1]

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was sent by the Regent Anne of Austria, to conclude the double marriage of the Prince of Asturias (afterwards Philip IV.) with Isabelle de Bourbon, and of Louis XIII. of France with the Infanta Ana, eldest daughter of King Philip III. The "M. de Boulay," who is quoted by some authorities (among others, Sir Richard Burton in his preliminary notes to the *Lusiads*) as being the recipient of a whispered remark by Cervantes to the effect that "he could have made his *Don Quixote* better but for the Inquisition," I have been unable to identify. I do not believe in the story.

[1] I think that Marquez de Torres' enthusiastic approval of *Don Quixote*, which will be quoted in full in its proper place, may be taken to reflect the opinion of Archbishop Sandoval, his master, on Cervantes and on *Don Quixote*. Mayans y Siscar, the first editor and biographer of Cervantes, has the incredible fatuity to suggest that it was Cervantes himself who wrote this approbation of Marquez de Torres !—This is an abuse even of the privilege conceded to a *Quixote* editor.

CHAPTER IX.

Second Part of Don Quixote commenced — Spurious Second Part published — Its Character — Bitter Attack on Cervantes—Parody of his Work—The Mystery of Avellaneda—Attempts at its Solution—Lope de Vega—His Relations with Cervantes—The Second Part of Don Quixote published — Its Character.

WHILE Cervantes was busy about the publication of his novels, poems, and plays, he must have already begun to write the Second Part of his DON QUIXOTE. In the Prologue to the *Novelas*, published in 1613, he promised that, if his life was spared, the reader should see other works of his on which he was engaged; "first, and speedily, a continuation of the exploits of Don Quixote and the pleasantries of Sancho Panza." This must have been written about June, 1613.[1] A twelvemonth after, if we are to take the date of Sancho's letter to his wife as the actual date on which it was written,[2] Cervantes must have half completed his promised Second Part, being known certainly

[1] The dedication to the Conde de Lemos is dated 16th of July, 1613.

[2] Sancho's letter to Teresa is dated July 20th, 1614. See *Don Quixote*, Part II. C. xxxvi.

by this time to be employed in its composition. But before his book could appear, there happened to him one of the severest of the many crosses which had vexed his life and marred his fortunes. The blow was struck in his tenderest part; his very DON QUIXOTE being turned, by a refinement of malice, into a weapon for his bosom. In the summer of 1614 there appeared at Tarragona, printed in close imitation of the form of Cervantes' First Part,[1] a book which claimed to be the "Second Part of the Ingenious Gentleman, Don Quixote of La Mancha, containing his Third Sally." The author was announced to be the Licentiate Alonso Fernandez de Avellaneda, a native of the town of Tordesillas. The book was dedicated to the "*Alcalde*, *regidors*, and *hidalgos* of the noble city of Argamasilla, happy country of the gentleman-knight Don Quixote," &c. One Dr. Rafael Orthoneda gave his approbation to the work, saying that it "ought to be printed because it seemed to him to contain nothing immodest or forbidden." The Doctor Francisco de Torme y Liori, Vicar-General to the Archbishop of Tarragona, gave his

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[1] In form and type, as Salvá remarks, the book closely corresponds with one of the two issues of the first edition, printed by Mey at Valencia, in 1605, with a frontispiece of a mounted knight, with lance in rest, exactly similar to that in Mey's First Part—thus proving, as Salvá remarks, that it was the intention of the Tarragona printer to pass off this spurious Second Part as the true one. Mey printed his own edition of Cervantes' Second Part in 1616. The Tarragona counterfeit, now quite as rare as any of the genuine early editions, is an octavo of 290 pages with five of Contents.

licence for the printing in his own hand, dated July 4th, 1614, in terms which justify the suspicion, not only that the Vicar-General's taste in regard to things immodest was as much blunted as that of Dr. Orthoneda, but that there was a conspiracy among certain churchmen to bring out the book in all haste and secrecy, before the real DON QUIXOTE appeared.

Concerning this publication, which involves one of the darkest of the mysteries which surround Cervantes' life, a modern translator of DON QUIXOTE has put forth the singular opinion that it was, after all, of no great consequence; that Cervantes had "no reasonable grievance," except in the matter of the preface; that, so far as the continuation was concerned, "Cervantes had no case, or a very bad one"; that he ought to have borne it better than he did, seeing that other writers had been treated in the same way; that Avellaneda's book would never have been heard of had Cervantes behaved in some manly and good-natured way about it; that, in short, we owe a debt to Avellaneda, seeing that but for him DON QUIXOTE would have remained "a mere *torso* instead of a complete work."

After this, from a gentleman who has so much regard for Cervantes as to translate him, it ceases to be a wonder, not only how any man should have written a parody on DON QUIXOTE, but how any man could have praised the false Second Part as being equal, if not superior, to the original. It is clear that they who have such ideas are a breed not extinct. On behalf of

poor Cervantes, it may be urged that this is no mere question of literary ethics between the author of a book and his imitator. So far as concerns the grievance of having one's story continued by some other hand, men had suffered as Cervantes suffered ; though the insinuation that in one leading case,—that of Mateo Aleman, for whose *Guzman de Alfarache* one Juan Marti wrote an unauthorised second part,—the sufferer bore his wrong more patiently than Cervantes is not borne out by history.[1] Cervantes, though he ended his original book with a line from Ariosto, which might imply that he was ready to surrender the task to some "mightier pen," certainly never intended to part with his right of continuing the story. On the contrary, he distinctly intimates, in the closing words of the last chapter, that he hopes to publish to the world the third sally of Don Quixote.[2] He had announced, more than a year before

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[1] That Mateo Aleman bore his insult patiently,—even if we consent to put such a book as *Guzman de Alfarache* on the same level as *Don Quixote*,—rests only on the assertion of that intrepid crotcheteer, M. Germond de Lavigne. I cannot find any evidence in support of it. On the contrary, there is Aleman's own preface to his second part, in which he complains bitterly and in very strong language of Marti.

[2] The words are :—Tienese noticia que lo ha hecho á costa de muchas vigilias y mucho trabajo, y que tiene intencion de sacallos á luz, con esperanza de la tercera salida de Don Quixote. "It has been ascertained that he has done so (*i.e.* that an academician of Argamasilla has deciphered the meaning of certain writings about Don Quixote) at the cost of many vigils and much toil, and that he has the intention of publishing them in expectation of

Avellaneda's publication, that he was well advanced with his Second Part. That Avellaneda, whoever he was, knew that Cervantes proposed writing his own continuation to DON QUIXOTE is proved by his words in the preface, that Cervantes might well complain of his (Avellaneda's) work in "depriving him of the profit he expected from his Second Part."[1] Here there is a distinct intimation that Avellaneda knew of the real Second Part as being about to be published, and that he intended to forestall it, and spoil its success. That Avellaneda had learned something of the general tenour of Cervantes' Second Part, so far as it had been written, —taking advantage of the author's carelessness or good-nature,—is also proved, as we shall see by-and-by, by the course which he makes his own hero take when setting out on this third sally.

But all this is of secondary and of comparatively small importance. Granted that Avellaneda had a right to make use of Cervantes' general scheme and to continue his book,—even although he knew that Cervantes was himself engaged in a continuation,—that this is no

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Don Quixote's third sally." The line from Ariosto which is added—

Forse altri canterà con miglior plettro

—is clearly but a common form of leave-taking, not intended to be taken literally.

[1] *Bien podia quejarse de su trabajo por la ganancia que le quitaba de su Segunda Parte,*—surely an intimation most unusual in a continuator who had only the honour of the book continued at heart, and a sufficient proof of evil *animus*.

ordinary case of imitation is surely proved by the spirit of malice and of mischief which breathes through every page of Avellaneda's book; and not in the openly hostile prologue only, but throughout the story. Had any one of Shakspeare's contemporaries, ignoring the poet's own conclusion to *Hamlet*, so turned the story that Ophelia, rescued from the brook, should be consigned to a reformatory; that Claudius should find grace and become head of a religious house;—Horatio become an ornament of the Court of King Fortinbras; and Hamlet end his days in a lunatic asylum;—we should think it "a reasonable grievance," a trial even for the sweet-tempered Shakspeare. But an outrage greater than this did this veiled enemy of Cervantes attempt to perpetrate on the world's masterpiece,—Cervantes' one successful book. There have been imitators and continuators who have not been wanting in reverence for their author. Mateo Aleman had no reason to complain that he who called himself Mateo Luxan travestied his purpose or degraded his characters. The writer of *Pickwick Abroad* assuredly never meant to spoil Mr. Pickwick or to injure his author's conception. In Avellaneda's Second Part of DON QUIXOTE, however, we see not only a studied ignorance of Cervantes' design; an absolute insensibility to any feeling of romance or of chivalry, to the tenderness, the humour, the pathos of the story; a brutal incapacity to apprehend the spirit of the book; but a deliberate intention to spoil the work of Cervantes,—to rob him of its glory by dragging it into the mire and besmirching it with filth.

Avellaneda's Don Quixote is a common lunatic, who ends by being shut up in a madhouse. His Sancho is a mere vulgar glutton, a booby without sense or humour. In place of the graceful and witty Dorothea, we have the lewd drab Barbara. All grace, all tenderness, all flavour have vanished from the story; and the residuum is but a dull, dirty, obscene book, which it is a disgrace to the Spanish nation that any Spaniard should speak of with even toleration.[1]

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[1] Even so intelligent a writer as Vicente Salvá has declared that "if the *Don Quixote* of Cervantes had not existed, the romance of Avellaneda would have been the most remarkable in Spain,"—a rather absurd opinion in its very terms, for certainly there neither would nor could have been any romance of Avellaneda had not the *Don Quixote* of Cervantes existed. The worst outrage, however, which has ever been inflicted on Cervantes is the acceptance of Avellaneda's book as a classic, and its inclusion in the *Biblioteca de 'los Autores Españoles*, under the editorship of Don Cayetano Rosell (Novelistas Posteriores á Cervantes, vol. i. 1864.) I cannot help suspecting that much of the sneaking kindness which has been extended to Avellaneda in his own country springs from an exaggerated spirit of *Españolismo*, combined with priestly prejudice,—from a sense that Cervantes has pushed his victory too far not only over the Books of Chivalries, which are nothing if not Spanish, but over the superstitions and weaknesses of his own countrymen. See a curious outburst of this feeling in some lines quoted by Emile Chasles at the end of his sympathetic, but a little over-sentimental, *Life of Cervantes*. There is also some curious evidence of this in a book published anonymously at Madrid, in 1750, known to be written by one Zavaleta, in which, after a fulsome eulogy of the comedies of Lope de Vega and of Calderon, the author launches out into an attack on *Don Quixote*, on account of its un-national spirit. Foreigners, we are told here, relish and praise *Don Quixote*,—a book "dry, poor,

The outrage on Cervantes would have been bad enough had it ended here. But that this was no ordinary imitation,—that Avellaneda was actuated, not by any literary ambition, still less by any liking for the story, in continuing DON QUIXOTE,—is sufficiently proved by the Prologue, which is written in the bitterest and most malignant tone of personal animosity against Cervantes, breathing spite and jealousy in every word. In this he is reviled with a fury which, in its extravagance, becomes almost laughable; not only for his faults as an author, but for his defects of character and his bodily infirmities,—even for his wounds, his old age, and his poverty. He is called "a cripple, a soldier old in years though youthful in spirits (a curious reproach, but evidently meant to sting), envious, discontented, a backbiter, a malefactor, or, at least, a gaol-bird." He is likened in his ruinous state to the old castle of San Cervantes.[1] He is reproached with having "more tongue than hands,"—his assailant, in his desire to note his defect of speech, being so blinded by malignity as to speak of that infirmity which Cervantes took to be the chief glory of his life, the hand disabled at Lepanto.

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dreamy, and, in fine, directed but to declare to the world the fatuous valour of a frantic madman,"—because they find in it a picture of the Spanish character, with its tendency to vaingloriousness and fanfaronade. All this is proof that in his own country, though always largely read by the common people, Cervantes was never, by the learned and cultured, appreciated until a comparatively late period.

[1] See p. 31 of this volume.

Finally, Avellaneda, after "unpacking his heart with words," and cursing like a drab or a cloistered monk in his rage, avows that his object in writing his book is to deprive Cervantes of the profit expected from DON QUIXOTE.

That all this constituted a tolerably just cause of grievance must be allowed; nor can we be greatly surprised that even Cervantes' good nature gave way at this last cruel and cowardly blow from some unseen hand, though there is nothing for his friends to regret in the manner in which he repaid the insult. Of course, he should have had philosophy enough to bear it; but some allowance may, of our charity, be made for an old man, approaching the close of his life, thus suddenly assailed in the quarter where he must have been most sensitive,—in the book the writing of which was the one happiness in a long life of adversity. If Cervantes used some rough language in return, surely he had provocation. What was the example before him to follow? That he spoke what he felt, not what he ought to have said, is an offence posterity has forgiven. Nay, I cannot understand how any one would have him behave otherwise. In all literature there is no outrage such as this from which any great writer had to suffer. There can be no reasonable doubt that this was no ordinary quarrel between two men of letters, but a deliberate personal attack on Cervantes, from some motive deeper than that of literary jealousy. But who could be the author? That is a mystery, still unsolved, which has a literature to itself. That Avellaneda was

an assumed name is certain. No one of that name is known in that age as a writer. Tordesillas is a town of Old Castile, between Valladolid and Medina del Campo,—a long way from Tarragona,—used in this connexion, doubtless, as a blind. So much as this has been proved by internal evidence and by the hints dropped from the writer. Avellaneda, whoever he was, was an Aragonese, a monk, a Dominican, a writer of plays, and an intimate personal friend of Lope de Vega. That he was an Aragonese, Cervantes himself pronounces, from the style, his disuse of the article, his use of the infinitive for the gerund, and certain other peculiarities for which the writers of Aragon are noted. That he was a monk is proved by his familiarity with monastic observances and his frequent reference to them. That he was a Dominican and a preacher is strongly suspected by his profuse display of ecclesiastical learning, his quotations from the Fathers, and his partiality for the Dominican Order. That he was a writer of comedies himself is very probable, from the personal offence he owns to taking at Cervantes' criticisms of the drama. Lastly, that he was one of Lope de Vega's intimate friends is seen from the zeal with which he adopts his cause, making it a particular charge against Cervantes that Lope de Vega is treated with scant reverence in DON QUIXOTE.

Further than this no one has penetrated the secret of Avellaneda. There have been innumerable conjectures, however, as to the authorship of this spurious Second Part of DON QUIXOTE. Mayans y Siscar, Cer-

vantes' first biographer, declares that this disguised enemy was so powerful that Cervantes did not dare to name him. Cean Bermudez, at the commencement of this century, surmised that Avellaneda might be Blanco de Paz,—Cervantes' old enemy of Algiers,—an opinion which has been adopted in our days by Señor Benjumea. The voice is like that of Blanco de Paz, indeed, who was a Dominican and an Aragonese, with a curious rage of spite against Cervantes; but as Señor Asensio has pointed out, there is no proof that Blanco de Paz ever returned to Spain from his captivity, and it is extremely unlikely that he was alive, thirty-four years after, to indulge in his ancient grudge against his fellow captive. Adolfo de Castro, in a serious mood, suggested Luis de Aliaga, King Philip's Confessor, as likely to have been Avellaneda; and Aliaga's claims to that distiction are certainly very strong. He was known to have a peculiar hatred to the literary profession, through having been a frequent subject of their satire. He is said to have written plays himself. He was made the subject of ridicule by Quevedo (Cervantes' friend), in his *Cuento de Cuentos*, and other satires; and wrote a pamphlet in reply to Quevedo, called *Venganza de la Lengua Española*, the style of which is said to be similar to Avellaneda's. Some other coincidences are certainly very remarkable, and can scarcely be accidental, tending to confirm the conjecture that Aliaga was Cervantes' hidden adversary, and that Cervantes knew him to be Avellaneda. In the passage describing Don Quixote's entry into Barcelona, in the company of Don Antonio

Moreno, it is related that some wicked boys of the city lifted the tails of Rozinante and Dapple, and stuck under them some branches of furze (*aliagas*[1]). Aliaga is known to have gone by the nickname of *Sancho Panza*, by reason of his large paunch and his thin legs, and there is a virulent lampoon levelled at him by the Conde de Villamediana, beginning :—

Sancho Panza, el Confesor
Del ya difunto Monarca.[2]

In spite of all this weight of indirect testimony, I cannot believe that a person so eminent in position and so powerful in influence as Aliagar, the King's Confessor, could have occupied himself in writing the spurious Second Part of DON QUIXOTE, nor do the motives alleged seem to me strong enough to account for his singular acrimony in that publication. Other names have been mentioned,[3] among them Alarcon, the dramatist,

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[1] See *Don Quixote*, Part II. C. lxi. This was probably a skit at Aliaga, who was the universal butt of the wits of the age ; but it is no proof that Cervantes took Aliaga to be Avellaneda.

[2] Luis de Aliaga was appointed confessor to Philip III., through the influence of the Duke of Lerma, in 1608, and Inquisitor-General on the decease of the Archbishop Sandoval in 1619. He was dismissed from these offices with ignominy, and banished to his country house, in 1621, to the delight of all good men. Philip III., on his death-bed, is said to have denounced Aliaga in terms which implied that Aliaga had hastened his death. To this Villamediana is supposed to allude in his verses. See more of Aliaga in Guerra y Orbe's *Algunos Datos para ilustrar el Quijote*. Madrid, 1866.

[3] Bartolomé de Argensola and the author of *La Picara Justina* are two whose claims to the honour have been asserted. The former was a friend of Cervantes, or called himself so, and at this

as one who might have disguised himself under the mask of Avellaneda. Alarcon was thirty years of age in 1614. In 1606, if one may believe that Cervantes was then at Seville, assisting in the high jinks at San Juan de Alfarache, Alarcon must have made his acquaintance, he being one of the competitors in the mock tourney. In 1608 Alarcon returned to Mexico, his native country, but in 1611 came again to Spain. It is certainly curious that, while every other dramatist of the age makes mention of Cervantes,—most of them dipping largely into his repertory of inventions for their comedies,—in none of Alarcon's dramas is there any allusion to Cervantes or to Don Quixote.

I do not believe, however, that Alarcon, whose first comedy was played at Madrid in 1613, could have had any sufficient motive for assailing Cervantes so venomously as Avellaneda assailed him. Nor was Alarcon any friend to Lope de Vega, which is fatal to the theory of his being Avellaneda. Who, then, was the secret enemy who dealt Cervantes this dastardly blow; who had motive enough to hate Cervantes and to degrade the character of DON QUIXOTE; who had interest enough to get his scurrilous book published with the approbation of archbishops and the superior clergy; who had cause to resent the freedom with which the comedies of the day and their writers were treated in DON QUIXOTE; who had his own personal reasons for

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time (1614) was in Naples with the Conde de Lemos. The other was vile enough to have forged *Don Quixote*, but had no motive for this particular villany.

being jealous of the fame and the influence of the author? The answer is—Lope de Vega; who, throughout his life, had run a race with Cervantes for popularity; had beaten him in some things, but had been signally worsted by the appearance of DON QUIXOTE. In spite of the patriotic attempts of Spanish critics to maintain the theory that the relations between Lope de Vega and Cervantes were those of perfect amity, we have abundant evidence to show that they were not.[1] On the part of Cervantes, the feeling of natural resentment at a dispensation which placed a man whom he regarded as not his superior in a position so far above him in worldly esteem and in fortune, was one certainly not inconsistent with a friendly disposition towards Lope, and a generous recognition of his merits. No one has spoken more warmly or more profusely in favour of Lope de Vega. So early as 1584, when Lope was but twenty-two years of age,—when assuredly he could not have been much known and a word of praise was most useful to him,—Cervantes had named him among the rising poets of Spain, and had foretold his greatness in the *Canto de Caliope*. In 1598, when he was himself in the depths of poverty, he had written a laudatory sonnet for Lope's poem of *La Dragontea*. It is

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[1] Navarrete is one of those who tries zealously to maintain this position. Pellicer is not so confident; and Clemencin was clearly visited with strong suspicions of Lope, though he tries to conceal them and to hold the balance even between the two. Ticknor has summed up the case with great fairness in his note on the subject (vol. ii. p. 118, 1863).

quite true, as Ticknor observes, that in what Cervantes says about Lope de Vega there is a tone of "dignified reserve and caution." There could not be much love between the two men, even if their social positions had been equal; and it is all the more creditable to Cervantes' sense of generosity that he was able to praise a rival in whose popularity he could not but feel there was implied so much of injustice to himself. In the First Part of DON QUIXOTE, Cervantes had unquestionably spoken with great freedom of the popular favourite. The famous Prologue is clearly levelled all through at Lope de Vega,—his pedantry, his conceit, his literary tricks and artifices. In the forty-eighth chapter, where the Canon of Toledo discourses with such excellent judgment of comedies and their makers, Lope is principally aimed at and severely criticised, especially for his degradation of his art to the taste of the vulgar. But his faults are touched with much delicacy; nor is there a single word which can be tortured into an expression of personal enmity. In this same chapter some of Lope's dramas are selected for especial praise. That Lope de Vega, now at the height of his fame and greatness, should be, after the publication of DON QUIXOTE, in the very frame of mind to prompt him to such a mean revenge as was taken by Avellaneda, is, unfortunately, only too conformable with all that we know of the nature of the man whom Alarcon, once his friend and disciple, called—

> Envidioso universal
> De los aplausos ajenos.

Of Cervantes especially, during his whole career, Lope de Vega was the constant and sedulous rival,—treading in his steps wherever he went, imitating everything he did, and pursuing him through every field of letters with a jealous tenacity to which I do not know any parallel. Whatever the elder man wrote, the younger copied. Cervantes wrote a pastoral,—*Galatea ;* Lope de Vega wrote a pastoral,—*Dorothea.* Cervantes wrote plays ; Lope de Vega wrote plays (here beating his rival out of the field by his amazing productiveness). Cervantes wrote novels ; Lope de Vega wrote novels. Then Cervantes wrote DON QUIXOTE ; and here Lope de Vega's instinct must have told him there was no copying Cervantes. It was a blow which shook his throne, and fluttered the whole tribe of his panders and parasites. The Prologue must by them have been regarded as nothing short of *lèse-majesté.* What Lope thought of the new book he lost no time in telling his friends. Writing to the Duke of Sesa on the 4th of August, 1604, which was some four months before DON QUIXOTE was published (so that it must have been either to an early copy or to the manuscript itself to which he was referring), Lope says, giving the news of the town to his patron :—" Of poets I speak not. Many are in the bud for next year ; but there is none so bad as Cervantes or *so stupid as to praise Don Quixote.*" [1] That he had no good will to the book is

[1] See *Nachtrage zur Geschichte der Dramatischen Literatur und Kunst in Spanien von A. F. von Shack* (Frankfurt am Main,

proved by other evidences. He himself, in return for Cervantes' frequent and profuse eulogies, had only once (in the preface to *Dorothea*) spoken of his rival, and then without a word of praise. After Cervantes' death, though Lope made free and most unscrupulous use of him, once actually introducing him by name on the stage in a comedy,—*Los Esclavos de Argel*, which is little more than a *rifacimento* of *Los Baños de Argel*,—not one word was ever said of DON QUIXOTE. In the *Laurel de Apolo*, which is the *Canto de Caliope* over again, published fourteen years after Cervantes' death, there are a few lines of stilted praise of Cervantes, but only of his poetry. That the word went around among Lope's satellites that DON QUIXOTE was to be depreciated, is proved by testimony more ample than I have any room for in this place.[1]

1854), pp. 31–34,—a most valuable work, throwing great light on the literary history of Spain in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth centuries. Schack had access to the private papers of the representative of the Duke of Sesa. There are supposed to be still other letters, in some private collections in Spain, which their possessors are afraid to publish lest they should bring scandal on the "Phœnix of Spain," whose life, during his last years, according to a recent publication,—*Los Ultimos Amores de Lope de Vega*, by Ribas y Canfranc,—was one not unworthy of a priest and a familiar of the Inquisition. Lope de Vega seemed to have served his patron as pimp as well as secretary.

[1] See Pellicer, Ticknor, and Guerra y Orbe *passim*. In *El Cavallero Venturoso*, by Juan de Valladares,—a work never published, the manuscript of which is in the possession of Señor Gayangos,—there is an allusion in the preface depreciatory of *Don*

Who, then, but Lope de Vega could have written, if not the spurious Second Part, at least Avellaneda's brutal and malignant prologue? In this there have not been detected any traces of Aragonese,—though even such might have been introduced purposely, for the better disguising the authorship. No one, as I think I have shown, had so great a motive for injuring Cervantes in his DON QUIXOTE. No one was so capable of doing him that injury as a priest, who was acute enough to detect that the book boded his order no good; a familiar of the Inquisition, which holy system had been brought to nought; as a writer whose works had been held up to ridicule; as a dramatist whose plays had been condemned; finally, as the leading star in the literary firmament which had been eclipsed. That Lope de Vega, with his own hand, wrote the spurious Second Part which was intended to forestall and to spoil Cervantes' own Second Part, no one can positively say. But every collateral circumstance, every presumption and suspicion, every fact which has hitherto been brought to light, tends to support and confirm the opinion,—which even Spaniards are now beginning to admit,—that Lope de Vega, singly or in collaboration, was the author of Avellaneda's DON QUIXOTE.

Not very long had the author to plume himself upon the success of his craven device. Cervantes was half

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Quixote. The approbation is in Lope de Vega's hand, dated 1617. Valladares was a priest.

through the fifty-ninth chapter of his Second Part, where Don Quixote is on the road to the jousts at Zaragoza, when Avellaneda's book reached him. That he must have felt the foul blow deeply is apparent from the frequent reference he makes thereafter to the impudent attempt of his veiled imitator to usurp his place and to rob him of his hero, and from the reply he makes to his enemy in the Prologue. There are some who think that Cervantes ought to have behaved differently. Because he did not dissemble his anger, he is supposed to have been guilty of a want of dignity. He is even charged (a little absurdly) with not thinking enough of his readers. He is reproached with having spoilt his Second Part of DON QUIXOTE by the reflections upon Avellaneda. The general verdict of mankind, however, has amply vindicated the course which Cervantes took. He might have behaved differently, but he did not,—acting frankly according to his nature, which, we fear, fell short of philosophy, in taking such notice as he did of his ungenerous masked enemy. Nor is there a single word he wrote in his own justification which can fairly be said to be unworthy of the author of DON QUIXOTE. With exquisite art he has even made use of the blundering thrusts of his adversary to embellish and to enrich his own book. Avellaneda serves him for a perpetual whetstone to his wit, and for new occasions of humour. Nothing can exceed the delicacy of the style in which the clumsy malice of the forger of the spurious DON QUIXOTE is made to administer to the triumph of the real and true Knight ; nor is

there a single line which, for the sake of the author or of his invention, we have reason to wish away.

It would be strange, indeed, if there were not persons both in Spain and out of it, in that age and in this, who, unable to forgive or to understand Cervantes, have preferred the false to the true Quixote,—the copy to the original,—the base coinage to the sterling metal. The Archbishop of Tarragona and his Vicar-General, those seasoned vessels who found nothing immodest in Avellaneda's Quixote,—nothing but what is chaste entertainment and good morality,—have not been without followers in Spain and elsewhere. Blas de Nasarre, in his reprint of Avellaneda in 1732, declared the character of the false Sancho to be more natural than Cervantes' Sancho; that Cervantes had borrowed his own Second Part from Avellaneda; that the glory of Avellaneda is the greater for the droll reason that "it needs more force of genius to add to first inventions than to make them."[1] Don Agustin Montiano, in giving his approbation to the book of Avellaneda, speaking of Cervantes' harsh remarks on his competitor, does not believe that any judicious man would decide in favour of Cervantes, defending Avellaneda from the reproach of being "cold and without mirth," and preferring his Sancho to the original.[2] A

[1] Blas de Nasarre, who has figured before in this biography, is said to have been one of those who affected French tastes, then becoming fashionable. He assumed the name of Isidro Perales.

[2] Agustin Montiano y Luyando, who signed the Approbation for Nasarre's reprint of Avellaneda (the first ever made of the

greater than any of these false Spaniards,—Le Sage,—perhaps to show his spite against a book from which he could not steal,—"in this fair garden left to feed, To batten on the moor,"—made a French version of Avellaneda, trimming and combing him into French elegance, omitting his bawdry, and purging him of his grossness. According to this judge of what was knightly and romantic, "Avellaneda has very well sustained the character of Don Quixote; he has made a Knight Errant who is always grave, and all whose words are magnificent, pompous, and flowery."[1] The latest of this school of odd, perverse antipathists is that acute and ingenious Spanish scholar, M. Germond de Lavigne,—said to be a disciple of Victor Hugo,—who has taken up Avellaneda with warmth; abusing Cervantes for lack of generosity in not welcoming his traducer as a *concurrent;* and placing him on the same level of *les petites passions de rivalité.* He denies the grossness of Avellaneda and the delicacy of Cervantes; avers that the copyist is entitled to our respect because he has conducted his story strictly according to "the logical succession of the ideas of the master"; declares the plan of Avellaneda superior to that of Cervantes; with a sublime audacity charges Cervantes himself with pla-

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book, and the only one till Rivadeneyra gave it the honour of a place in his *Biblioteca*), was Secretary to Philip V., the first of the Bourbons.

[1] See Le Sage's preface to his translation, or rather *réchauffage*, of Avellaneda, in the first edition of 1704. In this, *Don Quixote* is turned into *Dom Guichotte.*

giarism from the other; finally, pronounces Cervantes "*un esprit léger, frivole et vagabond*"!

These attempts to rehabilitate Avellaneda have been all in vain, as was the attempt to spoil DON QUIXOTE. The book of which Germond de Lavigne says, with much effrontery, that it had *un succès réel*, seems to have had but a short life.[1] Before the true Knight the imposture disappeared. Upon Cervantes' second entrance into the lists Avellaneda was overthrown as easily and completely as Belianis and Felixmarte had been on his first adventure. To the credit of the Spanish people, they would not read the false DON QUIXOTE, having the true one. The effect on Cervantes himself of Avellaneda's book was to induce him to hurry the publication of his own,—the last two or three chapters of which clearly betray marks of haste. In September 1614, he was engaged, among other poets, to write an ode on the occasion of the beatification of Teresa de Jesus by the Pope Paul V., which was printed the next year among the selected ones. In 1615, in his dedication of his Comedies to the Conde de Lemos, he speaks of Don Quixote as "waiting in the Second

[1] The Hugonist is not even honest in his perversity, but, like a true Frenchman, invents his facts to support his theories. In order to make us believe in the popularity of Avellaneda he speaks of a *second edition* of the spurious Second Part, of Madrid, 1615, on the authority of an apocryphal entry in Ebert's *Lexicon*. The Spanish bibliographers know of no such edition. There never was such an edition. Avellaneda's book was never published a second time, and was snuffed out when Cervantes' own *Don Quixote* appeared,—until revived, in 1732, by Nasarre.

Part, booted and spurred, to do him homage." The interesting Approbation, under the hand of Marquéz de Torres, the Archbishop's chaplain (to which I have before referred), speaking in unusually warm language of the author's writings, is dated the 27th of February, 1615. The licence to print, however, was not granted until the 5th of November of that year. The dedication to the Conde de Lemos is dated the last day of October. In this the author speaks of his making haste to publish, in order to be rid of "the disgust and nausea" which another DON QUIXOTE had caused him; and a story is told, doubtless in joke, of how the Emperor of China, desiring to found a college, had named him (Cervantes) Rector. But, asking the Emperor's envoy what arrangements had been made for paying his expenses to China, he is told, "None, not even in thought." So the author of DON QUIXOTE, being not only now infirm, but in much want of money, prefers—"Emperor for Emperor, and Monarch for Monarch,"—the Conde de Lemos at Naples for his benefactor and supporter.

The Second Part of DON QUIXOTE was published in November, 1615, the printer, Juan de la Cuesta, and the bookseller or publisher, Francisco Robles, being the same as for the First Part. The success of the new volume was quite as great as that of its predecessor. Cervantes' own opinion, put into the mouth of Samson Carrasco, that "second parts were never good,"[1] has

[1] See *Don Quixote*, Part I. C. iv.

been in this instance signally confuted. By the majority of critics the Second Part of DON QUIXOTE has been preferred to the First. Despite of Charles Lamb, who declared that in writing "that unfortunate Second Part," Cervantes "sacrificed his instinct to his understanding,"[1] the second conception must be pronounced even superior to the first in execution. There is more richness of colour, more play of fancy, more wealth of invention. The author is on firmer ground, and surer of his audience. The First Part was an experiment in an untried field. In the Second, there is no longer any doubt. The fable expands, the characters are more fully developed, the action becomes more lively and more picturesque. The author has fallen in love with his own creations, and attends more carefully to their behaviour. Don Quixote is less the man out of his wits, and more the man of ripe sense. Above all, Sancho plays a more important part in the piece, throwing off much of

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[1] See Lamb's letter to Southey (August 19th, 1825):—"Marry, when somebody persuaded Cervantes that he meant only fun, and put him upon writing that unfortunate Second Part, with the confederacies of that unworthy Duke and most contemptible Duchess, Cervantes sacrificed his instinct." This is hardly in Lamb's best taste. To abuse the Duke and Duchess for the parts they are made to take, is like Partridge at the play telling the Queen to "go about her business, for she is a vile, wicked wretch." Cervantes must be supposed to know his own business. The Duke and Duchess may be contemptible, but they were dramatically necessary. They certainly, with all their tricks, do not degrade but rather exalt *Don Quixote* in our esteem, while they contribute largely to our entertainment.

his clumsiness, and growing in humour and in wisdom. Some new personages are introduced, such as Samson Carrasco, and the Duke and Duchess, who throw into higher relief the humour of the scenes, while they relieve the monotony of the Errantry business. One notable difference between the First and the Second Part is that the parody of *Amadis*, as the story proceeds, is, to a large extent, dropped. We have fewer references in the Second Part to Knighthood and the books of chivalries. Cervantes seems even to have imagined that he had gone too far with his diatribe against the romances, which he loved only too well himself. His purpose accomplished of destroying the taste for the chivalric books, he sets himself to provide his readers with an agreeable compensation. Something of the charm of the original book, of course, is wanting to the continuation,—the *naïveté*, the simplicity, the invention itself, which cannot be repeated ; but in all the higher essentials of a work of genius the Second Part of DON QUIXOTE must be pronounced even better than the First. There is more of human interest in the story. There are fewer interruptions in the shape of episodes and occasional poetry. The figures on the stage are more various ; and they move and act, as well as speak. The story itself is better constructed, with more harmony between the parts, more freedom in the action, more breadth of comedy, more flexibility of language. How comparatively poor and dull had been the story were the new Sancho away, with his proverbs ; his governorship of Barataria ; his adventures in the Duke's

castle ; the disenchantment of Dulcinea ! How imperfect our idea of the Knight without the adventure of the Lions ; the converse with Don Diego de Miranda ; the descent into the Cave of Montesinos ; the encounter with Roque Guinart ;—without that final catastrophe, so artfully contrived, which rounds off the story in the only natural and perfect manner with the overthrow of the Knight of the Rueful Feature by the Knight of the White Moon ! [1]

The marvel of all is that this book, with its frolic grace, its abundant wealth of humour, of gaiety, and of invention ; so rich in blood and overflowing with the sense of existence ; so brimful of humanity, of love, and of hope, should be the work of a man approaching the seventieth year of a life of trouble, of toil, of privation, and of disappointment such as few men have ever lived.

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[1] Heine, in his most genial and acute essay on *Don Quixote*, which, in my readers' interest, I have given in full in an Appendix, makes the strange blunder of saying that it was by a "disguised barber" that Don Quixote was overthrown. Cervantes would never have made such a mistake as to fit Barber Nicholas with armour and lance. The Knight of the White Moon was Samson Carrasco, the wit and the scholar,—precisely the man created to do that kindly office for Don Quixote ; nor was ever a *dénouement* brought about so naturally and simply, with art so perfect.

CHAPTER X.

Last Years — Persiles and Sigismunda — Cervantes' Farewell—Death and Burial—General Summary of his Life and Character—Estimate of Don Quixote—Conclusion.

THE completion of his great work preceded but by a few months the close of the author's career. The brave, gay spirit was about to be quenched. The soul that had " toiled and wrought "—

> That ever with a frolic welcome took
> The thunder and the sunshine—

was active and bold to the last, planning, in his sixty-ninth year, new schemes of books. In the dedication of the Second Part of DON QUIXOTE to the Conde de Lemos, Cervantes had announced that in four months the *Travels of Persiles and Sigismunda* would be ready, which was to be " either the worst or the best of books of entertainment in our language." He had spoken of the *Persiles* two years before in his prologue to the *Novels* as a book in which he would compete with Heliodorus, and also of another projected work,—*The Weeks of the Garden.* In his dedication of his Comedies he had again referred to "*el gran Persiles*," to *Las Semanas del Jardin*, and to the second part of *Galatea* as forthcoming, " si tanta carga pueden llevar mis

ancianos hombros" (if my old shoulders can carry so heavy a burden). Of these projects, the only one which he lived to carry out was his romantic story of imaginary travels, after the manner of Heliodorus, called *Persiles and Sigismunda*, which was not published, however, till after his death.[1] In the prologue to the *Persiles* he tells us, in his own graceful style, of an adventure which happened to himself when returning from Esquivias, his wife's town, whither he had gone for change of air, to Madrid. This is so pleasant a picture of a cheerful old age, undimmed by time, care, or sickness, that often as it has been quoted, I cannot refrain from repeating it:—"As it fell out, beloved reader, coming one day, I and two friends of mine, from the famous town of Esquivias,—famous for a thousand things, one for its illustrious families and another for its most illustrious wines,—I was aware of one who came spurring in great haste behind my back, wishing to come up with us, a wish to which he gave voice, calling out to us not to push on so fast. We waited for him, and there came up on a little she-ass a gray student,—for in gray was he all attired,—gaiters, shoes, and sword in brass-bound scabbard, a shining Walloon collar, with pleats of equal length, though sooth to say there were but two of them, for the collar kept con-

[1] The *Persiles* was published, in 1617, by Cervantes' widow. In the Approbation, dated September 9th, 1616, Josef de Valdivieso assures the reader that "of the many books written by Cervantes, none is more ingenious, more cultured, or more entertaining."

tinually falling to one side, and he catching it up with great care and pains to keep it straight. Coming up with us, he said :—'Sure your worships are bound for some office or benefice at Court, since it is there that his most Illustrious Eminence of Toledo is, and his Majesty as well, seeing the rate at which you are travelling ; and, indeed, my ass has won the prize for his pace more than once.' To which one of my companions replied :—'The nag of Señor Miguel de Cervantes is to blame for this, for he is a quick stepper.' Scarce had the student heard the name Cervantes when, alighting from his mount, his pad falling on one side, his valise on the other,—for in all this splendour was he travelling,—he made for me, and, hastily seizing me by the left hand,[1] cried :—'Yes, yes ; it is he of the crippled hand, safe enough, the all-famous, the merry writer, and, indeed, the joy of the Muses.' To me, who in these brief terms saw of my praises the grand compass, it seemed to be discourteous not to respond to them, so, embracing him round the neck, whereby I made entire havoc of the collar, I said :—'This is a mistake in which many friends from ignorance have fallen. I, sir, am Cervantes ; but not the joy of the Muses, nor any of the fine things your worship has said. Regain your ass and mount, and let us travel together in pleasant talk for the rest of our short

[1] Here is evidence to show that, contrary to the old belief on which the portraits and statues of Cervantes are founded, he had still a left hand, though mutilated.

journey.' The polite student did so; we reduced our speed a little, and at a leisurely pace pursued our journey, in the course of which my infirmity was touched upon. The good student checked my mirth in a moment:—'This malady is the dropsy, which not all the water of Ocean, let it be ever so sweet-drinking, can cure. Let your worship, Señor Cervantes, set bounds to your drink, not forgetting to eat, for so without other medicine you will do well.' 'That many have told me,' answered I, 'but I can no more give up drinking for pleasure than if I had been born for nothing else. My life is slipping away, and, by the diary my pulse is keeping, which at the latest will end its reckoning this coming Sunday, I have to close my life's account. Your worship has come to know me in a rude moment, since there is no time for me to show my gratitude for the good-will you have shown me.' By this time we reached the bridge of Toledo,[1] whither I betook myself,—he turning aside to take the road to Segovia." The narrative, so characteristic of the gay, good humour with which Cervantes bore his lot, even in the near prospect of death, ends with a farewell to all that has made life sweet for him: "Good-bye, humours; good-bye, pleasant fancies; good-bye, merry friends; for I

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[1] This is not the present bridge at one of the entrances into Madrid, but an older one, long since pulled down to make room for the existing structure with the comic figures of San Isidro and his wife looking wistfully for water in the river below, which dates from 1735.

perceive I am dying, in the wish to see you happy in the other life."[1]

In the pathetic dedication of *Persiles* to his old patron, the Conde de Lemos, are the last words of Cervantes, written on his very death-bed—

> —As moving delicate, and full of life,
> As when he lived indeed.

It is an extraordinary and most vivid picture of a soul gay, humorous, and sweet-tempered to the end. Quoting the words of an old poem, and turning them so as to fit his own case, "with one foot in the stirrup, waiting the call of Death," he tells the Count:—"Yesterday they gave me Extreme Unction, and to-day I am writing. The time is short; my agonies increase; my hopes diminish." He repeats his assurances of regard and of love for his Excellency, and enlarges, with his accustomed profuse good-nature, on the bounties of which he has been the recipient (probably bounties of no great price). His mind is still occupied with his books. If by a miracle he survives, he purposes to leave to the world as relics of himself his *Weeks of the Garden*; the famous *Bernardo* (now for the first time

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[1] One of the most recent of Cervantes' biographers, Ramon Mainez, absurdly suggests that this adventure is "an ingenious fiction, like that of the *Quixote*, one and the other conceived in order to disclose his heart to the public, and make patent the great injustice of his contemporaries" (*Vida de Cervantes*, vol. i. p. 340), a conjecture worthy to be ranked in silliness with Mayans' theory that Cervantes himself wrote the formal Approbation prefixed to the Second Part of *Don Quixote*.

mentioned and never heard of again), and the sequel to the *Galatea*, of which he knows that the Count is an admirer. And so with a last prayer for God's blessing on him, he ends on the 19th of April, 1616. Four days afterwards he died.[1]

Three weeks before his death, sick in his own house, he had made profession of the Third Order of St. Francis, whose habit he had assumed at Alcalá in 1613. Too much importance must not be attached to this profession, which is an evidence rather of poverty than of piety. There is no greater proof of the extent to which the priestly caste had dominated the minds of Spaniards in that age than in the existence of the opinion that it was not possible for a man to die decently, or at least to be sure of decent burial, unless he were enrolled in one of the religious orders. In the case of Cervantes, there is no special significance in an act which his Spanish biographers have hailed as a conclusive proof of his devotion to the Church. For certain he was not one who, in Milton's sarcastic phrase—

> —To be sure of Paradise,
> Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
> Or in Franciscan thought to pass disguised.

His last act was in conformity with the general tenour of his life as a good Spaniard, subservient in all the

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[1] Nominally on the same day with Shakespeare (April 23rd); but allowing for the difference of styles,—England not having adopted the Gregorian Calendar till 1751,—Shakespeare, a younger man by nearly seventeen years, outlived Cervantes by some twelve days.

observances of religion to the national standard of belief. Of the desperate condition of his fortunes, even in these last days, when he was in the height of his fame and popularity, we learn from a pathetic letter of his to the Archbishop of Toledo, written on the 26th of March, 1616.[1] He might well fear that but for the religious profession he would be unable to obtain for his bones a safe resting-place.

His confidence in St. Francis was scarcely justified, at least on earth. He was borne to the grave "with his face uncovered," as was the custom with those who had embraced the Franciscan profession. No ceremonies else are recorded as taking place at his burial. His rival, Lope de Vega, thirty years afterwards, more fortunate, was attended to the grave by immense crowds,—

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[1] This is a translation of Cervantes' letter to the Archbishop :—

"My very illustrious Lord : A few days since I received your most Illustrious Lordship's letter, and with it new proofs of your bounty. If for the malady which affects me there could be any relief, the repeated marks of favour and protection which your Illustrious Person bestows on me would be sufficient to relieve me ; but, indeed, it increases so greatly that I think it will make an end of me, although not of my gratitude. The Lord God preserve you as the executor of saintly deeds, so that you may taste of the fruit of them there in his holy glory, as fervently desires your humble servant, who kisses your most exalted hand."

—The original was in the possession of General San Roman, of Madrid. I had hoped to be able to give my readers a facsimile of it in this volume as an interesting relic of Cervantes, but at the last moment this design has been frustrated through the owner's sudden death.

three bishops officiating at his tomb ; grandees bearing his coffin, amidst the tears of the populace ; the funeral lasting over nine days. The circling wheel of Time has redressed the balance. To-day, while the author of DON QUIXOTE lives in every tongue, the name of Lope, once a synonym for all that was excellent, is preserved in the mind only as a word for facile and exuberant production.

By Cervantes' will, which, like so many memorials of him, has been lost, his wife Doña Catalina and the Licentiate, Francisco Nuñez, an inmate of his house,[1] were appointed executors, his only direction to them, so far as we know, being that they were to bury him in the graveyard of the Trinitarian Convent in the Calle del Humilladero,—being led to choose this spot, doubt-

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[1] Cervantes died in his house at the corner of the Calle de Leon, abutting on the Calle de Francos. The house, a poor one, of one story, was pulled down in 1833. On that which occupies the site was affixed, by order of Ferdinand VII., a trophy composed of appropriate devices, poetical and military, enclosing a medallion (fancy) portrait. The Calle de Francos has since been renamed "Calle de Cervantes." In 1609, Cervantes was living, as appears by a document cited by Pellicer (p. 213 of his *Vida de Cervantes*), in the Calle de la Magdalena. In 1610 he occupied a house in the Calle de Leon. In 1614 he was living, as is shown by the superscription of the letter quoted in the *Adjunta al Parnaso*, in the Calle de las Huertas, fronting the houses occupied by the Prince of Morocco. There is mention also of his living in another house in the Calle del Duque de Alba. All these are neighbourhoods scarcely above the scale of those inhabited by the poor ; though Cervantes' last residence in the Calle de Francos was within a few doors of that occupied by the great Lope de Vega.

less, through grateful remembrance of the old good service of the Trinitarians on his behalf,[1] as well as because his daughter, Isabel, was an inmate of this religious house. In the same ground were afterwards interred his wife and his daughter, and other members of the family. No stone or inscription marked the spot where he was laid. In 1635 the sisters moved into another convent in the Calle de Cantaranas, exhuming, as the custom was, all the bones of members of their order and their friends, and transporting them to their new abode. There, mixed with the remains of the meaner kind, and undistinguishable from the others, now rest what is mortal of Miguel de Cervantes.[2]

Of the works about which in his days he showed so much anxiety all but one have perished, and it would have been no great loss to the world or to his reputation if *Persiles and Sigismunda* had shared their fate. This is a romance in professed imitation of the *Theagenes and Chariclea* of Heliodorus; almost as dull and as tedious as the original. Written in Cervantes' old age, it bears the traces of its birth marked on its face. A

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[1] Fr. Juan Gil, the Redemptorist to whom Cervantes owed his release from captivity, was of the Trinitarian Order.

[2] His grateful country, at the instance of the Royal Spanish Academy, has set up a bust (a reproduction of the fancy portrait by Kent), with appropriate attributes, on the façade of the Trinitarian Convent in the Calle de Cantaranas, with a suitable inscription. This, with the mean and common-looking statue of Cervantes in the Plaza de Cortes, makes the sum, I believe, of all that Spain has done to celebrate the memory of Miguel de Cervantes.

pair of lovers, under disguised names, meet with every kind of adventure. They tell a great many stories, and have a great many told to them ; and, after the classic pattern, encountering shipwrecks, captivity, ravishment, and every kind of peril by land and sea, from robbers, pirates, savages, and *alguazils*,—Persiles and Sigismunda turn up at Rome, where the gentleman being shown to be the heir to the "King of Thule," and the lady the daughter of the Queen of Friesland, they are married, receive the Pontifical blessing, and live happy, blessed in a large and virtuous progeny.[1] *Persiles and Sigismunda*, which some Spanish writers have praised as equal, if not superior, to DON QUIXOTE, is to me, in spite of the style, which is elegant, refined, and graceful, the most insipid of all Cervantes' works,—of which it is almost incredible, had we not ample proof of the extraordinary range and diversity of his powers, that it should have been written by the hand which wrote DON QUIXOTE. That this book, a reversion to

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[1] In the *Persiles* are some bits of personal reminiscence, which have been scarcely noted by any of the biographers. In bk. iii. ch. x., there is an account of a fight with Algerine pirates, which is probably taken from real life, and may be the story of the *Sol*. There is also a sarcastic reference to the *Alcalde* and *regidors* of some town unnamed, which may be Argamasilla. *Persiles*, like all other of Cervantes' stories, has been a mine whence many in various languages have drawn their materials. It has furnished Fletcher with the plot and the ground-work, though with none of the indecency, of the *Custom of the Country*. *Persiles* has been more than once translated into English, the earliest translation being of the date of 1619.

the old artificial type of romance which Cervantes himself had done so much to explode, should have been so carefully composed by him, in a spirit so faithful to the classical traditions; that he should have even regarded it as likely to be the best of his works, is an enigma, like some others in Cervantes' life, for which I am prepared with no solution. I cannot believe that Cervantes was insensible to the merits of DON QUIXOTE. He may have doubted of the success of his first experiment on the public taste. His own words are sufficient to prove that in the Second Part he doubted of it no more. Nor is the mystery made clearer by the common trick of holding the book to be something better than the author. The theory that it was some inferior man who, by a lucky hit, produced in some happy moment of exaltation or temporary fit of greatness, a work of which he himself knew not the value, is in contradiction to every circumstance of Cervantes' life and at variance with the history of Don Quixote himself. If ever author and book were one, it was in the case of DON QUIXOTE and Cervantes. If ever a book grew naturally out of the habit of the author's genius, and was evolved, —to use the customary phrase,—out of the writer's nature, it was DON QUIXOTE.

The man and the book cannot be considered apart. Of the man, Cervantes, this picture, unless I have failed egregiously in the painting, is surely one which exhibits a most interesting personality. There is no life of a man of letters which is so attractive for precisely the very qualities which have contributed to give im-

mortality to DON QUIXOTE. I do not know that his character can be better summed up than in the words of Aribau, one of the most judicious of his Spanish biographers: "Fearless in peril, strong in adversity, modest in triumph, careless and generous in his own concerns, delighting in conferring favours, indulgent to the well-meant efforts of mediocrity, endowed with a sound and very clear judgment, of an imagination without example in its fecundity,—he passed through the world as a stranger whose language was not understood. His contemporaries knew him not, but regarded him with indifference. Posterity has given him but tardy compensation. It has recognised him as a man who went before his age, who divined the tastes and the tendencies of another society, and making himself popular with his inexhaustible graces, announced the dawn of a civilisation which broke long afterwards.[1]"

If of any man it can be said that he was before his age, and therefore his age knew him not, it is of Miguel de Cervantes. Probably he himself did not know the full value, as he certainly was late in learning the true direction, of his genius. A gallant soldier, in an age when it seemed to him that his country was at the head of all civilisation, he did not comprehend that this was a civilisation fatal to romance and to individual enthusiasm. The knowledge came in his last years,

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[1] See the concluding sentences of the very judicious but too concise Life of Cervantes by Aribau prefixed to the edition of Cervantes' works, published in the *Biblioteca de los Autores Españoles*.

and its fruit was DON QUIXOTE. His life up to that time was one incessant struggle against the spirit and the taste of his time, even when he condescended, for a living, to imitate that spirit and to administer to that taste. Of his philosophy, and of the purpose he had in view when he wrote his books, especially his DON QUIXOTE, there has been a great deal written,—a great deal that is extravagant and beside the mark. My own view is that he took life, as he did all his trials, with a gay good-humour, not troubling himself much about philosophy. He wrote simply because he must,—out of the fulness of his heart when able, but generally out of the necessities of his position.

Neglected for some hundred and fifty years after his death, it is only in recent times that his countrymen have awakened to the discovery that in the author of DON QUIXOTE they possessed a genius who was a credit to Spain. Within the last thirty years there has been an extraordinary recrudescence of enthusiasm over *El Manco de Lepanto*,—the Joy of the Muses,—the Prince of Spanish Wits. That enthusiasm has run to bounds which must have furnished the shade of Cervantes with abundant subject for laughter. They have discovered in DON QUIXOTE things which would have startled the author himself to know. They have found him to be, in his treatment of lunacy, a greater than Boerhaave, the predecessor of Pinel. They have proved him for jurisprudence an equal to Justinian. They have testified to his extraordinary merit as a geographer. They have demonstrated him for seamanship second to none.

Last and greatest feat of all, they have discovered that he is a theologian, as devout in his religion as profound in his elucidation of its mysteries.[1]

This is the climax of the long and loud chorus of jubilation which has gone up in various shapes of essay, pæan, ode, and eulogy, disguised under the names of commentary and criticism, in honour of Miguel de Cervantes, to whom his country scarce gave bread when living. Of this enthusiasm, which has now ripened into a sort of cult, with its priests and its acolytes, more profuse of voice than of offering,—its chanting and its dancing boys,—what is to be said, except that it is very creditable to the discrimination (though tardy)

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[1] Dr. Hernandez Morejon, physician to Ferdinand VII., wrote a book to show that, in his treatment of Don Quixote's malady, Cervantes equalled Hippocrates and Boerhaave in precision, and that he anticipated Pinel in his application of moral remedies to mental diseases. Don Antonio Martin Gamero, in his *Jurispericia de Cervantes* (1870) finds in *Don Quixote* a treasure of judicial and juridical learning. Don Fermin Caballero, in *Cervantes Geografo*, has no difficulty in proving the author of *Don Quixote* to be a profound geographer. In *Cervantes Marino*, Don Cesáreo Fernandez finds abundant evidence to show Cervantes was a perfect mariner. Finally, and to cap all, we have that eminent priest from Toledo, José Maria Sbarbi, who has written a tract, entitled *Cervantes Teólogo*, in which he insists that Cervantes' knowledge of theology, in all its mysteries, was at least equal to his proficiency in any of the other sciences. This is the same Sbarbi who once wrote a letter scouting the idea of the translatability of *Don Quixote*. Certainly, if Sbarbi were allowed to be right in his theological discovery, there would be no need to discuss the question of *Don Quixote's* translatability.

of his countrymen, though not a little misleading if we are to judge soberly of the man and his work. It is not that Cervantes is not entitled to all the homage which Spain renders him to-day, by way of compensation for her past neglect. That neglect was all the more ungrateful seeing that Cervantes was nothing if not *muy Español*,—a very Spaniard,—a man "in whom the ancient Gothic humour more appeared Than any that drew breath" in Spain. To-day, the eulogies are a little hyperbolical, as some of them are scarcely deserved. In respect of Cervantes' orthodoxy, for instance, it is a little too absurd that we are to accept DON QUIXOTE as not only a book of humour, but a book of religion,—of the religion of which Father Juan Sbarbi is a member, which necessarily excludes all others. Let it be understood, once for all, that I do not propose to claim Cervantes as one alien to the faith of his country. There was no character, perhaps, which he, as one who had fought and bled for Christendom, would have more energetically repudiated. That Cervantes was perfectly loyal to the only religion he could know, may be accepted as beyond question. That he had no idea whatever in DON QUIXOTE of opposing himself to the cardinal articles of the national faith, is abundantly clear from the whole tenour of the man's life and writings. He was a good Catholic, as the term was. He could hardly be anything else in those days. This did by no means imply a ready submission to all the despotic claims of the Church in matters not concerned with the essentials of religion.

To say that he never dreamt of heading a movement for free thought, is to say no more than that he was not a Constitutionist or an Irreconcileable.[1] He took his faith easily, as a wise man should, not caring to make it a burden to him. He was not of the stuff of which confessors and martyrs are made, which is no reproach to a man of letters, who had to live by the writing of books. He was what is called a Humanist, in the wider and truer sense, not troubling himself about other people's consciences,—neither theologian nor latitudinarian,—but simply one whose head was clear of the follies and extravagances of the reigning superstitions, and his heart full of all love and tenderness for his fellow men,—such love and tenderness as he has put into DON QUIXOTE.

The secret of the perennial freshness of DON QUIXOTE is but partially revealed in the story itself. The art, indeed, is, in its kind, exquisite. As a mere story-teller, Cervantes must be reckoned as one of the very first in that calling. In the mere technical part, too much cannot be said for the consummate ease and grace of the narrative, careless and almost reckless of literary effort as it is. No work was ever produced by human art so perfectly simple and sincere, so utterly devoid of self-consciousness, or any vulgar trick of authorship. The

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[1] Nay, there are some who have said as much. M. Germond de Lavigne, of whom we have spoken before, the admirer and defender of the spurious *Don Quixote*, wrote for a Madrid journal, *La Discusion*, in 1868, a paper showing that Cervantes was a member of the party of the Federal Republic.

story grows rather than is constructed. The wit, the humour, the good sense, and the human nature, which are the distinguishing characteristics of DON QUIXOTE, are so carefully blended, and rise so naturally out of the situations, as to defy analysis. Of the invention, what can be said which is not an echo of a thousand voices? Of Don Quixote himself, "cette imagination hautaine qui n'était que hors de propos," as Sainte Beuve finely says, he is the most lovable personage in all fiction. He has stood as the model which all who have followed Cervantes have never been tired of copying. Every imitation and every caricature only serves to exalt the original. Hudibras and Uncle Toby, Colonel Newcome and Mr. Pickwick, what are all these, and many others, but the descendants of the hero of La Mancha, who stands as much higher than any of his progeny as Amadis does than his children and grandchildren? That "errant star of Knighthood made more tender by eclipse,"[1] is still the type of all true chivalry. The pathos, the dignity, the fine sense of honour, the courtesy and kindliness which survived so much rough and ignoble treatment, make up such a picture of the true gentleman as can never be obsolete. It is Cervantes' peculiar glory,—a glory which is shared by Shakespeare alone among the sons of men,—that he has given permanence and immortality to an image of his own creation. Don Quixote is even a more wonderful product of genius than any single one of Shakspeare's men,—of a

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[1] Charles Lamb.

type more original, more rare, and more individual than any figure in the more crowded gallery of Shakspearian portraits. What character could be conceived less likely to endure than such a one, according to any scheme of probabilities? A gentleman of La Mancha, whose wits have been turned by the reading of romances of chivalry, going about in quest of adventures in company with a village boor through that most unromantic of districts,—all the odds were surely against such a conception as this being received with favour by the nations of the world. It was impossible to imagine a fable, constructed out of such materials, lasting to be "the Bible of the people." The wits of the time, Cervantes' contemporaries, might well be confounded by the audacity of such an invention. If it served to point a local, transient folly, was there anything antecedently less likely to win the suffrages of mankind and to live for ever in the hearts of all people for all time to come? Yet this is the miracle which the pen of Cervantes has wrought. By means so simple as even to this day to be a wonder to the ordinary race of critics, who cannot comprehend a success achieved in defiance of all the rules of art, he has contrived to make this passing skit against a reigning delusion a parable for ever, and the best and most cheerful as well as the healthiest of parables. Why need we seek for any hidden moral or allegory in DON QUIXOTE? It is good enough for the story alone. We read it not for the moral, but for the adventures,—passing over, we fear, a good deal of the wisdom, kindly common sense, and perpetual flow of

human nature for the sake of the ever-fresh incidents, the pictures of life on the road, the delightful confabulations between master and man, the play of characters, the healthy, open-air spirit of life, and the humour which is so closely interwoven with the whole texture of the fable. As for this humour, which is the living principle of DON QUIXOTE, it is of a quality peculiar to Cervantes,—the gift which differentiates his genius. It is, to use the congenial words of Scott, "the very poetry of the comic, founded on a tender sympathy with all forms of existence, though displaying itself in sportive reflection, and issuing, not in superficial laughter, but in still smiles, the source of which lies far deeper." We have been recently told by one of that race of critics who have never been able to forgive Cervantes,—a mere uncultured wit, an *ingenio lego*,—for writing so good a book, that of "that finer and more delicate humour through which there runs a thread of pathos, Cervantes had but little"; that his humour, for the most part, is of "that broader and simpler sort, the strength of which lies in the perception of the incongruous." Such a bold word as this argues that the critics of Cervantes are richer than we could have suspected, by one humourist at least, of a remarkable breadth and simplicity. There is no "thread of pathos" in DON QUIXOTE, indeed, for the humour and pathos are so interwoven that it is one web. The character of the hero is of a pathos all compact, which surely is the essential mark of his humour among all other kinds of humour. What would the critic have? Is there no

pathos in the scene of Don Quixote's final overthrow by the Knight of the White Moon, when, with the point of the victor's lance at his throat, he avers:— "Dulcinea del Toboso is the fairest woman in the world, and I the most unhappy Knight on earth; speed thy lance, Knight, and quit me of life, since you have quitted me of honour,"—that scene which affected the heart of Henri Heine almost to breaking? Is there no pathos in the death-bed of Alonzo Quijano, when, his illness having cleared his brain, he confesses his follies, with the weeping Sancho by his side, praying his master to get well again and resume his errantries, "for there is no greater madness in the world than to let oneself die"?

Some have even been found to say, with Sismondi, that DON QUIXOTE is the saddest book that ever was written; which is not less true than to say it is the most humorous. Therein lay the consummate power of the writer,—the proof of his mastery of the true sources of smiles and tears,—that in his medicine intended for the melancholy there is that which mocks the laughter which it raises. There is an aspect in which DON QUIXOTE may well be called a sad book. It is the elegy over a fallen state, at which it may be perceived that the author is laughing as much to hide his own emotion as out of mere high spirits. Some of the scenes in which Don Quixote is buffeted and belaboured beyond all reason, as the reader is inclined to think,—to a degree which makes him angry with the author,—do they not witness to this pathetic

mood on the part of Cervantes;—the old man who had lived to see his own visions of chivalry mocked and dispelled by the vulgar age in which his lot was cast?

To me it seems a paradox, not less flagrant than any other of the many of which Cervantes and his works have been the object, to say that DON QUIXOTE is without pathos. As merely a comic book, a droll story, it certainly could never have held its place among the books of the world. Admirable as the humour is, of the purest and rarest kind,—a humour that ripples along as a perpetual accompaniment of the story, which reveals itself in every act of the characters, and is part of their life and motion,—the humour alone would not account for the ever-green vitality of DON QUIXOTE. The story itself is of the simplest,—the first of all novels having this peculiar distinction that it dispenses with such attraction as comes of love-making. The love business here is entirely parenthetical when it is anything else than burlesque. Yet his disdain of this almost universal spice with which to flavour his book has not tended in any appreciable degree to reduce its interest. The women in DON QUIXOTE, though entirely secondary and subordinate, like all Shakspeare's women who are not monsters, are not less vividly pictured and strongly individualised than the men. The Housekeeper and the Niece, although they appear but very seldom, and say but little, who cannot picture them unassisted by the artists? The beautiful Dorothea, the love-sick

Clara, the frolicsome Duchess, even poor Maritornes, are creatures of flesh and blood, who live and move on the canvas. We can say of them, as Rafael Mengs said of the famous Velasquez picture in the Madrid Gallery, *Las Hilanderas* :—"This is painted not with the hand, but with the heart." Master Nicholas, the Barber; the Priest; Samson Carrasco, the man of keen resolve and ready wit; Don Antonio Moreno, that pleasant portrait of a Spanish country gentleman; Ginès de Pasamonte, the prince of picaroons; Roque Guinart, the gallant freebooter; the Duke, half-ashamed of his practical jokes on Don Quixote; the page who goes in search of Teresa Panza; the several inn-keepers, all differing from one another,—there is no character, however small or unimportant, who is not touched with the breath of life. And the composition is not less admirable than the drawing of the individual figures. The behaviour of each in relation to the others is always in character. Sometimes this behaviour is so natural and life-like that we seem to be witnessing the scene in action, rather than to be reading of it; and as in some of the delightful colloquies between Sancho and the Duchess, to have overheard their interview from some secret place.

As to the perpetual contrast between Don Quixote himself,—the man of imagination, the enthusiast,—and Sancho,—the man of common sense, the "practical man,"—which is the leading feature and the motive of the book, it is here that the genius of Cervantes, by universal acknowledgment, has achieved its highest

triumph. Don Quixote must not be taken as a man out of his senses. He is only out of his wits: his understanding is deranged. While under his delusion, and only so long as he is under it, he is incapable of reasoning accurately, but he does not lose his faculty of reason in all matters else. When not under the influence of his craze, he speaks with judgment, soberness, and uncommon good sense. His heart remains untouched, and his sense of honour is never lost, but rather rendered more acute; it being here that he is "finely touched." Sancho, as Coleridge remarks, is the converse of Don Quixote. He is the animalist as opposed to the idealist. "Put him and his master together, and they form a perfect intellect; but they are separated and without cement; and hence, each having a need of the other for its own completeness, each has at times a mastery over the other." The humour of such a parallel and contrast has its roots deep in human nature. It is no mere artificial conjunction of two natures brought together for comic effect, as in those couples of a lower art,—*Hudibras* and *Ralpho*, and *Mr. Pickwick* and *Sam Weller*, and others in that kind, of which the climax of burlesque is reached in *Tartarin de Tarascon*, which is an impossible attempt at a combination of the two natures in one person, but a conjunction which "possesses the world," in Coleridge's phrase, and hence a conjunction which the world cannot let perish.

There is a great deal more to say of the book and of the man, but I shall perhaps best consult the interests

of my readers if I reserve what of comment or of illustration I have to make to the passages I have selected for annotation. This Life of Cervantes is designed but as an introduction to the story of DON QUIXOTE, with no other aim than to serve as a key to the book and a help to the elucidation of its motive.

APPENDICES.

A.—Genealogy of Miguel de Cervantes.

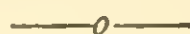
B.—Abstract of the Proceedings in Algiers.

C.—The Bibliography of Don Quixote.

D.—The Romances of Chivalry.

E.—Henri Heine on Cervantes and Don Quixote.

APPENDIX A.

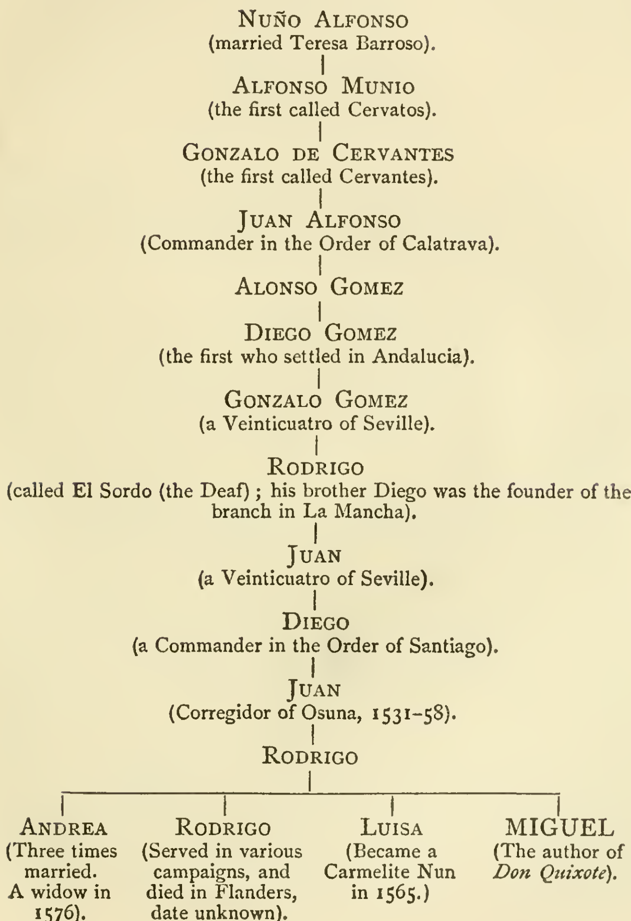


GENEALOGY OF MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

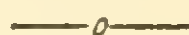
THE descent of Miguel de Cervantes from Nuño Alfonso, called El Gran, or The Great,—Alcaide (Governor) of Toledo, and a *Rico Hombre* of Castile, born 1090, and died 1143, in battle against the Moors,—has been traced by Navarrete, on the authority of Mendez de Silva and other genealogists, according to the genealogical tree to be found on the next page.

Cervantes' kinship with the Royal house of Spain is made out by Mendez de Silva through a daughter of Nuño Alfonso, El Gran, who married the Count Pedro Gutierrez de Toledo. The thirteenth in direct succession from her was Doña Mariana de Córdoba, who married Don Fadrique Enriquez, Admiral of Castile, the great-grandson of Alfonso XII. Their daughter, Doña Juana Enriquez de Córdoba, was the second wife of Juan II., King of Aragon and Navarre. Their son was King Ferdinand of Aragon, who married Isabella (the Catholic) of Castile, and made the kingdoms of Spain into one. Their grandson was Charles V., the father of Philip II. and of Don Juan of Austria.

DESCENT OF MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.



APPENDIX B.



ABSTRACT of the proceedings at the inquiry into the conduct of Miguel de Cervantes during his captivity in Algiers, together with the depositions of the witnesses. (From *Navarrete*, *Vida de Cervantes*, *Ilustraciones y Documentos.*)

In the city of Algiers, a territory of the Moors in Barbary, on the 10th of October, 1580, before the Illustrious and Most Reverend Father Juan Gil, Redeemer on behalf of his Spanish Majesty, there appeared Miguel de Cervantes, who has been a slave but is now free and ransomed, and presented the following petition :—

Miguel de Cervantes, native of the city of Alcalá de Henares, in Castile, being at present in Algiers, ransomed and about to depart in freedom, declares that, being on his way to Spain, he desires,—and it is to him of importance,—to make an information with witnesses, concerning not only his life and conduct in captivity, but also other things touching himself in person, in order that it may be presented, if necessary, before His Majesty's Council, and enquired into for his interest. And because there is no Christian person in this Algiers who has jurisdiction between the Christians, and your Reverence being in this Algiers as a redeemer of captives, the representative at once of his Majesty as of his Holiness the Supreme Pontiff, whose delegates the Redemptorist brethren are, therefore, in order to give force and authority to the said information, he prays your Reverence to be good enough to assume this office and jurisdiction, and hear the evidence in this case.

Father Juan Gil having acceded to this request, an inquiry

is held, and certain formal interrogatories, in all twenty-five, are put to a number of witnesses, Christian captives in Algiers, or those who have been lately redeemed, referring to the conduct of Miguel de Cervantes during his captivity, especially in regard to his various attempts to free himself and other prisoners. The evidence of the principal witnesses, stripped of legal phrases and formal repetitions, is as follows:—

Alonso Aragones, native of Cordova, replies in detail to each of the inquiries, and affirms especially that he knew Cervantes for about four years; that the frigate which was to make the attempt at a rescue in 1577 came twice to Algiers, failing on the second voyage; that he knew one called *El Dorador* (The Gilder), on whose information Cervantes was seized, and had known him when he was a Mahomedan (that is, before he made pretence of turning Christian again); that the Dey Hassan, enraged at Cervantes for his project, ordered him to be put among his own Christian slaves, and to receive 2,000 blows with a stick, though, through the intercession of some who went bail for him, they were not inflicted. He knew the renegade Giron also, and of his converse with Cervantes; and of the purchase of the vessel by the money advanced by Onofre Exarque, which was done under Cervantes' direction, who managed everything, and went about and planned as the author of all. This witness was one of those whom Cervantes invited to escape in the second vessel, and testified how the plan miscarried through the treachery of Blanco de Paz, who gave information of it to the Viceroy, getting for his reward an *escudo* of gold and a jar of butter, averring that when the decree went out against any one concealing Cervantes, they all supposed that when the Viceroy laid hands on him he would not escape with his life, or, at least, not without the loss of his ears or nose, so cruel was the temper of the Viceroy, and so great the *éclat* the affair made throughout Barbary; that Cervantes, of his own free will, delivered himself up, the Viceroy rejoicing much to get him into his power, that he might be able to crush the Valencian merchants who had been participators in the attempted escape; but that the said Miguel de Cervantes, heeding neither

the cruel threats nor the promises with which he was assailed would blame no one, guiding the affair to so happy an issue, and answering the Viceroy's questions so dexterously, that the said Viceroy was confounded and remained content, without being able to confirm the truth of what he had already learnt through Blanco de Paz; and throughout this affair the said Miguel de Cervantes showed very great spirit and discretion, taking the business on himself alone and on four other gentlemen who were already at liberty. And this witness vouches that if the said Miguel de Cervantes had told what he knew, many gentlemen who were concerned in the affair, regarded by their patrons and masters as poor people, would have been discovered and come into the hands of Hassan Pasha, by whom they would not have been released but for heavy ransoms, and, moreover, the said merchants would have been deprived of their goods and made slaves. And this witness knew, moreover, that Miguel de Cervantes was imprisoned in the Moor's gaol five months, loaded with chains and condemned to much hardship, and thence was placed in a galley, with double fetters and shackles. And he avers to have seen Cervantes, in all the time of his captivity, mix and converse very familiarly with the highest of the Christians, ecclesiastics, religious persons, men of education, gentlemen, and his Majesty's captains, conducting himself decorously, respectably, and cheerfully; and the witness is aware that Miguel de Cervantes has been on friendly and intimate terms with the Redemptorists, having frequent converse with them and dining at their tables.

Diego Castellano, a captive ensign, native of Toledo, testified that he had known Cervantes since 1570; was also one of the slaves invited to escape in the vessel of the renegade Giron. He confirmed what the previous witness has said about Cervantes' behaviour when the attempt miscarried; how he went before the Dey of his own accord, and, in spite of all threats, would accuse no one but himself; how that he was saved from punishment by the intercession of a Spanish renegade named Maltrapillo, who was a great favourite with the Dey. He affirmed that with the little Cervantes pos-

sessed, he would relieve poor Christians, helping them to perform their daily tasks and to live their lives.

Rodrigo de Chaves, native of Badajoz, himself just ransomed, deposed that he had known Cervantes for three years; and was able to answer as the other witnesses had answered to the interrogatories.

Bernardo de Vega, inhabitant of Cadiz, said that he had known Cervantes since he had been made captive. They were both under one master, who was wont to treat Cervantes with great severity, loading him with double chains and making his life miserable, all with a view of getting a large ransom for him, he being supposed to be a person of consideration. The witness, after speaking of the affair of the attempted escape (in 1577) as a topic of conversation among the principal people of Algiers, averred that Cervantes was a man very discreet, and of habits and tastes so good that all rejoiced to deal and to converse with him, adding that, though his society was sought by the leading captives, soldiers, and priests, he was amiable, and courteous, and free with all the world.

Juan de Valcázar, native of Malaga, had known Cervantes for six years; had been taken captive with him in the *Sol*, and had been his mate in Déli Mami's house; could not testify as to the matters of the escapes, having been then with his master at Tetuan; but affirmed that Don Juan of Austria, the Duke of Sesa, and the other powerful captains, held Cervantes in great esteem as a good soldier; spoke of the persons concerned in the attempted flight to Oran; testified to the worthy and Christian conduct of Cervantes in relieving the poor captives and keeping up their spirits, comforting them in their affliction, and keeping them steadfast in their faith.

Domingo Lopino, a captain, native of Sardinia, confirmed the testimony of the previous witnesses as to the conduct of Cervantes on the two occasions when his schemes of escape by sea were frustrated, bearing witness to the good character and reputation in which Cervantes was held in Algiers, especially after his generous action in exculpating his companions and taking the whole blame of the project of escape upon himself; for which action he (the witness) and they all coveted his society

and friendship, and envied his virtue and faithfulness. Furthermore, this witness confirmed all that had been said of the treacherous and hostile behaviour of Blanco de Paz, who had come to him and offered him gifts and promises of protection, visiting himself daily in the gaol, in which he was confined in chains, to try to make him testify against Cervantes.

Fernando de Vega, native of Toledo, had known Cervantes for two years, and confirmed the good report which had been given of him during this time.

Cristóbal de Villalon, native of Valbuena, had known Cervantes since 1576, and had been concerned in the attempts at escape. Cervantes himself had said to him, when the attempts failed, to have no fear, for he would save them all and take all the blame upon himself.

Don Diego de Benavides, native of Baeza, had only been two months in Algiers, having arrived from Constantinople to be ransomed; and could not speak of his personal knowledge of the facts, but had enquired of the other Christians, what gentlemen there were in Algiers, persons of quality, with whom he could have communion, and they had replied to him that there was one in especial, very accomplished, noble, and virtuous, who was of a good disposition, and friendly with other gentlemen; and this was said of Miguel de Cervantes. Therefore this witness sought him out, and, when he found him, the said Cervantes, in very kindly terms, offered him a lodging, linen, and such money as he had, and took him along with him to where they at present messed together, and occupied one chamber, treating him so kindly that this witness found in him a father and mother,—a thing new in the world,—and they were waiting for an opportunity to return together to Spain.

The Ensign Luis de Pedrosa, native of Osuna, had been two years a captive in Algiers, during which time he had known Cervantes: confirmed all that the previous witnesses had said, part of which was within his own knowledge, and part notorious in the city; spoke of Cervantes as the grandson of Juan de Cervantes, late *corregidor* of Osuna through the nomination of the Conde de Ureña, father of the then Duke of Osuna, who had been greatly esteemed in that city as a noble and

honourable gentleman. This the witness knew because his own father (de Pedrosa) had been a great friend of the *corregidor's.* He testified that Cervantes had consulted him in the business of the projected escapes by sea; that, when the second attempt miscarried, Cervantes sent word privately to this witness bidding him and the rest be of no fear, for he was able to get them all off, telling them to cast the blame upon him; that, when Cervantes had eluded the fierce Viceroy's wrath so cleverly, he won great fame, praise, and honour, and showed himself worthy of the highest reward; that, although there were other no less worthy gentlemen there, Cervantes took the lead of them all in doing good to the captives and in honourable actions, for he had a special grace in everything he did, and was so clever and clear-sighted that none came near him. In regard to the business of Blanco de Paz and the information laid by that person before the King, this witness averred that it was because Cervantes was the leader and actor in everything that Blanco de Paz was jealous of him, though all they of good quality and worth in the city complained of Blanco de Paz.

Brother Feliciano Enriquez, native of Yepes, a Carmelite friar, had known Cervantes during the whole time of his captivity; had been concerned in the projects of escape; had been for some time unfriendly to Cervantes through having heard ugly reports of him from a person, but, finding them afterwards to be all calumnies, had become a great friend of his, as were all the rest of the captives, who envied his gentlemanly, Christian, honest, and virtuous conduct (*su hidalgo proceder, Cristiano y honesto y virtuoso*).

At the end of these formal depositions is appended, at the request, as it is said, of Cervantes, the personal testimony of Father Juan Gil himself, of the Order of the Most Holy Trinity, and official Redeemer of captives for Castile at Algiers. Father Gil begins by declaring that he knows all the witnesses who have given evidence in this case, and certifies to their being persons of honour and veracity, whose evidence is nothing but the truth in all they have said and sworn. He certifies, moreover, for the information of the King's Council,

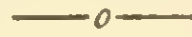
to whom these depositions are to be sent, that as written by the regular notary of the Christians at Algiers they are to be taken as faithful and authentic transcripts of the evidence. Lastly, in his own person Father Gil testifies that during the six months he has been at Algiers, on his mission of redemption, he has dealt, conversed, and communed with Miguel de Cervantes closely and familiarly, and that he knows him for a very honourable man, who has served his Majesty many years; and that especially in this captivity he has performed work which deserves that he should receive much favour from his Majesty, as appears from the testimony of all the witnesses at this inquiry, who are men of credit and repute among all, or otherwise they would not be admitted to his communion and intimacy.

As a postscript to this document is a still more elaborate and detailed certificate by Dr. Antonio de Sosa, who, not being able to give his evidence in person because of the close and rigorous confinement in which, as a slave, he is kept by his master, sends his written answers to all the interrogatories. Dr. Antonio de Sosa, who seems to have been a person of superior learning and capacity among the captives, affirms that, for the three years and eight months of his captivity in Algiers, he knew, and had frequent and familiar converse with, Miguel de Cervantes. The said Cervantes, he declares, often complained to him that his master would insist upon his being a Spanish gentleman of very high quality, and therefore treated him with especial rigour, loading him with chains and putting him to extraordinary hardships, in order to force him to ransom himself. As to the business of the first attempt at escape in 1577, and the hiding of the captives in the cave, Dr. Sosa declares that he was informed of every stage of it, up to the time of Cervantes himself taking refuge there,—exposing himself to the manifest peril of a very cruel death, such as the Turks are wont to inflict on those who engage in such enterprises. As to Blanco de Paz, Dr. Sosa testifies that it was he who, out of malice and envy of Cervantes, gave such information to the Dey as spoilt the second scheme of escape; for which the said Blanco de Paz was held in great odium and abhorrence by the other

Christians, who, but for Dr. Sosa's interference, would have beaten him for his wicked deeds, even though he was a priest. As to the questions about Cervantes' general behaviour during his captivity, Dr. Sosa vouches that during the period of his knowledge of him he had not seen or noted any evil or scandalous thing in him, nor would he have held familiar commune had he known him for otherwise than as an honourable and good Christian. Returning to Blanco de Paz, Dr. Sosa declares that though the said Blanco de Paz claimed authority and credit in Algiers as a commissary of the Holy Office, he was never able to produce his powers, though taking informations and administering oaths in that character, to the scandal of the Holy Office ; whose name he used against his enemies, and especially against Miguel de Cervantes.

(These documents, signed by Father Juan Gil, of which the originals were discovered by Cean Bermudez in 1808, still exist in the archives of Simancas. These are among the most important of the materials on which the biographer of Cervantes has to rely for the history of his captivity in Algiers ; nor is it possible to have clearer or stronger testimony. Cervantes' purpose in insisting upon this formal and elaborate inquiry is obvious enough. He considered himself to be still in the public service. He had to account for the years of his captivity. His enemy, Blanco de Paz, for reasons not very clear, had sent to the Government a false and scandalous report of Cervantes' conduct in Algiers. It was necessary that the charges therein made, which seem from the obscure hints we get of them to be chiefly directed at Cervantes' religious opinions and practice, should be rebutted ; nor was there any way of meeting them fairly and openly in Cervantes' interest, for the credit of his family who had received some favours in the matter of his ransom, and for his prospects of advancement in the King's service, except by such a formal process as that which was instituted before Father Juan Gil.)

APPENDIX C.



THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF DON QUIXOTE.

A COMPLETE Bibliography of *Don Quixote*, including all the books necessary to a *Don Quixote* library, most of which I have had the opportunity ot consulting directly in the process of this work, would be an epitome of Spanish literature. A mere catalogue of all the editions of *Don Quixote*, with the translations, would occupy more space than I can spare. Nor would such a catalogue serve any object but that of curiosity. The greater number of the Spanish editions, of which the list is yearly increasing, are worthless, even to the book-collector, and worse than useless to the student of Cervantes. To enumerate and describe all the translations in all the fifteen languages into which *Don Quixote*, according to the latest computation, has been rendered, is a task which might appal a Mezzofanti. I have the less hesitation in declining to give a complete list of all the editions of *Don Quixote*, seeing that to no human being could it afford either pleasure or profit, while the attempt to supply it would seriously burden this undertaking and throw my scheme of publication out of balance.

In this Bibliography what I have sought to do is to quote every edition of *Don Quixote* in Spanish, or in any other language, which is necessary to the history or the study of Cervantes' masterpiece, rejecting such as are merely curious.

Sect. 1.—DON QUIXOTE IN THE ORIGINAL.

PART I.

El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha. Compuesto por Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, &c. 1605. *Madrid: Juan de la Cuesta.*

This is the first edition of *Don Quixote*, a quarto of 664 pages, of which 632 form the text. The licence (Privilegio) is dated the 26th of September, 1604; and the "Tasa" (valuation for tax) December 20th, 1604. On the title-page, after the imprint, are the words *Vendese en casa de Francisco de Robles, librero del Rey, nuestro Señor*—"Sold at the house of Francisco de Robles, bookseller to our Lord the King." In the centre of the title is a device of the printer, Juan de la Cuesta, a hand holding a hawk, unhooded, and a lion couchant, with the legend *Post tenebras lux.* This motto, common to all Cuesta's books, and, in fact, often used by other printers of the age, refers, of course, to the invention of the art of printing, —without any special reference, as in these days has been rashly assumed, to Cervantes and his design in *Don Quixote.* This first edition, now one of the rarest of books, is fairly well printed, with ornamental capitals and a few other typographical embellishments; but it swarms with blunders of the press, having apparently never been revised by the author. A copy was sold last year at Baron Seillière's sale for £113. A fac-simile of this and of the first edition of the Second Part, reproduced by photo-typography, was brought out at Barcelona in 1872, under the auspices of Colonel Don Francisco Lopez Fabra; with a supplementary volume containing 1633 notes by Don Eugenio Hartzenbusch. These, for the most part, are arbitrary emendations and corrections of the author, which had been adopted by Hartzenbusch in the text of his two editions of Argamasilla,—to be spoken of hereafter.

El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote, &c. Em Lisboa. Impresso com lisença do Santo Officio por Jorge Rodriguez. 1605.

This, as Salvá clearly demonstrates, must be the second edition printed of *Don Quixote*, for it contains, what no other of the early editions does, the passage in C. xxvi. about Don Quixote's rosary (see note *in loco*), exactly as in Cuesta's first edition. It is a quarto of 462 pages, printed in double columns. The approbation is dated February 26, 1605, a little more than two months later than that which is affixed to Cuesta's first edition. It is even rarer than any of the Madrid editions. Portugal, at this date, 1605, was under the Spanish crown.

There was a second edition printed at Lisbon, in 1605, by Pedro Crasbeeck; an octavo of 916 pages; equally rare with the first, and equally without authority from, or profit to, the author.

El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote, &c. Con Privilegio de Castilla, Aragon, y Portugal. Madrid: Juan de la Cuesta. 1605.

This, the second of the two only genuine editions, printed in 1605 by Juan de la Cuesta, and sold by Francisco Robles, though in form, size, the character of the print, and the number of pages, precisely similar to his first, contains some curious and important variations. By Navarrete and by Ticknor it was taken to be the first of the two Cuesta editions; but that this could not be is clearly demonstrated by Salvá. In the first place, the privilege carrying the author's rights, or such as in that day could be enforced, includes Aragon and Portugal, as well as Castile. It is evident, therefore, that Robles, having reason to complain of the breach of his copyright through the printing of surreptitious editions in Aragon and Portugal, was induced to issue a second impression (*obrada*) with the additional words on the title-page which we have quoted. Another proof that this was the second edition is afforded by the alterations made in C. xxvi., where Don Quixote makes his

rosary, not of his shirt-tails, but of oak-galls—a change, doubtless, made by the author at the instance of the censorship. In other respects this second edition is even more carelessly printed than the first, having apparently been hurried through the press. A curious misprint appears in the very title-page, where the book is said to be dedicated to the Duque de Bejar, "Conde de Barcelona" instead of "Benalcázar,"—the Countship of Barcelona having been one of the minor titles of the Crown since the days of Ferdinand and Isabella.

El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote, &c. Impreso con licencia en casa de Pedro Patricio Mey. 1605.

This is a small octavo of sixteen preliminary leaves and 768 pages, better printed than any of the preceding. The text follows that of Cuesta's second edition. From the words in the title-page we may presume that Pedro Patricio Mey was an honest man, as well as a good printer, and bought his privilege of reprinting *Don Quixote* from the owner of the copyright.

There was, as Salvá and Gayangos maintain, a second edition, or impression, made at Valencia in 1605—closely resembling the other in appearance, but with a few different readings.

These may be reckoned the six existing editions of 1605—of which he who possesses one may be reckoned supremely happy among Quixote, and Quixotic, collectors. I have spoken elsewhere of other supposed editions of 1605, which, however, as they are now non-existent, need not occupy a place in this Bibliography.

El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote, &c. En Brusselas, por Roger Velpius. 1607.

This, the Brussels edition, the first printed out of Spain (Brussels was still under the Spanish dominion), though not pretending to a licence and clearly a piratical enterprise, possesses some distinctive features which make it valuable in a Quixote collection. In the first place, it is well printed, as

were all the books of Roger Velpius, in a smaller form than any which had yet appeared. The text has been revised by some intelligent reader, who (of course, without authority) made some corrections, a few of which were afterwards adopted by the Spanish Academy. There is a brave attempt to reduce to order the passages about the stealing of Sancho's ass; but other blunders quite as bad are retained. The book is, perhaps, quite as rare as any of the genuine first editions. I possess a copy, the gift of my late friend, Mr. J. Y. Gibson.

El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote, &c. Madrid: Juan de la Cuesta. 1608.

This, the true second edition, made under the eyes of the author, and containing many alterations and corrections, has served as the basis of all the editions of the Spanish Academy, and must be regarded as the most valuable which the true bibliographer (distinguished from the book-fancier) can possess. Mr. John Ormby, it is true, adopting the heresy of Hartzenbusch, contends that "no particular sanctity" attaches to the corrections here made; "that it is plain that he (Cervantes) was not even aware of any such corrections having been made," and that "they must stand or fall on their own merits like those of any other printer." By any other printer! —But this is to beg the whole question. The printer of the edition of 1608 was Cervantes' authorised printer of the editions of 1605. Is it credible that without the authority of the author,—that author being, in 1608, resident in Madrid, as he was not in 1605,—Juan de la Cuesta would venture to correct the text in a material passage as the text is here corrected, putting in a long speech by Sancho (the lamentation over Dapple, which critics have admired as one of the most admirable and characteristic pieces of invention in the book), and, in two or three places, supplying omissions and amending blunders in the text? Surely, as I have contended elsewhere, the very fact that some corrections were made, and not all that might have been made, is in itself a proof that no one but Cervantes could have been the corrector.

If it had been the printer who corrected, and was able to invent so capital a scene as that of Sancho bewailing the loss of his ass, why did he not correct more and correct completely? And where does it appear that Cervantes was "not even aware of the corrections?" That he was aware of some corrections is clear from the words put into Sancho's mouth in C. iv. of the Second Part, where, talking of this very incident, he says:—"I set up a lamentation which, if the author of our history has not put in, you may reckon that he has not put in a good thing." Is it possible to believe that Cervantes would so speak of a passage not written by himself, but composed and inserted by the printer without authority? And how can it be said that he was not even aware of the corrections,—this passage of Sancho's lamentation being one of them? The question, however, seems to be settled, for English translators and English readers at least, by the authority of the Spanish Academy, which has based its fourth and last edition of 1819 upon Cuesta's edition of 1608. Let the judicious Cervantophile, therefore, never cease to strive to obtain, as the nucleus of his *Don Quixote* library, the edition of 1608, which in the book market is almost as rare as any of the first editions.

There was an edition of the First Part published at Milan (then under Spanish rule) in 1610, and a second edition at Brussels, by Roger Velpius, in 1611,—neither of any critical value. These are all the editions of the First Part, published in Cervantes' lifetime, now extant, though there is reason to believe that there was an edition of Barcelona (to which Cervantes seems to allude in C. iii. Part II.), and probably of Zaragoza, Pamplona, and Antwerp, within the first decade of the Seventeenth century, all of which have disappeared.

THE SECOND PART.

Segunda Parte del Ingenioso Cavallero Don Quixote de la Mancha, &c. Madrid: Juan de la Cuesta. 1615.

This is the first edition of Cervantes' Second Part, in quarto, of 584 pages, very similar in form and execution to Cuesta's

First Part, with the same device and legend on the title-page. There is a long and interesting "approbation," written by Marquez Torres, the Secretary to the Archbishop of Toledo (Cervantes' patron), dated February 27th, 1615. The "privilegio" is dated March 30th, and the dedication to the Conde de Lemos October 31st. The book is even rarer than any of the early editions of the First Part, nor is it more carefully printed. It is to be remarked that Don Quixote is styled in the title-page not *El Ingenioso Hidalgo*, but *El Ingenioso Caballero*,—a change which Clemencin attributes to carelessness, but which is more likely due to design. At the opening of the Second Part of the story, Don Quixote is a fully-dubbed Knight (*armado caballero*), and not merely a hidalgo.

Only one other edition of the Second Part is known to have been published in Cervantes' lifetime, namely, that of Brussels, in 1616, by Huberto Antonio, in which the approbation of Marquez Torres is omitted.

In this place we have to notice the spurious Second Part, published under the name of Alonso Fernandez de Avellaneda, in 1614, after Cervantes had given public notice of the approaching completion of his own Second Part; the full title of this false *Quixote*, the character and mystery of which we have fully investigated in C. ix. of the *Life of Cervantes*, is *Segundo Tomo del Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote, &c.* It is dedicated to the "Alcalde, Regidores, and hidalgos of the noble city of Argamasilla, happy country of the gentleman knight (*hidalgo caballero*) Don Quixote of La Mancha." It was published at Tarragona, in a quarto of 572 pages, without approbation, *tasa*, or licence, under a feigned name. The book is now very scarce. It was reprinted in 1732, and again in 1805, with omissions of some of the viler chapters. It was deemed worthy of being put into a French dress by M. Le Sage, and afterwards by M. Germond de Lavigne (in English by Stevens), and had better be forgotten for a vile, malignant, and indecent libel, without grace or worth of any kind.

THE COMPLETE DON QUIXOTE.

El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote, &c. (*Ambas Partes.*) *A Costa de Juan Simon. Barcelona*, 1617. 2 vols. 8vo.

This, according to Salvá, is the first complete edition of the two parts of *Don Quixote*, published the year after the author's death. The two parts, however, are not printed uniformly, nor by the same printers, and it is doubtful whether they were intended to be issued together.

Primera y Segunda Parte del Ingenioso Hidalgo, &c. Madrid: Francisco Martinez. 2 vols. 4to. 1637.

This, according to Navarrete, is the first complete edition. It is poorly printed, like all the rest of this century, on vile paper, with the dedications and prefatory verses omitted. There were three or four editions, mostly based on the above, in the years following, equally bad and now equally rare.

Vida y Hechos del Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote, &c., En Bruselas, por Juan de Monmarte. 1662. 2 vols. 8vo.

An edition distinguished as being the first in which Cervantes' title was wantonly and foolishly altered into *Vida y Hechos del Ingenioso, &c.*—an innovation adopted by all the subsequent editions, until the Academy's first edition of 1780. This edition has the further distinction of being the first which was "embellished" with plates. These embellishments, which herald the long line of vile attempts to make *Don Quixote* a picture-book, are remarkable, even among the *Don Quixote* illustrations, for their ugliness and ludicrous inappropriateness to the text.

There were several other editions with plates, sometimes styled "muy donosas y apropriadas á la materia," published in the Netherlands and in Spain, equally worthless for anything else than as testifying to the continued popularity of the book throughout the Seventeenth century. In the edition of Madrid, 1674, by Andrés Garcia de la Iglesia, it is said in the

dedication that "the works of Cervantes were current amidst the general applause through all the world," and that in Spain the editions were repeated almost every year.

Vida y Hechos del Ingenioso, &c. Londres, 1701. 2 vols. 4to. with plates.

This edition, mentioned by Navarrete on the faith of the "Index of Faulder," should be the first ever printed in England. I cannot learn anything about it, however, from any other authority, and am inclined to disbelieve in its existence. We may pass over all the other many succeeding editions to come to—

Vida y Hechos del Ingenioso, &c. Londres: J. and R. Tonson. 4 vols. large 4to. 1738, with copperplates designed by Vanderbusch and engraved by Vertue and Vandergucht.

This edition is remarkable as being the first in which due honour was paid to Cervantes in the treating of his immortal work as a classic, and not a mere book of drolleries. Its origin is told by Mayans y Siscar (the editor), in his Prologue to the *Pastor de Filida*, Valencia, 1792. Queen Caroline, wife of George II., being of a romantic turn and fond of reading books of imagination, formed a collection of these, which she called *The Library of the Sage Merlin*. Talking of her design one day to Lord Carteret (the well-known Minister), an admirer of Spanish literature, he told her that one book was lacking, "the most agreeable and witty ever written in the world," of which there was no edition worthy of a place in her collection. He undertook, therefore, to have *Don Quixote* published at his expense, in a style worthy of the author. He carried out his promise by bringing out this magnificent edition, printed by Tonson, with all the luxury of his well-known press, and edited by Don Gregorio Mayans y Siscar, a learned gentleman of Valencia, who was assisted by Pedro de Pineda, a teacher of Spanish, and apparently by other scholars. The editor wrote for it the Life of Cervantes, —a biography necessarily very imperfect,—seeing that many

essential documents were then undiscovered, yet the first in which any attempt was made to elucidate the history of the author. The text was also amended and corrected in many places,—the original verses restored, and many of the excrescences which had grown round the book in its passage through the Spanish and Flemish presses, lopped off. The copper-plates were done on a scale of great magnificence, so far as the engraving was concerned, the engravers being Vertue and Vandergucht. The artist, however, one Vanderbusch, by no means corresponded in skill and in imagination to his author,—his inventions being incredibly bald, vulgar, and grotesque, without any spark of real humour, or sense of harmony with the text. Finally, there was affixed to the first volume a portrait of Cervantes, which, without any description, was lettered *Retrato de Miguel de Cervantes por el Mismo.* (The Portrait of Miguel de Cervantes by Himself.) This, as we have pointed out elsewhere (*Life of Cervantes*, C. v.), which is the original of all the extant portraits purporting to be of Cervantes, was made up by the artist, William Kent, out of the verbal description given by Cervantes of himself in the prologue to his *Novelas.* With all its defects, the edition which I have cited always as Lord Carteret's, is a noble book, worthy of the author and of England, and deserving of a place in the library of every lover of Cervantes.

Stimulated by the production of Lord Carteret's edition of the Spanish masterpiece in a foreign country, the Spanish Royal Academy was put on its mettle, and after many years' labour,—its pace being quickened at last by the announcement of still another critical edition to appear in London,—was delivered of its first great work, to which the original title was restored of—

El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote, &c. Madrid: 4 vols. imp. 4to. 1780.

In this edition the Academy corrected many of the blunders and misprints which had crept into the text, while it adopted several of Mayans' suggestions and emendations. The print

and paper are of superb quality, and the presswork under the famous Ibarra, prince of Spanish printers, very excellent, though not better than Tonson's. The plates were designed by the most famous Spanish artists of the day. They are a little less grotesque, because more Spanish, than in previous editions, and are fairly well engraved; but still absurdly false, affected, and inappropriate,—the artists appearing not to have given themselves the trouble of reading the book they illustrated. The portrait (of which more is said in another place), professing to be taken from an original picture in the possession of the Conde del Aguila, is merely a reproduction of Kent's imaginary picture of Cervantes, with a few details and flourishes introduced. In this edition, which can hardly be said to keep its value in the market except in the eyes of the hunters after *éditions de luxe*, the chief features are the Life of Cervantes and Analysis of *Don Quixote*, by Don Vicente de los Rios, an officer of Engineers. Don Vicente is a passionate admirer of Cervantes, and is worthy of praise for some contributions to our knowledge of the man and of his book, but he is tedious and pedantic, and with his frequent parallels to the *Iliad* and the *Æneid* not a little absurd.

The next step in the bibliography of *Don Quixote* was a very notable one. It was the publication of—

La Historia del famoso cavallero Don Quixote, &c., con annotaciones, indices, y varias lecciones, por el Reverendo Don Juan Bowle. 6 vols. in 3, roy. 4to. (The first volume printed in London, and the rest at Salisbury.) 1781.

Though he had no right to alter his author's own title, and though he takes some unaccountable liberties with his book, John Bowle is deserving of the eternal good-will of all Cervantophiles as having been the first who, in any language or in any country, devoted to the text of *Don Quixote* the patient care, industry, and learning which up to that time had been the perquisites of the ancient classics. Bowle, who was the incumbent of Idmestone, a small Wiltshire village, spent fourteen years of his life, as he tells Dr. Percy, in learning Spanish, so that he might annotate *Don Quixote*. He succeeded so

far as that he produced an edition which, however decried on its first appearance and for a long time unsaleable, has now attained its proper rank in literature. Bowle's knowledge of the romances of chivalry and of the Italian romantic poetry was most extensive, and he was the first who traced the numerous references and parallels in *Don Quixote* to their originals. Subsequent Spanish commentators and editors have borrowed largely from the Wiltshire parson, while they have not been always scrupulous in acknowledging their debts. Not the least valuable feature of Bowle's edition is the series of indexes of proper names and leading words,—of infinite use to every student of *Don Quixote*, when once he has the key to Bowle's somewhat eccentric way of denoting the places where the words occur.

A second and a third edition of the Royal Academy followed in 1782 and 1787,—of no other value than as testifying to the constant demand for *Don Quixote*. The next important critical edition was—

El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote, &c. Nueva edicion, corregida de nuevo, con nuevas notas, con nuevas estampas, con nueva analisis, y con la vida nuevamente comentada por Don Juan Antonio Pellicer. Madrid: Sancha. 1797–8. 5 vols. 8vo.

There is not so much that is new in this edition as the flowing promise of novelties in the title-page indicates. Pellicer took a great many of his notes,—almost all verifying the passages in the romances referred to,—from Bowle, with insufficient acknowledgment. Pellicer's own notes are few, and his criticisms of no great value, as when he remarks that *ingenioso* was meant by the author to apply, not to his hero, but to his book. The "*nuevas estampas*" promised are by Navarro,—of a hideousness equal to any of the old.

There were several re-impressions of Pellicer's edition, one in Paris, one in Bordeaux, one in Barcelona, and one in Leipzig (1800), with Beneke's vocabulary of Quixote words (not without value to the student). No other editions need occupy us until we arrive at—

El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote, &c. Madrid. 1819.
4 vols. 8vo.

This is the fourth and, up to the present date, the last edition of the Academy, in which several corrections are made, —the First Part being more directly based upon Cervantes' own edition of 1608 than before,—for the reason given that this edition was "the latest choice of the author," and therefore preferable to the first (of 1605), "which was neither made under his eyes nor received the last touches of his hand." There are some new plates from designs by Rivelles, which are not quite so bad as those in preceding editions, though still bad enough. Some years ago it was reported that the Academy was about to bring out another edition of *Don Quixote;* but apparently it has been content to delegate that duty to Señor Hartzenbusch, one of its members. For the present this Academy's edition of 1819 is indispensable to the *Don Quixote* library, as containing the purest and best text on what we must take to be the highest authority.

The next in order, passing over a great number of editions, mostly reprints of the Academy's editions of 1819, was—

El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote, &c. Comentado por Don Diego Clemencin. Madrid: 1833–9. 6 vols. 4to.

This is the famous edition of Clemencin, with a commentary more full, minute, and elaborate than any of which *Don Quixote* has ever been the object. Perhaps no book, ancient or modern, has been dissected, analysed, criticised, and illustrated with so free a hand, and, on the whole, with so much industry, patience, and learning as *Don Quixote* has been by Señor Clemencin. I have had frequent occasion to comment upon the commentator, to differ with him, and to protest against his treatment of a book which, with all his zeal on the author's behalf, he seems to have been constitutionally incapable of understanding. Nevertheless, it would be ungrateful of me not to acknowledge my indebtedness to Clemencin for a very large portion of the knowledge I possess of *Don Quixote*

This edition was to have been supplemented, according to the editor's original design, by an extra volume of notices of the Spanish romances of chivalry; but Don Diego Clemencin died before his work was completed,—the concluding volume being edited by his sons. Possibly this may account for some of the imperfections and redundancies in these six volumes. An index to Clemencin's notes, by Mr. Charles F. Bradford, of Boston, was published at Madrid in 1885, and forms an indispensable addition to these six volumes, with which it is a pity it was not printed uniformly.

The next critical edition,—passing over reprints and *éditions de luxe*,—one of the most sumptuous of the latter being Moran's magnificent *Don Quixote* in two volumes folio, printed at Barcelona in 1862, with woodcuts of scenes and places more appropriate than most illustrations to the book, is—

El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote, &c. Edicion corregida con especial studio de la primera, por Don Juan Eugenio Hartzenbusch. Argamasilla de Alba: Rivadeneyra. 4 vols. 12mo. 1863.

This is the first of the two editions put forth by Hartzenbusch, in a beautiful form, with every grace of type, paper, and printing. Unhappily, Hartzenbusch,—the son of a German carpenter who was naturalised in Spain,—though himself a man of letters more eminent than any of those who edited *Don Quixote*, and professing a profound regard for Cervantes and admiration for his work, was unable to keep his hands from defacing the text, through a sheer itch for emendation. Not content with pointing out in his notes how the passage might have been better turned or rendered clearer, Hartzenbusch boldly alters the text to suit his theories,—a liberty unpardonable in any commentator, and all the more inexcusable in Hartzenbusch; who was a man of talent and judgment, himself a poet and dramatist, who for many years held a leading place in the literature of his adopted country. Hartzenbusch was born in 1806, and filled the office for many

years, up to his death, of librarian of the National Library at Madrid. He is best known as the author of *Los Amantes de Teruel*,—a drama founded upon a famous episode of a pair of lovers who died for love in 1217, the subject of many earlier ballads and plays. Hartzenbusch died at a good old age in 1885.

To the beautiful facsimile reproduction of the first editions of the two Parts, published under the auspices of Colonel Lopez Fabra (referred to above), there was appended a supplementary volume of 1,633 notes by Hartzenbusch, almost entirely conjectures in emendation of the text. Some of these are new, and in some places the notes of 1843 have been omitted or corrected. There are very few of any real value, the commentator being more intent upon displaying his own ingenuity than in discovering the author's meaning.

There have been several editions of *Don Quixote* in Spain in recent years, mostly distinguished by "illustrations." The only professedly new edition is that of Ramon Leon Mainez, in five volumes, published at Cadiz in 1877. It is of small critical value, the editor's commentary being distinguished rather for enthusiasm than for judgment.

There is an edition of *Don Quixote* published at Palencia in 1884, purporting to be based on an original manuscript supposed to be of Cervantes. This I have not seen, but cannot believe the pretension to be well founded.

TRANSLATIONS OF DON QUIXOTE.

The editions of *Don Quixote* in foreign languages are infinite in number, and of every variety of merit. In this place I am only able to speak of those which seem to me to be of literary or bibliographical value. Beginning with the English, as I have a right to do, seeing that the first translation made of *Don Quixote* was an English one, there is, first:—

The History of the Valorous and Wittie Knight-Errant Don Quixote of the Mancha. Printed for Ed. Blount & W. Barret, 2 vols. small 4to, 1612–20.

The translator's name, as appears from the dedication to Lord Walden, is Thomas Shelton,—though who or what Shelton was, has baffled all inquiries. In his dedication, Shelton speaks of having translated, "some five or six years ago, the *History of Don Quixote* (meaning the First Part) out of the Spanish tongue in the space of forty days,"—which, if true, would sufficiently account for the slovenly character of his work. There is some mystery about this publication which has never been cleared up, for all the discussion which there has been on the subject. No one has ever seen a date to the First Part; nor is there any title-page of the First Part in any copy I have examined. Usually, the engraved title-page of the Second Part is prefixed to the First, with the printed words *The Second Parte* amended in writing into *The First and The Second Parte.* There are two pieces of evidence proving the First Part to have been published in 1612. The first is an entry in the Registers of the Stationers' Company, under the names of Edward Blounte and William Barrett, January 19th, 1611, of a book called *The Delightful History of the Witty Knight Don Quixote.*" The second is the bookseller's dedication of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle* (the first of the since innumerable imitations of *Don Quixote*), dated 1613, in which it is mentioned that "*Don Quixote* was the elder above a year." This date (1612) scarcely agrees with the fact that Shelton's translation was based on the Brussels edition of 1607, if we are to take Shelton's assertion literally, that he was occupied five or six years on his work. In regard to the date (1620) of the Second Part, there is also some confusion. The dedication is to the Duke of Buckingham, and it is signed, not by Shelton, but by Blount; and the entry in the Stationers' Register is under the name of Edward Blount, with the date December 5th, 1615, which was only a few months later than the date of the issue of the original Second Part at Madrid. The Second Part is far

more loosely and hastily translated than the First, which has given rise to the belief that it was not the work of Shelton but of some other hand. There is even some reason to doubt whether there was any Thomas Shelton other than Edward Blount himself. However this may be, it is a book which, in spite of its numerous and glaring faults, is worthy to be prized for its language alone as a treasure of quaint, delightful, rough English, in which the spirit of Cervantes survives better than in any of the more modern versions. A second edition of Shelton, corrected and revised, but little bettered, by Captain Stevens, was published in 1652; and there were several editions in the last century.

The History of the most renowned Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, now made English according to the humour of our modern language. Folio. London, 1687.

This was by John Phillips, Milton's nephew,—a poor, ribald piece of work, without a spark of the original humour, now deservedly forgotten.

The History of the renowned Don Quixote. Translated from the original by several hands, and published by Peter Motteux. 4 vols. 12mo. London, 1701.

This is Motteux's version, of which I have spoken fully elsewhere. It has been rated far too high by Lockhart, who brought out a new edition in 1822, with original notes (almost wholly taken from Pellicer), and translations of the ballads. It is to be noted that Motteux's work clearly shows marks of the "several hands" employed, the language being by no means uniform, with some chapters better than others. The Second Part is generally closer to the text and more carefully executed than the First,—which is not usual in the translations of *Don Quixote.* There have been recent reprints of Motteux, of which the only merits are the handsome type and paper. The etchings in one of them by Los Rios are spirited and Spanish, but not Quixotesque or faithful to the text.

The Life and Exploits of the Ingenious Gentleman, Don Quixote of La Mancha. Translated by Charles Jarvis. 2 vols. 4to. London, 1742.

This was a posthumous work of the painter, Charles Jervas, the friend of Pope, of which I have spoken fully elsewhere. It is the translation best known in commerce, holding its ground apparently to the present day,—I am puzzled to know why, except that it is a commonplace and unhumorous production, with the few naughty words in the text softened for polite modern ears. There are numerous revised versions of Jarvis, in which his style is still farther smoothened and conventionalised.

The History and Adventures of Don Quixote. Translated from the Spanish by T. Smollett. 2 vols. 4to. London, 1755.

This was evidently an enterprise started by the booksellers in opposition to Jarvis. Smollett knew nothing of Spanish, and seems to have used a French original. It is very loose and vulgar, and altogether worthless, save for some happy turns of English.

The History of Don Quixote. Illustrated with engravings after R. Smirke, R.A. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1818.

A translation made by the artist's sister, who seems to have had no more Spanish than her predecessors. The plates are strikingly unlike anything in the text.

The Ingenious Knight Don Quixote of La Mancha. A new translation by A. J. Duffield. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1851.

—With all the poetry, as appears from a recent republication of it, done by Mr. J. Y. Gibson.

The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha. By John Ormsby. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1885.

—Of which I may be excused from giving any opinion, other than is contained in my references to some of Mr. Ormsby's readings and theories.

FRENCH.

Le Valeureux Don Quixote de la Manche, &c. Traduit fidèlement de l'Espagnol, par Cesar Oudin. 8vo. Paris, 1616.

This, the first translation of the First Part only, is usually joined to F. Rosset's *Histoire du Redoubtable et Ingênieux Chevalier Don Quixote.* 8vo. Paris, 1618. Neither has any merit except a certain *naïveté* and quaintness of expression, or any value save for the old language.

Histoire de l'admirable Don Quixote de la Manche. 4 vols. 12mo. Paris, 1677–8.

This is by Filleau de St. Martin, and, like nearly all the French versions, very unfaithful. None of the European translators have departed more widely from the spirit of Cervantes than the French, evidently under the idea that this was some barbarous genius who had to be trimmed and clipped to be made presentable to the polite world.

Florian published what he called a translation of *Don Quixote* in 1799, but it is a mere abridgment, adapted to the French genius, having nothing but a certain grace of style,—as unlike the original grace of Cervantes as possible,—to recommend it. There is no other French version worthy of mention till we come to—

L'Ingénieux Hidalgo Don Quichotte. Traduit et annoté par Louis Viardot. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1836.

First published with the woodcuts of Tony Johannot, which are very spirited, but very un-Spanish. M. Viardot's is by far the best of the French translations, in spite of the trenchant attack which was made upon it by Biedermann in *Don Quichotte et la tâche de ses traducteurs.* (Paris, 1839.) Viardot was a competent Spanish scholar, who had some knowledge of Spain and of the character of its people. He has a habit of shirking difficulties,—sometimes of omitting whole pas-

sages, which he cannot understand or is afraid to tackle,—but he has a good style of his own, and has Frenchified Cervantes with much success.

The more recent French versions are those of Damas-Hinard (1847), Furne (1858), and Lucien Biart (1878),—the last with a sympathetic preface by Prosper Merimée. I do not think any of them equal to Viardot's, Biart's being professedly accommodated to the humour of the French.

Of the other European translations it is needless to give a detailed account. The oldest German version is of the date 1621, extending to only a portion of the First Part. The version of Tieck, to highly applauded by Heine, is lively and spirited, but by no means faithful. Of the other modern translations that of Braunfels, the latest (4 vols. sm. 8vo. Stuttgart, 1884) is, by those competent to form an opinion, judged to be the best.

The earliest Italian version is that of Franciosini, of which the first complete edition is that of 1625. It seems to me more faithful to the letter of Cervantes than any of the early foreign versions; and it has this special value in the eyes of the students of Cervantes, that at the time it was written Spanish must have been a familiar language in Italy. I have myself found much assistance in Francosini, in understanding words and phrases, now obsolete in Spanish, and unexplained by any of the commentators. Franciosini's translation seems to hold its place to this day in Italy.

Of the Dutch, Russian, Polish, Danish, Swedish, Hungarian, Romaic, Servian, Guzerati, and other versions, I may perhaps be excused from speaking, feeling myself but indifferently well qualified to give an opinion. To the mass of my readers it will be sufficient to know that *Don Quixote* has been translated into all these languages, and is a popular book in every one of them, however badly translated.

THE OTHER WORKS OF CERVANTES.

This Bibliography of *Don Quixote* cannot be complete without some notice of the other works of the author, referred

to in my Life of the author. Of these it will be sufficient to cite the dates of their appearance, and the best extant editions.

The *Galatea* was published in 1585, at Alcalá de Henares, in an octavo of 575 pages, with sixteen preliminary pages. Frequently reprinted during the Seventeenth century, it seems to have afterwards fallen off in popularity, till reproduced in 2 vols. 8vo. by Sancha, 1794. There is a French version, or rather paraphrase, by Florian, in which great liberties are taken with Cervantes. There is a modern English translation by G. W. Gyll (1867), which I have not seen.

The *Novelas Exemplares* were first published in 1613, by Juan de la Cuesta, and were frequently reprinted. The *Tia Fingida*, which some have ascribed to Cervantes, but which was never claimed by him, was first published at Berlin in 1818 by Franceson and F. A. Wolff, from a manuscript of one Francisco de Pórras. The Novels (without this addition) were included in Sancha's edition of Cervantes' minor works, in 1783. They have never been properly edited, and are best to be read in Rivadeneyra's recent editions of Cervantes' complete works, of which by-and-by. There is an old French translation by Rousset, including two stories not by Cervantes, published in 1640, and a modern agreeable version by Viardot, of 1838. The first English translation, under the title of *Exemplarie Novells*, by Don Diego Puede-Ser (*i.e.* James Mabbe), was published in 1640. It includes only six out of the twelve stories. There is a recent English translation of the whole by W. K. Kelly, in Bohn's *Library*.

The *Viaje* (originally spelt *Viage*) *del Parnaso* was first published in Madrid, by "the widow of Alonso Martin," 1614, in a small 8vo of 96 pages. The early copies of this impression had a sonnet by Cervantes, headed "The Author to his Pen," which was afterwards omitted, it is said because of a notion that it seemed in the last three lines to hint at pecuniary assistance as being needed by him. It was once reprinted at Milan in 1624, but not again till by Sancha in his collection, in 1784, together with the *Numancia* and *El Trato de Argel.* There is a very good French version of the poem by Guardia (1864), with a long biographical appendix; and a most excel-

lent and spirited one in English by the late J. Y. Gibson, 1853, with an interesting introduction and notes.

The *Ocho Comedias y Ocho Entremeses — nuevos, nunca representados*—were published by the widow of Alonso Martin in 1615. They were reprinted in 1749, with a curious preface by Blas de Nasarre, in 2 vols. 4to. These have never been translated, though some of the *Entremeses*, or Interludes, might well bear being turned into English, being full of humour and spirit. In addition to these acknowledged plays of his, which are all that survive, there is an *Auto*, or Sacred Drama, entitled *Comedia de la Soberana Virgen de Guadalupe*, first published anonymously in 1617, which Señor Asensio has reprinted in his series of the *Bibliofilos Andaluces*, claiming it to be the work of Cervantes,—I think on doubtful evidence.

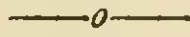
Of the posthumous work of Cervantes, *Los Trabajos de Persiles y Sigismunda*, the first edition was published in 1617 by Juan de la Cuesta. It contains an interesting epitaph on the author by Francisco de Urbina, and a eulogistic sonnet by Francisco Calderon. There were three or four editions of *Persiles* in the same and in the succeeding year; but it was not printed again till by Sancha, in 2 vols., 1781.

A complete edition of all the works of Cervantes, edited in a manner worthy of the fame of the author, is up to the present time a desideratum. There is no edition containing all his writings which can be said to be satisfactory. The truth is, that the fame and popularity of *Don Quixote* are so great as to overpower and oppress the children of the same family, some of whom suffer undeserved neglect from the exclusive favour which is bestowed on the favourite. None of the minor works, in prose or poetry, have received any care or attention. They are reproduced mechanically, because they are the works of Cervantes, but they have never been edited, even in that partial and imperfect way that *Don Quixote* has been edited. The best, because the fullest and most complete, edition of the *Opera Omnia* of Cervantes, is undoubtedly that which was produced under the joint editor-

ship of Rosell and Hartzenbusch, in twelve handsome volumes, of which the *Don Quixote* forms four, printed at Argamasilla in 1864. This, in all externals, in beauty of type and paper, and in splendour of press-work, is worthy of Cervantes. But it includes several pieces which can on no sufficient evidence be proved to be his, while, except the volumes containing the *Don Quixote*, it does not appear to have received much critical revision. As for the *Don Quixote* in this edition, unhappily it has been treated in Hartzenbusch's method,—the text being arbitrarily altered in many places to suit that editor's ideas of what Cervantes ought to have written, without regard to the author's own words. This wanton and ungodly desecration of the text must ever deprive Hartzenbusch's edition of any claim to be recognised as final or sufficient.

There is a humbler and more compact edition of Cervantes' works, published by Rivadeneyra in one volume, forming the first of the series of the useful *Biblioteca de los Autores Españoles*, which is, perhaps, the best which the student can have. It contains the life by Aribau, *Galatea*, the *Novelas Exemplares*, *Don Quixote*, *Persiles and Sigismunda*, the *Viaje del Parnaso*, and some selected short pieces of verse. There is an edition of the complete works published under the care of Agustin Garcia de Arrieta, in 10 vols. 32mo, at Paris, 1826, containing the life by Navarrete (without the valuable *Ilustraciones y Documentos*), the Analysis by Don Vicente de los Rios, the *Numancia*, and one or two of the Interludes,—without the *Persiles*. But the form is inconveniently small, and the title is a misnomer, for these are not all the works of Cervantes.

APPENDIX D.



THE ROMANCES OF CHIVALRY.

THE romances of chivalry, the popular taste for which, in its extravagance, it was the object of Cervantes in his *Don Quixote* to correct, may be said for the most part to owe their survival to the book which overthrew their influence. Seeing the extent to which they have been used by Cervantes in the composition of his own romance, and the close connexion between the adventures and incidents recorded in them and those which are introduced into *Don Quixote*, some account of these once famous books of chivalries, by the reading of which the wits of Alonso Quixano were turned, so that he imagined himself a Knight Errant, is absolutely indispensable for the proper understanding of *Don Quixote*. I will not attempt in this place to give my readers a complete history of that literature which, especially in Spain, attained to a growth so monstrous and to a popularity so amazing. They must be content with a concise bibliography only of such of the books as are directly mentioned by Cervantes, or to the scenes and characters of which he has made reference in *Don Quixote*,—by way of a general supplement to the brief notes which are appended to the English text.

There has been no better classification of the romances than that which is proposed by Señor Gayangos, in his excellent *Discurso Preliminar* to the *Libros de Caballerías*, published in the *Biblioteca de los Autores Españoles* (1857). Señor Gayangos divides the Romances into six classes:—1st, the Breton Age; 2nd, the Carlovingian; 3rd, the Greco-Asiatic; 4th, the Divine or Religious Books; 5th, the Historical; and 6th, the

Translations or Paraphrases of the Romantic Poems of Italy into Spanish. For my own purpose, seeing that I confine myself simply to the books in Don Quixote's library and to those mentioned by Cervantes, it will be more convenient to adapt a simpler, though probably less logical, division into five classes, viz. :—1st, the Romances of Castilian Origin, of which *Amadis of Gaul* is the type; 2nd, the Books of Provençal or Valencian growth; 3rd, the Carlovingian Romances; 4th, the Breton; and 5th, all others of various kinds, not to be brought into any of the other categories.

CLASS 1.—THE CASTILIAN ROMANCES.

Sect. 1.—THE FAMILY OF AMADIS.

The first of the series of purely Spanish books of chivalries, as Cervantes himself has said, and the parent of this species of literature in the Peninsula, was unquestionably *Amadis of Gaul*. The age of this book, as from internal evidence was plainly to be gathered, has now been incontestably proved by Señor Gayangos to be considerably earlier than has hitherto been supposed; and to the same authority we are indebted for having cleared up all doubts as to its origin. For many generations the *Amadis* has been held to be of Portuguese invention,—the authorship being credited to Vasco de Lobeira, a knight of King Joam I.'s court, who flourished during the latter half of the Fourteenth century. Southey, in the preface to his translation, or rather abridgment, of *Amadis*, unhesitatingly accepted the theory of Vasco de Lobeira being the author, and indeed such was the general belief even in Spain. By the French, of course, who claim everything that is romantic, or witty, or humorous to be theirs by divine right, the source of *Amadis* is declared to be France. The Comte de Tressan, who made what is, in a double sense, a free *travestie* of some of these Spanish romances, pretends to have seen a manuscript of *Amadis* in the Picard language in the Vatican; but his veracity is probably no more to be trusted than his logic when he gravely argues that because the

first three books of *Amadis* are superior in tone and in taste to all succeeding ones, therefore they must have been originally French. Sir Walter Scott seems to have been first, in an article in the *Quarterly Review*, to suggest, from a curious passage in the book itself, that Lobeira could not have been the original author. The question has since been threshed out, and there is no longer any reason to doubt,—1st, that Amadis was of Castilian birth; and, 2nd, that the story in some shape was current in Spain before the middle of the Fourteenth century. I must be content here to quote one leading fact in the long process of argument by which this point has been settled, referring those who desire to investigate the matter further to Gayangos' *Preliminary Discourse*, or to Baret's *L'Amadis de Gaule* (1853). In a poem, by the famous Lopez de Ayala, Chancellor of Castile, who fought at the battle of Najera, and was taken prisoner by the Black Prince and brought to England, he describes himself as having foolishly wasted much time in reading those lying books, *Amadis* and *Lancelot*. Now the battle of Najera was fought in 1367, when Ayala was five-and-thirty years of age. As the reference is obviously to the days of his youth, the *Amadis*, spoken of as a well-known book, must have been current at least as far back as 1350. It could not, therefore, possibly have been a translation from the Portuguese of Vasco de Lobeira, who was known to have been knighted at the battle of Aljubarrota, in 1385, and therefore is presumed not to have been older than twenty-five at that date. (See Gayangos and Baret.) A further and conclusive proof that Lobeira was not the original author is found in a curious passage in ch. xl. bk. 1. of *Amadis*, relating to a certain adventure of that chaste hero with Briolania, Queen of Sobradisa, in which the writer confesses that he was compelled to alter "what in effect had been written" (*aquello que en effecto se escrivia*) in deference to the wishes of the Infante Alfonso of Portugal, who, having taken pity on the disconsolate damsel, insisted that her love should be returned. So returned it was (under protest of the compiler), who reluctantly makes Amadis break his vows of constancy to Or'ana, with the result to Briolania of twins,—a boy and a girl. The

shame-faced reluctance with which the author, or compiler, who might have been Lobeira, but was more probably Montalvo, records this incident, so damaging to the hero's character,—apologising to posterity for having been compelled to yield to the Royal wish,—is most amusing. It is obvious, as Scott observes, that the work upon which Lobeira made this interpolation was not his own, but a translation or paraphrase of some older story. In conclusion, what is established by the latest researches is that there was an *Amadis* in three books current in Spain at least as late as the middle of the Fourteenth century, and probably earlier; that Lobeira translated this original Spanish story into Portuguese; that a subsequent Spanish author, Garci Ordoñez de Montalvo brought back the romance into Castilian, with additions of his own;—pruning it, according to his own statement, of many superfluous phrases and antique words, and putting others in their place of a "more polite and elegant style," with the object of "inspiring the gentle hearts of warlike youth and animating the immortal memory of the art of Chivalry, no less most honourable than glorious."

Montalvo, according to his preface, must have written after the conquest of Granada in 1492. The date of the original first edition of *Amadis* is unknown, but Señor Gayangos is of opinion that the book was printed before the close of the Fifteenth century. He himself in his catalogue quotes the edition of Salamanca of 1510 as the earliest extant; but since, there has appeared at Sotheby & Wilkinson's sale of the Baron de Seillière's Library, an edition of Zaragoza, believed to be unique, of the date of 1508. The full title of this precious volume is—

Los quatros libros del Virtuoso Cavallero Amadis de Gaula, complidos.

The Fourth book is supposed to be entirely the work of Montalvo, but it is more probable that he expanded the original three books into four. Baret is of opinion that the original *Amadis* ended with the arrival of the hero at the court of King Lisuarte, after the battle with the giants (bk. ii.

ch. xviii.). Certainly there are some incidents in the Third Book, and, indeed, the whole of the adventures in Constantinople and in the Island of the Devil, with the slaughter of the Dragon, which seem to me to have a more modern cast. I am inclined to believe that the passages extolling the piety of Amadis and recording his benefactions to the Church, his endowments of monasteries, and which are curiously out of gear with the rest of the story, have been interpolated. The end of the Fifteenth and the beginning of the Sixteenth century was the period when the ecclesiastical power in Spain first reached its high development, under Isabella the Catholic. The Fourteenth century, when the romance was begotten, was not so religious. The magic in the *Amadis* proper is of the most primitive kind, and the supernatural scarcely perceptible. Arcalaus is but a feeble hand at sorcery; and Urganda a very unimaginative fairy, whose powers are quite unequal to her good intentions. As to all that relates to the birth of Esplandian and his mysterious bringing up, it is clearly introduced by Montalvo in order to lead up to his own story, and the Fifth book of *Amadis*, called—

Las Sergas del vertuoso cavallero Esplandian, hijo de Amadis.

Inasmuch as there is a Sixth book extant, with the date of 1510, it is not unreasonably conjectured that the date of the first edition of *Esplandian* must be before 1510. None is now known earlier than 1525. Esplandian is the son of Amadis, out of Oriana, born before their nuptials, as was so often the case with the heroes of chivalric romance. Montalvo relates with much simplicity how the fairy Urganda appeared to him, and while urging him to his task, spoke of his being almost too silly and unlettered a man to hold such an office as that of *Regidor* in the State. The adventures in *Esplandian* are of less interest than those in *Amadis*, the son being merely a copy of the father in all his exploits, only more valiant and less virtuous.

The Sixth book of *Amadis* is that directed to the great and notable deeds of *Don Florisando*, Prince of Cantaria, son of

Don Florestan, and nephew of Amadis. It is by an unknown hand, and very scarce in any edition.

The Seventh book treats of the great deeds in arms of *Lisuarte of Greece*, the son of Esplandian, and of Perion of Gaul, son of Galaor, his uncle. The anonymous author, in a dedication to the Archbishop of Seville, declares that he found the manuscript (written in Greek by the magician Alquife) in London, whence he brought it to Spain and translated it, with emendations. This was a common form with the writers of these romances, which Cervantes has parodied, in order to heighten their readers' curiosity. Many of the passages in the original story of *Amadis* are introduced here, with Amadis himself, and the adventures have a strong family likeness to those of the parent romance, only that they are described with less simplicity and more exaggeration. The geography is even wilder, and includes a greater range of country,—the Knights being called in to assist at a domestic piece of business, fighting for the Spanish King against *El Miramolin* (*Amir-al-Momenin*) in the neighbourhood of Cordova.

The Eighth book of *Amadis* is concerned with the deeds of the same Lisuarte of Greece, nephew of Amadis, by another hand, Juan Diaz, who apparently was not aware of the existence of the Seventh book until its publication, for he originally called his own the Seventh. In this, the old Amadis, now King of Great Britain, is hard pressed by a combination of his enemies (pagans) in his capital of *Fenusa* (Winchester?) until relieved by his nephews and a strong contingent of Knights Errant, raised in every part of Christendom,—the Pope consenting, at the prayer of the confederates, and in view of the great peril the true religion is in, to relax his ordinance against Knights Errant. In the end the Christians conquer, and the heathen are compelled to abandon their designs upon Great Britain. In the 174th chapter, the old Amadis dies, and is buried with extraordinary ceremony. The book is not less rare than others of the series, the first edition being apparently that of Seville, in 1526.

The Ninth book is styled the *Chronicle of the very valiant*

and puissant Prince and Knight of the Burning Sword Amadis of Greece, the son of Lisuarte of Greece. This is by Feliciano de Silva, who is also believed to have written number 7 in the series (*Lisuarte of Greece*). In this, the chivalric romance is carried to its utmost pitch of extravagance, Silva changing the style of the older books into one peculiar to himself, of extraordinary floweriness and rodomontade, such as Cervantes has most frequently ridiculed in *Don Quixote.* In *Amadis of Greece*, all the old heroes, or such as survive of them, are introduced, with adventures very similar though more tedious and insipid, and one novelty, which is the pastoral element, now for the first time mingled with the warlike business,—marking a change in the popular taste.

The next, or Tenth in the series, is also by Feliciano de Silva, called the *Chronicles of Don Florisel de Niquea and the brave Anaxartes, sons of Amadis of Greece*, in two parts. This was first printed at Valladolid in 1532. It exhibits Silva in his topmost frenzy of chivalric invention, with some new personages, and a further development of the pastoral business.

The Eleventh book of *Amadis*, called the third part of *Florisel de Niquea*, is also by Feliciano de Silva, and is dedicated to the recording of the prodigious adventures of *Don Rogel of Greece*, the son of Florisel. It was first published at Seville, in 1536, with a continuation in 1551, enlarging upon the amours of Don Rogel with the fair Archisidea. This continuation is remarkable for a long prologue, addressed to the Queen Doña Maria, daughter of Charles V., in which Silva enumerates the warlike deeds of her father, especially his campaign against the Protestants in Saxony, from which it is supposed that the book was intended to celebrate as in an allegory, says Gayangos, the military and domestic virtues of the Emperor Charles.

The Twelfth book is *Don Silves de la Selva*, less known than any of the preceding, by Pedro de Lujan, published in 1546.

The Thirteenth book is that of *Esferamundi*, son of Rogel and Archisidea, of doubtful origin. The only existing version is an Italian one, said by the author, Mambrino de Roseo, to

have been taken from the Spanish; but Gayangos supposes it to be of Roseo's invention.

There is a still more dubious Fourteenth book, called *Penalva*, written in Portuguese, in which the author, not satisfied with the death of Amadis in the Eighth book, brings him to life again in order to finish him off with more ceremony. Nothing is known of *Penalva*, except from a notice in Nicolás Antonio's *Bibliotheca Nova*.

Here ends the long line of Amadis of Gaul in his native country,—the most famous and the most popular of all the series of Spanish romances, not only in Spain but among foreign nations. A complete collection of these romances in the original folios is a treasure such as has hitherto baffled the quest of the keenest bibliomaniac. Perhaps my friend Don Pascual possesses a larger and rarer library of books of chivalries than any which exists. Few of them have been reprinted since the Sixteenth century, and nearly all remain in the Gothic letter. The volume of *Libros de Caballerias*, published in Rivadeneyra's series, includes only the four parts of the original *Amadis* with the *Sergas de Esplandian*. The translations are numerous. Nicholas D'Herberay, Sieur des Essarts, at the instance, it is said, of Francis I., turned six of the first books of *Amadis* into French in 1540; and the series has been continued in French by other hands, with the addition of new books, until a Twenty-fourth book is reached by an anonymous translator, which appeared at Paris in 1615. These later French continuations are wanting in all the redeeming qualities of the original *Amadis:* the style is debased, and the native simplicity and grace degraded into looseness and obscenity. In the Twenty-third book the adventurers betake them to America, a country which up to then had never been mentioned. Even the original translations of D'Herberay, though interesting for their picturesque old French, depart greatly from the Spanish text, the manners of the heroes being Frenchified as well as their language, while Gaul, the ancestral home of the Amadises, is made to be not Wales, but France. There are two early English translations of *Amadis*, by Thomas Paynel and by Anthony Munday,—one of *Esplandian*, and

some of the later heroes,—all of which are now very scarce, *Amadis* having been almost as much read in England for a time as he was in Spain. Southey's version of the romance is but an abridgment, with many of the characteristic scenes omitted,—written with much elegance and spirit, however, and in a form which makes the old story even now very readable. There are Italian versions of most of these books,—Bernardo Tasso having founded on Amadis his poem of *Amadigi di Francia* (mistaking Gaul for France), and the greater poet, his son, praising it as "the most beautiful and, perhaps, the most profitable story of its kind that can be read."

Sect. II.—THE PALMERINS.

The next family of romances belonging to this cycle, almost equal in popularity to the Amadises, and quite as prolific, is that of the *Palmerins*. The first of these, and the parent of the race, is *Palmerin of Oliva*, said to have been the work of a carpenter's daughter of Burgos (Gayangos says Ciudad Rodrigo), which was first printed at Salamanca in 1511. Eight editions followed in quick succession. This Palmerin was the son of Florendos, who was the son of Primaleon or Pigmaleon, King of Macedonia. Being of unlawful birth, he was exposed by his mother in an olive plantation, whence his name *de Oliva*. After many adventures in the manner of Amadis, though told with far less spirit and simplicity, Palmerin becomes Emperor of Constantinople. To him succeeded his son *Primaleon*, by the same pen, after whom came *Polindo*, followed by *Platir* and *Flotir*, none of them of much account.

The Sixth in this series, and by far the best as well as most famous, is *Palmerin of England*, son of the King Duardos or Duarde (Edward), and of Flerida, daughter of Palmerin of Oliva. This "Palm of England," as Cervantes calls it, was, like Amadis of Gaul, his great competitor, for a long time supposed to be of Portuguese origin—the work of one Francisco Moraes, of Evora. But the discovery of a Spanish version, printed at Toledo in 1547, proves, as Vicente Sálvá was the

first to point out in the *Repertorio Americano* (vol. iv.), that the author was Luis Hurtado, whose name is revealed in an acrostic addressed to his readers. (See the whole question discussed in Gayangos' tract, *De Palmerin de Inglaterra y de su Verdadero Autor.* Madrid, 1862.) As a story *Palmerin* is only inferior to *Amadis*, on the general scheme of which it is founded. Palmerin has a brother, Florian, who is to him what Galaor is to Amadis. The difference of spirit between the two books is simply the difference of their ages. Amadis is of the Fourteenth century, when chivalry was still a living faith and a real institution; Palmerin is of the Sixteenth century, when the pure ideal of Knighthood had been blotted out by the spirit of gold-seeking, the product of the American discoveries. When Luis Hurtado wrote, Knights and Knight-errantry were already shadows of the past, with no more reality than the dragons they slew and the magic they encountered. The story of Palmerin, as being more modern, has more of human interest than the other. The action is more varied, the motives less strained; there is more sensibility, as Ticknor remarks, to natural scenery; and the personages, as Cervantes says, talk more easily and naturally. In regard to the fighting, Southey observes most judiciously:—"When the author of *Amadis* has a combat to describe, he fairly fights it: in this he exceeds all poets and all romancers; even Ariosto and Tasso are far inferior to him. The author of *Palmerin*, on the contrary, sets everything before your eyes: he paints the lists and the spectators, and enters into the feelings both of those who are engaged and those who look on." Southey concludes a very laudatory notice of the book (of which he produced an English version in 1807, which is still very readable), by declaring:—"I know of no romance and no epic in which suspense concerning the conclusion is so successfully kept up." In many respects *Palmerin of England* differs notably from all the other romances, and chiefly by a more modern cast of thought and a greater show of literary art. It does not appear to have been reprinted so often as most of the others; and of the original edition of 1547–48 only two copies are known to be extant, one of which is in the British

Museum. There was an early English translation in 1602 by "the Grub-Street Patriarch," Anthony Munday (probably from the French), which is a wretched piece of work, wherein it is confidently stated, "gentlemen may find choice of sweet inventions, and gentlewomen be satisfied in courtly expectations."

The Portuguese carried on the line of Palmerin to two or three generations, but with these, though the scene is still laid in England, we are not here concerned.

The two classes of the Amadises and the Palmerins make up what Gayangos calls the "Greco-Asiatic," and Duran the "Galo-Grecian" cycle. I should rather call it the Hispano-British class. All the principal heroes, though they go far afield for adventures, are of British, Welsh, or Scottish origin. Their homes are in the British islands. Amadis comes to be King of Great Britain himself, and Palmerin is son of a King of England. In fact, all internal evidence tends to confirm the hypothesis that the original and typical romance, which is *Amadis of Gaul*, grew into being with the arrival of the English contingent in Spain, in 1367, under the Black Prince,—himself the most famous warrior of the day, with the flower of British, Norman, and Gascon chivalry, in aid of the cause of Don Pedro against his bastard brother Henrique. This was the first time in history that Spain was brought into actual contact with England; and though the campaign was of little permanent benefit to either side, it cannot be doubted that the spectacle of this armoured host, under the leadership of the great and victorious Prince, left a deep impression on the popular imagination. It is true that the knowledge gained of England and of Englishmen was somewhat vague. The geography of *Amadis* is rather confused, seeing that Windsor (Vindilisora) is made an island, and Amadis has to take ship from Wales to get to Great Britain, while he is able to ride from London to the *Insula Firme*, which should be a peninsula on the coast of Brittany. But clearly the writers meant to point to Great Britain as the principal seat of chivalry in the Fourteenth century, as undoubtedly it was,—the Court of Edward III. being the most distinguished in that age as the most perfect system of Knighthood, on the model of the

Round Table, while the Black Prince was well known in Spain by his feats, and might well be regarded as the Knight Errant *par excellence*—the model fighting man.

Sect. III.—Independent Romances.

Of the stories belonging neither to the Amadis nor to the Palmerin series which Gayangos includes in his Greco-Asiatic cycle, the most notable is that of *Belianis of Greece*, written by one Gerónimo Fernandez, an advocate of Madrid, under the name of the Sage Friston. This was the favourite book of Charles V., distinguished by Cervantes for its "excessive choler," needing "a little rhubarb to purge it." It is one of the most foolish and extravagant of the series, although the Archbishop of Rosis (cited by the author) avers Belianis to be without an equal among the Knights of that age for piety, "in which quality he excelled the most sequestered of monks,"—as he very well might do.

Among the numerous Knights of the independent sort is *Don Cirongilio de Tracia*, by Bernardo de Vargas, published 1545—known only as having been one of the books in the innkeeper's collection, together with *Felixmarte* or *Florismarte of Hircania*, which was also in the library of Don Quixote. Among these may be reckoned *Don Florambel de Lucea*, whose adventure with a Princess in the dark is supposed to have suggested the scene between Don Quixote and Maritornes. *Lepolemo*, or the *Knight of the Cross*, is another of the books which were in Don Quixote's library, described by Gayangos in terms which scarcely seem to justify the sentence pronounced on him by the Priest at the Inquisition. It differs much from its class. The adventures, though marvellous, are not incredible. The geography is less wild, though the scenes are laid in places hitherto untrodden by the foot of Knight Errant, such as Tripoli and Kairwan. In place of dwarfs and damsels there are monks and chaplains. There are no enchantments, giants, or anything supernatural. The author is said to be Xarton, who, though versed in the magic arts, is of good intent and nature,—more like Cid Hamet

Benengeli, it has been said, than are any of the other Sages who have written such books. *Olivante de Laura* is another book which has the honour of having been included in Don Quixote's library, and conveyed to the yard for its arrogance and silliness. Lastly, there need only be mentioned in this class *The Knight of Phœbus* or *Alfebo*, whose adventures are included in the four parts of *The Mirror of Princes and Knights* (not to be confounded with *El Espejo de las Caballerias* to be mentioned hereafter). This has the distinction of being by general consent the most puerile and stupid of all the books of chivalries,—marking the very lowest point touched by the human imagination concerning itself in these inventions. Yet, though directly satirised and burlesqued by Cervantes, to the *Knight of Phœbus* is to be assigned the singular glory of having been twice reprinted after the appearance of *Don Quixote*,—in 1617 and 1623.

CLASS II.—THE PROVENÇAL ROMANCES.

The romances of native Spanish birth, but which were either written originally in the Valencian or Catalan dialect, or owe their inspiration to a kindred Provençal source, stand naturally apart from those of Castilian growth. The most remarkable of them, and, indeed, one of the three principal books of chivalries for their matter or their style—*Amadis* and *Palmerin of England* being the other two—is *Tirante el Blanco*,—or, as it was called in its native tongue, *Tirant lo Blanch*,—or, to give him his full title, *Lo valoros e strenu Cavalier Tirant lo Blanch, Princep del Imperi Grech de Contestinoble:* Valencia, 1490.

This, the earliest existing book of chivalries in Spain, is the work of the "magnificent and virtuous cavalier," Johannot de Martorell, said in the title-page to have been translated from the English into Portuguese and thence into the vulgar tongue,—following the usual form in these books. The Spanish version did not appear till 1511, and is described by Gayangos as extremely unfaithful and little else than an abridgment, poorly executed. The date of the composition of the book is given,

by the author himself, as 1460, so that it is probably earlier than any of the Spanish romances, excepting the original *Amadis*. It differs essentially from any other romance, and breathes a curiously foreign tone, showing how distinct were the provinces in which the Provençal civilisation was preserved from the other parts of the kingdom in the Fifteenth century. The spirit is more refined. The society described is of a higher development, softer and more luxurious—Provençal and not Castilian,—the manners more profligate than in the Spanish or even the Breton romances. The exploits of the heroes are more matter-of-fact and less marvellous than in any of the other romances. There is, in fact, very little of chivalry in the book. The Knights, as Cervantes says, "eat and sleep, and die in their beds, and make their wills before death." They resort to science and to cunning, as well as to brute valour and strength, using artillery and engines, as well as swords and spears. There are no miracles, and only one small piece of magic. Tirante himself is rather a skilful general than a valiant soldier. There is a self-conscious air and a distinct trace of humour in the story, which mark it as the product of a less simple and heroic age. The dress, the weapons, the habits and customs belong, indeed, to the Fifteenth century, —but it is the Fifteenth century of Provence, not of Spain. A great portion of the story is laid in England. The Prince of Wales, Guy Earl of Warwick (Varoych), the Tower of London, the Order of the Garter, are introduced. "Lo Duch de Lancastre, lo Duch de Glocestre, lo Duch d'Atreria (?), lo Comte de Salasberi" figure among the English leaders. The hero, Tirante, does not appear until the plot is considerably advanced. The dominions of the King of England are invaded by a vast army of heathen from the Great Canary, who lay siege to London. The unbelievers succeed in obtaining possession of the English capital. The castle of the Earl of Warwick himself is besieged, such un-chivalric means being used for its reduction as "bombardes, balestes, colobrines, e springardes." At last the Earl, after incredible efforts, relieves his castle and his countess; the Paynim host is defeated, and London recovered. The King of England,

for joy, marries the daughter of the King of France, and the realm is given up to merry-making. At the jousts held in honour of the wedding, Tirante the White appears, and overthrows various doughty Knights, and returns home to lead the Greek forces against the Soldan of Babylon. Tirante wins an easy victory, after tremendous slaughter of the enemy, and returns to Constantinople, to be engaged, after several love affairs and much amorous correspondence, to the Emperor's daughter, but dies of a pleurisy before the match can come off, after leaving 100,000 ducats personalty. I cannot understand what Scott and Southey mean when they denounce *Tirante* for its profligacy. The former declares "it must have been written in a brothel." The latter says he "never met with a book which implied so beastly a state of feeling in the author." From this it is clear that neither Scott nor Southey ever read *Tirante* in the original, but must have derived their notion of it from the pretended French translation by the Comte de Caylus,—which is no translation at all, but an obscene parody. In the original Valencian book there is nothing impure and very little that is improper, though much that is loose. Cervantes' own opinion of the book, which, after a somewhat ambiguous sentence, he deliberately exempted from the flames, is most judicious. A copy of the original edition of *Tirant lo Blanch* brought £605, at Baron Seillière's sale.

There is a very rare book called *Cifar*, dealing with the adventures of a Knight who came to be King of "Menton," which belongs to this class, but, as it is not mentioned by Cervantes, I will pass it over, with others of the family.

CLASS III.—THE CARLOVINGIAN ROMANCES.

The romances included under this head by Gayangos are those, next to those of Amadis, most frequently mentioned and most commonly used in *Don Quixote.* They relate to the wars and conquests of Charlemagne and the exploits of the Twelve Peers, and are all founded upon the fabulous *Chronicle* attributed to Turpin, or Tilpin, Archbishop of Rheims. As the historical Turpin died in 778, he

could not have been the author of this Chronicle, which speaks of events long after that date. The best opinion is that the Chronicle styled *Gesta Caroli Magni* was written by Pope Calixtus II., who was elected to the Papal Chair in 1119, with a view to stimulate the crusade against the heathen, and especially to extend the worship of the Apostle St. James, better known as Santiago, in his shrine of Compostela. The Latin Chronicle is a mass of improbable inventions, attributing to Charlemagne and his Peers exploits such as were absolutely impossible. It has served, however, as the mine whence a great many romancists, including Ariosto and Boyardo, have drawn their materials. A Spanish version of Turpin's Chronicle, with several new lies added to suit the national taste, was written by Nicolás de Piamonte, and published at Seville in 1528. This was frequently reprinted, and is probably the direct source whence the Spanish Carlovingian romances were drawn. The earliest and the most elaborate of these romances was the *Espejo de Caballerias*, or Mirror of Chivalries, treating of the feats of Don Roldan (Orlando) and Don Reynaldos de Montalvan. Of this there were four parts, apparently by different authors, of which the first was published at Seville in 1533. There is a separate series of romances, of which Reynaldos is the principal hero, also in four parts. There is another book, in two parts, of which the giant Morgante is the leading hero,—the second part being little else than a translation of Pulci's semi-burlesque poem of *Morgante Maggiore*. To this class belongs the curious book of *Guarino Mesquino*, written originally in Italian by Andrea de Florencia, which is included by the author of the *Dialogo de la Lengua* (Juan Valdés), "among the most lying of books, of a style so vile that there is no good stomach which can stand the reading of them."

Many of the references, however, in *Don Quixote* to the Carlovingian heroes,—to Orlando especially,—are probably meant to apply not to the knights of the prose romances, but to the personages in the poems of *Orlando Furioso* and *Orlando Innamorato*, and a few to the Carlovingian ballads.

CLASS IV.—THE BRETON ROMANCES.

These, though usually claimed as being the original stock whence all the books of chivalries were drawn, are of comparatively infrequent mention in *Don Quixote.* Merlin, Arthur, and Lancelot figure indeed among the heroes who influence Don Quixote's actions, but the Spanish books in which their adventures are described are but rarely mentioned. The oldest now existing, and probably the earliest in point of date, is *El Baladro del Sabio Merlin*, or, *The Cry of the Sage Merlin*, —the cry which he uttered when dying, which was heard three leagues off. This was printed at Burgos in 1498, and is a translation, according to Gayangos, of an Italian book of the Fourteenth century. Lancelot du Lac was introduced into Spain in 1515, under the name of *Lanzarote del Lago*, in the *Demanda del Sancto Grial;* and *Tristan de Leonis*, at a very early period, under that name. The only truly Spanish hero of this class of romances referred to by Cervantes is *Tablante de Ricamonte*, who may be said to be a connecting link between the Knights of the Round Table and the Twelve Peers, as he partakes of the character both of the Breton and the Carlovingian books.

The truth is that the Breton romances never were so popular in Spain as those of indigenous growth. Arthur, and Lancelot, and Tristan were regarded as foreigners, while Amadis and Palmerin were natives. The deeds of the one may have kindled the spirit which led to the composition of the other; but we must make a distinction between the origin of the institution of chivalry and that of the literature of which it was the inspiration. I am unable to hold with M. Baret in his ingenious attempt to prove that, while *Amadis* is essentially Spanish, the germ of the romance is foreign,—that the theme has been imported from France, and is the issue of the same spring whence came the romances of the Round Table. The statement that *Amadis* and his family came in the suite of the Provençal literature is certainly not borne out by the facts. The spirit of the purely Spanish romance is essentially distinct from that of the Arthurian, and still more so from the Pro-

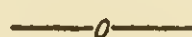
vençal. It is true that Cervantes himself, through the mouth of Don Quixote, assigns to King Arthur and his Round Table the origin of chivalry; but chivalry is one thing and chivalric romance another, nor is there the least proof of any connexion between the romantic literature of Spain of the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth centuries, with that which took its source in Brittany two or three centuries earlier, except so far as they were both the product of the ideas and feelings which gave rise to chivalry.

CLASS V.—MISCELLANEOUS ROMANCES.

There remain a few other romances, not to be classified in any of the above orders, of uncertain character. Some are founded on history, and were probably developed out of the ballads, such as the romance of the Moor Abindarraez and the Fair Xarifa, which is referred to in *Don Quixote*. An example of a purely imaginary romance, not connected with any of the great families, is the history of *Enrique Fi* (son) *de Oliva Rey de Hierusalem*, in which there is a character (Conde Tomillas) mentioned in *Don Quixote;* and the story of *La Linda Magalona*, which is a reproduction of the old French legend of *Pierre de Provence et la Belle Maguelonne*, of the Twelfth century. The chronicle of *The Nine of Fame* (Los Nueve de la Fama), in which is included the Life of the celebrated Bertrand de Guesclin, is probably also the subject of an allusion in *Don Quixote*.

These seem to exhaust the number of the books of chivalries which it was Cervantes' purpose to assail, because of their corrupting influence on the popular taste and morals. I have elsewhere maintained that it was not the composition of romances of chivalry at which his satire was levelled, but against the bad and extravagant books which were multiplied so enormously in Spain, in consequence of the success which was achieved by *Amadis*, by *Palmerin*, and one or two others whose character and authority Cervantes certainly never intended to destroy,—he himself being a great lover of romances of chivalry.

APPENDIX E.



HEINE ON CERVANTES AND DON QUIXOTE.

IN the following translation of Heine's charming essay on the genius of Cervantes and the character of *Don Quixote*, I am indebted to my friend, Mr. Francis Storr, the translator of the *Reisebilder*, &c. The essay appeared originally as an introduction to an illustrated German edition of *Don Quixote*, translated by Ludwig Tieck, in 1837.

"LIFE and Doings of the ingenious Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, described by Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra." So ran the title of the first book that I read after I had reached years of childish discretion, and had mastered, after a fashion, my alphabet. How vividly I still recall those early days when I stole out of the house at daybreak and hurried to the Palace Gardens, where I could read, without fear of interruption, my *Don Quixote*. It was a beautiful day in May; in the calm morning light the lusty spring lay open-eared, drinking in the adulations of her sweet flatterer, the nightingale, and the nightingale's song of praise had so caressing an air, such a melting rapture in it, that the shyest buds burst open, and the amorous grasses and balmy sunbeams kissed and kissed again, and trees and flowers shivered with pure ecstasy. But I sat myself down on an old moss-grown stone bench near the waterfall in the "Avenue of Sighs," as it was called, and feasted my small soul with the great adventures of the bold knight. In my childish simplicity I took everything in grave earnest; however ridiculous the turns that fortune played the poor hero, I said to myself, "It cannot be helped; to be

laughed at, I suppose, is a hero's part, no less than to be wounded," and my heart was indignant at the ridicule even as it bled for his wounds. I was a child, and knew not of the irony which God has put into the world, and which the great poet has reproduced in his miniature world of fiction, and in my ignorance I shed the bitterest tears when the noble knight for all his nobleness reaps only ingratitude and drubbings. I was unpractised in reading, and pronounced every word aloud, so that birds and trees, brooks and flowers, could follow my reading, and as such innocent creatures know as little as children of the irony of the world, they too, like me, took all in sober earnest, and wept with me over the poor hero's woes. An old superannuated oak actually sobbed aloud, and the waterfall wagged more desperately his white beard, and seemed to rail against this wicked world. We felt that the knight's heroism deserved our admiration none the less because the lion turned his back on him without deigning to fight; that his deeds were all the more meritorious because his body was weak and shrivelled, his armour rusty and rickety, and his charger a sorry jade. We despised the base rabble who braved it in their silk mantles, their courtly phrases, and ducal titles, and spurned a man so vastly their superior in intellect and nobility of soul. Dulcinea's knight continued to rise in my esteem and win my heart more entirely the longer I read in the wonderful book, and I never missed for one day my garden reading, so that by autumn I had reached the end of the story. That day I shall never forget when I read of the grievous encounter wherein my hero was destined to so ignominious a fall!

It was a dull day: ugly rain-clouds drifted across the leaden sky, the yellow leaves were falling dismally from the branches, heavy tear-drops hung on the petals of the few belated flowers that, fading, drooped their languid heads; the nightingales had long been mute; wherever I looked decay stared me in the face, and my heart was near to breaking as I read how the noble knight lay stunned and bruised upon the ground, and, without raising his visor, cried in faint and hollow tones, which sounded like a voice from the grave, to his conqueror,

"Dulcinea is the fairest woman in the world, and I the unhappiest knight on earth, but it is not meet that my weakness should disown this truth—stay not thy lance, Sir Knight!"

Alas! this shining knight of the silver moon, who overcame the bravest and noblest of men, was a disguised barber![1]

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Eight years have passed since I wrote for the Fourth Part of the *Reisebilder* this description of the impressions produced on me at a far more distant date by the perusal of *Don Quixote.* Heavens! How the years fly by! It seems as if it were but yesterday that I finished the book in the Avenue of Sighs in the Palace Gardens at Düsseldorf, as if my heart were still thrilling with admiration for the deeds and sorrows of the worthy knight. Has my heart remained constant for all these intervening years, or has it, after strange wanderings, returned to the early feelings of childhood? The latter supposition is the more likely, for I remember in the course of each lustrum of my life to have read *Don Quixote* with distinct alternations of feeling. In the exuberance of youthful vigour, when with rash hand I plucked at the roses of life and clomb the highest peaks to be nearer to the sun, and o' nights dreamed of nothing but eagles and chaste maidens, *Don Quixote* seemed to me a dry and heavy book, and if it came in my way I petulantly thrust it aside. Later on, when I had grown to man's estate, I became somewhat more reconciled to Dulcinea's luckless champion, and went so far as to laugh at him. "The fellow 's a fool," I said; and yet, 'tis strange but true, in all my life wanderings I have been haunted by the shadows of the gaunt knight and his fat squire, especially when I came to some critical parting of the ways. Thus I recollect on a certain journey to France awaking one morning in the post-chaise and observing in the early mist two well-known figures riding beside me, and the one on the right side was Don Quixote de la Mancha upon his abstract Rosinante, the other on the left was

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[1] See p. 254.

Sancho Panza on his positive donkey. We had just reached the French frontier. The noble knight of La Mancha bowed his head reverently before the tricolour which waved its greetings to us from the high boundary post, while Sancho saluted with a somewhat colder nod the first French gendarmes who made their appearance. At last, however, my two friends spurred ahead and were lost to sight, but I still caught now and again Rosinante's fiery neigh and the ass's answering bray.

At that time I held that the humour of Don Quixotism consisted in the vain endeavour of the noble knight to bring back to life a past that was long dead and buried, and the consequent abrasions that his poor body and in particular his back suffered by contact with hard facts. Alas! I have since discovered that it is a no less thankless folly to attempt prematurely to bring the future into the present, and that the assailant of the powerful interests of the day has but a sorry jade, frail arms, and a puny frame! At modern Quixotism, as of old, the man of sense shakes his wise head. And yet Dulcinea del Toboso is the fairest woman in the world; and, although I lie helpless in the dust, I will never eat my words. There is no help for it. Despatch me with your lances, ye silver knights of the moon, ye disguised barbers' 'prentices! What was the fundamental idea that the great author sought to embody in his great book? Was his sole purpose to destroy those romances of chivalry which were so much the rage with Spanish readers of the time that neither comminations of the Church nor State edicts were able to cope with them? Or was it his intention to cast ridicule on exhibitions of human enthusiasm in general and on military heroism in particular? Ostensibly his end and aim was to write a satire on the romances of knight-errantry, and so, by showing up their absurdities and turning the laugh against them, effectually to secure their overthrow. And he was a brilliant success. What neither the bench of bishops with their exhortations nor the bench of judges with their threats could bring about, a poor writer accomplished with his pen. The blow that he dealt to the old romances was so fatal that soon after the publication of

Don Quixote the taste for that class of literature died out in Spain and no more books of the kind were printed. But the pen of genius is always greater than the writer himself, and its influence extends beyond his immediate purpose. Without any clear consciousness of what he was doing, Cervantes has written the greatest of all satires against human enthusiasm. This assuredly cannot have been suspected by the hero who spent the greater part of his life in knightly encounters, and who, even in veteran old age, was wont to congratulate himself on having taken part in the battle of Lepanto, although this glory cost him his left hand.

Concerning the person and circumstances of the author of *Don Quixote*, his biographer has little to relate; nor do we lose much by the lack of such particulars, gathered, as they usually are, from the female gossips of the neighbourhood. They see but the husk; we see the man—his undistorted form and feature.

He was a handsome, powerful man, Don Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra,—a high forehead and a large heart, eyes with a strange magic in them; just as some men possess the power of seeing through the earth and viewing its buried treasures or corpses, so the great poet's eye pierced through the hearts of men, and saw what was hidden therein. To the good his glance was a ray of sunlight warming and lighting up their whole being; to the bad his glance was a sword piercing the marrow, and discerning the thoughts and intents of the heart. His glance penetrated to the very soul and questioned it, and, if it refused to answer, put it to the torture, and the soul lay bleeding on the rack, while its fleshly covering, it may be, assumed an air of patronising superiority. Can we marvel, then, that many were offended at him, and gave him scant aid on his earthly pilgrimage? Thus he never attained rank or affluence, and from all his weary wandering he brought home no pearls, but only empty shells. They tell us that he had no notion of the value of money, but I warrant that he appreciated its full value when he found himself penniless. Yet, never did he prize it so highly as his honour. He had debts, and among his works there is a charter which Apollo is supposed

to grant to poets, whereof the first paragraph runs as follows :—"If a poet declares he has no money, his simple affirmation shall suffice, and no oath shall be demanded of him." He loved music, flowers, and women, but even in his love for the sex he often was ill bested, especially in his youth. Was he crushed by the consciousness of future greatness when smarting from the prickles of saucy young rosebuds? Once on a bright summer afternoon, in his sallet days, he was walking by the banks of the Tagus, in the company of a fair coquette of sixteen summers, who kept mocking at his tender speeches. The sun had not yet set, it still glowed in all its golden splendour, but already high up in heaven was a tiny faint moon like a white cloudlet. "Seest thou," said the young poet to his lady love, "Seest thou up yonder that small pale disk? The river that flows by us seems to receive its feeble image on its proud tide solely out of charity, and at times the ruffled waves cast it mockingly ashore. But wait till the old day comes to die; as soon as darkness comes on, yonder pale disk will wax brighter and brighter, the whole river will be flooded by its light, and these insolent and despiteful billows will then be ravished at the sight of the bright orb, and rise with rapture to meet it."

It is in the works of poets that we must seek their history, for there are to be found their most private confessions. Throughout Cervantes' works, and in his plays even more than in *Don Quixote*, we discover what I have already mentioned, that he was an old soldier. In fact, the Roman proverb, "Life is a long battle," finds in his case a double application. He served as a common soldier in most of those wild games of war which Philip II. played in every part of the world, for the honour of God and his own amusement. The fact that Cervantes devoted the whole of his youth to the greatest champion of Catholicism, that he fought in person for the Catholic cause, is a strong presumption in favour of the view that he had those interests at heart, and a refutation of the widespread theory that it was only through fear of the Inquisition that he was withheld from ventilating in *Don Quixote* the Protestant ideas that were then in the air. No; Cervantes

was a true son of the Roman Catholic Church; not only did he bleed for her literally in knightly encounters beneath her sacred standard, but his whole soul suffered in her cause a cruel martyrdom during his long captivity among the Infidels.

For most of the details of Cervantes' life in Algiers we are indebted to accident. The history of his captivity shows that Cervantes was great as a hero no less than as a writer, and gives the lie direct to that polished man of the world who, by his false warblings, persuaded Augustus, and convinces all German pedants that he was a poet, and that poets are cowards.[1] No; the true poet is also a true hero, and carries in his breast that patience which, according to the Spanish proverb, is a second courage. There is in all history no grander spectacle than that of the noble Castilian who serves the Dey of Algiers as a slave, constantly meditating his release, indefatigably laying his bold plans, calmly facing all dangers, and, when his scheme miscarries, preferring to suffer death and torture rather than betray his accomplices. His bloodthirsty keeper is disarmed by such magnanimity and virtue; the tiger spares the caged lion, and cowers before the terrible one-armed cripple whom he might despatch with a single word. "The one-armed" is the name by which Cervantes is known through all Algiers, and the Dey confesses that he cannot sleep safely, or be sure of the safety of his city, his army, and his slaves, unless he knows that the one-handed Spaniard is in good custody.

I have already observed that Cervantes was to the end a common soldier, but having in this subordinate position distinguished himself, and even attracted the notice of his great commander, Don John of Austria, he received, on his return from Italy to Spain, a highly-flattering despatch, addressed to the king, in which his claims to promotion were most strongly urged. The Algerian pirates who captured him on the Mediterranean, seeing this letter, took him for a person of the highest rank, and accordingly demanded so enormous

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[1] Horace's confession, "Tecum Philippos, et celerem fugam,
Sensi, relictâ non bene parmulâ."

a ransom that his family, in spite of all their efforts and sacrifices, were unable to raise it, whereby the wretched poet's captivity was aggravated and prolonged. Thus the recognition of his eminence proved for him a fresh source of misfortune, and thus to the end of his days he was flouted by that savage dame, the goddess Fortune, who can never pardon genius for attaining to glory and renown without her patronage.

But are the misfortunes of genius always the mere result of blind chance, or are they rather the necessary consequences of his mind, his nature, and his surroundings? Is it he who tilts at the world of realities, or does the world of hard facts engage in an unequal contest with the man of high ideals?

Society is a democracy. When an individual towers above his fellows, the masses try to thrust him back by ridicule and abuse. They will have no one better or cleverer than the rest. If any one by the irrepressible force of genius does succeed in raising himself above humdrum mediocrity, he is straightway ostracised and persecuted with ruthless mockery and slander, till he is compelled to withdraw into the privacy of his own thoughts.

Yes, society is essentially republican. It hates all sovereignty, whether intellectual or material. And the latter kind of sovereignty supports the former more than is generally supposed. We ourselves were convinced of this fact soon after the July Revolution, when the spirit of republicanism manifested itself in all social relations. The laurels of a great poet were no less odious to our republicans than the purple of a great king. Even intellectual inequalities they determined to do away with, and considering all ideas that originated on the territory of the State as common property, they were logically bound to decree an equality of style. As a matter of fact, a good style was decried as aristocratic, and we frequently heard it maintained that "the true democrat will write like the masses —an honest, straightforward, matter-of-fact style." Most members of the advanced party found no difficulty in following this precept, but it is not given to all of us to write badly, especially if one has formed a habit of writing well, and in such a case there was a hue and cry, "The fellow is an aristocrat,

a stickler for form, a friend of art, an enemy of the people." I have no doubt they were sincere in their denunciations, like St. Jerome, who counted his good style a sin, and scourged himself soundly by way of penance.

There is in Don Quixote no trace of anti-Catholicism; neither is there any of anti-absolutism, and the critics who detect such are clearly mistaken. Cervantes was bred in a school which implicitly believed in unquestioning obedience to a suzerain, and even put this tenet into poetry. Their suzerain was the King of Spain, and that at a time when the brightness of his majesty covered the whole earth. The common soldier basked in the beams of that majesty, and willingly sacrificed his individual freedom, because at the same time he was satisfying the national pride of the Castilian.

The political greatness of Spain at that period could not help exalting and enlarging the genius of her writers. What was said of the empire of Charles V.,—that the sun never set on it,—applied no less to the genius of a Spanish poet. The wild wars against the Moors were ended, and as, after a thunderstorm, the flowers are most fragrant, so poetry puts forth its fairest blossom after a civil war. We observe the same phenomenon in England at the time of Elizabeth, when there arose a contemporaneous school of poets, which presents many striking parallels with the poets of Spain. As in England Shakspeare, so in Spain Cervantes, was the head and front of the school.

Like the Spanish poets under the three Philips, the English poets under Elizabeth have all a certain family likeness, and can lay no claim to originality in our sense of the word. They differ from their contemporaries not by any particular mode of thought and feeling or any particular style, but only by the peculiar depth, intensity, tenderness, and force that they manifest. Their works are more interfused and inspired by the divine air of poetry.

But both poets are not only the consummate flower of their own age, but also the germ of succeeding ages. As Shakspeare, by the influence of his works, more especially on Germany and on the France of to-day, may be justly regarded

as the founder of the modern drama, so Cervantes deserves to be honoured as the founder of the modern novel. On this topic I may be allowed to make a few passing observations. The old-fashioned novel, the so-called romance of chivalry, has its origin in Mediæval poetry; it was at first a prose rendering of those epic poems whose heroes belonged to the mythic cycle of Charlemagne and the Holy Grail. The subject-matter was invariably chivalrous adventure. It was the romance of the aristocracy, and the *dramatis personæ* were either fabulous monsters of fancy or knights with golden spurs; of common folk there was never a trace. These romances of chivalry, which were then degenerating into grotesque absurdities, Cervantes overthrew with his *Don Quixote*. But in writing a satire which was the death-warrant of the earlier romances he furnished at the same time the prototype of a new departure in that branch of creative literature which we call the modern novel. This is ever the way with great poets; they erect something new while subverting the old; their work when most destructive is always at the same time constructive. Cervantes founded the modern novel by introducing into the romance of chivalry a faithful portraiture of the lower classes, and scenes from everyday life. This *penchant* for descriptions of the life and character of the vulgar herd, of rogues and beggars, is not peculiar to Cervantes, but common to all his literary contemporaries, and noticeable not only in the poets but also in the painters of the time. A Murillo who steals heaven's own hues to paint his lovely Madonnas withal, portrayed no less lovingly the dirtiest denizens of this earth. Possibly it was enthusiasm for art itself that made this noble Spaniard find the same satisfaction in the faithful copy of a beggar-boy catching lice as in the representation of the ever-blessed Virgin; or was it the charm of contrast which drove the highest nobility,—a spruce courtier like Quirado or a powerful minister like Mendoza,—to write their novels full of vagabonds and jail-birds? Doubtless they were glad enough to escape from the monotony of high society and transport themselves in imagination into a sphere of life as far removed as possible from their own, just as in the case of many

German writers we may discover a similar tendency, which impels them to fill their novels with descriptions of high life, and always make their hero a count or a baron. In Cervantes we never find this one-sided tendency and love of representing the low and vulgar apart and by itself. He always intermingles the ideal with vulgar reality; but one serves as light and shade to the other, and the aristocratic element is as marked a feature as the plebeian.

This aristocratic, chivalrous, high-born element is, however, certainly missing in the English romance writers, who were the first to imitate Cervantes, and who, to the present day, continue to regard him as their model. A prosaic generation, these English novelists, since the sceptre passed from Richardson; the prudish spirit of their times is shocked even by a racy description of the life of the masses, and it is across the Channel that those *bourgeois* novels have originated which reflect the petty prosaic life of the middle classes. The English public were flooded with this washy literature down to quite recent times, when the great Scotchman brought about a revolution,—or, to be accurate, a restoration,—in novel writing. For as Cervantes introduced the democratic element into the novel, which, at that time, was dominated by the one-sided spirit of chivalry, so Walter Scott reintroduced the aristocratic element when it had been wholly supplanted by prosaic Philistinism. Thus, by an opposite process, Scott restored to the novel that exquisite balance and symmetry which we admire in Cervantes' *Don Quixote*.

* * * * *

I have called Walter Scott the second greatest English poet, and his novels masterpieces; but it is only to his genius that I intended to refer in pronouncing this encomium. His novels I cannot place on the same level as the great romance of Cervantes, who in epic genius is vastly Scott's superior. Cervantes, as I have already remarked, was a Catholic poet, and it is, perhaps, to this circumstance that he owes the epic grandeur and calm serenity of soul which overarches his bizarre creations like a crystal dome. He has, besides, that

calm dignity which characterises the Spaniard. The Spaniards can justly boast of having produced the best novel in the world, as the English may, with equal justice, claim to have attained the highest excellence in the drama.

* * * * *

Cervantes, Shakspeare, and Goethe form the triumvirate of poets who, in the three provinces of poetry,—the epic, the drama, and the lyric,—have attained the highest excellence.

* * * * *

In ascribing the highest achievements in drama, romance, and lyric poetry to this great triumvirate, I am far from any wish to depreciate the poetical merits of other great writers. Nothing is more foolish than the question, "Which of the poets is the greater?" Flame is flame, and we cannot determine its weight in pounds and ounces. Only a critic with the prosaic mind of a cheesemonger would think of taking his scales to weigh genius. Not only the ancients, but several of the moderns also, have produced works in which the pure flame of poetry burns as brightly as in the masterpieces of Shakspeare, Cervantes, and Goethe. And yet these names are linked together by some mystic bond. A kindred spirit shines forth from their creations; an immortal tenderness inspires them, like the breath of Heaven; and modesty blooms there as in her native soil. Goethe reminds us constantly not only of Shakspeare, but also of Cervantes, whom he resembles even in the minutiæ of his style,—in his delightful prose, which is dashed with a touch of the most delicate and innocent irony. Cervantes and Goethe resemble one another even in their defects,—in the prolixity of their style, in those long periods in which they occasionally indulge, suggesting to us a train of royal equipages. Now and again, there is but a single thought seated in one of those long-drawn periods, which rolls with solemn pomp along, like a lumbering gilded court coach, with its six plumed horses. But this single thought is always something great and noble, if not royalty itself.

My limits have permitted me only to indicate very briefly my judgment on the genius of Cervantes and the influence of his book. On the positive value of his novel I can still less allow myself to dilate, as it would invite questions involving a disquisition on the principles of æsthetics. I can only here venture on a few general remarks concerning the form of the romance and the two central figures. The form is that which from the first has been selected as the most appropriate for this class of writings,—a description of travel. Here I need only cite the first romance of antiquity, the golden ass of Apuleius. Later writers sought to relieve the monotony of this form by what we now term the plot of a novel. But, through poverty of invention, most novelists of to-day have borrowed their plots from one another, or at best used the plots of their predecessors, with slight modifications, so that, in consequence of the constant repetition of the same characters, situations, and complications, novel reading at last began to pall upon the public. To escape from the ennui of threadbare plots, they betook themselves for a time to the old-fashioned primitive form of description of travel. This form, however, is certain again to be discarded as soon as an original writer arises with some fresh and unhackneyed form of novel. In literature, as in politics, the law of action and reaction is constant.

To proceed to the two leading figures who call each other Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, who are always parodying, and yet so marvellously supplementing and setting off each other that the pair really form the one and indivisible hero of the novel,—these two give evidence of the author's taste, and in an equal degree of his profundity. While other novelists, who make their hero set out on his adventures as a solitary traveller, are reduced to monologues, letters, or diaries, in order to communicate to the reader his thoughts and sentiments, Cervantes is always able to introduce a natural dialogue; in which the one speaker is always parodying the other, and so bringing out more clearly the author's purpose. We have had endless imitations of this dual hero that lends such an artistic naturalness to Cervantes' romance, and

whence, as from a single germ, the whole novel, with all its luxuriant foliage, scented blossoms, gleaming fruits, apes and birds of paradise that swing from its branches, has grown and spread like some giant Indian tree.

But it would be unjust to set all this down to slavish imitation. It was an obvious desire to introduce two such characters as Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, one of whom, the practical nature, seeks adventures, while the other, half from dog-like devotion, half from selfishness, follows after through rain and sunshine, and we must have often met such a pair in real life. It is true that in order to recognise the pair everywhere, in art as well as in life, under the most various disguises, we must fix our eye on essential and inward characteristics, not on the accidental and outward appearance. I might quote endless instances. Are not Don Quixote and Sancho Panza to be found equally in Don Juan and Leporello, as in the persons of Lord Byron and his servant Fletcher? Do we not recognise the same two types and their reciprocal relations under the shape of the Knight of Valdsee and his Caspar Larifari, and equally under the shape of many an author and his publisher? The publisher clearly sees his author's follies, but faithfully accompanies him in all his ideal aberrations for the sake of the hard coin that they bring him. So our good publisher, Sancho, though he often gets only cuffs and kicks over the business, still manages to keep fat, while the noble knight grows leaner every day.

Not only among men, but also among women, I have often recognised a typical Don Quixote and his squire. In particular I remember a beautiful English girl, a romantic blonde, who had run away from a London boarding-school in the company of a lady friend, and was roaming about the world in search of a true-hearted lover, like the one her dreams had pictured on balmy moonlight nights. Her friend, a stumpy brunette, hoped to turn the opportunity to account, and gain, if not an ideal paragon, at least a presentable husband. I see her still with her dreamy blue eyes and slight figure, standing on the shore at Brighton and gazing far away across the waves with longing looks towards the French coast. Her friend all the

while was cracking nuts, munching the kernels and throwing the shells into the sea.

Yet neither in the masterpieces of other artists, nor in nature itself, do we find these two types and their mutual relations to one another so accurately portrayed as in Cervantes. Every trait in the character and appearance of the one has its counterpart in some contrasted and yet cognate feature of the other. Each particular has its significance as part of an elaborate parody. Even between Rosinante and Sancho's ass there is the same ironical parallelism as between the knight and his squire, and even the two beasts symbolise, and, after their fashion, support, the same ideas. And as in their mental complexion, so also in their manner of speech, the master and servant present a most remarkable contrast. And while on this head, I cannot help glancing at the difficulties which beset the translator who has tried to render in German the homely, ragged, low-born speech of good Sancho. His rude, and very often unsavoury, saws and proverbs remind us exactly of King Solomon's fool, Markulf, who, just like Sancho, expresses the practical wisdom of the vulgar in brief sayings, which serve as a set-off to sentimental idealism. On the other hand, Don Quixote's is the polished language of the higher ranks, and even in the *grandezza* of his well-rounded periods he is an impersonation of the noble hidalgo. At times his style is too prolix, and the knight's language resembles a haughty court dame in a flounced and furbelowed silk dress with a long rustling train. But the Graces, disguised as pages, bear up the tail of her train with a roguish smile, and the long period ends with some graceful turn of wit.

To sum up in a sentence the respective characters of Don Quixote's and Sancho Panza's language, we may say that when the knight speaks he seems always mounted on his high horse; when the squire talks he seems always seated on his lowly ass.

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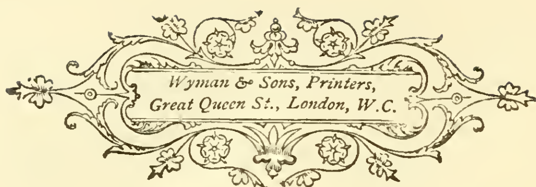
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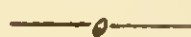

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