

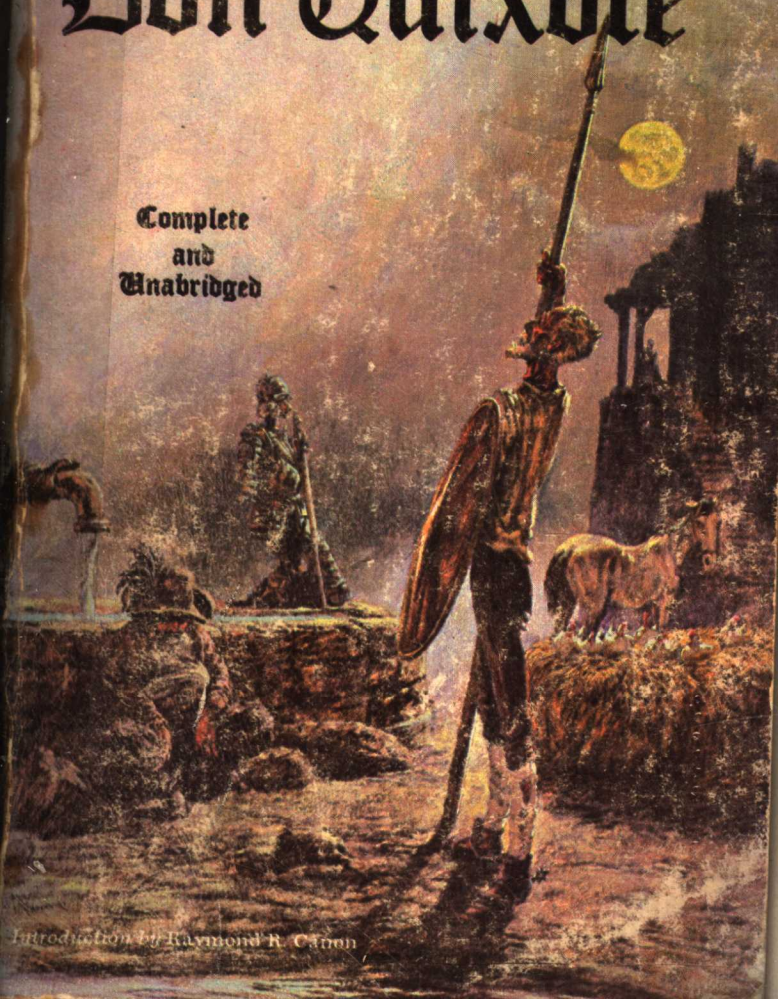
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**MIGUEL DE CERVANTES**

# **Don Quixote**

**Complete  
and  
Unabridged**



*Introduction by Raymond R. Cannon*

# Don Quixote

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

*Ozell's Revision of the  
Translation of Peter Motteux*

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# Don Quixote



MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

## Introduction

*Don Quixote* (pronounced key-ho-tay) is a universal classic that has been translated into more languages than any other book except the Bible. The success of the book was instantaneous, and within ten years of its first printing, it had been translated into several languages and eagerly read by people who knew very little of Spain. And yet it is a book which is unmistakably Spanish. Throughout the centuries, however, most readers have contented themselves with reading bits and pieces of it, so that the book as a whole is relatively unknown.

If the book is Spanish to the core, and remarkably representative of its century, it is to a certain extent incomprehensible to the modern reader, because of its localisms and outdated language. But then the life of its author has not been revealed to us to any great extent. We know that Cervantes was born in Alcalá de Henares near Madrid, but the exact date is uncertain. Our first certain fact is his christening in the fall of 1547. His father was a wandering apothecary surgeon, who was frequently hard up for cash, a condition that Cervantes himself was to experience many times during his lifetime.

The details of the first part of his life are as uncertain

as the date of his birth, and we first hear of him in 1568 as a student in Madrid. Shortly thereafter he went to Rome, where he worked as a chamberlain for one of the cardinals. He followed this by enlisting in the Spanish legion in Italy, where in 1571 he served in a campaign that terminated in the naval battle of Lepanto, at which the Turks were decisively defeated. This battle was to be a highlight in Cervantes' life, for he served bravely in it, even though ill, and carried a shattered left hand as a memento for the remainder of his life.

Surprisingly enough, this did not finish his military life. In 1573, we hear of him again taking part in a campaign in Tunis, and the following year he was given an honorable discharge. Before he had time to rest on his laurels, he, together with his brother, was captured by Algerian pirates and held for ransom for five years. It was not until 1580 that the ransom was paid, and he found himself back in Madrid.

It was only after his return to Spain that he tried his hand at writing. His first efforts—in the field of drama—were not crowned with success, and he turned to the pastoral romance. It was in this genre that he had his first work published in 1585. It was also about this time that he was married, and although the marriage was not blessed with children, he found himself burdened with a whole household of women to support. Fortunately for him, he was offered, in 1588, an appointment by the Spanish government to help in the preparation of the Armada. He soon showed that he had no talent for business, and during the course of the next few years, he was put in jail three times for shortages in his accounting. Unable to escape from the clutches of poverty, he moved from place to place in search of wealth and fame, for he never gave up his writing. Records show that he won several trivial prizes even while he must have been working on his masterpiece.

In view of Cervantes' background, it is exceedingly likely that his chief motive for writing such a book was financial.

He had made next to nothing on what he considered his serious work, and so he turned to something which he felt would have more popular appeal. He recognized the possibilities of writing a satire on those stories which dealt with the remarkable exploits of knights-errant—a theme that had been popular in the sixteenth century, but which had later—to a certain extent at least—fallen into disfavor.

If the writing of the book was solely for profit, and simply as a parody of the knights and their adventures, it is remarkable how the story develops a more profound line of thought than was envisaged by the author. Even though the work was damned by no less a writer than Lope de Vega, the unexpected happened. There were five printings within a year of its first appearance, and Cervantes found himself famous almost overnight. But if fame made its presence felt, fortune did not. He never became rich, although he worked at his writings until his death in 1616.

In *Don Quixote* Cervantes wasted no time in getting to the real objective of the book; before we know it, we are already aware of the hero as a harebrained knight who, having read too many romantic stories on knighthood, hit upon the idea of being a knight-errant himself. He had the noblest of intentions and matched these with outdated armor, a broken-down horse, and a fair lady worthy of his honors. To compound the burlesque, the author has Don Quixote set out on the hottest day in July—and the days on the Castilian plain can be really hot.

All Spain laughed at the caricature, and Cervantes gave them no reason to stop laughing. Innkeepers became wardens, women of easy virtue become princesses, and a swineherd turns into the traditional dwarf. The fact that the hero is forced to ride back to his native village on a donkey grieves him not one bit.

Of course Don Quixote cannot go riding about the countryside by himself. Even today, comedians often need a straight man, and so Cervantes provided him with a squire. It is with the appearance of Sancho Panza that the story takes on

added greatness, giving scope to the dialogue and humor which are among the outstanding characteristics of the book. Panza makes no claim to fame. He is a simple villager—a personification of all that is common in a man who spends his day behind the plow. He can be shrewd, can display remarkable common sense, but he does not hesitate to leave wife and children in order to seek some of the glories painted in such glowing colors by Quixote.

With his factotum at his side, Quixote goes about the countryside making his own decisions on good and evil—for he is a law unto himself. But just as nature strives to maintain a balance, so does Sancho Panza act as a corrective to all the extremes, and there are many, of his master. The contrast between the minds of knight and servant remains throughout the entire book, much the same as the contrasts between our mind and body, our hopes and accomplishments, or our virtues and vices—in effect, life itself.

In spite of Don Quixote's continual refusal to take heed of the advice of his squire, we are impressed by the one characteristic that is dear to so many men—his unconquerable spirit. He bounces back from defeat after defeat, showing a resilience that cannot help but arouse the admiration of any reader. Nor can we overlook the faith that Sancho Panza has in his master, for in spite of his continual admonitions, he is ever being drawn more and more to the convictions that the life of a knight-errant is extremely attractive.

Ten years pass between the appearance of the first and second parts of Cervantes' novel, and there is every evidence that the author was at work on the book during most of these years. Critics are divided in their opinions as to which of the two parts has greater merit, but without going into the relative qualities of the books, it is sufficient to say that the two are quite different in character. Both protagonists undergo a change in the second part. Quixote's hallucinations become more refined and the rational side of him has greater scope. It is the same with Panza, who is sent off

finally as governor of the island he had been promised. In this manner, our knight is able to indulge in continued buffoonery, as well as to make perfectly sane observations about the incongruities of the world about him. Since he is no longer completely detached from this world, he is able to express his own brand of idealism while indulging in enough madness to make him as worthy of our astonishment as we were in the first part. It is fitting, therefore, that Sancho grows along with his master—not enough to become refined, but just so we can see the shrewd peasant through his more illuminating sayings.

Cervantes has a tendency to overdraw both Quixote and Panza. They are too often the center of the stage, and therefore one of the greatest achievements of the book is partially obscured. For even while Cervantes has the hero cavorting all over the countryside, he is busy drawing, at one time or another, a complete picture of Spanish life of his time. It may appear in the people Don Quixote meets, the places he visits, or even in his conversations with his squire. There is a happy balance of them, so that the reader, even while being greatly amused, comes out with a sound impression of what Spain must have been like at that time.

But heroes such as Don Quixote are generally brought down to earth—and our knight is no exception. He is defeated in single combat by the "Knight of the White Moon." Among the conditions of defeat is the return of the vanquished to his native village for at least one year. So Don Quixote returns, a defeated man. In his return, the roles are reversed; it is now Sancho Panza who cheers up the saddened knight. Out of defeat comes victory, for Don Quixote achieves that catharsis of soul that comes from just such experiences. He is secure in the knowledge that he has come to his senses, and before he dies, he expresses the hope that his repentance and sincerity will restore the esteem that his squire used to have for him.

By having his knight die at the end, Cervantes made certain that no one else would come along later to have his hero



depart on further adventures. Don Quixote's reputation was secure.

Cervantes himself died shortly after, having had the satisfaction of knowing that his work had been well received, not only in Spain, but in foreign countries as well. He would have been astonished, however, had he known just how famous the book was to become in so many faraway places. It has even become part of our language, for how many people go around "tilting at windmills" without being aware who is responsible for the quotation? And how many other people have not, at one time or another, represented a personification of Don Quixote in their actions—a fact that may account for the story's great popularity through the ages.

Raymond R. Canon  
Oakridge Secondary School  
London, Ontario, Canada

## THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO THE READER

*You may depend upon my bare Word, Reader, without any farther Security, that I cou'd wish this Offspring of my Brain were as ingenious, sprightly, and accomplish'd as your self could desire; but the Mischief on't is, Nature will have its Course: Every Production must resemble its Author, and my barren and unpolish'd Understanding can produce nothing but what is very dull, very impertinent, and extravagant beyond Imagination. You may suppose it the Child of Disturbance, engendered in some dismal Prison,\* where Wretchedness keeps its residence, and every dismal Sound its Habitation. Rest and Ease, a convenient Place, pleasant Fields and Groves, murmuring Springs, and a sweet Repose of Mind, are Helps that raise the Fancy, and impregnate even the most barren Muses with Conceptions that fill the World with Admiration and Delight. Some Parents are so blinded by a Fatherly Fondness, that they mistake the very Imperfections of their Children for so many Beauties; and the Folly and Impertinence of the brave Boy, must pass upon their Friends and Acquaintance for Wit and Sense. But I, who am only a Step-Father, disavow the Authority of this modern and prevalent Custom; nor will I earnestly beseech you, with Tears in my Eyes, which is many a poor Author's Case, dear Reader, to pardon or dissemble my Child's Faults; for what Favour can I expect from you, who are neither his Friend nor Relation? You have a Soul of your own, and the Privilege of Free-will, whoever you be, as well as the proudest He that struts in a gaudy Outside: You are a King by your own Fire-side, as much as any Monarch in his Throne: You have Liberty and Property, which set you above Favour or Affection, and may therefore freely like or dislike this History, according to your Humour.*

*I had a great Mind to have expos'd it as naked as it was born, without the Addition of a Preface, or the numberless Trumpery of commendatory Sonnets, Epigrams, and other Poems that usually usher in the Conceptions of Authors: For I dare boldly say, that tho' I bestow'd some Time in writing the Book, yet it cost me not half so much Labour as this very Preface. I very often took up my Pen, and as often laid it down, and could not for my Life think of any thing to the Purpose. Sitting once in a very studious Posture, with my Paper before me, my Pen in my Ear, my Elbow on the Table, and my Cheek on my Hand,*

\* The Author is said to have wrote this satyrical Romance in a Prison.

considering how I should begin; a certain Friend of mine, an ingenious Gentleman, and of a merry Disposition, came in and surpriz'd me. He ask'd me what I was so very intent and thoughtful upon? I was so free with him as not to mince the Matter, but told him plainly I had been puzzling my Brain for a Preface to Don Quixote, and had made my self so uneasy about it, that I was now resolv'd to trouble my Head no further either with Preface or Book, and even to let the Atchievements of that noble Knight remain unpublish'd: For, continu'd I, why shou'd I expose my self to the Lash of the old Legislator, the Vulgar? They will say I have spent my youthful Days very finely, to have nothing to recommend my grey Hairs to the World but a dry, insipid Legend, not worth a Rush, wanting good Language as well as Invention, barren of Conceits or pointed Wit, and without either Quotations in the Margin, or Annotations at the End, which other Books, tho' never so fabulous and profane, have to set 'em off. Other Authors can pass upon the Publick, by stuffing their Books from Aristotle, Plato, and the whole Company of ancient Philosophers; thus amusing their Readers into a great Opinion of their prodigious Reading. Plutarch and Cicero are slurr'd on the Publick for as orthodox Doctors as St Thomas, or any of the Fathers. And then the Method of these Moderns is so wonderfully agreeable and full of Variety, that they cannot fail to please. In one Line, they will describe you a whining amorous Coxcomb, and the next shall be some dry Scrap of a Homily, with such ingenious Turns as cannot chuse but ravish the Reader. Now I want all these Embellishments and Graces: I have neither marginal Notes nor critical Remarks; I do not so much as know what Authors I follow, and consequently can have no formal Index, as 'tis the Fashion now, methodically strung on the Letters of the Alphabet, beginning with Aristotle, and ending with Xenophon, or Zoilus, or Zeuxis; which last two are commonly cramm'd into the same Piece, tho' one of them was a famous Painter, and t'other a saucy Critick. I shall want also the pompous Preliminaries of commendatory Verses sent to me by the Right Honourable my Lord such a one, by the Honourable the Lady such a one, or the most ingenious Mr such a one; tho' I know I might have them at an easy Rate from two or three Brothers of the Quill of my Acquaintance, and better, I'm sure, than the best Quality in Spain can compose.

In short, my Friend, said I, the Great Don Quixote may lie buried in the musty Records of La Mancha, 'till Providence has order'd some better Hand to fit him out as he ought to be; for I must own my self altogether incapable of the Task; besides, I am naturally lazy, and love my Ease too well to take the Pains of turning over Authors for those Things which I can express as well without it. And these are the Considerations that made

me so thoughtful when you came in. The Gentleman, after a long and loud Fit of Laughing, rubbing his Forehead; O' my Conscience, Friend, said he, your Discourse has freed me from a Mistake that has a great while impos'd upon me: I always took you for a Man of Sense, but now I am sufficiently convinc'd to the contrary. What! puzzled at so inconsiderable a Trifle! A Business of so little Difficulty confound a Man of such deep Sense and searching Thought as once you seem'd to be!

I am sorry, Sir, that your lazy Humour and poor Understanding should need the Advice I am about to give you, which will presently solve all your Objections and Fears concerning the publishing of the renown'd Don Quixote, the Luminary and Mirrour of all Knight-Errantry. Pray, Sir, said I, be pleas'd to instruct me in whatever you think may remove my Fears, or solve my Doubts. The first Thing you object, reply'd he, is your Want of commendatory Copies from Persons of Figure and Quality: There is nothing sooner help'd; 'tis but taking a little Pains in writing them your self, and clapping whose Name you please to 'em, you may father 'em on Prester John of the Indies, or on the Emperour of Trapizonde, whom I know to be most celebrated Poets: But suppose they were not, and that some presuming pedantick Criticks might snarle, and deny this notorious Truth, value is not two Farthings; and tho' they shou'd convict you of Forgery, you are in no Danger of losing the Hand with which you wrote them.\*

As to marginal Notes and Quotations from Authors for your History, 'tis but dropping here and there some scatter'd Latin Sentences that you have already by rote, or may have with little or no Pains. For Example, in treating of Liberty and Slavery, clap me in, Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro; and, at the same Time, make Horace, or some other Author, vouch it in the margin. If you treat of the Power of Death, come round with this Close,† Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas, Regumque tures. If of loving our Enemies, as Heaven enjoins, you may, if you have the least Curiosity, presently turn to the divine Precept, and say, Ego autem dico vobis, diligite inimicos vestros; or if you discourse of bad Thoughts, bring in this Passage, De corde exeunt cogitationes malæ. If the Uncertainty of Friendship be your Theme, Cato offers you his old Couplet with all his Heart; Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos: Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris. And so pro-

\* He lost his left Hand (izquierda) in the Sea-Fight at Lepanto against the Turks.

† This Quotation from Horace, and the following from Scripture, are omitted in Skelton's Translation; as is also this and another ingenious Preface of the Author's in that of Stevens, many of whose Notes indeed I have made use of.

ceed. *These Scraps of Latin will at least gain you the Credit of a great Grammarian, which, I'll assure you, is no small Accomplishment in this Age. As to Annotations or Remarks at the End of your Book, you may safely take this Course. If you have Occasion for a Giant in your Piece, be sure you bring in Goliah, and on this very Goliah (who will not cost you one Farthing) you may spin out a swingeing Annotation. You may say, The Giant Goliah, or Goliath, was a Philistine, whom David the Shepherd slew with the thundering Stroke of a Pebble in the Valley of Terebinthus: Vide Kings, in such a Chapter, and such a Verse, where you may find it written. If not satisfy'd with this, you would appear a great Humanist, and would shew your Knowledge in geography, take some Occasion to draw the River Tagus into your Discourse, out of which you may fish a most notable Remark. The River Tagus, say you, was so call'd from a certain King of Spain. It takes its Rise from such a Place, and buries its Waters in the Ocean, kissing first the Walls of the famous City of Lisbon; and some are of Opinion that the Sands of this River are Gold, &c. If you have Occasion to talk of Robbers, I can presently give you the History of Cacus, for I have it by Heart. If you would descant upon Whores or Women of the Town, there is the Bishop of Mondonedo,\* who can furnish you with Lamia, Lais and Flora, Courtesans, whose Acquaintance will be very much to your Reputation. Ovid's Medea can afford you a good Example of Cruelty. Calypso from Homer, and Circe out of Virgil, are famous Instances for Witchcraft or Enchantment. Would you treat of Valiant Commanders? Julius Cæsar has writ his Commentaries on Purpose; and Plutarch can furnish you with a thousand Alexanders. If you would mention Love, and have but three Grains of Italian, you may find Leon the Jew ready to serve you must abundantly. But if you would keep nearer Home, 'tis but examining Fonseca of Divine Love, which you have here in your Study; and you need go no farther for all that can be said on that copious Subject. In short, 'tis but quoting these Authors in your Book, and let me alone to make large Annotations; I'll engage to croud your Margins sufficiently, and scribble you four or five Sheets to boot at the End of your Book. And for the Citation of so many Authors, 'tis the easiest Thing in Nature. Find out one of these Books with an alphabetical Index, and without any farther Ceremony, remove it verbatim into your own: And tho' the World won't believe you have Occasion for such Lumber, yet there are Fools enough to be thus drawn into an Opinion of the Work; at least, such a flourishing Train of Attendants will give your Book a fashionable Air, and recommend it to Sale; for few Chapman*

\* Guevara.

*will stand to examine it, and compare the Authorities upon the Compter, since they can expect nothing but their Labour for their Pains. But after all, Sir, if I know any thing of the Matter, you have no Occasion for any of these Things; for your Subject being a Satyr on Knight-Errantry, is so absolutely new, that neither Aristotle, St. Basil, nor Cicero ever dreamt or heard of it. Those fabulous Extravagancies have nothing to do with the impartial Punctuality of true History; nor do I find any Business you can have either with Astrology, Geometry, or Logick, and I hope you are too good a Man to mix Sacred Things with Profane. Nothing but pure Nature is your Business; her you must consult, and the closer you can imitate, your Picture is the better. And since this Writing of your's aims at no more than to destroy the Authority and Acceptance the Books of Chivalry have had in the World, and among the Vulgar, you have no need to go begging Sentences of Philosophers, Passages out of Holy Writ, Poetical Fables, Rhetorical Orations, or Miracles of Saints. Do but take care to express your self in a plain, easy Manner, in well-chosen, significant, and decent Terms, and to give an harmonious and pleasing Turn to your Periods: Study to explain your Thoughts, and set them in the truest Light, labouring, as much as possible, not to leave 'em dark nor intricate, but clear and intelligible: Let your diverting Stories be express'd in diverting Terms, to kindle Mirth in the Melancholick, and heighten it in the Gay: Let Mirth and Humour by your superficial Design, tho' laid on a solid Foundation, to challenge Attention from the Ignorant, and Admiration from the Judicious; to secure your Work from the Contempt of the graver Sort, and deserve the Praises of Men of Sense; keeping your Eye still fix'd on the principal End of your Project, the Fall and Destruction of that monstrous Heap of ill-contriv'd Romances, which, tho' abhorr'd by many, have so strangely infatuated the greater Part of Mankind. Mind this, and your Business is done.*

*I listen'd very attentively to my Friend's Discourse, and found it so reasonable and convincing, that without any Reply, I took his Advice, and have told you the Story by way of Preface; wherein you may see, Gentlemen, how happy I am in so ingenious a Friend, to whose seasonable Counsel you are all oblig'd for the Omission of all this pedantick Garniture in the History of the Renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose Character among all the Neighbours about Montiel is, that he was the most chaste Lover, and the most valiant Knight, that has been known in those Parts these many Years. I will not urge the Service I have done you by introducing you into so considerable and noble a Knight's Acquaintance, but only beg*

*the Favour of some small Acknowledgment for recommending you to the Familiarity of the famous Sancho Pança his Squire, in whom, in my Opinion, you will find united and describ'd all the Squirelike Graces which are scatter'd up and down in the whole Bead-roll of Books of Chivalry. And now I take my Leave, intreating you not to forget your humble Servant.*

# THE LIFE AND ATCHIEVEMENTS of the Renown'd DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA

## PART I: BOOK I

### 1: The Quality and Way of Living of the Renown'd Don Quixote de La Mancha

At a certain Village in *La Mancha*,\* which I shall not name, there liv'd not long ago one of those old-fashion'd Gentlemen who are never without a Lance upon a Rack, an old Target, a lean Horse, and a Greyhound. His Diet consisted more of Beef† than Mutton; and with minc'd Meat on most Nights, Lentils on *Fridays*, Eggs and Bacon‡ on *Saturdays*, and a Pigeon extraordinary on *Sundays*, he consumed three Quarters of his Revenue: The rest was laid out in a Plush-Coat, Velvet-Breeches, with Slippers of the same, for Holidays; and a Suit of the very best home-spun Cloth, which he bestowed on himself for Working-days. His whole Family was a Housekeeper something turn'd of Forty, a Niece not Twenty, and a Man that serv'd him in the House and in the Field, and could saddle a Horse, and handle the Pruning-Hook. The Master himself was nigh fifty Years of Age, of a hale and strong Complexion, lean-body'd, and thin-fac'd, an early Riser, and a Lover of Hunting. Some say his Surname was *Quixada*, or *Quesada* (for Authors differ in this Par-

\* A small Territory partly in the Kingdom of *Arragon*, and partly in *Castile*; it is a Liberty within itself, distinct from all the Country about.

† Beef being cheaper in *Spain* than Mutton.

‡ Strictly, *Sorrow* for his Sops, on *Saturdays*. *Duelos y Quebrantos*; in *English*, *Gruntings and Groanings*. He that can tell what Sort of Edible the Author means by those Words, *Erit mihi magnus Apollo*. *Cæsar Oudin*, the famous *French* Traveller, Negotiator, Translator and Dictionary-maker, will have it to be *Eggs and Bacon*, as above. Our Translator and Dictionary-maker, *Stevens*, has it, *Eggs and Collops*, (I suppose he means *Scotch-Collops*) but that's too good a Dish to mortify withal. Signor *Sobrino's* *Spanish Dictionary* says, *Duelos y Quebrantos* is *Pease-Soup*. Mr. *Jarvis* translates it an *Amlet* (*Aumulette* in *French*) which *Boyer* says is a Pancake made of Eggs, tho' I always understood *Aumulette* to be a *Bacon-froise* (or rather *Bacon-fryze*, from its being fry'd, from *frit* in *French*). Some will have it to mean *Brains fry'd with Eggs*, which, we are told by Mr. *Jarvis*, the Church allows in poor Countries in Defect of Fish. Others have guest it to mean some windy kind of Diet, as Peas, Herbs, &c. which are apt to occasion Cholicks, as if one should say, *Greens and Gripes on Saturdays*. To conclude, the 'forecited Author of the new Translation (if a Translator may be call'd an Author) absolutely says, *Duelos y Quebrantos* is a Cant-Phrase for some Fasting-Day-Dish in use in *la Mancha*. After all these learned Disquisitions, Who knows but the Author means a Dish of *Nichils*!



ticular): However, we may reasonably conjecture he was call'd *Quijada* (i.e. Lanthorn-Jaws) tho' this concerns us but little, provided we keep strictly to the Truth in every Point of this History.

You must know then, that when our Gentleman had nothing to do (which was almost all the Year round) he pass'd his Time in reading Books of Knight-Errantry; which he did with that Application and Delight, that at last he in a manner wholly left off his Country-Sports, and even the Care of his Estate; nay, he grew so strangely besotted with those Amusements, that he sold many Acres of Arable-Land to purchase Books of that kind; by which means he collected as many of them as were to be had: But among them all, none pleas'd him like the Works of the famous *Feliciano de Sylva*; for the Clearness of his Prose, and those intricate Expressions with which 'tis interlac'd, seem'd to him so many Pearls of Eloquence, especially when he came to read the Challenges, and the amorous Addresses, many of them in this extraordinary Stile. "The Reason of your unreasonable Usage of my Reason, does so en-feeble my Reason, that I have Reason to expostulate with your Beauty:" And this, "The sublime Heavens, which with your Divinity divinely fortify you with the Stars, and fix you the Deserver of the Desert that is deserv'd by your Grandeur." These, and such like Expressions, strangely puzzled the poor Gentleman's Understanding, while he was breaking his Brain to unravel their Meaning, which *Aristotle* himself could never have found, though he should have been rais'd from the Dead for that very Purpose.

He did not so well like those dreadful Wounds which *Don Belianis* gave and received; for he considered that all the Art of Surgery could never secure his Face and Body from being strangely disfigured with Scars. However, he highly commended the Author for concluding his Book with a Promise to finish that unfinishable Adventure; and many times he had a Desire to put Pen to Paper, and faithfully and literally finish it himself; which he had certainly done, and doubtless with good Success, had not his Thoughts been wholly engrossed in much more important Designs.

He would often dispute with the Curate\* of the Parish, a Man of Learning, that had taken his Degrees at *Ciguenza*,† who was the better Knight *Palmerin* of *England*,‡ or *Amadis de*

\* In *Spain* the Curate is the Head Priest in the Parish, and he that has the cure of Souls: Thus *el Cura* means the *Rector*, or, as the Vulgar has it, the *Parson*; but the first not being commonly used, and the last seeming too gross, I chuse to make it *Curate*, those who have read the former Translations being us'd to the Word.

† An University in *Spain*.

‡ *England* seems to have been often made the Scene of Chivalry; for besides this *Palmerin*, we find *Don Florando* of *England*, and some