

my imagination, not to wrong them, chooses to lose itself in silent admiration; for nature boasts nothing that may give an idea of their incomparable worth."

"Pray, sir," cried Vivaldo, "oblige us with an account of her parentage, and the place of her birth, to complete the description."—"Sir," replied Don Quixote, "she is not descended from the ancient Curtius's, Caius's, nor Scipios of Rome, nor the more modern Colonas, nor Ursinis; nor from the Moncadas, and Requesenses of Catalonia; nor from the Rebillas, and Villanovas of Valencia; nor from the Palafoxes, Nucas, Rocabertis, Corellas, Lunas, Alagones, Urreas, Fozes, or Gurreas of Arragon; nor from the Cerdas, Manriques, Mendozas, and Gusmans of Castile; nor from the Alencastros, Pallas, and Menezes of Portugal; but she derives her great original from the family of Toboso in La Mancha, a race, which, though it be modern, is sufficient to give a noble beginning to the most illustrious progenies of succeeding ages. And let no man presume to contradict me in this, unless it be upon those conditions, which Zerbin fixed at the foot of Orlando's armour,

Let none but he these arms displace,
Who dares Orlando's fury face."*

* "Ariosto," Canto 24.

"I draw my pedigree from the Cachopines of Laredo," replied Vivaldo, "yet I dare not make any comparisons with the Tobosos of La Mancha; though, to deal sincerely with you, 'tis a family I never heard of till this moment."—" 'Tis strange," said Don Quixote, "you should never have heard of it before."

All the rest of the company gave great attention to this discourse; and even the very goat-herds and shepherds were now fully convinced that Don Quixote's brains were turned topsyturvy. But Sancho Pança believed every word that dropped from his master's mouth to be truth, as having known him, from his cradle, to be a man of sincerity. Yet that which somewhat staggered his faith, was this story of Dulcinea of Toboso; for he was sure he had never heard before of any such princess, nor even of the name, though he lived hard by Toboso.

As they went on thus discoursing, they saw, upon the hollow road between the neighbouring mountains, about twenty shepherds more, all accoutred in black skins, with garlands on their heads, which, as they afterwards perceived, were all of yew or cyprus; six of them carried a bier covered with several sorts of boughs and flowers: which one of the goat-herds espying, "Those are they," cried he

“that are carrying poor Chrysostome to his grave; and ’twas in yonder bottom that he gave charge they should bury his corpse.” This made them all double their pace, that they might get thither in time; and so they arrived just as the bearers had set down the bier upon the ground, and four of them had begun to open the ground with their spades, just at the foot of a rock. They all saluted each other courteously, and condoled their mutual loss; and then Don Quixote, with those who came with him, went to view the bier; where they saw the dead body of a young man in shepherd’s weeds all strewed over with flowers. The deceased seemed to be about thirty years old; and, dead as he was, it was easily perceived that both his face and shape were extraordinary handsome. Within the bier were some few books and several papers, some open, and the rest folded up. This doleful object so strangely filled all the company with sadness, that not only the beholders, but also the grave-makers, and all the mourning shepherds, remained a long time silent; till at last one of the bearers, addressing himself to one of the rest, “Look, Ambrose,” cried he, “whether this be the place which Chrysostome meant, since you must needs have his will so

punctually performed?”—“This is the very place,” answered the other; “there it was that my unhappy friend many times told me the sad story of his cruel fortune; and there it was that he first saw that mortal enemy of mankind; there it was that he made the first discovery of his passion, no less innocent than violent; there it was that the relentless Marcella last denied, shunned him, and drove him to that extremity of sorrow and despair that hastened the sad catastrophe of his tragical and miserable life; and there it was, that, in token of so many misfortunes, he desired to be committed to the bowels of eternal oblivion.”

Then addressing himself to Don Quixote and the rest of the travellers, “This body, gentlemen,” said he, “which here you now behold, was once enlivened by a soul which heaven had enriched with the greatest part of its most valuable graces. This is the body of that Chrysostome who was unrivalled in wit, matchless in courteousness, incomparable in gracefulness, a phoenix in friendship, generous and magnificent without ostentation, prudent and grave without pride, modest without affectation, pleasant and complaisant without meanness; in a word, the first in every esteemable qualification, and second to none in misfortune:

he loved well, and was hated; he adored, and was disdained: he begged pity of cruelty itself; he strove to move obdurate marble; pursued the wind; made his moans to solitary deserts; was constant to ingratitude; and for the recompence of his fidelity, became a prey to death in the flower of his age, through the barbarity of a shepherdess, whom he strove to immortalise by his verse; as these papers which are here deposited might testify, had he not commanded me to sacrifice them to the flames, at the same time that his body was committed to the earth."

"Should you do so," cried Vivaldo, "you would appear more cruel to them than their exasperated unhappy parent. Consider, sir, 'tis not consistent with discretion, nor even with justice, so nicely to perform the request of the dead, when 'tis repugnant to reason. Augustus Cæsar himself would have forfeited his title to wisdom, had he permitted that to have been effected which the divine Virgil had ordered by his will. Therefore, sir, now that you resign your friend's body to the grave, do not hurry thus the noble and only remains of that dear unhappy man to a worse fate, the death of oblivion. What, though he has doomed them to perish in the height of his

resentment, you ought not indiscreetly to be their executioner; but rather reprieve and redeem them from eternal silence, that they may live, and, flying through the world, transmit to all ages the dismal story of your friend's virtue and Marcella's ingratitude, as a warning to others, that they may avoid such tempting snares and enchanting destructions; for not only to me, but to all here present, is well known the history of your enamoured and desperate friend: we are no strangers to the friendship that was between you, as also to Marcella's cruelty which occasioned his death. Last night, being informed that he was to be buried here to-day, moved not so much by curiosity as pity, we are come to behold with our eyes that which gave us so much trouble to hear. Therefore, in the name of all the company, like me, deeply affected with a sense of Chrysostome's extraordinary merit, and his unhappy fate, and desirous to prevent such deplorable disasters for the future, I beg that you will permit me to save some of these papers, whatever you resolve to do with the rest." And so, without expecting an answer, he stretched out his arm, and took out those papers which lay next to his hand. "Well, sir," said Ambrose, "you have found a way to

make me submit, and you may keep those papers; but for the rest, nothing shall make me alter my resolution of burning them." Vivaldo said no more; but being impatient to see what those papers were, which he had rescued from the flames, he opened one of them immediately, and read the title of it, which was, *The Despairing Lover*. "That," said Ambrose, "was the last piece my dear friend ever wrote; and therefore, that you may all hear to what a sad condition his unhappy passion had reduced him, read it aloud, I beseech you, sir, while the grave is making."—"With all my heart," replied Vivaldo: and so the company, having the same desire, presently gathered round about him, and he read the following lines.

CHAPTER VI

THE UNFORTUNATE SHEPHERD'S VERSES, AND
OTHER UNEXPECTED MATTERS

THE DESPAIRING LOVER

RELENTLESS tyrant of my heart,
Attend, and hear thy slave impart
The matchless story of his pain.
In vain I labour to conceal
What my extorted groans reveal;
Who can be rack'd, and not complain?

But oh! who duly can express
Thy cruelty, and my distress?
No human art, no human tongue.
Then fiends assist, and rage infuse!
A raving fury be my muse,
And hell inspire the dismal song!

Owls, ravens, terrors of the night,
Wolves, monsters, fiends, with dire affright,
Join your dread accents to my moans!
Join, howling winds, your sullen noise;
Thou, grumbling thunder, join thy voice;
Mad seas, your roar, and hell thy groans.

Though still I moan in dreary caves,
To desert rocks, and silent graves,
My loud complaints shall wander far;
Borne by the winds they shall survive,
By pitying echoes kept alive,
And fill the world with my despair.