

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.



Love's deadly cure is fierce disdain,  
 Distracting fear a dreadful pain,  
 And jealousy a matchless woe;  
 Absence is death, yet while it kills,  
 I live with all these mortal ills,  
 Scorn'd, jealous, loath'd, and absent too.

No dawn of hope e'er cheer'd my heart,  
 No pitying ray e'er sooth'd my smart,  
 All, all the sweets of life are gone;  
 Then come despair, and frantic rage,  
 With instant fate my pain assuage,  
 And end a thousand deaths by one.

But even in death let love be crown'd,  
 My fair destruction guiltless found,  
 And I be thought with justice scorn'd.  
 Thus let me fall, unloved, unblest'd,  
 With all my load of woes oppress'd,  
 And even too wretched to be mourn'd.

O! thou, by whose destructive hate,  
 I'm hurry'd to this doleful fate,  
 When I'm no more, thy pity spare!  
 I dread thy tears; oh spare them then—  
 But oh! I rave, I was too vain,  
 My death can never cost a tear.

Tormented souls, on you I call,  
 Hear one more wretched than you all:  
 Come howl as in redoubled flames!  
 Attend me to th' eternal night,  
 No other dirge, or fun'ral rite,  
 A poor despairing lover claims.

And thou my song, sad child of woe,  
 When life is gone, and I'm below,  
 For thy lost parent cease to grieve,  
 With life and thee my woes increase,  
 And should they not by dying cease,  
 Hell has no pains like those I leave.

THESE verses were well approved by all the company; only Vivaldo observed, that the jealousies and fears of which the shepherd complained, did not very well agree with what he had heard of Marcella's unspotted modesty and reservedness. But Ambrose, who had been always privy to the most secret thoughts of his friend, informed him, that the unhappy Chrysostome wrote those verses when he had torn himself from his adored mistress, to try whether absence, the common cure of love, would relieve him, and mitigate his pain. And as everything disturbs an absent lover, and nothing is more usual than for him to torment himself with a thousand chimeras of his own brain, so did Chrysostome perplex himself with jealousies and suspicions, which had no ground but in his distracted imagination; and therefore whatever he said in those uneasy circumstances, could never affect, or in the least prejudice Marcella's virtuous character, upon whom, setting aside her cruelty, and her disdainful haughtiness, envy itself could never fix the least reproach. Vivaldo being thus convinced, they were going to read another paper, when they were unexpectedly prevented by a kind of apparition that offered itself to their view. It was Marcella herself, who



appeared at the top of the rock, at the foot of which they were digging the grave; but so beautiful, that fame seemed rather to have lessened than to have magnified her charms: those who had never seen her before, gazed on her with silent wonder and delight; nay, those who used to see her every day seemed no less lost in admiration than the rest. But scarce had Ambrose spied her, when, with anger and indignation in his heart, he cried out, "What makest thou there, thou fierce, thou cruel basilisk of these mountains? comest thou to see whether the wounds of this murdered wretch will bleed afresh at thy presence? or comest thou thus mounted aloft, to glory in the fatal effects of thy native inhumanity, like another Nero at the sight of flaming Rome? or is it to trample on this unfortunate corpse, as Tarquin's ungrateful daughter did her father's? Tell us quickly why thou comest, and what thou yet desirest? for since I know that Chrysostome's whole study was to serve and please thee while he lived, I am willing to dispose all his friends to pay thee the like obedience now he is dead." —"I come not here to any of those ungrateful ends, Ambrose," replied Marcella; "but only to clear my innocence, and shew the injustice of all those who lay their misfortunes and

Chrysostome's death to my charge: therefore, I entreat you all who are here at this time to hear me a little, for I shall not need to use many words to convince people of sense of an evident truth. Heaven, you are pleased to say, has made me beautiful, and that to such a degree, that you are forced, nay, as it were, compelled to love me, in spite of your endeavours to the contrary; and for the sake of that love, you say I ought to love you again. Now, though I am sensible, that whatever is beautiful is lovely, I cannot conceive, that what is loved for being handsome, should be bound to love that by which it is loved, merely because it is loved. He that loves a beautiful object may happen to be ugly; and as what is ugly deserves not to be loved, it would be ridiculous to say, I love you because you are handsome, and therefore you must love me again though I am ugly. But suppose two persons of different sexes are equally handsome, it does not follow, that their desires should be alike and reciprocal; for all beauties do not kindle love; some only recreate the sight, and never reach, nor captivate the heart. Alas! should whatever is beautiful beget love, and enslave the mind, mankind's desires would ever run confused and wandering, without being able to fix their



determinate choice; for as there is an infinite number of beautiful objects, the desires would consequently be also infinite; whereas, on the contrary, I have heard that true love is still confined to one, and voluntary and unforced. This being granted, why would you have me force my inclinations for no other reason but that you say you love me? Tell me, I beseech you, had heaven formed me as ugly as it has made me beautiful, could I justly complain of you for not loving me? Pray consider also, that I do not possess those charms by choice; such as they are, they were freely bestowed on me by heaven: and as the viper is not to be blamed for the poison with which she kills, seeing it was assigned her by nature, so I ought not to be censured for that beauty which I derive from the same cause; for beauty in a virtuous woman is but like a distant flame, or a sharp-edged sword, and only burns and wounds those who approach too near it. Honour and virtue are the ornaments of the soul, and that body that is destitute of them cannot be esteemed beautiful, though it be naturally so. If then honour be one of those endowments which most adorn the body, why should she that is beloved for her beauty, expose herself to the loss of it, merely to gratify the loose desires

of one, who, for his own selfish ends, uses all the means imaginable to make her lose it? I was born free, and, that I might continue so, I retired to these solitary hills and plains, where trees are my companions, and clear fountains my looking-glasses. With the trees and with the waters I communicate my thoughts, and my beauty. I am a distant flame, and a sword far off: those whom I have attracted with my sight, I have undeceived with my words; and if hope be the food of desire, as I never gave any encouragement to Chrysostome, nor to any other, it may well be said, it was rather his own obstinacy than my cruelty that shortened his life. If you tell me that his intentions were honest, and therefore ought to have been complied with, I answer, that when, at the very place where his grave is making, he discovered his passion, I told him, I was resolved to live and die single, and that the earth alone should reap the fruit of my reservedness, and enjoy the spoils of my beauty; and if, after all the admonitions I gave him, he would persist in his obstinate pursuit, and sail against the wind, what wonder is it he should perish in the waves of his indiscretion? Had I ever encouraged him, or amused him with ambiguous words, then I had been false; and had I gratified his



wishes, I had acted contrary to my better resolves: he persisted, though I had given him a due caution, and he despaired without being hated. Now I leave you to judge, whether I ought to be blamed for his sufferings? if I have deceived any one, let him complain; if I have broke my promise to any one, let him despair; if I encourage any one, let him presume; if I entertain any one, let him boast: but let no man call me cruel nor murderer, until I either deceive, break my promise, encourage, or entertain him. Heaven has not yet been pleased to show whether it is its will I should love by destiny; and it is vain to think I will ever do it by choice: so let this general caution serve every one of those who make their addresses to me for their own ends. And if any one hereafter dies on my account, let not their jealousy, nor my scorn or hate, be thought the cause of their death; for she who never pretended to love, cannot make any one jealous, and a free and generous declaration of our fixed resolution ought not to be counted hate or disdain. In short, let him that calls me a tigress, and a basilisk, avoid me as a dangerous thing; and let him that calls me ungrateful, give over serving me: I assure them I will never seek nor pursue them.

Therefore let none hereafter make it their business to disturb my ease, nor strive to make me hazard among men the peace I now enjoy, which I am persuaded is not to be found with them. I have wealth enough; I neither love nor hate any one: the innocent conversation of the neighbouring shepherdesses, with the care of my flocks, help me to pass away my time, without either coquetting with this man, or practising arts to ensnare that other. My thoughts are limited by these mountains; and if they wander further, it is only to admire the beauty of heaven, and thus by steps to raise my soul towards her original dwelling."

As soon as she had said this, without expecting any answer, she left the place, and ran into the thickest of the adjoining wood, leaving all that heard her charmed with her discretion as well as with her beauty.

However, so prevalent were the charms of the latter, that some of the company, who were desperately struck, could not forbear offering to follow her, without being the least deterred by the solemn protestations which they had heard her make that very moment. But Don Quixote perceiving their design, and believing he had now a fit opportunity to exert his knight-errantry; "Let no man," cried he, "of



what quality or condition soever, presume to follow the fair Marcella, under the penalty of incurring my furious displeasure. She has made it appear, by undeniable reasons, that she was not guilty of Chrysostome's death; and has positively declared her firm resolution never to condescend to the desires of any of her admirers: for which reason, instead of being importuned and persecuted, she ought to be esteemed and honoured by all good men, as being perhaps the only woman in the world that ever lived with such a virtuous reservedness." Now, whether it were that Don Quixote's threats terrified the amorous shepherds, or that Ambrose's persuasion prevailed with them to stay and see their friend interred, none of the shepherds left the place, till the grave being made, and the papers burnt, the body was deposited into the bosom of the earth, not without many tears from all the assistants. They covered the grave with a great stone, till a monument was made, which Ambrose said he designed to have set up there, with the following epitaph upon it.

## CHRYSOSTOME'S EPITAPH

Here of a wretched swain  
The frozen body's laid,  
Kill'd by the cold disdain  
Of an ungrateful maid.

Here first love's power he tried,  
Here first his pains express'd;  
Here first he was denied,  
Here first he chose to rest.

You who the shepherd mourn,  
From coy Marcella fly;  
Who Chrysostome could scorn,  
May all mankind destroy.

The shepherds strewed the grave with many flowers and boughs; and every one having condoled a while with his friend Ambrose, they took their leave of him, and departed. Vivaldo and his companion did the like; as did also Don Quixote, who was not a person to forget himself on such occasions; he likewise bid adieu to the kind goat-herds, that had entertained him, and to the two travellers who desired him to go with them to Seville, assuring him there was no place in the world more fertile in adventures, every street and every corner there producing some. Don Quixote returned them thanks for their kind information; but told them, "he neither would nor ought to go to Seville, till he had cleared all those mountains of the thieves and robbers which he heard very much infested all those parts." Thereupon the travellers, being unwilling to divert him from so good a design, took their leaves of him once more, and pursued their journey, sufficiently



supplied with matter to discourse on, from the story of Marcella and Chrysostome, and Don Quixote's follies. As for him, he resolved to find out the shepherdess Marcella, if possible, to offer her his service to protect her to the utmost of his power; but he happened to be crossed in his designs, as you shall hear in the sequel of this true history; for here ends the Second Book.

## BOOK III

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### CHAPTER I

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF DON QUIXOTE'S UNFORTUNATE  
RENCOUNTER WITH CERTAIN BLOODY-MINDED AND  
WICKED YANGUESIAN \* CARRIERS

THE sage Cid Hamet Benengeli relates, that when Don Quixote had taken leave of all those that were at Chrysostome's funeral, he and his squire went after Marcella into the wood; and having ranged it above two hours without being able to find her, they came at last to a meadow, whose springing green, watered with a delightful and refreshing rivulet, invited, or rather pleasantly forced them, to alight and give way to the heat of the day, which began to be very violent: so leaving the ass and Rozinante to graze at large, they ransacked the wallet; and without ceremony the master and the man fell to, and fed lovingly on what they found. Now Sancho had not taken care to tie up Rozinante, knowing him to be a horse of that sobriety and

\* Carriers of the kingdom of Galicia, commonly so called.