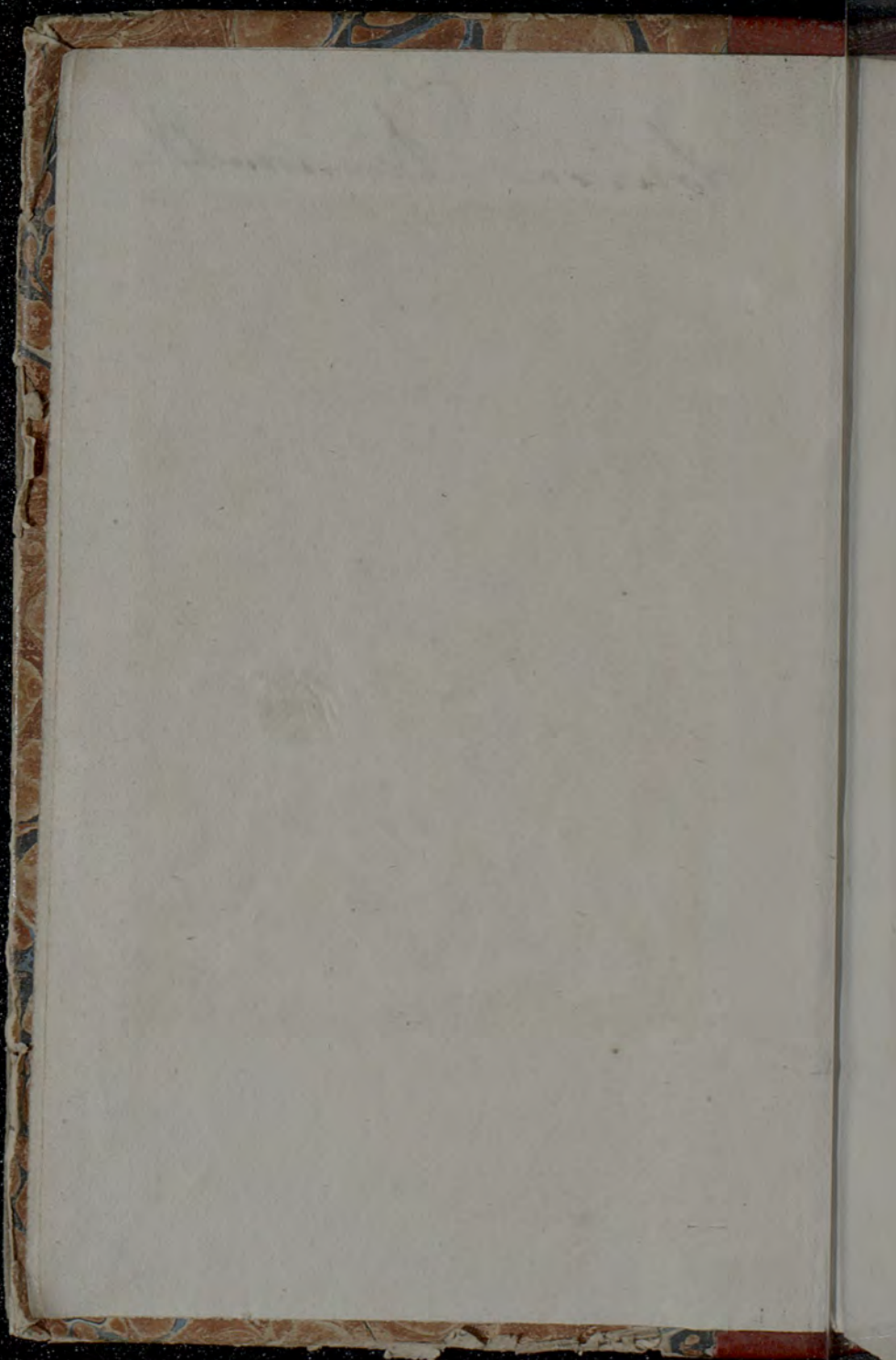
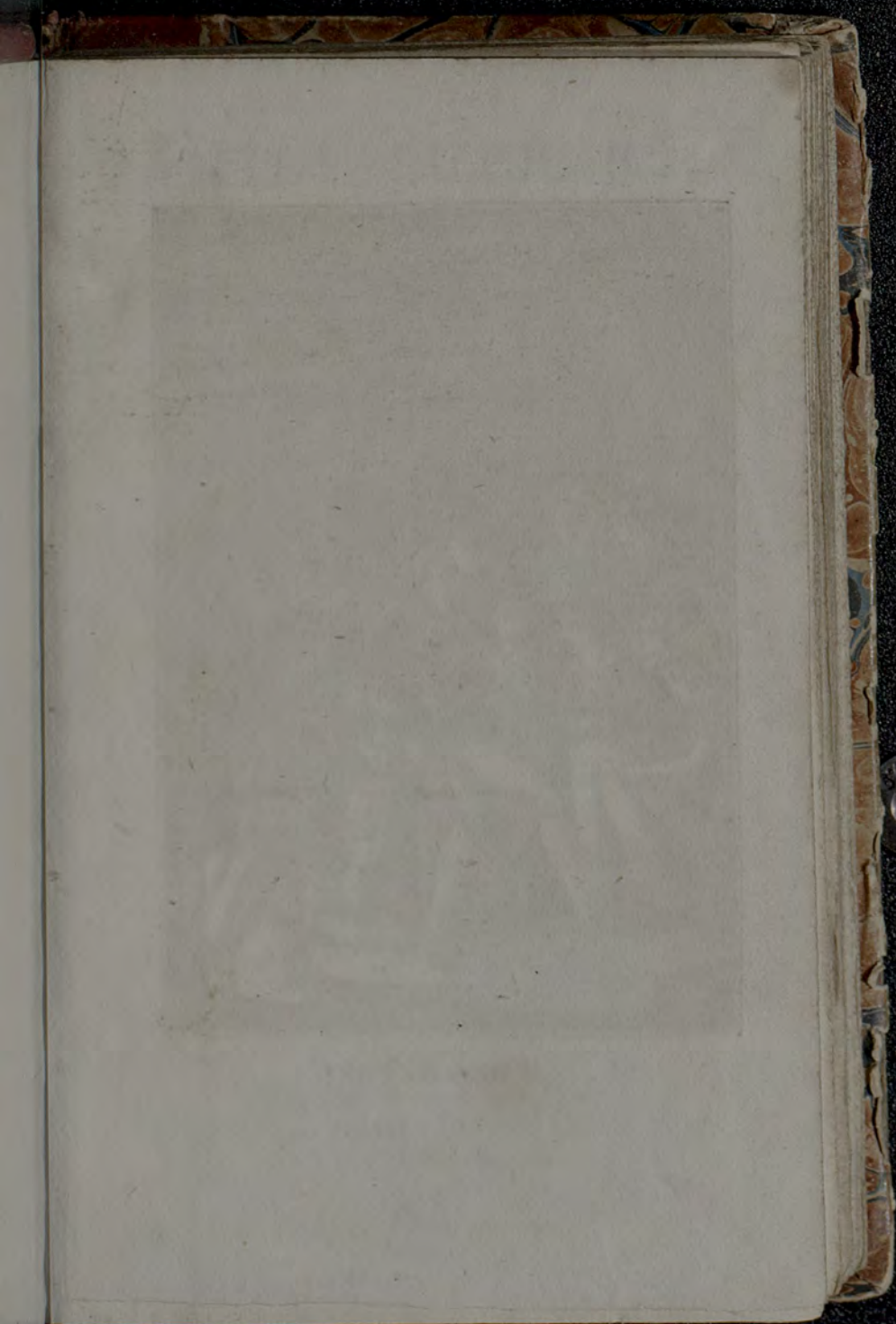


Louisa Dumont







Where is our Uncle?

FAMILY SUPPERS;

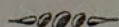
OR,

EVENING TALES

FOR

Young People;

IN WHICH INSTRUCTION IS BLENDED WITH
AMUSEMENT.

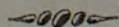


TRANSLATED BY LADY MARY H*****,

FROM THE FRENCH OF

MADAME DELAFAYE,

Author of the "Six Tales of Youth," &c. &c.



IN TWO VOLUMES.

Embellished with Sixteen Engravings.



VOL. I.

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1818.

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Dedication.

TO

E. H*****, Esq.

OF T*****, IN THE COUNTY OF W*****.

MADAME DELAFAYE, the young and delightful author of this exquisite little work, dedicated it to her sister, "that natural friend, whom she would have chosen had not Providence anticipated her fond wishes:"—can I do better than follow so excellent an example, in dedicating these volumes to him

who, under Providence, has been my best friend, and who, with so much tenderness, for years supplied the place of a father? To him, therefore, I dedicate this my first literary effort, as a feeble testimony of the gratitude and esteem of an affectionate niece.

M. H.

Advertisement.

IN this work I have had a higher object in view than that of mere translation. The work, if I do not very much mistake, is calculated to become very popular; I have, therefore, endeavoured to translate it so that, with the few alterations I have made in the original edition intended for the English press, it may form one of the best series of themes for young persons beginning to translate from French into English, or *vice versa*; the idioms of each language being preserved: so that the young student will not only acquire thereby a correct mode of translation, but he will find numerous examples of

cases where terms, which appear in the Dictionary as synonymous, are not to be used indiscriminately, and, by attending to them, he will soon acquire that accuracy in the choice of expressions, which alone characterises the elegance of style.

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FAMILY SUPPERS;

OR,

EVENING ENTERTAINMENT.

FIRST SUPPER.

CAPTAIN PAMPHILIUS, two days after his arrival from his last voyage, took a walk in the beautiful avenues of the country-seat of his elder brother, Count Ildefonso. He admired the majestic trees, under which he had so often played in his infancy, and remained a moment before one, from which he remembered one day to have fallen

whilst trying to fasten the cord of a swing. On that day he and the Count were to have gone to Paris with their father, to choose a fowling-piece. Ildefonso and Pamphilius were then but children; and it is known the first gun that a youth possesses is a very precious thing to him. The Count, however, was so distressed at the accident of his brother, who had dislocated his wrist, that he would not leave him, notwithstanding he saw him in the arms of an affectionate mother and with other relations; but remained with him till he was perfectly recovered; not being able to refrain from tears when he saw him suffer, and giving himself up to joy the instant he appeared easy. Now that the two brothers were grown old, they still loved each other with the same tenderness; and the Captain, on retiring from the service,

after an absence of twenty years, would have no other home than that of the Count. They had both served their king faithfully, the one on land, the other at sea; each of them had received, as the reward of their toils, the ancient and glorious recompence which bears the name of St. Louis.

Pamphilius, affected by the various ideas that the sight of this tree had given birth to in his mind, took a turn or two round the walk, wiped from his eye an involuntary tear, and returned to his brother, with the intention of calling to his mind some pleasing recollections. In passing the dining-parlour, he saw a table set out for fifteen persons: Pamphilius had calculated on supping alone with his brother, and had already pleased himself with the idea of talking to him of a thousand

little circumstances relating to their youth, that now crowded on his memory. The sight of this large table at once banished them all; he knitted his brow, and entered his brother's library in a very ill humour.

“My dear Count,” cried he, “I have just seen something that displeases me. Is it possible! I have scarcely been two days with you, and you are already tired of the delightful solitude in which we were living together. I had a thousand things to say to you this evening; but, instead of the friendly conversation upon which I had set my heart, you would force me to join a crowded company. It is not thus that I wish to be treated; and I must tell you that I shall prefer supping alone in my own apartment.”

"My dear brother," replied the Count, smiling, "do you take my children for strangers? and will you not suffer them to be of our company?"

"Oh! as to your children, I shall embrace them with joy," replied the Captain; "it is a long time since I have seen Theodore, Caroline, and the little Arsena—with her resolute air. The dear children! I wish they would come; I long to press them in my arms. But, my good brother, how do you make out fifteen, for which I see the table laid out?"

"Do you forget, my dear Pamphilius," replied the Count, "that Theodore, Caroline, and even your little Arsena, are become parents, and that their children are also mine? Theodore has three: Henry, who is the eldest,

will please you by his sedate and manly air, notwithstanding he is not yet fourteen; Gustavus, his brother, is already a little chevalier *sans peur*, and we hope also to render him *sans reproche*. We have named the third Galaor, on account of his extreme levity: like the brother of Amadis, every thing pleases him, nothing attaches him,—he is a complete rattlecap. Julia, Victorine, Paul, and Louisa, are the offspring of Caroline. Julia is rather proud, a fault which we have great trouble in trying to overcome; she is of the same age as Henry. Victorine joins to great sweetness a happy disposition for study; she cultivates with success her natural talents for drawing and music. Paul will only talk to you of vessels and of discoveries; he is, if one may use the expression, born a traveller. The character of Louisa, who

is scarcely six years old, has not yet developed itself."

"You have not told me of the family of Arsena," said Pamphilius.

"It consists of an only child, eight years old, named Elizabeth," replied the Count. "Arsena, who is left a widow, places all her affections upon her little girl; and her tenderness for her is so great, that the child takes advantage of it: she resembles what her mother was in her infancy,—that is to say, she appears sometimes rather self-willed; but we hope to correct this fault, of which Arsena does not retain the least trace."

"Truly, brother," replied the Captain, with emotion, which he would willingly have concealed, "so many little rogues must make a fine clatter!"

“It is true,” said the Count, “that the house is a little more noisy when they are all in it: but figure to yourself the happiness I experience at seeing about me these children, whom I love with a fatherly affection! One reads me a tale of his own composition; another will ask me at what age he will be able to become a captain of dragoons; this will extol a fashionable stuff, the other will sing me a new song; the younger ones will ride a cock-horse upon my legs, or climb upon my shoulders. All of them love me, and consider it a holiday to come and pass a day with their old grandfather.”

“What a fool I have been to remain a bachelor!” murmured the Captain to himself, turning aside to wipe away a tear that escaped him.

“This evening we are to have a grand

supper, for a two-fold reason," continued the Count: "in the first place, I have acquainted them with your arrival—they intend to surprise you, and I rejoiced in the idea also; in the second place, to-day (Thursday) is the day on which I have founded a family-supper, which I give every week, and after which I am in the habit of relating a tale. Those who have committed any important fault are excluded from the supper; and I have hitherto had the pleasure of not seeing one of them subject to this severe law."

"Bravo! my dear brother," replied Pamphilius, walking up and down the room; "I see that you are a happy man, and I congratulate you. How much better it must be to marry, as you have done, than to be smoking a pipe on board a ship!"

“Never mind, my dear Pamphilius,” replied the Count, affectionately; “you are beloved as much as any one can be, and all my family is also yours.”

The Count was still speaking, when three carriages entered the court: at the same instant a confused noise of little voices, recommending silence to each other by turns, awoke the solitary echoes of the great staircase of the mansion. The murmur augmented till they approached the doors; when that of the Count instantly opened, and a troop of fine children threw themselves into his paternal arms.

“Where is our uncle?” they inquired all at once.

The Count pointed to Pamphilius, who, supporting himself in a corner, laughed and cried at the same time on beholding his pretty nephews and

nieces. At first they were timid, but, becoming insensibly habituated to the rough voice of the worthy sailor, they were lavish of their tender caresses to him; and soon loved him almost as well as their grandfather.

A scene, not less interesting, though more serious, succeeded to that which I have described, when Theodore, Caroline, and Arsena, embraced in their turn Captain Pamphilius: the two first presented to him those to whom they had united their destiny. Pamphilius was much pleased with the modest sensibility of the wife of Theodore, and conceived a tender esteem for Mr. Severin, a worthy magistrate, who constituted the happiness of Caroline. Arsena, who had lost her husband, taking her little girl in her hand, prayed her uncle to be a father to her.

Occupied as they all were with Pamphilius, there was no opportunity for the recital of a tale this evening; but, after supper, Victorine arose, and sung to her harp, with much grace and skill, a romance composed by Mr. Severin on the return of Pamphilius. Henry, encouraged by a look from his father, requested permission to read a little story, of which he was the author. Silence immediately reigned in the assembly, and the young writer, deeply blushing, began to read

THE OLD SAILOR.

Marcellus, born upon the happy shores of Italy, had quitted at a very early age his parents, and a brother by whom he was tenderly loved: in vain the latter endeavoured to retain him, extolling the pleasures of a country life, and the peace that accompanied

the days of a shepherd: Marcellus preferred perils to repose; before he arrived to manhood he had travelled over all those places where Destiny had formerly landed the sage Ulysses. He boldly traversed in a frail bark the *moving plain* that forms the empire of Neptune. None were more skilful in reading the stars; he foretold tempests, and knew how to struggle successfully against them. With an observant eye, he studied the manners of nations. He had visited Tyre, the cradle of commerce and of navigation, which Alexander took by assault after a destructive and memorable siege; the island of Cyprus, where Venus was worshipped; and the fertile coasts of Asia Minor, covered with opulent cities and magnificent and celebrated temples. He had passed, with

his ship in full sail, between the legs of the Colossus of Rhodes, accounted one of the seven wonders of the world. This gigantic statue, which represented Apollo, was thrown down by an earthquake; nine hundred camels were loaded with the fragments.

Marcellus stopped several times in the island of Crete, where Minos reigned,—one of the three judges of the infernal regions. He travelled over all the islands of the Archipelago, and the most renowned parts of Greece. Twice coasting along the shores of his native land, he penetrated even to the extremity of the gulph where Venice is situated in the midst of waters; and twice he passed the pillars of Hercules, between Africa and Spain.

He grew old in these several expeditions, and, sighing after repose, he in-

voked the divinities of the ocean,—by whom he was beloved:—“O Neptune!” cried he, one day, “and you, benevolent nymphs, who have protected even to this day my feeble vessel, if it be true that you have favourably received my sacrifices, permit me to go and pass upon land the last moments of a life, the best part of which has been consecrated to you! Be yourselves the arbiters of my fate: whatever may be the direction that my vessel shall take, I will cheerfully accompany it.”

He said, and attentively observed the course taken by the vessel; at the same instant a fresh and brisk gale, rising from the East, swelled its sails, and he passed for the third time the columns of Hercules: but, instead of pushing towards the shores of Lusitania,* the situation of

* The ancient name of Portugal.

which he knew, the wind carried him across the immense ocean; and Marcellus, full of confidence in the gods, saw himself without terror upon waves that had never before borne a vessel.

There is a group of islands in the South Sea called the Friendly Islands, —a name bestowed on them on account of the amiable hospitality of the natives. The king of one of these islands having died without children, the royal family became extinct, and the inhabitants intended assembling the next day for the purpose of electing a king, when a terrible voice was heard from the four corners of the isle: this voice said, “Do not form a choice that the heavens disapprove; they will send you a stranger for a king; to-morrow he will arrive in your island, borne on the waves of the vast ocean.” A great

terror seized the islanders at the noise of the formidable voice of Neptune; they dared not disobey him, and they spread themselves upon the coast, waiting with impatience the arrival of him who was to reign over them.

The vessel of Marcellus, always driven by a divine gale, arrived amidst the acclamations of this whole people. Scarcely had he cast anchor, when a number of canoes surrounded his vessel. The most considerable amongst the islanders prostrated themselves at his feet: they put a crown of feathers upon his head, and a very fine mat upon his shoulders; he was borne from his vessel amidst songs and acclamations of joy, and carried by his new subjects to the royal residence, which was situated upon the side of a meadow, and surrounded with delicious plantations. The whole island

was covered with similar groves, where the pine-apple, the cocoa, the banana, and other trees, loaded with fruit, grew in abundance.

The extensive knowledge that Marcellus had of languages soon rendered him familiar with that of his little kingdom. He applied himself to the civilization of these amiable islanders; but, can the best princes flatter themselves with being happy? Some of the natives of the country, who had aspired to the throne, revolted against their sovereign, and called to their assistance a neighbouring people, who made war against him. Marcellus repulsed them; but without finding repose: each day his enemies prepared for him some new source of vexation: it was necessary for him to become severe and wary. He again invoked the nymphs of the sea,

that they would deliver him from this troublesome grandeur.

One evening, as he was walking within sight of his vessel, which constantly remained at anchor, the beautiful Lycorias, one of the daughters of the Ocean, raised her fair head above the waves, and said to the afflicted monarch—"Marcellus, O thou who hast made so many oblations to our honour, and whose vessel has so long furrowed the deep! we wished to render thee happy; but let not the fear of displeasing us induce thee to drag on a miserable life here; confide thyself again to the breeze which conducted thee to these shores, and seek elsewhere for happiness more congenial to thy desires."

The nymph was silent; and, after sportively swimming for a short time,

descended, to rejoin her sisters in the Palace of Thetis.

Marcellus, full of joy at these words, returned to his rural palace. He assembled his subjects, and, in a wise and affecting discourse, declared to them that, as he was not able to render them happy, he would abandon their island. Some shed tears, and endeavoured to retain him; while others were gratified by his determination. He re-embarked,—bemoaning the fate of kings, who could not, like him, quit that rank in which their birth had placed them. The islanders who loved him remained long upon the shore, weeping and evincing every possible mark of love and respect, even until the vessel, from its distance, became as a speck upon the horizon, and at length entirely disappeared from their view.

Marcellus found himself once more in the immense solitude of the seas. He again passed the pillars of Hercules; and his vessel having entered one of the seven mouths by which the Nile discharges itself into the Mediterranean, he cast anchor in the port of Canope.

Scarcely had Marcellus put his foot on shore when he perceived a halcyon. Following the track of this bird, which the nymph had sent him, he arrived in the famous city of Thebes, in Upper Egypt; where the halcyon disappeared. Whilst the traveller returned thanks to the nymphs for their protection, an aged priest of Osiris advanced towards him:—"The gods inform me that thou art in search of happiness," said he to Marcellus; "I come to tell thee that it is to be found in science: follow me, and I

will discover to thee wonderful secrets."

"I am old," replied Marcellus; "and is it possible to learn any thing at my age?"

"Those who wish for long life," replied the priest, "had need learn how to live; and those who are old, ought to learn how to die."

Marcellus followed the priest, who filled him with admiration at all the fine things he was eager to teach him. He explained to him, first, the creation of the universe, its age, and its duration; he named to him all the stars of heaven, all the rivers of the earth, the plants and their virtues, the metals hidden in the earth, and the animals scattered over the face of the globe. He declared to him the secret causes of the phenomena which alarm mankind; he predicted to him

the revolutions of the stars, as well as those that the earth had to undergo. Thence passing to the science of mankind, he taught Marcellus why there were good and bad men, why some were happy and others miserable.

The traveller listened with delight to these sublime instructions ; but he soon perceived that science alone would not satisfy the heart of man. He was no sooner convinced of this truth than he imparted it to the priest of Osiris ; who, learned as he was, could not tell Marcellus what was wanting to his happiness.

Marcellus quitted him with sadness ; and, guided a second time by the sacred bird, who appeared at this instant, he left Egypt. His vessel rolled gently upon the billows ; a fresh gale filled its sails ; and the traveller, who acted on the faith of the nymphs, had resigned himself

to sleep, when, on opening his eyes, he perceived himself near land, which he soon recognized to be his native country. His vessel stopped in a little creek, when joy took possession of his soul at sight of the shores which he had quitted so long, and he hastened to disembark. On approaching the land, he saw a shepherd, surrounded by a numerous family, who was sacrificing to the divinities of the ocean.

“Shepherd,” said Marcellus to him, why dost thou sacrifice to Neptune? Leave this care to the sailors wandering upon his vast empire; for you, fixed in the bosom of your cottage, need only slaughter victims to the god Pan, the protector of thy flocks,—or to the fair Ceres, who presides over harvest.”

“It is not for myself that I invoke the god of the seas,” replied the shep-

herd ; “ I have nothing to fear from his anger : but a brother, whom I ardently love, has wandered for many years at the mercy of the waves ! I intreat of Neptune to be favourable to him, and to restore him to my arms when he shall wish to repose from his painful toils : every year I offer for his sake a similar sacrifice.”

“ Ah !” said Marcellus, with emotion, “ I have been too long separated from my brother to hope that he still thinks of me. O, gods ! if he thus invoke Neptune for Marcellus—”

At this moment all the family burst into cries of joy, and the shepherd, with tears in his eyes, clasped in his arms his beloved brother. Marcellus, in an ecstasy of feeling not to be described, returned the tender caresses with which he was overwhelmed by all his family.

The shepherd took him to his cottage, which became the home of his brother. Each of his nephews disputed which should have the pleasure of waiting upon him, and amusing his latter days ; all his desires were anticipated, and accomplished even before he had time to express them ; they were happy only when he was so.

“ O, my dear friends,” cried he, shedding tears of joy, “ how unwisely have I acted, to waste my days in a search after happiness, which awaited me in the bosom of my family. O nymphs ! I bless you for having brought me back to my native land : permit me to terminate my days here.”

Thus saying, he went to make a new sacrifice upon the shore ; and, taking a firebrand from the altar, set fire to his vessel. This proof of his resolution

never more to quit them overwhelmed his family with joy. The young people joined hands, and danced by the light of the flames; whilst Marcellus and his brother, arm in arm, supporting each other, contemplated the scene with a smile upon their lips, and their cheeks bathed with tears.

“And I also have burned my vessel,” cried Captain Pamphilius, in a transport, his feelings being completely overcome by the narrative. Henry threw himself into his arms, and the poor Captain wept for joy. A servant came to inform Henry that his father’s valet-de-chambre waited his orders; he went out immediately with Gustavus, Galaor, and Paul, making signs to each other, which their parents affected not to perceive. In half an hour they returned, and

conducted Pamphilius to a balcony. The court and part of the avenue had been illuminated during supper. When all the company were assembled in the balcony, Mr. Theodore's valet, who was a clever fellow, lighted some artificial fire-works, which represented an harbour formed by arcades, and upon the front of which were these words—"Long live Captain Pamphilius!" At the bottom of the harbour was a vessel, with her sails and cordage; at the end of the *bouquet* it changed to a shower of fire, so beautiful and so brilliant that all the avenue became illuminated. After this little recreation, they went into a room, where three musicians began to play for dancing. Henry took his cousin Julia by the hand, and danced a *gavotte* with her, which the good captain did not fail to applaud.

Galaor undertook, in his turn, to dance an allemande with Elizabeth; but he left her suddenly in the middle of the room, saying, he did not remember the figure, and that it would be better to play at blind-man's buff. Elizabeth, wishing to obtain the praises of her uncle, challenged her cousin, rather dryly, to resume the allemande; but, as this tone did not succeed with him, she began to flatter him, and spoke to him in such a pleasing manner that Galaor suffered himself to be overcome, and finished the allemande.

The rest of the evening passed in amusements; and Pamphilius, delighted with an entertainment so charming, often repeated, pressing his brother's hand, "Zounds! what a fool I have been to continue a bachelor!"

SECOND SUPPER.

MR. THEODORE, in quality of the eldest nephew of the Captain, obtained his first visit: he passed a week with this amiable family, and the days never appeared to him so short. The three sons of Mr. Theodore did not leave him any time to be dull: Henry would walk gravely up to him, and beg to hear the detail of his voyages. Gustavus, decked out with his sword, hat, and epaulettes, would insist on the Captain's shewing him the exercise. Galaor asked a thousand questions, without waiting an answer to any of them. Sometimes he attempted to follow, upon the chart, the

track that Pamphilius had taken; but, soon tired of this work, he would play upon his violin.

On Thursday, they all returned together to the Count's, where the rest of the family were already assembled. They amused themselves, as usual, the whole day; and, when supper was over, the Count, agreeably to the custom he had established, commenced the following story:—

THE STOLEN ASS.

A miller, named Bennet, was the neighbour of a poor beggar, who, being very old and infirm, had no other means of gaining his livelihood than that of riding upon an ass, and begging from village to village. The miller had also an ass, which perfectly resembled that of the beggar. One night, Bennet's ass

died in the stable. The miller, having risen by day-break to grind his corn, perceived his ass extended lifeless upon the litter. Grieved at this circumstance, he tore his hair, and in his desperation accused Heaven of cruelty. "How shall I do to carry my sacks of grain and flour?" cried he: "if I buy another ass, I must expend a large sum of money, and thus sacrifice almost all my profits. Would it not have been better that my neighbour the beggar had lost his?—in his situation of life, a little more or less poverty cannot signify."

These unjust reflections suggested to him one still worse, which was to steal the beggar's ass. This man, too poor to suspect any one of robbing him, put up his beast in a miserable shed, the door of which was only secured by a cord tied

to a wooden peg. Bennet gently opened the door, and, having dragged the dead body into the shed, he left it in the place of the poor man's ass, which he took to his own stable.

As soon as it was day, the beggar arose, eat a few crusts of dry bread that remained from the preceding night, and went to seek his ass, to commence his accustomed course. On seeing the animal dead, he fell motionless upon the threshold of the door:—"Alas!" said he, weeping, and clasping his hands, "behold me then reduced to die of hunger, since I am not able to walk and seek my food! How unfortunate am I! Nevertheless, my God, I will not murmur against thee: all that thou hast done is in thy wisdom, and behold me ready to submit to the chastisement that it pleases thee to send me."

A razor-grinder, who carried his wheel upon his back, passed at this moment near the shed, and heard the beggar's complaint. "Poor old man," said he, "I admire your pious resignation. How many men accuse Providence for losses much less important than yours! I wish it were in my power to be of service to you; but, alas! I myself am a poor man, burthened with a family, and I can scarcely gain sufficient to support them. All that I am able to do is to buy your ass's skin: if you will sell it me, I will give you ten shillings for it."

The beggar accepted with joy the offer of the razor-grinder: ten shillings would suffice him for subsistence at least two months; and, at his age, he did not count upon living long. The razor-grinder asking him if he had not some one in the neighbourhood who

could assist him to skin the ass, the old man took his crutches, and went to beg of the miller to render this service.

As he approached the mill, Bennet was going out of the stable with the ass that he had stolen from him; who, feeling suddenly embarrassed at the sight of the beggar, hastened to put the ass again into the stable, firmly believing that he was coming to reproach him for his fraud; he was therefore very agreeably surprised on learning the motive of the visit; and, after having feigned sorrow for the poor beggar's loss, he lent him his two sons, who followed him to the shed. When the ass was skinned, the razor-grinder gave ten shillings to the old man, and one to Bennet's two sons, and went away.

The miller, although congratulating

himself on his robbery not being discovered, did not dare to take out the ass that day, nor quit his mill himself, for fear of not being able to hide his embarrassment if any one should speak to him of the poor beggar's loss.

The latter, seated before his door, waited for somebody passing from the town, to ask them to buy him some bread; when a labourer approached him, apparently in great affliction. The beggar asked him the cause of his distress?

"I am the most miserable of men," cried the labourer; "I have four children who are dying of hunger, and I have not a morsel of bread to give them: the master for whom I work has already made so many advances, that I dare not ask more of him. These last two days I have been to the houses of

all my relations, without any one of them being able to assist me. You know what poverty is, but, however, you suffer alone."

The beggar, sensibly alive to the distresses of this unhappy labourer, offered him half the ten shillings he had received for the skin of his ass. "O Heaven!" exclaimed the unfortunate father, "who could have expected such relief? Good old man, I pray God to bless you: you, who do not fear to deprive yourself even of half your last resource to save a distressed family, the Almighty will certainly bless!"

He ran to the town transported with joy, bought some bread for his children, and for the poor old man, who had requested him so to do. A little girl of the labourer's carried to the beggar the bread that he had requested, together

with three fine peaches from her father, who had gathered them off a tree which grew before his sorry hut.

The next day the miller, mounted upon the stolen ass, which he had covered with empty sacks, left his mill, and, perceiving the old man, with the three peach-stones in his hand, kneeling at the foot of the wall of his cottage, digging a hole to plant them, asked, "How many years do you expect to live, that at your age you are thus planting?"

"Why not?" replied the old man, "will there remain no one after me to eat the fruit?"

The miller continued his road, and the old man, with a long knife, still kept digging the earth: at length he heard something sound, as if he had struck copper; and, hearing the same noise a

second time, he enlarged the opening by degrees, and found a long narrow vase, which, as far as he could judge on raising the lid, was entirely filled with pieces of gold. He immediately called a little shepherd-boy, and begged him to go and seek the labourer, whom he had assisted the preceding day.

“ Rejoice, my friend,” exclaimed the old man, on seeing him arrive ; “ you and your family are henceforth rich :” upon which he immediately conducted him to the treasure that he had discovered. “ It is yours,” resumed the beggar ; “ for I shall not live to consume much. Go, assemble your friends and relations, and bring them here, in order that we may rejoice all together for the blessing that Providence has sent us.”

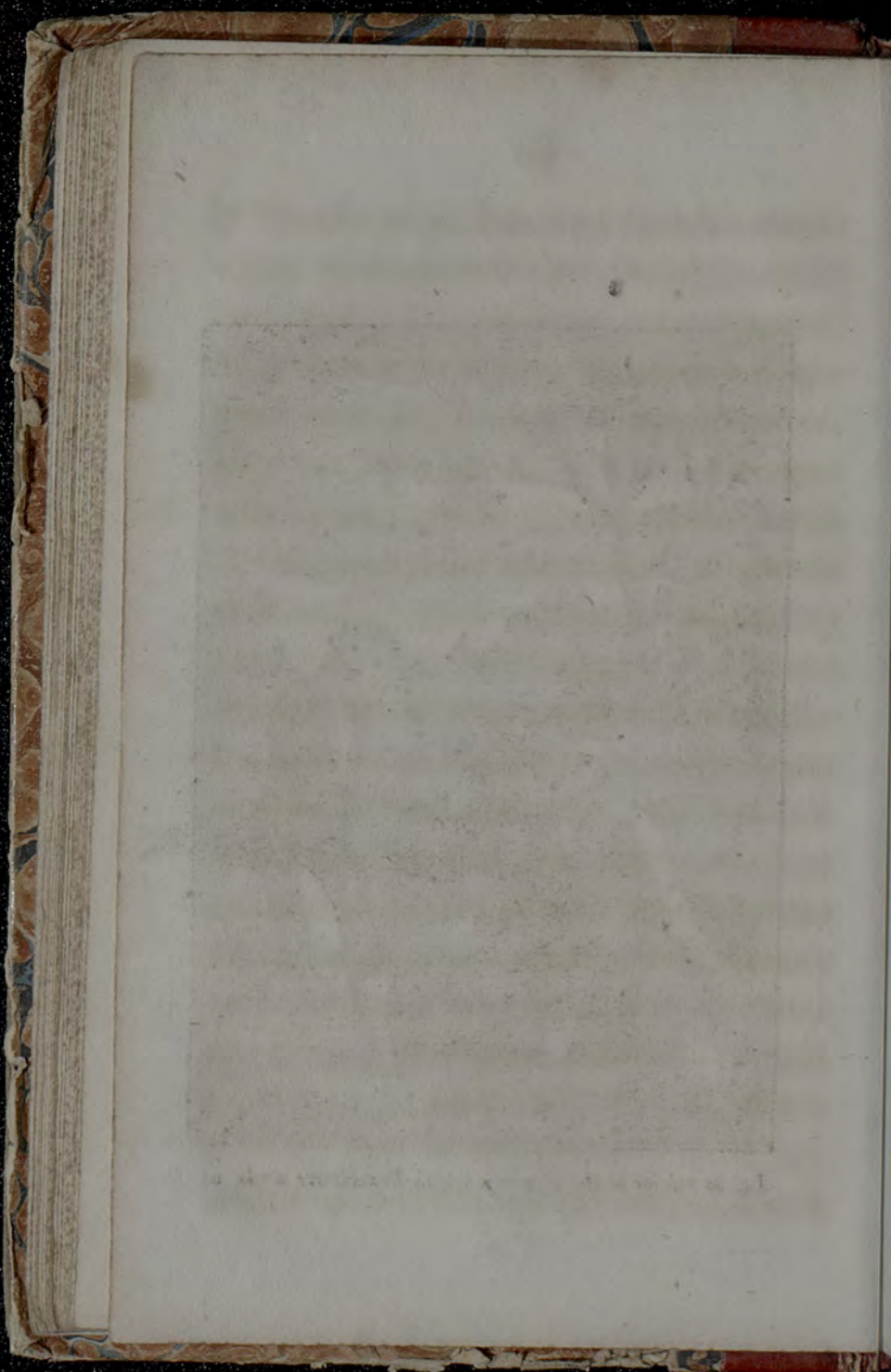
The labourer, overjoyed at his new fortune, kept his looks fixed upon the

pieces of gold; the beggar rubbed his eyes, and thought it a dream. At length recovering a little from their surprise, they blessed God; and, having dug out the vase, the former went to seek his relations, and to buy the necessary provisions for regaling them according to the intention of the old man.

While the beggar was reflecting on this strange adventure, he heard a great noise, and saw Bennet's mill in flames. Incapable of lending any assistance, he beheld with sorrow this dreadful spectacle, and thought to recompence his neighbour for his loss. The miller being absent, his two sons, who were very bad men, no sooner saw him depart than they procured some ale and tobacco, and then sat down to spend the day in drinking and smoking. Shortly after, one of them having laid



Let us rejoice at the blessings which Providence sends us.



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down his pipe upon a heap of old cloth, it took fire without their perceiving it, and spread so rapidly that they had much difficulty to save themselves. The house of the beggar would have been burnt also, had it not been for the violence of the wind, which carried the flames in an opposite direction. They sought Bennet every where, without being able to meet with him.

This accident suspended for a short time the joy of the party who had arrived with the labourer; the possession of the treasure, however, restored them by degrees, and the old man recounted how the death of his ass had been the cause of this happy discovery; in the course of which he did not forget to praise his poor old favourite.

“If you knew,” said he, “what sensibility, and how many good qualities,

he possessed! No ass could be more quiet, more patient, or better taught: he would appear satisfied with a handful of beans each day; and, when I had nothing to give him, I used to embrace him with tears in my eyes; and the poor animal, appearing to comprehend my trouble, would sorrowfully lie down, drooping his ears, and never importune me more. In the evening, at this hour, if I neglected to go and visit him, he would strike with his foot against this little door, that communicates with his shed."

The old man stopped, much astonished at hearing something strike against this same door, and, while they listened, the noise was repeated: they all now arose, very much frightened; some thinking that it was the ghost of the dead ass; others, more rational, feared

that thieves were already apprized of their treasure. One possessed of more courage than the rest opened the door ; when they beheld an ass, partly covered with flour sacks, some of which he dragged after him. He remained some time in his place, but, at length perceiving the beggar, he ran up to him, and began to bray most significantly.

“ My friends,” said the old man, after having disencumbered the animal of its coverings, “ I think I am able to convince you that this is my ass ; and, from these flour-sacks, I begin to perceive the fraud that Bennet has made use of towards me,—he has changed his ass for mine ; and you shall now see if I am right. My ass had a name, and he knew how to count as far as ten.” The guests all tried in vain to find out the name of the ass, and to make him

count ten. The old man then spoke in his turn:—"Aliboron, my fine friend," said he to his ass, "pay attention to the command of thy master." The old man struck one hand against the other ten times, and, when he had finished, the ass struck the earth as many times with his foot.

The party were much surprised, and declared with one accord that this ass belonged to the old man; who then took him to his usual shed, the door of which remained open, gave him plenty to eat, and returned to his friends.

They were debating upon the probable reasons Bennet could have for suffering the animal to escape, when he himself entered. At first he appeared astonished to find so much company, but, thinking only of his misfortunes, he soon began to weep, and

asked the old man how the mill had taken fire? The beggar, after he had informed him, desired to know, in his turn, where he had been all the day. Bennet, again shedding tears, replied, "Alas! it is too true that misfortunes never come singly; for, while my mill was in flames, as I was returning with my ass loaded with two sacks of corn, four robbers fell upon me, beat me unmercifully, and ran away with the grain and the ass. I have had much difficulty to drag myself here; and, now I have arrived, it is only to learn that I have nothing left in the world."

"Bennet," replied the old man, gravely, "if you had not stolen my ass, the greater part of these things would not have happened." This answer came so unexpectedly, that the miller had not power to defend himself. "Ill-gotten

wealth never prospers," continued the old man; "behold what has happened to each of us:—in the same day you have lost your mill, your ass, and your grain; I have acquired independence, and have recovered my ass, who returned here by himself: either the thieves have driven him away, in the fear that he might lead to a discovery, or he made his escape from them. The skin of yours I sold for ten shillings; these ten shillings procured me three peaches; and these three peaches, an immense treasure. If you will lead the life of an honest man, now you are poor and I am become rich, I will assist you in your misfortunes."

Bennet threw himself at the feet of the good beggar, and promised to follow his dictates, so worthy of attention. The old man gave him a sum of money

sufficient to rebuild his mill, and was also bountiful to the labourer and his family ; and at his death he left them much more, desiring them all never to forget that ill-gotten wealth never prospers.

“ Papa,” said Julia, “ your story is very agreeable ; but I think you might have chosen, for your heroes, persons not quite so low, as that rather spoils it.”

“ I do not see any low characters in the story,” interrupted the Captain, “ except the worthless miller and his two sons. The beggar, so resigned to the will of God, and so charitable towards his fellow-creatures ; and the labourer, so grateful, and so good a father ; are they not, on the contrary, truly estimable characters ?”

“ I do not speak of the character,” continued Julia ; “ only of the condition.”

“Why, niece,” cried the Captain, briskly, “your observation is ridiculous! Have you yet to learn that it is virtue and vice only which makes a difference between men, and that there are in fact only two classes—the good and the wicked; the rest is an invention of the vanity of man, to which God pays no attention. A good action does not appear to you worthy of notice, unless by persons placed in the higher ranks of society: for my own part, I think it much more admirable in a being whose obscurity often deprives him of the esteem he merits. The most ornamented vessels are not always the best; and it is often waste timber which saves us from shipwreck.”

Julia, finding the lesson a little sharp, looked down, and was silent. The Count then spoke to her more gently

than his brother had done; adding, that education generally gave elevation to the sentiments, but was altogether foreign to that disposition which disposes characters to profit by its advantages;—and he promised to illustrate this by the story he should give the following week.

THIRD SUPPER.

CAROLINE having invited her uncle to breakfast with her, he could not avoid laughing when he saw Julia, whose pouting air shewed that she was still piqued at the lesson he had given her at the close of the last story.

“My dear girl,” said the Captain, offering his hand, “come, kiss me, and let us make peace. Sailors admonish roughly, I am aware; but it is a fault I am now, I fear, too old to mend. You, who are young and pretty, will triumph over your old uncle, by advancing in years, sweetness, and affability. And, if you wish to appear

agreeable, never pout thus; smooth your fine forehead, for nothing makes a young girl so ugly as pouting. You smile—very well;—there, you now look like yourself again.”

Julia embraced her uncle and her mother, and again a sweet smile played upon her rosy lips. Pamphilius then went to an adjoining room, where Victorine was painting a basket of flowers. He remained some moments behind her chair, following with his eye the pencil of the young artist, and giving her from time to time the advice that his good taste suggested to him; when suddenly they were all alarmed by a piercing cry from Madame Caroline. They ran to the Captain's room, from whence the cry appeared to proceed, and saw Paul, pale and exhausted, supported in his

mother's arms. The Captain's pipe at her feet soon explained the cause of this disorder:—the fact was, he wished to smoke like his uncle, and the tobacco had intoxicated him. When the imprudent little Paul recovered, his father asked what fancy had made him try to smoke, and what sort of pleasure it had given him.

“Not any, father,” replied Paul; “on the contrary, I found the taste of the tobacco very disagreeable; but I wished to accustom myself to it, the same as my uncle.”

“For what purpose?” asked Pamphilius: “I wish to lose this bad habit, which is no longer useful to me now I am upon land. On board, it is very different; we think that tobacco preserves us from disease, and the pleasure

of smoking is often the only resource we have in a long voyage: but you, Paul, have none of these reasons."

"Pardon me, my dear uncle; I wished to practise smoking, to be habituated to it by the time I am a sailor."

Pamphilius laughed at the foresight of his young nephew, and assured him that this habit would always come time enough; and Paul promised his mother never to touch the Captain's pipe again.

After dinner, the sons of Mr. Theodore came to seek Paul to take a walk, and Pamphilius went with them, to a review of the Invalids: Galaor thought it very strange to see these pale-faced veterans, with their wooden legs and crutches; and he appeared much more surprised when he perceived

his uncle bow to them respectively as he passed.

“My child,” said Pamphilius, who saw his surprise, “nothing can be more worthy of our veneration than these old warriors, who have passed their days in the service of their country: their wounds and their infirmities are marks we ought to honour. One might with justice apply to them the words of a Spartan mother to her son, who was lamed in battle:— ‘Console yourself, my son; you can never go one step without recollecting your valour.’ ”

Gustavus, instead of remaining near his uncle, had slipped between the ranks of the soldiers, where he examined with much attention the manner in which the colonels and generals passed the troops in review. His looks sparkled with heroism as he marched in measure to the

sound of the tambours, and danced with joy on hearing the military music.

Thursday having now arrived, they departed for the house of the Count, who walked upon the road in the hope of seeing them early. Pamphilius first quitted the carriage, and met the arms of his brother: they then walked to the house on foot, when the acclamations of Elizabeth, who had just arrived with her mother, announced more friends. Mr. Theodore came last: his wife, being slightly indisposed, was not able to be of the party; Henry therefore remained at home with her.

The evening being fine, the party walked in the park till near the hour of supper; after which the Count thus addressed himself to Julia:—"I have promised you, my dear Julia, to prove, in my recital to-night, that birth, whatever

it may be, is not sufficient to make us virtuous, and therefore should not render us contemptible: the fruits of a good education can prosper even in the lowest class of society; and the two following persons will serve us for examples.

HONORIA AND JENNY;

Or, the History of the Daughter of an Ambassador, and that of a Coachman.

The Duke of Mirocles, a French ambassador at the Ottoman court, had but one child, which was a girl, named Honoria. A liberal education was bestowed on her: she had masters of all descriptions; and they placed her in the hands of two pious and respectable women, who endeavoured to make her love religion and virtue; for she had no longer a mother.

The first years of Honoria passed in

retirement, but she derived from it no benefit. Impatient to appear in the world and to make herself conspicuous, she was more occupied with ornamenting her person than storing her mind with useful knowledge, and, vain of the rank which her father held, she learned nothing, nor displayed any one virtue with which they had sought to inspire her.

A young girl, who served her as waiting-maid, had profited by the instruction intended for her young mistress. This was Jenny, the daughter of the Duke's coachman. The caprices of Honoria, to which she was constantly exposed, had given her an unchangeable complaisance and gentleness; but these two qualities did not prevent her mind from having a firmness in virtue that rendered her incapable of doing any thing contrary to her duty.

Although Honoria never ceased to torment her with her fancies and ill-humour, she was nevertheless very partial to Jenny; so much empire has real virtue over the heart. The Duke de Mirocles married his daughter to a rich and powerful nobleman, and Jenny still continued with her mistress, and accompanied her to the house of her husband.

From this moment Honoria lost sight of the sanctity of her engagement, nor saw in her marriage any thing more than a door opened to every folly; and she gave herself up entirely to pleasure. Immense sums were sacrificed daily in the most frivolous manner, and in most expensive parties, which drew upon her the remonstrances of her husband. Jenny herself sometimes dared to take the liberty of warning her; but Honoria would not listen to any thing. One day,

when she was at the waters of Aix, in Provence, an English gentleman, with whom she became acquainted, blamed her extravagant conduct, her passion for play, and her imperious humour. He at the same time bestowed much praise on Jenny, who was now become the companion of Honoria; he spoke of her modest and reserved deportment, the sweetness of her disposition, and her good sense. Honoria heard this humiliating comparison, and resolved to be revenged on this young Englishman, by marrying him to the daughter of her father's coachman. She one day called Jenny, and declared to her that she would marry her to a rich Englishman, if she had spirit enough to second her. Jenny, much surprised, replied, that her father had already chose the husband he destined for her; and, although she had never seen him

herself, she had sufficient confidence in the kindness of her father, and the respect that she owed him would not permit her to think of any other.

“You are childish, and very impertinent,” replied Honoria: “dare your father say any thing when I speak? and cannot I do more for you than he and all your family together? and would not poor Jerome be delighted to see you become the wife of a gentleman; for, since I must tell you, it is a young English nobleman to whom I intend to marry you: and yet you are not sensible of the honour I intend you.”

“It is so great, madam,” replied Jenny, “that I cannot conceive how a nobleman can think of the daughter of a poor coachman.”

“How silly you are!” cried Honoria; “cannot you guess that it is

necessary to hide from him for some time the lowness of your birth? Thanks to the partiality I have had for you, your exterior has something more about it than girls of your rank in general. I will carry my complaisance even so far as to make this Englishman believe that you are a relation of mine fallen into misfortune.—Why do you cry?”

“I cannot help it, madam: your contempt for me is too apparent in this circumstance to be supported without sorrow. My birth does not at all humiliate me; and, though my respected parent is one of your father’s servants, he is the most faithful of them. But I blush to think that you believe me capable of deceiving an honourable man; for I assure you, madam, I have no desire to raise myself at the expence of my happiness and that of the in-

dividual you would have me deceive; and I am far from regarding as an advantage the alliance you propose; even could I contract it without imposition, I should always fear that my husband would not treat my father with that respect I must ever consider due to him."

Honorina employed in turn caresses and threats to overcome the virtuous Jenny; but, as nothing could make her deviate from the path of virtue, she, in a fury, took from her all the presents she had made her, and sent her to her father's house.

Jenny now occupied herself in her domestic duties with the same sweetness and simplicity she had those of waiting-maid and companion. She married the man that her father had chosen, who was a locksmith of probity, comfortably settled, and industrious.

By a chain of events which frequently happen in courts, the Duke de Mirocles was disgraced, and reduced to live forgotten and solitary in one of his country-houses. It was thought his only child would quit the busy world to live near him, and soften by her tenderness that melancholy which disgraced courtiers usually experience: they were deceived in this expectation;—Honorina continued her pleasures, and gave herself up to gaming and dissipation. The Duke was so afflicted at the conduct of his only child, that he died of grief; and, when his daughter heard of his death, in returning from a ball, she shed a few tears for decency-sake, and retired for three months to one of her estates, taking with her all those companions of her pleasures which she could persuade to *mourn* with her. At the end

of this period, she again returned to Paris and its gaieties.

Whilst this insensible daughter was thus publishing her own disgrace, Jenny was performing the last sad duties at the side of her father's bed. The old man, inconsolable for the loss of a master whom he had served forty years, soon followed him to the tomb: he expired in the arms of his affectionate daughter, more happy in obscurity than the Duke de Miocles in the bosom of opulence and grandeur. Jenny wept a long time for a beloved parent, and, though still young, she shut herself up in the bosom of her family.

Honorina and Jenny were now become mothers: the former neglected the duties of this state, as she had scorned those of daughter and wife; and her children, consigned to the care of mercenaries in

the country, were abandoned to all the vices that could attack their youth ; while the latter, bearing hers in her maternal arms, took care of their health in their early infancy, and of their education at a more advanced age ; her sons became worthy tradesmen, like their father,—and her daughters, virtuous and happy.

Honorina, advanced in years, was yet smitten with that world she could no longer charm, having now lost, by late hours and excess, those attractions she once possessed ; and, half ruined by gambling, she was always quarrelling with her husband and her own children. She at length became an object of disgust and ridicule in company ; and the more she endeavoured to disguise her age and vexation, the more the world took a wicked pleasure in overwhelming her with the

keenest satire. Becoming a widow, she found in her own children, whose minds she had neglected to form or improve, instruments of punishment; for, to put an end to her expensive follies, they had her shut up as mentally deranged, and she finished her days in a convent, where the good Jenny was the only one who attended and endeavoured to console her.

The fate of Jenny was very different! —No one could behold her, with her husband and her children, without feelings of veneration. Age only rendered her more interesting; her face still wore a pleasing freshness, which arose from a serenity of soul, and an expression of virtue spread an inexpressible charm over the whole countenance. She had shown herself in all situations so worthy of esteem, that one scarcely perceived

she was growing old ; her husband and children were happy, and saw no one to compare with her ; even Honoria, on receiving her attentions, could scarce persuade herself that they were both of the same age.

“ You see, my dear Julia,” continued the Count, “ high birth does not preserve us from the perversity of the heart, and that virtue is amiable in whatever situation it is found.”

Julia was convinced of her ridiculous observation ; all the family thanked the Count for the pleasure he had given them this evening ; and they talked for some time of this good and happy Jenny, whom every good girl should strive to imitate.

FOURTH SUPPER.

THE third week of Pamphilius's absence appeared too long to the impatient Count; he therefore left his estate on the Wednesday morning, and, on his arrival at Paris, descended near the garden of the Luxembourg, where Madame Arsena lived: here he learned that the Captain was gone out with his niece to make some purchases, and that little Elizabeth was playing in the garden with her cousin Louisa. The Count went to seek the children, and perceived them both sitting at the foot of a statue of Minerva, making crowns of roses: the Count, hearing them talk, hid him-

self behind a poplar, to listen to their conversation.

"I think that we shall be very pretty with our crowns of roses," said Elizabeth; "and I'll engage that Julia and Victorine will not be satisfied until they have some made."

"They have not any roses," replied Louisa; "you know very well that we never touch the flowers in mamma's garden."

"Why so?" demanded Elizabeth.

"Because she loves them very much," replied Louisa, "and tells us the flowers give her pleasure, and that she is very fond of seeing them grow, which, you know, is the same as forbidding us to pluck them? But, perhaps, your mamma does not love roses?"

"I do not know; though I have never observed that it vexed her to see me gather them; and many times she has

herself assisted me to make nosegays of them."

"You are very happy never to be contradicted."

"Never contradicted! do you say?—you are wrong there: indeed I am, twenty times a-day."

"I did not think so."

"For example,—though study tires me, I am obliged to attend to it many hours each day; and I should like to go to bed as late as mamma, but they send me to bed early, for fear late hours should injure my health; neither will they let me go out when it rains nor when it is very hot: indeed, I should never finish telling you all the little contrarieties that I experience."

"But, however, you are never punished," replied Louisa.

"Not often, it is true," said Eliza-

beth; "though last Thursday I had a very narrow escape. I saw myself at the point of remaining here, whilst mamma went to see our grandpapa."

"Indeed!" cried Louisa, "what a miserable day it would have been for you! What should you have done then?"

"I will tell you all," continued Elizabeth; "but be careful not to repeat it to any person. You know little Amelia, who comes here sometimes with her aunt:—On Wednesday she played with me; we were on the bowling-green, dressing my doll, and mamma was taking an airing upon the terrace. I had just put on her silver gauze robe, embroidered with blue chenille, with a crape bonnet of the same colour, when mamma called me to get her a book; so I left my doll with Amelia, who continued to dress her; but,

behold her bad taste!—dazzled by the brilliancy of the gold spangles that were embroidered on a crimson velvet sash, Amelia had put it on the doll. I observed to her that the red did not suit well with the blue, and that it was necessary to change this sash. She assured me that the spangled velvet produced such an agreeable effect, that it would not be possible to improve it. I at first replied with gentleness; but she was obstinate: I grew more impatient, and quickly demanded Amelia to return me my doll, which the impertinent thing still held, and took no notice; I then strove to regain her by caresses; I promised her some sugar-plums, then some ribands, but all was useless; for I never saw a girl so headstrong; and as no other means would succeed, I employed force to get my doll: she resisted me, and I gave

her a box on the ear. Mamma ran on hearing the cries of Amelia, and, seeing me red with passion, thought me only blameable. 'You shall not go to-morrow to Saint Ildefonso,' said she. At this I burst into tears, threw myself at her feet, and supplicated her to hear me; and, although I related what had passed, she assured me that the obstinacy of Amelia could not excuse my conduct, which was so much the more blameable, because, in her opinion, I had violated the duties of hospitality. I think I never saw mamma so angry with me, and I had much trouble to make her revoke the fatal decree, indeed I only obtained it by the force of prayers and tears. What a disgrace it would have been for me to have been the first excluded from the supper, and that in the presence of my uncle Pamphilius, who is but just ar-

rived ! I should not have heard the history of Honoria and Jenny."

"Speaking of that history," said Louisa, "I did not think it very amusing: did you Elizabeth?"

"It is too serious for a child of your age," replied Elizabeth: "I, who have more sense, comprehended it very well; though I much prefer that of the Stolen Ass."

"I wish that my grandpapa would relate to us some adventures of little girls of my age," pursued Louisa; "that would be much more diverting."

"Yes, for you," replied Elizabeth; "but do you think we who are older than you, and our mothers, could take much pleasure in them?"

The Count was laughing to himself at the affected superiority of Elizabeth's reasoning; when the Captain returned with Madame Arsena.

They went the next day to St. Ildefonso; and in the evening, when the dessert was served, and the servants retired, the Count said to Louisa, with a pleasing smile,—“It appears that Louisa complains of our tales being too serious; she wishes that I would choose young heroines of her own age, and, as it is but just to satisfy every one, I will therefore relate an estimable trait in the characters of two little sisters, the eldest of whom was not more than six years old.”

Elizabeth, a little surprised that her grandfather knew of their conversation, blushed, fearing that he had also heard of her adventure with Amelia; she was more easy, however, on perceiving that he said nothing further on the subject, and she intreated the Count to proceed, as she wished very much to hear what

he had to say of two children so young.

FANNY AND LOUISA;

OR, THE SHEEP.

Poor Maria, who had been a widow two years, was working alone near her fire: it was past midnight, and her two little children, Fanny and Louisa, were sleeping upon a miserable bed; when somebody knocked at the door. Maria arose, a little alarmed on hearing a noise at this hour, and demanded who was there?

"I pray you give me a light," was the reply: Maria recognized the voice to be that of Bridget, her neighbour, and instantly opened the door.

"I have frightened you," said Bridget, as she entered, "but I assure you it

was very far from my intention ; for the truth is, my husband must depart very early to-morrow morning for the fair, and I have just recollected that his gaiters want some repair,—so I got up to do them ; but, not having found any fire on my hearth, and, perceiving a light in your house, I came to ask you for one.”

“ You are very welcome,” replied Maria ; “ but, if you have not any fire in your house, you will find it very cold to work without : and, although mine is very small, I beg you will bring your work here, and sit with me.

“ Ah ! very willingly,” replied Bridget ; and she went immediately for her husband’s gaiters : as soon as she was seated near the poor widow, she said, “ I prevent you, perhaps, from going to bed, Maria ; and I remember you were up very late last night.”

“Me go to bed!” replied Maria, “oh! I don’t think of it, I assure you. It is necessary that I finish spinning this thread, without which my poor little ones will not have any bread for to-morrow.”

“But, are you not punctually paid for the time you pass in the service of the old Marcella?”

“Yes! but, during the illness of Louisa, I received two weeks in advance: I now wish to repay this; and, therefore, must work six days more, as I at present do, before I shall have cleared myself.”

“And during this time you intend to sit up all night, after having worked hard the whole day! My dear neighbour, you will not be able to bear it,—you will certainly make yourself ill.”

“Even though I should die,” replied Maria, sighing, “how can I do other-

wise? Shall I leave my poor little girls without bread, or not pay what I owe?"

"Why do you not sell something to relieve your present distress?"

"Ah! my good friend," replied Maria, "it is first necessary to have something to sell. Would this miserable bed, on which my children repose, bring me money,—or the mattress on which I lie?—or who would buy this old worm-eaten chest, in which I put the few clothes we have?"

"No, my good neighbour, that is not what I mean: but what hinders you from selling this fine sheep that you have?—it is fat and young, and I'll engage you will get more than two guineas for it."

"Very true," replied Maria, "yet I am not able to bring my mind to it, the children love it so dearly: shall I cause

them so much sorrow? Poor little darlings! it is the only joy that they have. When they are cold, or when I have only a morsel of dry bread to give them, they amuse themselves with their sheep, and that consoles them. Alas! my dear neighbour, pardon me this weakness; but I prefer sitting up every night, to afflicting the hearts of my poor babes."

Maria and her neighbour chatted thus until day-break; when, having finished their work, they separated. The widow approached her children's bed, and found Fanny awake; after giving each a kiss, she left them to take home her spinning. She soon returned, with a small loaf in her hand; and, after dressing her two little girls, and hearing them recite their morning-prayer, she departed for her day's work, requesting Bridget to watch

her children during her absence, as usual. Louisa hastened to set the sheep, which was bleating, at liberty, and the two sisters conducted it to the pasturage, in a field near their mother's house. Instead of caressing the sheep, as she was accustomed to do, Fanny regarded it with a thoughtful melancholy air; for which Louisa did not fail to reproach her.

"What has poor Sylvia done?" said she to her sister; "you look at it as our mother does when she is angry with us. Is it because you do not love it any longer?"

"I love it very much," replied Fanny; "but, Louisa, if you knew what I heard last night, whilst you slept!"

"Did not you sleep then?" demanded Louisa.

"I awoke on hearing Bridget, our

neighbour, conversing with mother: she said, 'if you thus sit up every night, you will fall ill, and die;' and mother replied to her, 'it is necessary that I should gain some bread for my children.' 'But why will you not sell your sheep?' asked Bridget. On which mother answered, 'I prefer to die rather than make my poor children so unhappy.' They said much more: I listened without saying a word, and have found out that we must sell Sylvia, to prevent our dear mother from dying."

"Sell Sylvia!" replied Louisa, crying: "it will then be no longer ours!"

"No, indeed," said Fanny, also crying; "they will give us money for it, and we shall not any longer possess the sheep."

"Who then will conduct it to the pasture?"

"I know not; but it will not be our pleasant task."

"I will not sell Sylvia!" exclaimed Louisa, sighing.

"But if our good mother should die!" said Fanny; "do we not love her better than we do Sylvia?"

"How will this prevent her from dying?" asked Louisa.

"Do you not understand me, then?" replied Fanny: "we shall give Sylvia for some money, and shall see her no more; but this money will prevent the necessity of our mother sitting up all night to work for our bread, and she can then sleep as we do."

"Does she not sleep, Fanny?"

"Alas! no; while we repose from night till morning, she continues sitting on the hearth, and spinning all night."

"Poor dear mamma!" cried Louisa,

affected; "let us sell Sylvia, in order that she may sleep also."

"Do you really mean so, Louisa?"

"Yes, I do," replied Louisa, weeping.

"You will not change your mind?"

"No, no, I will not indeed."

"Then let us seek Bridget; she will tell us to whom we can sell our poor Sylvia."

The two children went to their neighbour, and Fanny imparted to her the resolution they had taken. Bridget praised them, and confirmed them more and more in their good design, by making them comprehend all the trouble that Maria endured in consequence of her affection for them. "Now, my good little girls," continued Bridget, "we will go together, and take the sheep to the house of Francis the butcher."

"The butcher!" cried Fanny, trembling; "is it not he who kills the lambs?"

"Yes, to be sure; it is necessary to kill in order to sell them."

"He will kill Sylvia then?" continued Fanny.

"It is better that Sylvia should die than your good mother?" replied Bridget.

"That is very true," said Fanny, weeping.

"What will they do to Sylvia?" demanded Louisa sorrowfully of her sister.

"They will doubtless do the same to her that I saw them, the other day, do to a little lamb," replied Fanny; "they extended its throat, and plunged a large knife—"

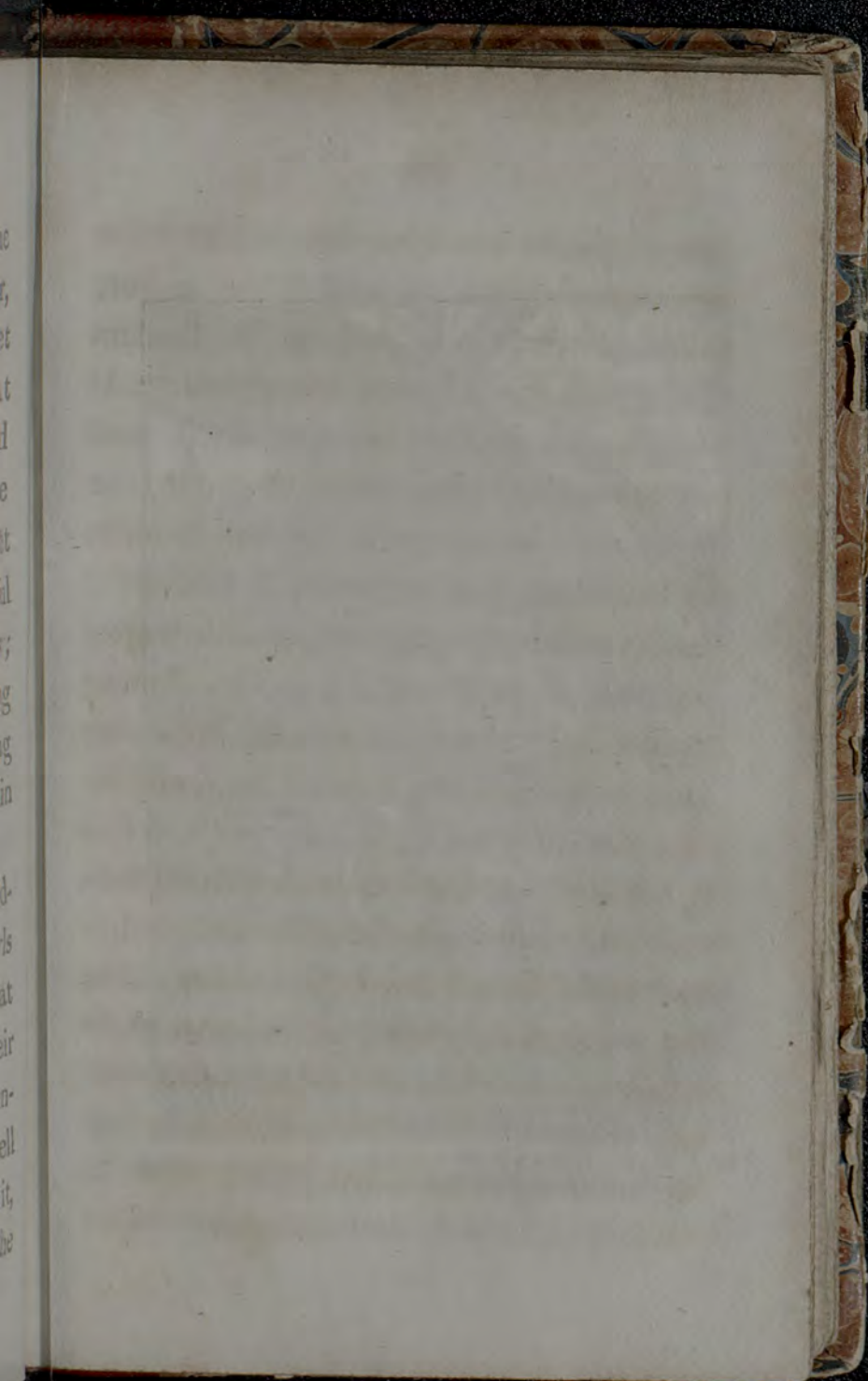
She could not finish; Louisa held down her head, and cried bitterly. Syl-

via began to bleat at this instant ; the two sisters threw themselves upon her, uttering cries of despair, so that Bridget had much trouble to comfort them. At length they became more resigned, and consented to take their sheep to the butcher's. Each of them took Bridget by the hand, and walked with sorrowful hearts and eyes overflowing with tears ; Sylvia gaily followed, without evincing the least inquietude at its fate, browsing at intervals the herbs which he found in its path.

On entering the butcher's shop, Bridget told him that Maria's little girls had come to sell him their sheep, that the money might serve to support their mother. Francis, who had often endeavoured to prevail on Maria to sell it, instantly gave two pounds for it, which Bridget delivered to Fanny. The

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*Oh! Master Frances if you could keep it without sticking
your great knife in its throat.*

child could not help exclaiming, with tears of joy, "Thank God, poor mamma will sleep to-night!"

Louisa leaped with joy at this idea, and would also see the money; but, when it was necessary to quit Sylvia, the cries and tears were resumed.

"Alas! Mr. Francis," said Fanny to the butcher, "if you could keep it without plunging your great knife in its throat."

"It is so good," said Louisa, "you will be much pleased to see it follow you, and eat from your hand."

Francis told them he would consider of it, not wishing to grieve them any more. Sylvia was shut up, and his late young mistresses returned home with Bridget, who endeavoured all the way to make them view the good side only of what they had done.

When Maria returned from her day's work, her two little girls threw themselves into her arms, and shewed her the money.—“Look, mamma, you no longer need pass the night in working; you will sleep, and not die.”

“Where does this money come from?” asked Maria.

“We have sold Sylvia,” cried Fanny.

“Yes,” added Louisa, restraining her tears; “but Francis said that, perhaps, he would not put his large knife in its throat.”

“Poor little dears!” replied Maria, greatly affected; “this sacrifice must have cost you much pain: who advised you to do so?”

Fanny related to her mother what she had overheard the preceding night—their conversation in the little paddock, and what had followed. Maria was so

delighted with this proof of their affection for her, that she wept with joy, and lavished on them the most tender caresses. Fanny and Louisa would not go to sleep until their mother was in bed also; after which, they embraced, and wished each other a good night.

Whilst they slept together upon their little bed, at the side of the good Maria, who blessed Heaven for having given her such amiable children, the faithful Sylvia, shut up with other victims like itself, bleated sorrowfully after its young companions: a lady, who was composing an ingenious History in an apartment near the butcher's house, was annoyed by the repeated cries of the sheep; she called her old housekeeper, who, instead of answering, was sleeping in the chimney corner. The lady, perceiving her in such a profound sleep, would

not awake her, but went down herself to the butcher to know if he had not any means of silencing the bleating sheep; when the butcher's daughter related to her all that regarded the poor animal. The lady, affected at the conduct of Fanny and Louisa, determined to recompence them by returning their faithful Sylvia: she therefore repurchased it of the butcher, intending the next morning to take it herself to the cottage of Maria; but scarcely was Sylvia set at liberty, than it ran bleating to his first home.

On hearing its well known voice, Fanny and Louisa, who were still in bed, jumped up, and hastened to open the door to Sylvia. They called Maria, who was with her neighbour Bridget, and shewed the sheep to her, with transports of inexpressible joy. Maria was obliged to

change this joy into sorrow, by declaring to them that they could not keep the sheep without returning the money; that probably Sylvia had escaped, and therefore they must immediately take it back to Francis. The tears began to flow; Maria, sensible of their misery, wished to return the money; but Fanny, drying up her tears, begged her mother to dress her, that she might go and return Sylvia.

The lady who had redeemed the sheep arrived at this moment, and informed the two sisters that both the money and the sheep was theirs. Maria returned the most grateful thanks for her generosity; and Fanny and Louisa, having each of them made a curtesy, began to caress Sylvia, which played a thousand little gambols. The lady, not satisfied with having rendered them thus happy,

gave more money to Maria, and retired to write this little history, which is perhaps not the worst of her collection.

The Count looked round and asked Louisa if she was satisfied with this story, when he felt her little arms around his neck: she had slipped behind his arm-chair to embrace him, so much was she delighted with the recital he had given them; she assured him that it was much prettier than all the other stories. The rest of the family had also taken infinite pleasure in it; and the Captain, rising, said, with an embarrassed air, "Why, brother, you render me more childish than these little ones themselves; old as I am, I could sit and listen to you all night."

FIFTH SUPPER.

THIS time the Captain did not depart with the visitants, but remained at his brother's, in order to keep him company, all the following week. "Well," said he, rubbing his hands, "now all these little monkeys are gone, we can rest a little and enjoy ourselves: nothing is so sweet as repose; but it is impossible to think of it in the midst of this happy groupe,—it is almost as bad as foul weather, and I fancy that I am always upon deck. You say nothing, brother;—indeed, I believe you have the weakness to regret the absence of these little merry rogues!"

"It is very true, my dear Pamphilius;

their noise, troublesome as it appears to you, is to me mingled with sounds so sweet, that I cannot avoid being pleased with them. Nevertheless, my dear brother, the absence of the children does not leave me solitary; for, be assured, the friendship I entertain for you is very capable of consoling me."

The Captain smiled, and pressed the hand of his brother. They afterwards began to chat, and the conversation insensibly fell again upon the little noisy ones: the Count observed with pleasure that Pamphilius was never silent on this subject, nevertheless repeating at the time, "What a folly it is to love children too much!"—Every instant he gave a fresh proof that his sensible heart was not exempt from the same sweet impression.

The next day, after having appeared

all the morning uneasy and thoughtful, he proposed to his brother a hunting party. The Count judged from this that the repose he spoke of so much at first began to be very irksome to him, and that the absence of the rest of the family had left a void in his heart. On Sunday, it raining the whole day, Pamphilius amused himself by walking in the gallery; and, seeing the Count enter, he exclaimed, "My dear brother, I have been thinking that this house is much too large for you and me. Why does not Arsena, who is a widow, live with us?"

"I have thought of it many times," replied the Count; but the education of her daughter opposes it."

"My dear brother," continued Pamphilius, after a pause, "how do you manage to pass seven long days alone here?"—He stopped, somewhat confused.

The Count smiled, and replied, "I occupy myself with the interests of my children; I cultivate my lands; and I reside at a distance from them in the country, that they may live more comfortably at Paris."

"I perceive that you are as good a father as you were a son," cried Pamphilius, tenderly, still continuing to regret the absence of his nephews and nieces, without having courage to confess it; at length, being no longer able to contain himself, he set off on the Tuesday morning before the Count got up, and went to the house of Mr. Theodore, for which the Count gently rallied him on his return the following Thursday, with the rest of the family. They passed the day very agreeably; which the Count terminated, as usual, with the following story.

THE OLD SERVANT.

Mr. Leonard, though possessed of a good heart, excellent abilities, and an upright mind, did not at all make his family happy; the violence of his temper prevailed over these good qualities, and sometimes rendered him the most unamiable of men. His wife, in vain, shewed all the sweetness and moderation with which Nature had endowed her. Young Edmond, her son, more struck by these terrible bursts of passion than by the affection that his father evinced for him at other times, was always constrained and trembling in his presence. One person only dared sometimes endeavour to bring him to reason: this was Maurice, an old servant, who had lived with the father of his present

master, and had for sixty years been attached to the family. Mr. Leonard, without feeling for the old servant all the regard that his fidelity merited, preserved, however, a certain reserve towards this venerable man.

Disagreeing with all his neighbours, who endeavoured to avoid him as soon as his impetuous humour began to manifest itself, Mr. Leonard chose rather to complain of their conduct than to confess himself to blame. In his usual manner, he sought to quarrel with one of them respecting the limits of a wood. His neighbour, an honourable man, and incapable of yielding any thing that he knew justly belonged to him, asserted his pretensions with firmness; and a lawsuit was about to commence, when Maurice, who had known for so many years all the boundaries of Mr. Leonard's

estate, informed his master that he was in error respecting this affair. Mr. Leonard haughtily replied, that he had a title to it.

The law-suit commenced; Mr. Leonard thinking he was right, because he wished it: not that a small portion of wood tempted his avarice, but because his self-love was interested. The title, however, upon which he grounded his claim had nothing valid in it; and, when it was necessary to bring forward witnesses in support of it, he desired Maurice to depose in his favour.

“Do not hope it,” replied the old servant; “I never knew how to tell a falsehood, and I will not burthen myself with this sin at the age of seventy-eight. I have done my duty, in previously informing you that your pretensions were unjust: you have not believed me; and

I will not betray my conscience to satisfy you."

Mr. Leonard, in a transport of rage, called him an ungrateful villain, and commanded him to deliver his bill, for what was due to him in wages. "It is time," he added, "that I disburthen myself of a servant unworthy of my kindness, and who carries his audacity so far as to forget that I am his master and he is my valet."

To these hard words, which rent his heart, Maurice made no answer, but retired to his chamber, and began to weep bitterly. Mr. Leonard would not allow himself time to be softened, but immediately sought another domestic. On the arrival of this stranger, Madame Leonard and her son, with a tender solicitude, went to poor Maurice: Edmond embraced him in tears, and

Madame Leonard thus addressed him :
—“ What ! good old man, is it possible you can think of leaving us ?—whatever may be the violence of my husband, he loves you ; and you only have any influence over his mind.”

Maurice raised his head with surprise.

“ You strive in vain to conceal it from us,” cried Edmond, sighing ; “ we have seen the man who is to replace you.”

“ You have seen him !” exclaimed Maurice, quickly ; “ is it possible that my master will be unfeeling enough to discharge me ?”

He then related, in a tremulous voice, what had passed. Madame Leonard, affected by the grief of the old man, assured him that her husband would not fail to repent, and that he must excuse an action excited by passion.

"No, no," replied Maurice, with resolution, "he no longer loves me, and I ought to quit him for ever. I know that he is violent; but, having already made choice of another servant—ah! there is no doubt of his intention. It is to no purpose that I have closed the eyes of his worthy father; that I have carried him in my arms; and that I have with fatherly care watched the infant years of his own son;—he has discharged me in my old age, and has forgotten my long services, and the attachment I have ever shewn for him."

Maurice wept bitterly in uttering these words; but his resolution was taken, and sorrow took possession of his heart. Edmond bathed his hands with tears; and Madame Leonard also shewed him every mark of esteem and regret.

Maurice left the house on the same day, without demanding any thing of his master, and taking nothing with him but the produce of his savings and a small parcel of clothes, which was carried by a young servant by the order of Madame Leonard.

It was not without some emotion that Mr. Leonard learned the departure of this good old man: he wished to have held out to him an opportunity of being again received into favour. Offended at his conduct, he suppressed the secret sentiment that pleaded in his favour, and sent Maurice the money he had not deigned to claim.

Having retired to an humble lodging at the extremity of the town, Maurice lived, if not happy, at least in peace, until he was seized with an attack of the gout, during which they robbed him of all his

money. Edmond frequently visited him, without the knowledge of his father, and carried him nourishing food, and the dessert of which he deprived himself. The society of this child, whom he had always loved, was a great consolation to the good old man, who shed tears of joy whenever he saw him seated near his pillow. Madame Leonard, without appearing to sanction it, entirely approved of her son's conduct, and always doubled his portion at table.

These attentions were very desirable to poor Maurice, who had nearly lost his appetite; but it did not save him from the cruel situation in which he was placed in consequence of having been robbed. Edmond was still ignorant of this misfortune, until one day he was witness to the menaces of Mau-

rice's landlord, who threatened to turn him out of doors. Edmond, seized with pity at the sufferings of the poor old man, begged the inhuman landlord to retire, and promised to satisfy him before the day had passed. He immediately repaired to his mother, and, falling on his knees before her, entreated that she would hasten to the assistance of Maurice. Madame Leonard, who was not in possession of any money, and unwilling to ask her husband, secretly sold a pair of ear-rings.

The money produced by this sale appeased the landlord for the present; but, as it could not last long, the old man, not wishing to abuse the generosity of Edmond and his mother, requested to be conveyed to an hospital. Edmond in tears supplicated him not to make himself so miserable; he vowed a thousand

times never to abandon him. Maurice, deeply affected by the tenderness of the child, strove to soften this idea ; Edmond would not listen to any thing. The same day, fearing to importune his mother, he decided upon selling a beautiful edition of the Iliad, which he had received as a prize in his class. Scarcely had he entered the shop of the bookseller, with whom he hoped to arrange the sale, than he perceived his father seated near the counter. Edmond was so frightened at this meeting, that he let his books fall.

“What do you want here, my child ?” cried Mr. Leonard, surprised ; “and why all these books ?”

Edmond blushed and stammered ; dreading the anger of his father, he could only press his hand and weep. Mr. Leonard, painfully affected at the

trouble in which he saw his son, took him aside, and with gentleness requested him to confess the truth, previously assuring him that he was ready to forgive him if he was in fault. Emboldened by this unexpected moderation, Edmond replied, with downcast eyes, that he came to sell his books, to prevent Maurice from going into an hospital.

These few words acted like a flash of lightning on Mr. Leonard ; a mixture of repentance and tenderness seized him, so that his eyes filled with tears. " Conduct me to Maurice," said he to his son, embracing him.

Edmond, overwhelmed with joy, did not wait to have the order repeated. On approaching the lodgings, they met a handbarrow, upon which an old man, enveloped in blankets, lay extended ;—it was Maurice, whom they were convey-

ing to the hospital. Mr. Leonard held Edmond, who would have thrown himself into his arms, and directed the porters to carry the patient to his own house. Maurice, whose sufferings were great, did not observe this meeting. They put him into the bed which he had so long occupied: the old man cast his eyes upon all that he could observe; he dared not believe them, but imagined he was in a delirious fever. At length he perceived Edmond; tears bathed his venerable cheeks, he extended his feeble arms toward him:—"My son! my dear son!" cried he, "you have then followed me!—embrace me, that I may be sure I am not deceived by a sweet dream, for my eyes certainly deceive me—I do not know where I am!"

"What!" cried Edmond, pressing

him in his arms, "do you not recollect your old bed-chamber?"

"It appears to me that this is the house of Mr. Leonard," continued Maurice.

"It is also thy future residence, good old man," interrupted Mr. Leonard, embracing him; forget my injustice, and never leave us."

Maurice wept with joy when he heard these words. Madame Leonard came, in her turn, to express the pleasure she felt on seeing him again in the midst of them. The satisfaction he experienced, together with the care and attention which he received, accelerated his cure and prolonged his days, and he ever considered Edmond as his little benefactor.

Mr. Leonard, struck with the cruelty of which he had been guilty by abandon-

ing himself to the impulse of passion, determined, in consequence, to entirely overcome this fault,—at least, to moderate it considerably.

“I thought, papa,” said Gustavus, “that anger was only a passing emotion; however, it appears that this of Mr. Leonard lasted for a long time.

“It is very true,” replied the Count, “that this violence of temper, which makes a good heart so far forget itself, is seldom of long duration; but self-love often prolongs its effects: the shame of confessing a fault prevents the reparation of it, and the heart secretly disavows it a long time before the conduct can conform itself to the measure of repentance.

SIXTH SUPPER.

As there were several holidays in the ensuing week, the young ladies obtained permission to remain with their mothers at their grand-papa's; as for the young gentlemen, their studies rendered it necessary for them to return to Paris.

On the Wednesday evening, as they were all assembled on the terrace, they perceived the Captain enter, followed by two men, one carrying a large box on his back, and the other playing the hurdy-gurdy.

"My dears," said he, "I have brought you a magic lantern, and, as these poor shewmen are very much

fatigued, I intend they shall sup and sleep here."

At the mention of magic-lantern, his nieces ran eagerly up to the man who carried it: Madame Caroline, however, thinking the shewmen must be hungry, found it was necessary to moderate this ardour, and ordered them refreshments; the family having also supped, the men were desired to begin their amusements. A large white sheet was suspended against the tapestry, the lights were extinguished; and, whilst the eldest arranged his pictures, the younger miserably played some country-airs upon the hurdy-gurdy.

At first was exhibited a river, in which a princess was bathing: one of her maids, having reached a cradle floating on the surface, presented to the princess

a beautiful child she had taken out of it, which was the infant Moses.

“Here he is again,” said the shew-man, putting another glass into his lantern: “here he is, keeping his father-in-law’s flocks on Mount Horeb. Look at those flames; they are the burning-bush from whence issued the voice which commanded Moses to go into Egypt, and deliver his brethren from bondage. —Look now at this magnificent throne, on which a man is seated; the crown of gold on his head shews him to be the king of Egypt, the mighty Pharaoh. Those three ill-looking men are the three magicians, whom Moses is about to confound with a single word.”

The children laughed heartily at the grotesque figures of the magicians: the nose of one was so long it nearly covered his mouth; the chin of the second,

with a long pointed beard, formed a crescent with his nose; and the third had four teeth, which came out of his mouth like elephant's tusks. After the children had enjoyed their laugh, the shewman resumed, with an emphatic tone:—

“Look, look, young ladies! that being which flies in silence, with a long scythe, is the Angel of Death, who strikes all the first-born of the Egyptians, to punish them for their obstinacy in detaining the children of Israel. Behold him marking the houses, right and left, that God has designated; but he does not touch those of the Israelites.—Here, ladies and gentlemen, is the most astonishing of all the pictures: it is the Red Sea, which opens to let the people of God pass. Do you see the column of flame that advances at their head; and Moses, who is always armed with a sa-

ered rod? The people reach the opposite shore: Pharaoh, mounted in his chariot, arrives with all his army, and dares to enter the miraculous road; but on a sudden the watery walls give way—the waves resume their course, and the Egyptians perish, with all their arms and horses.”

The hurdy-gurdy played again; and the young ladies complained that the spectacle was so soon over, when the shewman announced a puppet-shew. The candles were lighted, and the man arranged them so as to illuminate a small theatre, contained in a part of the box which held the magic-lantern. A little figure, dressed as a fisherman, was seated on the banks of a river, with a fishing-rod in his hand, waiting the fish to bite, and complaining of his extreme poverty. “Alas!” said he, “I have not a pound

of bread in the world; and, if I don't catch some fish to-day, I don't know how I shall live to-morrow!"

He had scarcely spoken, when he perceived something had taken the bait; he drew the line with anxious joy, and found it was a beautiful carp. The fisherman rendered thanks to heaven, and threw it into his basket, when, on a sudden, a plaintive voice was heard: the fisherman started back with surprise, listening to the carp, which addressed him as follows:—

"O, fisherman, be not astonished; Heaven, which knows how important it is to me to soften thy heart, grants to me the power of addressing thee. I have little ones, who cannot yet do without my assistance; I have a father, who is blind, whom I am obliged to nourish: my little ones and my father



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will perish if thou takest my life. Throw me again into the water, good fisherman; and Heaven will repay thee an hundred-fold for thy mercy."

The fisherman, in uncertainty, reflects what he ought to do: on the one hand, he considers the beauty of the carp, and the necessity he has for selling it; on the other hand, he feels affected by the complaints of the unfortunate fish, who only asked for life to preserve the existence of its family. The latter sentiment triumphs, and he throws the carp into the river. In an instant his rags are changed into a superb dress, embroidered with gold and silver. The fisherman does not perceive this metamorphosis; but, when he throws his line again, he finds it has become gold, as well as his basket; his fine dress then catches his attention. Giddy

and confused with so many wonders, he takes the road to his hut; night comes on, and thousands of birds carry in their beaks lighted torches, and fly around him, to light his way. He arrives at his hut, which he finds changed into a magnificent palace; he hears music, and voices which invite him to enjoy the benefits his mercy to the fish has procured him; and a beautiful fairy, seated on a globe of crystal, sustained by butterflies, appears in the midst of a most resplendent light.

“Fisherman,” said she, with a smiling air, “this palace belongs to thee, with all the riches it contains: I make thee a present of it, because even in poverty thou hast been bountiful to a being more to be pitied than thyself.”

After having said these words, without giving the fisherman time to thank

her, she rose in the air on her globe of crystal, as light as a soap-bubble; a train of light for a long time marked her route. The fisherman's eyes followed her with astonishment; when a great number of servants issued from the palace, and prostrated themselves at his feet.—The puppets then executed a grotesque dance, which greatly amused the young ladies.

When the shew was over, and the shewmen were retired, Pamphilius remarked, that the history of the fisherman was not concluded, and that he had once heard the remainder. His nieces earnestly intreated him to relate it; but, as it was late, the Count begged him to defer it until the next morning. “Our young gentlemen,” said he, “will not be sorry to partake of this pleasure: we will keep the magic-lantern

that they may amuse themselves in their turn; and, upon consideration, the conclusion of the story of the fisherman shall be reserved until after supper."

The young ladies consoled themselves for this delay on thinking that they would again enjoy the charming amusement of the magic-lantern.

The increase in the number of guests rendered the pleasures of the morrow more agreeable, and it was also a holiday. The Captain left the table a short time before the rest; and, when the dinner was over, he was found in the avenue, surrounded by a dozen of the peasant's children, whom he had collected together to dance to the music of the hurdy-gurdy. The Count's grand-children soon joined, and began dancing with the little villagers; Julia alone kept at a distance. Pamphilius asked her, roughly, if her

feet were bad, and, without waiting for an answer, took her hand and placed it in that of a charming little girl of her own age. Julia, not daring to resist, answered in blushes; but it was remarked, that she always looked very serious.

The Count, well pleased to see this little group of merry faces, resolved to regale the young peasants with the sight of the puppet-shew; but as the magic-lantern could only be seen at night, nothing was said to them about it, and they retired well satisfied with their afternoon's amusement.

The Count's grand-children, for whom other amusements were in store, hailed the arrival of the night with transports of joy. They sat down to table immediately after the performance; and, at the dessert, Pamphilius related, in the

following manner, the conclusion of the fisherman's story:—

“ You have seen, my young friends, by what adventure the fisherman was advanced from poverty to great opulence. His palace was the work of a fairy, which is sufficient to say there never was seen any thing so beautiful: precious stones, worked with inimitable art, were every-where displayed in the greatest profusion; and the delicacy of the silks which adorned it was such that the texture even of roses appeared coarse compared with it. The outside of the palace corresponded with the magnificence of its interior: delightful groves, elegant fountains, where the water spouted out in various forms, and grass-plots, enamelled with flowers, ravished the sight on all sides; fruits, from the four quarters of the world, ripened together

in large orchards ; and the magic woods, which surrounded the palace, were inhabited by every animal that could furnish man with the most delicate food.

“ So much felicity corrupted the soul of the fisherman ;—by degrees, his gratitude towards the fairy diminished ; he judged of his merit by the happiness he enjoyed ; and concluded by persuading himself that he was worthy of even more riches. He became an imperious and difficult master ; his whimsical and fantastic mind formed a thousand desires, which he resolved to gratify, cost what they would. One night, when he had not slept as well as usual, he determined on having a bed made of the feathers of the crests of the bird of Paradise. These birds, whose feathers resemble silk, are extremely light ; notwithstanding he had them in his own garden, it

appeared very difficult to compose a bed of their crests only in the short space of one day, as he had commanded. His people arranged themselves over the gardens, some holding the nets, and others killing the birds with bows and arrows. The fairy, an invisible witness of all that was passing, had pity on these poor servants, who were taking so much trouble, and were already overcome by fatigue. She assisted their work, without being perceived; and the bed was ready by the evening. Her aid, however, did not prevent many of these unfortunate servants from falling ill; some were afflicted through excessive exertion, and three or four died without the fisherman deigning to notice them.

“Another time, having remarked a wild fig-tree on the side of an extremely dangerous rock, he determined to taste

the fruit: in vain it was represented to him that the fruit appeared very inferior to what could be gathered, without trouble, in his own gardens; and he obstinately insisted on having the wild figs. Two men were maimed in this new enterprise; and a third would probably have been killed, but for the assistance of the fairy, who supported him with an invisible hand on the brink of the abyss, and sent a strong breeze, which, shaking the tree, caused some of the fruit to fall at the fisherman's feet.

“The fairy, with pain, observing him commit so many bad actions, resolved to put an end to them. The fisherman, during a walk, saw a flight of quails, which were passing from one country to another: one of them fell at a very short distance from him, which he ran and

seized, and, finding it fat, carried it to his cook to be dressed. The poor bird, at the moment it was about to be killed, escaped, and, taking refuge in the bosom of the fisherman, thus addressed him:—‘ Oh, you who are so happy that no felicity can be compared to yours, have mercy on me. I am yet a child; I followed my father and mother in their voyage; they permitted me to repose for a moment in the meadow where you found me: alas! they will die of grief if they do not see me return. You have so many dishes more delicious, that it will cost you little to spare my life.’

“ ‘ All your prating is to no purpose,’ replied the fisherman; ‘ you shall not escape: as you are young, you must be tender, and I intend to regale myself with you.’

“ On saying these words, he again

tried to seize the bird, but it escaped, and changed into a beautiful form, which the fisherman recognised to be the fairy. She cast on him a look full of anger, and exclaimed, 'Ungrateful man! is it then true that you have lost all your good qualities since you became rich? This is too much; I will no longer pardon you. I have proved you under the figure of a carp; I have this moment again proved you under that of a poor bird of passage, and find you are not formed for happiness.' She waved a golden wand which she held in her hand; the palace disappeared, and was replaced by the mean hut he had previously possessed.

"The fisherman uttered a great cry, and awoke; for he had fallen asleep by the river-side, and all that had happened to him was but a dream: he found himself

still seated near his line. This dream made a powerful impression on him:—
‘Is it possible,’ said he, ‘that riches could make me such a tyrant as I appeared to be in my dream, and that I should regard as nothing the life of man?—if it be so, I will no longer complain of poverty; for I find it is better to be poor and virtuous than rich and perverse.’

“He arose, and found a fine large eel at the end of his line; several fish were also taken in a low net that he had thrown amongst the reeds; and, satisfied with the produce of his fishing, he returned to his cottage, blessing Providence.”

The good Captain received many caresses, as well as thanks, for his complaisance; and they solicited him with

so much grace to promise to tell them stories occasionally, that, without having any idea how he should be able to acquit himself, he promised every thing they requested.

SEVENTH SUPPER.

PAMPHILIUS was not so uneasy this week as during the preceding, and began to be accustomed to the quiet peaceable life his brother led. Sporting, reading, and smoking, by turns occupied his time. Sometimes he rode on horseback to Paris, where he breakfasted with one, dined with another, supped with a third, and returned home to pass the evening with the Count; and, at other times, Henry and Gustavus came to visit him: but, in the opinion of all the family, nothing was equal to the pleasures of the Thursday evening.

Madame Arsena and her daughter did not come this week to the supper: the former was rather indisposed, and Elizabeth, as a good and affectionate child, would not leave her mother. This absence made the rest of the family somewhat dull. The two brothers, and particularly the Count, were at first very uneasy; but Caroline assured them that her sister's disorder was only a cold, and that it was more from prudence than necessity she had imposed this restraint upon herself.

After supper, when the Count was going to begin his story, the young ladies asked if there was not a fairy in it; and the Count replied, there was not.

"You are very fond of fairies, then, my dears," said he.

"O, yes, papa," replied Victorine; "there is nothing so pretty as the meta-

morphoses and the enchanted palaces: the other stories gave us great pleasure, but these delight us beyond every thing."

"For my part," said Paul, "I like accounts of voyages, extraordinary animals, and great shipwrecks, best."

"That's my taste, too," said Gustavus; "but I should like them sometimes embellished with battles and knights' adventures."

Henry inclined for real history; Galaor found them all to his taste; Julia wished to hear stories of the adventures of beautiful and unfortunate princesses; and Louisa was for stories of children of her own age."

"What a pretty diversity of tastes," replied the Count, smiling; "they cannot be all satisfied at once, but I think my memory is good enough to enable

me to supply the greater part of them ; though, I must confess, fairy-tales embarrass me not a little, not having the least recollection of one."

"My uncle will be kind enough to take that part himself," said Julia, embracing the Captain ; "the one he told us is not the only one in his memory."

"I do not know how I was able to recollect it," said Pamphilius, "for I was no taller than Louisa when I heard it told by my sister's governess : if it had not been for the puppet-shew, I should certainly never have remembered it ; and I assure you, my dear little friends, that I know no more of fairy-tales than any others."

"But you promised to tell us some," they all exclaimed.

"I confess I did," replied Pamphilius, "and you expect me to do what-

ever you wish; but, indeed, I never had a head for invention, and it would be a pretty thing to see an old captain of a man-of-war coining stories for children: however, I don't know how it is, in loving you, one becomes as childish as yourselves. As to my promise, we will wave that at present; but, doubtless, I shall be able to fulfil it, and not, for the first time in my life, break my word."

Every one laughed, and the Count, demanding attention, told the following story.

THE LITTLE DON QUIXOTES.

Arthur was a youth of twelve years old, very witty and learned for his age, but of so impatient a temper that, to satisfy his whims, he frequently failed in his duty. His brother Charles was

two years younger, of a very mild disposition, and incapable of resisting the will of another. Their father, Mr. Hilary, had recently purchased an old castle, with an estate, in a county at a great distance from that in which he resided: it was furnished and enriched with a good library, containing many curious books. Having important business to transact at Paris, he took his sons to his new estate, and left them under the care of two domestics. Previous to his departure, he called Arthur to him:—

“My dear,” said he, “I am going to leave you and Charles under the care of my two faithful servants, while I am absent at Paris; and, as I am quite a stranger in this neighbourhood, I beg you will not stir out till my return, which will be in about a week. The castle is

large, and the gardens afford delightful walks; and let these suffice to amuse you till I return."

Arthur assured his father that he might rely on a strict obedience to his commands; and Mr. Hilary, satisfied with his answer, gave similar orders to the servants, and departed the same day.

The two brothers at first amused themselves in exploring every room in the castle, in most of which were tapestry-hangings. On one was represented a tournament, at which kings and queens were present; on another was seen, at the entrance of a forest, two knights, completely armed, preparing for combat; on a third, a strong castle, with draw-bridges, and a dwarf on the turrets sounding a trumpet. Arthur found this so charming, that he wished

to have a helmet and a lance, and go in search of adventures; and Charles applauded every thing he said.

They rambled from room to room till they arrived at the library: the beautiful volumes did not at all attract their notice; their attention was arrested by some old armour suspended from the ceiling. To see and desire them was the affair of an instant for the impatient Arthur; but he could not reach them, the ceiling being too lofty. They begged the servants to assist them; but they were both old and infirm, and had no inclination to risk their necks in climbing after old armour, and they told Arthur that most probably Mr. Hilary would be angry. Arthur made no reply, but, as soon as their backs were turned, raised a scaffolding of a table, a chair, and a footstool, which he as-

cended, though in great danger of falling, and in spite of the intreaties of Charles, who trembled to see him mounted so high. All the trouble he had taken was in vain, the ceiling was still far distant from his impatient hand. He wept from vexation; but, as tears would not mend the matter, he procured a long pole, and with it tried to unhook these famous arms: they fell with a dreadful clatter; several pieces broke in falling, and scratched Arthur slightly on the cheek; but the pleasure he felt at having accomplished his purpose, prevented his paying any attention to the pain. Assisted by Charles, he wiped off the dust that covered these ancient trophies, and they began to accoutre themselves, putting on the arms what was intended for the legs, and on the breast what was to cover

the back. They wrapped handkerchiefs round their heads to prevent the helmets from falling on their noses ; the shield broke in two by falling, and they each took a half ; having broke the lance in two, they ran about the garden, feigning to combat like knights-errant.— When I say ran, I am wrong, for the weight of the arms prevented them from running, and they were obliged to put off a part to be more at ease. The servants were at first alarmed at this masquerade, but, seeing who they were, they laughed heartily.

Having thus played in the garden several days, Arthur felt a strong desire to extend the scene of his exploits. “ As we resemble knights-errant,” said he to his brother, “ why do we not go, like them, in search of adventures ? ”

Charles reminded him that their father had forbidden them to go out any where.

"True," replied Arthur, "but we will go such a little way, that he will never find out our disobedience. Do not oppose me, Charles; I have so great a desire to go into the country, that I shall fall ill if it is not gratified. The peasants will be so frightened, and you cannot conceive the pleasure we shall feel in seeing them scamper before us."

Charles never knew how to resist his brother: they stole out secretly, and, having mounted an old horse they found tied to a gate, ready bridled and saddled, in a pasture adjoining the castle, they opened their ridiculous campaign.

Approaching a pond, they perceived a little peasant-boy, carrying a bag on his shoulders, and who, at the sight of

our knights-errant, hid himself behind a bush. Arthur called to him, brandishing his lance; and the poor child, half dead with fright, fell on his knees, crying bitterly.

“Fear nothing,” said Arthur, with a haughty air, “I grant thee thy life; but tell me at once what is that stirring in the bottom of that bag?”

“It is a cat?” replied the boy.

“What art thou going to do with it?” resumed Arthur.

“I am going to drown it in the pond.”

“Wretch!” exclaimed Arthur, feigning violent anger, “what, thou art going to drown this poor defenceless animal, whom perhaps thou hast brought up, and who has rendered thee services in thy house. Ungrateful villain! thou meritest that I should make thee change

situations with the poor cat, tie thee up in a bag, and throw thee into the pond."

The poor boy, at the noise which Arthur made by striking his arms and his shield, was much alarmed, and cried for mercy.

"It is not me," said he, weeping, "it is my father, who wants to have the cat drowned, and I am obliged to obey him."

"Very well," said Arthur; but what has the poor cat done to be condemned to die?"

"Signior," said the poor frightened child, "it stole a slice of bacon that my father was dressing for his breakfast."

"Oh, the glutton!" exclaimed the knight-errant, "for a morsel of bacon to take the life of a useful animal! Open your bag, and let the cat out. I

command you to tell your father, that the knight with the blue armour, resolved to protect the innocent, has rendered justice to this animal, and preserved it from death."

The little peasant ran away with so much precipitation, that he forgot to take his bag with him. Charles, who had been laughing heartily at this extraordinary scene, asked his brother if it was with the design of protecting thieves that he had undertaken thus to scour the fields? "For you know very well," added he, "that cats are thieves, and that this one had incurred the displeasure of her master by stealing the bacon."

"Ah! brother, it is easy to accuse the innocent, who cannot defend themselves! If it had nothing else to eat, must it die of hunger?"

"All this is only supposition," replied Charles; "and if, when you correct your dog, some one were to come and preach this law, I do not think that you would find the justice of it very much to your taste."

"Stay, stay," replied Arthur, quickly, turning his horse's bridle, "I am going to do an action that will please you much more."

Charles then saw a girl pick up the bag which the little peasant had forgotten, and conceal it in her apron. Arthur, who was near her, demanded what she was carrying? The girl, astonished at his appearance, replied, that it was a petticoat.

"You have told a falsehood," cried Arthur; "it is a bag that you found at the side of the pond: you must return it to me instantly, if you wish to live."

The girl ran away ; and, Arthur having pushed his horse after her, she threw the bag into the road, and, screaming, escaped by running into a very thick coppice-wood. Arthur felt very proud of what he had done ; and Charles, bestowing many praises upon him, dismounted, and fastened the bag to one of the leather straps of the saddle ; after which, the two knights continued their way.

The hour of dinner approaching, they were very desirous of returning home ; but, having wandered for many hours in ways unknown to them, they could not find the road. Our knights, feeling hungry, began to cut a sad figure and make melancholy faces, when the sound of a horn struck their ears. They saw at a little distance, between the trees, a sort of castle, from whence the sound

appeared to proceed : they looked at each other with much surprise, which was augmented by a young woman advancing towards them.

“ You are very welcome, sir knights,” said she to them ; “ I am one of the maids of honour to a beautiful princess, called Flower-of-the-Sun : informed by her dwarf of your arrival, she has sent me to beg you will stop a few hours at her castle.”

Charles and Arthur were so much surprised at this adventure, that they remained some time without answering. The young woman had plenty of time to stop, wipe her face, and view them on all sides, before they found words to answer. At length, Arthur, who had some wit, not knowing whether she was quizzing them, determined on supporting his part, and replied to the young

girl, that they were much obliged to her mistress, and were ready to obey her commands. Our two knights were too polite to continue on horseback whilst the young woman followed them on foot, and instantly leaped off upon the grass, and arrived at the castle, leading the horse by the bridle.

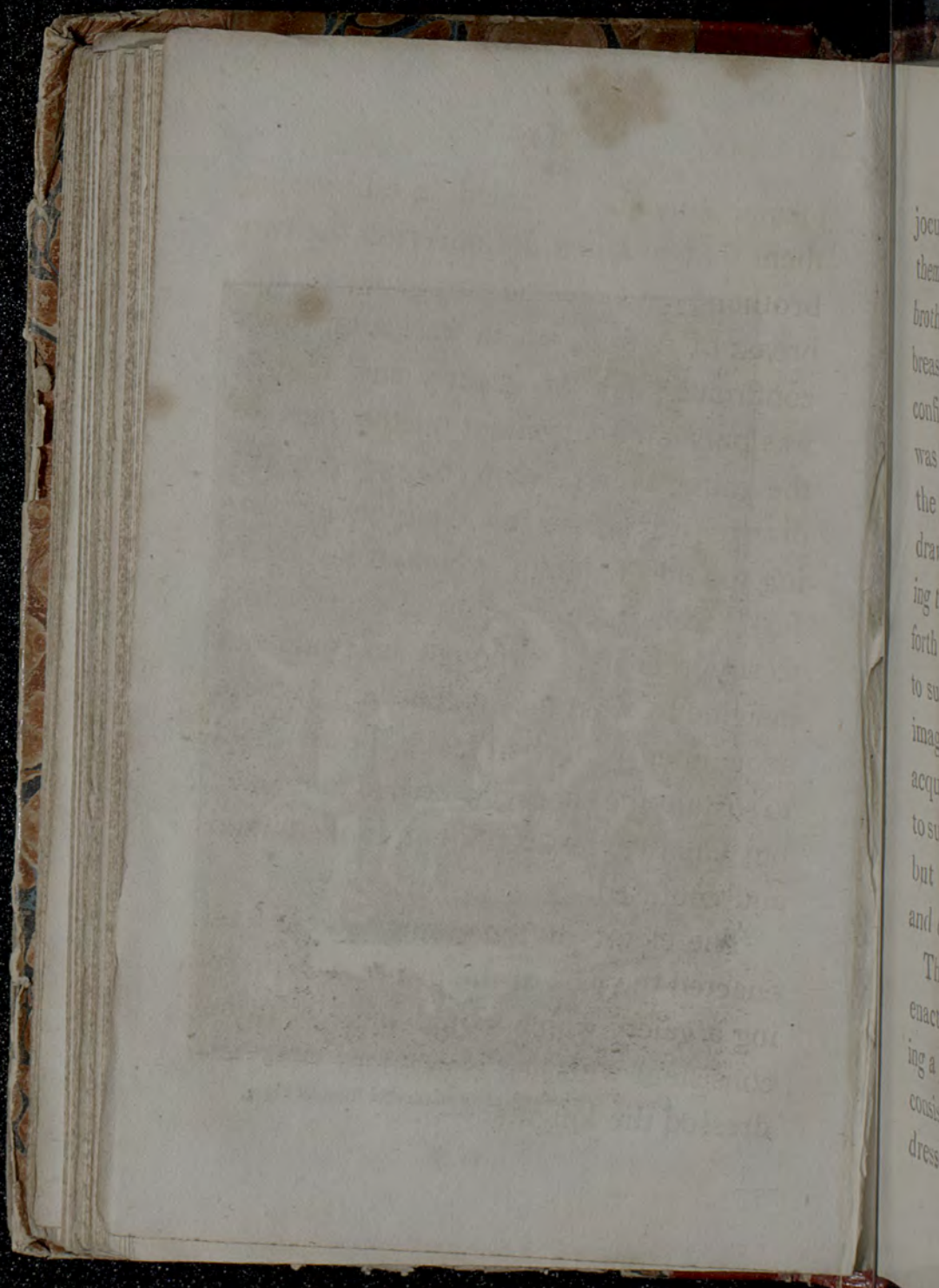
The house belonged to a lady, the mother of three daughters, of whom the eldest was not fourteen. The lady was gone out to spend the day, and had given them permission to entertain a party of young friends. Whilst these young girls amused themselves at different games, a servant ran in frightened, and related that she had met two men singularly dressed;—this was the girl who had taken possession of the bag:—in running away, she had overtaken the little peasant, as much alarmed as herself;

so that their double recital had raised the curiosity of the inhabitants of the castle. They immediately ran up to the highest windows, and, after waiting with much impatience for a few minutes, they at length perceived our two adventurers. A clever servant, whom they sent out to gain intelligence, approached sufficiently near to be convinced that they were only children; but, faithful to his orders, he took care to run away with every appearance of terror. The young ladies immediately formed a plan of amusement, which promised them much gratification.

A servant sounded a horn at the approach of the knights, and one of the young girls advanced to meet them, in the manner already described: it was with great difficulty she avoided laughing, and it was the half-serious, half-



One of the young girls advanced to meet them.



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jocular tone she assumed in addressing them that so much disconcerted the two brothers, and created suspicions in the breast of Arthur, which were afterwards confirmed; for he clearly saw that it was only an amusement on the part of the young ladies, when, on entering the drawing-room, he saw them endeavouring to stifle a laugh, which at last burst forth from them in spite of every effort to suppress it. Although he could not imagine by what means they had become acquainted with their frolic, he resolved to sustain the character he had assumed; but Charles, less confident, looked timid and confused.

The eldest of the young ladies, who enacted the part of the princess, repressing a gaiety which would have been inconsistent with her character, thus addressed the knights:—

“Valiant imitators of Amadis, let not our merry reception offend you ;—laughter is the expression of joy, and it is not surprising that ours should be extreme in consequence of the honour you have done us in visiting our castle.”

“Madam,” replied Arthur, “we have too high an opinion of your merit to imagine that a princess like yourself would invite guests, who did not seek the honour, merely to have the cruel pleasure of laughing at their expence.”

Flower-of-the-Sun was rather embarrassed at this reply, which was a just animadversion on her conduct ; she blushed, cast her eyes on the ground, and was silent for a moment ; then, addressing one of her sisters, she begged her to conduct the knights into another apartment, that they might strip off their armour.

Arthur, when alone with his brother, told him his opinion of their adventure, and encouraged him to assume an air of confidence. On rejoining the ladies, they found that dinner was served, which put them in good-humour, for they were extremely hungry; and Flower-of-the-Sun also resumed her gaiety. They sat down to table; and, at first, our two knights, eager to satisfy the cravings of their appetite, took little share in the conversation: the wings of partridges, pigeons, and chickens, disappeared almost as soon as placed on their plates, and one servant was fully occupied in supplying them with bread. The young ladies, witnessing their extraordinary appetites, could scarcely refrain from laughter, which our knights took little notice of, but continued to eat most ravenously. When the dessert was served,

the elegance and delicacy of which promised new pleasure, they amused themselves, in their turn, in talking of their excessive voracity, assuring the ladies that their profession naturally excited it.

"I am astonished," said the princess, "that knights of your exalted appearance should have only one horse between you, and that you are not accompanied by a squire."

"Our great friendship for each other, madam," replied Arthur, "does not permit us to separate our fortune; every thing is common between us, even to our horse."

"And as to the squires," continued Charles, "you must know that we have made a vow to dispense with them for ten years."

"That's very singular," replied the princess; "may I ask the occasion?"

"My brother will inform you better than myself," said Charles, seizing a custard.

"Me!" said Arthur, "I declare I scarcely recollect it."

"There is very little courtesy in either," observed Flower-of-the-Sun, "thus to excuse yourselves from gratifying my curiosity."

"Madam," replied Charles, archly, "I am so sensible of the justice of your reproach, that I would answer immediately were it not my brother's right, as elder, to speak."

The princess approved Charles's reasons, and begged Arthur to relate why they had made a vow to travel without a squire for the space of ten years. Arthur, much at a loss how to acquit himself with honour, suddenly invented a story, while his brother Charles,

laughing, continued devouring the custards.

“You must know then, beautiful princess,” said he, “that, in the beginning of our campaigns, we journeyed, as at present, on the same horse. We had, for a squire, a man so honest and faithful that we would not take another; thinking that, as we had resolved never to separate, one squire could serve both. I will not relate to you the various adventures which presented themselves to our courage, but hasten to that which occasioned our vow. We perceived one morning, in the midst of a plain, something of great magnitude and extremely bright: it was a brazen wall, surrounding an immense square court. Sycamores rose, with their gloomy hue, above the walls, and, in moving with the wind, uttered sighs and groans similar to those

of human beings. A kind of horror seized us; we judged there was some enchantment in it, which, however, we took the resolution to destroy, if possible. Our squire, who had hitherto always shewn himself a man of courage, fell on a sudden to so low a state that we were astonished: he dismounted, and, embracing our knees, conjured us not to undertake the adventure.

“ ‘It has been foretold me,’ continued he, ‘that I should die in walls of brass; and, if it be here that the sad prediction is to be accomplished, the danger is not less for you than myself.’ ”

“ Instead of yielding to his prayers, we assured him that predictions were unworthy of credit, and that it would be weakness on our parts to stop for such trifles in the pursuit of glory. When he saw we were resolved, he

ceased to combat our resolution, and begged us to allow him to recommend his soul to the protection of heaven in the danger which threatened him. While he knelt and prayed, we dismounted, and gained on foot the entrance of the brazen court: it was not shut, and appeared to us completely deserted;—a profound silence reigned in the intervals of the motion communicated by the wind to the trees. The sycamores formed a large circle round another sycamore, blacker and higher than the rest; we remarked that the branches of the latter shook in every direction without the assistance of the wind: it complained not like the others, but a dreadful crackling was heard, like the breaking of bones with violence. Alas! we had no sooner set foot in the circle of sycamores, than a horrid laugh issued from the one in

the middle: we felt ourselves forcibly dragged into a line with the rest, our feet sunk in the sand, our arms were elevated towards heaven, and our bodies became trees like those which surrounded us. Under this form, we still preserved the faculties of seeing, hearing, and feeling. My brother was planted opposite to me; in my grief, I vainly inclined towards him my arms, transformed into branches,—they could not reach him; and I waited for the breeze to enjoy the sweet consolation, at least, of sobbing and sighing.

“In the mean time, our squire finished his prayer, and prepared to follow us, when a hermit hastened up to him in great alarm.—‘O, faithful squire,’ said he, ‘if you have any friendship for those young knights whom I saw with you, do not suffer them to penetrate the Court of

Brass, where all their courage will be of no avail.' The squire, having confided our horse to the hermit, immediately ran after us; he called on us in vain,—we could no longer answer to his cries: he explored all the Court, passed several times within the circle, and, to our great surprise, underwent no metamorphosis; the form which we now bore prevented him from recognizing us. He gave himself up to sorrow, which augmented ours; and he returned to the hermit, to learn from him what had become of us. The hermit related to him, that formerly there was in this place a disloyal knight, who put to death all the unfortunate beings who passed near his dwelling; an enchanter, having nearly become his victim, was so exasperated at it, that he considered death too mild a punishment for his barbarity, and changed him into

a sycamore: in his rage, he agitates himself with so much violence that his bones frequently break. His mother, a magician, as wicked as himself, not being able to destroy the enchantment which confined him, endeavoured to console him by surrounding him with victims, and no knight could ever enter the circle without becoming a tree like himself."

" 'Alas! I now divine the fate of my masters,' cried the faithful squire; 'but is there no one capable of breaking this dreadful enchantment? I will wander over the whole earth until I have found a valorous knight who can put an end to this adventure. I will throw myself at the feet of Amadis de Gaul, whose glory is spread throughout all the world, or at those of the intrepid Orlando, whom no danger can affright.'

“ ‘Amadis and Orlando would here exert their prowess in vain,’ said the hermit; ‘it is to a much weaker arm that the glory of this enterprise is reserved,—it can only be accomplished by a simple squire. You are surprised at what I say,’ continued the hermit, ‘and you do not conceive that, such being the case, it could have endured so long: your astonishment will cease when you learn that death inevitably awaits him who breaks the enchantment; and to the present time there has not been found a squire sufficiently devoted to his master to effect his deliverance at the expence of his own life.’

“ ‘Ah! if my life only is required,’ continued the good squire, ‘I am ready to deliver my masters. Venerable hermit, instruct me in what I am to do, and let the prediction be accomplished.’

“The hermit, astonished at so much greatness of soul, produced a golden axe, which he kept concealed under his robe; and, leading the squire to the entrance of the Court, he said, in shewing him the sycamore in the centre, ‘When you arrive at the foot of that tree, fasten this axe to your girdle, and climb from branch to branch, examining attentively the trunk of the tree, until you have discovered the seat of the heart, which you will perceive by its beating through the bark, and it will become more violent as it finds the danger approach; then, with the axe, strike quickly thrice with all your might, for the branches will instantly envelope you with so much force that you will no longer be capable of motion. Alas! my son, do not flatter yourself to return from so perilous an enterprise; and, therefore, first consider

with yourself whether you are prepared to make this awful sacrifice.'

" 'Father,' replied the squire, 'you have not informed me what will happen after I have struck the three blows.'

" 'The sycamore, or rather the barbarous knight which it conceals, will fall lifeless,' continued the hermit, 'and the others will resume their natural form; for the enchantment will then be at an end.'

" 'Enough,' said the generous squire; 'father, give me your blessing, and the axe. I conjure you to tell my masters, when they are delivered, that all I require of them is to give my body sepulture, and to remember me in their prayers.'

" The hermit embraced him in tears. We were too far off to hear what they said, but we attentively witnessed all

their actions. We saw the squire ascend the sycamore, the noise and agitation of which increased every moment; three loud shrieks answered to the three blows of the axe, and the sycamore fell with the squire. Almost immediately we found ourselves in the midst of a multitude of knights, who mutually congratulated each other on their happy deliverance. For our own parts, after having affectionately embraced, we ran to the sycamore, which no longer had motion, and with difficulty drew our squire from its interlaced branches. Alas! we found him pressed to death; and in vain we essayed to bring him to life. All the knights, who owed the same obligation to him, partook of our sorrow, which was aggravated by an exact narration of what had passed. We raised a tomb to his memory in the midst of the Court,

and the hermit inscribed on it the glorious achievement; and it was at that moment, beautiful princess, we made a vow not to replace for ten years a squire so faithful and valiant."

This story, the invention of the moment, gave infinite pleasure to the young ladies, and even to Charles himself, who more than once gave over eating to listen to it.

"Sir knight," said Flower-of-the-Sun, "we know not which to admire the most—the wonders of this history, or the charming manner in which you have related it. One thing only appears to me incredible,—that your squire should think of imploring the succour of Amadis and Orlando, when those heroes have been dead several centuries!"

"Are you not aware, princess," said

Charles, without giving his brother time to reply, "that these illustrious knights have left behind them descendants, who rival the glory of their ancestors: it was these descendants which the squire meant when he so expressed himself."

"It is astonishing that we never heard of them," replied the princess; "however, I give up the point: perhaps you have had an opportunity of trying your skill with them?"

"No, madam;—Heaven forbid!" said Charles, delighted with the turn the conversation had taken, "they are our best friends. If we have amused ourselves sometimes in breaking a few lances with them, it was only to try our skill, and to leave, *en passant*, little marks of friendship. Orlando has on the shoulder a certain scratch which will always prevent his forgetting me. It does not

become me to boast of my prowess, but I may honour myself with that of my brother:—the wound you see on his cheek was received in conquering his arms.”

At this, Arthur could not refrain from laughing so heartily, that the rest of the company followed his example. As the dinner had lasted so long, our knights dreaded their father's return, and, declining the pleasure of a promenade, they enquired the road to the pond, and a servant offered to be their guide.

Curious to know from whence they came, the young ladies put questions to them very adroitly, which were evaded with equal skill.

The knights, having arrived on a hill from whence they could see the pond, and fancying themselves sure of the road, dismissed the servant; but, scarcely had

they proceeded two hundred yards, than they were at a loss again. Several paths were before them; they took the most beaten one, and discovered nothing but copse and heath; and their uneasiness was increased by the approach of night. Peasants, whom they saw here and there concealed in ambush, and who made no answer to their questions, increased their alarm. At length they perceived lights, which appeared to issue from a groupe of houses: they spurred their horse, but, alas! he soon fell, and threw our two adventurers. The thick grass prevented them from receiving much hurt; but were instantly surrounded by a dozen peasants, who fastened ropes to their bodies, and led them in triumph to the village, without listening to their remonstrances.

“There they are! there they are!”

cried the peasants one to another;
“there are two of them.”

“Have they horns?” asked the children.

“Yes, as long as their arms,” answered the fathers.

Our two young adventurers found all this so incomprehensible that they almost forgot their situation; but, however, they began to shudder on finding themselves tied to a tree opposite the village-church. The crowd which surrounded them was so great that they could not make themselves heard: some crossed themselves on looking at them; others sprinkled themselves with holy water; while the rest brought faggots, which were placed around them.

“Imps of the devil!” cried a woman,
“you shall send us no more disorders,
for we will burn you alive!”

“ You shall cause no more of my sheep to rot by your enchantments,” said a young shepherd, bringing a faggot of extraordinary size.

Every one, in turn, expressed their grounds of complaint, and augmented the number of faggots. At this horrible sight, Charles and Arthur uttered the most piercing cries, which fortunately were heard by some travellers passing through the village, who turned towards the spot to enquire the cause. The fire had already begun to sparkle in the faggots: they dispersed the inhabitants, and tore away the faggots, which the villagers would certainly not have allowed, and probably would also have burnt those who interfered, had not their priest been of the number. The other was Mr. Hilary, who was seized with the most violent emotions on discovering that the

intended victims were his own sons.—
“O heavens!” exclaimed he, “in what
dreadful dangers has your disobedience
precipitated you!” He said no more at
that moment, but liberated them, and
took them away in his carriage, in which
was a lady and her maid.

The poor lady was almost dead with
fright at the cries she had heard; and
the recital of Mr. Hilary alarmed her
still more, being unable to think without
shuddering of the danger the poor chil-
dren had run. She informed Mr. Hi-
lary that the people of the village were
the most superstitious beings under the
sun, that they believed more in sorcerers
than in religion, and that, having expe-
rienced a very unproductive year, they
imagined that magicians were the cause of
it. It was readily conceived that the mas-
querade of Charles and Arthur had induc-

ed the peasants to mistake them for these chimerical personages ; and that, having caught them, they would not have escaped being burnt to death, had it not been for the timely arrival of Mr. Hilary and, more particularly, their priest.

The lady, (who was a neighbour of Mr. Hilary, and, as she was going the same road, had, together with the priest, accepted a seat in his carriage,) begged him to sleep all night at her house ; to which Mr. Hilary consented, and sent a messenger home to inform the servants that his children were safe.

No sooner had the carriage arrived than several young ladies ran up to it to embrace their mother ; and their surprise and joy were great on learning that the two knights-errant were to be their acquaintance, for they were the *princesses* who had entertained them so hos-

pitably. They would have joked still more on the subject, but repentance and fright prevented our heroes from making any reply; and, though Mr. Hilary pardoned them, they were severely punished for their disobedience, both falling ill in consequence of the terror they felt at the stake; and they never forgot the dangers to which children expose themselves by not attending to the prudent recommendations of a good father.

“Oh, what a pretty story!” said Gustavus; “it is a pity that it concludes by such a frightful event.”

“Who could have thought,” cried Galaor, “that a day, beginning so charmingly, would have brought on so dreadful an evening.”

“Every prudent person would,” re-

plied Mr. Theodore: "in vain the disobedient child sees only before him a path strewed with flowers, the thorns, though concealed, are sure to wound him; for Heaven never fails to punish those who disobey their parents."

EIGHTH SUPPER.

IN the mean time, the indisposition of Madame Arsena having assumed a character which made the family very uneasy, the Count and the Captain went together to visit her. They were much affected and pleased with the attentions of Elizabeth to her mother: this little girl, so self-willed and so headstrong, was, since the illness of her mother, become a model of patience. This change was only the work of her heart, and was not likely to last longer than the disorder which rendered it necessary, because the resistance she might have shown would doubtless disturb the repose of Madame

Arsena. Elizabeth, instead of playing with other children, passed the whole day in the apartment of the sick, and also would willingly have sat up all night, if the nurse had permitted it; she prepared with her own hands the refreshments and beverage ordered for her mother, and presented them in the most affectionate manner: in fact, every action displayed a heart so tender, that it was impossible not to be struck with it. Her grandfather and uncle wept with joy in embracing; and Madame Arsenas, who could not have loved her more than she did, rendered thanks to Heaven for having blessed her with so excellent a daughter; and this satisfaction did not contribute a little to her re-establishment.

The suppers were only interrupted during three weeks; the fourth, Ma-

dame Arsena, though still weak, resolved to go to the Count's, and it was agreed she should remain there a month, the air of the country being necessary for her complete recovery.

This family-union was the more delightful on account of the alarm they had experienced for one of its members; and Henry (who, as we have already observed, sometimes occupied himself in composition,) presented to his aunt a fable he had written on the occasion of her convalescence.

THE ROSES AND THE GARDENER.

A gardener had a rose-tree covered with flowers, of which he took the greatest care; he perceived one day that all the roses languished, without being able to discover the cause of this change: the soil was good; but, as it was rather dry at

the roots of the tree, he watered it: the next day the roses seemed in a more sickly state than before. The gardener said to himself, "Perhaps it is some sharp wind during the night that makes them fade, and I will shelter them on this side." All these precautions were of no benefit to the roses, and the gardener was so enraged that he had almost determined to pluck them all, when one of the highest thus addressed him:—

"Instead of being angry with us, you should examine attentively all the branches of the tree; the innermost one bears a rose ready to perish, if you do not save it from the rapacity of a caterpillar which devours it night and day. It is sorrow to see our sister in this state that renders us so languishing; for what avails it that we are so numerous,

when the loss of one will cause the loss of all the rest?"

The gardener followed this advice; he found the caterpillar, and crushed it under his feet; and from that moment the roses resumed their brilliancy, and well repaid the cares of the gardener, whose pride and glory they were.

Madame Arsena, much affected, tenderly thanked her nephew; and all the family applauded the young writer, who had so well expressed their feelings. The fable was considered ingenious and affecting, and no one ventured to reproach the author with its want of truth. The Count, who would not be behind-hand, announced that he was going to tell his story.

INDISCREET GENEROSITY.

In a small town of Franche-Comte, a young girl of fifteen years old, named Angelina, lived with her mother, and a little peasant-girl who served them. Madame Bertin had but a small fortune; her husband died in the service of his king, and her son had followed in the same career for five years, and it was more than eighteen months since she had heard from him. Madame Bertin, extremely uneasy, wrote to all parts to enquire what was become of him. She went out one morning to make further enquiries, when Angelina, who was embroidering alone in her room, was informed that a woman wanted to speak to her; she went down immediately, and found a peasant-woman, about fifty years of age, in mourning,

and looking exceedingly sorrowful. As this woman appeared extremely intimidated, Angelina asked her, in an affectionate manner, what she could do for her?

"Miss," replied the peasant, with much emotion, "I am come to solicit your generosity: if you could assist me with a little money."

"We are not rich enough for that, my good woman," replied Angelina; "my mother can only give refreshments to those who, in passing, implore her compassion; and, although she is not at home at present, I offer you the same, if you are in want of it."

"Alas! it is not myself that is in want," cried the peasant, raising her eyes to heaven; "it is not for myself that I implore the charity of feeling hearts; a more sacred obligation—"

She could not proceed, but burst into tears. Angelina, already much affected, begged her to speak more explicitly.

“I was a mother,” rejoined the peasant; “I had an only son, but the wars tore him from my arms: thrice he was left as dead on the field of battle, and as often owed his life to a young soldier, who loved him as his brother. This generous friend could not, after all, save him from the fate that Providence had decreed him: I learned that my son was dying in an hospital; I sold all I was possessed of, and flew to his relief. His last hour was fast approaching; his friend had never abandoned him; he watched over him on the bed of death. My son begged me, with tears in his eyes, to yield to his friend the place that he himself held in my heart, and regard him as my son: I promised without hesi-

tation to cherish him, who had saved my son's life, and comforted his last moments. When I had wept over my son's tomb, with whom all my happiness was interred, I returned home, after intreating the good young man to write to me frequently; and at first he kept his promise very exactly. He called me his Second Mother, for he had the happiness still to possess his own. In my turn, I gave him the sweet name of Son; and this intercourse for some time deceived my sorrow by the most delightful illusions. I fancied I was addressing my own son; but, oh! what tears did an error of so short a duration cost me! On a sudden I ceased to hear from him, and thought I had a second time ceased to be a mother. At length, I learned that the kind preserver of my son was a prisoner, reduced to the most dreadful

misery. I had nothing.—‘Oh! my dear son,’ I exclaimed, ‘what can I now do for the friend thou recommendedst to me on the bed of death?—I will go from town to town, and from house to house, and implore the compassion of generous minds, until I have collected a sum sufficient to relieve him from his dreadful situation.’ This, Miss, is what reduces me to beg; and, so far from being ashamed of it, I support it with joy, knowing that I am fulfilling the dying wish of my beloved son.”

During this recital, Angelina had often shared in the sensations of the narrator, and more than once she was tempted to interrupt her by a generous impulse.

Madame Bertin, full of confidence in her daughter’s prudence, concealed nothing of the state of their affairs from

her, and suffered her to be as much mistress as herself. Angelina knew that there was thirty shillings put by for unforeseen accidents, and she also knew her mother's charitable disposition. After hesitating a moment, she yielded to the sentiment of compassion, and gave twenty shillings to the peasant, whose excessive joy was a delicious recompense to Angelina.

The poor woman left her, after having told her name and the house where she was going to pass the night, as she did not intend quitting the village till the next day. Angelina returned to her room, and began to work: there she reflected on what she had done, and, although she felt confident that her mother would receive some money in a few weeks, yet she could not help feeling a certain uneasiness, which even embittered the

pleasure of having performed a good action.

“I ought to have waited and consulted mamma,” said Angelina to herself; “I fear she will be displeased with what I have done.”

Madame Bertin arrived: scarcely had she entered, when she burst into a flood of tears, in which joy disputed the ascendancy with sorrow. She held a letter in her hand.

“Dear Angelina,” she exclaimed, “thy brother is alive! Read—read, my child—there thou wilt see how unhappy he is? Alas! how can I tell what is now become of him!—his letter is dated upwards of six months back.—Dear son! what must thou have thought of our silence?”

While Madame Bertin thus gave vent to her feelings, Angelina read with tears

her brother's letter: it was dated from an English prison, and gave a most horrid picture of his situation. The mother and daughter affectionately embraced each other.

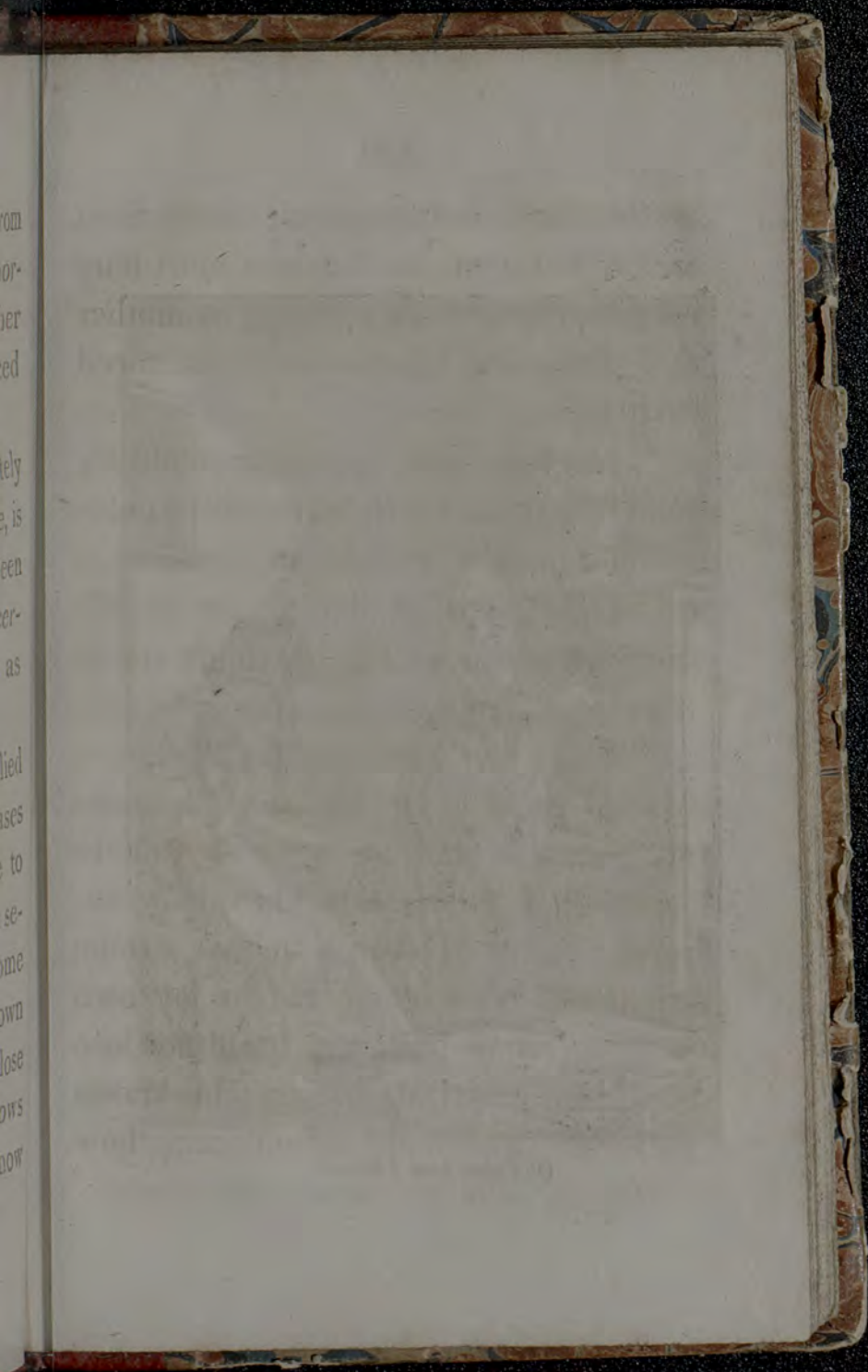
"Dear mamma, we must absolutely send him relief. His letter, it is true, is six months old, and he may have been exchanged; but, in the state of uncertainty in which we are, we must act as if convinced of his unhappiness."

"Alas! that is my intention," replied Madame Bertin; "but what increases my sorrow is, that we have so little to send him. I have called in vain on several friends to borrow money; some are absent, and others are in my own situation: but, however, I will not lose a moment in writing to him; he knows my heart, and will pity me on seeing how scanty my resources are."

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Oh! what have I done?

Madame was going to write to her son, and Angelina, full of the idea of her brother's misery, was re-perusing his letter with attention. On a sudden her mother gave a shriek, which made her shudder; she ran to her, trembling from head to foot.

"Good heavens!" cried Madame Bertin, "we have been robbed; I had thirty shillings here, and now I only find ten!"

These words were like a thunderbolt to Angelina; she now discovered her indiscreet generosity, and, falling into a chair, said, shedding a torrent of tears, "Oh! what have I done! Accuse no one, mamma; it is I who have disposed of the money in favour of a poor woman;—alas! I thought I should have merited your approbation," She then related the story.

"Imprudent girl," said Madame Bertin, sharply, "ought you to have acted without permission and without advice? You have relieved a stranger at the expence of your own family. What can I now give to your unfortunate brother?"

"Mamma," replied Angelina, rising with vivacity, "I know where the poor woman is to be found; I will go to her, and ask for the money back. I regard as nothing the pain it will cost me; I am the cause of the evil, and it is my duty to repair it."

Madame Bertin made no reply, but shed a torrent of tears. Her daughter intreated her to pardon her indiscretion, and, accompanied by the maid, hastened to the widow who had received the stranger. She was absent,—going round the village; so that Angelina was obliged to wait several hours: at length she re-

turned, and appeared surprised to find Angelina there. Her sorrow was unspeakable when Angelina explained, in a flood of tears, the object of her visit.

“ My dear miss,” said she to Angelina, “ Heaven forbid that I should reproach you. Your generous heart betrayed your own interests: may God return you the joy you have given me. It is just that you should succour your brother in preference to the generous friend of my son, who is unknown to you. There is the money—may it calm your mother’s sorrow !”

In concluding, the peasant could not refrain from shedding tears. Angelina threw her arms round her neck, and returned home with conflicting emotions in her bosom. She hastened to console her mother, when she saw a young man supporting in his arms this tender pa-

rent, who had fainted. With what surprise and joy Angelina discovered in the young man her long-lost brother ! She was so struck at the circumstance, that she had scarcely presence of mind to attend to the situation of her mother. Madame Bertin recovered to enjoy the delightful sensation of seeing her two children paying her the most affecting attentions. The young man had been fortunate enough to be exchanged, and one of his officers had given him money to return home, with leave to pass a few months in the bosom of his family.

When the first transports of joy were a little subsided, Angelina related her adventure with the poor peasant. Madame Bertin, though she gave due credit to the good heart of Angelina, told her that a child was always wrong in acting without consulting its parents ; and that

a virtue exercised to the prejudice of duty became a fault.

The young man tenderly excused his sister ; he had listened attentively to all that was said, and requested permission of his mother to take back the twenty shillings to the peasant, as they could now do without them. Madame Bertin consented with pleasure. Angelina took her brother's arm, and, though it was almost dark, they went immediately to the widow's house. It was dinner-time, but the poor peasant could not be prevailed on to eat a morsel ;—she, sad, melancholy, and weeping,—sat in a corner, with her eyes fixed on the ground, and inattentive to all that passed. The moment Angelina and her brother entered the room, the former ran up to her.

“ Be consoled, my dear mother ; I

bring you back the money, for God has restored to us my brother."

"What do I see!" exclaimed the stranger, uttering a shriek of surprise and joy, "ah! my son, is it you!" and instantly threw her arms round the young man's neck.

"Generous Mary," said he, in his turn, "my heart anticipated that it could be no other than you."

Angelina, very much astonished at this scene, at length learned that her brother was the friend of the peasant's son.

Madame Bertin, on being informed of the generous proceedings of the peasant, resolved that she should share her fortune and live with them. She dismissed her servant, in order that the goodness of her heart might be in unison with the

mediocrity of her circumstances; and Angelina consented with joy to replace her. These persons rendered each other mutual services, which their attachment made easy and agreeable. The young soldier, having continued in the service, was promoted,—so that he was enabled to render his family more comfortable; and, when any one asked him of how many it consisted, he always replied, that he had one sister and two mothers.

“Well,” said Pamphilius, “there’s a story prettier than any fairy-tale.”

“It presents, above all, a beautiful moral,” said the husband of Caroline; “it teaches us that the best intentions ought not to excuse children who act without the consent of their parents. Inexperience prevents them from seeing

things in every point of view ; and it is not to be expected that young children possess sufficient knowledge to go alone even in the most beautiful paths of life.

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NINTH SUPPER.

THE good Captain frequently reflected on the promise he had so imprudently made to tell stories, and wondered in what manner he should acquit himself: in vain he smoked his pipe and rubbed his forehead,—he could not rub the idea of a story out of it; neither could he conceive how his brother had acquired such resources and facility. To purchase story-books appeared to him a sorry expedient: the best works of the kind were already in the library of his nephews and nieces. The Captain was one day walking in the country, absorbed in these reflections, when an old woman,

who was talking aloud, caught his attention; she held in her lap a large dirty volume.

"Well, this is what I suppose they call being in luck's way," said she to herself, without observing the Captain, "its a very pretty legacy truly that my sister has left me! If all were true, I might hope that one of these adventures would happen to myself some day; but our parson tells me they are only stories, and I have no difficulty in believing it."

At the word *stories*, Pamphilius approached the old woman with curiosity, and asked her what she had got?

"Alas! my dear sir," she replied, "it is this old book you see here. I had a sister, who was a servant at Paris; she died, and, instead of leaving me a good round sum, as I expected, I have only got a few clothes and this old

book, filled with stupid stories from beginning to end. Now, I ask you, my dear sir, if, at my age, I require such nonsense?"

The Captain opened the book, and was overjoyed to find that it contained fairy-tales. It was written in old French, which was difficult to be read; and he therefore imagined that the old woman could not understand much of it. The dedication was addressed to Francis the First, and even half of this was lost. The title of the work, and name of the author, were likewise wanting; but, notwithstanding all this, Pamphilius was enchanted with the discovery, and proposed to purchase the volume of the old woman, and offered her a guinea for it. The old woman, thinking he was jesting, looked at him for a moment, as if undetermined what to do; but, being

assured that he was serious, she said, "I should be wrong, my dear sir, to refuse so good an offer; I suppose it is out of charity that you give it me, and I thank you most heartily."

The bargain being concluded, Pamphilius, much pleased, carried home his prize, and set to work to translate one of the stories into intelligible language; and, on the Thursday evening, when the Count was ready to begin, he said, "Avast, my dear brother; you have all along had the whole trouble of diverting us; repose yourself for this time: I recollect my promise, and am ready to fulfil it."

The Count, surprised, congratulated his brother; and the young auditors, ceasing their applause, gave to the good Captain all the attention he could desire. Pamphilius, having obtained per-

mission to read what he had written, took his papers from his pocket, and commenced the following tale.

TEMIRKAND; OR, THE GOOD KING.

In the kingdom of Candahar, situated in the north of India, lived so good a prince that history does not record his equal. He was so just and so active, that it was impossible to deceive him when the interests of his people were concerned; and in proportion as he shewed himself vigilant in this respect, he was careless as to what personally concerned himself. Certain of not having merited the hatred of men, he took no precautions against them. His palace had but very few guards without, and within he would not suffer any, assuring them that he could not sleep in peace if he knew that any person was

watching over him at the door of his chamber.

So much goodness would have gained him every heart, if there were not persons perverse enough to hate even virtue itself. In the number of these was one of the ministers of Temirkand, whose name was Kabis; he detested a master under whom he could not oppress the people, or enrich himself at their expence.

Temirkand had a brother, who, without being vicious, was nevertheless very dangerous, on account of his readiness to listen to bad advice. The Prince Naden, fond of an easy and voluptuous life, would never have thought of the empire, if the minister Kabis had not inspired him with the idea; but he was insensibly presented with the thought of royalty, accompanied with so many

charms; he was flattered so readily with the probability of one day possessing it, that, without wishing to withhold it from his brother, he began to sigh for power.

Temirkand had only two children, who were yet in their infancy; and Kabis thought that, by putting the father to death, Nadem would have no difficulty in ascending the throne, and that the prince, in his fondness for pleasure, would abandon to him the care of governing the state. Things being thus arranged in his own mind, he conceived the dreadful, but easy, project of assassinating his monarch. He armed himself, for this purpose, with a poignard, and advanced alone, in the dead of night, to the king's chamber: he perceived, by the light of several lamps suspended from the ceiling, three enormous

lions sleeping around the bed of Temirkand. Kabis, alarmed, retired as quietly as possible, dreading to awake so formidable a guard. In vain he reflected on this subject; he could not comprehend from whence these lions came, or by what means they were in the king's chamber.

The next day he said to Temirkand, "Sire, I dreamt last night that, being called by your order into your apartment, I saw, by the side of your bed, three enormous lions that kept watch over your majesty."

"You are right in calling it a dream," replied the monarch, smiling; "for I think I should have great difficulty in sleeping if I saw myself so guarded."

The king's sincerity was so well known that Kabis had no doubt, from what he had said, that he was ignorant of the

attendance of the lions, and was therefore the more anxious to unravel the mystery. The following night he sent one of his most intimate confidants to the king's chamber, with orders to assassinate him if he could approach the bed. The confidant, having opened the door with caution, only saw near the king three black cats, of a prodigious size:—this did not prevent him from advancing to commit the crime, when the cats flew at him, and tore him so much with their teeth and claws, that he was glad to escape, covered with wounds.

Kabis accused him of cowardice, and, having procured three living mice, went himself the third night. “I will,” said he to himself, throw the mice to the cats, and, while they are engaged in catching them, I will execute my project.”

Impressed with these ideas, he entered the king's room ; but, instead of three black cats, he found three ladies, dressed in white, who were spinning round the monarch's bed. At first, Kabis did not perceive that they were spinning, and, conceiving, from their profound silence, that they were asleep, continued to advance.

“ Further thou shalt not go,” said one of the ladies, stretching towards him the distaff she held in her hand, “ it is time that the king should know all thy wickedness.”

At the same moment he felt himself deprived of motion, as if he had become a statue. He remained standing, with his hand on the poignard which he had concealed in his bosom, and his countenance retaining the horrible expression which the premeditation of his crime

had imprinted on it. The three ladies arose with the first beams of day, leaving their spindles on their seats, and disappeared together, to the astonishment of Kabis.

Their departure inspired him with the hope of concealing his crime from the king; and, while he yet slept, he set his brains at work to compose a story, explanatory to his own advantage of the singular situation in which he was placed.

On opening his eyes, the king was so terrified at the looks of his minister that he instantly called around him his other servants. Every one was surprised at the immobility of Kabis, and asked him if his brain was turned; when Kabis, addressing the king, said, with a mournful tone, "Sire, I was sleeping quietly in my bed, when I heard a lamentable voice warn me to fly to your aid; with-

out stopping to ascertain from whence the voice proceeded, I hastened to your chamber, where I found three women spinning round your majesty's bed : they said to each other, ' Sister, let us make haste to spin a cord strong enough to strangle the king of Candahar.' Full of indignation, I was going to rush on these wicked women, when they rendered me motionless, and continued to spin. At break of day a child entered, who whispered something in their ears which appeared to trouble them, and they retired immediately, leaving their distaffs, which remain on the chairs they occupied ; and your majesty may thence be convinced of the sincerity of my recital."

"Sire, believe not the traitor," cried a voice proceeding from one of the distaffs, which much surprised the king and

his courtiers; "it is he who wished to take your life, and our mistresses left us here to confound him."

The second distaff related what had passed during the three nights. The minister was searched, when there was found on him the poignard and the three live mice. The third, having begged the king to order his court to withdraw, said to him, that the three ladies were fairies, born of the same mother, and were tenderly united; that his virtues had procured him their protection, and that they were resolved to do him all the good in their power. "Their names are Activity, Generosity, and Sincerity," added the distaff: "one teaches man the truth, another urges him to good actions, and the third serves him whenever he is unable to act for himself. At present, as the villany of the minister is

known to you, his enchantment ceases, and the fairies abandon him to your justice."

The distaffs, having ceased to speak, suddenly disappeared. Temirkand recalled his court, and ordered the traitor Kabis to be seized and delivered over to the rigour of the laws; and he was condemned to suffer death, but the king, always full of mercy, commuted the sentence to perpetual exile.

Kabis, instead of being grateful to his sovereign for this clemency, carried in his heart the thirst for vengeance: he composed a memoir, in which he accused the king of a connexion with magicians, and spreading good and evil at his pleasure over the kingdom. Persons of worth and learning gave no credit to it, but the ignorant and the avaricious adopted with eagerness this accusation.

If any disastrous storm happened, or if there were any contagious disorder, they did not fail to impute them to the king.

The friends of Kabis interested the Prince Nadem in his favour, and inspired him with such a violent desire to possess the crown, that he openly put himself at the head of a party ; which, however, was not considerable, and the king could easily have triumphed over it ; but, as that would have excited a civil war, he preferred to renounce the empire. Temirkand, therefore, demanded an audience with his brother, and said to him, “ The throne belongs incontestibly to me, both by birth and the will of my father ; yet, if you are so enamoured of it as to wish to shed the blood of my people to obtain it, I will resign it in your favour, without a con-

test. Reign, brother, with my consent. It is but a painful advantage I leave to you; and you are not aware what a heavy burthen you imprudently wish to take upon yourself. To avoid all discord amongst my subjects, I will publicly resign my crown, and declare that, having made a vow to travel in search of adventures during seven years, I leave you at the head of my kingdom. All I request of you is, to take care of my wife and children during my absence. If I die in the interim, you will act towards my son as your conscience shall dictate; if I return home, you will restore me the sceptre if you find it troublesome, or retain it if it still has charms for you."

Thus spoke this good prince; and Nadem, touched with so many virtues, fell at his feet; he entreated him to par-

don his rebellion, and to preserve the crown, of which he alone was worthy. Temirkand would not consent to this; he knew his brother was weak, and that evil advice might make him forget what he now promised. He therefore executed his projected scheme, and departed like a simple knight, accompanied by two faithful squires. Before he quitted his family, he bestowed on them every mark of the most tender affection, and gave his brother a small collection of Tracts on the Art of Well-governing a Kingdom.

Temirkand travelled for the space of a year, doing good wherever he went, and accomplishing all the adventures which presented themselves to his courage, when he heard of a magnificent tournament to be given by the king of Persia, on the occasion of the birth of a son.

Temirkand repaired thither dressed in a plain suit of armour, which had nothing remarkable about it except a large diamond set in the girdle: it was a present from Queen Isselmire, the wife of Temirkand. On the king's shield was represented a crown of gold, with this motto—"LIGHT TO HIM WHO SEES IT, HEAVY TO HIM WHO BEARS IT!"

Several kings, who were present at this assembly, confessed that this device revealed the secret of their condition, and they had no doubt that he who knew it so well was himself a king. Amongst these princes was Hir Abad, sovereign of the kingdom of Mezanderan, a person whose avarice could only be equalled by his cowardice. He had not come to the tournament with an intention of disputing the prize of strength

and valour, for he had never in his life ventured to wield a lance; but he sought some valiant knight to undertake an adventure from which he hoped to derive immense riches, and the hope of meeting with one had brought him to the court of Persia. Instead of appearing there with a numerous suite, and all the splendour of a powerful monarch, Hir Abad had disguised himself as a merchant: his retinue was composed of camels, laden with silk and woollen stuffs made in the city of Asterabad, which excelled in their manufacture. The king of Mezanderan, after having made large profits in the city of Ispahan, mingled in the crowd of those who attended at the tournament, and remarked at first sight the large diamond which sparkled in the girdle of the king of Candahar. His commercial knowledge convinced

him it was of great value, which singularly tempted his avarice.

When all the princesses and the ladies of the court were ranged, according to their rank, on seats covered with gold and silk stuffs, the tournament opened to the sound of instruments. A knight of extraordinary stature, armed with a club, and covered only with the skin of a panther, presented himself in the lists. Several princes in turn essayed to dispute the victory with him; their vain efforts only increased his audacity. Temirkand then advanced, and unhorsed him at the first shock with as much ease as if he had been combating an infant. From this moment he did not quit the field of battle, and triumphed equally over all who presented themselves before him.

Admitted to the honours of the tour-

nament, he was led into the presence of the queen, who complimented him on his valour and enquired his name; but Temirkand, not wishing to be known, begged to be excused from informing her. The prize of the tournament was a rich sword, the hilt of which was ornamented with fine diamonds: the king of Candahar received it from the hands of the queen of Persia, and, attended by his two squires, retired to his tent.

Hir Abad, always occupied with his project, did not lose sight of him, and followed Temirkand to his tent.

“O, valiant knight!” he exclaimed, prostrating himself before the king, “who is like you on the earth?—your glory is above all glory, and your valour surpasses that of all heroes.”

Temirkand, who, having been a king, was well acquainted with the insincerity

of flattery, knit his brows at these extravagant expressions, and requested the stranger to explain himself quickly.

"I could wish," said Hir Abad, "that you possessed as much courtesy as you do valour. I reign on the shores of the Caspian sea, and I know a place on the confines of my kingdom which contains more riches than all the kingdoms of India. The adventure is perilous, and requires courage that is to be found in you alone. Deign, then, to accompany me, O knight, and rely on my gratitude."

Temirkand learned, not without astonishment, that the stranger was a king; and at first sight he augured ill of a monarch who had so little dignity. He nevertheless accepted the proposal, and departed with him the next day. The surprise and contempt he had inspired

was redoubled at the sight of the camels laden with merchandise that Hir Abad had in his train. Temirkand concluded from this that his subjects must be poor, because he deprived them of their natural resources, and he had the opportunity of being convinced he was right on penetrating into the kingdom. There were no useful establishments to be found, or, if any, they were in decay for want of money to carry them on. The king's palace was neither large nor magnificent; there were only found in it offices and clerks, and rather resembled a merchant's counting-house than the residence of a sovereign.

Scarcely did Hir Abad suffer Temirkand to repose from the fatigues of his journey; but, taking him into his cabinet, he opened an iron closet, inclosing twelve others, each secured by a diffe-

rent lock ; at the bottom of the twelfth was a small brass box, containing ivory tablets, on which were written the instructions necessary for the adventure. Before he permitted Temirkand to read them, he made him swear that, if he succeeded in obtaining the riches of the caverns, he would retain nothing for himself, but accept his recompense from the king's generosity.

The avaricious monarch, to whom the most sacred promises were not sufficient, demanded as pledges the large diamond and the sword ; and Temirkand, too candid himself to doubt the oath of another, gave them up, on the simple condition that he should deliver them to his squires if he perished in the adventure.

These preliminaries concluded, Temirkand departed, alone and on foot,

for the cavern, which, according to the tablets, was situated in one of the branches of Mount Caucasus; where he entered roads so horrible, that any other than the king of Candahar would have been discouraged. A brook, whose muddy stream rolled with it a great number of green stones, wound its course slowly before him;—so slowly, indeed, that its motion could not have been observed but for the stones, which seemed rather to roll of their own accord than to be carried by the stream. The king, following its direction, arrived at the entrance of an immense cavern, in which the brook lost itself.

Seated on a ferruginous rock, Temirkand consulted his tablets attentively, when, hearing a slight noise in the air, he looked upwards, and beheld three ladies, clothed in white, and seated on

peacocks, whose plumage was more brilliant and pure than the fleeting snow. These ladies were the three fairies, Activity, Generosity, and Sincerity. The king recognised them by their ivory distaffs, with silken thread upon them.

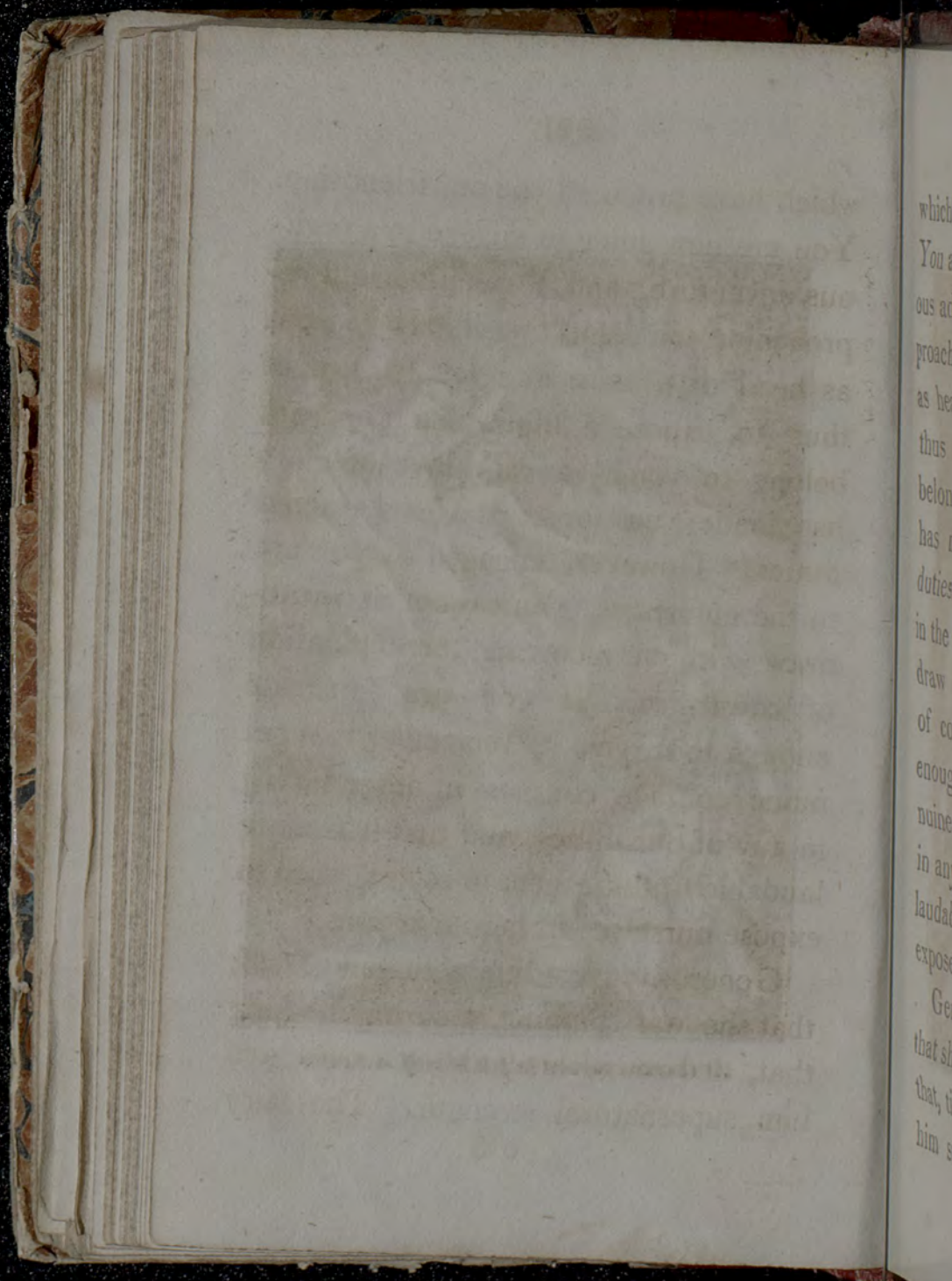
The fairies, having arrived near the cavern, drew up their peacocks with a small gold chain which served as a bridle. The birds stopped, shaking their silver wings, and the three sisters advanced towards the king of Candahar, who prostrated himself at their feet.

The fairy Sincerity, addressing him, said, that they were three princesses, born of a fairy who was a sovereign queen, and that they would only use their power to protect him.

"We have already saved your life," said she, "and will continue to watch over you, while you cultivate the virtues



At the same moment he felt himself motionless.



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which have procured you our friendship. You are now going to engage in a perilous adventure, and I cannot avoid reproaching you respecting it. Have you, as head of a state and family, a right thus to expose a life which does not belong to you?—a vain love of glory has made you forget the most sacred duties. However, engaged as you are in the enterprise, you cannot now withdraw without incurring the imputation of cowardice. If you are fortunate enough to survive it, remember that genuine courage consists in never failing in any of our duties, and that it is more laudable to fulfil them in secret, than to expose ourselves in heroic actions.”

Generosity gave him a thread of silk that she was spinning, assuring the king that, tied round his body, it would give him supernatural strength. The fairy

Activity made him no present, but promised her aid in proper time and place.

Temirkand, full of gratitude, endeavoured to express it in a becoming manner to the amiable fairies, when they gently ascended into the clouds, and the king lost sight of them. He then occupied himself in his adventure, and, having gathered three green stones from the brook, he engraved on one of them, with the point of his sword, this defiance:—"Temirkand, king of Candahar, summons the magician Echynophorus to deliver up to him the treasures of the cavern!" He then threw the stone into the middle of the gulph; and in a few minutes the cavern shook as if agitated by an earthquake, and an enormous hand and arm were stretched forth, and shewed to the knight this answer, graven on a plate of iron:—"Temirkand, king

of Candabar, the magician Echynophorus wishes not thy life ; but, if thou art rash enough to persist in thy enterprise against him, he will prepare for thee a punishment more dreadful than man ever yet heard of.

The horrible vision disappeared, and the king felt his heart beat in an unusual manner ; yet the fear of dishonour, and the confidence with which the protecting fairies had inspired him, determined him to brave every thing. He engraved his challenge on a second stone, which he threw into the gulf ; and a feeble noise, resembling the wind echoing through a deep cave, rose with a white spectre, which had no determinate form. This object reached the summit of the cavern, upwards of fifty feet high, and seemed to go deep into the abyss.

“ Unfortunate prince ! ” cried the

phantom, in a lamentable tone, "what fate prompts thee to penetrate into these dreadful caverns?—if thou hast not entirely lost thy reason, hasten to return, and come not to augment the number of unfortunate beings who have perished in this adventure. I am composed of their bones; judge from my size the number of victims, and, if thou wouldst not share the same fate, hence immediately!"

The phantom vanished, and the king, standing on the brink of the gulf, hurled into it his third defiance; he then heard several voices, at a great distance, cry to him, "Come then, brave knight! we wait for thee with impatience. Thy bath is quite ready, and a magnificent repast is prepared for thy reception."

These words, pronounced in a tone rather calculated to inspire terror than

confidence, were accompanied with horrid bursts of laughter. The knight kneeled, uttered a short prayer, and, having tied the silken thread round his body, plunged into the abyss, with his eyes shut, and sword in hand.

Pamphilius had proceeded thus far, when the Count, judging that the story would last too long, requested his brother to defer reading the remainder until the next supper. Expressions of regret were heard on all sides at this fatal order.

“What, papa,” said Julia, “would you have it break off at such an interesting part, without our learning what becomes of the king?”

Mr. Theodore observed, that Madame Arsena's health was not yet perfectly re-established, and might suffer if they sat up too late ; and that, having

heard the commencement of the tale, it was natural that she should wish to hear the end. Every one acknowledged this just observation, and the company separated with much impatience to meet again on the following Thursday.

TENTH SUPPER.

DURING the whole week, the children could not help thinking of the good king, and, whenever they were together, the conversation turned on the different parts of the story. Some praised the king, and all felt anxious to hear the result of his enterprize. Gustavus thought the tournament had been too lightly passed over, and that it would have been much better if the achievements of each knight had been described. Henry observed that he never heard of tournaments at the court of Persia, nor of knights-errant in India. The three fairies, with their ivory distaffs covered with silk, appeared admirable to Galaor;

and the adventures of Kabis had much amused him. Paul thought that the prettiest part of the story was yet to come. The young ladies could not reflect, without shuddering, on the courage of Temirkand, who plunged into the gulf with his eyes shut.

In the midst of all their recollections, they thought the long-wished-for Thursday would never come. At length, however, it arrived, and they attentively listened to the remainder of the story of—

TEMIRKAND, THE GOOD KING.

The force and rapidity of the prince's fall caused him to faint: on recovering, he felt an insupportable heat, and found himself, with horror, seated in a large brassen vase, with water up to his mid-

dle. Voices around him cried, "Cut down the trees, and bring them hither, for Echynophorus has ordered us to boil him." The prince, hearing the danger he was threatened with, and, full of confidence in the silken thread which the fairy Generosity had given him, he doubled his fists, and, bringing them together, struck with all his force against the sides of the brasen vase, which broke in two as if it had been made of glass; when he saw a legion of snakes, with the heads and shoulders of women, occupied in making the fire round the vase. Surprised at such an extraordinary exploit, they fled into the thicket, carrying with them the prince's sword.

Temirkand, alone and without arms, consulted his tablets, when a white pigeon appeared, carrying in its beak a sword fastened to a rich belt, on which

was engraven these words—"A present from the fairy Active." The pigeon dropped it at the prince's feet, and flew away.

Temirkand returned thanks to the fairy, and advanced boldly towards a troop of men, who ran to meet him, making fearful noises. One of them rushed before the rest to attack the prince, who plunged his sword into his heart; but, instead of falling, the man turned, and presented a new champion to oppose the knight. Temirkand then discovered with surprise that each of these warriors was double: he, however, succeeded in triumphing over them all, by means of the silken thread and the power of his enchanted sword.

The riches of this place consisted of six fountains: the knight advanced towards the first, which was of gold, and

poured forth streams of that metal. An old man guarded it; he was asleep near the fountain, and it was necessary to take the key of it from him without awaking him, otherwise he would vanish like a shadow. The instructions on the tablet were, that no fountain could be conquered without being master of that which preceded it. The knight, greatly embarrassed, kept near the old man, whose hands were crossed on his bosom directly over the key. The slumber of the guardian was so slight that Temirkand dared not attempt any thing. The fairy Activity came to his assistance, in the form of a caterpillar: she glided under the robe of the old man, and gnawed the cord which confined the key, and it fell to the ground.

Temirkand seized it, and advanced towards the second, which poured a

stream of pearls ; and the key was kept by four young nymphs, at the further end of a grotto. The prince, according to his instructions, entered the grotto with his eyes closed, which he was not to open, whatever he might hear. A beautiful perfume filled the place ; he heard the warbling of birds, who, flying about, flapped his face with their wings, and their notes were mingled with the sound of cascades, which seemed to fall on every side. He was still more delighted when he heard the voice of nymphs, who invited him to open his eyes and partake of the pleasures which surrounded him.

“ Charming knight,” said they, “ why do you keep your eyes shut ? Look at us—we are young and beautiful, and reside in this enchanting spot ; come, and eat with us of those delicious fruits,

which are served up in baskets of diamonds. Behold this goblet, made of a single pearl; drink of this delicious wine that we have poured into it. Let us cover you with this mantle, which we have woven ourselves with lilies and roses."

The nymphs, not being able to triumph over the prince by these seducing offers, cried all at once that he was going to fall into an abyss that was close to his feet; but the knight, having obtained the key by groping, left the grotto without once opening his eyes.

Four dragons defended the fountain of emeralds; and Temirkand had killed three, when the fourth swallowed the key, and fled. Temirkand was so quick that he wounded him dangerously by throwing his sword at him, and brought him near the ground; on which the king,

seizing one of his paws, slew him in the air, notwithstanding the dragon had sufficient strength to carry him up, and they both fell to the earth.

The knight opened the dragon's body, took out the key, and proceeded to the fourth fountain, which was of topazes. An enchanted warrior kept the key of it in a box of cedar-wood: as soon as he saw Temirkand, he endeavoured by various gestures to provoke him to combat; but the tablets expressly forbid him to notice these provocations, but to carry off the key without saying a word to the warrior, who, however, said to the prince:—"Come thou coward, come to me, and let us try our strength: thou hast arms, and fliest the combat! Thou comest here like an infamous robber, and laughest at my anger because I am enchanted: one day I shall be free, and

will then every-where expose thy cowardice. Temirkand, king of Candahar, thou art doubtless some girl, clothed as a knight, and, were it not for the protection of some magician, thou hadst not dared to venture so far."

These insults had nearly conquered the prudence of Temirkand; his heart began to swell with rage, and he wished to chastise this insolence: reason, however, triumphed over a vain self-love, and he preserved an inviolable silence to the end, and obtained possession of the key.

A monstrous eagle held in its beak that of the fountain of sapphires: this formidable bird at first essayed to resist the prince, but, finding itself nearly vanquished, it flew to the top of a very high tree. The knight threw his sword at him, as he had done at the dragon,

but in vain—he could not reach it; and he despaired of success, when a little bird, with a pointed beak, fixed itself on the eagle's head, and tore out its eyes. This little bird was the fairy Activity. The eagle, thus painfully wounded, gave a loud scream, and let the key fall; and the knight, overjoyed at this accident, went up to the fountain of rubies. —It was a grotto of diamonds, from whence flowed streams of rubies, whose brilliancy dazzled the sight. This magnificent fountain had no guardian, although it was also locked. The prince expected to find in it Echynophorus himself; but the magician, alarmed at the success of Temirkand, concealed himself, trembling from head to foot, in a labyrinth close to the fountain. The knight at length perceived him, and had raised his sword to cut off his head,

when the magician threw himself at his feet.

“ Brave knight,” said he, “ grant me my life ; I leave thee master of the five fountains thou hast already conquered, and will also give thee this one, if thy ambition is not satisfied with the others.”

“ No,” replied the prince, “ I will avenge by thy death that of the many brave knights thou hast murdered. I should myself become thy victim, were I to grant thee thy life, for there is no magician so wicked or so treacherous as thyself.”

The magician, seeing that he could not soften his opponent, escaped from him suddenly, and once more concealed himself in the windings of the labyrinth. The knight pursued him, sword in hand, and was very near coming up to him, when, instead of the magician, he found

an old man, of a venerable appearance, praying to God with fervour; his hair and beard were white as snow, and he seemed to be more than a century old. The knight, surprised, looked at the old man with profound respect; he wished to enquire what route the magician had taken, but, not daring to interrupt his prayer, he referred to his tablets, and there learned that this old man was no other than Echynophorus, who had assumed this venerable form to escape from the knight.

“Ah, impostor!” cried Temirkand, indignantly, “is it thus that thou sportest with my credulity: I will treat thee as thou meritest.”

He instantly seized him by his silver locks; when the old man, thrown on the ground, turned towards him, his eyes languishing and full of tears, and, clasp-

ing his hands, cried, "My son, what have I done to thee, that thou wouldst deprive me of the small remnant of my days. I am so near the tomb,—canst thou not suffer me to descend into it in peace?"

These words filled the knight's soul with pity; and, fearful of being deceived, he re-consulted his tablets. Echynophorus, seizing the opportunity, escaped once more into the labyrinth; and Temirkand, in despair, resolved to be more prudent and less compassionate in future; and, now more animated than ever, he rushed into the labyrinth after the magician. On a sudden a beautiful woman, dressed in mourning, threw herself at his feet.

"Prince," said she, shedding tears, "have pity on me, and avenge me of Echynophorus, who has put my husband

to death, and detains me here a prisoner."

Never had so beautiful a form met the eyes of the knight: her sorrow and her widow's habit rendered her still more interesting. Although Temirkand was aware that the magician would assume a great variety of forms, he could not resolve on cutting off the days of so beautiful a person.

"I will avenge you," said he, "if you will lead me instantly to Echynophorus."

The lady rose, with all the demonstrations of excessive joy. On passing over a very high bridge in the labyrinth, under which flowed the brook with the green stones, she approached the prince, and endeavoured to push him off; but, failing in her wicked design, she fled, uttering dreadful screams, for the knight,

enraged at her perfidy, ran after her, resolving to kill her. This beautiful female was also the magician.

Temirkand, in his pursuit, was near overturning the cradle of a child, who was asleep in it. The child wept, and the prince, touched with compassion, and fearing it was hurt, took it in his arms, and the little child fondled about him ; and, when he was going to put it back into its cradle, it stretched forth its hands with so tender an air that Temirkand took it into his arms again. The tablets, which the prince carried in a case fastened to his girdle, caught the child's attention, and he appeared to wish for them ; and the too complaisant knight was about to gratify him, when they opened of themselves, and presented these lines to Temirkand :—
 “Echynophorus, under the form of an

infant, will triumph over the king of Candahar, if he succeeds in gaining possession of the tablets."

The prince, perceiving his imprudence, and at the instant divesting his heart of all pity, cut off the child's head, which, in dying, resumed the form of Echynophorus. The moment he expired, all the beings which peopled his empire disappeared, and it became a vast solitude, accessible only to the master of the fountains.

The knight followed the course of the brook, and easily found his way out of the desert by the opening which the stream had made between the rocks; he traced a plan of the places, and, possessed of the six keys, returned to the court of Hir Abad.

No sooner had the avaricious monarch of Mezanderon heard his recital,

and received the keys of the fountains, than, instead of properly recompensing the valour of the knight, he threw him into a dungeon, under the pretext that he had concealed a part of the treasure, contrary to the treaty.

The prince, disdaining to use a supernatural gift, which he thought useless to preserve when there were no prodigies to encounter, had thrown away the thread of silk ; so that he was unable to resist the emissaries of Hir Abad. This perfidious king thus behaved in a manner worthy of himself: he resolved to retain the sword and diamond which Temirkand had given him in pledge of his fidelity ; and, entirely occupied with these avaricious ideas, he forgot to ask the prince for the plan of the places where the fountains were situated.

Temirkand's squires, on learning his

misfortune, fled instantly from the palace, resolved to seek an avenger. The prince did not wait long:—while his two faithful squires were lamenting his unjust fate, the three fairies appeared to him in his prison. Sincerity thus addressed him.

“Prince,” said she, “you are wrong to complain of the misfortune that has happened to you. Notwithstanding the little you have seen of Hir Abad, you know that he is a wicked and avaricious prince; yet you did not hesitate to serve his passion for riches: you have exposed yourself in his favour with as much zeal as if you had been succouring an unfortunate being. Is it thus that good is performed with discernment.”

The prince confessed his fault; and Generosity, with a smile, delivered to him the large diamond that he had re-

ceived from Queen Isselmire, the sword which he had gained at the tournament of the king of Persia, and the six keys of the fountains, which she had taken from the king of Mezanderon without his knowledge.

The fairy Activity made him mount beside her on her white peacock; and, the three sisters, at the same time, striking their distaffs against the walls of the prison, they opened wide enough to let them pass.

The prince Temirkand was thus conducted through the air by the fairies, and descended gently at the foot of a palm-tree, in the delightful valley of Schiraz. The prince, seeing them about to leave him, told them he felt a great repugnance at keeping the keys of the fountains after the engagements he had made with Hir Abad.

“Entertain no scruples on the subject,” replied the fairies: “Hir Abad could not enjoy them, because he did not know where they were situated; and, besides, he has at this moment ceased to breathe.”

Indeed, this wicked king, in despair at the escape of Temirkand, who could alone conduct him to the treasures he had discovered, strangled himself, after having thrown into the Caspian Sea the keys of his twelve iron closets, in the last of which he fancied were the diamond girdle, the sword, and the keys of the fountains.

The country where the prince was set down was the most fertile and agreeable in the world: transparent brooks meandered through shady groves; branches, laden with delicious grapes, spread like the honey-suckle from tree to tree, form-

ing harbours ; and the banks of the rivers were sown with rice.

Temirkand soon arrived at some vast ruins, amongst which were seen columns, porticoes, and statues, whose magnificence announced an illustrious origin. Walking amongst these ruins, he perceived an old man, seated on a broken marble column. The prince approached him, and enquired to what city these splendid remains had formerly belonged ? The old man saluted him with an affable air, and offered him a seat by his side.

“ My son,” said he to him, “ you walk among the ruins of the superb Persepolis, the ancient capital of Persia, and we are seated in the palace of the unfortunate King Darius. A Greek prince, named Alexander, seized on a sudden with the desire of conquering

the world, set out at the head of a handful of heroes, and crossed the sea and those vast provinces which Nature had interposed between him and us: he triumphed over all the forces of Darius, and revelled in the midst of his palaces; while the king wandered, neglected and forlorn, from province to province. Never was a war more unjust than that undertaken by Alexander, and never did blind Fortune shew herself more favourable to injustice; but, I must add, never did a conqueror discover more greatness of soul and generosity than the king of Macedon: the mother and wife of Darius fell into his power by the fate of arms, and received from him the most tender respect; he never called the former by any other title than that of Mother. This Alexander, so great and noble in the hour of combat, became

frequently cruel and furious in the midst of pleasure: the love of glory made him commit actions, criminal no doubt, but set off with a certain grandeur that seduces the mind of man; intoxication rendered him detestable. It was in the midst of a feast that the ruin of this palace was resolved on: at the request of a courtesan of Athens, Alexander, overcome by intoxication, his head ornamented with flowers, and a torch in his hand, set fire to it, with its inhabitants.—I often come here to meditate on the imperfection of human virtue, in reflecting that the victor of the Persians was himself vanquished by the attractions of a cup filled with wine.”

Temirkand approved the sage reflections of the old man, who invited him to lodge in his house: it was situated in a very solitary place, shaded by sumachs.

The old man cultivated with his own hands a little garden, filled with delicious fruits ; he served a basket of them to the king of Candahar, who, during the repast, asked him if he ever had a wife or children ?

The old man replied, “ I never would attach my destiny to that of another creature, because I had the certainty of surviving all that would have been dear to me. These words surprise you ; I will explain them. My brother and me were born of a poor peasant, who lived on the shores of the Caspian Sea : our father, when on his death-bed, called us to him :—‘ My dear children,’ said he, ‘ poor as I appear to you, I can give you kingdoms for your inheritance, if you desire them. In my youth I was happy enough to render to a powerful fairy a service so important, that she

granted me any two things for which I should ask, either for myself or my family. The fear of making an erroneous choice has, to this moment, prevented me from deciding on what I should wish for the best; but now, that I am going to die, I will only consult your advantage: each of you wish, therefore, for what you most desire.' We replied, with one accord, that nothing was so precious to us as himself, and consequently we would wish for the prolongation of his life. 'Beware you do not,' said he; 'I have lived long enough—it is time for me to repose: my cares for you can be no longer useful; I have done some good in my life, suffer me to go and reap its reward.' My brother and myself then reflected on what it would be most advantageous for us to ask. We had both studied magic, in