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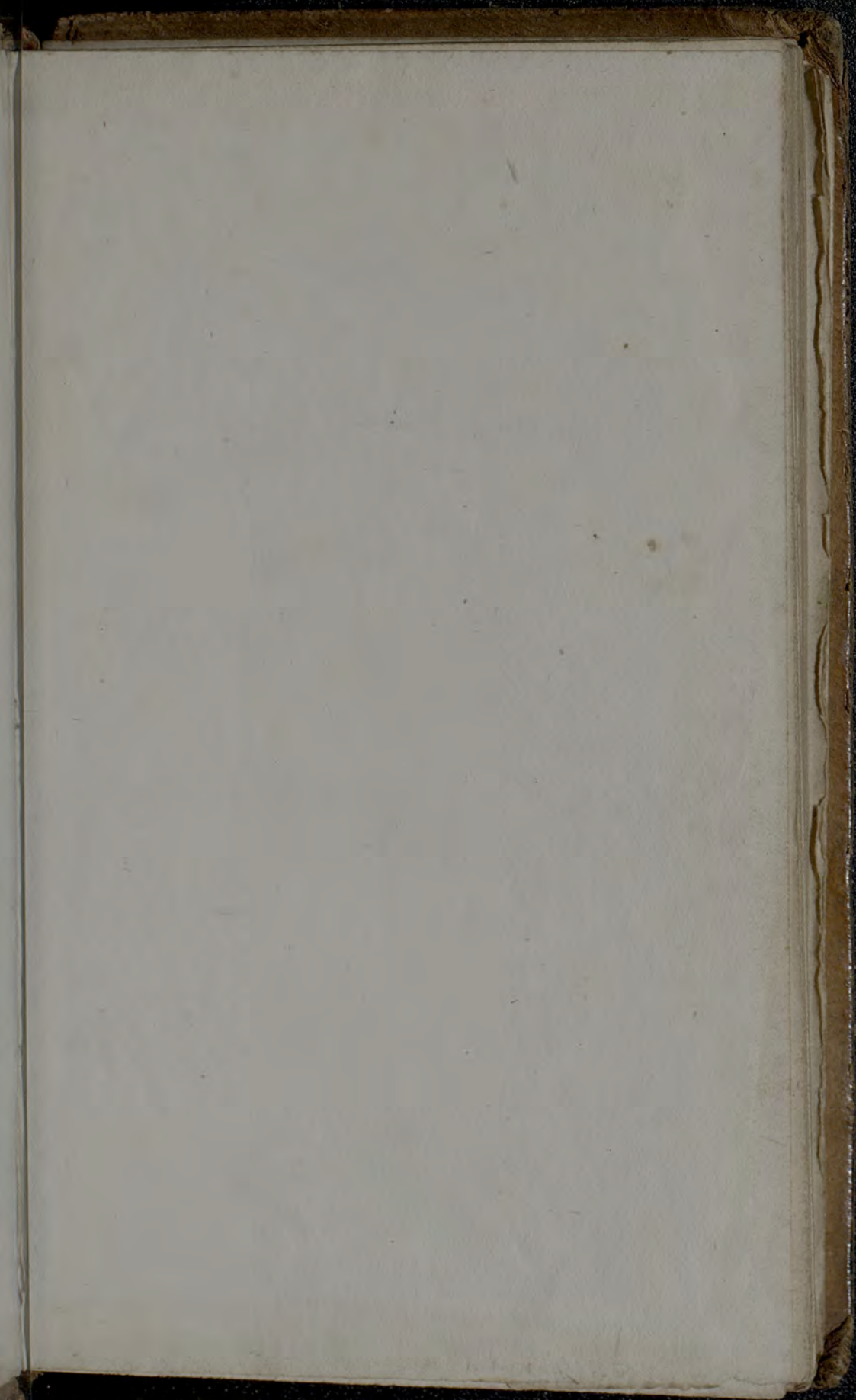
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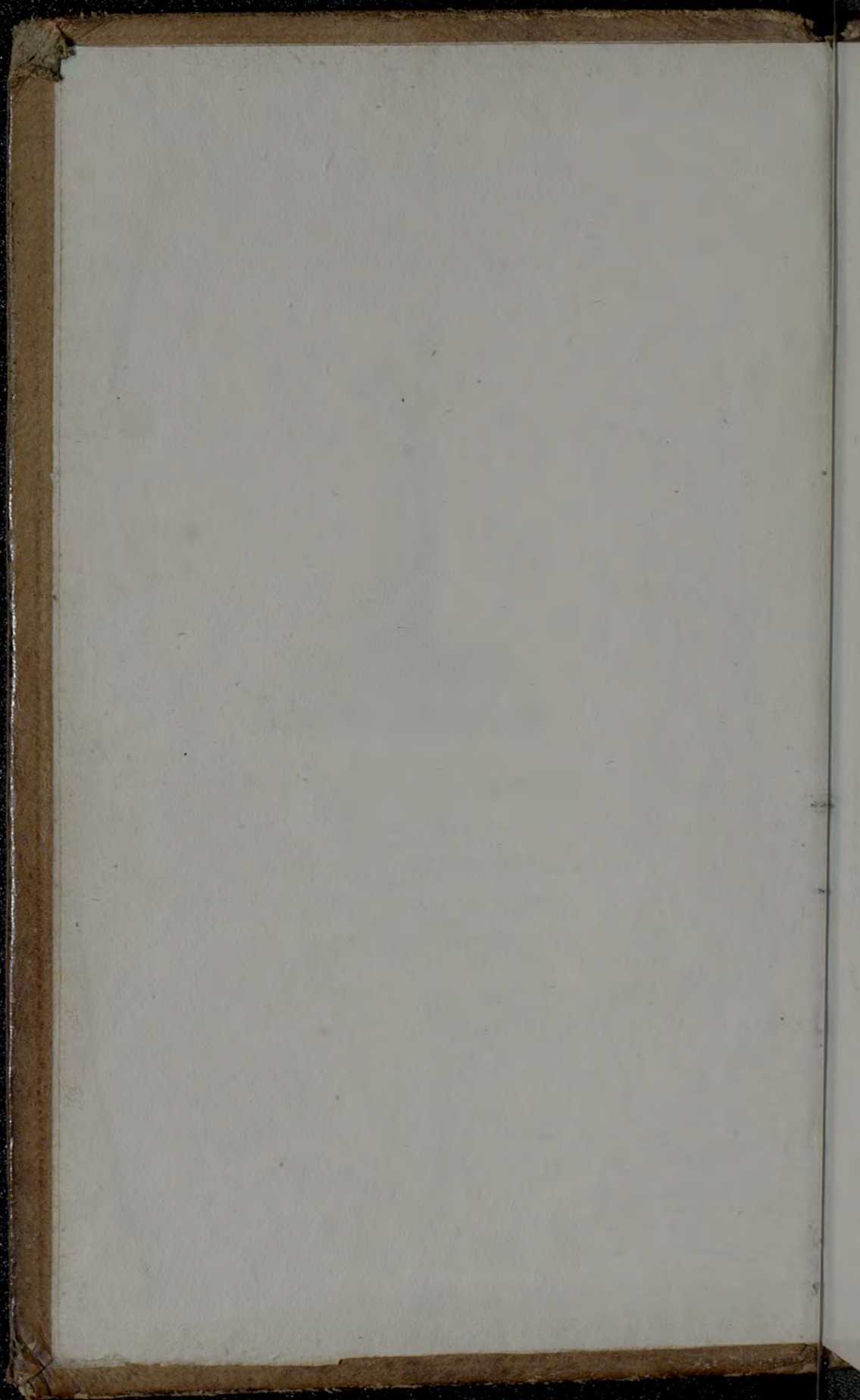


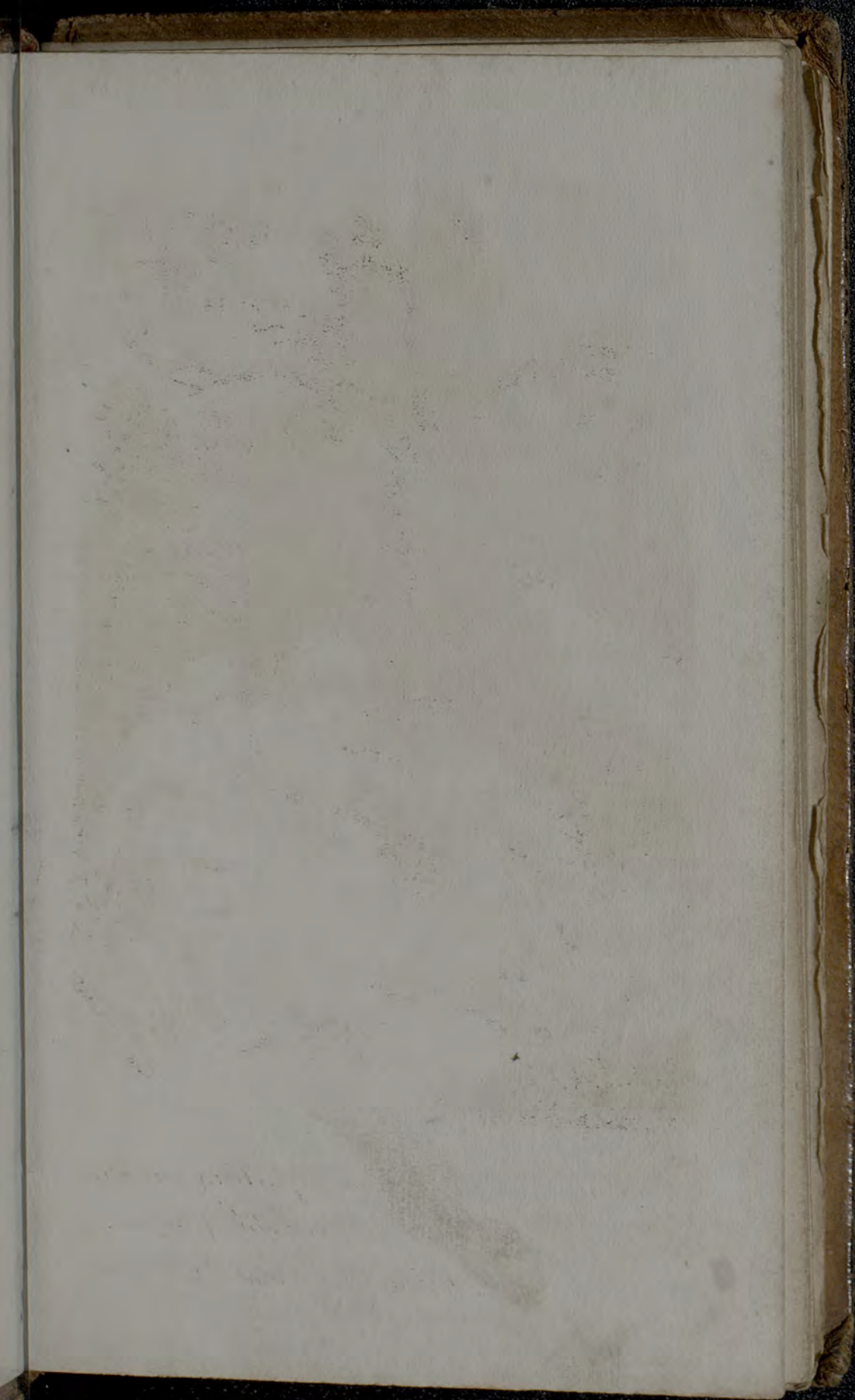
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*Eugenia and Valentina reflecting on the
pleasure of relieving the poor old Jerome.*

Tales of the Castle, Vol. 2, P. 43.

Pub. by Richard Phillips, New Bridge, St. July 23. 1805.

TALES OF THE CASTLE:

OR

STORIES.

OF

INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT.

BEING

LES VEILLÉES DU CHÂTEAU,

WRITTEN IN FRENCH

BY MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS,

Author of the Theatre of Education, Adela and Theodore, &c.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

BY THOMAS HOLCROFT.

THE EIGHTH EDITION.

Come raccende il gusto il mutar' esca,
Così mi par, che la mia I storia, quanto,
Or quà, or là, più variato sia,
Meno, a chi l'udirà, nojosa fia.

ARIOSTO.

As at the board with plenteous viands grac'd,
Cate after cate excites the sickening taste,
So, while my Muse pursues her varied strains,
Tale following tale the ravish'd ear detains.

HOOLE.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. ROBINSON, R. PHILLIPS, WILKIE
AND ROBINSON, SCATCHERD AND LETTERMAN,
AND J. WALKER.

1806.

TALKS OF THE CASTLE

BY

J. H. ...

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Printed by B. M'Millan, }
Bow Street, Covent Garden. }

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TALES OF THE CASTLE;

OR

STORIES

OF

INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT.

LEONTINE AND EUGENIA;

OR

THE MASQUERADE HABIT.

MADAME de Palmena, yet young, though long a widow, dedicated her days to the education of an only daughter, the beloved object of all her tenderness and all her attention. Her husband dying left her deeply in debt, and Madame de Palmena had no other means of paying his debts, but by quitting Paris, and retiring to an estate she possessed in Touraine, two miles

from Loches*. Her château was vast and antique; its draw-bridge, moat, and towers, recalled the memorable days of Duguesclin and the Chevalier Bayard; those days of chivalry which ought to be regretted, if the valour and loyalty of good knighthood could compensate for the want of police and laws.

The inside of the castle answered to the outside; every thing there retraced the noble simplicity of our ancestors; no gilding, no china vases, no baubles, such as load our modern houses; but beautiful tapestries, representing some interesting points of history, and long galleries, ornamented with family portraits, where the owner walked in the midst of his ancestors, and meditated on their past deeds; and whence he might discover through the windows a large forest on the one side, and, on the other, the pleasant banks of the Indre.

There it was that Eugenia, the daughter of Palmena, passed her infancy, and the first years of her youth; there it was she acquired her taste for country amusements, and a peaceable and retired life. During the fine days of spring and

* The town of Loches, situated upon the Indre, near a large forest, has a castle, in which Cardinal de la Balue was confined, and a collegiate church, in which is the tomb of Agnes Sorel. Loches is twelve miles from Amboise, another small town, celebrated for its manufactories, and a conspiracy that bears its name. It is situated upon the Loire.

summer, she took long walks with her mamma, and, when the heat of the meridian sun made it necessary, sought a cool shelter in the shade of the forest.

Sometimes she exercised herself with running; sometimes gathered the fresh herbs, while her mamma instructed her in their names and properties. Here she often took her lessons, here listened to interesting tales; and, as the day declined, would quit the forest to course along the smiling banks of the brook.

When Eugenia had attained her eighth year, she became more sedate; a thousand different occupations kept her more in the house; but she would rise with Aurora, and breakfast in the park or the meadows, and in the evening would still walk two or three miles with her mamma.

The companion of her sports was the daughter of her governess: her name was Valentina; she was four years older than Eugenia, and was possessed of industry, a happy temper, and a good heart. She took care always to be present when Eugenia received a lesson; by which she profited so much, that her young mistress ever looked upon her, and with reason, as her friend.

When Eugenia was sixteen years of age, her character was as stable as her heart was af-

fectionate; the gayety and simplicity of youth, a cultivated mind, and unalterable sweetness and the most perfect equality of temper, were all united in her. Her love and gratitude to her mamma were unbounded; ever thinking of her, and taking every opportunity to oblige her, there was no employment, no occupation, in which she did not find the means. Had she verses to learn by heart, she would say to herself, how happy my mamma will be to find me so perfect! how much she will praise me for my memory and industry! Did she study English or Italian, how satisfied my mamma will be, said she, when she shall see that, instead of one page, I have translated two! Writing, designing, playing the harp, the harpsichord, or the guitar, still she made the same reflections. This drawing will be placed in the cabinet of my mamma; every time she looks at it, she will think of her Eugenia. This sonata, which I am just beginning, will delight my mamma when I can play it perfectly. Such ideas, which she applied to every thing she did, gave an inexpressible charm to study, smoothed each difficulty, and changed her duties to delights.

In order to finish the education of Eugenia, Madame de Palmena resolved to let her pass two years at Paris. She tore her from her agreeable solitude toward the end of September, and ar-

rived in town, where she hired a house, in which Eugenia often regretted the enchanting banks of the Indre and the Loire.

Madame de Palmena gladly renewed her acquaintance with several persons, whom she had formerly known. Among them was one she distinguished above the rest, an old friend of her husband's, named the Count d'Amilly, worthy of that preference by his merit and his virtues. He had been several years a widower, and was possessed of an only son eighteen years of age, from whom he had just parted for two years. Leontine (so the youth was called) had set off for Italy, and was afterward to make the tour of the North.

The Count d'Amilly came every night to sup with Madame de Palmena: at half past ten Eugenia went to bed. As soon as she was gone, the Count usually began to speak of her, and it was always in her praise. He admitted her talents, her modesty, her reserve, and that certain air of mild gentleness, yet freedom in her manners, which gave an inexpressible charm to her most trifling actions.

Madame de Palmena listened with transport to the praises of Eugenia; she heard, not without emotion, the name of Leontine so often pronounced, and, in this delightful converse, time

was frequently forgotten; they frequently exclaimed with surprize, *Could you think it?—'tis past three o'clock!*

The Count d'Amilly continued his assiduities, but without farther explanation: he only said, one day, My son will have a considerable fortune, because I am rich; but, before I bestow it on him, I would teach him to enjoy wealth: he will be twenty at his return; I will marry him, and give him an amiable wife, whose attractions and gentleness will render all his duties pleasant, and make him in love with virtue.

Madame de Palmena perfectly saw the portrait of such a wife in Eugenia; but, reflecting on the extreme disproportion between her fortune and that of the Count d'Amilly, she scarcely could persuade herself he had really any views upon her daughter.

Madame de Palmena had now been twenty months at Paris, and Eugenia approached her eighteenth year, when one evening the Count d'Amilly came, and begged permission to present his son, who had just arrived, to the family. Scarcely had he spoken before a young man appeared, of a very interesting person, and advanced towards Madame de Palmena, with an air at once eager yet timid, which added new grace to his natural accomplishments.

The Count and his son stayed supper: Leou-

tine spoke little, but he looked much; his eyes were continually turned toward Eugenia, and every word he *did* say, demonstrated an earnest desire of pleasing Madame de Palmena.

The next day the Count and his son returned, and Madame de Palmena, without circumlocution, declared she made it an irrevocable rule, never to admit young men of Leontine's age as visitors.—Nay! but, Madam, answered the Count, it is absolutely necessary you should see him, in order that you may examine whether he be something like what you could wish.

Sir! What do you mean?

Do you not see, Madam, that his happiness and mine depend on your approbation? Take some time to know him; and, if he be happy enough to please you, our wishes will be crowned with success.

This was at last speaking to be understood, and Madame de Palmena testified all the gratitude which the Count's declaration had inspired. She would not, however, enter into any positive engagement, till she had first consulted Eugenia, and inquired more particularly into the temper and disposition of Leontine. All she learnt only redoubled the desire she had to have him for a son; and, the Count again pressing her to give him a decisive answer, she

hesitated no longer. Every thing being agreed upon, the contract was signed, and next day Leontine received the hand of the lovely Eugenia with transport. The day after the marriage, the young couple went down to a delightful country-seat belonging to the Count, four and twenty miles from Paris, whence it was determined they should not return till the end of autumn.

Madame de Palmena passed three months with them ; after which she was obliged, for a while, to quit them. Determining to live hereafter at Paris, she was forced to take a journey into Touraine, for the arrangement of her affairs ; and though it was supposed she would return before winter, Eugenia had need of all her reason, to support so cruel a separation.

Her soft melancholy, after the departure of her mother, made her still dearer to the heart of Leontine : he found a secret kind of pleasure in contemplating her thus mildly, thus tenderly, dejected. What will one day be my power, said he, as the tears fell from her beautiful eyes, over a heart so feeling and so grateful ! Eugenia, however, did not show the whole of her grief before Leontine ; but compensated for this constraint with Valentina, the young woman I have already mentioned, who had been the companion of her infancy. The consolation most effectual to Eugenia was to speak of her mother, and write

long letters to her every day, containing a full and circumstantial detail of her thoughts, employments, and pleasures.

Two months had already glided away, since the departure of Madame de Palmena, during which time, Eugenia had not made a single trip to Paris. In the company of her father-in-law and her husband, she wished for nothing but her mother. Leontine was her best support, and Leontine became every day more dear. Often would they ramble arm in arm, through the woods and fields, while Eugenia would question Leontine of all his travels, and listen with sweet delight to his narration. Often would they sit upon the banks of the brook, while Eugenia sang sometimes sprightly airs, and sometimes pathetic ballads. Her sweet and melodious voice would often attract the shepherd and the reaper; the one left his work, the other his flock, and ran to listen; she, like a divinity, suspended labour and buried fatigue in forgetfulness.

One evening Eugenia observed, among her rustic auditors, an old man whom she had never seen before his figure was venerable, his hairs were white, and his age upward of seventy-five. Eugenia inquired his name, and was answered Jerome; she learnt, likewise, that his sister was

paralytic; and that he was grandfather to five young orphans, all of whom were maintained by his labour.

Eugenia had only a small allowance; for, though her father-in-law was rich, noble, and benevolent, wishing to give his children habits of order and economy, he had the prudence and the fortitude not to share his fortune with them too soon.

When you shall have proved to me, said he, that you know how to make a worthy use of money, we will then have but one purse. If five years hence, for example, I am satisfied with your conduct, I will strip myself with pleasure to adorn a rational and domestic son; but I would never give up a fortune which I have acquired myself, and of which I can justly dispose as I please, to a silly headstrong prodigal.

O my father! answered Leontine, you have given me Eugenia, and in her you have given me all the riches of the earth.

Eugenia, on her part, did not wish a greater allowance than she possessed. Where reason and economy reside, the smallest fortune is always sufficient; and Eugenia was rich enough to be generous and benevolent. Totally occupied by the remembrance of the good old Jerome, she told Valentina, as she went to bed, that she should on the morrow carry him some assistance.

The next morning the Count d'Amilly came, as usual, to breakfast with his children. Here, my dear, said he to Eugenia, here is a masquerade ticket for you; there will be a very fine one in a fortnight at Paris, and you are invited. I beg you will do me the favour to go. You will want a dress; be so kind, my love, as to buy yourself one. So saying, the Count tossed a purse of sixty guineas into her lap.

As soon as Eugenia was alone, she called Valentina to her, and showed her the present she had just received. I can buy a dress quite good enough, said she, for fifty guineas; I may very well, therefore, spare ten out of this sum to poor Jerome; do you go, Valentina, then, and inquire in the village, whether all I have been told of this poor old man be true; and, if there be no exaggeration in what I have heard, I will carry him the money myself.

In the afternoon Valentina returned from the village, and told her young mistress, that she had not only inquired of the vicar, and several of the inhabitants, but had likewise been in Jerome's cottage, where she had seen his paralytic sister nursed by the eldest of his grandchildren, a young girl of twelve years old; that the poor woman was in a chamber kept very clean, while the beneficent old man lay in a kind of out-house.

upon straw; and that Jerome was the honestest and most unfortunate peasant in the village, as well as the best brother, and the best grandfather.

Come! said Eugenia, come! I have the purse that my father-in-law has given me in my pocket; let us carry him the ten guineas instantly.

She waited not for an answer, but took Valentina by the arm; told Leontine, who had sitten down with a party to whist, he would find her by-and-by in the willow walk, and away she went.

Eugenia came to the field where Jerome usually worked till the decline of day, looked round, and, not seeing him, asked where he was gone. They told her, that, being overcome with heat and fatigue, he had laid down for a moment in the shade, and was fallen asleep by the side of the brook, near the great arbour of eglantines.

Thither Eugenia and Valentina turned their steps, and soon perceived the good old man sleeping, and surrounded by his little grandchildren; they approached with the greatest precaution, for fear of disturbing him, and stopped at a little distance, to contemplate a picture the most interesting and the most affecting.

The poor old man was in a sound sleep; a sweet little girl, of eight or nine years old, lightly spread her apron over the wild rose

branches that surrounded her grandfather's head, to keep the heat of the sun from his face ; one of her brothers was helping her, while the other two, with branches in their hands, were occupied in chasing away the flies and wasps, whenever they approached. The careful little girl, as soon as she saw Eugenia, made a sign with her hand not to make a noise and disturb her grandfather. Eugenia smiled, and, advancing on tiptoe, kissed the dear little creature, and told her in her ear she wanted to speak with her grandfather as soon as he awoke : therefore desired she would go and play with her brothers, and come back when she called her.

The young girl at first was loath to go, and so were her little brothers ; who only gave their consent, on condition that Eugenia would be sure to drive away the flies.

This bargain being made, Eugenia took their branches, and, sitting down with Valentina, upon the bank beside their charge, the little family soon fell to their youthful gambols, and disappeared.

Eugenia then took her purse, and put it into her lap to take out the ten guineas ; but, fearing she should make too much noise in counting her money, she stopped, and fixing her eyes upon the old man, the sweet tear of sensibility began to trickle.

How peaceably he sleeps, said she, good old man; how respectable is his poverty; how venerable, how affecting, his countenance! Seventy-five years old! Good God! During so long a career, how many labours, how many cares, how many crosses, has he undergone! And now, when his strength has left him, when age enfeebles the body and the mind, virtue, benevolence, make him labour without ceasing!

The tears of gentle compassion flowed, while Eugenia whispered thus to Valentina.

Think, Madam, said the latter, think of the ease, the joy, these ten guineas will give him.

This present, replied Eugenia, this small sum, cannot make him happy during the rest of his life. O how transporting it would be to give peace and tranquillity to his age! To what raptures should he awake! Ten guineas would only give him a momentary relief, but fifty would procure him entire ease. Fifty guineas! 'Tis the price of a dress! And what great pleasure will that dress give me? It will scarcely be remarked. Shall I, in a robe decorated with spangles, and trimmed with lace, shall I, thinkest thou, Valentina, be more lovely in the eyes of Leontine? How much this morning did he praise my shape! And yet I was only dressed in white muslin, and a few blue-bells and cowslips which I myself had gathered in the fields. Ten guineas, Valentina,

will buy me a dress; simple, I own, but more becoming, perhaps, than one more rich. Flowers are more suitable to my age than gold. Dost thou not think so, Valentina?

I confess, Madam, I should be delighted to see you in a rich dress.

Look at that poor old man, Valentina; look at him, and I am sure such vain ideas will vanish from thy mind! Delighted to see me richly dressed, sayest thou? Think of the delight, think of the transports of my heart, when I shall have rescued such a man, and such a family, from misery. O, Valentina, with what raptures will he sup this evening, surrounded by his children! With what pure joy will he kiss them, and receive their innocent caresses! and what shall I feel tomorrow, when I write an account of all this to my mamma! O how happy will she be! What pleasure, what transport will she feel, at reading such a letter!

But, Madam, you will be the only one at the ball so simply dressed! may not this displease your father-in-law? may not Leontine be angry? I own they are both very good, but—

True, Valentina; I must at least consult Leontine: I must do nothing without my husband's consent. But come, let us remove hence; the very sight of this good old man is too powerful

to be resisted. Come, let us look for Leontine, we will soon return; come, come—

So saying, Eugenia arose; but, as she was rising, she heard behind her a rustling of leaves, which occasioned her to turn and look round; there she beheld Leontine leaping the hedge, coming to kiss her, to adore her, to cast himself at her feet.

Leontine had left his card-party soon after Eugenia was gone, and come in search of her. Knowing Eugenia's first intentions respecting Jerome, he had followed, and hid himself behind the arbour, that he might listen to her conversation with the good old man: he expected a pleasure, and he received one even beyond his expectations; for, being only separated from her by a light foilage, though Eugenia had spoken in a whisper, he had not lost a sentence of all she had said.

O, my dear, my charming Eugenia, cried he, what have I heard? how great, how supreme, is my happiness! Sentiments, feelings, benevolence, like yours, are inestimable! I knew you lovely, and yet I scarce knew half your loveliness.

Leontine was speaking thus when Jerome awoke; Eugenia immediately disengaged herself from the arms of her husband, and drew near to the old man; he looked at her with astonishment,

and, out of respect, was going to rise; Eugenia desired him to sit still, but he excused himself by saying he must go to his labour. No, said Eugenia, rest yourself to day.

But my day's work, Madam—

I will pay it to you; here, accept this purse, and may the reception of it give you as much pleasure, as the offering of it has given me!

So saying, Eugenia, with a tender and respectful air, put the purse, containing fifty guineas, into the trembling hands of the old man, and turned her head aside to hide her tears. Leone stood before her, beholding her with rapture: never had she appeared so lovely in his eyes; never had she made so sweet, so deep, so powerful, an impression upon his heart.

The old man, notwithstanding, looked at the purse that lay open upon his lap with a kind of amazement; in his whole life he had never beheld so great a sum; he rubbed his eyes, feared he was yet asleep, still dreaming, while Eugenia silently enjoyed the delicious excess of his surprise. At last Jerome clasped his hands in a kind of ecstasy, and sobbing, exclaimed, O God! what have I done? how have I merited so vast a gift? So saying, he raised his head, and fixed his swimming eyes on Eugenia, and added, May the God of mercies only grant, Madam, that you may have children like yourself!

He could say no more; tears interrupted the power of speech. Just at this moment, his little family returned running, and Eugenia entreated the old man to put up his purse, and conceal the adventure, till such time as she permitted him to speak to mention it. She then embraced the little Simonetta, bade adieu to the good old man, and, arm in arm with Leontine and Valentina, again returned to the château.

Eugenia, from a very natural delicacy, did not wish that her father-in-law should be informed of this affair before she had been at the masquerade, lest he should give her another dress. The day at length arrived; the Count remained in the country, and confided Eugenia to the care of one of his relations, and of Leontine, who went with him to Paris.

At the ball every eye was fixed upon Eugenia, not only by the charms of her person, which were very superior, but also by the elegant simplicity of her dress, which distinguished her from every other woman: neither gold, nor pearls, nor diamonds, loaded her habit; nothing impeded her natural celerity, and she bore away the prize of dancing, as well as of beauty: the sweet remembrance of Jerome was often present to her imagination, and redoubled her gayety; often did she say to herself, as she beheld the excessive and mad magnificence of young women

of her own age, how much do I pity them; alas! they know not true pleasure.

At day-break, Leontine took Eugenia back to the country; he would have her appear before his father in her masquerade habit, for he was inflamed with the desire of relating the history of the old man. The count heard the recital with feelings equal to his joy; a thousand times did he clasp the amiable Eugenia in his arms, and from that instant conceived all the affection of the most tender father for her.

The next day Eugenia and Leontine went to see the old man. Leontine informed him, that he should take charge of two of his children, the pretty little Simonetta and her second brother. The girl was sent apprentice to a milliner at Paris; the boy to a joiner in the country. The Count d'Amilly put the finishing hand to the happiness of good old Jerome, by giving him a cow, and an acre of land adjoining to his cottage. The happy mother of Eugenia, Madame de Palmena, returning from Touraine, received on the road a letter containing an account of all these events.

It is impossible, my children, at your age, to conceive the impression which a letter like this must make on the heart of a tender mother; the affectionate, the feeling, the charming Eugenia, was shortly after in the arms of Madame de

Palmena, who passed the rest of her days with a daughter so worthy of all her tenderness: yes, Eugenia was the delight of her husband, of her mother, of her father, of her family; she found in her own heart, and in the respect of the world, a just recompense for her conduct and her virtues; and, to crown her felicity, Heaven, attentive to the prayers of the good old Jerome, gave her *children like herself*, in whom she found all the happiness she had occasioned to Madame de Palmena.

Here the Baroness ceased speaking, and Madame de Clémire, taking up the conversation, said, Well, my children, has not this story given you pleasure?

O yes, mamma, and I hope I shall one day resemble the amiable Eugenia.

And I too, because she made her mamma happy.

I, said Cæsar, will endeavour to imitate Leontine: but a-propos, mamma, permit me to ask you a question; Leontine hid himself behind the arbour to overhear Eugenia, you know; pray was that right?

No; and I love to see this delicacy, Cæsar, because it is well founded. Leontine, it is true, was convinced Eugenia would speak only of Jerome; and that, besides, she had no secrets, which she would conceal from him: but this

does not excuse the action; whatever may be our motive, nothing should ever tempt us to become listeners. It is my wish, my children, to teach you to distinguish good from ill; and I am well assured, when you shall have acquired this precious knowledge, you will detest vice and love virtue, because nothing on earth is so lovely; therefore, if you would be happy, if you would be respected, say to yourselves, I will never be guilty of the least unjustifiable action, whatever may be my situation, motive, or excuse.

Here Madame de Clémire arose, and, after receiving and returning the embraces of her children, each retired to rest. Madame de Clémire little suspected, at lying down, the shock she should receive at rising. For two months past, whenever she received news from Paris or the army, it always spoke of peace being proclaimed before the next campaign; but what was her grief the next morning at receiving letters, which informed her, that the two armies were met, and a battle was inevitable!

When her children heard this cruel news, they partook of the chagrin and inquietude of their mother; play was suspended, pleasure forgotten, and the hours of recreation were spent in grief and tears. This continued a fortnight; at last, on the eve of the first of May, they

were listening with attention to the Abbé, who was reading aloud a chapter in the Testament, when suddenly they heard loud yet broken accents and confused cries: among others, they plainly distinguished the voice of their mamma; trembling, terrified, they all ran at once to the door, and at the same instant found themselves in the arms of their mother, who, with a shriek of joy, cried, *The battle is fought! the battle is won! and your father is safe!*

The children leaped into their mother's arms with transport, unable to express their joy, unless by their sobs: Madame de Clémire, supported by her tender mother, and clasping her children to her bosom, displayed to the family a highly affecting picture.

After a momentary silence, interrupted only by the sweet tears which pleasure shed, Madame de Clémire, surrounded by her own household, read aloud the letter she had just received; every circumstance added to the pure transports they enjoyed, for it seemed certain, that peace must be the consequence of victory.

Happiness and tranquillity returned to the castle, and with them the sports and the pleasures. This interesting day was precisely that on which they were to erect the May-pole, which was to be performed in the castle-yard, and they waited with impatience for the hour, when this

rustic feast was to commence. Scarcely was dinner over, ere they heard the sound of hautboys, bagpipes, and flutes; they all flew to the court, which was already filled by the minstrels, and all the young people of the village; the lads in white waistcoats, decorated with ribbands, surrounded the May-pole that lay extended on the ground, and held cords in their hands to raise it at the appointed moment.

At a given signal, a troop of lasses advanced, carrying baskets full of flowers, with which they half buried the tree; one busied herself with twining a wreath round the pole, another placed a garland upon its summit, and in an instant it was adorned with a thousand festoons of white thorn and early roses, and a multitude of wreaths, composed of the violet, narcissus, and anemone.

Two elderly peasants then gravely approached, each with a bottle in his hand, and sprinkled wine on the pole; after this libation, they drank to the health of the Lord of the Manor. Cæsar, the representative of his father, must needs, according to custom, *do justice* to the honest peasants; he advanced boldly, made his salute, received a large glass half full of wine, and drank to them with a good grace.

Then it was that they immediately reared the May-pole, and, hand in hand, the lads and lasses danced around it, singing a roundelay in praise

of the pleasant, merry month of May. Cæsar, Caroline, and Pulcheria, mingled in the dance, and repeated the chorus with all their might; the *sauteuses** succeeded the roundelay, and the feast finished with a good game at prison-bars in the gardens.

Cæsar was astonishingly agile and strong for his age, and distinguished himself in this game, in which may be displayed agility, quickness of foot, address in outwitting our antagonist, sincerity or delicacy in condemning ourselves in doubtful cases, and valour and generosity in exposing our own liberty for the delivery of the prisoners of our party.

Nothing was wanting to complete this fine day, except a story in the evening, which Madame de Clémire promised them on the morrow. At going to bed they agreed to rise at day-break, on purpose that they might all take a long walk together in the fields. Morning being come, the children were called, and in a quarter of an hour Madame de Clémire left the castle with them, followed only by the faithful Morel.

After about an hour's walk, the children began to find they had not breakfasted: they were two miles from the castle, and, being pressed by hunger, they determined to look for a cottage

* A village dance in Burgundy.

where they might get some milk. Morel showed them one, and they followed eagerly the road he directed; they arrived in less than half an hour at the cottage, where they were surprised to hear a great noise, much laughing, and a numerous assembly of peasants, all in their Sunday clothes, except such as had nuptial habits.

The daughter of the husbandman who owned the cottage had been married that very morning: they had returned from church, and were busy preparing the wedding-feast. Madame de Clémire went into the garden with her children, and sat down upon a green bank, where, a moment after, the bride brought them some excellent milk and brown bread. Caroline, authorized by a sign of approbation from her mother, took off a large golden cross, that she wore round her neck, and passed the ribband over the head of the young bride, as the latter stooped to her to present her with a nice bowl of cream: the bride blushed, and looking at Madame de Clémire, refused to accept the present; but the latter said to her, "Do not afflict Caroline, Manette, by refusing such a trifle; but pray go and tell your father, that I invite him, and all his guests, to come next Sunday and dine with us at the castle."

Manette, delighted at this proposition, and impatient to show the company her cross of gold,

ran immediately, forgetting even to thank Caroline; she soon returned with her father, and, after many simple but sincere thanks and apologies, they both went back into the cottage.

I am like you, mamma, said Caroline: I am exceedingly fond of country people. How genteel Manette is! What sweetness, what satisfaction in her countenance! How charming when she blushes, and what excellent cream, and bread, and milk, she has given us! I am sure you have made all these good people very happy, by inviting them to come and dine at the castle; they will long talk of the chance that brought us to day to their cottage.

This little adventure, answered Madame de Clémire, calls to my mind an anecdote I have read in the Russian history.

Dear mamma, do tell it us.

With all my heart. The Czar Iwan* sometimes went about disguised, in order that he might the better discover what the people thought of his government. One day, as he was walking alone in the country, near Moscow, he came to a village, and, feigning to be spent with fatigue, asked relief. His dress was ragged, his appearance miserable; and what ought to have

* About the year 1550. This anecdote has been taken from a work entitled *Fastes de Pologne et de Russie*, tome ii p. 40.

excited the compassion of the hearers, and ensured his reception, produced denial only.

Full of indignation at the hard-hearted inhabitants, he was about to quit the place, when he perceived one more house, at which he had not asked assistance ; it was the poorest cottage of the village. The Emperor approached, and softly tapped at the door, when instantly a person came, and asked the stranger what he wanted. I am almost dying with weariness and hunger, answered the Czar: can you give me lodging for one night ?

Alas, said the peasant, holding out his hand to him, you will have poor fare ; you come at an ill time: my wife is in the pangs of labour, her cries will hinder you from sleeping ; but come, come in ; at least you will be out of the cold ; and to such as we have you shall be welcome.

So saying, the peasant made the Czar enter a small place full of children ; one cradle contained two sleeping soundly ; a little girl of three years old was laid upon a rug, near her two little brothers, asleep likewise ; while the two eldest sisters, the one six and the other seven, were on their knees, crying and praying to God for the deliverance of their mother, who was in the adjoining room, and whose plaints and groans were distinctly heard.

Stay here, said the peasant to the Emperor, I will go and get something for you to eat; so saying, he went out, and soon returned with black bread, eggs, and honey. You see all I can give you, said he: partake of it with my children; I must go and assist my wife.

Your charity, your hospitality, said the Czar, should bring happiness on your house; I have no doubt but God will reward your virtues.

Pray for my wife, my good friend, replied the peasant; pray to the Almighty, she may be happily delivered: that's all I wish.

Would that make you happy?

Happy! Judge yourself; I have five fine children, a wife that I love, a father and mother both in good health, and my labour is sufficient to maintain them all.

And do your father and mother live with you?

Certainly! They are within with my wife.

But your cabin is so very small.

O! 'tis large enough, since it holds us all.

So saying, the peasant went to his wife, who, an hour after, was happily delivered. The good peasant, transported with joy, brought his child to show the Czar. Look, said he, look, this is the sixth she has brought me; may God preserve him like my others! Look, how strong and hearty he is.

The Czar took the child in his arms, and looked at him with a full heart. I know, by the physiognomy of this child, said he—I am certain he will be happy; I would lay my life he will arrive at great preferment.

The peasant smiled.

At this moment the two little girls came to kiss their new-born brother, whom their grandmother was come to take back: the little ones followed her, and the peasant, laying himself down on his bed of straw, invited the stranger to do the same. In a moment the peasant was in a peaceful and sound sleep; and the Czar, sitting up, looked round, and beheld, with tender emotion, the sleeping children and the sleeping father. The most profound silence reigned in the cottage. What calm! what tranquillity! said the Emperor; virtuous, happy man! how peaceably he sleeps on his straw; ambitious cares, suspicion, and remorse, trouble not his repose; how delicious is the sleep of innocence!

In such reflections the Emperor passed the night. The peasant awaked at the break of day, and the Czar, taking leave of him, said, I must return to Moscow, my friend. I am acquainted there with a benevolent man, to whom I will speak concerning you; I am certain I can prevail on him to stand godfather to your child: pro-

mise me, therefore, that you will wait for me to come to the baptism; I shall be back in three hours at the farthest.

The peasant did not think much of this mighty promise, but, naturally good-natured, he easily consented to the stranger's entreaties; after which the Czar immediately took his leave.

The three hours, however, were soon gone, and nobody appeared; the peasant, therefore, followed by his family, was preparing to carry his child to church. As he was going out of his cottage, he suddenly heard the neighing of horses, and the sound of many coaches. The peasant looked out, and saw a multitude of horsemen and superb carriages; he knew the Emperor's guards, and invited all his family to come and see the Czar go by; they all ran out in a hurry, and placed themselves before their door.

The carriages and horsemen filed off orderly in a circular line, and, at last, the Czar's state-coach stopped opposite the cottage of the good peasant. The guards pushed back the crowd, which the hope of seeing their sovereign had drawn together; the coach-door opened, and the Czar descended, perceived his host, and advanced.

I promised you a godfather, said he, I am come to fulfil my promise: give me your child, and follow me to church.

The peasant stood like a statue, looking at the Czar with amazement equal to his joy. In a kind of stupefaction he examined his magnificent robes, the sparkling jewels with which they were adorned, the lordly train that surrounded him, and in the midst of all this pomp could not discover the poor stranger, who had lain all night with him upon straw. The Emperor, for a moment, enjoyed his perplexities and astonishment in silence, then spoke to him thus :

Yesterday you performed the duties of hospitality ; to-day I am come to acquit myself of the most delightful duty of a sovereign, that of recompensing virtue. I shall not remove you from a state to which you do so much honour, and the innocence and tranquillity of which I love ; but I will give you such things as you want ; you shall have numerous flocks, rich pastures, and a house in which you may with ease perform the duties of humanity ; the newborn infant shall become my ward ; for you must remember, said the Czar, smiling, I predicted he would be fortunate.

The peasant answered not a word, but, with tears of gratitude in his eyes, ran for the child, brought him, and laid him down at the Emperor's feet.

The Czar was moved, took the child in his

arms, and carried him himself to church ; after which, not willing to deprive him of his mother's milk, he took him back to the cottage, ordering that the child should be sent to him as soon as he was weaned. The Czar faithfully kept his promise, had the boy educated in his palace, established his fortune, and heaped benefactions on the good peasant and his family.

Ah ! cried Cæsar, how severely must those villagers lament, who inhospitably shut their doors against the disguised Emperor ; they were justly punished for their hard-heartedness ; shame and repentance are the natural consequences of ill actions.

But how is it, said Pulcheria, that the wicked do not think of this ?

A bad heart, my dear, stifles the natural lights of reason. The wicked are much to be pitied ; it was therefore that a Persian sage made the following prayer : " Have mercy, O God, upon the wicked ! As for the good, when thou madest them good, thou madest them happy."

So saying, Madame de Clémire quitted the cottage, and returned with her children to the castle ; they talked of nothing on their way but the Czar Iwan. Dear mamma, said Pulcheria, I wish you would relate something from history every time that you are so good as to take us out

a walking. Do mamma, said the rest; that is well thought of.

And so you would have me, regularly, every day, tell you a story in the morning, and a story in the evening! It seems you depend very much upon my memory—

And upon your good nature, too, mamma.

Well, my dears, I will do my best to justify your good opinion of me.

At hearing this, each of the children ran again and again to kiss their mamma.

They were now almost at the castle gates; as soon as they got home, Madame de Clémire gave her daughters their daily tasks, and Cæsar went to his studies with the Abbé. After dinner Madame de Clémire, having a letter to write, left her children in the hall with the Abbé, during the hour of recreation. In a quarter of an hour, Madame de Clémire, having finished her letter, returned; she perceived Caroline and Pulcheria sitting together reading in a corner.

What are you reading there, my dears? said Madame de Clémire.

It is a book, mamma, that Mademoiselle Julienne has lent us.

Mademoiselle Julienne! is she capable of directing you in the choice of books? And,

besides, ought you to borrow books without informing me ?

That's what I told these young ladies, said the Abbé, who was playing at chess with the vicar at the other end of the room, but they would not believe me. Master Cæsar is more rational; he is overlooking our game, and reading the *Journal de Paris*.

Let me see what book it is, said Madame de Clémire.

It is *Le Prince Percinet, et La Princesse Gracieuse*, mamma.

A fairy tale! said the Baroness. How can you be pleased with such a book ?

I see, mamma, I have done wrong; but I confess I am fond of fairy tales; they are very amusing; they are so marvellous, so extraordinary, and have so many changes from crystal palaces to golden castles, that they are quite delighting to read.

But don't you know, that all these miracles are false ?

To be sure, mamma; they are fairy tales.

How does it happen then, that this idea does not disgust you ?

We own, mamma, the stories you tell us are a thousand times more interesting. I could hear them for ever, and I should soon be tired of fairy tales.

But, if you be so fond of the marvellous, you might far better satisfy this inclination by reading books which are instructive.

How so, mamma?

It is your ignorance, only, that makes you suppose the marvellous exists no where but in fairy tales. Nature and art afford phænomena as surprising as the most remarkable incidents in *Prince Percinet*.

Is it possible, mamma?

I will prove it is; and for this purpose undertake to write a tale, the most striking and singular you ever heard; the marvellous of which shall all be true.

Cæsar, who had overheard in part the conversation, left chess and the *Journal de Paris*, and approaching Madame de Clémire, said, Are you in earnest, mamma?

You shall judge yourself: I must have imaginary persons, and fabulous incidents; but observe, *the marvellous shall all be true*: every thing that shall wear the face of prodigy or enchantment I will take from nature; the events shall be such as either have happened, or do daily happen at present.

Well, this now appears incredible.

But I am sure of one thing, mamma, which

is, that you will have no crystal palaces with pillars of diamonds in your tale.

Yes, since you defy me to it, I will have crystal palaces with pillars of diamond, and, what's more, a city all of silver.

What, without the assistance of magic, fairies, and necromancers?

Yes, without magic, fairies, or necromancers; with other events, still more surprising.

I shall never recover from my amazement! Dear, dear, how impatient I am to hear your tale, mamma!

It will take me three weeks at least to write it; for I must look over several voyages, and works of natural history.

What! can you find in those instructive books things more marvellous than in Prince Percinet? How does it happen, then, that fairy tales are not out of fashion?

Because the kind of tales I speak of require previous knowledge, which is only to be gained by study.

But how then, mamma, shall we be able to understand your tale?

I will employ no technical terms, and only relate the effects, without explaining their causes; so that, if you had not been told it should be all truth, you would have supposed it absolutely a

fairy tale: but you must wait three weeks, during which time our evening and morning stories shall all be suspended.

O dear, O dear,—three weeks!

Do yourselves justice, Caroline and Pulcheria; have I not forbidden your ever looking in a book, that was not given you either by me or your grandmamma?

It is very true, and we deserve a longer penance.

To console themselves as much as possible, the children passed their time in their garden every evening, and Madame de Clémire with them. Look, mamma, said Pulcheria, at that bed of hyacinths; it is all mine, cried she, with rapture; how happy, dear mamma, have you made your dear Pulcheria, by giving her that bit of ground; if I could but remember always to follow your instructions, and never disobey you, nothing would be wanting to my happiness. Ah! mamma, I am sure you are as good as the sage who prayed for the wicked; do pray that I may neither be so forgetful, nor so inquisitive, and that none of my hyacinths may die.

Then you are not tired of your garden?

Dear! no mamma; I am fonder and fonder of it every day.

That is not at all surprising; simple and innocent pleasures alone are durable; the palace and

the throne soon become tiresome; a garden cultivated by our own hands, never. Dioclesian, when solicited by his former colleague Maximian again to take the imperial crown, which they had both long abdicated, only wrote as follows in answer: "Come, my friend, and see the fine
"lettuces I have planted in my garden at Sa-
"lona*."

Ah! but what would he have said if he had had my hyacinths?

Take care, however, of being too fond of your flowers; beware of excess in every thing; beware of an *exclusive preference*.

Why, mamma, can a fondness for flowers become a passion?

Every thing may be abused by those who do not listen to reason, and do not subdue their whims: would you think that there are people silly enough, mad enough, to give two or three hundred guineas for a flower-root?

Three hundred guineas!

I have seen several hyacinths at Haerlem, in Holland, which have cost such sums (1).

But what, mamma, could make a flower so dear?

The minute delicacy of amateurs; they, for

* Histoire de Charlemagne, par M. Guillard, tome i. p. 287.

example, seek for uncommon tints, and require a hyacinth should have certain properties, on which they set an imaginary value, and into which they inquire with the most scrupulous exactitude.

Dear! mamma, amateurs are greater children than I am; their flowers of three hundred guineas do not smell better than mine, or look better in my opinion; and so I would as lief have my little bed of hyacinths as any bed at Haerlem.

You are very right, my dear, to be satisfied with your own.

As they were thus conversing, a servant came to inform Madame de Clémire of the arrival of a coach. It was a visitor's carriage, and contained M. and Madame de Luzanne, with their only daughter Sidonia, a young lady of fifteen. Madame de Clémire had never yet seen them, because, though neighbours, they had passed the winter at Autun; and, supposing them come back, she had been to pay a visit in the beginning of April, which they were now come to return.

M. de Luzanne was about forty, and rather handsome, of which, and having in his youth been two or three times at Paris, he was very vain. He had a profound contempt for every body bred in the country, and treated his wife

with disdain, and his daughter with indifference, supposing himself utterly superior to all such petty people; and consoling himself for the misfortune of living with none but his inferiors by imagining, that his superiority was too evident not to be generally felt.

Having never lived in the fashionable world, he consequently was ignorant of its customs; he yet had the ridiculous vanity of pretending to know it well, and piqued himself on his gallantry, which he expressed by phrases collected from tales and novels; the authors of which, by endeavouring to paint the manners of the great, had represented those only of their vulgar and humble imitators; this kind of erudition gave M. de Luzanne a tone of familiarity, a strange jargon, and manners as disagreeable as impertinent.

Madame de Luzanne had none of these fopperies: her behaviour was simple and amiable; though contemned by her husband, she loved him to excess; and unable to overlook the singularity of his character, the blindness of her too tender affection made her suppose his silly antics so many graces.

Their daughter Sidonia was mild, modest, ingenuous, and sensible; spoke little, answered with timidity, and blushed often; but there was nothing awkward in her embarrassment, nothing

austere in her reserve, and there was no company in which her behaviour, her person, and her discourse, would have appeared misplaced.

Madame de Clémire, followed by her three children, entered the hall, where she found M. and Madame de Luzanne with their daughter. M. de Luzanne, ambitious of pleasing a lady from Paris, never discovered so much folly and extravagance. After the first compliments usual on such occasions, Madam, said he, addressing himself to Madame de Clémire, I dare not imagine that we can, may, or ought, to flatter ourselves with the hope of having you in our neighbourhood next winter.

I am in expectation, Sir, of not returning to town before the autumn after next.

You are in expectation, Madam! What a polite phrase!

I am delighted with the country.

I hope, however, you will allow, Madam, that when a person has once lived in the capital, the country is no longer supportable. "Life is at Paris! Vegetation only is here." But a-propos, Madam, how does Verglan do?

Do you mean my brother, Sir?

Yes, Madam, he was once one of my intimates; many a delightful evening have we spent together; a little elevated, I own, sometimes; his adventure with Bleinville made a noise; he is mar-

ried since, and marriage is an excellent cooler for the brain.

He has an amiable wife, Sir, and is very happy.

Yes, I know—she is very rich; I have heard that one of her old uncles died lately, and has left her ten thousand crowns a year (1250*l.*) That uncle was once a man of great gallantry; the country produces few so polite.

My sister, Sir, was greatly afflicted at the loss of her uncle; a worthy relation is a precious and a certain friend.

To be sure, Madam; but a groaning old uncle, you will own, is no great loss; each must have their turn to live, and the young would have great right to complain, if the old were immortal. But do, Madam, oblige me so far as to inform me if Blandford be still as fond of Champaigne as formerly.

You mean my uncle, Sir, I presume?

The very same, Madam.

Upon my word I don't know.

He had a most delightful country-house; it was a paradise. You, Madam, are too young to remember the Countess de Blane in her prime. When I was at Paris she was *the rage, the ton*, the toast of the time! I remember she had a box at the Opera.

Madame de Clémire, endeavouring to make

the conversation general, addressed herself to Madame de Luzanne; but M. de Luzanne perceiving Caroline and Pulcheria, exclaimed in pretended raptures, —There is beauty indeed! there are features! there are shapes! there are eyes! No, no, those eyes were assuredly not made to remain in the country! It would be a public robbery, high treason in the court of Cupid, to keep them from the capital.

What age is your daughter, pray, Sir? said Madame de Clémire.

She knows that, answered, carelessly, M. de Luzanne—meaning his wife; for my part, I always forget.

Madame de Clémire seized the opportunity of asking Madame de Luzanne the like question, and at the same time of speaking highly in praise of Sidonia; to which her mother listened with evident satisfaction, while M. de Luzanne, with a cold and absent air, tumbled over some pamphlets that lay upon the chimney-piece! then, turning suddenly to Madame de Clémire, said, what think you, Madam, of our old la Palinière? Could it be believed, that he had passed his youth at Paris? Such is the effect of the country air, it eats into and destroys that smooth varnish, those elegant graces, which can only be *conserved* at the court, or in the capital; and I don't doubt Madam, but you find *us* a little rusty.

These words, pronounced in a self-sufficient tone, asked for a compliment which they did not obtain: Madame de Clémire contented herself with rendering justice to the understanding and merit of M. de la Palinière; after which she spoke on indifferent subjects, and, in about a quarter of an hour, M. de Luzanne made a sign to his wife, which put an end to the visit.

Returning home, Madame de Luzanne and her daughter said, they thought Madame de Clémire exceedingly amiable; but M. de Luzanne, with a dry and discontented air, silenced them by answering, Madame de Clémire was absolutely deficient in wit, judgment, and good breeding.

What an odd man, said Cæsar to his mamma, M. de Luzanne is!

Which way, Cæsar?

I cannot describe which way, mamma: but he is so droll; his walk, his smile, his gestures have something in them so odd; and then he speaks in such an affected manner, that—that—

But what do you mean by an affected manner?

Something unlike every body else, mamma; something at which we are every moment ready to laugh, and yet can give no reason why; just as we do, you know, mamma, at the antics of an ape.

Your simile is a little bold, Cæsar, but very just.

And then he says *conserved*, instead of *preserved*; and the *capital*, instead of Paris, or the town.

Very true, though your criticism is rather minute; these expressions are all, in their own nature, equally proper, but custom determines which is to be preferred; and it is, in reality, these nice distinctions, which give one person's language a superiority over another's. He likewise says, the *rage* and the *ton*, which are ridiculous and affected words, and, like many other that are at moments fashionable, should be carefully avoided by people who wish to speak with that easy elegance, so pleasing to the ear, and so honourable to the understanding.

And did not you observe, mamma, when M. de Luzanne inquired after my uncle, he called him plain Verglan?

Yes; so in speaking of M. de la Palinière, he said la Palinière, and this is an affectation of ease; a thing in its own nature exceedingly estimable in society, but exceedingly difficult to obtain, without degenerating into rudeness, as M. de Luzanne did in the above instances. And I am sorry to observe, that, at present M. de Luzanne is far from being the only person who mistakes rudeness for ease, though no two qualities can

possibly be more opposite. But let us, at present, speak of Madame de Luzanne, and her daughter Sidonia; what do you think of them?

O, mamma, I think Madame de Luzanne exceedingly amiable; and her daughter appears to me quite charming.

You are very right; her behaviour is obliging, modest, and natural, and these are qualities which will please every person, and all nations.

I talked softly with Mademoiselle Luzanne, and she answered me with so much gentleness and complaisance, that to be sure, thought I, she would have been a miracle, had she a good education.

But pray tell me what you understand by a good education.

Why, mamma—ours—

I am much obliged to you for the compliment, my dear; but it is not an eulogium, but a definition, I demand.

A good education—a good education is—is—to have—is to have a great many accomplishments. Mademoiselle de Luzanne told me herself she understood neither music, drawing, nor dancing.

Don't you remember to have heard speak, at Paris, of an Opera singer, called Mademoiselle Flora?

Yes, mamma, the person that my aunt would not have at the entertainment she gave you.

The same; and that air which you remember was so ill sung, would have been sung delightfully had Mademoiselle Flora come.

Yes mamma; but you know Mademoiselle Flora is not a woman of character.

Very true; and yet Mademoiselle Flora sings delightfully, dances well, plays on several instruments, and has *a great many accomplishments*; thus, according to your definition, she has received a good education.

No, mamma, I perceive she has not.

I am glad you do; I would have you understand, that a brilliant is not a good-education. I have a thousand times repeated to you, that you ought not to place too high a value on things, which in their own nature are of no importance.

A well accomplished person is possessed of a thousand attractions, a thousand graces, a thousand resources of pleasure, both to themselves and others. But can graces and attractions make us happy without virtue?

Certainly not, said Cæsar; for, to be happy, we must be loved and esteemed.

Dancing, drawing, and music, cannot render us either estimable or beloved.

And are they nothing, then, mamma, but trifling accomplishments?

Even so; though infinitely less trifling than beauty or personal charms; because, beside the inexhaustible amusement they afford us, it costs great pains to acquire them; and it is with great reason supposed, that a young person so accomplished is tractable, industrious, and persevering; therefore, in this point of view, these talents, undoubtedly, merit a certain degree of estimation.

And what must we think of instructive studies, mamma?

Whatever may inform the mind, extend its powers, and give perfection to our reason, must necessarily make us better: extensive reading, a knowledge of various languages, of geography, geometry, and other sciences, enlarge the faculties; consequently erudition cannot be called trifling.

Certainly not, since it contributes to render us more estimable; it is, therefore, far above things which we call accomplishments.

That cannot be disputed; nor, indeed, is there any thing superior to erudition, except the qualities of the heart. And now tell me, suppose you were to meet a young woman totally unaccomplished, ignorant of every language but her own, without the elements of any one art, yet a lover of work and reading, never idle, always modest, of an even obliging disposition, fearful of doing wrong, desirous of instruction; in fine,

joining frankness to prudence, answer me, I say, Pulcheria, would not you allow such a person had received a good education?

I see, mamma, I was wrong. If Mademoiselle Luzanne be, as I believe her, all that you describe, I assure you I now think her education has been excellent.

Yes, since the true end of every teacher, her principal object, ought to be to weed out the defects, and encourage the virtuous propensities of her pupil; if at last she render her a worthy and good woman, she has well fulfilled the noble duty of the difficult task she has undertaken.

I feel the truth of all this, mamma; yet, if to such virtues the pupil could likewise add knowledge and accomplishments, education would then become perfect: and this seems very possible.

Assuredly it is so; and I flatter myself with the agreeable hope, that you shall one day be a proof of its possibility. I could cite several young persons, in whom not only the good qualities of the heart, but those of the mind and body likewise are all united, without reckoning Delphine, Eglantine, and the amiable Eugenia.

Well, mamma, I hope I shall never forget this conversation. I hope I shall always remember, that we ought not to place a great value on any

but essential things, and that I shall never again confound brilliant with good educations; that is to say, with those which render us virtuous.

All this goes to prove, that a tender mother, though buried in the country, without fortune, and without the assistance of any master, may, aided by vigilance and reason, give her daughter an excellent education; affection, patience, and a few well-chosen books, will be sufficient.

The same evening that this conversation happened, Cæsar and his sisters, at supper, allowed themselves to take some liberties with the foibles of M. de Luzanne. Madame de Clémire reprimanded them very severely on that account. What! said she: I imagined I had received a great proof of your confidence in me; I am sorry now to find it was nothing but the effect of your malignity.

O dear, mamma!

It is natural and necessary you should consult me, tell me your opinions, and acquaint me with the impressions you receive, in order that I may know if you judge well or ill. I therefore think it very proper you should tell me, with frankness and sincerity, what you think of such persons as visit here, provided your observations do not turn upon frivolous points. Thus, if in conversation something should be said, which you think

contrary to good manners or good sense, I authorize you to acquaint me with your remarks ; this liberty is nothing more than a proof of your confidence in me ; but the same liberties taken in the presence of others are malicious, or, at least, very indiscreet.

Dear mamma, we have done very wrong.

You have, indeed. Malice is an odious vice, and is, in youth especially, as ridiculous as it is hateful and disgusting. Are you, at your age, or will you be at the age of eighteen or twenty, capable of judging or deciding on things that are to be condemned ? Your reputation will not then be established ; and how will you obtain the general esteem, if you show yourselves fickle, indiscreet, and censorious ? Without experience yourselves, will you not stand in need of the indulgence of others ? And who will be indulgent to youth when censorious ? In giving way to speaking ill of others, you would lose all the graces of such an age, and prove yourselves equally deficient in discernment, understanding, and principles.

This lesson made so much the more impression upon Cæsar and his sisters, as Madame de Clémire terminated it, by declaring their conduct had retarded the recommencement of the evening tales.

For how long, mamma? cried they mournfully.

At present, answered Madame de Clémire, I am writing the marvellous tale that I promised you.

And when it is finished, shall not we begin again?

No; not till a fortnight after.

Dear, that will be very long.

It is occasioned by your own fault, for which you ought to be sorry; murmuring, you know, would only prolong the penance.

Murmur, mamma! Could we be so ungrateful? No; we know your justice, and it is that which afflicts us so much.

A few tears were here shed, which were wiped off by maternal tenderness, while the gentle caresses of so good a mother comforted them for so severe a punishment.

Madame de Clémire, however, continued busily to employ herself in writing the tale she had promised them; and on the fifteenth of June, she informed them it was finished and copied. Their joy would have been very great, had they not sighed to remember, they must yet wait another fortnight before they should hear it read. The sweet and varied pleasures of the most delightful of all the seasons rendered this privation, however, much less painful than it

would have been during the long evenings of winter: the cherries began to redden, and the woods already produced wild strawberries: Cæsar had learnt from Augustin how to climb trees, and had several times brought home, in triumph, nests of goldfinches, or chaffinches, with half-fledged young. Happy was the sister to whom such precious gifts were destined! what joy, what gratitude, did they excite! And yet, in receiving them, they remembered with pity the poor mother deprived of her young; but they treasured up the nests, and bought cages for the birds.

They busied themselves in making osier baskets, and caps of rushes. These amusements did not make them neglect the cultivation of their garden: the jonquils and pinks had replaced the hyacinths: the lilies were no longer in flower; but who could regret them, when the rose was half blown?

One morning, when Madame de Clémire was walking with the Abbé and her little family near the children's garden, Pulcheria asked permission to pay a visit to her rose-trees. Leave given, away she ran, entered the garden, and there, unexpectedly, found a fine full-blown rose; desirous of gathering it for an offering to her mamma, and the stalk being thick and thorny,

and she without either knife or scissors, patience or strength, she thought she might wrap her hand in her apron, and, without danger, thus defended, seize and pluck it. No sooner had she laid hold on it but she shrieked, drew back suddenly her bleeding fingers, and gave so violent a shake to the tree, that the beautiful rose shed above half its leaves. Pulcheria could not retain her tears at this sight; the loss of the rose was even more painful than were the wounds in her fingers; she was sorry, that the blood which had dropped from her hand had tarnished the flower: she drew it away, and found some relief by weeping over the remains of her rose.

Madame de Clémire, pale and trembling, ran precipitately into the garden: the Abbé and her brother and sister followed; she heard the cry of her child, and hastened with fear to her assistance. Pulcheria, at the sight of her mamma, was ashamed of having cried so loud for such a trifle, and ran into her arms. After she had related her adventure, she added, it was the finest of all the roses, mamma, and I intended to give it you.

Well, but the loss of your rose could not be the ridiculous occasion of a cry, which terrified me so greatly?

Dear mamma, I did not think I had cried so very loud.

It seems to me, that I never heard a shriek so piercing.

That was because you knew the sound of the voice. Dear mamma, you can hardly stand, you tremble so; pray sit down.

Well, well, I am very glad you wept only at the loss of your rose, and because you meant to give it me; the motive is so amiable.

Mamma!

What's the matter with you, my dear? Why do you seem so much embarrassed?

Because—because, mamma, I—I weep a little at the pain of the thorns too.

That frank confession procured the tenderest caresses and praises to Pulcheria. Always preserve the same candour, the same generosity, my dear little girl, said Madame de Clémire; always tell the truth, and never accept of false praise. There is a meanness as well as injustice in accepting praise we do not merit: a noble mind is happy because it has done good, and not because it is applauded.

It is certain, said the Abbé, that Mademoiselle Pulcheria has a natural frankness, which cannot be too much admired; but it is much to be wished she could acquire as much fortitude as sincerity.

Happily for me, answered Pulcheria, fortitude is a quality not necessary to a woman.

It is true, replied the Abbé, that a woman, not having the strength of a man, cannot have his valour; she is not intended to wield the sword, or command armies; therefore may, without dishonour, be deficient in fortitude: if, however, she be absolutely destitute of that quality, she is much to be pitied, and, indeed, cannot be perfectly esteemed: it is not required she should be a heroine, but absolute pusillanimity is unpardonable.

Besides, added Madame de Clémire, if you weep at the wound of a thorn, what would you do at the drawing of a tooth? How will you support numerous other ills, inseparable from humanity; such as a violent headach, colic, or nervous attack?

I wish, mamma, I was more courageous.

It depends entirely on yourself, my dear.

On me, mamma! How?

Imitate your brother, and learn to suffer without complaining: that is the whole secret.

But that is very difficult, mamma.

Not in the least; a little command over yourself, and a few reflections, will soon show you it is very attainable. Complaints aggravate and augment our sufferings, while our endeavours not to complain divert the mind from dwelling on them. The other day, for example, during your walk, you were thirsty; what were you the

better for repeating a hundred times, as you did, "How thirsty I am! O dear, O dear, how thirsty I am! I shall die with drought!" You were very importunate, made every body uneasy, took no part in the conversation; and yet all your complainings did not procure you a single drop of water.

'Tis very true, mamma; it is a bad habit I have; and what vexes me most with myself is, that I wearied you, my dear mamma.

No, Pulcheria, it is not weariness; it is not that kind of sensation I feel when you complain: I partake in all your sufferings, whether real or imaginary: I am your mother, I am therefore afflicted when you are unhappy; but if you were not a child, I should have more contempt than pity for you; for, generally speaking, we have no compassion for trifling pains, except when they are borne with patience.

I will endeavour to correct myself, mamma; I promise you I will.

A few days after this, the penance being ended, Madame de Clémire promised, in the evening, to read them the tale she had written. After supper they ran directly into the hall, and Madame de Clémire, sitting by the side of a table, took her manuscript from her pocket.

Before I begin, said she, you ought to recol-

lect, that I have undertaken chiefly to relate extraordinary, yet possible events; incidents which to you shall appear incredible, but all which however, have, or might have, happened: in a word, phenomena, the existence of which, past or present, is well proved. I have only invented the plot of the story, that is to say, the sole part which to you shall appear credible; while all that you will think marvellous, all that will recal to your minds your fairy tales, is precisely true and natural.

O, that will be charming!

You will think my *incredible truths* a thousand times better than your common well confirmed *every day truths*.

But what, mamma! must we continually believe what we cannot comprehend?

Do not think yourself humbled by that, Cæsar; it is a destiny common to manhood, as well as to infancy; our capacities are too confined to comprehend all the truths which are demonstrable; and it would be absurd to affirm a thing does not exist, because it is beyond the limits of our understandings. Let us not adopt errors, but let us not give way to that vain and ridiculous presumption, which rejects with disdain, and without examination, every thing that reason cannot conceive.

Well, mamma, you have told us that every

thing in your tale is well authenticated; therefore we may blindly believe, and take the facts for granted, and that is as much as I desire.

I wish to understand what I hear, mamma; and therefore shall be glad of your explanations.

I will willingly explain whatever I can; but that will not be much. I am not learned: besides, as I have said, there is an infinity of phenomena in existence, of which the most learned men cannot explain the causes.

And will you interrupt your tale, mamma, at each marvellous circumstance, to give us an explanation?

O, no: for, as you may well think, such interruptions would spoil my story. I have written notes, which we will read with attention another time. At present, if you will listen, I will begin.

Ay, that we will, willingly, dear mamma. So saying, they drew their chairs nearer to Madame de Clémire, who opened her manuscript, and read aloud the following tale:

ALPHONSO AND DALINDA;

OR THE

MAGIC OF ART AND NATURE.

 A MORAL TALE.

Ce n'est point en se promenant dans nos campagnes cultivées ni même en parcourant toutes les terres du domaine de l'homme, que l'on peut connoître le grands effets des variétés de la nature; c'est en se transportant des sables brûlans de la zone torride aux glaciers des poles, &c. * M. DE BUFFON.

ALPHONSO, the hero of my history, was born in Portugal. His father, don Ramirez, enjoyed riches and preferment, because he was a favourite. Born of an obscure family, but with a subtle, intriguing, and ambitious character, he

* It is not by walking in our cultivated fields, it is not in riding post through any habitable country, that the great varieties and effects of nature may be known, but in transporting ourselves from the burning sands of the torrid zone to the icy mountains of the poles. M. DE BUFFON.

introduced himself at court, found protectors, formed partizans, and became, at last, the idol of his sovereign. The young Alphonso was educated at Lisbon, in the sumptuous palace of his father: an only son to the richest and most powerful man in the kingdom, adulation kneeled at his cradle, accompanied and corrupted his youth.

Don Ramirez, occupied by great projects and little cabals, could not be at the same time an assiduous courtier and a vigilant father; he was therefore obliged to commit the care of his son's education to strangers. Alphonso had teachers of languages, history, geography, mathematics, music, and drawing, all of whom wondered, or pretended to wonder, at his prodigious capacity and strength of genius. Notwithstanding which, Alphonso learnt little, except to draw flowers, and play a few airs on the guitar.

This was sufficient to charm all the ladies of the court, especially when he gave them to understand he was also a profound mathematician, an excellent naturalist, and a great chymist. Neither did he tell them any thing he did not himself believe; for his governor, his teachers, his valets, and the crowd of complaisant people that paid their court to his father, all declared he was a miracle so repeatedly, he could not doubt of its being a certain fact.

He not only supposed himself the most distinguished young man at court, by his talents, beauty, and knowledge, but he likewise believed his birth to be as illustrious as his fortune. Don Ramirez, during his leisure moments, had invented a list of his forefathers, as far back as the fabulous times of Lusus*; which genealogy every body but his son laughed at: the world is not apt to credit old titles, never heard of till the pretended owner is become rich. Alphonso, however, too vain not to be credulous on such a subject, saw no one superior to his father, except his sovereign, and the branches of the royal family; and yet Alphonso, inebriated with pride, full of ignorance, folly, and presumption, spoiled by pomp, flattery, and fortune's favours—Alphonso, I say, was not lost past retrieving; he was possessed of courage, a feeling heart, and a good understanding; and the inconstancy of fortune was preparing a lesson, that would teach him to know himself.

As don Ramirez owed his elevation only to intrigue, so a new intrigue unexpectedly changed his destiny; he was disgraced, and stripped of all his employments, just as Alphonso was seventeen. This unforeseen revolution not only

* The Portuguese were anciently called Lusitanians, from Lusus, or Lysus, one of their kings, who, according to the fable, was either the son or companion of Bacchus.

deprived don Ramirez of titles that flattered his pride, but also of a great part of his wealth; and he was one of those little ambitious people, who equally regret titles and riches: besides, he was in debt, and his disgrace made his creditors as pressing and importunate, as they had been formerly moderate and forbearing; in fine, don Ramirez saved nothing of all his fortune, except his magnificent palace at Lisbon.

It is true, that this palace contained immense riches, in furniture, plate, paintings, and especially in diamonds; all which don Ramirez only waited for a favourable opportunity to sell, when a dreadful adventure happened, which gave the finishing stroke to his misfortunes. He had not yet ventured to tell his son, that the state of his affairs forced him to sell his palace, and retire to the country. At last, he determined to declare his real situation, and accordingly sent for him one morning, to open his heart to him on this subject.

As soon as they were alone, tell me, Alphonso, said don Ramirez, what effect has my disgrace, and the loss of my fortune, had upon you? I have always thought, my father, said Alphonso, from having always heard during your prosperity, that never ministry was so glorious as yours, nor ever minister so loved and respected by a nation: the love of the people, therefore, and the

glory you have acquired, ought to console you for your unjust disgrace. Besides, you have many friends, who, no doubt, will all return as usual, the moment you shall wish them so to do. Don Nugnez, don Alvarez, and many others, whom I have met, have all protested as much to me; several of them have even told me, that they have only seemed to absent themselves, the better to serve you in secret: add to which, you still have an immense fortune, and an illustrious birth; and, in spite of the snares of envy, will ever remain the first peer of the realm.

You are deceived, Alphonso, interrupted don Ramirez; what! are you ignorant, that the name of my father was absolutely unknown?

I know it was, replied Alphonso; but I also know, that the old titles, which you have retraced in our family, make it equal to any in the kingdom. You yourself, my father, have deigned to read to me those precious proofs of honour, which are contained in the casket that is locked up in your cabinet.

Don Ramirez listened, and sighed; he had had the ridiculous vanity to purchase a genealogy, and never sufficiently felt, till his disgrace, how superfluous, unworthy, and contemptible, is such deceit. At last he saw what flattery till then had hidden, which was, that except his son, every body knew his birth, and laughed at

his silly pretensions. He wished to undeceive Alphonso, but could not resolve to confess a falsity, which must make him appear so mean.

He was in this mournful perplexity and silence, when he was suddenly staggered, and saw Alphonso reel; the colour forsook his cheeks, and he rose: Save yourself, my father, cried Alphonso, support yourself on my arm, follow—come—

So saying, he impetuously hurried his father away; at the same instant, a thousand confused cries were heard; they ran toward the staircase, and, as they ran, the floor opened beneath the feet of Alphonso, who, that he might not drag his father down to destruction, quitted the arm of don Ramirez, instantly sunk, and seemed buried in the ruins.

Alphonso had the good fortune, however, to be only slightly wounded; he rose and found himself in his father's cabinet: among the rubbish which surrounded him were two caskets: one containing the jewels of his father; the other, the so much vaunted genealogy. Alphonso did not hesitate: willing to save, amid this dreadful disaster, that which appeared to him most precious, he seized the box of titles, and fled into the garden: but, recollecting the danger of his father, was determined, at the hazard of his life, again to enter the house,

when he heard don Ramirez calling him at the other end of the garden.

It was not without difficulty they rejoined each other; the earth on which they trod, like the sea, agitated by a violent tempest, rose in mountains, or sunk in dreadful valleys, beneath Alphonso's feet. His ear was struck by a subterranean sound, like the roaring of waves, furiously breaking upon the rocks; he staggered, fell, got up, and fell again, and, unable to keep his feet, crept on all fours, with great difficulty, toward his father. He saw the earth open on all sides, and forming gulfs, whence issued fire and flame, which rose and vanished in the air; the heavens became dark, the pale and livid lightning pierced through the black clouds that covered them, the deep thunders rolled, and Alphonso beheld the bolts of Heaven ready to fall on his head, and Hell opening beneath his feet.

Often, when he imagined himself within a step of his father, a new shock threw them at a distance; the sweat ran down his face, his clothes and hair were covered with sand and dust; yet, amid the scene of horrors, he never abandoned his dear casket; he imagined don Ramirez would receive it with transport; and this idea sustained his courage and his strength. At last, he rejoined his father, who

received him with open arms, though with an aching heart. O my father! cried Alphonso, look, I have saved the casket!

The jewels? hastily interrupted don Ramirez.

No, no, replied Alphonso, I knew better how to choose; it is your genealogy.

Don Ramirez, in dreadful consternation, raised his eyes to Heaven: I am justly punished, said he, for my ridiculous vanity. He could say no more, his tears interrupted his speech. Alphonso, too much prepossessed and agitated to comprehend the meaning of these words, continued in his former error, and thought only of saving his father. A moment's calm left them time to consider the mournful objects that surrounded them.

They sat down opposite their palace, now half destroyed; that magnificent palace, built within the last ten years; that palace, so new, so rich, so admired, is now only a heap of ruins. He who had beheld the bare walls, the mouldered columns, the glassless windows, must have believed, that time alone could have produced so terrible a revolution! Ages seemed necessary to destroy a monument built with so much solidity, and yet the fearful destruction was the work of a few minutes!

The garden too, that masterpiece of art and

nature, is now an unmeaning chaos of dust, mud, and mouldered leaves. In the morning there was seen a superb cascade: where is it now? In the very spot, where an artificial mount was raised at a prodigious expense, gapes a dreadful gulf. What are become of the citron groves, the marble statues, the vases of alabaster and of porphyry? A few vestiges still remain, a few broken fragments; the rest is swallowed up and lost!

Don Ramirez looked at the surrounding dissolution; he was sitting near a little wood, that had risen beneath his own eyes; the trees were all torn up by the roots, scattered here and there, buried or extended in the mire: those trees, destined to survive the hand that planted them, were torn from the bosom of the earth with as much ease and rapidity, as the verdure and yielding flowers that grew beneath their shade.

Oh! day of horrors! cried don Ramirez aloud, lost labours, treasures interred in this place of terrors; why did not I make a better use of the money this building and this garden have cost? But the earthquake is abated (2); let us endeavour to regain the ruins: let us save my diamonds, if possible.

So saying, he arose, and at the same instant a new and dreadful shock extended him again upon the ground: the remaining walls tumbled, the

rubbish was ingulfed, and the palace disappeared; a whirlwind, with a cloud of smoke and dust, rose, as it were, at his feet; yet, amid this scene of desolation, don Ramirez perceived, a moment after, a band of hardened wretches, bearing lighted torches, and creeping toward the ruins of the palace, with an intent, before the last shock, to pillage(3).

Alphonso wished to punish such unbridled villany, and would have rushed upon them, had not his father caught and retained him in his arms. O my son! said don Ramirez, bathing him with a deluge of tears, let us fly from this scene of horrid destruction; we are near the banks of the Tagus, let us seek shelter and safety on board the ships.

Alphonso gave one arm to his father, held the casket in the other, left the garden, and entered one of the public squares; the houses were all in ruins, overthrown, or consumed by the flames of a general conflagration. After a thousand fearful risks, don Ramirez and the young Alphonso at last found protection on board a vessel, commanded by the brave and generous Fernandes; the same Fernandes who formerly had so much cause to complain of don Ramirez, but who, in this time of public calamity, saw only in an ancient enemy an unhappy man, to whom his assistance was become necessary. He ran to

don Ramirez, embraced and consoled him; for compassion in great minds is so forcible and so delicate, that it can soften woes the most cruel. In the mean time, as Fernandes did not once bewail his own situation, don Ramirez questioned him concerning it. You had, said he, a great fortune: is it not all lost in this dreadful day?

My house at Lisbon is consumed.

The loss is, no doubt, considerable?

No; the building was small and simple.

Your jewels and diamonds; are they saved?

I had none.

You had a garden?

Yes; but far removed from Lisbon, where I passed the greater part of my time; it is in Alentejo*.

I have heard of it, and hope to God the earthquake has not ravaged that province. Is your country-house a fine one?

No; but it is convenient.

Have not you formed some advantageous establishments there?

Some satisfactory ones; a manufactory and an hospital. (Don Ramirez sighed.)

Is your manufactory profitable?

Yes; it gives subsistence to a number of work-

* A province of Portugal, between the Tagus and the Guadiana. Evora is the metropolis.

men, and defrays, in part, the expenses of the hospital.

I see you make a worthy use of your wealth; Heaven preserve it to you! It is indeed horrible, to be ruined with a benevolent heart, and to be obliged to relinquish such honourable, such glorious establishments.

We should then find consolation in the remembrance of the good we had formerly done.

Don Ramirez again heaved a profound sigh, and bitterly regretted the use he had made of his fortune; his eyes at last were opened; but too late, alas! either for his glory or repose.

Thus totally ruined, don Ramirez received from his sovereign—thanks to the solicitations of the noble Fernandes—a small pension, though sufficient to afford the means of subsistence. With this he determined to retire to the province of Beira, whither he departed with his son, and settled in an obscure but pleasant retreat, on the agreeable banks of the Mondego; but, followed by deep regret and incessant recollection, he found not the tranquillity he sought.

Alphonso, devoted to ambition, and nothing abated in presumption and pride, consoled himself for the loss of fortune by the hope, that in time he should establish a more brilliant and far more solid one than what his father's had been. He formed a thousand extravagant and chime-

rical projects, the absurdity of which his ignorance and vanity did not suffer him to perceive: incapable of reflecting and employing his time in a useful and rational manner, he passed a great part of it in reading romances; these frivolous and dangerous books heated his imagination, and gave him false ideas of men and things.

Not far from the retreat he inhabited was the celebrated Fountain of Love; a name it owed to two unfortunate lovers, who, in ancient times, often met on its brinks, drawn thither by an imprudent passion. There it was that don Pedro and the beautiful, the tender Ines a thousand times discoursed of their secret loves*. Two antique palm-trees overshadowed the fountain, united to each other by a flexible garland of vine-branches and ivy. The water rises impetuously from a majestic rock, falls down in a cascade, and forms, upon a bed of shells, a large rivulet, which slowly winds, and gently murmurs, among eternal verdure, shrubs of myrtle, of citron, and the rosebay.

Thither Alphonso often went to read and ruminate. One morning, happening to go later

* Such is the tradition. This fountain still exists in Portugal, near the Mondego, and is called the Fountain of Love. Camoens, in his beautiful poem of the *Lusiad*, gives birth to this fountain from the tears which the nymphs of the Mondego shed at the death of Ines.

than ordinary, he heard, as he drew near the fountain, two persons, speaking in an unknown tongue: in one of their voices Alphonso found an inexpressible sweetness, which wonderfully excited his curiosity; he hid himself, with emotion, behind a myrtle bush, through the branches of which he discovered an object most worthy of fixing his attention: a young nymph, for so she seemed, scarce fifteen, of the most perfect beauty, was sitting on the banks of the fountain, beside a man who appeared to be her father: to him she was listening with the utmost attention, and by her looks it was evident he was reciting some interesting event.

As he proceeded, he often pointed to the palm-trees and the fountain, whence Alphonso supposed he was relating the history of the unhappy Ines. The angelic listener had fixed her eyes upon the unknown relater, and kept a profound silence; but, from the expression of her countenance, her thoughts might easily be divined; curiosity, fear, and pity, were successively painted in her eyes; and with so much energy, that Alphonso imagined himself hearing a tale that she was telling; he saw her tears, and wept with her the death of Ines. Presently her eyes became suddenly dry, her cheeks pale, and terror and indignation succeeded to pity. Al-

phonso shuddered in sympathy, detesting the excess to which passion, and a desire of vengeance, had carried the unfortunate don Pedro.

The history of Ines is ended, and yet the stranger continues speaking; no doubt he is making prudent reflections on the danger of the passions, and on the criminal and fatal imprudence of a young woman, who, without the consent of her parents, dared to choose for and dispose of herself.

The beauteous hearer ran to the arms of the stranger, with all the expression of the strongest sensibility: then turning her glistening eyes toward that fountain, which had formerly been a witness of the indiscreet vows of love, she sighed, fell on her knees, raised her clasped and eager hands to Heaven, and seemed to promise the Author of her days an eternal obedience; her beauty, in that attitude, had something celestial and angelic.

Alphonso could not contain his ecstatic transports; an exclamation escaped aloud, and, fearing to be discovered, he hastily fled from his hiding-place, full of the idea of what he had seen. He followed the first path he found, but, presently awaking from his dream, again returned toward the fountain. The beauteous stranger was gone, and Alphonso contemplated with grief the place where she sat, and thought he still saw

her on her knees before her father. The next moment he remembers her absence; his heart is oppressed, his eyes filled with tears; he is plunged into a profound and melancholy meditation, when suddenly he hears a cry of terrou, which pierces him to the very heart.

He runs, he flies; but what does he behold? It is the stranger, alone, pale, dishevelled, and fleeing from a mad bull that pursues her! Alphonso darts toward her, seizes her in his arms, and bears her off, at the very moment when, overcome by the excess of fear, she had fallen not ten paces from the furious animal.

Alphonso, charged with a burden so precious, rapidly turns aside behind the palm-trees of the fountain, and bears her senseless in his arms in safety to a high rock.

Here he perceived the father of the stranger running wild, and, as soon as he saw his daughter in safety, blessing God and her deliverer. At the same instant the bull returned, and bent his course toward the father, who had not time to avoid him, or mount the rock. In vain did Alphonso still hold his senseless prize in one arm, and extend the other toward her father; the latter cried aloud to him in Portuguese, not to abandon his daughter on that dangerous sum-

mit, and ran himself immediately behind one of the largest of the palm-trees of the fountain.

The bull endeavoured to pass between them: the passage was narrow, he was in full speed, his body became fixed between the trees, and his head and horns entangled in festoons of the ivy and the vine. The stranger seized the advantage of the moment, drew a tweezer-case from his pocket, opened it, took out a pin, and ran it into the back of the bull; but how great was the surprise of Alphonso, when he heard the bull bellow dreadfully, saw him drop, struggle to rise, again fall down, and, after a few vain efforts, expire!

Nay now, but sure, cried all the children at once, that is not possible.

Pardon me, said Madame de Clémire, but it is.

What, mamma! cried Caroline; a bull killed by the prick of a pin!

Yes, my dear; it is very true.

Then I hope you will not say, said Pulcheria, I was so very wrong to cry when the thorns of the rose pricked my fingers.

That thorn was not quite so dangerous as the pin of the stranger.

Was it very long, mamma?

Much shorter than the pins with which I pin on my hat.

This seems incredible. Shall we find the explanation of this prodigy in your notes?

Assuredly.

That will be very curious.

O, I have many other things far more astonishing, to tell you yet.

It is a delightful story: do, dear mamma, have the goodness to go on; we will not interrupt you any more.

Alphonso, continued Madame de Clémire, was not less surprised than you are, at the sudden death of the bull; amazement rendered him motionless, while the stranger ascended the rock, and took his daughter in his arms, just as she began to recover the use of her senses and look around. Alphonso was not an unfeeling witness of the pure joy testified by the father and daughter: the latter did not understand Portuguese, therefore could not thank Alphonso; but she related to her father, in a few words, the dreadful danger from which she had been delivered.

The stranger testified a lively sense of gratitude toward the generous protector of his dear Dalinda, for that was the name of his lovely daughter; and, while he spoke, Dalinda cast a tender glance at Alphonso, still more expressive than the thanks of her father. Alphonso, penetrated and enraptured, endeavoured to prolong

a conversation so sweet, by questioning the stranger concerning the manner in which he had been separated from his daughter. He replied, that he had been culling simples; that Dalinda, occupied after the same manner, was at some distance from him, but not out of sight; that, lifting up his head, he had seen her running with incredible swiftness; that she had already got above six hundred yards from him, and that, at the same moment, he perceived the bull pursuing her; that he ran after her with all his power, but had stumbled over the stump of an old tree and fallen.

Having finished this recital, Alphonso asked whether he intended to stay long in Portugal? No, answered the stranger, we set off immediately for Spain, being desirous of seeing as much of that kingdom as possible. This intelligence threw Alphonso into the utmost consternation. He hung down his head, and was mournfully silent; the stranger, after again repeating his thanks and gratitude in the most affectionate terms, rose, took his leave, and disappeared with Dalinda.

Alphonso remained some time petrified, and scarcely seeming to breathe; at last, coming to himself, he started impetuously from the fountain, and flew to find the stranger once again, to ask him a thousand questions, and, especially,

to inquire what was his name, and what his country. He wondered how it was possible he could have let him depart, without first gaining such interesting information. He ran hither and thither, like a madman, but all his researches were in vain.

Overcome with fatigue and despair, he returned once more to the fountain. As he drew near, he saw something shining in the path, and, approaching, found it was a large blue ribband embroidered with gold; his heart beat, he knew it to be the sash of Dalinda. It was in that very place that Dalinda, overcome with terrour, had fallen senseless; and there it was that Alphonso, raising her in his arms, had untied the ribband, that girded her waist.

Alphonso, affected, stooped with transport and respect to take up a ribband so precious; the sash of Dalinda was the cestus of innocence, and the girdle of the Graces. He sighed, and vowed for ever to preserve a pledge so dear to his heart, which he had thus acquired by chance. In the mean time the hours glided away: Alphonso could not tear himself from the fountain; and night and darkness had surprised him, still plunged in his reverie, if don Ramirez had not come to search for him himself.

Don Ramirez had never taken any part in his

son's education; had never asked, nor ever possessed, his confidence. Alphonso did not mention his adventure to him; but, on the contrary, carefully concealed the thoughts and emotions of his soul. Devoted to the romantic ideas which seduced his imagination, he had only one pleasure, that of passing his hours at the fountain, where he first beheld Dalinda; there every thing recalled the object, which reason ought to have erased from his memory; here Dalinda, at the knees of her father, was retraced in his fancy; here, in his fixed thoughts, she still lived in all her bloom of beauty, adorned with every charm of innocence and virtue; near this shrubbery Dalinda owed to him her life; upon that rock she opened her eyes, and cast a look of sweet thankfulness upon Alphonso; beneath these palm-trees did she sit, and that clear water once reflected her seraphic form.

Thus did Alphonso consume his days in vain regret upon the dangerous brink of this fatal spring. Such does fable paint the wretched Narcissus, a feeble victim of insensate love; and so did Alphonso, pale, dejected, without strength, without courage, fix his eyes drowned in tears upon the fountain of love. The echoes of this solitary place, which anciently so often resounded with the name of Ines, repeat at present only that of Dalinda. Dalinda is carved upon every

tree, even on the very palm-trees, on which formerly Ines alone was read. Alphonso sang to his guitar the verses he had written on Dalinda, and engraved upon the rocks the rhymes, that love and melancholy dictated.

These romantic follies totally occupied him for some time: but, as the pleasures which reason disapproves are never durable, his imagination cooled by degrees, and wearisome disgust succeeded enthusiasm; his songs and complaints began to cease, the echoes of the fountain became mute, and the trees, the streams, and verdure, no longer could inspire him with poetry and profound reveries.

Don Ramirez observed the alteration of body and mind, which had happened to his son; he questioned him, and Alphonso confessed himself dissatisfied, and consumed with *ennui*. He had not forgotten, that the stranger told him he should remain some time in Spain; and Alphonso added, he ardently desired to travel through that country, and become acquainted with it. Don Ramirez, who for his own part had none of those resources in himself which make men fond of solitude, gladly seized this proposition, and two days after they departed for Spain. After traversing the province of Tra-los-Montes, they entered Spain by Galicia;

they then travelled through the northern part of Spain, the Asturias, Biscaye, Navarre, Aragon, and arrived at last in Catalonia (4).

Alphonso's passion for Dalinda was rekindled by this tour; the hope and the desire of once more finding her acquired new force from thoughts, which an enthusiastic imagination had at first produced. He was impatient to arrive at Madrid, thinking he could not fail to meet her in this metropolis; but don Ramirez would absolutely remain some time in Catalonia, in order to visit the famous Mont-Serrat. This mountain, composed of steep rocks, is so high, that, when arrived on its summit, the neighbouring mountains which surround it seem so diminished as to look little more than molehills; and the views from it are the most majestic and extensive possible*.

At the foot of one of these solitary rocks is an antique monastery†. “ But the most interesting part of the mountain is the desert, in which are several hermitages, affecting asylums in the eyes of true philosophy. Each of these retreats contains a chapel, a cell, a small gar-

* It is said you may see the islands of Majorca and Minorca from this place, which are more than a hundred and forty miles distance See *Nouveau Voyage en Espagne*, tome i.

† Saint Ignatius there devoted himself to penance, and there formed the design of founding a society of jesuits.

“den, and a well, dug in the rock. The hermits who inhabit them are most of them gentlemen, who, disgusted with the world, come to this place of tranquillity and rest, and give themselves up entirely to meditation*.”

At break of day, don Ramirez and his son began to ascend Mont-Serrat. The aspect of the mountain might well have made them renounce their design; its prodigious elevation, and the enormous and craggy rocks which projected on every side, promised no agreeable walk; but, in traversing these menacing steeps, delicious valleys, meadows enamelled with a thousand flowers, thickets formed by the simple hand of nature, and cascades which throw themselves from the white and stony ridges with animating tumult, give a thousand varieties, and embellish this solitude, which is become the fortunate refuge of peace and virtue (5).

Don Ramirez, on entering the desert, met one of these hermits, reading as he walked. He was struck by his noble and venerable figure; he passed near them, and, as don Ramirez was talking with his son, the hermit, hearing the Portuguese tongue, took his eyes from his book, and approached the strangers. He told don Ra-

* See the work last cited, tome i.

mirez how happy he was once more to meet a countryman, and invited them both to rest a while in his hermitage. The proposition was gratefully accepted, and the venerable recluse brought them vegetables and fruit.

After the repast, Alphonso, desirous of continuing his walk, left them, telling his father he would wait for him in the desert. The old man led don Ramirez to his garden, and there they sat themselves down beside a gentle waterfall, upon a rock overgrown with moss.

Don Ramirez then, addressing himself to the hermit, said, What revolution, what cruel reverse of fortune, my father, can have torn you from our native country, and fixed you in this desert? It is easy to see, by your manners, you were not born to end your days in a wilderness like this.

No, replied the hermit, it has been my misfortune, to know the world and the court.

These words inspired don Ramirez with the most ardent curiosity, which the hermit consented to satisfy.

It imports you but little, said he, to know my name: I have been twelve years an inhabitant of this mountain. By this time they believe in Portugal that I am dead. I have devoted myself to oblivion: therefore I will not speak of my fa-

mily, but, in as few words as possible, relate my deplorable story.

Madame de Clémire was continuing to read, but the Baroness gave the signal of retreat: in vain were several voices at once heard, entreating for one quarter of an hour more; the rule was absolute.

The following evening, Madame de Clémire again opened her manuscript, and said, We left off yesterday where the hermit was going to recount his history. Don Ramirez listened; the hermit sighed, and thus he said:

“ My family is one of the most ancient in all
“ Portugal. I received a good education, in-
“ herited a tolerable fortune, and, by my suc-
“ cess in war, obtained the esteem and benefac-
“ tions of my sovereign, married a woman whom
“ I loved, became a father, and of course became
“ happy.

“ Such was my situation, when the late king
“ died. This event deprived me of a beloved
“ master, a protector, and a father; for to a
“ faithful subject a good king is all these. I re-
“ tired from court to an estate in the country,
“ and dedicated my time solely to the education
“ of my son. This son, the object of my most
“ tender affection, was superior even to my
“ hopes.

“ As soon as he was of an age proper to ap-

“pear at court, I entrusted him to the care of a
“relation, sent him to Lisbon, and remained in
“my country solitude. I was now, for the first
“time, separated from my son, and yet never
“was happier. I imagined his future success,
“and indulged the fondest hopes of his rising
“fame.—Hope, though the most uncertain, the
“most deceitful, is yet, perhaps, the greatest of
“blessings, and one which the heart of a father
“only can properly estimate. When our own in-
“terest produces the flattering illusion, it is mo-
“derated, unfeebled, or perhaps dispelled, by
“fear; but what father ever yet prescribed
“bounds to the hopes he conceived of his son?
“Alas! I thought to have beheld some of mine
“realized!

“My son set out with the most brilliant suc-
“cess. His name, his family, my services,
“which his presence brought again to remem-
“brance, but especially his understanding, good
“temper, and accomplishments, obtained that
“respect at court, which the jealousy of cour-
“tiers looked upon as the beginning of favour.

“He saw a young lady of Lisbon, who, in
“addition to personal attraction, talents, and
“virtue, was of a noble family and large fortune.
“My son aspired to her hand: I approved his
“choice, and his attachment, authorized by my
“approbation, fixed the short destiny of his life.

“ Her parents consented to a union, by which
“ his happiness would be ensured ; but on con-
“ dition, that he obtained a place at court. My
“ son asked a place, and he was promised one in
“ three months ; it was only required he should
“ keep his success a secret, for reasons assigned,
“ till the moment of actual possession ; with per-
“ mission, however, to inform the parents of
“ his mistress of the event, which he instantly
“ did.

“ He was accordingly presented to the young
“ lady as her future husband ; and she, at this
“ interview, thus authorized, confessed an affec-
“ tion for him, which crowned his felicity.

“ As the marriage was of course deferred till
“ the period when he should be in actual enjoy-
“ ment of his promised place, he tore himself
“ from Lisbon, and came to tell me all his hap-
“ piness. I had then the pleasure to hold in my
“ arms, and press to my bosom, the child whom
“ I so dearly loved, and whom I considered as at
“ the summit of all his wishes. Alas ! while I
“ supposed myself the most fortunate of fathers,
“ a barbarian, a monster, was forming the black
“ plot, which at once deprived me of wife and
“ son.

“ My son’s natural candour prevented him
“ from suspecting the probity of a traitor, who
“ only wished his confidence, that he might ruin

“ him with greater certainty. This wretch, who
“ had been dragged from obscurity by the ca-
“ price of his sovereign, imagined he beheld in
“ him a dangerous rival; but, dissembling his
“ jealousy, he sought, and soon obtained, the
“ friendship of the unsuspecting youth.”

Don Ramirez was greatly disturbed at this part of the hermit's recital; but the old man perceived not his emotion, and continued his story.

“ When my son solicited the place of which
“ he was desirous, he trusted the secret to that
“ abominable man; who, not having just at that
“ instant the power to injure him, pretended to
“ second his request, and participate his joy; but
“ the absence of my son gave him an opportunity
“ to exercise his fiendlike malignancy. He
“ knew his own ascendancy over the king; he
“ calumniated my son, and inspired a young and
“ inexperienced prince with false fears; the gift
“ was revoked, the place given to a creature of
“ this unworthy favourite, and my son exiled the
“ court. By his majesty's order, I was first in-
“ formed of this terrible calamity, which for-
“ bade my son to quit his country-seat; and my
“ son, at the same time, received a letter from
“ the young lady he loved, which contained these
“ few words.

“ “ You have most unworthily deceived us,

“ we know, from the best authority, the place
“ now disposed of was never promised you ; for-
“ get, therefore, the name of one, who will ne-
“ ver forgive herself for having once esteemed
“ you.’

“ After having read this fatal billet, my son
“ exclaimed—Thus, then, I have lost the woman
“ I loved, and am dishonoured ! In saying this,
“ his knees knocked violently together, the blood
“ forsook his face, and he dropped into my arms.
“ He was taken to bed, whence he never rose ;
“ a violent fever for ever deprived me of him in
“ less than a week. O horrible remembrance !
“ O most unfortunate father !

“ His unhappy mother, a witness of the vio-
“ lent emotions of her son, seemed equally struck.
“ Her reason became disordered ; in a few hours
“ she lost the use of it, yet appeared sensible of
“ her afflictions ; and, at last, a victim to mater-
“ nal love, sunk into the same grave with her
“ son.

“ Condemned to live, I supported life only
“ by the hope of vengeance. O thou ! cried I,
“ Sovereign Arbiter of the fate of miserable
“ mortals ! Being Supreme ! whose heavy hand
“ has fallen upon me ! deign, at least, from the
“ bottom of that abyss into which thy wrath has
“ plunged me, deign to hear the cries of my
“ despair ! The voice of the oppressed can

“ reach thee, and never hast thou rejected his
“ prayer. I aspire not to happiness; that is for
“ ever lost! ’tis vengeance I ask, ’tis justice I im-
“ plore. May the perfidious wretch, whose in-
“ fernal arts have robbed me of my wife and son,
“ lose, at once, fortune and favour. He is a fa-
“ ther; let him weep bitterness like me, and
“ may he, above all, be unhappy in his-son!”

The hermit stopped; he saw don Ramirez look wildly round, and rise from his seat. You tremble, said he; my excess of hatred and desire of revenge have made you afraid of hearing the remainder of my story; but fear not, I have nothing farther of tragedy to tell. Heaven converted my heart! I soon abhorred the revenge, which religion condemns.

Don Ramirez again moved, without answering: and, after a few minutes, astonishment and terrour made him motionless; then suddenly starting—Where am I? cried he; in what asylum?

What is the meaning, Sir, said the hermit, of that fearful agitation, in which I see you? Of what imprudence have I been guilty? Is my persecutor known to you? Is he your friend?

This persecutor! this barbarian! this monster! was Ramirez!

It was, Sir, I confess it; he was the author of all my misery.

This Ramirez ! this—

Repeat not that dreadful name, Sir ; I shudder when I hear it.

Unhappy Alvarez ! learn, at least, Heaven has punished your enemy.

What say you ? does he no longer govern Portugal ?

Ruined, stripped, without relations, without friends, he has little left but vain regret, and never-ending remorse.

Does he suffer ? I am sorry !

Sorry ! Is it possible ?

Doubt it not. But wherefore do you weep, Sir ? What ray of light breaks upon my mind ? O God ! Can it be ?

Yes !—I am that wretch, cried don Ramirez, casting himself at the hermit's feet, who, penetrated with involuntary horror, drew back. O ! reverend father, continued don Ramirez, falling on his knees, and seizing his vest, stop, hear me, holy man ! I own I have merited thy hatred ; no words can express the horror with which my presence ought to inspire thee ; but remember I now am unfortunate. And yet I have a son, who might console, might—O ! cease, holy father, to curse me ! Cease to pray my son may make me more miserable !

O God ! cried the hermit ; don Ramirez in this place ! beneath this poor roof ! a suppliant

at my feet, and giving me the sacred title of father! a title formerly my greatest glory and my bliss! a title of which he robbed me!—Yet—fear nothing, said he, casting a look of compassion on don Ramirez; I again repeat it, hatred has long been banished this bosom. Thou callest thyself unhappy; complainest of fortune! Art thou persecuted? Art thou proscribed? Speak—This grotto shall become thy place of refuge; in partaking it with thee, I shall observe the holy rites of hospitality. Fear no unworthy reproaches; if my succour be necessary to thee, thou shalt find in me only the father and the friend.

O! greatness of soul, which confounds me! exclaimed don Ramirez. Can man, then, elevate his soul to so sublime a degree of virtue?

No, Ramirez, answered the hermit; seek not for that generosity in the heart of man, which is not in nature; admire not the feeble Alvarez, but acknowledge and adore the high hand of Heaven.

Thus saying, he held out his arms, and advanced to embrace don Ramirez, whose tears bedewed the bosom of the virtuous man; that bosom which formerly he had so cruelly torn.

A quarter of an hour after this reconciliation Alphonso returned to the hermitage. Don Ramirez took his leave of the hermit, and quitted

the mountain, bearing with him remorse the most grievous, and apprehensions the most fearful; he could not remove from his mind the malediction so solemnly pronounced against him by Alvarez; he saw its effect already in the loss of his fortune; and, notwithstanding the generous pardon he had received, he felt himself too guilty not to dread the wrath of Heaven, and its justice toward the injured Alvarez. Alas! cried Ramirez, in his height of anguish, he remitted vengeance to the arm of God! Such vengeance must be terrible! O my son! thou art to become the instrument of my punishment; Alphonso must chastise his father; he is the avenger of Alvarez.

Full of these melancholy thoughts, don Ramirez became absent, silent, and gloomy: often, as he looked at his son, would the tears rush into his eyes, a vague dread would come over him, and an inexplicable terrour seize his heart. He no longer felt the happiness of being a father.

They left Catalonia, after having visited Tarragona and Tortosa (6), and went to Madrid, where Alphonso vainly hoped, once more, to meet Dalinda. He learnt, however, from the description that he gave of her, she had been there: that her father was a Swede, his name Thelismar; that he intended to remain some

time in Spain, and that he had then taken the road to Granada.

This intelligence, which he had been careful to procure unknown to his father, gave him an ardent desire to go to Granada; and don Ramirez, who every where carried his inquietude with him, readily consented to leave Madrid sooner than he had intended.

They went first to Toledo, when they saw the Alcazar, or ancient Moorish palace*; the architecture of which is a mixture of the Roman, Gothic, and Moriscan. What they most admired in this palace was an hospital, for the poor of the city and its environs, established by the Archbishop of Toledo. This hospital contains manufactories and drawing-schools. They educate about two hundred children, to whom they give a habit of labour, and a love of virtue. Old men and women likewise find an asylum in this ancient palace, thus consecrated by religion to suffering humanity (7).

After a short stay at Toledo, our travellers went to Cordova, in their road to which they crossed the Sierra-Morena †, a wild and unculti-

* There is also an Alcazar, or Moriscan palace, at Seville, but not so beautiful as that of Toledo.

† A long chain of mountains, so called, because, being covered over with rosemary, holly, and other evergreens, it appears black at a distance.

vated tract of land, which the active and beneficent genius of an individual (8) has since metamorphosed into a habitable and agreeable country.

Cordova is built upon the borders of the Guadalquivir, and is overlooked by a chain of mountains, continually covered with verdure, which are a part of the Sierra-Morena. This city, formerly so celebrated, retains little of its ancient grandeur, except a large extent of ruins, and a superb mosque, built by Abderama (9).

Don Ramirez staid three days at Cordova, and continued his journey. Alphonso saw not the walls of Granada without emotion (10); he flattered himself he should find Dalinda in that city, but he did not long preserve that hope. Notwithstanding the cares of love, he was forcibly struck with the delightful situation of Granada, the beauty of its buildings (11), and the antique and curious monuments, the remains of which, at every step, recall the remembrance of Moorish magnificence. Alphonso visited with rapture the Alhambra and Generalif, and amused himself in places full of inscriptions and verses, which retraced to his memory the ancient gallantry of Granada's kings, the misfortunes of the Abencerages, the persecutions and triumphs of a virtuous queen (12), and all the marvellous

adventures which he had so often read in history and romance.

Alphonso, however, more and more uneasy about Dalinda and her father, soon learnt they had left Granada almost a fortnight, and were gone to Cadiz; and that they talked of staying there six weeks, and afterward of embarking for the coast of Africa. This news afflicted him much; he endeavoured not to persuade his father to go thither, for don Ramirez had declared Granada should be the last place he would wander to, and that he would afterward return to Portugal.

The desire of travelling, of finding Dalinda, the hope of making a great fortune, ambition, love, and especially pride, idleness, and curiosity, inspired the culpable Alphonso with the imprudent and cruel resolution of secretly flying to Cadiz, and abandoning his father. He felt great uneasiness in coming to this determination, but he suppressed such salutary remorse, which he could not help feeling, and employed all his powers to find specious reasons, that might excuse, and even dignify, this criminal act.

My father, said he, has lost his fortune; he has only a small pension, not sufficient for both of us; in taking half his expense away, I shall double his income. I feel I am a burden to him; I even perceive my company is not so agreeable to

him as formerly ; he is become pensive and silent, my conversation fatigues, and my presence lays him under restraint. Besides, in seeking to distinguish myself, and emerge from obscurity, is it not for him I labour ? If I can procure wealth, to him shall it be dedicated. My absence may give him some uneasiness for a time, but my return will ensure his felicity.

Such were the reflections of Alphonso, who sighed while he thus reasoned, and his cheeks were bedewed with tears. Had he consulted his heart, duty, honour, and reason, would soon have resumed their functions ; but he endeavoured to deceive himself, and he succeeded ; without the power, however, of totally stifling the voice of conscience.

He had taken care to seduce one of the servants into his design, and had consulted with him on the means of flight. It was agreed, that Alphonso should go off in the evening ; that the servant should wait for him at the city gate, with two horses, on which they should ride, without stopping, as far as Loxa, to which place the servant knew the road.

Alphonso had no money. Certain jewels, which he happened to have about him on the day of the earthquake, had been saved, all of which his father sold, except two diamond rings,

which he had given his son. One of these Alphonso privately sold for four hundred piastres (about seventy guineas), which he thought a sum sufficient to make a tour of the world, if he pleased.

On the day fixed for his flight, he pretended a violent headach in order to conceal his own anxiety, and induce don Ramirez to go betimes to bed. Accordingly, about eight o'clock his father retired. Alphonso's heart was ready to burst, when he bade him good night, and he ran and shut himself up in his chamber, whither he was pursued by his remorse.

Bathed in tears, he wrote to his father, to inform him of the motive of his flight, without mentioning what road he should take, or his passion for Dalinda. He sealed the letter, and left it on the table, that his father might find it on the morrow; then wrapping himself in a countryman's cloak, he put on thick-soled clouted shoes, took a staff in his hand, with his purse, and a pocket-book that contained his other ring, and Dalinda's sash, properly concealed, opened a window, leaped into a court-yard, and went out of a private door, of which he had procured the key. He passed hastily along the streets, got through the city gate by means of his country disguise, found his servant waiting a little way

out of town, mounted his horse, followed his guide, and proceeded towards Cadiz.

The darkness of the night would not permit him to travel as fast as he wished, while the fear of being pursued, the grief of leaving his father, his inquietude, remorse, and repentance, all stung him to the heart, and inspired him with a certain insurmountable terrour, which was doubly increased by the blackness of the night.

He had quitted Granada about two hours, when he was awakened from his gloomy reverie by a very surprising phænomenon : surrounded as it were by the thick, the profound, obscurity of night, darkness in an instant disappeared, and light the most radiant dazzled the astonished eyes of Alphonso. He raised his head amazed, and beheld a globe of bright and shining fire in the heavens, precipitating itself somewhat horizontally toward earth, and augmenting as it fell. It exhibited a thousand dazzling colours, and left a long train of light, that marked its path in the atmosphere. Having traversed a part of the horizon, it began to rise again by degrees, and shot forth on all sides sparks and blazing sheaves, that seemed like vast artificial fireworks. At length the enormous ball opened, and sent forth two kind of volcanoes, which formed themselves into two prodigious rainbows, one of which vanished

in the north, the other in the south; the fiery globe became extinct, and the most impenetrable darkness instantly succeeded to gleaming light the most fervent (13).

Alphonso was forcibly and irresistibly alarmed by this prodigy. All uncommon accidents are ill omens to a troubled conscience. This was highly so to him; his grief and doubts were doubled; he increased his pace to get rid of his fears, and galloped the rest of the night without stopping.

At day-break his valet perceived they had lost their way, and had struck into a cross road. Alphonso looked round, and saw a barren mountainous country covered with rocks. Unable to discover any beaten track, he alighted, tied his horse to a tree, and, followed by his valet, went toward one of the highest and nearest rocks, hoping to discover from its summit the town of Loxa, from which he imagined they could not be far distant.

Observe, his country shoes were clouted with hob-nails all over; and his staff, being a peasant's, had a thick iron ferrule at the end.

Scarcely had Alphonso proceeded twenty paces upon the rock he meant to ascend, when he felt his feet fixed to the stone! He could not lift, he could not stir them! and his staff, too heavy

to move, stood upright, and seemed to take root on this fatal rock (14)!

O, my father! cried he, Heaven has undertaken to punish my ingratitude, by a new, an unheard of miracle.

He could say no more. Remorse, astonishment, terrour, overwhelmed him, took away what little strength he had left, rendered him immovable and mute, caused his hair to stand erect, and spread a death-like paleness over his cheeks.

O dear mamma! cried Pulcheria, is he changed to a statue?

Not entirely, answered Madame de Clémire, smiling; though he himself dreaded he was, for that idea struck him as well as you.

And well it might, mamma. That invincible power, that fixed him to the rock, might make him expect worse.

However, my dear, that invincible power was not supernatural. You remember I told you the seemingly marvellous in my story should all be true.

And yet the globe of fire and the fatal rock appear so extraordinary! But tell us, dear mamma, what became of poor Alphonso.

While he remained petrified with terrour in the situation I have described, the sky became

covered with clouds, the winds howled in the air, and the rain began to pour down. But how was the terrour, how was the horror of Alphonso increased, when he beheld that dreadful rain! When he saw what he thought millions of huge round drops of blood instantly cover the white rocks that surrounded him; felt them run in streams from his face, hands, and all parts of his body; and viewed rivulets of blood descend on all sides to the green valleys (15)!

Uncommon terrour gave uncommon strength. Alphonso quitted his staff, which remained erect, planted on the rock, and with violent efforts wrenched his feet from the adhesive stone, and fell almost senseless on the sand.

His valet soon after, shocked with the miraculous shower, came running, and assisted his master. He had been seeking a track which he had discovered, and, as soon as they could sufficiently recover their strength and recollection, they once more mounted their horses, and left this scene of horrors.

Arrived at Loxa, he staid two or three hours to recover, then ordered mules and a guide, and pursued his journey. He crossed Mount Orospeeda (16), passed the ancient city of Antequerra, and did not stop till he came to Malaga. The remainder of his journey was distinguished by nothing remarkable. He arrived without any

accident at Cadiz *, and put up at the first inn he saw.

As he was going up stairs he heard a female singing, and accompanied by the harp. Alphonso trembled, and, guided by the sound, approached the door of the apartment whence it issued. It was sure an angel singing, and the harmony was heavenly! He could not mistake the voice, it went to his heart. Delighted, ravished, astonished, he hastily descended the stairs, inquired for the master of the house, questioned him, and learnt his heart had not deceived him. Dalinda and Thelismar inhabited the house, whither he had been conducted by chance.

Transported with the discovery, he went into the court-yard, was shown which were the windows of his love, and then went and locked himself up in his own room, that he might enjoy his unexpected felicity without restraint.

In the afternoon he sent for a guitar, and in the evening, after supper, planted himself under Dalinda's window; with a trembling hand he ventured to strike a few arpeggios. The window opened, and, fearing to be overheard by Thelismar, who understood Portuguese, Alphon-

* In going to Cadiz, it is necessary to take a boat at Port Sancta-Maria, a pretty town, two leagues from Cadiz. The passage is dangerous, and the boats are frequently lost.

so durst not sing the verses he had written on Dalinda at the fountain of love; but, in timid accents, and an irresolute voice, he sang the Torments of Absence.

In about a quarter of an hour the window was shut, and on the morrow Alphonso again began to sing, but in vain; it opened no more: and this rigour afflicted him as deeply, as though it had destroyed hopes that had had some foundation.

Alphonso formed a thousand projects relative to his passion, and executed none of them. He ardently longed once more to see Dalinda, but never could determine to present himself as an adventurer.

His intention, when he left his father, was to offer himself as a companion to Thelismar during his travels, not doubting but his knowledge and talents would make his proposition very acceptable; and supposing likewise that gratitude for having saved the life of Dalinda would put his reception out of doubt.

When passion forms projects, it is blind to all obstacles, will hear no objections; but, fearing all reasons which may deter it from what it is previously determined to do, it never discovers its own folly and imprudence till they are past remedy.

Full of fear, incertitude, and hesitation, Al-

phonso could resolve upon nothing. He had carefully concealed himself from Dalinda and her father, when one night he was informed that Thelismar had prepared every thing for his departure, and that he was to go on board the *Intrepid* at break of day, which vessel was to carry him to Ceuta*.

This intelligence determined the irresolute Alphonso; he sold his remaining ring, went to the captain of the ship, obtained his passage, got on board before day-break, and took possession of his little cabin. He had not been there a quarter of an hour before he heard the voice of Thelismar, and presently afterward the anchor was weighed, and the vessel set sail.

Before dinner-time, when the passengers must meet at the captain's table, Alphonso collected force enough to desire a moment's audience of Thelismar, which was immediately granted; and, with an anxiety and agitation impossible to paint, he entered the cabin. Thelismar was alone, and turning his head at the creaking of the door, he beheld Alphonso. He could not forget the deliverer of his daughter; he instantly rose, ran to

* A town in Africa, opposite Gibraltar. John, King of Portugal, took it from the Moors; after which it belonged to the Spaniards, to whom it was ceded by the treaty of Lisbon, in 1668.

Alphonso, and embraced him with all the warmth of the most tender friendship.

Transported with joy, Alphonso felt hope spring in his heart! He answered the questions of Thelismar, however, with more embarrassment than truth. Afraid to confess his faults, My father, said he, had formerly an immense fortune; but now, with barely what is necessary, he lives retired on the peaceful banks of the Mondego. He approves my desire to travel, and hopes, with the education he has bestowed on me, I may become known and acquire fame, and—

What is your age? And what are your projects in quitting your country and your father?

I knew, Sir, you were in Spain, heard you intended to go to Africa, and flattered myself you would permit me to follow you as a companion in your travels.

You were not deceived in me; I mean to traverse a great part of the known world; if you will be the associate of my labours, I joyfully consent.

Here Alphonso, at the height of his hopes, embraced Thelismar with transport, and swore never to forsake him.

But, continued Thelismar, my travels will not end in less than three or four years at soonest;

how do you know your father will consent to this long absence ?

O I am very certain—

Well, if you love study, and, as I have no doubt, possess noble and virtuous sentiments, you shall find in me a faithful friend, and a second father, happy, too happy, if by my cares and affection I may show a part of my gratitude. Dalinda owes her life to you, and your empire over me is absolute.

Alphonso blushed at the name of Dalinda, and, too much affected to reply, was silent.

I have need, added Thelismar, of consolation, and hope to find it in your friendship.

Of consolation ! Are you then unhappy ?

I am separated, and for four years, from objects the dearest to my heart ! from my wife and daughter !

From Dalinda !

Yes. I durst not expose her to the fatigues and dangers I shall undergo. We travelled through a great part of Europe together : I parted from her at Cadiz, and while we are riding toward the African coast, she is returning with her mother into Sweden.

O Heaven ! cried Alphonso in anguish ; Africa and Sweden ! What immense, what dreadful

distance between her and—you! How I pity you!—

Alphonso could no longer restrain his tears, and the conversation being interrupted by the entrance of the captain, Alphonso went into his cabin to hide and assuage the agitation of his heart. In despair to think he must be four years absent from Dalinda, he was yet in some measure consoled by the friendship of her father, and determined to neglect nothing, by which it might be confirmed and increased.

Thelismar put several questions to him in the evening, and asked whether he understood the elements of any of the sciences?

O yes, answered Alphonso, with great self-sufficiency. There is nothing I have not been taught.

Do you know any thing of geometry?

I had a mathematical master ten years.

Have you any acquaintance with natural history and philosophy?

Every thing of that kind is familiar to me: besides, I am passionately fond of the arts, understand music, and delight in drawing. I draw *flowers* charmingly.

Flowers!

Do you love reading?

Very much.

Your language is not rich in good authors; but you know the Latin.

O perfectly, as you may imagine, for my teachers said I construed Virgil and Horace well at ten years old; so that I left the study of the classics at twelve, and have not looked at them since, having had other employment.

And I warrant you left mathematics also soon after?

I did. I then read generally, and soon began to write verses.

And from a scholar became a wit. The metamorphosis is not always successful.

My poetry was highly applauded.

By your friends, I suppose.

O! universally.

How do you know?

Every body who visited my father told me so.

Alphonso's answer made Thelismar smile, and he changed the conversation. Presently afterward the youth retired, persuaded that he had given Thelismar a high opinion of his knowledge and genius. The next day Alphonso recollected the adventure of the mad bull killed by the prick of a pin, at the fountain of love, and asked Thelismar the meaning of so extraordinary a death.

Thelismar replied, he had that very day received, from an old friend just returned from America, a poison so powerful and subtle, as to produce the effect of which he had been a witness; that this friend had given him a case, which en-

closed the fatal pin that had been dipped in the poison, and, designing to make an experiment of its power, he happened to have it in his pocket (17).

But what surprises me, said Alphonso, is, that I have never heard speak of this poison.

I do not think that so very surprising, replied Thelismar; for, if I am not mistaken, there are many other extraordinary things, of which you have never heard.

I will not say there are none, answered Alphonso, but I dare presume their number is very limited; for I have had teachers of all sorts, and am not ignorant; add to which, I have read much, and seen and remarked more.

What prompted Alphonso to brag with greater confidence was, he supposed he might do so without danger of detection; he looked upon Thelismar as a plain man, who had only one pursuit, that of botany, and imagined him to be exceedingly ignorant of every thing else; in which he was frequently confirmed by the natural reserve and modesty of Thelismar.

Here Madame de Clémire stopped, put up her manuscript, and ended that evening's entertainment.

The next night, at the usual hour, after having begged her children not to interrupt her any more by their questions, Madame de Clémire thus continued her narration.

At length they landed at Ceuta, and Thelismar hired a lodging for himself and Alphonso, at one of the best houses they could find.

Alphonso's first care, on his arrival, was to write to his father a long letter, very contrite and submissive. In this he made a faithful confession of all his proceedings, implored his pardon, and permission to follow Thelismar in all his travels; and, as the latter intended to stay at Ceuta long enough for Alphonso to receive an answer, he conjured don Ramirez to send his orders instantly, promising they should be obeyed, be they what they might. Not doubting his father had returned to Beira, his letter was directed accordingly.

Something easier, after thus in part relieving his conscience, Alphonso fell into his customary habits; sung, played on his guitar, and drew various flowers, which he thought masterpieces, and which he constantly carried to Thelismar, who, he continued to believe, was highly delighted with his talents.

Thelismar sent for him one morning, and said, as I know you are exceedingly fond of music and drawing, I thought I might do you a favour, by bringing you to see two very extraordinary children. One is a little boy, who draws astonishingly in your style; and the other a girl, who

plays charmingly on the harpsichord; come and see them.

So saying, he conducted Alphonso into another room, but desired him to stop at the door; for, said he, youth, you know, is timid; and, as you are a connoisseur, you might disturb them were you too near.

Very true, answered Alphonso; the girl blushed as we entered.

And can you then observe her emotion? added Thelismar.

O very plainly; she can hardly breathe, though her bosom heaves.

All this passed at the farther end of the room from the young artists, and Alphonso, happy in the supposition of his own repute, encouraged the musician as she played, calling out *brava! brava!* with as much pedantry and pride as any other demiconnoisseur, who supposes a word like that from him confers fame and satisfaction.

When she had finished her sonata, the little musician made a low curtesy; Alphonso applauded, and Thelismar advanced.

Come, said he, now let us see the boy draw—stand there, behind him, and then you will overlook his work with more ease. Alphonso followed his directions, and remarked, it was odd enough the child should keep his gloves on, and

surprising enough that he should design from his own invention, without any drawing to copy.

And yet, said Thelismar, see how that flower grows, as it were, and is embellished beneath his fingers.

Wonderful! cried Alphonso; astonishingly correct! Courage, my little fellow! There, shade that outline a little; that's it! the little angel! I declare I could not do better myself.

All these praises gave no disturbance to the child, who continued his work without remission, except removing it, to observe it at a distance occasionally, and blowing away the light dust of the crayon.

When the flower was finished, Alphonso ran directly to kiss the child, and as suddenly started back with an interjection of astonishment.

Gently, said Thelismar, laughing, take care lest you should demolish the young artist.

Good Heaven! 'Tis a doll! a figure!

It is an automaton*.

And the musician, what is she?

Own sister to the designer.

But did I not see her breathe?

You thought so; and you really saw her play with her fingers upon the harpsichord. Hence

* Every body at Paris, in 1783, saw the automatons, of which this is a description.

you may learn, Alphonso, that it is unreasonable to place too high a value upon accomplishments, which automatons may possess.

I will break my guitar directly, and burn my drawings.

That would be wrong, answered Thelismar. We should be astonished to see a man pass his life in playing on the guitar, and designing flowers! but no one will blame you, when you use such things only as recreations, by way of agreeably employing time which would otherwise be lost, and without being proud of such trifling accomplishments.

This lesson made some impression upon Alphonso; but it was necessary he should receive many more, before a thorough reformation could be effected.

Thelismar was ready to depart from Ceuta, yet Alphonso had received no letters from his father. Imagining, therefore, that don Ramirez approved his projects, by his not being in any haste to recall him home, he determined to proceed with Thelismar.

Some days previous to their departure for the Azores, Alphonso had observed workmen busy about raising a kind of machine in the garden, the use of which he did not comprehend, and learnt that it was done by the order, and under the direction of Thelismar, of whom he there-

fore inquired its use. The proprietor of this house has told me, said Thelismar, that the lightning has fallen upon the building, and damaged it twice within these twenty years, and I have promised him it shall do so no more.

And which way can you prevent it?

By means of the thing you have seen!

I confess I do not comprehend how.

That I can readily believe; and yet it is not the less true, that the lightning will now fall at the other end of the garden.

Four or five days after, there was a violent thunder-storm; Thelismar went to the window and, pointing with his cane toward a black cloud, which was seen over the house, look, said he, to Alphonso, at that cloud; it is going soon to remove from us, and follow the path which I shall direct: I intend that it shall open, and be dispersed at the end of that walk. So saying, Thelismar raised his cane toward the sky, while the cloud seemed obedient to his will, and durst not depart from the path, which he prescribed in the air. At that instant he had the appearance of an enchanter, who, by the power of his magic wand, commanded the elements.

Good God! cried Alphonso, what do I behold? You direct the clouds, and they obey, they go to the spot that you ordain.

You see them assembled, said Thelismar, and

now they shall descend, and the lightning shall fall not thirty feet from yonder spot. Scarcely had he spoken before the thunder began to roar, and its bolts were discharged exactly as Thelismar prescribed (18); who then shut his window and went out of his room, leaving Alphonso petrified with astonishment.

The next day Thelismar, in presence of Alphonso, read aloud a letter he had received from Dalinda. Alphonso had by this time learnt the Swedish language, to the study of which he had applied with great assiduity, ever since he had first been told Dalinda was a Swede; and, since he had travelled with Thelismar, his progress in that language had been astonishing. He was enchanted at the letter of Dalinda, and could not repress his feelings while he heard it read; he found an inconceivable delight in understanding words traced by the hand of Dalinda; he heard the ingenuous detail of her thoughts and sentiments, and imagined he heard her speaking; he obtained a knowledge of the goodness of her heart and understanding, and that knowledge fixed for ever in the bosom of Alphonso the most inconstant of all the passions.

Alphonso was very desirous of having the letter in his own possession, and seeing Dalinda's writing; but Thelismar, after having read it, put it into the drawer of his bureau. Alphonso,

with his eyes fixed upon this drawer, heard no longer the discourse of Thelismar, but fell into a profound musing; Thelismar therefore took up a book, and Alphonso, recollecting himself, left the room.

In the evening, Alphonso returned to the same chamber, and Thelismar, rising as he saw him enter, said, As you know we shall embark tomorrow morning for the Azores*, I have various orders to give; if you will stay here, I shall be back in half an hour. So saying, he left Alphonso sitting opposite the bureau.

This bureau enclosed the letter of Dalinda, and the key was not taken out of the drawer; Alphonso felt a temptation, to which at first he did not give way; he passionately desired to open the drawer, and once more read the letter. He felt how much such an action was to be condemned, and yet, said he, this is not to pry into the secrets of Thelismar; he has read me the letter, I shall learn nothing new; I only wish to see, to contemplate, the writing.

* The Azores or Western Islands, are situated between Africa and America, about two hundred leagues from Lisbon. Gonzalo Vello first discovered them about the middle of the fifteenth century, and called them Azores or Hawks, from the number of those birds he saw there. They are nine in number; the town of Angra, in the island of Terceira, is the capital.

At last, after various struggles, Alphonso stifled his scruples, approached the bureau, and tremblingly took hold of the key; but scarcely had he touched it before he received a stroke so violent, that he thought his arm was broken. Alphonso, terrified, started back, and fell into an arm-chair. Just Heaven! cried he, what invisible hand is it that strikes (19)?

The door opened, and Thelismar appeared. What have you done, Alphonso? said he, with a severe tone of voice.

O, Sir, replied Alphonso, you, whose supernatural art produces so many prodigies, you surely have the power to penetrate my most secret thoughts, and read my very heart.

I can read nothing there, answered Thelismar, that can excuse an act like this. Remember, Alphonso, to betray a trust is unpardonable, and that a second fault of this kind would for ever deprive you of my esteem. As for the mysterious key, cried Thelismar, it is only hostile to indiscretion; it strikes none but those who would turn it without my leave. I now give you my permission to open the drawer, which you may do without danger.

Alphonso advanced, as he was desired, toward the bureau, opened the drawer, and cried, Yes, Thelismar, I see that nothing is impossible to you; your discourse is full of wisdom, and your

actions of astonishment : deign, Sir, ever to be my guide, my tutelar genius ! My submission, affection, and gratitude, will, I hope, render me worthy of your cares. So saying, Alphonso, with a tender and respectful air, drew near to Thelismar, who only answered him by holding out his arms, and embracing him with affection.

The next day after this adventure, Thelismar and his young travelling companion embarked for the Azores. After a happy voyage they landed at the island of St. George*, where they rested for some days.

Thelismar lodged in a small house, the aspect of which pleased him ; the owner was a Swede, who had been six years in the island. As they had only one agreeable apartment, Thelismar partook his bedchamber with Alphonso, and had a bed made up for him beside his own. One night, as Alphonso and Thelismar were in a sound sleep, they both awakened, and leaped up at the same moment ; they imagined they felt the violent shock of an earthquake, and fled into a small garden, whither the master of the house, and several servants, who had likewise experienced the same sensation, ran for refuge ; the latter brought torches, for the darkness of

* Twelve leagues from Angra.

the night was extreme; and, in expectation of a disaster like that of Lisbon, they remained there in great anxiety for the space of three hours; not having felt any more shocks, however, during this whole time, they determined then to return again to the house. Thelismar and Alphonso did not go to bed, but conversed till day-break.

Alphonso, who no longer hid the name of his father from Thelismar, and who had often related to him the circumstances of the earthquake at Lisbon, did not let this occasion slip; but again gave a pompous description of the magnificent palace of don Ramirez, and an emphatic enumeration of the jewels and diamonds he possessed before that catastrophe.

When day began to appear, Thelismar and Alphonso, went to the window, whence they had an extensive and most unusual prospect: how great was their astonishment to see the house they lived in, and the garden, totally separated from the land, and forming a small island in the midst of the sea (20)! They shuddered at the danger they had been in, and could not conceive by what means the house, which had been thrown several fathoms from the main land, could sustain so violent a shock without being destroyed. It is, no doubt, said Thelismar, the humble dwelling of a virtuous man, preserved in so

miraculous a manner by the justice of a Divine Providence.

As Thelismar was speaking, his chamber-door opened, and the master of the house entered. This venerable old man, as he approached Thelismar, fetched a deep sigh, and said, I come to implore your protection, Sir—not for myself, but for my son. Though six years an exile from my native land, I have not forgotten those men, who are an honour to it; your name, Sir, is not unknown to me. Our monarch is the protector of genius and science; he honours you with a particular esteem, and I come to beg you will give me letters of recommendation for my son.

You intend to return into your own country then?

Yes, Sir.

What accident first brought you out of it?

I was born in an humble condition; but, notwithstanding the smallness of my income, I found means to give my son a good education, much superior to my rank of life. This son answered my expectations and cares so well, that he obtained by his merit, at five and twenty, an honourable and lucrative employment. Some time after he fell in love with an amiable, rich young lady, and was upon the point of marrying her, when a dreadful accident obliged me to

quit my country. There was a rich merchant, who lodged in my house; this unhappy man was found one morning murdered in his bed, and his coffers broken open and robbed; all his servants were taken into custody; and I immediately delivered myself into the hands of justice. The wretch who had committed the crime became my accuser; I had enemies, and the affair took an ill turn. Thanks, however, to the cares and protectors of my son, as they had not sufficient proof, I obtained my liberty; but could not recover my character, nor could endure to live with ignominy in a land where I had been generally beloved, therefore determined to become a voluntary exile. I endeavoured to conceal my intentions from my son; but he guessed them too certainly from my preparations. I sold the little I possessed, and secretly departed by night; I regretted only the loss of my son. I left him, however, in possession of a good post; and knew that, notwithstanding our misfortunes, the young woman whom he loved still preserved her first affection. Consoled by such ideas, I endeavoured to support the excess of my misfortunes. I travelled in a post-chaise, and at day-break perceived myself escorted, as it were, by a stranger galloping on horseback at some distance from my carriage; I looked out—but what was my surprise at the sight of my

son! It is impossible to express what I felt; I stopped, jumped out of my carriage, and was instantly in my son's arms. What hast thou done, cried I?

My duty, answered he.

But what is thy design? said I, bathing him with my tears.

To follow you, to consecrate the life you gave to your service.

But thy post, thy future fortune.

I have left them, abandoned all for your sake; all, even the woman I love: you see me weep, yet do not suppose, my father, but that I gladly sacrifice every thing to you.

Since thou sawest my fatal resolution, wherefore didst thou not oppose it? Knowest thou not the ascendant thou hast over me?

Appearances condemn you; and, though you are dearer than ever to me by your misfortunes, yet having lost your honour, your present flight is necessary; be comforted, you are still innocent and virtuous.

And dost thou not complain of thy own fate?

My own fate! Can it be happier? Have not I now an opportunity to prove my gratitude and filial affection? to comfort my father in his distress? Shall not my hand dry his tears? Shall not my zeal and tenderness destroy their source?

O yes, my father; suffer the love and reverence of a son to drive from your memory an unjust country, ungrateful relations, and faithless friends. Heaven has destined me to fulfil the sacred duties of nature in all their extent; and should I, should you, complain of my fate? No; you, my father, who are a model for parents, you should enjoy the solid glory, the sweet happiness of having formed, by your own instructions and your own example, a son worthy of yourself.

You, Sir, are a father, continued the old man, therefore can easily imagine how readily I resigned myself, thus supported, to my destiny. We travelled for some time before we fixed our abode here. My son engaged in some commercial enterprises, and bought this house, where we have lived in a contented mediocrity.

It was my intention here to have ended my days; but some intelligence, which I received about two months ago, has made me change this resolution. My innocence, at length, is fully acknowledged; the monster who had been guilty of the murder, having committed new crimes, was apprehended and condemned. Before his death, he publicly acquitted me, by confessing himself to be the murderer. We learnt, at the same time, the young lady my son loved was still unmarried. This had made me wish once more to return to my native land. We intended

to have departed in half a year; but the disaster of last night, and the loss of my house, which, though not destroyed, is no longer habitable, must hasten my departure. It is therefore I come to ask recommendatory letters of you, Sir.

I will give you them with pleasure, answered Thelismar, with emotion, and such as I would give a dear friend or brother. O, yes; doubt not but our just and beneficent sovereign will worthily reward the virtue of your son.

O, Sir, cried the old man, with tears of joy in his eyes, permit me to bring him hither, that he may thank you himself.

So saying, he went out, without waiting for an answer; and Thelismar, turning toward Alphonso, saw him mournfully leaning over a chair, and covering his face with his hands. Thelismar perceived he was weeping: Wherefore, said he, would you hide your tears from me? Let them flow freely, they are an honour to your heart.

Thelismar was mistaken: he attributed those tears to compassion, which repentance and bitter remorse made flow. How criminal did Alphonso feel, when he compared his own conduct with that of the young man's, whose history he had just heard. This touching recital had torn

his very heart, and made painful and afflictive the sweetest of all sensations, the admiration of virtue.

The old man returned, leading his son by the hand; Thelismar clasped the young man to his breast, renewed the promises he had made his father, and dismissed them penetrated with gratitude and joy.

Several inhabitants of the island soon arrived in light boats, to inquire the fate of those who inhabited the small house, which they had seen so suddenly thrown as it were into the sea. They told Thelismar, that all the neighbouring houses had been destroyed, while that belonging to Zulaski (for that was the name of the virtuous young man) had been thus miraculously preserved.

Thelismar and Alphonso went on board the boats, and desired to be conducted towards that part of the island which had suffered least from the earthquake. Scarce had they proceeded a quarter of a league before they were petrified with astonishment at beholding eighteen islands newly risen from the bottom of the ocean (20).

Ye new creations of a just and beneficent God! cried Thelismar; ye new-born isles, how does your aspect move my heart! Human industry will soon make you fertile. O, may you never be inhabited but by the virtuous!

After having coasted along some of the islands, Thelismar landed, and was received in a house, where Zulaski came to rejoin him the same evening. As Zulaski embarked on board a vessel bound for Lisbon, in his return to Sweden, Alphonso committed two letters to his care; the one for his father, in which was set down their route, and the places at which they meant to stop, earnestly conjuring him to write, and inform Alphonso of his will and pleasure; the other for a young man, who lived in the province of Beira, whom Alphonso entreated to write him news of his father, and to whom Alphonso likewise sent an exact itinerary of his travels.

Zulaski, after receiving these letters and those of Thelismar, departed without delay; and, a few days after, Thelismar and Alphonso embarked for the Canary Islands*. Thelismar made a long stay at Teneriff: his first object was to go and admire the delightful district that

* The number of these islands is seven: *Teneriff, Great Canary, Gomera, Palma, Ferro, Lancerrotta, and Fuerte-Ventura*. Their first discovery was strongly contested by the Spaniards and Portuguese, each of which nations claimed the exclusive honour. It is, however, certain, that the Spaniards, assisted by the English, first subdued them. Beside these seven, there are six smaller ones which surround Lancerrotta. The Canaries were not unknown to the ancients; they called them the Fortunate Islands.

lies between Rotava and Rialejo*: Nature there seems to have assembled all she has of pleasant, useful, and majestic. Mountains covered with verdure; rocks which cast forth pure water; fertile meadows, fields of sugar-canes, vineyards, woods, and shades for ever green†. Thelismar and Alphonso knew not how to tear themselves from the enchanting spot; they passed an entire day there, sometimes walking, sometimes sitting beneath the shade of the plantain-tree, reading passages from Ovid, or the *Lusiad* of Camoens.

Alphonso's imagination, full of the agreeable ideas of fable, wished, before he quitted that charming place, to carve four verses he had just written, upon the bark of a tree: for this purpose he went to one, much like the pine in appearance, drew his knife, began to cut, and saw the blood follow the wound (21); tempted to suppose he had wounded a nymph metamorphosed to a tree, he recoiled with terrour, and the murderous weapon dropped from his hand. Thelismar smiled, and encouraged him, by as-

* Two towns of Teneriff. Laguna is the capital of the island, and stands near a lake so named. At the time of the conquest, about 1417, the Spaniards called the natives Guanches: and the town of Guimar, in the island of Teneriff, is peopled chiefly by the descendants of these ancient Guanches.

† See *Abrégé de l'Histoire Générale des Voyages*, par M de la Harpe, tome i.

suring him there was nothing miraculous, nothing wonderful, in this seeming prodigy.

Thelismar passed some days at Laguna, a large and beautiful town, the houses of which are most of them embellished by parterres and terraces, intersected by immense walks of orange and lemon-trees; its fountains, gardens, and groves, its lake and aqueduct, together with the cool winds by which it is refreshed, render it a delicious habitation.

Thelismar passed through several other towns, till he came at last to one called Guimar, where are still found many families, the descendants of the Guanches, the ancient inhabitants of these isles. These people, though they have renounced the idolatry of their savage ancestors, have yet preserved much of their wild superstition, and many of their old customs.

One day, as Alphonso was walking alone in the environs of Guimar, he strayed thoughtlessly into an unfrequented wood, in which he was soon lost. In searching his way out, he got entangled in a thicket, through which he could scarcely make his way, and which terminated in a kind of desert, without trees, shrubs, or verdure, a dry plain covered with shells, and bounded by a mountain. As he beheld this dismal place, he recollected that Thelismar had more

than once advised him, never to walk in strange places without a guide; but this recollection came too late.

Night drew on, and Alphonso walked a little farther; at last, overcome with fatigue, he stopped near a hill surrounded with briars, underwood, and huge stones, heaped confusedly on each other. In sitting down on each of these stones he destroyed the equilibrium of others, which began to roll with considerable noise. Alphonso sprang from his seat to avoid being hurt, and, turning round, he observed that the stones, by being removed, disclosed a cavity large enough for a man to enter.

He again drew near, and, looking down the cavity, saw, with surprise, steps like a stair-case: incited by unconquerable curiosity, he entered the subterranean grotto, and descended by steps exceedingly steep: when at the bottom, he looked upwards, but could no longer see the light of day. He was inclined to re-ascend, had he not perceived a light very distinctly at a considerable distance. The sight of this determined him, to accomplish an enterprise which promised something extraordinary, and he pursued his road. He proceeded to a kind of obscure alley, at the end of which he found a spacious cavern, lighted by lamps suspended from the roof. Alphonso looked round, and saw himself in the midst of

two hundred dead bodies, arranged standing against the walls of this dreary vault.

Into what place of death has my temerity brought me! cried Alphonso; it seems to be the cave of Polyphemus, or, perhaps, a robber still more inhuman; and the dead here have, no doubt, been the victims of this monstrous cruelty. Well, if I have not the prudence of Ulysses, at least I have his valour.

Alphonso drew his sword, and determined to sell his life dearly: he would not attempt to flee, lest he should be assaulted in the obscure narrow passage; he thought he might more easily defend himself in the cavern; besides he supposed it certain, that the assassins had already closed the mouth of the cave. A profound silence, however, reigned in the dreary vault, and Alphonso had time to consider the dismal and surprising objects, by which he was environed.

He remarked that none of the bodies seemed to suffer putrefaction, or sent forth the least smell, but that they had all preserved their features. Alphonso was lost in these reflections, when he thought he heard the trampling of feet; he listened attentively, and soon distinguished the voices of people speaking in an unknown tongue.

Alphonso would not begin the combat, on a

supposition that it might not be their intention to attack him, but placed his back against the wall, hid his sword, and was silent; he soon saw twelve men appear, walking slowly, two and two, and clothed after a strange fashion. Their peaceable and grave countenances did not announce any thing inimical: but no sooner did they see Alphonso, than, uttering shrieks of horror, rage and indignation blazing in their countenances, they drew the long daggers which they carried at their girdles, and fell instantly altogether on Alphonso, who, brandishing his sword, received them with intrepidity.

The combat was obstinate and bloody; the address and valour of Alphonso triumphed over numbers; and, though alone against twelve enraged foes, he was the conqueror. He received two slight wounds, but his sword was mortal to some of his adversaries, and the rest fled, terrified and howling.

Once more alone in the cavern, Alphonso tore his handkerchief, applied it to his wounds and bound it on with his garter; then, cutting with his sword the thong by which one of the lamps was suspended, he took that lamp, and returned without delay; he again followed the dark alley, arrived at the stair-case, hastily ascended, found the opening, and leaped from this frightful gulf with transport.

He imagined himself leaving the gates of Hell, and returning again to life, when he breathed the pure air, and once more beheld the starry heavens. O! my father! exclaimed he! O! Dalinda! and you, dear Thelismar, shall I enjoy the happiness of seeing you once again? you alone make life dear to me. And ought I not to preserve it, since with life I may perhaps attain what most I love?

It was the decline of day when Alphonso entered the cavern, and near midnight when he left it. Guided by the brightness of the moon and stars, Alphonso fled from this fatal cave, and, after wandering full three hours, stopped, as day began to break, near a lake, adorned by the lemon-tree and poplar. Tormented by excessive thirst, the sight of limpid water rekindled his power and courage; he drank heartily, and ate of the wild fruits; yet found himself afterwards so feeble and exhausted he could no longer continue his journey, but lay down upon the grass, opposite to a mountain covered with verdure, and here and there a tree. He reposed about three quarters of an hour in this wild and solitary place, when the heavens became cloudy, the wind began to rise, and some drops of rain to fall; the rain soon ceased, but the wind continued with redoubled fury. Alphonso rose,

looked toward the mountain, and saw a sight that filled him with astonishment.

On the summit of the mountain he beheld an enormous pillar rise, the colour of which seemed gold towards the base, and at the top a beautifully deep violet. The pillar descended with impetuosity from the mountain, breaking and overturning the trees that stood in its way, attracting and engulfing leaves and branches, and tearing up some by the roots; at the bottom of the mountain it passed over a ditch, which it filled with stones and earth; its passage was marked by deep furrows, and, during its dreadful and rapid course, it made a noise like the bellowing of bulls.

The formidable column directed its way to the lake, pumping up the water, and leaving the vast basin dry; then, turning toward the north, it was lost in a neighbouring forest (22).

To this phenomenon succeeded a destructive hail, the stones of which were enormously large; they seemed cut in the form of a star, and were accompanied with long splinters of ice, like the sharp blades of poniards (23). Alphonso took refuge under a tree, and preserved himself as well as possible, with his hat, which he held at some distance from his head, though he received several wounds on his hands.

The tempest at length ceased, the sky became calm, and Alphonso, full of amazement, wounded, bruised, famished, and fatigued, once more pursued his sorrowful way. In about a quarter of an hour, he perceived with excessive joy, a human habitation; it belonged to a Spaniard, who received him with humanity. Alphonso informed him he had been attacked by assassins, and learnt, in return, he was not more than five miles from Guimar.

Not in a condition to continue his way on foot, he determined to repose for a few days, and wrote a letter to Thelismar, which the Spaniard kindly undertook to send; after which Alphonso, profiting by the humane offers of his compassionate host, accepted food, suffered him to dress his wounds, and was put into an excellent bed, made up for his reception.

After sleeping three or four hours, he awoke, rose, and dressed himself; the first person he met at leaving the chamber was Thelismar; he ran to his arms; Thelismar received him with a tenderness as sincere as his heart could wish. He was going to begin the recital of his adventures, when Thelismar interrupted him, by telling him he would hear nothing then, but must think only of his cure. A carriage waits for us, said he; come, let us take leave of the generous and hospitable Spaniard, and return to Guimar.

As he said this, the Spaniard returned, followed by the messenger, who had brought back Alphonso's letter to Thelismar; he gave it to Alphonso, telling him, that Thelismar had just left Guimar as he got there. How, then, said Alphonso to Thelismar, did you know I was here, if you have not received my letter? Of that I will inform you another time, answered Thelismar, smiling; at present it is time we should depart.

Alphonso, turning now towards his host, testified the warmest gratitude; then mounted the carriage with Thelismar, and took the road to Guimar. Thelismar would not allow him to exhaust himself with speaking, but, as soon as they got home, put him to bed, where he slept twelve hours, and awoke in perfect health. Thelismar then desired an account of what had happened to him. Alphonso began his recital with informing Thelismar the things he had to relate were so extraordinary and miraculous, that he was afraid they might be thought fabulous; and yet Thelismar heard the whole history of the cavern without seeming to show the least surprise; which did not fail, however, greatly to excite the admiration of Alphonso, and which he could not refrain from testifying.

Dear Alphonso, said Thelismar, had you a little more thought, and a little less vanity, you

had not in the first place run the terrible risk you speak of, and in the next, it would cease to surprise you.

I can easily imagine, answered Alphonso, had I been more prudent I had followed your advice, and not have wandered in a strange country without a guide ; but which way has my vanity contributed to my astonishment ?

Were it not for that, I repeat, you would not have been in any danger. In every place you have come to, yet, I have seen you occupied by one sole idea, that of being very desirous to inform and astonish all the world by the recital of the wonderful things you have seen. We have met with many men of merit, botanists, astronomers, mathematicians, and mechanics, to whom you have spoken a great deal, and listened very little. When you come to a strange country, if you find any person to whom you can make yourself understood, you are careful not to ask them a single question, but very anxious they should learn all you can teach them. This kind of folly gives no one an opinion of your great capacity, but deprives you of the fruits of all your travels. If, for example, since you have been here, instead of amusing yourself so repeatedly, by telling what happened to you at the Azores, you had asked the people concerning the curious things in their own country, and its ancient in-

inhabitants, you would have known your cavern had nothing miraculous about it, and that to enter it must be at the hazard of your life.

Which way, Sir?

By being told the cavern is one of the sepulchral deposits of the Guanches. These ancient caves are dispersed in the deserts, and are known only to the Guanches, who carefully conceal the entrance to them. They visit them in secret; and, if they find a stranger there, they hold him sacrilegious, a victim devoted to death; and, from motives of barbarous superstition, think it their duty to kill him (24).

Well, Sir, said Alphonso, a little piqued, I owe, at least, to my ignorance and want of thought, the advantage of having seen one of these curious caverns.

I have killed no man in my own defence, answered Thelismar; I have suffered neither hunger nor thirst; I have not lain in the inclement air, or have I afflicted my friend by the most cruel anxiety; and yet, I have as well as you, been in a sepulchral cave of the Guanches.

Have you? How did you get admittance?

I knew these caverns existed, had a strong desire to see them, found an opportunity of effectually serving a Guanch, and prevailed on him secretly to conduct me, and show me one of them.

Alphonso had nothing to answer, but held down his head and was silent; recollecting himself a little after, he continued thus: I flatter myself, that what I shall farther relate may yet incite your wonder. After quitting the cavern, I ran, at first, where chance directed me: coming to the banks of a lake—

You need say no more, interrupted Thelismar, I know the rest.

Know the rest! how can that be? I was alone, and I have told nobody!

After drinking the waters of the lake, you gathered some wild fruits, lay down on the grass, and a dreadful tempest arose—

Good Heavens! by what magic, what enchantment can you tell all this?

The column descended from the mountain, the lake was dried up, and—

What do I hear! exclaimed Alphonso; condescend, Sir, to explain this new miracle; who can have told you these things?

No one; I beheld them all.

Beheld them! where were you?

Here, at Guimar upon my terrace.

That was above six miles distant from me!

Very true; and yet, I repeat it, I saw you all the while.

I can no longer doubt! O Thelismar! you are some supernatural being!

A man, my dear Alphonso ! and by no means one of the wisest.

Explain then this strange enigma.

A day would not be sufficient ; I might easily teach you terms and names, and show you certain effects, but this would be treating you like a child. If you wish to know causes, you must gain more solid instruction.

It is what I wish ; instructions such as yours, which can make me comprehend your actions.

Well, I will lend you books : and when you have read them with attention, we will converse together. I will then begin to unveil some of those mysteries, at which you are so much surprised.

O give me those precious books ; see with what ardour I will study them ; how utterly I will reject all other books.

I do not wish you so to do ; but the contrary. You love poetry ; cherish that predilection ; but read none but good poetry ; leave novels, and read books that shall teach you to know yourself ; dedicate two hours a day to the books I shall give you ; think much, speak little, and be attentive to others ; this is all I ask.

Thelismar then took Alphonso to his closet, and gave him a few books : When you have read these, said he, I will communicate a treasure to you, which will finish the work of instruction.

Look at that chest; it contains the treasure I talk of.

Ah! said Alphonso, sighing, must I never hope for other reward?—He stopped and blushed, and the tears gushed in his eyes.

Alphonso, replied Thelismar, I do not pretend to deny that I love you; but, to obtain the reward to which you aspire, you must become worthy of my esteem.

O, my father! cried Alphonso, falling at the knees of Thelismar; yes! my father! permit me the use of a word so dear, and expect every thing from me: I will obtain that precious esteem, that esteem, without which I could not live. What must I perform?—Speak!

Correct yourself of a thousand defects, and especially of your ridiculous vanity; rid yourself of ignorance, and acquire useful knowledge.

Every thing will be easy to me.

Know, then, I have read your heart. I authorize your hopes; but I require you should never converse with me on that subject.

Never! O Heaven!—Nor of the object of—

Never pronounce her name.

Dreadful sentence!

To which you must submit: and remember, if you would gain my esteem, you must begin by proving the empire you have over yourself.

Well, I submit with joy—but suppose *you* mention her name?

You then may answer: otherwise never utter a word, which can be construed into the least reference.

I obey; happily you have not forbidden me to think.

No; I permit you sometimes to think of her. Sometimes! Ever; not a moment of my life, but—

What! retracting already?

Which way?

Have not you promised me seriously to follow your studies?

Most certainly.

And how may that be? if you always think of Dalinda?

Dalinda! Heaven be praised! I did not first pronounce her dear name.

Is it thus, Alphonso, you keep your engagement? Is it thus you will drive Dalinda from your imagination, every time we read or speak together?

Not mention her! nor think of her! how is it possible?

Every thing is possible to reason.

But the effort will be so painful, so cruel: however, I will endeavour; my submission to *you* is unbounded, for there is nothing you

have not the right to exact, and the power to obtain.

Here Madame de Clémire broke off for the evening, and sent her children to rest, who dreamed all night of nothing but moving columns and enchanted caverns : they supposed that Madame de Clémire had told, by this time, every thing she could collect that was marvellous and extraordinary ; but she assured them, what they had heard was little in comparison to what she should relate, for she had reserved for the conclusion incidents still more surprising. This assurance redoubled the extreme curiosity of her little family, which Madame de Clémire satisfied, in the evening, by thus continuing her tale :

Alphonso, notwithstanding the laws prescribed by Thelismar, thought himself the happiest of mortals ; his passion being authorized by the father of Dalinda, he might reasonably entertain the fondest hopes. Nothing was wanting to his felicity, but a letter from don Ramirez, containing a grant of the pardon he had implored.

Thelismar did not leave the Canary Islands without first visiting the famous Peak of Teneriff* ; after which he embarked for the Cape

* This mountain rises in the form of a sugar-loaf in the middle of the island of Teneriff ; its height is so prodigious,

de Verd Islands. During the voyage, Alphonso followed, with ardour, the plan Thelismar had prescribed for his studies; but he had great difficulty to suppress his continual inclination to speak of his passion: he was prevented only by the fear of offending Thelismar; and still he would occasionally hazard some indirect allusions, the true sense of which Thelismar would not understand.

At last, Alphonso, unable longer to endure this constraint, imagined a means to break silence, which appeared to him sublime. He preserved the sash of Dalinda as a thing the most precious in his possession; this, notwithstanding the greatness of the sacrifice, he determined to give back to Thelismar; the supposition that he should thus enjoy the pleasure of speaking of his passion, and of Dalinda, the hope that Thelismar would consider this act as proceeding from an estimable delicacy, and the possibility that he might therefore refuse the sash, were his inducements. Full of these ideas, Alphonso entered one morning, with a triumphant air, the apartment of Thelismar. I come, said he, to make

that the length of the road, which winds along the mountain to attain its summit, is said to be thirty-five miles; and yet the mountain called Chimboraco, one of the Cordilleras, in Peru, is much higher.

a confession, which must be followed by a painful sacrifice.

Of what nature?

You must first give me your permission—to speak of her—I only ask to accuse myself, to repair my fault.

Well, well, let us hear; explain, explain; though I dare engage the fault is not very important.

In my eyes it is; feelings the most forcible, the most affectionate, on which the destiny of my life depend.

Come, to the point. What have you to tell me?

You know to what excess I love Dalinda.

Your preface displeases me, Alphonso.

But it is necessary; it leads to the confession of my fault. The day on which I first saw Dalinda, on which I received a new existence, after your cruel departure, overcome and lost in grief, I wandered, like one distracted, seeking in vain some traces of the celestial being I had beheld: conducted, at last, by some secret charm, I returned, approached the fountain of love, where chance, or rather the god of the fountain, moved by my despair, gave into my hands a pledge the dearest, the most precious—

Dalinda's sash, you mean, interrupted Thelismar. I recollect she lost it.

Behold it here, cried Alphonso, with emphasis, drawing it from his pocket; behold that sash, the sole consolation of an unfortunate lover: I possessed it without your knowledge; it was wrong; I have not the happy right to keep it; a well-founded delicacy obliges me thus to surrender it.

Your scruples are very just, replied Thelismar; give it me, give it me, added he, taking the sash; and I promise to return it, Alphonso, the very first proof I shall receive from you of real sincerity and confidence.

How! cried Alphonso, thunderstruck, do you doubt my sincerity?

I have a great right so to do, at the very moment you employ artifice.

Artifice!

You blush, Alphonso, and well you may; but I dare hope, had you succeeded in deceiving me, your confusion would have been still greater. Had you seen me delighted with your candour, your delicacy, your generosity, tell me how you would have looked, how you would have behaved, while hearing your own false praises?

Alas! said Alphonso, shedding the tear of repentance, you know my heart better than I do myself; I own I only sought a pretext to speak of Dalinda.

And you hoped I should be your dupe; hoped I should return the sash.

I was deceived; convinced by false reasoning.

No; 'tis now you are deceived; you never were *convinced*; we cannot hide from ourselves what is in its own nature blamable: in vain would specious reasons gloss over actions, and call them noble, delicate, refined: the heart and the conscience give such reasonings the lie!

What have I done! O, Thelismar! has this fault, the whole extent of which I now perceive, has it deprived me of your esteem without return?

No; your ingenious manner of acknowledging it, the sincerity of your repentance, the neglected education you have received, and your consequent want of reflection, all plead in your excuse. Did I think cunning a part of your character, I should then hold you past hope; but, notwithstanding the unworthy subterfuge of which you have just been guilty, I read frankness and candour in your bosom; and I am certain, Alphonso, you will yet vanquish your defects.

The concluding sentence gave a little satisfaction to Alphonso, who promised within himself to let no occasion slip of demonstrating his reformation to Thelismar.

Our travellers landed first at the island of Goree, thence they went to Rusisco, and afterward by land to Fort St. Lewis, on the Senegal. They saw the Sereres, a Negro nation, whose hospitality, simplicity, and gentleness, they admired; these virtues are undoubtedly the effect of their love of labour and agriculture, which particularly distinguishes them from most other savages, who are generally indolent, and disdain to cultivate the earth.

One night, as Thelismar and Alphonso, with their guides and companions, were rambling in a sandy and desert place, they saw a prodigious tree, the height of which did not exceed sixty or seventy feet, while its monstrous trunk was above ninety in circumference; its lower branches projected almost horizontally, and, as they were prodigiously large and long, their own weight bent them almost to the ground; insomuch that they found, beneath this single tree, a vast and extensive kind of grove, which might easily give shelter to three or four hundred men (25).

After having admired this astonishing production of nature, our travellers continued their journey. A few paces from the tree they beheld a lion, extended on the ground, and seemingly dead. Alphonso was determined to examine the animal nearer, and Thelismar followed. When they came up to him, they found he still breathed,

but was without power and motion, and apparently expiring; his jaws were open, full of pismires, and bloody.

Alphonso pitied the creature, wiped away the insects that tormented him with his handkerchief, then taking a bottle of water from his pocket, poured it all down his throat, while Thelismar held the end of a pistol to the entrance of that terrible jaw, in case of a too sudden recovery. The lion was greatly relieved by the water, and seemed with his languishing eyes to thank with great expression and gratitude the compassionate Alphonso, who did not leave him till he had administered every succour in his power.

Alphonso and Thelismar rejoined their small company, and followed a path that led through some excessively high grass. As Thelismar was walking on before, at the end of the meadow, he fell into a kind of pit, and suddenly disappeared. Alphonso ran and saw him sitting in the pit. Thelismar said he had got a sprain, and that it was impossible he should rise and walk without his assistance. As Alphonso was going to descend and take him in his arms, he suddenly heard a dreadful hissing, and saw a monstrous serpent, at least twenty feet long, in the pit, with head erect, making towards Thelismar,

who, after an effort to rise, fell helpless again among the grass (26).

Alphonso instantly leaped into the pit, placed himself between Thelismar and the serpent, drew his sword, attacked the horrid reptile, and, with a vigorous and firm stroke, severed his head from his body; then turning to Thelismar, he helped him up, and lifted him out of the pit.

Thelismar embraced Alphonso; you have saved my life, said he; I could neither defend myself nor flee; the serpent was coming to attack me, and his bite is mortal. I promise you, Dalinda shall be informed of this. Alphonso was too much agitated to answer, but pressed Thelismar with transport to his bosom. Gently, said Thelismar, smiling: take care of my right arm, it is broken.

Broken! cried Alphonso; good God!

Had it not, do you think I would not have defended myself?

And you have not uttered the least symptom of complaint or pain!

You, dear Alphonso, have no right at least to be surprised at the fortitude of others.

O my father! replied Alphonso, I want the fortitude to see you suffer; come, let us join our company. He then raised Thelismar gently on his shoulders, and, in spite of all he could say,

carried him, without stopping, to where their companions were waiting.

Thelismar was obliged to remain in one of the negro huts, where he was humanely received. He had a surgeon with him, who set his arm, and in about eight or ten days he resumed his journey.

They came to the country of the Foulis. The king of these savages calls himself Siratick, and some travellers give this name to his kingdom. He entertained Thelismar and his companions with great hospitality, and proposed they should accompany him to the chase of a lion, which within a few days had committed great ravages in his states.

The king, young, courageous, and desirous to show the company his valour and address, ordered his followers and the strangers to stop; and, mounted on an excellent horse, galloped to attack the furious animal, which, perceiving him, leaped to the combat. The Siratick let fly an arrow, and the lion, wounded, advanced with a dreadful bellow.

Alphonso now forgot the orders of the king; he darted like lightning, thinking him in danger, and flew to his succour; he had drawn his sword, and, galloping with incredible swiftness, passed near a tree, against which, by accident,

his sword struck, and snapped short in two. Alphonso himself, shaken by the violence of the shock, could hardly keep his seat; his horse fell, and the same instant the lion, seeing a new enemy coming armed, had abandoned the Sira-tick, and rushed toward him; his dreadful claws were instantly buried in the sides of the horse, and Alphonso, disarmed and without defence, thought his death inevitable. The negroes, fearing to kill him, durst not shoot at the animal.

Thelismar, at the same moment that Alphonso had galloped to the combat, would fain have followed; but the negroes, already irritated at the young man's disobedience to the orders of their king, angrily and violently held him, notwithstanding his cries, his fury, and despair. What were his feelings, when he saw the lion bounding to devour the overthrown Alphonso! O! unhappy young man! cried he.

But O! what surprise! Oh! joy unhop'd!

No sooner had the lion beheld the face of Alphonso, than all his rage was lost; he crouched to him, and lifting up one of his bloody paws, wounded by an arrow, laid it gently on the hand of Alphonso, and seemed to show him his hurt, and ask his assistance.

Alphonso shuddered, and remembering the adventure of the dying lion, cried, O noble animal! I recollect thee; may thy example ever

confound ingratitude, and bring to shame those who would erase from their memory the good which others have done them!—Yes, since thou hast so nobly granted me my life, I will save thine in my turn, and defend thee, be the consequence what it will.

Alphonso then staunched the blood of the wound, and, tearing his handkerchief, made a bandage, which he fastened round the paw.

Thelismar and the savages beheld the spectacle with astonishment. His chirurgical operations ended, Alphonso rose; his horse lay wounded and dying. The lion once more approached him, licked his feet, and caressed him a thousand times. Alphonso retreated gently: the lion stopped, looked after him, then suddenly turned about, directed his course toward a neighbouring forest, and disappeared, leaving the spectators of this strange adventure motionless with amazement (27).

Thelismar, after having pressed Alphonso to his bosom, after having embraced him with the dear affection of a father, reproached him for his temerity and imprudence. Had you, said he, asked the nature of this chase, or rather, had you listened to the account which others gave of it, you would have known the Siratick was in no danger; but that, used to these kind of combats, he waited for the lion to bury his javelin.

in his throat; that he would have afterward leaped off his horse, and killed him with his sabre.

I promise, my father, said Alphonso, I will be more attentive another time, and more prudent; at present I have saved the life of my lion, of my generous and noble animal, and I am happy.

Yes, replied Thelismar, but the Siratick is little pleased with your disregard of his orders; and though your motive was his preservation, he will not pardon you for having robbed him of the honour of the victory; it will be therefore prudent not to stay long in his territories*.

Accordingly, the next morning, Thelismar, Alphonso, and their followers, quitted Ghiorel, and continued their passage up the Senegal, as far as the village of Embakana, near the frontier of the kingdom of Galem: they afterwards crossed the Gambia, traversed the states of Farim†, and, after having travelled a great extent of country, arrived in Guinea.

Here Alphonso met with an adventure, which surprised him exceedingly. As he was walking through a wood with Thelismar, their conversation turned on the immortality of the soul. Would you believe, said Thelismar, that there are men so deprived of sense, as to maintain we have no other advantage over inferior animals than

* See l'Abrégé de l'Histoire des Voyages, tome ii.

† Or Saint Domingo.

that of a more perfect conformation; and who have said, in express terms, that if the horse (that intelligent animal) had, instead of a hoof, a hand like us, he would perform whatever we do*.

What! would he draw? would he design?

What think you?

I do not think he could; he might, perhaps, trace some unmeaning imitations.

The parrot, the magpie, the jay, and various other birds, have the faculty of speech, that is, can learn a few words, but can neither comprehend their meaning, nor, consequently, apply them justly: besides, there are many existing animals, the conformation of which, both interior and exterior, is perfectly similar to that of man; they walk like him, have hands like his, and yet they build neither palaces nor huts; nay, they are even less industrious than many other animals.

Apes you mean; in fact, they are very adroit. And pray what say those authors to this, who desire the horse to have hands?

They acknowledge that the ape might, from

* This strange reasoning is found in a work entitled *De l'Esprit*.

The Translator cannot forbear to enter his protest here against the inconclusiveness of the arguments he is obliged on this occasion to translate; without meaning to insinuate thereby any opinion of his own.—T.

his conformation, be capable of doing the same things as man, and that his natural petulance is an impediment; that he is always in motion; and could you deprive him of that restlessness, that vivacity, he would be man's equal*.

And yet he does not speak.

No; though in certain species the tongue and the organs of voice are the same as in man; and the brain is absolutely of the same form and in the same proportion†.

The brain in the same proportion! how can that be? The ape is so small!

Do you think yourself acquainted with all the species!

Why—Yes.

Those you have seen were restless and turbulent.

Certainly: for which reason, the objection of the authors you mention seems just; in my opinion, beings which are perpetually in motion, however excellent their conformation, cannot learn, cannot become perfect.

But suppose the objection you think so striking should originate only in profound ignorance of things, which are known to the whole world.

How! People who write books ignorant of things known to all the world!—

* All this is found exactly in the same work, *De l'Esprit*.

† See *M. de Buffon on Quadrupeds*, tome xvi. edition in 12mo.

Your doubt, dear Alphonso, proves how little you read.

Just as Thelismar said this, Alphonso gave a start of surprise, and, jogging Thelismar, cried softly, Look, look—there—right before you; what strange creature is that sitting under the tree?

Here let us break off, said Madame de Clémire, interrupting her narrative, I feel myself a little hoarse this evening.

This was sufficient to stop every entreaty to continue, though her young auditors were very desirous to hear an explanation of what this *strange creature* might be.

The next day, a quarter before nine, Madame de Clémire indulged the ardent curiosity of her children, by taking up her manuscript and reading as follows:

Thelismar looked first at the animal, and afterward at Alphonso. What do you think of that figure, said he?

It is a savage, replied Alphonso, and exceedingly ugly. He rises! holds a staff in his hand! he avoids us!

And you take it for a man?

Certainly I do.

It is an ape.

Ape! what, of that size! he is taller than I

am; he walks upright like us, and his legs have the form of ours.

Notwithstanding all which, it is a beast*; but
 “an exceedingly singular one, and which man
 “cannot see without looking at, without know-
 “ing, himself, without being convinced his
 “body is the least essential part of himself†.”

How you astonish me! but is this ape, that was sitting with so much tranquillity at the foot of a tree, as restless and precipitate in his motions as the small apes?

No; “his walk is grave, his actions circum-
 “spect, his temper gentle, and very different
 “from that of other apes‡;”—he has not the hoof of a horse, he is taller than we are, formed as we are.—“The Creator would not form the
 “body of a man absolutely different from all
 “other animals; but, at the same time that
 “he has given him a material body, a form
 “similar to that of the ape, he has breathed his
 “divine spirit into this body; had he done the

* The orang-outang, some of which are above six feet high.

† M. de Buffon.

‡ In speaking of an ape of another species, called gibbon, M. de Buffon says, “this ape seems to us have a natural tranquillity and gentle manners; his motions are neither too sudden nor too restless; he takes kindly whatever is given him to eat, &c.”

“ same favour, I do not say to the ape, but to
 “ that species of beast which seems to us the
 “ most ill-organized, such species would soon
 “ have become the rival of man; quickened by
 “ his spirit, it had excelled others, had thought,
 “ had spoken. Whatever resemblance there
 “ may be then between the Hottentot and the
 “ ape, the interval which divides them is im-
 “ mense; since the Hottentot within is dis-
 “ tinguished by thought, and without by
 “ speech*.”

Alphonso listened to this discourse with admiration. At present, said he, I am desirous to learn how these authors, who pretend that it is our form only which makes us superior to other animals, will answer these arguments.

They do not know the animal that we have just seen, or many other species nearly like him, described by all travellers; yet their works are modern, and, as I have said, these are facts known to all the world.

Thelismar here sat down near a lake surrounded by rocks; their guide proposed they should wait for the rest of the company, whom they had left at a considerable distance. He had seated himself under the shade of some trees, and, taking two books from his pocket, gave one

* M. de Buffon.

of them to Alphonso, pointing out a chapter, which he desired him to read with great attention.

Alphonso promised he would; adding, that he would go farther off and sit down, to be free from all disturbance. This he accordingly did, and sat down, at about two hundred yards distance, on the banks of the lake.

Instead of reading he fell into a profound reverie: the murmurs of the water, the fresh verdure of the rocks, all retraced a scene, which he had not the power to banish from his mind: it recalled to memory the fountain of love; the form of Dalinda was present, he could think of nothing but her, and at last could not refrain from repeating a name so dear.

Certain that Thelismar could not hear him, he sang, in a low voice, a song he had made to her memory. As he finished the last line of his song, he heard footsteps, and, turning his head, saw Thelismar coming: he took up his book, and was silent; but the instant he had done, a soft though sonorous voice seemed to issue from the rocks, and again repeated the couplet he had sung.

Thelismar heard the name of Dalinda as he approached, and his astonishment was excessive, when he found it was not Alphonso who was singing. Alphonso was no less surprised. As soon as the air was ended he was going to ques-

tion Thelismar concerning this prodigy, when another voice began the same couplet; scarce had this second voice ceased singing, but a third, from the opposite side, again repeated the same words, and the same sounds: silence then succeeded, and the concert ended (28).

What enchantment is this? cried Alphonso.

We must confess, said Thelismar smiling, the fauns and sylvans of these rocks are dangerous confidants; the nymphs of the fountain of love were more discreet; but come, give me my book, and tell me whether you be pleased with the chapter I desired you to read. Alphonso blushed and answered only with a sigh; and Thelismar, changing the conversation, rejoined the rest of the company.

Thelismar continued his journey by the gold coast, in the kingdom of Juida, and the kingdom of Benin: in the latter country he found the natives less savage and more civilized than their neighbours. He next traversed Congo, and here it was that Alphonso had nearly lost his life, in consequence of his natural imprudence and impetuosity.

The small caravan of travellers being on their march, Alphonso was walking about two or three hundred yards before the rest. They approached a large pond surrounded by the huts of savages; and Alphonso, looking forward, thought

he saw, on the other side of the pond, a long brick wall built upon the border: not conceiving what could be the use of this wall, he hastened forward to examine it; but as he drew near, perceived this imaginary wall had motion.

He then thought that, instead of a wall, he distinguished warriors clothed in red, and ranged in order of battle: he presently after observed sentinels stationed in advance, and soon saw he was discovered; for, the moment the sentinels perceived him, the alarm was given, and the air resounded with a noise much like the sound of a trumpet.

Alphonso stopped, and while he was deliberating whether he should proceed or go back, he saw the army begin to move, rise from the earth, and at last fly away. Alphonso then learned, with extreme surprise, that this formidable squadron was nothing but enormous red birds, of so bright a colour, that, when they took flight, their wings absolutely seemed inflamed.

Alphonso had a gun, and being desirous of taking one of these extraordinary birds to Thelismar, he fired at the flock, and killed one. Several negroes, on hearing the firing, immediately came out of their huts, which stood by the pond, hastily running. As soon as they saw Alphonso dragging away the bird he had killed, they set forth the most horrible cries, when in-

stantly all the other negroes left their habitations, and came in crowds to attack Alphonso, who saw himself assaulted on all sides by a shower of stones and darts.

Had it not been for the arrival of Thelismar and the other travellers, Alphonso could not have escaped with life; but at sight of them the savages fled, and he came off with a few slight wounds, and a severe reprimand from Thelismar, who informed him, that the negroes held the bird he had killed in such veneration, they would not suffer any one to do it the least injury, but thought themselves obliged in conscience to revenge the death of a creature which they held sacred.

Alphonso learnt also from Thelismar, that the noise which he had compared to the sound of trumpets was nothing but the cry of the birds, which is so loud and shrill that it is heard at more than half a mile distant (29).

Thelismar continued his journey, only stopping occasionally among various hordes of savages, whose manners he wished to know. Of all the barbarous people of Africa, the nation which he thought most interesting was that of the Hottentots: their virtues surpassed their vices; they fulfilled, in their whole extent, the duties of friendship and hospitality; and their love of justice, their courage, benevolence, and chas-

tity, rendered them far superior to other savages*.

It is remarkable, that, among the Hottentots, the education of youth is committed to the mothers till the age of eighteen, after which the males are received to the rank of manhood; but, before that period, they have no communication with the men, not even with their own father†.

During their sojourn among the Hottentots, Thelismar was walking one day with Alphonso: their guide carried a wallet with provision, it being their intention to dine during their walk. As they were crossing the rustic bridge of a small river, the guide let the wallet fall, and, fearing probably the anger of the travellers, took to his heels and disappeared. This event was very disagreeable to Alphonso, he being exceedingly hungry.

I am certain, said Thelismar, I can find my way; but before we walk any farther, let us rest a little under the shade of these trees. They sat down on the grass, and Alphonso continued to complain of having a great way to go and nothing to eat, when Thelismar cried, "Silence, let us listen." Alphonso presently heard a very

* See l'Abrégé de l'Histoire Générale des Voyages, tome iii.

† Idem.

shrill cry, which, to his great astonishment, Thelismar answered in a graver tone: then, rising, said, Since you are so very hungry, Alphonso, come with me, and I will give you a dinner.

Thelismar then uttered several successive cries; and Alphonso perceived a green and white bird, which hovered round them. Let us follow this new guide, said Thelismar, he will recompense us for the carelessness of the other who has run away.

Alphonso knew not what to think, but walked silently, and looked attentively at the bird, which in a few minutes went and rested itself upon a large hollow tree. Stop, said Thelismar, the bird will come and seek us, if he have any thing good to disclose. As he said, so it happened; the bird, seeing they did not approach, redoubled his cries, came back to them, and then returned to his tree, where he fluttered and perched.

Come, said Thelismar, he invites us to dinner with so good a grace we cannot refuse him. So saying he went to the tree, and, to the extreme astonishment of Alphonso, found a bee's nest in it, full of honey.

While our travellers were eating the honey, the bird, having fled to a neighbouring bush, appeared greatly interested at all that passed: it

is but just, said Thelismar, to give him his share of the booty: Alphonso, therefore, left a spoonful of honey upon a leaf, which, as soon as they were gone from the tree, the bird came and ate. In the course of half an hour, the bird shewed them two other nests; and Alphonso, satiated with honey, merrily continued his way (30).

Thelismar quitted the country of the Hottentots, and embarked for the island of Madagascar; afterward he journeyed through all the eastern coast of Africa; then quitted that part of the world, and, after a short stay in the island of Socotora, landed in Arabia Felix. He visited Mecca (31) and Medina (32), traversed a part of the desert, entered Africa again by the Isthmus of Suez, and came to Cairo (33), where he admired the famous pyramids of Egypt (34). Thence he went to Alexandria, where he found a vessel ready to set sail for the island of Thera*.

Thelismar, within the last two months, had several times read over with Alphonso translations of the Iliad and Odyssey. Alphonso, joyfully leaving the burning and barbarous climates of Africa was delighted to find himself once more in Europe, beneath the azure skies of

* An island of the Archipelago, to the north of Candia it is a part of the islands called Santorin, or Santorini, from St. Irene, the patroness of them.

Greece, in places where all the pleasant fictions of fable may be traced, and among people whose manners Homer has described.

Before they left Thera, Thelismar and Alphonso learnt that the volcano, which is situated in that island, began to give great uneasiness to the inhabitants, by appearing to rekindle, smoke, and cast forth stones.

The next morning our travellers rose with Aurora, and were conducted toward the volcano; when they were about two miles distant, their guide stopped, telling them he thought he heard a very uncommon noise; our travellers listened, and heard a kind of bellowing, which seemed to arise out of the earth. They proceeded, however, about half a mile farther; in proportion as they approached, the bellowing increased, and was soon accompanied with frightful hissings; at the same time they observed that the smoke of the volcano grew thicker, and became of a deeper red.

Let us return, said Thelismar.

Scarcely had he spoken before a horrible noise was heard; and, as they turned their heads to look, while hastening toward the sea-coast, they saw the mountain all on fire, covered with flames, which rose to the clouds, and casting forth on all sides volumes of red-hot stones and blazing matter. The terrified guide, losing all recollection,

led them astray, and took them a road which brought them back toward the volcano.

As they now stood fronting this fearful mountain, they saw, with horror, torrents of fire running impetuously down its sides, and spreading over the plain: these destructive rivers burnt and overthrew every thing that opposed their passage: at their approach, the herbs and flowers withered, the leaves grew instantly yellow, and dropped from the trees; the brooks disappeared, the fountains were dried up, and birds fell breathless from the scorched branches.

At the same time, vast clouds of hot ashes, and cinders burnt white, obscured the air, and fell like rain upon the earth, breaking the branches, rooting up trees, and rolling with horrid din from the mountain to the plains, echoing far and near among the resounding rocks.

Thelismar and Alphonso fled from these desolate places, and, after long wandering in unknown paths, came at length to the sea-side; they judged, when at a distance, by the roaring of the waves, that the sea was violently agitated. They judged rightly; it was dreadfully tempestuous, though the air was entirely calm.

They were considering this phænomenon with an astonishment which was soon redoubled. Suddenly there appeared, in the middle of the waves, incredible volumes of flames, which, in-

stantly spreading and dissipating in the air, were succeeded by an innumerable quantity of burning rocks, that were projected from the deep abyss of the ocean, and raised above the waters (35).

The tempest after this decreased, the sea was appeased, and some of the islanders, who passed that way, informed Thelismar, that the volcano no longer vomited flames. When the eruption was ended, Alphonso and Thelismar returned to their lodgings, and, two days after this memorable event, left that unhappy island.

Hence they proceeded to the island of Policandro *, where they found a Swedish traveller, a former friend of Thelismar's, who offered to accompany and guide them in their walks through the island. He brought them to his house, which he would partake with them; and, after supper, addressing himself to Alphonso, said, My dwelling, you see, is simple, devoid of ornaments; but, if you love magnificence, I have the means of gratifying your taste. I am so happy to see my old friend once more, that I have formed the project of giving him an entertainment in a palace, the richness and brilliancy of which may well surprise you.

* One of the Cyclades, to the south of Paros and Antiparos.

Frederic, for that was the name of Thelismar's friend, then rose, called his servants, who came with torches, and went forth with Alphonso and Thelismar.

They came in about half an hour to an enormous mass of rocks. Behold my palace, said Frederic: the aspect, it is true, is a little wild, but we must not always judge from appearances. Stop here a moment, if you please, and let the servants enter first.

The servants then distributed torches to about a dozen men who had followed them, each of whom lighted his flambeau, and proceeded forward. When Frederic saw them at a certain distance, he and his company began to follow.

They had not gone above a hundred paces before they perceived an immense arcade, and their eyes were immediately dazzled by the splendour of light. Come in, said Frederic, this is the peristyle of my palace; what think you of it?

The question was addressed to Alphonso, but he was too busy in considering the brilliant spectacle before him to reply. The walls of this vast peristyle seemed covered with gold, rubies, and diamonds; the ceiling decorated with waving garlands and pendant ornaments of crystal; nay, the very floor on which they trod was paved with the same rich materials (36).

Pardon me, my dear mamma, cried Caroline, for interrupting, but I can hold no longer. Were these pure diamonds?

No; they only seemed such; but the resemblance was so perfect as to deceive the eye most accustomed to consider such objects.

Well, this is very singular; and is it true, dear mamma, that such a palace once existed?

It exists still.

O dear, still!

Yes, in the island of Policandro.

O the charming island! Will you show it us tomorrow, mamma, in the map?

Yes; willingly.

Mamma, if you will permit me, my next geographical lesson shall be to trace upon the maps all the travels of Alphonso; for I can remember them all perfectly, and so I can all the extraordinary things he has seen.

So be it; but, in the mean time, let us continue our tale.

Frederic showed Alphonso how extensive this superb palace was; and, after having passed more than two hours in examining and contemplating the wonders before them, they once more returned to the house of their host. Alphonso learnt from Thelismar that the pretended palace of Frederic was all the work of nature; and

the knowledge of this increased his admiration.

Thelismar, having formerly made the tour of Italy, had no intention of returning thither; but his friend Frederic, who was going to Reggio, entreated his company; to which Thelismar the more readily consented, because it was the only part of Italy he had not seen.

Frederic, Alphonso, and Thelismar, left Policandro, and sailed for the Morea*. Here they beheld the ruins of Epidaurus and Lacedæmon. From the Morea they went to the island of Cephalonia, whence, once more embarking, they sailed for Reggio†. The day after their arrival in that city, our three travellers breakfasted in the chamber of Thelismar, the windows of which looked toward the sea; their conversation was interrupted by a thousand shouts of joy, heard from every part. Alphonso ran out instantly, to know what was the reason of such noisy and animated acclamations: he asked several passengers, who all answered, still running as they spoke, We are going to the sea-side to see the *castles of the fairy Morgana*.

* The large peninsula of ancient Peloponnesus.

† Appertaining to the kingdom of Naples, in Calabria Ulterior: there is another city of the same name in Italy, in Modena.

Alphonso returned, and gave an account of this strange answer; our travellers, therefore, opened their windows, and beheld a sight, the beauty and singularity of which surpassed every thing they had hitherto seen.

“ The sea which bathes the coast of Sicily
“ began to swell and rise by degrees; in a little
“ while the huge waves formed a perfect repre-
“ sentation of an immense and dark chain of
“ mountains; while the surges which washed
“ the coasts of Calabria remained with a tran-
“ quil and smooth surface, like to a vast and
“ shining mirror, gently inclining towards the
“ walls of Reggio. This prodigious looking-glass
“ soon reflected a miraculous picture; millions
“ of pilasters, of the most elegant proportion,
“ and ranged with the utmost symmetry, were
“ distinctly seen, reflecting all the bright and va-
“ ried colours of the rainbow; scarcely did they
“ retain this form a moment before these su-
“ perb pilasters were bent and changed into
“ majestic arcades, which likewise soon vanish-
“ ed, and gave place to an innumerable multi-
“ tude of magnificent castles, all perfectly alike;
“ while these palaces were succeeded by towers,
“ colonnades, and afterward by trees and im-
“ mense forests of the cypress and palm (37).”

After this last decoration, the magic picture

disappeared, the sea resumed its ordinary aspect, and the people who stood upon the strand clapped their hands in transport, a thousand times repeating, with joyous shouts, the name of the fairy Morgana.

And so, mamma, interrupted Pulcheria, we are at length come to our fairy tales again?

Indeed we are not: this last phænomenon, as well as all the other, is taken from nature.

But there is a fairy called Morgana, you know, mamma.

I have only told you what the people of Regio say; who are generally ignorant and credulous, are fond of fables, and easily adopt them.

But these magic pictures—

Are produced by natural causes.

I cannot conceive at present why every body do not pass their lives in travelling, reading, and acquiring knowledge, in order to understand and see things so curious and interesting; but, dear mamma, be pleased to continue your recital.

Alphonso began to think like you; the astonishment which so many extraordinary events continually raised, excited an ardent curiosity and a strong desire of obtaining knowledge; his trifling amusements no longer pleased; he became thoughtful, spoke with reserve, and listened with attention; but, in proportion as his

mind became enlightened, he discovered faults in his past conduct, every recollection of which made him bitterly repent.

He could not now comprehend how it was possible he should have forsaken his father. The obstinate silence of don Ramirez grievously afflicted him; he ardently desired to arrive at Constantinople, where he expected to find letters from Portugal: and though he had a passionate attachment to Thelismar, though he had almost a certainty of obtaining the hand of Dalinda, he yet determined to quit the former in Turkey, and return to Europe, there to sacrifice his hopes and happiness to filial duty, if he received no intelligence from his father.

This resolution plunged him into a state of melancholy, of which Thelismar searched in vain the cause; which he even augmented, in wishing to dissipate, by marks of the most tender affection. He often spoke to Frederic, in his presence, of Dalinda, to drive away his dejection; while these conversations, far from softening the secret pangs of Alphonso, but embittered them the more. Thelismar at last took leave of Frederic, quitted Reggio, and returned to Greece; and, travelling through it, came to Constantinople toward the end of April.

Alphonso found a letter at Constantinople

from Portugal, which he received with inexpressible anxiety: it was not from don Ramirez, but informed Alphonso his father had returned to Portugal, had passed some time at Lisbon, and had left that city, declaring he was going to undertake a tour of eighteen months. The letter added, that nobody doubted don Ramirez had had several private conversations with the king, and that the purpose of his voyage was some secret negotiations; that they were in great expectations of seeing him once more in office, because his successor and enemy had been disgraced a week after his departure.

The gentleman who wrote an account of all this ended his letter by saying, he had not seen don Ramirez, as Alphonso had desired him to do, because, being on a tour to France, he had not returned to Lisbon till three weeks after his departure.

From the date of this letter Alphonso calculated, that his father could not be in Portugal in less than fifteen or sixteen months; he therefore abandoned his project of returning thither immediately; in fact, having no money, he had no means of subsistence in the absence of don Ramirez; and he was pretty certain his travels would be ended, and he should return to Europe in less than a year. The silence of his father deeply afflicted him; but the assurances of his health

and safety were great consolations, and he did not doubt but time, and his future conduct, might regain the affections of his father.

Alphonso, now less sorrowful, less absent, conversed with Thelismar as formerly; who appeared so satisfied with the change he had remarked in him, that Alphonso thought he might venture to speak of Dalinda. At first Thelismar was satisfied with gently reminding him of his promise; and Alphonso, emboldened by this indulgence, several times fell into the same error; till at last Thelismar was displeased, and Alphonso was obliged to be silent, though he still sought occasions to speak his sentiments indirectly, and to complain of the restraint imposed upon him.

Frederic had given Thelismar letters of recommendation to one of his friends, a Greek, who possessed a charming house on the channel of Constantinople: this Greek, whose name was Nicander, was not then at Constantinople. Alphonso and Thelismar, therefore, in about a fortnight, went to Buyuk-Dairai, a village eight miles from Constantinople*, where Nicander and his family passed a part of the summer.

* The situation of this village is very pleasant. Ambassadors and various other persons have country-houses there. *Voyage Littéraire de la Grèce*, par M. Guys. tome i.

It was the first of May, and ten in the morning, when our two travellers arrived at Buyuk-Dairai. As they entered, they saw the streets full of young people elegantly clothed, and crowned with garlands, singing and playing on various instruments; every house was decorated with flowers, festoons, and roses, and adorned by a multitude of young Grecian beauties, surrounded by slaves magnificently clothed.

This spectacle delighted Alphonso; and Thelismar, acquainted with the customs of Greece, informed him, that it was thus they celebrated every first of May; that on this solemn day, young lovers fixed garlands of roses over the doors where their mistresses dwelt, and sang their praises under their windows (38).

Alas! said Alphonso, they are happy, for they are heard. That favour, replied Thelismar, is no proof of their happiness.

But what happens when two rivals meet under the same window, or at the same door?

They fasten their garlands on each side, and sing alternately.

After our travellers had stopped some time in the first street, they continued their way; and Alphonso perceiving at a distance a house more ornamented with flowers than the rest, said, Certainly that is the habitation of some celebrated beauty; he was confirmed in this opinion

when, coming nearer, he beheld two charming young virgins standing in a large balcony.

The guide informed them this was the house of Nicander, and they entered; the master came immediately to receive them, and, after having read the letter of Frederic, embraced them both affectionately, and testified the liveliest hopes, that they would remain with him some time. Nicander and all his family spoke French tolerably well: Thelismar understood that language perfectly, and Alphonso knew something of it.

Nicander called his slaves, who conducted the travellers into a spacious hall, the walls of which were Parian marble, where a bath was prepared (39).

After bathing, Nicander came and conducted them into the apartment of his wife Glaphyra; she was seated upon a sofa, with her two daughters, Glycera and Zoë, and an old and venerable woman, the nurse of Nicander, whom, according to the custom of the modern Greeks, the family called Paranama; a gentle epithet, expressive of gratitude, and signifying second mother (40).

The daughters were superbly dressed: both had long flowing robes, white veils bordered with gold fringe, and girdles richly embroidered, fastened with buckles of emeralds (41).

Glaphyra and Nicander questioned Thelismar concerning his travels, and prevailed on him to recount some of his adventures; after which they sat down to table, and their repast being ended, Zoë brought her lyre, and accompanied several duets which she sang with her sister (42).

This agreeable music being over, Nicander proposed a walk to his guests, which they readily accepted.

He led them into the meadows, in one of which they beheld a multitude of shepherds and shepherdesses, clothed in white, and adorned with garlands of flowers, almost all holding in their hands branches of the green palm, the myrtle, and the orange-tree; some danced to the sound of the lyre, while others gathered flowers, and sang the praises and the return of spring.

Look, said Nicander, at that young virgin, crowned with roses, and finer than her companions; she is the queen; she represents the goddess of flowers; and, while called by the charming name of Flora, receives the homages of all the village throng: but her reign is short; it is the empire of youth and beauty, and ends before the decline of day.

While Nicander was speaking, the young queen gave a signal, and all the shepherds as-

sembled round her ; one of her virgin companions then sang a hymn in honour of Flora and the spring ; at the end of each couplet of which the shepherds repeated in chorus this burthen :

“ Welcome, sweet nymph ! bless'd goddess of the May !”

After this they continued their dances (43).

Having walked round the meadows several times, Nicander reconducted his guests back to his house, where they found Glaphyra and her daughters, surrounded by their slaves, employed at embroidering, each in turn relating short stories and moral fables (44). Though Alphonso did not understand Greek, he was charmed with the picture he beheld. The youthful Zoë was speaking, and Thelismar conjured her to continue her recital : she accordingly began again, with a grace which was augmented by the bloom of her cheeks and her modest diffidence.

Zoë related the history of a young virgin, on the eve of her marriage, quitting the paternal mansion. She told her tale with equal truth and feeling, and painted the interesting and deep grief of a tender and grateful daughter tearing herself from the arms of her beloved family. Glycera listened to the detail with extreme emotion ; involuntary tears then bathed her downcast eyes, and watered the flowers she embroidered :

her mother, who observed her, called her with a broken voice, and held out her arms. Glycera rose, ran and threw herself at her mother's knees melted in tenderness.

The history is interrupted; Nicander approaches Glycera, kisses her affectionately, clasps her to his bosom: the lovely Zoë quits her work, and flies to her sister's arms: the slaves testify their feelings at this touching scene: and Nicander in a few moments, taking Alphonso and Thelismar into another apartment, explained the cause of what they saw, by first telling them the subject of Zoë's fable, and then informing them that Glycera was herself on the eve of marriage.

The very same evening the young man chosen to be the spouse of Glycera sent large baskets magnificently embellished, containing ornaments and nuptial presents for Glycera and the family. The next day the young Greek came, attended by his parents and friends, to the house of Nicander; the beautiful and affecting Glycera appeared; she had on a silver robe, embroidered with gold and pearls, and fastened with a girdle of diamonds; her tresses floated upon her shoulders, and a hymeneal crown adorned her head, while she wept, and hid herself in her mother's arms.

Glycera received the parental benediction kneeling, which Nicander pronounced with great

tenderness, but with a solemn and firm tone; while the feeling mother, incapable of articulating a word, raised her swimming eyes to Heaven, and pressed between her trembling hands the hands of her daughter. After this moving ceremony, the two families, united, and followed by all their slaves, walked to church: this superb train was preceded by a band of vocal and instrumental music: after them came the young virgin, supported by her father and mother; her pace was slow, timid, and trembling; her downcast eyes were evidently bedewed with tears, which she vainly endeavoured to retain. According to the ancient usage of Greece, the torch of Hymen^{us} was carried before her, and her slaves, husband, relations, and friends, closed the procession, in which order they arrived at church.

After the ceremony, the bride and bridegroom were reconducted in pomp to their house, the front of which was illuminated, and ornamented with flowers and foliage; cups of wine were given to all the guests, and the young people received nosegays twined with threads of gold, the person who presented them saying, *Go ye and marry also*. These words roused the attention of Alphonso, who looked at Thelismar. A banquet succeeded, and the dancing continued till midnight (45).

Alphonso left this feast in a sorrowful mood;

the remembrance of Dalinda, and the fear of never perhaps tasting a happiness such as that of which he had been a spectator, afflicted him deeply. This melancholy continued several days; but it was insensibly dissipated by the new and agreeable objects that surrounded him, and especially by the tenderness of Thelismar.

Thelismar and Alphonso every day, after their walk, went regularly to the embroidering room, whither Glycera, and the young friends of Zoë, always came; Nicander explained, in a whisper, to the strangers, the subjects of the tales related by these young Greeks: and, when Zoë spoke, Alphonso became particularly attentive: he often would change places with Nicander or Thelismar, the better to see them embroider, and he remained longest always at the frame of Zoë: he praised all their performances, but he only looked at that of Zoë: he once more undertook to design flowers, and offered every day a new pattern to Zoë for her embroidery; at last he began continually to vaunt of the manners and customs of Greece, and thought *Buyuk-Dairai* the most delightful place he had ever seen.

One morning when he was alone with Thelismar, the latter praised him highly for his conduct. I am quite enchanted with you, continued he, dear Alphonso; I see you begin to acquire a command over yourself.

Do I?

Yes; and I cannot conceal my satisfaction; for three weeks past, you have learnt to hide and overcome that melancholy, at which I was so uneasy; you are obliging, amiable, and attentive in company; and, what must have cost you more than all the rest, you speak no longer of Dalinda; be assured I feel the value of this effort.

So saying, Thelismar embraced Alphonso, who suffered his embrace with a cold and mournful air, without making any reply; a moment's silence succeeded. Alphonso walked thoughtfully about his chamber, then, suddenly turning, No, Thelismar, said he, I must not deceive you; I should be unworthy of your kindness, were I to leave you in an error—he stopped and blushed.

What would you say? answered Thelismar.

Perhaps, exclaimed Alphonso, I am going to ruin myself.

Ruin yourself! what, by being sincere! and to me, Alphonso! Can you suppose it?

Know then, that though my heart is always the same, though Dalinda alone has touched it, and though, were it not for the hope of becoming your son, life would be a burden—yet—if I have ceased to speak of her, if I have seemed cheerful, do not attribute this conduct to the efforts of reason, but, on the contrary, to—

Come to my arms, interrupted Thelismar, come, noble and dear Alphonso, this proof of thy candour and confidence justifies my affection for thee.

O, my father! O, my indulgent friend! cried Alphonso—

See, continued Thelismar, how fleeting a sensation love is, dear Alphonso, when not confirmed by an affectionate and solid friendship: two large black eyes, an ingenuous countenance, a sweet smile, and five or six stories which you did not understand, have made you, in three weeks, forget the object of that passion, which you pretended was so violent.

It is true, that the young Zoë amused and interested me; it is true, she banished my sorrows from my mind, and that Dalinda was less frequently present to my imagination, but she was ever in my heart.

Do not deceive yourself, Alphonso; you have yet no real attachment to Dalinda, because, at present, you know nothing of her but her form.

But that form proclaims a soul so pure, so superior! Besides, I know Dalinda by her letters, her acquirements, her tenderness for you! In a word, Dalinda is the daughter of Thelismar, and is not that enough to make her passionately beloved?

All this is not a sufficient foundation for a deep and durable attachment, which cannot exist without mutual confidence and friendship. But let me ask you a question concerning Zoë: how has it happened, that you have not perceived the impression she has made upon you?

It must certainly be a want of reflection.

Imagine then, for a moment, the consequence of wanting such reflection. I have more than once observed, that Nicander and Glaphyra do not approve your excessive respect for Zoë; so many attentions, a preference so marked, must soon injure the reputation of the young virgin to which they are paid. You have risked troubling the repose, and bringing sorrow into a house, where the treatment we meet demands all our gratitude.

Heavens! you make me shudder—but henceforth I will think, I will each day fervently examine my actions, my sensations; and, what may be more effectual, I will every day consult you. Never more will I conceal my thoughts from you.

And now, said Thelismar, I must acquit myself of a promise which I have not forgotten. So saying, he opened a casket, took out the sash of Dalinda, and gave it Alphonso. It belongs to you, said he; you have a right to it, since I

promised it to you on the very first proof of your sincerity.—

O Thelismar, said Alphonso, greatly affected, what a moment have you chosen! And am I permitted to receive a pledge so dear in this house?

Yes; if it still continue dear to you; if you have still the same sentiments.

Then I dare accept it.—Alphonso threw himself at Thelismar's feet, received the sash of Dalinda kneeling, and kissed with transport the hand that gave it.

Remember, Alphonso, said Thelismar, this, from a father, is no light, no trifling gift; from this moment our engagement is mutually sacred. I have adopted you as a son; I promise you an amiable and virtuous companion for life, of whom you must become worthy, not by a romantic passion, but by a stable and uniform virtue. Continue to inform your mind, and improve your temper and understanding; it is thus you must prove your love for Dalinda, and show your gratitude for my affection.

Nicander came and interrupted their conversation; and Alphonso, too much moved to support the presence of a third person, retired: he wished for solitude, that he might indulge without constraint the transports of his heart. It is

needless to observe, that, from that day forward, he designed no more patterns for Zoë, paid her no other attentions than such as good breeding demanded, and avoided going into the embroidering room.

The family of Nicander, however, met an unexpected affliction; one of their friends, lately returned from the isle of Karki*, to which he had made a short voyage, fell ill, and died in four days' time. Nicander related many interesting particulars of the friend he had lost; and told how he had renounced the riches and honours, which he had a right to expect, that he might yield himself without control to the delights of friendship and study.

This sage, continued Nicander, who had retired to a pleasant house (46) near mine, distributed the greater part of his income to the unfortunate; he consecrated the rest to the embellishment of his habitation; his heart was virtuous, and his temper simple; he cultivated his garden himself, watered his flowers, and bred birds, for which he made an extensive aviary. Such were his innocent amusements. Beloved

* It is the ninth of the islands of the Propontis, anciently called Dæmoneri, or the isles of the Genii. M. d'Anville mistakenly calls them *Les Isles du Prince*, which name is given by the inhabitants only to the fourth.—*This note is by M. Guys.*

by his friends, adored by his slaves, he had a sister worthy of himself, who lived with him, went with him every where, and who never can forget his loss. Tomorrow, continued Nicander, we shall perform the last duties of friendship; his sister will conduct the funeral rites.

But how will she have the fortitude? said Thelismar.

You are a man, answered Nicander, who wish to know our manners, to study nature; come and see this sorrowful ceremony; you will there behold the workings of despair. Grief among us is never repressed, it is seen in all its energy. Among a people who are slaves to appearance and custom, sorrow is mournful and mute, but here it is eloquent and sublime.

This conversation excited the curiosity of Thelismar, who did not fail, with Alphonso, to follow Nicander to the funeral of his friend. They went first to the house of Euphrosyne, the name of the sister above mentioned, and entered a chamber hung with black, where the corpse, magnificently clothed, and with the face uncovered, was laid in a coffin; the slaves were kneeling round, and venting their grief by tears and groans. Among them Thelismar distinguished an old man, still more profoundly afflicted than the rest, to whom Nicander went and spoke.

Thelismar questioned Nicander concerning this

old man, who answered, his name was Zaphiri. He was present at the birth of him we lament, said Nicander; he is almost past the use of his limbs, and the impossibility of following the burial adds to his grief; he has just told me there is but one remaining pleasure for him on earth, the feeding of the birds and the culture of the flowers, which once were his dear master's delight.

Nicander was speaking, when Alphonso and Thelismar felt their blood run cold at the broken accents and dolorous cries they heard. It is the wretched Euphrosyne, said Nicander. Immediately a woman appeared in long mourning garments, with disordered hair, pale cheeks, and bathed in tears; she was supported by two slaves, and seemed scarcely able to drag her slow steps along; the august and affecting picture of a grief so profound made her natural beauty more striking, more majestic; and her shrieks, her lamentable groans, were uttered in an accent so penetrating and so real, that it was impossible to hear them, and not at once feel astonishment, terrour, and the most heart-rending pity.

The patriarch and his attendants soon after arrived. The corpse was taken up, and a funeral dirge began. After passing through the village, and proceeding less than a mile into the country,

they came to a place overspread with cypress-trees, tombs, and sepulchral columns.

Euphrosyne shrieked, and hid her face in her veil, as soon as she perceived at a distance the sepulchre prepared for her brother. They came at last to the grave: the procession stopped; the patriarch pronounced the burial service, kissed the dead, and retired.

Euphrosyne then, raising up her veil, came suddenly forward, and fell upon her knees by the side of the coffin.

Oh, my brother! cried she, receive the last farewell of thy unhappy sister: Oh, my dear, my affectionate friend! do I then look upon thee for the last time?—My brother!—Is this my brother?—Alas! yes, here are his features still; but, oh, insupportable thought! while I bathe him with my tears, while I call him, while my heart is torn with despair, his countenance still preserves the same unalterable gloom, the same mournful tranquillity—Oh dreadful silence!—it is the silence of death—my brother is but a shadow; it is his image only Euphrosyne kisses—What then, have I for ever lost thee!—Shall I never see thee more?—Never!—never!—No—I cannot submit to this—this eternal—this horrible separation. No, I will not suffer the hand of cruelty to tear thee from my arms, and plunge thee in

the tomb—Stop, barbarian, stop! forbear to dig his grave—pity my grief, or dread my despair!

The patriarch again advanced to take away the body. Euphrosyne sent forth a dreadful shriek; her slaves flew to her assistance, and, in spite of her struggles, held her at some distance from the grave, while she, quite beside herself, rent her garments, and tore up her hair by the roots to scatter on the coffin.

Her tears then suddenly ceased: motionless and stupid, her eyes were fixed upon the coffin as they were lowering it into the tomb. But when she saw them place the marble over it, by which it was to be for ever hidden, she shook fearfully, and shrunk back. Oh God! cried she—Is it then done?

So saying, the colour left her lips, her eyes closed, and she fell senseless into the arms of her slaves. They bore her away from the tomb; and, as soon as she came to herself, her friends and relations, according to custom, conveyed her home.

To get to the house, it was necessary she should cross the garden; here, as soon as she entered, she met the old slave Zaphiri, holding in one hand a hoe, and in the other a watering-pot; she looked, and shuddered; it was the occupation of the deceased; she ran towards the

slave: What art thou doing, Zaphiri? cried she.

Alas! I am tending the flowers my master loved so much.

Miserable old man, said she, seizing the hoe, thy master is no more! this place must be evermore the place of sorrow, of desolation; let all that embellishes it die; be its pleasures annihilated; open the nets; give liberty to those birds, whose warbling and mirth distract my heart; and these flowers, nurtured by my brother's hand, let them perish with him.

So saying, Euprosyne wildly and rapidly ran, cutting down and trampling on all the flowers in her path (47).

This affecting scene made a strong impression on the heart of Alphonso. Tell me, said he to Thelismar, when they were at home, how does it happen, that ideas so opposite may be the result of the same feelings? Why does this old man delight to cultivate the flowers of his master, while Euprosyne, on the contrary, finds a kind of consolation in their destruction?

Which of these two actions do you prefer? asked Thelismar in return.

That of the old man appeared most natural, and yet the other moved me more.

Common feelings produce only common effects, while a deep sensibility naturally begets extraor-

dinary ideas and actions: thus, for example, if the woman who has interested us so much, if Euphrosyne had reason, taste, and discernment, as well as such strong passions, and she were then to write, her works would certainly possess originality, energy, feeling, and truth.

And is it not the possession of these qualities which constitutes genius?

Undoubtedly! If genius did not originate in the soul, would it be a gift so precious, so desirable, or could it so powerfully excite envy?

Thelismar and Alphonso passed some few more days at Buyuk-Dairai; after which they took leave of Nicander and his amiable family, quitted Greece, and entered Asia by Natolia. They staid a little while at Bagdad* and Bussarah†, and stopped at the island of Baharen, in the Persian Gulf, where they saw the famous pearl-fishery (48). Thence they departed by sea for the kingdom of Visapour.

During this voyage, Thelismar and Alphonso were one evening walking the deck, and conversing on the wonders of nature. I think at present, said Alphonso, I know them all.

* Bagdad is a great city, on the eastern borders of the Tigris; it was taken by the Turks in 1638.

† Bussarah is a fine city, below the confluence of the Tigris and the Euphrates; the Turks have been masters of it ever since 1668; it is 240 miles from Bagdad.

Dear Alphonso, since you are so learned, replied Thelismar, explain the meaning of the phenomenon which at this moment appears; look this way on yonder waves.

Alphonso went to Thelismar, and, looking as directed, beheld the vessel encircled by fire, to which the total darkness of the night gave an additional brilliancy; the surface of the sea was entirely covered^d with small sparkling stars, and every wave, as it broke, cast forth a shining light.

The wake of the vessel was of a luminous silver white, interspersed with dazzling azure sparks (49).

I confess, said Alphonso, this is a glorious sight, and absolutely new to me.

Come, let us go to bed, replied Thelismar; and should you happen to awake in the night, I am persuaded you will make some solitary reflections on that presumption, which is but too natural to you, and which persuades you of the extent of your knowledge, when every day proves the contrary.

Alphonso made no reply but embraced Thelismar, and went to bed.

Scarcely had he been asleep half an hour, before there was a noise in his cabin that awakened him: he had put out his light, and was frightened at opening his eyes, by perceiving fire on the

partition opposite his bed; he rose hastily, and his surprise increased at beholding, in large legible letters of fire, these words written upon the boards:

Learned Alphonso, your terrour is ill founded, this fire burns not (50).

Ashamed and astonished, Alphonso put his hand upon these fiery characters, and felt no heat. O Thelismar! cried he, what surprises me the most is, that you have the art to render the lessons which wound self-love agreeable. Thelismar immediately appeared, with a light in his hand, smiling; and, after having explained to him the nature of this seeming fire, retired, and Alphonso once more went to sleep.

It is also time that we should go to sleep, interrupted the Baroness; for the evening has been much longer than usual.

The next evening Madame de Clémire again continued her history of Alphonso.

Our travellers being arrived at Visapour, visited the diamond mines (51), and afterward went to the court of the great mogul. Thelismar, having obtained an audience of the emperor, was permitted with Alphonso to see the palace. They passed through many apartments, and found in all of them beautiful women, in magnificent habits, armed with lances, who formed the in-

terior guard of the palace. They came to a vast and splendid hall, hung with gold brocade, where the monarch was sitting on a throne of mother of pearl, entirely covered with rubies and emeralds; four columns, all bespread with diamonds, supported a canopy of silver, embroidered with sapphires, and ornamented with festoons and knots of pearls; a superb trophy, composed of the emperor's arms, his quiver, bow, and sabre, garnished with jewels, and connected by a chain of topazes and diamonds, was suspended to one of the columns; the emperor himself was clad in cloth of gold, and in the centre of his turban was a diamond of prodigious brightness, so large that it extended almost over his whole forehead: various rows of fine pearl formed his bracelets and collar; and an infinity of precious stones, of various colours, enriched his girdle and his buskins: before him was a table of massive gold, and all the great lords of his court, in most sumptuous robes, were standing ranged round his throne.

Thelismar presented to him several mathematical instruments, of which, by means of an interpreter, he explained the use. The emperor seemed pleased with the presents and conversation of Thelismar; told him it was his birth day; that the whole empire celebrated the festival, and invited Alphonso and Thelismar to spend the evening in his palace.

Evening came; wine was brought in vases of rock crystal; every body was seated; fruits were served in plates of gold: the musicians entered, and the hall soon resounded with cymbals and trumpets.

The emperor filled a goblet of wine, and sent it to Thelismar; the goblet was of gold, enriched with the tourquoise, the emerald, and the ruby. When he had drunk, the emperor desired him to keep the cup as a mark of his friendship.

When the repast was almost ended, two large basins of rubies were brought the emperor, which he threw among the courtiers, who all scrambled for them. Soon after, two other basins were brought full of gold and silver almonds, which were thrown, and snatched with the same avidity.

Thelismar and Alphonso, as you may well suppose, sat still, ashamed of, and contemning, the covetousness and meanness of the mogul lords.

The emperor also distributed pieces of gold-stuff and rich girdles to several of the musicians and some of the courtiers; after which the drinking began. Thelismar and Alphonso were the only people who remained sober; the emperor, unable to sit upright, hung his head and fell asleep, and then every body retired.

When Alphonso and Thelismar were alone, Thelismar said to Alphonso, What do you think of this court ?

I think, replied Alphonso, he is the richest and most magnificent sovereign upon earth.

And the happiest and most respectable likewise.

I know not whether he be happy, for I know not whether he be loved, and whether his reign be peaceable and glorious : but I confess there is nothing august in his person ; nothing that enforces reverence. There is not a single prince in Europe, who has so little the air of majesty.

And yet there is no European sovereign, who may be any way compared to him for pomp and show. Gold, pearls, diamonds, and all the Asiatic ostentation, do not therefore of themselves impress any real respect. What must we think then of those frivolous Europeans, who affix so great and imaginary a value on these shining trifles ? I wish the European women, who are richest in such possessions, and who are sometimes properly enough, by way of derision, called queens of diamonds, I wish they could be transported hither for twenty-four hours. What would one of them say at seeing herself totally surpassed in such bright baubles by the very slaves of the emperor's wives ?

For my part, answered Alphonso, blushing a little, I shall no more mention the diamonds that

my father lost during the earthquake at Lisbon. But pray tell me how it happens, that the great lords of this court, who seem so rich, are yet so covetous? How meanly did they hustle one another for the gold and jewels the emperor threw!

Their whole emulation is that of being more superbly dressed than others; they only seek to distinguish themselves by silly outside show; and you see how much this kind of vanity, carried to excess, can make men capable of the most degrading acts. But to return to the emperor: you say you are ignorant whether he be happy; can you suppose a monarch so ignorant, so debased, happy?

If he be good, he may be beloved.

We do not love whom we despise. Ought he not, for the good of his people, to be well informed, just, and estimable? Besides, this monarch has no subjects: they are only slaves, and he is a despot: he exercises a tyrannical power outwardly, while he is inwardly tormented by all the fears and terrours, which ever were the just punishments of tyrants. The homage paid him is forced; and, while adulation offers him incense, hatred is secretly conspiring his destruction; his life is passed in suspicion, or the punishment of traitors; he is in continual fear of

all that approach him ; and, to complete his misery, his very children are suspected.

The next day, Thelismar and Alphonso went early to the palace ; the mogul was then at war with the sovereign of Decan, and was going to visit the camp where his troops were assembled. His wives were mounted on elephants, that waited at their doors ; Thelismar counted eighty of these animals, all pompously equipped ; the little towers they carried were plated with gold, embellished with mother of pearl : the same metal too formed the bars of their grated windows ; a canopy of cloth of silver, with tassels hung with rubies, covered each tower.

The emperor was carried in a palanquin of gold and mother of pearl, set with pearls and precious stones : many other palanquins followed that of the emperor ; and a vast number of trumpets, drums, and other instruments, mixed among a crowd of officers, richly clothed, who carried rich canopies and umbrellas of brocaded gold, hung with pearls, rubies, and diamonds, led the procession.

Our travellers, after having admired the splendour of his camp, quitted the court of the great mogul (52), and went to the kingdom of Siam. Here they saw the famous white elephant, so much revered in India : his apartment is magnificent, he is served kneeling, and in vessels of

gold*. “These attentions,” says an illustrious philosopher†, “these respects, these offerings, flatter him, but do not corrupt; he has not therefore a human soul; and this should be sufficient to demonstrate it to the Indians.”

There was now but one part of the world unknown to our travellers, America, for which they embarked, and came to California; thence they went to Mexico; and, as they were on their route to the town of Tlascala, Thelismar, looking at his watch, stopped his carriage and alighted—telling his servants to wait, and carefully look to the horses; for, added he, night will suddenly overtake us.

How! said Alphonso, laughing, night? Not so suddenly, for it is only noon.

Thelismar made no reply, but, seeking the shade, turned toward some trees at a little distance. Alphonso, as he followed, perceived an animal, the extraordinary figure of which raised his attention; it was nineteen or twenty inches long, without reckoning the tail, which was at least twelve, and scaly like a serpent; its ears were like those of the small owl, and its hair erect.

* They have the same respect for white elephants at Laos, Pegu, &c.

† M. de Buffon.

The animal stood still, and Alphonso wished to examine it; he observed it was waiting for its young, which were running towards it; as they came up, it put them one after another into a bag or pouch beneath its belly, then ran towards the trees.

Desirous of observing so singular an animal nearer, and finding that it could not run fast, Alphonso pursued it; he had just overtaken it when it came to the foot of a tree, up which it ran with surprising agility, seized the end of one of its highest branches with its tail, twisted it round, and there remained suspended, apparently motionless (53).

Alphonso was, going to mount the tree, when he heard on every side of him a loud crackling, which, redoubling, seemed like the discharge of artillery; at the same instant he was covered with an innumerable multitude of small black grains, darted on him from all parts (54). He hastily drew back, and hid his eyes with his hands, which were considerably hurt by the grains that had struck them. The pain was so great that he was obliged to keep them shut for some minutes; at last he opened them, but no sooner had he done so than he cried out, O Heaven, I am blind! O Thelismar! O Dalinda! I shall never see you more.—Thelismar! Thelis-

mar ! where are you ?—Do not abandon the unhappy Alphonso.

As he said this, he heard pretty near him a burst of laughter, and knew it was the voice of Thelismar. What then, continued he, does Thelismar insult my misery ? No ; it is not possible.

He then recollected that Thelismar, when he got out of his carriage, had told his servants that night approached : he began therefore to take courage, and doubt the truth of his blindness ; notwithstanding the midnight darkness that surrounded him, he followed the sound of Thelismar's voice, till he found and seized him in his arms.

I cannot at present, said Thelismar, serve you as a guide, Alphonso, for I am as blind as you are.

Thanks be to Heaven, replied Alphonso, that I am acquitted for the fright only ; I find, now, that the cause of my fear is nothing but an eclipse of the sun ; but I did not think that eclipses ever produced such total darkness ; or can I perceive by what art you could foretel, with so much precision, the exact moment of this phænomenon.

While Alphonso was speaking, the sun, once more beginning to appear, dissipated the fearful obscurity that had blackened every object ; the

profound silence, the midnight calm, soon ceased; and nature seemed to revive; the birds, with fresh animation, thinking they sang the return of Aurora, gave notice, by their loud and lively warblings, of the birth of day (55).

Thelismar and Alphonso now regained their carriage; and the eclipse, the animal, and the strange artillery, furnished our travellers with subjects for conversation, which were not exhausted when they arrived at Tlascala.

Quitting Mexico, Thelismar and Alphonso embarked for St. Domingo: here Alphonso flattered himself he should find a letter from his father; he was mistaken, but he received news from Portugal, though such as gave him great affliction.

He learned, that don Ramirez had not returned to Portugal; that the public opinion was totally changed concerning his being again taken into favour and sent on an embassy; most people even supposed him exiled, but were totally ignorant to what part of the world he was retired.

This intelligence overwhelmed Alphonso with grief: uncertain now of what might be his father's fate, his remorse became more keen than ever.

Thelismar came to seek him just as he was in the midst of these melancholy thoughts. I come

to tell you, said Thelismar, you will see Dalinda much sooner than you hoped; she is at Paris with her mother; they will wait for us there: tomorrow we will depart for Surinam, thence we will embark for France, whither we shall go directly. But in the mean time, added Thelismar, before you see Dalinda, I will show you a present I have just received from her. Here, open this—do you recollect that form?

Heavens! cried Alphonso, it is the portrait of Dalinda! What a wonderful picture! What a striking likeness! How perfect is the painter's art!

This picture will interest you still more, when you know it is the work of Dalinda herself.

Dalinda! Has she then every talent as well as every charm! O permit me once more to look on this precious painting.—Yes; behold her angelic features; look, there is her enchanting smile. How happy, Thelismar, are you in the possession of such a treasure!

And yet I desire another picture of her; I would have her paint herself once more, but with her husband by her side; and when, Alphonso, she shall give me that, I promise you shall have this.

Alphonso only replied by tenderly pressing the

hands of Thelismar, and watering them with his tears.

Far from feeling a joy pure and unmixed, he looked upon it as his indispensable duty to return to Portugal, hoping there to find some sort of information concerning his father; he was unalterably determined, to declare his resolution of going thither to Thelismar; but this resolution was too painful, not to cause the most violent agitations in his mind.

He had never had the courage to confess a fault, for which he justly and bitterly reproached himself; he wanted the power to tell so dear a friend he had left Spain clandestinely, without his father's consent; and this first dissimulation had obliged him to disguise the truth in a thousand other instances: at last, however, he firmly purposed to expiate all his wrongs by his sincerity, without reserve, and, if necessary, by the most painful sacrifices; and in this disposition left Saint Domingo. They arrived at Surinam* about dusk, and were struck by a very brilliant spectacle at their first entering that country. The coast seemed covered with an infinity of chandeliers, hung without order at unequal distances. Thelismar and Alphonso were admiring

* Surinam is a Dutch colony, about 75 miles in extent, along the river of Surinam, in Guiana.

this agreeable illumination, when they perceived many of the lights were in motion, and advancing toward them.

A moment after, they plainly distinguished eight or ten men who walked nimbly, though they seemed covered with small lighted candles; some on their bonnets, some on their shoes, and some in their hands. This vision greatly surprised Alphonso, who wanted to come near these men; but they passed hastily by, and, as Alphonso did not understand the language of his guides, he could not satisfy his curiosity.

When they came to the house where they were to lodge, they were shown into a pretty chamber, as clear as day; but, as Alphonso remarked that the lights were placed in two small glass lanterns, he wished to see them nearer: he then discovered with astonishment, they were nothing but green flies, of a bright emerald colour, which gave all this light.

We have now an explanation of the thing we wanted, said Thelismar: the trees being in a conic form, are covered with these flies, and resemble, at a distance, girandoles and chandeliers hung in the air; the men we met had fastened these shining insects on their bonnets and feet, and carried them in glass tubes in their hands.

The very same evening Alphonso learnt these beautiful flies were more than one way useful.

When he was in bed, they were taken from their little lanterns, and let fly about the room, in which he was informed they would kill the gnats, which might otherwise disturb his rest (56).

Alphonso, however, a prey to inward grief and chagrin, could not close his eyes the whole night; he rose before day-break, determined no longer to defer opening his heart to Thelismar, but to inform him of all his faults and all his sorrows.

He went to walk upon the seashore till Thelismar should rise, and, after staying a considerable time, sat down at the foot of a tree, where he fell into a vague and painful reverie; presently his eyes became heavy, he began to dose, and in a few moments was asleep. He was awakened by a piercing and sorrowful cry, and, opening his eyes, saw himself in the arms of Thelismar, who was bearing him away.

Alphonso endeavoured to speak, but could only utter some broken and plaintive sounds; pale and faint, he could not support himself, he wanted even the power of thought. Thelismar laid him down on the grass, ran toward the sea, filled his hat with salt water, and made Alphonso drink it; after which, with the help of some servants, he raised and took him home.

Alphonso came to himself by degrees. Where am I? said he, as he felt his strength returning.

O my son, said Thelismar, have I not spoken to you of this fatal tree? Have I not told you, that to sleep beneath its perfidious shade is to die (57)?

It is true, cried Alphonso with a languishing voice: I recollect it now.

Providence be praised, you are out of danger; but had not my fears for you brought me where you lay the very instant they did, I should have lost you, Alphonso.

And do you weep for me, my father? For me! O most affectionate of friends! best of benefactors! Wherefore have you snatched me from the arms of death? I had then been regretted by you. Thelismar, while weeping for the miserable Alphonso, would then have been ignorant of his worst errors.

What do you mean, Alphonso?

I am overpowered by your favours, penetrated by your bounties; my affection for you is the reigning sentiment of my heart; and yet I am the most unfortunate of men.

Heavens! Which way? How?

A single word, Thelismar, may make you judge of my situation! I cannot follow you to France.

And why not?

Sacred duty dictates my return to Portugal.

Oh! that by this painful sacrifice I could expiate my fault!

What fearful remorse is it, that overwhelms you?—But—no—thou art incapable of wickedness: speak, be confident, open thy heart to thy friend.

Alphonso shed tears of gratitude and joy at hearing this, was silent a few moments; then, taking courage, owned without reserve how he had deceived Thelismar, when he assured him that don Ramirez approved his travels; related the circumstances of his flight, and painted, in the most moving manner, his remorse and uninterrupted inquietude concerning the fate of his father.

When he had finished his recital, Thelismar, with a softened heart, looked at him, and said, No, I will not abandon thee; I myself will conduct thee to Portugal.

These words inspired Alphonso with gratitude so strong, so passionate, he could only express it by falling at the feet of his generous friend.

Yes, continued Thelismar, we will find this unhappy father; I will enjoy the pleasure of giving thee again to his arms: for I dare assure him, thou now wilt make him happy. We shall arrive somewhat later in France, but Dalinda will see thee reconciled to Heaven and thyself, and honoured with the paternal benediction. Don

Ramirez will certainly consent without scruple to your union with Dalinda. My fortune is not immense, but it is more than sufficient; the ties which attached don Ramirez to Portugal are all broken; it will be no difficult thing to engage him to regard Sweden as his country, and my house as his own.

This is too much, said Alphonso; O Thelismar! let me breathe; my heart cannot express its feeling towards a benefactor such as you; gratitude becomes a passion; words are weak; I cannot tell you what I think.

This conversation delivered Alphonso from one part of his troubles; the indulgence and tenderness of Thelismar assuaged the bitterness of remorse, and gave birth to the sweetest hopes.

Before they quitted Surinam, Thelismar and Alphonso were invited to a fishing party, and rose on the day appointed early in the morning. In their way to the seaside they crossed a marsh full of extraordinary trees; from their flexible branches bundles of filaments hung down, lay upon the ground, took root, grew, and formed other trees, as beautiful as those to which they were united, and of which they were only shoots, which again multiplied after the same manner; insomuch that a single tree might become the parent stock of a whole forest.

But what most surprised Alphonso was, that

these trees were covered with shell-fish—a multitude of oysters were fixed to their branches (58).

Thelismar was explaining the cause of these singular things, when they arrived on the strand; they went on board; the fishing began, the net was thrown, and the haul was a good one.

Alphonso seeing an exceedingly large fish, very like an eel, went and touched it with a little switch that he had in his hand; no sooner had he done so than he felt so great a pain in his arm and hand, that he gave a loud cry before he could recollect himself. The fishermen all began to laugh: and Alphonso, piqued and astonished, remained motionless a while.

Recovering himself, he went again to the fish, and said, I do not know how the touching this fish can cause so violent a shock; but I will show you, at least, that, though I may be surprised, I am not to be intimidated.

So saying, he stooped down and touched the fish with his hand. He did not cry out this time; but he received so terrible a shock, that, if Thelismar had not stepped forward, and caught him in his arms, he would have fallen; and was so stunned by the violence of the stroke, that he almost lost the use of his senses.

As soon as he was perfectly recovered, I will show you, said Thelismar, a still more astonish-

ing effect produced by this fish. We are fourteen people in all, let us form a circle, and each hold the other by the hand; I will stand first, and you last; I will touch the fish with a stick, and, although separated from me by twelve people, you shall yet feel the same shock as I.

The experiment was made, and confirmed all that Thelismar had predicted (59).

The day after this adventure, our travellers quitted Surinam and America, and embarked for Portugal. During the voyage, Thelismar, in return for the confidence Alphonso had placed in him, satisfied a curiosity he had long entertained. It was inconceivable to Alphonso how Thelismar should resolve to quit his country for four years, and tear himself from a family so dear to him for so long a time.

Thelismar informed him, that his sovereign, being the protector of literature and learned men, had engaged him to make this sacrifice; the benefactions of my king, continued he, my love of science, and the particular delight I take in natural history, have determined me to undertake an enterprise, the fatigues of which my friendship for you has made me cheerfully support; the care of forming your heart and enlightening your mind, added to the affection with which you have inspired me, alone could soften the uneasiness and chagrin I have often known, and

which are inseparable from the feeling mind, absent from its native home.

After a favourable voyage our travellers landed in Portugal, where all the information that Alphonso could procure relative to don Ramirez was very feeble and insufficient. They assured him, that his father had not been seen there during the last two years; and, after an infinity of researches, Alphonso was persuaded don Ramirez was either in England or in Russia. The interests of his family required Thelismar should go to England; this Alphonso knew, therefore, on quitting Portugal he had the consolation to think he should not stay in France, but follow Thelismar and Dalinda to a land, in which he hoped to find his father.

NOTES

REFERRED TO BY THE FIGURES

IN VOL. II.

(1) A FAMOUS florist in Holland told me he had given 6300 livres (265*l.*) for a root; adding, that he had seen others far dearer. Many amateurs will not allow there are more than six species of flowers worthy the care of cultivation; these are the hyacinth, the tulip, the auricula, the carnation, the ranunculus, and the anemomy; the hyacinth is one of the most beautiful, but least various in its colours; it is less common too than the other. The ranunculus is said to have been brought from Syria during the time of the croisades; the anemomy was imported from America in the last century by M. Bachelier; and they pretend that the hyacinth is a native of the Cape of Good Hope;—the most beautiful hyacinth is the ophir; it is yellow, with purple spots on the inside.

(2) The earthquake which happened in Sicily, 1692-3, the history of which is given by Mr. Hartop, father Alessandro Burgos, and Vin Bonajutus, is one of the most terrible in all history; it shook the whole island; and not only that, but Naples and Malta shared in the shock. It was of the second kind mentioned by Aristotle and Pliny, viz. a perpendicular pulsation or succession. It was impossible, said the noble Bona-

jutus, for any body in this country to keep on their legs on the dancing earth; nay, those that lay on the ground were tossed from side to side as on a rolling billow, and high walls leaped from their foundations several paces, &c. *Phil. Trans.* No. 207. The mischief it did is amazing; almost all the buildings in the countries were thrown down; fifty-four cities and towns, beside an incredible number of villages, were either destroyed or greatly damaged. We shall only instance the fate of Catania, one of the most famous, ancient, and flourishing cities in the kingdom, the residence of several monarchs, and a university. This once famous, now unhappy, Catania, to use the words of Fa. Burgos, had the greatest share in the tragedy. F. Anton. Serrovita, being on his way thither, at the distance of a few miles observed a black cloud, like night, hovering over the city, and there arose from the mouth of Montgibello great spires of flames, which spread all around; the sea, all of a sudden, began to roar and rise in billows; and there was a noise, as if all the artillery in the world had been at once discharged; the birds flew about astonished; the cattle in the fields ran bellowing, &c. His and his companion's horses stopped short, trembling, so that they were forced to alight. They were no sooner off but they were lifted from the ground about two palms; when casting his eyes toward Catania, he, with amazement, saw nothing but a thick cloud of dust in the air. This was the scene of calamity; for of the magnificent Catania there was not the least footstep to be seen. S. Bonajutus assures us, that, of 18,914 inhabitants, 18,000 perished there. The same author, from a computation of the inhabitants before and after the EARTHQUAKE, in the several cities and towns, finds that near 60,000 perished out of 254,900.

(3) The greatest part of Lisbon was, in fact, destroyed by incendiaries; who, during this dreadful disaster, set fire to the houses, that they might pillage them with more impunity.

The unfortunate inhabitants, who were the victims of this unheard of wickedness, found relief in the humanity of a generous nation. No sooner were the English informed of this terrible event, than they hastened to send them every succour, of which they stood in need. This benevolent act cost the English six millions, but it gave them new claims to the esteem of all Europe.

(4) I find, in an English work, as instructive as entertaining, a singular anecdote, little known, relative to Catalonia.

“ From that period, the emperors, kings of France, governed Catalonia, by appointing counts, or vicegerents, removable at pleasure, till the government was rendered hereditary in the family of Wilfred the Hairy. Whether this happened by a concession of Charles the Bald, or by usurpation, remains a doubt among the learned. It continued in his posterity for many generations. This prince having been grievously wounded in a battle against the Normans, received a visit from the emperor, who, dipping his finger in the blood that trickled from the wound, drew four lines down the gilt shield of Wilfred, saying, Earl, be these thy armorial ensign. Four pallets, gules, on a field, or, remained from that time the coat of arms of Catalonia; and afterward of Arragon, when Raymund the Fifth married Petronilla, only daughter and heiress of Ramiro the Second, king of Arragon.”—*Travels through Spain, in the years 1775 and 1776, by Henry Swinburne, Esq.*

(5) The following is what a French traveller says on the subject of the cascades I mention:—

“ We are astonished, while traversing these threatening rocks, to meet delicious valleys and fine verdure, and trees in the bosom of sterility; to see natural cascades precipitate

“themselves from their rude pinnacles, and trouble the
“silence which reigns in that asylum, only to render it more
“interesting.”—*Essais sur l'Espagne*, tome i. page 35.

And here follows what an English traveller says on the same subject:—

“The greatest hardship here is a scarcity of water. Ex-
“cept one spring at the parish, and another at the convent,
“they have no other than cistern water, and that bad enough.
“This, in summer, is a terrible inconvenience, and gives the
“lie to the florid descriptions I have read of the purling
“streams and beautiful cascades tumbling down on every side
“from the broken rocks. The want of water is so great,
“that neither wolf, bear, or other wild beast, is ever seen on
“the mountain.”—*Travels through Spain*, by Henry Stovinburne,
Esq. London, 4to. page 50.

This quotation is striking enough; and, were pains taken to compare the accounts of travellers, I believe many such might be found. For my part, I have taken a liberty which many historians have likewise taken, that of choosing the most agreeable; however, I do not dissemble my motives of preference, and readily confess, that the name, reputation, and works, of the English traveller, ought to inspire the greatest confidence.

(6) Among the combats between the Spaniards and the Moors, was one in which the women of Tortosa gained great renown. They exposed themselves on the ramparts of the town, and performed such prodigious acts of valour, that Raymond Berenger, the last count of Barcelona, instituted, in 1170, the military order of la Hacha, or the Torch. They obtained many other honourable privileges, which now no longer exist, except that of taking the right hand of the men, be their rank what it will, in their marriage ceremonies.

The history of Germany affords a similar anecdote. In the

year 1015, the Poles besieged the town of Meissen, which must have been taken, had it not been for the heroism of the women, who partook of all the labours of the siege. The emperor, Henry II. to perpetuate the memory of the women of Meissen, who had on that occasion shown greater courage than their husbands, ordained an anniversary festival for the deliverance of the town, and that the women alone should go in procession to the church, as a testimony that Meissen owed its safety to them. This procession was continued with great pomp till the sixteenth century, when the Lutherans abolished the Roman religion.—*Hist. Génér. d'Allemagne*, by M. Montigny, tome iv.

During the war between John I. king of Castile, and John I. king of Portugal, the English having besieged Valencia, in the kingdom of Leon, which was then without men, and the nobility having all followed the prince to the field, the ladies defended the town, repelled the assault of the enemy, harassed them by sallies, and obliged them to retire. Joan, in recompense of their valour, permitted them to wear a scarf of gold, and granted them all the privileges of the knights of the scarf. The date of this order is uncertain, but it is said to be between 1383 and 1390.—*Encyclopédie*, at the word ECHARPE.

(7) The town-house of Toledo, near the archbishop's palace, is still admired; the colonnades are very beautiful. On one of the walls of the staircase are Spanish verses, of which the following is a translation:

“ Noble and judicious men of Toledo, leave your passions
 “ on this staircase: here leave love, fear, and covetousness;
 “ forget private for public good; and, since God has made
 “ you the pillars of this august palace, remain always firm,
 “ upright, and unshaken.”—*Essais sur l'Espagne*, tome i.

(8) These mountains absolutely desert, served many ages

as an asylum to robbers and wolves. In vain had some patriots proposed to grub and clear them. Mr. Olavides, however, after having peopled the deserts of Andalusia, covered the Sierra Morena with colonists and labourers. Government favoured the establishment, and it prospered; but, notwithstanding the attentions, benefactions, and repeated exemptions of government, there are many discontented spirits among these people; their complaints, generally ill-founded, are the consequence of man's natural inquietude, who wishes for ease and independence, without making use of the means by which they are procured.—*Essais sur l'Espagne*, tome i.

The chief place in the colony is called Carolina; both the French and English travellers have given charming descriptions of this establishment. Those of the latter are delightful.

(9) In the days of the Mussulmen this mosque was a square building, with a flat roof upon arches. It wanted proportion, for it was only thirty-five feet high, while its breadth was four hundred and twenty, and its length five hundred and ten. The roof was supported by near a thousand columns according to some accounts, and by seven hundred and seventy-eight according to others. The mosque had twenty-four gates, and four thousand seven hundred lamps were lighted in it every night, which annually consumed near ten thousand quarts of oil.

At present a part of the mosque only exists, which is turned into a church with seventeen gates, five hundred and ten feet long, and two hundred and forty broad*; and in one part of it stand a vast number of columns, marble, but of various

* The French traveller says, six hundred long, and two hundred and fifty broad.—*Essais sur l'Espagne*, tome i. page 285.

species, forming a vast quincunx.—*Travels through Spain, by Henry Swinburne, Esq. page 297.*

(10) Granada is situated at the foot of Sierra Nevada, or the Mountain of Snow, and is built on two hills on each side of the Darro. The Xenil bathes its walls, and these two rivers are formed from the meltings of the snows, with which the Sierra is always covered.—*Essais sur l'Espagne, tome i.*

(11) The most remarkable antiquity of Granada is the castle of the Alhambra, an ancient Moorish palace, in the centre of which is seen one more modern built by Charles V. which yet is in ruins, with only the walls remaining. Its extent was not great, the better to preserve the Moorish palace which was destined to be a summer habitation. In the Alhambra are found the remains of extreme magnificence, colonnades of marble, fountains, basso relievos, a prodigious number of inscriptions, &c. Among others, the superb court, called the Court of the Lions, is greatly admired: the Genarif is another Moorish palace, which communicates with the Alhambra. It is built on a great elevation, and watered from every part. The gardens are in the form of an amphitheatre; the situation is charming, and preferable to that of the Alhambra.—*Essais sur l'Espagne, tome i.*

(12) In the days of Boabdil or Abou Abdouilah, the last king of Granada, the Alabeces, Abencerages, Zegrís, and Gomeles, were the most powerful families in that city; they filled most of the great employments about court, and scarcely a brilliant achievement in war was heard of, that was not performed by the arm of some knight of these four houses. High above the rest towered the Abencerages, unequalled in gallantry, magnificence, and chivalry. None among the Abencerages was more accomplished, more distinguished, than Albiñ Hamet, who, for his great wisdom and valour,

stood deservedly foremost in the list of the king's favourites. His power rose to such a pitch, that it excited the most violent envy in the breast of the Zegrís and Gomeles, who determined to pull him down from his post of superior eminence. After concerting many schemes for his destruction, none appeared to them more effectual, than one proposed by a consummate villain of the Zegri family. He seized an opportunity of being alone with the king, whose character was, as yet, frank and unsuspecting: assuming an air of extreme anguish of mind, he observed to the prince, how very weak his conduct appeared to all wise men, by reposing such unbounded confidence in, and trusting his person with, such traitors as the Abencerages, who were well known to be laying a scheme for a general revolt, thereby to deprive Abou Abdoulah of his life and crown. Nay more, he, and three men of honour, had seen the queen in wanton dalliance with Albin Hamet Abencerage, behind the lofty cypresses in the gardens of the Generalif, whence Hamet had returned insolently crowned with a garland of roses. These calumnies roused all the furies of jealousy in the breast of the credulous monarch, and the destruction of the whole lineage of Abencerage was planned by the bloody junto. The principal men of the devoted family were, under some pretence or other, summoned one by one to attend the king in the Court of Lions. No sooner was each unhappy victim admitted within the walls, than he was seized by the Zegrís, led to a large alabaster basin in one of the adjoining halls, and there beheaded. Thirty-six of the noblest of the race had already perished, before the treachery was discovered. A page belonging to one of these noblemen, having found means to follow his master in, and to get out again unseen, divulged the secret of this bloody transaction. The treason once known, all Granada was in an instant up in arms, and many desperate combats ensued, which, by the great havoc made among the most valiant of its chieftains, brought the state to

the very brink of ruin. These tumults being appeased by the wisdom of Musa, a bastard brother of the king, a grand council was held, in which Abou Abdoulah declared his reasons for the punishment inflicted on the Abencerages, *viz.* their conspiracy, and the adultery of the queen. He then solemnly pronounced her sentence, which was, to be burnt alive, if, within thirty days, she did not produce four knights, to defend her cause against the four accusers. The queen's relations were upon the point of drawing their scimitars in the audience chamber, and rescuing her from the danger that threatened her; but their fury was checked by the eloquence of Musa, who observed to them, they might by violence save the life of the sultana, but by no means clear her reputation in the eyes of the world, which would certainly look upon that cause as unjust, which refused to submit to the customary trial. The queen was immediately shut up in the tower of Co-mares. Many Granadine warriors were ambitious of having the honour of exposing their lives in her quarrel, but none were so happy as to prove the object of her choice. She had conceived so high an idea of the Christians, from the valour she had seen them display in a great tournament lately held at Granada, and the treachery of the Zegrís filled her with so despicable an opinion of Moorish honour, that she was determined to rest her defence upon the gallantry of the Spanish knights. In hopes of rousing their noble spirits to action, she dispatched a trusty messenger with a letter to don Juan de Chacon, lord of Carthagena, entreating him to espouse her cause; and, like a true knight, bring with him three brave warriors to stand her friends on the day appointed. Chacon returned for answer, that he set too high a price upon that honour, not to be punctual to the hour of trial. The fatal day arrived, and all Granada was buried in the deepest affliction, to find that their beloved queen had been so remiss as not to have named one of her defenders. Musa, Azarque, and Almoradi, the judges of the combat, pressed her, in vain, to accept of their swords, or

those of several other warriors willing to assert the justness of her cause. The sultana, relying on the Spanish faith, persisted in her refusal; upon which the judges conducted her down from the Alhambra to a scaffold in the great square, hung with black, where they seated themselves on one side. At the sight of this beauty in distress, the whole place resounded with loud cries and lamentations; and it was with difficulty that the spectators could be restrained from attacking her enemies, and rescuing her by main force. Scarce were the judges seated, when twenty trumpets announced the approach of the four accusers, who advanced armed cap-a-pié, mounted on the finest coursers of Andalusia. Over their armour they wore loose vests, with plumes and sashes of a tawny colour. On their shields were painted two bloody swords, and these words—*For the truth we draw them!*—All their kinsmen and adherents accompanied them to their posts within the lists. In vain did the crowd cast a longing eye toward the gate, through which the champions of injured innocence were to enter; none appeared, from eight in the morning till two in the afternoon. The sultana's courage began to fail her; and when four valiant Moors presented themselves to sue for the honour of drawing their swords to vindicate her innocence, she promised to trust her life in their hands, if, within two hours, the persons she expected should not appear. At that instant a great noise was heard, and four Turkish horsemen came prancing into the square. One of them addressed the judges, requesting the favour of speaking to the queen; which being granted, he knelt down, and told her aloud, that he and his companions were Turks, come to Spain with the design of trying their strength against the heroes of Ferdinand's army; but that, hearing of this solemn trial, they had changed their resolution, and were now arrived at Granada to devote their first essay of arms in Spain to her service, and hoped she would approve of them for her champions. As he spoke, he

let fall into her lap the letter she had written to don Juan ; by the sight of which she discovered this feigned Turk to be no other than the lord of Carthagená, who had brought with him, as companions in this dangerous conflict, the duke of Arcos, don Alonzo de Aguilar, and don Ferdinand de Cordova. The queen accepted of their proposal ; and the judges, having solemnly declared her choice, gave orders for the charge to sound. The onset was fierce, and the fight long doubtful. At length don Juan overthrew Mahandin Gomel, and the duke slew Ali Hamet Zegri ; Mahandon Gomel fell by the sword of Aguilar ; and last of all, the arch traitor, Mohammed Zegri, disabled by repeated wounds, and fainting with the loss of blood, sunk at the feet of don Ferdinand ; who, setting his knee on the infidel's breast, and holding his dagger to his throat, summoned him to confess the truth, or die that instant. "Thou needest not add another wound," said Mohammed, "for the last will prove sufficient to rid the world of such a monster. Know then, that to revenge myself of the Abencerages, I invented the lie, that caused their destruction, and the persecution of the sultana ; whom I here declare free from all stain or reproach whatsoever, and with my dying breath implore her forgiveness." The judges came down to receive this deposition of the expiring Zegri, and it was afterward announced to the people, who expressed their joy by the loudest acclamations. The day ended in festivity and rejoicing. The queen was escorted back in triumph to the palace, where the penitent Abou Abdoulah fell at her feet, and, with floods of tears endeavoured to atone for his crime, but to no purpose : for the queen remained inflexible, and retiring to the house of her nearest of kin, refused to have any farther intercourse with him. The four knights left Granada without discovering themselves to any other person ; and, soon after, the numerous friends and adherents of the Abencerages abandoned the city, and, by their secession into

Castile or Africa, left Abou Abdoulah destitute of able officers, and entirely at the mercy of his enemies, who, in the course of a few months, deprived him of his kingdom.

(13) This globe of fire was a meteor, and similar appearances have been observed in the remotest ages. It was this kind of meteor, which formerly spread terror in Rome, and Aristotle, Seneca, and Pliny, have described. It was anciently called, and is so still by the vulgar, the flaming sword and fiery dragon. I have not invented any circumstances relative to this phenomenon in my tale, as may be seen by the following account :

“ The globe of fire, which was the subject of the *Mémoire* of M. le Roy, was observed the 17th of July, 1771, about half past ten in the evening.—There suddenly appeared, in the north-west, a fire, like a great falling star, which, augmenting as it approached, soon took the form of a globe, that afterward had a tail. This globe, having traversed a part of the heavens, became slower in its motion, and took the form of the Prince Rupert’s drop, when it emitted a very powerful light; its head appeared enveloped in sparks of fire, and its tail, edged with red, exhibited all the colours of the rainbow. At length it burst, shedding a vast number of luminous particles like the stars in fireworks.

“ The 12th of November, 1761, M. le Baron des Adretz, about two miles from Ville Franche, in Beaujolois, saw a bright globe of fire, which seemed swiftly falling, and increasing in size as it fell. A train of fire marked its track; after it had traversed nearly an eighth of the horizon, it seemed as large as an exceeding large tun, cut horizontally in two.—It turned upside down, and out of it came a prodigious quantity of flaming sparks, like the largest of those seen in fireworks.

“ In the town of Beaune, this meteor gave a light equal to that of noon-day.

“ The 3d of November, 1777, at half past nine in the even-

“ing, a very extraordinary meteor was seen at Sarlat * : the
 “heavens became so light, that day seemed again going to
 “break. A highly luminous globe of fire appeared, from
 “which issued large sparks, like artificial stars, and the circle
 “by which it was surrounded was formed of different coloured
 “rays.—When this enormous globe was about six fathoms
 “high, two species of volcano came from it, which took the
 “form of two large rainbows, one of which lost itself toward
 “the north, and the other toward the south.”—*Dictionnaire des*
Merveilles de la Nature, tome ii.

(14) It must be remembered that Alphonso's shoes were nailed, and that his staff had an iron ferrule.

“The ancients, says M. de Bomare, knew the loadstone
 “would attract iron; and if Pliny may be believed, it was
 “found out by a shepherd, who felt that the nails of his shoes,
 “and the ferrule of his staff, stuck to a rock of loadstone over
 “which he passed; but they knew not its polar direction.”

Alphonso, full of ignorance and remorse, and already terrified at the meteor he had seen, feeling himself fixed to the rock, believed it proceeded from the wrath of Heaven, as a punishment for his flight. This idea redoubled his terror, rendered him motionless, and aided the effects of nature.

“The loadstone is ferruginous, and is found in iron-
 “mines; its colour varies with the country where it is found;
 “it has five remarkable properties: 1. That of attracting
 “iron, called *Attraction*. 2. That of transmitting its virtue
 “—*Communication*. 3. That of turning toward the poles
 “of the earth—*Polarity*. 4. Its deviation from the true direc-
 “tion of the poles, called *Variation*. 5. Its dipping as it ap-
 “proaches either pole—*Inclination* or *Dip*. All these singular
 “properties, the effects of the nature of the loadstone, are
 “produced by some general property hitherto unknown. It

* A small town in Perigord, 270 miles from Paris.

“ is supposed there is a kind of atmosphere round the load-
 “ stone, which forms an active vortex, and is sensibly dis-
 “ covered by its contrary effects, the one of attracting, the
 “ other of repelling, iron. The attracting force of the load-
 “ stone, just taken from the mine, is not great, for which rea-
 “ son it is obliged to be armed to augment its power.

“ Among the curiosities of the English Royal Society, is a
 “ loadstone weighing sixty pounds, which does not lift weight
 “ in proportion to its size, but which attracts a needle at nine
 “ feet distance. *L'Histoire de l'Académie des Sciences* speaks of a
 “ loadstone, which weighed eleven ounces, and raised twenty-
 “ eight pounds of iron; that is to say, more than forty times
 “ its weight.” *Diç. d'Hist. Nat. par M. de Bomare.* Mag-
 netism is the general name for the different qualities of the
 loadstone. I have placed the adventures of the loadstone rock
 in Spain, because it would have the most effect in the first mo-
 ments of Alphonso's flight; and there is sufficient probabili-
 ty for a tale like this, in so doing, since, in fact, the environs
 of Loxa are full of rocks, and Spain contains many mines.

(15) “ The pretended rain of blood happens only during a
 “ storm, and more especially in summer. It is not astonishing,
 “ that the most part of insects which feed on trees are swept
 “ off by winds and torn in pieces, so that in falling they seem
 “ bloody, and it rains the blood of insects.”—*Diç. d'Hist. Nat.*
par M. de Bomare, au mot Pluie.

I confess this explanation does not satisfy me; for, were it
 only necessary, to produce this phænomenon, to have a high
 wind or rain in the months of July or August, every period
 must have seen it rain blood more than once; which they
 certainly have not seen.

“ The waters of the lake of Zurich, in 1703, says M. de
 “ Bomare, suddenly became red like blood; and, on exami-
 “ nation, it was found to proceed from currents of bitu-
 “ minous waters, full of red ochre, which currents fell into
 “ the lake.

“ There is also what they call sulphur-rain, which is so
 “ named from yellow grains, that seem to fall from the clouds
 “ mingled with the water. This is nothing but the yellow dust
 “ from various species of plants in bloom, which is the cause
 “ of this pretended sulphur-rain, that so frequently falls in the
 “ neighbourhood of mountains. This phenomenon often
 “ happens at Bourdeaux in the month of April, when the pine
 “ is in flower.”—*Diç. d'Hist. Nat. par M. de Bomare.*

(16) Quitting Loxa, travellers cross Mount Orespeda; and in the neighbourhood of Archidona, a city built in the very midst of rocks, on the frontier of Andalusia, is seen *la Pena de los Enamorados* (The Lovers' Rock), a rock which this tragic adventure has rendered famous. A young French knight was made prisoner by the Moors, when they were in possession of Granada. The Moorish king gave him his liberty, heaped favours upon him, and retained him at his court. In return, the Frenchman seduced the king's daughter, and prevailed on her to flee secretly from her father's palace. They made their escape in the night; but Heaven pursued an ungrateful and vile ravisher, and a criminal and unnatural daughter. At daybreak they saw a company of Moors in pursuit of them, and they clambered up a prodigiously high rock. They were soon surrounded; and, torn by remorse, reduced to despair, they flung themselves from the summit of the precipice; which still bears the name of the Lovers' Rock.—*Essais sur l'Espagne*, tome i. page 225.

(17) A poison known to some hordes of savages, mountaineers of Peru, was brought to Europe in 1746, by M. de la Condamine, which was most subtle and mortal. Its effect is so prompt, that monkeys or parrots, pricked to the quick by small arrows, which the savages shoot from Sarba canes, immediately drop. M. de Reaumur had a bear of two years old, which becoming mischievous he determined to kill.

The effect of the poison was tried on this animal; the point of a dart, proper to shoot from a Sarba cane, was steeped in it, and the bear received the first dart above the shoulder, but without being apparently wounded; a second was shot, and the animal made a bound, was convulsed, trembled, foamed, and fell dead in about a minute and a half. It must be remarked, that the monkeys and parrots killed by this poison, which are eaten in Peru without any precaution, contract no pernicious quality. Sugar is the most certain antidote to this powerful venom, and, given to dogs and cats, a quarter of an hour before they have been wounded, has prevented all its effects.

This note was given the author by a person, who was a witness of the above experiments.

(18) Every body knows this experiment in electricity was first made by Doctor Franklin.

(19) The key was electrified.

(20) "In the year 1755, when Lisbon suffered so much, the Azore Islands were wonderfully agitated. In the Island of St George, twelve leagues from Angra, the earth shook so violently, that most of the inhabitants were buried in the ruins of their houses. The terrour of those who survived was next morning redoubled, when they saw eighteen islands newly risen from the sea. On the other side a shock was felt, which threw portions of earth into the sea. On one of these was a house, surrounded by trees, the inhabitants of which did not, till the next morning, perceive the change of place."—*Dict. d'Hist. Nat. par M. de Bomare, au mot Tremblement de Terre.*

(21) "This is vulgarly called the Dragon-tree, and, by botanists, is divided into four species. That of the Canary

" Islands resembles the pine, at a distance. Its fruit is round,
 " as large as fine pease, yellow, and a little acid. Its trunk,
 " which is rugged, opens in many places, and sheds, during
 " the dog-days, a liquor like blood, which condenses to a red
 " drop, soft at first, but afterward dry, and capable of being
 " reduced to powder. This is the dragon's blood of the
 " shops. When an incision is made in the trunk of one of
 " these trees the liquor begins to run."—*M. de Bomare, au mot*
Sang de Dragon.

(22.) " A water-spout, is only a thick cloud, compressed and
 " reduced to a small space by contrary and opposing winds,
 " which meeting, give the cloud the form of a cylindrical
 " whirlwind, and thus occasion the water to fall all at once
 " under this cylindrical form. The quantity of water is so
 " great, and the fall so sudden, that if it happen on a ship at
 " sea it sinks it instantly. In the month of July, 1755, a clap
 " of thunder beat down a cloud, in Bavaria, which directed
 " itself perpendicularly, and formed a kind of water-spout.
 " Passing over a pond, it drew up all the water, raised it a
 " prodigious height, and afterward dispersed it with such
 " force, that it resembled a thick smoke. The cloud over-
 " turned in its passage several houses and trees.

" Another singular phenomenon happened near the Baltic,
 " on the 17th of August, 1750. This was a column of water,
 " attached to a thick cloud, which the wind carried along the
 " earth. It attracted every thing it met with, sheaves of
 " corn, bushes, and branches of trees, raised them about thirty
 " feet high, twirled them round, and let them fall in small
 " parcels.—Some say that firing of cannon will break and dis-
 " sipate these water-spouts.

" There is another species, called typhon, which does not
 " descend from the clouds, but raises water from the sea to
 " the sky. These typhons are caused by subterranean fires;
 " for the sea is seen to boil on such occasions, and the

“air is full of sulphureous exhalations.”—*M. de Bomare, au mot Vents.*

In the *Mémoires de l'Académie de Stockholm*, we read that, on the 17th of August, 1746, one of these columns was seen near Nystadt, which attracted stubble and wheat sheaves, and tore up small bushes by the roots.

There was another more singular in 1727, at Beziers, of something like a violet colour, which took up a quantity of young olive shoots, tore up trees, transported a large walnut tree forty or fifty paces, and marked its route by a well beaten track, on which three coaches might pass a breast; it was accompanied by a thick smoke, and made a noise like the roaring of a troubled sea.

Another appeared, in the same year, in la Brie, which, passing over a ditch, filled it with earth and stones, and marked its passage by such kind of furrows as a harrow might make.

A column of a considerable height was seen at Carcassona, in the year 1776. It seemed to descend from a neighbouring mountain, was of a deep marigold colour, from the bottom half way, while the rest appeared inflamed. The noise of this meteor resembled the bellowing of a herd of oxen. It threw itself into the river Aude, which it dried up for a considerable space.—*Dict. des Merv. de la Nat. tome ii. mot Trombe.*

(23) In 1740, hailstones fell at Rome as large as eggs. In Thuringia, a province of Germany, there fell hailstones in 1738, as large as geese-eggs.

Vallade assures us, in his description of the Orkney islands, that in the month of June, 1680, there fell pieces of ice a foot thick, during a storm. Morton observed at Northampton, in 1693, blades of ice, which fell in a storm, that were two inches long, and one inch thick. Beside which, he observed spherical grains, an inch in diameter, in which were seen five different coloured rays, which formed a kind of star.

In 1720, hail fell at Crems, some of the stones of which weighed six pounds.—*Dict. des Mers, de la Nat.* tome i. mot *Grêle.*

“Hail is a kind of rain condensed and crystallized by the cold, as it passes through the middle region of the air, before it reaches the earth.—Nicephorus Calistus reports, after the taking of Rome by Alaric, hailstones fell in many places of eight pounds weight. In 824, there fell, near Autun in Burgundy, among the hail, pieces of ice, sixteen feet long, seven wide, and two feet thick.—In 1723, there were hailstones fell at Leicester of five inches.—In the famous storm that happened in Picardy, August, 1722, the least hailstones that fell, accompanied with thunder and lightning, weighed a pound, and the largest eight.—Many of the stones were forked, pointed, &c.”—*Id. de Bomare, au mot Grêle.*

(24) “Edens, an English traveller, relates, that having, as a physician, rendered considerable service to the inhabitants of the Canary Islands, he obtained of them the liberty to visit the Sepulchral Caverns; a favour they grant to no one, and which cannot be obtained against their will, without life being exposed to the greatest danger.

“They have an extreme veneration for the bodies of their ancestors, and the curiosity of strangers is to them profanation.—These caves are places anciently dug out of the rocks, or formed by nature.—The corpse is sewed in goat-skins, with thongs of the same, and the seams are so equal and close, as to become very admirable; but what astonishes most, is, that the bodies are almost all entire; and in both sexes are equally found the eyes (closed), the hair, ears, nose, lips, teeth, and beard.

“One day, when the author of this account was taking rabbits by a ferret, this little animal, which had a bell round its neck, was lost in a burrow, and disappeared,

“ without their being able to know how. One of the hunters
 “ to whom he belonged, seeking for him in the midst of
 “ rocks and brambles, discovered the entrance to a sepulchral
 “ cave of the Guanches. He descended, &c.

“ If the account of the oldest of the Guanches may be be-
 “ lieved, there was a particular tribe among their ancestors,
 “ who knew the art of embalming, and preserved it as a sa-
 “ cred mystery.—This tribe composed the priesthood, and did
 “ not intermarry with the others; but after the conquest of
 “ the island, most of them were destroyed, and their secret
 “ perished with them. Tradition has only taught us a part
 “ of the ingredients necessary to that operation.”—*Abvégé de*
l'Hist. Gen. des Voy. tome i. par M. de la Harpe.

Among the ancients, the Egyptians most practised em-
 balming; and some of these bodies have been preserved above
 two thousand years. In the breast of one of these corpses a
 branch of rosemary was found scarcely dried. This art has
 only been known in Europe during the latter ages; former-
 ly they made deep incisions in the corpse, salted it, and en-
 closed it in a tanned ox's hide.—*Encyclopédie.*

(25) The *Adansonia*, monkey's bread, or African calabash
 tree, grows in Senegal. The natives call it gooee, and its
 fruit booe. Its proper name is baobab. Its first branches,
 which project almost horizontally, are commonly sixty feet
 long, and its trunk about seventy feet round; though many
 travellers have seen them larger. Ray says, that between the
 Niger and the Gambia some have been measured so mon-
 strous, that seventeen men, with extended arms, scarcely
 could embrace them. According to which, these trees must
 be about eighty-five feet in circumference. The baobab, adds
 M. de Bomare, is probably the largest of known vegetables;
 though there are accounts, in the works of different natura-
 lists, of well known trees so prodigious, as to be reckoned
 vegetable monsters. Ray cites the account of travellers who

have seen a tree in Brazil 120 feet round; and trees still more marvellous are mentioned in late histories of China; one of which is in the province of Suchu, near the town of Kian; it is called Sieunich, that is to say, the tree of a thousand years; and it is so vast, that one of its branches only will afford shelter to two hundred sheep. Another tree, in the province of Chekianga, is nearly 400 feet in circumference.

(26) There is a serpent; called the serpent of Damel, which is very common in that westerly country of Africa. The negroes, when bitten, put powder on the wound, and apply fire; and if this operation be but a little while deferred, the poison gains ground, and death soon follows.—The Sereres, a negro nation, catch and eat them. Some of them are fifteen, some twenty feet long, and six inches in diameter. There are some green, others black, spotted, and striped with beautiful colours.

On the slave coast, in the kingdoms of Juida and Benin, all the savages adore a kind of serpent, which they call the Fetish. These serpents are very gentle, not venomous, and extremely familiar. It is death to kill them. The negroes look upon them as benevolent deities, and have particular rites for them; though they destroy, with great care, those serpents which are poisonous.

(27) “ The French of fort St. Lewis had a lioness, which
“ they kept chained. The animal had a disease in the jaw,
“ that reduced it to extremity; and the people of the fort,
“ taking off the chains, threw the body into a neighbouring
“ field. In this state it was found by M. Compagnon, author
“ of the journey to Bambuck, as he returned from hunting.
“ The eyes were closed, the jaw open, and already swarming
“ with ants. Compagnon took pity on the poor animal,
“ washed the gullet with water, and poured some milk down

“ the throat. The effects of this simple remedy were won-
 “ derful. The lioness was brought back to the fort, recover-
 “ ed by degrees, but, far from forgetting the service done her,
 “ took such an affection for her benefactor, that she would
 “ receive food only from him; and, when cured, followed
 “ him about the island, with a cord about her neck, like the
 “ most familiar dog.

“ A lion, having escaped from the menagerie of the great
 “ duke of Tuscany, entered the city of Florence, every where
 “ spreading terror. Among the fugitives was a woman with
 “ a child in her arms, which she let fall. The lion seized,
 “ and seemed ready to devour it; when the mother, tran-
 “ sported by the tender affections of nature, ran back, threw
 “ herself before the lion, and by her gestures demanded her
 “ child. The lion looked at her stedfastly; her cries and tears
 “ seemed to affect him; till, at last, he laid the child down
 “ without doing it the least injury.—Misery and despair,
 “ then, have expressions intelligible to the most savage mon-
 “ sters; but what is yet more to be admired, is the resistless
 “ and sublime emotion, which can make a mother offer her-
 “ self a prey to a ferocious animal, before which all flee: that
 “ loss of reason, so superior to reason's self, which can impel
 “ a despairing woman to recur to the pity of a beast breath-
 “ ing only death and carnage. This is the instinct of supreme
 “ grief, which always would persuade itself it is not possible
 “ to remain inflexible to its feelings.”—*Abrégé, &c. par M. de*
la Harpe, tome ii.

“ It is very certain, says M. de Buffon, that the lion, when
 “ taken young, and brought up among domestic animals,
 “ may easily be brought to live, and even play harmless,
 “ among them; that he is gentle to his masters, caresses them,
 “ especially in the former part of life; and that, though his
 “ natural ferocity may sometimes break forth, it seldom is
 “ turned against those who do him good.

“ I might cite a number of particular facts, in which I own

“ I have found some exaggeration; but which are sufficiently
“ established to prove, at least by their union, that his anger
“ is noble, his courage magnanimous, and his heart feeling.
“ Often has he been seen to disdain weak enemies, despise
“ their insults, and pardon their offensive liberties. When re-
“ duced to captivity, though weary, he is not peevish; but, on
“ the contrary, becomes habitually gentle, obeys his master,
“ caresses the hand that feeds him; sometimes grants life to
“ animals given him as prey, and, as if attached to them by
“ this generous act, continues afterward the same protection;
“ lives peaceably with them, gives them part of his subsist-
“ ence, lets them sometimes take it all, and would rather
“ suffer hunger than lose the fruit of his first benefit.”

The circumstances relative to the chase of the lion are taken from *l'Histoire des Voyages*.

(28) There is a remarkable echo near Rosneath, a fine country seat in Scotland, situated to the west of a salt-water lake that runs into the Clyde, 17 miles below Glasgow. The lake is surrounded by hills, some of which are barren rocks, others are covered with trees. A good trumpeter, standing on a point of land that gives an opening to the water toward the north, has played an air, and stopped: the echo repeated the air faithfully and distinctly, but not so loud; this echo having ceased, another has done the same, and a third as exactly as the two former, with no difference but that of becoming more feeble. The same experiment, several times repeated, had still the same success.

There was formerly in the château de Simonette, a windowed wall, whence what was said was forty times repeated. Addison and others, who have travelled in Italy, mention an echo, which would repeat the report of a pistol fifty-six times, even when the air was foggy.

In the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, for the year 1692, mention is made of the echo at Genetay, five miles

from Rouen, which has this peculiarity, that the person who sings does not hear the echo, but his voice only; and, on the contrary, those who listen do not hear the voice, but the echo, but with surprising variations; for the echo seems sometimes to approach, and sometimes to retire: sometimes the voice is heard distinctly, at others not at all: some hear only a single voice, others several; one hears to the right, another to the left, &c.—This echo still exists, but is not what it was, because the environs have been planted with trees, which have greatly hurt the effect.

(29) This bird is called flamingo, or phœnicopterus. The second name among the Greeks, signified the bird of flaming wing, because, when it flies against the sun, it appears like a firebrand. The plumage, when young, is rose-coloured, and at ten months old, the colour of fire. "Its beak," says M. de Buffon, "is of a very extraordinary form, its legs excessively high, its neck long and slender; its body stands higher, though it is less, than the stork's; and its form, somewhat odd, makes it distinguishable from that of every other fishing bird."

"This bird is found on the old continent, from the coasts of the Mediterranean, to the most southern part of Africa. Flamingoes are plentiful in the west of Africa, at Angola and Congo; where, out of superstitious respect, the negroes will not suffer one of them to be killed."

The flamingo is certainly a bird of passage, and numerous at St. Domingo and the Caribbee islands; they fly in society, and naturally form themselves into a line, so that at a certain distance they resemble a brick-wall, and, somewhat nearer, soldiers arranged in rank and file. They place sentinels, which give the alarm by a very shrill cry like the sound of a trumpet, at which they all take flight. Their flesh is much admired as food, and ancient epicures were very fond of their tongues.

(30) "This bird, called *Cucullus Indicator*," says M de Buffon, "is found in the interior parts of Africa, at some distance from the Cape of Good Hope, and is celebrated for indicating where wild bees' nests may be found; twice a day its shrill cry is heard sounding *cherr cherr*; which seems to call the honey-hunters, who answer by a soft whistle, still approaching. When it is seen, it flies and hovers over a hollow tree, that contains a nest; and if the hunters do not come, it redoubles its cries, flies back, returns to the tree, and points out the prey in the most striking manner; forgetting nothing to excite them to profit by the treasure it has discovered, and which probably it could not enjoy without the aid of man; either because the entrance to the nest is too small, or from other circumstances which the re- later has not told us. While the honey is procuring, it flies to some distance, interestingly observing all that passes, and waiting for its part of the spoil; which the hunters never forget to leave, though not enough to satiate the bird, consequently not to destroy his ardour for this kind of chase.

"This is not the tale of a traveller, but the observations of an enlightened man, who himself assisted at the destruction of many bees' nests betrayed by this little spy, to the Royal Society of London. He procured two of these birds that had been killed, to the great offence of the Hottentots, for in all countries the existence of a useful being is precious."

M. de Buffon adds, in a note, that the honey-hunter is sometimes devoured by wild beasts; whence it has been said, that they and the bird understand each other, and that it allures their prey.—*Hist. Nat. des Oiseaux*, tome xii. edit. in 12mo.

(31) Mecca is a town of Arabia Felix, about as large as Marseilles. The magnificence of its mosque draws a prodigious concourse of all the Mohammedan sects, who go thither on pilgrimages. It was the birth-place of Mohammed.

(32) Medina is a city of Arabia Felix, the name of which signifies in Arabic, a city in general; and here *the city*, by way of excellence; for here it was that Mohammed fixed the seat of the empire of the Mussulmans, and here he died. It was before called Jathreb. In the midst of Medina is the famous mosque, to which the Mohammedans go in pilgrimage; and in this mosque are the tombs of Mohammed, Abubeker, and Omar. Medina is governed by a sherif, who says he is of the race of Mohammed, and who is an independent sovereign.—*Encyclopédie.*

(33) Cairo is the capital of Egypt; sultan Selim took it from the Mamalukes, in 1517; since which time it has been subject to the Turks. Old Cairo is a mile distant from it, on the borders of the Nile; the Copts have a magnificent church there*.

(34) The pyramids of Egypt were built to serve as tombs for their constructors. The Egyptians of lower rank, instead of building pyramids, dug caves, in which every day mummies are discovered. Each pyramid has an opening into a long low passage, which led to a chamber, where the ancient Egyptians deposited the bodies, for which the pyramids were built. Their construction is very regular: each of the three remaining large ones is placed at the head of others, smaller and difficult to distinguish, they are so much covered with sand. All are built on one sole rock, hidden under white sand.

In all the pyramids there are deep pits, cut square in the rock; on the walls of some are hieroglyphics, cut also in the rock. The three principal pyramids known to travellers are about nine miles from Cairo.

The largest pyramid contains chambers, galleries, &c. They who ascend on the outside rest occasionally to take

* Christians of the sect of Jacobites, or Monophysites.

breath. There is a square chamber, about half way up, which serves only for a resting-place. When arrived at the top, a platform is found, whence a most agreeable landscape is seen. This platform is sixteen or seventeen feet square, yet the pyramid seems to end in a point; the descent, which is on the outside, must be very dangerous.

(35) "The island of Thera, in the Archipelago, which is
 "forty miles in circumference, was thrown from the bottom
 "of the sea by the violence of a volcano, which has since
 "produced six other islands. This volcano is not yet extin-
 "guished, for in 1707 it broke out with redoubled fury, and
 "sent forth a new island six miles in circumference. The sea,
 "at that time, appeared greatly agitated, and covered with
 "flames, and from it rose, with dreadful noise, several burn-
 "ing rocks. The earth has been so rent and torn on these
 "coasts, that vessels can no longer find anchorage there.

"One of the most violent eruptions of Vesuvius (the twenty-
 "second) happened on the 20th of May, 1737: the moun-
 "tain vomited, from several mouths, huge torrents of burn-
 "ing, melted, metallic matter, which overspread the country,
 "and took its course toward the sea. M. de Montealégre
 "who communicated the account to the Academy at Paris,
 "observed, with horreur, one of these rivers of fire. Its
 "course was six or seven miles before it reached the sea; its
 "breadth was fifty or sixty paces; its depth twenty-five or
 "thirty French palms; and, in certain bottoms or valleys,
 "120, &c."—*M. de Bomare.*

"The eruptions of volcanoes are usually announced by
 "subterranean noises like thunder; by dreadful hissings, and
 "interior commotions. History informs us, that, during two
 "eruptions of Vesuvius, the volcano-cast up so great a quan-
 "tity of ashes, that they flew as far as Egypt, Libya, and Syria.
 "In 1600, at Aréquina, in Peru, was an eruption of a volcano,
 "which covered all the neighbouring lands, for seventy or
 "eighty miles round, with calcined sand and ashes, which

“ lay in some places two yards deep. The lava vomited by
 “ Mount Ætna has sometimes formed streams that ran 18,000
 “ paces.

“ Volcanoes often have been known to cast from their en-
 “ trails boiling water, fish, shells, and other marine bodies.
 “ In 1631, during an eruption of Vesuvius, the sea in part
 “ became dry; it seemed absorbed by the volcano, which
 “ soon after overflowed the country with salt water.—Vol-
 “ canoes are found in cold as well as hot countries.”—*Ency-
 clopédie.*

(36) The entrance to the cavern of Policandro (or Poli-
 cando) is grand. The bottom is covered with congelations,
 formed from drops of water, which distill from the summit,
 but of a ferruginous nature, pointed, and hard enough to
 wound the feet. The ceiling affords various and great beau-
 ties. These congelations, though exceedingly elegant, are
 not the only ornaments the grotto has received from nature;
 for here is plentifully found a species of iron ore, in the form
 of stars, and shining like polished steel. The pieces, in some
 places, have a red cast, and are as brilliant as diamonds.

In another part of the vault are seen large masses of round
 bodies, pendant like grapes, some red, others of a deep black,
 but perfectly bright and shining. The greatest ornament of
 the ceiling consists in the same species of congelation in the
 form of crystals; several are brought to a point, as if pur-
 posely so fashioned; and, what is more remarkable, some of
 them are naturally gilded, in as regular a manner as if they
 had just come from the hands of an able artist.—*Merc. de la
 Nat.* tome i.

(37) Mr. Swinburne, an excellent author already cited, has
 written another very interesting work, entitled *Travels through
 the Two Sicilies*, where I have found a description of the phæ-
 nomenon called by the country people *Fata Morgana*; which
 name, Mr. Swinburne says, is derived from an opinion,

established among the vulgar, that this spectacle is produced by a fairy, or a magician. The populace are enchanted at the sight of the phenomenon, and run through the streets to behold and invite others to behold it, with shouts and acclamations of joy. It seldom appears at Reggio: Mr. Swinburne did not see it, but says, its causes are learnedly explained by Kircher, Minasi, and other authors. Mr. Swinburne gives an exact description of it, taken from the account of Father Angelucci, who was an eye-witness of the phenomenon; and it is from this description by Father Angelucci, cited by Mr. Swinburne, that I have made a literal translation, without embellishment, for my tale.

An abstract of Minasi's account, with observations, and a plate, are given in Nicholson's Philosophical Journal, 4to. vol. i.

(38) "Lovers, says Athenæus, an ancient Greek author, "decorate with flowers the doors of their mistresses, as they "ornament the gates of a temple; whence, no doubt, the "present custom of the Greeks, to adorn their doors, and "those of the persons they love, on the first of May, is derived. They sing and walk before the houses of their fair "mistresses, to draw them to their windows; and such were "the gallantries they practised in the days of Horace.—The "young maidens dressed their heads with natural flowers, "with which they made themselves garlands; and the young "men, who wished to be thought gallant, did the same."—*Voy. de la Grèce*, 3me edit. tome i. par M. Guys.

(39) "There was anciently a feast instituted in honour of "Hecate, who had hospitably entertained Theseus, and who "had likewise offered up victims and vows for his victory and "safe return; hence she obtained her rank among the goddesses.

“ In ancient Greece, when a stranger arrived, the master
 “ of the house took him by the hand, in token of confidence,
 “ and his first duty was to lead him to the bath, and present
 “ a change of raiment.—Among the moderns, when a stranger
 “ arrives, the master of the house meets and embraces him,
 “ then conducts him to his most commodious apartment, and
 “ interrogates him concerning his travels, while the slaves
 “ prepare the bath; where he finds linen and clothes to
 “ change, and those he has put off are taken by the slaves,
 “ washed, and repaired, while he stays.”—*M. Guys*, tome i.

(40) “ Now, as anciently, the nurse of the master or
 “ mistress, in all respectable Grecian houses, is considered as
 “ one of the family. Of old, a woman who had nursed a child
 “ never quitted it, not even after marriage: and among the
 “ moderns, as well as the ancients, the nurse is generally a
 “ slave, purchased when the time of delivery draws near.

“ The attachment of nurses to the children they have
 “ suckled is so strongly interwoven with their manners, that
 “ the modern name for nurse is *paramana*, a very kind word,
 “ and even more expressive than the ancient appellation,
 “ since it signifies *second mother*. The nurse is always lodged
 “ in the house, when she has suckled a child, and, from that
 “ moment, is in a manner incorporated in the family.

“ Female slaves, now, as well as anciently, are treated with
 “ much kindness and humanity by the Greeks, and, after a
 “ certain time, are freed; some are adopted while young, and
 “ these are called *Daughters of their souls*.

“ The maids and slaves work, as formerly, at embroidering
 “ with their mistresses, and do all household duties. When
 “ their mistresses go abroad, they follow as they did of old.—
 “ The legislator Zaleucus, to repress the vanity and luxury of
 “ his time, ordained that no free woman should go abroad at-
 “ tended by more than one maid, *unless she was drunk*.”—*M.*
Guys, tome i.

(41) " The Grecian ladies have always delighted to adorn themselves with jewels; they enrich their girdles, necklaces, and bracelets, with them; and while their heads are decked with the most beautiful flowers of the spring; the diamond is seen sparkling beside the jessamine and rose: they dress themselves thus when not going abroad, or without an intention of being seen.

" These ornaments are only sacrificed to some strong cause for grief.—Almost all the Grecian women forbear to wear them in the absence of their husbands.—At present, when they go any distance, unwilling to walk through the streets with their jewels, they have them carried, put them on before they enter the house they are going to, and take them off when they return: this likewise is a very ancient custom.

" The use of the veil is very old; and now, as formerly, is an essential part of dress, by which rank is distinguished. The veil of the mistress and the maid, the free-woman and the slave, all are different.—The origin of the veil is attributed by the Greeks to modesty and bashfulness, equally timid.

" The veil of the Grecian ladies of modern times is muslin fringed with gold."—*M. Guys*, tome i.

(42) " The repast of the Greeks, however little animated, finished always by songs. The modern lyre of the Greeks resembles that of Orpheus, according to the description of Virgil, and is sometimes nipped with the fingers, and sometimes touched with a bow*.—The guitar and the lyre are the principal instruments in use among the modern Greeks. The shepherd plays, indifferently, the bagpipe, the flute, or the lyre."—*M. Guys*, tome i.

* I cannot conceive how they can play the lyre with a bow.

(43) The modern Greeks have preserved dances in honour of Flora; the wives and maidens of the village gather and scatter flowers, and bedeck themselves from head to foot. She who leads the dance, more ornamented than the others, represents Flora and the spring, the return of which the hymn they sing announces; and one of them sings,

“Welcome, sweet nymph, goddess of the month of May.”

In the Grecian villages, and among the Bulgarians, they still observe the feast of Ceres. When harvest is almost ripe, they go dancing to the sound of the lyre, and visit the fields whence they return with their heads ornamented with wheat-ears interwoven with the hair.

(44) “Embroidering is the occupation of the Grecian women; to the Greeks we owe the art, which is exceedingly ancient among them, and has been carried to the highest degree of perfection.—Enter the chamber of a Grecian girl, and you will see blinds at the windows, and no other furniture than a sofa, a chest inlaid with ivory, in which are kept silks and needles, and a frame for embroidering.

“Apologues, tales, romances, owe their origin to Greece. The modern Greeks love tales and fables, and have received them from the Orientals and Arabs, with as much eagerness as they formerly adopted them from the Egyptians.—The old women love always to relate, and the young pique themselves on repeating those they have learnt, or can make from such incidents as happen within their knowledge.”—*M. Guys*, tome i.

(45) “The Greeks, at present, have not a fixed time for the celebration of marriages, like the ancients, among whom the ceremony was performed in the month of January. Formerly the bride was bought by real services done the father. This was afterward reduced to presents, and, to this time, the custom is continued, though the presents are arbitrary. The man is not obliged to purchase the woman he marries,

“but, on the contrary, receives a portion with her equal to
“her condition.

“It was on the famous shield of Achilles, that Homer has
“described a marriage procession :

“Here sacred pomp, and genial feast, delight,
“And solemn dance, and hymeneal rite.
“Along the streets the new-made brides are led,
“With torches flaming to the nuptial bed :
“The youthful dancers, in a circle, bound
“To the soft flute and cittern’s silver sound.
“Through the fair streets the matrons, in a row,
“Stand in their porches and enjoy the show.”

POPE.

“The same pomp, procession, and music, are still in use,
“Dancers, musicians, and singers who chant the epithala-
“mium, go before; the bride, loaded with ornaments, her
“eyes downcast, and herself supported by women, or two
“near relations, walks extremely slow, &c.—Formerly the
“bride wore a red or yellow veil; the Armenians do so still.
“This was to hide the blush of modesty, the embarrassment
“and tears of the young virgin.

“The bright torch of Hymen is not forgotten among the
“modern Greeks; it is carried before the new-married couple
“into the nuptial chamber, where it burns till it is consumed;
“and it would be an ill omen, were it by any accident extin-
“guished; wherefore it is watched with as much care, as was
“of old the sacred fire of the Vestals.

“Arrived at the church, the bride and bridegroom each
“wear a crown, which, during the ceremony, the priest
“changes, by giving the crown of the bridegroom to the
“bride, and that of the bride to the bridegroom; which
“custom also is derived from the ancients.—I must not forget
“an essential ceremony, which the Greeks have preserved;

“ this is the cup of wine given to the bridegroom, in token of
 “ adoption: it was the symbol of contract and alliance; the
 “ bride drank from the same cup, which afterward passed
 “ round to the relations and guests.

“ They dance and sing, still, all night; but the companions
 “ of the bride are excluded; they feast among themselves, in
 “ separate apartments, far from the tumult of the nuptials.
 “ The modern Greeks, like the ancient, on the nuptial day,
 “ decorate their doors with green branches and garlands of
 “ flowers.”—*M. Guys*, tome i.

M. Guys, the eldest son of him already cited, gives an interesting account of a Grecian marriage, at which he was present:

“ The young bride, richly dressed, wearing long tresses of
 “ threads of gold, interwoven with her beautiful hair, after
 “ the manner of the Greeks, descended from her apartment;
 “ she eagerly advanced to kiss her father and mother, who
 “ waited to receive her at the head of ten children.—Who
 “ among us could behold with dry eyes, a tender and respect-
 “ able mother unable to detach herself from a daughter whom
 “ she pressed in her arms, and whom she bedewed with tears,
 “ which an excess of joy and affection caused abundantly to
 “ flow on her maternal bosom?—The father wept also; but
 “ with eyes raised to Heaven, pronounced, with a firm tone,
 “ a paternal benediction on his daughter, and vows for the
 “ happiness of her and her husband. At their return, nose-
 “ gays, bound with threads of gold, were given to the young
 “ men, saying, Go you and marry also.”

M. Guys terminates the recital by saying, the bride's mother conducted her daughter into an apartment superbly furnished; the tapestry and bed of which, embroidered on a ground of white, adorned with beautiful flowers, were the work of this good mother. “ She had laboured at them, “ privately,” adds M. Guys, “ for ten years, without the knowledge of any one.”—*M. Guys*, tome ii.

(46) "The Grecian houses are divided into two parts by a great hall, which takes up the centre and whole width. In this hall they give feasts, and perform all ceremonies that require room, &c."—*M. Guys*, tome i.

(47) "A Grecian woman weeps for the death of her husband, her son, &c. with her female friends, for several days, who sing their praises and regrets.—Their manner of showing grief is now, as formerly, by plucking out their hair, and tearing their garments. Fathers and mothers follow their children, when carried to the grave; and the body is now, as of old, washed before it is buried. If it be the corpse of a young virgin, they clothe it in its finest robes, crown it with flowers, and the women throw roses and scented water from their windows upon the coffin as it passes. The ancients adorned the dead with crowns of flowers, to indicate they had at length overcome the miseries and vexations of life.—The funeral repast is not neglected by the modern Greeks; the nearest relation undertakes the charge, and with this the ceremony ends.—Fathers and mothers, in Greece, wear mourning for their children*, and this mourning is very long; which is also an ancient Grecian custom.—The Greeks have preserved the usage of dressing the dead in their best clothes, and of carrying them to the grave with their faces uncovered †."

In the same work, by *M. Guys*, is a letter from *Madame Chenier* to the author ‡, which first gave me the idea of the episode of *Euphrosyne*. I shall only cite such passages from this letter as I have profited by, the rest having no relation to my episode.

* They do the same in Italy.

† The same custom is observed in Italy.

‡ Tome i. page 283.