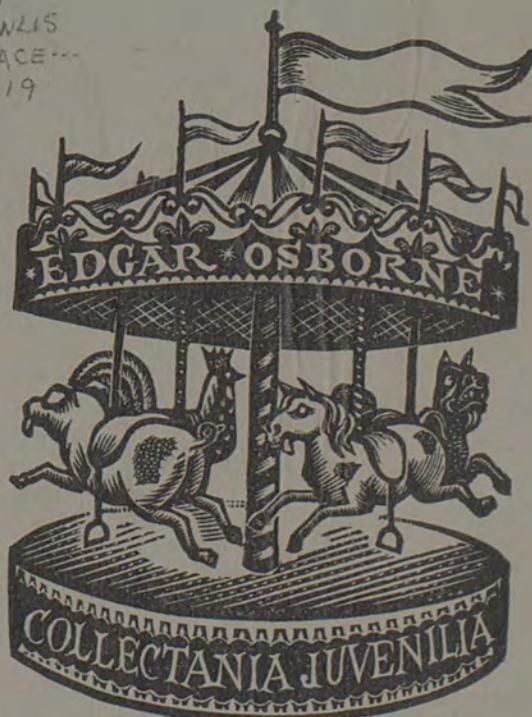


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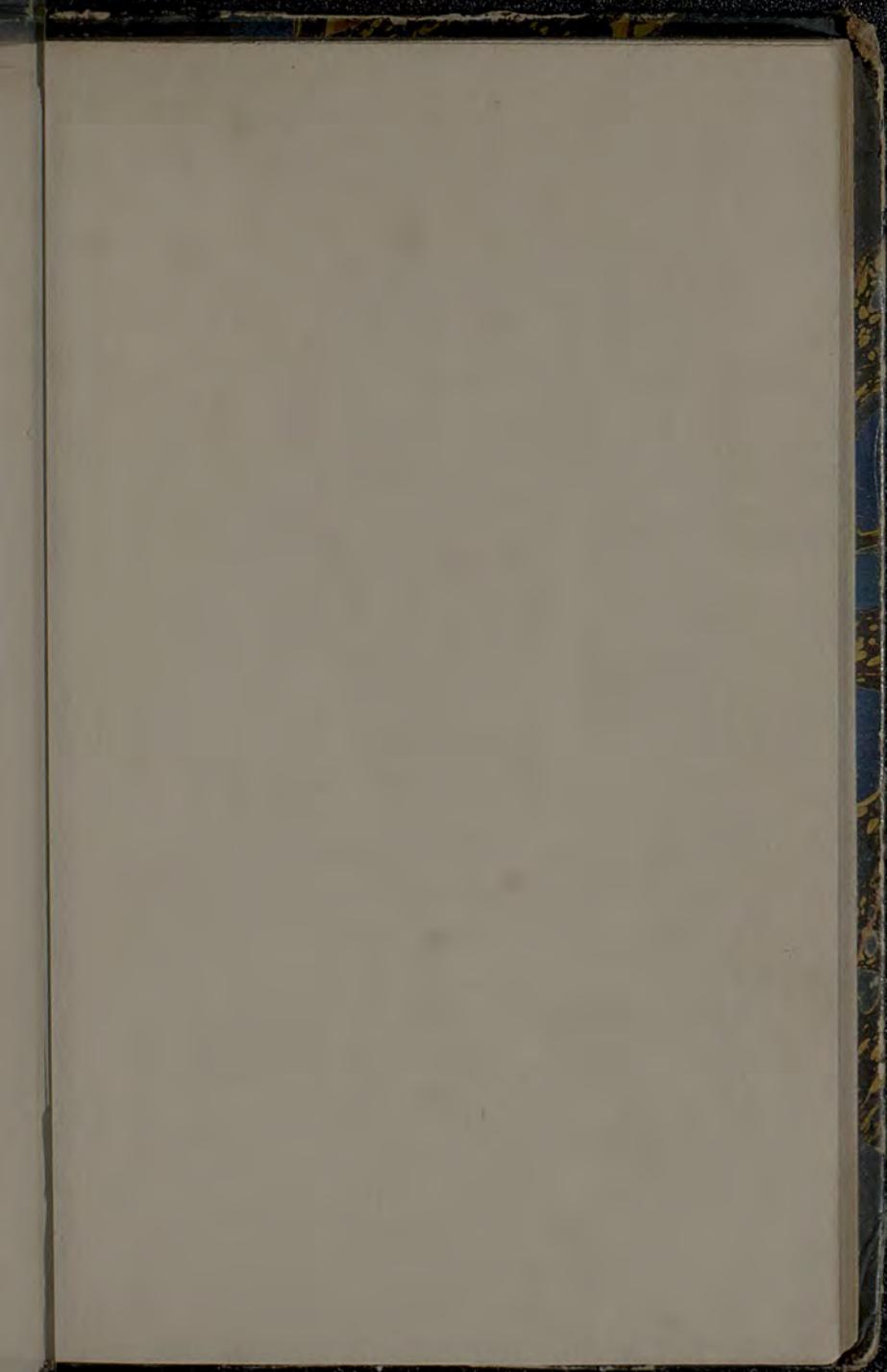
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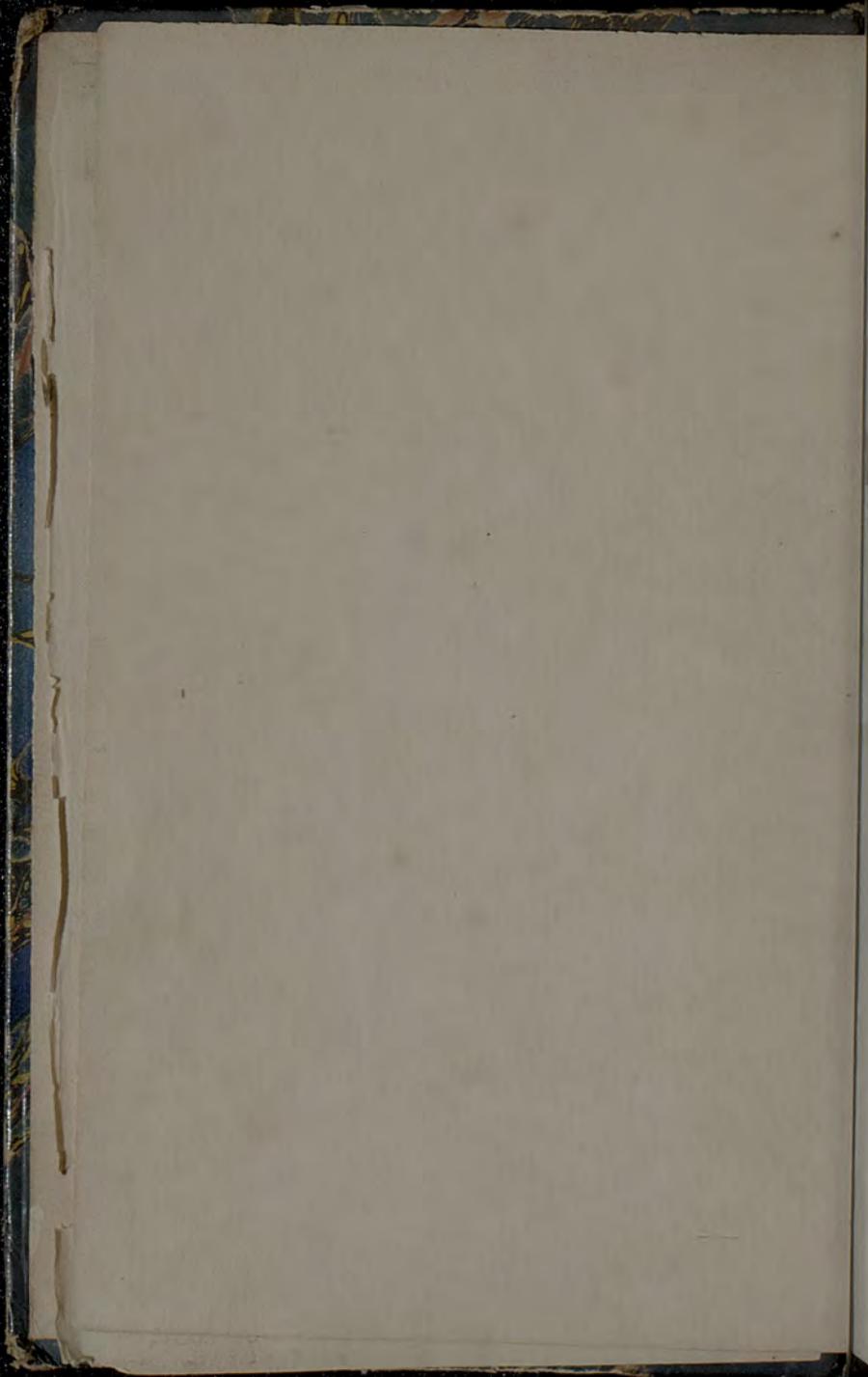
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THE
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A Moral Tale.

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WITH ENGRAVINGS.
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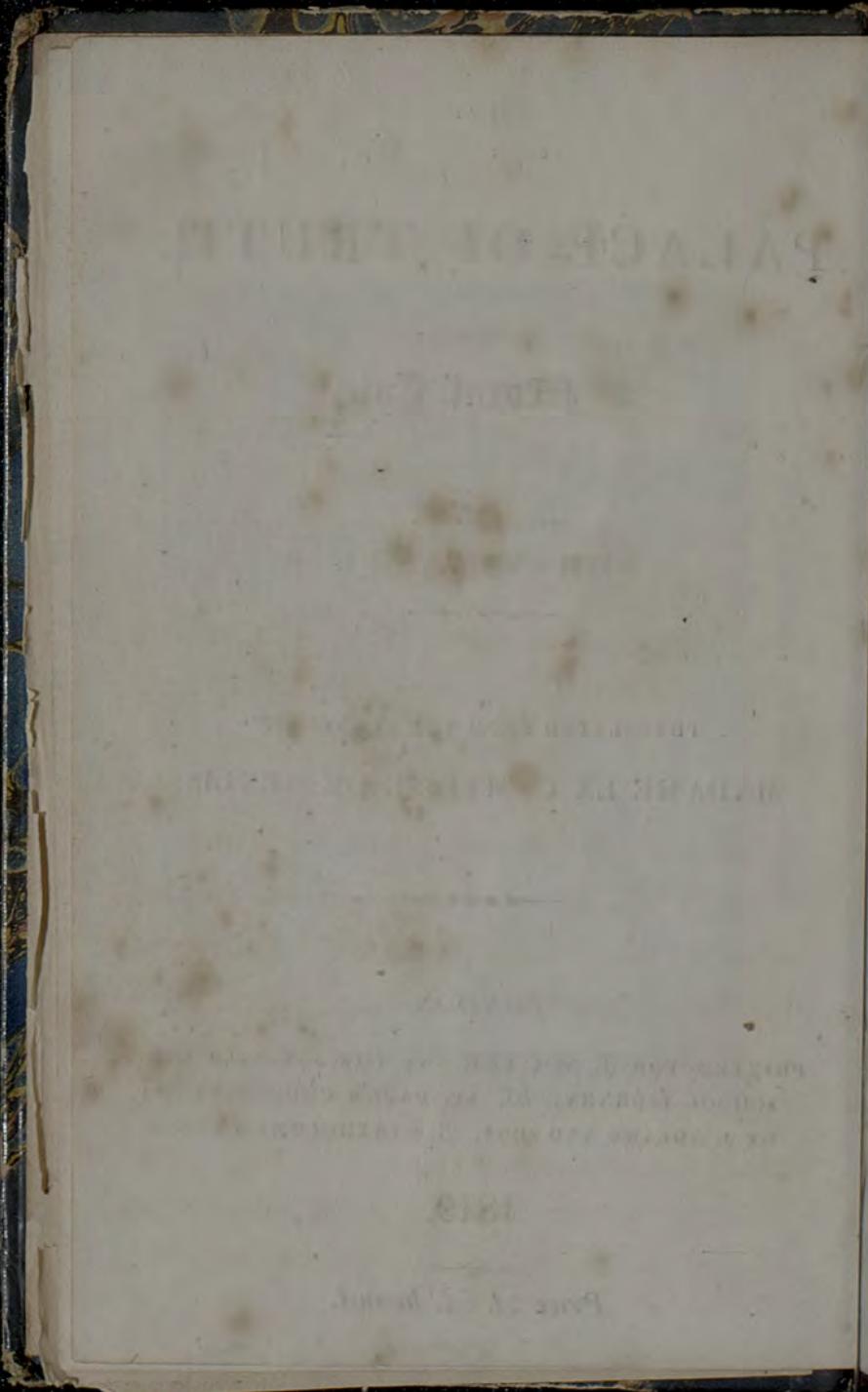
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THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY

OF LONDON

1704

Printed by J. Streater

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PREFACE.

It has been agreed by Divines, Philosophers, and Critics, that this Story of **THE PALACE OF TRUTH** is not only the master-piece of the celebrated Authoress, but that it is the most effective moral tale to be found in any Language.

There can be no doubt that it merits a place in every family library, and also among those small collections of books allotted to the perusal of children during the period of their education. It could not fail to correct the most enormous of vices, and will infallibly produce the happiest effects on the dispositions of all its readers.

PREFACE.

Nor are its excellencies confined to the moral lesson which it inculcates, since it teaches that lesson in a manner which fascinates attention, and excites an irresistible curiosity to proceed to its termination. If it is important to teach morality to the young, it is still more important to teach it in such manner as that its precepts may be forced on their attention.

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THE
PALACE OF TRUTH.

A MORAL TALE.

THE charming queen Altemira married the most beautiful of all the genii, the amiable and tender Phanor. The evening of the bridal day, the queen was very desirous the genius should conduct her to his palace. Phanor sighed, and, tenderly regarding Altemira, said, I abandon it for your sake. You reign over faithful subjects, and over my heart ; let that empire content you. It is not possible I should take you to my palace ; but, since you cannot inhabit it, I shall return thither no more ; and do not ask me farther.

How, my lord ! interrupted Altemira, must I never see your palace ?

I dare flatter myself, replied Phanor, smiling, you will one day see it.

But when ? replied the queen ardently.

In sixteen years, if you then wish it.

In sixteen years ? Heavens !

From this time to that let it be forgotten : for your repose and mine, I must keep this secret.

The queen was excessively curious, and complained, wept, and pouted ; but Phanor was inflexible. The vexation of having a husband so discreet, was the only one Altemira knew ; the wedded pair loved each other entirely ; and, had it not been for the curiosity and eternal questions of the queen concerning the mysterious palace of the genius, they would have been perfectly happy.

Altemira gave birth to a Princess, whom the genius, as may be easily imagined, endowed with all possible grace and perfections. Scarcely had Zeolide (the lovely princess was so called) attained her fourteenth year, ere the queen and the genius were careful to choose her a future husband worthy of her charms ; and their choice fell upon Prince Philamir, who adored Zeolide. The young

princess was consulted, and she owned she preferred Philamir to all who had ever sought her hand.

The queen, who beheld with inexpressible satisfaction the moment approach, when, according to the promise of the genius, she might indulge her curiosity, determined not to marry her daughter till she had seen the palace, and returned from her husband's territories; and the moment, so ardently wished, at length arrived.

Sixteen years had the queen now been married, and she pressed Phanor to depart without delay. To-morrow, answered he, you shall be transported thither, if, after having heard what I shall relate, you persist in the same resolution. This evening you shall hear my story. The queen desired Zeolide might be present. Phanor was lothe to consent, but at last yielded to the eager intreaties of the queen. Toward the close of the day he went to Altemira's apartment, and, seating himself between the two princesses, he thus began his tale.

THE HISTORY OF THE GENIUS PHANOR.

I was born with most lively passions. Our art, which renders us superior to mortals, can affect no alteration in the heart: and the genius my father saw, with chagrin, that several centuries would be necessary to render me prudent and happy.

In the mean time I became deeply enamoured of a fairy, much older than myself, and more eminent for understanding than beauty; this choice did me honour. Prudina, so was the fairy called, was held in great estimation, and was cited as a model of circumspection, prudence, and virtue. So penetrating was her wit, she saw my passion before I knew it myself, and informed me I was in love with her: at first I was going to tell her, with the utmost simplicity and openness of heart, she was mistaken; but she seemed so confident, I thought it best to examine myself a little farther.

While she chided me for a passion which she called childish folly, Prudina discovered so much mildness and friendship, that the con-

sequence of these lectures was, I found it possible I might in time obtain a place in her affections, and this hope begat the love which she rather foresaw than discovered. At last I took courage, and pressed Prudina for an explanation, and she owned she herself had fallen into the snares she had counselled me to avoid.

Enchanted with my good fortune, I spoke of marriage; but Prudina declared she would not wed, till she had first had proofs of my constancy; promising, at the same time, to give no one the least item of the hopes she indulged me in. She spoke highly of the charms of secrecy, and as bragging was not my foible, she easily obtained all she asked on that head, and our mutual good understanding was wholly unknown to all.

One evening as, enveloped in a cloud, I traversed the air toward the palace of Prudina, I heard cries so grievous, that pity obliged me to stop. I beheld a cavalcade of horses and carriages, with a multitude of slaves bearing flambeaux, and in the midst of this multitude a young man of exquisite beauty,

who appeared the master of the others, in all the agonies of despair. His followers all repeated his complaints, and rendered the scene still more affecting.

I made myself known, and, addressing the charming youth, demanded the cause of such extraordinary grief. I am, said he, the prince Zimis, and have from my infancy loved the princess Eliana; our parents had agreed to our union, when the cruel genius Phormidas, unhappily for me, saw and became enamoured of my love. Eliana treated him with so much rigour, that he appeared to have lost all hope. I took advantage of this momentary repose, and, accompanied by the train you see, was conducting my princess into my own kingdom, to celebrate our nuptials.

As we were passing through a gloomy forest, we were suddenly surprised by the appearance of Phormidas, who assaulted us, and, in spite of my courage and resistance, tore my dear Eliana from my arms. Vainly have I endeavoured, for three days, to follow the traces of the ravisher: fatigue, at last, has stopped us

here, and here, I feel, despair will terminate my life and miseries.

This recital greatly affected me; I comforted the unfortunate Zimis, and assured him his princess should be restored. Return, said I, into your own kingdom; before the break of day you shall again possess Eliana; my art is superior to that of Phormidas. Adieu! confide your vengeance to me. This said, I launched into the air, and soon lost sight of the prince and his train.

I dedicated the night, destined to love, to benevolence; and instead of the palace of Prudina, flew to the throne of the sovereign of the genii, to whom I related the interesting story of Eliana and her lover, and conjured him to deliver the young princess from the tyranny of Phormidas.

Our august monarch, taking me by the hand, said, follow me, and I will give you some information concerning the fate of the princess, and leave to you the glory of ending this adventure.

So saying, he conducted me into a magnificent saloon. ornamented with a multitude of

glasses, one of which he touched with a golden wand. We must first see, said he, what is at present become of Eliana, that our succours and activity may equal the danger of her situation.

As he spoke, I saw the glass begin to colour, and it soon represented a young lady of perfect beauty. That is Eliana, said the genius; but observe how she is employed.

At this instant the magic picture became complete, and I saw, not without extreme surprise, Eliana, alone in a garden, sitting in a swing, which, in full motion, rose even to the clouds, and weeping in so affecting a manner, that I was greatly moved. My astonishment made the genius smile: You will soon discover things much more extraordinary, said he, shaking his head with a mysterious air. Here, receive this talisman, it will transport you whenever you please to the place where Eliana is detained; but arm yourself with coolness and courage, for you will need them both. If you terminate this singular and perilous ad-

venture gloriously, I promise to grant whatever reward you shall ask.

So saying, the monarch left me : and thus, in possession of my talisman, I instantly wished myself with Eliana. The very same moment, I saw myself in the midst of a superb garden, heard the sound of voices, stopped, looked round me and, by the clear light of the moon, perceived, at some distance, the beautiful Eliana, whom I had seen in the magic glass. She was precisely in the same situation, swinging with the most furious velocity ; which madness appeared to me utterly inconceivable.

The princess was conversing with a very pretty little sylph, who was speaking. It is pleasant enough, said he, to swing sometimes ; but to swing always, whatever can be said to persuade you from it, still swing, swing, swing, during all the prime of youth, this is cruel, I confess.

O, Zumio, replied the princess, how happy are you, that you can preserve your gaiety ! You, it is true, like me, are deprived of liberty, but then you are not treated with so much bar-

barity.—Oh! were you in my place.—Oh! cruel genius! Oh, more inhuman fairy. To what strange punishment am I condemned!

The princess could not continue her moving complaints; for at that instant her swing took so rapid, so impetuous a motion, that she wanted breath and utterance.

I now learnt the unfortunate Eliana was enchanted in this fatal swing. I drew near to her, told her what was become of her lover, promised to restore her to liberty, and intreated her to inform me of all that had happened. Alas! my lord, said she, I fear you have not power to break the enchantment, which vengeance and jealousy have imagined; or that you will be shocked by the conditions, which must be fulfilled ere this can be accomplished.

My history, in a few words, is as follows: The cruel Phormidas, after tearing me from the arms of my husband, brought me to his palace. I endeavoured to kill myself, and should, no doubt, have proceeded to some fatal extremity, had not the roof of the palace suddenly opened, and a woman, or rather a fury,

appeared drawn in a car by four monstrous bats.

Phormidas was at my feet; he instantly rose, with a confused countenance; and the terrible fairy, with a menacing and dreadful voice, pronounced these words:

Perfidious Phormidas, is it thus I am betrayed? I, who for thy sake deceive the most beautiful of all the genii! And dost thou prefer a mortal to me? No, ingrate, it is impossible to impose upon me; but, if thou wouldst obtain pardon, give me up that princess, whose life I promise to respect. Remember, she detests and I adore thee, and that I am capable of performing every thing to be revenged.

Phormidas, terrified, crouched to receive his former chains, and delivered me to the fairy. Immediately the car mounted above the clouds, and here, in less than three minutes, we arrived, where I endeavoured to soften the fairy, threw myself at her feet, and conjured her to restore me to my lover.

After a moment's silence the fairy raised me.

Princess, said she, I am not vindictive, but I am capricious ; and if you will indulge me in a whim, which has just seized me, I shall readily forget what has passed ; I am ridiculously fond of swinging ; look, here is a swing, sit down in it, that is all I ask.

Though this idea appeared to me strange, yet I thought myself very happy to be so easily pardoned, and obeyed without hesitation ; but scarcely had I seated myself in this fatal swing, when the fairy with a terrible voice, thus spoke :

I condemn thee to swing for thirty years, unless one of my lovers should cease to admire me, and should deceive me without my discovering the deceit.

Instantly the swing of itself took so violent a motion, that the shock made me faint. Zumio, the amiable sylph whom you see with me, came to my assistance. When I recovered the use of my senses, I yielded to the most violent despair, yet recollecting the last words of the fairy, I felt hope revive a little ; for, said I, since she has more than one lover, she must necessarily be often deceived.

Certainly, replied Zumio, she would, did she not possess a turquoise ring, which becomes as yellow as gold whenever one of her lovers commits the least infidelity, or his affection ceases for her. The fairy constantly wears this ring in the day, and, fearing lest it should be stolen from her during sleep, she every night incloses it in a brazen casket, which she locks up in a subterranean grotto, dug in her garden, the entrance to which is defended by twelve monstrous crocodiles, six basilisks, and four dragons, whose frightful jaws, resembling the most fearful volcanoes, vomit devouring flames, and send forth stones of fire.

As the princess ended, the sylph thus continued: Such, my lord, are the perils that await you; but what glory would equal your's, were you victorious! know, these enchanted gardens are full of the most beautiful princesses in the universe, whom this most jealous fairy here detains, and has condemned to different pangs and punishments. Had the fairy only robbed the world of her rivals, her barbarity

would have been sufficient ; but she has carried off every one, who gave her the least kind of umbrage : envious of wit, beauty, talents, and even virtue, it is enough to draw down her hatred, that any one should acquire eminence, or become very successful. As for me, continued Zumio, I am also one of her prisoners, though formerly her favourite page ; I carried her most secret billets-doux : unhappily for me, she suspected my discretion, and has confined me in this melancholy place.

I interrupted Zumio : For Heaven's sake, said I, satisfy my curiosity ; and tell me the name of this monster, this abominable fairy.

Ah, my lord ! replied Zumio, you will be much surprised ; for she is as specious as she is wicked ; and, when I had my liberty, I saw her company courted by the first among the genii, who had the simplicity to believe, on her word, that she possessed every virtue. In fine, Sir, the fairy by whom we are persecuted is Prudina.

I was petrified at the name ; it was impossible for words to express my surprise and

indignation ; fury soon succeeded a state of stupor, and I exclaimed impetuously, Yes, I promise you swift vengeance, your cause is now mine ; princess, adieu ! Farewell, Zumio ! two hours hence you are free.

I departed, and, by virtue of my talisman, was instantly at the entrance of the redoubted cavern, which inclosed the ring of my perfidious mistress. I will not give you a detail of the combats I had to sustain, I was animated by vengeance, wrath, and hatred, and should never have been triumphant, had I not been immortal and a genius. I exterminated the monsters, reduced the gates to powder, seized the casket, and snatched the precious ring. I found it of a most beautiful citron colour, and put it on my finger, whence I promised it should never part.

The garden instantly resounded with a thousand cries of joy ; a thousand repetitions echoed LIBERTY ! LIBERTY ! ALL THANKS TO THE GENIUS PHANOR ! LIBERTY ! LIBERTY !

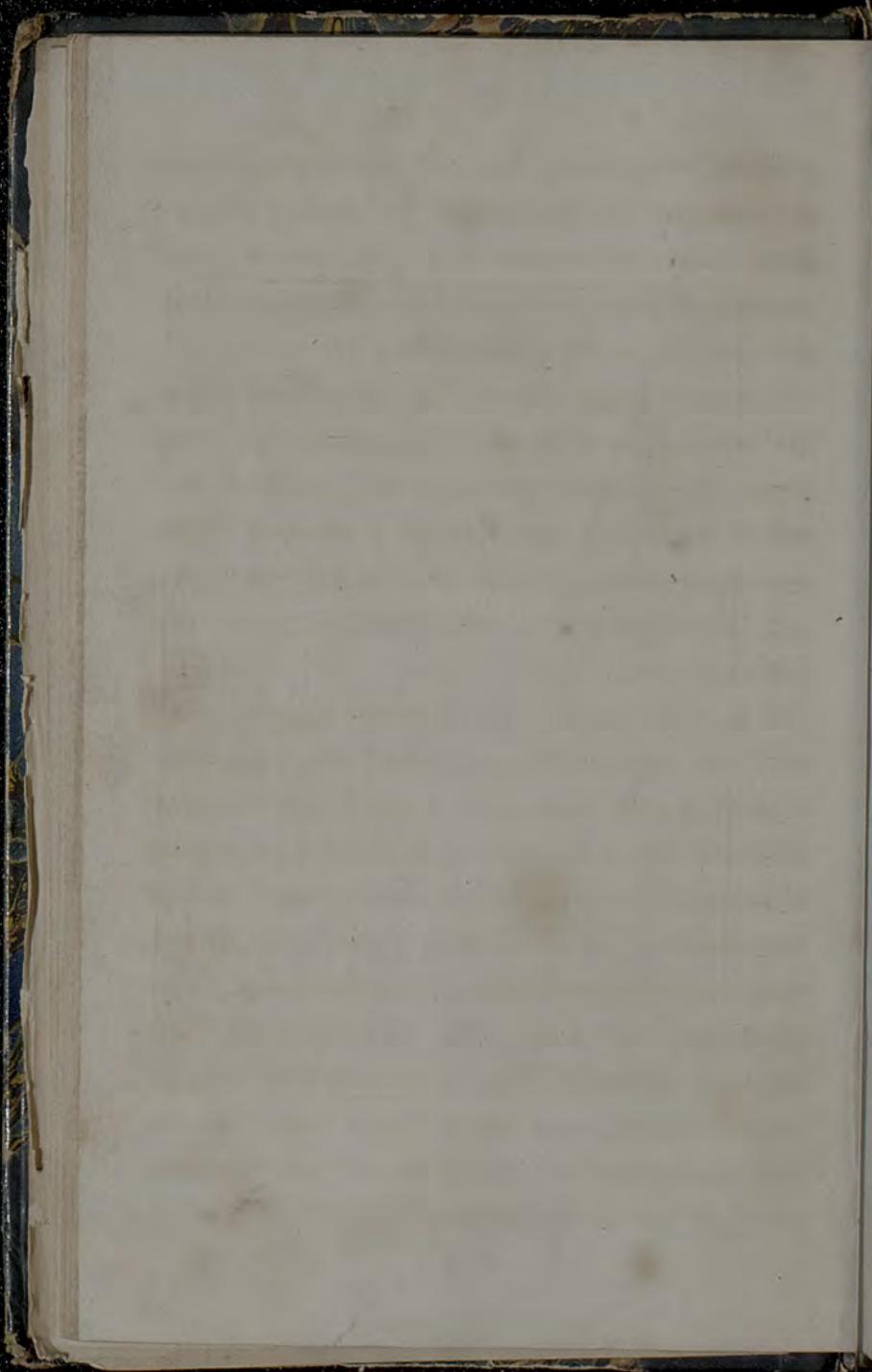
I left the cavern, and found the garden full of ladies differently dressed, and almost all

young and handsome ; they ran, they wept, they embraced each other, and again cried with all their force, LIBERTY ! LIBERTY ! ALL THANKS TO PHANOR ! Day began to break, and I distinguished among the crowd the beautiful Eliana, leaning on the arm of Zumio. She saw me, ran and cast herself at my feet, and exclaimed, behold our deliverer ! Instantly was I surrounded by all her companions, some clasping my knees, others my hands and arms ; some frantically kissing me ; and one, among the rest, lightly leaped upon my back, and, with a shrill and piercing voice, cried aloud in my ear, Liberty ! Liberty ! This exclamation was repeated so constantly, and with such inexpressible transports, that, notwithstanding all my glory, I was half distracted with the noise, when, suddenly, the sovereign of the genii appeared, riding on a white elephant : he imposed silence on the clamorous assembly ; then turning to me, said — Phanor, you are the arbiter of Prudina's destiny, do you pronounce sentence upon her.

Sire, replied I, she is unmasked. I wish no



Elanor discovering the Princess Eleanore.



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greater vengeance, but deign to pity these unfortunate victims of her jealousy; restore them to their country and their lovers, and command that each shall be transported to the spot her heart most wishes.

Scarcely had I spoken ere the genius raised his sceptre, and they all disappeared: the genius then again addressing me, said, I promised to reward you, and am ready to fulfil my engagement, think well before you ask; and when you are determined, come to my palace.

After bestowing this prudent advice upon me, the genius left me; and I was preparing to quit this fatal place for ever, which brought afflicting ideas to my mind, when I perceived Zumio behind a tree, conversing with one of the prettiest little women I ever beheld. I was exceedingly surprised, and Zumio, approaching me, said, You find me here still, my lord, because I am determined to attach myself to you, and never leave you. As to this young beauty, she will tell you her own story, if you desire to hear it.

Certainly, cried I.

The amiable stranger smiled; I sat myself down by her, and pressed her to speak to me confidently, and tell me why she determined to remain in that garden.

All my companions, replied she, have either husbands or lovers, whom they ardently desire to see once more. I admire their constancy, but have no wish to imitate it. Since, however, my lord, you desire a recital of my adventures, I shall willingly oblige you.

I have a lively imagination, great sensibility, and excessive delicacy: it is easy to touch my heart, but difficult to fix it. At the beginning of an attachment, I see the best side of every thing, and make a god of my lover; but, when chance and circumstances ravish the illusion from me, I find I have loved only a chimera; and detach myself, or rather awaken from an agreeable dream, which vanishes before truth. The world has the injustice to call this effort of reason inconstancy. I change not through caprice or lassitude, but am deceived and undeceived.

About two years ago, unhappily for me, I became the rival of Prudina; a new attachment had occupied me for above three months; the fairy took a fancy to my lover, which cost me my liberty; she carried me off, conducted me hither, and while, as she held me by the hand, we crossed the garden, I wept in the utmost despair; be comforted, Agelia, said she, my revenge will not be cruel; you have something amiable and desirable about you, and, if you had not quite so much levity, would really be enchanting; therefore, as you interest me in spite of myself, I shall rather endeavour to correct than to punish you.

This mockery of the fairy did not deceive me. We continued walking, till at last the bowers, the trees, the garden, all disappeared, and we found ourselves in an immense plain, bounded only by the horizon. The view was much like that you have on board a ship at sea: but the motion and noise of the waves, and the reflections of the sun-beams on the surface of the water, give life to this picture! while, on the plain where we were, there was

nothing to interrupt the astonishing and perfect uniformity of the monotonous scene before us. The plain contained neither tree, shrub, nor flower, but was wholly covered with a beautiful green grass, all of one species, without any other kind of herb. A profound calm, an eternal silence, reigned in this vast solitude; where not a bird nor an insect could be seen, and where the sky was always of a perfect blue, without a cloud.

The first aspect of this immense plain produced a most agreeable sensation: struck with admiration, I stood motionless in a trance of rapture.

I am quite charmed, said the fairy, to find you are so pleased with the scene; it ought naturally to calm the too great susceptibility of a warm imagination; but this effect can only be hoped from time and meditation; wherefore, I would have you remain here, where you will never find the least change; the heavens will always be equally serene, never will they be obscured by the least cloud; you will have neither night nor morning, no

inconstancy of seasons, but day will ever shine thus bright.

So saying, she condemned me to walk with a steady and majestic step over this enchanted velvet lawn for thirty years : at least, said she, according to her usual form, unless one of my lovers should cease to admire me, and should deceive me without my discovering the deceit.

She spoke and disappeared, and I instantly found myself obliged to walk exceedingly slow, without a possibility of turning to the right or the left, of hastening or slackening of my pace, or stopping or sitting down to rest.

This obligation of walking always in a right line, and the same slow pace, seemed very painful at the first instant ; but I was far from feeling all the horror of my situation. I at first beheld this rich and immense carpet, encircled by a clear and dazzling azure horizon, with ecstasy. Is it possible, that blue and green, the sky and grass, can yield so extraordinary, so magnificent, a picture ? But thus do grandeur and simplicity form the sublime.

Such philosophic reflections, the memory of my lover, and the hope the fairy might be deceived, without her discovering the deceit, made me support my solitude with great patience for some hours: but my admiration of my vast prison soon cooled; disgust succeeded enthusiasm; the majestic immensity of eternal verdure, which had so much surprised me, became insipid, monotonous, and tiresome, and I had nothing to divert my attention but an unfortunate passion.

Even the remembrance of this passion was insensibly effaced; my lifeless fancy lost all strength of colouring; my thoughts became vague; my reveries languid; all illusions left me; love fled my solitude, and I found myself alone in the vast world.

When reason dissipates dangerous errors, victory brings ease, and we are happy, no doubt; but though it is glorious and flattering to vanquish our passions, it is shocking to feel them quitting us, and annihilating themselves, because the fire of imagination becomes extinct, and the heart withers. Yet how avoid

such a horrid situation, or what passion could here long endure? It needed not be overcome by reason, time soon rendered it languid.

In this cruel state I mournfully trod my never-ending line. I wept no more, no longer had the power of afflicting myself; but I gaped, became spiritless, and sunk beneath insupportable lassitude: the only real wish I felt was once again to see animated nature, trees, houses, and mountains; the sight of a cloud would have delighted me; a storm, thunder, rain, would have given me unspeakable joy. How much did I regret night, the moon, and star-light! In fact, the least change, of any kind whatever, would have been perfect happiness, and I felt that the ingenious and jealous Prudina, in condemning me to this strange punishment, had found the most cruel method of chastising the inconstancy with which she reproached me.

Judge of my joy, my lord, continued Agelia, when, thanks to your valour, I found I had the power to run or stop, and that I was in the midst of this garden: you ought to imagine,

at present, wherefore I am here, and why I have not been impatient to join a lover, who has ceased to please me; and by whom, ere this, I am doubtless forgotten, having been eighteen months absent: should he by chance remain faithful, I never could support his complaints and reproaches: all countries, therefore, are to me indifferent, since I cannot return to my own; and, provided I neither see vast plains nor lawns, I do not care where I live.

When Agelia had thus spoken, I rose, and, describing in the air a circle with my wand, changed the palace and gardens of Prudina into a magnificent castle, situated on the summit of a mountain: we found ourselves standing on the terrace, whence we had the most charming and variegated view. Agelia seemed transported again to behold rocks, cascades, precipices, ruins, hamlets, flocks, and the ocean: for I had united every thing, which nature affords of the pleasing and the majestic, plains excepted. Agelia was in raptures: Here reign, said I; if my presence be

disagreeable, speak, Agelia, and, whatever it may cost me, I am gone; your repose is dearer to me than my own happiness.

Agelia, at first, replied to this kind declaration with equal tenderness and embarrassment; then taking a tone of pleasantry, she preserved her gaiety for part of the day; and toward evening fell into a mild melancholy, which gave her new charms, and rendered her so lovely, that my heart was gone past retrieving.

After supper I led her to the terrace, where, perceiving the sky soon thick with stars, Agelia stopped and looked up at the heavens in ecstasy. O enchanting sight! cried she.

I instantly fell at her knees, and dared to describe the sensations she inspired. She heard me without interruption; I saw she was affected; saw her tears began to flow, and pressed her to reply. After a moment's silence, Phanor, said she, drying her tears, I am not insensible of your favours, and especially of your tenderness, but give me time

to know you farther, and examine my own heart.

So saying, she left me. I consulted my precious ring, my turquoise, and learnt with transport I was beloved. The next day I conjured Agelia to give me a farther explanation. Really, said she, I am fearful both of deceiving you and myself.

No, charming Agelia, exclaimed I, falling at her feet, no, you love me; I cannot doubt my happiness.

I stopped, for I perceived Agelia thought my security exceedingly ridiculous; and, in fact it had greatly the appearance of vanity. Agelia pouted, and treated me with reserve, with disdain. I repaired my imprudence, and pretended I had lost all hope. Agelia became less rigorous, confessed, at last, a mutual passion, and deigned to fix the day, when Hymen should join two hearts, which had been so suddenly united by Love.

On the eve of this happy day, I was walking on the terrace with Agelia; her eyes were fixed on the ocean, which bathed the walls of the

castle; she seemed absent, and I had remarked, with uneasiness, she had appeared so for two days; and that she was less tender than usual; yet I could not suffer any great uneasiness, because my ring preserved its usual colour. After a moment's silence, Agelia said, You ought, since every thing is possible to your art, to sink these mountains, and make those rocks vanish; for I find the landscape is overcharged, and the eye has no relief; you have multiplied your cascades too much; those precipices terrify the imagination, and the noise of torrents, and the roaring of the sea, give pain.

What then, Agelia, cried I, sighing, have these places ceased to please? these scenes, which you thought so charming? Well, then, since such is your will, they shall vanish, though to me they are dear; for here it was Agelia first promised to unite her destiny to mine.

Agelia made no reply; but gave me her hand with a look of tender passion: I kissed it with transport. At this instant, she fixed her eyes

upon my ring, and, with a negligent and absent air, drew it from my finger. This gave me some emotion; but, unwilling to excite her suspicions, I durst not oppose her wish to examine it nearer.

I cannot abide the turquoise, said Agelia; though this is a beautiful blue: but it is frightfully mounted; I declare it is quite horrid.

So saying, she raised her arm, and, without giving me time to prevent, or rather to foresee her intention, threw this estimable treasure, this ring, the possession of which was so precious, so dear to me, into the sea.

The excess of my surprise rendered me motionless; Agelia beheld me with a mischievous eye. At length I broke forth, overwhelmed her with reproaches; accused her of perfidy, and uttered, without scruple, every extravagance which anger the most violent could suggest. Agelia listened with great tranquillity. When I had ended, I confess, said she, the properties of that vile ring were not unknown to me: I have had some confused suspicions for several days past, and have had the art to get the secret from Zumio.

Ah, perfidious Zumio ! cried I.

He has not wilfully betrayed you, replied Agelia ; I persuaded him I was in the secret ; he has not wanted discretion ; he has only been deceived by a woman ; and this is a misfortune which neither human prudence, nor magic itself, could ever yet shield a philosopher, or the most sublime of the genii, from sometimes experiencing. As to any thing farther, my lord, if it be on my account you regret so bitterly your turquoise, your grief is ill founded, for, I assure you, I have not the least wish to deceive you.

Wherefore, cruel woman, have you ravished this precious talisman from me, which would have prevented all doubts, and rendered assurances of fidelity superfluous ?

Yes, my lord, I know the ring left me nothing to say ; but I love to talk ; and, besides, you must allow such kind of security would not be very flattering to me. Can you say it would have been generous and delicate secretly to consult this ring at every instant, to know whether you ought to believe my protesta-

tions of affection? I have no talisman, and yet I believe you. If you ask me what love is, I will tell you: at the moment when you obtained a confession of my passion for you, you should have taken this pretended treasure, this odious ring, have cast it from you, and said, "The love and confidence you inspire render *this* useless."

I listened and stood confounded; at last I fell on my knees, implored Agelia's indulgence, and my pardon.

Indulgence! cried she, you know not its value; did I not generously pardon you all the wrongs I have just repeated? When I threw your ring into the sea, you ought to have recollected it had not changed its colour: but the passion, the unworthy fury you have just been guilty of—

Hold, Agelia, you pierce me to the soul.

No, my lord, I will take no advantage of your present want of power to read my heart; my word is more certain than all the talismans in the world; I love you no longer, nor ever shall love you more.

The coolness, the unconcern, with which Agelia pronounced these words, did not permit me to doubt the reality of my misfortune. I loved her passionately, and gave myself up to the most dreadful despair. I fell at her feet, bathed them with my tears : for pity's sake said I, deign to leave me a little hope.

Hence you may learn, replied she, whether you ought to regret your ring ; truth is to you so painful you cannot support it, and therefore conjure me to deceive you. We ought, no doubt, to endeavour to free ourselves from illusions, which are likely to injure us, but wherefore destroy those which afford us consolation !—Take my advice, my lord, and never hereafter employ your art to form a talisman like that from which I have freed you ; if you do, you will but prepare yourself new torments. Study men, suspect them in general, but believe implicitly in your mistress and your friend.

The counsel was prudent, yet unfortunately for me I did not profit by it. Agelia was inflexible, nothing could regain her heart, and I,

overwhelmed and despairing, retired to a solitude at a distance from her, where I passed several months totally occupied by my grief. Zumio followed me, and though he was the innocent cause of my misfortunes, his attachment, gaiety, and natural gentleness, made his society agreeable: besides, he knew Agelia, and I could converse with him of her.

Zumio had been a great traveller; his relations were pleasant and graceful; and, in order to divert me, he told me every evening of the interesting things he had seen in his travels. Among the rest, he had often spoke of a princess named Arpalisa, on whom he made such pompous eulogiums, that he excited my curiosity. I asked him whether she was as handsome as Agelia?

Pshaw! said Zumio, had you ever seen the divine Arpalisa, you never would have been in love with this little Agelia, who is agreeable enough I own, and does not want wit sometimes; but being in reality a wild, capricious, thoughtless thing, cannot be compared to the princess I mention, who is an accomplished

model of all perfection ; you would be dazzled with the depth of her beauty, and enchanted with her understanding, her virtues, talents, and the extent of her knowledge.—Such greatness of soul !—such sensibility !—O ! were you to hear her discourse on friendship.

Zumio was exhaustless on this subject, and his every day repeated praise at length inspired me with a strong desire to see this miraculous princess.

Notwithstanding, however, all the prudent counsels of Agelia, I heartily regretted the loss of my ring : I had a favour to ask of the sovereign of the genii, and after much incertitude, and many reflections, I went to him, and conjured him to build me a palace, in which, by a charm, every one that entered it should be obliged to declare their secret thoughts whenever they spoke. I asked likewise, in quality of the possessor of the palace, to be the only one exempt from that general law : For, said I, a lover ought to be discreet, and I would not willingly expose myself to the least impropriety of this kind. Let me, implored I, in this palace,

behold objects as they are ; let me hear sincerity ; let those who speak express their real sentiments, and let those who wish to deceive be unconscious that they said the very contrary of what they meant to say : let them not hear themselves, but let them rest persuaded they really speak the flattering words, by which they mean to impose on their hearers ; for without this double charm each would be silent, and I should never hear any thing but interrupted phrases.

The genius sighed : Imprudent Phanor, said he, what is it you ask ?—But my oath is sacred ; return to your own territories, and, instead of the palace you have hitherto occupied, you will have the one you have had the folly to desire. Here is a box, continued he, which will preserve you from the laws of this dangerous palace ; while you keep it, you will say nothing but what you intend to say ; or if you wish to lend it to any other, it will have the same effects on them ; but I can only make one of the kind ; it is impossible I should give you another talisman of that effect.

I received the box from the sovereign of the genii ; and, after testifying my gratitude, departed immediately for my new habitation.

Here I found a palace, the aspect of which dazzled and delighted me ; it is formed of a substance which has all the brightness, duration, and transparency of the most pure and brilliant diamond ; the architecture is at once both light and majestic ; the ornaments are enriched by rubies, pearls, and opals ; and on the golden doors of this magnificent edifice this inscription, **THE PALACE OF TRUTH**, was then to be seen.

As I entered, I touched the gates with my wand, and pronounced these words : “ Let
“ whoever hereafter enters this palace remain
“ here three months ; and I swear by my art an
“ irrevocable oath, never to abolish this law.”

I then opened the gates of my palace, and ordered admission to be given to all who pleased to come and remain in it.

From the very first day I found how dangerous a habitation was the Palace of Truth. I questioned my slaves, and they being obliged

to answer with perfect sincerity, I conceived so much indignation and contempt for them, that I turned them all away ; and, I must confess, I have not since found any more faithful, or more attached to me. I also lost much of my friendship for Zumio ; I saw him as he was, and found he was equally deficient in taste and understanding ; he often indulged himself in quibbles, and a play of words, which no longer amused me, and which I was astonished to think had ever given me pleasure. I discovered a thousand little defects in him, which I had never remarked before, and found, besides, he was extremely impertinent ; he contradicted me continually, was seldom of my opinion, and spoke with a freedom and unpoliteness that were equally revolting.

As he still said, however, he had a friendship for me, I did not come to an absolute rupture with him ; but I scolded or snapped at him continually, and he insolently replied, my pride was insupportable. I commanded him to be silent ; he would shrug his shoulders, mock me, alternately show anger or vex-

ation ; and thus we passed our time, either sullenly, or wrangling with each other.

Quite tired of this tête-à-tête, I continually hoped some travellers, inspired by the brilliant aspect of my palace, would wish to enter ; but passengers contented themselves with admiring it ; they approached it eagerly, but as soon as they read the inscription, as eagerly left it, and pursued their way.

One day, as I stood with **Zumio** on a balcony, we saw a magnificent chariot at a distance, driving toward the palace. I knew by my art this chariot belonged to a king, accompanied by seven or eight courtiers. As it approached, **Zumio**, said, at last I hope we shall have a visitor ; for which I shall be very glad, for I have been most dreadfully dull ever since I have been here.

As **Zumio** spoke, the chariot advanced to the gates ; the king read the inscription, and his first movement was to enter ; but the courtiers grew pale, shuddered, and detained him. The king persisted for some time : at last he suffered himself to be persuaded, and with-

drew; the courtiers once more recovered their breath, turned the chariot precipitately away, and soon were out of sight.

So, they are gone, cried Zumio, with chagrin; but, while you will persist to leave that cursed inscription over the gate, we shall never see a soul. You are so wilful!—I really never met with a genius so obstinate and stupid.

Your insolence is beyond all bounds, Zumio.

O! what, you want truth and compliments both at once! Your folly is really incomprehensible, and at some moments your are as inconsistent and foolish as you are proud.

Shocked at his excessive impertinence, I was going to drive him from me, when I perceived a figure that fixed my whole attention. A venerable old man, with a majestic presence that inspired respect, and a mild placidity in his countenance, which interested the heart in spite of itself, approached with a book in his hand, reading and walking slowly.

When he came opposite the palace-gates, he lifted up his eyes, and read the inscription. O thou, said he, whom for these forty years I

have sought! O, celestial truth! am I then in my latter days permitted to see thee unclouded as thou art?

So saying, the old man entered the palace.

So, here is one at last, said Zumio, and instantly left me to go and meet the stranger. I followed my little hare-brained sylph, and we soon met the old man. Zumio flew: Come in, come, good man, said he, you are very welcome, especially if you can rid us of our horrid dulness. You are old, have been in various scenes of life, and can tell us a good many stories: but first, pray, what is your name?

Gelanor, replied the old man; in my youth I lived among men; I have been a great traveller; and for these last twenty years have devoted my days to solitude.

Ah! I perceive, interrupted Zumio, you are a philosopher; we shall not be much the merrier for you.—Nor will you find much entertainment here, for philosophers are curious: you, no doubt, imagine you may study mankind in this place, but that is your mis

take ; you will find nobody here but this genius, my master, and me ; and he, as you may perceive, is not very communicative : besides, there is nothing original in his character. As for me, it is true, I have a deal of wit, many virtues and accomplishments, and it will take you some time to know me.

I know you better, at present, replied Gelanor, smiling, than you seem to know yourself.

I now spoke in turn, and asked him what was his opinion of himself.

I am good, said he, but imperfect ; yet cannot conceive, after having led a life of reflection, and of endeavours to know my own heart, how I can have so many defects and foibles. This idea, however, is so often present to my mind, that it preserves me from pride, and makes me indulgent. My public and private actions are irreproachable ; but I often experience interior sensations which are humiliating ; and were I to render an exact and circumstantial account of all the ideas, which present themselves to my imagi-

nation, I am afraid I should not be found much wiser than others.

When he had said thus, I approached Gelanor, and embraced him with the most respectful affection. O, my father! said I, I cannot express my admiration; you are a true philosopher, and I shall ever honour, shall eternally respect all those who resemble you.

Some days after this conversation I determined to obliterate the inscription from the gates of my palace. I then quitted Gelanor and Zumio, and, without telling them my project, guided by that curiosity Zumio had inspired, departed for the kingdom of the princess Arpalisa. Fearing Zumio's indiscretion, I would neither take him with me, nor impart my design.

I soon came to this celebrated princess, who would not receive me till evening; and I was then introduced into a superb saloon, lighted in a most agreeable manner; the wax lights were all under glasses covered with white gauze, or set in vases of alabaster: which artifice produced a softness somewhat

like clear moonlight. The princess was seated on a throne of gold, over which was a pavilion decorated with drapery of silver gauze; garlands of roses, forming elegant festoons and crowns, were suspended over her head.

Arpalisa was clothed in magnificent robes adorned with precious stones. Her appearance was dazzling, and her beauty seemed to me regular and majestic: though she was not very young, I admired her shape, her noble air, the surprising fairness of her complexion, and was charmed with her conversation.

The next day my admiration was more increased, when, by order of the princess, I was conducted into a gallery full of paintings, and informed they were all the performances of Arpalisa: they were on the most interesting subjects; temples to Friendship, sacrifices to Friendship, Friendship triumphing over Love, Time crowning and embellishing Friendship: or altars to Benevolence, Benevolence enlightened by Virtue, Compassion exciting Benevolence, &c. In fine, it was not possible to leave this gallery, without a full persuasion

that Arpalisa was the most gentle and virtuous princess in the universe.

Thence I was led to the laboratory, and returning, my conductor told me, in confidence, that the princess employed her time, with equal advantage, in astronomy and mathematics. As I had a particular love for these sciences, I was enchanted at the discovery; though the high opinion I had before conceived of the princess was almost incapable of increase.

There was a concert in the evening, and a symphony of Arpalisa's composition was performed. The princess then sat down to the harpsichord, and sang; her voice did not appear very remarkable, but, in fact, it was almost entirely drowned by the accompaniments; but an excellent musician, who sat by my side, assured me she sang in a superior style; and I found he had reason to say so, for every body was in raptures.

After supper, they made extempore poetry and enigmas, which gave the princess an opportunity of shewing her wit. I could not re-

cover from my amazement ; what I heard was incredible, and I found it would not be possible long to preserve my liberty in the presence of so accomplished a princess

Every body retired at midnight, and I remained alone with Arpalisa, and her bosom-friend Telira. The two friends were reclined on a couch, and tenderly folded in each other's arms ; the picture was delightful ; I contemplated it in silence, and listened while they said every thing the sublimest friendship could dictate. Arpalisa gave me so lively and so affecting an impression of her love for Telira, that I was moved even to tears.

I could not forbear to testify, in part, the admiration she inspired ; I praised her talents, her knowledge, and introduced the subjects of astronomy and mathematics ; but Arpalisa, with a tone of the utmost modesty, stopped me by saying, I am exceedingly vexed, my lord, you have been persuaded I employ my leisure on subjects so little proper for a woman ; and were it true I had a taste for such sciences, I would make it a law with myself never to own

it. Pedantry and affectation are utter strangers to my heart, and my pretensions really are very few.

This uncommon modesty finished her conquest. I was in transports, and returned to my chamber only to think of Arpalisa. I passed a part of the night in writing to her, and making verses upon her. I invented the most ingenious and brilliant feasts; she seemed sensible of my attentions; I declared my passion, and she owned that, my power and rank out of the question, she partook of my passion: but, by an insurmountable delicacy, she never could resolve to marry a genius: For, after a while, added she, you might attribute that to ambition, which was the pure effect of love. O that you had been born less illustrious!

Such sentiments enchanted, yet drove me to despair.

At other moments, Arpalisa would vaunt the mild content of her present situation. I have no ambition, said she; friendship is the charm of my life, love I have never known, and dread to know; for I have a heart too fond, a sensi-

bility too delicate. I am happy and peaceable, and must not flatter you; I cannot resolve to sacrifice such pure and perfect content. No, my lord, incapable of feigning, incapable of the least coquetry, I would not give you deceitful hopes. Quit this palace, flee me, for your own repose—and for mine.

Love, at last, however, was triumphant, and Arpalisa consented to give me her hand.

Prudina had rendered me so suspicious, I was determined not to wed even the divine Arpalisa, till I had first heard her in the Palace of Truth. I doubted not her sincerity, it was impossible I could sacrifice to her the proof of my palace. I told her I could wed only in my own territories, but took care not to mention a word of the charm. She consented to accompany me, and only required Telira should go with her; for, said she, I could not endure separation from so dear a friend. We departed, and soon found ourselves in the avenues to my palace.

The aspect of this redoubted place gave me the most lively emotions. I am going, said I,

to discover the true state of the heart of her I love ; if she be such as I imagine, how much shall I reproach myself for having thought the proof of this palace necessary ! and if she be not, what an angelic illusion shall I lose !

At last we entered the palace, and I cast a trembling eye on my princess : but what was my surprise, when I discovered the celestial, the seraphic Arpalisa was forty-eight years old ; was loaded with paint ; had pencilled eyebrows, false hair, and a made up form ; in fine, that she was bald, red-haired, old, and crooked !

Zumio, who had come to meet me, did not know her in the Palace of Truth ; and burst out a laughing, as soon as he beheld a figure so ridiculous leaning familiarly and triumphantly on my arm. I was so much disconcerted, that I hastily quitted the princess, without troubling myself about what she might think of my behaviour.

Zumio followed me ; I give you joy of your good fortune, my lord, said he ; you have indeed found out a rare beauty. I really wonder how you could make such a conquest :

your choice, however, proves how substantial your taste is, and you never need fear a rival or the torments of jealousy.

A single word deprived Zumio of all his pleasantry; I only named Arpalisa, and he stood confounded and aghast.

After a moment's silence, My lord, said he, I easily conceive your chagrin and disgust, but, though the beauty of this princess be borrowed, though her complexion, shape, and flowing air, are all artificial, I yet flatter myself we have not been deceived in her soul, her understanding, and talents; and as she has said she loves you, I am persuaded you will find she spoke truth.

If so, said I, Zumio, if I have had the misfortune to make such a woman love me, what will become of me? My only consolation, my only hope, is to find her perfidious.

An attendant now came to tell me the princess was inquiring for me, and decorum obliged me to go.

I found her alone in a chamber, and extended on a couch; she had a handkerchief and a

smelling-bottle, and as soon as she perceived me, began to make the most strange contortions.

What ails you, Madam? said I: are you not well?

She made no reply, but continued her contortions, and I repeated my questions. She then cast a languishing look at me, and said, I am pretending to be in a fit.

I see you are, replied I.

Well, and are you not affected?

How can I avoid it? But why are you in a fit?

Because you left me so coldly when I entered the palace; and I want to persuade you my sensibility is excessive, and that I passionately love you.

And do you really love me?

I! not the least in the world. I love nothing.

Here the princess, thinking she had spoken the most tender things possible, pretended to weep and dry her eyes, and I recovered. Freed from all inquietude, I now thought proper to prolong a conversation which diverted me;

and taking Arpalisa by the hand, You quite melt me, said I; who can be insensible to so many charms, and so much love?—But how your hand shakes!

Yes, said she, I do that on purpose to make you believe I have little convulsive motions.

But it must be very fatiguing.

Not in the least; habit has made me so expert.—But you shall presently see something more: I have not played half my tricks yet: before we have done you shall see me faint.

Pray, tell me what is become of Telira?

O, we have quarrelled.

What! already?

Yes; and I mean to persuade you, that Telira is in part the cause of the situation in which you now see me.

Why, what has passed between you?

O! you never heard such insolence; she told me I was deceitful, vain, envious, insensible; that my pride was unbounded, my ambition insatiable. I replied, I had never really loved her; that it was all affectation, and

that, had she been handsomer, and more amiable, she would have given me offence; that I had neither the least regard for her, nor would make the least sacrifice to serve her.

It is inconceivable that this should vex her.

O! she left the room in a fury.

Did you ever repose confidence in her?

I never had confidence in any person.

I desire no friends but dupes and slaves; not but that I have often confided my secrets, but then it was merely through vanity; and I always disguised or altered facts, and added circumstances—for lies cost me nothing, when they would give me consequence.

You are quite adorable, and so benevolent!

Yes, I love pomp and show excessively.

When we are united, you shall dispose of all my treasures. How many wretches will you relieve with my wealth!

O! I will certainly keep it all myself.

Divine Arpalisa, how you enchant me!

What an astonishing union of virtue, wit, and knowledge; for it is in vain you would deny you are as learned as beautiful; your courtiers

told me all; they assured me, the evening before we departed, that there was not in the whole nation so profound a mathematician as yourself.

They are paid to say so, and are disgraced if they do not. I am exceedingly ignorant, though I wish to be thought otherwise.

How modest!—And then your paintings—
Are every one done by Zolphir.

And the charming symphonies—
Are all composed by Gerastus.

You are really unique in this world.

It is certain no person ever had more art, or carried dissimulation farther! for I have imposed upon the most knowing and clear-sighted people.

Arpalisa, in pronouncing this phrase, certainly intended a very modest answer; for she took so humble an air, with downcast eyes, and made such comic and ridiculous grimaces, that I could with difficulty refrain myself from laughter. Her tone of voice, and the faces she made, agreed so ill with what she uttered, and formed a contrast so

singular and pleasant, that I found it impossible to sustain the conversation any longer. I rose to leave her; she called me with a feeble voice, telling me, at the same time, she was going to close her eyes, faint, and fall into dreadful convulsions. I got away, and went to relate my adventure to the sylph and the philosopher.

You pretend, said I, to Gelanor, this palace can only give me pain, and that it can never be of use to me, while I am attached to the world; that, in a word, it is only fit for one who is already undeceived by reason, and freed from the power of the passions; but do you not now see its use? For, had not I brought Arpalisa hither, I should have married a woman at once old, ugly, deceitful, ambitious, and wicked.

But, my lord, replied Gelanor, you might, without setting foot in this palace, have easily seen this woman nearly as she is, had you been less subject to take things on trust, and had you less vanity. Learn to see with your own eyes, to judge from facts, and not from

the opinions of others ; do not so easily believe it is impossible, when you think proper to act the lover, you should not be beloved ; and I may assure you, that you will in no part of the world become the dupe of such women as Arpalisa.

Do you think it no advantage, said I, a little touched, to hear a philosopher speak to me with so much freedom ?

When you do not reject Truth, replied Gelanor, she will always approach you ; she is not shut up within these palace walls, but is omnipresent upon earth, and is seen more or less disguised, according to the weakness, pride, or sincerity with which she is sought ; mortal eyes could not support her presence in every incident of life, and thus it is she is seen in this palace, where she destroys all sweet and innocent illusions, as well as dangerous errors ; she here wears so savage a form, so pitiless, so hard, so rude, that she wounds and disgusts, even when she might be useful.

These reflections did not make me change my opinion ; experience only could render me wise.

I questioned Zumio what had passed in the palace during my absence. Ever since your inscription has been erased, answered Zumio, we have had plenty of visitors; and the crowd is now great; the company is numerous, but the bands of society are broken; disputes, endless quarrels, and gross rudeness, are continually heard. Politeness is absolutely banished: they rail at each other without art or indulgence; they cannot calumniate, but the most biting rancour makes them amends; they hate openly, exclaim, scold, and continue an eternal uproar, of which you can form no idea.

And how do the women behave?

More ridiculous, in general, than the men; the slightest subjects engender mortal hatred, and they discover falsehood so premeditated, and artifices often so puerile, as scarcely to be credited. One tells us she hopes we shall believe the sight of a spider makes her ill; another, that she is going to make us imagine she shall fall into hysterics at the sight of a cat: and even when they have no particular

views to answer, some will practise deceit— for so they think they do—merely for amusement ; but, continued Zumio, coquettes are most of all disgusting, for they discover so much effrontery, sentiments so perverse, tricks so absurd, so—

What ! interrupted I, has not one virtuous woman entered the palace ?

Pardon me, my lord, there is one—

Zumio stopped, and seemed embarrassed. What is the matter, Zumio ? said I : what ails you ? Speak, I insist upon it.

I am in love, and am mortally afraid you should become my rival.

And would you not sacrifice your love to me ?

No, indeed.

No ! You who have assured me there is no sacrifice you would not make to secure my happiness !

I exaggerated greatly. I am much attached to you, but I should not hesitate to deceive you for Rosamond.

The confession is expressive and passionate—And Rosamond is every charming ?

There is not her equal in the universe ; her heart is honest and unpolluted, and deserving the love of a sylph.

And you love her ?

The purity of her sentiments pleases me, and she has told me she has an inclination for me.

If you be beloved, what have you to fear ? For, should ambition seduce her, she will be obliged to speak truth, and cannot, therefore, persuade me I have the preference.

O ! I am certain of her heart ; I am only fearful she should turn your head, and that you then might trouble our repose.

O ! fear nothing, Zumio, I am no tyrant ; besides, I do not wish to become your rival ; and I protest I can converse without trouble or danger, however charming she may be, so long as you shall have her affections.

Since you are resolved to see her, let me go first and speak to her.

Why so ?

Because—

Nay, answer.

Because I wish to prejudice her against you, by telling her your faults.

You are very obliging, but I will not give you that trouble; tell me, only, whether she knows the effect of the palace.

Undoubtedly; she has been here these six weeks, and it is scarcely possible to live in it two days without finding that out.

Followed by the sorrowful and jealous Zumio, I went to find Rosamond, but met Arpalisa. As soon as she saw me, My lord, cried she, what kind of a place is this you have me brought me to? What strange people are assembled in this palace! I went into the saloon for a moment, and there I found the very worst kind of company; women so stupid, men so coxcomical—Such rudeness! I never beheld such manners; if you knew the insolence I have been offered—I was in despair to see every one admiring a young lady they call Rosamond. I endeavoured to dissemble my vexation, but could not; and so I called aloud, Gentlemen! come hither, look at me, think of me, pay your addresses to me, and leave that young beauty, whom I detest, since she pleases and attracts all the men.

No sooner had I addressed them thus, than they all burst out a laughing, and hooted, and mocked, as if I had said the most ridiculous thing in the world; I then told them I was the queen of the palace, and that to-morrow I should be your bride; on which their hue and cry began again, and they were insolent enough to call me old mad woman.—Give me vengeance, my lord, and drive this Rosamond from the palace.

Then she has particularly offended you?

She is the only one who offered me no insult, but my hatred is not the less strong; she obtained new praises for her mildness and modesty, and, besides, she is so beautiful.—I have endeavoured to defame her as much as possible before you; therefore, tell me, my lord, whether what I have said to you has made any impression upon you.

A very strong one, I assure you; and I will go and seek Rosamond immediately, to tell her what I think of your justice and moderation.

Go not near her, my lord, she will seduce you.

Pray be calm. Zumio, conduct the princess to her apartment.

So saying, I waited not for an answer, but flew to find Rosamond, who was, in fact, what love and envy had painted her; her beauty was angelic, and her modesty and understanding wonderful. I looked, listened, and envied the happiness of Zumio; but as, thanks to the box which the king of the genii had given me, I could dissemble my thoughts, I did not inform Rosamond of the strong impression she made upon my heart; I contented myself with only reading her's; she told me she was neither coquettish nor inconstant: that Zumio was the first object she had loved; that she had not any violent passion for him at present, but that she felt her love would soon equal Zumio's.

I quitted Rosamond, enchanted by her beauty, wit, and character. In the evening I was out of temper, and especially with Zumio: he complained; I became more vexed, and drove him from my presence, but called him back a moment after, not to do him justice,

but to prevent his being with Rosamond ; I felt my own tyranny, which love would not of itself have produced ; but Zumio aggravated me by the rudeness and severity of his expressions and reproaches.

The sage Gelanor in vain endeavoured to make peace between us : Alas ! said he, were you not in this palace, and otherwise in the same situation, Zumio would disguise his injurious fears and excessive resentment, and appear mild and moderate, and you would then be equitable and generous. Remember, my lord, he is forced to speak what he thinks ; remember he is under the dominion of love and anger, and that to-morrow he will not think as he does to-day.

Do you not see, exclaimed Zumio, that Phanor only wants a pretext to banish me the palace, that he may drive me from Rosamond ; for do not suppose that he, like us, is obliged to speak what he thinks ; his art preserves him from any such necessity : he will not own it, because he is naturally suspicious ; but . have found him out in more than twenty

falsehoods: thus, while he reads our secrets in spite of ourselves, his own are locked up. What cowardice! What unworthy meanness.

This reproach, which I but too much merited, drove me so furious that, had it not been for Gelanor, I should certainly have committed some fatal crime. Stop, madman, cried the philosopher, stop, complete not your dishonour, by avenging yourself on a defenceless rival.

The authoritative voice of virtue brought me to myself; but Gelanor could not convince me of my error without vexing me; I left him hastily, and went and shut myself in my own apartment, that I might indulge, without constraint, my chagrin and ill humour.

I became gloomy, impatient, morose; fled society, wandered mournfully in my palace, and sought for Rosamond against my will; she avoided me when I endeavoured to approach her; I saw so much perplexity and disdain in her countenance, that I durst not speak.

I found her, one evening, alone in the garden, sitting in a bower, plunged in a deep reverie. I advanced, and perceiving she had been weeping, I asked her the cause of her inquietude? She sighed: Zumio, replied she, has just left me; I saw he was dissatisfied with me, and that afflicts me.

Dissatisfied! said I with extreme pleasure: Why?

Rosamond made me no answer, except by a look of indignation. In vain did I press and question her; she was obstinately silent. Hope entered my heart; Zumio was dissatisfied; Rosamond durst not speak; I imagined she read my heart and was affected; all my resolutions, all the obligations I had to Zumio's attachment were forgotten. I fell at her feet and declared my love in the most passionate terms. I could obtain no answer, but neither could I observe the colouring of anger on the beautiful cheeks of Rosamond; on the contrary, I thought her eyes spoke satisfaction. I again solicited an answer with fresh ardour; Rosamond, still mute, made a

motion as if to rise and flee from me. I, fearing to displease, would not constrain, and therefore left her.

Full of hope, or rather not doubting my happiness, I sought for solitude to think of Rosamond. I had walked thus two hours, when Zumio suddenly appeared, animated by the most violent rage. So, perfidious spirit, cried he, you have seduced Rosamond ! I have observed, for some days past, her silence and thoughtfulness, and, at last, the die is cast ; she has declared she loves me no longer, but that she adores you.

Zumio ! What is it you tell me ? Dearest Zumio ! I am sorry for you.—But O ! be generous enough to sacrifice your love.

I am obliged to sacrifice it ; but, at the same time, my friendship for you is gone.

Nay, Zumio—

You merit not a friend ; nor will I ever forget or forgive a treachery so black.

I have not been guilty of treachery, Zumio, for you never confided in me. You suspected me before I thought of Rosamond ; had it not

been for your unjust jealousy, your injurious reproaches and passions, Phanor had never been your rival ; but you insulted, vexed, aggravated, and so highly offended me, that, for a moment, I forgot our friendship. I have been weak, but not perfidious : besides, in robbing you of Rosamond's heart, I have broken no sacred engagements ; she had not promised to give you her hand. Hope was all she had granted. Triumph, then, dear Zumio, over your resentment, and make not my wrongs greater than they are. Rosamond is changed ; forget her, and do not interrupt my happiness by complaints which so much afflict me.

Having thus spoken, I approached Zumio, to embrace him ; but he repelled me with detestation. *I abhor you*, said he, and immediately disappeared.

My surprise was extreme ; I was happy ; I excused his anger, and, without troubling myself more about it, flew to find Rosamond. She received me, at first, with great perplexity ; but how great, how excessive was my joy, when she blushing owned she loved me, and

me only ; that she had never felt for *Zumio* more than an emotion of preference, but that she had a real passion for me !

What ! cried I, do you love me for myself ? Are you certain ambition has no—

How could you dare think it ? interrupted *Rosamond* : banish such suspicions, my lord, they are insults. I never had other ambition, than that of pleasing you ; and, if you had no palace but a cottage to offer me, I should prefer you to all the kings and genii of the universe.

Imagine the transports I must receive at hearing an answer like this in the Palace of Truth. How much did I congratulate myself on the possession of this palace, which procured me happiness so pure ! for, said I, could I have persuaded myself any where else, there was nothing exaggerated in such a reply.

I tore myself from *Rosamond* only to give orders for the nuptials, which were to be celebrated on the morrow. The news soon resounded through the palace. As for *Arpalisa*, she had known the charm above a fortnight, and

had shut herself up in her apartment, there to hide from all eyes her fury and her shame ; and there to wait, as she did with inexpressible impatience, the expiration of the three months which she was obliged to remain in this enchanted palace. Zumio, become my enemy, was with her ; for my own part, being totally occupied about Rosamond, I was neither in a situation to repent a wrong, nor feel the misfortune of being justly hated.

How long did the night appear ! The torch of Hymen was not to burn for me till day, and then I was to wed the most beautiful and lovely lady upon earth. Certain of her virtue, the goodness of her disposition, the purity of her mind ; sure of being passionately beloved, I again found that bliss, which, for a moment, Agelia taught me to taste. Rosamond, less lively, less poignant than Agelia, had neither her caprices nor singularities, but seemed to promise more solid and lasting happiness.

No sooner were the first rays of Aurora seen, than I, unable to restrain my impatience, rose, and flew to Rosamond's apartment. I took a

basket, garnished with flowers and precious stones, into which I put a billet, that I was desirous she should receive when she awaked; and I entered her chamber, without being either seen or heard: Rosamond was asleep; and, after having placed the basket at her feet, I stopped a moment to consider her beauties.

I was about to retire, when chance directed my eyes to a table, which stood by her bedside: but what was my stupefaction, when I beheld, upon that table, the box, the talisman, which the sovereign of the genii had given me, to preserve me from the magic of the Palace of Truth.

I thought myself deceived, at first, by an accidental resemblance, for, searching in my pocket, I there found a box; I again recovered my breath; took confidence, examined carefully, and supposed that I found in my pocket was the true one. Taking up the other, however, which lay on the table, for farther conviction, I could no longer doubt my misfortune. I perfectly saw, by comparing them together, that Rosamond's was the talisman, and that the other was only an imitation.

Confounded and despairing, I could form no probable conjecture concerning this adventure, but took the talisman, put the counterfeit on the table, again snatched up my basket, in order to evade suspicion, and silently retired.

I will not attempt to describe my rage and grief. I knew not how or when Rosamond had procured my talisman, but it was evident there was treachery at the bottom. So then ! cried I, all the power of magic is unable to cope with the perfidy of women ; even here, in this palace, women can find means to deceive !

As soon as Rosamond was up, I went to her ; my agitation was extreme ; struck with the alteration she saw in my countenance, she asked me the occasion of it with anxiety.

I have made some melancholy reflections, said I ; and am obliged to own I am jealous of Zumio.

You are unjust, then, and do me wrong.

These few words transported me, and had almost rendered me all my happiness back, when Rosamond thus continued.

You may depend on my fidelity ; my virtue

is real, and not to be shaken ; you are going to become my husband, and I would prefer death to the infamy of betraying you. I made no promise to Zumio, commit no crime in renouncing him, and only sacrifice love to ambition.

Heaven ! cried I, what have you uttered ?

Wherefore this transport, said the astonished Rosamond, do you not believe I love you ?

Ought I to believe so ?

Alas ! no, I do not love you, I love Zumio ; but my virtue might easily triumph over that inclination, for I will see Zumio no more, but attach myself to you ; gratitude and duty are all-powerful over my heart ; you are vain, I am virtuous, and I can easily persuade you I dearly love you.

I could contain myself no longer : my rage broke forth, and I shewed Rosamond I had again recovered the talisman she had purloined.

O ! cried she, Zumio is revenged of an ambitious mistress, and a perfidious friend, and Heaven is just. Yes, my lord, ambition seduced my soul : informed of your passion by

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Zumio, I regretted the rank and power which such a marriage would confer on your consort; Zumio, enraged, overwhelmed me with reproaches, and irritated me; I commanded him to leave me; you soon after appeared, and, unwilling you should know my thoughts, I determined to be silent. Scarce had you quitted me, ere I saw shining among the grass, the fatal talisman, which in all likelihood had fallen out of your pocket, when you so passionately threw yourself at my feet. By a very singular chance I happened to possess a box of rock crystal, very like your talisman, and at first I thought it was my own box; but examining farther, I discovered the mystic characters which are engraved upon the lid; I then no longer doubted it was a talisman. Zumio told me the enchantment of the palace had no effect on you; and I guessed that this box was the preservative, which might, perhaps, guard you from the effects of this dangerous charm; I immediately ran to my chamber, sought for and found my own box, and, with a diamond's point, traced, and per-

fectly imitated, the mysterious cyphers. This operation over, Zumio came, and on him I first tried the virtue of your talisman; I told him I did not love him, and found the box gave me the capability of disguising my thoughts. Zumio left me in despair; I went to find, and met you. I had but one fear, which was, that you had discovered my theft, though scarcely two hours had passed since it had happened; but soon found you had not. While you expressed your transports, I adroitly slipped my crystal box into your pocket, and kept your's. I knew the cheat must in time be discovered, if we remained here: but I flattered myself I should easily prevail on you soon to quit this palace. I had been tempted by opportunity, spurred on by ambition, and wanted time to make all the necessary reflections, which should have deterred me from this enterprise.

You now know all, my lord. I reproach myself for having deceived you; I reproach myself more for having sacrificed Zumio: but I have discovered no malice, have not debased myself; and, though deprived of the talisman,

and obliged to speak truth, I still can say I love virtue, and that I never should have violated its sacred duties, had my artifice succeeded, and had I become your's.

Forced thus to esteem the ambitious Rosamond, penetrated with regret, overwhelmed with despair, and more in love than ever, I cast myself at her feet. O, Rosamond, cried I, it is impossible for me to vanquish the passion you cannot participate ; I am not beloved : but deign, at least, to give me the right ever to love you ; deign still to reign in this palace ; let Hymen for ever unite your destiny to mine. Behold me ready to conduct you to the altar : O, come—

My lord, replied Rosamond, my character is not heroic, neither is my soul mean ; in wedding for ambition, I would have done my duty, and made you happy : I have no longer that hope, and I renounce you.

I admired this estimable delicacy of Rosamond, and vainly essayed to vanquish it ; she persisted in her refusal ; again saw Zumio ; told him all that had passed ; took the resolu-

tion, the same day, to quit the Palace of Truth, and Zumio declared he was determined to follow her. I flatter myself, added he, that when we have left this accursed palace, Rosamond may persuade me she has only been guilty of a light wrong toward me, the remembrance of which I ought to lose. Adieu, my lord! and everlastingly, if you remain here, for I vow never to return.

What, Zumio, will you abandon me?

I no longer hate, since Rosamond no longer loves you; but my resentment against you is still strong: were I able to conceal it, as I have still much attachment for you in my heart, and likewise much compassion, I might be capable to console you, and excite your gratitude and admiration, by sacrificing a woman, who, it must be owned, would have sacrificed me: but you read my heart, I can disguise nothing; it is not possible to show myself more generous, or less vindictive, than I really am: besides, should I hereafter repent having made such a sacrifice, you would instantly know it, and I should lose its fruits;

therefore, adieu my lord ; and, if you wish to preserve any friends, take my advice, and choose another habitation.

Zumio left me. I had the bitter grief to see him depart with Rosamond, and, on this fatal day, to lose both my mistress and my friend.

Gelanor stayed ; curiosity retained him in a place which furnished a philosopher with so many subjects for reflection. Touched to see my profound grief, he pressed me to abandon my palace. No, Gelanor, said I, no ; here will I stay till I have found an amiable woman of virtue and sensibility, who may recompence me for all the evils love has brought upon me.

One day, while I was walking in a grove of myrtles and orange trees, Gelanor came to seek me. Here are two guests, said he, a man, and a woman of a delightful form, who have, unthinkingly, entered the palace, and are exceedingly afflicted to learn they are obliged to remain here three months ; they are consulting together, and I believe mean

to ask your permission to be married here ; but, in all likelihood, a quarter of an hour's conversation will rob them of that wish ; for no more time is necessary in this palace to make the most tender lovers fall out.

As Gelanor spoke, we perceived the young man coming ; I approached him, and asked him whether he still persisted in his resolution to marry his mistress ?

Yes, my lord, replied he, and that resolution is less liable to fail, because it is not inspired by love.

How ! are you not then in love ?

No, my lord ; I once was passionately in love with this same lady, as she was with me ; but an extraordinary accident tore my mistress from me, only to persecute her ; this I knew, but knew not into what part of the world she was carried. Love obliged me to go in search of her, and I left my country, vowing never to return till I had found her whom I adored. My travels lasted more than three years. Love followed, or rather guided my path, for the first year ; but the way at length

became too wearisome for him, and he left me : I, however, did without him, and continued my journey ; but I soon travelled slower, and stopt oftener, till, at last, I stopped too long, and became faithless.

Honour and friendship brought my vows to recollection again. I continued my travels, and found the woman I had so passionately loved, but who now was no more than a dear and interesting friend. She was deeply affected by all I had done for her : incapable of deceiving me, she confessed she no longer had the power of participating that love she supposed she inspired ; for that, during so long an absence, another object had possessed her heart. At present, added she, I am free, and feel I am never more liable to the seductions of love ; let sincerity, O Nadir ! be thought the best proof of my gratitude ; and if, after this confession, you love me still, to you I am ready to devote my life : you have lost a passionate mistress, but you will find a faithful wife and a tender friend.

Her candour enchanted me, and I, in my

turn, ceased to dissemble ; I opened my heart to this generous and amiable friend ; pressed her to unite her destiny to mine, and obtained the promise of her hand, when we should arrive in our own country.

We immediately departed, and, in about a month, approached the loved land that gave us birth, when, happening to see this magnificent palace, curiosity invited us to enter ; but, since we are obliged to pass three months here, let me conjure you, my lord, to permit us here to be for ever united.

I consent, said I, if your mistress desire it.

Here she comes, my lord, condescend to ask her.

I turned my head, and saw the lady approach—I shivered, my heart beat violently, I started to meet her—Heavens ! cried I, it is Agelia !—I was not deceived, it was she herself ; surprise, confusion, feelings unaccountable, mixed with grief, vexation, and joy, emotions all violent and diverse, rendered me immovable. Agelia was silent for a moment, then laughed aloud :—And so, my lord, said she, you are

incorrigible—For now I know the virtue of your palace—What ! and is this the fruit of all my lessons and advice ?

I could not support this pleasantry, and especially the gay and unconcerned air with which Agelia spoke ; distracted, despairing, I made no reply, but precipitately retired, to conceal feelings which it was impossible to dissemble. I never, hitherto, had really loved any but Agelia ; and this passion, which was so true and so strong, was instantly rekindled ; I saw her again, found her more amiable, more charming than ever ; her manners were so natural, and her mind so candid, that even in the Palace of Truth she lost nothing of her allurements and graces.

Nadir was no longer in love with her ; Agelia felt only friendship for him ; hope again seduced me ; I spoke to, I conjured Agelia to prefer me to the indifferent Nadir ; recollect, said I, he no longer loves, and that I adore you to distraction.

My lord, replied Agelia, love soon passes away, but the remembrance of actions re-

mains, and this it is which makes attachments durable. I might forget the love of Nadir, but never that he has been three years an exile from his native land; that he has three years traversed the globe to seek and assist me.

And will you have the barbarity to espouse Nadir before my eyes, and reduce me to despair?

Such despair is but the caprice of a moment. Can you seriously ask me to sacrifice so faithful, so generous a friend?—You who had not the trifling merit (trifling because it is involuntary) to regret, for any reasonable space of time, the mistress whom you had lost by your own fault. The inhabitants of this palace are not remarkable for their taciturnity; I have questioned them, and, you may well suppose, know the anecdotes of Arpalisa and Rosamond; speak not, then, to me of a passion I no longer feel.

Open your eyes, my lord, you were born virtuous and amiable, but while you preserve this injurious suspicion, and imprudent curio-

sity, which characterize you at present, you can know neither repose nor happiness. Think what this fatal infatuation of wishing to penetrate the secrets of the heart you love has already cost you: without mentioning myself, remember Rosamond, who was charming, sincere, virtuous, sensible of benefits, capable of gratitude, and, in any other place but this, of making you perfectly happy. Remember the amiable little Zumio, who so sincerely loved you, and whom you drove from you. O, cease, my lord, to wish thus to destroy necessary illusions; abandon this fatal place, or for ever renounce friendship, love, society, and, in fact, all the sentiments and pleasures which render life sweet and agreeable.

This discourse made the more impression on my mind, because Agelia, with firmness not to be shaken, persisted in her resolution to wed Nadir. Unable to support the cruel sight, I came at length to a determination, and wishing at least to gain the esteem of Agelia, heaped benefits on Nadir; left the palace,

and promised her, that neither suspicion, curiosity, nor jealousy, should ever bring me thither again.

You had better, replied Agelia, promise that neither these passions, nor any other cause, shall ever bring you here again.

That I cannot, answered I; but to prove to you I do not intend to come often, or stay long, I here give you, dearest Agelia, the talisman, which the ambitious Rosamond once purloined; this box, as you know, is a certain preservative against the enchantment of the palace; you are obliged to stay here three months, and in that time it may be of some utility to you; take it, keep it, I for ever renounce it.

I will accept it, replied Agelia, if you will permit me to give it to Nadir; deceit is always painful, but to be deceived, is often the greatest of pleasures. If I be satisfied with Nadir, I fear not that he should read my heart; permit me, then, to confide to him this talisman.

It is in your hands, do with it what you please, to your happiness I sacrifice it; but

now, obliged as I am to speak what I think, deign, for the last time, to hear a faithful avowal of the passion you inspire. Never, Agelia, have I loved any as I have loved you ; never shall I forget you. Adieu ! pity the unhappy Phanor ; for your compassion and esteem are the sole consolations that can alleviate my grief.

As I spoke thus, I saw the tears of the lovely feeling Agelia began to flow ; too much affected to reply, she gave me her hand, which I bathed with my tears. At length I tore myself from her, quitted her for ever, left the Palace of Truth, whither, from that moment to this, I have never returned.

Such, added the genius, is my story ; such is the secret I have had the fortitude, for sixteen years, to conceal. Never, dear Altemira have I doubted your virtue or affection ; the Palace of Truth cannot add to the esteem I have for you ; it might enfeeble, or, at least, disturb for a moment, that sincere attachment by which we are at present united ; and, if you will be advised by me, we never will take this dangerous journey.

No, Phanor, replied the queen, I wish to enjoy the happiness, in the Palace of Truth, of repeating to you, I never loved any but you.

The genius rather felt a secret pleasure that the queen was so firmly resolved, since it proved so well her virtue; he only required she should seriously reflect for six months; and if, said he, at the end of that time you have not changed your opinion, we then will go.

The six months being past, the queen wished to depart, and take with her her daughter, and Prince Philamir, who was to espouse Zeolide. My daughter, said she, is certain of the heart of Philamir: but she desires he should read her's likewise, and, ere he receives her hand, be assured of her faith. The prince knows the effects of the palace, yet ardently wishes to go with us; Zeolide desires to take her dear and amiable friend Palmis, so beloved by her and us, and whom I this evening intend to inform of the virtues of the palace.

And I have a project, replied the genius, to take thither three or four courtiers, whom I

should not be sorry to know, and whom I shall not inform of the secret of the much to be dreaded place, whither they are going; for, were I so to do, I imagine they would find some pretext to be excused taking the journey; for which reason, recommend secrecy to Zeolide, Philamir and Palmis.

The queen and young princess, the same evening, confided the secret to their friend; and Palmis, at first, shewed more surprise than eagerness to take this journey. However, after some reflections, Palmis said, I have nothing essential to reproach myself with; I have a real and sincere attachment to you, and am ready to go.

To this promise Palmis added a confession; she owned she loved a young courtier, named Chrisel, whose natural levity she feared. Chrisel, was a man of fashion, and such a quality does not inspire love with confidence. Palmis wished her lover might go with them, and the genius gave his consent.

The day of departure came; the genius, the queen, the young princess, Philamir, and Pal-

mis, were the only persons who knew the secret of the Palace of Truth; and, in proportion as they approached it, their gaiety decreased; melancholy and inquietude invaded their hearts. Zeolide was the most tranquil, but Philamir became thoughtful and absent; the gloom of Palmis was visible; and the queen was alarmed at remarking the trouble of Phanor. The courtiers, who knew not the cause, vainly endeavoured to enliven the lost gaiety of the genius, the queen, and Zeolide. The lover of Palmis, the amiable and brilliant Chrisel, never discovered more grace or greater desire to please: and, when conversing with Palmis in secret, he painted his passion with so much feeling and energy, she could not help reproaching herself for her doubts and fears.

Among the courtiers who followed the genius was a man of an odd character, seldom met with in courts. Aristeus (so was he called) had done the state great service: arrived at the highest honours by merit alone; he did not come to court till his youth was past, and he

brought thither a bluntness and moroseness in his manner, that gave him an air of originality, which had the greater effect, because it formed so strong a contrast to the manners usually seen in such places. A frigid and satyric courtier is not very likely to become a favourite; but his success, for that very reason, was at first as great as his singularity was amusing; but finding afterward his understanding equalled his ill-humour, they endeavour too late to get him expelled; the queen and genius esteemed him, and he was established at court.

What is most extraordinary, when fixed there he did not alter his behaviour; for he not only forbore false panegyric, but he was never even heard to praise; and, though very capable of zealously serving his friends, he never said an agreeable or affectionate thing, or ever made a single profession of friendship.

As they now drew near to the Palace of Truth, the genius had a private conversation with the queen. I confess to you, said he, I cannot enter this palace, which has been so fatal to me, without chagrin; nor can I dis-

semble, that I stand greatly in need of your indulgence. What husband, who has been married seventeen years, can say he never has been guilty of an offence? You will much afflict me, if you interrogate me too circumstantially on my past conduct.

Very well, my lord, replied Altemira, piqued, I promise to ask you no questions.

And I will make a like promise, said the genius.

No, my lord, answered Altemira, I have nothing to reproach myself with, and do not fear your curiosity.

I honestly own, replied the genius, I do fear your's, for I shall be obliged to reply with the most exact sincerity.

Confess, said the queen, you at present deeply regret you sacrificed your precious talisman, which gave you the happy power to conceal your thoughts in the Palace of Truth, to that charming Agelia.

Phanor sighed, and made no reply, and the queen fell into a profound and melancholy reverie.

At last they saw the bright walls of the magic palace. More than one heart was agitated ; but they felt, too late, all the consequences of so dangerous a journey. The chariots stop ; they descend, advance, and pass the fatal gates.

As they entered the palace, the first object that caught the attention of the genius was the venerable Gelanor, the virtuous philosopher, whom he had left above eighteen years before in the Palace of Truth. Phanor hastily left the queen, glad of a pretext to be at some distance from her, and ran to embrace the philosopher, with whom he went into the gardens.

Whom, my lord, said the old man, have you brought here ?

My wife.

Your wife ! Heavens ! Have you thought of the consequences, my lord ?

I am certain of her virtue.

Ah, my lord ! how many husbands, within these nineteen years, have I known enter this palace with the same security, and leave it for ever undeceiv'd.

That fear cannot trouble me; Altemira knows the effects of this palace, yet would come hither. I have little uneasiness concerning what I may know of her, but much from what she may learn from me.—But tell me, venerable sage, satisfy my curiosity.—Time has not yet effaced Agelia from my memory, and every thing here recalls her image. Tell me, whether after my departure she married Nadir?

Yes, my lord; and the very same day gave him the talisman she had of you. Nadir, touched by so delicate and generous a procedure, determined never to question her, and thus they passed three months in the most perfect harmony. Imitate their example, my lord.

I am so disposed, if the queen be so too.

While Phanor was conversing with the philosopher, Zeolide was walking with the queen and the rest of the newly-arrived travellers. The young princess and Philamir were a little before. After a moment's silence, Philamir said, ever since I have been in this place, I

have round an insurmountable embarrassment. I dare not speak my feelings ; I fear lest my expressions should not seem sufficiently tender.

Then they were exaggerated before we came here.

I doubt they were.

Ungrateful man ! I have never shown half the tenderness I felt.

Ah, Zeolide ! what a rapturous confession !

But tell me whether you have ever loved me ?

I never loved any but you ; on you alone the happiness of my life depends.

I am satisfied, exclaimed Zeolide.—Yes, dear Philamir, we will prove, that even this palace cannot be fatal to true lovers ; and that, far from destroying, it increases affection, by dissipating all the doubts which a lively and delicate tenderness too often feels.

As Zeolide pronounced these words, the queen and Palmis came up ; Philamir left them, and the princesses separated themselves from the group of courtiers that followed them in the gardens. Philamir and Chrisel went

into a thicket, at the entrance of which they saw a young woman sitting on a bank. She was handsome, and Chrisel would go and speak to her. The prince soon found she was but just arrived, and that she knew no more than Chrisel, how impossible it was to conceal her sentiments. Philamir asked her name; she replied Azema.

You have a fantastical coquettish manner, which is agreeable enough, said Chrisel, thinking he had praised her extravagantly, and astonished to see with what an air of surprise and disdain she received his compliment.— And so, said he, you are a woman, and do not love flattery?

Do you call that flattery? Perhaps you think me ugly?

Ugly! Did I not this moment tell you I never saw so charming a creature before?

Really, Sir, you are a little whimsical, but this is a thing of small importance; for, notwithstanding my coquettish airs, I care not for you, Sir.

Candour and simplicity, faith!

Simplicity ! really, Sir, you have a deal of penetration.

Well, then, sincerity at least.

Sincerity ! Lord, Sir, I never speak a word of truth. I assume an air of simplicity and ingenuity, I own, but it is only to deceive.

Chrisel burst out into a laugh, and Azema, turning toward Philamir, said, what is the reason, my lord, that you are so obstinately silent ?

Why do you ask ? replied Philamir, smiling.

Because I should like to make a conquest of you.

And, for my part, I do not know that I ever met a more uncommon lady.

You really please me very much, and I dare say, you are very credulous, and very loving.

Yes, I know how to love.

Most childishly, I dare say. Are you very deeply in love ?

I am ; and on the success of my passion depends the happiness of my life.

I dare say—I am glad of it.

And why so, pray ?

Because I am happy to set lovers at variance. Is she you love here ?

She is.

I will find her, and, if she be handsome enough to pique my vanity, will render you faithless. I shall walk this evening in the orange-grove ; and I tell you so, expressly, that you may come and meet me there.

So saying, she rose, and Philamir going to detain her, she said, Do not hold me ; do you not see, by my air of affectation, I want to make you believe I think you a dangerous man, and therefore flee from you ?

Azema then, with a very modest and serious air, made a low curtsey, and retired.

Really, said Chrisel, this little lady is the most extraordinary and odd kind of person I ever met. Women are all coquettes and deceitful, but she is the only one I have ever seen, who was indiscreet enough to own it ; her wish so seduce, and her excessive imprudence, make her truly whimsical and original. Were I in your place, my lord, I would be sure to meet her in the orange-grove.

Do you speak as you think, Chrisel ?

To be sure—What ! because you are in love with the princess ?—Pshaw ! childish ! you cannot have such scruples.

Do you think, asked Philamir, it would be possible to turn the brain of a coquette like Azema ?

Certainly, if you manage matters well, there is no doubt.

I ! I have no such design—And yet, I own, this assignation piques my curiosity.

The sudden appearance of Palmis interrupted the conversation ; she had not yet had an opportunity of speaking alone with Chrisel ; therefore, as soon as she saw him, she approached, and the prince left them together. Palmis was agitated ; she dreaded to question her lover ; and Chrisel, thinking of something else, did not remark her perplexity. At last Palmis, fetching a deep sigh, said, why are you silent Chrisel ? Are you thinking of me ?

No sooner did he hear the question than, assuming the most passionate manner possible, and tenderly kissing the hand of Palmis, Chri

sel replied, O ! no, I never think or trouble myself about you ; I protest I do not.

How ! Faithless man ! cried Palmis.

Do you doubt my truth ? Ah, Palmis, how unjust you are. Yes, said he, falling on his knees, it has been my study to deceive you. Ambition and vanity alone have attached me to you. Do justice, Palmis, to your lover, for he is incapable of affection ; be comforted, be secure, and let these sincere protestations drive all doubts from your mind. But why is anger so visible in your looks ? How have I offended you ? And wherefore to day will you not believe me ?—Do you wish me to swear ?—Oaths cost me nothing.

Wretch, cried Palmis, I can listen no longer.

Tears impeded speech, and, overwhelmed with excessive grief, she sunk on a garden-seat ; Chrisel, still kneeling, pretended to weep. Do not you see, said he, how I pretend to shed tears ? Really, beautiful Palmis, you quite weary me ; and, though you are naturally as unreasonable as insipid, I never before saw you so intolerably tiresome.

Begone, said Palmis, repelling Chrisel with indignation, you give me horror to hear you.

There is certainly, said Chrisel, something I cannot understand in all this ; perhaps, said he, with an air of freedom, you wish to break with me : if so, speak : there is no necessity for all these tears, this tragic tone : let us remain friends at least ; and this I wish, because your credit and favour may yet be useful to make my fortune.

Palmis made no other answer than by rising with impetuosity ; and, as she fled from him, darted a look of contemptuous rage at Chrisel.

The courtier stood confounded, and, as he reflected on this strange adventure, heard a tumult of voices. He walked toward the noise, and entered a verdant amphitheatre, full of passengers newly arrived, to the number of about thirty, sitting on the grass banks, and forming a circle round Gelanor. Chrisel, as he entered, asked why they were all assembled ?

My lord, said Gelanor, for these nineteen years I have done the honours of this palace ; have neglected nothing to make it agreeable to

strangers, and have only required one thing in return, which is to follow me to this place, and answer a single question which I put to each person.

And what question is that, pray ?

I only desire to know whether they be happy.

Well, and have you found many people satisfied with their condition ?

Their names are all written in a book, and I am still at the first page ; but alas ! we ought not to wonder at this, since virtue and reason alone can give happiness.

Have you begun your catechism of to-day ?

Yes ; I have questioned nearly half this assembly. Will you, Sir, be kind enough to answer me ?

O, willingly. I have been very successful at court, made a great fortune, ruined half a score women, who all, before they knew me, had excellent reputations ; and yet I am not happy, am weary of myself, enjoy nothing, but wish for what I do not possess with an ardour that consumes me.

Let us pass to another, said Gelanor. What

say you, grave stranger ? addressing himself to a little olive-coloured man with a disdainful air.

I am called a philosopher, said the stranger, in an imperious and dogmatic tone.

Then, comrade, answered Gelanor, smiling, you are happy ?

I happy ! no, indeed.

And what prevents you ?

Pride. I associated myself with some others like myself, and, among us, we formed a vast and hardy project. We wished to reign and domineer over the minds of men ; and we had a celebrated magician for a chief, who gave us a talisman, on which were engraven these three words, BENEVOLENCE, TOLERANCE, PHILOSOPHY. My friend, said the magician, the virtue of these three words is such, that to obtain your end, you have only incessantly to repeat them, and rest faithfully attached and submissively to your chief. With this talisman, and my protection, you will want neither knowledge nor genius ; you may daringly say and write all the extravagancies, which shall enter your imagination ; you shall have an exclusive authority

to reason wrong, be inconsistent, trouble established order, overturn moral principles, and corrupt manners, without losing your consequence. If you be attacked, make no reply, beware of discussion. I permit you to declaim, to affirm, and to revile, but not to reason. Keep constantly repeating the same thing, *Benevolence, Tolerance, Philosophy*. Should it be proved that you are neither benevolent, tolerant, nor a philosopher, be not frightened; only repeat and cry with more force and obstinacy than ever, these three sacred and magic words, *Benevolence, Tolerance, Temperance*, and you shall triumph over all your enemies, at least as long as I shall live. So spoke this great enchanter, and his promises had their full effect; but alas! we have had the misfortune to lose a chief so worthy of our regret; and, since his death, the talisman has lost its virtue, and our empire is no more. Deposed usurpers, as we are, our partisans are lost, we can excite no more disorders, and are fallen into obscurity.

As he ended, this pretended philosopher fetched a deep sigh.

Just then Zoram, one of Phanor's courtiers, joined the company: Hold, cried Chrisel, addressing himself to Gelanor, if you want to find a happy man, interrogate this, whose mirth is so great, it approaches folly, amusing himself with every thing, impassioned, enthusiastic—are you not, Zoram?

These are my pretensions, replied Zoram.

Pretensions! Why, are you not furiously fond of music, painting, hunting—

Hunting fatigues me; the best music in the world to me is only noise, and I have no taste for painting: but I keep hounds, hire musicians, and buy pictures; that is, I ruin myself, to persuade the world I am amused and happy.

Come, come, leave joking and answer seriously.

I am satisfied, replied Gelanor; and now let me question this lady, who is sitting in the midst of that agreeable group of children and young ladies. You are the mother of a family, Madam? said the philosopher.

These who sit round are my children.

Are you happy ?

The question is addressed to you : answer, my children.

The moment she had spoken, her two eldest daughters, with tears of joy in their eyes, ran to her arms, with the most tender expression of gratitude, and the children all cried at once, She is happy in us, and we love her with all our hearts.

Heaven be praised, exclaimed Gelanor, for my eyes have this day beheld a happy being. Let me beseech you, Madam, to tell your name ?

I am called Eudemonia.

Indulge me in a few questions. How long have you enjoyed the pure and affecting happiness, of which you now present so delightful a picture ?

Ever since I have been a mother.

What kind of life do you lead ?

I live retired ; devote one half of the day to my children, and the other to study and friendship.

Have you many friends ?

Very few ; but those I have I can depend upon.

Are you rich ?

No ; nor ever shall be.

Why so ?

I despise pomp, and money can only procure me one pleasure, that of giving !.

Are you ambitious ?

No, not even for my children ; for reason and experience have taught me, that honours and wealth cannot bestow happiness.

Gelanor took his book from his pocket, and, with inexpressible joy in his countenance, inscribed the name of Eudemonia.

Chrisel and Zoram left the garden, and went toward the palace ; the little court of the genius assembled in the saloon ; Aristeus, the satiric and surly courtier already mentioned, was talking to the queen, who was surprised to find he had lost much of his morosenes, and that his manners were more mild, and that he could say obliging things. Zoram and Chrisel entered the saloon ; the princess was going to her music, and tuning her harp ; Philamir sat

beside her, and the sorrowful unhappy Palmis leant languishingly against a pillar, thought of the perfidious Chrisel, and was mournfully silent. Chrisel approached Phanor, who was walking full of thought. Being desirous of saying something civil of the queen, he followed the genius, and, as soon as he was near enough Altemira to be heard, stopped, and, with a look of great complaisance, addressing himself to the genius, said, How much the queen shows her age to-day; it is not possible to think her less than eight and thirty.

Altemira, though still beautiful, was no longer vain of her person, but smiled. You flatter me, said she.

I intended so to do, Madam.

How do you like my dress?

Not at all; it is much too youthful for your majesty.

After thus replying, with a most obliging and gentle tone and manner, Chrisel, quite satisfied with himself, and with what he thought he had said, bowed, and rejoined Phanor.

Zoram advanced toward Palmis, and, desi

rous of awakening her from her reverie by exciting agreeable ideas in her mind, said, Good God! Madam, your eyes are sunk in your head, and how red your nose is; you do not look handsome to-day at all. Nay, do not affect that disdainful air, or think what I say is flattery, I assure you it is the very exact truth.

The princess was seated, and preluding on her instrument; Zoram, in order to maintain his reputation for a connoisseur passionately fond of music, hastily approached, with every demonstration of gladness. The princess sang, and accompanied herself; Zoram listened, and beat out of time, clapping as if he had been mad. Before the air was half over, he exclaimed, still continuing his hand-applause, How tiresome this is; How intolerably insipid!

Zeolide was a little disconcerted and stopped; I am quite delighted, Madam, said he, to see you the dupe of these affected transports; it was to act enthusiasm that I have made all this noise.

The other courtiers were in utter astonish-

ment to hear him, and absolutely supposed poor Zoram mad. Chrisel, who was particularly intimate with him, wishing to appear afflicted for his misfortune, put on an air of tender amazement, and exclaimed, Poor Zoram, how happy am I to see him thus ! I shall profit by it ; I will ask his place of Phanor this very evening.

So saying, he took Zoram by the arm, dragged him away, and they both left the saloon.

Zeolide then asked Philamir, laughing, whether he, like Zoram, thought the air she had been playing dull ?

No, replied Philamir, for I was not listening ; I was thinking of something else.

The princess blushed with vexation, and Aristeus said, I, madam, have not lost a bar of it ; I think the air a very good one, and your voice quite enchanting.

How now, Aristeus ! interrupted the genius : what, are you becoming polite and gallant ?

I have no such intention, replied Aristeus : but I am neither so frigid nor unfeeling as I appear : I am somewhat cross, and wish to be thought singular, for which reason I pass my

life in snarling and finding fault, entirely from a spirit of contradiction : besides, I have made it a law with myself never openly to praise or flatter, but indirectly, and only on great occasions.

Ha ! I understand you ; pray tell me, have you never flattered me ?

You esteem me, because you believe I have not ; yet love me, because I really have : you believe, simply enough, that a man with a gruff voice and blunt manners cannot flatter ; you are suspicious of other courtiers, but in full security with me : but flattery can take various forms ; nor is there more than one way to escape its seductions, and that is to be insensible to them. You love flattery, and I give it you ; I naturally hate it, and, had you despised it, should never have had this meanness to reproach myself with : but thus only could I obtain your confidence : if I deceive sometimes, you force me to it ; and, had not you corrupted me, I never should have used artifice : I feel how much I am debased, groan to remember it, am irritated against you, and serve without loving you.

Insolent!—Begone, cried the genius, his eyes inflamed with fury, and dare never again enter my presence.

These dreadful words terrified the princess, who hastily rose, and, followed by Palmis, went into the gardens. Alas! said Zeolide, I begin to find how fatal this palace is: this unfortunate Aristeus, who has done the state so many services, is disgraced and ruined.—And have I any reason to be better satisfied! How did Philamir answer me? It was for him I sang, yet he deigned not to listen. What then did he think of? Ah, had I dared to demand, perhaps—Palmis, take part in my pangs.

I see nothing you have to complain of, replied Palmis, coldly.

What! the indifference, the cruel disdain of Philamir—

You are ridiculously susceptible.

This is a strange expression.

Alas! I have not the power to choose—Pardon me, madam.

You are not affected by my grief; I see you do not love me—Ah! no doubt, it is impos-

sible for persons of my rank to be beloved for themselves. How unhappy am I!

The princess could not restrain her tears as she spoke.—You are unjust, replied Palmis: do not calumniate human nature thus: if a prince wish to know whether the praises given him be sincere, and whether he be really beloved, let him ask his own heart; let him judge himself: if he disdain flattery, and is capable of friendship, he may be certain he has tender and faithful friends.

Well, Palmis, I detest flattery, and love you.

And I, madam, have no friend in the world so dear to me as you are.

Zeolide answered Palmis by kissing her with transport. Be certain, henceforth, added Palmis, your rank cannot injure the sentiments you are born to inspire. In our secret conversations, your friendship and confidence establish a perfect equality between us; you are amiable and have a feeling heart; I daily receive new benefits from you, and inclination and gratitude are the sacred ties, by which we are for ever united.

O my dear Palmis! cried Zeolide, how happy do you make me!

You cannot now doubt of my attachment, replied Palmis, and yet I fear this palace: remember, madam, that, without condescension, without those delicacies and attentions which flow from the heart, friendship could not subsist.

Zeolide assured Palmis, that nothing after this should ever deprive her of her friendship and affection.

While the two friends were thus conversing, Philamir did not forget that the coquette, Azema, had given him a rendezvous in the orange grove; and it seemed so curious and amusing to read the heart of a woman of that character, that he had not the fortitude to resist the opportunity: besides, I am certain, said he, Azema cannot seduce me; Zeolide will know nothing of the affair, and consequently will ask no questions. The latter reflection determined the prince, and he immediately went toward the grove. Here he found Azema negligently extended on the grass, and

in such a manner as to leave a pretty foot, and the half of a very handsome leg, exposed. Her eyes were downcast, she seemed lost in a profound reverie, and did not appear to perceive the prince, who gently approached.

As soon as Philamir stood by her side, Azema gave a little shriek, and hastily rose—
What, said the prince, have I frightened you?

No; I am acting surprise and modesty: I have been waiting for you above an hour, in the same attitude in which you found me; and I flatter myself, added she, with downcast eyes, as if she were confused, you saw my foot and leg.

Philamir smiled, and said he had never seen any thing more charming, and Azema hid her face with her fan.—Why do you that? said the prince.

To make you believe I blush.

I should be glad to know what you think of me.

You please me, and I wish to make you in love with me.

If I were not already in love—

Well, what then?

Then—This moment might be dangerous to me.

Dangerous! That is very pleasant.

I think there would be much danger in loving you. I have a warm heart.

And I a lively imagination, which tally excellently. I am certain I shall seduce you.

Your confidence makes me afraid.

I shall now, under pretence of being warm, take off my glove, to let you see my hand and arm.

How delicate and white! said Philamir, seizing one of the hands of Azema.

I am now going to seem offended with the liberty you have taken, and pout, as you see; after which I shall put on a sentimental air.

Azema drew away her hand with dignity, and turned her back on Philamir.—Shall you pout long? said the prince.

Long enough to give you time to remark my flowing air and fine shape.

What beauteous tresses! cried Philamir, diverting himself with the arts of Azema.

The prince, however, could not avoid observing she really had fine hair, an elegant shape, and one of the prettiest faces in the world. After a moment's silence, Azema said to him, If you had common sense, this is the instant in which you would fall at my knees, and I should then seem greatly affected.

Philamir could not resist the curiosity he had to know how Azema would act tenderness, and accordingly did as she described.—O! ho! cried Azema, have I brought you down then?

Tell me, charming Azema, what passes this moment in your heart.

I am in rapture. I have seen Zeolide, and I detest her.—O! what will her vexation be, when she shall know I have robbed her of her lover! for know it she shall; I will tell her of it myself, for it will delight me to be a witness of her despair.—She is so beautiful, and so good, that they speak of nothing here but of her goodness, charms, and virtue: but I will defame her; I will, if possible, rob her of her reputation.

Azema, as she spoke, was struck with the indignation she saw painted in the countenance of Philamir. What, prince, said she, do you suspect me of affectation? Think you there is any exaggeration in the heroic sentiments I endeavour so much to discover?

O! exclaimed Philamir, as he rose, that all the monsters of your species were obliged to speak with the same sincerity, that they might only have the power to inspire contempt and horror!

Philamir spoke, and hastily withdrew, reflecting as he went on this adventure. Into what snares, said he, might curiosity alone lead a person of my age, from a wish to see how far such a woman could go! I found myself kneeling to her: I despised her, was not her dupe; yet she amused me, appeared charming, and, had she not discovered a soul so black and base, I had for an instant forgotten Zeolide.

Thus reflecting, the prince turned with melancholy step toward the palace, when Gelanor came from a grove, and said, Come hither, my

lord; come, and, if possible, prevent Chriſel and Zoram from cutting each other's throats.

How!

As they were crossing the gardens about two hours ago, they mutually accused each other of madness; but, meeting with a guest who informed them of the virtues of the palace, they were terrified to think what they had said to the genius and the queen, and went privately to concert what measures were best to take. From this conversation they learnt, that they really had no friendship for each other; each, questioned, was forced to confess each had committed reciprocal wrongs, formerly and recently; till at last they determined to fight, and are not many yards distant.

Bring me to the place, said Philamir, and I will endeavour to reconcile them.

Ah! my lord, replied the philosopher, you know not how difficult it is to effect a reconciliation in this palace.

The prince came up, just as Chriſel and Zoram were making their attack; he ran between them, and the two courtiers owned they

did not wish to fight, and should be very glad, if they could be reconciled again. Well, then said the prince, forget the past, and embrace.

Chrisel immediately approached Zoram with a good grace, who met him with open arms. Zoram said, with a smiling countenance, I here swear eternal hatred.

And so do I, replied Chrisel.

What is it you say? exclaimed Philamir.

You hear his perfidy, said Zoram: though I have the same sentiments.

In the name of Heaven, cried Philamir, be silent, and be calm!

My lord, answered Chrisel, were it possible to dissemble, I would trick the traitor; but we are forced to speak what we think, and cannot conceal our mutual resentment. I see it is useless to strive against the invincible virtue of this palace, for I am obliged to speak truth, I, who have carried the profound art of dissimulation so far: yes, I have lost the fruits of ten years' study.

You, Chrisel, gave the first offence, replied the prince: endeavour, therefore, to say a

single word in excuse to Zoram, who, I am sure, will have the moderation to be satisfied.

I cannot, said Chrisel; if I attempt to speak, I shall only add to the insults I have already uttered

No; we must fight, said Zoram; honour will have it so. Deign, therefore, my lord, to be a witness of the combat. I flatter myself that, at the very first wound, however slight it may be, you will run to part us.

So saying, they again drew their swords, and the combat began. After a few minutes Chrisel was touched in the hand. Enough, said the prince, stop.

Very willingly, replied Chrisel: however, my lord, be explicit; if you think it necessary, I am ready to go on. I am very much attached to life, but honour is still more dear to me.

Such also are my sentiments, added Zoram.

Honour is satisfied, said the prince, therefore separate.

Chrisel and Zoram, on hearing this, left the field of battle, and the prince returned toward the palace.

The genius and the queen had likewise just had a very disagreeable conversation. Altemira, notwithstanding her promises, could not forbear to question Phanor; and his answers had so surprised and angered her, that the monarch and queen had almost come to an open rupture, were both sullen, and did not speak.

Zeolide appeared so melancholy and cold, that Philamir feared she had heard of his adventure in the orange-grove. The supper was far from cheerful; the unfortunate Aristeus durst not make his appearance, and Zoram and Chrisel showed not the least eagerness to pay their court. Palmis, overwhelmed with grief, was sorrowful and silent; the queen and the genius were plunged in a profound reverie; and Philamir, devoured by inquietude, trembled as he spoke to Zeolide, who scarce deigned to make him a reply.

The next morning, Philamir, who had passed the night in reflecting on his situation, determined to demand an explanation from the princess. He went therefore in search of her,

and, as soon as he found himself alone with her and Palmis, he threw himself at her feet, and said, O! pardon me, Zeolide; I see you know all, and therefore I am ready to confess.

Know all what? interrupted Zeolide.

My adventure with Azema.

I know nothing of it, but I now insist on knowing it circumstantially.

When Philamir heard this, he heartily repented his indiscretion, but he could not retract; he was obliged to satisfy the jealous curiosity of the princess, and forced to own, that Azema might for a moment have seduced him, had she not shown so perverse and black a heart.

Thus then, said Zeolide, had you not been in this palace, and could this woman have concealed the atrocity of her mind, and the corruptness of her morals, she might have rendered you faithless.

O! Zeolide, said Philamir, forget this momentary crime; my repentance is most sincere: I love you, and only you.

And I, replied Zeolide haughtily, shall dis-

dain you ever hereafter; you are no longer worthy of me, and henceforth I renounce you.

So saying, the princess flew to the other end of the chamber, and shut herself up with Palmis in her own room.

Here Zeolide gave a free course to her tears, and a thousand times repeated Philamir was an ungrateful faithless man, whom she would never see more. Palmis long kept silence, but at last was obliged to answer. Alas! madam, said she, what shall I say? Were I not here, I might pretend to feel as you do till you became cooler, and I by degrees could dispose you to listen, and insensibly return to reason.

To reason! How! Am I then unreasonable?

Yes, madam.

You must have very little delicacy.

I have more experience than you, madam.

Your manner of thinking greatly diminishes the esteem I had for you.

I anger, I irritate you; I foresaw I should; you are under the dominion of passion, and I cannot use those means your situation requires.

This is insupportable!—But let me hear you try to prove how Philamir is excusable.

I should fail at present; permit me to be silent.

No; I will know what you think.

Well, since it must be so, I think that in this affair you have not common sense. Philamir is only twenty: a very pardonable curiosity, and not an intention to deceive you, led him to the rendezvous; that coquette is charming; he for a moment forgot himself, was wrong, felt he was, and repented. This is the only error love can reproach him with; he now knows coquettes, despises them most sincerely, loves you passionately, and well deserves his pardon.

Never shall he obtain it.

Will you be mad enough, then, to exact perfect fidelity from your lover?

Yes; I will be *mad enough*.—Affection cannot subsist if it be not sincerely reciprocal.

True; and therefore is the duration of love so short. It is not possible for a man to have as much delicacy as an affectionate and vir-

tuous woman; and the most tender lover must soon be discarded, if his mistress have neither indulgence nor credulity.

That is, you think me romantic.

Excessively so.

And do not pity me.

I am sorry to see you suffer; but, when I compare your situation to mine, it is impossible to feel any great compassion.

Those who attach themselves to a coxcomb, merit but too well the misery you have felt.

And those who attach themselves to a lover under twenty, ought to expect vexations much more real than what you complain of.

What a reproach! How unfeeling!

You first began.

I had no intention to vex you; I spoke what I thought without reflection.

And you have hurt me cruelly, which I shall remember after to-day.

I shall never forget the insensibility you have discovered.

You are neither just nor reasonable.

This is too much, interrupted Zeolide;

leave me : I expected consolation, and you aggravate my pains ;—leave me.

Palmis rose with vexation in her countenance, and left the room without answering a word.

And so, cried the princess, melting into tears, Philamir has betrayed me, and Palmis loves me no longer. I have lost them both at once—But I have a mother still.

Zeolide dried her tears, and went to the queen's apartment.—Altemira was the best and the tenderest of mothers ; Zeolide told her all her sorrows, and the queen partook her griefs, and even her resentment. How guilty did Philamir, especially, appear ! He had forgotten Zeolide for a moment. But such, said she, are men. Alas ! did you know, my daughter, what confessions I have torn from your father's bosom—But Philamir is to me a thousand times still more inexcusable ; yes, my child, the greatest wrong that can be done me is to afflict thee ; thy pangs are the only ones I cannot support with fortitude, they rend my heart.

O my mother ! cried Zeolide, in you I find all the tenderness I experienced before we entered this palace ; you are the only one whose language is still the same.

Yes, my dear Zeolide, there are no illusions mingle with the affections of nature ; a good mother cannot speak more than she feels, or paint tenderness more passionate than her heart proves.

Zeolide, penetrated with gratitude, clasped her mother's neck, while the tears of filial affection gladdened her maternal bosom, and softened each of their sorrows.

The two princesses passed several days in the company of each other ; at last they consented to receive the sage and virtuous Gelanor. The philosopher incited a spirit of indulgence ; the queen admitted Phanor ; Zeolide went herself in search of Palmis, and the two friends tenderly embraced each other. Explanations, however, in the Palace of Truth, could not dissipate all the clouds that had risen. Gelanor conducted Philamir to the feet of Zeolide. The princess wished

to assure Philamir she had forgotten the past ; but was forced to tell him that her love was somewhat lessened, and that she secretly preserved a little resentment and suspicion. The prince was grieved, and was obliged to own too he was somewhat vexed ; and, had it not been for the remonstrances and advice of Gelanor, the two lovers would have fallen out again ; but they preserved appearances, though nothing could re-establish their former good understanding.

The genius, having interrogated Aristeus circumstantially, learnt that, if he had not been scrupulously virtuous, he had inestimable qualities ; at least, that he had possessed probity and real patriotic sentiments.—In Chrisel he discovered a flattering and ambitious courtier, but a faithful subject ; and as for Zoram, he was rather ridiculous than vicious.

Follow my advice, said Gelanor to the genius ; treat these courtiers with indulgence, but grant them no more a blind confidence ; let them henceforth find, the only means to

obtain your favour is by rectitude and virtue, and they will become new men. When monarchs have arrived at an age of maturity, and toward the end of their reign, they are then the real formers of courtiers, and either pervert or make them virtuous.

Phanor followed his advice, and recalled his three courtiers, who had been shut up in a corner of the palace: but society was no longer agreeable; no person durst open his lips, lest he should say something impertinent; and, when forced to break this obstinate silence, trembled as he spoke, and seldom uttered a word but was either ill-timed or offensive. All execrated the palace; and the only pleasure they could find in it was to converse with the travellers, with which it swarmed.

One evening, Philamir, more discontented with Zeolide and sorrowful than ordinary, went to seek Gelanor, and relate his new cause of grief. He had never been in the apartment of this venerable old man, but was conducted thither by an attendant. As soon as he came

to the door, he opened it, entered, and saw a beautiful young lady, in long mourning robes, sitting by the philosopher's side, holding a book, and reading aloud. Gelanor appeared embarrassed at the sight of the prince: Philamir, surprised, advanced toward the charming lady, and asked her whether she were just arrived.

I have been here these six weeks, she replied.

Six weeks! And nobody yet mentioned your name; you have, no doubt, lived concealed; it is not else possible you should have remained unknown.

My situation has obliged me to flee society, and I am fond of solitude; I see no person here but Gelanor, to whom I listen, by whom I am instructed, and I seek no other pleasures.

The prince wishes to speak to me, Mirza; interrupted the philosopher, somewhat bluntly.

I am in no great haste, replied Philamir.

But I should wish to hear you immediately, said Gelanor. Leave us, Mirza.

The beautiful Mirza laid her book upon

the table, and, after a very low curtsey, retired.

What a charming lady! cried Philamir: how modest, how graceful, wherefore is she in mourning?

She is a widow.

How long has she been so?

About a month; her husband was very ill when he arrived, and died in a fortnight.

I will engage that her understanding equals her beauty—Why are you silent?—

And wherefore these questions?

Mere curiosity.

Take care, my lord, of curiosity: it is too natural to youth; and remember whither it may lead.

Mine is very innocent—But tell me, Gelanor, has Mirza much understanding?

Yes, much.

Then she possesses every perfection.

But did you come, my lord, to speak of Mirza?

What I have to say is not very interesting—a repetition of old griefs. I am discontented;

Zeolide is no longer the same ; her temper is quite altered—Vexed, irritated at nothing—Her reproaches are eternal—I am tired of all this—Mirza has an air of such mildness, such tenderness—Is she cheerful ?

Why, my lord, do you ask ?—Let us speak of the princess ; for never since I have inhabited the Palace of Truth, have I read a heart more noble, more pure, more affectionate than her's.

Pray, did she love her husband ?

Her husband !—Of whom are you speaking ?

Of Mirza.

Really, my lord, you are not worthy to possess the heart of the most charming princess on earth—What a difference there is between your sentiments and those of Zeolide ! Among all the men here assembled, and many of them are amiable, Zeolide sees only you ; all eyes are fixed on her, and I know two or three princes who love her to distraction ; Zeolide only is ignorant of their love, or at least never remembers it.

And I, replied Philamir, love none but Zeolide; and as I should certainly excite her jealousy, were I to see Mirza again, I promise never to return to this apartment.

Gelanor highly praised this resolution, which Philamir strictly kept.

The prince left the philosopher, and visited Palmis, for whom he had conceived a great friendship. Palmis had not the delicacy of Zeolide, consequently could not always in her heart approve her manner of thinking. Being obliged to speak as she thought, when Philamir complained of Zeolide, Palmis, though with regret, could not avoid owning the princess was sometimes unreasonable.

Philamir and Palmis were conversing together, when Zeolide unexpectedly entered. The prince and Palmis blushed—What! I embarrass you? said Zeolide.

Yes, madam, replied Palmis.

Of whom were you speaking?—Nay, answer.

Of you; the prince complained of your temper.

Well, and what did you say ?

That he was right, and that it was not to be borne.

So, then, you endeavour to increase his ill opinion of me ?—Were I really capricious and unreasonable, ought my friend to say so ? especially to—

You forget, madam, we are in the Palace of Truth ; could I speak as I wish, my first care should be to persuade the prince he is always wrong, when he thinks disadvantageously of you.

Zeolide had nothing to reply, but was vexed and silent. Philamir and Palmis durst not venture a word. At last, the princess, heaving a deep sigh, said, You really are both of you very agreeable company !---What are you thinking of, Philamir ?

Of Mirza.

Mirza ! who is Mirza ?

A young and charming widow, whom I met to-day by chance in Gelanor's apartment.

And with whom you are, no doubt, in love.

I love none but Zeolide.

But you mean to see this charming Mirza again ?

No ; I will sacrifice to you the pleasure I should take in her conversation.

Then you think me jealous.

I do.

Alas ! Why can I not say I have too much pride to feel any such emotion ? Must you, in spite of myself, know all my foibles ?

The princess could not restrain her tears.--- Nothing but weeping and reproaches ! cried Philamir.

Scarcely had he pronounced these words, ere he felt the effect they must necessarily produce in the heart of Zeolide, and he fell at her feet. Zeolide rejected him with anger :--- Your want of feeling, said she, is shocking.--- No, you love me not ; or, at least, you are incapable of love like mine---Dare to affirm the contrary.

Would I could !

You confess you do not love me, then ?

O ! Zeolide do not overwhelm me thus ;

my soul is not so pure, so delicate as your's, but all I can feel, I feel for you.

I understand—You only esteem me.

If I do not pronounce the word love, it is because you yourself have prohibited the expression.

Yes, before we came to this palace.

The instant she had said this, Zeolide blushed, and turned away her head to hide her confusion. Philamir smiled, and seized the hand of the princess, which he tenderly clasped between his own. Zeolide drew back her hand. Pray, tell me, said she, how it is possible, having only seen this *very beautiful lady* once, you should so passionately desire to see her again?

I did not desire it *passionately*.

Did you not say you would *sacrifice* this pleasure to me?

I did: had I had the power of choosing my own words, I should have made use of some other.

But, in fact, your abstinence is a sacrifice.

It is; she is amiable, witty, and her com-

pany would have given me pleasure ; I regret it, and cannot avoid seeing your jealousy.

My jealousy ! cried Zeolide with extreme vexation. What expressions ! What language !—yet, alas ! it is too true ; I have been ridiculously jealous, I condemn myself for it ; and were we not in this fatal palace, it would never have been known.

Some days after this conversation as Philamir was walking, according to his custom, in the alley of palm-trees, he perceived, at a distance, the beautiful Mirza, greatly agitated. She approached the prince, and, with a disturbed and timid air, exclaimed, Pardon me, my lord—I am in great distress—I have been seeking a pocket-book, which I have lost above this hour ; have you found it ?

No, replied the prince ; and I am sorry I have not, since I see how exceedingly you are afflicted.

It contains my secret.

Your secret.

I have had the indiscretion to write down my feelings in that book—But I must say no

more—Adieu, my lord ! and if by chance you should find my pocket-book, deign to promise you will restore it me, and especially that you will not open it.

I will not.—But if I should be so fortunate as to find it, how shall I see you to return it ?

I will be here at this time to-morrow.

So saying, Mirza departed, and as she went, twice turned her head to look at the prince, who followed her with his eyes, and sighed when she was out of sight.

Philamir, in vain, endeavoured to find the pocket-book ; he searched the gardens round and round, but unsuccessfully. As, about noon, he was returning toward the palace, he met the three courtiers, Aristeus, Chrisel, and Zoram, all in conversation. Surprised to see them so intimate, he approached, and complimented them on the occasion. Ah ! my lord, cried Chrisel, our mutual fears have united us.

How so ?

Had we betrayed the state, we could not be

in greater peril; nothing can save us, we are lost beyond redemption.

What do you mean?

Phanor, this evening, has invited us to be present, while he reads a play, written by himself.

But the piece may be good.

Unfortunately for us, it is execrable. We heard it six months ago, and persuaded Phanor it was a *chef-d'œuvre*.

I conceive your perplexity; the genius has, perhaps, invited you to this new reading, only to put your sincerity to the proof.

O, no! he is perfectly secure, and that is the worst part of the affair; he believes we have flattered him on every possible subject, this alone excepted.

But why would he read a work you have already heard?

Because he has made many alterations: there are likewise two celebrated authors just arrived, whom he intends to astonish and confound, by reading them his production.

He will be too busy with them to observe you.

Yes, but it is necessary to cry and laugh at this infernal piece ; which are impossible, in this place, for it would be immediately seen whether the tears were or were not real.

Is there, in fact, a charm sufficiently strong to prevent an author from being a dupe ?

May not an author be deceived, think you ? Let us only be confident, my friends, and I hope the genius will not be able to read our countenances.

Besides, added Philamir, his attention will be wholly directed toward these newly-arrived authors, who will speak without apprehension, not knowing the effects of the place they are in.

True, my lord, and in order to keep them in ignorance on this subject till the reading is over they have been taken to an apartment distant from those of other guests.

Did they come both together ?

No ; and as it is already known they hate each other, they are separately lodged.

The genius appeared, and the conversation changed. I warrant, said Phanor, you were speaking of my play.

Yes, my lord, answered Zoram, trembling.

I am certain you were not speaking against it; for never shall I forget how you were affected when you heard it first. To-day you will be still more delighted, for I have made such additions! So sublime! our authors will be somewhat surprised; and, as they do not know the virtues of this palace, I am certain they will testify as much jealousy as admiration. What think you?

Nobody, my lord, can be jealous of your wit.

What! because of my rank? I assure you that is no impediment. About a year ago, I read this very piece to a man of real wit, but who is himself a writer: well, Sir, he could not hide his jealousy; his praise was so cold, so awkward, his perplexity so great, and his sufferings so cruel, he really excited my compassion. The vanity of an author is absolutely unaccountable. As for me, I am just, and do not deceive myself. Often, in the course of my existence, have I been deceived, but never on this subject; never was

flattered there.—And why? because the thing is impossible.

Phanor's confidence and discourse made the courtiers' hearts shrink within them. After dinner, the genius sent to inform Learchus and Tarsis he was ready to receive them; and the former arriving first, Phanor interrogated him concerning Tarsis.

I hate him, replied Learchus, though the principle of my hatred obliges me to dissemble; I wish to seem equitable; secretly I calumniate, publicly I praise him, but in an artful manner; I have no intention to do him justice, but to persuade the world I do.

You hear! said the genius, whispering Chrisel, with a smile of penetration; such is the envy of which I have just now spoke, and hence you may imagine whether I do not know the human heart.

Tarsis entered, and, after a moment's conversation, Phanor unfolded his manuscript: the two authors placed themselves opposite Philamir, and the courtiers by his side, and the genius thus began:

I must inform you, gentlemen, this play is a masterpiece.

Yes, answered Learchus, that is customary; a reading is seldom begun till something like this has first been said; but you need not fear, my lord, we shall none of us speak a word of what we think, we will load you with praises.

Tarsis was confounded to hear him; he could not conceive it possible to carry truth and indiscretion so far. The genius smiled— Yes, said he, I can depend upon your sincerity, and am well assured you will be obliged to praise what you shall hear. Know then, gentlemen, you will melt into tears during the first and second act, laugh at every speech in the third and fourth, and be astonished to find the fifth so sublime. The style is elegant and pure, the characters natural and well sustained, the plot artfully managed, and the *dénouement* admirable.

Very frank, upon my word! cried Tarsis. Authors usually say as much, but it is in a far-fetched and ambiguous manner. For my

part, my lord, I like your proud plain way better; it is at least more comic, and may give us a love for modesty.

I own, replied Phanor, when I am at home, I cannot help speaking thus undisguisedly; my language may astonish, but you will soon see, however, there is nothing really extravagant in all I have said.

The genius then began to read, and, as it was necessary to weep during the first two acts, the courtiers took out their handkerchiefs, and hid their faces. The genius stopped almost at every line: observe, said he, how profound is that reflection! how original that thought! how philosophic this! and spoke so continually, during these interruptions, and between the acts, and praised himself so much, that his auditors had absolutely no room to say any thing. The two authors seem very attentive, and finding the device of the handkerchiefs a very happy one, they made use of the same expedient, and hid their faces. Phanor triumphed, when he beheld all their handkerchiefs in motion at the end of the second

act. Come, come, said he, dry your tears, and prepare to laugh.

Phanor set the example, when he thought it was necessary to laugh. How humorous this is ! how full of wit is that ! cried he every instant ; there are a few free strokes, and some *double-entendres*, but these are the taste of the age, and we cannot make folks laugh without them ; to unite decency and wit is too hard a task ; and, for my part, I only wish to please, therefore do not perplex myself about morality or good manners, but sacrifice them without scruple every time a stroke of wit or seductive description invites.

There is nothing wonderful in that, replied Learchus, we do the same ; it is necessary, however, for form's sake, though a work may be licentious to excess, to scatter a certain quantity of sentiments through it, and moral phrases ; after the most free and indecent traits, you are charmed to see an eulogium on virtue ; such a thing is not expected in such a place, but the surprise is for this reason the more agreeable.

No doubt, answered Phanor, and you will find I understand this finesse; for my play ends with four verses, which tell the spectators it has a moral purport; though I can assure you, without seeking to raise myself in your esteem, I had no other purpose but that of displaying my superior abilities. But let us go on to the fourth act.

Pray, my lord, must we laugh still? said Tarsis.

O! I understand you, returned Phanor: silence, if you please, and listen.

During the last three scenes of this act, Learchus and Tarsis several times endeavoured to burst into a laugh, and the genius, reclining toward Zoram, said softly, Do you not observe? Envy will not let them laugh, only from the teeth outward; how the hag gnaws their hearts! This is much more flattering to me, than all the praises they could possibly give, for my vanity is equally clear-sighted and delicate.

As soon as he had ended, the genius rose, rubbed his hands, and smiling, said, These

gentlemen will not explain themselves, and we shall see the exact state of their thoughts.

I am in the utmost perplexity, my lord.

And so am I, I assure you.

O! I do not doubt that, cried Phanor, with malignity.

It is difficult to praise you, my lord.

That is to say, you cannot find expressions; this is the greatest praise you can give.

I have never heard any thing so extravagant, so wild—

As my third and fourth act; very true, they are out of the common road; thus you see I did not exaggerate, when I told you you would find humour absolutely run wild. It must be owned, Chrisel, added the genius, it is charming to hear all this said in the Palace of Truth. But what is your opinion, Tarsis? You are silent.

My lord, answered Tarsis, however envious—

There! exclaimed the genius, transported with joy; there, Zoram, did not I predict?—You hear he is devoured with envy.—But

why should I longer abuse the necessity these poor people are under of speaking what they think? I ought to be satisfied, and not seek to humble men too much.

Phanor dismissed his authors, and, when they were gone, conversed some time longer with the courtiers. He asked no questions, for he had no doubts; he spoke only of his own fame, and the vast success his piece must have. Thus were the courtiers freed for a little fear.

As soon as they were alone,—Was I wrong, said Aristeus! to conceive hopes of escaping the danger? Every illusion vanishes here, except vanity, and that is more mighty than a host of magicians. Love itself is not so blind as an author corrupted by flattery and self-conceit.

The next day, Philamir went to the alley of palm-trees, where he did not at first find Mirza, but walked about, expecting her arrival. After he had walked some time, he saw a sheet of written paper on the grass, in a woman's hand; he read, and was amazed to find charm-

ing verses, in which Mirza expressed for Philamir the most violent passion.—O ! unhappy and amiable Mirza ! cried the prince, this, no doubt, is one of the pages of that pocket-book which you sought for with such anxiety. The wind, during the night, has blown it hither.—Alas ! Is this then the secret Mirza would hide from me ?—Ah, how dangerous is the discovery !

Mirza at this moment appeared—Philamir flew to meet her. O ! my lord, said Mirza, I have just found my pocket-book, but there is a leaf gone.—Heavens ! what do I see ? that very leaf in your hands !—And you have read it ?—Unfortunate Mirza ! Thy evils, then, are at the height.

So saying, Mirza fell on the lawn, and seemed ready to faint ; the prince, quite beside himself, kneeled to assist her. O Mirza, cried he, with a broken voice, into what dreadful distress have you plunged me !—Can it be ?—loved by you !

Cruel prince, replied Mirza, since you have read that writing, the silence I had imposed

upon my lips is useless ; it cannot now conceal my weakness.—Yes, I adore you. Alas ! you alone have taught me to know the most violent, the most imperious of all the passions ; never shall I banish it my bosom. No, I feel it will follow, or rather precipitate me to the grave. Your's I cannot be, your faith is engaged, and I have only to die.

To die ! Heavens ! cried Philamir ; and shall I be the cause of your death ?—Rather let—O Mirza ! conceive the horror of my situation—I am under a sacred engagement—

I know it but too well, interrupted Mirza ; and were you willing to break it, I never would consent. Zeolide is worthy to participate your happiness. Love shall never make me unjust. Often has Gelanor spoken to me of the princess, and interested me in her behalf ; not daring to speak in your praise, I listened with pleasure to the eulogiums of a lady so dear to your heart. No, Zeolide, I cannot hate thee, for thou lovest Philamir.

What sentiments !—What ! not hate your rival ?

zled and inflamed the imagination; but she was too much above him; she astonished too much to delight.

The fear of betraying the secret of Mirza made Philamir avoid Zeolide as much as possible; and, perceiving how mortally he dreaded to be alone with her, reason and pride equally bade the princess not to seek a fleeing lover. After so much vexation, so many inquietudes, torments, and struggles, Zeolide began to suffer less; she had seen too many illusions vanish not to find love almost extinct in her bosom.

The three weeks at length were passed, and the day came when Philamir was to quit the Palace of Truth. Before the princess was awake, Philamir went to the alley of palm-trees. He had a strong desire once more to see Mirza, and had written to conjure her once more to come; yet durst not hope the severe Mirza would consent to receive his last farewell. How great was his joy when he saw her suddenly appear! Mirza testified the utmost surprise at perceiving the prince. She

would have fled, but was withheld by Philamir. Ah! my lord! said she, I thought you had already quitted the palace, and I returned to visit a place so dear to my heart.

Have you not received my note, then?

Your note, my lord!-- O! no.

Philamir was grieved to think he owed the happiness of seeing her again to chance alone. Every thing that gratitude or tenderness could inspire the prince uttered. Mirza wept, and discovered sentiments so heroic, and at the same time so passionate, that the prince fell enraptured on his knees, and could only express his admiration by his tears. The prince just at this moment hearing the leaves rustle, turned his head: but what was his surprise, or rather terror, when he beheld Zeolide!

The princess, motionless with amazement, stood silent: the confused Philamir durst not speak. At length, Mirza, addressing herself to the princess, related her whole story. You see, madam, added she, I have nothing to reproach myself with. I do not fear that even my rival should read my most secret thoughts;

and I not only do not hate you, but have a lively sensation of what your feelings must at this moment be. I suffer as much from your woes as from my own ; Philamir regrets me ; this cannot be denied : but it is you he loves, and, were he to attempt to break his engagement to you, I would oppose his intentions. I am about to quit, and never see him more. The effort will cost me my life, but duty is far more sacred than love.

And is it possible, said Zeolide, that a passion, which reason cannot approve, may become thus violent in a heart like your's ?— Adieu, Philamir ! continued the princess : I restore you your freedom, and at length regain my own ; but, in renouncing you, I renounce the married state.—Adieu ! may you be happy !

Stop, Zeolide ! cried Philamir, distracted.

Go, my lord, said Mirza, with a languishing voice ; go, recover your mistress, and abandon the wretched Mirza ! She no longer loves, I adore—O ! that by sacrificing my heart I could restore you her's, since you cannot live without her.



The Princess Zeolide discovering Philamin.

