

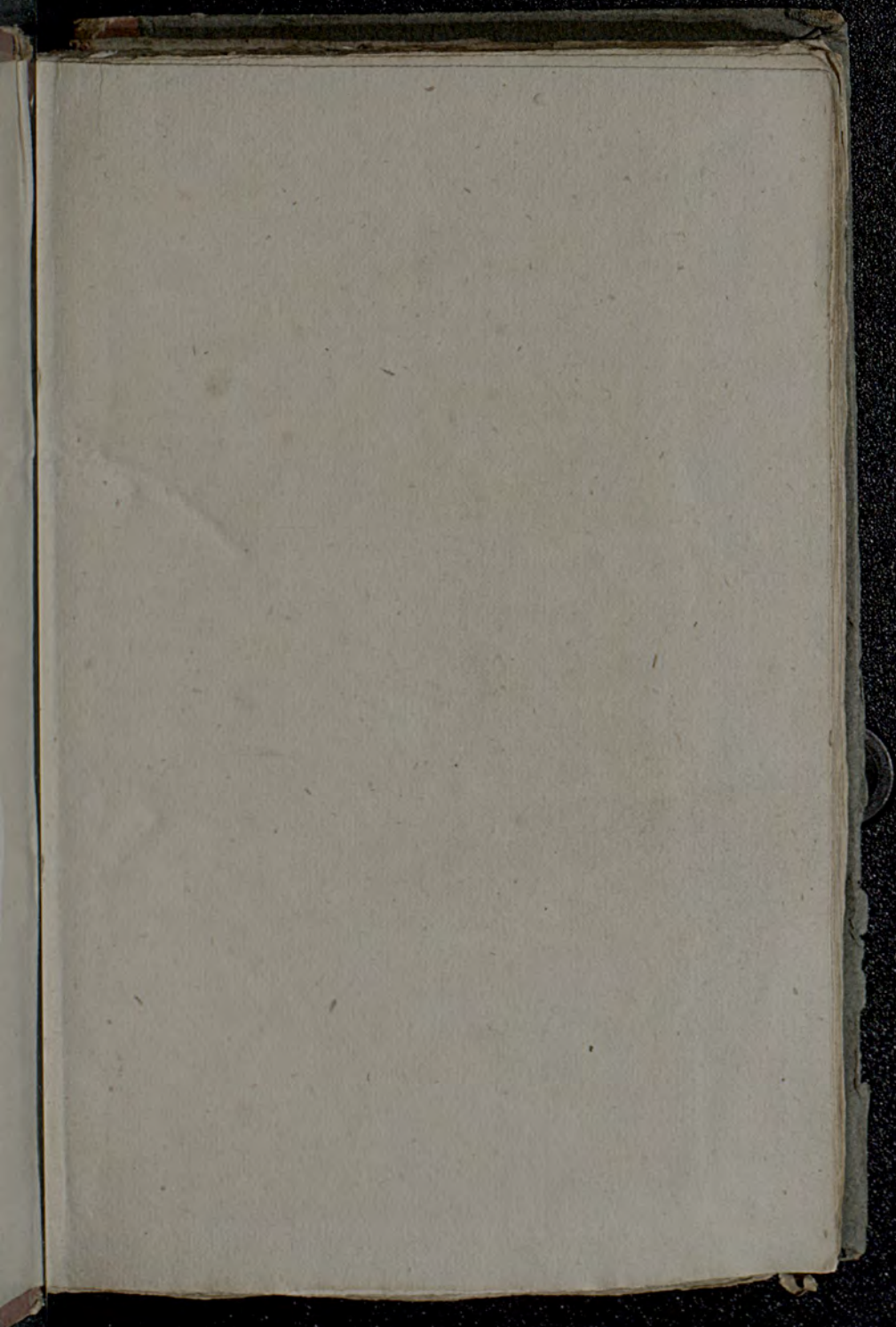
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III





ALBERT OF WERDENDORFF

Published by & for J. Roe 1805

POPULAR STORIES ;

OR,

ENTERTAINING TALES,

&c. &c.



EACH VOLUME

EMBELLISHED WITH SIX ENGRAVINGS.



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*Albert of Werdendorff ;*

OR, THE

MIDNIGHT EMBRACE.

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BY S. WILKINSON.

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ALBERT, Lord of the ancient but stately Castle of Werdendorff, was a young nobleman of elegant person, and fascinating manners : but his heart was prone to deceit, and he paid very little attention to the fulfilling of either religious or moral duties.

About half a league from the Castle of Werdendorff stood an humble cottage, the mistress of which, the fair Josephine, had attracted the notice of Lord Albert in his morning rides ; he frequently taking the air on horseback across the moor where her lowly dwelling arose to view.

Josephine was rather above the middle size ; her limbs finely proportioned. The colour of her face was such as to give a highly favourable impression to every beholder. The lustre of her large black eyes was tempered by the ineffable sweetness that appeared in their every motion ;

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while the waving ringlets of her luxuriant brown hair completed the *tout ensemble* of this lovely mortal.

Beauty and innocence were the only dower Josephine possessed. Her father had been a subaltern officer in the Emperor's service. Her mother was the only child of a very poor, but very respectable pastor. Francisco, the father of Josephine, fell in the field of battle when his little girl had just attained her fifth year. His disconsolate widow retired with her trifling pension from Vienna, where she had hitherto resided, to the vicinity of Werdendorff, where she lived with her darling child in a peaceful seclusion, now so congenial to her feelings.

Her pension being inadequate to their support, the amiable widow toiled with her needle, to supply the wants of herself and Josephine. The education of her loved child she attended to with the most sedulous care, and was amply repaid by the docility of her beloved pupil.

Josephine had just completed her sixteenth year, when her revered parent was seized with a complaint, which soon terminated her existence.

The short time that intervened between her being first attacked by this fatal indisposition, and her dissolution, was spent by the anxious mother in attempts to prepare her daughter for that event, in advising her with regard to her subsequent conduct and arrangements.

Josephine listened to her virtuous counsels with attention, and while the tears chased each other down her pallid checks, promised a strict



adherence to the wishes of her dying parent. Alas! how little to be depended on are too oft the promises and resolutions of mortals!

The remains of the mother of Josephine being decently interred, that sorrowing girl soon felt herself obliged to grant less indulgence to heart-felt grief, that she might toil for each day's bread. Her parent's pension expired with her; and our fair maid, to pay the rent of her cottage, and defray her necessary expenditures, was obliged to leave her humble pallet with the first salute of the lark, and ply her needle with assiduous and unremitting industry.

But the labor of this artless girl was crowned with success. An embroidress, who lived in an adjacent town, supplied Josephine with constant work. The hours destined to employment, were lightened by the cheerful song. And now and then, to add a little variety to the scene, she joined her village companions in a rural dance beneath the shade of some spreading chesnuts.

Happy, virtuous, and respected, lived Josephine for the first three years after her mother's decease. She was then predestined to experience a fatal reverse: the veil of innocent simplicity was to be torn from her mind, and the vacancy filled up by the dark cloud of guilt.

Albert of Werdendorff beheld the maid in all her native pride of beauty, softened by angelic modesty, and her unconsciousness of the superlative charms she possessed. Albert longed to call this fair flower his own; not as a tender admirer, to protect her honorably from all rude storms, but as a rude spoiler, that wan;

tonly plucks the rose from its native branch, and then, regardless of its beauties, casts it to wither on the ground.

It would be a needless, and, indeed, an unpleasing task, to describe minutely the various arts that Lord Albert descended to, in order to seduce the unsuspecting victim of his deceptions. His superior rank, fortune, and connections, were so many circumstances to furnish him with favorable pretexts to forward his designs.

Though Albert was Lord of the Castle of Werdendorff, and had there a splendid establishment, yet he depended on his father, the Marquis de Baldarno, for a princely addition to his possessions. He made Josephine to believe, that it was impossible for him to espouse her during his father's life; but called on heaven, and every saint, to witness the inviolable faith and constancy he would always maintain towards her: that he should always regard her as his wife; and, as soon as he should be free to offer his hand, their marriage should be legally solemnized. Josephine had many virtuous sentiments; but Albert, by sophistry, overcame those scruples; and the unfortunate maiden added one more to the many that suffer their credulous hearts to be seduced by the wily serpent, like objects of their tender and faithful love.

Josephine's breast was no longer the abode of serenity. In Albert's presence her spirits were elated: she listened with delight to the repetition of his vows, and, blinded by delusive

passion, esteemed herself one of the happiest among the happy. But in the lone hours of solitude, she was oft times miserable. Regret, remorse, and apprehension, would enter, though obtrusive guests. From the casement of her cottage, Josephine could behold the stately Castle of Werdendorff, and discern its portals opened for the reception of guests invited to the noble banquets and festive balls, which often made its lofty roofs resound with their mirth. On these occasions Josephine would sigh, and ponder on the wide difference between herself and Lord Albert in their stations, and wonder if her fond hopes would ever be realized.

At midnight, when all the inhabitants of the Castle were wrapt in repose, was the time that Lord Albert paid his visits to Josephine's cottage, which hour was mutually chosen by the lovers for their interviews, that they might elude the observation of those around them.

When Cynthia, hid in clouds, gave no ray to light Lord Albert in his progress over the dark and fenny moor, Josephine would place a taper at her casement, to guide him to her humble abode.

Ah, ill-fated maid! too soon will you experience the dire truth, that men betray, and that vows can be broken; and that illicit love, though at first ardent, will soon decay, and leave nought but wretchedness behind.

Albert had been Josephine's favored lover about six months, when, one hapless night, Josephine had placed the taper in her window

as usual; and sat wishing the arrival of Albert in anxious expectation. More than once, she conjectured that she heard his well-known footsteps approach the door. She flew to open it, and her eye fixed on vacancy alone; while she shed tears at the disappointment. Another, and another night elapsed; Albert came not; and Josephine's anguish and suspense became insupportable.

On the fourth morning of Albert's unusual absence, Josephine arose from her pallet after a few hours of restless and perturbed sleep: she approached the window, and her eyes taking their usual direction across the moor to the Castle of Werdendorff, she beheld its gay banners streaming on the walls.

Anxious to learn the cause of this rejoicing, Josephine mingled with a groupe of rustic maidens who were repairing to the Castle. She asked them, in tremulous accents, what propitious event they were celebrating at the Chateau; but the villagers were as ignorant as herself. When they came to the outer portal of the edifice, they beheld a gay procession passing from the hall to the chapel.

The centinel, in reply to Josephine's interrogatories, informed her, that Lord Albert was then gone to the chapel to seal his nuptial vows with Lady Guimilda, the proud daughter of a neighbouring Baron, whose possessions were immense, and she the sole heiress.

Josephine replied not; her heart was full, even to bursting. She retreated from her companions, and seeking the covert of a friendly

wood, gave way to all the frantic ravings of despair, which was still aggravated by every passing gale, bearing along the echoes of the loud shouts of revelry that pervaded the Castle, and proclaimed Albert's perjury, and her ruin.

As soon as the first violence of her grief was abated, she began to cherish delusive ideas. She thought the centinel might have deceived her; or, at least, he might have been in an error himself, in supposing Lord Albert the bridegroom of the proud Guimilda; and she thought it more probable, that it was some friend of his, who had solemnized his marriage at Werdendorff Castle.

Cherishing this weak hope, she returned to her cottage; and partially disguising herself in a long mantle, and a thick white veil, she repaired at twilight to the Castle, and, unobserved, mingled in the revelling crowd. But alas! the centinel's intelligence she soon found to be true: and the gayest among the gay throng was the false Albert and his bride Guimilda.

Once convinced, Josephine tarried no longer in the Castle hall. With torturing sensations, and faltering steps, she left the abode of her haughty rival, and once more sought her lone dwelling. The night was dark, the wind shook the rushes, and all around, like her own heart, was drear and forlorn. With folded arms, and her whole person like the statue of despair, sat Josephine by the casement. Fond recollections caused her tears to flow, when she called to mind how oft in that window she had

placed the taper to light her then ardent lover over the moor.

While she was thus reflecting, she heard footsteps approach her cottage door; and presently she heard her own name softly pronounced. She instantly recognised Lord Albert's voice; and opening the casement, she cried indignantly, "Away to Guimilda; away to the pleasures that reign in Werdendorff Castle. Why leave you my rival's bed, to add another insult to the woes you have caused me?"

Lord Albert renewed his intreaties for admittance: and Josephine, at length, imprudently yielded to his request.

Albert exerted all his eloquence to convince the fair one, that his heart had no share in the nuptial contract with Guimilda; that there Josephine's image reigned triumphant, while her rival could claim nought but his hand. By the stern command of his father, he protested he had joined his fate to Guimilda's, who would only leave him his fortune on that condition: but that his love to Josephine should never be diminished by that circumstance; but that he would transplant her to a more pleasing abode, where she might reside in elegant retirement, and appear in a situation more congenial to his wishes than her present dwelling would allow, or, indeed, her near vicinity to the Castle render prudent.

The soft blandishments of her deceiver again lured her to guile; and her anger was completely vanquished by love.

Again was the board spread with the choice delicacies, and delicious wines, that Lord Albert had brought with him from the Castle: the flower-footed hours winged away with rapturous delight, and again the soft smile beamed on the lovely countenance of Josephine.

“Adieu, my beloved, (said Lord Albert;) the first blush of morn empurples the east, and warns me from thy arms.”

Josephine inquired affectionately when she was next to expect the loved Lord. He replied, that he would return at the *dark hour of midnight*, and again clasp her in his arms.

Lord Albert's bosom beat high as he sped homewards over the moor. The horrid deed he had committed, did not at that moment appal him. He congratulated himself on being freed from a mistress, whom satiety had for some time past made him detest.

In relating to Josephine the cause of his marriage with the Lady Guimilda, he had been guilty of a great falsehood. The known wealth of the heiress, at first, induced Lord Albert to visit at her father's villa; for avarice was a ruling passion with the youth. But when he beheld the haughty fair one, he instantly became a captive to her beauty, and loathed Josephine.

His nightly visits to Josephine, though conducted with such cautious secrecy, had by some means reached the ears of the proud Guimilda. No pity for the poor maiden filled her breast; she hated her fair rival, for having a prior claim to Lord Albert's heart. Her revengeful temper made her feel that she should

never enjoy perfect happiness while Josephine existed. She thought that there was more than a probability, that, for all Albert's declarations to the contrary, when she conversed with him on the subject, that, after a short time would elapse, his heart might grow cold towards the legal partner of his fortune, and return with redoubled ardor to the deserted mistress. She knew the infirmities of her own temper; and the angelic sweetness of disposition which her informants had represented Josephine to possess, contrasted with her own hauteur, caprice, and tyranny, made the confirmation of her fears appear as strong as proofs of holy writ.

To glut her revenge, and leave no room for apprehension, she formed the horrid project of demanding the following sacrifice at the hands of Lord Albert.

This was the removal of Josephine from the terrestrial world by a poison which should take a quick effect, and cause her to breathe her last ere she should have time to reveal the name of her murderer. The time fixed on by Guimilda for the perpetration of this horrid deed, was their wedding night. Albert was to make some plausible excuse to his guests, to account for absenting himself at that time, and then to repair to Josephine's cottage; and as he always, on those occasions, condescended to convey with his own hands, some refreshments, it would be an easy matter for him to infuse into the goblet of wine that he should present to his fair victim, a deadly but tasteless drug,



that Guimilda prepared for that fatal purpose. The proud Guimilda made a solemn vow, never to admit Lord Albert to her bed, till her horrific demand was complied with.

Alas! her destined husband was too pliantly moulded to her purpose; he made not half the resistance she expected to encounter; but, after a very few scruples, signified his perfect acquiescence with the will of this fiend in female form.

How Lord Albert effected his purpose has been previously described. He had nearly gained the Castle on his return, when his own words recurred to his memory: at the dark hour of midnight he would again return, and clasp her in his arms. "Ill-fated maiden! (exclaimed he, mentally,) ere that hour arrives, thy fluttering breath will flee amid agonised pain; and thou, late so beauteous, will be a lifeless corse." The first light of the morning cheerfully illumined the dell. But Albert's heart was not gladdened by the scene.

The beams of the sun began to gild the turrets of Werdendorff, yet the bridal ball was not concluded. In vain the blaze of beauty met Lord Albert's eyes; he sighed amid surrounding splendor; for conscience had strongly entwined her chains around his heart. Guimilda was impatient to know if her Lord had accomplished the dire deed; and, on his answering in the affirmative, she experienced the most extravagant and unnatural transports. But Albert was clouded with horror; and he kept con-

stantly repeating the words, "at midnight's dark hour thou shalt embrace me again."

On the next evening the guests again assembled in Werdendorff hall: again the musicians tuned their instruments to notes of joy; and again the gay knights and their fair partners joined in the mazy dance. Lord Albert alone seemed abstracted; and his woe-expressive countenance gave rise to a variety of conjectures, all very remote from the truth. Guimilda perceived the agony of his mind (which her hardened heart considered as a weakness) with extreme displeasure: nor was she slow in whispering to him the most keen reproaches for the pusillanimity of his conduct, in appearing in this manner before their guests.

But in vain Lord Albert endeavoured to arouse himself, and put on a gay unembarrassed air. His mind, in a few hours, had undergone a total revolution. He now regarded Guimilda as an agent of infernal malice, sent to plunge his soul into an irremediable abyss of guilt. The artless behaviour of his murdered love was the contrast: her gentle unbraiding manners, the affectionate looks with which she would hang enraptured over him, and listen to the tender oaths he had so basely violated—Distraction was in these thoughts; yet they every moment rushed unbidden on his brain.

As midnight's dark hour was proclaimed by the turret bell, Albert's limbs shook with fear. "I hear (said he aloud) the fatal summons that calls me hence. Guimilda, farewell for ever: this is thy work."

Guimilda was going to make some reply, when a tremendous storm suddenly shook the battlements of the Castle: the thunder's loud peals burst on the ancient walls; while the lightning's pointed glare flashed with appalling repetition through the painted casements. Dim burnt the numberless tapers; when Josephine's death-like form glided from the portal, and, with solemn pace, proceeded along the hall to the spot where Lord Albert stood. Pale was her face; and her features seemed to retain the convulsive marks of the horrid death to which Guimilda had revengefully consigned her. Clad in the habiliments of the grave, her appearance was awe-inspiring. In a hollow, deep-toned voice, she addressed her perjured lover:

"Thou false one! Base assassin of her whom thou lured from the flowery paths of virtue; her whom thou had sworn to cherish and protect while life was left thee. Thou hast cut short the thread of my existence: but think not to escape the punishment due to thy crimes. 'Tis midnight's dark hour; the hour by thyself appointed: delay not, therefore, thy promised embrace."

With these words Josephine wound her arms around his trembling form. "I am come from the confines of the dead, (said she,) to make thee fulfill thy parting promise." She dragged him by a force he could not resist to her breast: she pressed her clammy lips to his; and held him fast in her noisome icy embrace.

At length the horrific spectre released him from her grasp. He started back in breathless agony,

and sank on the floor. Thrice he raised his frenzied eye to gaze on his supernatural visitant; thrice he raised his hands, as if to implore the mercy of offended heaven; and then expired with a heavy groan.

Again loud thunder shook the Castle to its very foundation. The affrighted guests rushed from the hall, rather choosing to brave the fury of the elements, than remain spectators of the horrid scene within its walls. Even the proud Guimilda fled with terror and dismay. She sought refuge in a convent that stood about a league's distance from the Castle: here she remained till death put a period to her mental sufferings, which far exceeded her corporeal ones; though they were many, and severe; for she exhausted her frame by the variety and frequencies of the vigorous penance she imposed on herself, as a chastisement for her heinous, regretted crime.

As soon as Lord Albert's body was interred, the domestics hastily left the horrid Castle. The edifice, being greatly damaged by the storm, soon fell to decay. Its dismantled ramparts were skirted with thorns; and the proud turrets of Werdendorff lay scattered on the plain.

Full oft, when the traveller wanders among the time-stricken ruins, a peasant will lead him to his cot, and relate the sad story of Albert and Josephine, and warn the stranger not to rove among the avenues of the Castle, lest he should be assailed by the grim spectres, who always punish the temerity of those who intrude

with unhallowed steps in the mansion where they keep their mysterious orgies. The hall of the Castle still remains entire amid the Gothic ruins. On the anniversary of that fatal night when Josephine's spectre gave the midnight embrace to the false Albert, the same scene is again acted by supernatural beings. Guimilda, her husband, and his murdered love, traverse the haunted hall, which is then illumined with a more than mortal light: and the groans of the spectre Lord can be heard afar, while he is clasped in the arms of Josephine's implacable ghost.

Of course will the village maidens, at the sober gloom of evening, review the isolated scene, and relate to those of their juvenile companions, yet unacquainted with the tragic tale, all the particulars of that wonderful legend; while they shuddering pass the mouldering tomb that covers the libertine's remains, to weep over the lowly violet covered grave (for the spot has always been marked on each revolving year with sedulous care) of the fair but frail Josephine.

From the preceding tale we may extract this moral; that, had the lovely maiden preserved her virtue from the snares of a seducer, she had still been happy: or even had she repulsed him, as she ought, when conscious of his being married to Guimilda, she had escaped the cruel death to which her naughty rival decreed her. Thus virtue is a female's firmest protector.

THE  
CAPTIVE MOTHER.

BY HELENA MARIA WILLIAMS.

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WHILE that desire of retribution, which is natural to the human mind, was satisfied in contemplating the great criminals dragged to punishment by the strong arm of national justice, sensations of softer pleasure were excited by observing the delightful transition which these momentous scenes produced in the situation of private individuals: as after some terrible tempest, some mighty convulsion of nature, while the enormous billows of the ocean subside, and the mountain forests no longer tremble to their bases: the flowers, the shrubs, the minuter objects of the landscape, partake also the reviving influence of a benign sky, and all nature rejoices. Dr. Warton observes, in his Essay on the Genius of Pope, that no story which has been invented is so pathetic as what has really happened. This observation may be peculiarly applied to the period of the revolutionary government in France; the pencil of fiction has no colouring more gloomy than that

which truth then presented; and the stories of romance offer no stronger conflicts of the passions, no incidents more affecting, or sorrows more acute, than what has passed, and what was suffered, during the tyranny of Robespierre.

You may therefore easily imagine how many scenes of domestic felicity the revolution of the 10th of Thermidor produced; how many families bereaved of all they loved, of all that gave existence value, and pining with incurable anguish, were suddenly restored to transports so unhop'd, that they seem'd like some dream of blessedness shedding its dear illusions over the darkness of despair. What a powerful emotion swells my heart, while I select from the general group the story of an amiable family, who were unexpectedly restored to liberty and happiness!

A friend of mine, who is well known in the literary world as a man of distinguished talents, but whose name I am not at liberty to mention, was arrested by the agents of Robespierre, and confin'd, during fifteen months, in one of the most gloomy prisons of Paris. His chearful philosophy under the certain expectation of death, his sensibility of heart, his brilliant powers of conversation, and his sportive vein of wit, render'd him a very general favorite with his companions of misfortune, who found a refuge from evil in the charms of his society. He was the confidant of the unhappy, the counsellor to the perplex'd; and to his sympathizing friendship, many a devoted victim in the hour of death confid'd the last cares of humanity, and

the last wishes of tenderness. It was usual with the prisoners, when they expected or received their act of accusation, to write a letter, or leave some memorial of tenderness in the hands of a fellow prisoner, with directions to confide it to the care of the first person who had the good fortune to be released. After the 10th of Thermidor, Mons. P—— dragged from their places of concealment many a farewell letter which had been bathed with the tears of the writer, many a lock of silken hair, and many a little relic, precious only to the affections; “which,” to use the words of the Man of Feeling, “when they are busied that way, will build their structures were it but on the paring of a nail.” When restored to liberty, he hastened to visit us; and having a few of those memorials in his pocket-book, he recounted to me the tales of sorrow with which they were connected. In some instances it was delightful to find, that, although the preparations for the scaffold had been made, the last wish uttered, and the last fond gift deposited, the innocent sufferer had been snatched from the stroke of the executioner, while the sanguinary tyrant had perished. One of M. P——’s fellow prisoners was a French lady who had married a German, a young man of rank as well as fortune, and who fixed his residence for some time at Paris. He had met with Mademoiselle de C——, now his wife, during his travels in Switzerland. Before the revolution, it was the fashion among the women of rank in France who have made a journey through Switzerland,



and gazed upon the scenes of Rousseau's Eloisa; to have read St. Preux's letter at the foot of the rocks of Miellerie: and on their return to Paris, amidst artificial graces and corrupted manners, mimic with affected tones, the genuine enthusiasm of passion, and display that warmth of expression, and pomp of sentiment, which, when it "plays round the head, but comes not from the heart," is like sun-beams sparkling upon ice.

Mademoiselle de C——— had made this tour with a fashionable party, but her heart was still pure and uncorrupted by the world: her mind was awake to all the finer sensibilities of our nature; and she gazed with unaffected wonder and delight at scenes so new and so astonishing. Amidst those scenes, whose wild and solemn graces are in perfect harmony with the better affections of the mind, Mons. de L——— formed an attachment with his interesting fellow traveller, who, upon their return to Paris, with the consent of her relations, became his wife, in the first year of the revolution. Mons. de L——— lived in an elegant style at Paris; entertained at his table the members of the legislature who were most eminent for abilities, and distinguished himself by his zealous attachment to the cause of genuine liberty. When the ferocious anarchists poured their fatal poison into her bright and sparkling cup, rich with the purest libations of human happiness Mons. de L——— protested against their sanguinary measures with that energy which belonged to his character. Hav-

ing thus, in the contest between the Gironde and the Mountain, placed himself in the front of the battle, Mons. de L.—— found himself exposed, when the Gironde perished, and the Jacobins prevailed, to all the atrocious fury of those unrelenting victors. A *mandat d'arret* was issued against him by the committee of public safety, of which having received intimation, he concealed himself for some weeks at Paris, and at length, by means of a false passport, made his escape to Switzerland. In the mean time, the system of terror prevailed with increasing violence, and Madame L.——, who had conjured her husband to seek his safety in flight, was arrested. Being far advanced in pregnancy, she obtained permission to remain with guards at her own house till she was delivered. The agitation of her mind had produced the most unhappy effects on her frame; and instead of those consolations, those soothing attentions which support the fainting spirits in that hour of trial and danger, she was forced to sustain the pangs of child-birth in the gloom of solitary confinement. During two months she was confined to her bed, and her recovery was long doubtful. At this period it was asserted by the Jacobins, that the rich corrupted the pure principles of the *sans culottes* by whom they were guarded, and an order was issued by the committee of public safety, that all persons confined in their own houses should be transferred to prison. Madame de L.—— shared the common fate, and in a state of the utmost debility and weakness was conducted

to a *maison d'arret*. But soon after, this house of confinement being considered as too mild a punishment for the wife of so renowned a conspirator against Jacobinism as Mons. de L——, she was removed to one of those gloomy mansions which were the immediate antichambers of the tomb. Here Madame de L—— was placed in a subterraneous grated chamber with several prisoners, one of whom was Mons. P——, who endeavoured to soothe her affliction by every mark of sympathy and respect, and who soon obtained her confidence and friendship.

A deep and settled melancholy had taken possession of her heart; hope seemed annihilated in her bosom; she had no doubt of being numbered among the victims who were daily led to the scaffold. But upon the approach of death she could look without dismay; the separation from him she loved, was the evil which she had no power to sustain. His image was for ever present to her mind, she saw his last look; the tears which he was unable to suppress, and which anguish wrung from his soul at parting; she beheld him wandering a sad and solitary exile through scenes which they had once visited together, and which were embellished by the charm of a first passion. She anticipated the cruel agonies he had to suffer when he should receive the tidings that she had perished. These sad reflections she often communicated to her fellow-prisoner, Mons. P——, who tried to arm her mind with fortitude, by the arguments of reason, and the consolations

of religion. At length the period arrived when Madame de L——— expected every hour to receive her act of accusation, which was but another term for the sentence of death. Already many of the companions of her captivity had perished; and her name was so well known, that, far from being able to indulge any hope of deliverance, it seemed a matter of surprise that she had been permitted to live so long.

As the interval between the summons to the revolutionary tribunal and that to the scaffold, was now only a few hours. Madame de L——— made those preparations for death which her heart required in order to meet it with composure. She confided to Monsieur P——— a paper, on which she had written many directions concerning her child; and the mode in which she wished it to be treated respecting its health and education. This paper, which I have read, was filled with that minute detail which only a mother's heart can suggest, and which only a mother's heart can feel. What was most affecting in it was that yearning tenderness which often broke off abruptly the unfinished sense, not to lament the loss of life, but only to deplore that it was not to be consecrated to the dear purpose of watching over her child. Madame de L——— also committed to Monsieur P———'s care a farewell letter to her husband, which I have been permitted to translate.

“ To Monsieur de L———

“ I have contrived to deceive the ever dear object of all my tenderness, in order to preserve a life far more precious to me than my own. I have made you believe that I am in security, and at peace. I have made you believe that I have passed the spring in our lovely pastoral retreat at Ville D'Avro, and that I have soothed the tedious hours of absence by the tender occupations of a nurse and a mother. Alas ! why should you have known till it can no longer be concealed, that a grated dungeon has been my habitation, that the air I breathe is contagion, and that my child, my sweet babe, has been long torn from the bosom that nourished him ? The fatal truth must indeed soon be unfolded to you in all its horrors : in the list of the victims of every sex, and every age, which the murderous tribunal, before whom I am going to appear, drags in sad succession to the scaffold, you will see inscribed the name of your Maria : you will learn she is no more ! I see you start back with horror, I hear the groan which expresses that agony of the soul which is denied the relief of tears ! Alas ! I have spared you those sufferings till they can be averted no longer ! I feared also, that if you had heard of my situation, you might have formed the wild scheme of returning, of attempting to rescue me. Oh, my beloved friend, all the gleam of consolation that soothes my spirit in this mournful moment, is the assurance of your safety ! Yet I well know, that, deprived of me, your life will lose half its value. Would to heaven I could soften the pangs you have to

suffer! Alas! perhaps, I am sufficiently selfish to wish that you should lament my loss, that you should cherish my memory. Why was I not permitted to share your flight, and in some lonely hamlet, far from the turbulence of the world, to have lived but for you! Ah, my dearest friend, we shall wander no more together amidst those sublime mountains on which I have so often gazed with tears of admiration! Ah, no! a few days, perhaps a few hours hence, my eyes will be closed on nature. Could I but have lived to present to you your child, to have seen our infant in your arms, I could have died without regret. He is with Madame —, who is not yet imprisoned; but I can scarcely hope she will long escape. What then will become of him? But you will live for his sake, for the sake of his mother. I conjure you, my beloved husband, by all the tender ties which have bound us to each other, indulge not unavailing sorrow; think of me with that feeling of regret which may lead you to cherish the infant I leave you, but repress that bitterness of affliction which might deprive my child of his last support. He is a sweet infant, I may venture to tell you without a mother's partiality; he has dark-brown hair, the colour of yours, and blue eyes: he resembles you very much—he did at least, for I have not seen my sweet babe for three months past. Those monsters, who tear asunder, without remorse, all the dearest ties of nature, will not even allow the devoted mother the last sad consolation to embrace her child! Oh, my child, my child!

When I think of him, my courage fails, and my heart fondly clings to life. If I had but been spared to take care of him in those helpless years that so much require a mother's tenderness! How can I hope that strangers will live, as I should have done, to have removed his little wants, to have watched over him with unwearied solicitude? Oh, no! nothing can supply to him his mother's loss; and, perhaps, unfortunate infant! he will soon follow me to the grave. But no more! I will endeavour to be calm: I will resign myself with confidence to God: I will remember that I am still under the protection of that Being to whom we have so often lifted up our souls with enthusiastic fervor, amidst those scenes, where every object was an image of his greatness, and seemed full of his divine presence. Yes, my beloved friend, he also is present to me in the gloom of my grated dungeon. He hears the sighing of the captive. He numbers my tears, and He will support my drooping spirit, and will sustain my fainting heart in the last trial of humanity! Farewell, my dearest friend! Beloved object of all my affection, farewell! My last thoughts hang on you, my last prayer shall be for you! You alone occupy all my soul on the brink of the grave: and the hope of meeting you in a better world, is all that can sooth the heart of your

MARIA."

The sad presages of this letter, which was dated in the last days of Messidor, were not accomplished. The 10th of Thermidor arrived, and Madame de L\_\_\_\_\_ was snatched

from the scaffold. Her friends joined the eager multitude, who night and day beset the committee of general safety with testimonies of the innocence of the prisoners, and with reclamations for liberty. But the universal cry for justice was so pressing and so vehement, and the numbers to be released were so considerable, that, although the committee with wakeful vigilance passed whole nights in undoing the web of captivity which they had so thickly woven, it was long before the task of mercy was finished; and Madame de L——— passed six weeks after the fall of Robespierre in prison. But relieved from the horrors of a dungeon, and the immediate prospect of death, captivity, now cheered by the hope of freedom, by the thought of her husband and her child, was like a soft fleecy cloud through which we mark returning sunshine after the black gloom of the convulsive tempest.

Madame de L——— was one morning called to the room of the jailor, where she found her maid, who had obtained an order of admission, and who held her infant in her arms. Madame de L——— had borne her misfortunes with the meekest resignation, but at the sight of her child the feelings of the mother burst forth with an impetuosity which had almost proved fatal to her frame.—She flew to the babe, she strained it in silence in her arms—her grasp became feeble—she sunk back in a chair, and fainted. The moment she recovered, she called eagerly for her child—again she pressed it to her bosom, and at length floods of tears came to her relief.



It was found difficult to separate her from her child—She implored with all a mother's earnestness, to be allowed to keep it; but it was against the rules: her release was expected in a few days, and the keeper of the prison refused permission. She now betrayed more impatience at the short period of confinement which remained, than she had done during the long course of her captivity.

At length the order for her liberty arrived, and the friend who procured it conducted her to her house. The sight of her infant and of her home, awakened in her mind the most overwhelming emotions. "Ah," cried she to her friend, while she held her babe in her arms, "if my husband were here!" "He is! he is!" cried Monsieur de L——, who could contain himself no longer, and rushed into the room. Monsieur de L—— being a foreigner, and consequently not being considered as an emigrant, had obtained a passport from the French ambassador in Switzerland, and arrived the day before his wife was released from prison.

The scene that followed, and which has been described to me by Monsieur P——, must have been delightful to witness, but it is unnecessary to detail. Every heart can feel, and every imagination can fill up the picture. We need not be told that the father pressed his infant to his breast with transport; and that the wife and the mother experienced those sensations which it is seldom the lot of humanity to feel, and which its weakness scarcely can sustain.

## THE FOREST BOY.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THE trees have now hid, at the edge of the  
hurst,

The spot where the ruins decay [nurs'd,  
Of the cottage where Will of the Woodland was  
And liv'd so belov'd, till the moment accurst  
When he went from the woodland away.

Among all the lads of the plough or the fold,  
Best esteem'd by the sober and good,  
Was Will of the Woodlands; and often the old  
Would tell of his frolics, for active and bold  
Was William the boy of the wood.

Yet gentle was he as the breath of the May,  
And when sick and declining was laid,  
The woodman his father, young William away,  
Would go to the forest to labour all day,  
And perform his hard task in his stead.

And when his poor father the forester died,  
And his mother was sad and alone,  
He toil'd from the dawn, and at evening he hied,  
In storm or in snow, or whate'er might betide,  
To supply all her wants from the town.

One neighbour they had on the heath to the west,  
And no other the cottage was near,  
But she would send Phœbe, the child she lov'd  
best,

To stay with the widow, thus sad and distrest,  
Her hours of dejection to cheer.

As the buds of the roses, the cheeks of the maid  
Were just tinted with youth's lovely hue;  
Her form, like the aspen, wild graces display'd,  
And the eyes, over which her luxuriant looks  
As the skies of the summer was blue. [stray'd,

Still labouring to live, yet reflecting the while,  
Young William consider'd his lot: [smile  
'Twas hard, yet 'twas honest; and one tender  
From Phœbe at night overpaid all his toil,  
And then all his fatigues were forgot.

By the brook where it glides thro' the copse of  
Arbeal,

When to eat his cold fare he reclin'd, [steal,  
Then soft from her home his sweet Phœbe would  
And bring him wood-strawberries to finish his  
meal,

And wou'd sit by his side while he din'd.

And tho' when employ'd in the deep forest glade,  
His days have seem'd slowly to move,  
Yet Phœbe going home, thro' the wood-walk  
has stray'd

To bid him good night!—and whatever she said  
Was more sweet than the voice of the dove.

Fair Hope, that the lover so fondly believes,  
Then repeated each soul-soothing speech,  
And touch'd with illusion, that often deceives  
The future with light, as the sun thro' the leaves  
Illumines the boughs of the beech.

But once more the tempests of chill winter blow,  
To depress and disfigure the earth; [must go  
And now, ere the dawn, the young woodman  
To work in the forest, half buried in snow.

And at night bring home wood for the hearth.

The bridge on the heath by the flood was wash'd  
And fast fell the sleet and the rain, [down,  
The stream to a wide rapid river was grown,  
And long might the widow sit sighing alone  
Ere sweet Phœbe could see her again.

At the town was a market—and now for supplies  
 Such as needed her humble abode, [sighs  
 Young William went forth; and his mother with  
 Watch'd long at the window, with tears in her  
 eyes,

Till he turn'd thro' the fields to the road.

Then darkness came on; and she heard with  
 affright

The wind every moment more high:  
 She look'd from the door—not a star lent its  
 light,

But the tempest redoubled the gloom of the  
 night,

And the rain pour'd in sheets from the sky.

The clock in her cottage now mournfully told

The hours that went heavily on;

'Twas midnight; her spirits sunk hopeless and  
 cold,

And it seem'd as each blast of wind fearfully told  
 That long, long would her William be gone!

Then heart sick and faint to her sad bed she crept,

Yet first made up the fire in the room,

To guide his dark steps; but she listen'd and  
 wept,

Or if for a moment forgetful she slept,

Soon she started!—and thought he was come.

'Twas morn; and the wind, with a hoarse sul-  
 len moan,

Now seem'd dying away in the wood,

When the poor wretched mother, still drooping  
 alone,

Beheld on the threshold a figure unknown,

In gorgeous apparel who stood.

“Your son is a soldier,” abruptly cried he,  
 “And a place in our corps has obtain’d;  
 Nay, be not cast down, you perhaps may soon  
 see

Your William a captain! he now sends by me  
 The purse he already has gain’d.”

So William entrapp’d, ’twixt persuasion and  
 force,

Is embark’d for the isles of the west;  
 But he seems to begin with ill omens his course,  
 And felt recollection, regret, and remorse,  
 Continually weigh on his breast.

With useless repentance he eagerly eyed  
 The high coast as it faded from view,  
 And saw the green hills, on whose northernmost  
 side

Was his own sylvan home, and he falter’d, and  
 cried,

“Adieu, ah! for ever adieu!

“Who now, my poor mother, thy life shall  
 sustain,

Since thy son has thus left thee forlorn?  
 Ah! canst thou forgive me? and not in the pain  
 Of this cruel desertion of William complain,  
 And lament that he ever was born?

“Sweet Phœbe!—if ever thy lover was dear,  
 Now forsake not the cottage of woe,  
 But comfort my mother, and quiet her fear,  
 And help her to dry up the vain fruitless tear  
 That too long for my absence will flow.

“ Yet what if my Phœbe another should wed,  
 And lament her lost William no more ?”  
 The thought was too cruel ; and anguish now led  
 The dart of disease—with the brave numerous  
 dead

He has fallen on the plague-tainted shore,  
 In the lone village church-yard, the chancel-wall  
 High grass now waves over the spot, [near,  
 Where the mother of William, unable to bear  
 His loss, who to her widow'd heart was so dear,  
 Has both him and her sorrows forgot.

By the brook where it winds thro' the wood of  
 Or amid the deep forests to roam, [Arbeal,  
 The poor wandering Phœbe will silently steal ;  
 The pain of her bosom no reason can heal,  
 And she loves to indulge it alone.

Her senses are injur'd ; her eyes dim with tears ;  
 She sits by the river, and weaves  
 Reed garlands, against her dear William appears,  
 Then breathlessly listens, and fancies she hears  
 His steps in the half-wither'd leaves.

Ah ! such are the miseries to which ye give birth,  
 Ye statesmen ! ne'er dreading a scar ;  
 Who, from pictur'd saloon, or the bright sculp-  
 tur'd hearth,  
 Disperse desolation and death thro' the earth,  
 When ye let loose the demons of war.

*End of the Third Volume.*

THE  
SHEPHERD BOY;

OR, A

*Prince Restored.*

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SELIMANSHA, King of Persia, possessed all the virtues of a great sovereign. His family consisted of two sons; but was increased by an only daughter of Kalisla, his brother, whom this last, when dying, had entrusted to his care. Sensible of this preference, Selimansha forgot nothing, in order to return the confidence. His love for his brother, joined to the purest virtues, engaged him to bestow the greatest care on the education of this Princess, whom he looked upon as his own daughter. Attentions so marked, and favors so delicate, met in his young disciple the happiest dispositions, and soon brought her to a great degree of perfection.

From the age of twelve, the charms of her person, and the graces of her mind, made her be remarked by persons of her own sex, as the star of morning in the bosom of the firmament. Her well-stored memory always enabled her to display the soundness of her judgment.

Selimansha, seeing his amiable niece fit for marriage, thought he could not dispose of her hand better, than by bestowing it on one of his sons. He proposed this to the Princess, leaving her, however, absolute mistress of her choice. "It is only your happiness that I seek, daughter; pronounce, and my will shall follow your decision."

"On whose judgment could I better rely, than on yours?" replied Chamsada. "I commit myself entirely to the tenderness of which I have every day the most affecting proofs, from the most beloved parent; and I submit with pleasure to every thing which your wisdom shall determine concerning me."

"Your confidence flatters me," replied the good Monarch, "and I would redouble my affection for you, did I think it capable of being increased. Since you leave to me the disposal of your lot, I will join it to that of my second son. The happy similarity which I have observed in your dispositions, seems to me to promise the most agreeable union. I discern in him, virtues which, now unfolding themselves, will soon become the rivals of your own. You were born to govern kingdoms, and I think he possesses virtues worthy of a throne. In giving him your hand, and in allotting him my crown, I promote your happiness, his, and that of my people."

The amiable Princess cast down her eyes, while she thanked her uncle for his goodness. Selimansha immediately ordered the preparations necessary for the celebration of the nuptials,



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Public rejoicings followed it, and manifested the general satisfaction. They lasted sixty days: and, at the end of this term, Selimansha, desirous of his repose, abdicated the crown in favor of the son to whose fortune he had just united the lovely Chamsada.

Balavan, the eldest of Selimansha's sons, expected to ascend the throne at the death of his father. Smitten with the charms of his beautiful relation, he was reckoning upon offering her his hand, and associating her with his fortune. Indignation and jealousy took possession of his heart, when he saw the rank and happiness to which he thought himself called by the right of age, pass into the hands of his brother. Although his merit had not been a reason for this preference, he knew that the Sovereigns of this part of the East have the power of choosing their successors in their family, without regard to the prerogatives of age. But the impetuous Balavan thought they should have departed from this usage in his behalf, and followed that of other nations.

The birth of a son, of whom the Queen was happily delivered, increased the rage of this frantic brother, and was another obstacle to his pretensions. This event completed his despair. He found means to introduce himself secretly into the apartment of the King, his brother, and, with a furious hand, plunged his poinard into his breast. He entered with the same precautions, and the same design, into that where the infant was asleep. But lifting the veil which concealed this young Prince, more

beautiful than the day, a supernatural feeling seemed to withhold his arm. "Thou shouldst have been my son," said he, "if injustice had not torn from me the heart and the hand of Chamsada:" and recognising, at the same time, in this innocent victim, the features of her whose charms he adored, an involuntary emotion made him strike a feeble blow; the poinard wavered in his trembling hand, and the wound of the stroke was not mortal.

Balavan was only induced to spare his sister-in-law, from the hopes he entertained of one day obtaining her hand. This hope, however, restrained his murdering arm. As for Selimansha, he escaped this monster by the vigilance of his guards. At the moment when he approached the apartment of his father, in the dreadful design of completing his crimes by embruing his hands in his blood, he was perceived by a slave, who, assisted by the eunuchs of the guard, deprived the murderer of every hope of success, in the crime he was about to commit. Convinced then that he could not escape suspicion, he fled, and concealed himself on the frontiers of the kingdom, in a castle fortified both by nature and by art.

Day, which began to appear, was soon to discover the horrors of this bloody night. With the first rays of morning, the nurse went to give suck to her tender care, whose blood deluged the cradle. Lost in astonishment, she ran to the apartment of the King and Queen, to announce this fatal news. Her despair and shrieks went

before her, and awakened Chamsada. This unhappy Queen opened her eyes, and found her husband breathing his last at her side. The cries of the nurse made her dread misfortunes still more terrible. A spouse, and a weeping mother, she ran to the cradle of her son, and took him in her arms. He still breathed; and she conceived the hope of saving his life. Surgeons were called, whose skill and attention restored the life of this innocent creature. But they were employed to no purpose on the body of the young Monarch, whose death the unfortunate Chamsada deplored. Aromatic and medicinal herbs, and the balms of the East, produced their effect on the wound of the child, and rekindled the hopes of his mother. He was again placed in the bosom of his nurse; and the presumptive heir of Selimansha was at length out of all danger.

In the mean time, the aged Monarch endeavoured to discover the murderer of his children. The hasty flight of Balavan, his poinard stained with blood, which was found in the apartment, soon confirmed the suspicions to which his vicious disposition had at first given rise. The unfortunate old man with difficulty restrained the excess of his grief. "Heaven!" exclaimed he, "keep far from me the angel of death, since it is your will that I should still be useful on earth." After this he assembled the grandees and the viziers, and announced to them his intention of resuming the reins of government.

His first care was to comfort the disconsolate Chamsada, and they agreed in directing their

attention to the lovely infant, whom Providence had preserved.

At the age of eight, the young Prince was so robust, that he was able to handle arms, and endure the fatigues of riding; and in a few years more, his moral virtues were unfolded, and promised one day to eclipse those which had shone so conspicuous in the King, his father.

Selimansha, now judging that his grandson, with the assistance of good counsel, was capable of wearing the crown, resigned the reins of empire into his hands, amidst the assembled *divan*, and caused him to be proclaimed King, under the name of Shaseliman, amidst the acclamations of the kingdom. The people, not yet recovered from astonishment at the dreadful stroke which had deprived them of a Sovereign they adored, appeared to promise his heir the same attachment, and to expect from him the same love.

The accursed Balavan, pursued by remorse at the crime which he had committed, and not thinking himself safe among a people by whom he was hated, left the fortified place where he had taken refuge, and attempted to retire into Egypt, in order to implore the protection of the Sovereign of that vast empire. There, concealing his crimes, he presented himself as an unfortunate Prince, the victim of a woman, and sacrificed by a father, whom age had rendered weak. The King of Egypt received him with gladness, and was preparing to give him assistance, when an envoy of Selimansha arrived, and demanded an audience.

This old Monarch, informed by his spies of the road which Balavan had taken, had sent deputies to all the courts at which this wretch might beg a retreat or support. A very full description was given of the fugitive, and all his crimes were mentioned.

The Sultan, in communicating to the criminal the dispatches he had received, gave immediate orders, that he should be shut up in close confinement, waiting the sentence which an enraged father should pass against him. Such was the order intimated to Balavan, and such was the import of the answer which was given to the King Selimansha. But this father, too weak and affectionate, committed at once two capital blunders in politics.

In order to excite against his son all the anger of the Egyptian King, he had concealed from him, that the young Shaseliman had escaped the mortal blow which was aimed at him. He did not correct this opinion in his second letter, and advised the King of Egypt to set the criminal at liberty. "Already too unhappy," said he, "I do not wish to stain my hand, by tracing the order for my son's death. Let him wander from place to place, destitute of resources and assistance, having no companion but remorse, and no society but the tigers of the desert, less inhuman than himself. Assailed by want, tormented by grief, and detested by others, may he himself become the instrument of my vengeance, which I leave to the King of Kings."

Upon this resolution, the Sultan set Balavan at liberty, and banished him for ever from his kingdom. Of this he gave an account to Selimansha, with whom he entered upon a much more agreeable negociation.

The fame of the beauty and valuable qualities of Chamsada had reached even to Egypt. Bensirak, the sultan, just mentioned, perceiving that it was possible to obtain her hand, made the proposal to Selimansha, in the most urgent and respectful terms, beseeching him to gain the consent of her whom both nature and blood had made subject to him, as his niece and daughter-in-law.

The aged Monarch of Persia, pleased with a demand which offered to his amiable niece so advantageous an establishment, instantly laid the proposal before her. The feeling Chamsada could not hear it without tears. Her heart still belonged wholly to the husband whom she had lost, and she must tear herself from the arms of her uncle, and her child, to be able to open her soul to the impressions of a new affection. "Alas! uncle," said she, "what sentiments will ever replace those whose sweetness I here experience? Where could I find duties so pleasant to fulfil?" "My dear daughter," replied Selimansha, "you are asked in marriage by one of the most powerful Monarchs in the world. His virtues are highly praised, and his person favorably spoken of. Your son, whom I have placed upon my throne, stands in need of a protection more vigorous and lasting than mine. You will be able, by your address, to bring



about a strict alliance betwixt the two Monarchs. But forget not, that, in order to procure the expulsion of Balavan, I have charged him with the double crime of having assassinated his brother and his nephew. Shaseliman reigns in Persia as a descendant of my house, and his mother must be concealed from Bensirak. You will become dearer to him, when he can hope for your undivided affections, and that they will only be extended to the children who shall be born of this marriage. My experience hath taught me the weaknesses of the human heart. A powerful man always distrusts discourses in which personal interest is concerned. You can render your son, upon the Persian throne, the most essential services, as a distant relation, without being suspected of sacrificing the interests of your husband and children; but were you to speak in behalf of a son, you would be looked upon as a mother blinded by an excess of love. Besides, it is very fortunate for us, that Bensirak, smitten with your charms, expects from our favor what he might force from us by his power. Let us not, by a refusal, draw the scourge of war upon our people; and let us sacrifice to their repose, and our own interests, the pleasure we would have in living together."

Chamsada made no opposition to these arguments, more specious than solid; and Selimansha, in a short time, returned in answer to the Sultan, that his niece found herself extremely honored by the choice of the powerful Sovereign of Egypt, and that she was ready to be united to

him. On hearing this, the Sultan, intoxicated with joy, sent an ambassador, with a superb retinue, to conduct her to his palace.

No sooner had Chamsada arrived in the capital of Egypt, than the Sultan sent for the musti and the cadi, for the contract and ceremony of marriage. Their obedience was immediately rewarded by a present of robes, and five thousand pieces of gold. The Princess entered the apartment allotted for the nuptials. A crowd of most beautiful slaves, and magnificently dressed, conducted her to the bath, carrying pots, in which the most precious spices were burning. At her coming out of the bath, she was covered with clothes whose splendor outshone the lights of the apartment; and her beauty easily eclipsed that of every thing around her. In this situation she was conducted to the Sultan.

This Monarch received her with demonstrations of the most tender affection, and seated her by his side. A supper was served up to them, of which the delicacy exceeded the profusion of the dishes.

Balavan, informed of the marriage of his sister-in-law with the Sultan of Egypt, and having learned that Shaseliman reigned in Persia, felt his project of vengeance awaken in his heart. He beheld himself deprived of the fruit of his crimes, of the throne of Persia, the object of his ambition, and of the beauty he was anxious to conquer. The wretch, delivered over to his inclinations, infested, by every sort of excess, the kingdom which he laid his account to seize,

after the death of his father. He lived by rapine and robbery.

At length, Selimansha, sinking under the weight of years, resigned his soul into the hands of his Creator. No sooner was Balavan informed of this event, than he ran at the head of the banditti, of whom he was the chief, stirring them up to revolt, drawing together new forces, gaining some by magnificent promises, and seducing others by the allurements of the gold which his crimes had amassed. They concerted their measures together. He dethroned his nephew, threw him into a dungeon, and was proclaimed in his stead.

This cruel usurper, not content with his success, determined to put to death the innocent victim who had formerly made so miraculous an escape from his murdering arm. But compassion, which could find no avenue to his soul, had entered the heart of his wretched accomplices. "We cannot consent to the death of a young man that hath done no evil," said they to Balavan; "keep him in close confinement, if you are afraid of his interest, but spare his life." He was forced to comply with their demand, and shut up his nephew in a cave.

In the mean time, the detestable Balavan completed the conquest of Persia. All the grandees of the kingdom came to pay him homage. The young Shaseliman remained shut up four years, and scarcely receiving as much food as was necessary for his subsistence. Loaded with misfortune, he decayed in his looks, and

his beauty no more recalled the image of his mother, of whom he was the perfect resemblance. At length it pleased Providence, that watched over him, to relieve him for a little from so many evils.

Balavan, seated in his divan, and surrounded by a brilliant court, seemed to enjoy in peace an authority which appeared immovable. In the midst of grandees, whose confidence he thought he possessed, and of courtiers, whose flattery he received, a voice was heard. This voice, sacred to truth, and still devoted to the memory of Selimansha, spake as follows :

“Sire, heaven has crowned you with prosperity; in giving you, with this empire, the hearts of your people, your throne appears to rest upon an immovable foundation; shew yourself more and more worthy of the favors of the Most High. Cast a look of compassion upon a feeble young man, whose innocence is his only support; who never opens his eyes to the light, but to shed tears; every moment of whose existence has been marked by sufferings and misfortune. The unfortunate Shaseliman never could offend you; restore him his liberty.” “I would agree to your request,” replied Balavan, “had I not some reasons to fear, that he would form a party against me, and become the leader of the malecontents, whom a King never fails to make, in spite of his best intentions.” “Alas! Sire,” replied the Prince who had spoken, “who would follow a young man, in whom nature is partly wasted by suffering, and whose soul has

no longer any vigor? Your subjects are devoted to your interest, and where would he find any who would be foolish enough to cherish ambitious designs against you?" Balavan yielded to these arguments; and, affecting clemency in the presence of his court, he set the young Shaseliman at liberty, dressed him in a rich robe, and gave him the command of a distant province. But this was not so much with a view to procure him prosperity, as to get rid of him altogether, by sending him to the defence of a country which was continually exposed to the attacks of Infidels. He presumed, with some reason, that he would sacrifice his life there; since none of his predecessors had ever escaped the dangers with which that part of Persia was threatened.

The young Prince departed with a small party. Scarcely were they arrived at the place of their destination, when the conjectures of his uncle Balavan were partly verified. The Infidels made an irruption. Shaseliman, having nothing to oppose to them but a handful of men, was forced to yield to numbers, and fell himself into the hands of the enemy. But they, on account of his youth and beauty, departing from the cruel usage they practised on such occasions, instead of putting him to death, were satisfied with letting him down into a well, where several Mussulmen were already shut up prisoners. This unhappy Prince, the victim of destiny, saw a whole year elapse in this dreadful captivity.

These Infidels had a custom every year, on a certain day, of carrying such as they had made

prisoners, to be thrown from the top of a very high tower.

Shaseliman was drawn up from the well, conducted to the top of the tower, and thrown down with others. But Providence, who watched over his life, made him fall upon the body of one of his companions in misfortune. This body, partly bearing him up, and the air supporting his clothes, preserved him from a mortal fall. He was stunned by the rapidity of the motion, but he neither met with a fracture nor a contusion; and, unless a long swoon, he experienced no other accident.

He was at length recalled to life, amidst the unfortunate people who had lost it. His first step was to raise his soul to God, and to testify his gratitude to him, through the intercession of his great Prophet. He discovered, that he was in the middle of an immense forest, and that the corpses which surrounded him, must necessarily attract the wild beasts; he therefore removed from this dangerous spot. He walked all night; and as soon as he thought himself beyond the reach of men and animals, he ascended a tree, endeavouring to conceal himself in its foliage from the notice of travellers, and supporting himself by wild fruits. This way of life he constantly pursued, till he reached the dominions of Balavan, his uncle.

He was near entering the first city of Persia, when he perceived five or six men conversing together. Perceiving them to be Mussulmen, he accosted them, and gave them an account of the treatment he had received from the Infidels,

and of the miraculous way in which he had been saved. The simplicity of his relation leaving no room to suspect its truth, they were affected with compassion in his favor, and conducted him to their house, where he enjoyed all the rights of hospitality. After some days rest, he took leave of his benefactors, in order to continue his journey towards the capital where Balavan reigned. His landlords, after furnishing him with whatever he had need of, shewed him the way, without ever suspecting that the young man whom they had entertained in so obliging a manner, was the nephew of their Sovereign.

The young Prince walked night and day. Fatigued, tired, his legs and feet torn by the brambles and flints, he at length arrived under the walls of Ispahan, and sat down near a bason, which served as a reservoir to a neighbouring fountain. Scarcely had he time to recover his breath, when he saw several gentlemen on horseback approaching. They were officers of the King, who were returning from the chace, and were going to give their horses drink. Looking about them, they perceived the young Shaseliman; and, notwithstanding the disorder of his dress, and the change which sufferings and dejection had made upon the natural charms of his countenance, they easily distinguished its sweetness and beauty, and were not able to look at him, without feeling an emotion of the most tender interest.

“What are you doing here, young man?” asked one of the officers. “Brother,” replied the wise Shaseliman, “you know the proverb:

*Ask not a stranger who is naked, where are his clothes?* Let that answer for me, I am hungry and thirsty, I am weak, and deprived of every resource." At this reply, one of the officers ran to a portmanteau, and taking out some venison and bread, brought it to him. As soon as he had profited by this blessing, and seemed to have sufficient strength to continue the conversation, "Brother!" said one of the officers of the company to him, "we are interested in your fortune. Would it be indiscreet in us, should we beg of you to give us some account of your history?" "Before satisfying you," replied the unfortunate Prince, "answer, if you please, one question, of the greatest consequence to me. Is King Balavan, your Sovereign, still alive?" "Do you know the King?" "Yes, and you see before you, Shaseliman, his nephew." "How can you be Shaseliman," replied the officer; "since we know that his uncle, after delivering him from a dungeon, in which he had been four years shut up, gave him the command of a province, where it was impossible but he must have died by the hands of the Infidels? Besides, we have heard, that he was thrown down from the summit of a high tower by them, with many other Musselmén."

Then the young Prince, in order completely to convince them, entered into the detail of all his adventures, and of the wonderful manner in which Providence had preserved his life. At this relation, the officers were struck with astonishment; they prostrated themselves at his feet, and watered his hand with their tears.



"You are King! Sire," said they to him; "the son of our rightful Sovereign, and in all respects worthy of a better fate. But, alas! what do you come to seek at a court where you can find nothing but death? Recollect the cruelties of which you have been the victim, the treatment you have experienced, and the dangerous snare by which, under the shadow of power, you were devoted to certain death, in the office to which you were appointed. Fly: seek the country where the beautiful Chamsada reigns Queen over the heart of the Sultan of Egypt. It is there you will find happiness." "Alas! how can I direct my views to Egypt? Selimansha, my grandfather, deceived the Sovereign of that empire, by assuring him that I was dead: my mother and I would be considered as impostors, should I hazard my appearance there." "You are right," replied he to him; "but should you be reduced to the necessity of living concealed in Egypt, you will at least be beyond the reach of your uncle's attempts, whose cruelties you will not escape, if he learns that you are alive.

"Fly, dear Prince! and wait not till you are attacked by greater misfortunes!" They did not separate from him, without giving proofs of their attachment; and Shaseliman began his journey, recommending himself to God, and Mahomet, his great Prophet.

After a long and fatiguing journey, he at length arrived in Egypt, where Chamsada, his mother, reigned. When he drew near to Grand Cairo, he was unwilling to enter this great

city, lest he should expose himself to a discovery; and therefore stopped at a village at a little distance from the road, with the intention of entering into the service of some of its inhabitants. In consequence of this, he offered himself to a farmer of the place, to tend his flocks. He did not demand high wages; and lived in this obscure and miserable situation, subsisting, with difficulty, on the crumbs which fell from his master's table.

But while the presumptive heir of the Persian throne was reduced to such a strange situation, how was Queen Chamsada employed? Every day this disconsolate mother felt her uneasiness increase. In the struggle betwixt her affection for her son, and the secret which she must keep from the Monarch, for the sake of her uncle's honor, her situation was as distressful as that of Shaseliman. There was at the court of Bensirak an old slave of Selimansha, who had accompanied the Queen into Egypt, and who since that time had remained in her service. He had all her confidence, and was frequently the depository of the uneasiness of this tender mother. One day, she perceived him alone, and made him a signal to approach her. "Well, now," said she to him, "you know my attachment to my son; you know my fears on his account, and you have taken no step in order to know what has become of him." "Queen," replied the slave, "I am willing to sacrifice my life for you; what do you require of me?" "Take from my treasures," said the Queen, "the sum which you judge

necessary for your journey; go to Persia, and bring my son." "Money alone is less necessary here than prudence. Some plausible reason must be given for the journey which your Majesty proposes to me. You know that the Sultan honors me with his bounty, and that, engaged in his service, I cannot remove from his court without his express permission. You yourself must ask, and obtain it, under some specious pretence, which may prevent him from entertaining any suspicion; and at the same time secure the success of your application. Tell him, that, during the disturbances which preceded the death of your husband, you concealed, in a place known only to me, a casket of precious jewels, which you were anxious to put beyond the reach of accident. Beseech his Majesty to grant you permission to send me into Persia, in search of this treasure. The care of the rest belongs to me." The Queen, convinced of her slave's attachment, and approving his counsels, flew instantly to put them in execution; and found no difficulty in obtaining her desire.

The faithful emissary speedily departed, disguised as a merchant, that he might not be recognised in Persia. After much fatigue, he arrived at Ispahan, and having privately made inquiry concerning the fate of Shaseliman, received at first the most distressing accounts of him.

Some days after, as he was walking in the environs of the palace, he found, by chance, one of the officers who had assisted the young Prince when he was sitting near the fountain,

which we have already mentioned. Having served together under the reign of Selimansha, they recollected one another, embraced, and entered into conversation. "You come from Egypt," said the officer: "did you meet Prince Shaseliman?" "Shaseliman!" replied the slave: "ah! can he be alive, after the dreadful news that is spread here concerning him?" "Yes, he is alive, and I will tell you, in confidence, how we learned this." He then related every thing which had befallen him, as well as the other officers, when they had met the Prince; and how, upon their advice, the latter had taken the road to Egypt.

The pretended merchant, transported with joy, wished in his turn to answer the confidence of his former companion, and revealed to him the whole mystery of his mission into Persia: after this, he took his leave of him, to return into Egypt. In every place through which he passed, he made diligent inquiry after the young Prince, describing his appearance, as the officer had represented it to him. Being arrived at the village where he expected to meet him, he was very much surprised that no person could give any information concerning him. As he was preparing to continue his journey, he found, at his going out of the city, a young man asleep under a tree, near which some sheep were feeding quietly.

He cast a look of compassion upon this poor creature, whose tattered garments announced his misery. "Alas!" said he, "it is impossible that this can be the man whom I seek. This is,

doubtless, the child of some unhappy shepherd. My trouble will be lost; yet what do I risk by awaking this young man, and inquiring concerning the person of whom I am in search? Let me not neglect even this hopeless expedient." Having soon awaked him, he put the same questions to him, which he had been accustomed to propose to every one.

"I am a stranger in these places," replied Shaseliman, who was afraid to make himself known, being ignorant of the motives of this curiosity; "but if I am not greatly mistaken, from the description which you have given, the person whom you are in search of is Shaseliman, the young King of Persia, and grandson to Selimansha. His father was killed by his barbarous brother Balavan, who usurped his throne; the son was wounded in his cradle, yet God preserved the life of this unfortunate infant."

"O heaven!" exclaimed the slave, "am I so happy as to hear Shaseliman mentioned? How, young man! Have you guessed the cause which made me travel from Egypt into Persia? Who could inform you of it? Do you know, then, what has become of this unfortunate Prince? Shall I reap at length the fruit of my anxiety and labours? Where could I find him?"

When Shaseliman was convinced that he who thus spoke to him was a messenger from his mother, he thought he might make himself known. "In vain would you run over the whole world," said he to him, "in order to find Shaseliman, since it is he who now speaks to you." At these words, the slave fell at the feet

of his Sovereign, and covered his hands with tears and kisses. "Ah!" exclaimed he, "how overjoyed will Chamsada be! What happy news shall I bring to her! Remain here, my Prince. I am going to find every thing that is necessary for your coming along with me." He ran quickly to the village, and brought from it a saddled horse, and more suitable clothes for Shaseliman, and they both took the road to Grand Cairo.

An unforeseen event interrupted their journey. As they were crossing a desert, they were surrounded by robbers, seized, plundered, and let down into a well. Shut up in this frightful prison, the slave abandoned himself to grief. "How, now! are you disconsolate?" said the young Prince. "Is it the apparatus of death which terrifies you?" "Death hath nothing dreadful to me," replied he; "but can I remain insensible to the hardships of your lot? Can I think upon the loss which the sorrowful Chamsada will suffer?" "Take courage," said Shaseliman; "I must fulfil the decrees of the Almighty: all that has happened to me, was written in the book of life; and if I must end my days in this dreadful abode, no human power can rescue me from it, and it becomes me to be submissive and resigned." In these sentiments, and in this dreadful situation, did this virtuous Prince, and his slave, pass two days and two nights.

In the mean time, the eye of Providence continually watched over Shaseliman. It brought the King of Egypt, in pursuit of a roe-buck, to

the place where this Prince was shut up. The animal, struck by a deadly arrow, came to lie down and die by the brink of this well.

A hunter, outstripping the King's retinue, came first to seize the prey. As he approached it, he heard a plaintive voice from the bottom of the well. Having listened to ascertain whether it was so, he ran to report this to the King, who speedily advancing with his train, ordered some of them to descend into the well. Shaseliman and the slave were immediately drawn out of it. The cords which tied them were cut; spirituous liquors recalled them to life; and no sooner had they opened their eyes, than the King recognised, in one of them, his own officer. "Are not you," said he to him, "the confidant of Chamsada?" "Yes, Sire, I am." "Well, what has brought you into this situation?" "I was returning," said the slave, "loaded with the treasure the Queen had ordered me to search for in Persia; I was attacked by robbers, plundered, and thrown alive into this sepulchre!" "And who is this young man?" "He is son to the nurse of your Majesty's august spouse. I was bringing him to your court with the view of procuring him a place."

After these two unfortunate men had received proper food, the King returned to his palace. He flew instantly to Chamsada, to give her an account of what he had seen, of the return of her slave with a young man, and of the loss of her treasure.

As soon as Chamsada was alone; she called for her slave. He gave her an account of the manner

in which he had got information of the Prince's adventures; of the means which Providence had employed in saving him from the cruelties and snares of his uncle; of the barbarity of the Infidels; and even of his too great confidence, when, having escaped being dashed to pieces by the fall, from which no Mussulman before him was ever saved, he was about again to deliver himself into the power of the barbarous Balavan. He continued his recital even to the moment when, drawn up from the well, the young Prince had been seen by the Egyptian Monarch, whose curiosity he had excited.

The Queen then interrupted him: "Ah!" said she to him, "what answer did you make to the King, when he asked you about the fate of this young man?" "Alas!" replied the slave, "I told a lie, and I beseech you to pardon it. I told him that he was the son of your nurse, and that he was intended for his Majesty's service." "Wise and faithful friend!" exclaimed Chamsada, her eyes bathed in tears, and still moved with what she had heard, "what gratitude will ever repay the service you have rendered to the most tender mother! Watch over my son. I trust him to your zeal and prudence. Never shall I forget the obligation I am under, for what you have already done for him, and for what your attachment may still be able to do."

Considering what care and precaution would be necessary to repair the health and constitution of the young Prince, wasted by sufferings and fatigue, he made this his only study. A salutary and light diet, the use of the bath, and moderate



exercise, gradually succeeded in renewing his strength. Nature resumed her empire; his body and mind regained their energy, and every external charm restored, at length, to the fairest of Queens, the most beautiful Prince in the world.

A happy similarity of disposition gained him the Monarch's heart, who distinguished this page above all the rest. He soon became so necessary to his service, that he alone was admitted into his private apartment. The Monarch boasted continually of his virtues, and praised this new favorite to the grandes of his court, endeavouring to render him as dear to them as he was to himself.

Amidst these flattering praises which resounded in the ears of Chamsada, what conflicts of tenderness did not this feeling mother experience in the want of her own son! She often perceived him, but durst not cast upon him one affectionate look. She was forced to confine the affection of her heart, and give no visible tokens of her regard. Every day she observed his steps, and secretly longed for the moment when she might pour out her soul in his embraces. As he passed one day before the door of her apartment, and when she presumed no one would perceive her, she suddenly yielded to a mother's transports, threw herself on his neck, and in that happy moment, forgot many years of sorrow.

While this fond mother was indulging the sweetest feelings of nature, danger surrounded her. One of the King's ministers, coming accidentally out of the neighbouring apartment, was

the unintentional witness of this scene. He was uncertain what to think of it. As Chamsada was veiled, he might have mistaken her. But having asked of the eunuchs the name of the lady who inhabited the apartment before which he had passed, he came trembling to his Majesty, eager to discover the mystery of which chance had made him a witness. The charming page had already gone before him to the throne.

“August Majesty,” said the minister, “you see me still in horror at the crime which has just now been committed, and of which I have been a witness. Pardon me, Sire, if I am under the necessity of discovering to you the infidelity of a spouse whom you have loved too dearly; but, as I passed before her apartment, I saw her in the arms of the vile slave who is at your side, receiving and returning the most tender caresses.”

The Sultan instantly ordered the young man, and the slave who had brought him from Persia, to be thrown into a dungeon. “What abominable treachery!” exclaimed he. “What! was this pretended treasure nothing but a slave, who was sent for from Persia to injure me, and dishonour at once my throne and my bed!” And running hastily into Chamsada’s apartment, “What has she become,” said he, addressing himself to Chamsada, “she whose many virtues fame wanted trumpets to publish! She whose prudence, wisdom, and love, were the glory of my court, and the pattern of wives? How has this mirror of perfection been tarnished in a moment!” Having said this, the King went out;

and his soul, struggling betwixt love and jealousy, fury and grief, could come to no determination.

Chamsada was astonished at the reproaches she had just heard; and tormented by the false suspicions to which the husband whom she loved was abandoned. But how could she remove them? She had always confirmed to the Sultan the false report of her son's death, intentionally spread by her father Selimansha; and she could not venture to discover him at present, without exposing him to the utmost danger. Alas! when one has so long wandered from truth, is it possible to return? Could one regain confidence, who has not known to deserve it, by a sincere and timely confession? "No, no," would she say, "it was my inclination, and, without doubt, my duty, to spare the reputation of my uncle; and to-day I would in vain attempt to sully it. Oh! Sovereign Wisdom! Divine Goodness! the only resource of the innocent, to you I lift my hands and my heart. By invisible means, you formerly snatched my unfortunate son from the snares of death, with which he was on all sides surrounded; he falls into them still, notwithstanding his innocence. The fatality of his star draws along with him my faithful slave, and myself, and even the Sultan, my husband, who is weighed down by the too well founded presumption of our crime. Deliver us, O God! from the horrors of suspicion."

In the mean time, the irresolute soul of the Sultan was abandoned to the greatest uncertainty. His passion for Chamsada seemed to

acquire new strength in proportion as he attempted to destroy it. He knew not what step to take: how shall he take vengeance on the guilty? Harrassed by these painful and afflicting considerations, he lost his repose and his health; and his nurse, who still remained in the seraglio, was alarmed at this change. This woman, whom age and experience had rendered prudent, having deserved the confidence of her masters, had acquired the right of approaching them whenever she thought proper; and accordingly she went to the Sultan.

“What is the matter with you, my son?” said she to him. “You are not as you used to be. You shun the amusements which, till now, appeared agreeable to your inclinations. Open to me your heart, my son. You know my tender attachment, and you ought to fear nothing from my indiscretion.” Whatever confidence this Prince had in his good nurse, and notwithstanding the great estimation in which he held her excellent qualities, he did not think it proper to disclose himself to her.

Finding that she could not succeed by this method, and presuming that Chamsada must have been informed of the Sultan's grief, and conjecturing, moreover, that a woman would more easily reveal the secret which she wished to know, she flew to the Queen, whom she found plunged in sorrow, apparently as deep as that which consumed the Sultan. She employed every method which address and experience could furnish her, in order to deserve the confidence of Chamsada, and attain the object of her

wishes. The Sultanness remained silent. "But why this cruel reserve with me?" said the good nurse. "Look, my daughter, upon my grey hairs! If age and time have furrowed my brow with wrinkles, they have also given me experience. I am no more the sport of passion, and my counsels will be dictated by prudence." Chamsada, shaken, but not convinced, by these arguments, replied to her, "My secret is very weighty, my dear nurse; it weighs down my heart; but it is impossible it should ever come out of it. In trusting you with it, I must be well assured, that it will remain for ever shut up in your breast." "Your wishes shall be fulfilled," said the old woman: "I am discreet, and never shall my lips divulge your secret; but let it be no more one with her who takes so lively an interest in your happiness." At length Chamsada could resist her no longer; she related to her all her adventures, and informed her, that the young man of whom the Sultan was become jealous, was her son Shaseliman, who had been supposed to have been dead.

"O great Prophet! I thank you," exclaimed the nurse. "Praised be Mahomet! We have nothing to struggle with but chimeras! Be comforted, my daughter; every cloud will disappear; I behold the rising of a bright day." "O my good mother! we will never, never reach it. Never will this young man be believed to be my son. I would rather die than fall under such a suspicion." "I approve of your delicacy," said the nurse; "but my precautions shall prevent every thing that might hurt it. Upon

this, she repaired to the Sultan, whom she found in his former dejection: she took him tenderly by the hand.

“My son,” said she to him, “you are too much afflicted. If you are a true Mussulman, I conjure you, by the name of the great Prophet, to reveal to me the true cause of your grief. The Sultan, unable any longer to restrain, proceeded thus:

“I loved Chamsada with my whole heart: her charms and her virtues produced in my mind the highest delight. All is now changed! The false Chamsada, whom I adored, and whom I love still, hath betrayed me. The two criminals must perish: but, alas! what will this painful duty cost me!”

“My son, do nothing rashly,” said the nurse. “You may expose yourself to eternal repentance. Those whom you think guilty are in your hands; you will always have time to punish them; allow yourself time to examine them.” “Ah! my good nurse, what explanation can I expect? Is there any that could destroy an attested fact?” “My dear son, be calm,” said the old woman. I have a method of laying open to you the soul of Chamsada. Cause your hunters to bring me an egret.\* I will tear out the heart of this bird, which I will give to you; place it near hers while she is asleep, and the secret will be revealed.

While the Prince was reflecting on the surprising virtues of this method, the nurse had

\* A bird with a tuft upon its head.

gone to the apartment of Chamsada. "Every thing goes well," said she to her. "Let your heart be filled with hope, and let your mouth be prepared to disclose the truth, without any reserve. Expect this night to receive a mysterious visit: it will be from the Sultan himself, with the heart of an egret in his hand. As soon as you perceive that he brings it near yours, feigning to be asleep, answer every question he may put to you with truth." Chamsada tenderly thanked the nurse, and prepared herself for the visit of the Sultan.

As soon as Night had spread her shades, Chamsada, contrary to her custom, signified that she had need of rest. Scarcely had she been there two hours, when the Sultan entered, without making the least noise, and found her asleep. He approached her, and gently applied the heart of the bird to that of Chamsada, saying to her, "Chamsada, who is that young man whom you was caressing, when one of my ministers surprised you?" "He is Shaseliman," replied she, without awaking; "the only child of my first marriage, with the son of Selimansha, my uncle!" "This child was stabbed in his cradle; I am assured of this by letters from your uncle himself." "He was, indeed, wounded, but the stroke was not mortal; skilful surgeons restored him to life; and this was kept a secret from the murderer of my husband." "Why have you concealed it from me, who loved you so dearly?" "Because my uncle, whose memory I cherished, and wished to be respected, had, for a political reason, imposed upon you respecting this fact,

If what I have told you does not appear possible, interrogate the young man, and his mouth will confirm the truth of this declaration."

Having got this ray of light, the Sultan withdrew, and gave orders that the young man and the slave should be brought out of the dungeon.

The unfortunate Shaseliman, who was languishing in his prison, suddenly hearing the vaults resound with the noise of the bolts and keys, believed that his last hour was come, and that the ignominy of punishment was about to terminate his existence. "Great God!" said he, raising his innocent hands to heaven, "my life is in thy hands; to thee I resign it; but watch over the life of my mother!"

Shaseliman and the slave were brought before the Sultan. He ran to the young man, and searched in his bosom for the scar of Balavan's poinard; he found it; and, transported with joy, he exclaimed, "O God! blessed be thy name for keeping me from this sin! and thou, his great Prophet, for enabling me to efface, by my services, the dreadful sorrows I have occasioned, and the idea of the injustice I was about to commit! Then throwing himself into the arms of Shaseliman, "Come, dear and unfortunate Prince, come to my heart! but deign to satisfy my curiosity, and inform me by what chain of events you have been conducted hither, unknown to all the world."

Shaseliman, encouraged by the demonstrations of such affecting kindness, then gave a faithful detail of his adventures.



While this recital engaged the attention of Bensirak, Chamsada, his spouse, was not altogether in a tranquil state. She endeavoured to find out the cause of the Sultan's abrupt departure; and while she was indulging in the reflections these mysterious events had occasioned, all at once, twenty slaves, carrying flambeaus, came to illuminate her apartment: they walked before the Sultan, who conducted in his hand, and looked with kindness on, the beloved son of the most virtuous mother. He had caused Shaseliman to be dressed in the most magnificent garments; he was adorned with the most beautiful diamonds, in which Bensirak had delighted to be decked on the days of triumph. "Soothe your sorrows, adorable Chamsada," cried he, throwing himself into her arms. "The favor of heaven restores to you a husband and a son, whose feelings and affection secure your felicity for ever." Shaseliman, on his knees, kissed the hands of his mother; and tears of consolation expressed the sentiments of the son, and of the delighted pair.

The next morning, the Sultan assembled the choice of his troops, and put himself at their head, accompanied by Shaseliman. He took the road for Persia, heralds going before him, proclaiming the succession of the crown to their rightful King. Scarcely had they reached the frontiers of Persia, when they were met by a party of the faithful subjects of the old King Selimansha, who inlisted under the banners of the Sultan of Egypt, and of Shaseliman. The perfidious Balavan, on hearing this unwelcome

news, used every effort in vain to oppose his enemy, confining himself in his capital, with a select party, in whose fidelity he thought he could depend.

Ispahan is invested; and Balavan, betrayed by his ministers, was delivered up to the Sultan Bensirak, who, addressing Shaseliman, "My son," said he, "to you I commit the scourge of your subjects and your father's murderer; dispose of his lot, and give orders for his punishment." "Oh! my benefactor! Oh! my father! it belongs not to me to dispose of him," replied Shaseliman; "vengeance must come down from above. Let him go to the frontiers, to guard that dangerous part with which I was entrusted; his innocence or guilt will be proved by the issue of this expedition." The Sultan approved of the decision of Shaseliman; and Balavan set out to make head against the Infidels. But divine vengeance overtook him; he was thrown into the fatal well, and precipitated headlong from the summit of some mountainous rocks.

Meanwhile Shaseliman, seated on the Persian throne, received the oaths of his people; whom he governed with mildness, inheriting the virtues of his ancestors. The Sultan of Egypt, witnessing his happiness, tenderly embraced him, and returned to his dominions, to complete the joy of Chamsada, which continued undisturbed; and having reached at last the term allotted to human greatness, they fell asleep in that peace which is the portion of faithful Mussulmen.

THE  
LOST DAUGHTER.

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**I**N the west of England, a few years ago, resided an old gentleman named Allen, whose integrity and universal benevolence did honor to human nature. To relieve every object of distress within his reach, to instruct the ignorant, to comfort the afflicted, to amend the envious, to quiet the angry, and rectify the prejudices of his neighbours, were the employments of his blameless life.

He had the misfortune to lose in his youth, an amiable wife and child; which calamities he sustained with the most exemplary patience, and Christian resignation.

Besides his paternal estate, he had accumulated a large fortune in the former part of his life, having been a considerable merchant at Lisbon.

Once in every three years he constantly visited London, merely on account of settling his money-matters; otherwise it was with reluctance he left the scenes of rural quiet, for the hurry and noise of the metropolis.

As the whole business of this excellent man was to do good to every individual, so he made every incident in life contribute to that laudable purpose.

He had always taken up his abode, during his stay in London, at the house of an honest tradesman near Temple Bar; solely because the man had formerly been a faithful servant to his cousin Allen; and for many years after had given signal proofs of integrity and industry in his business, which was that of a haberdasher.

Mr. Allen had set him up in business, and had furnished his house very genteely; the first floor of which he always occupied, whenever his affairs called him to London.

Mr. Lewis, the name of the haberdasher, was about the age of his venerable friend. He had, since he saw him last, buried his wife, a notable good woman; and for his sins, (if I may be allowed the expression,) had been lately married to a young flirt, who had drawn in the old man by a pretty face, without any one good quality of either the head or heart. She tossed up her nose at all her neighbours, and was as proud as any woman of quality. She had wheedled her old man (as she called her worthy husband) to keep her a one horse chaise, and to take a lodging on Highgate-hill for quiet, and the benefit of the country air.

As this lady was immoderately fond of cards, she had a kind of rout every Thursday, in the apartments of her first floor.

A few days before one of these brilliant assemblies was to take place, Mr. Lewis received a letter from his worthy friend and benefactor, Mr. Allen, that he should be in town the Thursday following; and hoped those apartments he

had occupied for above twenty years, would be in readiness to receive him.

The good haberdasher shewed his wife the letter, and demonstrated to her the necessity there was of putting off her usual weekly meeting. But she cut him short, with saying, it was absolutely impossible; for that she had sent cards to her company two days before, and that the parties were all made: that she should make no fuss about this old country gentleman, for that he must even take his lodging up two pair of stairs.

Her husband sighed in the bitterness of his heart, but was forced to submit for the sake of domestic quiet.

Mr. Allen arrived at the house the time he had appointed; and as it happened to be on the Thursday evening, he was surprised, on his alighting from his carriage, to see his dining-room illuminated with a great many lights, and, as he advanced up stairs, to hear a confused number of female voices.

The haberdasher, (for his wife was too fine a lady to appear on this occasion,) after an hundred awkward apologies, conducted his worthy guest to the second floor, who soon retired to bed; but that sweet repose which he usually found after a day spent in virtuous peace, he now was a stranger to, as the ladies below did not depart till after midnight; and he might as well have expected to have slept in the tower of Babel as in such a confusion of voices.

They were no sooner departed, than the good man's slumbers were again disturbed,

though from a very different cause. It was now from the room over his head, that proceeded sounds which prevented his getting any sleep. He heard, though indistinctly, the plaintive wailing of an infant, and the frequent sobbings of some woman.

As these melancholy sounds continued the chief part of the night, his compassion for the unhappy sufferers was extremely excited. No man surely ever had more of what Shakespeare calls "the milk of human kindness" than Mr. Allen; he therefore felt for every human being in distress. The pity he now felt was, indeed, heightened, when by break of day, he distinctly heard the voices of several children, and soon after the tread of many little feet in the chamber over his head.

The worthy man now arose, finding it impossible to get any sleep; and, after employing an hour in his devotions and meditations, rang for his breakfast; soon after which, Mrs. Lewis herself made her appearance, and said, she was much afraid he had been disturbed by a parcel of squalling brats who lodged over his apartment.

"I have been in pain (said the humane man) for some person that seemed in distress. Pray, Madam, is there a family? I thought I heard some little folks."

"Yes, Sir, there is a family, indeed, of beggars, for any thing I know to the contrary; surely there never was a more ragged pack of chits to be seen than are the children; and the mother, from her appearance, I judge to have

been a common street walker, if she is not one now. Never did I see such a tattered figure! But my husband is the greatest fool in the world, or he never would have taken them in. I was unfortunately at my country lodgings when he simply took them under his roof."

"Have you ever seen this poor woman and her little ones? (asked Mr. Allen very gravely, who was not a little displeased with some words in the above speech of his landlady.) Have you visited her in her affliction?"

"I visit her, Sir!--No, indeed.--I commence no acquaintance with lodgers in my third story. As to letting lodgings to genteel families, as I am low spirited, and have weak nerves, I like to have company in the house; but as to a set of beggars! Why, my maid Patty informs me this woman is often some days without a morsel of bread."

"Indeed! (interrupted Mr. Allen;) and do you suffer a human being in your house to endure the extremity of hunger?--Mercy on me!"

Mrs. Patty (who then entered the room) was asked by her mistress if she had seen the woman up stairs lately.

"Not I, indeed, Madam!--I think her ragged silk gown plainly shews what she has been, and what she is. I see her! Not I truly. I stands on my character. She may be a street-walker for what ----."

She was going on; but Mr. Allen shocked at the inhumanity of both the mistress and maid,

signified he was going to be busy, on which they departed.

Any one might have thought, indeed, that Mrs. Patty, by her dress, had been one of that unhappy class which her rigid virtue made her so cautious of avoiding; for her dress, which was a tawdry gauze cap, with washed ribbands, and a dirty linen gown, drawn through the pocket-holes, did not recommend her appearance.

When the good man had got rid of these inhuman wretches, he stood for some moments aghast; and could not help exclaiming,

“Are these women?”

“Is there any cause in nature for such hard hearts?”

“Good heavens! (continued he,) by what method can I relieve these poor wretches? Three days without bread, and I have fared sumptuously every day! I must think of some way to relieve the distress of this unhappy woman without wounding her delicacy. She may be possibly a person of family, and reduced from affluence to struggle with the miseries of poverty. Something must be done, and soon.”

Whilst the heart of this benevolent man was overflowing with humanity, chance gave him that day an opportunity of seeing the whole miserable family, which had so much engaged his pity.

He was just going to a coffee-house, when, on the stair-case, he met the little melancholy



groupe. The first object which presented itself, was a most amiable young woman, in ordinary apparel, pale, and emaciated. On her languid cheek a tear was stealing down, whilst her eyes were cast on a little miserable babe, seemingly almost expiring, which she held in her arms, and which she beheld with unutterable woe. A little prating girl of three years old, was hanging on her apron; and two fine boys, of four and five, brought up the rear: one with a pitcher of water, the other with a small loaf of bread.

Mr. Allen, who ever looked on misery with a kind of sacred pity, stood back, and gave the poor woman, with her little ragged retinue, the wall to pass by, with as much deference and respect, as if she had been the first duchess in the land.

A fine gown, which so much attracts the civility of the world, and has a greater influence over the minds of most people than is imagined, had a contrary effect on this good man; as the shabby garments of these poor people claimed his respect, instead of contempt; for he plainly saw they were the remains of better days; and could not help reflecting what that distress must be, which had brought them to this extreme of wretchedness. His aged eyes felt the sacred drops of pity; and during his short walk, he was wholly absorbed in various schemes of providing for the speedy relief of the poor sufferers. He once thought of inclosing a bank bill, and sending it by the penny post; but as he then knew not her name, that

scheme he could not pursue till he made some inquiry how to direct to her. But the secret hand of Providence soon pointed out a surer way; for as Mr. Allen was returning to his apartment that very day, he met in the passage the eldest little boy, ragged as a colt, but the very perfection itself of beauty and innocence. He held in one hand an old silver spoon, and in the other a bird cage, in which was a most beautiful Virginia nightingale.

"Where, my pretty boy, (said the compassionate man,) are you going?"

"Oh, Sir, (replied the sweet fellow, with the cheerful innocence of that engaging age,) I must help my poor mamma, if I can. I know my way into the next street, and I am going to carry this cage to the bird-shop. This bird sings sweetly. What a pity to sell him! But, perhaps, I shall get a little money for this spoon, if not for the bird. We have nothing else left to part with: and poor little Fanny is dying. What can we do, Sir, for a little money? For when she dies, my mamma says she must have a coffin. What is a coffin?"

Mr. Allen was so extremely affected with the distress and simplicity of this lovely boy, that he could not help bursting into tears. He took the child into his dining-room, and inclosing a bank bill for twenty pounds in a piece of paper, bade him carry it up to his mother, and not sell her favorite bird; and that he would see her the next day, to inquire if he could be of any service to her.

The little boy ran with this message to his mother, whose surprise, it must be imagined, was great. As to Mr. Allen, he retired to rest, and enjoyed that sweet repose which never fails to attend the slumbers of the good.

As this humane gentleman felt himself uncommonly affected with the sufferings of this distressed family, he was the next day uneasy till the hour arrived when he intended calling on them. He tapped gently at the door, which was opened by a little smiling girl.

It is impossible for any pen to describe the scene of misery which presented itself. The wretched mother sat weeping over her dead infant, vainly fancying it still had life, and was not gone for ever. The other children were crying for hunger and cold, the season being extremely severe; and they had not the least spark of fire in the wretched apartment, in which was every mark of the most bitter distress.

The poor woman was surprised at the appearance of a stranger, and looking up, with her face covered with tears, and with an air of dignity which appeared in the midst of this scene of wretchedness, she attempted to rise; but Mr. Allen prevented her, begging her not to be disturbed by his presence.

"I saw, Madam, your little boy yesterday, and by him I found that —"

"I am glad, Sir, (interrupting him.) of an opportunity of returning you the bank bill you sent by my child. Here it is unbroken, I assure you, (presenting it.) I am obliged to

you ; but cannot accept of that which it will never be in my power to repay. I am, it is true, under the hard hand of poverty ; but, indeed, Sir, I neither can nor will accept this (again offering the bill) on any consideration. When this poor babe, who expired this morning, is laid in the earth, (continued she, bursting into tears,) these hands will provide a support for my little ones left. It is for their distresses alone that my heart bleeds, when they are crying round me for bread. But as to your bounty, Sir, I must insist on returning it."

Mr. Allen, who was astonished at these noble sentiments, with such a picture of real distress on all sides, most vehemently insisted on the acceptance of what he called a trifle.

"I feel, (said he,) for the sufferings of these little ones ; I have been myself a parent.

"I am, Madam, most deeply affected with your sorrows. My tears, you see, will flow. An old man's tears ; but what of that ? They are tears of sincerity. Once more let me beg your acceptance of what you stand in such extreme need of."

His persuasions, however, were in vain, and the poor woman continued inflexible in her refusal of his generous offer. She acknowledged, in the warmest terms, her gratitude, and begged him to sit down.

The little children now gathered round his knees, whom he kissed by turns, took them in his arms, and treated them with cakes and sweetmeats, which he had brought in his hands for that purpose. He felt himself uncommonly

affected, whilst the little innocents, who were now playing round him in the highest spirits, (for with children of that age,

“ The tear’s forgot as soon as shed, ”)

and were asking him many questions with the beautiful simplicity of their years.

“ Tell me, Madam, (said Mr. Allen, wiping the tear which flowed down his aged cheek,) what can I do to serve you? Have you any parents, any friend, to whom I shall apply for your relief?”

“ I have none, (she replied, weeping ;) no parent, no friends! I am a stranger in this land. Helpless! and have no one to apply to for relief. I wish I knew where to dispose of this manuscript, (reaching her hand to a bundle of papers, which lay on an old broken chair by her side.) If I could find a bookseller to purchase this little work, I should then have the means of procuring bread for these poor babes. I have offered it to one or two of that profession, but have met with inconceivable difficulties in the disposal of it; as one bookseller told me, he never published a work without a name; and another -----.”

“ Pray, (interrupted Mr. Allen,) when did you write it? Is it a novel? I have no great opinion of modern novels.”

“ It is not a novel, Sir. It is a miscellaneous collection; but they are not of my writing: chance brought the work to my hands, by a very odd incident. As I was one day rum-

imagining an old worm-eaten chest I saw in a corner of my wretched apartment, I found a large bundle of papers, but so defaced by mildew, and damps, that I could hardly make out the contents.

I have, however, with much difficulty, every evening, when my children were asleep, set about transcribing the work; as a thought occurred to me, that it might, perhaps, be some little advantage to me in my distress; but, alas! after the incredible pains I have taken, I cannot get a purchaser for it."

"If you will entrust me with it, Madam, (said Mr. Allen,) I will endeavour to dispose of it for you. A woman is often imposed on in these matters."

The poor woman thankfully put the manuscript into Mr. Allen's hands.

"Depend, Madam, on my utmost zeal to serve you, (said he.) I will return in a short time." Saying which, he put the manuscript into his pocket, and immediately departed; highly satisfied that he now had an opportunity of serving a woman of such exalted merit, without hurting her delicacy. And she, on her part, looked on him as an angel sent from heaven to afford her relief in her pressing necessity.

After passing an hour at an adjacent coffee-house, in looking over the papers of the day, he hastened back to his own room, and, having locked up the manuscript in a drawer, instantly went up to the wretched family.

"Here, Madam, (said the good man, as he entered the apartment,) is the purchase of your book, (giving her twenty guineas:) I hope the sum will content you."

The unhappy woman, as may be easily imagined, was all joy and thankfulness on the occasion.

"Despairing, Sir, (said she,) of your success, I was just before your arrival, considering how I could procure a sufficient sum to pay for the coffin of my dear babe; when it occurred to me that I had a miniature picture of my excellent mother, set round with diamonds, which I have carefully preserved, in spite of my heavy woes and extreme need. By your goodness I am now spared the horror of parting with it."

"I insist, Madam, (cried the good man,) that I may execute this commission myself. Where is the picture?"

The unhappy woman then opening a small casket which was by her, and sighing bitterly, took out a small picture, and presented to Mr. Allen.

Gracious heaven! (exclaimed he, starting back,) what do I see! The image of my wife! My long lost Louisa! O my heart! It is--it is Louisa! Say, dear Madam, how this picture came in your possession. You mentioned just now a mother. O, my throbbing breast! But my dear wife, and my lovely little Fanny, both had a watery grave in their passage from Lisbon."

“From Lisbon, did you say? (interrupted the amiable young woman.) Alas! that was the place of my birth: and at the age of three years I was, with my dear mother, shipwrecked on the coast of Spain. She, alas! was lost for ever; whilst her wretched Fanny was doom'd to -----.”

“Fanny! did you say? Oh, tell me---What---Be quick---Inform me, Madam, what was your maiden name!”

“Allen, Sir.”

“O, my child! my child! (cried the enraptured father.) It is, it must be so;” clasping her in his arms, in an agony of joy and wonder.

His happy daughter, for so indeed she was, hung on his neck in speechless transport, whilst the ecstatic father continued; “Say, my child, how hast thou been preserved? O secret, wonder-working hand of providence! The dreadful tidings of my ship-wrecked Louisa, and my little daughter, an infant, in Captain Osmond’s ship, on the coast of Spain, is an undoubted fact---is it not?”

“Yes, my dearest father, (answered his long-lost child;) look at these letters of my lamented mother; and these from yourself to her, after your departure from Lisbon. The servant who attended me from my infancy, and whose life was saved with mine, carefully preserved these letters and this casket. Anne Williams was her name. She was my nurse-maid, and you must well remember her.”

“I do---I do, (cried the amazed father.) Good heavens, when did she die?”



“About six years since: and it was from her I often heard (as it was our almost constant subject) the sad catastrophe of my dear mother's death; and that Mr. Robert Allen, my father, had lived somewhere in the west of England.”

“But my child, say, my Fanny, what melancholy accidents have reduced thee to this distress? Oh! to find thee, and to find thee thus, so firm in virtue, is too much for my old heart to bear. Who did you marry? Oh, tell me all.”

“A ship, Sir, that was going from Spain to Jamaica, carried us with Captain Osmond (who was happily preserved) to that island. That worthy man left me to the care of his sister, who was settled there; and with that good woman I lived to the age of seventeen, when her nephew married me, and with whom I lived long enough to be mother of these little things you now see round me. We wrote to you, my dear Sir, and sent the letter under cover to a friend of my husband's in London, to forward to you; but receiving no answer, we concluded you were no more. Mr. Ashley (my husband) was no economist: he died suddenly, and left me greatly involved. To satisfy his creditors, I was reduced to great straits. A lady, who was coming to England, kindly offered to bear my expenses, and promised to use her utmost endeavours to find you, if alive, or otherwise to provide for me. Alas! this dear friend died the week after our arrival in London of the small-pox; which distemper

I likewise caught, and all my little ones. This was a great and unexpected expense to me, and it was still increased, as I was soon after delivered of this poor babe, now dead. These events following so fast (for my poor husband had not been dead six months) all together, were too much for my spirits to sustain, and I sunk into a low fever, in which I languished several weeks. I was now reduced to want even the common necessities of life. Indeed, my case was truly lamentable. Alone! no money! and in a strange country!

“My miseries appeared to me as incapable of addition; but, alas! I was doomed to experience a still severer pressure of woe. I had, to preserve my poor babes from perishing by hunger and thirst, been obliged to contract a few debts. The increasing poverty of myself and little ones, which was rendered apparently visible by the meanness of our garb, alarmed my rigid creditors, and they demanded instant payment of the sums due to them. Unable to comply, I intreated them to wait a short time longer, as I intended to leave no means untried to procure some work that might enable me to buy bread for myself and children, and pay my debts; the illness of myself and offspring, having hitherto prevented me from earning any money by the labor of my hands.

“But the persons I had to contend with, were beings destitute of humanity; their hearts were steeled by avarice; and I was forced to add one more wretched inhabitant to the Fleet prison, where I became a reluctant captive.

Fearful for the health of my children, I procured the three eldest, by the aid of one of my fellow sufferers, (who recommended her sister as a careful and humane nurse for my little ones,) board at a cheap rate, in a small tenement, situated near the obelisk in St. George's Fields. The baby I retained with me: and heaven only knows the pangs I experienced at the temporary absence of the others: though the good woman to whose care I intrusted them, brought them every other day, when the weather permitted, to stay an hour with me: had I retained them in the prison constantly, the attendance they of course would have required at my hands, must have precluded all possibility of my doing work enough to afford them subsistence. I now assiduously applied to every person in the prison, that I thought likely to employ me with my needle: for I must here remark, my dear Sir, that while many an honest person pines within those dismal walls, and suffers from hunger, thirst, and nakedness, and is, by being cast into a prison, deprived of all honest means of maintaining themselves, or paying their creditors, there are others so lost to every principle of right, that to evade the payment of their just debts, they will cast themselves into prison. Money will procure them (even in this receptacle for debtors) elegant apartments, where they can receive company, and revel in riot and profusion.

I soon got a variety of shirts and other articles to make: but still better fortune awaited

me. One of the keeper's wives was a woman far beyond, in her address and manners, what might have been expected from her station: she took a fancy to me, from observing what she was pleased to term my amiable industry, and often presented me with some little delicacies for my children, that my finances would by no means allow me to procure for the little darlings.

“By the representations of this good woman, I obtained work in the satin-stitch and tambour, on net and muslin, from a capital warehouse in St. Paul's Church-yard. I scarce allowed myself time for repose. The quantity of work that I did, was almost incredible to be the produce of one pair of hands; yet, with all this industry, I could scarce maintain myself and three children; and very trifling was the pittance I could spare every week towards the lessening of my debts; and these the expenses of law had greatly increased from their original sum; yet, by the kindness of my benefactress, and a charitable donation that was given by a gentleman who occasionally visits prisons, and listens to the story of poor debtors, for philanthropic purposes, I was enabled to pay the person to whom I owed the smallest sum. Alas! the other would listen to no accommodation. It was not likely for me to meet with another benefactor; and I had no other prospect than that of lingering out the remainder of my days in confinement. I had been a prisoner nearly four months, when the people who employed me from St. Paul's Church-yard, suddenly de-

elined that branch of business; and I was reduced to my former penury. In vain my friend exerted herself to procure me employ from another warehouse; they demanded security for their goods to so large an amount, that put it completely out of her power to be of service to me.

“ I could no longer pay for my children’s board; and the keeper, with great humanity, allowed them to share my little chamber. They had also to share my wretchedness and want. Dire reverse to the humble, but plentiful fare they had enjoyed with their nurse.

“ After I had placed my little ones in the lowly pallet destined for their repose, I read two or three chapters in the Holy Bible, now my sole consolation and support; and then kneeling down, addressed my prayers and supplications to the all-wise Disposer of celestial and human events.

“ Had it not been for the humanity of the good woman who still adhered to me, we must have perished through want. I saw no prospect of relief, when an unexpected occurrence gave me deliverance from prison, but not from other ills.

“ My creditor expired suddenly, and his humane heir signed my release. I left the prison, and with the assistance of my faithful friend, took possession of the lodging where you now find me. I am sorry to relate that my amiable companion and benefactress died in the perilous hour of childbirth, when I had been here little more than a fortnight.

“Since that period my wretchedness has been extreme. Myself and the babe (now a corpse) laboring under indisposition; the others asking for food, which too often I had not to give them. O, powers of mercy! what have I not suffered in this abode! the cruel treatment, the supercilious frown, the unmerited reproach.”

“O cease, my dearest child; I cannot bear this, (said the fond father, bursting into tears,) it is too much! I will suppose, after much suffering, the secret hand of that heavenly Power, whose chief care is distrest innocence, led thee hither to this amazing discovery. And have I found thee! (once more clasping her in his arms.) Not the united world shall ever part us more.”

He then kissed and wept over the children; and immediately ordered elegant lodgings to be got ready for their reception in Pall Mall. They were all conveyed there as soon as possible; where we will leave them to that refined happiness, which only minds like Mr. Allen's can experience.

Reader, the moral of this little story is so obvious, it requires no explanation. Every man it is true, in relieving a distrest object, may not meet with a lost child; but every man may, in some degree, enjoy that great satisfaction which is the never-failing reward of those who practise the great duties of humanity and benevolence to their fellow-creatures.

# WILSON AND MARY,

FROM THE  
COUNTRY SPECTATOR.

---

Her fancy follow'd him thro' foaming waves  
To distant shores, and she would sit and weep  
At what a sailor suffers: fancy too,  
Delusive most where warmest wishes are,  
Would oft anticipate his glad return,  
And dream of transports she was not to know.

COWPER.

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**I**F the following little tale should be thought defective in point of incident, the reader is informed, that it is not offered to him as the effort of a fertile imagination, and that its simplicity arises from the reality of the events. Should it be censured for want of novelty, the charge, perhaps, cannot be obviated, but the inference to be drawn from it, is so much the more just; for when Misery roams abroad, why sleeps Benevolence?

At a village on the coast of Sussex lived Wilson and Mary. They had been married to each other while they both were young, and found in connubial life the comforts which all expect,

and few enjoy. He had been bred to the occupation of a fisherman; and the profits arising from his employment, with a small annuity purchased for him by his father, produced an income which removed himself and Mary far above the pressure of want, and allowed the indulgence of every wish which their breasts had learnt to frame. They were richer in their humble lot than are the aspiring great, and far more blest than those whom Fortune holds up to envy.

That elegance of sentiment is necessary to the existence of happiness in ourselves, or to our perception of it in others, is the dream of lettered pride or frivolous refinement. Wilson and Mary were regarded by the cottagers as the happiest couple in the village: and those who remember them, still recount instances of their mutual tenderness. As soon as the tide came in, Mary with her children would be the first on the beach, to welcome the return of Wilson's boat, and to solace with her smiles the labors he had endured for herself and her little ones. When he had been successful, she would draw his attention to the children; and when he had buffeted the billows in vain, she would impute his failure to the roughness of the sea, which on the morrow would be calm.

When France had engaged to assist the Colonies in establishing their independence, Wilson felt a desire to exchange the inglorious life of a fisherman, for the more honorable duties of a British Seaman. He was influenced partly by the prejudices against the French, which



among our sea-faring people are hereditary ; and partly by the lure of prize-money, which suggested to him the hope of enriching his family by some fortunate achievement. When he mentioned his project to Mary, she burst into a flood of tears, and then, for the first time, doubted his attachment to her : she reproached him with cruelty in wishing to desert a wife and family, whose welfare depended wholly on his safety ; the hope of prize-money she treated as the suggestion of avarice and discontent : " So long as you live, (said Mary,) I am rich and happy ; but if you are determined to leave me, something within me says, we shall never meet again."

Wilson, moved by the persuasive eloquence of female tears, desisted from his purpose, and resolved to pursue his ordinary occupation. He continued to enjoy domestic comfort ; and his boat, towards the end of the ensuing season, had been more successful than any on the coast. One evening, however, when the fishermen had long been expected, the tide was observed to retreat, and not a single boat had arrived. The sea was calm, and the wind was favorable to their return. The fears of Mary were soon awakened for the fate of her husband, and at length every countenance throughout the village was marked with anxiety and terror. When two hours had elapsed from the beginning of the ebb, some of the fishermen arrived with the intelligence, that as they were returning, they discovered between themselves and the land a frigate, who had brought to several

trading vessels in order to press their men; that, to avoid her, they were obliged to put further out to sea, and to make a large circuit before they could steer with safety for the land; that a part of the ship's crew had gone in pursuit of them, and that Wilson with several others had been carried on board. At this information Mary was almost distracted. Not only was her husband torn away from her, but she knew not what had become of him. The conjectures concerning the ship's course were various and contradictory. She wished immediately to follow Wilson, but could gain no tidings where he might be found. After three days of agonising suspense, she received a letter from him, dated from on board a tender lying at Chatham. She instantly took the coach; and in two days was admitted to the presence of her husband. The regulating officer, whose feelings had not acquired an increase of sensibility from frequent spectacles of distress, was touched with the tenderness of this interview. Her entreaties, however, for Wilson's release were ineffectual; and after being permitted to converse with him awhile in private, she was ordered to be taken ashore. The imprest men were immediately transferred from the tender to a man of war, which sailed out of the Medway the same afternoon. Mary followed the ship with her eye till it was no longer visible, and then gave herself up to melancholy and grief.

After remaining at Chatham for a day, she summoned resolution to revisit her home. But

it was not now, as heretofore, the abode of happiness and peace; the fire-side had lost its powers of imparting comfort; and the coming-in of the fishing-boats served only to remind her of Wilson. By degrees, indeed, she recovered her former spirits, and began to amuse her imagination with the prospect of her husband's return. Some letters from him, in which he pictured to his fancy speedy conquest and accumulated wealth, contributed to this end; till, at length, she became reconciled to his absence, and regained her accustomed cheerfulness.

It was the lot, however, of Wilson to serve in Lord Rodney's squadron, which engaged the Spanish fleet commanded by Langara. The event of that fight is well known to have been honorable to the British arms. But the glory of nations is not to be purchased without the blood of individuals. In that contest were sacrificed the lives of many brave seamen, and among others, that of the humble hero of this narrative. After he had distinguished himself during the heat of the action by signal instances of courage and intrepidity, almost the last shot which the enemy fired, severed him in two. His comrades lamented his loss with the sincerity of sailors, and amidst the acclamations of victory committed him to the deep.

It was some time before Mary received the fatal intelligence. Her first expressions of grief were wild and frantic; but the nearer prospect of penury threw over her countenance the thoughtful air of settled dejection. At the de-

cease of her husband, his annuity was of course no more; and a few pounds, which were due from his country to his past services, formed almost the whole of the little subsistence by which she and three children were henceforward to be supported. She immediately took leave of the cottage, which was no more to be gladdened with the presence of Wilson, and retired to a meaner habitation. Here she endeavoured to obtain a maintenance by employing herself and the children in making nets for the fishermen: but as most of them had families of their own, this expedient afforded her little encouragement. Her misfortunes being known in the neighbourhood, a gentleman, who had formerly been in the navy, observed, that it was a pity three such fine boys should not serve his Majesty; and accordingly sent them to the Marine Society, in London; but, upon being solicited to procure some means of subsistence for the widow, he replied, that he did not know of any provision made for her by the government, or that she had any reason to expect it; for that her husband and children were now out of her way, and that she was as free from all incumbrances as before she was married.

To have known better days, will sometimes recommend us to gratuitous relief, but very rarely to employment. Prosperity is not supposed to have prepared the mind for humiliation and dependence; and the obedience of those who have been unused to servitude, will always be thought insufficient. Wherever Mary

offered herself for service, she was, as is usual, constantly interrogated respecting her last place; and on the recital of her story, as regularly rejected. Sometimes the humane would afford her temporary succours; but favors once conferred are not often repeated. Many, however, would coldly remark, that her distress was not peculiar to herself, and that the same provision was made for her as for the poor in general.

Hunger now stared her in the face: yet a sense of shame still forbade her to ask relief of a parish in which she had lived with credit and respect. But her distresses did not escape the vigilance of the overseer of the poor, who gave her to understand, that she had no settlement in the village, as her husband had never been included in the rates. She was born at a seaport town in Kent, seventy miles from her present residence; to this place she was ordered to be removed. Having submitted to the insolence and cruelty of the parish-officers in the towns through which she passed, and having survived the fatigue of a journey rendered dangerous by the weakness of her health, she arrived at the place of her destination, and was sent to the workhouse. She had there been supported near three years, when death put an end to her sorrows. Two of her sons are now in the service of their country, and inherit their father's bravery; perhaps, his fate.

## SELIMA.

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**T**HAT universal discontent, or disquietude which runs through every rank and degree of life, hath been deservedly condemned by philosophers of all ages, as one of the bitterest reproaches of human nature, as well as the highest affront to the Divine Author of it. If, indeed, we look through the whole creation, and remark the progressive scale of beings as they rise into perfection, we shall perceive, to our own shame and confusion, that every one seems satisfied with that share of life and happiness, which its Maker hath appointed for it; man alone excepted; who is pleased with nothing that his bounty imparts, unless blessed with every thing that his power can bestow: perpetually repining at the degrees of Providence, and refusing to enjoy what he has, from a ridiculous and never-ceasing desire of what he has not.

The object which is at a distance from us, is always the most inviting; and that possession the most valuable which we cannot acquire. With the ideas of affluence and grandeur, we are apt to associate those of joy and pleasure; and because riches and power may conduce to our happiness, we hastily conclude that they

must do so ; that pomp, splendor, and magnificence, which attend the great, are visible to every eye, while the sorrows which they feel, and the dangers they are obnoxious to, escape our observation.

Hence it arises, that almost every condition and circumstance of life, is considered as preferable to our own ; that we so often fall in love with ruin, and beg to be unhappy. We weep when we ought to rejoice ; and complain when we ought to be thankful.

The sun was sinking behind the western hills, and, with departing rays, illumined the lofty spires and turrets of Golconda, when the captive Selima, from the window of the son of Nouraddin's seraglio, casting a mournful look at the country, which she saw at a distance, beyond the boundary of her confinement, fixed her eyes on some cottages which she could distinguish by the thin smoke ascending from them, and seemed to envy the condition of the lowly inhabitants.

She longed to exchange her own situation for that of innocent poverty, and cheerful tranquillity. Little by little, the envied prospect faded on her sight ; and she listened to the crashing of iron bars, and the closing that surrounded her ; till at length, all was hushed ; all became quiet as the hours of night and stillness advanced. She then burst into the following soliloquy.

“ And was I formed a reasonable being (she cried) for this ? To be excluded for ever from society, and doomed to add one more to the

slaves of the Monarch of the East? Have I deserved this at the hand of Providence, or exacted this unequal lot from the genius of distribution? Did I ever turn my eyes from the cries of the needy, or shut the open hand of mercy from the poor? Why then am I punished in this manner? Why denied the blessing of mutual love, and fated to weep in vain to the walls of a prison-house? While I was a child, the angel of death closed the eyes of my parents, when as yet I knew not their loss; and a few months ago, the same minister of terror bore from my arms, a sister whom I loved, to the land of silence and shadows. The rest of those that were dear to me, groan under the bonds of servitude in the mines of Agra, or traverse the great waters in the ships of India: Some happier few, who have found grace in the eyes of the Sultan, lived only to shew me the difference between what I was, and what I am; yet the remembrance of those I lost, I bore with resignation. I wept, indeed, and retired; but as yet repined not. But to know no end of misery, to be kept as a witness to the luxury of those who were once our equals, is surely the worst that can be inflicted.

“I have said to the slaves, Why will not my lord, the Sultan, dismiss the maid whom he thinks unworthy his embraces, and whose presence will rather cast a cloud over his pomp than increase it? But they treat my tears and my remonstrances with scorn; nor are their hearts melted in them with pity. Night and silence are over the seraglio: even the horrid guards,



to whose care we are consigned, are fast locked in sleep. When, oh! when shall I enjoy that sweet oblivion! Discontent and uneasiness of mind, banish from my eyes all propensity to rest. The night only affords me an opportunity to vent my complaints, and my greatest happiness is this hour of universal repose, when I can, undisturbed and unmolested, give utterance to the sorrows of my heart."

As she was speaking these last words, the shades of darkness were suspended on a sudden, and a light diffused itself around her like the flash of mid-day. She looked up, and beheld, when Azael, the angel of reproof, became visible to her sight: she bowed her head in the dust, and humbled herself before him. "Selima, (he cried,) arise, thou misguided child of affliction: I am that genius who was with thee when thou wast a child, and in my book were thy future fortunes written. I was with the angel whose ministry it was to seal the eyes of thy parents, and who laid hands on thy sister. Under my influence wast thou brought as a captive unto Amurath, from the banks of Oxus, and immured in the walls of his seraglio. Thou hast complained of thy fate; thou hast said, that the eyes of thy genius frowned on thy birth, and that Misfortune has marked thee for her daughter; but I am come to clear thy doubts, and to direct thee where thou mayest find the mansions of rest. Let my words sink deep in thee, and engrave them in living characters on thy heart. I will take away the mist

from before thine eyes, for thou knowest not what thou hast said.

“Thou hast lamented the fate of thy sister, who is happier by far than thou art, and who has her station assigned her in the realms of bliss. The situation of thy companions, who have appeared pleasing to the Sultan, has been the object of thy envy; but, alas! thine is a paradise to theirs. Thou hast repined at that solitude, which, hadst thou made a right use of, would have taught thee to know thyself; and hast grieved that thou wert not born to that beauty which thousands possess, and which would have been to thee a punishment instead of a blessing. I will now shew thee what, but for my interposition, would have been thine own destiny, had this thy last, thy presumptuous wish, been crowned with success, hadst thou been bidden in turn to deck thyself with Oriental pomp, and repose on the silken pavilions in the inner chambers of the palace. Turn thyself to the east, and view there what I shall explain to thee.”

She turned, and beheld a woman seated on a throne, surrounded with every circumstance of eastern magnificence. She was fair as one of the houris, and sparkling with the gold of Hindostan, and the diamonds of Surat. In her presence, every eye was fixed on the ground, every mouth was dumb, and every knee bent with fear; yet she seemed to receive the adorations of the crowd with coldness, nor was her heart glad at the approach of her lord. She seemed alone as to herself, though amidst won-

dering thousands and ten thousands at her feet. "View her yet again, Selima, (said he,) as the crowd retiring leave her closet, and what happiness does she seem possessed of that thou wishest to be thine? Does not the gloom that hangs on her brow owe its being to fear? Is she not conscious that treachery or chance, can in a moment bring her fancied happiness to an end? And guilt, that viper in her bosom, destroys all relish for pleasures, and points out to her the vanity of all joys which have not virtue for their foundation. But see, the guards rush in at this moment to seize her, and accuse her of conspiring against the life of her lord! Mark, how the splendid apartments and alcoves of pleasure disappear, and in the stead the joyless gloom and grated windows of a prison. How she is hurried in! They throw the black robe of death on her. In vain does she now think of command; in vain wave that hand, which a few hours before would have stilled the raging of the people, and humbled the rulers of the world. She now begs to be heard, and has recourse to her last aids, to entreaties, tears, and protestations; but in vain: she is dragged on the rocky pavement by the hands of slaves, who offer her the dismal alternatives of the poisoned cup or the sabre. She drinks, and she sinks, yet and yet paler, to the earth! See the last convulsive struggle, the dying gasp, and the sigh that rends the heart in the last agony.

"Scarce is there a pause. They strip the yet warm body, denied to be joined in burial

with the queens of the land, and exposed for a prey to the eagle and the vulture.

“Such, short-sighted maid, would have been thy last hour, and thy end would have resembled her's. Bear then the present hour without repining; nor dash the cordial, which Hope presents thee with, to the ground; but wait with patience for a happier hour. Their lot may be only called miserable, whose faces are never covered with shame, and who go down unrepenting to the grave. Hope still is thine, which can turn the walls that confine thee to the bower of content. Then say not in thine heart, that thy portion here is with the wretched; nor, by wishing to alter the allotment of Providence, provoke the rage of power, infinitely greater than mine, and which can in a moment crush thee to atoms.”

When he had spoken these words, he stretched forth his arm, and she sunk into the bosom of repose, from which she awoke in the morning, with the conviction of her unjust repinings, and with a perfect resignation to the lot which her Genius had assigned her in the terrestrial abodes of life.

THE  
SLEEPING BEAUTY

IN

THE WOOD.

BY SARAH WILKINSON.

SOME centuries since, a Persian Monarch espoused a lovely Princess, who brought him several provinces for her dower, and an almost incredible quantity of gold, silver, and jewels. But her wealth and beauty was excelled by the amiable sweetness of her temper and disposition. The King justly thought himself blest with such a partner of his throne, and fervently petitioned heaven to bestow on him an heir, that should inherit the inestimable qualities of the Queen, joined to a portion of his own courage and intrepidity; for the King was a renowned warrior; but several years passed away, and no offspring blest their otherwise happy union. At length, to the great joy of the King, and that of his subjects, the Queen was reported by her physicians to be pregnant; and in

due time was safely delivered of a young Princess. The King would much rather have had a son: yet he received this fair blossom with thankfulness, and clasped her to his bosom with the most rapturous sensations of parental transports.

When the fair Princess was six weeks old, magnificent preparations were made for the christening: and as the race of fairies had then great power over the fate of mortals, seven of the principal ones were invited to be god-mothers to the royal babe, that every one might bestow on her some precious gift.

The child being named, the royal parents, the fairies, and the nobles who were invited to partake of the fete, left the chapel, and repaired to a spacious hall, where the dinner was served up. All the dishes, tureens, and other requisite appendages of a grand table, were of solid silver; excepting the plates, knives, forks, and spoons, which were appropriated to the use of the seven fairies. These were gold, ornamented with the most exquisite workmanship, on which were delineated some allegorical scenes, highly complimentary to the fairies.

The company had just seated themselves at the table, with the utmost hilarity and good humour, when their harmony was interrupted by the unannounced entrance of a very aged fairy, whom they had not invited; as it was fifty years since she had been seen to quit an isolated tower which she then chose for her abode; and it was, indeed, the general opinion,

that she had been there enchanted by some superior power.

They immediately made room for her at the table; and the Queen ordered a plate, &c. to be placed before her. But as she had not gold ones, like the rest (for the King had only provided seven for the seven invited) of the fairies, she was displeas'd; fancied that she was not treated with proper respect; and kept muttering some indistinct threats. One of the fairies, that sat next, overheard her grumbling, and immediately conjectured, that it was probable she would bestow on the infant some ill-fated prediction, and good naturedly resolved to counteract its effects as much as lay in her power.

As soon as they arose from table, and were led by the master of the ceremonies to a saloon decorated with eastern magnificence, the good fairy (who was young and beautiful) concealed herself behind some tapestry hangings, that she might not be called on to speak till the last; as the fairies were now going to distribute their gifts to the young Princess, previous to their departure from the palace.

The first fairy that advanced to the cradle where the infant lay, ordain'd that she should be, without exception the most beautiful female in the world.

The second decreed that she should be superior to others in wit and sensibility.

The third, that she should display a wonderful grace in every thing she performed.

The fourth fairy bestowed on her the gift of dancing inimitably.

The fifth said that her little protégée should play on every musical instrument with scientific perfection.

The sixth fairy observed, that ere her young daughter should attain her twelfth year, she should be enabled to converse in all languages with the utmost perfection.

The old fairy now advanced, and supposing herself to be the last to speak, (for she had not observed the concealment of the young fairy,) proclaimed, with a malignant look, that the Princess should pierce her hand with a spindle, and die of the wound.

This terrible prediction afflicted the whole company; and many among them shed tears of bitter regret.

At this instant the fairy (who was supposed to have left the palace abruptly) came from behind the hangings, and exclaimed aloud,

“Assure yourselves, illustrious Sovereigns, that your amiable child shall not die according to the decree of this malicious old fairy. I will alter her fate. Would I could entirely undo what her enemy has done; but that is not in my power. The Princess will, indeed, have the misfortune to wound her delicate hand with a spindle: but, instead of its causing her death, she will fall into a profound sleep, which will last an hundred years; at the expiration of which time, a King’s son, almost equal to herself in beauty and accomplishments, shall awake her from her magic slumber.”



The fairies now withdrew: and the one who had, by her malignity, caused this disaster, repaired to her old tower, muttering, in great wrath, that she had been disappointed in the execution of part of her revenge for the supposed affront she had received from the King and Queen: but though she was possessed of the inclination, she was not of the power, of committing further mischief to the innocent object of her inveterate hatred.

The King, to avoid, if possible, this terrible misfortune, foretold by the splenetic fairy, caused his royal proclamation to be issued throughout the kingdom, whereby every person was forbidden, on pain of death, to spin with a distaff or spindle, or even to retain one in their house.

Every revolving year, the beauty and accomplishments of the Princess increased, till she was regarded as a wonderful prodigy both of nature and art.

The Princess had just entered into her sixteenth year, when the presence of her father and mother was required at one of the palaces on the sea-coast. As the weather was at that time very cold, and a deep fall of snow rendered travelling disagreeable, and sometimes dangerous, the King, and his royal consort, proposed to leave their fair daughter at the Palace of the Wood, the habitation in which she had hitherto passed her days. The Princess dutifully acquiesced; and after several tender embraces, and giving some seasonable advice to their dear child, their Majesties, and the attendants on their persons, began their journey.

Several days elapsed, without being marked by any catastrophe; when one ill tated morn, the Princess (it being too cold for her to walk in the palace gardens) resolved to divert herself with rambling over the apartments. Having passed through several spacious rooms, and some long galleries, she came to one which she had never before observed. At the extremity of it was a narrow stair-case, which she ascended, and, by its spiral form, soon discovered herself to be in one of the antique turrets of the palace. There were several small apartments in the course of the ascent, in every one of which the Princess saw a little old woman employed either in working or reading. Their countenances were marked by a cheerful smile, and their dress by a peculiar air of neatness. This aroused the innocent curiosity of our young heroine, and she modestly inquired for what purpose they dwelt in that tower.

One of the old women replied, "My dear Miss, (for the dame did not know that she was addressing herself to the King's daughter, as the Princess, except upon court days, or other particular occasions, only wore a plain white silk robe, with a chain of gold around her ivory neck,) our good and virtuous Queen gave us leave to inhabit this tower: and the clerk of the kitchen, according to orders received, daily sends a yeoman to the bottom of the stairs with our food. We are too old and feeble to go further. There are six of us in number; and, in our more youthful days, we composed a part of the household belonging to

our present gracious Sovereign." She then curtsied, and withdrew to her own apartment; and the Princess proceeded on to the top of the stair-case, and entered the little room which formed the attic story of the tower. Here sat one of the good women all alone, spinning with a spindle: for though it was very strange, she being an inhabitant of the palace, yet it was most certain that she had never heard of the King's proclamation against spindles.

"What are you doing there, my good dame?" said the Princess; at the same time betraying, by her expressive looks, surprise and curiosity; for she had never, in the course of her existence, beheld such an apparatus before.

"Spinning, fair beauty," replied the old woman.

"Dear me! it is vastly pretty! (replied our heroine.) I should like to spin: it would make a nice change in my usual employments, at those hours I set apart for work. Do show me how to do it: you will find me an apt scholar; and I will give you a piece of gold as a reward for the trouble I shall occasion.

The old woman began to instruct her young pupil, who comprehended her task with wonderful facility. But, alas! no sooner had she taken the spindle in her beauteous hand, than, through inadvertant haste, or more likely by a decree of fate, that the wicked fairy's prediction was now to be fulfilled, it pierced through the thick part of the flesh of her hand, from whence issued a stream of blood, and the young Princess fell fainting on the floor.

The woman, terribly affrighted, used every method she could devise to restore her young guest to sense, but in vain : and at length she called out for aid, in such loud and terrific accents, that persons came running from all parts of the palace ; and, among them, a doctor and a surgeon, who always resided there. They were greatly surprised at finding the young Princess there in that dreadful situation ; but, on looking round the apartment, and discovering the spindle, they knew what had befallen the royal maid ; for they were no strangers to the fairy's decree, having lived in the palace at the time of their young mistress's birth. They severely reproached the old woman with the mischief she had done, and her vile treason in daring to act contrary to the express orders of her royal master, issued by proclamation. In vain the aged trembling culprit attested both her ignorance of the proclamation, and that the beautiful young lady who visited her was the King's daughter ; and they conveyed her from the tower to a dark and loathsome dungeon, where she was to remain till his Majesty's pleasure was known. But she saved them the trouble of trying her cause, as she died in a few hours of the fright she had received.

As soon as the surgeon had bound up the hand of the Princess, and discovered that the efforts of himself and the doctor were of no avail to awake her from what they perceived to be a profound sleep instead of a swoon, he had her conveyed to her own chamber, and laid on the bed. Her attendants covered her with a white

satin counterpane, flowered with gold, and then retired, to send an express for the King and Queen. They grieved in a manner that affected every beholder at this unfortunate intelligence. It was almost as bad as her sudden death would have been to them; for they knew that she would not awake for a century; and it was certain that, without a miracle, they could not live half that period; therefore they should never hear her dear voice, or behold her sweet eyes more; nor be clasped in her tender, animated embrace, after every short absence.

As soon as the King, and his afflicted consort, arrived at the Palace in the Wood, they agreed to send for the good fairy whose interposition had saved their daughter's life. She was then in the kingdom of Matakín, twelve thousand leagues off. But they sent a dwarf, who had boots which enabled him to pass over seven leagues at a stride, to inform her of this distressing incident. The fairy departed from the kingdom of Matakín immediately, and arrived at the Palace in the Wood about three hours after she had received the message. She travelled in a chariot drawn through the air by winged fiery dragons.

The King assisted her in alighting from her chariot; and she kindly consoled with him on his misfortune. She repaired to the chamber of her sleeping favorite, and testified her approbation of what the attendants had done: but she prudently, and with great foresight, supposing that, when the Princess should awake,

she would be in a very aukward situation without attendants, she ordered the afflicted King and Queen to quit the palace, with some of their Lords and Ladies in waiting. She then roused the rest of the household with her ivory wand, and laid them asleep for the same term of years that was decreed to their royal mistress. She also touched the cows, oxen, horses, and every useful animal about the Palace, that they might share the same fate. Poor Mopsey, the Princess's favorite little spaniel, was so faithful to her, that, from the moment of her receiving the wound, she had never quitted her side, and now lay moaning on the bed. The good fairy, admiring her fidelity, also laid her asleep, that she might be with the Princess when she awoke. The very spits at the fire, as full as they could hold of partridges and pheasants, and every thing in the Palace, both animate and inanimate, were also ordered by the fairy to remain in the same manner for an hundred years, without spoiling or burning, or any ways being injured by time. All this was presently performed; for the fairies are never slow in arranging their business.

The King and Queen having returned, and took a last farewell of their sleeping child, left the Palace in the Wood for ever. At the gates they bid adieu to the friendly fairy; and then repaired to another royal edifice, which they had built in the metropolis about fifteen years before this afflicting period. The King immediately issued forth another proclamation, ordering that no person should approach the

Palace in the Wood, under the penalty of incurring instant death. This edict soon proved to be useless; for the next day there grew up around the palace wall and park, such a vast quantity of trees, bushes, and brambles, entwining one with another, that neither man nor beast could pass through; and nothing could be seen of the Palace, but the high towers; nor were they visible, but afar off. Every one was delighted with this specimen of the good fairy's art in securing the Sleeping Beauty from harm.

The King and his consort both died in the fifth year after this incident; and as he had no male heirs, the crown descended to a Prince who was very distantly related, and dwelt in a far country: but as soon as the news reached his ears, he came and took possession of the throne. As soon as the new King heard of the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood, he conceived a foolish and wicked jealousy of the inanimate fair one. Ninety years he thought would soon pass away, and then his descendants might be deprived of their throne by this lady, to whom he thought it probable that the subjects might revolt. He made several daring but secret attempts to enter the palace, that he might deprive the Princess of life: but he found it impossible to accomplish his design. He therefore issued a proclamation throughout the kingdom, commanding that the Princess, or the adventure that befel her, should never be repeated, or brought up in conversation: by this means he thought he could keep the transaction a secret from posterity; and that, when the Princess awoke, she and her attend-

ants would perish with want in their woody prison.

When the century was completed, the grandson of this cruel Monarch reigned on the throne. He had only one son; and the young Prince was so amiable, and possessed of such many beauty and accomplishments, that every one adored him to whom he was known.

This young Prince being out on a hunting-party, happened to ride past the enchanted wood, and he immediately inquired what place it was. Every one answered according to what he had been told. Some said that it enclosed an old isolated castle, that was haunted by spirits; and others, that it was a place of resort for all the sorcerers and witches in the country, who met there once a week, to settle their diabolical schemes against the happiness of mortals. The most prevalent opinion was, that an Ogre (a man-eater) lived there, and that he conveyed into his castle all the little children he could catch, that he might devour them at his leisure; and no one but himself had power to pass through the wood.

As the Prince and his attendants were thus conversing and debating on the subject, which they thought a very mysterious one, an aged man (who had overheard their discourse) advanced, and addressed the Prince with,

“ May it please your Highness, it is above fifty years since I heard from my father, (who had been instructed in the particulars by his parent,) that there is in this old castle one of the most lovely Princesses in the world, and the



true heiress of these domains : that she was laid into a sleep that was to last for a hundred years, (which time the old man thought must be very nearly, if not quite expired,) when a young Prince should awake her, and that to him she was to be united in marriage."

The young Prince was delighted at this intelligence, for he was naturally of a romantic turn, and delighted in extraordinary adventures. He likewise felt a presentiment, that he was the Prince for whom this wonderful beauty was reserved by the good fairy : and he nobly resolved to make his way to the edifice whose towering turrets met his view. In vain his attendants endeavoured to dissuade him from what they termed a rash enterprise, that could only end in disappointment or death ; he was as firm to his purpose as an adamantine rock.

But the difficulty of access was found by the royal hero, to be much less in practice than it had been in theory : the trees, bushes, and brambles, gave way of their own accord at his approach, and let him pass through : but his attendants were not so highly honored ; for they closed as the Prince proceeded on, and barred the approach of any other person. The Prince having passed through a long avenue, he came to the Palace gate, proceeded fearlessly on, and entered a spacious court-yard : but he there beheld a sight which inspired him with horror ; and had he been possessed of less fortitude, his feelings must have been entirely overcome. A profound silence reigned ; and on every side the most frightful images presented themselves to his

view: the bodies of men, beasts, and birds, were strewed around. The Prince, recovering from the surprise that had assailed him, examined the countenances of several of these seeming corses; but, to his great satisfaction, discovered, by their breathing, that they only slept. He next entered a porch, and crossing a marble hall, ascended a grand stair-case, which led into the guard-room, where he found the guards standing in ranks, with muskets and halberts on their shoulders; but all in a profound slumber, snoring aloud. He then went through several state rooms, and discovered numbers of persons in the same torpid situation, whom, by the manner of their dress, (which, though in an antiquated style was very rich,) he supposed to be the principal attendants of the sleeping Princess that he so ardently longed to behold.

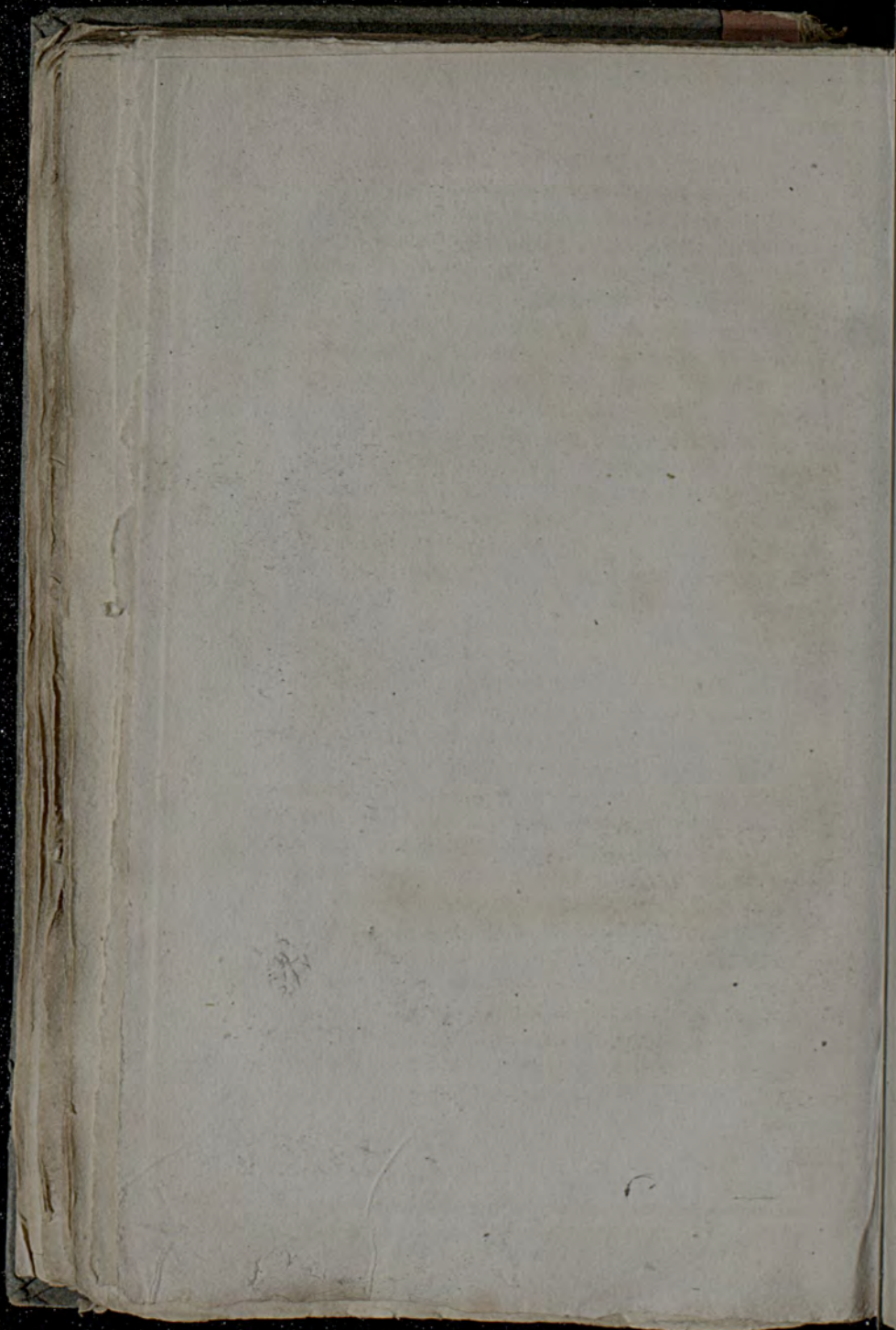
At last he came into a chamber hung with blue, and adorned with gilt ornaments. On a sumptuous bed, the curtains of which were undrawn, he beheld the beauteous fair one. Her eye-lids were fast closed; and the divine lustre of her eyes were wanting to complete the *tout en semble* of her charms. Yet her youthful admirer instantly exclaimed, in extatic accents, that she was the fairest of the creation. He respectfully approached the bed, and taking the hand of the lovely insensible between his own, prostrated himself on his knees, and fervently prayed that she might awake, and bless him with her voice, which he was sure must, from



W. G. del.

J. R. sc.

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her angelic appearance, be harmonious and pleasing.

The Prince did not long endure the horrors of suspense. The enchantment was now at an end; and the Beauty of the Wood, having uttered two or three gentle sighs, arose from her recumbent posture, and, in a few moments, opened the fringed curtains of her brilliant dark eyes.

She regarded the Prince with a look so tenderly expressive, as at first astonished him, he expecting no such reception at a first interview: nor did it appear strictly decorous, till the Princess, whose penetrating eye read in his countenance the sentiments that agitated his bosom, informed him, that the good fairy, who had been so attentive to her welfare, had, for some time past, indulged her in dreams, which had for their chief object, the gallant Prince who was to dissolve the tedious charm.

The Prince, thus satisfied of the delicacy and virtue of his beloved lady, assured her of his inviolable attachment to her, and solicited a return to his ardent passion. After a conversation which lasted four hours, the Princess confessed her love, and they mutually agreed to an immediate union. During this interval, every living creature in the Palace had awoke from their magic slumbers, and betook themselves to the several avocations in which they had formerly been employed in the household.

The principal lady in waiting now entered to announce the supper being ready on the table;

and as she had tasted no food for a hundred years, she was impatient of delay.

The Prince and Princess now repaired to the great hall, where the cloth was laid for their repast; the latter being followed by her beautiful and faithful little spaniel, who had awoke at the same moment with herself. The room that they supped in was hung round with large mirrors, which reflected on every side, the beauty of the Princess and her noble admirer. They were attended by the Princess's officers; and the musicians played some very old but excellent tunes on the violins and hautboys, which were in very excellent tune, considering that they had not been in use for a century. After supper, the royal lovers were united in marriage by one of the chaplains, who had just awoke from his long slumber.

The Prince took an affectionate leave of his lovely bride, at an early hour the next morning, and repaired to his father's Palace. As he went along, he resolved, in his own mind, that it would be most proper for him to conceal for the present, his marriage with the Beauty of the Wood; as he was conscious that, for many reasons, the alliance would not be approved of by the King, who had been preparing credentials to send with an ambassador to a foreign court, where he was to demand for the royal heir, the hand of the illustrious Princess Hermoinda. But the accounts that his Highness had heard of that lady's character and temper disgusted him; and, before he met with the Sleeping Beauty of the Wood, he had secretly

determined never to accept her for a bride, whom he could not even esteem, much more regard with tender sentiments.

The Prince found his father and mother under much alarm for his safety. His presence banished their apprehensions; and they eagerly inquired what had befallen him after he had left his attendants, who in vain had endeavoured to follow him; and having awaited his return till near midnight, returned to the Palace in despair.

The Prince replied, that he had endeavored in vain to force a passage through the mysterious wood; and, after several hours spent in unavailing efforts, he meant to make an immediate retreat from what he now began to consider as a very perilous situation; but the thick interwoven branches, and the gloom of night, rendered this design very difficult to accomplish. When he got freed from this intricate labyrinth, he was so fortunate as to find a cottage, where the humble owner had not yet retired to his lowly pallet. As he had been for some hours employed in seeking for a lamb that had strayed from the fold, he was successful in his search, and had just returned with the fleecy wanderer, when he (the Prince) intreated shelter for the remainder of the night under his peaceful roof. This the shepherd readily granted; and intreated him to appease his hunger with what coarse fare the cottage afforded; an offer that he readily accepted; and left the hut at dawn of day, having first rewarded the shepherd for his hospitality.

The King readily gave credit to this fabricated assertion of his son; for, as he was sincere and candid himself, he did not suspect duplicity in others. Not so the Queen; she did not believe one syllable of what her son had advanced; but she carefully concealed her sentiments, and resolved to watch his actions, which were of such a nature as to justify her suspicions of his deceit.

Under some specious pretence or other, he was always absenting himself from home, and frequently staid out the whole of the night. The Queen was presently informed of this, as she scrupled not to bribe the attendants who waited on her son, to bring her intelligence of all that passed.

The Queen's uneasiness increasing, she sent to demand the presence of her son to a private audience: and she there intreated him to inform her in what manner he passed so much of his time from under their parental roof: but she could gain nought from him but evasive answers; for the Prince dared not entrust her with the secret of his dearest treasure: for though he loved his mother, he feared her; for she was the descendant of a cruel ogree, who delighted in shedding human blood, and regaling himself therewith; and the King would never have espoused such a lady, but for the vast riches she possessed. It was frequently whispered about the court, that the Queen was strongly inclined to become an ogress herself; and that only her fear of her royal husband's putting her to death, if he discovered in her



any such horrid inclination, had restrained her in proper bounds.

Preparations were rapidly making for the Prince's nuptials with the Princess Hermonda; and the much perplexed youth knew not what course to pursue, that would best free him from this dilemma. Sometimes he resolved on a candid acknowledgment of his marriage; then his fears of bringing any evil on his beauteous wife by the important discovery, prevented that design. But, most happily for his Highness, just as the finishing stroke was going to be put to the business, by a yacht being sent to fetch the haughty and masculine Hermoinda, the sudden death of that Princess relieved her involuntary betrothed bridegroom from his painful embarrassment; and the Prince hastened, with unfeigned transport, to communicate this intelligence to his beautiful wife, to whom these proceedings had given great uneasiness, in spite of the affectionate assurances of her husband, who frequently protested, that he would sooner die than forget the fidelity that he owed her. It is true, that the Princess did not so much doubt the continued constancy of the Prince, as she feared that, through her means, he would be involved in some dreadful calamity, that might possibly deprive him of existence.

The King died when the Prince had been married about two years; and our hero was immediately proclaimed as the lawful Sovereign and successor to his father. As soon as the new King was settled on his throne, he went with a splendid retinue to conduct his Queen, and her

two infant children, home to the Palace, which he did with great pomp and magnificence; his beautiful bride, and their offspring, riding in a triumphal car, surrounded by musicians, who performed the most harmonious melodies on their different instruments.

The Queen Dowager received the wife and children of her son with the utmost complacency, and was profuse with her protestations of regard; yet she inwardly cherished an invincible dislike to these charming objects. The beauty of the Princess aroused her jealousy: she thought that she should now be regarded as a mere cypher by her son's subjects; and as she was very fond of admiration, she could not endure the idea, but determined within herself, to destroy the young Queen the first opportunity that presented itself.

Two years after his ascension to the throne, the King went out with his soldiers to make war against a neighbouring Emperor. He left the management of the kingdom to the Queen his mother, earnestly recommending his wife and children to her care: for she had treated them with so much kindness, that he did not in the least fear her doing them any injury, so much was he deceived by her behaviour.

As soon as the King was departed, the Queen sent her daughter-in-law, and the children, to a remote villa that she had lately purchased in the country. In a few days she repaired hither herself. After the first compliments had passed between the Queen and the Beauty of the Wood, the former retired to her own apart-

ment, and sent for the clerk of the kitchen, that she might give orders concerning the next day's dinner. After mentioning two or three favorite dishes that he was to prepare, she ordered him to kill little Morning, the young Queen's daughter, and to roast her with some delicious sauce, and then send her to table.

"O Madam! (exclaimed the poor man;) I cannot do such a wicked deed for—"

"No excuse, (said the ogress:) I will have it done:" and she spoke in a dreadful tone.

The clerk being afraid of the Queen, took a case knife, and went to little Morning's apartment, in order to kill her; but when he saw that innocent child, his heart relented, and he wept bitterly. He took the little Princess, and carried her to his wife, that she might conceal the infant in a remote part of the edifice. He then went and killed a young lamb, which he drest so deliciously, that the Queen was highly pleased, and said, that little Morning was very nice. And her daughter-in-law was led to believe, that her child had fell into a deep well, and was drowned.

In a few days the Queen-Dowager again ordered the clerk of the kitchen into her presence, and bade him kill little Day, and dress him in the same manner as he had done his sister.

The man did not answer, being resolved to impose on her in the same manner that he had done before. He went to the nursery, and taking little Day in his arms, carried him to his wife, that he might be put along with his

sister in her retreat; and he then returned to the kitchen, and dressed a young kid, which he sent to the ogress for her dinner; and she was again much pleased, and quite deceived.

But the worst of the affair was, that in a few days after her last delicate repast, she took a fancy to eat the young Queen also; and the poor clerk despaired of being able to deceive her in this instance; as the Beauty of the Wood was now turned of twenty years of age: so he resolved to kill the fair victim, and save his own life. He therefore took his dagger, and went to the young Queen's apartment, and told her, in the most humane way that he could devise, the cruel orders he had received from his mistress.

"O kill me, I beseech you," (said the afflicted beauty;) and then "I shall go to my beloved children:" for she supposed them to be dead ever since they had been taken from her. "No, fair lady, (said the humane clerk,) all my resolution is flown; and I would sooner die than harm you. Yes, Madam, you shall go to your children." And he then told her by what method he had preserved Day and Morning from the ogress Queen.

He then conducted her to a subterranean apartment; and having brought the children to the young Queen, he staid not to hear her grateful thanks, but went to the kitchen, and dressed a kid, the largest he could find, and sent it up stairs for his mistress's supper, who devoured it with an eager appetite, without discovering the fraud.

She was much delighted with the cruel actions she had performed, and invented a plausible story to clear herself with the King, who was soon expected to return from the wars.

Some weeks elapsed, and the subterraneous fugitives remained in safety; but anxiously wishing the arrival of the King, that they might be restored to their former happy state. But one evening, as the wicked ogress Queen was rambling along the different avenues and courts belonging to the mansion, to see if she could discover any little children with whom she might appease her brutal appetite, she overheard little Day a crying, and his mother correcting him for some fault he had committed, while his affectionate sister was pleading for his pardon. She instantly recognised their several voices; and, highly exasperated at the deceit that had been practised, she conceived a horrid means of revenge.

She went to her bed without noticing the discovery she had made, fearful that they might devise some means to elude her vengeance. She arose with the first dawning of the morn, and, in a voice that made all her auditors tremble, she commanded that the young Queen and her children, with the clerk of the kitchen and his wife, and every one that had been instrumental in concealing her supposed victims, should be brought into the great court yard with their hands tied behind them. This was accordingly done: and she had there caused to be prepared a monstrous tub, full of toads, vipers, snakes, and all sorts of venomous and loathsome

reptiles, into which she ordered the executioner to throw the defenceless objects of her wrath, who in vain pleaded for mercy, or threatened her with the vengeance of the King when he should come to the knowledge of this horrid transaction. Compassion she had none; and she flattered herself that she had ingenuity enough to fabricate some tale, that should make her son believe that she had justly condemned these persons to death. But, O miraculous preservation! just at the moment that the executioner was going to obey his savage employer, the King and his attendants entered the court-yard; and the Queen Dowager, overcome with rage and despair, flung herself headlong into the tub, and suffered the cruel death she had prepared for others.

The King was soon acquainted with what had passed in his absence; and he fervently rejoiced that his Queen and children were preserved to bless his future days: and liberally rewarded the humane clerk of the kitchen, and his family, for their laudable exertions in favor of their royal mistress, and her lovely children.



## CELEMENA.

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**C**ELEMENA was the daughter and sole heir-  
ess of a gentleman of a very large estate ;  
perfectly agreeable in her person, without being  
a beauty. She had a good capacity, and an ex-  
cellent disposition : being such, it is not to be  
wondered at, that her parents were extremely  
tender of her, nor that they made her be in-  
structed in all the accomplishments befitting a  
person of her sex and fortune.

But that to which she most applied herself,  
was music and singing ; she would sit the whole  
day, if not called from it, at her harpsichord,  
practising those lessons which had been given  
her in the morning, and by degrees became so  
attached to it, that in effect she regarded no-  
thing else. Her governees often chid her for  
devoting herself so much to one thing, and re-  
minded her, that though music was very agree-  
able, yet there were other studies more worthy  
her attention, and ought at least to have their  
share. This she seemed sensible of, but could  
not be brought to lay aside her books without  
reluctance ; and whatever she employed herself  
in, the last new song ran always in her head :  
when the hour in which her master in this science  
accustomed to visit her approached, she was  
continually looking on her watch, and if he

came not at the moment she expected, discovered an impatience which was never seen in her on any other score.

This, with some glances she was ignorant of herself, yet observed by the governess, made that careful creature tremble, lest her young charge should be no less pleased with the person of her master than with his art: she kept those suspicions, however, for some time to herself; but imagining that every day gave her fresh reasons to believe they had not deceived her, she thought it her duty to acquaint the mother of Celemena with them.

The old lady imparted what she had heard to her husband; and on reasoning on the subject, when they considered their daughter's youth, her excessive fondness for music, and the handsome person of the man in question, they began to fear the governess had not been mistaken.

After debating what was best to be done in so vexatious an affair, it seemed most proper to them both, to discharge Mr. Quaver from his attendance, without giving any other reason for it, than that they thought Celemena had made a sufficient progress, and had no occasion for further instructions.

The putting this resolution into execution convinced them, that what they feared was too sure a truth. The melancholy which Celemena fell into on the loss of this master, shewed not only that she loved, but also loved him to an uncommon degree. All that could be done for her amusement or diversion, had not the least effect; and the disorders of her mind had so great



an influence over her body, that she fell in a short time into a violent fever. Her life for some days was despaired of; but her youth, strength, and constitution, joined with the skill of the physicians, at length repelled that enemy to nature. The fever left her; but the cause still remaining, threw her into another distemper, which threatened no less fatal, though less sudden consequences. In fine, she had all the symptoms of a consumption; and those who had the care of her, both in her late and present illness, easily perceiving that she laboured under some inward grief, told her parents, that, without that was removed, it would be in vain for them to hope they should preserve their daughter.

A second consultation was held on this afflicting news, between the father, mother, and governess of the young lady; the result of which was, that the latter should, by all the stratagems she could invent, draw her into a confession of the truth. They flattered themselves, that if the secret was once revealed, the arguments they might make use of to her, would enable her to overcome a passion so unworthy of her; but if all failed, they resolved rather to gratify it, than see her perish in the hopeless flame.

It was no difficult matter for a person, who, by her age, doubtless, had some time or other in her life experienced the passion she was about to speak of, to talk of it in such a manner, as should discover the progress of it in another. Celemena betrayed herself without knowing she

did so; and when she found her secret was revealed, scrupled not to confess, that she took a strange liking to Mr. Quaver's person and conversation from the first time he was introduced to her; that the more she saw him, the more her inclination increased, till it entirely engrossed her whole heart; and that by what she had endured since she had been deprived of seeing him, she was very well convinced she could not live without him; but added, that she believed he was ignorant of the love she bore him: "At least, (says she,) I hope he is; for I should die with shame, if I thought he suspected me guilty of a weakness which I cannot forgive in myself."

The governess went directly from her to the old lady's apartment, and related to her the whole of what had passed between them. How great was her affliction any one may guess: but flattering herself that shame might work some effect on her, she bid the governess let her know, she had acquainted both her and her father with the secret; "and you may tell her, (added she,) that you have endeavoured to prevail on us to comply with her inclinations; but that the surprise and grief we are in at hearing she had so much demeaned herself, as to entertain a thought of such a fellow, made us give no answer to what you said."

The governess went immediately about making this essay, though certain in her mind of the little success it would have. The passion Celemena was inspired with, was indeed too strong to be overcome this way: and though dutiful,

and wanting in none of those respects owing from children to their parents, not all the sorrows she occasioned them in this point, had power to turn the current of her affections.

Finding her mother came not into her chamber the next day as usual, she doubted not but her indignation against her passion was at least equal to the grief for her condition; and despairing of any effect of her governess's promises, her heart, overpressed beneath a weight of anguish, refused its accustomed motion, and she fell into faintings, out of which she was not without great difficulty recovered.

Her mother, distracted at the danger of so darling a child, cried out to her, that her inclinations should no longer be opposed; that since Quaver was so necessary to her life, he should immediately be made acquainted with his good fortune, and that the moment of her recovery should join their hands.

As it could not be supposed but that the musician would receive an offer of this nature with an excess of humility and joy, he was sent for, and told by the parents of Celemena, that as, notwithstanding the disparity between them, the young lady had thought him worthy, they too dearly prized her to thwart her inclinations, and would bestow her on him in case he had no previous engagement.

The astonishment he was in at the beginning of this discourse was very visible in his countenance; but being master of a good share of cunning, it abated; and he not only recovered himself intirely before they had finished what

CELEMENA.

they had to say, but also resolved what answer he should make.

He had heard the young lady had been dangerously ill some time, and that she still kept her bed; and so sudden and unexpected a proposal made to him by her parents, left no room to doubt the motive of it: so, without any consideration of what he owed either to her love, or this condescension in them, he meditated only how to make the best bargain he could for his pretty person, which he now thought he could not set too high a value upon.

After having assured them that he was under no engagement, and slightly thanking them for the honour they did him in making choice of him for a son-in-law, he begged leave to know what portion they intended to give their daughter.

Such a question from a man whom they expected would have rather thrown himself at their feet all in extacy and transport, might very well astonish them: they looked one upon another for some minutes, without being able to reply; but the father first regaining presence of mind, "Mr. Quaver, (said he,) since I am willing to give my daughter to you, there is little room for you to suppose I should bestow a beggar on you; but since you seem to doubt it, I will put five thousand pounds into your hands for the present, and, according as I find you behave, will add to it."

"Five thousand pounds! (cried the musician.) Sir, I live very well as I am on my bu-

siness, and will not sell my liberty for twice the sum."

Nothing could have been a greater proof of the consideration this tender father had of his child, than that he did not resent this arrogance in the object of her affection, by ordering his footmen to turn him out of doors; but his fears for her over-ruled all he owed to himself, and he only replied, "Well, Mr. Quaver, I will think of your demand; and if you call to-morrow, will acquaint you with the result."

It would be needless to repeat the shock such a behaviour must be to persons of their rank and figure in the world; or how great an aggravation it was to their affliction, that Celemena should have bestowed her heart on a man whose mind was as sordid as his birth was mean. They were fearful of acquainting her with the little regard he seemed to have for her; but, on her being extremely urgent to know what had passed at an interview her peace was so deeply interested in, they at last ventured to repeat not only the demand that Quaver had made, but also described the insolent manner in which he spoke and looked; but withal assured her, that for her sake they would both forgive, and comply with it.

Celemena listened attentively to the narrative, but seemed much less troubled than their apprehensions had suggested: she fainted not, she even wept not; but, after a little pause, thanked her father for the unexampled tenderness he expressed for her, and beseeched him, that since he was so good to grant every thing

desired by a man, who, she confessed, was worthy of little, either from him or herself, that she might be placed the next day in some room, where she might hear, unseen by him, how he received the condescension that would be made him.

This request was easily granted; and when they were told he was below, a servant was ordered to conduct him into a room divided only by a thin wainscot from Celemena's chamber.

"Well, Mr. Quaver, (said the old gentleman,) I think you told me yesterday, that the price at which you set your liberty was ten thousand pounds. It is certainly a great sum for a person of your vocation, who has no other jointure to make my daughter than a few music books; but as she has set her heart upon you, I will not refuse you, and the money shall be paid on the day of marriage."

"Alas! Sir (replied the other,) I am sorry I was so unhappy to be mistaken. I told you that I would not marry for twice the sum you offered at first, which you may remember was five thousand pounds; and I think you cannot give me less than fifteen thousand, and five thousand at the birth of the first child. Besides, I expect you should settle your whole estate on me after your decease, that your daughter, who I know is heiress, may not assume too much, as many wives do, when they have the power of receiving rents lodged in their own hands."

At these words the father was obliged to summon all his moderation, yet could not restrain himself from crying out, "Heavens! what

have I donè to merit a punishment so severe !  
Unhappy Celemena, to love where there is  
nothing but what ought to create contempt !”

“ Whatever opinion you may have of me, Sir,  
(returned Quaver, with a most audacious air,) I  
know myself, and shall not abate an ace of my  
demand : if you think fit to comply with it, I  
will make a good husband to your daughter ; if  
not, I am your humble servant.”

Celemena no sooner heard this, than she sent  
her governess to beg her father to come into  
her chamber before he made any farther reply  
to what was said ; and, on his entering, threw  
herself at his feet, and embracing his knees  
with a vehemence which surprised him, “ O,  
Sir, (said she,) by all the love and tenderness  
you have ever used me with, by this last, the  
greatest proof sure that ever child received, I  
conjure you, suffer not yourself nor me to be  
one moment longer affronted and insulted by  
that unworthy fellow, whom I almost hate my-  
self for ever having had a favourable thought  
of : spurn him, I beseech you, from your pre-  
sence ; let him seek a wife more befitting him  
than Celemena, who now hates and scorns him.”

“ But are you certain, my dear, (said this  
fond father,) that you can persist in these sen-  
timents ?”

“ For ever, Sir, (answered she :) and your  
commands to unite me to such a wretch, would  
now render me more miserable, than two days  
past your refusal would have done.”

It is not to be doubted but that the old gentle-  
man was transported at this unlooked-for change ;

and returning to Quaver, whom he found looking in the glass, and humming over a tune of his own composing, he told him, "That the farce was entirely over. Celemena had only a mind to divert herself with his vanity, which having done, he might go about his business, for there was no danger of her dying, unless it were with laughing at his so easily believing that to be serious which was only a jest."

The musician, so lately blown up with self-conceit, was now quite crushed at once; he looked like one transfixed with thunder; but when he was about to say something in a stammering voice, the old gentleman cut him short, by telling him in the most contemptuous manner, "That as neither himself nor his daughter had any disposition to continue the frolic, he had no more business there; but might go home, and dream of a fine lady with fifteen thousand pounds, and a great estate."

To prove how much he was in earnest, he rang the bell, and ordered his servants to shew him out; on which he muttered something between his teeth, and went away justly mortified, and ready to hang himself for what he had lost by his egregious folly.

Celemena, perfectly cured of her passion, and no otherwise troubled, than ashamed of having ever entertained one for a person such as he had now proved himself, soon resumed her former health and vivacity; and was some time after married to a person of condition, who knew how to esteem her as he ought.

[T. Maiden, Sherbourne-Lane.



THE  
TRAVELLERS;

OR,

PRINCE OF CHINA.

BY SARAH WILKINSON.

**Z**APHIMIRA, hereditary Prince of China, being desirous to visit foreign nations, that he might inform himself of their various customs, laws, and forms of government, more accurately and impartially than he could glean from books, or the accounts of interested persons, who might purposely wish to mislead his ideas respecting men and manners, solicited permission of the Emperor, his royal father, to be allowed to travel. He purposed to repair to Constantinople with Koyan, his companion, and a few necessary attendants: from thence to Italy; and then to the far-famed and highly favored shores of Britain. There he meant to reside for a twelvemonth, and then to return to his native land.

The deciding this request was an affair of too much importance for the Emperor to venture

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 on in his own person, though he perfectly approved the plan his son adopted to render him more worthy of his future dignity. He gave orders for the assemblage of his chief Mandarins, and laid before them the mutual desires of himself and son, and besought their council. After a short deliberation, they perfectly acquiesced in his measures; and the Prince, and his train, had leave to prepare for their departure from the Chinese court.

Previous to this event, Zaphimira fell violently in love with a beautiful young fair one, who lived with her mother retired some miles from the court. He first saw her when he had lost his attendants during a fatiguing chase, and was wandering to find some path which gave signs of its being a human track. He pursued one that led to the house of Mindora, the mother of the fair Celinda. The ladies received him very courteously, and presented him with suitable refreshments; and he was soon after surprised by the welcome intelligence, that Mindora and Celinda were the mother and sister of Koyan, his beloved friend and companion, a youth who had been presented to his notice by the chief Mandarin as the offspring of unfortunate parents, whose real story must be concealed from his knowledge.

Zaphimira had high and exalted notions of honor, and all confidential trusts reposed in him. He treated Koyan with fraternal affection; but never descended to the meanness of endeavoring to learn the extraction of his favorite, or the events that had excited for him

an interest in the breast of the chief Mandarin. He behaved to Celinda and her mother with the same consideration; and fearful lest, by any discovery of the treasure he had found, he should be the innocent author of any harm to the amiable mother and daughter, he carefully concealed from all his courtiers the visits that he made to the retired mansion of Mindora.

The frequency of the Prince's visits began to alarm Koyan and his mother for the honour and peace of Celinda.

Their disparity of rank, and a variety of other circumstances, apparently forbade all thoughts of a union between Zaphinaira and Celinda; while, at the same time, it was easy for any attentive observer to see, that they were more than commonly prepossessed in favor of each other, which prepossession was most likely to end in regret and disappointment, if not more fatal consequences. Thus situated, Mindora found herself under the distressing obligation of signifying to the Prince, the necessity she felt for renouncing the pleasures of his visits. This she did in the most delicate manner possible; though at the same time, the meaning of her words were so peremptory, as to preclude the royal lover from any hopes of conquering the resolution she had formed.

Zaphimira endeavored, amidst a round of varying pleasures, to forget Celinda, and erase the impression she had made on his youthful heart: but these efforts met with no success, and love reigned triumphant.

THE TRAVELLERS.

When he had formed his resolution to visit foreign nations, and obtained leave of his father, and the Mandarins, to carry his design into execution, he determined to effect, if possible, an interview with Celinda. Through one part of Mindora's grounds there ran a canal, which communicated with a public river, on which there were several fishermen, with their boats, constantly employed. The Priace, unattended by any of his train, procured, by a valuable present, the assistance of one of these fishermen, who conveyed him to the canal before mentioned. He chose the hour that he was aware to be the usual one in which Celinda generally took the morning air; nor was he disappointed. She was alone: and, after the first surprise of meeting was over, she listened to his vows with the most flattering attention. He informed her of his intended departure from China; breathed his inviolable attachment, and intreated her to give him the like assurance, as a support to his spirits in the long absence that must necessarily occur ere they could hope for the transporting happiness of meeting again. Celinda, thus urged, assured him of her fidelity and truth: and Zephimira departed with a mind tranquillized by this pleasing interview, and a heart thrilling with the purest love.

Celinda shared the same tender sentiments; but her transports, at the re-assurance of the Prince's love, were allayed by the thoughts of the separation he had announced, and dashed the cup of happiness from her lips.

When Celinda returned to her mother, she felt pained at the concealment she was obliged to make of her interview with her royal lover. Her amiable heart shrunk from the idea of deception; but necessity dictated the part she was compelled to perform.

The entrance of her brother, the brave Koyan, relieved her embarrassment, and she prepared to listen, with eager avidity, to a communication she expected from him, and of which Mindora had not the most distant idea.

The youth, after a few passing inquiries as to the health of his revered mother and beloved sister, informed them of the intended travels of his Prince, in which he was to accompany him; and ended his recital, by mentioning England as the nation where they were, at the Emperor's desire, to make their longest residence during their absence from China. "England!" echoed Mindora, with the most expressive accent. "O, you, my son, have named a country which harrows up a thousand painful ideas in my soul: yet hope revives in this beating heart. A thought has crost my brain; may it prove propitious to a wish which has hitherto been unavailing, though often breathed with pious fervency.

"Hear me, children, Koyan, Celinda, now dearest treasures of my soul, hear me with attention. As yet you are ignorant of the events to which you owe your birth. A father's fostering care has been denied you; but on that account, I have redoubled my solicitude, that, in your infant years, you might be less sensible

of that deprivation. I have hitherto purposely misled you to believe, that both your parents were Chinese. You are now of age sufficient to be entrusted with that mystery, and circumstances demand that the veil of deception be instantly removed from your eyes. England was the birth-place of your sire."

"Amusement! (exclaimed Koyan.) I can scarce credit the words I hear, so singular must be such an event in our country."

"Singular, indeed, my son, (said Mindora, resuming her discourse.) But I will explain the unhappy circumstance. Captain Edward Hawser, your father, was shipwrecked on the Chinese coast. Himself, and a few common sailors, were the only persons who escaped from the dire catastrophe. My father, one of the principal Mandarins of the court, received the Captain and his followers, and entertained them with hospitality; a circumstance that excited some astonishment, as my father, from some cause that had occurred to him in his youth, had imbibed a prejudice against the English in general. However, young Hawser proved an exception to this unjust hatred. My father made him recount all his naval exploits and sufferings: for, though Hawser was yet very young, he had seen several years of service, having been placed on board a man of war when quite a lad.

"What I at first took for pity and admiration, I, alas! discovered to be love. I listened with complacency to Edward's adulation, and at length agreed to become his bride, in spite

of every obstacle with which we were surrounded. A chaplain belonging to an English vessel, then laying near the coast, united our hands; our hearts being previously cemented by mutual love.

“Some months passed on with the utmost felicity that could be expected from a concealed marriage: I then discovered my pregnancy. I acquainted Edward with this circumstance, which, had it not been for our perplexing situation, would have filled our hearts with joy and gratitude. We began to form plans to insure our mutual safety, and that of our expected offspring; but as yet had come to no exact determination, when all my hopes were crushed by a dreadful and unlooked-for stroke. My father, by some means which he never yet disclosed to me, became acquainted with our clandestine union. All his former regard for Edward turned to inveterate hate. He formed the treacherous plan of having him privately assassinated. The execution of this plot was happily prevented by an attendant of my father's, who was highly attached to me and my unfortunate husband, by warning him of this design; and poor Edward was forced to seek safety in flight, and abandon his hapless Minda, and the first pledges of our love.

“My father regarded our marriage as nought from its being performed according to the English rites; but I thought far different. Edward's faith was mine; and I looked up to Heaven for that peace which the world could not give.

“As my pregnancy became obvious, my father loaded me with unmerited reproaches; and, in order, as he cruelly said, to conceal me and my shame from the world, sent me to this retirement, which I have never quitted; nor till now felt a desire to that effect.

“In this seclusion my father seldom honored me with his presence; and I endeavored to fortify my mind to struggle against the fate that persecuted me. Retirement, instead of being irksome to me, was a blessing. I was neither subjected to impertinent curiosity, or a false pity, that wounds more than it heals; but could portion out my time as I pleased, and think of my absent Edward, and sigh forth his name without fear of censure.

“The time of peril arrived; bitter was my mental as well as corporeal anguish. I had no tender mother to comfort me; no adoring husband to soften my pains, by his endearing sollicitude; all was cheerless sorrow and anxiety. I gave birth to two fine babes, a boy and a girl. You, my Koyan, and my Celinda, dear twins of my affection, as I folded you to my maternal bosom, life appeared once more to possess a charm. In you, my son, I beheld a being whom I flattered myself might, when of a proper age perform a dutiful act, and repairing to the British shores, make inquiries concerning the existence or death of your beloved father.

“My father still continued me in this retirement: nor in the many years that elapsed between that event and his decease, did he ever relent, or endeavor to recall my Edward to the



connections from which he had torn him. But in justice to his merit, let me acknowledge, that he settled on me and my children, and heirs for ever, a liberal fortune: and on his death-bed imparted to the chief Mandarin, the particulars of my unfortunate story under a seal of secrecy, which he has ever kept inviolate, as a disclosure might expose me to the resentment of the Emperor. Every person who was acquainted with our family, was aware that I was the victim of an ill-fated, clandestine marriage; but none knew the object of my attachment, with the exception of some faithful domestics, long since deceased. The Mandarin has proved himself a kind friend, by recommending you to the notice of our bounteous Prince Zaphimira, whose protection and friendship you have so happily gained; a protection that my fond heart urges me to hope, may lead us all to happiness, and those dear ties which every human heart ought to love and revere."

Mindora then acquainted her son, that it was her determination to join the travellers in their visits to foreign nations, under a plea of endeavoring to renovate her impaired constitution, but, in fact, to use her utmost vigilance to find her long-lost husband. Her age, and being the mother of Koyan, would, she observed, exempt her from any suspicion of impropriety. As to Celinda, she dreaded the thoughts of leaving her behind, during such a length of time as must necessarily occur in the Prince's search after knowledge: besides, should Mindora's plan be crowned with success, her daughter's presence

would be wanted, as all thoughts of returning with the Prince to China would then be abandoned.

Koyan declared against the possibility of Celinda's accompanying them in their tour, as highly inconsistent with female honor and propriety; especially as the prince beheld her with more than common admiration.

At length all these difficulties were done away by Mindora's proposing that Celinda should accompany them in the disguise of a page; a dress which, in the Chinese costume, was not indelicate for a female to wear, and which was now warranted by the emergency of the case.

Koyan consented with pleasure to this arrangement, and undertook to introduce Akim, the supposed page, to his Royal master, as a fit person to attend him in his tour,

The DEVOUEMENT answered expectation. The Prince readily agreed to Mindora's accompanying them, and accepted the page with many expressions of pleasure at this acquisition.

Previous to their departure, the Prince requested Mindora to allow him a farewell interview with her amiable daughter. With much seeming reluctance she acquiesced; and Celinda received his adieus, and returned them, without leading Zaphimira in the least to suspect the innocent deception she was preparing to practise.

Our travellers arrived at Constantinople in safety, and were received by the Grand Vizier with the respect due to their exalted rank.

The beauties of the Haarem were all drawn forth to attract the admiration of the Prince.

and shew their skill in dancing; Zaphimira having declared the fascinations that both instrumental and vocal music had on his soul. The Vizier determined to convince the Prince of the treasure he himself possessed in the charming Parasadé, one of the greatest beauties in the seraglio, who joined to the graces of person, one of the most melodious voices, he sent for her to sing in their presence. She acquitted herself in the most exquisite manner, and gave extreme delight to all who heard her, except Celinda, who, for the first time in her life, experienced the tormenting, baneful pangs of jealousy, when she beheld the earnestness with which the Prince regarded the expressive countenance of the fair Parasade.

When the Visier and his friends were summoned to a splendid banquet, prepared for them, Zaphimira imprudently lingered behind, and succeeded in obtaining a short converse with Parasade, while he delegated to Celiada, (the supposed Akim,) the task to watch and give them notice of any one's approach.

In the ardor of youthful passion, prudence, and his vows to Celinda, were forgot. He acquainted Parasade, that he should make no attempts to rescue her from the Haarem, as his love for her could be but transient; as he had betrothed himself to a lady in his own country; yet, after this confession, he exerted his eloquence, and overcame her scruples so far, as to obtain from her a promise of admitting him through a private passage to her chamber in the dead of night. The Prince and Parasadé then

B

parted; and the page in vain endeavored to divert Zaphinira from his intended purpose.

Parasade was faithful to her promise; and the Prince passed some hours with her, devoid of apprehension. On repeating his visit next night, he was not so fortunate, being surprised by the keepers of the women, and delivered to the janizaries, to be cast into a dungeon till the subsequent day, that the Grand Vizier might pass sentence on him for violating the sanctity of his haarem. It was of no avail the Prince arguing against this indignity to his person: he was informed, that his rank should not screen him from the punishment due to his crime.

The Prince was confined in a tower near to the ramparts of the Grand Vizier's palace, and a centinel appointed to guard him. Poor Celinda was almost distracted between grief and apprehension. She revolved in her mind several plans for his releasement: but none appeared in her power to accomplish.

The first streaks of morning light began to appear in the sky, and convinced Celinda that there was no time to be lost in attempting to rescue the Prince from his perilous situation.

She ran to Mindora's chamber, and hastily snatching up a long white veil, departed without awaking her mother, whose alarm she was fearful would render the scheme abortive, that she meant to pursue. Celinda hastened to the ramparts, and wrapping the veil around her in a spectre like form, descended the steps towards the centinel. As soon as she had gained his affrighted gaze on her terrific appearance,

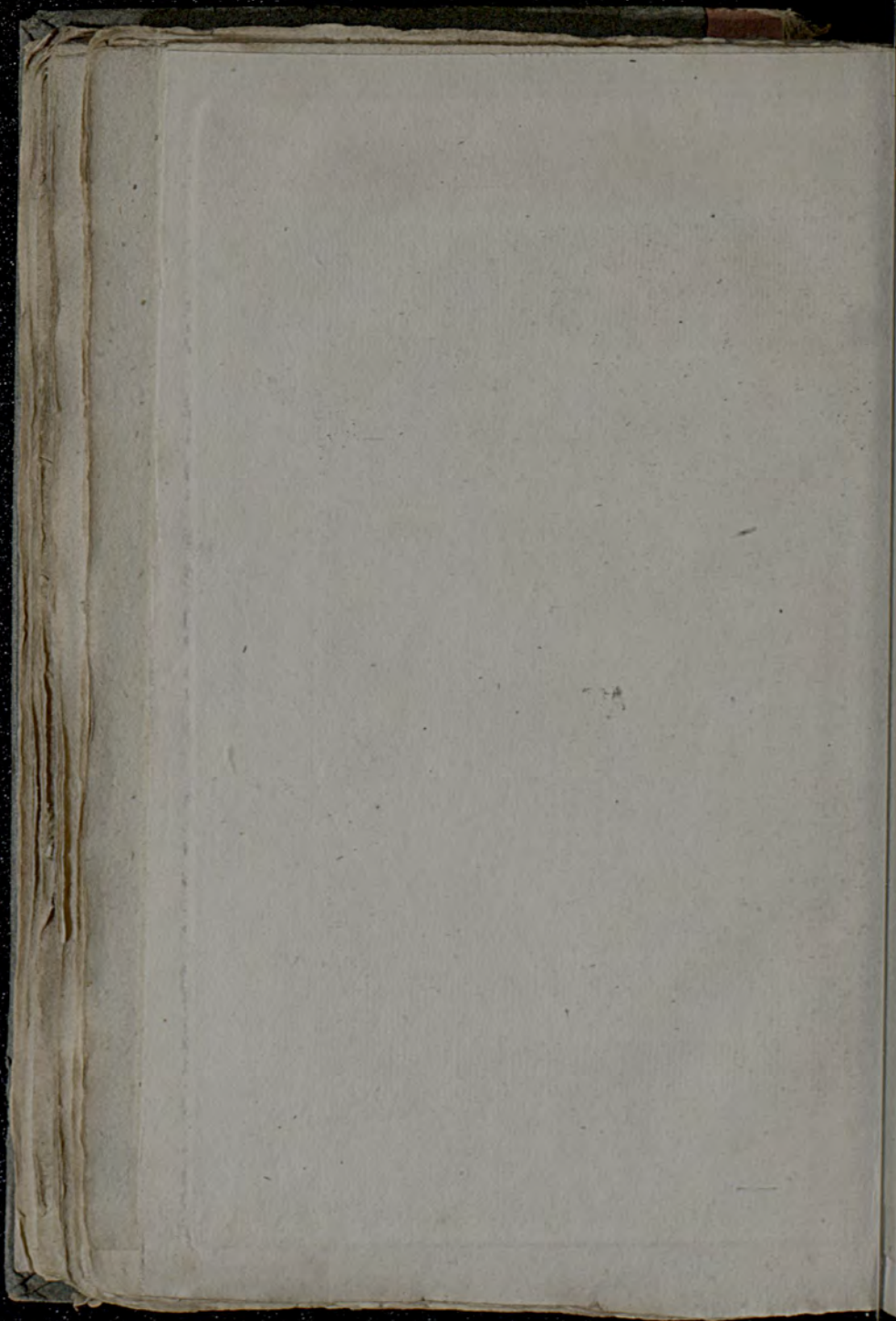


The TRAVELLERS

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Published by & for R. Roe, 1806.



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she sung the following words in a slow and solemn accent.

Hear me! Soldier! Hear me!  
 Just on that fatal ground  
 My hero dead was found.  
     Pity!--Soldier---Pity!  
 Deep in his faithful heart  
 An Arab fix'd his dart!  
 And I, his trembling bride,  
 Beheld the wound, and dy'd!  
     Pity!--Soldier--Pity!

The man, terrified beyond expression at the supposed spectre advancing towards him, retreated a few steps, and fell senseless on the ground. Celinda seized the keys, and liberating the grateful Zaphinira from bondage, advised him to immediate flight. Mindora and the attendants were soon in readiness; and they embarked on board their own vessel ere the Turks were apprised of their design. The Prince felt disgusted by the despotism he had witnessed at Constantinople, and rejected its government as unworthy of his imitation.

Nothing material occurred till their arrival in Italy, except the affection the Prince demonstrated for his faithful page, whom he often rallied on his apparent dejection; affirming that he had left his love behind, and that a prior attachment steeled his heart against the numerous beauties they beheld in their travels.

The page denied the charge; protesting he had left no one behind for whom he sighed,

having hitherto been regardless of the beauty of the female sex.

The Prince was invited to take up his abode with the Duke Possipo, whither he repaired, accompanied by Koyan and Mindora, with their attendants. The Marchioness Merida, a lovely widow, was at this time under the protection of his Grace, by a will of her late husband's: but it was the Duke's design to win this charming woman for his bride: but the coldness with which she received his devoirs, left him small room to hope, and much for jealousy: a characteristic toible of his country, which he possessed in a violent degree. The inadvertent sprightliness of the Marchioness often gave him occasion to display his natural temper: though his suspicions were entirely groundless, it being the fair one's fixed resolve never to enter into second nuptials, having suffered too much from the tyrannic cruelty of her late husband, again to resign her liberty to another's keeping.

The Prince of China had not been long under his roof, when the Duke supposed him to be a rival, and bore him, on that account, the most invincible hatred.

The fact was, that both the Prince and the Marchioness were fond to enthusiasm of vocal and instrumental music. Merida was a scientific performer, having made music her principal study from earliest youth. The Prince listened with avidity to her communications on that interesting subject: and she as readily obliged him: thus an innocent friendship and admiration, was mistook for love; by the jealous



Duke; and he revolved in his mind, the horrid idea of sacrificing Zaphimira to his unjust revenge.

Celinda, ever on the watch to guard her loved Prince from danger, suspected, from Posilipo's countenance, all was not right, and she resolved to keep a strict eye on his actions. One evening she beheld him from the balcony of her apartment, repairing with hasty strides towards the ruins of a temple adjacent to the grounds that surrounded the ducal palace.

Celinda quickly descended, and taking another path, arrived in time to secrete herself behind some of the ruins ere the Duke arrived at the temple. A few minutes elapsed, and two bravoes made their appearance, and bowing to his Grace with profound reverence, requested to know his commands.

"Sanguini and Calvetti, (said the Duke,) I regard you as men who know your trade, and who bury in eternal silence the deeds you are hired to perpetrate."

"We are always faithful to our employers, (replied Sanguini,) and care not in whose bosoms we plant our daggers, so the act's well rewarded by the foes of the slain."

"Fear us not, my Lord, (said Calvetti :) we are expert at our calling: point out the person whom you wish to remove, and conclude the murder as good as done. The victim shall not escape our vigilance."

"Enough, enough, (replied the Duke :) I am satisfied. Take this purse; share the contents between you. This evening the deed

must be performed. To morrow, at the same hour as this, I will meet you here, and bring the further reward of an action which will give peace to my anxious breast. Do you know the person of my illustrious guest, the Prince of China."

Both the bravoes answered in the negative.

"In yonder orange-walk he now takes the air. Observe him well."

"My Lord, we do."

"He is now returning to the interior of the palace, to take coffee with the Marchioness. Just before he retires for the night, he takes a solitary walk about the grounds, entirely alone; but as we know not what avenue he may take, we must render our plan secure, by your waiting for him in the very porch through which he must pass. Then stab him to the heart, and secure yourselves from observation by instant flight."

The Duke and the bravoes retired different ways: and Celinda, overcome with horror at the barbarous project she had heard, could scarce preserve herself from fainting. At last recovering, she returned to the palace, in hopes of an opportunity of speaking to the Prince, and informing him of the impending danger; but none offered; and she heard one of the attendants say, at a very late hour, that his Highness was gone to take his accustomed promenade in the grounds.

Distracted with apprehension, she hastened to the hall of the palace, and snatching up a large Italian surcoat belonging to one of the

visitors, went to the spot where she thought it most likely to meet Zaphimira. She was successful; and presenting him the coat, prevailed on him to put it on; affirming, that the air of the night was damp and chill. The Prince thanked his supposed page for his tender assiduity, and condescended to promise that he would return to the palace after a very short walk.

Celinda ascended a turret, and from its gratings had the pleasure to observe the safe return of him who possess her tenderest love.

The confusion and surprise of the Duke was unequalled when he beheld the Prince enter the saloon. He at first thought it was his ghost, but was soon undeceived. He descended to the portico, and found the bravoës waiting for their prey. He accused them of negligence; but they asserted, that no one had passed them, but a gentleman wrapt in a large surtout. His Grace now saw that, by some unforeseen means, his design had been frustrated; for he had never observed his Highness at any time in his walks wear more than his ordinary clothing.

Posilipo now conducted the bravoës to a long gallery, and hid them in an obscure niche, with instructions to stab the Prince as he passed to his chamber; his attendants always leaving him at the head of the great stair-case.

Celinda was prepared for this, as the expedient most likely for the Duke to pursue. She took a lute, and repaired to the gallery. Her keen observation soon espied the ambushed villains, and she retreated to another

part, without their having perceived her entrance. She played a few notes on the instrument, and by this manœuvre struck terror to the assassins. Their gloomy consciences instantly depicted to them a host of spirits. Celinda now passed them with a glimmering light in one hand; and waving the other with expressive motion, she sang a melancholy dirge, purporting herself a Chinese spectre, and predicting the approaching death of the Prince. This calmed the fears of the bravoes for themselves, and served as an assurance that they should succeed in their iniquitous design.

The supposed spectre then uttered a short sentence relative to its intention of visiting the Prince's chamber, and took a contrary direction from the apartment which the Duke had pointed out to the bravoes.

Sanguini acquainted his companion with the idea he had formed, that the Prince had changed his chamber, and proposed to take the apparition for a guide.

To this Calvetti acquiesced; and the bravoes followed Celinda, who directed their course through some long dark passages, where she kept them in expectation, till such time as she was certain the Prince must have gained his chamber in safety. She then extinguished her light; and hastening down a private stair-case, escaped from the assassins.

Sanguini and his companion again found themselves deluded; and were lost in silent wonder at the machinations which had hitherto

preserved the prey they had destined to their destructive daggers.

They groped their way back to the gallery with difficulty, where an unexpected catastrophe occurred; and punished the guilty.

The Duke, anxious to learn the result of his design against the Prince, repaired to the gallery, and was surprised at neither meeting with the bravoës, nor with the murdered body of Zaphimira. He listened with eagerness, and was almost convinced that he heard the Prince breathe within his chamber. He gently opened the door, resolving, if the royal youth was awake, to frame an apology for his conduct. He entered the chamber, and found Zaphimira in a peaceful slumber. He had not a dagger with him; besides, he wished to transfer the execution of the deed to abler hands. He was retreating from the bed-side, in order to seek the bravoës, just as they entered; and mistaking the Duke, in his wrapping night-gown, for Zaphimira, they planted their weapons in his breast; exclaiming, that the murder at last was accomplished. Celinda at that moment approached, with an intent to impart to his Highness the treachery of the Duke, when, hearing the bravoës' words, she concluded that the Prince was slain. Regardless of her own danger, she uttered the most piercing shrieks; exclaiming, the Prince was murdered. The gallery was instantly filled with persons, among whom Zaphimira appeared, and caught the fainting page in his arms.

Celinda was overjoyed on her recovery, to find the Prince safe, and imparted to her wondering auditors, all she knew: and they sincerely congratulated the Prince on his escape, who overwhelmed his page with thanks and praises, and declared he should never be happy when the boy was absent from him.

Our travellers now embarked in their yacht for England; but encountering a rude storm, they would have perished in the ocean, but for the humanity of the commander of a man of war, who observed their distress, and humanely sent boats to bring the almost despairing crew on board his ship.

The Admiral, on perceiving that the principal persons were Chinese, was visibly affected; and being asked if their presence brought any unpleasant recollections to his mind, he related, that twenty years since, he had been shipwrecked on the Chinese coast, and was there hospitably received; but having privately married a Chinese lady, he was forced to fly, and abandon her pregnant with a dear pledge of their love.

“Two dear pledges, (said Mindora, starting forward, and casting herself into the Admiral’s arms.) Has absence so obliterated my features from your presence, that you forget your faithful wife? But, perhaps, you are now, O, distracting thought! the husband of another.”

“No, my angelic love! (exclaimed the enraptured husband,) I have always preserved my faith inviolate, though despairing of ever seeing you more. Welcome to my heart, dear

children; my unexpected treasures. England has rewarded my valor, and riches have poured on me in abundance. Must we part again, Mindora?"

A scene now followed that no description can equal. The Prince found in his page and deliverer, his loved Celinda, to whom he immediately offered his hand; and it was agreed that she should return with him (after some months residence in England) to China, where Zaphimira was assured that his father, when he heard her adventures, would receive her with transport.

Mindora was to remain with her loved Edward. Koyan was to be declared his heir; and a naval life suiting his heroic disposition, the Admiral intended to procure him a honorable post.

The Prince was charmed with the customs and government of the English, and returned to China with his fair Princess, much improved by his travels. They were received by the Emperor with parental affection; and thus were all parties rendered completely happy.

*A SPECIMEN OF THE SONGS.*

MR. BRAHAM AS KOYAN.

Deep as the fountains of this beating heart,  
Free as the vital streams from thence that  
flow;

Dear as my life, with which I'd sooner part,  
Than forget to thee, the gratitude I owe.

Unvarying with the varied change,  
Thro' coast or climate as we range,

No, no, no, no, no, mother no,

I'll ne'er forget the love, the gratitude I owe.

Blythe as the rays that cheer the blushing morn,  
Puls'd in this heart, dear sister, dost thou move;

Blest with each charm, that can thy sex adorn,  
Yet, sister, Oh, dear sister, beware of love!

Unvarying with the varied change,  
Thro' coast or climate as we range:

Yes, yes, yes, yes, Oh! sister, yes,

Beware, beware of love.

---

 MR. BRAHAM AS KOYAN.

He was fam'd for deeds of arms,

She, a maid of envy'd charms;

Now to him her love imparts,

One pure flame pervades both hearts:

Honor calls him to the field,

Love to conquest now must yield;

Sweet maid! he cries, again I'll come to thee,

When the glad trumpet sounds a victory!



Rattle now with fury glows!  
 Hostile blood in torrents flows:  
 His duty tells him to depart,  
 She press'd her hero to her heart,  
 And now the trumpet sounds to arms,  
 Amid the clash of rude alarms!

He with love and conquest burns,  
 Both subdue his mind by turns:  
 Death the soldier now enthralls!  
 With his wounds the hero falls!--  
 She disdain'g war's alarms,  
 Rush'd and caught him in her arms!  
 O Death!--he cries, thou'rt welcome now to me!  
 For hark!--The trumpet sounds a victory!

---

MR. JOHNSTONE as O'GALLAGHER.

O what a dainty fine thing is the girl I love!  
 She fits my finger as neat as a Lim'rick glove;  
 If that I had her just down by yon mountain side,  
 'Tis there I would ax her if she would become  
 my bride:  
 The skin on her cheek, is red as Eve apple;  
 Her pretty round waist, with my arms I'd soon  
 grapple,  
 But when that I ax'd her, for leave just to fol-  
 low her,  
 She cock'd up her nose, and cried, No, Mr  
 Gallagher.

O Cicely; my jewel, the Dickens go with you,  
 why

If that you're cruel, 'tis down at your feet I'll  
 lie,

'Case you're hard-hearted, I'm melted to skin  
 and bone!

Sure you'd me pity to see me both grunt and  
 groan.

But all I could say, her hard heart could not  
 mollify.

Still she would titter, and giggle, and look so  
 shy,

Then with a frown, I'm desir'd not to follow  
 her;

Isn't this pretty usage for Mr. O'Gallagher?

'Twas at Balligally, one Easter, I met with her,  
 Into Jem Garvey's I went, where I sat with her;  
 Cicely, my jewel, if that you will be my own,  
 Soon father Luke he will come, and he'll make  
 us one:

On hearing of this, how her eyes they did glis-  
 ter bright,

Cicely, my jewel, I'll make you my own this  
 night.

When that she found me determin'd to follow  
 her,

I'm your's, she then cried out, sweet Mr.  
 O'Gallagher.

## *Effects of Beneficence.*

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**W**HATSOEVER opinion may be formed of the following story, which is founded on facts, and whatsoever sentiments it may tend to excite, I am persuaded, one reflection, in particular, will arise unsuggested in the breasts of my philanthropical friends; they will reflect with pleasure, that the indulgence of a philanthropical temper, and the performance of benevolent actions, may produce effects so beneficial, as to mock calculation; and in ways beyond the reach of conjecture; and at times when expectation is dead.

Mr. Eden, of Wildrose-hall, had made his fortune in India. A short time before his return to England, having seen at Calcutta, an amiable and beautiful lady, the cousin and companion of Lady Alwin, the wife of Colonel Alwin, and never considering her small dowry as any objection, he asked and received her hand. He regarded her beauty, amiable disposition, and accomplishments, as sufficient dowry: nor was he disappointed, for she was as deserving as she was fair. On his return to Britain, he purchased a fine house and extensive park in the western part of Essex: and, having nothing to accuse himself during his residence in the East, and being therefore as easy in mind as in external circumstances, he flattered himself with the prospect of happiness.

One dark autumnal evening, soon after he had taken possession of his villa, while sitting in his parlour, during a dreadful storm of rain, thunder, and lightning, a post chaise drove up to his door; and he was informed, an old gentleman wished for permission to pass the night in his house. He learned too, that the stranger was just come from the Continent; that he was on his way from Colchester to London; that the driver, not well acquainted with the country, and confounded with the violence of the tempest, had mistaken the lane that lead to Wildrose-hall for the road to Rumsford; and that the gentleman was so ill, he could not venture to go as far as the nearest inn. It is needless to say, he was received with the kindest welcome. For, besides that Mr. Eden's humanity would have so inclined him, there was something particularly interesting in the grey hair, dignified carriage, open countenance, and dejected air of the stranger. He remained at the hall till he somewhat recovered; and, in that time, the prepossession of Eden in his behalf grew into strong attachment.

"I have been indeed unfortunate, (said the old gentleman, giving some account of himself, as soon as his strength permitted him;) and I know not that my misfortunes are at an end. I was happily established, in the early part of my life, as a physician, in the north of England. By the death of an uncle, in the island of Antigua, and whose name I was, by his will, directed to assume, I succeeded to a considerable fortune. It was necessary, however, that I

should go thither, to receive the investiture and possession of his property and estates. The vessel in which I sailed, was seized by a Moorish pirate, was carried to Barbary, and I was never heard of by my friends; for the Governor of Mogadore, learning my profession, sent me immediately to Fez, to render what assistance I could to the Emperor of Morocco, who was, at that time, afflicted with a dangerous malady. I was willing, from every consideration, to give him all the aid in my power; and hoped, if I was successful, my freedom might be the price of my services. But I was cruelly disappointed. My success in restoring the Emperor to health, made him conceive me so necessary to his welfare, that he would not suffer me to depart; so that, observing my impatience, he allowed me to have no communication with any person whatever, who could give notice of my situation to any of the British Consuls. In all other respects, I must do him the justice of acknowledging, that I was treated with the utmost kindness, and lived even in a state of barbarous luxury. After the Emperor's death, my situation, for some time, underwent no change; for his successor considered me as no less necessary to himself than I had been to his father. At length, however, my melancholy was growing into despondency; I had been eighteen years in a state of captivity; my health was visibly impaired; and the young Emperor, with an humanity which I must commend, consented to my departure. Nor did he part with me without expressions of friendship; and an

ample compensation, not for the bondage I had endured, but for the services I had rendered him. I returned by Italy and Germany, on account of the troubles in France; and coming from Hamburgh to Colchester, I am not more afflicted with fatigue and weakness, than with anxiety to receive intelligence of my family; which consisted, when I left them, of a wife, and an infant of three years old. If they survive, I may yet be happy: I left them in easy circumstances, and in the care of an affectionate friend. But if they survive not!" he sighed, and his voice faltered; "if they survive not! would to Heaven that I also were dead, or had never returned!"

Eden's sympathy, and desire of affording him relief, need not be doubted. He inquired by what address he might procure him the important information he so anxiously wished for. "I have already written, (said he,) from Colchester, and also from this placè. I persuade myself, that in the space of a day, or a few hours, I shall be certified of my happiness, or utter misery. I was Dr. Clement, in the city of Leeds." "Merciful Heaven! (interrupted Eden.) Dr. Clement, of Leeds! my friend, my deliverer, and my protector!" he fell on his neck, and embraced him. The stranger was overwhelmed with amasement. "And have you forgot me, (cried Eden;) the poor boy whom you saved from ignominious punishment, received into your family, educated, and sent abroad?" "Frank! (said the venerable old man, scarcely able to speak for tears;)

Frank, whom I sent to school?" "The same, the same, (said Eden;) poor Frank Eden, whom you saved and protected: who am now, by the blessing of Heaven, in wealth and esteem; and glad, beyond the power of expression, at now meeting, and under my own roof, with my kind benefactor!"

Francis Eden had been a poor man's son. His parents having died while he was yet an infant, and being left to the care of a distant relation, it need not be a matter of surprise, if, at ten years old, his education should have been neglected, and his habits unpromising. In fact, he had been carried before a magistrate, for attempting to take some fruit from a gentleman's garden. The poor orphan was to have been punished, and sent to the workhouse. Dr. Clement was present. Moved by his appearance, by his tears, and helpless condition, he interposed; took him home to his house; found him worthy of attention; had him educated; and recommended him to a merchant in London. By him, being found deserving, he was sent to India: where, by the most able, upright, and honorable conduct, he realised such a sum, as enabled him to return with splendor.

But neither splendor of circumstances, nor high reputation, nor even the consciousness of virtue, had been able to secure his felicity. His friend perceived it. Sitting under a walnut-tree, in the shrubbery adjoining to the house, while they expected the return of Dr. Clement's dispatches, "You seem thoughtful, (said he to Eden;) too thoughtful for the hap-

piness of your condition." Eden looked at him with some surprise; sighed; fixed his eyes on the ground: "You have observed it then? (he said.) Indeed, my friend, I am afraid, I am not happy. And to you I will use no reserve. Yet I cannot express the cause; it is so strange; so unexpected; but so sufficient to spoil my peace. My wife"---and then he paused; was unable to speak. Clement gazed with amazement. He was also terrified. Hideous images possessed his fancy. He was afraid, and loth to make any inquiry. He had thought the wife of his friend in all respects excellent. She was, indeed, reserved; and had something dejected in her appearance. But she was withal so correct in her deportment, so respectful to her husband, so attentive to his friend. "It is impossible! she must be good!" He thus rallied his recollection; banished suspicion; was ashamed of his fears; and, with some indignation, not against Eden, but himself, "Is she not excellent?" he exclaimed. "Most excellent! (replied his friend,) most lovely! most engaging! blameless as an angel of light! and yet I fear, (and he groaned with anguish,) I fear I am not her choice." His friend, in the kindest, and most affectionate manner, wished for more information.

"Her delicacy of mind, (said Eden,) is, indeed, most afflicting. She had no fortune; was understood to be of respectful parentage; had been entitled to high expectation; had lost her parents; and had become dependent. Satisfied in every respect concerning her senti-



ments and deportment; penetrated with her beauty and accomplishments; and observing how much it pained her to expatiate on the circumstances of her early life, I have hitherto, as we have not been long united, refrained being very minute in my inquiry into particulars; the more so, that, on all such occasions, she seems to feel herself more indebted to me, than, perhaps, her own feelings, and, I am sure, more than mine can endure. This, indeed, is the source of my suffering. She appears to have continually in her thoughts, that I have raised her to opulence from a state of dependence. She does not set sufficient value on her deserts; and is too deeply impressed with the sense of great obligation. She respects me, indeed, too much; is grateful, but does not love. Her love is lost in excessive gratitude. What can I do? All my endeavors to make her easy, all my desires of pleasing, give additional weight to the kindness that has oppressed her. I almost despair of meeting in her with that friendship and affection, which can subsist between those persons only, who think themselves equal. And if so, such is my disposition, that our connection cannot be happy." "Have you ever, (said Clement, with great anxiety,) have you ever spoken to her on this very interesting and important subject?"

"Mrs. Alwin, (answered Eden,) has done so; not, however, as at my suggestion, but in consequence, as it were, of their mutual attachment; and has received the most ingenuous, yet painful, confession of her infirmity.

She tells her, that feeling high obligation, she cannot view me on such a footing of equality as would justify the freedom, ease, and familiarity, which I so sincerely desire." "Has she any other relation, (said Clement,) than Mrs. Alwin?" "I know not that she has, (answered Eden.) Her father, whose name was Fitzalleyn, had some property in this country, but much more in one, I know not which, of our American islands. While yet an infant she lost her mother; and her father, for some reason that I never knew, or do not remember, had, before that time, gone abroad, and has never been heard of. Meantime, her estate in the West Indies has been so much embezzled, or so unproductive, that it has served her in little stead; and those persons who had charge of what property she had at home, having become bankrupts, she fell into those circumstances, which are as painful to remember as to endure. The only person who shewed her any friendship was Mrs. Alwin, who treated her indeed as a sister, and whom she accompanied to Calcutta."

Clement seemed to give slight attention to the concluding part of the narrative. He was lost in the deepest abstraction; he groaned; struck his hand on his forehead; and his bosom heaved with extreme agitation. Eden observing it, asked, "If he was indisposed?" He did not answer; did not seem to have heard him; rose from his seat; and walked about in extreme perturbation. Then turning abruptly, "I must see Mrs. Eden." "She shall wait

upon you," said Eden, tenderly, but with astonishment. "She is my daughter! (exclaimed the stranger,) has not that occurred to you? But no! I must not say so. Alas! I may be mistaken. Yet I, on leaving England, took the name of Fitzalleyn; left my daughter an infant; was never heard of! Her mother dead!" So saying, he fell back, on the seat, and found relief in a flood of tears. The state of Eden's feelings defy words and description. His astonishment, however, some transient doubts, and some fears, soon rebuked by his hopes; and his hopes themselves, were instantly absorbed in all the ravishment of expectation. The dear object of his faithful and most tender regard, must be the child of his earliest friend, of his deliverer of his protector! She was now to feel herself on that footing of equality, which, in the extreme, and somewhat blameable, delicacy of her sentiments, she held essential to the ease and confidence of mutual love. If any obligation remained, he was to be the person obliged. He assured his friend, "That it must be so; and, as far as youth could resemble age, his daughter resembled him; and urged him, therefore, to give immediate intimation to his dear Matilda." "Matilda was the name of my child," said Clement, now recovered from agitation, and in a tone of acquiescing complacency. "But still there may be some mistake! and the consequence of disappointment, in a matter so intimately interesting to us both, and to your dear Matilda, might be unspeakably fa-

tal. The probabilities are as you say ; but we must not yield to them rashly."

A servant now announced to them the arrival of Mrs. Alwin. Her father was one of the persons to whom Clement, who was his kinsman, and not knowing that he was the father of Mrs. Alwin had addressed himself for information. He sent, by his daughter, who flew on the wings of friendship, the very joyful intelligence which Eden and his honored benefactor had already, the one with eagerness, and the other with caution, ventured, in some degree, to anticipate. Yet the joy of Clement, while he blessed his affectionate child, was mingled with sad remembrance, and with the tender recollection of, her amiable mother. Time, however, and the consolation he now received, restored him to becoming composure ; beams of the gentlest serenity shone on his hoary locks ; for his children continued virtuous ; and were rewarded with as much enjoyment as virtue can here expect.



THE  
MAID OF SICILY;

OR, THE  
*LADY OF THE TOMB.*

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BY SARAH WILKINSON.

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VALERIUS, the prætor of Syracuse, who conquered the Athenians, had a daughter named Emilia, a beauteous maiden, and the ornament of Sicily. The fame of her peerless charms caused the sons of many siciitan princes, as well as private gentlemen, to pay their devoirs to the fair one. Among the rest was a most engaging youth, named Lorenzo, who surpassed all the rest of his sex in personal beauty, as much as Emilia did hers. Arison, his father, was next in rank at Syracuse to Valerius. An invincible animosity arising from the administration of affairs, had long subsisted between them, whence they opposed each other on every occasion. The God of Love, who delights in miracles, sought for an opportunity to accomplish one, which he did as follows.

It was the festival of Venus, at which season the young people of both sexes went to the temple. The procession being ended, Emilia came out of the sanctuary; and the people were ready to adore her for a goddess. Now it occurred that Lorenzo and Emilia came to the same part of the temple: they saw each other for the first time, and became enamoured to a violent degree. The youth returned home, and manfully concealed the conquest made over him. But the maiden, prostrating herself at the feet of Venus, respectfully reproached the deity for bringing such a lovely youth into her sight.

With every revolving day their affection increased. Lorenzo at length took the resolution of revealing his passion to his father, declaring that he should die, if Emilia was not given to him for a bride.

Ariston, with a deep sigh, replied, "O, my son, thou art, indeed, undone. It is certain, that Valerius will never bestow his child on thee, when she has so many suitors far superior both in wealth and power. You must not even attempt such a thing, or you will become the object of public ridicule."

In vain did Ariston use every argument. Lorenzo's malady daily increased: he discontinued his accustomed exercises and amusements. All the youths adored and greatly missed their companion. On making a strict inquiry, they discovered the cause of his estrangement, and were moved to pity, on reflecting that he was in danger of dying through a noble passion.

It was on one of those stated days in which the people used to assemble, when, being seated, one of the company, who was chosen for their speaker, arose, and, with an audible voice, addressed Valerius.

“Excellent Valerius! mighty captain! save! O save our Lorenzo. This will be thy most illustrious trophy. The whole city demands these nuptials, worthy of both parties.”

Valerius having the most sincere love for his fellow citizens, did not refuse to comply with their petition. The young men hastened to Lorenzo with the joyful intelligence. And the senators, with their chief magistrate, followed Valerius. The Syracusian women came likewise in crowds to lead Emilia to the bridegroom’s house.

The city resounded with acclamations. Ointments and wine were poured on the thresholds; and the Syracusians were more joyous on this day, than on that when they triumphed over the Athenians.

Emilia being ignorant of these events, lay on a couch weeping, and her head covered with a veil. Her governante approaching, bid her arise, saying, that the citizens had that day bestowed her in marriage. Not knowing to whom she was to be espoused, she almost died away. But as soon as her waiting maids had adorned her, Valerius presented the bridegroom to his bride. The maiden received him with modest transport; and the company conducting them to the temple, they were immediately united in Hymen’s bands.

The rest of the suitors of Emilia being thus supplanted, were fired with rage. Though they had hitherto been enemies to each other, they now joined as friends united in one interest. Envy prompted them to make war on Lorenzo. When they met together, the son of the Prince of Rhegium spoke thus:

"Had any of us obtained the fair one, it would not have raised my indignation. But for us to be supplanted by a youth who never underwent the least fatigue to gain Emilia, and that Lorenzo should be the conqueror at a time that princes contended for the prize, is an insult I cannot brook: yet he shall not reap any advantage by it; for this marriage shall prove fatal to him."

The whole party applauded this speech, with the exception of the Prince of Agrigentum. "I differ from you, (said he,) in respect of openly assailing Lorenzo; but will lay before you a safer plan. I will engage to dissolve this marriage. I will inflame Lorenzo's breast with jealousy, which being enforced by love, will excite him to revenge the supposed injury. Nor will it be difficult to gain access or to speak to him." The vile party then agreed to leave the whole of the plot to his management, and he put his plan in execution in the following manner.

He had amongst his dependants a parasite, of a lively disposition, and possesser of every attractive grace. The Prince ordered him to act the lover, and make his addresses to Emilia's first waiting-woman. This plan succeeded;



and, by his passionate intreaties, he at length gained possession of her heart: Matters being thus in train, the Prince fixed on another actor, who was master of the deepest cunning. Having first instructed this person, he sent him to Lorenzo, who was walking in the Palestra, when he thus accosted him:

“I had once a son of your age, who admired and esteemed you. Now he is dead, I regard you as my own offspring. Give me, then, your whole attention; and I will inform you of what is of the utmost importance to your future days.”

His artful speeches excited in Lorenzo a violent curiosity; and he desired him to proceed. The vile sycophant taking him by the hand, led him to a lonely place, and assuming an air of sorrow, said,

“Know, then, your wife is false; and if you will not believe me, I am ready to give you the most convincing proofs.”

Lorenzo inquired of him, (still doubting the truth of his assertion,) how he might be made a witness of his own wretchedness.

“Pretend (said he) that you are going into the country. About midnight be on the watch at your own house, and you will see the adulterer enter.”

Lorenzo, unable to bear the sight of his wife, sent her word that he was going out of town. Night being arrived, he repaired to his hiding-place, when the man who had corrupted Emilia's waiting-woman, placed himself in a narrow passage, and acted as one endeavouring

to conceal himself: though, at the same time, he did all he could to be observed. The ringlets of his hair shone, they being perfumed with ointments. His garments were gay; and his weighty rings glittered on his fingers. Looking cautiously round, he drew near the door, and gently knocked, and gave the usual signal. The waiting-woman, who was fearful of her lover being discovered, opened the door very softly, and led him into the house.

Lorenzo could no longer restrain his fury, but ran in to stab the adulterer. Emilia was sitting on the bed side, grieving at the absence of her husband; and so deep was her melancholy, that she would not permit her lamp to be lighted. At the welcome sound of his feet, she flew to meet him: but he, overcome with rage, had no voice left to upbraid her: and giving her a violent blow on the stomach, she fell senseless at his feet, and was conveyed to bed by her attendants, where she lay stretched out, and speechless: and was supposed to be dead by all who saw her.

Lorenzo, still fired with anger, shut himself up, and, during the night, had his female servants put to the torture, that he might learn the name of the wretch who had dishonored him. The head waiting-woman was the last who underwent the torture, and by this means, the real truth was discovered, and Emilia's innocence proved.

Lorenzo, struck with horror and remorse, would have instantly slain himself, had he not been prevented by his friend Lubeck. Next

day the chief magistrate arraigned the supposed murderer; being resolved to prosecute Lorenzo out of respect to Valerius.

The people ran in crowds to the court of justice, and were greatly divided in opinion; some crying one thing, and some another. The disappointed suitors inflamed them, especially the Prince of Agrigentum, who felt a secret pride at having accomplished his purpose.

The culprit, to whom a certain time was allowed to make his defence, instead of pleading not guilty, accused himself very strongly; and besought the magistrates to punish him with death.

At these words the whole assembly burst forth into a lamentation; and, forgetting the deceased, pitied the survivor.

Valerius was the first to plead for him. "I know, (said he) that the blow was involuntary. I observe yonder some persons who are laying snares for us; but they shall not be gratified: nor will I heighten the sorrows of my deceased daughter, lest her spirit should still be conscious of them. Her life was far more dear to her than her own. Let us give over this needless trial, and prepare the funeral obsequies. Let us not permit the corpse of Emilia to be preyed on by time, as this would lessen her beauty: let us lay her in the sepulchre while yet lovely." The judges therein acquitted Lorenzo.

Emilia was laid in her bridal robes on a bed of solid gold, in order to be interred. First marched the Syricusan cavalry: then came the magnificent bier, bore by youths in rich

habits; then followed the infantry, bearing the trophies of victory gained by Valerius; then the senators, with Ariston and Valerius; and next the wives of the citizens, in sable vestments: then the sepulchral riches, the first of which was Emilia's dower in gold and silver; then beautiful garments, and other feminine ornaments: and her father had sent hither a number of the enemy's spoils. Here were also the funeral presents made by her husband and relations; all which, according to the custom of ancient Greece, was to be buried with her.

Near the sea-side stood a stately sepulchre belonging to Valerius, and could plainly be seen at a great distance on the ocean. Such vast wealth had already been deposited in this mausoleum, that it seemed a treasury: but now the honors which were paid to Emilia, gave rise to an extraordinary incident.

There was a pirate, called Theron, who kept watchful spies about the ports; and being apprised of Emilia's funeral, he resolved to possess himself of some of its riches. For this purpose he selected a band of his bravest followers, and thus addressed them:

"You saw the treasures which belonged to Emilia; but surely we, who are living, have a more just right to them. It will keep us like princes for the rest of our lives; and we need run no more hazards, but rest in peace and security in some remote cline. Return, then, to your rendezvous; and at midnight go on board the vessel, every one taking tools, and what else may be necessary." Theron then dismissed them, and they did as they were told.

Emilia, in the mean time, revived from her trance by insensible degrees. On opening her eyes, all was solitude and darkness. Having with difficulty raised herself, and explored the place, she found, to her horror, that she was in a sepulchre.

“ Ah, wretched bride! (exclaimed she,) to be thus buried alive, when guilty of no crime! I am in health, and doomed to a lingering death, while my friends are bewailing my loss. Ah! unkind husband, thou shouldest not have buried me so hastily.”

While she was thus venting her grief in the most doleful accents, Theron, finding it was midnight, advanced towards the tomb without making the least noise; the oars, for that purpose, lightly skimming the waves.

He stationed four men on the shore, to watch if any one came towards the tomb; sixteen more he stationed on board the vessel, to hold their oars in readiness, in case of a sudden surprise, that they might bear the rest from the shore.

Theron, and the others, went to work on the mausoleum. The lady, hearing the ponderous strokes, was seized with the various passions of fear, joy, and grief. From whence (thought she) can this noise proceed? Has some good angel inspired my parents to revisit my tomb; or are some robbers seeking the riches so uselessly buried here?

At length, one of the pirates thrust himself through an opening they had made in the tomb.

Emilia falling on her knees, would have besought his compassion; but the robber rushed back, and, with trembling accents, said to his companions, "Let us flee from this place; for some genius guards the treasures here entombed."

Theron ordered another of his men to enter; but they all refused: and the pirate, ridiculing their fears, entered the tomb himself, with a torch in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other. This sight inspired Emilia with a dread that she should be instantly put to death.

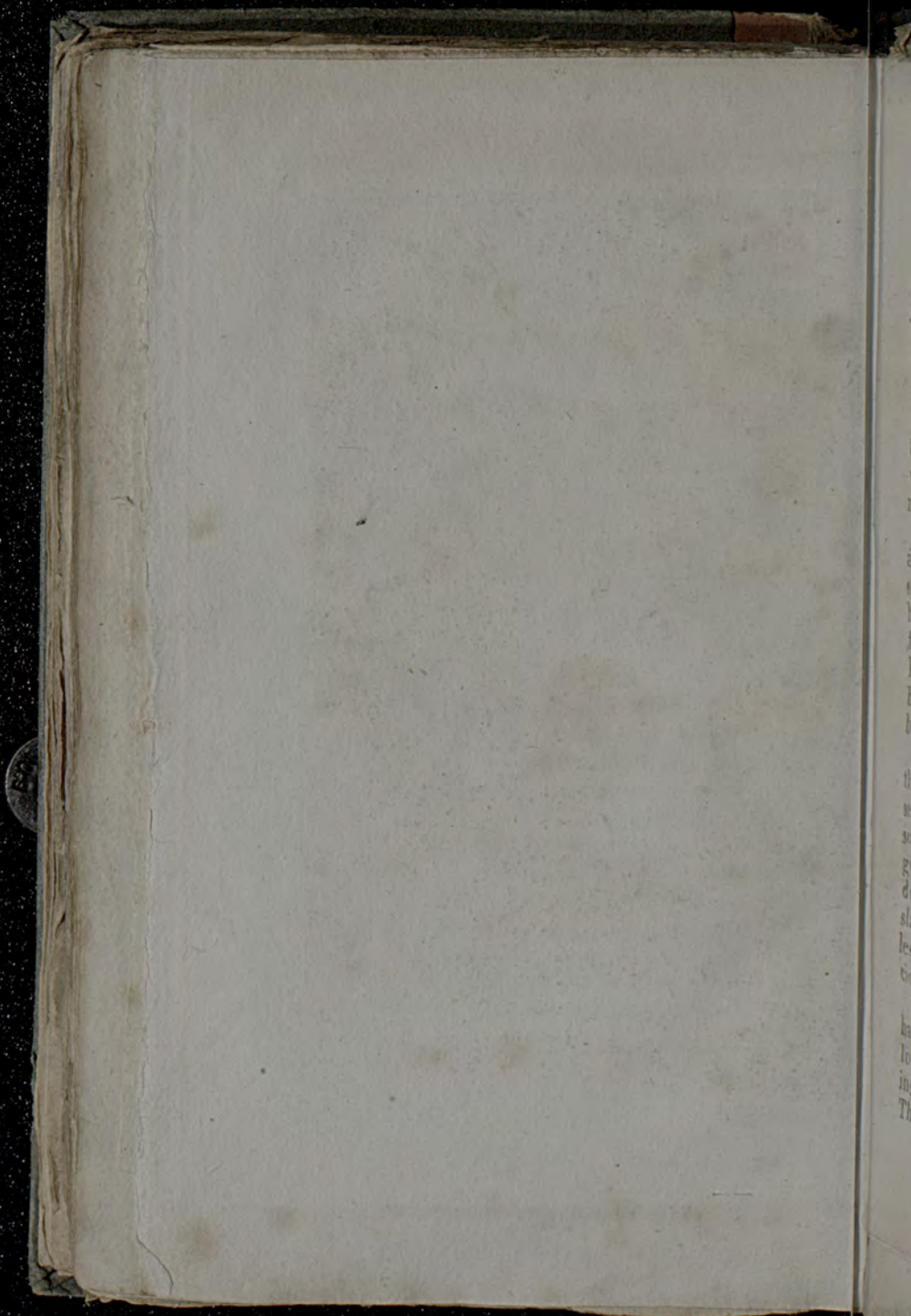
In a low voice she conjured him to save her, and shew that pity to her, which she had not received from her husband or parents. Theron, who possesseth great sagacity, immediately comprehended the whole affair, and, taking her by the hand, led the fair one forth to his companions. "Behold (said he) the genius who guards this place. Do one of you take her in charge, while the rest carry off the several articles here deposited, they being no longer guarded by a dead woman.

When they had laden the vessel with their spoils, Theron ordered the man who had the care of Emilia, to retire with her to some distance. They then held a council, and were greatly divided in opinion. The first that spoke, advised that they might replace every thing as they found it in the mausoleum, and restore the lady to her friends. They might then declare they were fishermen, and had run their vessel on shore near the sepulchre, and having heard a moaning voice within, humanity tempted them



MAID of STICELY

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to break it open: and we may compel the woman to bear testimony of the truth of what we advance, which she will readily do, out of gratitude to those who delivered her out of the jaws of death. then shall we act with justice both to the gods and men, and shall be made honestly rich through the generosity of her friends."

Not one of his confederates would agree to this proposal; but the greatest part of them was for putting her to the sword, that she might not betray them.

Theron, their commander, testified his disapprobation of both their schemes. "I will sooner (said he) dispose of the woman, than kill her; because, while she is selling, she will be fearful of telling her quality: but when sold, let her, if she pleases, accuse us, as we shall be far removed from her. Away, then, on board: let us sail; for day light is at hand."

Thereon they weighed anchor; and the weather being fine, they soon got into the main sea. Theron used every deceitful argument to sooth his fair captive. At the same time, she guessed the evil he was meditating, and did not doubt but that he intended to sell her for a slave. She, however, disguised her sentiments, lest, should she appear discontented or suspicious, he should murder her.

While Emilia was silently grieving at her hard fate, the pirates agreed to sell her at Ionia. Having got provisions from some trading vessels in the river, they sailed for Miletus. The third day they came to a bay about eighty

furlongs from the city, a place formed by nature as a secure shelter for ships. Here Theron commanded them to erect the most commodious tent they could for Emilia: he resolving to set her off in a magnificent style, in order to enhance the price of his victim.

In a few days after his landing, he disposed of her, for a large sum, to Leonas, the steward of Theodore, who was one of the richest men in Ionia.

Theodore had just buried his wife, who had left him an infant daughter; to bring up which with care, Leonas purchased Emilia.

When Leonas had received the weeping prize, from the hands of Theron, he was astonished at her beauty; and immediately conjectured, that, by presenting this treasure to his master, he should gain great riches and esteem.

Leonas finding a proper opportunity, presented her to Theodore, who was instantly smitten with her beauty; but being a man of the strictest honor and morality, he resolved not to seduce, but to marry her. He therefore desired Emilia to repeat the former events of her life; but this she refused, alleging, that the past appeared but as a dream, and intreated to be considered as a slave and an exile. At length, by the most earnest intreaties, Theodore gained from her the real truth; but refused her request of being sent back to her own country. Emilia was, however, treated with the utmost respect, being placed in a magnificent chamber, and slaves to attend her, be-

ing excused from doing any thing herself; another attendant being provided for the daughter of Theodore: but this could not sooth the mind of Emilia. To add to her distress: she now discovered that she was about two months advanced in her pregnancy by Lorenzo; and this matter being revealed to Theodore, he gave her her choice, either to espouse him immediately, as he could easily pass the child to the populace as his own, born at the end of seven months, or, in case of her refusal, to suffer the infant to be destroyed the moment that it was born. The feelings of a mother at length prevailed, and she became the reluctant bride of Theodore; the marriage ceremony being conducted with the utmost pomp.

In the mean time, the following events, took place at Syracuse. The pirates having closed the tomb very carelessly, in their haste to get away, Lorenzo coming to it in the morning, with the secret intent of killing himself, being unable to live without Emilia, discovered the stones had been moved. Greatly terrified, he effected an entrance; but could find no traces of his bride, and finding the funeral treasures gone, he gave an immediate alarm; and various were the conjectures made on the mysterious occurrence.

Vessels were immediately sent out to sea, with orders to steer different courses, to search for the sacrilegious plunderers.

The pirates having sold Emilia, sailed towards Crete: but a furious wind arising, drove them from their intended course into the

Ionian Sea. Dreadful storms of thunder and lightning, and a long darkness succeeded, and they were tost to and fro on a relentless ocean, till the whole crew, except Theron, died of thirst.

The ship that Lorenzo was on board, came up with Theron's vessel, and hailed her; but no answer being returned, one of the crew leapt on board, and found her full of dead bodies and gold. This being made known to Lorenzo, he went to view the riches, and immediately discovered them to be the sepulchral ornaments of his deceased bride. Just at this moment Theron, who lay extended among his dead companions, in a faint voice, implored for drink, which being given him, he raised up; and, evidently at the point of death, he confessed the whole transaction of the tomb, and Emilia. He mentioned the country at which he had sold her; but just as he was going to pronounce the name of the person by whom she was purchased, he expired.

Lorenzo then returned to Syracuse, and relating the adventure, an embassy, of which her husband was to take the command, was appointed to fetch home Emilia at the public expense. Lubek, his friend, would accompany him; and they swore to bring back the fair one, or die in the attempt.

The elements proved favorable to their ship, and they soon arrived at Ionia, where, having pitched tents for the crew, Lorenzo and his friend wandered about the extensive island, in hopes to find Emilia.

Leonas, the steward of Theodore, espying a ship of force, was alarmed on that account; and bribing one of the common sailors, he learnt who the persons on board were and their errand. Bearing a great love to his master, he was desirous of warding off the impending evil. For this purpose he rode with the swiftest speed to a fortress garrisoned by some barbarians; by his fallacious arguments, he persuaded them to accompany him in the dead of night, and throwing fire into the vessel, they burnt her. Then binding in chains such of the persons as they saved alive, they imprisoned them in the fortress.

A partition being made of the slaves, Lorenzo and Lubeck earnestly besought the victors, that they might be sold to the same master. In compliance of this request, they were disposed of at Caria, where dragging heavy fetters, these ill fated men tilled the lands of Marius, though under feigned names. Lorenzo, and his firm friend, being supposed to have perished in the ship.

At the end of seven months, Emilia was delivered of a lovely boy; and the child being supposed the first born son of Theodore, great rejoicings took place at Ionia.

The great resemblance that the infant bore to Lorenzo, made his mother often weep in private at the remembrance of her beloved husband; and her imagination was so full of his idea, that she often, in her dreams, pronounced his name aloud; at which circumstance Theodore, being fired with jealousy,

was determined to acquaint her with the death of his rival, as he had heard it from Leonas, only suppressing their knowledge of the actors in this tragedy; affirming, that they were a band of strange barbarians, who came down from the mountains to plunder and destroy.

At this dire news, Emilia was almost distracted: she tore her garments, and scattered her beautiful tresses on the ground, being overwhelmed with despair.

At length she resolved to mitigate the appearance of her anguish, for the sake of the infant, and listen to the tender soothing of Theodore, who indulged her in the request she made him, of erecting, near the fatal spot in which he perished, a magnificent monument to the memory of Lorenzo: and she buried his image with every funeral pomp. During the procession, Marius, the governor of Caria, being at Miletus on business of importance, beheld Emilia, and became enamoured of her to so violent a degree, that he returned to his own province quite miserable through a hopeless passion.

While Emilia was thus burying Lorenzo in Miletus, he, loaded with irons, was tilling the ground in Caria. Soon after the return of Marius, some of the slaves who were confined with Lorenzo, having got off their irons in the night, and slain their keeper, were attempting their escape: but, through the barking of a dog, were caught in the fact.

This caused an examination of all the slaves, who were confined together, the innocent as

well as the guilty; and Marius by that means discovered the rank of Lorenzo and his friend, which would otherwise have been buried in oblivion: and the wretched youth now heard, for the first time, that Emilia was the wife of Theodore, and the intelligence of her infidelity greatly affected him.

Marius had the two friends properly clothed, and attended, according to their birth. And Lorenzo was impatient to set off instantly for Miletus, fondly hoping that Emilia would leave Theodore the moment she saw him. But the governor diverted him from this project, by representing the power of Theodore, and the improbability of his gaining the fair one by his single arms; that he would either be thrown into prison, or put to death as an impostor. He advised him to write to Emilia, stating every particular that had transpired since their separation, and learn her sentiments. "I will take care (said he) that the letter shall be safely delivered; and I will also write to her, and offer to march an army, if required, to Miletus, that you may be reunited."

Lorenzo, with great gratitude conformed to this plan; and the letters were prepared accordingly. Marius did not act thus from disinterested but secret motives: he hoped, during the contest between the two husbands, to be able to carry off the fair prize himself. He delivered the letters to Eugenius, his confidential servant, who alone knew for whom they were intended: and the epistles were accompanied by a rich casket of jewels.

The three domestics of Eugenius were told to prevent them suspecting, or being suspected, that the governor had sent these presents to Theodore.

Eugenius was ordered, on arriving at Priene, a maritime town in Ionia, to leave his attendants there, and proceed, under the disguise of an Ionian, to Miletus, and discover how he could best conduct the mission with which he was entrusted. He did as he was commanded; but, during his absence, the riotous living of his servants, and the quantity of gold they expended, aroused the suspicions of the Greeks, who considered them as robbers, and gave notice to the governor of Priene, who went with proper officers to their inn, and searching, saw all the jewels. He threatening them with the torture, they declared that Marius had sent them to Theodore; and shewed him the letters to corroborate their assertions. They being sealed, the governor did not break them open; but delivered them to his serjeants, with the casket, and the men, to convey them all to Theodore. They found him just setting down to a splendid banquet, to which he had invited the most noble of the citizens. He surveyed the presents with great joy, they being, indeed, worthy the acceptance of a monarch, and shewed them to his friends. He then broke open the letters, which were without superscription, not doubting but that they were for himself from Marius. But, on opening the first, he read these words: "Lorenzo to Emilia. I live ---" Surprise for a moment sus-



pended his faculties; but when he had read both the letters, his rage became so ungovernable, that the banquet was interrupted, and his friends retired in confusion, thinking that some great evil had befallen him. On mature reflection, he did not believe in the existence of Lorenzo, but thought it an artifice of Marius to seduce Emilia. He now ordered her to be strictly watched, and that no messenger from Caria should be suffered to approach her.

The hatred to Marius now prompted him to take a revenge that, in the end, proved fatal to him. He accused Marius to King Artaxerxes, of a base attempt to seduce his wife, after being hospitably entertained at the house of Theodore during his visit at Miletus.

The King, who had never seen Emilia, though he had long desired it in his own breast, the fame of her peerless beauty having reached court soon after her nuptials with Theodore, thought this a fit opportunity of gratifying his wishes; therefore, expressing great indignation against Marius, he ordered all the parties to repair to Babylon, that he might judge their cause. Theodore now saw his error; but it was too late to retract, and he ordered his wife to prepare for the journey, without telling her the cause of it.

Marius was also surprised and afflicted at the summons; but resolving to obey the royal mandate, he set out for Babylon, taking with him Lorenzo and his friend, completely disguised.

When Emilia arrived in Babylon, and was informed of the reason of her being brought

hither, she was greatly troubled, thinking her afflictions never would end: nor was she pleased at the duplicity of Theodore.

At length the day appointed for the trial arrived. In the morning all the avenues to the palace were crowded with people, anxious to hear the result: but more so to see Emilia: nor were they disappointed, her beauty far exceeding the reports made thereof.

The accusation of Theodore went very hard against Marius, no one believing that Lorenzo was living: when a very unexpected turn was given to the whole affair, by the appearance of that unfortunate man in the public court. He had now resumed his proper attire; and, though his whole appearance was greatly altered by the woes he had undergone, he was immediately recognised by several persons present, who had formerly seen him at Syracuse.

Marius was now honorably acquitted: and the dispute now in question was, to which husband Emilia belonged; each of them strenuously insisting on their superior right. But what words can describe the emotion of Emilia, when she beheld her beloved Lorenzo alive! She would have sprang forward to embrace him, but was restrained by Theodore.

Artaxerxes then dismissed Marius to his own government with rich presents; and ordered the two husbands to appear before him in five days from that time, that he might settle their respective claims. He commanded that Emilia should not be permitted to see either of her

husbands during that period, but remain under the care of his queen Statira.

As the day of judgment drew near, the King became agitated: he was now deeply in love with Emilia, and reproached himself for having fixed such an early time for decision, and resolved to defer it, in hopes that he might make an interest in the heart of Emilia. In case of success, he meant to declare, that, by the double marriage, she was not the lawful wife of either of the competitors, and to keep her for himself. By all his assiduities, the King could not gain one smile from Emilia. Yet the day was postponed from time to time, to the great grief of the three persons most concerned, they suffering under the most torturing suspense. But fortune soon gave another turn to their affairs. Expresses were brought to the King, that the Egyptians had revolted, and murdering their governor, had elected a King from amongst their own people.

On the fifth day from this news, Artaxerxes marched, followed by all the men who were able to bear arms, and amongst them Theodore, he being an Ionian: but Lorenzo, being a Syracusian, was not required to accompany them. Emilia was privately carried away, with the rest of the women under the protection of the King, and placed with the Queen, and the retinue of Artaxerxes, at Aradus: while Lorenzo was made to believe, by a stratagem of Theodore, that Emilia had been secretly awarded to him. This he did, in hopes that Lorenzo would destroy himself; and that, at the end of the

war, he should have none to oppose him in the possession of Emilia. But Lorenzo, fired with revenge against Artaxerxes for such unjust dealing, took Lubeck with him, and revolted to the Egyptians; and having made known his name, and the injuries he had received, they appointed him their admiral; and while the rest of them conquered by land, he won the empire of the seas: and the last place he seized on, was Aradus. Without seeing the females, he gave orders for Statira, and her attendants, to be sent to Artaxerxes, and the rest of the women to be brought on board. The people who were sent for them, met with a strange resistance from one of the ladies, whom they found laying prostrate in the market-place, from whence she refused to stir, alleging, that she had already suffered enough, and preferred death to slavery among the Egyptians. "Talk not so, thou most lovely of women, (said one of them,) our admiral is an admirer of beauty; and seeing one so charming, he will doubtless marry you." "I would die first by my own hands, (said the lady,) ere I would consent." She then reclined her head, and refused to reply to another syllable.

Lorenzo was repairing to the ships, in order to re-embark, when an Egyptian acquainted him with the strange scene he had witnessed, and besought him not to leave the woman to perish with famine.

The admiral, ever alive to the calls of humanity, repaired to the market-place. The lady had covered herself with a long veil: he

took her hand, and gently intreated her to rise. At these words, Emilia, hearing his voice, threw up her veil, and rushed into his arms. "Lorenzo!"---"Emilia!" was all they could utter, and fainted away. As soon as they recovered, they explained the particulars of their absence; and Lorenzo found himself agreeably deceived in respect of Theodore: and was now sorry he had taken such violent measures against Artaxerxes, and resolved to make atonement.

As no time was to be lost, this happy couple went on board. Lorenzo now appointed another commander of the fleet of the Egyptians; and choosing himself twelve large gallees, sailed for Syracuse. Being come within sight of the harbour, the Syracusians, alarmed at the sight, sent out a pinnace, to know what the strangers wanted. One of the Egyptians, by Lorenzo's order, replied, that they were merchants, and were bringing a cargo that would fill Syracuse with joy.

"Do not, then, (said the commander of the pinnace,) come in all together. The ships I see are long gallees, fitted out for war, and not trading vessels." "This shall be done," was the reply. Lorenzo's galley first entered, on the deck whereof stood a pavilion, with Babylonish curtains drawn around it. The instant it got near the harbour, the shore was filled with spectators, drawn thither by curiosity. Valerius attended on the occasion, as chief magistrate, but clad in mourning. As the people had their eyes fixed on the vessel in doubt and

suspense, the curtains of the pavilion were suddenly undrawn, and Emilia magnificently drest, was discovered sitting on a gold settee, with Lorenzo by her side, in the habit of chief admiral. The air was rent with shouts at the unexpected sight. Valerius caught them in his arms as they landed, and till then could not believe the evidence of his senses. At the command of Lorenzo, such vast treasures were brought on shore, as surprised the Syracusians.

An assembly was held in the great theatre; in the midst thereof, Lorenzo, Emilia, and Lubbeck, related their adventures, and received the congratulations of their friends.

Emilia returned thanks in the temple, for her re-union with Lorenzo; and then hastened to join in the festivities prepared for their welcome to Syracuse.

Theodore did not long survive the loss of his Emilia. With his last breath, he bequeathed great riches to her son, whom he ordered to be immediately sent to his mother. The happiness of Lorenzo and Emilia was now complete, and their latter days were passed in such happiness, that it appeared as if the gods were willing to make them amends for the miseries they had suffered in their youth.

THE  
TWO TRAVELLERS.

A FRAGMENT.

**T**WO friends enter a forest, in quest of trees in which bees had deposited their honey, directed by marks on the trees, as usual in the extensive woods of North America.

We had advanced some way in the wood, when Herman, stopping suddenly, cried out, "And where are our trees? We have wandered from the path, and are lost?" Like a flash of lightning, which discovers to the traveller the precipice to which he had been decoyed by the darkness, these words, by suddenly opening my eyes, made me see the danger into which our carelessness had plunged us. "Let us return, (said I:) and as, in our progress westward, the mossy sides of the trees were to our left, by keeping them on the right, we shall find the ravine, whose direction must be north and south:" but not having like the natives, the faculty of tracing our own steps by the removal of the leaves, which were in motion, we were deceived in our hopes. Night

surprised us before we had made any discovery which could contribute to our tranquillity. It is in the woods as at sea: one fault draws on another; the farther we advance to find our way, the more distant are we from it: this was our situation.

Though seven months have elapsed since this melancholy accident, I still recall its frightful images, as on the day when we escaped from the wood. Time will never efface from my mind, the painful remembrance of the moment when I contemplated death through the horrors of despair and famine. On the approach of night, I was collecting some dry wood to light a fire, when M. Herman, who was at a little distance, cried out, "What can we do? What will become of us?" "What has now happened?" said I. "I have lost the flint with which I was intrusted, probably in the fall which I had in crossing the ravine: cannot we find one in these woods?" "It is not very probable, (replied I;) besides, we could scarcely see it. It has been often said, that one misfortune seldom comes alone. Give me the steel, and I will try it on the first stone I meet." Our attempts were unsuccessful. "What, (said my companion, in a plaintive tone,) must we be exposed to the fury of the wolves and panthers for want of a flint, when there are so many useless ones on the earth? Of every possible combination of misfortune, this seems the most distressing. On what trifles does human happiness depend! Millions are consumed in the repairs of the highways; one would now console us,



and recall our courage. by the assistance of fire and light."

"Do not let us despair, (said I.) for one night passed without fire at the foot of a tree: we are lost if we despair. Give me your shoes,\* and I will place them with mine at some distance: with this simple rampart we shall pass the night quietly, and to morrow we will escape from this labyrinth."

Weakened by want and fatigue, overwhelmed with reflections and apprehensions, how long this night seemed! Our eyes were not closed for an instant: the howlings of the wolves, at a greater or less distance; the shrill cries of the owl and night-eagle, eagerly repeated by the echoes of the forests: the sound, even the suspicion, of the slightest motion, and the whisperings of the breeze, raised a thousand apprehensions in the restless mind of my companion; his imagination, exercising all its powers in the creation of the most distressing presages, banished sleep from his weary lids. Whence arises this influence of darkness on the minds of the greater number of mankind?

After endeavouring to recollect the little that I knew of the geography of this part of the mountains, the course of the ravine, as well as the direction of our journey after we had passed it, I resolved, at break of day, to ascend a high tree, to observe at what point the sun rose.

\* Shoes are said to retain the smell of the body longer than the other clothes: and wolves, except when very hungry, will not attack them.

I mentioned this design to M. Herman, who repined, with accents of anger, "You have drawn me into this difficulty, by inducing me to hunt after bees." "Well, (said I,) am not I in equal difficulties? Must bitter animosity supply the place of confidence and friendship?" Such are mankind: circumstances alone influence their mutual relations.

This tedious night at length ended. When day appeared, I executed my design; and, having ascertained the point where the sun rose, convinced that our proper route was to the north-east, we followed that direction. We should probably have found the ravine, if we had not been obliged to pass many considerable valleys, covered with bushes, among which we again went astray. How could we find our way through a forest where every new object so perfectly resembled that which we had left? On what, then, can be founded those marks, and the knowledge, necessary to conduct a traveller in these solitary and unknown woods? is it the result of study, or inspiration? How do the natives manage? In relating to my companion what I had heard relative to the astonishing sagacity of animals, who never lose their way in the woods; "We should blush, (he replied,) that two men, with their reason and judgment, have less power at this moment to escape from their difficulties, than two cows assisted by their instinct only."

We travelled, or rather wandered, the whole day, without finding the slightest vestige of any cut trees, or the ravine; without meeting

with a single fruit, or a single berry, to allay the hunger which preyed on our stomachs. How often, in the long day's journey, did we listen to the slightest noise, without being able to distinguish any thing but the mournful notes of forest birds, and the vague, indistinct murmur, which in happier moments, would have appeared like the voice of nature! How often did we call to each other, heard only by distant echoes, whose reverberations made us leap, thinking them the voices of men! Why does time, which, in the ordinary periods of life, passes like the shadow of the sun, without a sensible progress, shorten the moments of happiness, and prolong those of misery, to make us feel more poignantly all its bitterness? In the midst of the torments of hunger, of irritation and despair, this second, this most painful of nights, passed: and such were the gloomy auspices with which we commenced the third day of our fatal excursion.

We spoke no more: absorbed and plunged in extreme consternation and weakness, we walked slowly to what we concluded was the north-east; when M. Herman suddenly exclaimed, "We are not far from our plantation! We are preserved! See the leaves recently disturbed, which is most probably owing to swine." "Would to God it were! (said I:) but it is only from a flock of wild turkies, with which the forests are filled." Had we brought our guns, one of these beautiful birds would have supplied us for a long time, since nature

has not produced a single fruit on which we can support ourselves.

As if the most gloomy despair, the bitter and inexpressible tortures of hunger, had not been sufficient to fill up the measure of our woes, about the middle of the day madness seized us. If we opened our mouths, it was only to utter the wildest abuse, and the most bitter reproaches, relative to this journey. If our eyes turned towards each other, though sunk and weakened, they sparkled with the fire of anger and indignation. These passions, which till this moment we had never known, were suddenly displayed with the greatest violence, as if some evil genius had at once inspired them: no; the germs which nature had implanted, waited only for the distressing circumstances in which we were placed for their evolution. Had we, at that moment, arms, or, indeed, strength to have seized each other, mad as we were, we should have become our mutual executioners.

To these tempests, which I recall with dread and shame, succeeded, towards evening, the calm of extreme debility and sinking. Sitting at the foot of a tree, we were seized with an inflammation of the bowels, which excited a constant thirst. This devouring fever, this insupportable want, to which human nature is subject, was added to the perpetual irritation of extreme inanition. Happily a change of wind brought us the sound of a neighbouring cataract, which we followed, leaning, from time to time, against the trees, and reached at near night a river, which I have since found

to have been one of the branches of the Alle-guipy, where we extinguished the burning heat of our thirst.

Herman passed nearly the whole of the third night in the most frightful delirium. He cursed the day of his birth, his passage across the ocean, and, above all, his companion, whose last agonies he was anxious to witness before he died. But though this transport of fever and despair seemed to give him new strength, I feared that he could not survive so violent a paroxysm. The great quantity of water that I had drank produced an opposite effect: it calmed the fever and the acute pain, but excited a copious and a cold sweat. My faculties were more blunted, more weakened, than those of my unfortunate companion: perhaps I suffered less, though equally unhappy. My eyes closed; and the last idea that I can recollect, is the state of stagnation which I felt, and the sensation of a rapid decline of life. Yet I regretted that I must die alone, abandoned, at the foot of a tree; and felt an extreme horror at the idea of my body being devoured by carnivorous animals.

Nature, however, watched over our preservation; the cessation of thought was the commencement of sleep. We believed we slept some hours; and, in spite of every probability, or our own gloomy presages, we saw the fourth day; but, like the funeral torch, it served only to augment the horror of our situation, in shewing us the gates of the tomb at which we had near arrived. Our eyes, covered with the

clouds of death, instead of real objects, saw only imaginary ones, agitated and trembling like ourselves. Sometimes the shades with which we were surrounded, sometimes the clouds with which we were environed, were suddenly dispersed by trembling and transitory rays; sometimes they presented phantoms, which, after flitting near us, swept the surface of the earth: and, rising above the bushes, perched on the trees over our heads. Sometimes our eyes, though almost closed, saw still a transparent joy, without being able to distinguish any thing. Such were the last images which the imagination of two beings, sinking in the shades of death, had raised.

Sometimes I was still able to say to my companion, while dragging slowly to the banks of the river, "Occasionally, when misfortune is at the height, some soothings, some lights of hope, arise. Have you never observed at sea these consoling intermissions, even during the most frightful tempests? We are come to the highest degree of misery; but let us still hope." "How can you pronounce that word? (said he, with the accent and gesture of a madman.) Despair and death have dissipated even these last illusions. Since thou art coward enough, hope for thyself: I will immediately throw myself into this river, at the bottom of which, peace and a tranquil sleep await me. Who would longer endure these biting pains since not twenty paces intervene between the middle of hell, and the haven of repose?"

"Let us live over this day, (said I,) if it be possible: let us drink some more water; and, in the evening, if no favorable sign occurs, we leap into it together." "For a person who suffers like me, (said he,) the evening is a hundred leagues distant. But, well; since you are become my enemy, and will persuade me to live still some hours, kill your dog, and give me a part to appease my hunger. If you are barbarous enough to refuse this gift, be generous enough to let me die this instant." The idea of killing the animal, an idea which necessities so urgent had not yet excited, recalled me at once to hope and life. So far from attending to the voice of affection and remorse in favor of the dog, as much weakened and as languishing as ourselves, I was seized with a feeling still more violent than anger: it was the irritation of madness. I shuddered; my trembling hands sought with eagerness the knife that I had let fall among the leaves; when my companion, reanimated by the prospect of satisfying his hunger, accused me of slowness, and overwhelmed me with fresh abuse. As I approached my resigned victim, a ray, emanating from the invisible power which regulates our destinies, led me to observe a bunch of ground-nuts. "We are preserved! (I exclaimed:) we are preserved! The ground on which we have passed the night, and on which we expected to die, contains what will give us life; since, where one of these plants grows, there are millions; and we were ignorant of it." "Merciful God! (he exclaimed in his turn,

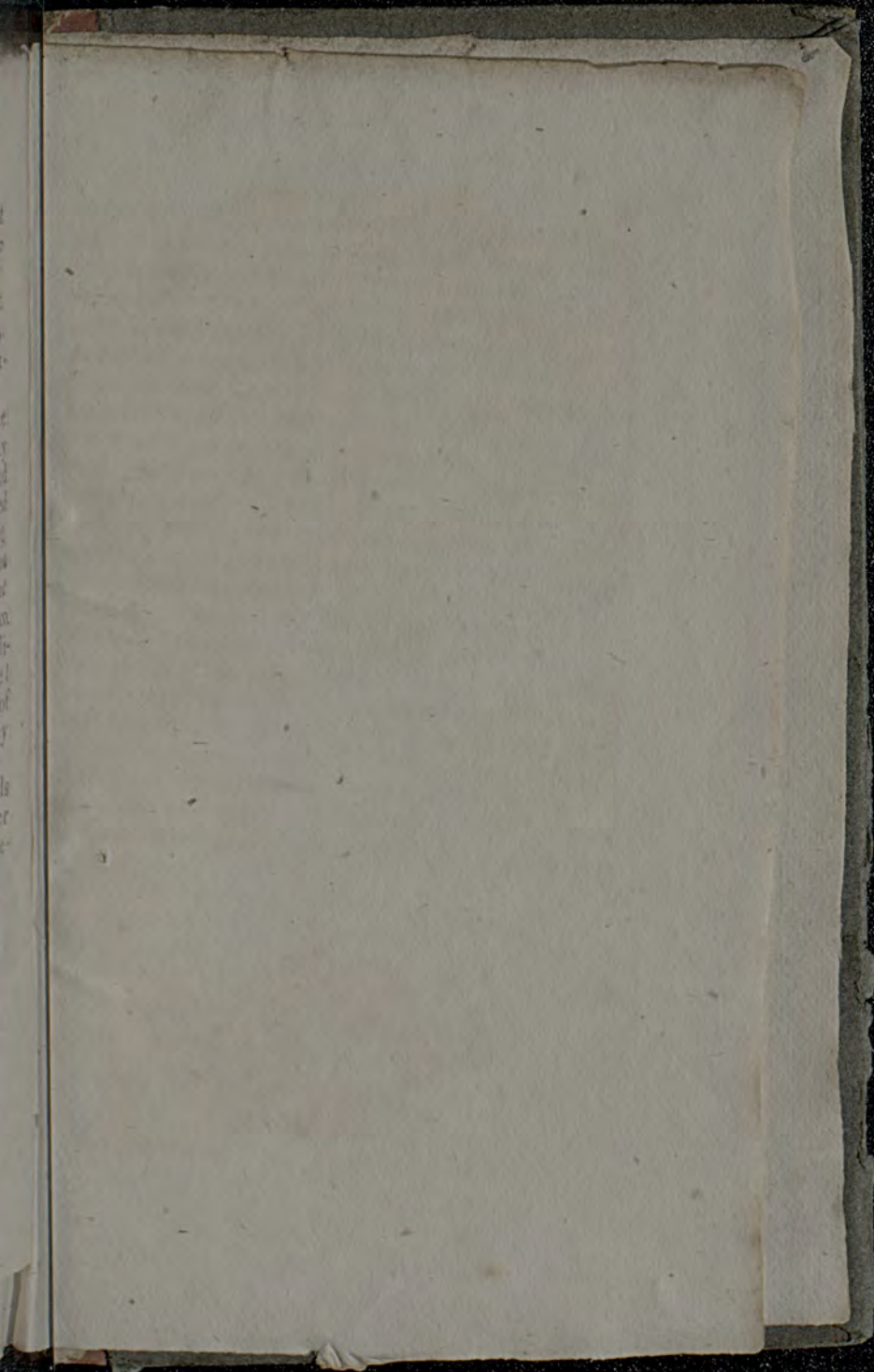
are you not deceiving me?" At that moment I offered him the first root I had drawn up: but we were so weak, that it required many efforts, and much labor, to obtain a sufficient quantity to satisfy our most urgent necessities. Could we have lighted a fire, what a sumptuous repast should we have made!

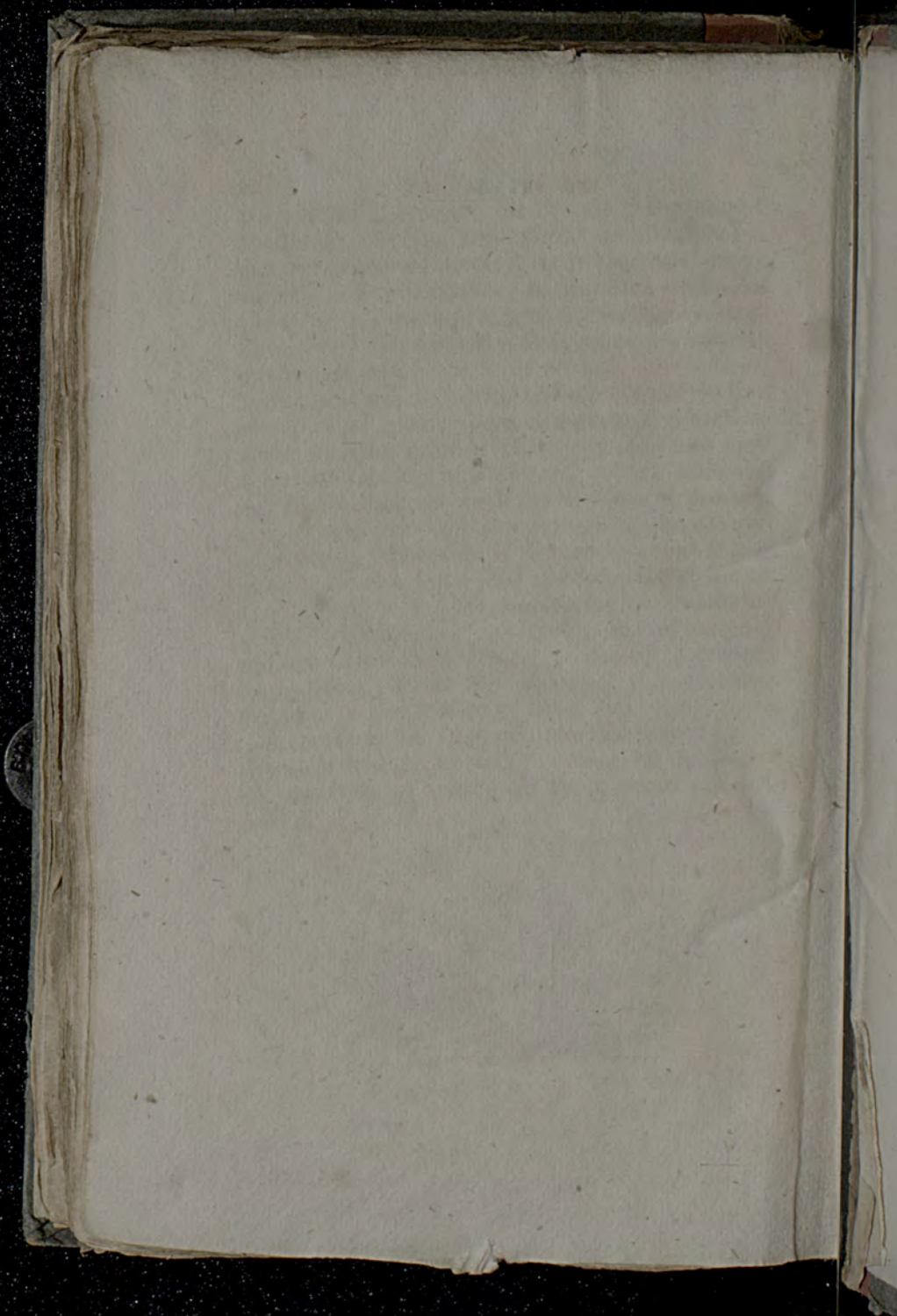
But how can I express the effects which the certainty of procuring a still greater quantity made on our minds? How paint the new and exquisite feeling, the ecstasy, which relieved our diminished strength, raised our drooping spirits, and recalled the delicious, the divine consolation of hope? How can I explain what I so poignantly felt? The sudden passage from extreme want to the possession of some aliments, collected by the feeble ray of hope! the transition from a state of despair to one of tranquillity; from the banks of the gloomy Cocytus to the realms of life!

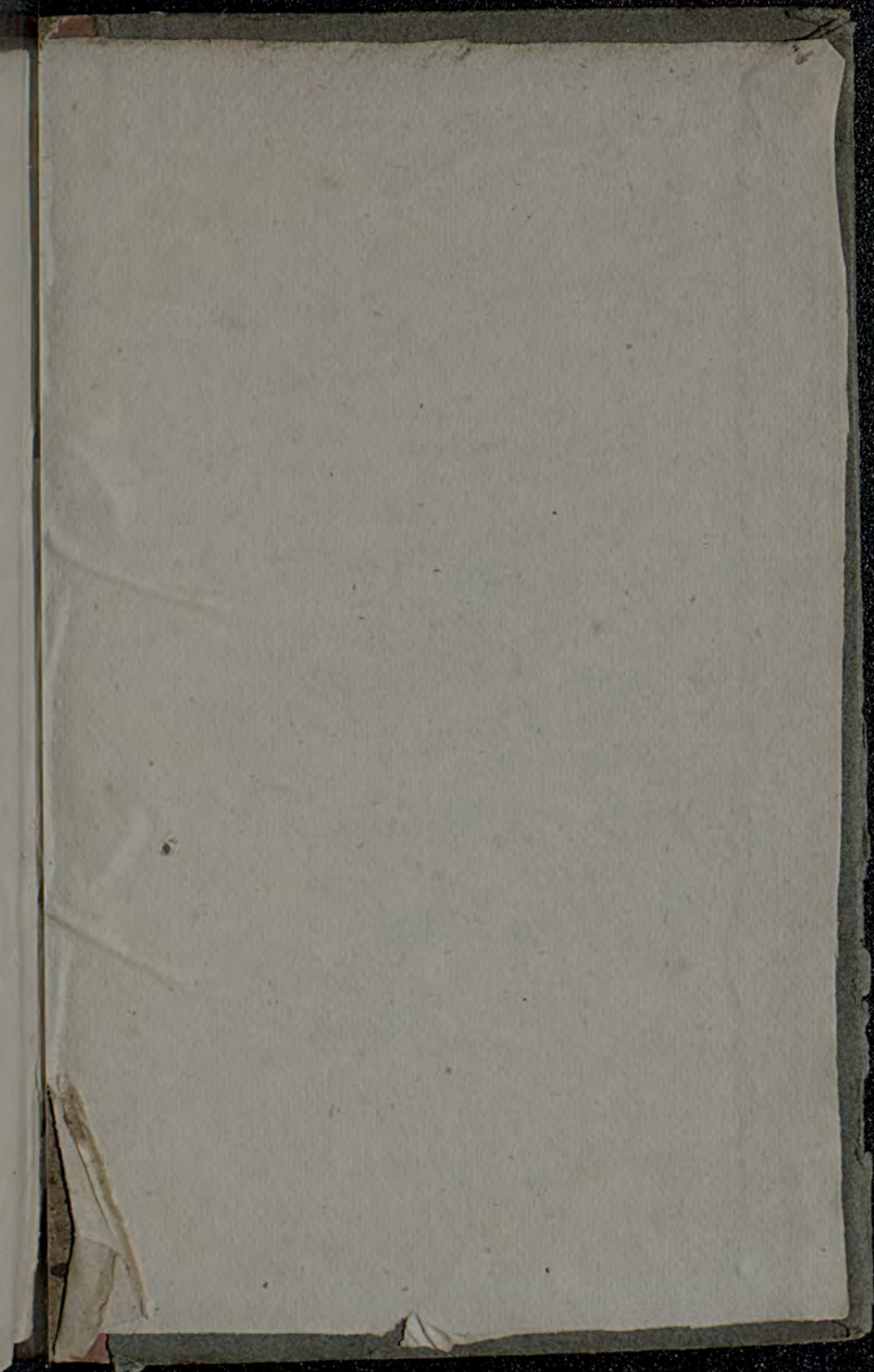
Soon after this, they hear the tinkling of bells suspended to the necks of cattle, and discover a plantation, at which all their wants are relieved.











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