

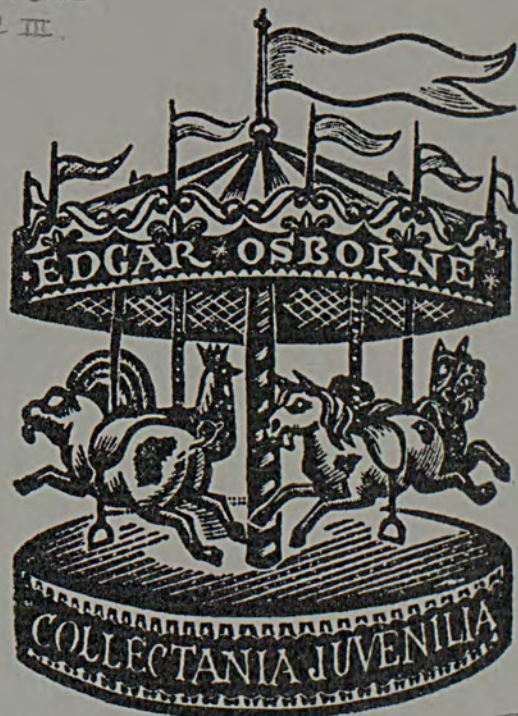




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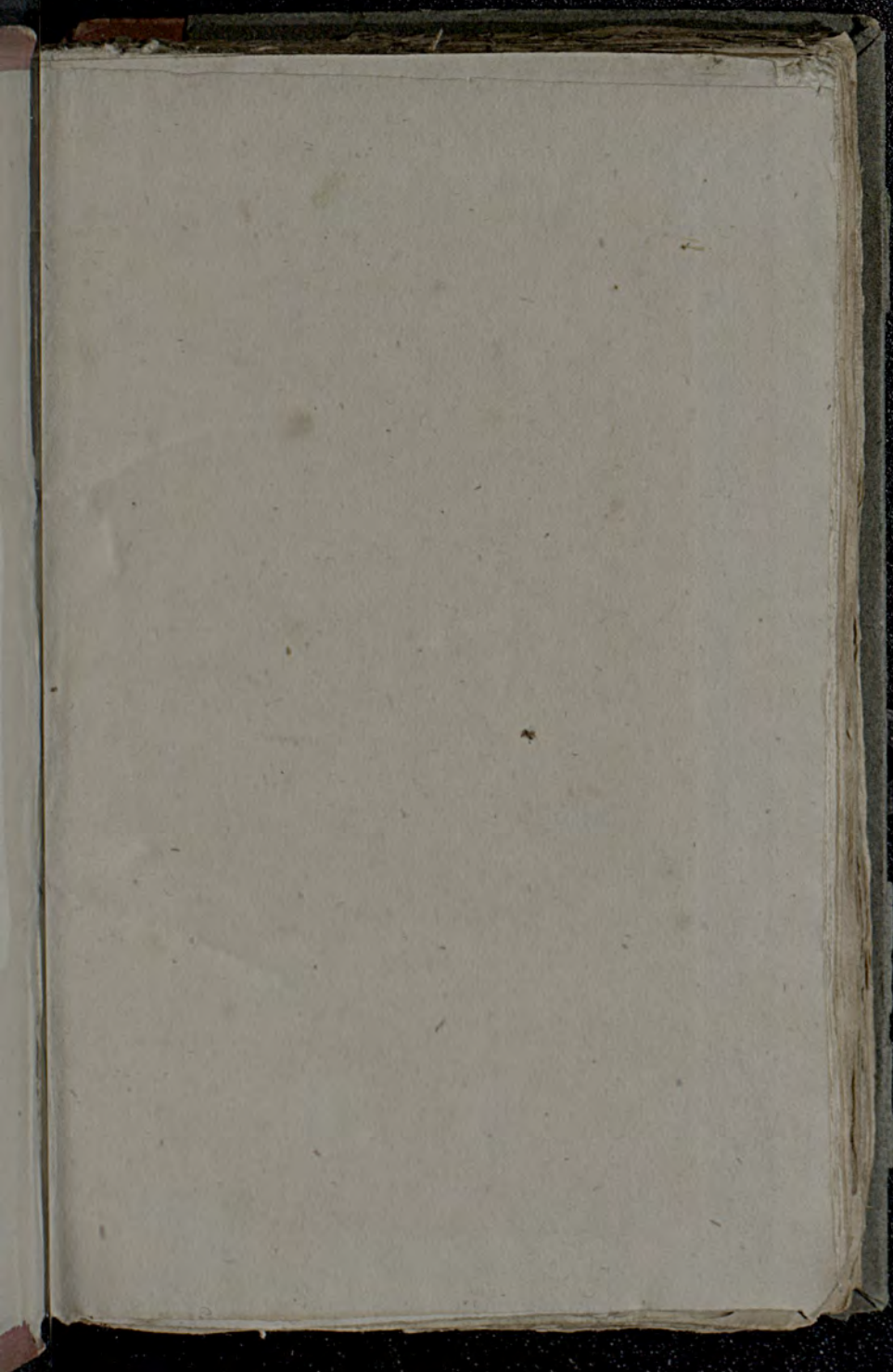
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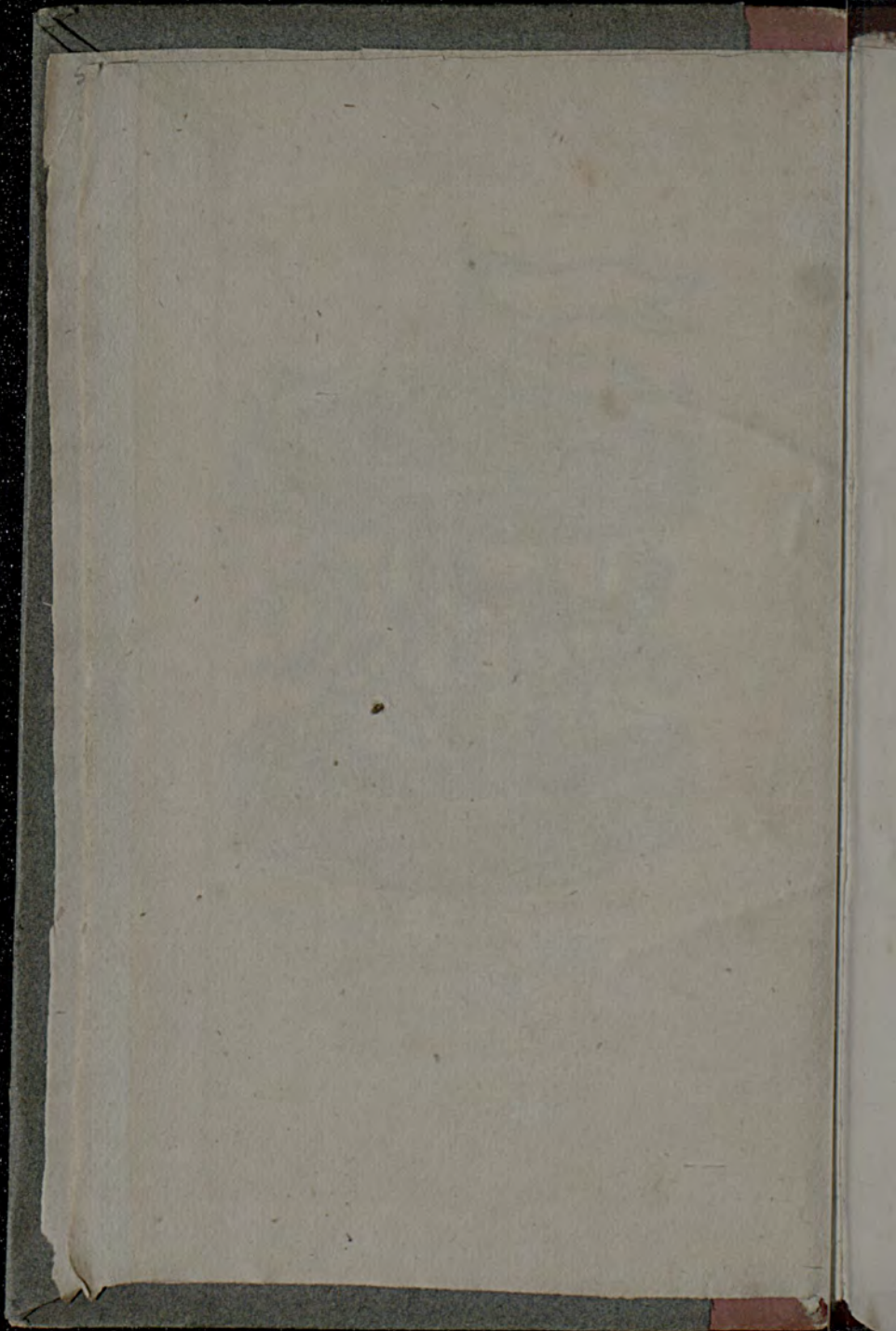
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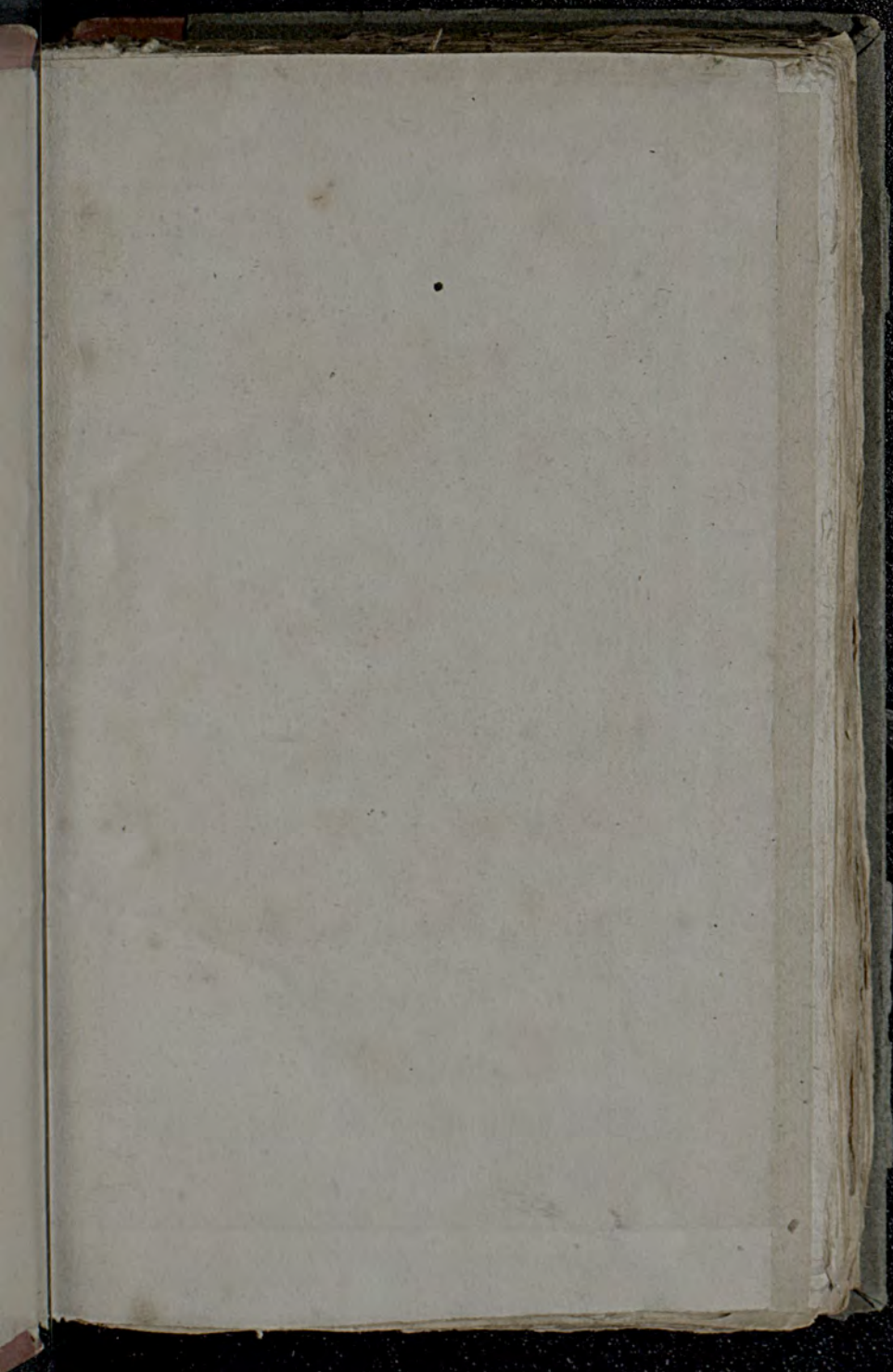
















HUNTER of the ALPS

W. G. del.

J. Raylc.

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POPULAR STORIES ;

OR,

ENTERTAINING TALES,

&c. &c.



EACH VOLUME

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POPULAR TORIES

THE HISTORY OF

THE REVOLUTION

OF GREAT BRITAIN

IN THE YEAR

1789

PRINTED FOR A. MILLAR

IN ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD

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# HUNTER OF THE ALPS.

BY SARAH WILKINSON.

**F**ELIX DI ROSALVO, a native of Turin, being left an orphan at an early age, resolved (being of a romantic turn) to abandon his native country, and the kindred he had left, and seek his fortune on foreign shores.

He carried this design into execution before any of his friends were apprised of the youth's design; not excepting his only brother, Ferdinand, who sincerely mourned his departure.

He landed on the shores of India a tiny adventurer, with nothing but his sword to support him. Fortune at first did not favor the youthful hero, who was indefatigable in his attempt to gain her smiles. At length the capricious wheel turned propitious to his wishes; every revolving year added to his wealth, and rewarded his enterprising ardor.

After an absence of twenty years, Felix returned to the place of his nativity, anxious to spend the remainder of his days with the beloved relations whom he had formerly deserted. Numberless were the times he had wrote to them while in India, but received no answer;

and he now felt the utmost solicitude to make the requisite inquiries in person, on a subject so interesting to his heart.

To his inexpressible regret, when he arrived at Turin, he discovered that his relatives had long since been numbered with the dead; and his brother wandered no one knew whither.

It was some days ere he sufficiently recovered from this disappointment, so far as to attend to his own establishment, which he intended to be on an elegant equality with his fortune.

Just at this period, an advertisement met his view, expressing, that a castle and estate was to be disposed of in Savoy, with all the furniture of the edifice, and the equipages of its present possessor; a nobleman who had ruined himself by the fashionable destructive vice of gaming.

Felix made the purchase, and retired to the Castle of Guicherie with Marco, his confidential attendant. To avoid trouble, he retained all the domestics of his predecessor, by whom he was welcomed to his new abode with unfeigned joy and respect.

As soon as he was settled at the Castle, he caused advertisements to be inserted in each of the public journals respecting his brother Ferdinand, offering great rewards to those who would satisfy him as to the existence or death of that beloved relation.

But he was at length obliged to relinquish these attempts to regain a brother as abortive; forning, from these disappointments, a belief that much affected a heart unequalled for ten-



der philanthropy; that his brother had sunk under the burthen of poverty and affliction, in some miserable obscurity.

To pass his hours pleasantly in the shades of retirement, Felix inquired of Marco the best amusements of the country. His attendant replied, that the chace was by far the most general.

Felix observed, that the chace was an amusement that often terminated by breaking the neck, or some of the limbs of the person engaged in it: that he never went a hunting but once when in India, which was a tyger hunt, and then he went in splendor, mounted on an elephant. "But all badinage apart, (continued Felix,) I dare say, I shall like hunting in this country fashion. So, Marco, give immediate orders for the necessary preparations to be set on foot."

While festivity reigned in the Castle, and its hospitable gates were opened to every way-worn traveller, and their wants supplied with the most benign hospitality, a far different scene was acting in a lone miserable hut, on the borders of an adjacent forest.

Vincent, its wretched owner, had known a better life. Unmerited misfortunes had obliged him to abandon society, and retire, with the lovely Helena, his faithful partner in adversity, and their two infant boys, Florio and Julio, to the poor habitation which now barely sheltered them from the inclemency of the skies.

Helena procured some needle-work from the wife of a venerable pastor, who resided about



two miles distant : and poor Vincent became a hunter of the Alps.

But at the period that Felix became master of the Castle of Guicherie, fate was again heaping its relentless persecutions on the heads of the unfortunate Vincent, and his innocent family.

Helena's benevolent employer died suddenly, and in vain that amiable woman solicited elsewhere for work, that she might, by her voluntary industry, contribute towards the support of her hapless children, for whose sufferings she felt much more acutely than for her own.

Vincent was equally unsuccessful at this period : in vain he pursued the chase ; none of the objects for which he sought, rewarded his toil ; and on that eventful day that Felix first turned hunter in the forests of Savoy, Vincent's cottage did not contain one morsel of bread to appease the hunger of its wretched inmates ; nor fuel to warm their shivering limbs. On the preceding day, Vincent had humbled himself even (a hard task to a delicate mind) to solicit a scanty pittance from them whom hounteous Providence had placed in a state of comparative comfort to his wretched lot ; but his petition was invariably rejected ; and the wretched suppliant, branded with the undeserved epithets of idle mendicant, and worthless fellow ; when, alas ! poverty was his only crime.

Never did the sorrowing Vincent and Helena experience such a morning as this to which they now unwillingly opened their eyes.



HUNTER OF THE ALPS.

Vincent resolved to make one more attempt to save himself, his wife, and children, from perishing by famine. He recollected some persons who resided at one of the extremities of the forest, to whom he had not yet related his tale of woe.

He promised to return in an hour; but near two had elapsed, and Vincent came not; while Helena, scarce able to support this torturing suspense, sat watching an hour-glass, which she had set on a table before her, that she might mark the time of her husband's absence, and fervently praying for his success; as well as that her children might not wake to feel the tortures of hunger, till relief was at hand. But she was doomed to suffer disappointment. Florio and his brother left their bed, and repairing to their mother, eagerly inquired if their father was gone to purchase them some breakfast. Being answered in the affirmative, they promised, with their wonted sweetness of disposition, to be content till his return; though they could not avoid expressing their wishes, that his absence would not be of much longer continuance.

A few minutes passed away, and Vincent returned. Helena, in tremulous accents, inquired what tidings.

"Misery, contempt, and despair. My petition has been every where rejected. For my own part, I could meet my fate with resignation; but when I think of you, Helena, and my children--I des--"

“ Vincent, (interrupted Helena,) you know that I possess fortitude.”

“ You do, indeed, my love; and it has oft surprised me to see you brave, with such firmness, the trying situations to which you have been so unhappily exposed.”

“ Yes, even when the raging flames destroyed our peaceful dwelling, and reduced our property to ashes; when our hard-hearted creditors drove us from Turin, to seek a refuge in the dreary forests of Savoy; through every change, fortitude never deserted me. Even at this distressing moment, I can press your hand with courage, and forbid you to despair.”

The entrance of the children (who, previous to the return of their father, had retired to the bed-room to finish attiring themselves in their coarse but clean habiliments, which they had neglected to do on their first rising) prevented Vincent's reply; while their innocent questions, to discover if their father had brought them the promised, and much-wanted breakfast, almost distracted him.

“ My children, (said the wretched father,) I have not yet brought you food: but in a quarter of an hour you shall have every thing. Yes, by Heaven! (exclaimed he mentally,) though I perish for it.”

“ We shall have breakfast in a quarter of an hour,” said the little Julio.

“ Yes, my love.”

“ Then I will go (said Florio) into the forest, and pick up some dry sticks, to make a fire. May my brother go with me?”



"Yes, my dear boy," said Helena, who was happy to allow them to do any thing that might for the present divert their thoughts from food, which she had not to give them; and away ran their unfortunate little ones to gather fuel.

Vincent now distinctly heard the sound of horns without. "Hark! Helena, (said he:) the chace is abroad: the horn of the hunter sounds among the Alps. My life, for a while, farewell: I'll return with comfort to you. All breasts, surely, cannot be steeled against the prayers of misery."

"Go then, my Vincent: may your suit be propitious. Still cherish hope. Let us, in the midst of poverty, be virtuous; and we may yet be happy. Heaven never utterly deserts its creatures, till they forfeit its protection by deeds of guilt."

Felix di Rosalvo had pursued the chace some time, when his horse ran away with him into the midst of the forest adjoining Vincent's cottage; and having thrown his affrighted rider into a thicket of brambles, continued his progress with amazing rapidity, leaving Felix to reflect on his intricate situation at leisure.

He heard the chace gradually receding: the horn grew still more distant, and Felix still more perplexed.

"Here (said he) I may bawl myself hoarse, and can never make my domestics hear my cries. Then this place is so entangled with labyrinths, that if I were to attempt to find my way back to the Castle of Guicherie, it is a thousand to one but I wander still further from

it. Unfortunate Felix! what demon tempted thee to quit thy palanquin, and the banks of the Ganges, to mount a kicking filley in the forests of Savoy? Here are so many paths; and were there only two, I should certainly fix on the wrong."

While Felix was thus soliloquising, Vincent was conducted by chance to the spot where he then stood. Seeing a stranger richly habited, and alone, a desperate thought took possession of his soul; and he resolved not to return to his family, without food to relieve their wants.

"Stranger, (said he aloud,) you are a rich man: I am a poor one."

"Well, (said Felix,) what then? What mean you?"

"Flunder. Give me money, I command you."

Vincent presented a pistol, and for a moment stood in the attitude of fierce despair. Suddenly a sense of shame predominated in his distracted mind: and casting the weapon from him, he knelt at the feet of Felix, and implored his charity. "Cannot you feel compassion?" said he.

"Yes, (said Felix,) for the virtuous unfortunate always: for the vicious never."

"You have money; you could lend."

"This is a cut-throat of gentility," said Felix to himself.

"You could lend (repeated Vincent) to an honest man."

"I would not refuse a loan to an honest man."



“Trust me, stranger, in spite of present appearances, I am. That is, I would be honest: but, alas? Sir, I can stay no longer: my circumstances are desperate. One ducat is all I ask.”

Felix instantly drew forth his purse, and presented him with the solicited ducat.

“Heaven preserve you, (said Vincent:) it will preserve my wife from death.”

“A wife! (re-echoed Felix.) Here, take another ducat.”

“Bounteous Providence! (said the Hunter of the Alps,) my children will be saved from dying by famine.”

“Children too! (said the compassionate master of the Castle of Guicherie.) A wife and children starving! Here, take the purse, and fly to their relief, if your tale is true: if false, be the guilt on your own head.”

Vincent with enthusiastic gratitude, pressed the hand of the stranger; exclaiming, “Preserver! Friend! Angel! May heaven bless and reward you.” He then rushed rapidly down an obscure path, and was in a moment lost to view.

As soon as Vincent was gone, Felix recollected his own situation, and blamed the negligence of which he had been guilty, in not having requested the man (to whom he had given his purse) to guide him out of that dreary solitude, and put him in the way to the Castle. “But, perhaps, (said Felix,) had I asked him to have done me that service, his fear might have prevented him from comply-

ing. I know not what to conclude from this adventure: he certainly was not a common robber; his sighs, his tremulous accents, and the blush of shame that tinged his pallid cheeks, when he threw the pistol from him, all convince me that he rather merits pity than reproach. And when so many, whose rank in society should place them above temptation, descend to commit so many dirty actions, can we wonder, if a poor man, struggling through life, o'er wants and difficulties, should sometimes wander from the open paths of honesty, and soil his feet in the dirty ways of knavery and fraud? But hark! I hear some voices. More borrowers. I'll be sworn there is one in every avenue of the forest." Florio and Julio now passed him, carrying wood on their little shoulders.

"Stay, little ones, (halloed Felix.) How far am I distant from the Castle of Guicherie?"

"More than a league through the forest, Signior, (replied Florio;) and if you are a stranger, it will be difficult for you to explore the way; but if you will please to accept me for a guide, I'll shew you the way presently."

"There's a good lad. Come along, my little pilots, and I'll handsomely reward you for your trouble."

"We must carry this wood home first, Signior, for our mother to make a fire with. It is just behind yonder pine trees. If your honor will please to walk with us there, I will guide you to the Castle directly afterwards."



Felix complied; and the children led the way to the cottage.

The graceful manner in which Helena received the stranger, so far differing from what her humble garb, and still more humble habitation, led him to expect, filled Felix at once with respect, admiration, and wonder.

Di Rosalvo now complained of heaviness and fatigue; and resigned himself to the embraces of sleep in an old arm-chair that stood in the chimney corner.

The children, as soon as they beheld that the stranger slept, renewed their solicitations for food, and wrung their mother's heart to agony.

She was again obliged to have recourse to stratagem to divert their thoughts; and she intreated them to go into the forest; but be careful not to wonder out of their own knowledge, and see if they could meet their father returning: or, perhaps, some of the domestics of the Castle in search of their lord.

The poor children were absent above half an hour; and then returned, fatigued and spiritless with their ill success.

Helena was by turns lamenting over, and then soothing her hapless babes, when Felix, who had in idea renewed the fall from his horse awoke in terror and confusion; but soon recovered to a sense of his real situation, and apologised to his hostess for the trouble he had given, and inquired how long he had slept.

Helena replied, that it was rather more than half an hour; and during that time, she had sent the children into the forest, to look for his

attendants, but without the success desired; but concluded with informing him, Florio was ready to attend him to the Castle.

"I am obliged to you, Madam for your hospitable kindness. But I am loth to depart without seeing your husband."

Helena replied, that she was in momentary expectation of his return.

Both the children expressed their wishes that he was come.

"I also wish he was, (said Felix!) I long to see him. If he resembles his father, I am sure I shall like him vastly."

"He has been very unfortunate, (said Helena, with a heart-rending sigh;) but he is an honest man, a tender husband, and an affectionate father."

"I am rejoiced to hear that you have such a worthy partner, (replied di Rosalvo.) But give me leave to acquaint you that the adventure of this morning has given me an uncommon appetite. Might I trouble you, Madam, for some trifling refreshment before I leave this cottage?"

"Signior, (said Helena, in visible confusion.) I am sorry: but, really, I---"

"O, no apologies, Madam, for coarse fare: a slice of brown bread, and a glass of home-made wine, is quite sufficient."

"I must acknowledge, Signior, (said Helena, after a severe struggle with her feelings,) that till the return of my husband, who is gone to purchase provisions, I have not a morsel of bread to offer for your acceptance."



"If that is really the case, (said Rosalvo,) hunger and I must be forced to remain companions for the present. But hold: I now remember that, ere I sat out from the Castle of Guicherie, my old steward would thrust a hunting-cake and a flask of cordial into my pocket."

As soon as Felix drew the cake from his pocket, both the children eagerly approached towards him.

Helena, struggling between pride and tenderness, drew the children away, lest their eagerness should betray their real condition.

"Will you not allow them (said Felix) to taste of the cake?"

"Ah! no, Signior, (said Helena;) it would be too great a luxury for children that are only accustomed to plain food."

"Well, well; mothers must bring up their children as they think proper," said di Rosalvo; and breaking off some of the cake, and taking a glass of cordial, began to appease the cravings of his own appetite.

At this sight both the children burst into tears; and the good-natured Felix again renewed his solicitation to Helena, that she would allow the children to partake with him. Her maternal feeling overcome her scruples, and she immediately complied.

Felix presented a large piece to Florio; who ran, and gave it to his brother, saying, "There take it, Julio: I am not quite so hungry as you are, poor little fellow."

"What an amiable child! (observed Felix.) Take this;" giving Florio the remainder of the cake.

The eager avidity with which the children devoured the cake, quite astonished Di Rosalvo. The acute misery of their situation now struck him forcibly: He doubted not but that the hapless mother, and her babes, were literally starving. To try them still further, he said, with apparent carelessness, "How the little nephews eat! how eagerly that morsel of cake! I dare say they have already had three or four hearty meals to day."

"Ah, Signior, (said Helena,) how great your error! The children of the poor are happy if they receive even one in the course of each day."

"That may, indeed be too true, (said Felix,) and extreme distress may sometimes drive the most virtuous person to desperate actions. For example; I was attacked in the forest, not exactly by a robber, but by a gentleman, who borrows money from the lone passenger."

"Your words astonish me, (said Helena.) The inhabitants of this country, it is true, are poor, but honest, and sincere; and the traveller has ever found in their guideless nature, the pledge of his security. You should make your complaint to a magistrate, Signior, that the plunderer might be taken, and brought to justice."

Felix observed, that he should be sorry to act in that manner, as the culprit appeared to him rather as an unfortunate than a criminal person, urged by distress to perpetrate actions which his heart abhorred, "He spoke to me



of a wife and children, who were perishing with hunger, and whom he must fly to relieve.

Helena gave a convulsive start. "Ah! (said she internally,) should Vincent have done this! But no, it cannot be he. He would sooner die than add infamy to our woes."

"His story (continued Rosalvo) might be an invention. But were I certain of the contrary, and could discover his abode, I would be to him a generous friend, instead of a persecutor."

Just at this instant, loud and repeated shouts were heard from the forest.

"What can this mean?" exclaimed both Helena and Felix.

Vincent rushed into the cottage, the image of despair, with a basket of provisions in his hand. With extreme perturbation he shut the door, and hastily drew the bolt. "Here (said he to Helena, presenting Felix's purse, not yet observing that he was in the room,) take this, and conceal it; I am pursued. Ah! Helena, I behold your reproaching looks. Do not scorn me: for you, and my children, I have done this deed."

Felix exultingly advanced, and took Vincent's hand, exclaiming, "You did not deceive me; you are, indeed, an honest man."

"Ah, my benefactor! (said Vincent,) you only can preserve me. For the sake of these innocents, do not accuse me. Hark! my pursuers are trying to force the door."

"Open it, and admit them fearlessly, my friend, (said Felix,) I will save you even from suspicion."



Vincent opened the door; and the steward of the Castle, with a crowd of vassals, rushed in. "Now we have caught the villain, (said the former;) seize him knock him down."

"Blessed day! what is the meaning of all this, old gentleman" said Felix, advancing.

"Why, Signior, (said the steward,) when you was so long missing from the chace, we became alarmed on your account; and we searched every nook of the forest, as we thought, and inquired of every person we met with, if they had seen such a person as we described you, Signior. For a long time we could gain no intelligence; but when we came to inquire of old Baptista, who keeps a pasoda (a larder) on the other side of the forest, and told him that we feared you was robbed and murdered, he paused a little, and then said, a poor hunter, who had on the preceding day asked charity of him, and would have been glad to have accepted even of the scrapings of his trencher, had just been there, and purchased a whole basket full of provisions; and when in the act of paying for the same, pulled forth a purse filled with gold. We eagerly inquired the texture of the purse: and Baptista informed us that it was of green and silver net. We concluded it to be yours: and our informer pointing the way the hunter had taken, we pursued, and saw him enter this cottage; and we are truly happy to find that your Lordship is not murdered."

"I likewise am most happy (said Felix) to inform you, that I have neither been robbed



or murdered. I fear, in your zeal to serve me, you have insulted this worthy man through your erroneous suspicions. I sent him with that purse to purchase provisions for his family. But retire, my friends, to the other side of the room, while I say a few words to Vincent and his family." The vassals obeyed; and Felix addressed Vincent, by requesting to see him and his family as soon as they could make it convenient at the Castle of Guicherie.

"Generous, noble hearted man," said Vincent, kissing his hand.

"Our children (said Helena) shall be taught to bless the benevolent stranger."

"Speak, (said Felix :) in what way can I serve you? I am sure you have not long been accustomed to this way of life. You interest me strongly: are you natives of this country?"

"With you, our bounteous preserver, (replied Vincent,) we ought to have no concealments. Two years since, accumulated distress forced me to take shelter in this place, where I am only known as Vincent, the poor Hunter of the Alps. But my family name is Rosalvo: and Turin was the place of my birth."

"Is your Christian name Ferdinand?" said Felix, with undisguised eagerness.

"Yes, Ferdinand Di Rosalvo."

"Huzza! Huzza! You will think I am mad, (said Felix :) but I am not. You had a brother."

"Yes, dear unfortunate Felix. He died in India."

"No, that's false. He stands before you now, in Savoy: he presses you to his heart, and calls you by the endearing name of brother."

Mutual explanations took place; and all was joy and rapture in that abode, which had so lately been the scene of misery and despair.

After they had partaken of some of the provisions which Ferdinand had purchased with his brother's gold, they all repaired to the Castle, where it was agreed that the former and his family should domesticate.

Felix felt completely happy in their society. He loved the boys as if they were his own. An early disappointment, where he had formed an ardent and rather romantic prepossession, had determined him never to marry. Florio and Julio were to be his heirs. He immediately settled a large annual sum on Ferdinand and Helena, who always remembered with gratitude, the incident that brought Felix to their wretched cottage in the forest of Savoy.





THE  
HISTORY  
OF THE  
AMAZONS.

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THE Amazons were a nation of female warriors, who founded an empire in Asia Minor, on the river Thermodoon, along the coasts of the Black Sea. They formed a state out of which men were excluded. What commerce they had with that sex, was with strangers: they killed all their male children; and they cut off the right breasts of their females, to make them more fit for the combat.

The Amazons are particularly mentioned by Herodotus. That historian informs us, that the Grecians fought a battle with the Amazons, on the river Thermodoon, and defeated them. After their victory, they carried off all the Amazons they could take alive in three ships. But, whilst they were out at sea, these Amazons conspired against the men, and killed them all. Having, however, no knowledge of navigation, nor any skill in the use of the rudder, sails, or oars, they were driven by wind and tide till

they arrived at the precipices of the lake Mæotis, in the territories of the Scythians. Here the Amazons went ashore, and, marching into the country, seized and mounted the first horses they met with, and began to plunder the inhabitants. The Scythians at first conceived them to be men; but after they had had skirmishes with them, and taken some prisoners, they discovered them to be women. They were then unwilling to carry on hostilities against them; and by degrees a number of the young Scythians formed connections with them, and were desirous that these gentle dames should live with them as wives, and be incorporated with the rest of the Scythians. The Amazons agreed to continue their connection with their Scythian husbands, but refused to associate with the other inhabitants of the country, and especially with the women of it. They afterwards prevailed on their husbands to retire to Sarmatia, where they settled. Hence, (says Herodotus.) the wives of the Sarmatians still continue their ancient way of living. They hunt on horseback in the company of their husbands, and sometimes alone. They march with their armies, and wear the same dress with the men. The Sarmatians use the Scythian language, but corrupted from the beginning, because the Amazons never learned to speak correctly. Their marriages are attended with this circumstance: no virgin is permitted to marry till she has killed an enemy in the field: so that some always grow old before they can qualify themselves as the law requires."



Diodorus Siculus says, \* There was formerly a nation who dwelt near the river Thermodoon, which was subjected to the government of women, and in which the women, like men, managed all the military affairs. Among these female warriors was one who excelled the rest in strength and valor. She assembled together an army of women, whom she trained up in military discipline, and subdued some of the neighbouring nations. Afterwards, having, by her valor, increased her fame, she led her army against the rest; and being successful, she was so puffed up, that she styled herself the daughter of Mars, and ordered the men to spin wool, and do the work of the women within doors. She also made laws, by which the women were enjoined to go to the wars, and the men to be kept at home in a servile state, and employed in the meanest offices. They also debilitated the arms and thighs of those male children who were born to them, that they might be thereby rendered unfit for war. They seared the right breasts of their girls, that they might be no hindrance to them in fighting: from whence they derived the name of Amazons. Their queen, having become extremely eminent for skill and knowledge in military affairs, at length built a large city at the mouth of the river Thermodoon, and adorned it with a magnificent palace. In her enterprises, she exactly adhered to military discipline and good order: and she added to her empire all the adjoining nations, even to the river Tanais. Having performed these exploits, she at last ended



her days like a hero, falling in battle, in which she had fought courageously. She was succeeded in the kingdom by her daughter, who imitated the valor of her mother, and in some exploits excelled her. She caused the girls, from their very infancy, to be exercised in hunting, and to be daily trained up in military exercises. She instituted solemn festivals and sacrifices to Mars and Diana, which were named Tauropoli. She afterwards carried her arms beyond the Tanais, and subdued all the people of those regions, even unto Thrace. Returning then with a great quantity of spoils into her own kingdom, she caused magnificent temples to be erected to the deities before mentioned: and she gained the love of her subjects by her mild and gentle government. She afterwards undertook an expedition against those who were on the other side of the river, and subjected to her dominion a great part of Asia, extending her arms as far as Syria."

Diodorus also mentions another race of Amazons who dwell in Africa, and whom he speaks of being of greater antiquity than those who lived near the river Thermoodon. "In the western parts of Libya, (says he,) upon the borders of those tracts that are habitable, there was anciently a nation under the government of women, and whose manners and mode of living were altogether different from ours. It was the custom of these women to manage all military affairs: and for a certain time, during which they preserved their virginity, they went out as soldiers to fight. After some years



employed in this manner, when the time appointed for this purpose was expired; they associated themselves with men, in order to obtain children. But the magistracy and all public offices, they kept entirely in their own hands. The men, as the women are with us, were employed in household affairs, submitting themselves wholly to the authority of their wives. They were not permitted to take any part in military affairs, or to have any command, or any public authority, which might have any tendency to encourage them to cast off the yoke of their wives. As soon as any child was born, it was delivered to the father, to be fed with milk, or such other food as was suitable to its age. If females were born, they seared their right breasts, that they might not be burthen-some to them when they grew up; for they considered them as great hindrances in battle.

Justinian represents another Amazonian republic to have taken its rise in Scythia. The Scythians had a great part of Asia under their dominion upwards of 400 years, till they were conquered by Ninus, the founder of the Assyrian empire. After his death, which happened about 1150 years before the Christian era, and that of Semiramis, and their son Ninias, Ilinus and Scolopites, princes of the royal blood of Scythia, were driven from their country by other princes, who, like them, aspired to the crown. They departed with their wives, children, and friends; and, being followed by a number of young people, of both sexes, they passed into Asiatic Sarmatia, beyond Mount

Camassus, where they formed an establishment, supplying themselves with the riches they wanted, by making excursions into the countries bordering on the Euxine Sea. The people of those parts, exasperated by the incursions of their new neighbours, united, and surprised and massacred the men.

The women then resolving to revenge their death, and at the same time to provide their own security, resolved to form a new kind of government, to choose a queen, enact laws, and maintain themselves without men, even against men themselves. This design was not so very surprising as at first sight appears: for the greatest part of the girls among the Scythians had been inured to the same exercises as the boys: to draw the bow, to throw the javelin, to manage other arms; to riding, hunting, and even the painful labors that seem reserved for men: and many of them, as among the Sarmatians, accompanied the men in war. Hence they had no sooner formed their resolution, than they prepared to execute it, and exercised themselves in all military operations. They soon secured the peaceable possession of the country; and, not content with shewing their neighbours that all their efforts to drive them thence, or subdue them, were ineffectual, they made war upon them, and extended their own frontiers. They had hitherto made use of the instructions and assistance of a few men that remained in the country; but finding that they could stand their ground, and aggrandise themselves, without them, they killed all those



whom flight or chance had saved from the fury of the Sarmatians, and for ever renounced marriage, which they now considered as an insupportable slavery. But, as they could only secure the duration of their new kingdom by propagation, they made a law to go every year to the frontiers, to invite the men to come to them; to deliver themselves up to their embraces, without choice on their part, or the least attachment; and to leave them as soon as they were pregnant. All those whom age rendered fit for propagation, and were willing to serve the state by breeding girls, did not go at the same time in search of men: for, in order to obtain a right to promote the multiplication of the species, they must first have contributed to its destruction: nor was any thought worthy of giving birth to children, till she had killed three men.

If from this commerce they brought forth girls, they educated them: but, with respect to the boys, if we may believe Justin, they strangled them at the moment of their birth: according to Diodorus Siculus, they twisted their legs and arms, so as to render them unfit for military exercises: but Quintus Curtius, Philostratus, and Jardarus, say, that the less savage sent them to their fathers. It is probable, that at first, when their fury against the men was carried to the greatest height, they killed the boys; that when this fury abated, and most of the mothers were filled with horror at depriving the little creatures of the lives they had just received from them, they fulfilled

the first duties of a mother: but, to prevent their causing a revolution in the state, maimed them in such a manner as to render them incapable of war, and employed them in the mean offices which these warlike women thought beneath them. In short, that, when their conquests had confirmed their power, their ferocity subsiding, they entered into political engagements with their neighbours: and the number of the males they had preserved becoming burdensome, they, at the desire of those who rendered them pregnant, sent them the boys, and continued still to keep the girls.

As soon as the age of the girls permitted, they took away the right breast, that they might draw the bow with the greater force. The common opinion is, that they burnt that breast, by applying to it, at eight years of age, a hot brazen instrument, which insensibly dried up the fibres and glands. Some think that they did not make use of so much ceremony, but, that when the part was formed, they got rid of it by amputation. Some again, with greater probability, assert, that they employed no violent measures: but, by a continual compression of that part from infancy, prevented its growth, at least so far as to hinder its ever being incommodious in war.

Pentarch gives some account of a battle which had been fought between the Athenians and the Amazons at Athens: and he relates some particulars of this battle, which had been recorded by a very ancient writer, named Clidemus. He says, "That the left wing of the



Amazons moved towards the place which is yet called Amazonium, and the right to a place called Pryx, near Chrysa: upon which the Athenians, issuing from behind the temple of the Muses, fell upon them; and that this is true, the graves of those that were slain, to be seen in the streets that lead to the gate Piraica, by the temple of the hero Chalcoedue, are a sufficient proof. And here it was that the Athenians were routed, and shamefully turned their backs to women, as far as to the Temple of the Furies. But fresh supplies coming in from Paladium, Ardetus, and Lyceum, charged their right wing, and beat them back into their very tents; in which action a great number of the Amazons were slain." In another place he says, "It appears that the passage of the Amazons through Thessaly was not without opposition; for there are yet to be seen many of their sepulchres near Scotusæa and Cynocephalæ." And in his life of Pompey, speaking of the Amazons, Plutarch says, "They inhabit those parts of Mount Caucasus that look towards the Hyrcanian Sea, (not bordering upon the Albanians, for the territories of the Getæ and the Leges lie betwixt) and with these people do they yearly, for two months only, accompany and cohabit, bed and board, near the river Thermoodon. After that they retire to their own habitations, and live alone all the rest of the year."

The Amazons are represented as being armed with bows and arrows, with javelins, and also with an axe of a particular construction, which



was denominated the axe of the Amazons. According to the elder Pliny, this axe was invented by Penthisilea, one of their queens. On many ancient medals are representations of the Amazons, armed with these axes. They are also said to have had bucklers in the shape of a half moon.

Yet, that there should have been women, who, without the assistance of men, built cities, and governed them, raised armies, and commanded them, administered public affairs, and extended their dominion by arms, is undoubtedly so contrary to all we have seen and known of human affairs, as to appear in a very great degree incredible; but, that women may have existed sufficiently robust and courageous to have engaged in warlike enterprises, and even to have been successful in them, is certainly not impossible, however contrary to the usual course of things. In support of this side of the question, it may be urged, that women who have been early trained to warlike exercises, to hunting, and to a hard and laborious mode of living, may be rendered more strong, and capable of more vigorous exertions, than men who have led indolent, delicate, and luxurious lives, and who have seldom been exposed even to the inclemencies of the weather. The limbs of women, as well as of men, are strengthened, and rendered more robust, by frequent and laborious exercise. A nation of women, therefore, brought up and disciplined as the ancient Amazons are represented to have been, would be superior to an equal number of



effeminate men; though they might be much inferior to an equal number of hardy men, trained up and disciplined in the same manner.

Instances of heroism in women have occasionally occurred in modern times, somewhat resembling that of the ancient Amazons. The times and the manners of chivalry, in particular, by bringing great enterprises, bold adventures, and extravagant heroism, into fashion, inspired the women with the same taste. The women, in consequence of the prevailing passion, were now seen in the middle of camps and armies. They quitted the soft and tender inclinations, and the delicate offices, of their own sex, for the toilsome occupations of ours. During the Crusades, animated by the double enthusiasm of religion and valor, they often performed the most romantic exploits; obtained indulgencies on the field of battle, and died with arms in their hands, by the side of their lovers, or of their husbands.

In Europe, the women attacked and defended fortifications. Princesses commanded their armies, and obtained victories. Such was the celebrated Joan de Montfort, disputing for her duchy of Bretagne, and fighting herself. Such was the still more celebrated Margaret of Anjou, that active and intrepid general and soldier, whose genius supported a long time a feeble husband; which taught him to conquer; which replaced him on the throne; which twice relieved him from prison; and, oppressed by fortune and by rebels, which did not bend till after she had decided in person twelve battles.



The warlike spirit among the women, consistent with ages of barbarism, when every thing is impetuous, because nothing is fixed, and when all excess is the excess of force, continued in Europe upwards of 400 years, showing itself from time to time, and always in the middle of convulsions, or on the eve of great revolutions. But there were eras and countries in which that spirit appeared with particular lustre. Such were the displays it made in the 15th and 16th centuries in Hungary, and in the islands of the Archipelago and the Mediterranean, when they were invaded by the Turks.

Among the striking instances of Amazonian conduct in modern ladies, may be mentioned that of Jane of Belleville, widow of Mons. de Clisson, who was beheaded at Paris in the year 1343, on a suspicion of carrying on a correspondence with England, and the Count de Montfort. This lady, filled with grief for the death of her late husband, and exasperated at the ill treatment which she considered him as having received, sent off her son secretly to London; and, when her apprehensions were removed with respect to him, she sold her jewels, fitted out three ships, and put to sea, to revenge the death of her late husband upon all the French she should meet. This new Corsair made several descents upon Normandy, where she stormed castles; and the inhabitants of that province beheld more than once, whilst their villages were all in a blaze, one of the finest women in Europe, with a sword in one hand, and a torch in the other, urging the



carnage, and eyeing with pleasure all the horrors of war.

We read in Mezeray, under the article of the Croisade, preached by St. Bernard in the year 1147, "That many women did not content themselves with taking the cross, but that they also took up arms to defend it, and composed squadrons of females, which rendered credible all that has been said of the prowess of the Amazons."

In the year 1590. the League party obtained some troops from the King of Spain. Upon the news of their being disembarked, Barri de St. Aunez, Henry IVth's governor at Leucate, set out to communicate a scheme to the Duke de Montmorenci, commander in that province. He was taken in his way by some of the troops of the League, who were also on their march with the Spaniards towards Leucate. They were persuaded that by thus having the governor in their hands, the gates of that place would be immediately opened to them, or at least would not hold out long. But Constantia de Cecelli, his wife, after having assembled the garrison, put herself so resolutely at their head, pike in hand, that she inspired the weakest with courage; and the besiegers were repulsed wherever they presented themselves. Shame and their great loss having rendered them desperate, they sent a message to this courageous woman, acquainting her, that if she continued to defend herself, they would hang her husband. She replied, with tears in her eyes, "I have riches in abundance: I have offered them, and

I do still offer them for his ransom; but I would not ignominiously purchase a life which he would reproach me with, and which he would be ashamed to enjoy. I will not dishonor him by treason against my king and country." The besiegers, having made a fresh attack without success, put her husband to death, and raised the siege. Henry IV. afterwards sent to this lady the brevet of governess of Leucate, with the reversion to her son.

The Abbe Arnaud, in his Memoirs, speaks of a Countess of St. Belmont, who used to take the field with her husband, and fight by his side. She sent several Spanish prisoners of her taking to Marshal Feuquiers; and, what is not a little extraordinary, this Amazon at home was all affability and sweetness, and gave herself up to reading and acts of piety.

Dr. Johnson seems to have given credit to the accounts which have been transmitted down to us concerning the ancient Amazons: and he has endeavoured to show that we ought not hastily to reject ancient historical narrations, because they contain some facts repugnant to modern manners, and exhibit scenes to which nothing now occurring bears a resemblance. "Of what we know not, (says he,) we can only judge by what we know. Every novelty appears more wonderful as it is more remote from any thing with which experience or testimony have hitherto acquainted us; and if it passes farther, beyond the notions that we have been accustomed to form, it becomes at last incredible. We seldom consider that human knowledge is



very narrow ; that national manners are formed by chance ; that uncommon conjunctures of causes produce rare effects ; or that what is impossible at one time or place may yet happen in another. It is always easier to deny than to inquire. To refuse credit, confers for a moment an appearance of superiority, which every little mind is tempted to assume, when it may be gained so cheaply as by withdrawing attention from evidence, and declining the fatigue of comparing probabilities. Many relations of travellers have been slighted as fabulous, till more frequent voyages have confirmed their veracity ; and it may reasonably be imagined, that many ancient historians are unjustly suspected of falsehood, because our own times afford nothing that resembles what they tell. Few narratives will, either to men or women, appear more incredible than the histories of the Amazons ; of female nations. of whose constitution it was the essential and fundamental law to exclude men from all participation, either of public affairs or domestic business ; where female armies marched under female captains, female farmers gathered the harvest, female partners danced together, and female wits diverted one another. Yet several sages of antiquity have transmitted accounts of the Amazons of Caucasus, and of the Amazons of America, who have given their name to the greatest river in the world. Condamine lately found such memorials as can be expected among erratic and unlettered nations, where events are recorded only by tradition, and new swarms settling in the coun-



try from time to time, confuse and efface all traces of former times."

No author has taken so much pains on this subject as Dr. Petit. But, in the course of his work, he has given it as his opinion, that there is great difficulty in governing the women even at present, though they are unarmed, and unpractised in the art of war. After all his elaborate inquiries and discussions, therefore, this learned writer might probably think, that it is not an evil of the first magnitude that the race of Amazons now ceases to exist.

Rousseau says, "The empire of the woman is an empire of softness, of address, of complacency. Her commands are caresses, her menaces are tears." But the empire of the Amazons was certainly an empire of a very different kind. Upon the whole, we may conclude with Dr. Johnson: "The character of the ancient Amazons was rather terrible than lovely. The hand could not be very delicate, that was only employed in drawing the bow, and brandishing the battle axe. Their power was maintained by cruelty, their courage was deformed by ferocity; and their example only shows, that men and women live best together."



# BLUE BEARD;

OR,

## *Female Curiosity.*

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CORRECTED AND ENLARGED

BY S. WILKINSON.

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**A**BOMELIQUE, a wealthy Turk, was remarkable for the splendor of his living, and the number of grand houses he had in different parts of the kingdom, furnished in the first style of magnificence, and decorated with images, pictures and cabinets of inestimable value. His carriages were equally numerous; several of them were gilt, the hammer cloths were bordered with gold fringe; and the state carriage was drawn by a set of Arabian horses, whose equal, for beauty and symmetry, could not be found in the universe.

The disposition of Abomelique inclined him to the fair sex: he was very amorous, and a great admirer of beauty; but he was not gifted by nature with attractions to inspire those lovely

females with an equal prepossession in his favor. He was tall and robust, and possessed a very commanding aspect. But then his eyes had a remarkable and awe-inspiring fierceness in them; his voice was gruff; and, O horrid singularity! he had a long, bushy, blue beard, which inspired every beholder with astonishment and disgust, particularly the ladies. Yet Blue Beard had obtained a great number of wives: not all at one time: for though the Turkish laws allowed every man to have as many wives and concubines as he could maintain, yet this Bashaw did not like that custom: he never had but one spouse at a time; and those married in a legal manner, according to the laws of his country. But though all these wives were very young and beautiful when they were honored with his hand, yet their death was invariably announced to their families, and the neighbours, in a few weeks; and the same plausible reason was given for their decease; yet the rights of it was never known; and they were buried in so private a manner, that no person ever remembered to have seen a funeral come out of his house: and, what was still more remarkable, all of these ill-fated females expired at one particular house, which the Bashaw had in the country, and to which he always conducted his brides a short period after their marriage. These circumstances naturally gave rise to a great deal of curiosity, and a variety of conjectures; but as the Bashaw was greatly feared on account of his power and sway in the dominions of the Caliph, the circumstance went no further than curiosity and



conjecture; no one daring to investigate the cause of what was deemed so mysterious; not even the parents or near relations of any of the deceased ladies, for fear of being made the sacrifice of his resentment: and they could only repent their own avarice and ambition, in forcing the hapless females to his arms, as every one of his wives had been dragged to the altar, and married to Blue Beard, against their own consent.

Not far from the chief residence of this tremendous Bashaw, resided a merchant, who had experienced many misfortunes, yet continued to live in a comfortable and respectable manner. He was a widower, and had lost three sons in the service of his country: but he had now two daughters, lovely as the promised nymphs of paradise; particularly the eldest, the amiable Fatima, who looked and moved with the grace and beauty of a Venus de Medicis. Her sister, the lively, witty Irene, was also very handsome; but her beauty was of a different cast, being as much indebted to the olive and hazel, as Fatima was to the lily and celestial blue, for her complexion and eyes. Fatima had, for some time past, been addressed with honorable love by the accomplished Selim, a young officer of great bravery and skill, with the entire approbation of her father, who beheld the youth with partial eyes, and considered the match as highly advantageous to his daughter, whom he tenderly loved. Irene was also promised to a young lieutenant, a friend of Selim's; and the two



mariages were expected to take place in a short time.

An indisposition with which the merchant was unfortunately attacked, delayed the solemnization of the nuptials for several weeks, to the great mortification of Selim and his friend; and, finally, to the destruction of the peace of all the parties concerned.

During this interval, it was the misfortune of Fatima to be seen and admired by the blue-bearded Abomelique: he was a widower at that time, and resolved that this beautiful fair one should supply the place of Azelia, a young Circassian lady, who had been dead about three weeks. He caused inquiries to be made respecting the circumstances of the merchant and his two daughters; and the result of this secret investigation was such as led him to believe, that he should not be disappointed in his hopes of obtaining Fatima. He heard of her engagement to Selim with the utmost indifference, not doubting that he could dazzle the eyes of the father with an ostentatious display of wealth, (a few presents, and an hundred promises,) so as to make him willing to forfeit all the engagements he had entered into with the youthful pair.

Abomelique caused his state carriage to be prepared; and dressing himself in the most costly robes he could select out of his extensive wardrobe, went to the house of the lovely Fatima's father, attended by a numerous set of horsemen, and a hundred slaves adorned with chains of gold. A band of musicians, with choice



instruments, preceded the vehicle, making the air resound with their mellifluous notes. These sounds of harmony enticed both sisters to peep through the blinds of their chamber window. They were amazed at the gay spectacle; but more so, when they observed the procession stop at their own gate. They were impatient to behold the owner of this parade, and wondered excessively what could have brought him to their dwelling.

But great was their terror when they beheld Abomelique, whom they recognized by his blue beard. Poor Fatima had an immediate idea, that this cruel Bashaw was come to demand herself, or her sister, in marriage. She imparted her fears to Irene, and then bursting into an agony of tears, ran from the casement, and flinging herself on a settee, gave free indulgence to her grief.

Irene followed, and used every argument that reason or affection could suggest, to comfort her sister, and dissipate her fears; and for this purpose suppressed her own terrors; for she was not free from apprehensions of displeasing consequences arising from Blue Beard's visit to her father.

After an interview which lasted two hours, Abomelique departed in the same state that he came, preceded by the musicians, and followed by the horsemen and slaves. When the sisters were called down to drink their afternoon's coffee with their father, they descended with trembling steps, expecting to hear some very distressing intelligence. But the merchant took



no further notice of the Bashaw's visit, than saying, he was going to return Abomelique's visit the next day. This dissipated the sisters' terrors in some degree, as they began to conclude that they were conferring about some mercantile affairs.

The next day the old gentleman repaired to Abomelique's mansion punctual to his appointment. While he was absent, Selim and his friend came to visit Fatima and Irene. They had heard, by public report, of Blue Beard's visit on the preceding day; their love took alarm, and they came on the wings of anxiety, to hear what the fair ones had to relate respecting their guest.

Selim and his friend were much tranquillized by the account they received from the sisters; and as they had not been introduced to Abomelique by their father during the visit of the former, (and they knew not that Blue Beard's conference had been about them,) they began to hope for the best. As the young officers' visits had been hitherto allowed by the merchant, they did not think proper to let this look like a clandestine one; they remained there till his return from the Bashaw's. The merchant's behaviour was just the same as formerly; no mention was made of Abomelique; and they spent the remainder of the evening together in the utmost harmony.

The next day the sisters were alarmed at receiving an order from their father to adorn themselves to the best possible advantage. They obeyed with fear and trembling. As soon as



they were drest, and covered with the long close veil which the Turkish ladies use to conceal their whole forms when they are obliged to walk, their father conducted them to an elegant mansion, which he gave them to understand belonged to the blue-bearded Bashaw; a circumstance which they pretty well guessed before he condescended to say so.

They were received by Abomelique with great politeness and gallantry. A sumptuous collation of dried fruits, sweetmeats, and refreshing drinks, awaited their arrival. As soon as they had done honor to his entertainment, Blue Beard conducted them into the principal apartment of his house, and dazzled them with the magnificence it contained. He opened cabinets filled with the richest gems, and presented Fatima and Irene with several articles of extraordinary beauty and value. He detained them several hours in this manner, and then sent them and the merchant home in one of his best carriages.

As they were proceeding home, the old gentleman inquired of his daughters how they should like the rich Bashaw for a husband.

"Father," said Fatima, "his eyes look so fierce, they are quite terrible."

"And his blue beard is so ugly!" remarked Irene; "and, instead of being ashamed of it, the Bashaw seems to take great pride in so singular an appendage."

"But he is very rich," said the merchant: "and if his beard is ugly, his house is very handsome; and any lady may spend her time



there as agreeably as if she was an Eastern Princess."

"But he has been married nineteen or twenty times already," said Irene; "and all his wives die very suddenly."

"The more his misfortune," said the merchant; "and he laments it exceedingly."

No further conversation passed on this subject on their way home. But it was enough to alarm the apprehensive sisters, especially Fatima, who thought that the attentions of Abomelique had been more directed towards her in the course of their visit, than to her sister.

A week passed on, and they heard no more of the Bashaw, to the great satisfaction of the ladies and their lovers. As the merchant was now restored to convalescence, and was able to visit from place to place, the latter pressed him to fulfil his promise, and unite them to his lovely daughters.

The merchant was too crafty to irritate them by a direct refusal; but nothing was further from his intentions than complying with such a request. However, he assured them that he would by no means consent to the respective ceremonies taking place, till he received some answers from a distant province, to letters he had dispatched there on business of the greatest importance to his interest and tranquillity.

As there was no remedy but patience, the lovers were fain to appear content; though, in reality, they were far otherwise.

The Bashaw and the merchant, had, indeed, a very good understanding with each other.



Abomelique wished to have the fair blue-eyed Fatima for his bride; and the merchant wished, of all things in the world, to be father-in-law to the grand Bashaw, whose riches he beheld with wonder and delight. He honestly represented to Blue Beard the obstacles he had to surmount in obtaining Fatima; and the Bashaw rewarded his zeal in his cause with several valuable presents, leaving him to manage matters as he thought best.

At the end of the week, when Fatima and Irene arose, they beheld three or four travelling carriages at the gates, and had no difficulty in finding out, by their ornaments, devices, &c. that they belonged to Blue Beard. Their hearts died within them, for these preparations appeared to be preliminaries to the nuptials of one of them to the hated Bashaw. The merchant entered the apartment of the sisters, and desired them to equip themselves in a travelling dress, and hastily arrange a few of their best cloaths in a portmanteau; as he was going along with some of his friends and relations to pass a week or two with his grand friend the Bashaw, who had done them the honor of an invitation to one of his country seats. Fatima took courage to ask him whether the journey was purposely undertaken to remove them from their lovers, and force them to any deeds contrary to their inclinations. The merchant gave her his honor in a manner not to be doubted, that no such violence was intended; at the same time he owned, that his first wish was to see his Fatima the wife of such a rich and powerful man.



He likewise said, that Abomelique had fixed his affections on her; and this visit was made for the purpose of seeing if he could not by assiduity gain her love. Fatima ventured to mention his promise to Selim. This roused the merchant's anger; and, like many a person, when they find their resolution so unjust that they cannot advance an argument in its favor, he retired in a storm of rage.

By the tender persuasions of Irene, and the ironical manner in which she treated the whole affair, Fatima became composed, and appeared with a countenance tolerably cheerful; though she was afflicted at not being able to send intelligence of their journey to Selim, no time being allowed for such a communication. And of this circumstance her father was perfectly aware, having planned his measures accordingly.

As soon as the ladies were drest, they descended to the sitting room, where they found those relations and friends in waiting, who had been included in the invitation. During breakfast, many jests passed on Abomelique's blue beard; and the young ladies declared their hopes that cousin Fatima would never be induced to marry the ugly Bashaw: a remark that offended the merchant, but pleased his lovely daughters, who heartily joined in the laugh that was raised at Abomelique's expence.

Their morning repast being concluded, the merchant, his daughters, and their volatile companions, got into the respective vehicles that had been in waiting for their reception for two hours past, and sat off full speed for the Bashaw's



country seat, where they arrived soon after the setting sun had gilded with its departing rays the tops of the adjacent mountains.

They were received with great pomp, and many expressions of welcome, by the master of the house: and they, in return, showered on him a profusion of compliments. For though they ridiculed him when he could know nothing about it, they chose to be very civil and obsequious in his presence; which is a maxim too generally followed; though it is a very bad one, to go and feast at any man's expense who is an object of our ridicule.

They remained at Abomelique's elegant country villa above a fortnight: and Blue Beard so ordered it, in hopes of gaining Fatima for his bride, that there was a continued variety of diversions; hunting, hawking, fishing, dancing, mirth, and feasting. Fatima remained unmoved by all this grandeur: but the young ladies who had made such jests of him at the merchant's house, now began to think that his beard was not so very blue, and that he was a gallant and obliging gentleman; and earnestly hoped that it would be a match between him and cousin Fatima, as they might then hope for a frequent invitation to visit at one of his grand houses.

Abomelique's attachment to the unfortunate Fatima was now so violent, that he determined to be put off no longer, and even accused the merchant with a design to trifle with him. The old gentleman exculpated himself very ably from this charge. They privately drew up the marriage contract; and it was agreed that three



days after the return of Fatima to her own home, the nuptials were to take place. Abomelique was to repair to the merchant's house, and bring a *cadi* with him; and as soon as the ceremony was ended, he was to take his bride home.

When they bid adieu to the Bashaw, and were got some miles on the road, Fatima's heart felt considerably lightened of its burden. She hoped to see her lover, and satisfy him of the fidelity of her affections, which she was fearful her long stay at his rival's might cause him to doubt. But, alas! the fair one was sadly disappointed in her expectations. They were no sooner got home, than the merchant issued strict orders to his servants to keep the gates and doors strongly barricaded; and, on the peril of their lives, not to admit Selim and his friend. He likewise informed his daughter, that she must prepare to marry Blue Beard three days hence; and commanded Irene to think no more of Alraschid; as her intended brother-in-law had promised to obtain for her a Bashaw almost as rich as himself. Remonstrances or intreaties were equally vain; the merchant was not to be diverted from his purpose; and the hapless ladies had no resource but to lament their cruel destinies.

Just at this time Alraschid (the lover of Irene) was ordered away with the company of soldiers he commanded to a distance of above a hundred miles, at which place they expected to be stationed for seven or eight weeks. He had no time allowed to repair to his beloved, but was



obliged to content himself with a letter of tender farewell; and departed in happy ignorance of the disappointment the merchant had been preparing for him.

Selim flew on the wings of love and hope, to visit his fair mistress, the very moment he heard of her return. But, alas! neither eloquence, bribes, or promises, could procure him admittance. Nor could he force his way in, as the servant did not appear at the door, but answered his inquiries from the balcony of an upper chamber.

Selim was at length forced to give up this unavailing controversy; for the servant, tired with answering his questions and importunities, withdrew, and closed the casement.

As soon as night threw her sable mantle over that part of the globe terrestrial, Selim wandered round the mansion that contained her whom his heart held so dear. It happened that the fair damsel, whose sorrows hindered her from sleep, went to pass away the time by walking on a terrace at the extremity of the house. Selim soon distinguished a white robe appearing through the gloom. He watched attentively, and the elegance of her movements soon proclaimed it to be his Fatima. He gently approached, calling on her name. She was at first alarmed; but soon recognised her Selim by his well-known love-inspiring accents. She leant over the ivy clad wall, and imparted to her lover the dread intelligence, that, on the second day from that period, she was doomed by her father to become the wife of the blue-



bearded Bashaw. This occasioned a conference that lasted two hours; when many plans were alternately formed and rejected, till, convinced there was no time to lose, they finally agreed to clope together the next night. Selim was to procure every thing in readiness for their flight; and as they were fearful that Fatima might be discovered if she walked long in the gardens, it was determined that Selim should announce his arrival, by flinging some gravel against the casement of her chamber, which was situated in a turret at the corner of the building.

Fatima bid adieu to Selim, and returned to her chamber composed, and looking forward with hope to her deliverance from the arms of Abomelique. Nothing material occurred during the next day, except that the few domestics the merchant kept were all very busy in preparing for the wedding of their young mistress.

Fatima did not inform Irene of the interview she had with Selim on the preceding night, or her intention of eloping on the subsequent one: not that she entertained the least doubt of her secrecy or affection, but she was unwilling to involve her in any act of disobedience that would incur the resentment of her father.

She thought the day excessively long and tedious: her heart beat with hopes and tears; and she would have given worlds to be relieved from the torments of suspence, and safe on the road a hundred miles off with her faithful Selim.

She was considerably relieved when her father ordered her to retire for the night, as she could



then indulge her feelings without being compelled to the necessity of restraint. She busied herself in packing up such articles of value as she could carry in a small compass: and at length, to her great joy, heard the turret clock strike the twelfth hour of the night.

Ten minutes elapsed, and no signal was given. She began to fear that Selim had been disappointed in arranging things that were essential to their plan. Ten minutes more passed, and she burst into a flood of tears. "Ill fated Fatima," she exclaimed, "then you must become the Bashaw's bride."

At this moment the expected signal was given. The sunshine of her smiles dispelled the cloud of grief that hung on her countenance; she snatched up the prepared packet, and, with a light heart, tript down the winding stair-case, and softly withdrew the bolt of the small door that opened into the garden; that being the only means left for escape; the merchant having taken the keys of the front doors to bed with him; and, in the plenitude of his wisdom, never supposed it likely for his daughter to scale the walls of his garden, to get rid of the man she hated, and obtain him she loved.

Fatima soon arrived at the terrace, from which there was obviously the best mode of ascent and descent. Selim flung her a rope ladder; and she busied herself in fixing it on the wall. At this important moment, she was alarmed by a sudden exclamation from the lips of her lover. She leant forward over the wall, and, to her great terror, beheld Selim sur-



rounded by bravoës, against whom the youth vainly endeavoured to defend himself, but was forcibly dragged from the spot, and put into a close covered carriage in the sight of the almost frantic Fatima, who made the place re-echo with her piercing shrieks.

The merchant, Irene, and the domestics, soon assembled in the garden; and heard from the wretched Fatima, who now disregarded all concealment, the reason of her outcries. Her father ordered her to be conveyed back to the chamber she had left, and Irene to attend her.

The merchant and his servants proceeded some length of way up the road, but could see no traces, nor hear any tidings, of Selim; at which he was greatly afflicted; for though avarice and ambition made him so forward to marry his daughter to the Bashaw, yet he greatly respected Selim, and was sorry that any misfortune should happen to him.

The next day the Bashaw came at an early hour to demand his lovely bride. Nothing could exceed the magnificence he had recourse to on this occasion. As their way lay over a vast mountain, whose descent was in sight of the merchant's house, the procession could be viewed for a long time before it arrived at the place to which it was destined. It consisted both of horse and foot attendants, three or four bands of musicians, a variety of gay and emblematical streamers, a rich gold palanquin for the bride, and twelve camels loaded with presents for the merchant and his household.



Before the merchant introduced the Bashaw to his daughter, he mentioned the adventure of the preceding night, (or rather morning,) and conjured him to own if he had confined the young man any where, as it would take a great weight off his (the merchant's) mind, to know the youth was alive, and in safety. But the Bashaw denied having any knowledge of the transaction with such strong asseverations of his innocence, that the merchant could not, with any degree of propriety, continue this subject.

As Blue Beard so strongly insisted on his not being the author of this outrage, the merchant began to consider who else it could possibly be; and at length he wisely concluded, that the whole was a stratagem of Selim's to preserve the good graces and esteem of his mistress, and make her believe that he was forcibly prevented from saving her out of the hands of Abomelique; when at the same time he did not wish to do it, for fear of creating himself a powerful enemy in the person of the Bashaw. This idea the merchant did not only cherish in his own brain, but imparted it to Fatima and Irene. The former of these fair ones could scarce suppose for a moment, that her Selim would act in so dishonorable and cowardly a manner; yet she knew not what to think. As for Irene, she readily adopted her father's opinion.

Poor Fatima became the bride of Abomelique, and was seated in the splendid palanquin more dead than alive. Irene accompanied her to Blue Beard's house; and as the gay procession passed along, crowds assembled to look and ad-



mire; and many thoughtless girls felt particles of envy when they saw the sisters conducted with such pomp: but the more discreet part pitied the fair bride, whose attachment to the amiable Selim was generally known, and blamed the merchant for hindering their nuptials, and sacrificing their happiness at the shrine of ambition: and offered fervent petitions to heaven, that Blue Beard might not so soon get rid of this lovely wife, as he had done of her predecessors.

The first fortnight of their marriage, Abomelique was profuse in his entertainments; and banquets were provided every day for the friends who came to congratulate them on their nuptials. But when that period was elapsed, he began to look so cool and morose, that the visitors gradually declined coming; and at length no one ventured near the house, not even the old merchant, (who found his son-in-law's behaviour very queer and different to what he expected,) when the Bashaw was at home: nor did they enjoy that pleasure long; for Blue Beard always inquired of the porter at the gate, if his mistress had received any company in his absence, and when he heard any one had been there, he used to be overwhelmed with passion; and his great eyes used to glare so terribly, and his beard look so blue, his poor wife was ready to die with terror. At length Fatima was reduced to the necessity of intreating her father and friends, never to come and see her without her husband invited them, if they valued her peace.



When they had been married about six weeks, Blue Beard informed his wife, that he should be obliged to absent himself from her on a tour, that would take him at least two months to complete. Fatima suppressed her joy at this intelligence, for fear her husband should observe it, and counteract his intentions; but it really was the most pleasing news she had heard for many a day. But it was soon damped by Abomelique's observing, that he should not like her to remain at the town house while he was absent; therefore, before he commenced his journey, he should conduct her to a pleasant house he possessed about ten leagues distant from the capital, situated on the declivity of a hill, surrounded by pleasant vallies, and commanding a view of the high road. Fatima promised to prepare for her removal, and shewed no reluctance to obey the commands of her husband, though she felt a great deal: but experience had taught her, that no arguments or intreaties, however submissive, had any weight with the imperious Bashaw, and she therefore thought it most prudent not to irritate him by any contradiction on her part.

The day previous to the one appointed for their journey, Blue Beard told Fatima, that she must send her sister home, as he did not approve of her going to the country house. This fresh command was too much for the gentle Fatima to comply with silently: indeed, it would have aroused the feelings of Patient Grizzle herself, and caused her to rebel against conjugal authority. Fatima knelt, and catching



the robe of Blue Beard as he was about to withdraw, prayed and intreated him, with streaming eyes, to recall so cruel a mandate. But she might have as well have addressed herself to the winds: his heart was hard as marble, and he left her, saying, that his will must be obeyed. The consequence of this harsh treatment was, that Fatima had violent hyseric fits, and roared and tore her hair like one distracted, saying she would rather die than go into the country without Irene; and, indeed, her attendants thought she would expire every moment, her grief was so violent.

When this was reported to Blue Beard, he pretended great uneasiness; and, as he saw that, to grant his wife's request, was the only way to get her into the country, where he very much wished her to go, he thought proper to acquaint her, that she need not send Irene home. This intelligence comforted the poor lady greatly; as she could not bear the thoughts of staying alone in the country, especially since she had been informed by one of her maids, that it was the identical house where all Abomelique's wives had expired; none of them ever being known to come back from that place, their first visit being the last.

Blue Beard postponed leaving town for three days longer, on account of his wife's indisposition. They then set off in a travelling carriage, drawn by six horses, without taking leave of the old merchant, or any of Fatima's relations, at which they were greatly troubled, and foreboded no good.



When Fatima and her sister beheld their new abode, which was pointed out by Blue Beard from the carriage window, they were greatly alarmed and disappointed. Instead of an elegant mansion, they saw an almost isolated Castle, several parts of which being overgrown with ivy, seemed to the lively Irene, more fit for bats and owls to inhabit, than two fair ladies; and she would have said so, if she durst; but she was afraid of offending the Bashaw, who did not relish any jests, however innocent their texture. The carriage rattled with an awful sound into the grass-grown court-yard, which was bordered by a set of mournful yews. The door grated on its hinges, and was opened by an old woman, who greatly resembled one of the three furies. Her nose and chin nearly met together, and resembled a pair of nut-crackers; her matted black hair stood like twisted snakes; and her eyes were blood red. When they alighted from the vehicle, to Fatima's surprise, he immediately sent it back with the attendants, saying they would not be wanted there.

In this isolated Castle there were no domestics but an old man, that looked like a wizard, and the woman already described.

Such a contrast between this place and the elegant house, and numerous attendants, they had left, joined to the report of all the wives dying there, inspired both sisters with gloomy ideas, which the altered behaviour of Blue Beard for the week he remained with them entirely dispelled. He became as kind and attentive as he was formerly when he was a candidate for



Fatima's hand; apologized for bringing them to that lonely place; but assured them, that before he departed, he would point out to them various sources of amusement; and they would be perfectly safe at this Castle from obtruders, which might not have been the case had he left them any other of his houses, which would have made him very uneasy, as he wished them to see no company in his absence; and he always came here himself, when he wished for uninterrupted retirement.

The day previous to Abomelique's departure, he delivered to Fatima the keys of the Castle, and pointed out to her those that belonged to the picture gallery, and the cabinets where his treasures were deposited; and in looking over which, he said his wife and sister would find ample amusement for several weeks. He also assured her, that in one of the rooms she would find a variety of musical instruments, modern productions of literature, and a number of other entertaining articles, that would be tedious to enumerate. "Into all these places you may go as often as you like," said Blue Beard. "But now pay attention to my words: this key (presenting to her notice one that hung on the same ring with the rest, but which might easily be distinguished by reason of its antique and very curious workmanship, which was perfectly singular,) this key opens the door of an apartment which I call the Blue Chamber. It is situated at the east end of the long painted gallery that connects the principal apartments of my Castle. There is a large square piece of ivory on the



door, on which is engraved a woman's head of exquisite beauty. After this minute description," continued Blue Beard, "you cannot mistake the blue chamber for another. Now, Fatima, all I have to say is this: I give you leave to range in every part of the Castle but this: and appropriate every thing to your own and your sister's use or ornament: but into that apartment you must not enter, or even open the door. If you obey me, all will be well on my return. If, on the contrary, curiosity leads you to disregard my strict injunctions, there is nothing but what you may expect from my just anger and resentment."

She promised to observe his orders with great exactness; and the next day had the pleasure of seeing him depart, as she supposed, for two months.

As soon as they were left alone, the two sisters began, with great eagerness, to examine the various parts of the Castle, and were surprised at the number and magnificence of the rooms, far surpassing any thing they expected to meet with in that old fabric. They found wardrobes filled with rich apparel, and cabinets upheaped with jewels; and as Abomelique had given leave, they selected several things that suited their taste or fancy.

It took them three days to traverse, with minuteness, the different parts of the Castle; but still they were not satisfied, particularly Fatima, who had an eager desire to see the inside of the prohibited chamber, and thought it a very hard injunction that she might not enter it. The



more she reflected on Blue Beard's words, the more curious and uneasy she grew; and this business so much agitated her, that she wept till she was quite ill, and could eat no dinner. Nay, she could not get a wink of sleep the whole of the next night, but lay reflecting whether she should indulge her curiosity or not.

When she met Irene at breakfast, she told her, that she was determined just to have a peep into the blue chamber, as it was impossible for her husband to know it when he was so many miles distant; and as for their two servants she would send them far enough off, that they might not be spies on her actions.

Irene very faintly remonstrated against her sister's disobedient resolve; for she had nearly as great a desire to peep into the forbidden chamber herself, though she did not care to own it.

After breakfast, Fatima sent the old man to buy a dozen of oranges: and as she knew he must go at least two miles before he could get any, and he walked very slow and feeble, she thought she was fairly rid of him. And as for the old woman, she sat shelling of peas in the scullery, which was at the very farthest part of the building from that where the blue chamber was; and told her that she must get them boiled, and a fowl roasted, as quick as possible; for she was so hungry, she could not wait till dinner time, but must have a lunch first.

Having thus disposed of the two servants, she beckoned to Irene, and they proceeded along the painted gallery till they came to the door of the blue chamber. Here they stopt,



and hesitated, and with the fear always attendant on guilt, looked cautiously round; though at the same time they were pretty well convinced no one was near them.

Fatima, for a moment, reflected on what she was going to do; and that her future happiness might totally be destroyed by one rash act; but curiosity soon triumphed over caution. She fancied herself in perfect security; and taking the mysterious key, from the ring, opened the lock. The sisters advanced into the blue chamber, but could not at first discern any thing, as the shutters were closed. Irene opened one, while her sister did the same by the other. They then turned eagerly round, and beheld a sight that for some minutes struck them dumb with horror, and petrified them to the spot.

Several parts of the floor was upheaped with clotted blood, and various instruments of murder lay scattered about; and a vast number of dead bodies, in different stages of decay and putrefaction, was hung up against the walls. These were the wives that Blue Beard had married, and then assassinated with the most cruel tortures. The walls of this horrid chamber were hung with blue, and the decorations were of the same color. In the midst of the room was a furnace of great magnitude, which appeared by the wood and charcoal placed about it, to be intended for some use by the terrific Bashaw.

Fatima thought she should die for very fear. She first felt a faintness come over her, and stretching out her hands, towards her sister for



help, she let fall the key that she had taken out of the door. As soon as she was somewhat recovered, she said to her sister, "Let us quit this scene of horrors, for I am ready to expire." She stooped, and picked up the key; and Irene taking her arm, led her from the chamber; carefully locking the door after them, and hoping that Blue Beard would not discover that they had been there; and, indeed, they did not know how he should, as there was no one there to tell him.

When they got back to their own apartment, they found the old woman laying the cloth for their lunch. They had little inclination to eat; but, having taken a glass or two of wine, they found themselves much better, and their spirits began to revive.

But Fatima soon relapsed into an agony of terror, when going to fix the key of the blue chamber on the ring, she discovered that, in its fall, it had contracted several spots of blood. She dipt it into a bason of hot water, and rubbed it with a coarse towel; but it was of no use, the spots would not wash off. In vain she had recourse to soap and sand, the blood was still on the key; and there remained this proof of her having been in the forbidden chamber.

Irene advised her to send the next day for a smith, and have a key made exactly like the other. Fatima agreed; and recollected that she expected her father, and two of his nephews, early in the morning, they having wrote to her, signifying their intention of coming to see her, as her husband was absent. And though

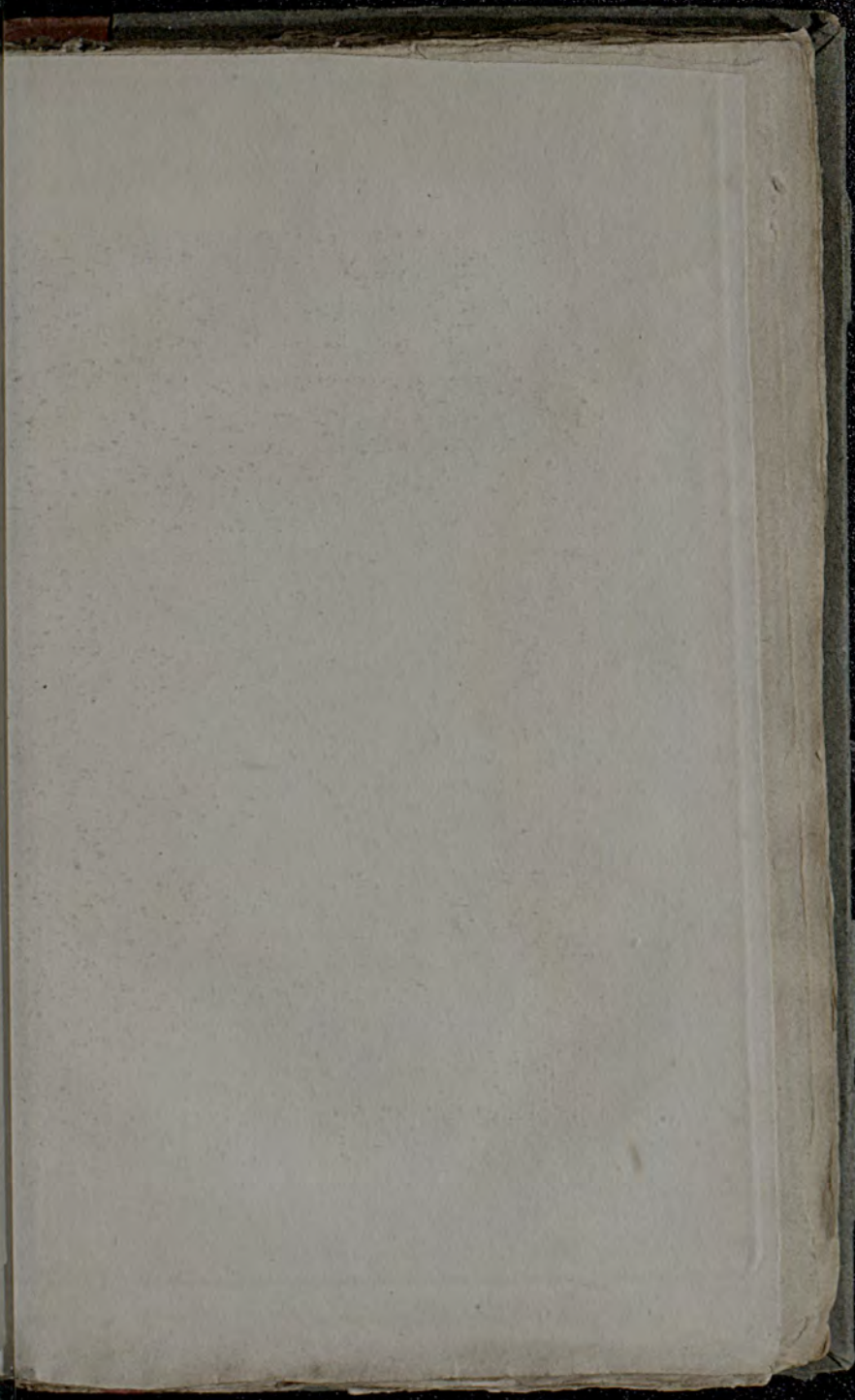


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she knew that Blue Beard would be very angry when he knew that they had been there, yet she could not find it in her heart to forbid them coming, as she had an impatient longing to see her father. She now looked on it as a fortunate circumstance, as one of her cousins could manage the business of the key for her without delay. But, alas! this fine scheme was frustrated by the arrival of Blue Beard that very night. He seemed to come home in high good humour, and informed the apprehensive sisters, that he had met with a courier on the road, who had brought him intelligence that rendered his further progress from home unnecessary. Nothing was said about the keys that night: but the next morning Blue Beard ordered Fatima to bring them. "We shall leave the Castle to-morrow (said he) for the town house; so I must lock every thing up." Fatima answered, she had been very careful in doing that already. "Bring me the keys," said Blue Beard, with a voice like thunder. She gave him the bunch of keys, ready to die with fright.

"Where is the one belonging to the blue chamber?" exclaimed he, with increasing anger. Fatima replied, she had left it in her dressing-room. "How came it there?" said Blue Beard. His wife said she had taken it off the ring, because he had ordered her not to use it. "You are a base dissembler," roared out Abomelique: "produce it this moment, or I will lay you dead at my feet."

Fatima ran, and fetched the key. The Bashaw



examined it very attentively. "So, madam, (said he,) you have as much curiosity as the rest of my wives. You could not keep from the blue chamber; so you must go and take your place among the ladies you saw there." Fatima fell on her knees, and implored his mercy; promising never to disclose to any one the discovery she had made in that mysterious apartment. But it was of no use. Abomelique began to drag her towards the fatal chamber. "Suffer me, at least, to say my prayers," exclaimed the wretched fair one, "that I may prepare myself for death." "I give you a quarter of an hour," said Blue Beard; "but not a moment longer."

Fatima flew up stairs, and conjured her sister to hasten to the top of the highest tower of the Castle, and see if she could behold her father, or any one, coming that way. Irene did so. "Sister, sister," said Fatima, "do you see them?" "I see nothing, sister, but a great dust made by the wind." The question was repeated from time to time, and nearly the same answer given, till the time had elapsed; and Blue Beard called to her to come down.

"I am coming," said Fatima. "O sister, is there no one near to save me?" "I see (said Irene) a great cloud of dust yonder in the road, but I know not what occasions it." The Bashaw called out, that if she did not come down, he would fetch her. "I pray you grant me five minutes longer," said his wife. "Not a moment," said he; and he ran up to her apartment, and began to drag her down stairs. She screamed out to the servants to help her: but



they only mocked her ; and seemed more ready to help their master, having been privy to all his former murders.

Irene, at this critical moment, beheld some horsemen approach the Castle, which she took to be her father and his nephews. She made signals of distress, by waving of her white pocket handkerchief with a violent motion. She saw they understood her, as they galloped forward as hard as they could. She hastened down a back stair-case unperceived by Blue Beard, and ran out to meet them. But her astonishment was great, when she beheld Selim and Alraschid, and two more officers, and a party of soldiers, at some distance. Selim was beginning to make explanations ; but Irene stopt him, by declaring the danger her sister was in, and that there was not a moment to lose. The officers alighted from their horses, and flew up stairs, preceded by Irene, who led them to the blue chamber. They entered at the very moment that Abomelique had raised his scymetar to sever Fatima's head from her body.

Selim flew towards the Bashaw, and wounded him, who retreated towards the furnace, which was now burning with the utmost fury. The youth followed him ; and Blue Beard prepared to cast his antagonist into the flames, when a violent noise arose, and three or four infernal spirits were seen, who advanced to Abomelique, exclaiming, his time was come ! and the wound given by the youth, had broken the charm which had hitherto preserved him from punishment. With these words they cast him into the fur-



nace, which, with the infernal spirits, and Blue Beard, sunk with a thundering sound, and vanished entirely from view.

It was some time before they could recover Fatima, who had fallen into a swoon. She heard, with great joy, that Blue Beard was no more, and eagerly inquired how Selim came there. He informed her, that he had been kept a prisoner in an old tower, on the summit of a mountain, ever since that night he was tore from her by the command of Abomelique, who had kept spies constantly employed to watch their motions, and was well aware of their intended elopement, which he did not think fit to hinder, till the very moment of its going to be carried into execution.

Four days before, Selim had escaped by the negligence of his guard, and hastening to the capital, found Alraschid just returned from his station in the country; and he engaged him, and some more of his friends, to accompany him to Blue Beard's Castle, (as they knew not that he had been absent from thence,) and challenge him to combat, when they providentially arrived in time to save the life of Fatima. The merchant and his nephews were soon added to the company, and all was joy and congratulations.

As Blue Beard had no heirs, Fatima came into possession of his immense riches. She gave Irene a handsome portion, and married her to Alraschid. She also made her father a present of a large sum of money: and the rest of her riches she reserved for herself and her faithful Selim.



## CECILY AND EDWIN.

CECILY was born of humble but industrious parents, who taught her to believe in God, and fear the perfidy of man; for Cecily was handsome, and such a lesson was well calculated to guard her mind. But Cecily was too well pleased with the honied speeches of men, to believe any otherwise than well of their offers. When they told Cecily she was pretty, Cecily believed them; when they swore that they loved her, she believed them too; and when they vowed that they could never be happy but with her, rather than make such charming men miserable, she consented to make them happy. Such generous sympathy as reigned in Cecily's bosom for strangers, bespoke her of so sweet and complying a nature, that as she raised herself in the estimation of mankind, she must naturally lower herself in the opinion of the grave and formal; which she forfeited by a conduct not pleasing to their minds, or consistent with the rigid precepts of virtue. Cecily erred, but reflection soon took place in Cecily's mind. Amongst many other admirers, a youth appeared, unexperienced, undisguised. He need but see and



love; nor was he of so low a mien, or so humble in condition, but he had parts to attract the eye of the tender and endearing Cecily. He saw, he loved! and Cecily, who had not lost a tittle of her sweetness and good nature, saw and loved too! This was as nearly mutual as fate could make it, or they could wish it. They clasped—they did not love, but they even adored; and for some happy years continued the admiration of the world, and the joy of each other. Cecily began to grieve; and there was no case or cause of grief that Edwin would not remove for the peace of his beloved Cecily. She pleaded the unhallowed state of their lives, and beseeched Edwin, for the peace of her mind, to wed her. Cecily need but plead to make Edwin obey: he married her immediately; but this did not make Cecily more happy: she was happy before, and she could not be more than happy. But Cecily placed a joy in having new connections, who seemed to be as desirous of seeing Cecily, as Cecily was desirous of being seen. But here came the bitter draught of Cecily's life; for although Nature had cast her in her choicest mould, and to the fairest person had united the most sensible mind, and the most susceptible heart, yet these were only qualities to raise envy, and not to propagate respect or affection. Cecily soon saw her mistake in this new pursuit of happiness, and quitted at once all these malignant connections for her Edwin, her hut, and that peace which they only could bestow. But happiness is of that delicate nature, that, unless we studiously labour to reconcile our desires to



our circumstances by reason and philosophy, we cannot be content in Paradise, though an angel were our mate.

Cecily so loved her Edwin, that it was out of her power to exist in his absence; and Edwin so doated upon the charms of Cecily, that he made her felicity the study of his soul. But do we always succeed in laboring to please? I believe we do not; for at times Cecily, with all her virtues, would be pettish, if she was not tenderly courted to even do what she most coveted to do; and even in this Edwin gratified her little caprices. But human nature is not to be really happy; for although the fair Cecily was the envy of her own sex, and the admiration of the men; though possessing health and a competency, yet at times, Cecily would sigh for the lighter baubles of life, and grieve that she had not a coach and six. There is a thirst of variety stronger about the female mind than there is about the man's; and though the ladies are apt to accuse the men of levity and inconstancy, yet, in general, a man values the virtues of a good woman higher than a woman does the honor of a good man.

Men are accused of restlessness and incontinence, but women are not less restless, or less incontinent; nor had the divine paragon Cecily, after all her experience in the book of man, escaped censure and error, if the more discerning Edwin had not early seen her mistake.

But Cecily ever had her critical moments; and women in general experience three very



nice periods; which, if they coolly conquer, they may pass their future lives uncensured and undefiled. These bewitching ordeals generally arrive about the age of fifteen, twenty-two, and twenty-nine; though sometimes constitution may make a difference in the times, or early or later. Cecily erred at fifteen; but reason and admonition staring her in the face, with some well-tempered discourses from her affectionate Edwin, constituted a character which may be a pattern to future ages, and the wonder of the present.





THE  
INVISIBLE RING;  
OR, THE  
*WATER MONSTER,*  
AND  
FIRE SPECTRE.

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**V**ALENTIA, Prince of one of the isles belonging to the ancient Grecian Empire, was betrothed to the fair Princess Evelina, his cousin, the orphan daughter of his predecessor, who since the death of her parents, had resided in a small castle with her attendant ladies, being at times visited and aided by the advice of the good fairy Bonoma, her godmother.

The fame of Evelina's beauty attracted a number of admirers: but they soon withdrew, convinced of the impossibility of gaining her affections from Valentia, on whom they were irrevocably fixed, except Ernulph, the son of a neighbouring governor, who formed the vile design of making the Princess his, either by fraud or compulsion. After several fruitless at-



tempts, he abandoned all thoughts of effecting his purpose by the machinations of his own brain, and determined to visit Alnaschar, the magician of the volcano, and intreat his advice and assistance. He took with him a quantity of jewels, as gifts to the mysterious being whom he wished to interest in his cause; and took his way to the well known cave of the potent sorcerer, from whom he met with a promising reception, and great assurances of friendship: the magician having secret motives of his own, that made him so readily acquiesce in Ernulph's schemes for blighting the happiness of the virtuous lovers. To amuse his visitor, and convince him of his extraordinary powers, Alnaschar conjured up several surprising figures; among the rest a dance of bronze antiques, which greatly excited Ernulph's wonder and admiration. Having conferred together some time about the affairs of the latter, and the means to be pursued, the magician gave the adventurous youth some requisite instructions, and then retired to his study, to form the potent spells which were to destroy the happiness of Valentia and Evelina, and fulfil the diabolical wishes of their foe; while that base youth returned exulting to his own habitation.

Every apartment in Valentia's palace now resounded with joy, and was decorated with the utmost splendor, for the celebration of the nuptials of Valentia and Evelina: the time appointed in the contract being now, to the great happiness of the lovers, arrived, which was to join their hands in Hymen's fetters; but their



hearts had been united from earliest childhood, and they had times innumerable vowed perpetual constancy to each other.

The grand presence chamber was thrown open, and ornamented with devices emblematical of the approaching ceremony. The musicians in the orchestra, played the most lively, heart-cheering notes; and young maidens, bearing baskets full of odoriferous flowers, tript on the light fantastic toe, and scattered on the ground the sweets of spring. While they were thus employed, and fervently wishing the happiness of the betrothed pair, three minstrels entered, and declared that they were come, though unbidden, to perform the nuptial epithalamium for the Prince's bride, if their humble services might be accepted. Valentia, to whom this message was imparted, returned by the bearer his acknowledgements, and they were desired to stay, and partake of the festivities of the palace.

After a loud flourish of trumpets, kettle-drums, and other instruments, the priest, drest as Hymen, and his attendants as Cupids, entered the presence-chamber, where a sumptuous altar had been previously erected. After another flourish of drums and trumpets, the Prince and Evelina, with a numerous train of lords and ladies, followed. The priests chaunted a nuptial hymn. The illustrious bride and bridegroom approached the altar, that they might receive the matrimonial benediction, when a solemn voice pronounced, 'Beware, Beware, Beware.'



6.  
 "What voice forbids the nuptial tie?" demanded the priest.

"'Tis fate's invincible decree," was replied by the invisible speaker.

Valentia impatiently asserted, that it was some necromantic spell, and ordered the priest to proceed in his holy office. He prepared to obey, when a peal of thunder shook the vaulted roof; and the shade of Evelina's departed mother appeared behind the altar, and pronounced the following words:

"O, dearest maid! beware:

"Thy tender mother's shade,

"Her child to save,

"Comes from the grave,

"And bids thee now beware."

The supernatural visitor then vanished with a heavy groan. Evelina, and several of the ladies, fainted; and the greatest confusion prevailed. The minstrels, who were no other than Ernulph, the magician, and his man Nervoso, took advantage of the bustle they had caused, (for the ghost of Evelina's mother had been represented by an evil spirit, conjured up by the power of Alnaschar, to prevent her nuptials with Valentia,) and carried off the fair insensible lady. When they had conveyed her some distance from the palace, they placed her under the care of some of their satellites, who had orders to convey her to Ernulph's castle. The disguised minstrels then hastened towards the cave of the magician, that they might divest



themselves of their assumed apparel, and escape detection. But all their haste could not elude the vigilance of Valentia, who heard, from his guards, that the Princess had been conveyed away by the minstrels, who said at the gates, that it was by order of the Prince, who had told them to convey the unfortunate lady to the next convent.

Valentia's captain of the guard, and a chosen band, pursued them, and at length succeeded in overtaking the minstrels. The magician, by a ring, the virtues of which were to render the person invisible who wore it on one of the fingers of the left hand, escaped them: but Ernulph and Nervoso were conveyed to a strong prison, where they were informed, that their lives should be the forfeit of their temerity, if they did not immediately disclose where the Princess was conveyed. The disguised Ernulph only laughed at their threats; but Nervoso, excessively terrified, fell on his knees, and assured the Prince, who was now come to attend the examination of the captives, that they were no minstrels; and if he would please to forgive him, and spare his life, he would make some very important communications. To this Valentia readily agreed, and bid him be brief in his intended disclosure. Nervoso was about to comply; but, ere he could speak, Ernulph, enraged at what he termed his perfidy, drew a sword from under his cloak, and ran towards him with an intent to bury the weapon in his heart, but was happily prevented from executing his purpose, by the timely interference of



the captain of the guard, who ordered Nervoso to be conveyed to another apartment till the Prince was at leisure to hear his confession.

The enraged Ernulph threw off his cloak, and attacked both the Prince and his officer, and a fierce conflict ensued; but Ernulph was soon at the mercy of his opponents. Valentia, scorning to take an unequal advantage of a fallen enemy, suffered him to depart, hoping that the generosity he had met with, would work a reformation in his principles, and make a friend of him instead of a foe. But Valentia was mistaken in his judgment; and Ernulph left the prison with a heart full of rancour, and a brain teeming with infernal plots.

As soon as Ernulph had retired, the Prince had Nervoso conducted to his presence, and interrogated him concerning the fidelity of his intentions to serve him. The man assured him, that the supposed ghost of Evelina's mother was only a vile plot between the magician and Ernulph; the latter having purchased the favor of the former at a high price; and that he was well convinced, the fair one was confined in Ernulph's castle, guarded by potent spells and magic incantations; so that no one could approach to serve her, without the loss of their life, or at least greatly endangering it. "How then do you propose to serve me and the Lady Evelina?" demanded the Prince.

Nervoso replied, "by returning to the magician, my master, and obtaining by stratagem the invisible ring, by virtue of which much



might be effected; and without it nothing can be done."

The Prince put little confidence in what the man said, supposing it to be a contrivance, by which he might hope to regain his lost liberty. However, Valentia wisely thought, that it was always the best to incline to the side of mercy; that, retaining the magician's servant in his custody, could avail him no benefit, except the gratification of a mean revenge, from which passion the noble virtues of his soul entirely exempted him. Nervoso was allowed to depart; and a few pieces of gold were given him by the generous Valentia, who informed him, that if he fulfilled his promises, he should receive an enviable reward; but, on the contrary, if he deceived the Prince, he would advise him to keep out of the way of experiencing his just resentment, which would be heavily-inflicted.

Nervoso repeated his intentions of being faithful to the Prince's interest, and, with many thanks for the lenity and bounty he had received, left the palace, and repaired towards the cave of the volcanic magician, where he arrived soon after the twelfth hour of the night. He listened attentively, and, by the murmuring noise he heard, was soon convinced Alnaschar was employed with some of his mystic operations. Nervoso soon withdrew, and concealed himself amidst some thick foliage that grew about a hundred paces from the cave. From this covert he ventured not to stir till the shrill notes of chime bells announced the approach of the all-lovely Aurora. This hour



Nervoso was aware not to be a friendly one to dealers in magic spells; he therefore ventured again to the remote habitation of his master, and found him, as he expected, worn out by the fatigues of his nocturnal operations, and buried in the arms of Morpheus. Nervoso knew there was a small box of ointment in the cave, of so precious a nature, that, if the eye-lids of a person sleeping were touched with it, they could not wake for twenty-four hours, let there be what noise there would to arouse him. He groped about, and soon found the desired treasure, and, with a careful hand, laid the magician as fast as he could wish him, and much more than would have been welcome to the slumberer, could he have entertained an idea of what was going forward. This done, Nervoso opened the magician's cabinet, and took the ring, by the aid of which he had seen so many miraculous wonders performed. In justice to Nervoso's honesty, we must remark, that this was the only theft he performed; and this was not done with a view of gaining treasure, but for the charitable purpose of saving, if possible, the fair Evelina from the machinations of the base Ernulph. Not all the gold, silver, nor jewels, with which the cave glittered, had the power to tempt him to commit any depredations on the property of another. He hastened back towards Valentia's palace, exulting in the success of his bold enterprise, and diverting himself with playing tricks on travellers, by giving them sly thumps and pinches, and entering into discourse with them; and the amas-



ed persons could see no one, therefore wisely set it down for a fact, that they were haunted by some of the spirits of the volcano, of which place the peasantry were in dread for miles round; and not one of the cottagers dared venture from their homes after sun set, for fear of incurring the displeasure of these invisible beings, by trespassing on their bounds.

In the mean time, Valentia and his friends had not been idle in their search for Evelina; but they found, to their sorrow, that what Nervoso had advanced was literally true; and that the Castle of Ernulph, where it was most probable for the afflicted lady to be confined, was not to be approached, by reason of the many monsters, and infernal spirits, which Alnaschar had placed there to guard it.

In the midst of their distress, Valentia resolved to visit the good fairy Bonoma, who resided in a grotto some miles distant from his palace. He mounted his courser, and departed, his bosom alternately expanding with hope, and then contracted with despair. Not that he doubted of receiving all the assistance that it was in the power of the amiable fairy to bestow, as she was the godmother and firm friend of Evelina, who had received many favors from her, and advice and assistance, whenever any emergent affairs rendered it necessary. But Valentia's fears arose from the possibility there was, of the magician's spells being so high wrought, that it would not be in Bonoma's power to counteract them.



The grotto of the good fairy Bonoma was situated in a pleasant recess, formed by the bounteous hand of Nature not far from the seaside. The laburnum, the mountain ash, the acacia, and embowering lilac, lent their united aid to shelter the front of the grotto from the scorching heat of the meridian sun: and the neighbouring cascades afforded both a refreshing coolness, and a pleasing appearance, to the scene. The interior of the grotto was decked by mirrors bordered by sea shells of peculiar beauty and value; the hangings were composed of rich furs; the sofas were of rose-colored satin; and the ground was strewed with green elastic moss. A number of tame singing birds, and domestic animals, graced this rural abode of Bonoma, and her fairy attendants. Not that this was her only habitation, for she had a great variety of fairy castles and lands; but the retirement of this pleased her fancy most, so that she seldom absented herself from it, but when affairs of particular consequence required her presence elsewhere.

Bonoma, by virtue of an enchanted mirror, was conscious of the approach of Valentia. She assembled her attendant sprites, and commanded them to trip it to and fro on the light fantastic toe.

As soon as the dance was ended, Bonoma approached the impatient Prince, and listened to his recital with attentive complacency; assuring him she would exert all her influence in endeavoring to restore his lost happiness. With three strokes of her wand, she produced a fairy



dragon; and having bestowed on the Prince instructions necessary for his pursuit of Evelina, she bade him mount this friendly monster, and leave the grotto, to commence his adventurous excursions, which he did, having first knelt, and returned the fairy thanks for her friendly exertions in his cause.

When Nervoso arrived at Valentia's palace, the Prince was absent. He therefore put the ring on his finger, in order to have some diversion with Mari-netta, and Jeannot, her sister, both the sorrowing attendants of the lost Evelina, whom they revered and loved with the most respectful affection, particularly the latter, who mourned her lady night and day with the most fervent affliction. She had heard of Nervoso's departure in pursuit of the invisible ring; and heartily prayed for his success. Though she could not avoid thinking, from a certain acuteness of genius with which Nature had blest her, and which she did not look on the magician's man as possessing in so eminent a degree as herself, joined to her tenderness for her lady, that, had she the possession of this invaluable treasure, she could do much more good with it than Nervoso. But as it seemed utterly impossible for her to obtain it, she gave way to a despondency very foreign to her native disposition, which was formed for innocent mirth and hilarity.

Mari-netta and her sister were conversing *te-te*, and the theme was, as usual, the fate of her beloved mistress, when Nervoso, rendered invisible by his ring, came behind



them, and addressed two or three short sentences to the sisters, who were equally amazed, and in vain tried to discover from whence the sound proceeded; but could see no one. After a long trial of their patience, Nervoso could not desist from continuing the pleasure of augmenting their wonder and curiosity. Marianetta became alarmed; but her more sagacious sister, calling to mind the adventure of the magician's man and the invisible ring, immediately concluded he had been successful, and was now returned with the valuable prize for which she so ardently longed. Nervoso began to pinch and push them about; and as they could still see no one, Marianetta's terror increased: but Jeannot, convinced by the sound of the voice, that it was really Nervoso, mustered all her courage, and determined to take the ring from its present possessor if possible. At length the invisible man seized both of them by the hands. Marianetta screamed; but Jeannot taking advantage of a very favorable opportunity which she might not regain, snipt off the ring from his finger, and placing it on one of her own, Nervoso became visible to both of the sisters; but Jeannot was lost to the magician's man and Marianetta. She bid them a hasty adieu, and departed in search of adventures.

Nervoso was internally vexed on account of his loss; but he knew all pursuit was in vain, as the ring rendered the wearer invisible, and precluded all chance of discovery.

In three days time the Prince returned to his palace, quite desponding that the sorcerer had



triumphed. Valentia was obliged to flee from the combat: and the fairy dragon had winged its flight to the grotto of the good genius.

Nervoso represented to the Prince the success he had met in obtaining the ring from the magician of the volcano. Valentia felt comforted at this intelligence: but his joy soon vanished, when informed that his humble friend had lost it not half an hour after his entrance into the Palace. Nervoso was positive it was in the possession of Jeannot; an assurance that gave little comfort to the Prince, as he could not conceive what favorable use she could make of it: but might, perhaps, involve her own delicate form in many perilous hardships.

Though nearly bereft of hope, Valentia could not rest quietly in his Palace, while she his soul adored was suffering the persecutions of his detested rival and the magician. He chose Nervoso, who professed a great attachment to him, for his attendant; and divesting himself of all traits of royalty, Valentia, and his faithful servant, set off to wander about the intricate and woody shades that surrounded Ernulph's castle, that they might reconnoitre the motions of the enemy, and see what could be done in order to renew a fresh attempt for the liberation of his amiable, beloved Evelina, for whose fate he experienced the most agonising dread, almost amounting to distraction. After several days wandering, they lost themselves in the forest, with a very small portion of the stock of provisions with which they had left the palace remaining. We will leave them wandering for



the present, and return to the intrepid Jeannot, who had voluntarily undertaken a hazardous enterprise, in which there was very little chance of succeeding, but a very great one of losing her own life: but this she was willing to risk for the sake of her dear mistress.

She found the virtues of the ring to exceed her most sanguine hopes. It did, indeed, render her so perfectly invisible, that she passed Ernulph's guards, his spies, and his monsters, without meeting interruption. Faint and weary, she entered the gates of Ernulph's castle, and, unperceived by the domestics, she both obtained rest and refreshment, before she ventured to explore the apartments of the spacious edifice in search of her captive lady.

As soon as she had renovated her impaired strength, she ascended the great stair-case, and entering a long gallery, carefully investigated every apartment that entered into it, in hopes of finding her lady; but met with nothing but repeated disappointments. At length a flight of geometrical stairs met her view, guarded at the bottom by a hideous monster with many heads and fiery eyes, that glared horribly around, as if in search of prey.

Such a sight for a moment inspired Jeannot with dread and frantic fears for her present safety, forgetting she was invisible. At length recollecting the virtues of her friendly ring, she passed on, but not without trembling. She gained the top of this private stair-case without encountering any more objects of terror. A gallery of much smaller dimensions than the other



she had visited, was the termination of this ascent: the three first apartments were empty, but the fourth was closed by folding doors, which Jeannot found some difficulty in opening. She at last effected her purpose, and discovered that she had arrived at a very critical time to assist her distressed lady, who was now accompanied by the magician and Ernulph, tormenting her alternately to listen to the addresses of the latter: but neither threats nor persuasions had the least effect on the sorrowing Evelina, who was faithful to her beloved, amiable Valentin, her betrothed husband, whom she esteemed above all his sex; and every moment of her forced absence from him increased her virtuous regret at the separation. Finding their arguments vain, Ernulph requested the magician by signs to have recourse to the magic spells that were to be his friends, and accomplish his wishes, when every other means proved abortive. Alnaschar agreed to try his power. At this very instant, the folding doors were pushed open by the intrepid Jeannot. Evelina fondly hoped some one was coming to her rescue, and she started from the sofa on which she had been sitting; and, with uplift hands, implored for aid. But, alas! seeing no person enter, she let some exclamations of despair fall from her lips, and sunk on her seat overcome with painful emotions that exceed description. The magician and Ernulph were at first startled, fearing their villainy was about to meet with its deserved punishment; but all remaining quiet, they agreed that the intruder was



only a rude gust of wind; they re-closed the doors, and renewed their attempts on the agonised mind of the interesting Evelina, who appeared fainting from excess of grief and disappointment. Alnaschar stepped to the sideboard, and mixing a goblet of wine and water, infused in it a strong powder, dangerous in its effects, as it would have reduced the Princess into a state of insensibility, and placed her in the power of the unprincipled Eraulph; who, conscious that he had exposed himself to the vengeance of Prince Valentin, and the detestation of every votary of honor and virtue, by the unwarrantable lengths he had already gone, thought he had nothing more to hazard, if he proceeded to the diabolical inventions his own fancy, or that of the sorcerer's, suggested.

Alnaschar having prepared the vile beverage, of the contents of which Eraulph was perfectly conscious, he presented it to Evelina, and intreated her to drink, saying it was a harmless draught, that would compose her mind, and renovate her exhausted frame. Evelina, parched with thirst, and ready to faint, eagerly snatched the goblet; and, raising it to her lips, was about to drink off the contents, when the invisible girl, having seen the treachery of the magician, dashed the glass from the hands of her astonished mistress. Alnaschar, and his companion in iniquity, imputed the failure of this scheme to the resentment of Evelina, and accused her of violent passion in the transaction; but she, conscious that the glass was taken from her hand by an invisible power, unknown



to herself, maintained a sullen silence; nor deigned to answer the inquiries of her hateful tormentors, but internally returned thanks to that Providence whom she had no doubt had preserved her from some dreadful evil which she would have encountered by drinking the beverage presented to her by the sorcerer: and her grateful thoughts reverted to the good fairy Bonoina, whom she thought it was possible might befriend her in this emergency. This scheme having failed, they withdrew to a small distance from the sofa, to confer about the next that they should practise on the fair captive; and the invisible Jeannot drew near unperceived, and overheard all their abominable discourse. Alnaschar proposed to fasten a magic zone round her waist, which he assured Ernulph would have the wonderful effects of bending the stubborn beauty to his will, and end their trouble, if they could but succeed in fastening it on. Ernulph remarked, it was impossible for the weak efforts of the Princess to counteract their united strength; and that it was the easiest method for them to pursue. Alnaschar remarked, that violence ought always to be the last means to which a man ought to resort in his dealings with the fair sex; and he would first try what effect some gentle persuasions would have with her. Alnaschar drew forth the zone from beneath his robes, and approaching the fair one alone, told her, with many protestations of his own sincerity, that he had persuaded Ernulph to relinquish the pursuit, being made a convert by her perseverance



in virtuous rectitude. Evelina knew not how to give credit to this sudden change of sentiment; she hoped, yet doubted its reality; and she gazed at the magician with looks sufficiently expressive to explain her meaning. He renewed the solemn assurances of Ernulph's remorse, and offered to give her a convincing proof of the sincerity of his future intentions towards her. "But what may those intentions be?" asked the still doubting Evelina.

"Disinterested friendship," replied Alnaschar, in the most deceitful tone. "And, as the first token, receive this enchanted girdle from my hands: its powers, lady, are wonderful."

"I hate all magic," said Evelina, firmly.

"But it is by magic alone that I can now save you, (said the sorcerer.) Confine this zone about your lovely waist. It will make the monsters that guard this castle couch down before you; and you may pass in safety to Prince Valentin's palace. I will likewise present you a little dog, which shall, by my influence, serve you as a guide. Fearlessly follow the track he will point out, and it will lead to happiness and love."

The air of sincerity which hovered round the words and actions of the magician, dissipated all the preceding doubts of the Lady Evelina; and the temptation held out was so great, that of being restored to her Valentin, she took the enchanted girdle from the perfidious Alnaschar, and prepared to tie it on, when the watchful Jeannot snatched it from her, and cast it on



the ground with such force, as to snap it into pieces, and divest it of its magical virtues. Almaschar was now convinced that some superior power over-ruled his incantations. He ran and fetched a small cauldron, and desired Ernulph to assist him in his impious labors, that he might discover to whom to attribute this failure. Ernulph readily agreed; the magician directed the operations, and they busied themselves in completing a potent spell. Jeannot resolved not to lose this favorable opportunity of liberating her mistress from the snares that encompassed her. She drew near the fair lady, who reclined on the sofa, absorbed in meditation on the recent transactions, which were so truly wonderful, as to call forth all her astonishment.

The faithful girl imprinted a respectful kiss on the right hand of the captive lady. This salute from an invisible person, greatly astonished the fair one; but the mystery was soon explained. Jeannot slipped the ring on Evelina's finger; and in a short whisper explained its virtues. The Princess became invisible; and the worthy girl, who had been so active in her service, slipped behind the sofa to conceal herself; as she did not dare to venture the stairs, for fear of the many-headed monster at the bottom of them.

Bonoma, who had not been inactive in the cause of her god-daughter, was now there invisible; and so over-ruled the incantations of the cauldron, that Almaschar could not make the discovery he wished. As fast as the flame



kindled, and began to ascend, Bonoma sprinkled on it some dust, which she had prepared from materials, the virtues of which were a direct contrast to those used by the magician. Immediately these contents mixed, the fire went out, and nothing was heard but thunder, and the screeching of owls and croaking of ravens. Alnaschar trembled with rage and disappointment; and the furious, revengeful Ernulph, drawing a stiletto from his girdle, flew towards the sofa, with an intent to bury the weapon in Evelina's bosom. But the fair one was gone. The utmost consternation prevailed: Ernulph rushed frantically down the stairs, followed by Alnaschar, who summoned all his monsters and furies together, and sallied into the forest in search of Evelina. Jeannot finding the coast clear, retired from the castle, and ran for her life. Her speed was attended with success; and she happily gained the palace of Valentia in safety, where she was heartily welcomed by her sister, and the rest of the household, who heard the relation of her adventures with surprise, and hoped they would eventually be crowned with the restoration of the Lady Evelina, and her own advancement. Jeannot returned them thanks for their good wishes, and expressed herself happy to hear that the Prince and Nervoso was gone to the forest, as they would most likely meet with the Lady Evelina, and afford her the assistance she would so much need; as her feeble frame, exhausted by enervating grief, would be scarce able, according to the tender maiden's ideas, to bear her to the palace.



Evelina having escaped from Ernulph's castle by the virtues of the invisible ring, wandered in the forest, with the hope of finding a beaten track, that would lead her to some open part of the country, far from that hateful place. At length, wearied with exertion, her tender feet bleeding, and her snow-white arms and hands torn with thorns and brambles, she sat down at the foot of a venerable tree, and shed tears of bitter anguish and disappointment. She had not been long in this situation, when the noise of some persons approaching through the bushes, reached her apprehensive ears. She started up, and endeavoured to seek concealment, by retiring behind the far spreading trunk of the tree.

She looked cautiously from her friendly ambush, expecting every moment to see the magician, Ernulph, or some of their myrmidons, appear: forgetting in her fright, that the ring which had delivered her once from their power, still rendered her invisible to their eyes. Two men appeared. At first she was agitated with terror; but, on a nearer view of their features, she soon discovered, through the menial disguise, her beloved Valentin, and concluded his companion to be a faithful attendant, whom he had chosen to accompany him in his search for her. She joyfully pronounced his name. Valentin started at the well known accents: but as he could see no one, he feared that it was some device of the magician's to lure him into a snare. However, the frequent repetition greatly agitated him; and he gazed around with



all the symptoms of a deranged imagination. Evelina was at first disturbed at the situation of her noble lover: but recollecting that she was rendered invisible by the friendly ring, she rushed towards him: and, eager to ease his apprehensions, and assure him of her escape from his rival, she drew the ring from her finger, and cast it on the ground, from whence it was fortunately picked up by Nervoso, who rejoiced at this second meeting with his old friend, whom he hoped to turn to some account in his service. Valentia's meeting with Evelina was joyful in the extreme: all the hardships they had encountered, were forgot in the transports of re-union, after such a painful absence. Such was their present happiness, and the desire of hearing from each other the perils to which they had been exposed, and so happily surmounted, that they forgot the dangers that now attended them, and that the next moment might replace them in the power of their enemies: Nervoso reminded them of this; and intreated them to suspend their curiosity till they arrived at a place of safety. He added, that, while they were conversing, he had busied himself in finding a path which would convey them out of that intricate forest, and thought he had succeeded; as he discovered to the right, a broad track, which apparently had been much used. The lovers rejoiced at this welcome intelligence; and sent Nervoso on before, as a guide to their steps, while they followed, beguiling the weary way with cheering converse.



At this delightful period the happiness of the lovers was presently frustrated by the appearance of Alnaschar, Ernulph, and several of their attendants. After an unavailing resistance on the part of Valentia and Nervoso, whom the ring had again rendered invisible, Evelina was once more torn from them: for what was their weak force in opposition to a superior number? Ernulph bore away the shrieking fair one, who made the air resound with her cries of distress, and petitions for assistance. The distracted Prince was rushing after his detested rival, and beloved mistress, when the magician, who alone remained, drew a magic line across the path, and prevented the progress of Valentia; who, in despair, crossed his arms, and took an opposite track, which fortunately led towards his own palace, where he arrived in safety, but with a woe-fraught bosom. Nervoso, at first sight of the magician, had trembled with fears for his own personal safety; thinking that Alnaschar would revenge on him the tricks he had played in the volcanic cavern, with regard of the invisible ring; not doubting but, by that time, his master had, by magical incantations, discovered who was the thief. But happy recollection came to his aid, and inspired him with confidence; he had now in his possession, that powerful talisman that rendered mortals invisible; he thought of the many blows he had indignantly received while in the magician's service, and determined to repay them with ten fold interest; he cut a strong crab stick, and having tormented Alnaschar with



questions, succeeded in making his back and shoulders bear testimony of his revenge. Alnaschar, broiling with rage, was yet unable to cope with his adversary; the power of the invisible ring over-ruling all other magic.

Nervoso's arm being tired with this pleasing exercise, he at length suffered Alnaschar to depart; taking care to follow his steps with great precision, in hopes to gain some intelligence of the unfortunate Evelina, who appeared to be made the sport of capricious fortune. The magician again retraced his way to Ernulph's castle, and entered into conversation with the unprincipled owner thereof. Nervoso soon understood that Evelina was confined in a turret of the antique edifice; whence she was to be taken the next day, and chained to a rock in the midst of the lake, to be devoured by a sea monster; whom Alnaschar was to prepare for that horrid inhuman purpose, if she did not previously accept the proposals of Ernulph to become his bride; which they rather expected that she would, to avert the dreadful doom with which she was threatened.

Nervoso having attempted, in vain, to liberate Evelina from her solitary confinement, left the castle, and hastened to Valentia, to whom he imparted the dread tidings of the fate that was ready to overwhelm his betrothed love. The Prince was in an agony of despair; but his faithful attendant humbly intreated him to summon fortitude to his aid; representing to Valentia, that courage and perseverance might do much, but despondency nothing. The



Prince owned the justness of his reasoning. Valentia was certain, that his steps would be watched by the emissaries of his rival, who only waited for an opportunity to remove him from this world; and he agreed to the proposition of Nervoso, to let him go to the grotto of the good fairy, Bonoma, and once more intreat her valuable assistance. This journey Nervoso easily effected by the virtues of the invisible ring. The fairy received him graciously, giving him praise for leaving the magician, and being so zealous in the cause of the virtuous Valentia and Evelina.

She promised to exert her every power to save the unfortunate lady; nor did she despair of success: justly supposing, that the wicked would not always be allowed to flourish with impunity, though they might triumph for a time. Early in the morning, as soon as Phœbus had gilded the tops of the adjacent mountains, and the lark began her matin lay, the fairy dragon appeared at the gates of Valentia's palace. The Prince was ready armed for the combat; his armour shone resplendent; his shield bore the device of death or conquest, and the graceful plume nodded on his helmet. He mounted the dragon, who, guided by the fairy, winged his way towards the lake, which was to be the grand scene of action.

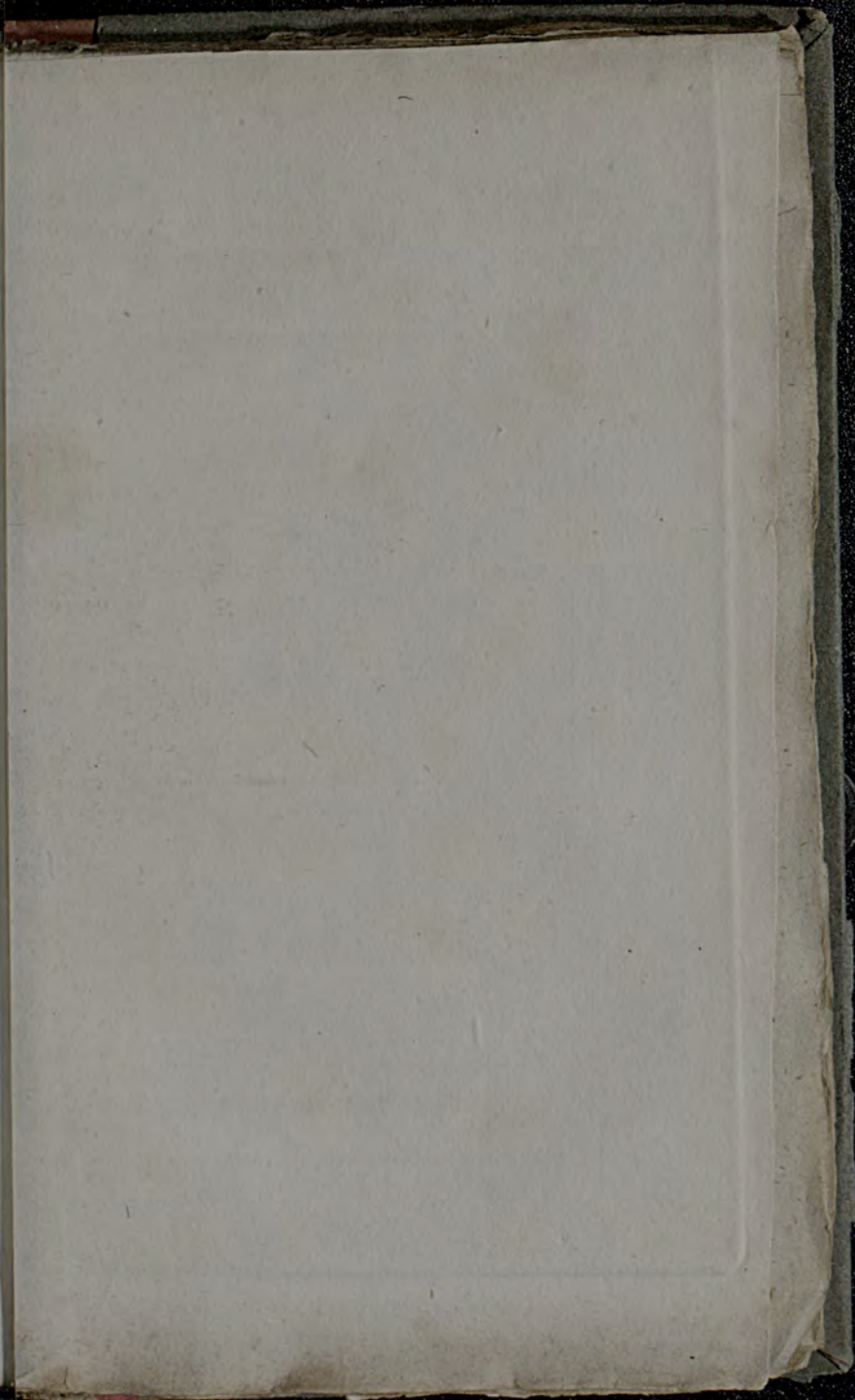
In the mean time, poor Evelina having refused, with steady firmness, every offer that was made by her hated lover, and his still more hated companion, was informed of her impending doom: but this terrible sentence had



not power to shake her resolution. Some of Ernulph's maidens disarrayed her of her glittering apparel, and habited her lovely form in a long black robe, covering her head with a veil of snowy whiteness, that fell back in graceful drapery to her feet, and made her appear most interesting to the eye: even the maidens of Ernulph's household could not restrain their tears, nor heaving sigh, when they regarded this lovely victim of tyrannic cruelty. They knelt at her feet, and implored her to save herself from the dread monster, and become the bride of Lord Ernulph; whom they were certain would adore her for her condescension, and study every future hour of his life, to make her amends for the past sufferings she had endured, through his unpropitious attachment to her. Evelina made no reply, but persevered in modest silence: till being frequently urged on the hated subject, she replied, that the death to which she was doomed, was horrid; yet she deemed it so infinitely preferable to living with Ernulph, and betraying her faith to the amiable Valentinia, that it did not require of her a moment's hesitation to decide on her choice. Evelina was now conducted to the water-side, and placed in a boat, which conveyed her, and her inexorable persecutors: to the rock where she was to make her exit from this transitory world: being chained to the rock, which stood in the midst of a lake, bounded on one side by mountains, whose height exceeded the far-famed Alps, and on the other, by a burning volcano, which emitted appalling flames and sul-



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W.G. del.

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phurous exhalations. The question was once more put to Evelina, and decided in the negative, with admirable intrepidity by our heroine; whose courage seemed not the least subdued by her terrific situation. Being chained to the rock, and the boats with Alnaschar and Ernulph being withdrawn to a convenient distance, the monster was let loose, and made towards his victim with voracious alacrity. Evelina raised her hands and eyes to Heaven, breathed a fervent prayer for her soul's happiness, and then reclined, in placid resignation to meet her fate. Just at this instant, Valentia descended on his dragon, and commenced a dire combat with the monster, the issue of which was for a long time dubious; till victory, for once propitious in a just cause, declared itself in favor of Valentia: his unnatural combatant received a deep wound in his right side, from which oozed a stream of black gore, that tinged the waves with its baneful hue.

Alnaschar by the artful management of his wand, caused the rock to open, and enclose the lovely Evelina, who was exulting in the success of her lover, from view; while he caused the spirit of the volcano to assume the shape of that fair one, and stand on a jut of the rock. As soon as the monster sunk to the bottom of the lake, with a groan, Valentia turned towards the spot where he had beheld his future bride exposed to such a perilous situation. She was gone; but he presently beheld her, as he supposed, at some distance, and, in the hurry of the moment, conjectured that she had been



liberated by the management of the good fairy Bonoma: he directly made towards the spot, and was going to assist her from the rock on to the back of the dragon, that they might leave that hateful place together; when the spirit of the volcano, assuming its own hateful shape, vanished in a flame of fire, which was followed by an eruption of the burning mountain.

The Prince resembled despair personified; his heart was ready to burst with its woe-fraught palpitations; and his bosom heaved with the anguish of disappointed hope. He meditated the dread idea of plunging into the lake, and ending a life that was now burthensome to him; from the supposition, that his Evelina had fallen a sacrifice to her enemies. At this critical juncture, the re-appearance of the good fairy, Bonoma, inspired him with fresh hope, and roused him from his melancholy stupor. By Bonoma, the spirit of the volcano was again summoned from its retreat; and, by the incantations of the fairy, dissolved into air, never more to be embodied into form. Alaschar was seized with a cold shivering: the presentiment that his end was approaching, filled him with horrors indiscribable. Valentia attacked him sword in hand; Nervoso did the same by Ernulph; and while they were thus engaged, Bonoma, and her attendant sprites, freed the almost lifeless Evelina from the enchanted rock: they placed her in a small gondola, which belonged to the good genius, and used every means to dissipate her terrors; and were so happy as to behold their efforts crowned with



gradual success. At length, Alaschar and Er-nulph sunk beneath the weapons of their op-ponents, into the lake. All nature seemed con-vulsed with the fall of the magician, and his confederate. The volcano showered its burn-ing contents into the lake, till it became one fiery gulph. And these wretched beings met the fate their crimes, and wicked sorceries, so justly merited. The thunder rolled, and the lightning flashed; and amidst the angry con-tentions of the elements, the inferior spirits and monsters that served Alaschar, were driven in-to the tremendous lake, never to rise again to torment the peace of virtuous mortals.

Valentia and Evelina were conducted to the palace of the former, amidst the shouts and un-feigned transports of his faithful subjects, who valued and respected their munificent ruler.

The next day, the nuptials of Valentia and Evelina were celebrated in the presence of the good Bouoma, and blessed by the real spirit of the bride's maternal parent, who left the con-fines of the dead for that purpose, and then as-cended, in a pure celestial flame, to rest in re-gions of undisturbed repose.

Nervoso and Jeannot were liberally rewarded for their services, and their nuptials took place a few days subsequent to those of the noble lovers.



# FAVORITE SONGS,

Written by C. DIBDIN, Esq.

AND SUNG IN THE

## *Invisible Ring,*

As it was performed at

SADLER'S WELLS.

---

### SONG,

Sung by MR. SMITH, as NERVOSO.

MY master's a conjur monstrously high,  
Heigh cocolorum jig,

And he deals with the Old One, between you  
and I,

Heigh, &c.

So I'll give him the slip, lest the Old One, when  
he

For my master looks in, by mistake should take  
me. With his cabala, &c.

Master studies the stars to see how they prevail,  
And says he a comet could catch by the tail;  
That he muzzl'd the dog-star, and talks to such  
tune,

I think he's been bit by the Man in the Moon.  
With his cabala, &c.

With ghosts & hobgoblins he rides thro' the air,  
His coach a black cloud, and his horse the  
night-mare;



And with him as lacquey he'd have him to jog,  
 But I shouldn't much like to be lost in a fog,  
 With his cabala, &c.

But if he should hear, I no mercy shall find,  
 He'll pay me my wages by raising the wind;  
 Turn me into a stone, or perhaps to a tree.  
 Then a sweet pretty babe in the wood I shall be.  
 With my cabala, &c.

---

 BALLAD.

Sung by MRS. C. DIBDIN, as JEANNOT.  
 WITH hat of straw and russet gown,  
 Her ringlets hung adown, adown,  
 And wanton'd in the gale:  
 With honest heart and simple mien,  
 How blest an humble village queen,  
 Sweet Laura of the vale!  
 Sing, down, adown.

By greatness lur'd, she sought the town,  
 Her caution all adown, adown,  
 And hapless is the tale!  
 Deceiv'd and lost, a fatal proof,  
 That peace from error stands aloof,  
 Died Laura of the vale.  
 Sing, down, &c.

---

 BALLAD.

Sung by Miss BLOOMGREEN, as MARIANETTA.  
 POOR lady! poor lady! ah, where is she gone?  
 Poor lover! poor lover! too left all alone:



Alas, how distracting for Claud it would be,  
Should any great conjuror run off with me.

Poor lady ! poor lover !

How restless your pillow,  
Your true love is gone,  
And you must wear the willow !

Poor lover ! poor lover ! I pity your case,  
It shews the great power of a beautiful face ;  
And one cannot but fear that vile conjuring elf,  
As who knows what may happen some day to  
one's self ?

Poor lady ! poor lover ! &c.

---

BALLAD,

Sung by MR. SLADER, as ALNASCHAR.

THE rose of the valley in spring time was gay,  
The rose of the valley it wither'd away ;  
The swains all admir'd it, its praises repeat,  
An emblem of virtue so simple and sweet ;  
But the blight marr'd the blossom, and soon,  
well-a-day,  
The rose of the valley it wither'd away.

The rose of the valley a truth can impart,  
By the rose of the valley I picture my heart ;  
The sun of content cheer'd the morn of its birth,  
By innocence render'd a heaven on earth ;  
But virtue and peace left the spot, well-a-day !  
And the rose of the valley it wither'd away.



## THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

WIDE o'er the tremulous sea  
 The moon spread her mantle of light,  
 And the gale gently dying away,  
 Breath'd soft in the bosom of night ;  
 On the forecastle Maraton stood,  
 And pour'd forth his sorrowful tale ;  
 His tears fell unseen in the flood,  
 His sigh pass'd unheard in the gale.

Ah ! wretch, in wild anguish, he cried,  
 From country and liberty torn,  
 Ah, Maraton ! would thou hadst died,  
 E'er o'er the salt wave thou wast borne ;  
 Accurst be the merciless hand  
 Who his love could from Maraton tear,  
 And blasted this impotent hand,  
 That was sever'd from all I hold dear.

Thro' the grove of Angola I stray'd,  
 Love and hope made my bosom their home,  
 Then I talk'd with my fay'rite maid,  
 Nor dreamt of my sorrow to come :  
 From the thicket the man-hunter sprung,  
 My cries echo'd loud through the air ;  
 Then was fury and wrath in his tongue,  
 He was deaf to the cries of despair.

Slow my tears down my cheeks ever flow,  
 Still let sleep from my eyelids depart,  
 And still may the arrow of woe  
 Drink deep of the stream of my heart ;



But hark ! in the silence of night,  
 My Adila's accents I hear,  
 And mournful beneath the wan light,  
 I see her lov'd image appear.

Slow o'er the smooth ocean she glides,  
 As the mist that hangs light on the wave,  
 And fondly her lover she chides,  
 That lingers so long from his grave.  
 " O, Maraton ! haste thou, she cries,  
 " Now the reign of oppression is o'er,  
 " The tyrant is robb'd of his prize,  
 " And Adila sorrows no more."

Now sinking amidst the dim ray,  
 Her form seems to fade on my view !  
 O stay then, my Adila, stay---  
 She beckons, and I must pursue.  
 To-morrow the white man, in vain,  
 Shall proudly account me his slave ;  
 My shackles I plunge in the main,  
 And rush to the realms of the brave





THE  
*Shepherdess of the Alps.*

BY M. MARMONTEL.

IN that part of the Alps amidst the high mountains of Savoy, very near the road that leads from Briançon to Modena, is a lonely valley, whose solitary aspect instils into the minds of all that travel through it, a sort of pleasing melancholy: three hills, in form of an amphitheatre, on which some shepherds' huts are scattered at several distances, interspersed with clumps of lofty trees, streams tumbling down the mountains in cascades, and pastures ever green, compose the beautiful landscape of this rural scene.

Count Fonrose and his lady were returning from France to Italy, when their coach broke down as they were passing through this valley: and, as the day was on the decline, they were obliged to seek for some place of cover where to pass the night. Whilst they advanced towards one of the huts, they perceived a flock of sheep, drove by a shepherdess, whose walk and air filled them with astonishment. As they drew near, their ears were entertained with the sweet accents of her melodious voice, which the echoes repeated in plaintive sounds:



How beautiful's the setting sun !  
 Its daily course now almost run,  
 We can behold its charms ;  
 More pleasing are its fainter rays  
 Than when, in full meridian blaze,  
 It dazzles whilst it warms.

“ Thus will it prove, (said she,) when, after a painful race, the wearied soul arrives at the wished-for goal, and calmly drops into eternity, to renew its vigor in the purest source of immortality. But, alas ! how distant is the prospect ! how slowly life passes away !” In saying these words, the shepherdess moved on ; her head declined with a supineness in her attitude, which gave ease and dignity to her gait and mien.

Struck with amazement at what they saw, and more at what they had heard, the Count and Countess redoubled their steps to overtake her. But what was their surprise, when, under hear coarse straw hat and mean apparel, they met with every beauty, every grace ! “ Pray, child, (said the Countess, finding she endeavoured to shun them,) be not alarmed : we are travellers that an accident obliges to ask for shelter, till morning, in one of yonder cabins : be so kind as to be our guide.” “ I am very sorry, Madam, (answered the shepherdess, blushing, and casting down her eyes,) that you will be but ill accommodated : these huts are the habitations of very poor people.” “ You live there, I suppose, (replied the Countess ;)



and surely I may put up with the inconveniencies of one night, when you undergo them constantly." "There is a wide difference, (said the modest shepherdess;) I am brought up to it." "I cannot believe that, (interrupted Count Fonrose, not able to hide any longer his emotion.) No, no, you were not formed for such hardships. Fortune is unjust, or how is it possible that so lovely a person should be reduced to live obscurely, in so low and ordinary a dress?" "Fortune (replied Adelaide, so was the shepherdess named) is not to be deemed unjust, but when she deprives us of what she had given before. My condition has its sweets for one that knows no other state in life. Custom and example create wants for the wealthy, which the poor are ignorant of." "It may be so with those that are born in this solitude, (said the Count;) but for you, charming unknown, you are not what you would seem to be; your air, your voice, your language, all betray your disguise. The few words you have said, discover a noble soul, and a cultivated education. O! tell us, lovely creature, what cruel turn of fate has lowered you to this condition?" "A man under misfortunes, (replied Adelaide,) has a thousand means to extricate himself; but a woman, in such a case, has no resource, but in an honest servitude; and in the choice of one's masters, methinks it is best to prefer the good and virtuous. You are going to see mine; and you will be delighted with the innocence of their lives, and the candour and simplicity of their manners."



THE SHEPHERDESS OF

-As she was still speaking, they arrived at the hut. It was divided off by a partition from the sheepfold, into which the shepherdess turned her flock, counting them over with the most serious attention, heedless of the strangers, that beheld her with admiration. The old folks, such as represented Baycis and Philemon, received their guests with that honest simple courtesy which re-called the Golden Age. "We have nothing to offer you, (said the good woman,) but clean straw for your bed, and a hearty welcome to such provisions as Heaven affords us; milk, fruit, and oaten bread." In entering the cabin, they were amazed to see the order and neatness that appeared everywhere in so poor an habitation. Their table was a walnut plank, finely polished by frequent rubbing. Their earthen dishes and dairy pans shone with the nicest cleanliness; every thing presented the image of contented poverty, happy to have wherewithal to supply the real wants of nature. "'Tis our dear daughter (said the good old woman) that manages all our little affairs. At break of day, before she leads her flocks to the hills and dales, whilst they are nipping about our hut the sweet grass, still surcharged with the morning dew, she employs that time in putting every thing in the neat and orderly manner you see them placed." "What! (said the Countess, interrupting her,) is this shepherdess indeed your daughter?" "Would to heaven she was! (replied the good creature:) she is the daughter of my heart, and I have all a mother's fondness for her; but I



am not so happy as to have brought such perfections into the world, nor are we worthy of such an honor." "Who is she, then? Whence came she? What misfortune has reduced her to so low a station?" "All that is a secret to us. Three years ago she came here, in the habit of a villager, and offered herself to tend our flock. She would have been welcome to share our little, without taking upon her that painful task; so much the sweetness of her person and behaviour engaged our hearts. We could not believe she was bred in a cottage. Our questions made her uneasy. We desisted from further enquiries, as they seemed to disturb her. As our knowledge of her good qualities encreased, so did our respect. But the more we strove to shew her that respect, the more she humbled herself before us. No; never had any child for its happy parents a more tender care, a more constant regard. She cannot obey, because it is impossible for us to command; but she dives into our hearts, and prevents our wishes when they are scarcely formed. She is an angel descended from heaven to be the comfort of our age." "What is she doing now in the sheepfold?" asked the Countess. "She milks the ewes and she-goats, fosters the young kids and lambs, and gives them fresh litter. The cheese she makes is thought delicious; no doubt for having been pressed by her neat hands. I carry it to market, and have not near enough to supply all that would be my customers. When the dear child is tending the sheep in the pastures, she employs herself in making works of



plaited straw, which are admired by everybody. I wish you were to see with what dexterity she interweaves the osier's pliant twigs, and mats the slender flexible rushes. There is nothing, let it appear ever so perfect, but what she can improve upon. You see, Madam, (continued the good old dame,) in all about you the image of an easy, contented life: it is she that has procured it; 'tis she, this angelic creature, whose only study is to make us happy." "But is she happy?" said the Count. "She does all she can to make us believe so, (replied the old pastor:) but I have made my dame observe, that she oftentimes returns from the pastures with a dejected look, her eyes still moist with tears; but as soon as she sees us, she affects a smile. 'Tis easy to perceive that there is some gnawing grief, that preys upon her heart, the cause of which we dare not ask." "And then (said his old goody) what concern does she not give me, when, in spite of all our intreaties, the dear, dear creature will, in the severest weather, lead abroad her bleating care! A thousand times I have requested her, in the most earnest manner, to let me now and then relieve her; but my requests have never been complied with. She rises with the sun, conducts the flock, and does not return till it sets; often shivering with cold. How is it possible, my dear parents, would she say, with all the tenderness of a loving child, how is it possible that I should consent to let you leave your fire-side, to be exposed, at your age, to the inclemency of the seasons, which I, young as I am,



can scarce support? At the same time she comes loaded with faggots, which she has gathered in the wood; and, when she sees that I am troubled at the fatigue she will undergo, Don't be uneasy, she says, my dear mother; exercise keeps me warm; and labour is fit for my age. In short, my dear lady, she is as good as she is beautiful: my husband and I never speak of her, but with tears of affection." "What if you were to be deprived of her?" said the Countess. "Why, (answered the old shepherd,) we should be deprived of all that is dear to us in this world: but if she is to be the happier for it, we should die content, and our misfortune would be our comfort. Oh! may kind heaven heap blessings on her head; there are none so great but what she deserves. I was in hopes her dear hands would have closed my eyes; but I love her much more than I do my life." Adelaide's coming, put a stop to the conversation. In one hand she carried a pan of milk, and in the other a basket of fruit; and, after curtesying with a grace peculiar to herself, she set about the little household affairs, as if it was not in the least taken notice of. "My dear child, (said the Countess,) you give yourself a deal of trouble." "Not at all, Madam; I endeavour to fulfil the intention of these good people, whose servant I am, to treat you in the best manner with what their little can produce; but I am afraid, (continued she, whilst she was spreading a coarse table-cloth, as white as snow,) that you will make but a sorry meal: the bread is brown, but very savory;



the eggs are new laid, the milk fresh drawn, and the fruit just gathered, such as the season affords." Diligence, attention, and modest deportment, in every minute duty of hospitality, were conspicuous in this wonderful shepherdess. After the frugal repast, Count Fonrose and his amiable lady retired to rest, on the neat bed, though but of straw, which Adelaide had prepared for them. "Is not our adventure surprising? Let us attempt (said they) to unravel the mystery of this pretended shepherdess; invite her to accompany us, and make her happy if we can."

At break of day, one of the Count's servants came to let his master know, that he might proceed on his journey as soon as his honor pleased, for the coach was securely repaired. It was ordered up immediately: but, before they left these honest folks, the Countess desired a moment's conversation with the young person who stiled herself their servant. Adelaide came to receive her commands. "Without desiring (said the Countess) to penetrate into the secret of your birth, or into whatever is the cause of your distress, I feel that I am sensibly interested in all that concerns your welfare. 'Tis evident that your courage raises you above your misfortunes, and that you conform your behaviour suitable to your present circumstances. 'Tis true, your charms and your virtues render your condition amiable as it is respectable; but it is not a condition designed for you. It is in my power, amiable unknown, to alter it, as the Count's intentions are quite agreeable to mine. We



rank at Turin amongst the highest quality. I want a bosom friend; and by what I have seen in you, I shall think myself possessed of an inestimable treasure, if you consent to be my friend and companion. Drive from your thoughts the least shadow of dependence; you were not formed for servitude: and, should my fond prejudice deceive me, I would much rather lift you above your birth, than leave you below it. In short, I seek a real friend, one that I can confide in: be not under any concern about these good old people; I shall make up their loss, at least so far as to enable them to pass the remainder of their days in ease and plenty; and from your hands they shall receive my constant bounty." The poor old folks, who were present, fell on their knees, and kissed the Countess's hand: then turning to Adelaide, they conjured her, in the most pressing terms, to accept of the lady's generous proposal. "We cannot, at our time of day, be far from the grave; and has it has been your constant study to render our life happy, so must our death leave you comfortless in this solitary place." The shepherdess, embracing them, and mixing her tears with theirs, returned a thousand thanks to their noble guests, with a sweetness that increased her charms. "I cannot (said she) accept of your favor: heaven has marked my destined lot, and I submit to it: but I shall always, with the most grateful heart, acknowledge your goodness; and the name of Fonrose will never be absent from my memory. The only thing I have to request of you is, to bury



this adventure in eternal silence; and never to reveal the fate of an unknown person, who is determined to live and die in oblivion." The Count and Countess redoubled their solicitations, but all in vain; she was unmoveable. The travellers parted from their virtuous hosts, and, with great reluctance, left the charming shepherdess in her retirement.

During their journey, their whole conversation was taken up with this strange adventure, which appeared to them like a romance. They arrived at Turin, their imagination full of it; and you may be sure the desired silence could not be observed. The charms and virtues of the unknown shepherdess were an inexhaustible source of reflections and conjectures. Young Fonrose, their only son, was often present at their conversations, and never let a single circumstance escape his memory. He was of that age when the imagination is most lively, and the heart most susceptible of receiving tender impressions; but was of the character of those who keep the feelings of their sensibility within themselves, and which are so much more violently agitated when they burst from their confinement, as they had never been weakened by any dissipation. All the wonders he heard related of the charms, virtues and misfortune of the Shepherdess of the Valley of Savoy, raised in his soul the most passionate desire of seeing her. The object which his imagination has formed is ever in his mind. He compares it to all he sees, and all he sees is lost in the comparison. The more his impatience increased, the more



he took care to disguise it. Turin became insupportable; the valley where the inestimable jewel was hid, was the loadstone that attracted his heart: 'tis there he places all his happiness; but how to get at it! If his designs are found out, what difficulties to surmount! His parents will never consent to the journey he intends; 'twill not be looked upon as the mere effects of curiosity, but deemed a youthful folly, that might have bad consequences. And then the shepherdess may be alarmed at his presence, and shun his addresses; if it is discovered, he loses her for ever. After three months struggle, he determined to quit all for her alone, and, under the disguise of a shepherd, find her out in the lonely valley; and there remain till death, if he could not prevail upon her to leave it.

He disappeared. His father and mother missed him with great consternation, and waited his return with the utmost impatience. Their apprehensions increased every day, more and more; and his absence continuing, the whole family was plunged in desolation. Their fruitless search and enquiries completed their distress; till at last these tender unfortunate parents are reduced to lament the loss of their only child.

Whilst the afflicted family of Fonrose was in this dejection, the youth arrived in the valley which had been truly described, and, in the habit of a peasant, presented himself to some of the neighbouring cottagers, and offered his services. His ambition is satisfied: he is accepted of, and a flock is committed to his care. At



first he only followed the sheep wherever they chose to feed, in hopes that chance would direct him to the same pastures where the solitary shepherdess led her flock. The unhappy sometimes, thought he, may listen to the voice of comfort. If it is an aversion to the world, and the desire of a retired, quiet life, that retain her here, she will experience some tiresome tedious hours, when she will not be displeas'd to meet with a friendly intercourse; nor avoid a virtuous conversation. If I prove so happy as to make mine agreeable, I shall have great hopes of something more: if I gain her confidence, friendship will follow of course; and friendship in different sexes is near allied to love. Whilst he indulg'd himself with these pleasing reflections, his eyes wandering on the beautiful scenes of the valley, he heard at some distance the very voice whose melody he had been so often told of, which rais'd an emotion in his heart as great as if it had been an incident unexpected. She sung the following words:

Sweet solitude! to which I fly,  
 Of every bliss bereft;  
 There affliction's cup enjoy,  
 The only boon that's left.

These melancholy plaints pierc'd Fonrose's tender heart.—Ah! whence this grief that consumes her! what pleasure to afford her comfort!—He durst not as yet raise his hopes any higher. It might, perhaps, alarm her, if he yielded to his impatient longing to behold her: it



was sufficient for the first time to have heard the sweetness of her voice. Next morning Fonrose went out to the pastures, and having observed which way the lovely shepherdess directed her flock, he sat himself at the foot of the rock, which the day before had echoed her moving sounds. Fonrose, with all the graces of outward form, possessed every talent, and every endowment, that the young nobility of Italy study to attain. He played upon the hautboy as well as *Besuzzi*, of whom he had learned; and who was at that time the delight of all the courts in Europe. Adelaide, absorbed in melancholy, had not yet begun her melodious strains. The echoes were silent; when, on a sudden, that silence was interrupted by the sweet notes of Fonrose's hautboy. A harmony so uncommon filled her with amazement, mixed with some emotion. Her ears had never there been struck before, but with the shrill squeak and buzzing hum of the rustic bagpipe: motionless, with deep attention, she cast her eyes around, to find out from whence proceeded such divine music. She perceived at some distance a young shepherd sitting in the cavity of a rock, at the foot of which his sheep were feeding. She drew somewhat nearer, that she might hear him play more distinctly.—Behold, said she, the effects of instinct! the ear alone has given this shepherd all the finenesses of that charming art! What purity in the notes! what variety in the modulations! what fire, what neatness in the execution! Who then shall say



that taste is not the gift of nature?—Adelaide, for the first time since her retirement, felt her grief in some measure suspended. Fonrose, who saw her approach nearer, and sit down under a willow, to listen more conveniently, had given her no room to think that he had perceived her; he took the opportunity as soon as she retired, to calculate the pace of her flock, so as to meet her without affectation at the bottom of the hill, where the roads that led to their different huts crossed each other. He gave her a look in a seemingly careless manner, as if he was wholly taken up with the guidance of his sheep; but, ah! what beauties were gazed upon in that look! what eyes! what a mouth! what divine features! So moving in their languor, how ravishing would they appear if animated with love? Affliction had added paleness, and faded, in some degree, the blooming carnation of her cheeks. But of all her charms, none struck him with such admiration as did her elegant shape and air; her easy motion was that of a young cedar, whose straight and pliant stem gently yields to the soft impulse of the Zephyrs. The charming image which love engraves in his heart, takes up his thought, and fills his soul with unresisting passion.—How faintly, said he, was she described? This lovely beauty is unknown to the world, whose adoration she deserves! she, that would grace a throne, lives under the thatch of a cottager, employed in the low occupation of tending the ewes! In what poor garments does she appear!



But she embellishes every thing, and nothing can demean her. Was so delicate a frame made for such a laborious life? Homely food, straw her bed! O heavens! she has the thorns; for whom do you preserve the roses? How blest shall I be, if I succeed in the attempt, and raise her from this abject state, so very unsuitable, so unbecoming such perfection! Sleep put a stop to these flattering ideas, but did not banish from him her lovely image. Adelaide felt herself somewhat touched with Fonrose's youth and comeliness: nor could she help reflecting on the capricious turns of fortune—For what ends, thought she, has nature endowed this young shepherd with such talents, and formed him with such graces? Alas! those gifts, happily useless in his condition of life, might prove the source of misery in a higher station. What is outward form? what is beauty? Wretched as I am, is it for me to fix their value?—This reflection embittered the little rising pleasure she had indulged. She reproached herself for having yielded to it, and resolved never to give way to it again. Next day, Fonrose imagined that she affected to avoid his coming near her; he was cast down at the very thought—Does she suspect my disguise? have I discovered myself?—These uncertainties perplexed his mind; his hautboy was neglected. Adelaide was not so far distant, but she must have heard the sounds, had he played upon it. She could not guess the meaning of its silence, and began to sing in her own melancholy strains:



Ye pretty birds! whose pensive notes

My lamentations join,

Ah! what avail your warbling throats!

Can they soothe woes like mine?

All seem around to share my grief,

As if to assuage my pain,

But mine admits of no relief,

And comfort speaks in vain.

Fonrose, moved to his inmost soul with her complainings, so melodiously expressed, could not refrain from taking up his hautboy. She continued, and he accompanied her sweet voice. Never was an unison more harmonious.—Is this an enchantment? (said Adelaide.) May I believe my senses? 'Tis no mean shepherd; 'tis some supernatural being that I have been listening to. Nature may give a bent, but great masters, and constant practice, alone, can raise to such perfection.—As she was thus musing, the valley resounded with a rural, or rather divine symphony. Adelaide imagined she saw realized those prodigies which Poetry attributes to Music, her brilliant sister. Astonished, confused, she could not determine whether to approach or retire. Meanwhile, the young shepherd was collecting his flock, to lead it back to the cottage.—He is not conscious (said she) of the pleasure he communicates around, nor is he in the least vain of his perfection: he does not expect the praises I owe, which are so justly his due. Such are the sweets of music; it is the only talent that finds enjoyment in itself; all



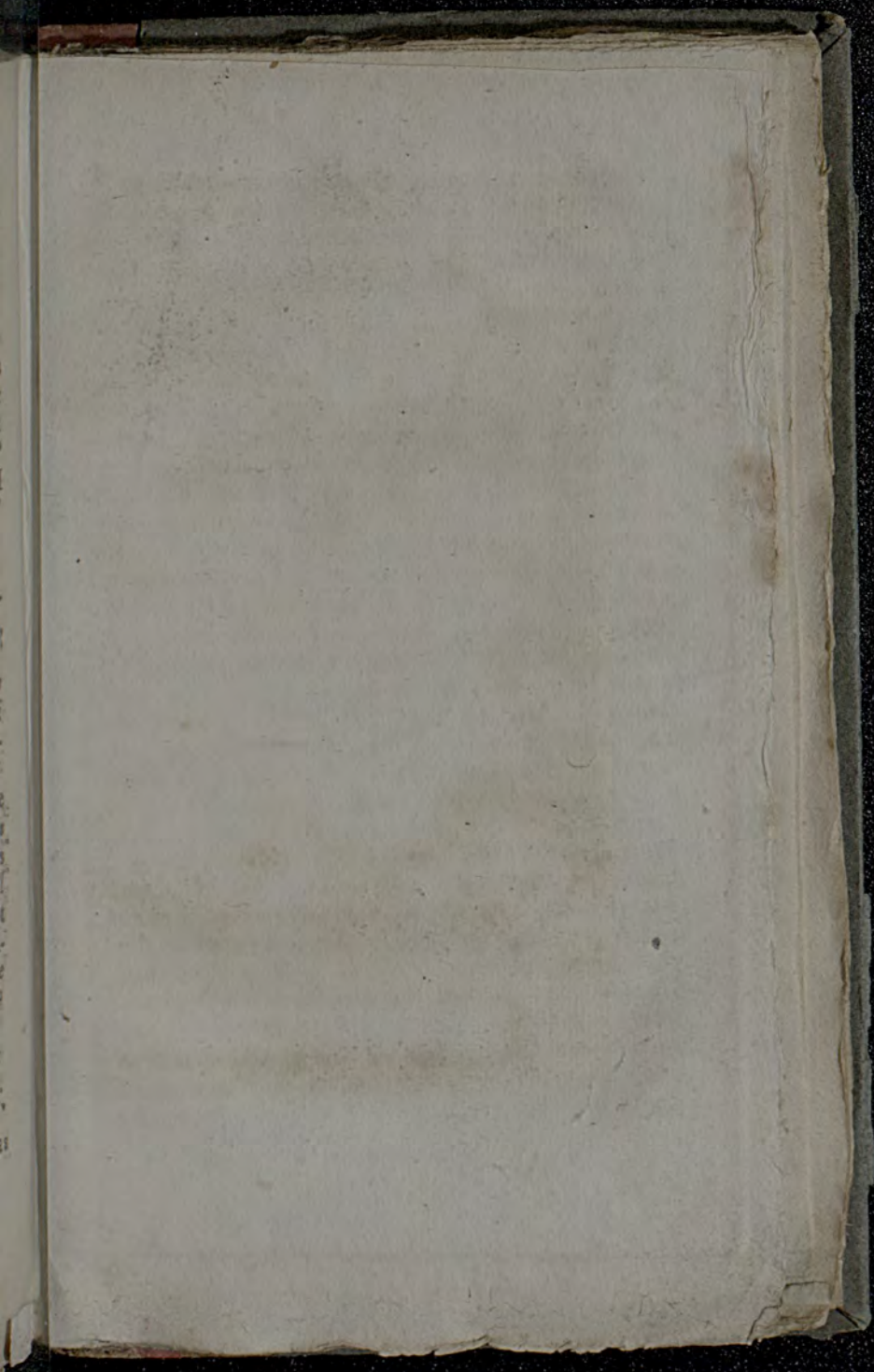
others must have witnesses, or else partakers. Music was a gift from heaven, bestowed on man in his state of innocence; 'tis the purest of all pleasures; and the only one that I can yield to. I look upon this shepherd as an echo, that comes to repeat my grief.

Fonrose, in his turn, affected to avoid her. Adelaide was concerned at it.—Alas! (said she,) I gave myself up too easily to the little comfort I felt; I am deprived of it for my punishment.—One day, as they met, as if by chance, “Shepherd, (said she,) do you lead your flock to any great distance?” These words, uttered from her sweet lips, caused in Fonrose’s heart such an emotion, as almost deprived him of his voice. “I cannot tell, (replied he with hesitation;) it is not I that lead my sheep, 'tis my sheep that lead me; they are better acquainted than I am with these pastures; and I let them range wherever they please to go.” “From whence came you?” said Adelaide. “I was born on the other side of the Alps.” “And were you brought up to a shepherd’s life?” “No doubt, since I am one, I was destined for it.” “That is what I can scarce believe, (she replied, gazing on him with fixt attention;) your talents, your language, your air, all convince me to the contrary.” “You are very good, (answered Fonrose;) but does it become you to tax nature of bestowing her favours with a sparing hand on those of our condition; you, whom she has formed rather for a queen than a shepherdess?” Adelaide blushed, and waving the discourse, “The other day (said she)



your hautboy accompanied my voice with such masterly arts, as must seem a prodigy in one brought up to feed the flocks." "'Tis your singing, (replied Fonrose,) that is a real one in a simple shepherdess. What, were you never instructed? Like you, I have no other guide but my heart and my ear. You sang, I was moved. What my heart feels, my instrument expresses; I breathe into it my very soul; that is all the secret; nothing is more natural." "This is incredible," said Adelaide. "I thought so too, (replied he,) whilst I listened to your voice; and now I am convinced of it; though sometimes nature and love will frolick-somely bestow their choicest favors on the meanest objects; to shew that there is no condition, be it ever so low, but what they can ennoble." Whilst they thus discoursed advancing in the valley, Fonrose, animated by a small ray of hope, began to make it resound with the rapturous notes that pleasure inspires. "Ah! cease, (cried Adelaide;) spare me the image of a sentiment I never more shall taste! This solitude is consecrated to grief. These echoes are unused to repeat the accents of joy; all here join with my lamentations." "I am not without woes," said the young shepherd, fetching a deep sigh, which was followed by a pause of silence. "What has caused your afflictions? Of what do you complain? Is it of mankind? is it of fate?" I really cannot tell. All that I know is, that I am very far from being happy. Pray enquire no further into my situation." "Hear me, (said Adelaide.) Heaven has







SHEPHERDESS  
of the ALPS



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*Granger del.*

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made us acquainted, to be a mutual support to each other's woes: mine are a burthen, under which my heart sinks down even to despondency, Whoever you be, if you are unhappy, you are compassionate. I believe you worthy of the confidence I shall repose in you; but you must promise me that that confidence shall be reciprocal."

"Alas! (said Fonrose,) my woes are of a nature, perhaps, never to be relieved." "Meet me to-morrow, (said Adelaide,) at the foot of this hill, under the spreading oak where you heard me moan; I shall there reveal what will excite your pity." They parted. Fonrose passed the night with great inquietude. His fate depended on what he was to hear. He dreaded the discovery of a tender unhappy passion. "If she loves, (said he,) I am undone."

He set out betimes to the rendezvous, and the fair shepherdess arrived soon after. The morn was overcast with clouds, as if nature pre-saged their sorrowful conversation. They seated themselves under the oak; when, after a profound sigh, Adelaide thus began the story of her woes.

"Beneath those stones, you see there, almost covered with the creeping grass, lie the remains of the most faithful and virtuous of men; whom my love and imprudence brought to the grave. I was born in France, of a family of high distinction, and too wealthy to my misfortune. Count Orestan conceived for me the most passionate, tender love, to which my heart corresponded with equal warmth. My parents objected to our union, and refused their consent.



Hurried on by my passion, I agreed to a private marriage; sacred to virtuous souls, but disapproved of by the laws. Italy was then the theatre of the war. My husband was ordered to join the corps he was to command; and I went with him as far as Briançon; there my foolish fondness prevailed upon him to stay with me two days, which he passed with extreme reluctance. I sacrifice, said he, my duty for you. But what had I not sacrificed for him? In short, I exacted it. He afterwards set out with a foreboding that terrified me. I accompanied him to this valley, where we took leave of each other, and I returned to Briançon. In a few days, the report of a battle was spread about. I was not sure that my dear Orestan was there; I wished it for his honor; I feared it for my love; when I received a letter from him, which afforded me great comfort. It informed me, that such a day, and at such an hour, I should find him in the valley, under the same oak where we had bid farewell; that he should be there alone, and desired to meet me unaccompanied; adding, that he only lived for me. Alas! how inconsiderate I was! I saw nothing in his letter but his impatience to see me; and that impatience was to me very flattering. I was exact to the appointment. My Orestan received me in the most tender manner. Ah! my dear Adelaide, said he, you would have it so; I have failed in my duty at the most important crisis of my life. What I feared is come to pass. The battle was given. My regiment charged, performed wonders of valour, and I



was not at its head. I am dishonored; for ever lost, without resource. I have but one sacrifice more to make you, which I am come to consummate. At these words I pressed my dear husband in my arms; I felt the blood congeal in my shivering heart; I fainted dead away. He took that opportunity to perpetrate his design; and I was recalled to life by the report of the fatal pistol that gave him his death. How can I paint that cruel situation in which I was left? it cannot be described. These tears, that must for ever flow, these sighs, which suffocate my voice, give but a faint idea of my distress. I passed the night over the bloody corpse, quite stupified with grief. My first thoughts were, as soon as I was able, to bury it and my shame together: these hands dug his grave. I don't mean to move your compassionate heart; but the moment in which the earth was to separate me from the dear remains, was a thousand times more dreadful than can be that which will divide this body from my soul. Depressed with grief, deprived of food, my feeble hands were two days employed in performing the last sad duty; and I then formed a determined resolution to remain in this solitude till death reunited us. Gnawing hunger preyed upon my vitals, and I thought myself criminal in preventing nature from supporting a life more insupportable to me than death. I changed my dress for this of a simple shepherdess, and I look upon this valley as my only asylum. Ever since, I have had no other comfort, but that of weeping over this grave, which soon I hope will be my



own. You see with what sincerity I open to you my inmost soul. Henceforth I may weep in your presence without constraint; a relief my over-burthened heart is much in need of. I expect that you will put the same confidence in me as that I have reposed in you: don't imagine that I am imposed upon; I am certain that you are no more a shepherd than I a shepherdess. You are young, perhaps in love; for if I guess aright, our misfortunes flow from the same source. The similitude of our condition will make us feel the more for each other. I look upon you as one whom heaven, moved with my afflictions, has sent into this solitude to save me from despair. Look upon me as a sincere friend, capable of giving, if not satisfactory advice, at least a firm example of true resignation to the divine will."

"Ah! Madam, (said Fonrose, overwhelmed with what he heard,) whatever tender sensibility you think my heart is prone to feel, you are far from imagining with what deep concern the recital of your woes has affected me: the impression will remain as long as life. Ah! why must I have a secret, nay, even a thought, reserved from you? from you, that have a right, after what you have entrusted me with, to scrutinize my very soul? But, as I told you before, and as my foreboding heart apprehended, such is the nature of my woes, that I am doomed to conceal them in eternal silence. Be not offended, charming friend, at a silence which is my greatest torment. You are very unhappy, but I am more unhappy still. I'll be your constant companion; I'll endeavour to mitigate your sorrows,



and help to ease you in an employment too laborious for your delicate frame. Let me be the partaker of your grief; and when I behold you weeping over that tomb, I shall mix my tears with yours: you never will have cause to repent having deposited your secret in an unfortunate heart, that feels all the value of its trust."

"I do repent it already," said Adelaide, with some confusion, and retired without further discourse. In her abrupt departure, she saw in Fonrose's countenance all the marks of an afflicted mind.—Alas! said she, I have renewed his sufferings; and oh! what sufferings must they be, that can give him grounds to think himself more unhappy than I am!

From that day forth, farewell song, farewell hautboy! No more music, no more conversation. They neither seemed to seek nor shun each other. Looks that spoke their thoughts was all their language; it was very expressive. When he found her weeping over her husband's grave, he beheld her in mute attention, full of jealousy, grief, and pity, till her groans were echoed by his.

A few days were past in this painful conflict, when Adelaide took notice how the youth wasted away; fading like a blooming flower, just blasted by some malignant planet. The grief that consumed him, gave her so much more concern, as not being entrusted with what occasioned his trouble, it was out of her power to administer any comfort. She little knew that



she was the cause of his distress. It is an observation founded in nature, that when the soul admits of two passions, they will of course weaken each other. Adelaide's regrets for the loss of Orestan, grew less in proportion as her pity increased for the young shepherd. She was very sure that her pity proceeded from no motive but what the most innocent friendship suggested; nor did it ever occur, not to give way to it: on the contrary, she indulged it; for seeing the youth plunged in so settled a melancholy, she thought it incumbent on her, after what she had profest for him, not to leave him any longer to himself. "Unhappy youth! (she said, the first time they met after her resolve,) you perish daily, and give me the fruitless concern of beholding you consume away, and not be able to afford you any comfort. If the recital of my imprudent conduct has not altered your opinion of me, if the sincerest friendship is dear to you, in short, if you will not make me more unhappy still than I was before our acquaintance, tell me, I conjure you, tell me the cause of your affliction. Was your secret yet more important than mine, you need not apprehend that I shall ever divulge it. Orestan's death is an eternal barrier betwixt the world and me. The secret of your woes, which I desired to know, was for your sake, not for mine; it would have been deposited in my husband's tomb, with his faithful widow, and your sincere friend." "I hope (said Fonrose) it will be my fate to die first. Ah! Madam, let me end my deplorable life, without leaving you to reproach



yourself with having shortened it." "O! heavens! (she cried,) what I? Can I have contributed to encrease the woes under which you perish? Ease my tortured heart, and tell me what I have said? What have I done to aggravate your afflictions? Speak, I say; you have revealed too much to hide yourself any longer: I do insist upon knowing who you are." Since then you force from me so peremptorily the fatal secret, know that I am \* \* \* \* that I am Fonrose, the son of those you lately filled with admiration and respect. All that I heard them relate of your virtue and you charms, inspired me with the rash design of seeing you under this disguise. I have seen you, and my fate is fixed. I have left my family in the deepest distress: they think that I am lost for ever, they lament my death. I know what is your attachment here; and I have no other hope but to die adoring you. Forbear to give me any useless advice; my resolution is as unmoveable as your own: if, by betraying my confidence, you divulge my secret, you will only disturb the last ebblings of my declining life, and you will have to impute to yourself a blame, which you never shall have cause to impute to me."

Adelaide, astonished at what she had heard, endeavoured to soothe young Fonrose's despair. —I will restore him, said she, to his afflicted parents, and save their only hope from death: heaven has procured me this opportunity to acknowledge their goodness.—Wherefore, far from affecting an ill-timed rigour, she employed



every means the most insinuating friend could suggest to calm and comfort him. "Sweet angel, (cried Fonrose,) I see with what reluctance you are forced to make any one wretched. Your heart is devoted to him who lies in that tomb; no power on earth can draw it away. I see with what kind condescension your virtue attempts to veil your unhappiness; I feel your goodness in its full extent; I sink under it, and I forgive you. Your duty is never to love me; and mine is to adore you for ever."

Adelaide, impatient to put in execution the design she had formed, arrived at the hut. "Father, (said she to the old pastor,) do you think yourself able to undertake a journey to Turin? I want a person that I can rely on, to give the Count and Countess of Fonrose intelligence of what concerns their whole happiness." "My zeal (said the old man) to serve them, will give me strength equal to my inclination." "Go then, (continued she;) you will find them lamenting the death of their only child. Inform them that he is living; and that it is their poor Adelaide that will restore him to their arms. But at the same time tell them, that there is an indispensable necessity for their coming in person to fetch him."

He set out directly, and arrived at the Count's house in Turin. He sent in word, that the old Man of the Valley of Savoy was come to wait on them. "Ah! (cried the Countess,) perhaps some misfortune has befallen our lovely shepherdess." "Bid the old man enter, (said the Count;) let us hope for the best: who



knows but Adelaide consents to come and live with us?" "It would be (replied the Countess) the only comfort I can taste after the loss of my son." The old man is introduced; he embraces their knees; they raise him to their arms. "You weep (said he) the death of your son, and I am come to inform you that he is alive. 'Tis our dear child that has discovered him in the valley, and dispatched me to communicate to you this interesting news; but she says, that you yourselves, and only you, can bring him back." Whilst he was speaking, the Countess fainted away, overcome with surprise and joy. The Count calls for assistance; she revives; they embrace the old shepherd by turns; and acquaint the whole family with the subject of their transports. "How shall we show our gratitude? (said the Countess;) how can we requite a benefaction that restores us to life?"

They set out immediately on the journey, and arrived with the greatest expedition. They left their equipage at some distance, and walked to the hut through the valley which contained all that was dear to them. Adelaide was tending her flock as usual. The old dame conducted them to the place where she was. How great their surprise, when they beheld their beloved son with the fair shepherdess, under the habit of a simple pastor! Their hearts discovered him more than their eyes. "Ah! cruel, cruel child, (cried Fonrose's mother, throwing her arms about his neck,) what troubles have you given us! What could induce you to leave your affectionate parents? What is your business



here?—"To adore what you yourselves so much admired." "Madam, (said Adelaide, whilst Fonrose embraced his father's knees,) you would not have been so long a prey to grief, had I discovered sooner your dear son." After the first effusions of nature were over, Fonrose relapsed into his melancholy. "Come, (said the Countess,) let us go and repose ourselves in the cabin; and forget the woes this young madman has plunged us in." "'Tis very true, (said Fonrose to his father, who led him by the hand;) what else, but the deprivation of my reason, could suspend the emotions of nature, and make me forget the most sacred of duties? What, but madness? You innocently gave rise to it, and I am severely punished for it. I love, without hope, the most amiable and accomplished person in the world. You have seen but little of her; you know but little of this incomparable lady. Honor, virtue, sensibility! she unites all that is great and good. I doat upon her to idolatry: I cannot be happy without her, and she never can be mine." "Has she trusted you (said the Count) with the secret of her birth?" "I have learned enough (replied Fonrose) to assure you, that it is not inferior to mine. She has renounced a considerable fortune in the world to remain hid in this solitude." "Do you know what motive has induced her to it?" "I do; but 'tis a secret which she alone can reveal." "Is she married?" "No; she is a widow: but her heart is not the less engaged; nay, it is rather bound with stronger chains." "Madam, (said



the Count to Adelaide, as soon as they entered the cabin,) you see how you turn the heads, as well as captivate the hearts, of all that bear the name of Fonrose: nothing could have justified my son's extravagant passion, but so virtuous, so deserving an object. My wife's utmost wishes were to have you for a friend; my son cannot live without you for his wife; and it would be my greatest happiness to have you for my daughter. Oh! consider how many that love you must be wretched, if you refuse your consent." "Ah! Sir, (replied Adelaide,) your goodness perplexes me. Lend me awhile your attention, and judge of my situation. She then, in presence of the old folks, related her sad story, adding the name of her family, which the Count was well acquainted with; and she finished her narration, by taking him for witness of the inviolable fidelity she owed her husband. At these words a deep consternation appeared in all their looks. Young Fonrose, bursting with grief, threw himself into a corner of the hut, to give a loose to his sorrows. His afflicted father lay down by him; and casting his eyes on Adelaide, "Madam, (said he,) behold the effects of your resolution," The Countess, pressing her to her bosom, "Ah! will you then, (said she,) give us cause to lament a second time the death of our dear child? Why did you restore him to us?" The good old people, penetrated with what they saw and heard, their eyes fixed on Adelaide, waited for her determination. "Heaven knows, (said she,) I would willingly give up my life to acknowledge all this unbounded generosity. I own it would be



the height of misery, if I had it to upbraid myself of having been the cause of yours. I leave the decision of our fate to your son; let me have a few minutes conversation with him." Then retiring by themselves, "Fonrose, (said she,) you know what sacred ties bind me here: if I could cease to lament the loss of him who loved and doated on me even beyond discretion, I should be deservedly despised. Friendship, gratitude, and esteem, is all I have left to give; and is that a compensation for love? The more you have conceived for me, the more right you have to expect a suitable return; and what return can I make? The impossibility of performing that duty is the obstacle that prevents my making myself liable to it; nevertheless, I behold you all in a situation that would soften the most obdurate heart. Mine, alas! is but too sensible; I cannot bear the shocking thought of being the cause of your distress. How can I hear your generous worthy parents reproach me with their loss? I will therefore forget a while what I am, and leave you to be the arbiter of my destiny. 'Tis yours to decide, and chuse which is most agreeable to you; either to conquer your passion, and strive to forget me, or take the hand of one, whose heart, possessed of another object, has nothing to bestow, as I told you before, but friendship and esteem; and what are they to satisfy a lover's ardent expectations?" "'Tis enough, (replied he tenderly;) such exalted friendship equals love. I may, perhaps, be jealous of the tears I shall see you shed for a former husband, but the cause of my jealousy



will only make you more estimable in my eyes, and dearer to my soul.

“She is mine, (cried Fonrose, precipitating himself into his fond parents’ arms;) she is mine: ’tis to the respect and gratitude she has for you that I owe my happiness; and that is owing you a second being.” Adelaide could not appeal from the sentence.

“Did she consent merely through pity and gratitude?” “I will believe she did; she believed it herself; and I will not cease to admire her.” Before she left the valley, she would revisit the tomb, which she quitted with regret. “O, my dear Orestan, (she cried,) if from the mansions of the dead you can have seen my struggles, and read the bottom of my heart, your shade will not murmur at the sacrifice I make to comfort a virtuous family. My love remains with you: I go to make others happy, without any hopes of being so myself.” ’Twas with difficulty they got her away. She insisted to have a monument erected to the memory of her husband; and that the cabin of the good old couple, who were to accompany them to Turin, should be altered to a neat little country house, as plain as it would be solitary; where she intended to retire now and then, to lament the errors and misfortunes of her youth.

Time and the assiduous care that Fonrose had in every respect for his dear Adelaide, joined to the sweet pledges, fruits of her second marriage, opened her heart to receive the impressions of a new inclination; and she is still quoted as model of perfection, that claims admiration and respect even in her fidelity.



## TWO ASTROLOGERS.

THERE was at Bagdad a famous astrologer, named Abou-Meachir. No motion of the celestial bodies escaped his notice, and the most extraordinary phenomenon was familiar to him. He understood the most hidden things, and foretold futurity by the mere inspection of the stars. Nor was he less versed in the mysteries of the Cabala, or less deep in geomancy. This profound philosopher was united in the strictest friendship with Numan, the favourite of the Caliph Aroun-Errechid. This courtier had the misfortune to fall under the displeasure of the Prince, who was determined to destroy him. Numan, perceiving his life in danger, took refuge with the astrologer, and implored his assistance. "I could easily conceal you from the Caliph's search, (says Meachir to him,) if the Prince had not about him an astrologer whose knowledge I dread. Let us, however, endeavour to render his penetration ineffectual; and, if possible, prevent his discovering the place of your retreat." Meachir placed in a brass cauldron a golden mortar reversed, upon which he caused Numan to sit, and then filled the cauldron with blood. The Caliph, having in vain sought every where for Numan, at length had recourse to his astrologer; and ordered him, by



means of his art, to discover the place where the culprit was concealed. The Caliph's astrologer, after several observations, told him, "The man you seek, my lord, is retired into a golden island, situated in the middle of a sea of blood, which sea is surrounded by walls of brass." Aroun, who had never heard of such an island, imagined that, for once, his astrologer was mistaken.

The Prince, in despair of finding Numan, granted him his pardon; and published a declaration, that he might with safety appear before him. Numan, upon the word of Aroun, presented himself at court. No sooner had he entered, than the Caliph enquired by what means he had eluded the diligent search made after him. The courtier having given a faithful narrative of the affair, the Prince, with astonishment, perceived the conformity between the observations of his astrologer, and the inclosure into which Numan had retreated.

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## A SINGULAR

### *Definition of Courage.*

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**N**OUCHIREVAN, King of Persia, demanded of his Vizir, Buzur Djumher, a just definition of courage. "This virtue (replied the Vizir) consists in the united strength of mind



36 WITTICISM OF AN ASTROLOGER.

and body. Philosophers pretend, that a man of courage ought to possess the qualities of several animals; he should have the strength of a lion, the intrepidity of a cock, the impetuosity of a wild boar, the ferocity of a wolf, the fierceness of a tiger, the cunning of a fox, the patience of a dog, the vigilance of a crane, and the prudence of a raven."

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THE

*Witticism of an Astrologer.*

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AS the officers were carrying an astrologer to the gallows, "You, (says a spectator to him,) that could so perfectly read in the stars the destiny of others, how came you not to foresee your own?" "Three times (replied the astrologer) I cast my own nativity; and three times it informed me, that I should one day be elevated above others, and see every one else at my feet.



THE

*Foundling of the Forest ;*

OR, THE

**BROTHER & SISTER.**

—  
BY SARAH WILKINSON.  
—

MADRID, the metropolitan city of Spain, was the birth-place, as well as tomb, of an accomplished cavalier, named Fernando, of a wealthy and noble family. He had scarce entered his twenty-third year, when he was attacked by a malignant fever, that soon ended his existence; leaving the fair Eugenia, to whom he had been espoused nearly two years, very far advanced in her pregnancy, and overwhelmed with sorrow for his death. In a few weeks after this disastrous event, Eugenia was delivered of two fine babes; a daughter, lovely as the sea-born goddess; and a son, who gave promise to inherit all the graces and accomplishments of his father, after whom he was named



Fernando, at the same time that his sister received the appellation of Cecilia, at the baptismal font. A separate nurse was chosen for each child, from a small pleasant village near to the capital, and were attended, with sedulous care, by their foster-mothers, who derived from them a considerable advantage.

Fernando was about three months old, when his nurse received news, that her husband, who resided at some distance from her, was dangerously ill, and his death hourly expected. She hesitated some time between conjugal love and the duty she owed her mistress; but at length came to an unfortunate determination in favour of the former: the next afternoon, she intreated permission to go and visit a kinswoman, whom, she said, lived at no great distance from the mansion where the lady Eugenia resided. Her request was immediately granted; it not being usual to refuse persons in her situation small favours, for fear of irritating them, and injuring the nutriment with which they are to supply the infant. She carefully wrapt the little Fernando in an embroidered mantle, and then set out on her secret expedition. When she got to the town-gate, she hired the accommodation of a little light cart, that went to and from the village to which she was hastening, a distance of rather more than three miles. She found her husband much better than she expected, from the intelligence she had received.

The time flew away so swiftly in conversation, that the hour she had fixed on for her return home, had elapsed ere she thought its approach



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FOUNDLING of the FOREST

Publsh'd by & for IRoe, 1806.



near. She started up in haste, and heard, to her extreme regret, that the humble vehicle which had conveyed her hither, had returned above an hour since to Madrid, where it was to remain that night. No alternative presented itself, but to walk back as fast as she could, the better to conceal her disobedience from the Lady Eugenia, whom, she was well aware, would not approve of her carrying the child to that distance, much less taking it into a sick chamber. By the time she arrived at the most dismal part of the road, night completely covered the face of the earth with darkness. The child was fast asleep in her arms; and two ruffians springing from the hedge, demanded the bundle she carried. She shrieked aloud for aid; and there being some houses at no great distance, the assailants were alarmed, and buried their remorseless poniards in her throat. They then seized her precious burden, and fled, leaving the miserable woman expiring. The babe was not long in their hands before it awoke, and began to cry most piteously. They were disappointed at the loss of their expected booty; but mercy for once preponderated in their rugged breasts, and they resolved not to hurt the little innocent. They crossed the forest, and delivered the little Fernando to the care of a poor woman; making her believe that it belonged to an unmarried lady of quality, who dared not keep it with her, for fear of her incontinence being discovered by her friends, who would sacrifice both her and her lover, to appease the injury their honour had sustained by



this intrigue; that the lady, therefore, wished to place it in an obscure cottage at no greater distance from Madrid than would allow both its father and herself conveniently to visit it, when favourable opportunities might occur. This plausible tale seemed confirmed in the poor woman's eyes, by the costly robes of the babe, and three pieces of gold which she received from the robbers as earnest money. She readily undertook the charge of the lovely babe: and, what was very fortunate for the little stranger, this new nurse had just lost a child of her own; so that she was able to continue the nourishment to which he had been used.

The desire of emolument made her first receive the babe; but she soon grew tenderly attached to him, and gave him the name of the child she had buried, that it might seem, indeed, to be her own Antonio restored to her maternal arms.

No person coming to see the child, no money sent for its nursing, nor any inquiries made concerning it, at first gave her uneasiness at being so deceived; and she earnestly longed to discover its (as she conjectured) unnatural parents: but this wore off. She doted on the child, and dreaded lest it should be claimed from her.

Eugenia was almost distracted at the absence of her son and his nurse at so unusual and improper an hour. The domestics were dispatched various ways, to make a strict search, or, at least, inquiries, after her. They were for some time unsuccessful; but at length they heard that



such a person as they described had been seen to go out of the town-gate towards —, with an infant in her arms. They took that road; but had not proceeded far when they saw persons approaching, some bearing lighted torches, while the others were conveying a corpse towards the town. Alas! they soon discovered that it was the poor nurse, barbarously murdered. No tidings could be heard, no traces found, of the child. but they did not doubt but he had been slain, and flung into some place of concealment, or else conveyed to the adjacent forest, to be devoured by the beasts of prey which were known to infest it. Wretched tidings for his beauteous mother, who never ceased to deplore her loss: for when the lapse of time had abated the keen edge of her grief, it left a visible melancholy on her mind, which displayed itself in every feature and action.

Antonio (for such he was called while brought up in an obscurity so foreign to his birth) soon gave proofs of the nobleness of his nature. From his infancy, his ordinary pastime was to assemble all the little boys of the village, arm them with wooden guns and swords, and then putting himself at the head of them, caused his juvenile regiment to march against some place that was defended by another party of boys; so naturally gave himself to the military exercise; and having attained the age of twelve years, he went and presented himself at court.

The King was at that time raising four regiments to send into Flanders. Antonio immediately applied to the nobleman who had the



command of the first, and intreated to serve, if he could be made any way useful. The elegant proportion of his form, his handsome countenance, and resolute air, together with his extreme youth, excited a strong interest in the heart of the Commander, who resolved to favor him far beyond what his most sanguine wishes could have led him to expect. He caused him to be clothed the same as would have become his own son, had he been blest with one. This completed, he resolved to give him an education that would enable him to fill one of the first posts of honor with credit and dignity. The Commander had a brother, whose only son, Don Louis, was nearly the same age as Antonio. Hither he resolved to conduct the young adventurer, and intreat that they might be educated together, and Antonio live in the family. His request was readily granted. The two boys were pleased with each other; and this prepossession at first sight soon ripened into a firm attachment. Their exercises, whether mental or corporeal, were the same; and such was the ardour of their progress, that they left all their competitors far behind.

But such was the predilection of young Antonio for a military life, that he was continually petitioning his benefactor for leave to accompany him in his expeditions; and in the second campaign of the General to Flanders, this request was readily granted to the young hero; whose only regret on the occasion was, his being of course obliged to resign the company of his dear Louis. But even this afflicting separation



was overbalanced by the thoughts of distinguishing himself amidst the battle's rage. Two years after the departure of the General and his young friend, the brother of the former died of a raging fever, sincerely regretted by every one who had the honor and happiness to be related to him. But the grief of his son did not exceed, if it even kept pace with, the year of exterior mourning. He launched into every gaiety which youth and a large fortune enabled him to pursue; thus passing seven years of extreme revelry and dissipation, while his uncle and Antonio were toiling in the wars, receiving much honor, and many severe wounds.

About this period Don Louis met with a young lady, whose beauty resembled that of an angel, or fabled goddess: yet the recluse life she led prevented her from having many suitors. She rarely went out; and when she did, she was enveloped in a long thick veil, that concealed her lovely features from observation.

Don Louis was accidentally passing the house, when Cecilia and her mother, attended by two waiting women, came forth to repair to the cathedral church, which was at some distance from their habitation, to make vows of devotion, and do penance, it being Good Friday. He could not but admire the beautiful symmetry of her person, and followed, stealing attentive glances whenever he found an opportunity. But the eldest of the two ladies walking on before, leaning on the arm of one of the attendants, and very seldom turning round to speak to her



daughter, the enamoured swain did not meet with much interruption.

Cecilia could not but observe the admiration she excited in the stranger, and, perhaps, saw something in his person, or deportment, that took her fancy; for, either by accident or design, she contrived to disorder her veil in such a manner, that, for a few moments, Don Louis had a full view of her face; and he instantly became passionately in love with her.

He haunted the environs of the house where this charming fair-one resided, the greatest part of each day and night, till nearly a month had elapsed, in hopes of again beholding this angelic creature, but without success, and he began to despair, when accident once more favored him; and he perceived, by her expressive countenance, that she had beheld the pains he took, and was not displeas'd thereat. He bribed her waiting-woman to convey and re-convey their letters; and a pleasing correspondence took place between them, which lasted a twelve-month, without interruption by any unfortunate casualty.

Cecilia, before her correspondence took place with Don Louis, was aware that her mother would not consent to their union, being intended, from her very childhood, as a wife to Don Ravilla de Garcias, a noble cavalier, related to the family of her deceased father. Don Louis took advantage of this circumstance, related to him by the thoughtless Cecilia; and, instead of honorably revealing his love to her mother,



and endeavouring to win her to compliance with his suit, and abandon the idea of bestowing her daughter on a cavalier whom her young and tender heart could not approve, he took every method, and brought forward all the arguments he could invent, to strengthen her fears of her mother's resentment, and make her adhere to the desire of concealing their passion. When Don Louis had brought her mind to a sufficient frame to suit his designs, he prevailed on the unsuspecting Cecilia to be his without the forms of matrimony; assuring her, on his honor, and every hope of happiness, here or hereafter, that he would lead her to the altar whenever she should think fit to demand that reparation from him. It cost him several interviews (for the maid had forfeited her trust to her old mistress so far as to admit the clandestine lover of the daughter into the house several mornings when that lady was gone to prayers) before he could obtain the final consent of Cecilia to surrender her honor to another's keeping. At length the night was agreed on, and the various preliminaries arranged; and Don Louis retired exulting in his successful enterprise with the fair Cecilia. Willing to testify the impatience of his love, he went before the appointed hour, and placed himself in the spot where he was bidden to wait. Cecilia, who had been keeping watch, called softly to her lover, bidding him retire until her mother was gone to bed, for fear he should be discovered by any curious person. Don Louis seeing the advice very prudent, resolved to follow it, and withdraw to a



distance, with an intent to return in about an hour.

It occurred by a curious chance, that Antonio arrived this very night at Madrid, on business of importance for the General; and likewise to bring letters of recommendation to the King from his benefactor, who had extolled the valor of his adopted son, and intreated his munificent monarch to honor him with some testimonies of his royal favour. He repaired to the habitation of his friend Don Louis, whom he impatiently longed to see. Being informed, by the domestics, of his absence, he felt much chagrined, and left the house with an intent to return to his own lodgings. To effect this, he was obliged to pass the residence of the fair Cecilia, which he did just at the favourable moment that she expected her lover's return. Her mother and the domestics being all retired to their respective chambers, the appearance of Antonio, the obscurity of the night, and the fear of shame and scandal, so wrought on Cecilia's imagination, that she mistook him for Don Louis; and, throwing from the window a key wrapt up in her handkerchief, she bade him open the street door, and enter immediately, and then retired. Antonio was greatly surprised at this adventure. He mentally argued with himself, whether he should enter the house or not. One moment he conjectured that he was mistook for another; and the next, that some fair one, with more gaiety than prudence, was desirous of commencing an intrigue with a stranger; and he thought it



would testify great want of spirit and gallantry in him, to decline a tender invitation. He therefore opened the door, which he immediately closed to; but did not fasten the lock, that he might find his way out the more readily should there be reason to retreat. He passed through a great hall into a smaller one, which Cecilia had purposely left open, to facilitate the progress of her lover to her chamber, which was on the first floor. There being no light, nor any body to be heard, he began to entertain unpleasant suspicions, and groped his way forward with extreme caution. Don Louis now came to the door, wondering that his fair mistress was not at the window, to fling him the key, according to her own appointment; but trying with his hand, and finding it yielded to this effort, he supposed that Cecilia had so contrived it, that he might enter it without noise. He therefore proceeded into the hall, to the great alarm of Antonio, who, though he could not see any person distinctly, heard one follow his foot-steps; and no longer doubted but that he had been lured there for the dire purposes of robbery and assassination. He drew back into a niche; and, as the unknown passed him, gave him two stabs on the side. Antonio then fled; and Don Louis dropt on the floor bleeding and senseless. Cecilia, surprised at her lover's delay, especially as she thought it was to him she delivered the key, took a wax taper, and came down stairs softly, supposing that he had by some means missed the stairs. But her grief and consternation at beholding the situation of



her lover, who seemed almost expiring, is better felt than described.

She immediately conjectured that, in spite of their caution, her mother, the Lady Eugenia, had discovered their amour, and devised this dreadful method of revenge on Don Louis, for his intentions of dishonoring their noble family, by prevailing on Cecilia to favor his pretensions, by abandoning Don Ravilla de Garcias, and forfeiting her own chastity upon the bare dependance of his word. Cecilia imagined that she would herself be the next victim of her resentment. She thought her life in peril; and disregarding the inconveniences to which she should subject herself by such a step, she packed up her money and jewels, and left the house.

Thus desconsolate, she crossed the whole town of Madrid, towards the meadows of St. Jerome; and the day beginning to break, she was fearful of a discovery, so entered the cottage of a poor woman, whom she gained by bribes and intreaties to shelter her.

Don Louis remained in the same pitiable state in which Cecilia had left him, till the rising of one of the servants, who came to clean the halls. Affrighted with the spectacle, she ran to inform her mistress of what she had seen. The Lady left her bed in great alarm, and causing all her domestics to be called, repaired to the spot where Don Louis lay weltering in his blood.

They laid him on a bed, and sent for a surgeon to examine his wounds, and see if there were any hopes; for at present he shewed very faint signs of life.



By the next morning Don Louis was so far recovered as to be able to answer to the few questions the Lady put to him. He intreated that he might be conveyed on a litter to his own house; told her his name and connections; and assured her, on his honor, that her domestics were free from blame. This aroused the suspicions of Eugenia; and she asked him, with seeming indifference, if he had ever seen her daughter. Tenderness for the reputation and peace of Cecilia, made him at a loss for a reply; and, to avoid so painful a subject, he feigned a sudden swoon. The surgeon himself was deceived, and ordered that Don Louis should be kept perfectly quiet, and not allowed to converse till he was a little recovered from his weakness. Eugenia, in great trouble, repaired to Cecilia's chamber, to interrogate her concerning the wounded stranger; as her doubts now almost amounted to confirmation, that Cecilia was involved in this strange incident. But this affliction was followed by one that was still more piercing. She found the chamber deserted; and the neatness of the bed made it apparent that her daughter had not retired to rest the preceding night. In vain was Cecilia sought for through the house and grounds: and one of the attendants discovering that her young lady's money and jewels were gone, Eugenia was conscious of the elopement of her daughter. She tore her hair, and rent her garments. "Unhappy destiny! (she exclaimed,) was it not enough that my husband should be torn from me in early youth by cruel



disease? My son, the hope and pride of our family, dead, or conveyed I know not whither; perhaps, even now, a wretched wanderer? My only remaining child, my Cecilia, whom I thought possessed of every virtue that could adorn the female frame, has now shamefully deserted me, and left her tender mother one of the most unhappy of her sex." In vain did she revolve every way, in her own mind, how this fatal adventure could have happened; but she was entirely lost in conjecture, without arriving at the least shadow of truth.

The magistrates hearing of Don Louis's misfortune, immediately repaired to the house with the officers of justice. Don Antonio mixed with them, that he might learn whom he had wounded. But, as they had conveyed Louis to his own house, his curiosity was not satisfied in this respect. His heart was touched with the tenderest pity at the sorrows of the Lady of the mansion. He would have freely confessed his crime, but from the belief that revealing the circumstances that led to the commission of it, would rather add to than diminish her grief. He was, in fact, her unknown son; and the force of blood in their hearts inspired them with reciprocal sentiments for each other, for which they could not account. The domestics were committed to prison; and the Lady Eugenia confined to her own house, till the truth of this outrage could be discovered; though no one doubted her innocence, which was made apparent by the elopement of her daughter: yet it was necessary for certain forms to be attended



to, as it was uncertain, in the opinion of the surgeons, whether Don Louis would recover of his wounds received under her roof.

Don Antonio, on his next visit to the house of Don Louis, found out, to his extreme sorrow, that he had been the sufferer by his unfortunate rashness. He was not permitted to see him, the surgeons not allowing their patient to receive visitors, for fear of retarding his recovery. Antonio had great cause for affliction. He had nearly killed his much-loved friend, and greatly damaged his own interest, by the delay of his affairs at court, in which the interference and credit of his chosen cousin would have been of the most essential service to him. At length, to their mutual pleasure, they were introduced to each other. Louis received his uncle's letters with great joy, and promised to fulfil the requests and injunctions they contained to the utmost of his power: and an explanation now took place with regard to the nocturnal adventure at the Lady Eugenia's house; and Don Antonio declared, that if he had given his friend two stabs with a poniard, he had received since as many hundred in his own mind, when he made the discovery that it was Louis whom he had hurt.

Louis replied, that the hurt he had received, was certainly intended by Providence as a punishment for his deceit to Cecilia, and to save her innocence from being made a prey to his lasciviousness. He confessed that he had no design of marrying her; being, at that time, engaged in paying his addresses to a lady who,



though not so beautiful in her person, had abundance of riches. In his devoirs to Cecilia, he thought of nothing but pleasure; and in those to her rival, of interest only. He thought that, in marrying one, and possessing the other, his happiness would be complete. But Heaven thought fit to frustrate this latter design, almost at the moment that was to have marked its completion; and deprived him of the interesting charmer, to whom he made a thousand promises of his intention to marry her as soon as a convenient opportunity offered. His mind, he confessed, was troubled at her flight; and he would give worlds to have it in his power to repay her for her unsuspecting faith and constancy.

In two months time Louis was able to go abroad, when he exerted himself so indefatigably in the interest of Antonio, that the latter was soon promoted to the command of a regiment of four companies.

During this long space of time, Cecilia remained at the cottage of the poor woman where she had first taken refuge. She frequently sent her hostess to Madrid, that she might privately learn the reports that were made concerning her. But the woman, either through the ignorance of those she inquired of, or by design, never brought her any news to her comfort; and she resolved to go to Seville, where one of her uncles resided, who held possession of the estates that naturally belonged to her brother, was he alive, or appeared to claim them. From her uncle she hoped to receive protection; and



Fregonda, her hostess, to whom she communicated her intention, zealously advised her to pursue it. Cecilia advised the woman to accompany her, being fearful of venturing so far alone: and displaying her jewels, assured her she need not fear her liberality, as she had the means to act according to her wishes.

This vile woman had a husband unknown to Cecilia, not having been at his home since her residence there. His employment, along with four confederates, was to watch in remote places for unarmed passengers, and plunder them. His wife informed him of the young Lady's intended progress, and the great value of the jewels she was to carry with her. She advised him to form some pretext, whereby he could separate himself from his companions for a time, as the booty might be solely their own; and he had no need of any one to assist him, as there would only be poor Cecilia to contend with, and she could not make much resistance.

This letter being well sealed, she directed it to a tavern, where her husband Leon, and his companions, frequented; having a good understanding with the owner thereof, who shared in the spoil.

Fregonda delivered this letter to a young man that was servant to a merchant, who employed him in conveying letters to and from Madrid; supposing it more safe in his hands than by the post. But this young man was happily inspired with a resistless curiosity to see the contents of the letter. He knew, by report,



the character of Leon, and the master of the tavern; and he suspected that this note of Fregonda's might only be an artifice to place him in their power. He carefully opened it, and read with horror, the vile plot against the young lady. Had not his master's business prevented him, he would have returned instantly to Madrid, and accused Fregonda to the Justice. Yet he determined to prevent this conspiracy, by declaring it to the magistrate of the town next the tavern through which he must pass. He journeyed on in this resolution, but unfortunately lost the letter before he arrived at Illescas. One of the servants of Eugenia passing that way on business for his mistress, saw the note, and alighting from his horse, took it up. Astonished at the wickedness of the world, he shewed it to his Lady; admiring the interposition of Providence, who had hindered the execution of this theft by the loss of the letter. Eugenia read it over two or three times; and though there was no name, she suspected, by the number of jewels that was specified, that the fair-one was no other than her daughter Cecilia. Being now, by the perfect recovery of Don Louis, and his attestation of her innocence, at liberty, she repaired to the head magistrate of Castile, and produced this letter. A commissary was instantly sent to search these places, and seize on the master of the tavern. But when he came to the justice's, whom he was to order to assist him in this enterprise, he found not the magistrate's letter, without which he knew it was to no purpose to apply to them,



for he should obtain no credit: so he proceeded on alone. The next night he was taken by a gang of thieves; and being in danger of losing his life and money, he asked if there was one Leon in their company, and was informed that he was their chief. Being taken aside by Leon, he confessed to him every thing concerning the letter, and the steps Eugenia had taken in consequence of this discovery. He gave him his liberty, as a return for this confidence, on the commissary taking an oath to conceal his adventure with the free-booters. The artful Leon excused himself to his gang, and set out alone to meet his intended victim.

Whilst these things were transacting, Cecilia was on her way, mounted on a mule, with her treacherous companion walking by her side. They made their progress by easy journies each day; Cecilia taking every method to render her guide comfortable, pitying her poverty, (which was for the greatest part assumed,) and promising to place her in a better situation.

Fregonda so ordered it, that at the dusk of the evening they arrived in the dismal woods of Sierra Morena. Cecilia travelled on in fear, earnestly wishing to reach some place where they could obtain an asylum till the following morn, but seeing no likelihood of her wishes being accomplished.

They came to a certain place, which was rendered very obscure by the thick foliage and brambles with which it was surrounded. Leon rushed out, and seized on the lovely helpless Cecilia, who instantly fainted with apprehen-



sion. Fregonda cried out, and feigning to run away, retired among the bushes just as the fair-one began to arrive. Leon, with great insolence, began to strip her, that he might discover the jewels which she had concealed about her person. He had scarce began this daring action, when he heard a horseman approach, who being in this suspicious place, galloped with a pistol in his hand, ready cocked, for fear of an attack. Beholding Leon, who had left Cecilia to meet him, he rode furiously towards him. The ruffian presented a carabine at him, which luckily missed; and the cavalier discharging his pistol at him, presently laid him at his feet. Don Antonio (for it was he who had thus punished the villainous Leon) was on his way to Seville, to survey that famous town, and to pay a visit to a young gentleman who was the chief captain of his little regiment, and had served with him in Flanders, and to whom he wished to communicate his advancement.

As poor Cecilia lay almost senseless on the ground, Fregonda approached, and with savage fury began to rifle the lovely fair-one. "Ah! is it possible, Fregonda, (said she,) that you should be in league with the thief who has treated me so barbarously?" Antonio hearing her plaintive voice, turned back towards the place, and beheld the poor maiden struggling with this vile woman. Fregonda was so intent on her wicked design, that she saw not the approach of the cavalier. It is true, she heard footsteps, but thought it was her husband, not being aware of his death. Antonio, exasperated



at seeing the young lady thus rudely treated, gave Fregonda three stabs with his sword, and finished her vile career.

He raised Cecilia in his arms, and besought her to be composed, as she was under the protection of a man of honor who was ready to die in her defence, and led her towards the place where he had left Leon: but he had crept into the bushes, hoping, that when the Cavalier was gone on, his wife would cause him to be conveyed where he could have his wounds drest. Antonio, not finding him, was fearful that he had crawled somewhere to alarm his confederates. He therefore mounted his horse; and taking Cecilia up behind him, rode as fast as possible out of the forest, for fear of being surprised. They journeyed to a considerable distance, ere they could find a village where they could lodge in security. During this interval, Antonio had leisure to inform himself of the name and quality of his fair companion, who, out of gratitude for the service he had rendered her, told him, without reserve, of her correspondence with Don Louis, and her subsequent misfortunes through that attachment: softening her own misconduct as much as possible, by repeating the fervent vows her lover had made to marry her.

Antonio listened to her discourse with astonishment, reflecting that he was the principal cause of these mishaps. He remembered also, to have heard that Don Louis was to be married in a few days to Cleonte; the lady whose wealth he so much coveted, though he was not



wanting in riches of his own. Considering, then, that it was in his own power to repair the honor of this young lady, and bring consolation to her mother, he considered himself as bound in honor not to neglect the opportunity: but fearful of aggravating her affliction, he did not hint to her, that she had a rival that stood in her way with Don Louis. He assured her, he would endeavor to do as much for her as if she was his own sister; that he would give up his journey to Seville, and return to Madrid, where he would seek an interview with Don Louis, who was his intimate friend, and of such honorable principles, that he did not doubt of his readiness to marry her, if he had made promises. He prevailed on her to accompany him to Madrid, where he would lodge her privately till he had seen his friend, and discovered his intentions concerning her.

Cecilia was charmed with this honorable cavalier, and passed the remainder of the night in great tranquillity. At break of day, Don Antonio knocked at her chamber door, and intreated her to prepare for her journey. They arrived by dinner time at an inn, where they found the commissary deputed by the magistrate to apprehend the thieves. They found that Leon's companions had most part of them been apprehended and hung.

Don Baptiste, the father of Cleonte, having appointed her marriage-day with Louis, invited all his friends, among whom was Don Ariell, the uncle of Cecilia, who lived at Seville, whither she was repairing when betrayed by Fregonda.



The miserable culprit Leon, seeing Fregonda did not come to him, no longer dreaded discovery; and thinking any thing better than to lay and perish in that state, began to make lamentable cries, which were overheard by Don Ariell, who, with some difficulty, found the spot where he lay. "Signior, (said he to Don Ariell,) have pity on a miserable sinner, whom just Heaven has this day made to feel its vengeance. But if God is pleased to give me strength to do it, I will, by way of retribution, make a discovery which may, perhaps, give ease to a noble family to whom I caused great sorrow many years since."

Don Ariell called to his attendants, and caused them to give a small glass of an exhilarating cordial they had with them, to the miserable stranger. Two of them then supported him against a tree, while he made this recital.

"It is now thirty years that I have followed the infamous profession of a robber. At first I robbed in towns and villages; but falling into the hands of justice, and receiving a perpetual banishment from Madrid, I was thus constrained to inhabit woods and caves, and, under covert of the night, waited near the town-gates to plunder those who were passing to and fro. About twenty years ago, I saw a woman going towards Madrid with a large parcel in her arms. I called to one of my confederates, and pursued her. She made great resistance, and was murdered by our vile hands. But our booty, which we expected to have found of great worth, was a fair little boy. We contented



ourselves with taking from him a few ornaments, which discovered that he was of noble birth, and then delivered him to a poor woman, whom we prevailed on to receive him by a false pretence. I went disguised to Madrid, to learn, if possible, to what family the infant belonged. I found there were advertisements concerning him, and great rewards offered. I found that he was the heir of an estate between two and three thousand a year, and that his father was dead. Fearful of dying for the murder of the nurse, I did not dare to restore the infant; nor even sell the jewels I had taken, for fear of being apprehended for my crime; since which time my conscience has frequently troubled me for the wrong I had done the sweet babe; and having an intention one day to repair it, if possible, I have carefully preserved the jewels. There is an Agnes Dei enchased with gold; a coral with bells of the same materials; and a small chain, which was worn round his neck. All these, with the name of his family, are to be found in a cupboard in an old house belonging to me, near the meadows of St. Jerome; and is easily found, by asking for the name of Leon, too well known for its infamy. Here is the key of the beaufet. My wife knows not." In repeating this last word, he suddenly expired. After such an ample description, Ariell had not a doubt but that this child was his nephew, so many years lost. At the first place he came to, Ariell gave notice concerning the dead ruffian in the forest: but could not tell how he had met with his death, as he lived not to



make that explanation. It must be confessed, that Don Ariell had some doubts whether he should keep possession of the estates, and confine the secret in his own breast, or seek out his nephew, and bestow on him his legal possessions. His generosity of soul made him resolve on the latter; and he entered Madrid on the very same night that Antonio and Cecilia arrived there also. He kept himself carefully concealed, till he had been with the magistrates, to examine into the truth of Leon's deposition. They found all as he had said; with a writing, deposing, that they were taken with the child at such a time and place, with the name of his family.

Before he made any further search, he resolved to see his sister, and let Don Baptiste know of his arrival, as he was to be present at his daughter's marriage with Don Louis.

Antonio and Cecilia lodged in a remote inn, passing for strangers; and the former went out disguised, to discover how the intended marriage between Louis and Cleonte went on. He was told that it had been deferred from day to day, in expectation of the arrival of an intimate friend of Don Baptiste's from Seville.

Ariell was announced at Don Baptiste's the next day; and his arrival diffused great joy. He went to visit his sister-in-law, Eugenia, whom he found extremely sad: but, to disguise the trouble she was in on account of her daughter, she attributed her despondency to indisposition. He inquired for his niece; but was informed, that Cecilia had been sent to a convent, to



keep her out of the way of some cavaliers who had lately been very troublesome on her account, none of whom had sufficient good qualities to render them worthy of her. Ariell believed this, and commended the prudence of Eugenia, whom he prevailed on to be present at Cleonte's nuptials, which was to take place that evening.

She accompanied him to Don Baptiste's: but she no sooner saw Don Louis as the intended bridegroom, than she thought of the distressing adventure at her own house, in which he had borne so considerable a share, and her heart was filled with corroding sorrow.

Don Antonio, apprised of the time in which the ceremony was to take place, purchased a magnificent suit of clothes for Cecilia, in which he desired her to array herself, and to put on those jewels, of which Leon and Fregonda would have stript her: then covering her with a thick mantle, he led her to the house of Don Baptiste, where the company was assembled, and caused her to sit in one corner of the saloon. He was now undisguised, and drest proper for the gay occasion. He went up to Don Louis, (who was surprised at seeing him so soon returned from Seville,) and whispered him, "I approve the preparations you have made for your wedding; and, to save time, I have brought her that must be your wife. Ask no further explanation; her merit, and your promises, render it a point of honor in you to espouse her instantly." Don Louis made no reply, but concluded that this was a disguised challenge from Antonio. He clapt his



hand on his sword, and left the house, Don Antonio following. Don Baptiste, and his friend Ariell, were alarmed, and went after the young men, whom they supposed to have had some dispute.

Poor Cecilia soon learnt that this gay assembly was called together to witness the nuptials of her faithless lover, and she could scarce keep her seat. But when Louis and Antonio withdrew, fearing both for the life of her lover and that of her defender, she fainted. The ladies ran to her assistance; and Eugenia lifting up her veil, discovered her long-lost daughter. She felt joy at seeing her, and distress that she had come with a stranger in that mysterious way; till overcome with various sensations, she also fainted. While the women were busied with the two ladies, another extraordinary scene took place. As the gentlemen returned to the house, a poor woman, that served Don Baptiste, ran, and caught Antonio round the neck; exclaiming, "Ah, my dear son! is it possible I see thee living!" The company could not comprehend how so mean a woman, and so portly a cavalier, could betray such joy at meeting each other; and began to make illiberal derisions concerning Antonio, whom they had so lately admired; and nothing but confusion reigned in the house. Cleonte came to Epinelle, and demanded an explanation of this scene. The poor woman answered, that two unknown men had brought her that cavalier one night when he was quite an infant. She then proceeded to give an exact account of that transaction, the same as Don



Ariell had previously heard from Leon. He regarded Antonio attentively, and plainly saw the features of his deceased brother revived. He sent to the magistrate to bring the jewels taken from Leon's cupboard, and carrying them to Eugenia, who was now conveyed to a chamber, he demanded if she had any knowledge of those trinkets.

"They were my son Fernando's!" exclaimed the agonized, anxious mother. Don Ariell fetched his nephew, and an explanation took place highly interesting to all parties. Eugenia, to convince every one of the truth, said, that at the birth of Fernando and Cecilia, they were joined by the heel; and the midwife, in separating them, of course caused a deep scar in each child. Antonio (now Fernando) bared his foot, and shewed the mark; receiving the blessings of his mother and uncle, and the congratulations of the company. Don Ariell was now acquainted by Eugenia, of what she herself knew concerning Cecilia, who was sent for into the saloon, to embrace Fernando, and share the general joy.

Fernando approached Don Louis, and taking his hand, said, "You know the promises you have made Cecilia, according to what you confessed to me yourself. I felt then an interest for her, which must be by instinct, not knowing her for my sister, but feeling a great desire to serve her, which is now heightened by our affinity. Her birth is equal to yours; her beauty is not to be excelled; and her virtue was without blemish, before the fault you caused her to commit, which would have been greater, but for the afflicting



accident that prevented your interview. If you have any scruples concerning her absence, I pledge myself as to her honor, and to satisfy you in every particular."

Don Louis felt hurt; his conscience told him he had not done right. He embraced Cecilia; and, in the presence of the company, renewed his vows to her. Don Ariell made a voluntary resignation of Fernando's estate; and, to make up Cecilia's fortune more on a level with Cleonte's, whom Louis had resigned, he added to it eight thousand pounds, being part of his savings from Fernando's estate, who highly approved the deed.

Don Louis excused himself to Baptiste and his daughter, by saying, he thought Cecilia dead, when he solicited that lady's hand; but she being restored to her family, he was obliged in conscience to be true to his former vows. Don Ariell proposed to unite Fernando to Cleonte; his nephew having declared his wish to be accepted by the fair-one. Don Baptiste readily gave his consent, if it met with his daughter's approbation; and she made no scruple, being glad to be spared the disgrace of remaining single, after her intended nuptials had been made public throughout the city: and she thought it easy to persuade the multitude, that they were mistaken in supposing she had ever been betrothed to Don Louis, but had long been engaged to a nephew of Don Ariell.

The double marriage was celebrated with great festivity at Don Baptiste's, and the maternal heart of Eugenia restored to perfect tranquillity, by the presence of her son and daughter, with their noble partners.



## *The Riches of Cræsus.*

CRÆSUS was the last King of Lydia, remarkable for his riches, his conquests, his temporary prosperity, and the sad reverse of his fortune. He subdued the Phrygians, Mysians, Paphlagenians, Thracians, and Carians; amassed together immense riches; and became one of the most powerful and magnificent Princes in the world. He drew the learned to his court, and took a pleasure in conversing with them. Thales of Miletus, Pittacus of Mitylene, Bias of Priené, Cleobulus of Lindus, and most of the other "wise men," as they are emphatically styled, who lived in that age, as well as Æsop the fabulist, and the elegant Greek poets of the times, were bountifully received at the Court of Cræsus. There is still on record a memorable conversation between that Prince and Solon, which seemed to predict the subsequent events of his reign, and which had a late but important influence on the character and fortune of the Lydian King. Cræsus having entertained his Athenian guest, according to the ancient fashion, for several days, before he asked him any questions, ostentatiously shewed him the magnificence of his palace, and particularly the riches of his treasury. After all had been displayed to the best advantage, the King complimented Solon upon his curiosity and love of knowledge; and asked him, as a man who had seen many countries, and reflected with much judgment upon what he had seen, whom of all men he esteemed most happy? By the particular occasion, as well as the tri-



umphant air with which the question was proposed, the King made it evident that he expected flattery rather than information. But Solon's character had not been enervated by the debilitating air of a court; and he replied with a manly freedom, "Tellus, the Athenian." Cræsus, who had scarcely learned to distinguish, even in imagination, between wealth and happiness, inquired with a tone of surprise, "Why this preference to Tellus?" "Tellus (rejoined Solon) was not conspicuous for his riches or his grandeur, being only a simple citizen of Athens; but he was descended from parents who deserved the first honors of the republic. He was equally fortunate in his children, who obtained universal esteem by their probity, patriotism, and every useful quality of the mind or body; and, as to himself, he died fighting gallantly in the service of his country, which his valour rendered victorious in a doubtful combat; on which account the Athenians buried him on the spot where he fell, and distinguished him by every honor which public gratitude can confer on illustrious merit."

Cræsus had little encouragement, after this answer, to ask Solon, in the second place, Whom, next to Tellus, he deemed most happy? Such, however, is the illusion of vanity, that he still ventured to make this demand; and still, as we are informed by the most circumstantial of historians, entertained hopes of being favorably answered. But Solon replied, with the same freedom as before, "The brothers Cleobis and Biton; two youths of Argos, whose strength and address were crowned with re-



peated victory at the olympic games: who deserved the affection of their parents, the gratitude of their country, the admiration of Greece; and who, having endeared their lives with peculiar felicity, were commemorated by the most signal monuments of immortal fame." "And is the happiness of a King, then," (said Cræsus,) "so little regarded, O Grecian stranger! that you prefer to it the mean condition of an Athenian or Argive citizen?" The reply of Solon sufficiently justified his reputation for wisdom: "The life of man," said he, "consists of seventy years, which make 25,550 days; an immense number: yet, in the longest life, the events of any one day will not be found exactly alike to those of another. The affairs of men are liable to perpetual vicissitudes: the Divinity who presides over our fate, is envious of too much prosperity; and all human life, if not condemned to calamity, is at least liable to accident. Whoever has uninterruptedly enjoyed a prosperous tide of success, may be justly called fortunate: but he cannot before his death be intitled to the epithet of happy."

The events which soon followed this conversation, prove how little satisfaction is derived from the possession of a throne. Victorious in war, unrivalled in wealth, supreme in power, Cræsus felt and acknowledged his unhappiness. The warmest affections of his soul centered in his son Atys, a youth of the most promising hopes, who had often fought and conquered by his side. The strength of his attachment was accompanied with an excess of paternal care, and the anxiety of his waking hours disturbed



the tranquillity of his rest. He dreamed that his beloved son was slain by a dart; and the solicitude with which he watched his safety, preventing the youth from his usual occupations and amusements, and thereby rendering him too eager to enjoy them, most probably exposed him to the much-dreaded misfortune. Reluctantly permitting him to engage in a party of hunting, the juvenile ardour of Atys, increased by the impatience of long restraint, made him neglect the precautions necessary in that manly amusement. He was slain by a dart aimed at a wild boar of monstrous size, which had long spread terror over the country of the Mysians. The weapon came from the hand of Adrastus, a Phrygian Prince and fugitive, whom Cræsus had purified from the involuntary guilt of a brother's blood, and long distinguished by peculiar marks of bounty. To the grateful protection of the Phrygian, Cræsus recommended, at parting, the safety of his beloved son. A mournful procession of Lydians brought to Sardis the dead body of Atys. The ill-fated murderer followed behind. When they approached the royal presence, Adrastus stepped forward, and intreated Cræsus to put him to death; thinking life no longer to be endured after killing, first his own brother, and then the son of his benefactor. But the Lydian King, notwithstanding the excess of his affliction, acknowledged the innocence of Adrastus, and the power of fate. "Stranger, your action is blameless, being committed without design. I know that my son was destined to a premature death." Adrastus, though pardoned by Cræsus, could not pardon himself. When




the mourners were removed, he privately returned, and perished by his own hand on the tomb of Atys.

Two years Cræsus remained disconsolate for the loss of his son; but the growing greatness of Persia, which threatened the safety of his dominions, roused him from his dream of misery. He marched against Cyrus with a great army, but was defeated; and, retreating to his capital, Sardis, was there besieged. The city was taken by assault; and, as a Persian soldier was going to kill Cræsus, that Prince's only surviving son, who had hitherto been dumb, terrified at his danger, cried, "Stop, soldier, and touch not Cræsus." But, though delivered by this extraordinary accident from the blind rage of the soldier, he was reserved for a harder fate. Dragged into the presence of his conqueror, he was loaded with irons; and the stern, unrelenting Cyrus ordered him, with the melancholy train of his Lydian attendants, to be committed to the flames. When the miserable victim, bound hand and foot, was placed on the top of the pyre, oppressed and confounded by the intolerable weight of his present calamity, compared with the security and splendor of his former state, he recollected his memorable conversation with the Athenian sage, and uttered, with a deep groan, the name of Solon. Cyrus asked, by an interpreter, whose name he invoked; when he related the important discourse which had passed between himself and the Athenian, of which it was the great moral, That no man could be called happy till his death.



THE  
MAGICIAN AND THE ROBBERS,

OR, THE  
ASTROLOGER'S PREDICTION.



**T**HE sultan Hebraim, called by his birth to the government of extensive dominions, had enlarged them considerably by the success of his arms. But the want of an heir disturbed the enjoyment of his glory. In vain had he peopled his seraglio with the most beautiful slaves. They only gratified his desires, but did not realise his hopes. One day, one of them exhibited marks of pregnancy.

At this unexpected news, Hebraim, filled with joy, loaded this favorite with presents, ordered prayers to be said in all the mosques, and consulted the most skilful astrologers respecting the fate of the Prince whose birth he expected. In reality, the time being come, this mother produced a son, whose birth was celebrated by public rejoicings, and feasts, which during forty days, announced to the people the happiness of the Sovereign. This



time was employed in a very different manner by the astrologers, who, watching to give an account to the Sultan of the success of their labors, found themselves embarrassed and confused in their observations. They could not conceal from the Sultan the nature of the malignant influences of the star which had presided at the birth of his son. The orbit of his planet, black, and stained with blood, announced misfortunes which it would be difficult to resist. In fine, they unanimously declared, that, before he was seven years old, the infant would be exposed to the devouring jaws of a lion; but that if he could escape the fury of that animal during this determinate space of time, his hand would become fatal to the author of his existence, whose life would be in danger: and that there was no other way by which he could escape the evils that threatened him, than by becoming, by the effects of education, an enlightened, wise, and virtuous Prince.

The declaration of so mournful a prediction dissipated the joy of Hebraim, and the days of public happiness were spent by him in tears and grief. Nevertheless, as hope never forsakes the unfortunate, he flattered himself, and was happy to think it was possible to screen the heir of his power from the decrees of fate. It did not appear to him impossible to protect his son from the attacks of the lion, till the appointed term of seven years; and, after having snatched him from the first decree of destiny, he might, by carefully watching over his education, beget in him sentiments of wisdom,



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MAGICIAN.

W.G. del.

J. Ray. sc.

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and the love of virtue, and thus disprove the prediction of the astrologers.

After these reflections, the Sultan prepared a retreat, on the summit of a mountain, in which he was in hope that his son would be safe from the attacks of the lion for the seven years determined by fate. A number of workmen were employed in forming in the rock a cavity of an hundred feet in depth, about an hundred and fifty in length, and thirty in breadth. They let down into this every material necessary to make a commodious lodging, and a spring of water was found there; but they contrived a passage for it, as well as for the rain water, which might be collected in this cavity. They carried earth to it, and put plants there, which were soon in a thriving condition.

After having furnished this little palace in a proper manner, they let down the Prince and his nurse, by the help of a pulley, together with every necessary article for a month. At the end of every moon, Hebraim came regularly to visit his son. The nurse laid the child in a basket, made of bulrushes, which was lifted up to the brim of the entrance; and while the father yielded to the sweetest emotions of nature in caressing his son, a numerous guard, by the thundering sound of their instruments, kept the wild beasts at a distance. When the visit was over, the provisions were renewed; and the cord, rolling upon the pulley, gently returned to the bottom of the cave, the basket and the infant.



This young Prince grew and prospered in this solitary habitation, which a very strong vegetation had adorned with trees and shrubs of every kind. The fatal term marked out by the astrologers was almost completely elapsed. Only twenty days were wanting to fulfill the seven years, when a troop of unknown hunters, in vigorous pursuit of an enormous lion, which they had already wounded, came to the summit of the mountain in full view of their prey. The furious animal, terrified by their shouts, and struck by arrows, which were shot at it from every quarter, found this cavity in its course, and, either blinded by terror, or being now in despair, immediately darted into it. It fell upon a tree, which bending under its weight, considerably broke the force of a fall which would have dashed it to pieces on the bottom of this pit.

The terrified nurse endeavoured to conceal herself; and the monster found the child, which it grievously wounded on the shoulder. On hearing the cries of the infant, the nurse, forgetting her own danger, flew to his assistance. The lion darted at her, and having torn her in pieces, was about to devour her, when the huntsmen, coming suddenly up to the brink of the precipice, let fly at once a shower of arrows upon the voracious animal. His body was full of them; the blood gushed from every part of it; and an enormous stone, thrown at his head, killed him on the spot.

After this exploit, the huntsmen, anxious to discover the child whose cries resounded in this



frightful habitation, eagerly descended into it. But, what was their astonishment, when they found there, at the side of a dead woman, a beautiful infant, richly dressed and swimming in the blood of the wounds it had received! Their first care was to assist the innocent creature, which still breathed. They bathed its wounds, and wrapped them up with healing herbs. As soon as the infant appeared more calm, they buried the nurse, and examined this strange retreat. The furniture of this small habitation appeared extremely rich; and some provisions were found there, which seemed to have come from Heaven. The huntsmen took possession of every thing by the right of conquest, and sought how they might take out of this dungeon every thing it concealed.

The basket of bulrushes was first employed in drawing the child from this habitation; and next all the effects, the furniture, and the provisions, were raised by means of the pulley, which was fixed at the top of the cave. When every thing was out, a division was made. The chief of the troop took possession of the infant, in whose preservation he felt himself strongly interested, and carried it with him to his own house.

The only son of the Sultan Hebraim had fallen into good hands. His benefactor was a man of distinction, wealthy, and without a fault, but that of an unlimited passion for the chase. Struck with the beauty and sweetness of his young charge, he paid the greatest attention to his establishment: and when he



found him capable of answering his questions, he endeavoured to learn from him who he was, and for what reason he had been made to dwell in so extraordinary an habitation.

"I know not," (replied the child :) I lived with the woman whom you found dead; she gave me every thing I wanted. From time to time, a man, much bigger than you, came, and stood at the top of the dwelling where you found me. I was put into a basket, and drawn up to him. He caressed me very much, and called me his dear child. I called the woman nurse, and she likewise said I was her dear child. I know nothing more."

The benefactor could not conclude, from this simple declaration, any thing else, than that this child owed its birth to parents of an illustrious rank; but he could not discover the very extraordinary reason which had forced them to conceal its existence by a method still more extraordinary. Expecting that time would unravel this mystery, he paid every attention to his education, had him taught the sciences, and trained up in exercises suitable to the most illustrious descent.

The young disciple early answered the hopes of his friend. He excelled particularly in the art of horsemanship, handled every sort of weapon with dexterity, and, in general, acquired all the knowledge necessary for the most resolute warrior or hunter.

One day, as they were both engaged in the pursuit of some tygers, they were suddenly surrounded by a band of robbers. Abaquir (for



that was the young man's name) displayed, as well as his master, prodigious feats of valor; but, overpowered by numbers, they were both plundered. The protector of Abaquir lost his life, and he himself received some wounds; but the faintness which succeeded was more the effect of fatigue than of blows. As soon as the robbers had disappeared, he came to himself: and being naturally courageous, he attempted, although deprived of every aid, to cross the desert, in order to reach some inhabited place; having nothing for his defence but a hunter's javelin, which had been left on the field of battle.

He had travelled but a few hours, when he perceived in the plain a man in the habit of a dervise. He made haste to join him, addressed and saluted him. The dervise prevented him, by beginning the conversation himself. "Beautiful young man, (said he to him,) you are naked and wounded. Who hath reduced you to the distressed situation in which I see you?" Abaquir did not hesitate to relate his adventure to this man, whom he took for some holy person, and confidently asked from him some food and clothing. "One ought, (replied the dervise,) to know what it is to strip himself in order to clothe his brother; and to share with him his food, in order to preserve him." At the same time he covered the young man with his cloak, made him sit down, and drew from a wallet, some dates, bread baked with the milk of a camel, and a bottle of the skin of a goat, containing five or six pints of water.



“ Hold, (said he,) you shall have the repast of a penitent; I carry these with me to supply my own wants, and those of others; but we will go to my cave, and there you will find both repose and plenty.”

Abaquir, before he began to eat, returned thanks to the holy Prophet for so seasonable a relief. When the first calls of necessity were satisfied, the dervise prevailed upon him to go with him to his cell, which was at no great distance.

Abaquir was received there with every mark of benevolence. His wounds were washed and dressed, and the most nourishing food was set before him. In this wild habitation, the tables and chairs were nothing but stones rudely thrown together; and the beds were made of moss; but it was very well for Abaquir, who had been reduced to the want of every thing. Besides, the attention of his landlord supplied the want of conveniences in this retreat. The young man conceived the highest idea of the profession of a dervise, from its inspiring sentiments so humané.

“ My dear child, (said the disguised person to him,) submit to the care which I take pleasure to bestow on you; do not place all to the account of religion. You inspire me with a strong interest, and if you wish to go away, you must at least tarry till you are perfectly recovered of your wounds; for the passage from this desert is extremely difficult.”

Although the young man could not but shew himself grateful for so much attention, yet it



did not appear uncommon to him. Accustomed to the tender caresses of his nurse, to those of his father, and of his generous benefactor, who had since directed his education, the attentions of the pretended dervise seemed to him affectionate and natural. The latter, by degrees, came to know all the adventures of Abaquir, and appeared to take in him an interest always more marked.

“Either I am much deceived, child, (said the recluse,) or I perceive that you are reserved for very high fates; and I devote myself to become your conductor in this fortunate career. I will restore to you this father who took so much pleasure in lavishing his caresses upon you.” “Ah! if you can, (replied Abaquir,) conduct me to him immediately.” “In your present condition? No, my child, you are unacquainted with mankind. Nature speaks not with the great in favor of a stranger, covered with the old cloak of a dervise. Before you could obtain a hearing, you would experience the treatment reserved for an impostor; and there would be a number of interested people ready to forbid you all access. But at present you are with a man who loves you, and whose resources are inexhaustible. A disgust at the riches and vanities of the world, made me form the resolution of retiring from it. But tomorrow, if I choose, I can have more of them in my possession than would satisfy the ambition of the most wealthy potentates on earth. I can shew you part of them. The earth conceals treasures which I can force her to give up-



Not far from this there is great abundance of them, and I will conduct you thither. You shall take what may be necessary to carry you to your father's court, preceded by a hundred camels, loaded with the richest stuffs of the East, and each of them led by a slave. You shall be surrounded by a guard, which will secure you respect wherever you pass."

Abaguir was lost in admiration. He could not imagine that these magnificent promises were real, when he looked upon the coarse cloak with which he was covered, the furniture and the fantastic utensils of his landlord. The latter, after having been some moments lost in reflection, thus resumed his speech: "Oh! my child, never let appearances deceive you! the more you advance in years, the more you will learn to distrust its illusions. I am a dervise by inclination, but another man is concealed under my cloak. He hath taken a friendship for you, and it is he who wishes to hasten your happiness. All the clothes which I wear are not mean; here is one which becomes none but brave and powerful men." At the same time, the pretended dervise opened his cassock, and discovered a girdle of red, yellow, and green silk. "Take courage, young man! (continued he;) to-morrow I will shew you great things. Our attention will be engaged about your fortune. I shall be able without being obliged to go far, to find out this singular cave in which you was brought up: I shall know the architect: and in a month, after having finished all our preparations, we will depart for your fa-



ther's court, with a train of attendants that will force every body to come and meet us."

The discovery of this girdle under rags had struck Abaquir with astonishment. He depended on the promises of his new protector, and accepted his offers. "At least, (continued this extraordinary man,) as soon as you shall be at your father's house, and, notwithstanding the pain which our separation will cost you, I require your permission to return to my solitary manner of life." "Willingly, (replied Abaquir.) But you will not prevent me from conducting you thither."

On the morning of the next day, the dervise made the young man take a basket, with provisions for breakfast, and a parcel of ropes: and they went together to the bottom of a steep mountain. When they had arrived there, the companion of Abaquir encouraged him to exert new strength. "You may, (said he,) suffer a little fatigue; but reflecting that you are to reap the fruit of it, you must redouble your courage. Be not astonished at what you are about to see. This mountain contains in its bosom a treasure which cannot be estimated. These riches are abandoned to magi like me. But we despise using them for ourselves. Don't spend your time in gathering gold, which you will find here in great plenty, take nothing but precious stones; this is the best method of enriching yourself speedily."

After this advice, the dervise threw off his cloak, and appeared as a magician. He was covered with his large party-colored girdle,



which adorned his breast and loins, and whose extremities hung down upon his legs. He took from a purse which hung at his girdle, an instrument for striking fire; and having lighted a taper, he burnt perfumes; and running over a book which covered his breast, he pronounced a magical charm. Scarcely had he finished, when the earth shook under his feet, opened before him, and discovered a square stone of marble, on the middle of which the magician immediately scattered perfumes. When he thought the air would be sufficiently purified and refreshed with them, he girded Abaquir with a rope under his arms, put a taper in his hand, and let him down into the opening.

As soon as Abaquir had got into it, his eyes were dazzled by the splendor of the riches with which he was surrounded. But faithful to the advice of the magician, he picked up only precious stones, with which he filled the basket his guide had let down to him by a cord. When it was full, and lifted out of the pit, the magician took it; and at that moment a dreadful noise was heard, the fatal trap was shut, and the young Abaquir found himself swallowed up in the bowels of the earth, without any hope of ever getting out.

He believed he was betrayed by the magician, and, without great vigor of mind, would have abandoned himself to despair. But, after having shed some tears, he retraced in his memory the events of his former life. Threatened, in his early infancy, with becoming the prey of a lion, Providence had protected him



from danger. Attacked afterwards by robbers, the same protection had saved him. "The arm which hath defended me, (said he,) will not cease to do so still: I am innocent, and betrayed." In this confidence he prostrated himself before Him who has the keys of the deep, and rested with confidence in His assistance.

By the light of the candle, which was still burning, he examined the immense cave which served him for a prison; he thought he perceived in the bottom a passage, the path of which could not be followed without stooping. He approached it with his light; but there came from it so strong a wind, that it was instantly extinguished. Far from lessening his hopes, this accident seemed to increase them. So violent a wind announced to him a passage outward. He entered it with great difficulty, and almost creeping, in this darkness. As he advanced, he heard a hollow noise, whose murmur presaged to him some singular event. He soon perceived, that he dipt his hands and his knees in a spring of running water: he raised his head, and finding he could take some rest, he sat down upon a stone which he had met with amid the murmurs of many other streams which flowed from these deep caves. He filled the hollow of his hand with this water, which was fresh and delicious. He drank of it, and, after having recruited his strength, he continued this fatiguing journey. But these little streams, which thus far had only run on the ground, had here hollowed out a bed for



themselves. He was obliged to enter it; and the farther he advanced, the more the danger increased, till at last he began to swim. The darkness around him at length began to be dissipated. The cavern grew wider and higher, and admitted a feeble ray of light, which seemed to announce that the outlet was near. The strength of the swimmer increased with his hopes; and he soon found himself under the vault of Heaven, at the moment when the sun was ceasing to adorn it, and the goddess of the night was succeeding to the task.

Abaquir must now repose without fear, for his strength was exhausted. He laid himself on the ground, and, overcome with fatigue, soon fell asleep. He had but few of the wet clothes, which he had received from the magician, to put off. The rubbing of the fumes had carried away part of them, and the remainder was but shreds.

The singing of birds now announced the return of morning, and the first rays of the sun awoke Abaquir. This young Prince, on opening his eyes, recollected the dangers from which he had just escaped. He retraced the most trifling circumstances of them in his memory. He thought he remembered to have seen, in the frightful cavern he had traversed, the carcasses of such as had fallen victims to the ambition of this magician. This remembrance filled his soul with terror and dismay; but at the same time, he felt the value of the blessings of the Almighty hand, which had miraculously saved him from this tomb. His eyes, raised to



Heaven, and swimming in tears, expressed his gratitude, while his lips celebrated the praises of the Almighty, and of his Prophet.

These first duties being fulfilled, it became necessary to appease, by some food, the hunger which preyed on him. In running round the borders of a small lake, where he was, he perceived some reeds, of which he sucked the stalks, and chewed the roots with his teeth. He dug up the earth all around, which furnished him with such supplies as his need required. By the help of care and patience, he at last regained his strength with his courage. He then took up some shreds of his clothes, already dried by the sun, and fixed them to a girdle made of the leaves of reeds; and by searching carefully, he found a stick, which served him at once for support and defence. He arrived, at length, after much fatigue, upon a little plain, from whence he discovered a neighbouring city, to which he directed his steps by the first road that presented itself.

As soon as he was perceived by the inhabitants, one of them ran to meet him, and appeared eager to lavish upon him the assistance of which his external appearance shewed he had need. He soon obliged him to take an asylum in his house, where he was received with kindness; the recital of his adventures was listened to with feeling, and he found confidants in his misfortunes. And now, without feeling a moment's uneasiness concerning the fate of this young Prince, let us return to the Sultan Hebraim, his father, much more afflicted than



he by the accomplishment of the mournful prediction.

The second day after the defeat of the lion was the rigorous term assigned by the astrologers. The Sultan, thinking to reap, at last, the fruit of his cares and prudence, appeared at the top of the opening; and announced his arrival, as usual, by the sound of a horn. But nobody having answered his first signal, Hebraim, uneasy at this silence, made some of his officers go down into the pit; who, after much diligent but fruitless search, found nothing in it, but the paw of a lion. This unhappy father doubted no longer the death of his son: he returned in haste to his palace, and sent for the same astrologers whom he had formerly consulted respecting his fate. "Unhappy, that I am! (said he to them;) your fatal prediction is verified: my son has been devoured by a lion before the expiration of the seven years; for in the retreat which I prepared for him, I have found nothing but the paw of an enormous lion." "Invincible Sultan! (replied the astrologers,) since the event forces from you an acknowledgment of the truth of our presage, we must congratulate you now on being beyond the reach of an inevitable death, which he, whose loss you deplore, would have brought upon you. Your son, falling under his destiny, has died in innocence, and you are preserved." This reflection brought some relief to the natural sorrow of the Sultan, and time completely effaced the remembrance of it.



In the mean time, Abaquir, of whom we must not lose sight, grew weary of his idleness in this little village, where he had been so well received. His landlord had a numerous family, and but very small resources for their maintenance. The young Prince, being unwilling to be a burden to him, went frequently to hunt in the country. One day, as he had killed a deer, and was preparing to lay it on his shoulders, he was suddenly surrounded by a troop of horsemen, and doubted not but he was in the middle of a band of robbers. "Companion! (said the chief to him,) you hunt on foot, and carry nothing but a bow. There are, however, in these deserts many lions and tygers, and you may some day be worsted. Come and hunt along with us, and we will give you an excellent horse." Abaquir, already eager for the chace, thought he had found an excellent opportunity of following his inclination, and of relieving his landlord of the burden of his entertainment. He briskly replied to this offer, by saying, he accepted the favor they intended him of admitting him into their number. The chief of the band perceived, by this reply, that the young man, who was as yet a novice, had not understood his proposal in its true sense, and thus resumed his speech: "Since you are willing to join us, we will breakfast together, to confirm our acquaintance." Upon this, the rest of the band dismounted, opened their knapsack, and began each to satisfy his appetite. "Since you are one of us, (said the chief,) I must inform you of the



laws by which we are governed. We love and assist one another as brethren; we make an equal division of our booty; and we swear to be faithful in life, or in death." "I have already lived among hunters, (replied Abaquir: ) I love that way of life; and you must know, that, if I do not owe my birth to them, I am at least indebted to them for my life. Your laws appear to me extremely equitable." "As it is so, (said the chief,) I have nothing more to do than instruct you in our police. Although I am only your equal, every one here submits to me as their chief. And, as it is necessary that I should be feared and respected, I treat with extreme rigor all those who disobey my orders." "The moment you associate in a band, (said Abaquir,) subordination is essentially necessary." "Swear then upon the Alcoran, and by the name of the Holy Prophet, (replied the chief,) to submit to all our laws, without limitation." As soon as Abaquir heard the divine book mentioned, he believed he had got among saints; and, without hesitating, took the Alcoran, put it thrice on his heart, his head, and his lips, and promised more than was required of him. Thus was he enrolled, without knowing it, among the greatest miscreants of the desert. All his new companions embraced him with joy. He mounted a fine horse, was covered with a cloak, and armed with a sabre, a bow, and a spear. Abaquir was delighted, and perceived not, till next day, the rashness of the engagements he had contracted under.



In a short time, these vagabonds spread in the desert, and robbed and plundered travellers and caravans. Their number was every day increased by the success of their fatal expeditions. At length their ravages became so considerable, that the Sovereign of these countries put himself at the head of some troops to pursue them. This was the Sultan Hebraim. The robbers were surrounded on every side; and Abaquir being at the head of the band was particularly aimed at by the Sultan. But the young man, warding off the danger which threatened him, wounded his adversary with an arrow; while, in another quarter, the subjects of the Prince had made themselves masters of the robbers. Every one that did not fall by the sword, was taken prisoner; and these deserts were at last cleared of this wandering and destructive band.

The Sultan, however, was very grievously wounded. On his return to the capital, after having received some medicines for his hurt, he sent for the astrologers. "Impostors! (said he to them,) did you foretell that I was to die by the hand of a robber? You, who threatened me only with dying by that of my son!" "Sultan, (replied they,) every thing which we have foretold is unhappily but too true. First let your Highness examine the criminal: inform yourself from what hand the fatal arrow came, and then form your opinion of us."

Hebraim made all the prisoners be brought into his presence, and promised them their lives



and their liberty, if they would discover the person that wounded him.

"It was I, (said Abaquir, with firmness:) I have been so unfortunate as to attack the life of my Sovereign, whom I did not know, and I deserve death." "Take courage, young man! (said the astonished Sultan.) Tell me only who you are, and who is your father." Upon this demand, Abaquir gave a full detail of his history, so far as was consistent with his knowledge, up to that part of it where the lion wounded him, and devoured his nurse. The relation was interrupted by the visible change which was observed on the countenance of the Sultan: but, somewhat recovered from this first emotion, Hebraim solicited the account of his adventures. The young Prince continued his history, and ended by describing the dread he had felt when fighting against the sultan. "Stop! (said Hebraim, with tears in his eyes.) Approach, and shew me the bite of the lion." Abaquir obeyed. "I have reached the truth, (exclaimed the Sultan, as he examined the scar.) hesitate no more, my dear son; come into my arms. Let me have at least the consolation, before I go to the grave, of having found my only son. Astrologers! (said he, turning towards them,) you have told me truth, as far as it was possible for you; but I was in the wrong to consult you about my destiny; we ought to submit in silence to the decree pronounced upon us; in seeking to shun it, we only increase its weight." Then addressing the whole court: "Viziers! and grandees of the realm, (said he



to them,) acknowledge, as your rightful Sovereign, Ben-Hebraim, my only son; and assist him in fulfilling, with dignity, the difficult duties of the throne."

Abaquir being immediately crowned, under the name of Abaquir-Ben-Hebraim, his father died. He caused the arrow, which had entered his body, to be pulled out; and his life escaped with the blood which issued from the large wound; while he revered the decree whose execution he had drawn upon himself, and blessed God for granting him an heir who was worthy of his crown.

Ben-Hebraim, early called to the government of a kingdom, but instructed by adversity, brought up amid labor, and virtuous from principle, shewed himself worthy of the public confidence. The adventure of the magician, and the robbers, put him on his guard against appearances. He pardoned the latter, but ardently wished that Heaven would bring the former under his power, that he might make him an example of justice.

One day, as this young Sultan was passing through the market places of the city, in disguise, he perceived a stranger, surrounded by a crowd, whom curiosity had attracted. They were admiring some diamonds and jewels of the most exquisite beauty.

Ben-Hebraim observed this stranger attentively, and, under the rich dress of an Armenian, he recollected his unfortunate dervise. The tone of his voice, and his striking air,



marked him so strongly, that it was impossible to mistake him.

The Sultan speedily returned to his palace, and sent secretly for the youngest of the robbers, whom he had kept on account of the happy dispositions he had discovered in him, and of the aversion he had shewn for a manner of life, which he had formerly been compelled to embrace.

"Margam! (said he to him,) I have need of your assistance, in delivering the world from a most dangerous man." And, at the same time, he pointed out to him the part he was to act in the plan which they had concerted together.

Two days after, Ben-Hebraim, sent to the kane his chief eunuch, attended by four officers of the palace, and a train of slaves, to invite the Armenian jeweller, Daboul, to come to the palace: and for this purpose one of the finest horses in the stables was led to him.

The pretended Armenian was astonished at so much honor; and, not supposing that this invitation had any other motive than curiosity, he collected his most precious effects, and intended to dazzle every eye by the magnificence of the present he was to carry to the Sultan. He entrusted two of his own slaves with it; and allowed himself to be conducted by the eunuch.

As soon as he arrived at the gates of the palace, a deputation from the Sultan, with an officer at their head, came to present him with



a richly ornamented box, and filled with Betel.\* All the halls of the palace which he crossed, were perfumed with aloes and sandal: he passed thus even to the most retired closet of the Sultan's apartment.

Margam, in the robes of a sultan, seated upon an elevated sofa, well instructed in what he was to do and say, was waiting for the stranger. Before concerting with him, Ben-Hebraim had acquired some knowledge in the magical art, the effect of which will soon be perceived.

At sight of Daboul, Margam descended from the sofa, and came to meet the pretended Armenian, without allowing him time to kneel, as was usual; and made him sit down on the sofa, giving him the right-hand place. "Permit this homage, (added he;) it is that of a young magician towards his master." The astonished Daboul was silent. "Here are my proofs, (pursued Margam, and uncovering his deliman, he shewed him the red, yellow, and green colored girdle, which adorned his breast.) I earnestly wished, (continued the false Sultan,) again to bring near me the man for whom wonderful circumstances have inspired me with as much respect as curiosity: the moment is now come, and I congratulate myself upon it."

\* Betel. A plant which grows in India. It attaches itself to trees like ivy. The Indians hold it in great estimation, and believe it good to strengthen the gums, and for the stomach.



“Sultan! (replied Daboul,) when science is united with power, every thing must bend before them. And you see me in admiration, at being within the reach of kissing the feet of another Solomon.” “Let us leave to ordinary men, (said Margam,) the desire of external respect. I seek not for empty homage, but am desirous to obtain new knowledge. Besides, what is an earthly sovereignty, subjected to so much labor, and exposed to so many dangers, compared to that which you enjoy? What a happiness to be able to acquire immense riches, and to diffuse the blessings thereof, without being burdensome to any!” “I cannot, O wise Sultan! (replied Daboul,) but approve of this noble ambition, and these virtuous sentiments. We can make ourselves masters of many things with great facility, and without delivering a whole people to misery, and the horrors of war: we sacrifice but one man.” “That is precisely (interrupted Margam) what I wanted to avoid. I would wish to be able to save a man, and it is on this very subject I was desirous to consult you.” “To save him? (said Daboul.) When he is predestinated to it, one could not preserve him, even by putting himself in his place.” “In this case he must be abandoned: but I would wish at least that he might only be a slave.” “Sultan! you would obtain nothing; he must be a victim of consequence, and of a distinguished rank.” “But it appears to me, (said Margam,) that in a choice like this, one is exposed to



dangerous resentments." "There is a method of consulting before-hand, (replied the magician;) such as I made use of in my last search, and I received for answer, 'In order that Daboul may run some danger, it would be necessary that he should meet with his victim on earth.' Now having put him two hundred feet below ground, I would not fear the danger of his return."

After appearing to muse, Margam added, "It will be necessary then, that I overcome my scruples; I have only one thing to desire of you. We can work together during your residence here. I am going to shew you the book which I have on my breast, and wish you to give me yours." Daboul could not refuse: he was in a place where every thing was subject to the power of the Sultan. Margam took the book, carelessly approached a burning pan, and threw it in. The magician wished to pull it out; but at that instant the real Sultan, coming from behind, stopped him. "Wretch! (said he,) thy hour is come. Thou art in presence of Abaquir, thy victim; and at the same time of Ben-Hebraim, Sovereign of these dominions." Then addressing his page, "Margam, (said he,) lay aside your royal dress, and make my eunuchs approach. Infamous magician! (continued he, speaking to Daboul.) see how the deceitful illusions of thy art have hurried thee under the sword which must strike thee. Whither shall guilt flee, when Heaven pursues it? When the divine vengeance arises from the bowels of the earth to strike."



At these words the magician remained in horror. But, in a short time, the terrible remorse which gnawed his conscience, appeared to have the same effect on him that the hot fire had on his detestable book. "I burn!" cried he, at short intervals, and setting up dismal shrieks. "Let him be conducted from the palace, (said the Sultan :) and let his head be cut off in presence of his slaves, and of the people.

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*THE VESTAL BURIED ALIVE;*

A FRAGMENT,

FROM THE LATIN.

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EVERY body knows that the Vestals were virgins devoted to the worship of the goddess Vesta; charged particularly with the care of keeping alive the sacred fire which burned before her altars; they watched it night and day: the safety of Rome depended upon the duration or extinction of this fire. The vestals were punished severely for the slightest faults, and history furnishes numerous examples of these virgins being buried alive: but the greatest crime which they could commit would be that of suffering the sacred flame to expire. There never was more than one at a time of these virgins in the temple at night.



It is here the Latin manuscript commences. "At length the turn of Pompeia arrived. It was the very day on which the news arrived at Rome, of the loss of the battle of Cannæ, and of the death of one of the consuls. The people thought they already saw Hannibal and his Carthaginians upon the ramparts, and the terror had penetrated into the very temple.

"The Pontiff at night conducted the vestal thither, and, after having locked all the exterior gates, retired with the keys. Pompeia pured out a short prayer at the feet of the statue of Vesta, and then seated herself on a purple cushion in the sanctuary, a few steps from the sacred fire. All her attention was at first engrossed with the object, the care of which was entrusted to her. But the solitude around her, the mournful silence which reigned in the temple, and the feeble light afforded by a lamp which was suspended from the dome of the sanctuary, made her drowsy, and she fell into a profound sleep. In this state she remained a considerable time. In the mean while, the sacred fire began to die away insensibly, and was almost extinguished, when, fortunately, she awoke. She raised herself precipitately, and ran, all in terror, to the door of the place that contained the proper aliment for nourishing the sacred fire: but she had scarcely reached it, when the door suddenly disappeared, and she perceived nothing but a continued uniform wall. She was much surprised at this event, but, suddenly conceiving that she might have made a mistake, she turned her head, and



perceived, in fact, the door on the other side of the temple. She ran violently to open it, but in vain; the same prodigy again struck her eyes. She then became pale, as if she were ready to expire: a cold sweat bedewed her limbs. She threw herself at the feet of the goddess, and offered up this prayer from her inmost heart. "Oh! powerful goddess! oh! mother of the gods! save my country, save me! Without you, there is an end of Rome. Save it, and punish me. Oh! that these arches would fall, and crush me to instant death!" She thought her prayers were heard: the arches shook, and a confused noise arose behind her; but it was a new surprise which she was doomed to experience.

"It was the custom to place in the temple the statues of some of the vestals of the most exalted birth, or most distinguished for their zeal in the worship of the goddess. These statues are of white marble, and ranged at equal distances from each other, between the columns which supported the edifice. They all seemed animated at the same moment; with their faces concealed in long black veils, and some of them, seeming stained with blood, they advanced slowly in procession, one after another, to the remotest part of the sanctuary; prostrated themselves, and pierced the wall, without leaving a trace of the aperture through which they vanished.

"Notwithstanding the horror of this sight, the vestal had still strength enough to approach the sacred vase. She removed the superincum-



bent ashes, and perceived at the bottom of the vase some vestiges of the fire not yet quite extinguished. She endeavoured to rekindle it with shreds torn from her robe, but all her efforts only served to put it out the sooner.

“ Thus deprived of all hope and resource, Pompeia abandoned herself to despair. She wandered through the temple, her hands raised towards Heaven: at length, overcome with grief, she retired towards the remotest part of the temple, where she shed a torrent of tears. In this situation she awaited the return of daylight.

“ Scarcely did it begin to appear, when the Pontiff was heard in the vestibule. He entered the temple, and was at first surprised at not seeing the vestal: but when he approached the sacred vase, and perceived that the sacred fire was extinguished, the paleness of death spread itself over his countenance. Claspings his hands, he raised them to Heaven, without uttering a word: retired with precipitation, and carefully closed the gate. I shall not attempt to describe what passed at that moment in the breast of the vestal. She did not remain long in her state of dreadful suspense and expectation. On a sudden, all the gates of the temple were opened, and a tumultuous crowd of both sexes eagerly rushed in, and filled it. Pompeia presented herself with surprising firmness. They took her by the arms, and dragged her out, to conduct her to the place of punishment. She crossed several streets before she arrived at it, and every where observed the most frightful



scenes; the old men, the women, and children, running through the city, not knowing whither they were going, or what to do; at last she arrived at the foot of the capitol.

“ Here there was a cave, vast and profound, the mouth of which, at a depth of twenty feet below the surface of the ground, was covered immediately with a huge stone, with the earth heaped up over it. It was in this cave the offending vestals were buried alive, and it was already opened before Pompeia arrived. The Pontiff, in his robes, was seated at a small distance in his ivory car, and the people ranged around him. Hitherto Pompeia had not spoken a single word; but when she perceived the place of punishment, the cords, the pitcher of water, and the piece of bread, which were to be shut up with her, she uttered the most frightful shrieks, and throwing herself at the feet of the Pontiff, she embraced them with transport, and poured out a deluge of tears. This sudden effort seemed to move the minister of the altars: but, soon resuming his resolution, he chid the vestal in the name of Jupiter Capitolinus, and the other gods of Rome. They then stripped off part of her clothes, and, in spite of her feeble efforts, let her down into the cavern, the aperture of which was filled up again, and covered with earth. This work finished, the people withdrew into the temple.

“ Pompeia remained some time in the cave unconscious of her situation, for as soon as she saw the aperture closed on her, she fainted. At length she came to herself; and her first care



was how she might put an end to her sufferings by a speedy death. She took the lamp which was shut up with her, more from a motive of cruelty than compassion, and drew near to the wall; but the humidity of the air had already diminished the feeble light which it afforded, and the motion of the vestal completely extinguished it, leaving her in profound darkness. A rumbling noise was heard at a distance, a stone fell, and in its descent displaced several others. The vestal arose, and perceived, by the light of a torch which pierced across two decayed and rudely-connected chambers, a tall woman clothed in white, her face covered with a long veil: her body was bent: she held a torch in her left hand, and her step, slow and tottering, announced a person far advanced in years. This woman took her by the hand, without uttering a word, and conducted her over the ruins through the place from which she had descended: they proceeded about an hundred paces in a passage so narrow and low, that Pompeia, though not above middle size, was obliged to stoop more than half her height to enable her to advance. "Fear nothing, (said the old woman to Pompeia;) you are safe." After a tedious course, they found themselves in a forest, where Vesta appeared to them nearly such as her statue represented her in the temple: she was accompanied by two horrible females, with their hair twisted of serpents, and their hands armed with whips, as the furies are painted. "Silly virgin! (exclaimed the goddess,) could you expect to be able to



escape me!" Immediately one of the frightful attendants approached the old woman, seized her by the arm, tore off the veil which covered her face, and Pompeia beheld her mother Plautia. The vestal made an effort to throw herself into her mother's arms, but, in an instant, Plautia and the two furies sunk into the earth, and the whole scene vanished from her sight: Pompeia remained alone. After having wandered a considerable time, she thought she recognised across the gloom the temple of Vesta, the very temple which was the cause of her melancholy fate. "Ah! gods! (exclaimed she,) am I to prepare again for new torments?" At that very moment the lamp, which served to give light in the temple, fell, and awoke the vestal, who saw the statues in their proper places, the sacred fire burning in full vigor and activity, and found that all the sufferings she had endured were but a dream. She prostrated herself at the feet of the goddess, thanked her for the caution which she had given her, and promised sincerely never to fall asleep again in her temple."

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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