







The man in the white shirt is the man who was killed by the man in the dark coat.

TALES  
OF  
THE CASTLE;  
OR,  
STORIES  
OF  
INSTRUCTION & DELIGHT.

---

BY MAD. DE GENLIS,  
Author of the  
Theatre of Education, Adela and Theodore, &c.

---

TRANSLATED BY  
THOMAS HOLCROFT.

*VOL. I.*

---

---

LONDON:

Printed for Walker and Edwards;  
F. C. and J. Rivington; J. Nunn; Cadell and Davies; Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown; J. Richardson; Law and Whittaker; Newman and Co.; Lackington and Co.; Black, Parbury, and Allen; J. Black and Son; Sherwood, Neely, and Jones; R. Scholey; Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy; Gale and Fenner; J. Robinson; and B. Reynolds.



# MEMOIRS

OF

## MADAME DE GENLIS.

---

MADAME de GENLIS's reputation as an instructor of youth, of the most engaging and fascinating kind, has been too long established to render it necessary to expatiate on her merits in that estimable character, or to recommend a work, the frequent editions of which has made it familiar to every description of readers: Some account, however, of the personal history of the writer, although still living, may serve to gratify a very natural and a very laudable curiosity.

Madame de Genlis was of a good family. Her name was Stephanie Felicité Dacier, and she was sister to the Marquis Dacier, chancellor to the late Duke of Orleans. She was born about the year 1714, and was married in her fifteenth year to Brulart, Count de Genlis, and Marquis de Sillery. Her personal and mental accomplishments soon introduced her to the fashionable world, in which she was much admired; but she as soon learned to exchange this admiration for a life of more retirement, the cultivation of her mind, and above all the education of her daughters. With them likewise she had the charge of the children of the late Duke of Orleans. The convent of Bellechasse was her place of residence, and


while practising the system of education she had so well studied, it was there she wrote those works on which her reputation principally rests—“The Theatre of Education,” “Adelaide and Theodore;” “Annals of Virtue;” and “The Tales of the Castle.”

On the commencement of the Revolution, whose confusion she appears to have foreseen, she meditated a removal with her pupils to Nice, but although for some political reasons she was dissuaded from this, she obtained a promise that she should be allowed to visit England; but various obstacles prevented this also, and in 1791, she resigned the office of governess to the Duke of Orleans' children, and set out on a tour through France. Having however been prevailed upon to resume her functions in the Orleans family, she accomplished her former plan, and was allowed in October of the same year to set out for England, with the princess, now styled Mademoiselle D'Orleans, and two other children. Her principal residence while here was at Bath and Bury; but in September 1792, she was recalled to France, in order to avoid being considered as an emigrant. This however was her fate, and the day after her arrival she was ordered to leave Paris in forty-eight hours, and repair to a foreign country.

England, the land of liberty and justice, no longer to be found in her own country, would have been her choice; but the Duke of Orleans would not allow his daughter to go thither, and begged her to accompany her pupil to Flanders, where the latter was soon afterwards married to the unhappy Lord Edward Fitzgerald. The murder of the king, of Madame de Gen-

THE  
TALES OF THE CASTLE;  
OR,  
STORIES

OF  
INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT.



THE duties of a soldier obliged the Marquis de Clémire to quit his family and join the army. He received, at the painful moment of farewell, the mournful adieus of his wife, his wife's mother, and his three children. Cæsar, his little son, bitterly complained because he was not big enough to follow his father to the wars. He had jumped upon his lap; the marquis hugged him to his bosom, kissed, and sat him down. His two daughters clung with their little arms about his knees, and cried; and his lady hung round his neck, and hid her face in his bosom, unwilling to receive the parting kiss. "Do, dear papa, take me with you," said Cæsar, raising himself on tip-toe to whisper in his ear. The marquis caught him up, again embraced, and gently laid him on the bosom of his mamma; but Cæsar with his little hand held fast by the collar of his coat. At last the marquis once more kissed his children and his wife, tore himself from their arms, and ran precipitately from their sight. Madame de Clémire, overcome with grief, retired to her chamber with the baroness, her mother;



and, as it was eight o'clock in the evening, the children were put to bed.

The house was all one scene of hurry, tumult, and consternation; for Madame de Clémire was to depart, in the morning, to her estate in the remotest part of Burgundy. Some of the servants were to go into the country, others to stay at Paris, and those who went were as much discontented as those who remained.

"What madness, indeed, to go and bury oneself in an old desolate castle, to travel in the depth of winter, and leave Paris, where my lady might at least find diversions! And how is it to be supposed that three children, the eldest of whom is only nine years and a half old, can support the fatigue of such a journey! A voyage of seventy leagues, here, in the month of January! A pretty thing! A fine scheme! And so one's obliged to turn hermit, and hide oneself at the world's end, because one's husband is gone to the wars!"

Such were the reflections of Mademoiselle Victoire, one of Madame de Clémire's women, who, while packing up her hand-boxes, addressed this discourse to Mr. Doré, the maître d'hôtel, who on his part was reciprocally afflicted, to be obliged to stay and part from Mademoiselle Victoire.

The two little daughters of Madame de Clémire, Caroline and Pulcheria, heard similar complaints from another person. Mademoiselle Julienne, who put them to bed, could not contain her chagrin: she had never lived in any place but Paris, and she had an invincible aversion to, and dread of the country.

Caroline and Pulcheria listened attentively to the oratory of Mademoiselle Julienne, especially Pulcheria, who was naturally very curious: but as she was but seven years old this defect was the more excusable, besides that she already gave proofs of many good qualities; and, though she was more heedless and wild than her sister, who was eighteen months older, yet her frankness of temper and sensibility of heart made her beloved.

Cæsar had the most sense of the three; it is true he

was almost ten years old, and at that age we begin to lose sight of our first childhood. He had acquired some command over himself, and, as no one has at all times the same spirit of application, he, in general, knew how to vanquish any little fits of disgust or idleness. Naturally fond of study, he had a strong desire to be instructed: he had sensibility, gentleness, sincerity, and courage; delighted to please his parents; was affectionate towards his sisters; and grateful to his instructors;—particularly to the Abbé Frémont, his tutor: though the abbé was severe, and sometimes cross, especially since the journey to Burgundy had been talked of, for he greatly regretted Paris, the newspapers, and his chess-party,—chess having been his principal amusement for ten years past.

There was not a soul in the house that did not go sorrowfully to bed; the night flew, day appeared; at half past seven the children were called up and dressed, breakfast was hurried over, and at eight o'clock the baroness, Madame de Clémire, the Abbé Frémont, and the three children, seated in an English berlin, departed for Burgundy.

At noon they stopped to dine, and Madame de Clémire, who had not closed her eyes the night before, lay down to rest: the others refreshed themselves in a chamber adjoining. While the servants were busy in laying the cloth, dressing the cutlets, and broiling the pigeons, the rest of the family were ranged around the fires. The abbé blew up the embers, and kept a discontented silence; and the children placed themselves on each side of their grandmamma, chattering and putting their several questions; for the deep grief of Madame de Clémire had suspended all curiosity while they were in the carriage.

“What are we going into Burgundy for?” said Pulcheria. “My dear,” answered the baroness, “when an officer joins the army he is obliged to be at a great expense; and if his wife is prudent, she will prevent, by her economy, any embarrassment into which such extraordinary expenses would naturally throw his affairs.”

"Oh! that's it!" said Pulcheria. "But they say, the castle is such a dull, ugly place—I am afraid my mamma will be so sad and ——"

"If you have no fear but that," answered the baroness, "you have no cause to be uneasy, my dear; for your mamma will find so much pleasure in fulfilling the duties of her station, that there is no place in the world could afford her more pleasure than the castle of Champcery."

"I can easily believe that," said Cæsar; "for sometimes when I am at my studies, I should much rather play; but then, when I remember I am doing my duty, and how happy every body will be if I learn my lesson well, I take fresh courage and go on."

"And, besides," said the baroness, "when you have run, and jumped, and played till you are tired, do you find any very agreeable thoughts in your mind afterwards?"

"Oh no, dear grandmamma," replied Cæsar, "I find nothing but that I am fatigued."

"And when you have studied your lesson well, how then?"

"Then! oh then I am so happy! so caressed, and praised, and beloved! Mr. Frémont can tell you, grandmamma, how fond every body is of me."

"Never forget that, my good child," said the baroness; "never forget that the pleasures we run after leave a cold lassitude, and often a sensation of disgust upon the mind, while our good actions are always remembered with transport."

Dinner was by this time on the table, and when over Madame de Clémie rejoined her mother and her children, and in a quarter of an hour they quitted their inn to continue their journey.

After some days of slow travelling, they arrived at Champcery. The castle was old and ruinous, and surrounded with marshes, to which the severity of the season, the snow, and the icicles gave an aspect still more wild and desolate. The old lumbering furniture soon caught the attention of the children. "See," said Caroline, "if all the chairs are not of black leather!

Lord, what great chimnies! and what little windows!" "My dears," said the baroness, "when I was in my youth, they used to live eight months out of the twelve in such places as this; here they found true pleasure; here they tasted more heart-felt mirth, than at present is to be met with in the brilliant habitations that surround Paris, where seeking delight they lose health, wealth, and happiness."

Notwithstanding these sage reflections, Caroline and Fulcheria wished they were at Paris; and the abbe, naturally chilly, shivered, and loudly murmured at the excessive coldness of all the rooms, the doors and windows of which, it must be owned, did not shut very close, so that he presently got cold, which aggravated his distress and ill humour.

But nothing of all this equalled the vexation of Mademoiselles Victoire and Julienne. Victoire was the first to complain; she durst not own the true reason of her vexation, though she could not forbear to grumble. Therefore, to make a beginning, she declared the first morning after their arrival she had not had a wink of sleep all night, for fear of thieves!—"Oh dear!" said Fulcheria, "of thieves!"—"Why lord, miss," answered Victoire, "who can suppose themselves safe here in a solitary castle, in the middle of woods and waters, and nobody hardly in it:—if my lady indeed had brought all her servants, why that, perhaps, would have been something."

"And, add to that," interrupted Julienne, "this country is as full of wolves as robbers!"—"Wolves!"—"Yes, miss; mad almost with hunger!"—"Oh dear, you terrify me!--Have you heard any thing then, Julienne?"—"Why miss, you see all the lakes and ponds and places are frozen over."—"Yes! well! well!--and so the wolves cross them every night in such flocks!--Oh dear! Oh dear!--What so near us?"—"Only think now if one should chance to leave one's window open, only think."—"Yes, but you know nobody leaves windows open in such cold weather."—"Oh but one may forget—dear, what a dismal shocking country this Burgundy is!"

This discourse could not fail to make a strong impression on Caroline and Pulcheria. Frightened and uneasy, they heartily regretted Paris. When they came to their mamma, she easily perceived something more than ordinary was the matter with them; and Caroline, when seriously questioned, confessed all, and re-told what had passed in their late conversation with Julie and Victoire. Madame de Clémire had not much trouble in convincing them how extravagant their fears of thieves and wolves were; "but," added she, "do not you know I have forbid you to converse with chambermaids, and such people?"—"No more we did not use to do, mamma; but since our governess has had the fever, and Mademoiselle Julienne has dressed and undressed us, we ——"

"But must you, because she has dressed and undressed you, join in her idle talk?"—"Oh she often does not speak to us, but to Mademoiselle Victoire."—"But if you did not mix in their silly tattle, or if you were to listen with indifference, and without noticing them, they would be silent before you; but, on the contrary, if you once become familiar with such kind of people, you will soon spoil both your understandings and your hearts."—"Nay, but mamma, have not you often told us that all men are brothers?"—"Certainly; and we ought to love, serve, and succour them as much as possible. Nobility of birth is only an imaginary advantage; but education fixes a real inequality among men. A rational, enlightened, well-informed person, cannot be intimate with one who is rude, ignorant, imprudent, and full of prejudices; nor would hold any conversation with a chambermaid, unless she came to ask a favour. We ought, indeed, to listen with attention and respect to every one who wants our assistance, and confides in us for help."—"Yes, mamma, but suppose one's maid was *very, very* good, should not one look upon her as a friend if she was ignorant, and wanted education?"—"First tell me, Caroline, what do you mean by looking upon a person as your friend?"—"Why, to love 'em with all one's heart."—"Oh, you know Madame de Merival loves

her little daughter with all her heart, and yet she is only two years old—therefore cannot be her friend.” —“ What, then, one ought to have something more than love for one’s friend?” —“ Assuredly; you ought to confide in a friend. Can you ask, or is a maid capable of giving advice, or of affording intelligent and agreeable discourse, even on common subjects? How then can you reasonably confide your secrets to her? If she is obliging and good, you ought to love her; but it is impossible to distinguish her as your friend. Such friendship, for a person of my age, would be ridiculous, but for a child it would be dangerous; of which you may be convinced, since two or three conversations with *Julienne* and *Victoire* have been sufficient to inspire you with the most chimerical fears, and make you murmur at the will of your mamma, instead of applauding those worthy motives that occasioned her to bring you hither; therefore you must carefully avoid, in future, any intimacy or familiarity with servants in general; and all people who have not been well educated, though at the same time you must treat them with the greatest indulgence. It would be absurd to despise them, because they were deprived of an advantage which it was not in their power to procure. Pity them when you see them inconsiderate or silly; and say to yourself, ‘ Had I not been blessed with tender and rational parents, I should have been equally weak, perhaps more so.’ ”

“ Well but, mamma, I have heard say that my aunt, who is so good and so reasonable, looks upon her woman *Rosetta* as her friend.”

“ So she does; but the reason of that is, because *Rosetta* is not such a sort of maid as is usually found: she has been perfectly well educated; that is to say, for a person in her condition. Her parents could not give her a very extensive education, but they gave her the best of principles, and the best of examples. When *Rosetta* was seventeen years of age she went to live with my sister, begged of her to lend her books, and assiduously instructed herself; and having a good un-

promised to relate *Tales for their recreation and instruction*. This promise gave the children great pleasure, and they were so eager to have it fulfilled, that their mamma consented to satisfy their impatience that very evening. When every body was seated, the children had got round their mamma, and the attention of all was fixed, she began the following history nearly in these words:-

## DELPHINE;

OR,

## THE FORTUNATE CURE.



DELPHINE was an only daughter, and an heiress; her birth was noble, her person handsome, and her heart and understanding good. Her mother, Melissa, who was a widow, loved her exceedingly, but wanted fortitude and strength of mind to give her daughter a proper education. At nine years old Delphine had many masters; but she learnt little, and discovered little inclination to learn, except to dance. She submitted to her other lessons with extreme indolence, and often abridged them one half on pretence she was fatigued, or had the head-ache. Her mamma was continually repeating, "I will not have her contradicted, her constitution is delicate, and too much application will injure her health; be des," added she proudly, "I believe she may easily procure a proper match without any great superiority of talents, and it seems to me useless to torment her about such things."

"I am afraid mamma," said Cæsar, shrugging his shoulders, and interrupting Madame de Clemire, "this lady had not too much understanding. What must one be ignorant because one is rich?"—"By no means," answered his mamma, "and the man who even can submit to marry a woman merely for her riches, never



can give her his confidence and esteem, unless she is worthy of being beloved. The fruits of a good education are knowledge, talents, and an equality and gentleness of disposition; and such qualities render us delightful to others, and procure an inexhaustible fund of amusement and happiness to ourselves: while persons ill brought up are burthensome to others, and a continual prey to all those tiresome inward disgusts, which are the inevitable effects of ignorance, laziness, and a wrong-formed heart and mind."

Delphine, flattered, caressed, and humoured as she was, soon become one of the most unfortunate children in Paris. Her natural tendency to goodness each day declined, and her character was more and more depraved. Capricious, vain, and stubborn, she would not endure the least contradiction. Far from being willing to obey, she would command. Sometimes scolding, and sometimes conversing with the servants; now disdainful, and anon familiar; she mistook arrogance for grandeur, and meanness for affability; so fond of flattery that she was unhappy when not praised; full of whimsies, and without any one fixed inclination; devoted to her dolls and playthings, and coveting every thing she saw, she was equally deficient in justice and moderation.

"What a picture!" said Pulcheria.—"Tis the picture of a spoilt child," said her mamma, "and resembles many a woman of twenty."—"A woman of twenty!"—"Yes, my dear, those who have been ill educated, preserve even in old age the defects of childhood. You will one day meet in the world many of these grown children, who are alternately the scoff and scorn of society."

As for Delphine she was to be pitied—she was the prey both of fretfulness and passion, defects that seldom unite. Angry on the slightest occasion, and peevish without cause; she would afterwards torment herself, for having been feeble and unjust: she wept and lamented, but wanted the power to correct her faults.

To add to her misfortunes, she had not a good state

of health. She eat too much, and not of proper and wholesome food, but of cheesecakes, tarts, and confectionary; the consequence was, she was continually afflicted with the heart-burn and head-ache. Her mamma, too, laced her exceedingly tight, and she herself was very much pleased to be thought fine-shaped and slender; which ridiculous vanity made her bear, without murmuring, to be screwed up till she could scarcely breathe. But though she patiently suffered this species of torment, she was tender to an excess; she seldom walked abroad, and never in winter; the wind, the rain, the frost, the sun, the dust, all were insupportable; and, to paint all her foibles at a stroke, she was afraid of riding in a coach, and shrieked at the sight of a spider or a mouse.

Instead of growing stronger as she grew up, her health was every day on the decline; the physician Melisa had consulted told her there was no danger in her case, and it was only necessary to procure her as much amusement and dissipation as possible. Delphine accordingly soon had a multitude of toys, playthings, and presents; every wish was anticipated, every diversion sought; but whether at play-house, opera, concert, or wheresoever else, she carried with her a lassitude and discontent which no diversion could dissipate.

As all her fantasies were indulged, she had regularly ten or twelve a day, each more strange than the other. Thus, for instance, one night when she was at Versailles, she would send to Paris for Leonard to dress her doll's hair; and when they remonstrated with her on the unreasonableness of the whim, she broke her doll, stamped, wept with rage, and had a nervous fit that was very dangerous.

Increasing thus from bad to worse, she became so truly disagreeable, so odious by her passions, ill tempers, and caprices, that no one could love, hardly could pity her; every thing irritated, or rendered her desperate; and she found that her violent humours were a greater punishment to herself, than to those they were intended to torment. At last the unhappy Del-

phine, insupportable to every person as well as to herself, fell into a kind of consumption, from which every thing was to be feared.

Melissa sent in despair for a famous German doctor, whose name was Steinhausen. He examined his patient with great attention, and visited her for some time; he then informed her mother he would be responsible for her life, but it must be on condition she was left totally to his care. Melissa readily agreed, and told him, she would put her daughter into his hands.—“Yes, madam,” said the doctor, “but it must be entirely, or I dare not accept the charge—I must take her to my country house.”—“How! my child!”—“Yes, madam, her lungs are attacked, and the first remedy I shall prescribe, is to pass eight months in a cow-house.”—“Well, but I can have that.”—“No, madam, I will not undertake the case unless she is brought to my own house, and put under the care of my wife.”—“But, sir, you will allow her governess and woman to go with her.”—“By no means, madam—nay, more, if you confide her to me, you must resolve not to see her for that space of time yourself: I must be absolute master of the child, and suffer no contradiction.”

Melissa said this was more than she could support; she accused the doctor of cruelty and caprice; while he, unshaken in his determination, left her, without noticing her reproaches.

Reflection soon brought Melissa to herself; and knowing that all the other doctors had given up the case, while this one would become responsible for the cure, sent hastily for his return. He came, and she consented, not without abundance of tears, to commit her entirely to his jurisdiction.

No one can describe the rage and grief of Delphine, when she was told she must go with Madam Steinhausen, who was come on purpose to take her to her country house. They durst not tell her she was to

\* This is a well-known remedy, and has often been successfully used in similar cases.

quit Paris for eight months, much less durst they mention the cow-house she was to inhabit; but, notwithstanding their art, she gave herself up to the most violent despair, and they were obliged to place her forcibly in the carriage with Madam Steinhausen, who took her in her arms, set her on her knees, and ordered the coachman to drive away, which he instantly obeyed.

“Poor Delphine!” said Pulcheria, “to leave her dear mamma for eight months! I am sure she is to be pitied.”

“Her grief was natural,” answered Madame de Clémire; “it is the excess of it only which was condemnable. Reason and religion ought always to preserve us from despair. What moreover heightened Delphine’s guilt, was her behaviour; and particularly her disdain for Madam Steinhausen, whom she treated with so much contempt, that she did not deign even to speak to her.”

It was six o’clock in the evening when they arrived in the valley of Montmorenci, five leagues from Paris, and entered the house of Doctor Steinhausen. Imagine, my children, what was the indignation of the haughty and imperious Delphine, when they conducted here into the *apartment* destined for her.—“Where are you dragging me?” cried she—“into a cow-house! What do you mean? What will you do with me? Oh what a smell! Let us get out of this frightful place.”—“This smell, young lady,” replied Madam Steinhausen, in a gentle, complacent tone, “is very healthy, and especially for you.”—“Healthy, indeed! Let us get out, I say, of this hideous place! Shew me the chamber where I am to lie.”—“You are there already, miss.”—“How! there already!”—“That is your bed, and this is mine; for I will fare the same as you do.”—“Me! I lay here! I sleep in a cow-house! In a bed like this!”—“It is a good mattress.”—“Do you mock me?”—“No, indeed, miss, I tell you the very truth. This odour, which, unfortunately, you dislike, is exceedingly salutary to persons in your state; it will restore you to health; and it was for this rea-

son that my husband has placed you here, where you must remain the greatest part of the time with me.

Madam Steinhausen had no occasion to continue her discourse, Delphine was not in a condition to listen. The unhappy child, suffocated with rage, had fallen speechless on the bed : Madam Steinhausen knew what ailed her, by the swelling of her neck and bosom, and the redness of her face : she unlaced her, took off her neck riband, and Delphine again began to breathe ; but it was only to scream and cry, in a manner that would have frightened a person of less determined coolness than Madam Steinhausen, who took care to remain totally silent. Seeing, however, at the end of a quarter of an hour, she still continued her shrieks and cries, she said to her—" I have undertaken, miss, to nurse a sick, and not a mad girl, so I will wish you a good night : when you are entirely quiet and cured of this outrageous behaviour, I will return."—" What ! am I to be left to perish ?"—" No ; one of my maids shall come to you."—" Your maid !"—" Yes, a patient, gentle, very good girl—Catau ! Catau !"

Catau heard the voice of her mistress and ran, and Madam Steinhausen went away. And now behold Delphine left alone with Catau, a strong, robust, chubby, German girl, who could not speak a word of French.

As soon as Delphine saw what they intended, she ran towards the door to get out ; which Catau, to prevent her, locked, and put the key in her pocket. Delphine screamed like a little fury, and would have the key she said : Catau did not understand, therefore could not answer her ; but she smiled at her mutinous freaks, and having contemplated the violence of her countenance contrasted with the small feeble frame, laughable and ridiculous to her, she sat herself very quietly down to her knitting.

The tranquillity of Catau inflamed the choler of Delphine ; her face reddened, her eyes sparkled, and she went up to her and scolded in a most violent manner : Catau, astonished, looked at her, shrugged up her shoulder, and continued her work. The air

of contempt visible in Catau drove the haughty Delphine beside her, till she was so enraged she could no longer find words to express her feeling. She was standing, and Catau sitting with her head bending over her work, without observing her: at last, Delphine, having absolutely lost all discretion and command of herself, stepped one foot back, raised her arm, and applied the palm of her hand, with all the little force she was mistress of, full upon the plump broad cheek of Catau. This was a language she could not misunderstand, and was somewhat vexed as well as roused by an attack so unexpected. She instantly determined, however, how to proceed; so taking off her garter, she seized the feeble Delphine, and tied her hands fast behind her back. It was in vain to shriek and struggle, she had no power to disengage herself; and at last, wearied with exertions beyond her strength, and convinced she must submit, she sat down, though with an agonizing heart, and ceased crying, expecting, with impatience, the return of Madam Steinhausen, hoping she would drive away the silent and phlegmatic Catau.—

Madame de Clémire had told thus much of her tale, when the baroness informed them it was half past nine o'clock, and the children went to bed, sorry not to have heard the end of the story: it was the subject of their discourse all the next day; and at night, after supper, their mamma again thus continued her recital.—

We left Delphine with her hands tied, alone with Catau, expecting Madam Steinhausen, who came at last, and brought with her one of the most amiable children in the world. This was her daughter, Henrietta, who was twelve years old. Delphine ran as soon as she saw Madam Steinhausen, turned about, shewed her hands, and complained highly of the insolence, as she called it, of Catau; but she forgot to mention the slap in the face. Madam Steinhausen looked round at Catau, and asked the reason of it; and Catau, to the astonishment of Delphine, replied in German, and justified herself in two words. Ma-

dam Steinhausen then addressed herself to Delphine, and thus reproved her for her behaviour.

“ You see, young lady, to what you have exposed yourself by pride and violence ; you have made an unworthy use of the superiority which your rank gave you over this girl, and have obliged her to forget the distinction which the accident of birth had placed between you. If you would have your inferiors never fail in the respect they owe you, be careful always to treat them with gentleness and humanity.”

Madam Steinhausen then untied Delphine's hands, who heard with surprise a language so new to her. Though more humble than instructed by this lesson, she yet felt its justice ; but spoilt by flattery and education, she was not at present capable of comprehending truth and reason in their full force. Madam Steinhausen presented her daughter to Delphine, who received her coldly enough, and presently afterwards supper was served. At ten o'clock Catau undressed the sorrowful Delphine, and helped her into her mattress bed, where, being heartily fatigued, she found it possible to sleep very soundly on a hard bed, and in a cow-house.

The next morning the doctor came to see Delphine, when she awakened, and ordered her to walk an hour and a half before breakfast. This she thought exceedingly severe, and at first refused, but she was soon obliged to obey. They led her into a vast orchard ; and, though it was the finest weather in the world, it being the month of April, she complained of tender feet, the wind and the cold, and wept all the way, but still was forced to walk ; she was brought back to her cow-house exceedingly hungry, and for the first time within a year, at least, eat with a good appetite.

After breakfast she opened the casket which contained her jewels, supposing, that by displaying her riches before Madam Steinhausen and Henrietta, she should soon obtain a greater degree of respect. Full of this idea, she, with a significant pride, took from her drawer a beautiful pearl necklace, and tied it about her neck, put on her emerald ear-rings, and

stuck a stone and a diamond butterfly in her hair. She then marched in state and sat herself down opposite Henrietta, who was at work by the side of her mamma. Her approach occasioned Henrietta to take her eyes off her work; she just looked for a moment coldly at her finery, and continued her occupation.

Delphine, astonished at the little effect her exhibition had produced, and still desirous of attracting the notice of Henrietta, took a magnificent box of rock crystal, the hinges of which were set with brilliants, and offered her sweetmeats. Henrietta took a few sugar plums, but without praising or seeming fond of such things. Delphine then asked her how she liked her box? "Why, for my part," said Henrietta, "I think it too heavy; a straw-box is much more convenient to carry."—"A straw-box!"—"Yes; like mine, for example; look at this, don't you think it pretty?"—"But do you know the price of mine? how much it cost?"—Cost! dear, what signifies cost: convenience is better than cost."—"But the beauty of the work!"—"Oh, yes, your's is more beautiful, and would best set off a shop, but mine is better for the pocket."—"What then you do not care for such pretty things?"—"Not if they are unhandy, or incommode me."—"And don't you love diamonds?"—"I think a garland of flowers is better when one is young."—"And when one is not young," said Madam Steinhausen, "decorations of all sorts are generally ridiculous."

Delphine now became thoughtful, and felt a kind of melancholy she had never felt before, mixed with chagrin; but as Madam Steinhausen impressed an awe upon her, she was obliged to smother her feelings: not daring therefore to shew her vexation she continued silent.

After remaining mute for a few minutes, Madam Steinhausen said to Delphine, "As I find, miss, you are fond of fine things, I will shew you by and by some of my curiosities."—"Oh dear, yes," said Henrietta, "mamma has some delightfully curious things, and among the rest some fossils."—"Fossils!" said Delphine, "what are those?"—"They are stones,"



said Henrietta, "which, either by chance, or the sport of nature, have the figures of trees, plants, animals, and fish imprinted on them."\*

This little explanation ended; Henrietta was once more silent, and Delphine again became melancholy. She now, for the first time in her life, made a few reflections. Henrietta, said she to herself, is only the daughter of a physician; she has no jewels, no diamonds, no dolls, or playthings that I see; she is always busy, always at work. How does it happen that she has so much satisfaction in her face? Why is she so happy, while I have been weary of my life, as it were, ever since I was born?

As these thoughts passed in her mind, she sighed; but though she was far from content, she was also far from being so discontented as she had been at Paris. The conversation of Madam Steinhausen and Henrietta was interesting, and incited curiosity; she could not help respecting the first, and she began to feel a strong inclination towards the young Henrietta.

In the evening she asked for her doll and playthings, and Madam Steinhausen informed her they had been forgot, and left at Paris, but that she should have them in a few days. Delphine, notwithstanding her awe of Madam Steinhausen, was ready to murmur, when Henrietta said she would go and fetch something which she thought would divert her all the evening. She then ran into the house and presently returned, followed by Catau, who brought in two huge folios full of engravings; one volume of which contained a collection of Turkish habits, and the other of Russian, by Le Prince. These Henrietta explained so well, and with such an engaging manner, that Delphine was very agreeably amused. Before she went to bed she kissed Madam Steinhausen and her daughter, and told the latter, she hoped she would learn her something more on the morrow.

\* Stones, bearing the figures of plants, are called *dendritis*; and those in which the form of animals is seen, *zoomorphitis*.

Delphinelay down without fretting, slept well, and, as soon as she awaked, called for Henrietta; who, being ready dressed, ran, and seeing Delphine hold out her arms, leaped lightly upon her bed, and clasped her neck. Delphine hurried on her clothes; there was no occasion to persuade her to walk, she took hold of Henrietta's arm, and cheerfully entered the open air. When they came to the orchard, she saw and admired how nimbly Henrietta ran, and endeavoured to run also. It was not long before Henrietta perceived a charming rose-coloured and black butterfly, and proposed to her companion to try to take it. The agreement was made, and the chase began: the girls separated; Henrietta, being the strongest and best runner, outstripped the butterfly, and turned it back to Delphine, whenever the latter failed to catch it, as it alighted on the shrubs and bushes. Delphine at first did not understand the method; she ran too briskly; the butterfly still escaped, and was still pursued. After various turns it alighted at last upon a hawthorn bough, and Delphine this time approached gently, and with circumspection, first one foot and then t'other, and with her arms concealed, to entrap her prey. Just as she got to the bush, her heart beat with hope and fear; she held in her breath, lest it should agitate the leaves: then stretching out her arm by degrees, tried to seize upon the butterfly, and thought at first she had it; but, alas! it was gone—it had slipt through, and left the traces of its flight upon her fingers.

Delphine sighed when she looked, and saw part of the dust which coloured the beautiful wings of the fugitive upon her hand. Fatigued, but not vanquished, she still followe., till it conducted her and her companion to a ditch which separated their orchard from another: thither it flew, and thither Henrietta presently followed; but poor Delphine was obliged to stay behind; she could not leap the ditch. She presently, however, heard the huntress proclaim her victory; away she came, running and jumping, and holding her captive lightly by the tip of its wings, while it in vain endeavoured to escape.

“Oh dear, what a charming chace!” said Pulcheria; “how I long for spring, that I may have just such another!”—“Then you wish the winter was gone?” said the baroness.—“To be sure! who does not? We shall have rose coloured butterflies, you know, grandmamma.”—“Yes, but you cannot slide, and draw your little sledges along the ice; you cannot make snow-balls and ——” “O dear, that’s true; I shall be sorry for that.”—“You will not be sorry, my dear, when you have enjoyed these pleasures during their proper season. Things are best as they are; were we to see flowers, and green fields, and rose-coloured butterflies all the year round, we should look on them with indifference. Remember, my children, people who wish to be happy, ought to enjoy those things they possess, rather than those they hope for. Struggle, therefore, with your wishes, and keep your desires within bounds; for if you want moderation you want every thing. The remembrance of spring will make the winter irksome and desolate, and your wish to taste the fruits of autumn will prevent your enjoyment of the beauties of summer; no season will bring satisfaction; and you will neither value a race on the ice, or the chace of the butterfly.

“Very true, grandmother,” said Pulcheria; “I perceive I was silly; and I promise you, I will hereafter wait patiently for the spring.”

“I used, mamma,” said Cesar, “to see butterflies in my uncle’s garden at Neulli; but I never could catch them, because they don’t fly straight forwards.”

“Very true,” said Madame de Clemire; “their flight is a little extraordinary, always zig-zag; now up, and now down; now to the right, and now to the left; which effect, I believe, is produced by the wings striking the air one after the other, or, perhaps, with an alternate unequal force. This, however, is a great advantage to them; for by this means they often escape the birds that pursue them, which always fly in a right line, whereas the butterflies always do just the contrary.”

“Where do they find the most beautiful butterflies,

namma?" said Caroline. "Not in Europe," answered Madame de Clemire; "the butterflies of China, but especially those of America, and of the river Amazon, are the most remarkable for their size, the brilliancy of their tints, and the elegance of their forms.\* In China they send the most beautiful as presents to the Emperor, who makes them contribute to adorn his palace. The inhabitants make little silk nets to hunt them with, and we are told that some of the Chinese ladies have the curiosity to study the lives of these insects.† They take them in their caterpillar state,

\* Butterflies are arranged into genera and classes. The general distinction is, that which divides them into the day and night kinds. We have among the birds some few that fly abroad only by night, but these bear only a small proportion in number to the day fliers: on the contrary, the number of butterflies which we see fluttering about the fields and gardens, are scarcely so many as those which fly abroad only by night. We often meet with these even in our houses, flying about the candles, and the hedges swarm with them; in the day time we find them hid under the leaves of plants, and often, as it were, in a torpid state. In this condition they remain till evening; but they are so cunning in hiding themselves at this time, that it is difficult to see one, even in places where there are a great number. The way to discover them is to beat and disturb the bushes, or shake the branches of trees in places where they are suspected to be, and they will often be driven out in swarms. In this case they never fly far, but settle again upon the first tree or bush they come to; and in summer, if any one goes out into the fields or gardens with a candle, in a calm still night, there will numbers of different kinds of them almost immediately gather about it. These are called by naturalists *night-butterflies*, *phalana*, and *moths*.

† Those animals are usually called insects, the bodies of which are composed of rings or segments.

One species of the butterfly, M. Reaumur has

when they begin to spin their web, shut several of them up together in a box full of twigs, and, when they hear them begin to flutter their wings, they let them fly about a glass chamber strewed over with flowers.”

The children, at hearing this description, all eagerly begged permission to imitate the Chinese ladies, study the lives of butterflies, make silk nets, and have glass boxes to keep the caterpillars in; which their mamma promised them: that is, promised to furnish the materials, and directions how to proceed, provided they would employ themselves in the execution; which they gladly accepted.

Madam de Clémire then took up, once more, the

---

called the *bundle of dry leaves*. This, when it is in a state of rest, has wholly the appearance of a little cluster of the decayed leaves of some herb. The position and colour of its wings greatly favour this resemblance; and they have very large ribs, wholly like those of the leaves of plants, and are indented in the same manner at their edges, as the leaves of many plants are. This seems to point out the care of nature for the animal, and frequently may preserve it from birds, &c.

The skull butterfly is another singular species, so called from its head resembling, in some degree, a death's head, or human skull. This very remarkable appearance is terrible to many people; but it has another yet greater singularity attending it; which is, that when frightened, it has a mournful and harsh voice. This appeared the more surprising to M. Reaumur, as no other known butterfly had any the least voice at all; and he was not ready of belief that it was a real voice, but suspected the noise, like that of the cicada, to be owing to the attrition of some part of the body: and, in fine, he, by great pains, discovered that the noise was not truly vocal, but was made by a hard and brisk rubbing of the trunk against two hard bodies between which it is placed.

thread of her story; and always addressing herself to her children, thus proceeded:—

We left Henrietta and Delphine in the orchard, you remember; and as soon as nine o'clock came, Madam Steinhausen permitted the two young friends to breakfast together, in a pretty little apartment that belonged to Henrietta. Here Delphine beheld objects that were all totally new to her; dried flowers preserved in glasses, variegated shells and butterflies were its ornaments. Henrietta answered all her questions with her usual complacency, shewed her each thing individually, taught her that shells were divided into three classes,\* and that these three classes formed all together twenty-seven families, which included every species of shell hitherto known; while Delphine listened with equal astonishment and curiosity.

“How do you know all this?” said she; “you have a deal of knowledge.”—“Me!” said Henrietta: “dear, I know very little; my notions are confused, and only superficial; I have an ardent desire to learn; for which reason I love to read.”—“Love to read! that’s very strange!”—“How! strange! it’s a very common thing, I believe.”—“Oh no, I don’t think that.”—“Shall I lend you some books?”—“If you please, till my doll comes.”—“Well I will lend you *The Conversations of Emilius*, and *The Children’s Friend*; which last is translated from the German by Mr. Berquin, and is a very good book.”—“From the German? that’s your language.”—“Yes”—“But I can hardly persuade myself you are a German, you speak French so well. You are only a year older than I am, how is it possible for you to have learnt so much already?”—“I assure you I think myself very ignorant, but I read a great deal with my mamma; I am never idle,

\* Shells are divided into three classes—the first class is called univalve, or shells of one piece, such as the snail; the second bivalve, such as oysters; the third multivalve, or shells of several pieces, such as the pholas and balanus.

and I have put away my doll these two years, and upwards."

Here Henrietta ran and fetched *The Children's Friend* out of her little library, and gave it to Delphine. She received the present coolly enough, and Madam Steinhausen then conducted her back to her usual habitation, where she left her to the care of Catau, promising to come to her in two or three hours.—

Madame de Clemire looked at her watch, and found it was time to break up her assembly for that night; and though the children, delighted with her story, were not at all sleepy, she thought proper to send them to bed.

The next day Caroline and Pulcheria begged Victoire to learn them to spin, that they might be able to make nets, and catch all the butterflies of Champeory as soon as April came; Caesar, on his part, was busy in his enquiries how to make glass boxes at the least expense possible, and his man Morel soon gave him sufficient instructions for that purpose. The abbé made him a present of the *Spectacle de la Nature*, and it was their afternoon's employment usually to read that work. But these amusements did not abate their desire to know the end of Delphine's story; wherefore, on the third evening, Madame de Clemire thus continued:—

Delphine being alone with Catau, and without her play-things, thought it best to drive away her spleen, by reading in the book Henrietta had given her. She ran over the leaves at first with a good deal of indifference, reading only here and there. As she read on, she began to take pleasure in what she read, and was surprised to find that reading could make time pass away more agreeably than most other amusements.

While she was reflecting on this discovery, she heard some one knock at the door of the cow-house. Catau got up to open it, and Delphine saw an old country-woman, led by a young girl of fifteen or sixteen, who asked her if she was Miss Steinhausen. "No," said Delphine, "I am not her, but I expect she will be here

presently." The old woman then begged she might be permitted to stay for her; "for," said she, "I must see her." Delphine now perceived the old woman was blind, and asked if she came to take advice from Doctor Steinhhausen. "Truly, young lady," said she, "I be not come of my own head, for it was Miss Steinhhausen that kindly sent to seek me."—"Why?" said Delphine. The good woman answered this question, by telling her she lived at Franconville, had been blind three years, and that the thing which fretted her most, was, that her grand-daughter, Agatha, the pretty young girl who conducted her, was beloved by a rich farmer of the village where Henrietta came from; but that she refused to marry him, because she should then have a family to manage, and could not take proper care of her poor blind grandmother; she could not then assist her, prattle to her, and lead her about; and that she would not consent to leave her to the care of a servant.

"Indeed," said Agatha, "I should be a very bad girl if I was to do so; for you know, grandmother, I lost my father and mother when I was quite young, and you have taken care of me, and brought me up ever since."—"And so this dear child," resumed the old woman, "wont leave me; so Miss Henrietta knows the whole story, and she has been so kind to send for me in a chaise, that her papa may try if he can do me any good; and I am told he has brought abundance of folks to their eye-sight again, that were all as blind as I be."

Henrietta came soon after; and kissed them both with the most lively affection, and asked them many questions, in a manner that shewed she was interested in their welfare, and listened with concern to their answers. Then, taking the old woman by the hand, she said, "Come, come to my papa; he is just returned from Paris; let us consult him, let us hear what he says."

In saying this she obliged the old woman to lean on her shoulder, and taking the young one in her other hand, went towards the house.

This scene made a strong impression on Delphine;



recollected every question she had put, and the concern visible in her countenance at their answers. The remembrance painted Henrietta in the most charming colours, augmented her love of her, and inspired her with a more lively wish to resemble her than she had ever felt before.

Henrietta returned in about a quarter of an hour in a transport of joy. "How happy am I," said she to Delphine, "that I had the thought to bring the good woman here! my father is certain he can restore her to sight: he will perform the operation of the cataract upon her in eight days, and has consented, at my request, to lodge and board her till she is cured. Imagine how happy I shall be, when she is no longer blind; her grand-daughter will marry the rich farmer, for she wont want her assistance then; and the piety and affection of Agatha will not deprive her of a good establishment, which she might never find again." "Ah! my dear Henrietta," said Delphine, "I see how happy you are, and how much you merit so to be."

The entrance of the doctor and Madam Steinhausen interrupted their conversation. The doctor, as usual, questioned his patient concerning her state of body, who answered she was much better. "I am a little tired, it is true," said Delphine, "because I have ran a good deal to-day, but it does not make me so uneasy as I used to be at Paris, after having been at the ball or the opera."—"I am not at all surpris'd at that," answered the doctor, "the curvets you take about Paris engender fevers; but in the country they produce a good appetite, sound sleep, and those streaks of wholesome red, which you see in the cheeks of Henrietta." The doctor then, after feeling her pulse, desired she might continue the same regimen till further orders.

Delphine received a letter that afternoon from her mamma, which she shewed to Henrietta, who immediately ran for pen, ink, and paper. "Here," said she, "my dear Delphine, here are the materials to answer your mamma;" but, instead of taking them, Delphine hung down her head and blushed.—"Alas!"

said she, "I can't write."—"What, not at all?" said Henrietta; "I write a tolerable large hand." Henrietta perceived the humiliation of Delphine, and was sorry. "One can't indeed be astonished, considering your ill state of health, that you are something backward in your education," said she; "but it is now time to recover what you have lost."—"I shall be glad so to do," said Delphine; "and if any body now would learn me to write, I—" "My writing is not very bad," interrupted Henrietta, "and if you will permit me, I will be your mistress." Delphine answered her, by flinging her arms about her neck and kissing her; and it was agreed their lessons should commence the next day.

Delphine now began to blush at her excessive ignorance. She loved and admired Henrietta, who took advantage of the ascendancy she had acquired over her to make her industrious and willing to learn; setting her, at the same time, such an excellent example, and being herself so evidently happy, that Delphine could not resist the desire she had to imitate her. She found likewise in her conversation, as well as in that of Madam Steinhausen, something which became every day more and more agreeable. Sometimes the latter would discourse with her on botany or mineralogy,\* and at others would relate some agreeable tale, or trait of history; then again

Botany is the science of plants; or that part of physiology which treats of plants, their several kinds, forms, virtues, and uses.

Authors are divided about the precise object and extent of *botany*, which some will have to include the whole province of plants, in all their states, uses, and relations; others restrain it to the knowledge of the classes, genera, species, external figures, and description of plants, exclusive of their origin and generation, which belong to *physiology*; of the culture and propagation, which belong to *gardening* and

she would speak of Germany, its useful institutions, and the curiosities to be seen at Vienna; of the magnificent collection of pictures at Dresden and Dusseldorf; of superb gardens; and, among others, of those at Newaldeck, at Oruback, in Austria, and at Swetzingua, four leagues from Manheim, in which were delightful baths, fine ruins of a chateaux d'eaux, a beautiful temple of Apollo, a grand mosque, and a great quantity of exotics and scarce trees. She described to her the charming gardens of Reinsberg, in Prussia, and the Temple of Friendship in the gardens of Sans-Souci. "This monument," said she, "is of marble, and contains the mausoleum of the Margraves of Barreith, the king's sister. It is supported by magnificent columns, on which are engraved the names of the most revered and celebrated friends of antiquity; such as Theseus and Pirithous, Pylades and Orestes, Epaminondas and Pelopidas, Cicero and At

---

Minerology is that previous part of metallurgy, which teaches the ways of finding, judging, and digging of mines.

Minerology is an art that requires a considerable compass of knowledge before it can be practised to advantage; for it demands a competent skill in the nature, effluvia, and effects of mineral matters, whether earths, salts, sulphurs, stones, ores, bitumens, gems, or metals: it likewise requires a knowledge of the internal structure of the earth, and its various strata, with a competent skill in subterraneous architecture, mensuration, hydraulics, levelling, and mechanics.

The places abounding with mines are generally healthy, as standing high, and every way exposed to the air; yet some places, where mines are found, prove poisonous, and can upon no account be dug, though ever so rich. The way of examining a suspected place of this kind, is to make experiments upon brutes, by exposing them to the effluvia or exhalations, to find the effect.

tions, &c. heroes most worthy of living in the memories of man, since they possessed both fortitude and feeling, and owed their happiness, glory, and reputation, to the charms of virtue and friendship."

Delphine listened to these recitals with the most profound attention, and soon felt a real attachment to Madam Steinhausen. She began to feel the value of such instructions, and to desire her to communicate them. She obeyed her commands without an effort, had a strong wish to oblige her, and felt the most lively satisfaction when she obtained any mark of her approbation.

In the mean time Henrietta and Delphine saw with pleasure the day approach, when the operation was to be performed on the good old woman. The rich farmer, whose name was Simon, more than ever in love with Agatha, came to desire Madam Steinhausen and Henrietta to intercede for him with her. Her refusal, which had proved so well her affection for her grandmother, made her still dearer to the heart of Simon. Madam Steinhausen accordingly spoke to her on the subject, and she confessed *she had a very great esteem for Mr. Simon.*—

"Nevertheless I hope," said Pulcheria, "that she did not consent to have him, if her grandmother did not recover her sight."—"You *hope* so, my dear," said Madame de Clémire, "and do you judge of her sensations by your own?"—"Oh no, mamma," said Pulcheria; "if I had I should have been *certain.*" The baroness held out her hand to Pulcheria, and she ran, leaped to her bosom, and kissed her, as she afterwards did her mamma.

After a short silence Madame de Clémire continued her tale—

Agatha, said she, gave her promise to marry Simon, if the doctor restored her grandmother to sight, on condition that he would let the good woman have an apartment in his house. Simon gladly consented; and, full of affection for Agatha, floating between hope and fear for the success of the operation, waited with anxiety for the day of trial.

The interesting moment at length arrived, and Delphine obtained permission to be present. Henrietta about noon conducted the patient into the doctor's apartment, who, penetrated with gratitude to her young protectress, thanked her in the most heart-felt and expressive terms, at the same time clasping her hand and saying, "that if it *should* please God to grant her the light of heaven once again, she should take almost as much delight in looking upon her, as in once more beholding her dear Agatha.

The doctor now commanded silence, and placed her in the arm chair; the poor old woman begged she might have Agatha on one side of her, and Henrietta on the other. Simon, the young farmer, stood opposite, pale and trembling, and Agatha, with her eyes hid in her apron, pressed her grandmother's hand to her lips, and bathed it with her tears. Madame Steinhausen and Delphine sat at some little distance, contemplating this interesting picture with tenderness and anxiety.

The operation now began, and the good woman supported the pain with fortitude. The doctor, slow and careful in every touch, at last exclaimed, "*It's over! it's done!*" And instantly the poor old creature cried out, "Good God, is it possible! am I no longer blind? Agatha, my child, my dear good girl, do I see thee once again! And Miss Henrietta, who, where is she?"

Agatha melted in tears, threw herself about her neck; Henrietta, transported, ran to embrace her; and the farmer, half wild, fell upon his knees before Agatha, crying out, "She is mine! she is mine!" Delphine could hardly support this scene; she rose, she ran to her Henrietta, and by her tears in part expressed the sentiments of tenderness and affection, with which her heart overflowed.—

"I am almost sure," said Caesar weeping, "that Delphine will henceforward be nearly as good as even Henrietta herself."

"You are not deceived, my dear," said his mamma;

“Delphine was at last convinced that birth, jewels, and toys, do not give content; and that if she would be happy, she must be benevolent and good. A witness of the pure satisfaction which Henrietta enjoyed, of the lively gratitude of the good old woman, of the happiness of Simon and Agatha; and, reading in the eyes of the doctor and Madam Steinhausen the pleasure they felt in possessing a child so worthy of their virtues, Delphine almost envied the lot of Henrietta, while she felt her admiration of her, and her friendship and love for her intimately strengthened and increased.”—

When these first effusions of the heart were over, the doctor desired the grandmother to fix a day for the marriage of Agatha and Simon; and it was agreed, it should take place in something less than three weeks. The doctor and Madam Steinhausen undertook to furnish the bride-clothes, and Henrietta begged Miss to offer her a fine piece of chamois, or cotton, which her mamma had given her the night before.

Seven day long Delphine heard nothing but the praises of Henrietta; the good old woman called her “her heavenly protectress;” and, when she thanked the doctor, she never failed to add, “But it is to Miss Henrietta I owe all! it was she that found me out! that brought me hither! that had me kept in the house! she seeks out the wretched and the sick, she finds comfort for them, she makes them happy!”

Agatha, in the mean while, was kissing Henrietta's hand; Simon durst not speak, but lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and his looks sufficiently expressed the emotions of his heart; the domestics all blessed and praised their young mistress, and related a thousand other traits of her benevolence; and the doctor and Madam Steinhausen mutually felicitated each other, and gave God thanks for sending them such a child.

Henrietta received these praises with as much modesty as feeling, and returned them all to her mamma: “Without you,” said she, “your maternal

love, your tender watchfulness, your precious instructions, I should never have enjoyed the happiness I do! Oh, my mamma! continue to correct the defects which yet I feel I have, that I may be more worthy of you, and give you a still greater degree of happiness."

Delphine listened not in vain to such conversations. At night, when alone with Madam Steinhausen, she fell on her knees, and, with a look of expressive tenderness, said, "How, dear madam, have you been able hitherto to support the company of a child so different from your Henrietta? Have I not appeared odious? I am sure I have!"

"To be sensible of our errors," replied Madam Steinhausen, "is the best sign of amendment; besides, you have, for some time past, conducted yourself infinitely better: every body remarks and applauds this excellent change in your behaviour."—"And yet, alas!" said Delphine, "how infinitely distant am I from Henrietta! It was but yesterday that I was so far overcome by impatience and pettishness, as to make you two or three times lift up your eyes with pity and astonishment. Nay, this very day I was snappish with Marianne, and going to scold Catau. Neither have I yet had the justice to ask pardon of Catau, for the degrading blow I had the misfortune to give her; and yet how good she is to me! how patient! Poor Catau! Is it possible that I could strike her! Let me beseech you, madam, to call her, that she may know how sincerely I repent my rashness."

Madam Steinhausen called, and the obedient Catau instantly came. Delphine approached her in a supplicating posture, begging, in the most tender and expressive terms, she would forgive the injury she had done her; and intreating, with a manner that gave a charm to her words, she might be permitted to kiss the cheek she had so unjustly assaulted. Madam Steinhausen, at her desire, interpreted what she said to Catau, who, with a heart overflowing with affection and respect, durst not advance; but Delphine beheld her watery eyes, and, in a sympathetic

transport, leaped upon her neck, and kissed her with inexpressible delight. She felt the transport of repairing an injury. Catau departed, with the tears trickling down her cheeks, and said, in German, that Delphine was a charming little girl.

As soon as Catau was gone, Delphine went to her drawer, and took a pretty piece of linen, which, shewing to Madam Steinhausen, she said, "Look, madam, what I design as a present to Catau."—"And why," said she, "did you not give it her just now?"—"Oh!" replied Delphine, "I would not do so; she might have thought I wanted to pay her for slapping her face, which would have been a fresh cause of offence instead of pleasure; for you know, madam, money cannot give satisfaction for injurious treatment; and how could her heart have pardoned me if it had been purchased!"—"You are very right," said Madam Steinhausen; "this is true delicacy; such sentiments enoble generosity, and will give a charm to all your actions."

In the midst of this conversation a courier arrived from Melissa, with a letter to her daughter, in which she intreated Delphine to ask freely whatever she wished, and desired to know what kind of toys she should send to give her pleasure. Delphine read the letter, and sighed; and, after remaining a moment thoughtful, begged of Madam Steinhausen to write as follows, while she dictated:—

"I thank you kindly, my dear mamma, for your goodness to me, but I do not love toys so much as I used to do; and, since you command me, I will tell you what at present will give me most pleasure. We have a very good, but poor old woman here; it is true, her grand-daughter is to be married to a rich farmer; but as the husband has all the money, perhaps he wont like to give her so much as her grand-daughter wishes, at least I fear so; and yet, mamma, I should wish the old woman might want for nothing. I love her, mamma, not only because she is good, but because she is a mother; and I think I should always give more freely to a woman who is a mother, than to



one who is not. Madam Steinhausen says, fifty crowns a year would make her quite happy; let me beg of you, my dear mamma, instead of the toys you are so good to offer me, to send me a pension of fifty crowns a year for this good old woman. I should be glad too, to present her with a piece of cotton, to make her a new gown for her child's wedding. God bless you, my dear mamma; I get better and better every day. Madam Steinhausen is very good to me, and I should be entirely happy if I was not deprived of the pleasure of seeing my dear mamma; her picture, however, is never off my arm; I always kiss it, and bid it good night and good morning, though I am often sad to think, I am only five leagues from my mamma, and can't see her: if it was not for that, I should be quite enchanted here, for the country is so pleasant! and they say we shall have fine cherries this year.—Please, mamma, to tell my nurse, that I am bringing up a fine young starling for her, for all she told Madam Steinhausen, she was sure *I had pinched Miss Steinhausen, before this, above twenty times.* She says so in her letter, and I am sorry I have deserved such a character; but one must be wicked indeed, could one pinch Henrietta. Oh, mamma, if you knew her! She is so good! However, I hope I shall never pinch any body again.—Good bye, my dear, best mamma; my heart at this moment kisses you.

“DELPHINE.”

The next day Delphine received a kind answer, and, instead of fifty crowns a year, a hundred, along with the stuff for a new gown for her good old pensioner; which, in a transport of joy, she instantly carried to her, which benefaction completed her happiness. Her and Agatha's thanks, the praises of Madam Steinhausen, and the tender caresses of Henrietta, gave a sensation to Delphine, which, till that moment, she had never known.

In the evening, Delphine asked Madam Steinhausen, how much she thought it cost her mamma

to make her that present? Who replied, "That, as it was an annuity for so old a person, she did not suppose it would come to a thousand crowns."—"A thousand crowns!" said Delphine; "and can one give food and raiment for life to age for a thousand crowns? for a sum which my pompoon of diamonds came to?"—"It is even so," said Madam Steinhausen; "and does your pompoon of diamonds afford you much satisfaction?"—"Oh no," said Delphine; "a rose is a thousand times to be preferred; and, when I think how one may rescue from misery a poor wretch that starves for bread, I scarcely can conceive how any body can have the folly to purchase such things. I hate this ugly pompoon, so dear, so heavy, and so inconvenient!"

Two days after this Simon and Agatha were married. The wedding was kept at Madam Steinhausen's; tables were spread in the orchard, under the huge shade of the walnut trees, dispersed here and there over the green sward, enamelled with daisies and cowslips, and banks of primroses and violets. The neighbouring peasants were invited, and Madam Steinhausen herself did the honours of the bride-table.

After dinner they danced upon the lawn till night, and Delphine, who highly partook of the universal gaiety, said to Madam Steinhausen, "The balls of Paris never gave me much pleasure, but at present I should think them insupportable."—"It is certain," answered she, "that true pleasure is best known in the country, which, when we have once tasted, those of the town become insipid, tiresome, and tumultuous."

In the month of July Delphine found the country still more delightful: she frequently took long walks in the fields, and sometimes by moon-light with Madam Steinhausen and Henrietta; and, as she by this time took pleasure in being employed, she was no longer sensible of the wearisome anxieties of indolence. She read, she writ, she worked, and learnt of Henrietta to draw and preserve herbs, who also taught her their

names. The pocket-money, which her mamma sent her every month, she spent in relieving distress wherever she met with it. Adored by every body, and satisfied with herself, each day added to her happiness; no longer was her countenance clouded and robbed of its natural beauty, by that air of unhappiness it formerly wore; her eyes became bright and animated; her cheeks had a glow of freshness; she could walk, run, jump, and acquired more grace and agility in four months, than all the dancing masters of Paris had to bequeath.

In the beginning of the month of August, the doctor thought proper to let her quit the cow-house, and she was removed into a neat little chamber, which had been fitted up on purpose for her. This was a most agreeable change to her—the cleanness of every thing around her, the convenience of the furniture, and the beautiful prospect of the valley, towards which her window opened, were enchanting.

“Be pleased to tell me,” said Delphine to Madam Steinhansen, “why this little chamber is so pleasant; and why the one I had at Paris, though much larger and finer, had often the contrary effect?”

“There are many reasons,” replied Madam Steinhansen: “your chamber at Paris looked into a little dull garden, surrounded with high walls: besides, when you came hither, you were only acquainted with false pleasures, such only as vanity, folly, and fashion seek; as these are but imaginary, they soon fatigue; you were therefore cloyed and disgusted with them, and, as you had no knowledge of true pleasure, were devoured by spleen. Such was your unfortunate situation. You had lived in too great abundance to make a proper estimate of the conveniencies and allurements which simple independence can procure; and, having nothing to desire, you had nothing to enjoy. Things the most pleasant become tasteless, and even tiresome, if we use them not with moderation; or if we acquire them with too little trouble, as a very common instance may prove. Thus, you love flowers, and especially the violet; yet why do you, and most young

persons, prefer that flower to others?—I will tell you; because it is less common than the primrose or the cowslip; because its head is hid beneath its leaves, and you must search for it ere you possess it. Were it profusely scattered over the meadows, were it always springing beneath your feet, you would regard it no more than the daisy or the very grass. The productions of art, are beyond a doubt inferior to those of nature, consequently we are sooner tired of them; and yet they have their attraction, and can give pleasure, though only to those who use them with moderation. Were you to fill your apartments with china only, you would presently find china disgusting; and, were you to go every night to the theatre, the theatre would not long have any charms for you: if you eat too often, or pauper your appetite too much with niceties, eating, though so natural and necessary, will soon be no pleasure. It is the same in every instance; the abuse of pleasure is its destruction, and those who satiate desire extinguish it. Remember, therefore, that superfluity and excess, far from contributing to, exterminate happiness; remember that luxury dazzles none but fools, and does not produce one real delight; for nothing is more troublesome than magnificence. Diamond ear-rings tear the ears, embroidered robes fatigue the wearer; jewels, and all the paraphernalia of dress, subject us to a thousand uneasy sensations and trifling decorums; it is matter of grief to tear your point lappets, or break a superb snuff-box. Had you worn yesterday a Mechlin apron, you would not have gathered so many wild roses among the bushes and thorns, where you left a part of your frock; neither would you, perhaps, have been so cheerful and so well contented with your walk. Magnificence in furniture is equally inconvenient; for my own part, I would rather everlastingly inhabit the very cow-house, than those brilliant apartments where one is obliged to step and sit down with precaution, lest one should break an impannelled looking-glass, or overset a table covered over with porcelain. How do I pity the people, who are thus the slaves of their riches; the vanity

which misleads them, were it well directed, might easily procure them the respect they seek; instead of pomp, only let them employ their wealth to do good, and the effect will presently be seen."

"They would, without doubt," said Delphine, "be more generally esteemed, but is it not in other respects their interests? Is there any pleasure equal to that of doing good? and can there exist a heart insensible to the miseries of others?"

"Such inhuman insensibility," answered Madam Steinhausen, "is certainly not in nature; but, by indulging our imaginary wants, and by habitually spending our money in superfluous trifles, our minds are narrowed, our hearts become void of pity, and at length corrupt."

"Never," said Delphine, "be my fortune one day what it will; never, I hope, shall wealth corrupt my heart. I hope I shall set bounds to my wishes, by the remembrance of the lassitude I once felt in the midst of abundance; that I shall call to mind how I was obliged to pass four months in a cow-house, before I knew the value of a small part of the good things which were heaped upon me; and, above all, that I shall never, never forget there are many, many thousand poor unfortunate creatures always in existence, whom it is the highest of all delights to relieve."

This conversation finished with the most grateful thanks of Delphine to Madam Steinhausen, who had in fact full right to her eternal gratitude, since it was she who had learnt her to reason, to think and to feel.

Delphine remained two months longer with the doctor; in which time her character became more perfect, and health thoroughly fortified. At last, towards the beginning of October, she again enjoyed the happiness of seeing her mamma. Melissa received her to her arms with transport, though she could scarcely recollect her; she was grown exceedingly both in height and plumpness, and a lively and animated freshness was spread over her cheeks. Her mamma, in the excess of her joy, gazed at her, pressed her to her bosom,

kissed her, and endeavoured to speak, but could not give vent to her feelings, till they burst forth in a flood of tears.

Madam Steinhausen, for a while, enjoyed in silence a sight so pleasing; at last, turning to Melissa, she said—"You gave her to me, madam, dying; I return her to you in the full force of health; and, what is still far better, I return her good, gentle, and rational; with an equal temper, and a feeling heart, worthy of her fortune, and capable of making you, herself, and every body happy. She yet, however, is young, and so liable to relapse, if not properly treated, that much must depend upon yourself, madam. If you would prevent such fearful consequences, you will do well to see that she follows the instructions contained in this paper: they are not rigorous, but they are necessary."—"She shall, she will follow them," replied Melissa; "be pleased to give them to me, madam."—At these words she took the paper Madam Steinhausen presented her, and read aloud what follows:—

*Orders of Dr. Steinhausen, to be observed by  
Delphine.*

"She must live six months of the year in the country. When at Paris, she must go seldom to public places. She must walk often, as well in winter as in summer. She must eat nothing but bread for breakfast, and between meals, except when fruits are in season. Her dress must be simple, light, and commodious.

"To preserve her from idleness and its consequences, proper, amusing, and instructive books must be given her, nor must she be at all indulged in idleness; and should she, by chance, find herself melancholy, or dissatisfied, she must be put in remembrance of the history of Agatha, and the benevolent action she did in placing her good old grandmother above want. If this regimen, and these rules, are duly observed, Miss Delphine will undoubtedly preserve the health, cheerfulness, and content she at present enjoys."

Melissa highly approved the prescription she had read, promised to follow it exactly, and testified the most lively sense of gratitude to Madam Steinhaussen. The next spring she purchased a seat in the valley of Moutmorncui, and in the neighbourhood of the doctor, and Delphine ever preserved the gratitude and respect due to Madam Steinhaussen, as well as a most tender and inviolable friendship for Henrietta. Her person soon became charming, she acquired knowledge and understanding; she was rational, mild, benevolent, and admired and beloved by all who knew her. Melissa found her a husband worthy of her, and they live in mutual happiness and connubial love.—

“And so the history is finished!” cried Pulcheria, as Madame de Clemire ceased to speak, “What a pity!”

“If Melissa,” said Caroline, “had been as reasonable as Madam Steinhaussen, poor Delphine would never have been so idle, rude, and capricious. What a happiness it is to have a good mamma!” Caroline, as she pronounced these words, tenderly kissed the hand of Madame de Clemire.

“I would not interrupt you,” said Pulcheria, “when you were at so interesting a part of the story; but pray, mamma, what is that disease of the eye which is called a cataract?”—“It is a disorder,” replied she, “which occasions blindness when it attacks both eyes.”

**Cataracts, (couching of.)** This operation in surgery is performed by penetrating the globe of the eye with the *couching* needle, though the *tunica conjunctiva* and *albuginea*, at a very small distance beyond the circumference of the *tunica cornea*, and as exactly as possible in a line with the most external part of the circle of the pupil.

**Cataracts, (extraction of.)** M. Daviel, in 1745, first began this operation for the cure of the cataract; and out of a hundred and fifteen different operations, a hundred succeeded. Though it is said that M. St. Yves practised it about sixty years before.

As she said this, Madame de Clémire rose; it was later than ordinary, though the children had found the evening very short; they went to bed with regret, and dreamt all night of nothing but Delphine.

In the morning Morel told Cæsar he had made a calculation of the expense which his glass boxes and other materials for the breeding of butterflies would cost, and found the whole would come to seven or eight guineas.—“Ay!” said Cæsar, “this is a very dear diversion: I think I can amuse myself at a much cheaper rate. I will go and try to wean my sisters from this whim.”

Cæsar was not long in finding them. “I am come,

Great skill and care are necessary, in order to avoid wounding the iris, which would endanger the eye. The whole operation requires about two minutes, and is attended with little or no pain. This operation is in many respects preferable to *couching*; as it may be performed at all times, and in all kinds of *cataracts*, whether they are come to maturity or not, and many accidents are avoided. The principal accident to which this operation is liable, is an excessive evacuation of the vitreous humour, at the time of performing it, which may occasion a sinking down of the globe of the eye, a deformity, and an irrecoverable loss of sight.

*Cataract of water*, a fall, or precipice in the channel or bed of a river; caused by rocks, or other obstacles, stopping the course of its stream; from whence the water falls with impetuosity and noise.

Such are the *cataracts* of the Nile, the Danube, Rhine, &c.

In that of Niagara, the perpendicular fall of the water is 137 feet; and in that of Pistile Rhaiadr, in North Wales, the fall of water is near 240 feet from the mountain to the lower pool.

Strabo calls that a *cataract* which we call a *cascade*; and, what we call a *cataract*, the ancients usually called a *catadupa*.



sisters," said he, "to give you an opportunity of proving to your mamma, that she has not lost her labour in relating the history of Delphine to us."—"Are you, brother?"—"Yes; and that we have profited by the discourses of Madam Steinhausen. You remember she told Delphine, people should not indulge their imaginary wants, or spend their money in superfluous trifles."—"Oh yes, yes; I remember it."—"And so do I."—"Well, our glass boxes and nick-nacks for our butterflies will cost seven or eight guineas."—"Eight guineas!"—"Yes; with that sum now we may do some charitable action."—"Can we give any body a pension with eight guineas?"—"No; not worth accepting; but the eight guineas may relieve some family in distress."—"Then I'm sure we'll give up the butterflies."—"But if I had known that, I would not have taken so much pains to learn to make nets."—"Oh never mind, we shall have amusements enough."—"We will do as Henrietta used to do; dry flowers and herbs, and learn botany, and study agriculture, and"—"Yes, and we'll ask mamma for money to give the poor."—"Mamma though is not so rich as Melissa: she is come here you know to save, but then she is very charitable to the poor notwithstanding."—"We must find out some poor old woman, very good, and if we could find a poor blind old woman how happy we should be!"—"Yes; we would send for a surgeon from Antun, to perform the operation of the cataract."—"Oh that we would."—"But we must take care though, that our playthings and diversions do not cost much money you know; for mamma is not able to give us money for such things, and for cataracts too."—"No; we cannot have every thing.

After holding this little council, the children ran to acquaint their mamma with the resolutions they had come to, who kissed them with a maternal tenderness, and highly praised the goodness of their hearts. "Always preserve such sentiments, my dear children," said she, "and you will make both me and yourselves happy; and, as a reward for your present vir-

ture, I promise to seek for some proper occasion of expending the eight guineas as you desire."

"Ah but mamma," said Pulcheria, "will you tell us a story too every night, instead of one now and then, as you promised us at first?"—"I will," answered Madame de Clemyre, "on condition you do nothing to disoblige me; or rather I will make this agreement with you all:—Whoever behaves improperly in the day, shall be excluded from our company at night."—"Ah now, mamma, but that will be so severe!"—"How so! you do not hear your brother or sister complain of its severity."—"Ah, mamma, but I have more reason to be afraid than they; I am not so old you know, and so you know, mamma, you should not expect me to be quite so good."—"I have always made an allowance."—"Yes, mamma, I know you are never unjust, but I am afraid for all that of being sent to bed sometimes without hearing the story."

Cæsar went to take a walk the same morning with the abbe into the country; and, as they were passing by a cottage, they saw a little boy beating another much older and stronger than himself, who was satisfied with only warding off the blows, without returning them; Cæsar went up to them, and asked the lad, who suffered the other to beat him, if the little one was his brother? "No, sir," said the young peasant, "he is one of our neighbours."—"He is a spiteful little fellow," said Cæsar. "And why do you let him beat you without returning his blows?" "Oh, sir," said the boy, "I must not beat him, because I am the strongest."—"Here is a generous lad," said Cæsar, in a whisper to the abbe: "I must inquire if his parents are poor."—"What age are you?" said the abbe.—"Light, sir."—"And what's your name?"—"Augustin, sir, at your service."—"Have you a father and mother?"—"Oh yes, God

The author of this work had the pleasure to hear a boy of eight years old give that answer.

be thanked, and a little brother Charley, who is only five years old: that is our house that you see there."

"Dear sir," said Cæsar to the abbé, "let us go in." The abbé was willing, and Augustin led them to the cottage. The abbé soon fell into conversation with Madeline, the mother of Augustin, who told him he was the best child in the world; so good humoured and so obedient, that he had never given her a moment's uneasiness; and moreover, so apt at learning, that the curate of the parish had taken particular pleasure in teaching him to read.

In fact, the boy spoke astonishingly well for the child of a peasant; besides which, he had a countenance that engaged and prepossessed every body in his favour. Madeline recounted many wonderful things of him, and spoke of his love for his little brother Charles; "though," added she, "Charles is often playing him tricks."

This conversation ended, after Cæsar had made Augustin promise to come to the castle and see him, and they continued their walk. As soon as they were alone, Mr. Fremont said to Cæsar, "Did you perfectly feel the force, the sublimity of this lad's reply—'I must not beat him, because I am the strongest?'"—"I think I did, sir," replied Cæsar; "he had compassion on the weakness of that angry little fellow."—"Exactly so," said the abbé, "and in consideration of his weakness, excused his passion and arrogance."—"Augustin," continued Cæsar, "acts just like our great dog Turk, that lets mamma's little lap-dog bite him without minding him."—"This generosity," answered the abbé, "is so natural, that it is found among the most uncivilized nations, and even in the lowest classes. We read in the General History of Voyages, by M. de la Harpe, that you are in greater security at Malabar, under the protection of a Nayre child,\* than of the greatest warriors; because the robbers in that country never attack an-

Nayre is the tribe of nobles,

armed travellers, but on the contrary pay the greatest respect to old age and infancy. Judge then from these examples, how despicable that man must be, who is without a virtue which is so natural to him, that it is possessed by an untaught child, by animals, and even by thieves. It is therefore reasonable, that he who abuses his power by oppressing the feeble, should be held a monster and assassin. For, let me ask you, if a man with a drawn sword attacks another who has nothing but a cane for his defence, is he not an assassin?"

"Assuredly. We should always fight with equal arms." "Well, then, suppose you and I should fight with our fists, should we be equal?"—"Certainly not; your arm is much stronger than mine."—"Ay; so much that I could kill you, without your being able to hurt me; should I not therefore be an assassin, by using my power thus against a being so defenceless?"—"Oh yes; that needs little proof."—"What think you then of a person who enjoys riches and rank, and shall employ these advantages to the oppression or ruin of his inferiors?"—"I think such a person is almost as cowardly as he who fights with another who has no means of defence."—"If, then, when you become a man, you shall treat your wife, your children, or your servants with inhumanity, you will be cowardly and cruel."—"Oh, sir, I am very sensible, that if I act thus when I acquire authority, I shall be both ungenerous and inhuman."—"When, therefore, we give a command, we must be particularly careful that it is not unjust; we must make those happy who are in submission to our power, or we are tyrants, and nothing can be more contemptible than a tyrant."

They continued their walk with such-like conversation, and got back to the castle just as the family was sitting down to table. There the abbé met a gentleman of the neighbourhood, with whom he was unacquainted, and whom Madame de Clémire had detained to dinner. His name was M. de la Palinière, his age about fifty-five; he was very ordinary, had a

carbuncled nose, large eye-brows, wore a dark bolwig, that half covered his face, like a night-cap, stut-tered very much, and was besides exceedingly absent. This old gentleman's grotesque figure made such an impression upon Pulcheria, that she could not keep her eyes off him, and he hardly spoke a word, at which she was not ready to burst out a laughing. The fear, however, of displeasing her mamma, checked her, and during dinner she behaved tolerably well.

The abbe discovered that M. de la Paliniere was a chess-player, and as he rose from table proposed a game. M. Fremont, who supposed himself a *second-rate* player, gave his antagonist to understand that he was a *first*, and consequently M. de la Paliniere very modestly demanded the castle, which was given. The baroness and Madame de Clémire were seated at the other end of the apartment to work at their tapestry; and Pulcheria had placed herself by the side of M. Frémont, that she might be opposite M. de la Paliniere, and consider him at her ease.

The game began; the two players appeared equally attentive, both were profoundly silent, when all of a sudden, M. de la Paliniere, with the utmost tranquillity, swept his hand across the board, and overturned all the men. The abbe began to laugh, supposing it was absence of mind. "Do you see what you have done?" said he. "You are mistaken, sir," replied the other, "you must not give *me* the castle, I must give it *you*. Come, let us begin again." The abbe appeared a good deal surprised, and Pulcheria laughed aloud.

Another game was begun, and the abbe was obliged to take, and not give the odds, yet notwithstanding his antagonist gave him check-mate in ten moves. The abbe was confounded, and began to repeat again and again that his enemy was a first-rate player, while he, on the contrary, sustained he was only a second-rate.

During this debate Pulcheria laughed maliciously, and cried out, "So then Mr. Abbé does not play so

well as he always thought he did;" which she accompanied with several impertinent mockeries.

Madame de Clémire continued her employment, and seemed to take no notice of what passed; but as soon as M. de la Paliniere was gone Pulcheria joined them, and presently asked the baroness if she would not tell them a story after supper? "Do not make yourself uneasy about that, young lady," said the baroness, "for if I do, you will not hear it."—"Not! Oh dear! why so, grandmamma?"—"Because little misses, who mock people and are impertinent, are not worthy to keep us company."—"Dear me! what have I done?"

"Hark you, Pulcheria," said Madame de Clémire: "tell me—suppose I should endeavour to vex and disoblige a person who was my equal, should I do right? Certainly I should not; on the contrary, I should be guilty of rudeness and ill behaviour, and every one would be justified in supposing I had a bad heart and a weak understanding. But were I to act thus to my superior, a person whose age and experience I ought to revere, I should be still more culpable, and absolutely inexcusable. Tell me, then, whether you have paid that respect which is due to the friend of your papa and mamma, and the man who has devoted himself to the education of your brother. Were you really good, you would not only respect but love M. Fremont."—"Indeed, I do love him very much, and respect him too," said Pulcheria, weeping. "And yet," replied Madame de Clémire, "you have just been mocking and doing every thing in your power to hurt his feelings. Though it were true that he pretended to play perfectly well at chess, and this pretension was ill-founded, does it become you to remark this failing? Is it possible that a good heart can take pleasure in the defects of others? or can good sense be malignant?—more especially towards a person who merits our love?"

"I own, dear mamma," said Pulcheria, sobbing, "I did wrong; but I am sure, mamma, I did not laugh from malice."

"Indeed, mamma," said Caroline, with the tears in her eyes, "I was by, and don't think my sister meant to vex M. Frémont —"

"Is that true," interrupted Madame de Clémire, and looking stedfastly at Caroline—"Is that true, my child? Can you say you think so?"

Caroline blushed, hung her head, and said nothing.

"And are you sure, Pulcheria, it was not from malice that you laughed? Were not you pleased at the confusion in which you supposed M. Frémont? Did not you endeavour to increase it? Examine yourself well, and answer me."

"I am not capable of telling lies, mamma,—I did—I—I am unworthy—to—to—keep your company—and listen to your stories and—to—to—to—"

Pulcheria's heart was ready to burst.

"But you always merit my tenderness and forgiveness, my child," said Madame de Clémire, kissing her, "when you are sincere and tell the truth."—"And must I be for ever banished from your evening meetings, mamma?"—"No"—not for ever; for eight days only."—"Thank you, thank you, my dear, dear mamma—But I hope my dear mamma has forgiven me."—"I have; because I find your heart is good."—"Indeed, my dear mamma, it was want of thought."—"I believe it was, and your present repentance makes me hope you will never do the like again. And now come hither," said Madame de Clémire to Caroline; "I am sorry, my child, I have to reproach you likewise, but you spoke just now against your conscience."—"I own it, mamma, but—" "The motive I acknowledge deserves some indulgence, but nothing can sanctify a lie. Would you be justified, if to oblige your sister you should disobey a positive command I had given you, and when I told you too your disobedience would be a mortal offence?"—"Certainly not, mamma."—"And yet you have done much worse—you have disobeyed God."—"Oh goodness!—It is very true. The commandments of God forbid lying."—"Besides, be assured, that falsehood is never successful; sooner

or later it is discovered, and brings dishonour on its utterer; while truth, at the same time that it obtains esteem, and begets confidence, serves us most at the very crisis when we are most afraid it would injure us."

"That reflection is just," said the baroness, "and recalls an anecdote of history to my mind, which proves the assertion."

"Ah, my dear grand~~father~~," said Pulcheria, "if you relate it in the evening I shan't hear it."—"Well, then," said the baroness, "I will relate it now." Pulcheria jumped up to kiss her; the baroness took her upon her lap, and, Caroline and Cæsar being attentive, spoke thus:—

The anecdote I am going to relate, is told in the history of Arabs by the Abbé Marigny. Hegiage was a celebrated Arabian warrior, but ferocious and cruel. Among a number of prisoners whom he had condemned to death, there was one, who, having obtained a moment's audience, said—"You ought, sir, to pardon me, because one day when Abdarrahan was cursing you, I represented to him that he was wrong, and ever since that time I lost his friendship."—Hegiage asked if he had any witness of his having done this; and the soldier mentioned another prisoner, who was likewise about to suffer death. The prisoner was called and interrogated, and having confirmed the fact, Hegiage granted the first his pardon. He then asked the witness if he had likewise taken his part against Abdarrahan? but he, still respecting truth, answered no; he did not think it was his duty so to do. Hegiage, notwithstanding his ferocity, was struck with the prisoner's greatness of soul. "Well," said he, after a moment's pause, "suppose I were to grant you life and liberty, should you still be my enemy?"—"No;" said the prisoner. "That is enough," said Hegiage; "your bare word is sufficient, you have given undoubted proof of your love for truth. Go; preserve the life that was less dear to you than honour and sincerity: your liberty is the just reward of your virtue."—

"Here you see, my children," continued the baroness, "that truth, as



at the very crisis when we are most afraid it will injure us. Would not you have supposed that it would have redoubled the fury of a man so imperious and sanguinary? Yet you find it so beautiful, so forcible, that, instead of irritating, it softens and disarms the very tyrant."

"Besides," said Cæsar, "when one is known to respect truth one has no occasion to swear to what one has once said."—"Certainly not," continued his mamma; "protestations to such people are useless; a simple affirmation is more persuasive than a thousand oaths, from one whose sincerity is less established; as the glorious proof of esteem, which Xenocrates received from the Athenians, may prove. You know I read it to you. None but the truly virtuous possess this great quality; all really great men have been renowned for their love of truth, as was Aristides and the hero Epaminondas, who made it a constant rule never to lie, not even in jest."

Their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the abbe, who came to ask if Madame de Clemire chose to see little Augustin, who was below with his mother. She had heard the history of the morning from Cæsar, and replied yes, by all means; they presently entered, Augustin was caressed by every body, and Madeline presented a small basket of new laid eggs to Madame de Clemire. The latter had already enquired into the situation of this poor family, and heard that the father was but just recovering from a bed of sickness; she therefore willingly granted, at the intercession of Cæsar, four guineas out of the sum dedicated to charity, and desired Augustin to come every day and play with Cæsar. Augustin begged leave to bring his little brother Charles sometimes, "because," said he, "poor Charley will be so dull if he is always left behind;" and, after praising the boy's fraternal love, they readily complied with his desire.

The evening now approached, and Cæsar and Caroline perceiving the unhappiness of their younger sister at being excluded from their after supper society, both determined to beg of their grandmamma not to relate

any history during the eight days of Pulcheria's penance; for they were better pleased to be debarred of that pleasure, though they ardently desired it, than to enjoy it in the absence of their sister. The baioness highly applauded their disinterestedness, and it was accordingly determined so to be.

In the mean time, as Madame de Clemyre was one evening discoursing with her children, Caroline said to her, "You have forbidden us all conversation with the servants, mamma, because they want education you know, and yet you permit us to talk with the peasants; nay, you yourself seem to take pleasure in talking to gaffer Philip and goody Monica, and Madeline."

"That is very true," answered her mamma, "and I will tell you why. Though the domestics of the rich are ignorant, yet, from frequently hearing their masters, they get a more refined, or rather a more affected manner of speaking than the peasants, yet full as defective. The chief vice in their dialect is the meanness of expression, and puerility of ideas, rather than words. I am not afraid, that by conversing with peasants, you should learn to say, *I cannot, I cannot, I cannot*, these expressions are so different from those you are accustomed to hear, there is little fear of your adopting them; but, on the contrary, the language of servants is in words something so like your own, that there is great reason to apprehend you might adopt it imperceptibly. But there is another thing, which is yet far more to be feared; domestics have in general vices and defects, which are the consequences of the servile state they have chosen. If an ignorant man is not laborious, if he leads a life of idleness, and loiters away his time, it is hardly possible he should be virtuous. A footman, instead of being employed, passes three-fourths of the day in indolence, and having no resource within himself, not being able to read or converse, he drinks, games, corrupts his manners; and loses his probity. These are the constant effects of laziness, and not knowing how to employ one's time. A peasant, on the contrary, being always busy, always active, living far from cities, still preserves his sim-


plicity, his purity of manners, and all the other virtues which are natural to the heart. I love, indeed, to converse with peasants, their artless sincerity is inviting; and, though their expressions are homely, they are never mean. The singular originality of their sayings please me: they recall to my mind the simple and poignant beauties of our old authors. The peasants of Burgundy do so in particular, for they have preserved in their dialect many of the old Gaulish words. I love, too, to see, to look at them, because they are laborious and virtuous; and I love to hear them, because they are sincere, and never are guilty of the least exaggeration. When gaffer Philip the other day saw Caroline running, and cried out—*‘Lord love the heart on her, how lissom her is!’* my maternal love was much more highly flattered, than if I had heard the Parisian phrase of *oh, how charming!* which is used so prodigally with or without occasion. However, my children, I would have you understand I speak only in general, and that there are in each case many exceptions. There are vicious peasants, and there are virtuous servants. You have a proof in Morel, and your grandmamma will, when our evening comes, relate you a very affecting story, which will still more fully prove there is no state in which the most sublime virtue may not be found.”

“Do you remember the story, grandmamma?” said Pulcheria. “Yes, my dear,” replied the baroness, “it was told me circumstantially by one of our friends who knew the persons.”

“Oh dear, how I long to hear it,” said one—and I—and I,” said they all. “Well, well, four days hence you will have that satisfaction.”—“Four days! Dear, that’s a great while.”

These tiresome four days at last glided away, and night and supper-time was thought on with rapture. At a quarter after eight every body rose from table, took their usual places, and listened attentively while the baroness began the following relation:—

THE  
BRAZIER;  
OR,  
RECIPROCAL GRATITUDE.



**T**HE unfortunate James the Second of England was obliged to abandon his kingdom, and take refuge in France; where, at the palace of St. Germain, Louis XIV. afforded him an asylum. A few loyal subjects followed him in his retreat, and settled at St. Germain; among whom was Madame de Varonne, descended from one of the best families in Ireland, and whose history I am going to recount.

During the life of her husband, this lady lived in ease and affluence; but, after his death, being left in a foreign country without protection, she had not sufficient interest at court to obtain any part of the pension on which they had before subsisted. She neglected not, however, to present petitions to the ministers, who always answered, they had laid them before the king; and she continued in suspense for more than two years; till, at last, on a renewal of her request, she received a denial, in so formal and positive a style, that she could no longer be blind to the fate that attended her.

Her situation was dreadful; ever since the death of M. de Varonne she had subsisted by selling her plate, and part of her furniture, till she had no longer any resource. Her love of solitude, her piety, and ill health, had always prevented her mixing much

with the world; and still less than ever since the death of her husband. She found herself, then, without support, without friends, without hope; stripped of every thing, plunged into a state of frightful misery; and, that the measure of her woes might be full, she was fifty years of age, and her constitution was feeble and infirm.

In this her day of distress, she had recourse to Him who best could grant her consolation and relief; who soonest could change the severity of her destiny; who most certainly could give her fortitude to support calamity: she cast herself at the feet of the Almighty, and arose with confidence, fortified and exalted above herself, and with the full assurance of a calm resignation reviving in her soul. She looked with a steady eye on the deplorable scene before her, and said to herself, "Since it is the inevitable lot of mortals to die, of what importance is it whether we die by famine or disease; whether we sink to rest under a golden canopy or upon a bed of straw? Will death be less welcome, because I have nothing to regret? Oh no! I shall need neither exhortations nor courage; I have no sacrifices to make; abandoned *by* the world, I shall think only of Him who rules the world; shall behold him ready to receive, to recompense me, and shall receive death as the most precious of all his gifts." —

"She had a deal of courage," interrupted Caroline. "But is it possible to die without feeling some little regret for this life?"

"Remember, my dear," said the baroness, "Madame de Varonne had no children."

"And that she had neither a husband nor a mother," added Madame de Clemire.

"Besides," rejoined the baroness, "religion is capable of inspiring this sublime resignation, and I have already told you she was truly pious." But let us continue our tale.—

While she was in the midst of these reflections, Ambrose, her footman, entered the chamber. It is necessary you should know something of this Am-

brose, I will therefore give you a few traits of his character.

Ambrose was forty years of age, and had lived with Madame de Varonne twenty. He could neither read nor write, was naturally blunt, spoke little, apt to find fault, and always appeared to look with contempt on his equals, and with a degree of haughtiness on his masters. His sullen deportment and dissatisfied air, made his attendance not very agreeable; but his punctuality, good conduct, and perfect fidelity, had always made him esteemed as a most excellent and valuable servant. His good qualities, however, were only known in part; for he possessed the most sublime virtue: under a rough exterior was concealed an elevated and generous soul.

Madame de Varonne had discharged the servants of her husband soon after his decease, and had only kept one maid, a cook, and Ambrose; but the time was now come, in which she must part with these likewise.

Ambrose, as I have said, entered her chamber with a log of wood, it being winter, which he was going to put on the fire, when Madame de Varonne said to him, "I want to speak to you, Ambrose." The tone of voice in which she pronounced these words, struck Ambrose, who, flinging down his log upon the earth, exclaimed, "Good God! Madam! What is the matter?"—"Do you know how much I owe the cook-maid, Ambrose?"—"You neither owe her nor me, nor Mary any thing; you paid us all yesterday."—"True; that was not what I meant to say—I—Ambrose, you must tell the cook, and Mary, I have no further occasion for their services; and you, my good Ambrose, you must seek another place."—"Another place! What do you mean! No; I will live and die in your service: let what will happen, I will never quit you."—"You do not know my situation, Ambrose."—"Madam, you do not know Ambrose. If they have lessened your pension so that you cannot maintain your other servants, so

be it ; you must part with them ; it cannot be helped ; but I hope I have not deserved to be turned away too. I am not mercenary, madam, and—” “ But I am ruined, Ambrose—totally ruined. I have sold every thing I had to sell, and they have taken away my pension.”—“ Taken away your pension ! That cannot be—it cannot be.”—“ It is nevertheless very true.” “ Taken away your pension ! Oh, God !”—“ We must adore the decrees of Providence, Ambrose, and submit without repining : the greatest consolation I find, amidst my misfortunes, is to be perfectly resigned. Alas ! how many other unhappy beings, on the wide surface of this earth, how many virtuous families are in my situation ! I have no children ! my sustenings will be few, for I shall suffer alone.”—“ No no—no—” replied Ambrose, with a broken voice ; “ No, you shall not suffer—I have an arm, and I can work.”—“ My good Ambrose !” answered Madame de Varonne, “ I never doubted of your attachment to me, but I will not abuse your kindness : all that I desire you to do for me, is to hire a small chamber, a garret ; I have still money enough to support me for two or three months ; I can work, I can spin ; find some employment for me, if you can, and that is all I wish ; all I can admit.”

While she expressed herself in this manner, Ambrose stood fixed in silence, contemplating his mistress ; and, when she had finished, casting himself at her feet, exclaimed, “ Oh, my dear, my honoured mistress, hear the determination, the oath of your poor Ambrose, who here vows to serve you to the end of his life ; and more willingly, with more respect, more ready obedience than ever he did before. You have fed me, clothed me, and given me the means of living happy for more than twenty years : I have often abused your bounty, and trespassed on your patience. Pardon, madam, the errors which a defective temper has occasioned me to commit, and assure yourself I will make you reparation. It is for that purpose only I pray the Father of mercies to

spare my life." When he had ended, he rose, bathed in tears, and suddenly ran out of the room, without waiting for a reply.

You will easily imagine the lively and deep gratitude with which the heart of Madame de Varonne was penetrated, by a discourse like that she had heard; she found there were no evils so great, but might be alleviated by the feelings of benevolence. Ambrose returned in a few minutes, bringing in a little bag, which he laid upon the table. "Thanks to God, to you, madam, and to my late master, I have saved these thirty guineas; from you they came, and to you of right they return."—"What, Ambrose! rob you of the labour of twenty years! Oh heaven!"—"When you had money, madam; you gave it to me; now you have none, I give it back again; and this is all money is good for. I dare say, madam, you have not forgot that I am the son of a brazier; this was my first profession, which I still am master of: for at those moments when I had nothing to do in the family, I have gone and assisted Nicault, one of my countrymen, rather than be idle. I will now return to my trade in earnest, and with a hearty good will."—"This is too much," cried Madame de Varonne; "how greatly unworthy of your virtues is the lot in which fortune has cast you, noble Ambrose!"—"I shall be happy," said Ambrose, "if you, madam, can but reconcile yourself to such a change in your once happy condition."—"Your attachment, Ambrose, consoles me for the loss of all; but how can I endure you should suffer thus for me?"—"Suffer, madam, in labouring—and when my labour is so useful, so necessary! no, it will be happiness. Nicault is a good, a worthy man, and will not let me want; his reputation is established in the town, and he is in want of just such an assistant; I am strong, I can do as much work as some two men; we shall do very well." Madame de Varonne had not the power to reply; she lifted up her eyes and hands to heaven, and answered with her tears.

The day following, however, the other two scr-



vants were discharged, and Ambrose hired a small, light, and neat room, up three pair of stairs, which he furnished with the remainder of his mistress's furniture. Thither he conducted her. She had a good bed, an easy chair, a small table, a writing-desk, with pen, ink, and paper, a few books, which were arranged on four or five shelves, and a large wardrobe, in which was contained her linen, her wearing apparel, a provision of thread for her work, a silver fork and spoon, for Ambrose would not suffer her to eat with pewter, and the leathera purse which contained the thirty guineas. There were, besides, in one corner of the room, behind the curtain, such earthen vessels as were necessary for her cookery.

"This, madam," said Ambrose, "is the best chamber I have been able to get for the price you mentioned; there is but one room, but the girl will sleep upon a mattress, which lies rolled up under your bed."—"How! a girl, Ambrose!"—"Certainly, madam; how could you do without? She will go of errands, help to dress and undress you, and do other necessary offices."—"Nay, but Ambrose."—"She will cost you little, she is only thirteen, desires no wages, and will live very well on what you leave. As for me I have settled every thing with Nicault; I told him I was obliged to leave you, was out of employment, and should be glad of work; he is well to do, is a honest man, and my countryman; it is only a step from this, and he is to give me ten-pence a day, and my board and lodging. Living is cheap in this town, and you, madam, will, I hope, be able to live on the ten-pence a day, and the ready money you have to supply extraordinary occasions. I did not choose to say all this before your new servant, Susannah, but I will now go and bring her."

Ambrose here stepped out, and presently returned, leading in a pretty innocent girl, whom he presented to Madame de Varonne, informing her, that was the young person, concerning whom he had spoken to her. "Her parents," said he, "are poor, but industrious: they have six children and you, madam, will

do a good action by taking this, their eldest, into your service." After this preface, Ambrose exhorted Susan, with a grave and commanding tone, to be good, and do her duty; then taking his leave of Madame de Varonne, went to his new employment with his friend Nicault.

Who may pretend to describe what passed in the soul of Madame de Varonne. Gratitude, admiration, astonishment, overwhelmed her, not only at the generosity, but the sudden change of temper and behaviour in Ambrose. No man could behave with greater respect than he, who lately was so blunt and peevish: since he had become her benefactor, he was no longer the same; he added humility to benevolence, and delicacy to heroism; his heart instantly inspired him with every gentle precaution, lest he should wound the feelings of sensibility and misfortune; he understood the sacred duty of imposing obligations upon others, and felt that no person is truly generous, who humbles, or even puts to the blush, those whom they assist.

The next day Madame de Varonne saw nothing of Ambrose till the evening, when he just called; and contriving to have Susan sent out for a moment, he drew from his pocket a bit of paper, in which his day's wages were wrapped, laid it on the table, and said, "*There, madam, is my small mite;*" then calling in Susan, staid not for an answer, but returned to his friend Nicault. How sweet must have been his sleep after such labour! how pleasing his dreams after a day so spent! how cheerful was he when he awaked! If we are so happy after doing a good deed, how inexpressible must be the pleasure of an heroic action!

Ambrose, faithful to the sublime duties he had imposed upon himself, paid every day a visit to Madame de Varonne, to leave with her the fruits of his industry; he only received as much at the end of each month as would pay his washerwoman, and some bottles of beer drank on Sundays and holidays; nor would he retain that small sum, but asked it as a gift

of his mistress. In vain did Madame de Varonne, sensibly afflicted at thus robbing the generous Ambrose, persuade him she could live on less; he would not hear her, or if he did, it was with such evident distress of heart, that she was soon obliged to be silent.

Madame de Varonne, on her part, hoping to give some respite to the labours of Ambrose, worked without ceasing at netting. Susan assisted her, and went to sell the product of their industry; but when she spoke to Ambrose of this, and exaggerated the profits, he would only reply so much the better, I am glad of it, and immediately change the subject. Time produced no alteration in his conduct; during four years he never in the least varied from the virtuous ardour with which he began.

The moment at length approached, in which Madame de Varonne was to experience remorse the most bitter, and pangs the most afflicting.

One night as she sat expecting Ambrose, as usual, she saw the servant of Nicault enter her chamber, who came to tell her Ambrose was so ill he was obliged to be put to bed. Madame de Varonne instantly desired the girl to conduct her to her master's house, and at the same time ordered Susan to go for a physician. Nicault, who had never seen her before, was a good deal surprised; she desired him to shew her the apartment of Ambrose. "The apartment, my lady! it's impossible."—"Impossible! how! why?"—"One's obliged to go up a ladder to get into the loft where he lies, your ladyship."—"A ladder! and a loft! poor Ambrose: go—shew me where it is."—"But your ladyship will break your ladyship's neck; besides it is such a hole, your ladyship can't stand upright." Madame de Varonne could not restrain her tears, she begged Nicault would instantly shew her the way, and he brought her to the foot of a little ladder, which she had much difficulty to climb; this led her into a dismal loft, in one corner of which Ambrose was lying upon a bed of straw. "Ah! my dear Ambrose," cried she, "in what a situation do I find you!

And you told me you had a good lodging, that you were perfectly satisfied."

Ambrose was not in a condition to reply, he had been light-headed some time, which she presently perceived, and was most sensibly and justly afflicted at the sight.

Susan at last arrived, followed by the physician, who was evidently surprized at entering such an apartment to see a lady, whose mien and superior deportment bespoke her rank, weeping in despair over a poor journeyman brazier in a straw-bed. He approached the sick person, examined him attentively, and said they had called him too late.

Imagine the condition of Madame de Varonne when she heard this sentence pronounced.

"Ah, poor Ambrose," said Nicault; "but it is all his own fault—he has been ill for these eight days past, but he would keep on; there was no persuading him, he would work. At last he could not hold his head up any longer, but for all that we had much ado to get him to bed. He undertook more than he could go through, that he might board and lodge with us, and so now he has killed himself with downright labour."

Every word Nicault uttered was a mortal stab to the peace of Madame de Varonne; she addressed herself to the physician, and with wringing hands and flowing tears conjured him not to abandon Ambrose. He was a man of humanity; and besides, his curiosity was strongly incited by every thing he had heard and seen; he therefore readily engaged to spend part of the night with his patient. Madame de Varonne then sent for bedding, blankets, and sheets, and, with the assistance of Susan, made up a bed, on which Ambrose was gently laid by Nicault and the physician; after which she sat herself down on a stool, and gave free vent to her tears.

About four in the morning the physician went, after he had bled the patient, and promised to return at noon. As for Madame de Varonne, you may easily imagine she never quitted him a moment; she re-

mained eight and forty hours at his bed-side without the least hope; at last, on the third day, the physician thought he perceived some favourable symptoms, and at night declared him out of danger.—

The baroness had proceeded thus far, when Madame de Clemire (fearing that so much speaking would fatigue her, interrupted her, although it was not half after nine o'clock, and desired her to finish her story on the morrow evening. "What leave off already," cried Caroline; "I am sure it is not late."—"Have not you observed," said Madame de Clemire, "that your grandmamma has coughed, and become hoarse within this quarter of an hour?"—"Mamma!"—"A truly sensible heart ought to be more attentive, it ought always to have a dread of abusing complaisance, or imposing upon a good nature."—"Dear mamma, I feel I have been wrong."—"Then, my dear, I am sure you will be careful how you commit the like error in future; you will not hesitate to sacrifice your pleasure to your gratitude, or even to the decorum of society."

After this short lesson they retired to rest, and on the morrow the baroness thus continued her recital:

I shall not attempt to describe the joy of Madame de Varonne when she saw Ambrose out of danger; she would have watched the night following, but Ambrose, who now was no longer light-headed, would by no means consent, and she returned home overcome with fatigue. The physician came on the morrow to visit her, and she was so much obliged to him, so grateful for the vast attention he had paid to Ambrose, that she could not refuse to answer his questions: she related her history, and satisfied his curiosity. Three days after this, he was obliged to return suddenly to Paris, for he did not reside at St. Germain, leaving Madame de Varonne in good health, and Ambrose recovering.

The situation of Madame de Varonne, however, was at this instant as critical as it was distressing: in a week she had expended on Ambrose what little money she possessed, except just enough to supply them for four or five days. But Ambrose could not, with-

out the most imminent danger, begin to work again so soon, and she shuddered with fear lest necessity should urge him to labour once more at the hazard of his life. Then it was that she felt all the horror of want, and reproached herself most bitterly for having accepted the money of the generous Ambrose. "Had it not been for me," said she, "he would have been happy; his industry would have procured him a comfortable livelihood; his faithful attachment to me has robbed him of ease, health, and happiness—nay, yet perhaps, of life; and I must sink to the grave without acquitting this vast obligation: acquitting! alas, were the the universe at my command, it would be impossible! God alone can discharge a debt so sacred—God alone can worthily reward virtue so sublime!

One evening, as Madame de Varonne sat profoundly absorbed in such-like melancholy reflections, Susan came running, out of breath, to tell her that a great lady wanted to speak with her. "A lady!" said her mistress, "what lady? you are mistaken."—"No, no, be quick," answered Susan, "I saw her myself, and she said, says she, 'I want to speak with Madame de Varonne, who lives up three pair of stairs, at M. David's;' she said this out of her coach window; a fine coach, with six fine horses; so as I happened to be standing at the door and heard her, I answered and said, says I, 'That's here,' says I, 'an't please your ladyship;' and so, says she, 'Go, my dear, and tell Madame de Varonne, that I beg she will do me the honour to permit me to speak a few words with her;' whereupon I put my best leg foremost, and—"

Susan was interrupted by two or three gentle taps on the door, which Madame de Varonne, with great emotion, rose to open. She drew back, and beheld a most beautiful lady enter and advance with a timid, respectful, and compassionate air. Madame de Varonne ordered Susan to leave the room, and as soon as they were alone, the unknown lady began the conversation by saying,—“I am happy, madam, in being the first to inform you, that the king has at last come to the knowledge of your situation, and that

his goodness means hereafter to recompense you for the former injustice of fortune towards you."—"Oh, Ambrose!" exclaimed Madame de Varonne, and clasped her hands, and raised her eyes to heaven, with the most forcible and expressive picture of joy and gratitude in her countenance.

Her visitant could not refrain from tears. She approached Madame de Varonne, and taking her affectionately by the hand, said, "Come, madam, come to the apartments that are prepared for you—come"—"Oh! madam," interrupted Madame de Varonne, "what can I say? how speak?—Yet, if I durst—I beg your pardon—but, madam, I have a benefactor—such a benefactor!—suffer me to tell you how."—"I will leave you at full liberty," said the lady; "and, lest my company should at present be the least embarrassment, I will not even accompany you to your house, I shall return homewards; but first I must conduct you to your coach, which waits at the door."—"My coach!"—"Yes, dear madam; come, let us lose no time."

In saying this, she presented her arm to Madame de Varonne, who scarce had power to descend the stairs; when they had reached the door, the lady desired one of her lackies to call *Madame de Varonne's servants*. She thought herself in a dream, and her astonishment increased when she saw the footman beckon the carriage, which was simple and elegant, to the door, let down the step, and heard him say, my lady's carriage is ready. The unknown lady then accompanied her to her coach, took her leave, and stepped into her own carriage.

Madame de Varonne's footman waited to receive her orders, and she, with a gentle and trembling voice, desired to be drove to the house of Nicault, the brazier. You will easily conceive, my children, the lively emotion, the agitation, which the sight of that house occasioned in her heart. She drew the cord, she stopped, she opened the door herself, and leaning upon the lackey's shoulder for support, entered the shop of Nicault.

The first object she beheld was Ambrose—Ambrose himself, in his working dress, scarce out of the bed of sickness, and again, notwithstanding his weakness, endeavouring to work. The tenderness, the satisfaction, the joy she felt, were unutterable; he was labouring for her, and she came to snatch him from those painful labours, to release him from fatigue and misery. Then it was she tasted in all its purity, that deep and well-founded gratitude, which superior minds alone can taste. “Come,” cried she with transport; “come, noble Ambrose—follow me—quit your labours and your cares; they are ended; your fate is changed; delay not a moment, but come.”

In vain did the astonished Ambrose beg an explanation—in vain did he desire time at least to put on his Sunday clothes; Madame de Varonne was incapable of hearing or of answering; she took hold of his arm, dragged him along, and obliged him to get into the carriage. “Would you please, madam, to be drove to your new house?” said the servant.—Her heart leapt within her.—“Yes,” said she, fixing her eyes, that overflowed with tears, upon Ambrose—“Yes—drive us to our new house.”

Away they went, and Madame de Varonne recounted every thing as it had happened to Ambrose, who listened with a joy mixed with fear and doubt: he scarcely durst believe in happiness so extraordinary, so unhop'd. The carriage, at length, stopped at a neat little house in the forest de St. Germain, and they alighted: as they entered the hall, they were met by the unknown lady, who had been waiting for their arrival, and who presented a paper to Madame de Varonne. “The king,” said she, “has deign'd to charge me with this, madam, that I might remit it to you; it is a brevet for a pension of ten thousand livres a year, with a liberty of leaving the half of that sum to whoever you shall please to nominate at your decease.”

“This is indeed a benefaction,” cried Madame de Varonne;—“Behold that person, madam; behold that



nobly virtuous man, who is truly worthy of your protection, and the favour of his sovereign."

Ambrose, who at first had placed himself behind his mistress, felt his embarrassment increase at these words, and taking off his cap, retreated with a bashful air; for notwithstanding the excess of his joy, he felt a painful confusion at hearing himself so much praised; besides that, he was a little vexed to be seen, for the first time, by so fine a lady in his leathern apron, dirty jacket, and without his wig, and could not help regretting, in some degree, the want of his Sunday clothes.

The unknown lady following, cried, "Stop, Ambrose—stop—let me look at you, let me consider you a moment."—"Dear madam," said Ambrose, bowing, "I have done nothing but what was very natural, nothing to astonish any one."

Here Madame de Varonne interrupted him, to relate, which she did with rapidity and enthusiasm, how much she owed her support, her all, her life itself, to Ambrose. When she had ended, the unknown lady, deeply affected, sighed, and raising her eyes to heaven, said, "And have I at last, after meeting so much ingratitude in the world, have I the exquisite delight of finding two hearts truly sensible, truly noble!—Adieu, madam," continued she, "adieu—be happy;—this house, and all that it contains, is your's; you will receive directly the first quarter of your pension."—As she finished, she approached the door, but Madame de Varonne ran, bathed in tears, and threw herself at her feet. The lady raised, tenderly embraced her, and departed. She had scarcely quitted the threshold, before the door again opened, and the physician, to whom Ambrose owed his life, entered.

"Oh!" exclaimed Caesar, "I suspect it was the good physician who related the story to this unknown lady."—"It was," answered the baroness. Madame de Varonne, the moment she beheld him, immediately comprehended the whole affair. After having testified the gratitude with which her heart over-

flowed, she learnt from him that the unknown lady was Madame de P—, who resided always at Versailles, where she had great influence. "I have been her physician," said he, "for these ten years; I knew her benevolence, and was certain she would interest herself exceedingly in your behalf, when she had heard your history. No sooner, indeed, had I related it, than she began to verify my hopes; she purchased this house, and obtained the pension, of which she has given you the brevet."

As the physician was ending his recital, the servant entered, and informed Madame de Varonne supper was served up; she prevailed on the physician to stay, and, leaning upon the arm of Ambrose, walked into the other apartment, where she desired Ambrose to place himself by her side. Ambrose made his excuses, and said, it was not proper he should sit at table with his honoured mistress. "How," replied she, "is not my benefactor and my friend my equal?" The modest, the generous Ambrose obeyed, and with the physician on one side of her, and Ambrose on the other, Madame de Varonne enjoyed, that happy evening, all the pure and delicious pleasures which gratitude and bliss inexpressible could inspire, and which a tender and a feeling heart could know.

You may well suppose that Ambrose had the next day, thanks to Madame de Varonne, a dress suitable to his new fortune; that his apartment was fitted up and furnished with every possible care; that Madame de Varonne, during her whole life, caused him to partake her fortune, and that she never received money without recollecting, with the utmost susceptibility, the time when the faithful Ambrose brought his day's wages in a bit of paper, laid it upon the table, and said, "*There, madam, is my small mite.*"—

This story, my children, continued the baroness, proves what your mamma has before said, that there is no condition of life, no class of men, in which the heroism of virtue is not to be found; and it further proves, that did men only understand their own in-

terest, they would all be virtuous. Noble actions are seldom buried in oblivion; it is almost impossible to prevent a sublime conduct from obtaining a signal reward.

Ambrose, in supporting his lady, acted entirely from a generous heart; but let us for a moment suppose ambition had been his sole motive, and we shall find he could not possibly have taken any way so effectual to accomplish his desires. In such a case this would have been his manner of reasoning:

“I wish to raise myself from the low situation in which fortune has thrown me; what means shall I pursue? I am poor and unknown, how shall I attract the notice and benevolence of those who have the power to change my fate? What is the most certain method of fixing the attention of the world, and inspiring it with an effectual desire to serve me?—Genius! That I have not. And had I the greatest I should be liable to be confounded among others: the number is small which genius can dazzle or delight; few understand its value, and the cold admiration it inspires seldom comes from the heart. What then is the merit which is universally interesting? Virtue alone has this irresistible charm. But to distinguish myself I must possess something more than mere probity: that procures esteem, but not admiration.—Chance now affords me an opportunity to obtain the end I propose. Madame de Varonne is ready to sink under her misfortunes; she shall owe her existence to me. Her gratitude, soon or late, will find the means of publishing this virtuous action to my renown. I, in the mean time, must be silent; for were it divulged by me it would lose all its merit.”

“Nothing,” interrupted Cæsar, “can be more true: the conclusions are wonderfully just. Self-interest might have counselled Ambrose to an act which virtue performed.”

“Without doubt,” answered Madame de Clémire; “and the reasoning, which you find so conclusive in this instance, will be equally good in every other. Self-interest, well understood, would make us sincere,

upright, just, and generous. Hence a celebrated writer says, (*Mr. Gaillard, Histoire de Charlemagne, tom. I. p. 279.*) "Folly alone can make us wicked, folly alone can make us knaves; and it is still a more stupid degree of folly to connect ideas of superiority and grandeur to devastation and tyranny, or of wisdom and genius to fraud and artifice."

"How, mamma," cried Caroline, "are there people who suppose that tyranny is grandeur?"

"Unhappily, my dear," answered Madame de Clémire, "history furnishes us with too many proofs. Almost all historians are lavish of the title of great, to men and monarchs, who are renowned only for their injustice and usurpations—for such continually are great conquerors."

"And so men may become celebrated without being virtuous?"

"Certainly; but they are always hated and unhappy. Celebrity may be acquired by extraordinary actions of any kind, but virtuous ones alone can bestow a just and desirable fame."

"I understand you, mamma: for want of reflection we may sometimes admire a conqueror, because his courage hides his injustice; I conceive that to be very possible. But, pray, how can fraud and cunning ever be mistaken for wisdom?"

"None but fools, my dear, ever do make this mistake. But the class of fools is very extensive, and therefore there are abundance of people who are thus deceived. Hear what the author I have just quoted says on that subject:

"Every deceitful man is essentially a foolish man, runs directly from the goal, and, by the nature of things, infallibly becomes, sooner or later, the dupe of his own artifices: for there is no fraud so deep as to be entirely hid from the eye of suspicion; no trick that all men do not revolt against as soon as it is seen."

The fifth evening ended with this citation; Madame de Clémire rose, and every body retired to rest, delighted with the history of Madame de Varonne and the virtuous Ambrose.

It was then the 25th of February, the cold was excessive, and Madame de Clemyre had promised Cæsar to take him a long walk. He begged of her to go to the forest of Faulou; she consented, and as Caroline and Pulcheria both had colds, they were not of the party. They set out at ten o'clock in the morning; the place they were going to was a league and a half distant; a carriage therefore followed for them to walk one half of the way and ride the other, that they might not make the dinner wait, which was always served between twelve and one.

The cold had scarcely been so piercing all the winter as it was that morning; Cæsar at first complained a little, but in less than half an hour told his mamma he could bear it very well. "And yet," said Madame de Clemyre, "the degree of cold is all the same as when we first set out; but you are now more accustomed to it, and therefore feel it less. Thus it is with all physical evil: we inure ourselves to all those that may be supported without death being the consequence; habit makes the most frightful and dangerous objects familiar, and robs even grief of its sting. This is a truth, which it is very necessary well to comprehend; because it teaches us to face the pains and misfortunes attendant on human nature with fortitude."

"Yes, mamma," said Cæsar, "but there are some people so naturally delicate that they cannot habituate themselves to sufferings. I remember you once said, that Madame de Beauvais, after the loss of her lawsuit, never could endure poverty, or to live retired in the country."

"True, my dear," said she, "but this is so uncommon an instance, that it only ought to be looked upon as an exception, which never can happen but to feeble and degenerate minds: it is not in nature, it is the effect of luxury and a bad education."

"Then, mamma, many people that appear to us extremely miserable are not so much so as we believe."

"That is to say, my dear, they suffer less than we suppose they do, but for that very reason they are more worthy of our compassion and assistance. He, who

courageously submits to his fate, and suffers without murmuring, is certainly a most respectable being; and it must be a mean and insensible mind that can refuse its pity to a man, who, obliged to endure, hardens himself in sorrow, and supports pain nobly. Such virtuous resignation should incite our admiration, and render sympathy more tender and active. Besides, it is very natural to shrink from beholding misery in others, which we ourselves could support without complaining. This is a sublime sensation, and common to all superior minds, of which we have daily a thousand proofs. For example, I can see myself bled, and hold the bason, and yet I am affected when I look at the lancet wounding the vein of another. I have seen your papa, when his arm was broken, support its being set again with the utmost composure, and yet he was almost ill the day that the same accident happened to Thibaut, your uncle's valet."

"That is very true," said Cæsar, "I know it by myself, mamma: I fall down, hurt or cut myself, and scarce take any notice of it, and yet I cannot look at another person's blood without feeling for them very much."

"Hence you may learn," answered Madame de Clémire, "that it is not always natural to prefer ourselves to others; and that he who thinks only of, and for himself, and who is not affected by the misfortunes of others, is a vicious and degraded being."

Conversing thus, they came to a large meadow covered over with snow, through which a brook ran that was frozen, where Cæsar wished to divert himself a little with sliding. In order to have a good run he went to the side of a copse that bordered upon the meadow, and something catching his eye he entered the wood where Madame de Clémire lost sight of him for a moment; Cæsar returned almost in an instant, crying out as loud as he could—"run, run, mamma; run, perhaps they are not dead."—"Who are not dead, child? What have you seen?" said Madame de Clémire.—"Oh dear, mamma, two children, that the frost has seized, lying on the ground quite insensible."

Madame de Clémire ran instantly, and Cæsar, full of tenderness and pity, conducted her towards a bush, where two children were laid so that both their faces were hid. As she drew near she saw the eldest of the two had stripped himself to his shirt, and laid himself upon the other face to face. "Good God!" cried she, "they are certainly two brothers, and the eldest has had the generosity to strip himself that he might clothe the youngest. Oh, noble child!—I hope to God we are not too late to save them."

Madame de Clémire then called to her servants to take and put them in the carriage instantly, and Cæsar snatched off his great coat, and threw it over the eldest. Morel then took the eldest in his arms, and as he lifted him, said he is quite stiff, I am afraid he is past recovery. Cæsar, the moment he beheld the face of the child, burst into tears, and cried out—"Oh, good God, mamma, it is poor Augustin and his brother Charles!" Cæsar was right; and Madame de Clémire, as soon as she saw him, found her passions still more strongly interested, and mixed her tears with Cæsar's. Her heart was pierced when she beheld death pictured on the face of the generous Augustin, especially when she represented to herself the distraction of the unhappy mother of such a child.

Morel and another lackey held the children in their arms, had assured her they were dead, but nevertheless she insisted on their being immediately put into the carriage, ordered Morel to get in with, and convey them to the castle with all possible speed, continuing to rub them all the way, which he instantly obeyed. The other servant staid to conduct Madame de Clémire and Cæsar, who soon lost sight of the carriage.

Madame de Clémire and Cæsar exerted themselves to make all possible haste, and arrived at the castle fatigued, but exceedingly anxious for the fate of the children. As they entered the avenue they saw, and were seen by Caroline, Pulcheria, and the abbé, who all called out aloud that Augustin and Charles were both alive. The news made Cæsar weep with joy,

and tired as he was he sprang to kiss his sisters with transport. They all ran directly to the room, where the patients were still undergoing the means of recovery; Madame de Clemire found them reviving, but not yet come to themselves: she sent for their mother, who arrived just as Charles, who had suffered less than his brother, began to look about him, and pronounce a few words. About an hour after Augustin gave signs of recollection, and knew his mother. The first word he said was, "Charley!—brother!"

After some time, a physician that had been sent for came, who said, "that though there was yet much to be apprehended, he believed them out of danger."

Madeline being now something more composed, related to Madame de Clemire how they had both gone from home, at eight o'clock in the morning, to gather fire wood, and not finding them return so soon as usual, her husband at half past nine had gone in quest of them; that he, being deceived by tracks in the snow made by other children, had gone to the contrary side of the wood to where they were unhappily frozen.

Cæsar and his sisters were employed all the evening by their attentions for Augustin; the whole house was interested in behalf of that amiable boy; no person would go to bed till the effect of the remedies that were given him were known, which was not till midnight; and several of the servants sat up all night in his chamber. At break of day Cæsar was at the door, and he heard, with the most heartfelt satisfaction, the two brothers were both almost well, that they talked as usual, and were entirely come to the use of reason.

In the afternoon Augustin was permitted to get up, and Cæsar to visit him: he beheld and kissed him with an inconceivable delight. The day following the boy was in a state to tell the particulars of his own story.

The family were all gathered round Augustin, who was placed between his brother and mother, and was the historian of the evening. He related, with great simplicity and feeling, that Charley, instead of gather-



ing sticks, would sit down, and that presently the cold had such power over him as to deprive him of the use of his senses; that he (Augustin) in vain endeavoured to recover him, by breathing upon, and rubbing him with his hands; that seeing him continue to look blue in the face, he made the wood echo with his cries; that he called to his father several times for help, and that when nobody heard nor answered he began to weep; that his tears dropping upon Charley's face, froze almost directly, and this made him cry still more; that, however, he did not entirely lose his courage, but endeavoured to raise him up and carry him on his back; but, that being himself, by this time, half frozen, he wanted strength, and fell down beside his brother. At last he saw no other way to save his poor Charley, but to take off his coat, and then his waistcoat, and then every thing else he had on, to cover him up and keep him warm; and then at that instant poor Charley opened his eyes, looked at him, and pushed away the clothes, as if he wanted him to put them on again; that then he began to be seized with a kind of numbness and drowsiness, and to lose his feeling, and so he went and lay upon his poor Charley.—“And so,” says Augustin, “that—that’s all—for I don’t remember any thing more.”

Scarce had Augustin ended, when Cæsar rose with impetuosity, and flung himself upon his neck, at which Augustin was surprised; for every thing he had done seemed to him so natural, he could not conceive why it should occasion so much admiration. His mother presently after took him to bed; and, when they were gone, Madame de Clemire said to Cæsar—“Does not this story, this heroic action, my son, prove the truth of what I was saying to you during our walk—‘that it is not so natural as is generally supposed, to prefer one’s self to others!’ Augustin stripped off his clothes, because it was less painful to him to endure the cold, than to see the sufferings of his brother. Oh! my child, how sublime is pity, since it can inspire virtue like this! Far from enfeebling, it ennobles the soul, makes it insensible of danger, superior to pain, and

fearless of death! Never stifle, never blush at such sensations; cherish feelings so active and compassionate, so natural to the heart of man, and which he never can lose, without debasing his nature."

Madame de Clémire now rose to retire, but Cæsar detained her, while he told her how exceedingly sorry he was to think that Augustin must go back again to his poor cottage in a day or two. "Well, child," said Madame de Clémire, "you shall have your wish; I will ask his parents to leave him here; I will take charge of him, and you shall be educated together." This promise made Cæsar leap for joy. "I will tell him every thing myself," cried Cæsar.—"Ay, but," said Fulcheria, "how can his father and mother consent to part with so good a child?"—"Assuredly, my dear," answered her mamma, "they will not hesitate to sacrifice their own satisfaction to the interest of their child; the way to shew their affection, is to promote his happiness; if they did not they would be without affection."

Accordingly, the next day, Madame de Clémire made the proposal to the parents of Augustin, who accepted her offer with gratitude and joy. Augustin wept a good deal, when he heard he was to leave his father and mother, and his brother Charley;—not but he was very sensible of Cæsar's friendship for him, and had a great desire to be instructed, and learn, as he said, all the fine things that master knew.

The children had been so busy about Augustin, that for three or four evenings they had neglected their nightly assemblies; at last, however, they reminded their mamma of their favourite amusement, and night being come, their desires were readily granted.

"You have admired, with great justice," said Madame de Clémire, "the delicacy and heroism of Ambrose; and you imagine, without doubt, it is impossible to shew more generosity, attachment, or greatness of soul. Well, then, my children, I will relate a story, in which you will find an example of a still sublimer conduct. I have said several things to the disadvantage of servant maids in general, because they are com-

monly ignorant and selfish ; I would have you believe, however, there are some entirely the reverse, and that you may be convinced there are, listen to a tale that passed almost under mine own eyes, and that may be called

## THE

## HEROISM OF ATTACHMENT.

**I**N one of the northern provinces of France, there is a small corner of the earth, where good faith and virtue supersede laws, and give to the inhabitants of that peaceable country a felicity pure and unalterable——

“ Oh ! mamma, what a charming place ! What is it called ? Have you ever been there ? ”——

Yes ; in my youth. It's name is S—— ; where I had the pleasure of admiring a people so happy. The husbandmen, simple and industrious, have neither in their language nor manners the rude clownishness of peasants. The mothers are gentle, the children grateful and obedient, and the young women universally modest ; covetousness and envy are there unknown ; and there are found all that equality, brotherly love, and purity of manners, which constituted the happiness of mankind, in the early ages of the world.

The gentleman, who owned this spot, had a wife every way worthy to enjoy such felicity. Madam de S—— possessed a superior understanding, a benevolent heart, and an enlightened mind. She read, she studied, she worked, and loved to work ; she embroidered, made tapestry, cultivated a flower-garden, kept bee hives\* and bred silk worms. The care of her

\* Economy of bees. Naturalists relate wonders on this subject. The moral virtues have been all, at one time or other, attributed to *Bees* ; and they have been

house was her pleasure; she delighted in her domestic employments; she neglected none of them, because she understood the duties of her station; they are indeed interesting in themselves, and especially to those who live in the country. She took a pleasure in looking after her poultry and dairy, and hence found amusement, instruction, and the method of living in abundance upon a very moderate income.—

---

particularly celebrated for their prudence, industry, mutual affection, unity, loyalty to their sovereign, public spirit, sobriety, and cleanliness. The sagacity of *Bees*, in foreseeing rain, has been often mentioned, but it is very questionable. Though some of the accounts that have been given of these insects are fabulous, yet intimate acquaintance with them in their domestic operations, hath furnished many real facts, that are as surprising as those which are groundless. It must not, however, be omitted, that at certain times, when they think their stores will fall short, they make no scruple to throw out of the hives their own offspring; the nymphs, the young *bees* of the drone kind, scarce extricated from their covering, have been carried away and left to perish. Though they are just in their own kingdom, and to those who may properly be called their fellow-subjects, they rob and plunder strangers and foreigners, whenever they have power and opportunity; and they have frequent battles in committing depredations on neighbouring colonies and hives, or in self-defence, which end fatally to many of their number. But, it should be observed, that this never happens, unless in the spring or autumn, when the weather is warm, and honey scarce, and there are no flowers to produce it. In this case, when they have ranged the fields without success, they endeavour to supply themselves, at the hazard of their lives, from the stocks of other *bees*. However, if the queen of either hive, that happens to be engaged is killed, the contest is finished, and both parties unite under the survivor.

"Instruction! mamma," interrupted Caroline, "what instruction could she get there?"

"Much," answered Madame de Clémire, and very useful. You have heard that natural history is a very extensive study, a science, divided into a multitude of parts; many of these, and those neither the least useful nor the least curious, are learnt of course, without study, by living in the country, and being employed in country affairs. The things themselves instruct us much more effectually than books; the latter often leave nothing but words on the mind, but the former give birth to ideas never to be effaced. I have known a lady who had gone through a course of natural history in Paris, and who, notwithstanding, could not tell the flowers of an apple-tree from those of a cherry-tree. People who have never lived in the country, are always ridiculously ignorant on some subjects. How can the miracles of nature be studied at Paris, where fruits and vegetables are seen only in the market and upon the table, and flowers no where but in beau-pots! You can there form no idea of the labours or the pleasures of the field. Innocent pleasures! that are never despised but by those who have never tasted them! It is, therefore, that the illustrious M. de Bouffon has said, "Every thing that we wish, beyond what nature has given, is painful, and nothing is pleasant that she does not present."

"Well but, mamma," said Pulcheria, "some people are exceedingly fond of Paris, and the fashionable world for all that, and so to be sure they find pleasure there."

"Those people," replied Madame de Clémire, "are in a continual hurry and confusion, a kind of intoxication, which not only deprives them of the faculty of thinking, but even of feeling; and in such circumstances we can by no means be said to enjoy pleasure, it being a state of mind produced by a disordered imagination, which subjects the heart to violent passions and impetuous desires."

"What is a passion, mamma?"

"A passion is an absolute and exclusive preference to one object, consequently an unreasonable desire."

“ Well but, mamma, there are reasonable and allowable passions.”

“ Excess is not always criminal, but it is always absurd. A woman, for example, who loves her husband with passion, is in this predicament.”

“ How ! Is such a woman unreasonable ?”

“ Certainly, and unhappy too ; for there is no happiness in the absence of reason.” “ Surely, mamma, it is right to love one’s husband with all one’s heart ?” — “ Certainly.” “ As you love my papa ?” — “ Without doubt.” — “ Well, mamma, and you prefer my papa to all the world.” — “ What do you mean, my dear, by preferring him to all the world ? That I have an *exclusive preference*, as I said just now ?” — “ Why, mamma, you know you would rather have a quarter of an hour’s conversation with papa, than play on the harpsicord, read, walk, or —” “ Very true. I prefer his conversation, or even the pleasure of looking at him, to all the amusements in the world ; and what is more, his happiness is much dearer to me than my own.” — “ And is not that passion, mamma ?” — “ By no means.” — “ Why, what can passion do more ?” — “ It can be guilty of extravagance and folly. But, to give you an idea, you know Madame d’Orgimont ?” — “ Yes, mamma.” — “ The lady whose husband took a journey of pleasure last year into Russia, and whom you went to visit when she kept her bed, sick of a chagrin ?” — “ True, mamma.” — “ Well, that was passion. It was passion that had taken away her strength and courage, and deprived her of the power to resist her uneasiness.” — “ And yet, mamma, one cannot help having a fever.” — “ No ; but if one is not overcome by passion, absence will not give it ; because one should make use of one’s reason, and be resigned to one’s fate. Madame d’Orgimont had an absolute *exclusive preference* for her husband ; for she not only preferred his society to all others, in which she was right, but it was impossible for any society to please her, if he was not of it ; she would not sacrifice the pleasure of seeing him, to the education even of her children.”

“ Ah, mamma,” said Caroline, “ but you would not

do so; and yet, in fact, you love my papa as well as she did M. d'Orgimont, since my papa's happiness is dearer to you than your own. Madame d'Orgimont's affection is more excessive, but your's is best. I see too that passion, though seemingly allowable, may lead us into many errors, as well as make us ill."

"To neglect her children, and fret herself ill," said Cæsar, "was not to be good or prudent."

"Passion, of every kind," continued Madame de Clémire, "impairs our reason, and necessarily leads us more or less astray, in proportion to its power over us."—"But is it possible, mamma, to live without passion?"—"Most certainly. Nay more, we are ourselves the cause of our passions; they are our own work, and as they come but by degrees, we may at all times easily stop their progress. When we find any of our inclinations becoming daily more powerful, we should immediately repress them, and ---" "But how, mamma, can one discover these small beginnings of passion?"—"When we are tempted to sacrifice to some amusement, some person, or some pleasure, any of our duties."

"Oh dear me, mamma," cried Pulcheria, "but then I am afraid I have a great many passions; for if I was my own mistress, I should often sacrifice my studies to a walk, or a game of shuffle-board, or my canary-bird, or my squirrel, or ---"

"That only proves," answered Madame de Clémire, "that you are sometimes tired of study, which is often the case at your age; but, in finding other amusements, you regret neither your canary-bird nor your squirrel; you have no real preference for them, and therefore no passion; you are only playful, wild, and indolent."—"Oh, I understand, mamma; one must first have a preference, and then afterwards be tempted to neglect one's duty?"—"Yes."—"Well, mamma, but if by chance, when I grow up, I should prefer study to every other amusement, would that hurt me?"—"No; because that would be a very just preference."—"Look you then now, mamma, that is a permitted passion."—"Not at all; preference, simply, is not a passion."—"Oh true, mamma, I had forgot temptation."—"If

the pleasure of gaining instruction occasioned you to neglect the duties of society, you would do wrong. The purest, best, and most rational pleasure, ceases to be virtuous the moment it becomes a passion. Passion renders us blind, weak, unjust, and extravagant.”—“Then, my dear mamma, when you tell me you love your dear Pulcheria passionately, it is only a way of speaking, is it?”—“Why, when I say I love you to madness, would you have it to be true; that is literal?”—“Oh no, I am sure I would not, for all the world, have my dear mamma mad.”—“And, after what has been said, cannot you conceive that passion and reason are incompatible, and that passion is always a certain degree of madness; that to love a person passionately, is the same thing as to love them to madness, and that consequently it would be cruel in you to wish me to love you passionately? I should lose my reason and my virtue, and you would gain no desirable proof of tenderness. Were it necessary I should die to save any one of you, my children, from destruction, I would not hesitate a moment to sacrifice my life, and make you happy. I would do every thing heroic which passion could inspire, but I would not betray any one duty, even for you: that is to say, great as is my love, it should not dishonour or debase me. Could you wish me, Pulcheria, to possess contrary sentiments?”—“No, no, dear mamma,” cried the children all together, and running into their mother’s arms, who clasped them affectionately to her bosom, and could not retain her tears, when she felt those of Pulcheria drop upon her hand.

After a few moments of tender silence they continued their discourse, and Caesar begged of his mamma to answer him another question concerning the passions. “When,” said he, “one has unhappily yielded to a passion, till it has become rooted, may one still conquer and expel it?”—“Most assuredly,” replied his mamma; “any victory may be obtained over ourselves, when we sincerely desire to be victorious: but in such a case the effort would be very painful. It is easy to preserve ourselves from, but most hard to



eradicate passion."—"And which is the way, mamma, to preserve ourselves from it?"—"By an early habit of hearkening to reason, and overcoming whatever desires are contrary to it: by remembering, that we are ever present with the supreme Being; a Being pure and omniscient, and who is displeas'd at all excess: by the succours which religion affords, the command of ourselves, and the proper employment of our time: by such means, we are beyond the power of violent passion."

"But since, mamma, excess of every kind is bad, ought one to admire the conduct of M. de Lagaraye, th extraordinary gentlemen, of whom M. Fremont was telling such strange things the other day; as, how he forsook the world, turned his seat into a hospital for the sick, and devoted his life to their care?"—"Beyond a doubt his conduct is not only to be admired, but look'd upon as the model of perfection."—"And yet M. de Lagaraye carried his clarity even to passion?"—"People in general apply the word passion only to such sensations as originate in self, and have personal satisfaction for their basis; such as an inclination for a certain object, the delight taken in a particular pleasure; like as an avaricious man delights in the accumulation of riches, or the gamster in play; or, lastly, the various other vices; anger for example to which they have improperly enough applied the word passion. But the love of humanity is the most disinterested of all sensations; and the less particular, and the more extensive it is, the more it is sublime. To deprive oneself of all one's wealth in favour of a person that one loves, is a noble and praise-worthy action, and at all times the sacrifice of magnanimity; but to give all one possesses to wretches, for whom we have no private friendship, no sensation, but that of compassion, to consecrate one's life to their service, to abstain from a thousand gratifications, and treat them like our beloved children, for no other reason but because they suffer the miseries incident to men, and are wretched; this is virtue truly heroic, truly divine. Benevolence, carried to such a height, may

perhaps be called a passion ; but it is a very different passion from all others, since it is absolutely disinterested, and produces actions only of a species the most sublime."

" But suppose, mamma, M. de Lagaraye had had children of his own, would he have had right to have given all his goods to the poor ?"

" No, certainly, for we are under an obligation first of all to fulfil the duties imposed upon us by nature. M. de Lagaraye could only have given the surplus to the wretched ; and, as he would have been obliged to educate his children, it would have been impossible for him to have consecrated his time to the service of the poor."

" Well, mamma," said Caroline, " now you have had the goodness to answer all our questions, I hope you will go on with the story of Madame de S—— ?" " Willingly," answered Madame de Clemire, " but I do not know where about I was." — " Why, mamma, you told us Madame de S—— was happy, because he was benevolent ; and how much she loved the country, and cultivated a flower garden, and read and worked, and kept bee hives, and bred silk worms, and — and there I believe you left off."

" I did so," answered her mamma. — Well then — Madame de S—— satisfied with her destiny, led a life equally pleasant and innocent. Her husband, far from rich, could not enable her to relieve misery with money, and yet there was not a day passed, in which she did not some good action. There was neither surgeon nor physician in the village ; but she knew something of botany, had read *L'Histoire des Plantes usuelles*, by Chomel, a very good book, in which the properties of herbs and their use in pharmacy are taught ; and she knew Tissot's Advice to the People by rote, a book interesting and estimable, both by its utility and the spirit of humanity in which it is written. With all these helps, however, Madame de S—— did not pretend to practise physic ; because it is an art, that without being perfect in it, imprudence and madness only would

pretend to practise ; but she visited the sick cottages, prevented them from using dangerous remedies, and occasionally prescribed things that might do good, could do no harm ; she carried them broth, wine, old linen, consoled them by her presence, her conversation and her compassion, and thus proved we may be exceedingly benevolent with a very small fortune. When we do all the possible good in our power, we enjoy all the happiness the practice of virtue can bestow.

Madame de S— had a young woman, named Marianne, who had lived as her maid ever since she herself was twelve years old, and who was greatly distinguished by her goodness, disinterestedness, and attachment to her mistress, whose virtues she possessed, and whose example she imitated. It is true she had never been at Paris, and that she had not even been in the way of temptations to corrupt or lead astray a character that was naturally virtuous. Madame de S— tenderly loved her, and the care she took to make her a truly good woman, formed one of the greatest pleasures of her life. Marianne was something older than her mistress, and flattered herself she should end her days in her service, but Providence ordained otherwise. Madame de S— was attacked by a disease, which, though trifling in its origin, by ill-treatment became mortal. She met death not only without fear, but with the gentle serenity of a soul, truly penetrated by the great principles of religion ; and, while every one around her abandoned themselves to that despair, which the loss of a woman like her must ever inspire, she alone remained with an unshaken tranquillity. An exact and proper regimen prolonged her life for some months ; she did not keep her bed, she walked, read, made the young girls of the village come to her as usual for instruction, conversed with her favourite and faithful Marianne, received the visits of the vicar, and ~~never~~ suffered her gentleness or presence of mind to ~~leave~~ make her for a moment.

At the fine morning in the month of May she rose

with Aurora, and, attended by Marianne, walked out into the fields, gained an eminence, from which there was a delightful prospect, and sat herself upon a bank, while Marianne placed herself at her feet. She remained a moment, and then rose, supported by the arm of Marianne: "How this view delights me!" said she: "what a fine country! Look at that charming meadow, Marianne, over which we have run so many hundred times; it was there we met the good old dame Veronique, bending beneath a basket of apples on her head, and another in her hand; you would take the one from her head, and I, in spite of her resistance, the other from her hand, and thus we brought her home to her cottage. Dost thou remember how merry we were, the gratitude of the good old woman, and the breakfast she gave us? Turn thy eyes to the right, and behold that row of willows on the borders of the pool, in which, with hook and line, we have so often fished. There it was that we, in company with young Martha and little Babet, have many a time made baskets of the bulrushes, and afterwards filled them with violets, lilies of the valley, and filberts. Seest thou yonder cabin? it belongs to our Frances; dost thou remember how thou madest in two days the gown I gave her at her wedding?—A little farther to the left are the skirts of the wood, where, on holidays, I kept my little school during the fine summer evenings. What happy moments have I spent surrounded by the lasses of the village! Hast thou forgot the Fng and simple stories that Margaret used to tell us, or the old ballads that Honorina sung with a voice so youthful, sweet, and full?—Every object I see around me recalls some pleasing idea. Oh, how grateful are such traces of memory at this moment!"

As Madame de S—— pronounced these words, Marianne turned her head to hide her tears, which she could no longer retain. After a short silence, Madame de S——, clasping her hands, and raising them to heaven, exclaimed, "Oh God! Thou whom I now behold beyond the clouds that brightly deco-

rate the heavens! thou who hearest, understandest me, and readest my very soul! I thank thee, my Creator, my Father, and Benefactor! I thank thee, for having placed me in a state of life where I have lived free from the persecutions of hatred, the malignity of envy, the contagion of evil examples, and the seduction of wicked advice. I have had nothing to lead my reason astray or corrupt my heart; I have neither known the city, nor the court: I have heard that there are flatterers, false philosophers, ambitious men; men degraded by cupidity, and perverted by pride; I have heard, and have wept for their errors, and this sensation has often troubled my repose: I have been sorry for the wicked, but have always lived far from their abode: unknown to the violence of passion, the riots or deccits of pleasure, my life has glided away in happy obscurity; and my happiness has been so much the more pure, in that it has not been disturbed by the slanders of malice; friendship, innocence, and peace have embellished every instant of my career; I have possessed the most substantial wealth; and, in this awful moment, when the memory of the past is the punishment of the wicked, a multitude of sweet consolatory recollections crowd upon my mind, and I remember, with transport, that to virtue alone I owe the pure delight I now enjoy. —Oh God! how supreme is thy bounty! Thou commandest us to detest and fly from vice, and therein thou teachest us the only possible means of happiness upon earth; nay, dost moreover promise us eternal bliss hereafter, if we do but obey thy beneficent commands.”

As she said this, Madame de S—— fell gently into the arms of Marianne, for the fervency with which she had spoken had exhausted her little strength. Marianne looking at her, saw her cheeks pale, and her eyes closed and motionless, and gave a shriek of ~~terror~~; Madame de S—— opened her eyes, and ~~dearly~~ pressed the hand of Marianne, which she held between her own. “Wherefore this alarm, my dear Marianne?” said she, with a smile of grateful bene-

volence upon her face: "What thou! whose piety is so pure! art thou not resigned? Is not thy sacrifice already made? We shall meet again where we shall never part more.—I see how much my serenity, my tranquillity console thee!—I flatter myself thou wilt ever find an asylum in the chateau de S—. Alas! I cannot place thee above want!—There is another thing which I confess I regret deeply—(Marianne here fixed her eyes upon her mistress, and the attention she paid stopt her tears)—Thou knowest Marianne there is a school-mistress in the village to learn the children to read; many of the inhabitants are just able to pay her a small trifle, but there are still many who cannot give the very little she requires. Had I lived a few years longer, I should have saved the sum necessary (that is to say, a hundred crowns) to form an establishment sufficient to pay the school-mistress, that she might have instructed these poor children gratis; but since God has not thought fit, I submit without murmuring to his holy will."

Madame de S—, as she spoke thus, fetched a gentle sigh, and Marianne seizing one of her hands, with a look expressive of great emotion, and some secret, but firm resolution, exclaimed, "Oh! my dear mistress!"—Her full heart would not let her say more, and Madame de S—, rising, took hold of her arm, and began to move towards home again.

Madame de S— did not long survive: arrived at the last stage of debility, she was soon obliged to keep her bed. Marianne, in despair, would not quit her a moment; the servants were seen in tears in every corner of the house; the doors were continually crowded with the inhabitants of the village, who came by turns to inquire after her; calling her their dear lady, their kind benefactress, and returned from her house to the church to offer up their ardent prayers for the preservation of a life so precious. At last Madame de S—, ever tranquil, ever resigned, beheld the moment of death approach with that sub-

linity which religion bestows, and Marianne received her last sigh.

“Dear me,” cried Pulcheria, “what will become of poor Marianne!”

Watching, fatigue, and sorrow caused a dangerous revolution in Marianne’s blood; she fell dangerously ill; she recovered, however, and scarcely was she recovered, before she took the resolution to quit the house of S——. She packed up her clothes, went to the church where her mistress lay buried, bathed her tomb with her tears, and took the road to Charleville,\* the place of her birth, greatly regretted by the vicar and the inhabitants of S——.

Two years passed away, and no one heard what was become of her; but at the end of that time the vicar received a box, containing a hundred crowns, and a letter written as follows:

*“Charleville, the 24th of September, 1775.*

“Reverend Sir,

“I have at length sent you the hundred crowns, which, as you know, my honoured mistress was so desirous of at her death. God be praised, her desires shall be executed, and the good work she wished be done. Had I had enough money I would myself have brought you the hundred crowns, but I had only as much as would have paid half the expenses of my journey. My heart will now be as easy as it can after the loss I have had, and I shall be something relieved of a load of sorrow which oppressed me day and night. Let me conjure you, reverend sir, immediately to establish the school mistress; it will be a great comfort to me, to hear that she is enabled to teach the young girls gratis, and that all

\* Charleville is a delightful town of Champagne, fifty leagues from Paris, in the Rethelois, situated upon the Meuse, subject to no taxes, and only separated from the pleasant town of Meziere by a bridge and a causeway.

the good mothers of the neighbourhood, who have not the power to pay, may send their children. I hope all these little ones, and their families to succeeding generations, will pray for my dear mistress; and that you, reverend sir, will teach them how much they owe her. In the mean while I have only one prayer to Heaven, which is, that I may some time have it in my power to return to S——, and behold with my own eyes the charity-school founded by my honoured mistress: I shall then have nothing more to wish in this world.

“ I am, with the greatest respect,

“ Reverend Sir,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ MARIANNE RAMBOUR.”

The vicar was struck with admiration while he read this letter; his soul was formed to conceive the sublimity of such an action. The next Sunday, after sermon, he read the letter to his parishioners, who wept aloud while they heard it; nay, the vicar himself was several times obliged to leave off and begin again, so much was he affected.

“ That I can easily believe,” interrupted Cesar. “ Oh, how should I have wept had I been present.— But did the establishment take place, mamma?”

“ To be sure, my dear. The vicar put the hundred crowns\* out to interest; and this sum, the fruit of two years severe labour, night and day, of Marianne, produces a sum which enables the school mistress to teach the *poor children gratis*.”

“ And now tell me, my children, if this is not a still more sublime virtue than that of Ambrose.”

“ Oh, it certainly is, mamma; pity prompted Ambrose naturally to exert himself; besides that, the gratitude of Madame de Varome was, in some measure, a recompense.”

“ Very right; but, instead of these, the respect that Marianne had for the memory of her mistress, made

\* About twelve guineas.—T.



her subject to all the hardships which Ambrose underwent to preserve the life of Madame de Varonne. The conduct of the one is admirable, but the other is beyond all praise. We may judge of the merit of Marianne by considering, if she did so much for the love she bore her mistress dead, what would she not have done to have preserved her life? But do you think, my children," continued Madame de Clémire, "that the history of Marianne is ended?"—"Mamma!"—"Do not you find there is something wanting? Have not we agreed it was impossible, that a virtuous action soon or late should not meet its reward?"—"Ah! so much the better! Marianne shall be recompensed, and the story is not finished! Oh, how glad I am! Well, and so mamma—" "Well, and so my dear, Marianne, after giving all she had, went to her labour again, though not with the same ardour, for she now only laboured for her subsistence. About this time, however, a relation of her's, touched by her virtue, happening to die, left her two hundred and sixty livres\* a year. With this small inheritance, Marianne, who was never idle, was tolerably rich, in a country where the taxes were light, and which produced all the necessaries of life in abundance; she spent, however, no more than was necessary for her existence, and the remainder she bestowed upon the poor."

"What, mamma," said Caroline, with a dissatisfied tone, "is two hundred and sixty livres a year all the recompense she had?"

"You do not consider," answered Madame de Clémire, "that a person in Marianne's station of life, with two hundred and sixty livres a year, and a will to work, is richer at Chuleville, than a mother of a family at court would be with twenty-five thousand livres a year. Besides, generally speaking, any addition of fortune that removes us out of the station of life, in which we have been bred, renders us unhappy."—"How so, mamma?" said Cesar.—

\* Something more than ten guineas.—T.

“Suppose,” answered she, “your lackey, Morel, should to-morrow gain the twenty thousand pounds prize in the lottery:”—“Well, mamma, Morel would be perfectly happy; he has a good heart, and would do a thousand benevolent actions—I wish he had it.”—“Admitting, my dear, that such an event would not make him forget himself; would not render him vain, proud and insolent; he yet would be to be pitied. Morel knows how to read and write, has good sentiments, and is highly distinguished in his present state of life; but what kind of a figure would he cut in the fashionable world? To how many ridiculous situations would he not be exposed? How would he do the honours of his house and table; what would his carriage and conversation be? Would he know how to manage his estate; could he tell whether his steward was or was not honest? He would marry, and would certainly neither marry a farmer’s nor a tradesman’s daughter, but would choose an amiable woman, well educated; such a woman would marry him only for his fortune, consequently could not be an estimable woman, but would render his life miserable; and thus you see Morel, with a great fortune, would be as wretched as ridiculous. But if, instead of the twenty thousand, he was to get a prize of one thousand, he would buy a little house, and a few acres of land, would marry a pretty country girl, with a fortune of four or five hundred more, that was used to work, would be loved and respected by his wife, would live in affluence, enjoy the goodwill of his neighbours, for being good and charitable, and be looked upon as a wiser man than persons of that condition usually are. Morel would then be the most fortunate of men.”

“That is very true, mamma; but if Morel, when he had got the twenty thousand pounds prize, would continue in his proper sphere of life, if he would live in the country, be contented with a small farm, a pretty country girl, and employ the rest of his fortune in good actions, he would neither be ridiculous nor unhappy.”

“Morel, my dear, is, I grant, a very good man; but you are supposing him a philosopher and a hero, and I do not believe him either the one or the other. Besides, according to your supposition, his pretty country girl must be a heroine, and their children all philosophers, otherwise she would be exceedingly chagrined to spend no more than one hundred a year; her children would be of her opinion, and the wretched Morel would hear nothing from his family but complaints and reproaches.” — “Well, mamma, but perhaps he would not marry.” — “But if he should?” — “Nay, but let us suppose he would not.” — “And give him no children! What happiness would you deprive him of?” — “Ah! dear mamma, then let him have children, and give them a good mother, and then!” — “My dear boy! Well, let it be so; we will suppose all you wish—that Morel is retired to the country, that he lives upon a small part of his income, and gives the remainder to the poor; I still see a number of vexations.” — “What, mamma?” — “Morel is ignorant of men and things, and a parcel of artful, humble knaves, cunning and enterprising, would creep into his confidence, under pretence of enlightening and directing his benevolent views: deceived, duped, robbed, ruined by them, in endeavouring to do good, and, in fact, enriching rascals only, he—” — “Oh, but if he should choose honest good men?” — “Unfortunately the dishonest, child, are far the most numerous. Besides, pray recollect how many extraordinary, and even extravagant suppositions we are obliged to admit, in order to make him happy, if fortune should to-morrow send him twenty thousand pounds.”

“Very right, mamma; I see now that it is not sufficient merely to be good; in order to do good, we must know how to do it; and I see too that it is a great unhappiness to be removed from that station of life to which we are accustomed.”

“That is, my dear, for a person of the condition of Morel or Marianne, for a person who has received no education; for with virtue, education, and a know-

ledge of the world, happiness is to be found in any state, and such a person is qualified for all."—"A good education is a charming thing!"—"Yes; it makes us capable of all good, and yields a thousand resources to adversity; it preserves us from the weak pride which the favours of fortune too often inspire, or at least it teaches us to conceal our vanity; it levels rank; gives those qualities which are always amiable, and those charms which ever allure; it makes solitude delightful; teaches us to make ourselves respected by men; gives perfection to reason; forms the heart, and develops genius. Judge, then, my children, of the gratitude due from persons well educated to those who have contributed to their education."—"And especially, mamma, to their parents."—"Most certainly; and if, like you, my dears, they have a proper sense of their obligation, they will love and revere the masters and instructors, to whom parents consign a part of their authority." Here Madame de Clemire rose, kissed her children, and sent them to rest.

The next day Caesar and his sisters, as usual, talked among each other of the over-night's history; they did not forget to praise the virtuous Marianne Rambour: but, notwithstanding all their mamma had said upon the subject, they could not help thinking her ill rewarded for her virtue, and not so happy as she deserved to be; "for," said Pulcheria, "this good girl, with her two hundred and sixty livres a year, has only just enough to keep her; and so she must work continually to give to the poor, and live, as mamma says, upon what is barely enough to sustain nature: now I don't like that; I wish at least she had the means of bestowing her charity without distressing herself."

When the evening hour of meeting came, Madame de Clemire said to Pulcheria, "I heard your conversation to-day, my dear, about Marianne, and—why do you blush, child?"—"Mamma!"—"If you are vexed that I should overhear what you say to your brother and sister, you must go farther from me another time, and not talk so loud."—"Dear mamma, I don't wish

to hide any thing from you."—"Then why do you blush? Answer, my dear."—"Because, mamma, notwithstanding the reasons you gave us last night, I maintained, that Marianne was not sufficiently rewarded, and feel now I was wrong to hold an opinion contrary to your's, mamma."—"Yes, my dear, you ought always to suppose when your opinion differs from mine it is false; and, when you are not convinced by my arguments and explanations, you should tell me your doubts, because I am always ready to hear and answer you. This is a justice that I desire and expect from you; for, when you tell your thoughts of this kind to others, you forget both the affection and respect you owe to me. Besides, if you have misunderstood me, I cannot shew you your error, if I am not present when you criticize my instructions."—"Criticize! mamma; dear, what a word!"—"Perhaps a little too strong, Pulcheria; and yet have not you said you did not find Marianne sufficiently recompensed, and that you could not think like me in that respect? But will you listen to my reasons?"—"Yes, indeed, mamma, and will endeavour with all my heart to understand them, that I may be of your opinion."

"Well, then, the thing that displeases you is, I think, that Marianne is not perfectly happy, is it not?"

"Yes, mamma."—"And what think you can render a person perfectly happy, who is pious, simple, industrious, and who, in fact, carries virtue to the highest degree of sublime heroism? Is it money? Surely you do not think it is!"—"Why, mamma, when one only wishes for money to give it to others, may it not add to our happiness?"—"According to that mode of reasoning, my dear, benevolence would become ambition, and that it is not. Pride and covetousness only have a real desire for riches. When we are free from that vanity which makes some people virtuous, we are fully satisfied with giving such assistance to the unfortunate as is in our power. The rich benefactor gives with greater eclat, but the poor with greater pleasure."—"And why? mamma."—"You shall hear."

“The greater the virtue, the greater the satisfaction.”—“Oh, certainly, mamma.”—“An action is more or less admirable, in proportion to the sacrifices it costs us. A man who, having ten thousand pounds a year, should live upon two, that he might give the surplus to the poor, would do a very great, and unhappy for the world, a very uncommon action. And yet, what would he deprive himself of? A few trinkets, diamond rings, and race-horses, perhaps. In keeping two thousand a year, he would reserve to himself every convenience of life; he might keep his coach, his country-house, his hunters, and indulge in every rational pleasure fortune can procure; he would renounce superfluities only; and this sacrifice, as admirable as it is easy, would add to his consequence, and procure him universal esteem: he would certainly be happy, and would deserve so to be. And yet the poor benefactor would enjoy a happiness a hundred fold more great. Imagine to yourself Marianne Rambour, with her two hundred and sixty livres a year; imagine, I say, this angelic woman, acting for the love of her God, and the satisfaction of her own heart; suppose her working all day, to carry secretly at night the money to a poor person in a bed of sickness, or the mother of a large family, which shall supply five or six children with bread and broth, and a morsel of meat; or a person that must otherwise lie and perish. Then follow her back again to her cottage, her eyes still wet with the tears she has been shedding; see her entering her chamber, where she has nothing for her own supper but a bit of dry bread and a little salad: hear her say to herself, the meat which I have debarred myself of to-day will keep five or six souls from starving! Does not this reflection fill her heart with inconceivable delight? She remembers the thanks of the poor mother! of the children! she still imagines she hears them! she beholds the little ones seize with avidity the delicious morsel they have two days been denied! How sweet will the frugal repast of Marianne be made by thoughts like these! How exquisite! In rising from table, with what pleasure,

what confidence, will she thank that beneficent Being, who has said, 'Take heed that ye do not your alms before men to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father who is in heaven.' Marianne has not the happiness or the glory to snatch a multitude of wretches from misery, to form useful and durable establishments, or to found hospitals, but she has given in secret, and her gift was the meat from her own mouth. She sought not the praise or approbation of men, but was guided by religion and humanity; and she finds in her reflections, her memory, her heart, and especially in the greatness of the sacrifices she makes, an inexhaustible source of felicity; she anticipates the happiness of angels, is satisfied with herself, and is convinced that God himself approves and protects her.

"And now I hope you conceive, that if Marianne had a fortune large enough to succour the distressed without debarring herself, she would not receive the same degree of satisfaction from her alms, because they would not be so meritorious.

"You may judge, indeed, by yourself: the other day, you know, you had a basket of apples sent you, which you divided with your brother and sister; and the day before yesterday Madeline brought you a little lamb, of which your sister was exceedingly fond, and which therefore you gave her. From which of these two actions did you receive the most pleasure?"—"From having given my pretty little lamb to my sister."—"And yet you was very fond of your lamb?"—"Oh dear yes, mamma, and that was the reason why I received so much satisfaction in giving it to my sister. 'Dear me,' said I to myself, 'how happy would my sister be if I was to give her this lamb;' and then I thought how exceedingly she would be surprised, and what joy she would have; and so I found that would give me greater pleasure than even keeping the lamb. And then I ran to my governess to beg a rose-coloured riband, and I put a pretty collar round its neck, and made it so fine, and it looked so innocent, and so milk-white; and then I ran to seek

for my sister, and my heart did so beat all the way I went, you can't think, mamma, what I felt!"

"This all, my dear, tends to prove, that the greater the sacrifice the greater the satisfaction. If your pleasure was so great in imagining the joy of your sister at the reception of your little lamb, what would your feelings be, think you, had you given the means of life to an unfortunate family ready to expire with hunger?"—"It must be very great, indeed, mamma; when shall we go and do such charitable actions?"—"Next winter again when we are at Paris, if you all behave well till then."—"That will be the best recompense you can make us. But is it not strange, mamma, that there should be nobody here in such extreme want, and so many in such a fine city as Paris, where there are so many rich people?"—"It seems strange, indeed, my dear, but such are the effects of luxury, or rather of that despicable vanity, which makes men seek to shine by a false magnificence, instead of endeavouring to distinguish themselves by their virtues; such is that madness, which makes the proud possessors of the city despicably ridiculous, while the simple inhabitants of the village live in innocence and peace."—"I am sure, mamma, that alone is enough to make one hate the town, and love the country. But how can one find out the miserable creatures of whom you speak? for I have heard it is not those who publicly beg."—"Alas! my dear, Paris is full of them; you may find them in every street."—"Oh, goodness! What! Do we continually pass by their dwellings, their very doors? Are they our neighbours? Do you think there are any in our street at Paris? If I thought so, I could not close my eyes. How can one lie down peaceably to rest, and know there is a poor wretch not a hundred steps from one starving on a bed of straw!"—"Cherish this humanity, my child, and when you have money, and are tempted to buy some superfluous toy, recollect the heart-breaking reflection you have just made: say to yourself 'what this gauze frippery would cost, which will be spoiled in two days, might save a dying child, and a distracted mo-



ther.'"—“ I never will buy any such superfluous non sense, I am determined.”—“ Do not promise, my dear, what it is probable you cannot perform. To reserve only what is necessary, and give the surplus to the poor, is neither the work of infancy or youth. Be satisfied with knowing that benevolence is the best, the greatest, the only true happiness. Accustom yourself henceforward to reflect upon the frivolity of the play-things, which you are too liable to be fond of; remember they can only give a trifling and transient pleasure, momentary and vain; while the sole recital of a good action, much more the performance, gives your mind the most exquisite sensations. Remember sometimes the multitude of unfortunate people who want the bread you waste, who suffer in nakedness all the rigours of the winter, while you cut your clothes to dress your doll. These reflections will make you compassionate, and accustom you to economy, without which it is impossible to be generous. Learn betimes, therefore, the habit of being careful, and impose occasionally voluntary sacrifices on yourself; be masters of your actions, and often recollect, that virtue only can make you distinguished or esteemed, happy or beloved; think of our evening tales and conversations, and your reason will strengthen by degrees, your minds become noble, your hearts benevolent, and you will be the delight and glory of your mother.”—“ I would begin now, dear mamma; and, if I thought I could but be so good as to do at present what——” “ No, my dear, the mind is not capable at your age of that continued exertion necessary to attain the perfection I have described. You know not the world, every thing is new, every thing pleasing; but hereafter, when your occupations shall become more useful, the trifles which at present please will then be insipid; you will be delighted with nothing that does not affect the heart, nothing will fully satisfy but continual goodness. Neither is one obliged to give every thing which may be called superfluous to the poor. The scripture orders us to be charitable, but not utterly to strip ourselves. ‘ Give to

him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow turn not thou away.' I grant that those who are totally guided by the evangelical spirit, would give all they have to the poor; but religion does not require us to sacrifice every convenience of life to our humanity, but that we should set bounds to our whims and imaginary wants, and preserve the means of expiating our follies by our benefactions."—"And so, mamma, when one is only a little good one gives a little; when one is very good one gives more than one half; and when one is perfect one gives all."—"Yes, my dear, that is exactly the gospel definition."

"But you told us just now, mamma, there is no being good without economy."

"Certainly. Whatever is wasted, whatever is lost, is a real robbery of the poor, and is the more condemnable, because it procures no pleasure. The account, Pulcheria, which your governess has given me of things lost by you within a year will furnish an example. One silk cloak, six pocket handkerchiefs, four pair of gloves, two thimbles, three needle-cases, and a pair of scissors, which altogether cost near two guineas to replace; now, had you been more careful, I should have had two guineas more to spend, either upon you or in doing some good action: and if you do not correct this fault it will cost me still more as you grow older, because your necessaries will be more expensive. To-morrow I will relate the little story on that subject, which I hope will make some impression upon you."—"But why, mamma, will you not tell it us now? It is not late!"—"Because I have not ended that of yesterday."—"How!" exclaimed the children all together, "not the story of Marianne Rambour?"—"I never said it was finished; you have always interrupted me, and your questions did not give me time to pursue my tale. I have endeavoured to make you comprehend that, (in general) persons without education are to be pitied, when any accident alters their condition of life. I believe I have proved to Pulcheria, that Marianne Rambour ought to have been happy with her two hundred and

sixty livres a year; but I did not say this small inheritance was the only recompense Heaven reserved for her virtues; and I beg you to recollect the maxim, that *an heroic action never goes unrewarded even in this world*. You all of your own accord protested against the mediocrity of the reward, without waiting to hear the whole."—"I see," said Cæsar, "one should not decide hastily, nor till every thing is thoroughly explained; we deserve, for our punishment, to be deprived of the remainder of the story, though I should be heartily sorry."—"No," said Madame de Clemire, "let me only desire you to be more cautious in future, and judge less precipitately. But let us return to Marianne."—

She learnt in her retreat, that the Vicar of S—— had read her letter to his parishioners. Far from being flattered at it, she was afflicted: she wrote to him on the subject. "I am vexed," said she, "that you have published a transaction, which I desired should be only known to God and you." But, notwithstanding the sincerity of her regret, her history was soon publicly known at Charleville, and the most distinguished people of the town wished to see, to know, and to invite her to their houses; several too used every imaginable means to engage her to receive such assistance as was necessary to make her perfectly at ease. She, however, constantly refused, and always answered she had enough, was perfectly contented with her state. The Vicar of S—— at last took a journey to Paris, where he often spoke of Marianne Rambour. Among others, to whom he related the behaviour of Marianne, was a lady, to whom he likewise gave some of her letters, and a copy of the deed of foundation for the school. These the lady gave to one of her friends, a man of letters, to insert in an interesting work, then in the press.\*—"What! mam-

\* Intituled *La Fête de la Rose*, [The Feast of the Rose,] and which is printed at the end of a very delightful romance, called *Les Amours de Pierre le Long*, [The Loves of Peter the Long]

ma, is the life of Marianne in print? I am quite happy at that. And so she is celebrated already! Her modesty could not keep her in obscurity. I declare my heart beats, let us hear the rest: so, mamma——”

There is a young prince, not quite your age, Cæsar, whose disposition already gives a happy assurance he shall hereafter become distinguished by his virtue, as much as by the august rank in which fate has placed him. One of his greatest pleasures, like your's, my children, is to hear interesting tales, to which he listens with avidity, and which make a deep impression on his heart and mind. The person, who is charged with the care of his education, one day related to him the history of Marianne, which, as soon as he had heard, he exclaimed in tears, “*How unhappy am I that I am but a child!*”——“Why so, my lord?”——“I would settle a pension upon that virtuous woman.”——“Well, but you have the most tender of fathers.”——“But might I beg this favour of him, think you?”——“You would make him very happy by so doing.” At these words the young prince rose in rapture, ran out of the apartment, descended hastily two pair of stairs, and entered the billiard-room, where there were eight or ten gentlemen. He, however, saw none but the prince, his father; and, notwithstanding his natural timidity, ran into his arms, and said, in a broken voice, “*Dear papa——I——I have a favour to beg of you.*” He then drew him into the next room, where he explained, in the most moving manner, what he desired. His first recompense was the tender caresses of his father, who pressed him to his bosom, and said, “I will go and order a brevet immediately in your name of six hundred livres, twenty-five pounds a year, for Marianne Rambour.”——“Now then, mamma,” interrupted Pulcheria, “I am satisfied. What a good little prince! and how happy must he be!”——“He would write himself to Marianne, to inform her of the good fortune.”——“Himself!”——“Yes: the following is what he wrote:

*S. L—, August 2, 1782.*

“ I am exceedingly happy, Mademoiselle, I had the good fortune to hear of your attachment to Madame de S—, and of what you did afterwards, since I am allowed to tell you how much I was affected. To prove the value and beauty of virtue they told me your story. I owe a lesson to you which I shall never forget, and which will always give me the most tender sensations. Accept, Mademoiselle, the brevet of a pension, which I remit as a testimony of my admiration, and the lively interest I shall ever take in your happiness.

“ I have enclosed a bill for the first quarter, which began on the first day of July.”—

“ Imagine, my children, what must be the effect of such a letter on the feeling heart of Marianne, which, as well as the brevet which accompanied it, was conceived in the most touching and respectful terms. Thus at present she is very rich for a person of her condition, and in that cheap country, and moreover enjoys the flattering remembrance of her riches being a tribute to her virtue.”—“ This is a charming history, mamma, how I love that young prince, how good he is already.”—“ I hope, my dears, the story of to-morrow will not be less interesting, but it is now late, and time to leave off.”—“ Only tell us, my dear mamma, what is the title of the history you will be so kind as to relate to-morrow evening.”—“ Eglantine; or Indolence Reformed.”—“ Eglantine! That is a pretty name. And so she was indolent. That does not seem to be a very great defect.”—“ You will hear to-morrow what were its consequences; in the mean time let us now go to rest.” These few words excited their curiosity, and made them ardently desire to hear the story of the ninth evening, which at the appointed time Madame de Cleuvre thus began:—

## EGLANTINE;

OR,

## INDOLENCE REFORMED.



DORALICE was the wife of a Financier, and in possession of a fine fortune, though she had a heart superior to pomp, and an understanding too good to make herself remarkable by vain magnificence. She knew that luxury, ever blameable, is truly ridiculous in those whose rank does not afford them an excuse by making it in some sort necessary. She lived in a house as simple as it was convenient; she bought no diamonds, gave no routs, but she did many benevolent actions; and her fortune, far from exposing her to the envy of fools, or the contempt of the wise, drew down the blessings of the unfortunate, and the esteem of the world. There was neither ostentation in her dress, nor a silly desire of praise in her manners.

But though she knew how to employ her mind and her time when alone, she yet was fond of society; and that she might collect such friends and acquaintance as were really agreeable, she gave no exclusive preference to one class more than another; she neither said, "I will see none but people of such a rank," nor "I will not admit people of such a rank;" but determined to receive all persons effectually distinguished by the qualities of the heart and mind, be their condition in life what it would.

Doralice had only one child, a daughter of six years old, who gave certain indications of a good heart; she

was gentle, obedient, and sincere; she neither wanted memory nor capacity, but was excessively indolent, consequently without activity and application; her motions were slow, her manner careless, and she was equally idle and negligent.

"How! mamma," interrupted Caroline, "will indolence bring all these defects?"

"Reflect a moment," answered Madame de Clémire, "and your surprise will vanish. What is indolence? Indolence is a kind of cowardly sloth, which gives us a disgust for every thing that can in the least degree fatigue either mind or body. With such a propensity a child would neither run, leap, dance, play at shuttle-cock, nor any other game that required the smallest degree of activity; the same cause would render study irksome, because such a child would not willingly be at the trouble of learning or reflecting, and might rather be said to vegetate than live."—

Such was the state of Eglantine, daughter of Doralice. She took her lessons with great gentleness, but she paid no attention to one word that was said to her, and therefore made no progress. Her governante too was continually complaining of her want of care; the gloves, scissors, handkerchiefs, dolls, and trinkets of Eglantine were found in every corner of the house: she would rather lose than put her things in order, or lock them up; her chamber was always littered, and, as far as it depended on her, always dirty and disgusting. Half the day was wasted in seeking her books, her work, and her play-things; and she fretted and consumed in that disagreeable occupation, the time which might have been usefully employed or spent in pleasure.

She was obliged to be scolded every morning to get her out of bed; then a new sermon was begun upon the lethargic stupor and redoubled gapings she regularly continued for more than an hour after she was up, and another upon the excessive length of her breakfast; fresh complaints began concerning the morning's walk; she would rather sit upon the damp grass than run about, and was continually either too

hot or too cold. Her lessons were taken much in the same way; she always cried, or was ready to cry, and even her recreations were no amusement to her; they had constantly to look for play-things lost or mislaid, and to scold upon that subject likewise.

Doralice had all the necessary qualifications to form an excellent tutoress, except experience; she had never before presided over the education of a child, and in all cases we must pay our apprenticeship by errors; in this instance she was guilty of a very capital one. She did not foresee all the ill-consequences of her daughter's reigning defect, and which was, in fact, very difficult to overcome. She flattered herself that age and experience would insensibly communicate that activity to Eglantine, of which she was deprived, and therefore only chided when she ought to have punished; neither did she perceive her error till it was too late to be remedied.—

“So you think, mamma, if Eglantine had been punished she would have been good?”

“It is seldom necessary to employ violent means to correct children that are affectionate and active, because of their sensibility: a trifle affects them, and a word is sufficient to punish. Cold and indolent characters must be differently treated; they are hard to move, and they must occasionally receive shocks that may awaken them from their lethargy.”

“And what penance, mamma, would you have made Eglantine undergo?”

“The most rigorous that could have been for her, and yet the most simple. If she would not have run or walked a good pace, I would have kept her out an hour longer. When she had read her lesson negligently, I would have made her begin it again, and so of other things. Eglantine, therefore, to avoid double trouble, would have been careful at first, and apparently active, which in the end would have made her so in reality, and insensibly have changed her character.”—

Doralice, after a time, bitterly repented that she had not followed this method. Seeing, however, the



negligence of Eglantine increase every day, she be-  
thought herself of keeping an exact and daily account  
of all the things destroyed by Eglantine, with what  
they had cost. In this journal she inserted a list of  
all books torn or spoiled, broken play-things, silk robes  
spotted, so as not to be worn any more, bits of bread  
flung in every corner of the garden, and crayons, pa-  
per, and pens, thrown about and become useless.—  
The sum total of all the things thus wasted, at the  
month's end, came to ninety-nine livres; that is to say,  
to almost four guineas.—

“ Oh dear,” cried Pulcheria, “ that is scarcely to be  
conceived; for my part, I have only lost, during the  
whole year, as much as came to a guinea and a  
half.”

“ True,” said Madame de Clémire, “ but that is  
only reckoning what you have lost, and not what you  
have spoiled and sillily wasted. Besides, I am not  
rich; you wear neither embroidered muslins nor  
Dresden lace; you can lose nothing but what is tele-  
rably cheap; your jewels are made of straw, your  
boxes of pear tree, and all your riches are not worth  
above five shillings.”

“ So much the better, mamma,” said Pulcheria, “ I  
am like Henrietta, the daughter of Madam Steinhans-  
sen; I feel that fine things would only be troublesome:  
a beautiful apron, edged with lace, would make me  
unhappy; for, like Delphine, I wish to gather the  
roses without fearing the thorns.”

“ It is natural that you should so wish, but remem-  
ber, Henrietta, with the same simplicity, was much  
more careful, she lost nothing; remember, too, that  
according to the difference of our fortunes, you are as  
expensive to me in losing your ivory die and English  
scissors, as Eglantine to her mamma when she lost her  
golden bodkin, or her inlaid needle-case.”

“ But why, mamma, did not Doralice educate her  
daughter in greater simplicity? When she gave her  
such dear and frivolous toys, she sure'y did not em-  
ploy her riches properly.”

“ Doralice enjoyed a large fortune, and as she had

no imaginary and false wants of her own, she might be allowed to dispose of her superfluity in favour of her child."

"But was not that to inspire her child with a love of such trifles?"

"No; it is by keeping them oneself, and not by giving them away, that a love for trifles is inspired. Eglantine asked her mamma why she had only a plain gold watch, and a silken string; and Doralice replied, because a plain watch was infinitely more convenient, consequently more agreeable, than a more expensive one. 'Put you have given me an enamelled watch, set with diamonds, and a fine ornamented chain,' said Eglantine. 'Because,' answered her mamma, 'the mind at your age is light and frivolous;—show is reductive, the taste is puerile, and pearls, dolls, diamonds, toys, and tinsel give delight; and, when I give you such haubles, I treat you like a child.'

"Neither was Doralice, in answering thus, guilty of the least exaggeration; she spoke nothing but the truth. In fact, all persons who are arrived at the age of reason and reflection, and yet take pleasure in decorating themselves with these vain and superfluous gewgaws, have no more solidity or reason than a child of six years old,"—but let us continue our tale—

At the year's end Doralice shewed her daughter the account of the things she had lost, spoilt, and wasted, the gross sum of which amounted to more than fifty pounds. Eglantine, who then was only seven years old, was not much moved by this calculation; and her mother, who imagined she would be struck more forcibly, as she better knew the use of money, still continued her journal with the same exactitude. In this she was assisted by the governante of Eglantine, who gave in, each day, an account, on a slip of paper, of such profusions as she had observed. These Doralice kept in a box distinct from her own journal, and the memorandums of the governante presently became so numerous, that it would have required much time to have extracted and cast up the sum of their contents; Doralice, therefore, preserved them always

with care, and determined not to trouble herself with the computation, till Eglantine was old enough to see her intention.

In the mean time, the more the days and months passed away, the greater were the proofs that Eglantine's indolence rather increased than diminished. She used often to walk in the Bois de Boulogne,\* where in less than four months she lost as many jewels as had cost between fifty and sixty guineas. This time a ring, the next a golden thimble, and the following a medallion, without reckoning handkerchiefs and gloves left upon the grass. Besides which, she regularly tore a fan a day, and broke sometimes the glass, and sometimes the main spring of her watch: thus watch-makers bills were paid continually.

Winter increased these expenses. Eglantine, like all indolent people, was exceedingly chilly, would sit with her head over the fire, and let any thing fall into it she happened to have in her hand. Her muffs, frocks, petticoats were burnt, and her wardrobe was new once a month. When her masters came, she had almost always a head-ache that would not permit her to take lessons, and the teacher received his ticket and went away.—

“Well but, *maman*,” said Caesar, “did Eglantine complain of having the head-ache falsely?”

“Yes; she complained purposely, and only to excuse her task.”

“But that was horrible! She told lies!”

“Hence you may learn the effects of indolence, a fault which at first seems so light; and hence, too, you may infer there is no defect, however trifling in its origin, but, when we are thoroughly under its dominion, occasions the most dreadful consequences. Eglantine was naturally sincere, yet her idleness overcame her sincerity; she had recourse to falsehood when it could screen her from the least fatigue, though not without remorse, but indolence usually vanquished conscience.”—

Eglantine now began to quit her state of infancy,

\* A wood, or rather a kind of park, near Paris.

and approached her tenth year, and her mamma provided new masters for her. Weary of harpsicord, on which she had made no progress, she owned at last she had an invincible dislike to the instrument, and pretended she had a desire to learn the lute. Doralice permitted her to quit the harpsichord, though she had began to practice it at five years old, and indulged her with a master on the lute. The money, therefore, that had been paid the teacher, the price of the harpsicord, the piano-forte, the music books, and tuning the instruments, was all lost when Eglantine gave over learning; and Doralice added this sum, which was not less than three hundred guineas, to the account. She did not continue above a year at the lute; her master, tired with her want of industry, left her. The guitar was then began with the like success, which was again abandoned for the harp.

Eglantine had various other masters to teach her drawing, geography, English, Italian, writing, dancing, and singing, besides a musician to accompany her on the violin; and all these masters cost nineteen or twenty guineas a month, while the indolent Eglantine reaped little or no benefit, and the expenses of her mamma on her account were almost without bounds. Every two or three months her music, her books, her maps, were all torn, and new ones were bought. Her harp was left carelessly in the damp and open air, and wanted new strings continually; and more than four times as much as would have been necessary to a careful girl, was spent in every little thing she stood in need of.

As indolence rendered all kind of order insupportable to her, she was a shameful slattern. In two years time her apartment had been twice new furnished; her caps were thrown upon every chair in the room, which they filled with powder and pomatum; her pins were scattered about the floor, and her frocks and skirts were covered over with spots of crayons, ink, and wax.

All these circumstances concurred to spoil one of the prettiest figures in the world. Eglantine spent a

vast deal of time at her toilette, on account of the extreme slowness of all her motions, and yet no person could be more awkwardly dressed; she looked without observing, she acted without thinking, and took no delight in any possible occupation. She was totally deficient in grace; she never could subject herself to the trouble of wearing gloves, and her hands were red and rough: her feet spread, and she walked with a shuffling gait, because she always went slipshod.

Doralice had taken pleasure in forming a charming library for her, hoping it might inspire her with a love of reading. 'Tis true, that in obedience to her mother, she read at her toilette, and in the afternoon: that is to say she held a book in her hand; for she looked with so little attention, it was not possible to gain the least instruction. And thus was she at sixteen the more inexcusably ignorant, in that no money or pains had been spared in her education: she neither knew history, geography, nor even how to spell; she was incapable of writing a letter, or making an extract; and, though she had been taught arithmetic ten years, a child of eight years old would reckon in general better than she could.

About this time a young gentleman procured an introduction to Doralice, called the Viscount d'Arzelle; he was three and twenty, and as singularly distinguished for wit, virtues, and reputation, as for birth, fortune, and personal accomplishments. He appeared to have a strong desire to please Doralice, and obtain her friendship; he felt the worth of her simplicity of manners, her gentleness and perfect equality of temper, and was delighted with her turn of conversation, equally natural, noble, solid, and agreeable. He had often met her at the house of a relation, and paid her several visits before he saw Eglantine.

Doralice at last invited the viscount to supper, and at nine o'clock Eglantine entered the apartment. Her mother had that day presided at her toilette: she had nothing studied in her dress, but her hair did not hang about her ear, her neck was not covered with powder and pomatum, and her hands were washed.

The viscount examined her with great attention: the first moment he found her a perfect beauty, the next he saw she did not possess a single grace, and in less than a quarter of an hour he thought no more of her, but even forgot she was in the room.

He nevertheless continued assiduously to visit Doralice; and, one day finding her alone, spoke with so much confidence, that Doralice was authorized to ask if he intended to marry. "Yes, madam," replied he; "but though my parents leave me an absolute liberty of choice, I feel I cannot easily decide. It is not interest or ambition that can determine me; and a blind passion would only make me guilty of follies. I would marry, not to acquire more wealth or greater importance, but to be happy; it is therefore necessary I should find a person perfectly well educated, and who has virtue, grace, and understanding; it is also necessary her parents should be estimable, that I may cherish and respect them: and that her mother, for example, should possess all those qualities by which you are distinguished, since she will be the guide and mentor of my wife."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of a visitor. Some days after, Doralice learnt the viscount had instructed one of his people to privately question her servants concerning Eglantine; and that he had moreover addressed *himself personally* to several of her teachers, from whom he had learnt with little difficulty the exact truth; and so explicitly, that he no longer had the least room to doubt, of Eglantine's having received little or no benefit from the expensive and distinguished education bestowed upon her.

From this moment the viscount's visits to Doralice became less frequent, and were soon entirely dropped. Certain he would have married Eglantine had she been more amiable, Doralice most sincerely regretted the loss of so advantageous and brilliant an establishment, and which the merit alone of the viscount would have made her prefer to all others.

Indolent, however, and insensible as Eglantine had

hitherto been, she could not see and listen to the Viscount d'Arzelle entirely without emotion. There was scarce a young man in France of so manly and beautiful a person, such engaging manners, or so entertaining and intelligent in conversation. Eglantine felt something more than a bare wish to please, to appear graceful when he was present; but a consciousness of inability, and the inveterate power of habit were not easily overcome, and the struggles of infant love were unequal to the mature and full grown force of idleness. The viscount came no more, and a languid regret, spent in feeble and ineffectual sighs, remained.

The grief of Doralice was far more poignant; Eglantine was seventeen, and still had all the teachers usually discarded at twelve. She detested employment of every kind; but, as her heart was good, and as she really loved her mother, she sometimes would make an effort to please her. This motive, added to the sensations the viscount had inspired, gave her a short interval of industry, during which she astonished every body with the capacity and genius she discovered; the maternal and kind heart of Doralice expanded with hope and joy; but, alas! this happiness was of short duration. Eglantine insensibly fell into her former apathy; she felt her errors confusedly, and this sensation rather inspired despair than gave new vigour. Little accustomed to reflection, she knew not how ungratefully she repaid the tender cares of her mother. "It is true," she would say, "I put my parents to much useless expense, but this expense will not be felt by a man so rich as my father. I am young, rich, and, as some people say, handsome, surely I may be excused the acquirements they talk so much about." She might as well have said, "Surely I may be excused gratitude to my parents, making myself and others happy, and being lovely and beloved." Thus foolishly will an incapacity for proper reflection make us reason.

Her want of a wish to please and obtain the approbation of others, incurred a total want of respect to-

wards her in the family; the servants and friends of Doralice always treated her as a child, and she was so inattentive and so singularly insipid, for want of observing, and said things so ill-timed and out of place, that she was disagreeable, tiresome, and troublesome to society.

All constraint was insupportable to her, and every thing was to her constraint; the customs of the world seemed tyrannical; civility was irksome, and she was never at ease but in the company of inferior and ignorant people. Far from seeking the advice she stood in need of, she dreaded, because she found she had not the power to follow it; and when Doralice repeated at any time the inconveniencies of her own character, she listened with more vexation than repentance. Such conversations always occasioned an embarrassment and moodiness in her, which she could neither vanquish nor dissemble. Accustomed cowardly to yield to these impressions, and having no command of her temper, she rather chose to aggravate her faults than take the trouble to correct them.

While she thus acquired new defects, she did not lose those of her childhood; she had received an allowance for two years past, as considerable as if she had been married, and yet she was always ill provided and in debt.

At last she attained her eighteenth year; a happy era for her, because she was then to be entirely freed from all her teachers, and their disagreeable importunities. Doralice entered her chamber in the morning, she had a book in her hand, which she laid upon the table, and sat down by her daughter. "This day," said she, "you are eighteen years of age; the time at which education is commonly ended; I have brought you proofs that I have done every thing in my power for you. Here is the journal, of which I have spoken so often; it contains an account of the things you have lost and spoilt from your infancy to this hour, as well as the useless expenses you have put me to. I have added to these the bills I formerly received from your governante, and latterly from your woman; and I find



the sum total of the account to be, an hundred and three thousand livres (above four thousand guineas.)”

“Is it possible? mamma!” cried Eglantine.

“Besides which, it must be understood, that I have not entered any thing in this book, which was necessary either for your maintenance, or masters, when they have succeeded in teaching you any thing: thus, for example, to write a tolerable hand, and read music passably, therefore I have not mentioned those masters in my journal; although they were kept much longer than would have been necessary had you had more industry. I ought to add also to the number of unnecessary expenses, all that I have paid to teachers of instrumental music, drawing, geography, history, heraldry, arithmetic, and others; not forgetting the mistress who came two years to teach you embroidery, and the enormous quantity of chenille, silk, spangles, satin, and velvet wasted, without ever producing a work that could be worn.”

“But a hundred thousand livres!” said Eglantine, —“It is scarcely conceivable, mamma.”

“Your surprise will cease,” answered Doralice, “if you will recollect what I have repeated a thousand times, that there is no expense, however trifling, but the repetition of it may become exorbitant, and of course ruinous; a single example will shew you the truth of this. You have two watches; ever since you were eight years old to the present moment, you have scarcely missed a fortnight in which you have not sent them to the watchmaker or jeweller’s, either to have new glasses, new dial-plates, or inward repairs: now a diamond fell out, and another time the minute-hand was lost, so that not a month has passed in which those watches have not cost three crowns to keep them in order; and there have been many in which they came to three or four guineas; insomuch that during the ten years, the bills for that sole article amount to one hundred and eight guineas. When we remember the various uses to which money may be employed, we ought to think of such wastefulness with great regret. The hundred and three thousand francs you have spent

would have made twenty unfortunate families happy for life."

This last reflection cut Eglantine to the heart. The Viscount d'Arzelle had left an uneasy, an irksome remembrance of her own want of worth upon her mind, which indolence itself could not erase, and made her more susceptible, more liable to be roused from her apathy. "How intolerably culpable am I," said she, taking the hand of her mamma, and bathing it with tears. "But though I am without knowledge, without acquirements, mamma, still the elements of what I have been taught remain."

"Without doubt," answered Doralice, "you cannot have received so much instruction, but the seeds of knowledge must be scattered in the mind; and a serious and determined application may yet bring them to maturity, may yet retrieve a great part of the sum I have here set down as lost; but you must henceforth, if you wish to succeed, be as active and persevering as you have hitherto been idle and inconstant."

Eglantine sighed, and fell into a reverie.

"I know," continued Doralice, "your fortune, and the praises bestowed upon your person, persuade you that you have less need of accomplishments than others; but must we, because we possess advantages the most fragile and mutable, and moreover the least estimable, in reality, of all advantages, must we neglect and despise those which alone can procure us that praise which is truly flattering? Is it beauty that makes us lovely? Deprive beauty of grace, and what is it? It has not then even a right to please. Will riches make us happy? Are not you yourself continually a prey to chagrin, contented neither with yourself nor others? Besides—do you know any thing of your father's affairs? or whether he may not be a ruined man?"

The attention of Eglantine was recalled, she listened to what was said last, and started at her mother in a kind of fright; Doralice ceased speaking, sighed, raised her eyes to heaven, and, after some moments of a mournful silence, which Eglantine wanted courage to break, changed the conversation. In a few minutes

afterwards she rose, and left her daughter overwhelmed with grief and disquietude.

Eglantine's alarm was but too well founded. Mondor, her father, as insatiable as Doralice was moderate, not contented with two hundred thousand livres (eight thousand guineas, \* a year, had engaged in immense concerns, and was upon the verge of ruin. Doralice knew not the full extent of their danger, but she suspected something of it, which was what she meant to hint to her daughter. Mondor, better instructed, and hoping to preserve his credit, endeavoured to conceal the bad state of his affairs; but several of his associates becoming bankrupt, soon discovered the dreadful disorder in which they were.

The soul of Mondor was not capable of supporting adversity; he fell ill, and all the tender cares of Doralice and Eglantine could not recover him from the arms of death: he expired, detesting ambition and covetousness, the fatal causes of his ruin and decease.

The first care of Doralice was to satisfy all the creditors, but Mondor's whole fortune was insufficient. She possessed an estate of six hundred a year, over which the creditors had no right; she, however, gave up the rents for six years to pay her husband's debts, and Eglantine sacrificed the diamonds her mother had given her to the same purpose.

After these arrangements, there only remained for their maintenance during the six years some plate, and the jewels of Doralice, which together were sold for eight hundred pounds. "Let us go," said she to her daughter, "and live in a country where this sum will suffice for the time; I think of living in Switzerland, till I once more recover my estate."

\* For the convenience of those who know not the value of French money, the sum is generally reduced to English; but as inserting pounds, shillings, and pence would be too minute, a round sum nearest the value is given: thus the exact value of two hundred thousand livres is 8333l. 6s. 8d. estimating the livre Tournois at ten-pence English.—T.

"Oh, my dear mamma," cried Eglantine, "and are eight hundred pounds all you have left? What a cutting thought for me, when I remember the sums I have squandered."

"I think of that no more," said Doralice, kissing her; "had I foreseen the misfortunes that awaited us, you never should have heard a detail, the remembrance of which must add an additional pang to affliction: I would have burnt the journal, and effaced every article it contained from my memory."

"Never," replied Eglantine, falling at the feet of her mother, "never can I forget the faults you pardon with so much generosity: my repentance is too sincere. The desire, the hope to amend them, and yet to make you happy, alone can make me wish now to live. Had you a daughter worthy of you, she might console, might mitigate your griefs: and cannot I correct my errors, can I not acquire the virtues necessary for such an office? She would become your friend: and cannot I, to purchase a title so dear, obtain a victory over myself?"

During this discourse, Doralice beheld with raptures Eglantine bathed in tears: and, clasping her knees, she raised, took her in her arms, and pressed her to her bosom. "All the transports, which the heart of a fond mother can feel," said she, "dost thou give me at this happy moment: go, my child, weep not at my misfortunes."

Doralice could not herself refrain from tears as she spoke this, but they were the most delightful tears she had ever shed.

Rouzed by so many motives, Eglantine could no longer resist the impulse to reform; the shame of remembering her defects, and the consequences they had induced. She looked with pain on what she was, and with a mournful retrospect on what she might have been. Awakened from her lethargy, she thought of the Viscount d'Arzelle, and saw no possibility of a union; which, the more her heart became alive to sensation, the more she wished. Her supposed great fortune was gone, and every thing about her remind-

ed her of her loss. There was no longer a crowd of servants ready to supply her least want, and administer to indolence: the carriages no longer rattled in the court-yard, the silks no longer rustled in the drawing-room. Most of those who beheld her looked upon her fall with pity, and some, as she imagined, with a malignant satisfaction. She happened accidentally to meet the viscount on a visit; her heart fluttered; she beheld his accomplishments with the magnifying eye of love; but the pains which she too plainly saw he took to avoid her, cut her to the heart.

Every thing thus concurred to shew Eglantine her deficiencies, and their effects, and to inspire her with the most ardent desire to have them remedied. The affairs of Doralice detained her a few weeks at Paris; and Eglantine demonstrated not only her anxiety to learn, but her great capability: her progress was astonishing, and her change of manner and deportment scarcely to be conceived.—

Madame de Clémire had got thus far in her recital, when the baroness, looking at her watch, gave the signal of retreat: the children's proper hour of rest was come, and they could not obtain a prolongation of the evening. On the morrow, at the usual time, Madame de Clémire thus pursued her story:—

It is not easy to describe the feelings of a mother like Doralice, at beholding this change in her child, and seeing thus the first wish of her heart likely to be accomplished. Every day produced an alteration, and discovered latent talents; but, alas! all human happiness is mutable: two days before they were to depart to their country retirement, Eglantine complained, in the evening, of a violent head-ache, and on the morrow was in a high fever. Doralice sent ~~instantly~~ for a physician, who, when he had questioned ~~his patient~~, declared she had all the symptoms which precede the small-pox. He was not deceived; the disease soon manifested itself in a very alarming way; and he held it his duty to inform Doralice, it was of ~~a violent~~ and most malignant kind. This tender ~~mother~~, overwhelmed with despair, never quitted her

daughter's pillow, but passed four days in the utmost anxiety. Eglantine, in dreadful fits of delirium, received the assistance of her mother without knowing her; called for her while she was in her arms, and continually cried as it were in despair—" *My mother abandons me! I deserve it! I did not make her happy! I shall die without her blessing! Oh, God of mercies pardon me!*"

Her wild discourse, continually interrupted by broken sobs and sighs, pierced the soul of Doralice. In vain she answered her; Eglantine heard not her prayers, was insensible of her tears, and every moment began anew her mournings.

The progress of the disease was rapid, and spread all over the face; the eyes were soon covered with a continued and thick crust, that totally deprived her of sight. At first this accident was not alarming; it being common enough to that disease when violent; but after a while it increased so greatly, that the physician durst no longer conceal from Doralice his apprehension that Eglantine would lose her sight. "Oh, heaven!" cried the distracted mother, "must my child be blind!"—"The evil may not, perhaps, be past remedy," said the physician; "nothing, however, but the most watchful and strict attention, together with such assistance as medicine may afford, can prevent it. The humour must not only be drawn off by every possible means, but the patient must not be left a moment unguarded; a touch with the hand, or even a sudden turn of the head, will make all the efforts of the physician ineffectual."

"I will watch, I will guard, I will protect her," said Doralice: "my eye shall never quit her, my hand shall hover over her, eager, instantly, to repel the sudden mischief!"

"Consider, madam," said the physician, "how long and intensely you have already watched: nature cannot support fatigue beyond a certain degree. A careful nurse may—"

"A nurse! Oh, no! my child is in danger, and nature has given mothers superior powers to other mor-

tals. A nurse! Yes, my child, I will be thy nurse! and Heaven will aid, will look with mercy on my efforts; Heaven, I hope, will preserve thee from blindness."

So great was the anxiety of Doralice, that nature appeared, indeed, as she said, to render her superior to sleep or fatigue: her eyes seemed riveted upon her daughter, and nothing could divert her attention, or diminish her care. When the violence of the fever abated, Eglantine's delirium ceased; and, though she could not see, it was not possible for her to avoid remarking, that her mother was continually and instantaneously present to supply her smallest want. Affected by such proofs of maternal tenderness, and beginning to fear the consequences of such severe watchfulness, Eglantine became very uneasy, and besought her mother most earnestly to trust her to a nurse's care, and give herself some repose. The physician, too, conjured Doralice not to sit up any longer; it was too hazardous, it might be fatal; besides, he added, he now had hopes the crisis of danger was past. Nothing, however, could prevail on this tender mother to desist: her eyes were, indeed, incapable of sleep, and her heart of rest, till she could be certain of her daughter's safety. But, though she would not quit the bed-side, in order to quiet the apprehensions of Eglantine on her account, she bade the nurse to answer continually during the night, as if it were she who administered to her wants, and not Doralice.

At last, by the great attention of Doralice, and care of the physician, the humours were drawn off and dispersed; and, in the dead of night, when every thing seemed hushed and a total silence prevailed, Eglantine opened her right eye. The first object she beheld, by the light of the candle, was her mother, sitting with a fixed and immoveable attention by her side. "Good God!" said Eglantine, "is it you, my dear mamma? Did not you bid me good night? Did not you leave me to the nurse? I perceive! I see your goodness! So you have only pretended to leave me! How great must have been your suffer-

ings! Oh, how unworthy have I been of such a parent!"

The joy of Doralice, at finding Eglantine had again come to her sight, was so extreme, that it easily overpowered a frame which had been so long and so much exhausted: she just had power to exclaim, "Oh, my child!" and sunk down by the bed-side: in that state she was carried to an adjoining room and put to bed.

The extreme watching of Doralice now produced the effect the physician had foreseen and forewarned her of; that very day she was in a high fever, which had nearly proved fatal to both her and Eglantine. The latter knew her mother's illness was the consequence of an unbounded affection for her; it went to her heart, to remember how ill she had deserved such a mother; her complaints were bitter, her accusations of herself incessant, and her mind was so much disturbed, that had not the disorder of Doralice soon taken a favourable turn, Eglantine would have been in greater danger than ever.

As soon as it was prudently practicable, the mother and daughter, at the earnest desire of both, had their beds removed side by side, where each had the pleasure of indulging those sensations which did so much honour to their hearts. "For your sake, ma'am," said Eglantine, "life will henceforth be dear to me; I should be unhappy to lose it, before I have proved how sensibly I am affected by your tenderness, and that at least I have a grateful heart. Yes, my dear, my honoured mother, I would live to make you happy.

Though the danger of death was past, it was easy to see the small-pox would leave traces of its power on the face of Eglantine. She was not seamed, it is true, nor deeply pitted, and yet so altered as scarcely to be known. She lost the finest hair that could adorn the head, her features were less delicate, and she no longer possessed that pure red and white which had lately been so beautiful. Knowing how much she was changed, she had little inclination to look in a



mirror: however, she could not well avoid seeing herself the first time she got up; for, as she was going towards a couch at the other side of the room, she necessarily passed before the glass. She cast a look, shuddered, and stopped! "Is this the face," said she, "that three weeks since was praised so much for beauty?"

"What would have been your feelings," said Doralice, "had you been weak enough to set a great value upon that beauty which a moment has obliterated, and which must inevitably have passed away in the course of a very few years."

The health of Eglantine and Doralice was in due time re-established, and the former did not lose the determined resolves she had made to continue the reformation she had begun, previous to her illness. She had additional reasons; the happiness of a mother, who would willingly have sacrificed her life for her sake, and the loss of beauty, which she before had indolently and vainly hoped would supply the want of grace and accomplishments: instructed by gratitude and misfortune, she learnt to vanquish her defects; and became as rational, active, and worthy to be beloved, as she had been idle, giddy, and inconstant.

Agreeable to the plan which Doralice had proposed, they now departed for Switzerland, and, passing through Lyons, took the road to Geneva. They saw the fortress of Ecluse, between Chatillon and Conlonges, so remarkable for the singularity of its situation; and stopt at Bellegarde, to behold what the people of that country call *the loss of the Rhone*. This place is near the bridge of Lacé,\* where the Rhone is seen to lose itself, descending beneath vast rocks into tremendous gulfs, and afterwards re-appearing, by precipitating itself in cascades upon other rocks.

After passing some days at Geneva, Doralice visited the delightful borders of the lake, in order to find a house to her liking, where she might remain; and she

\* One half of that bridge belongs to France, the other half to Savoy.

came to a determination to fix her abode at Morges; a pleasant town, and most charmingly situated upon the banks of the lake, between Lausanne and Geneva.

Doralice hired a small house in that agreeable place, the windows of which opened on one side towards a smiling and fertile country, and on the other towards the lake, and those stupendous mountains, by which it is bounded, and whose summits are eternally covered with ice. It is impossible, without seeing them, to form an idea of these mountains: they present a thousand varying aspects in a day, occasioned by the varying lights which succeed each other. In the morning, their rocks and heights are of a rose colour, and the hills of ice, with which they are clothed, seem like transparent clouds. As the sun becomes more ardent, the mountains take a deeper tinge, and are in succession grey, red, violet, and dark blue. At sun-set they seem gilt with gold, and the spectator imagines he beholds enormous masses of the topaz, while his eyes are dazzled with the sparkling brightness of their colours.

The lake of Geneva presents a variety equally inviting. In a state of tranquillity, its pure and limpid waters reflect the colours of the sky; but when agitated, it roars like the sea in dreadful majesty. Tumultuous and peaceable by turns, it attracts, charms, and astonishes the eye, by appearances continually new.

Eglantine was never weary of these ravishing prospects. "How insipid," said she, "does every thing I have hitherto beheld appear at present! With what indifference should I now look on the environs of Paris, its vaunted gardens, and the sameness of its ornaments! Henceforth I shall despise their artificial mountains, rocks, and rivers."

"And had you travelled through Italy," added Doralice, "you would despise artificial ruins likewise."

"It seems to me," said Eglantine, "that painters ought not to make landscapes, nor poets pastorals, till they have first seen Italy and Switzerland."

"I am of your opinion," answered Doralice: "Au,

teuil and Charenton may inspire pretty thoughts, but not those sublime ideas which alone can insure immortality. Louis Bakhuisen, a famous Dutch painter,\* exposed his life a thousand times in tempests upon the sea, in order to observe the agitation of the waves, the shock, and wrecks of vessels upon rocks, and the efforts and terror of the distracted mariners. The celebrated Rugendas,† a painter of battles, was present at the siege, bombardment, capture, and pillage of Augsburg, where he often braved death, that he might consider at leisure the effects of balls and bombs, and all the horrors of an assault. He has been seen designing in the midst of carnage, and producing drawings executed with as much care as if he had been at ease in his study. Vander-Meulen‡ followed Louis XIV. in all his wars, drew the plans of fortified towns and their environs upon the spot, with the various marches, encampments, halts, and skirmishes of the army, that he might paint with truth and nature his historical pictures of that prince.

“Such is the activity and courage which a noble emulation can give; but when the trifling praise of the moment is preferred to this true glory, there is little need of abilities or instruction; to visit, intrigue, cabal, and form parties is far more necessary. There are many who paint and write coldly and unnaturally, consequently ill, who yet obtain the praise of a day: though, indeed, such people generally do justice to themselves in not pushing their ambition further.”

Eglantine now began to listen to her mother with unusual delight: formerly insensible to the charms of conversation, her indolence and absence of mind pre-

\* He died in 1709.

† He died in 1742. Having for some time lost the use of his right hand by a hurt, he practised with his left, and succeeded to perfection. See *Extraits des différens ouvrages publiés sur la vie des Peintres*, par M. P. D. L. F. This work is in two volumes, and much esteemed.

‡ He died at Paris in 1690.

vented her from joining in it; but her misfortunes had produced an astonishing revolution, her character was absolutely changed, she reflected, felt, and enjoyed an inexpressible satisfaction at conversing with her mother. Eager to make some amends for the vexation she had formerly given her by being indolent, she acquired an industry which soon became habitual. Reading, drawing, and music employed all her time; and study and work, far from being irksome, were her best amusements: delighted and surprised at her own progress, her daily improvement became her daily pleasure.

As two people may live in affluence upon a thousand crowns (125l.) a year, she did not even perceive the loss of fortune. Her house was commodious, her apartment charming; she could sit at her table and see the lake and mountains, and she found that prospect could well supply the loss of the insignificant Seine, and the noisy Boulevards. Her table fare was better than in her days of opulence; fruit, game, the delicious dairies of Switzerland, and the excellent fish of the lake, left her nothing to wish. The neighbourhood of Morges and Lausanne likewise, afforded that kind of society which is most desirable. In this happy country, which luxury has not yet corrupted, the purest simplicity of manners reigns, and the women are equally amiable, well-informed, and virtuous.

Doralice and her daughter often went to Lausanne, where they made an acquaintance with a young widow, whose name was Isabella, and who added to all the charms of a thousand exterior attractions, a delicate, cultivated, and acute understanding, a feeling heart, and all those qualities which are most estimable, and most engaging. She became the friend of Doralice, and Eglantine visited them often at Morges, and went with them in their little rambles round Geneva. Sometimes they would take long walks upon the banks of the lake; at others they would assemble a chosen number of their friends, and form a concert, or a *bal-champêtre* beneath foliage, decorated with garlands of natural flowers.

Eglantine soon became, by her accomplishments, her good-humour, and her talents, the chief ornament of these little feasts. She was no longer a perfect beauty, but she pleased a thousand times more than when every body admired the exact symmetry of her features, and the fineness of her complexion; she had still a most beautiful shape, and had acquired an elegance and manner which best can embellish a fine form. Her dress always had taste, though not magnificence; she was seen on a first view without astonishment, but the more she was looked at the more she pleased. Her countenance was become expressive, and though she had not those charms which attract all eyes, she had those which fix them when attracted.

Doralice remained eighteen months at Morges before she could determine to leave it, and make the tour of Switzerland, which had always been part of her plan; but, as she was desirous of shewing her daughter this interesting country, she resolved at last to quit her little house for some time, and her amiable friend Isabella.

They departed about the end of June, and went first to Berne, a town which is delightful for its regularity, and the beauty of its situation. The streets are exceedingly wide, and have a brook of pure water running through the middle of each; they are arched on each side, are paved with flag-stone, have covered galleries, and handsome shops, which make them both pleasant and convenient to foot passengers. The walks round Berne are charming, and from the terrace, situated upon the banks of the Aar, are beautiful landscapes in all directions.\*

Doralice passed some days at Berne, and, after vi-

\* There is an inscription in a corner of this terrace, which preserves the memory of a singular accident. A scholar on horseback fell from the top of the terrace, a hundred and twenty feet; the horse was killed, and the man had only his legs both broken. He lived forty years afterwards, became a minister, and died in 1694.

siting Indlebank, a place famous for its superb tombs,\* she left Berne, and took the route of the famous Glaciers of Gündelwald, twenty leagues from thence.

\* Among others, is that of Madame Lagnans. This tomb, of which I have seen no description in any work, is equally interesting for beauty of design and excellent workmanship. M. Lagnans, minister of Berne, who was living in 1775, had a wife, who was a perfect beauty, and who died in child-bed, in the twenty-eighth year of her age; her child only outlived her a few minutes. M. Naal, a celebrated German sculptor, was engaged to erect a monument to the memory of this mother and her child. He represented Madame Lagnans, at the moment of resurrection. After having sunk a kind of grave, sufficient to contain a statue, he placed therein a large stone, that seemed unequally split or broken, and so contrived, that the young wife appeared rising from her coffin, just awoke from the sleep of death, holding her child with one hand, and pushing away a stone with the other, that apparently impeded her resurrection. The dignity of her figure, her candour, innocence, and that pure celestial joy which shines in her countenance, gave it a most feeling and sublime expression. There is nothing wanting to this monument, but to have had it cut in marble. The epitaph is worthy of the tomb; it is engraved upon the stone, and, notwithstanding the large cleft, may be easily read; it is written in the German language, and Madame Lagnans is supposed to speak. The following is a translation of it:—

“ I hear the trumpet; it penetrates to the depth of tombs! Awake, child of anguish! The Saviour of the world calls us; the empire of death is ended, and an immortal palm will crown innocence and virtue. Behold me, Lord, with the infant thou gavest me!”

The monument of Le Brun's mother, in the church of St. Nicholas-du-Chardonnet, at Paris, has nearly the same idea, but the design is less striking. The artist (Colignon) has here placed a large urn, of a reddish colour, upon a tolerably high altar, the lid of

Of all the Glaciers of the Alps, that of Grindelwald is the most remarkable. On the summit of the mountain is an immense reservoir of water frozen. The rock, which serves as a bason to this lake, is of black marble, streaked with white, and the sides and declivities are beautifully variegated. The superfluous waters of the lake and of the ice which lies upon its surface, as they flow upon an inclined plane, form what is particularly called the Glaciers, or that vast assemblage of ice in pyramids with which the declivity of the mountain is hung. Nothing can equal the brilliancy of this amphitheatre, which is covered with obelisks and towers, seemingly of the purest crystal, that raise their heads in the air to the height of thirty or forty feet. When the sun darts its rays upon this pyramidal forest of icicles, it begins to exhale, and casts forth a light so dazzling, as scarcely to be sustained by the eyes. On each side of the valley is a mountain covered with verdure and fir-trees.

After seeing Grindelwald, Dorafice and Eglantine continued their journey through the interior parts of Switzerland, and being desirous of knowing the author of the death of Abel, they went to Zurich. Here they beheld that great poet, who was so much the more interesting, in that he owed much of his success to the sensibility of his heart and the purity of his manners. Had he loved great cities, had he not lived in the most delicious country in the world, and had he not been a good father and a good husband, he would never have written those charming idyllions, where virtue discovers itself by such touching strokes, and

---

which is thrown down; an old woman, of a venerable figure, rises out of it, with her hands clasped, her eyes fixed on heaven, and clothed in her winding-sheet, the drapery of which falls over the edge of the urn; the whole bust of the figure is seen, and as well as the drapery, is of white marble; behind her, against the niche of the altar, is the Angel of Judgment, with the last trumpet in his hand.

in so inviting a form. Why have these simple works so many attractions, or wherefore have they been translated into all languages? It is because the author has felt every thing he has expressed, and seen every thing he has described.

Gesner accompanied Doralice in almost all her walks; and, while they wandered along the enchanting banks of the lake of Zurich, and of the rivers Sil and Limmat, he shewed her the delightful landscapes he had drawn\* or described in his poems. Doralice was particularly pleased with the grove of Pampres, where he had composed the sweet idyllion of Myrtillo.

Doralice and Eglantine staid a week with Gesner, contemplating him in the midst of his family and occupations, and still beheld in him a happy sage, a true philosopher, and a painter worthy of nature.

After the absence of two months, they returned with transport to their little house at Morges. Isabella enlivened their retreat, by passing a part of the winter with them, and spring again brought back pleasures, country pastimes, and charming walks. It was now two years since they had quitted Paris; Eglantine had passed her twentieth year; was the delight of her mother's life, and knew not an approach to happiness till she knew Morges.

One evening as Eglantine and Doralice were walking late by the side of the lake, they met a young man in black, sauntering slowly, and apparently plunged in a melancholy reverie. As he passed Doralice he raised his eyes, and gave a motion of sudden surprise, and advanced; and Doralice saw with astonishment the Viscount d'Arzelle in the supposed stranger.

After they had paid their mutual respects, the Viscount informed her he had just sustained the greatest of misfortunes, in the loss of his dear father; on which account Paris had become odious to him, and he had determined to travel; that he intended to stay

\* Gesner designs as well as he writes.



two months in Switzerland; after which he should go to Italy. When he had finished his recital, he begged permission to see Doralice home, and offered his arm.

Just at this instant he recollected the daughter of Doralice, and seeing Eglantine, rightly conjectured that was her. Darkness and the emotions of Eglantine, which had caused her timidity to conceal herself as much as possible, had prevented him from observing her before. He now addressed himself to her, and made an apology for his seeming neglect. The heart of Eglantine impeded language; she had but just power sufficient to return such short answers as good breeding made necessary.

Do  
rang, a maid servant came to the gate, and as they entered the court, the viscount could not help exclaiming, with compassionate surprise — “*Good God! madam! is this your habitation?*” In saying this, he remembered the immense fortune Doralice had formerly enjoyed; the worthy use she had made of it, and her voluntary sequestration of what remained, for the discharge of her husband’s debts.

They went up stairs, and Doralice conducted the viscount into an elegant little apartment, ornamented with excellent drawings, and furnished with taste. “This is a delightful room,” said the viscount. “It contains nothing but what Eglantine has adorned it with,” answered Doralice. She worked those chintz-pattern window curtains; she embroidered these chairs, and she drew all these landscapes.”

The viscount listened with an astonishment that resembled incredulity. He cast his eyes on Eglantine, and, struck with a change so remarkable in her face and figure, the one so much altered for the worse, and the other so infinitely improved, he remained fixed, and scarcely could recollect or believe her to be the same. Eglantine trembled, blushed, and felt her former sensations all forcibly revived. Her blushes were so many embellishments that gave charms to her form and face. What was the first

curiosity of the viscount soon become something more; he found himself interested by the kind of miracles he beheld; he admired the beauty of her shape, the dignity of her manner, and the expression of her countenance; and his heart whispered, the graces she had acquired were a thousand times superior to the fine complexion and cold regularity she had lost.

Her conversation gave him a new, and still more astonishing, degree of surprise; with pain could he persuade himself, while he heard her, she was the person he had formerly thought so insipid; with difficulty could he conceive, that three years could produce a change so total and extraordinary. Not that she spoke much; the agitation of her heart, as well as the gentleness of her nature forbade that; but there was a meaning, an intelligence, a force, in the little she did say, that sufficiently discovered her knowledge, and the natural superiority of her mind.

The viscount, when taking his leave, earnestly begged permission to renew his visits, and the greatest part of the day following was spent in their company. It happened to be their concert day, and he heard with wonder, Eglantine, sing and play upon the harp; he thought he dreamt, whenever he recollected that this was the same Eglantine, whom formerly he had found so ignorant and unaccomplished, and whom, with all her beauty and fortune, he had rejected as a wife.

The viscount resided at Lausanne, which was two leagues from Morges: and yet he heard of nothing but the fame and eulogiums of Eglantine. Her understanding, her mildness, her equality of temper, and especially her love for, and lively gratitude to her mother, had gained the hearts of all who knew her. The viscount listened with delight to her praises. Isabella spoke of her attractions and virtues with all the ardour of friendship, and he was continually with Isabella when he was not with Eglantine.

Although he had now been above two months in Switzerland, he spoke no more of Italy; every mo-

ment, that good manners would permit, he spent at the house of Doralice. Timid and reserved, in the presence of Eglantine, he scarcely durst speak to her, while he testified all the respect and affection of the most amiable and tender son to Doralice.

Another month was passed at Lausanne; at length perfectly satisfied both by what he had heard and what he had seen of the worth of Eglantine, he no longer attempted to conceal or repress feelings which reason itself approved, and formally demanded the hand of Eglantine.

"You deserve her," replied Doralice; "you refused her rich and beautiful, and choose her when she is neither: manners, talents, and virtues, only have been able to inspire you with a true and rational attachment; the duration of love, like this, may be depended upon. However, as it is possible one *may* deceive oneself, I must beg of you again to consult your heart, and more minutely; take time to reflect upon an engagement, on which the happiness or misery of both depend. Pursue your intended travels for six months, and if at your return you still preserve the same sentiments, the same affection, Eglantine shall be your's; for I have observed her, and have no reason to fear objections on her part."

The viscount threw himself at the feet of Doralice as she ended, and conjured her not to retard his happiness; but she, however, remained inflexible; she was neither moved by his prayers nor protestations; and the viscount, in despair, prepared to set off immediately. Unable to quit the country Eglantine inhabited, he wandered disconsolate up and down Switzerland, and the very day when his term was expired appeared once more at Morges.

When he arrived, Doralice was with her daughter in her own room. All at once the door opened, the viscount appeared, and ran with precipitation to throw himself on his knees before Eglantine and Doralice. It was the first time he had ventured to speak of his passion in the presence of Eglantine. He begged her hand with all the enthusiasm of pure love;

he protested he would never separate her from her mother; and Eglantine, on that condition, gave her consent, as no consideration whatever, she said, should make her quit a mother, to whom she owed so much. The viscount assured her a sentiment so natural, so affectionate, made her still dearer to his heart. That very evening Doralice, the happiest of mothers, signed the marriage contract; and three days afterwards the viscount attained the height of his hopes and wishes, by espousing the virtuous and amiable Eglantine.—

“I declare this is a charming story, mamma,” said Caroline; “well, well, you shall see I won’t lose any more gloves and handkerchiefs, nor wastefully throw bread and butter about in the garden. Oh, no! I’ll be very careful, and very industrious, that I may not be so ignorant and awkward at seventeen, and give you so much uneasiness, mamma.”

“And if you *should* happen to be so handsome,” said Madame de Clémire, “remember then the history of Eglantine. Remember, that beauty attracts vain compliments only, while a cultivated mind, and a good disposition, gain the praises of all tongues, and the love of all hearts.”

Thus finished the tenth evening, and Madame de Clémire told the children, at parting, she would take them on the morrow to dine with M. de la Palinière, “where you will see” added she, “some fine medals; for, notwithstanding his black round wig, and absent air, he is a well informed and intelligent gentleman.”

“Medals! mamma! What are medals?”

“I will explain that to-morrow at breakfast.”

The next morning the children did not forget to renew their questions about medals; for knowing they should be admitted to see M. de la Palinière’s cabinet, they were desirous of gaining at least a superficial knowledge of the subject. To satisfy them, therefore, their mamma read them an extract from the book, entitled, *Sciences des Médailles*.\*

\* Medal, medalia, a small figure or piece of metal,

After hearing it, the children asked if they made any use of symbols jointly with emblems.

---

in form of a coin, destined to preserve to posterity the portrait of some great man, or the memory of some illustrious action.

The parts of a medal are the two sides; one whereof is called the *face*, or *head*, the other the *reverse*.

On each side is the area, or field, which makes the middle of a *medal*; the rim, or border, and the *exergum*, which is beneath the ground whereon the figures represented are placed. On the two sides are distinguished the *type*, and the inscription or legend. The *type*, or device, is the figure represented; the legend is the writing, especially that around the *medal*; though, in the Greek *medals*, the inscription is frequently in the area. What we find in the *exergum* is frequently no more than some initial letters, whose meaning we are usually unacquainted with; though sometimes too they contain epochs, or words that may be accounted an inscription.

The exergue contains sometimes the date of the coin, expressing in what consulship of the emperor it was struck, as Cos. III. upon the reverse of an Antoninus. Sometimes it signifies the place where it was struck, and to which the coin properly belonged, as S. M. A. L. for *Signa Moneta Alexandria*, upon the reverse of a Licinius. Sometimes the name of a province, the reduction of which the *medal* is designed to celebrate; as Judea is the reverse of a Vespasian. On the face of *medals* we have commonly the portrait of some great and illustrious person; usually, if not always, in profile. The consular *medals* have commonly the heads of some of their gods, or of their ancient kings, or of Rome, which is a manly face wearing a helmet. The heads of the Roman kings are generally dressed with a diadem: Julius Cæsar was the first among the Romans who struck his own head upon the coin, in which he was followed by all the succeeding emperors. The proper dress of the imperial head is a

“Certainly they do,” answered Madame de Clémire; “for where there is an emblem the symbol is

---

crown, commonly of laurel, the right of wearing which was decreed to Julius Cæsar by the senate, and afterwards continued to his successors. Besides, there are several crowns found in *medals*, as the rostral, mural, radiated, &c. The emperor Justinian was the first who used an arched crown, surmounted with a cross, such as is wore by Christian kings at this day. Some heads of emperors are wholly naked; as those of Augustus, Nero, Galba, and some others: though it is observed, that a naked head struck in the imperial ages, is a sign that it is not the head of an emperor, but of one of his sons, or the presumptive heir of the empire. The heads of the gods are distinguished by their proper crown; as Ceres, by a crown of ears of corn; Flora, by a crown of flowers, &c. Heads are also distinguished, not only by their dress, but by certain symbols attending them; as the *lituus*, which is the symbol of the Pontifex Maximus. We have also on *medals* the heads of queens, and other ladies of high rank; chiefly the wives of the emperors. Some *medals* are also charged with two heads, either set face to face, as the *medal* of Severus and the empress Domna; or back to back, as that of Julius Cæsar and Octavianus, afterwards Augustus, his adopted son and successor: and some few are stamped with three heads or more on the face. The titles are also generally found upon the face of the *medal*. These are titles of honour, as Imperator, Cæsar, Augustus, given to all the Roman emperors after Octavianus; Dominus, first assumed by Aurelian, and used by his successors: other titles are ascribed to particular persons on account of their virtues, as Pius to Antoninus; assumed also by Commodus, with the addition of Felix; Pater Patriæ, first bestowed on Cicero, for discovering and defeating the conspiracy of Catiline, and afterwards assumed by the emperors; Justus, the title of Pescennius; Beatissimus and Felicissimus, of Dioclesian;

indispensable. But do you understand what is an emblem or device?"

---

Optimus and Clemens, decreed to Trajan by the senate; Maximus, assumed by Constantine; and Invictus, by Victorinus. Other titles are the names of officers; as Cos. for Consul, with a number annexed to it, signifying how many times the person had been thus elected; Tribunitia Potestas, with the year of the tribuneship, commonly expressed after the title, as Trib. Pot. X. or XVI. &c. The office of Pontifex Maximus, expressed by P. M. was assumed by the emperors, and generally expressed among their titles from Augustus to Constantine, by whom it was refused: it was re-assumed by Julian, and laid aside by Gratian. Julius Caesar assumed the title, Dictator Perpetuus; Claudius, that of Censor; and Domitian made himself Censor Perpetuus.

Some authors imagine, that the ancient *medals* were used for money. M. Patin has a chapter express to prove, that they had all a fixed, regular price in payments, not excepting even the medallions. F. Joubert is of the same opinion. Others, on the contrary, maintain, that we have no real money of the ancients; and that the *medals* we now have, never had any course as coins. Between these two extremes there is a medium, which appears, by much, more reasonable than either of them.

Medals are divided into ancient and modern.

Ancient medals are either of the higher or lower antiquity. The former consists of such as were struck before the end of the third century: the latter of such as were struck before the third and ninth centuries.

The *aruga* of ancient *medals* adds greatly to their value. It is sometimes found of a blue, sometimes of a crimson, and sometimes of a violet colour. It is said to be inimitable by art; for as to that produced by sal-ammoniac and vinegar, it comes far behind it in beauty. The genuine kind insinuates itself into the finest strokes of the letters, &c. without effacing them,

“ Not perfectly, mamma.”

“ It is a kind of allegory, and ought to express the

---

better than any enamel; it is only observed on brass coins; for as to those of silver, the *aerugo* destroys them, and therefore is to be carefully scoured off with vinegar, or lemon-juice.

Modern medals, are those struck within these few hundred years.

Among the ancient *medals*, some are Greek, others Roman. These may be distinguished into two classes, viz. those of the state, and those of particular cities and colonies: for besides the money coined by the state, it appears that divers cities and colonies had the privilege of coining; where, it is probable, the chief magistrate was the mint-master.

The Greek medals are the most ancient. That people struck *medals* in all the three metals with such exquisite art as the Romans could never come up to. The Greek *medals* have a design, accuracy, force, and a delicacy that expresses even the muscles and veins; and it must be owned, goes infinitely beyond any thing of the Romans.

There are also Hebrew *medals*; and Punic, Gothic, and Arabic *medals*, which make new classes in the ancient and modern ones.

Medals have been struck in three kinds of metals, which make three several sets or series in the cabinets of the curious. That of gold is the least numerous, as not consisting of above one thousand, or twelve hundred of the imperial; that of silver, may contain about three thousand imperial; and that of brass or copper, of the three several sizes, viz. the great, the middle, and the small, consists of six or seven thousand, all imperial.

It is not either the metal or the size which makes a *medal* valuable; but the scarcity of the head, or of the reverse, or the legend. Some *medals* are common in gold, which yet are very rare in copper; and others very rare in silver, which in copper and gold



situation or character of the person who chooses it. For example, Madame de M——, with whom you are acquainted, is a person of great modesty and simpli-

---

are very common. The reverse is sometimes common, where the head is singular; and some heads are common, whose reverses are very scarce.

There are also *medals* very scarce in some sets, and yet very common in others: for instance, there is no Antonio in the sets of large copper, and the middle copper is forced to supply its place. The otho is very rare in all the copper sets, and yet common in the silver ones. Othos of the large copper, are held at an immense price; and those of the middle copper, at forty or fifty pistoles. And the Gordians Afric are rated near as high. Singular *medals* are invaluable.

M. Vaillant has collected all the *medals* struck by the Roman colonies; F. Hardouin, those of the Greek and Latin cities; F. Noris, those of Syria. M. Morel, also, undertook an Universal History of *Medals*, and promised cuts of twenty-five thousand. He ranges them under four classes; the first contains the *medals* of kings, cities, and people, which have neither the name nor image of the Roman emperors; the second contains the consular *medals*; the third the imperial *medals*; and the fourth the Hebrew, Punic, Parthian, French, Spanish, Gothic, and Arabic. He begins with the imperial, and brings them down as low as Heraclius: he places the Latin in order above the Greek.

Ad. Occo, a German physician, and Count Mezza-barba, have endeavoured to range the *medals* in a chronological order; but that is impracticable: for in many of the imperial *medals* there is no mark either of the consulate, or of the year of the reign; and, since Gallineus, there are few of the Roman imperial *medals* that bear the least footsteps of chronology.

The most noted *medalists*, or authors on *medals*, are Antonius Augustinus, Wolf. Lazius, Fnl. Ursinus, a learned antiquary, Æneas Vicus, Huber Goltzius, a famous graver, Oiselinus, Seguin, Occo, Tristan, Sir-

city of manners, with little taste for fashionable life, and only desirous of pleasing her friends, and discovering the good qualities of her heart and understanding to a small chosen circle. Her device, therefore, is a violet half hid beneath the grass; and her motto, *Il faut me chercher—I must be sought.*"

"That is very pretty and expressive," said Cæsar.

"Let me see if any of you comprehend the following," continued Madame de Clémire: "A certain man of distinction has taken for device a nosegay of fleurs-de lys and roses; and his motto is, *Tout pour eux et pour elles—All for these, and for those.* What does that signify?"

"I understand the first part of it," said Cæsar: "the fleurs-de-lys are the emblems of our king and country; but as for the roses—"

"Oh," said Pulcheria, "the roses mean the ladies, I dare say."

"That is not ill guessed, at your age," said Madame de Clémire; "if your memory has not assisted you, that is; and if you have not heard me mention it before. However, since, between you, an explanation has been given, you ought to understand its force and elegance also."

mond, Vaillant, Patin, Noris, Spanheim, Harlounin, Morel, Joubert, Mezzabarba, Beger, &c.

There is an Introduction to the Knowledge of *Medals*, by Dr. Jennings, published in 1764, which may be useful to convey a general acquaintance with the subject.

A very easy and elegant way of taking impressions of *medals* and coins, not generally known, is this:—melt a little i-inglass glue, made with brandy, and pour it thinly over the *medal*, so as to cover its whole surface; let it remain on for a day or two, till it is thoroughly dry and hardened, and then taking it off, it will be fine, clear, and hard as a piece of Muscovy glass, and will have a very elegant impression of the coin.

“ Oh yes, mamma; though it seems rather going too far,” replied Cæsar, “ to say *all for the ladies*. All for one’s mamma, one’s sister, or one’s wife, would be very well; but all for women universally, is, I think, a little exaggerated.”

“ That kind of exaggeration, is what is called gallantry, and is not understood in a literal sense; therefore, since authorized by custom, is not ridiculous. But to return to the device: it adds to the merit of precision, that of being equally ingenious and delicate.”

“ But how ingenious, mamma?”

“ In that it is clear, easy to understand, and yet explains itself only in part.”

“ How so?”

“ It only says, *Tout pour eux et pour elles*; whereas, if its meaning were written at length, it would read thus: ‘ There are no difficulties we ought not to encounter, no perils we ought not to brave, to serve our king and country, or to obtain the smiles of virtue and beauty.’ ”

“ Oh! but that would be too long for a motto: I like *Tout pour eux et pour elles* better.”

“ You have reason so to do; many words, on such occasions, are proofs of a bad taste and a want of wit, and the very reverse of ingenious.”

“ But may not one, in endeavouring to be ingenious, become obscure?”

“ Very easily; but as soon as you become obscure, you cease to be ingenious; you are then, what is commonly called strained and far-fetched; which is contrary to the rules that reason and good taste prescribe. When a thought is deficient, either in perspicuity or precision, it has only the appearance of ingenuity, and will please none but superficial people.”

The servants here came to inform Madame de Clémire the horses were put to: Cæsar bade a short farewell to the little Augustin, whose heart was full at parting, for he began already to be sincerely attached to him; nor was the love of Cæsar to Augustin less, and he delighted to repeat to him the lessons he had received from his preceptor.

When the family were all in the carriage, Cæsar spoke in praise of Augustin, and vaunted highly of his goodness, industry, and desire of information. "I hope," said the baroness, "you will one day take great delight in making him the companion of your studies, and that his good qualities will also inspire you with a spirit of emulation; that you will become attentive, thoughtful, and active, like him; otherwise, your story will resemble that of the Cardinal d'Ossat."

"Oh dear, grandmamma, do tell me how that was, will you?"

"Willingly.—Arnaud d'Ossat was born at Cassagnabere, a small village, near Auch, of poor parents, and was left an orphan at nine years old. He was educated with the son of the lord of the village, and made so great a progress in his studies, that in time he became his tutor."

"I hope Augustin will never be mine though. But did not you say this poor boy became a cardinal, grandmamma?"

"Yes; having studied under Cujas, a great lawyer, he applied to the bar of Paris, and became famous: the friends his merit had acquired, procured him a magistrate's place; after which, Paul de-Foix, Archbishop of Toulouse, who was sent by Henry III. of France ambassador to Rome, chose d'Ossat as secretary to the embassy. When the archbishop died, d'Ossat was charged in chief with the affairs of France; and Henry the Great was indebted to him for his absolution and reconciliation to the court of Rome. These important services were rewarded with a cardinal's hat, and he died at Rome in 1604, aged sixty-seven. We have many of his letters, which are in great estimation."

"You see, my children, what dignities merit and genius may procure, and what a lustre they may add to life; but you must observe, virtue likewise must be added, or else even genius will be insufficient."

"Oh yes; I perceive, that if one would become famous and happy, one must resolve to be learned and virtuous. And yet, mamma, some wicked men have been very fortunate."

“But they could not be happy amidst their good fortune; for fortune ill-acquired is ever ill-enjoyed; they fear justly they shall lose it, and fear is ever an antidote to pleasure. It is possible that abilities, without virtue, may procure wealth, but that wealth is always liable to be lost or reclaimed, and never produces true glory.”

The children thought these observations very just; and in conversing thus, they arrived at the château of M. de la Palinière.

After dinner they were shewn a fine cabinet of medals, some beautiful paintings of the Italian masters, and a charming collection of prints. The day passed like a dream. M. de la Palinière had knowledge, wit, and understanding; and though at first sight the singularity of his figure caught the attention, he gained upon every body, the more he was known: he had something original, yet natural, about him, and his conversation was solid, yet interesting.

He intreated the baroness and Madame de Clémire to pass a few days with him so earnestly that they consented, during which interval he related various passages of his past life, so full of interest and moral instruction, that they regretted the children had not been present at the recital. This gave occasion to M. de la Palinière, who had heard of their evening stories, to offer again to relate his tale in a more connected manner, if she would consent to stay two days longer than the time appointed for their departure, and the proposition was accepted.

Pulcheria, in the mean time, asked her mamma if his story was mournful or gay.

“M. de la Palinière,” said her mamma, “has had strong passions, and you know we have before spoken of passions and their effects.”

“Then he has been unhappy. But what were his passions?”

“Love and jealousy: but as you cannot have any precise ideas of these passions at present, my children, I think it proper to inform you, that when we say love simply, and not maternal love, conjugal love, or

filial love, we mean the affection which subsists between man and woman, when that affection becomes unreasonably violent. You must understand, however, that love, even when it becomes a passion, may be virtuous, when it has for its object a husband, a wife, or a child: we only then become less happy, less reasonable; and when our affection is thus placed, its excess is not criminal till it occasions us to neglect some one of our duties. I own it seldom happens that a passion does not influence our conduct, and therefore it is that our passions are so dangerous."

"But pray, mamma, what is a jealous husband?"

"A husband who suspects the virtue of his wife, who fears she loves another man as well or better than she loves him."

"And is it possible, mamma, for a virtuous wife to have a jealous husband?"


"Certainly, because we are all imperfect, and men may be unjust."

"But if my husband was jealous I should be very angry."

"Then you would be very wrong; for though it is a great misfortune to see oneself despised by the object of one's affection, yet there is this consolation, which is, that every woman, even though her husband might hate her, may be certain of regaining all his confidence and love by perfect prudence, mild indulgence, and a sweet temper."

Various other questions and explanations were asked and returned, and in the evening, after supper, M. de la Paliniere, his visitors being all assembled, began to relate the following story:—

THE HISTORY  
OF  
M. DE LA PALINIÈRE.



I WORE not always the black round wig in which you see me, nor was I always subject to that absence of mind with which at present I am reproached; in my infancy I was very pretty, at least according to my mother, who pretended I was *too pretty* for a boy; I own, nobody else ever reproached me with this fault. Be that as it will, I was an only child, and my mother, who had reflected but little on education, humoured and spoiled me; insomuch that, at nine years old, I was one of the most forward, mischievous little boys you have ever seen. I was idle, headstrong, turbulent, and teasing; I asked a thousand questions, and never listened to an answer. I would neither learn any thing, nor do any thing, except keep tattooing my drum, and whistling my life. No tutor would stay with me half a year; and as I had already driven away three abbés, my mother at last consented to send me to college.

I was then in my eleventh year, and wept much at leaving my home and my parents; for, notwithstanding my follies and tricks, I had a good heart. When I came to school, however, I was not very sorry to see myself in a fine house, and surrounded by boys, who all seemed full of mirth and play; for, as it happened, I arrived just at the time when school hours

were over. I began to run and jump, and told those who brought me, I was sure I should like school exceedingly well.

I immediately conceived a friendship for a young scholar, named Sinclair, about two years older than I, and who won my heart by his open and lively temper; though I must tell you he was as rational and well informed, for his age, as I was ignorant and unthinking. The next morning I found a strange alteration in the house. I was to take my seat, and undergo an examination to know which class I belonged to, when it was discovered I could hardly spell: immediately a general hue and cry was excited through the school; and a little boy, not ten years old, who was next me, laughed so heartily, and appeared to me so impertinent, that I could not forbear giving him a hearty box on the ear, which knocked him off his seat.

In vain did I struggle and scold; I was seized, taken ignominiously from my place, and dragged out of school. As I passed by Sinclair he cast a look, so expressive of tenderness and pity, upon me, that, in spite of my passion, I found myself affected.

They took me into a dark chamber, shut me up, and declared I should stay there eight days with nothing but soup, bread, and water to live upon; after which they left me to reflect at leisure, upon the crime of knocking my school-fellows down.

By groping round the room I discovered it was matted all over, and tolerably large; I then began to walk about without much apprehension of hurting myself, and to turn in my mind all the circumstances of my misfortune. I felt myself deeply degraded, and heartily repented I had not profitted better by the lessons of the three abbés I had driven from me. "Oh, my mother," cried I, "were you but here, you would not suffer me to be treated with all this rigour. And yet, had you but permitted my first master, or my second, or even my third, to inflict some gentle punishment upon me as they desired, I should have known how to read; then, perhaps, I should not have



been so apt to strike, nor have now been in a dark chamber."

In the midst of these sorrowful reflections I remembered the look of Sinclair; I thought I saw him still, and the supposition touched me; and yet what most vexed me was, that he had been a witness of my humiliation, my passion, and my punishment. I thought he would despise me, and that idea was insupportable.

While I was thus mournfully musing, I heard my door open suddenly, and saw Sinclair appear with a lantern in his hand; I threw myself upon his neck, and wept with joy at the sight. "Come," said he, "follow me, your pardon is granted."

"My pardon! I am indebted to you for it; I'm sure I am! It gives me pleasure to think it was granted to your intercession."

"They only require you to make an apology to him you have offended."

"Make an apology! What to that little scoffer! no!—"

"He was wrong to scoff you, I own; he was guilty of ill manners; but you were deficient both in reason and humanity."

"Oh! I have done him no great injury."

"Because you had not the power, and yet his arm is black with the fall."

"His arm black! What! and has he shewed it then!

"The master insisted upon seeing it.

"He should not have consented! He ought not to have complained! He has proved himself of a mean cowardly temper, and I will never ask pardon of a coward!"

"His character is not now the question. You have committed a fault of a serious nature, and you ought to make what reparation you can."

"I would rather remain where I am than disgrace myself."

"Pray tell me; what do you understand by disgracing yourself?"

This question disconcerted me ; I knew not what to answer, and Sinclair went on.

“ To disgrace yourself, is to draw down some merited censure, or punishment ; to act against your conscience ; that is, contrary to truth and justice. In asking pardon of one you have wronged you will do an equitable act ; and equity is not disgrace.”

“ But they may suppose I ask pardon only for fear of remaining in confinement.”

“ And if they should, that will not disgrace you, since censure, as I have said, must be merited before it can be disgraceful. I propose a reparation strictly conformable to justice and good breeding, and I should be sorry for him who should foolishly suppose such an act deserving of censure ; the ridicule he would cast upon you would fall upon himself, in the eyes of all rational people ; and it is the opinion only of such that is worthy notice.”

“ Well, well- lead me where you please, I will do whatever you desire.”

Sinclair then embraced me, led me from the dark chamber, and, after a proper apology, I was pardoned ; but it was not long before I incurred fresh penance. Idle, unthinking, noisy, and apt to wrangle, I soon drew down the aversion of all the masters, and many of my school-fellows ; and had it not been for the protection and firm friendship of Sinclair, who was the most distinguished and best beloved of all the scholars, I should certainly have been sent home in disgrace before the end of the year.

Two years passed away much in the same manner ; at the end of which time, Sinclair left college, and went into the army. Soon after I had the misfortune to lose my mother, and this completed my affliction ; I wept, and remembered I had been a continual subject of vexation to her.—“ Alas !” said I, “ did she bless me with her parting breath ? Could she pray for an ungrateful child, who might have been her comfort, but who was her tormenter ? What dreadful remorse must I endure ! To her I owe my life ; she bred, she cherished, she loved me ! and what have I done for

her!—Oh my dear mother, is it then denied me to repair my wrongs? My mother! I have no mother! She is snatched from me! The sweet consolation of making her happy is for ever lost!”

My grief became fixed, it preyed upon my mind, and I fell into a kind of consumption, which put my life in danger. Dorival, my uncle and guardian, took me from college, and went with me to his country-house in Franche-Comté. He travelled with me all through that fine province, the natural curiosities\* of

\* The most interesting natural curiosities of Franche-Comté, are the fall of Doux, a natural cascade of great beauty; the grotto of Quingey, where the water falling drop by drop from the arch to the roof of the cavern, congealing, forms itself into various figures of columns, festoons, trophies, and tombs; the famous grotto of Besançon, or the Glaciere, another large cavern, sunk in a mountain, five leagues from Besançon; it is 135 feet wide, and 168 long; many pyramids of ice are there seen, and the variation of the thermometer, between winter and summer, is very inconsiderable. “Thus,” says M. de Bomare, “this grotto presents a phenomenon unique in nature; the ice which is there formed, during the heats of summer, proves that the cold is regular, and not relative, as in other caverns.”

The other celebrated grottos, are the grotto of Arcy, in Burgundy, in the Auxerrois, remarkable by its apartments, which run one into another, and in which are observed various sports of nature; the grotto of Balne, seven leagues from Lyons, where are concretions of various colours and forms; the grotto of Bauman, in the dutchy of Brunswick; the grotto of Chien, in Italy; the grottos of the fairies, two leagues from Ripaille, in Chablais: these are three grottos, one over the other, into which you can ascend only by a ladder. A basin is seen in each grotto, in which the water, according to popular opinion, has marvellous virtues. Add to these the grottos of Anti-Paros, in the Archipelago, which are the most beautiful and extraordinary of them all.

which you saw and admired so much in my cabinet, in order to divert my melancholy. After remaining here three years, being then seventeen, I went into the army.

I had continued my studies under the eye of my uncle; but, not having a habit of industry, I made little progress, and to learn seemed to me the most tiresome thing in the world. My temper and understanding were equally uncultivated; and what were called pranks and pettishness in childhood, became the torments of my life; I was hasty and passionate, even to violence; and, in these ridiculous fits of anger, I was absolutely half insane; I stammered, said a thousand extravagant and highly improper things, and was in fact capable of being hurried away into the most shameful excesses.

“My uncle was the only person who could manage me; for I really both loved and respected him, and seldom forgot myself in his presence. His too great indulgence, however, suffered me to contract destructive habits, which, had he used his authority to correct, would never have become so rooted and so fatal. But when any one complained of me, he would answer—“These youthful errors will wear away, for I am certain he has an excellent heart.”

I departed for my garrison with a sort of governor, to whom my uncle confided me, and who was to have remained with me a year; but, in six weeks time, I quarrelled irreconcilably with my mentor. I turned away the servant my uncle had sent with me, hired a valet without a character, and thought myself the happiest of mortals.

Rossignol, my valet, was young, genteel, and insinuating; he became my favourite, regulated my expenses, and, in less than two months, brought me in bills for four thousand francs; (16*l.*) that is to say, for the full sum of my half year's allowance. I saw then plain enough that Rossignol was a rascal; but the bills must be paid. I borrowed, became a debtor of course, and turned Rossignol away, who, at parting, robbed me of all the rings and jewels I possessed.

Some days after this adventure, I quarrelled with one of my comrades, fought, and received two wounds, that made me keep my bed two months. During my confinement, I reflected often upon my thoughtless and impetuous behaviour; and began to find, that, in order to be happy, it is necessary to hear reason, repel first emotions, vanquish defects, and obtain a command over the passions.

I had lived a year in garrison, when war was declared, and I departed for Germany, where I made several campaigns, and discovered much zeal and little capacity. I was very anxious to fight battles, but not to learn the art of winning battles; for which reason, my military career was not very brilliant, as will be seen.

My uncle, meanwhile, was active in seeking to establish me well in life. I was one and twenty, and, desirous of seeing me married, he chose a young lady, who, had I not been as headstrong as unjust, would have made me the happiest of men.

Julia, for that was her name, then but seventeen, added to all the bloom of youthful beauty an ingenious mind, and a countenance that was the picture of gentleness, innocence, and virtue: a calm serenity dwelt in her eyes, and never were the marks of impatience, anger, or contempt, seen upon her brow. Once seen, she was always known; her soul was all outward, it dwelt in her face and form; and that soul, that face, that form, were all angelic. Her mind was just, solid, and penetrating; her reason much superior to her age; her desires moderate, and her character prudent and firm. She spoke with the tongue of benevolence, and so unaffectedly, yet expressive, that sweetness and modesty seemed to live upon her lips: the sound of her voice went to the heart.

Such was Julia—such was the wife my uncle gave me. Her perfections might have supplied the want of fortune, but she was rich. As soon as I was married, my uncle gave my estate into my own possession; and thus at one and twenty, was I in the full enjoyment of

a good fortune, and the most lovely woman upon earth. It depended only upon myself to be happy.

The winter after my marriage was spent at Paris, where I again met Sinclair, my old college friend, and we became more intimate than ever. Sinclair possessed all the eminent qualities which his early years had announced. In war he had been highly distinguished; and, at a time of life, when ardour and promptitude only are generally discovered, he had given proofs of superior talents, prudence, and fortitude. His modesty and simplicity disarmed malice; and, whoever should have forborne to praise his conduct and worth, would have been thought the enemies of virtue.

Julia, too, had a strict friendship for a young widow, her relation, whose name was Belinda; a person remarkable for her virtues and accomplishments.

Behold me, then, married to a woman whom I preferred to all the women in the world, cherished by an uncle whom I respected as a father, in friendship with a man of my own age, but who had the prudence and wisdom of a Nestor, enjoying not only the conveniences of life, but even all the imaginary blessings, or rather hawbles, on which vanity sets so high a price; all the felicity which love, friendship, youth, health, and wealth could procure. What was there wanting to complete my happiness?—One single advantage, without which all the rest are fruitless—*a good education.*

The two first months of my marriage were the most fortunate and peaceable moments of my life; but my happiness quickly began to decrease. My passion for my wife, which grew daily stronger, made me guilty of the caprice and injustice which are so destructive of prudence and repose. I wished to be beloved as I loved, that is, to excess. Julia had a most true and tender affection for me; but she was too wise, and had too much command of herself to indulge fancies, which, by inflaming the mind, might destroy her tranquillity.

I began at first by a kind of moderate complaining, but soon became sullen, suspicious, and discontented. I felt in my heart an aversion for every body that Julia

had any regard for, and especially for Belinda. I preserved, however, sufficient reason to condemn my own caprices, and carefully concealed them.

One day, when I was more out of temper than usual, I went to my wife's apartment, and I was informed she was shut up with Belinda; I opened the door suddenly and entered; they were in earnest conversation, but the moment they saw me they were silent. My wife, I observed, blushed, and Belinda appeared absolutely disconcerted. These appearances were enough to throw me into the most violent agitation I had ever felt. At first I tried to contain myself, and turn my own embarrassment into a joke. I know not, indeed, what I said, but I remember I stammered prodigiously, and was all in a tremor; which circumstances, added to the efforts I made to laugh off my suspicions, made me completely ridiculous; and, so much so, that Julia, who beheld my strange emotions with surprise, could not forbear smiling.

This smile drove me beside myself; I thought it an unpardonable insult; and, losing all respect for myself, my wife, or the presence of Belinda, I uttered with volubility, and without scruple, all the extravagancies which passion could inspire. Belinda, as soon as she could find an opportunity, rose and retired.

No sooner was I alone with Julia, than I found my courage gone—I was silent; and, to conceal my anguish, walked hastily backward and forward about the room.

“I was informed of this before my marriage,” said Julia, “but I could not conceive it possible. Poor unhappy man,” added she, with her eyes swimming in tears, “my heart weeps to see you suffer thus. But be comforted! the indulgence, the love, the tenderness, of your wife, will, in time, I hope, cure you of this unfortunate defect.

She pronounced these words with such sensibility and affection, that they pierced me to the heart: I deeply felt how culpable and mad I had been, and, bathed in tears, ran to the consoling angel, who held her arms out to receive me, and sobbed upon her bosom.

As soon as I was capable of listening to an explanation, Julia informed me, that just as I entered the chamber, Belinda had been telling her a secret, "which," said she, "I am sure you will not ask me to reveal, because it is confided to me, without the liberty of mentioning it, though it will one day be revealed to you."

This information, far from being satisfactory, gave me a secret vexation, which I could with difficulty hide; but, as I was really humbled by the passion I had just been in, I dissembled my chagrin, and affected to appear satisfied.

In this situation, wanting somebody to complain to, I went in search of Sinclair, and told him all my griefs. He blamed me, and approved the conduct of Julia, bestowing, at the same time, the highest eulogiums on her prudence and fortitude.

"But how," said I, "can I support this reserve, when I have no secrets for her?"

"I know it," answered Sinclair, smiling; "you would tell her the secret of your most intimate friend."

"Yes, Sinclair, I should even betray you to her, and sure she does not love her Belinda better than I love you."

"No; but *she* knows her duty, *you* do not; you have only a virtuous heart, she has that, and solid invariable principles likewise. You have for her an extravagant passion; her love is ennobled by a sincere and virtuous friendship, which elevates the mind, and will never lead it into unreasonable follies."

"I understand you—she will never love me as I love her; I am a foolish madman in her eyes,—she has told you so."

I said this with great emotion, and Sinclair returned no answer, except by shrugging his shoulders, turning his back, and quitting me. I remained petrified, cursing love and friendship, exclaiming against myself, and all that was dear to me, and imagining myself the most unhappy of men.

Not daring again to put myself in a passion, I became sulky; but the gentle and mild manner of Julia



vanquished my ill humour, and we came to a new explanation concerning Belinda, in which she offered never to see her note, since I seemed averse to her. "I shall ever love her," said she, "and nothing shall ever make me betray the secret she has entrusted to me; but there is nothing I would not sacrifice to your peace of mind."

I was affected by this proof of generous love, and all my dislike to Belinda vanished; I flew to her house, entreated her to forget my late behaviour, and brought her in triumph to my wife, who had not seen her since the silly scene in which I interrupted their conversation.

The short remains of the winter glided away in tolerable tranquillity, and in the spring I rejoined the army; when the campaign was ended, I returned to Paris with Sinclair, who joined me on the road. His carriage waited for him at a league from Paris, and his servant gave him a note, which he read with great eagerness, and, quitting me, drove away in his own carriage.

How simple all this might be in appearance, I found myself involuntarily uneasy when I considered it, for which I could assign no cause; or rather, the cause of which I was afraid to discover. Till then, I had always supposed Sinclair totally busied about military promotion, and the advancement of his fortune: I was now convinced the note came from a woman; he was moved while he read it, and what was more, I remarked he was embarrassed by my presence.

He was in love then, that was certain; and why should he make a mystery of his love to me? If there was nothing criminal in his attachment, wherefore hide it from his most intimate friend? Then followed a thousand ideas, which I vainly endeavoured to drive from my memory. I recollected the enthusiasm with which he had so often spoken of my wife, and shuddered; my brain was disturbed, and I had no longer the power to expel a doubt that racked my soul. I found a terrible kind of pleasure, in yielding to that jea-

lousy which I had vainly imagined was for ever vanquished.

With such dispositions I arrived at Paris. Julia could not come to meet me, a violent sore throat confined her to her chamber. At the sight of her all these fatal impressions vanished; and, while I looked and listened, I felt a calm serenity take possession of my heart. I reproached myself for my odious suspicions, and scarcely could conceive how they had been formed.

I did not, however, meet Sinclair with the same pleasure in the company of my wife as formerly; not but I suffered full as much from the fear of his perceiving my disease, as from jealousy itself; for such was my inconceivable caprice, though he inspired me with suspicions the most injurious to his honour and friendship, I yet had sufficient value for him to dread he should think me capable of suspicion. I sometimes looked upon him as a rival, but oftener as a censor, whose esteem and approbation were absolutely necessary to my happiness.

Agitations like these act powerfully upon the temper when under the impulse of passion! they influenced and infected all my thoughts, and I was in a delirium, that deprived me of the use of reason. More incapable than ever of reflection, I had not only given over the idea of vanquishing my errors, but of hiding them also, and yielded to all my natural impetuosity. Punctitious, and easily offended, like all people who want education, and goaded besides by the secret thorns of jealousy, the only vice I was afraid should be seen, I was always piqued, or shocked, or angry, and nobody knew why.

In these humours, I thought the angelic mildness of Julia hypocrisy; her gentle manner of speaking appeared affected, and drove me mad. The next moment I perhaps became sensible of my injustice, would silently own it was impossible for any person to love me, and fall into fits of despair; during which I would bitterly reproach myself for making the woman I adored miserable.

Then would I remember my Julia in all her charms, see her in all the splendour of her beauty, and all the mildness of her affection, and wonder at my own cruelty. I would recollect my passions and caprices, and the thought would sting me to the heart. I called myself barbarian, madman, detested myself, shed the scalding tears of repentance over my errors, determined to subdue them, imagine myself cured, and, three days after, be guilty of the same excess.

Unhappy in my mind, and still more so because my unhappiness was all my own fault, I endeavoured by dissipation to drown my sorrows. I formed new acquaintance, went more into fashionable life, seldom made small parties, but invited twenty or thirty friends once or twice a week to my house; kept boxes at all the theatres, and never, during the winter, missed a masquerade, or a first representation. But in this vain research I found not the happiness that fled me, though I injured my health, and deranged my fortune.

Sinclair did not fail to remonstrate concerning my new mode of life: "You are become a gamester too," said he, "and have given yourself up to the most fatal and most inexorable of all passions. Have you well considered what a person who plays deep must inevitably become, that he must continually endeavour to enrich himself at the expense of his friends?"

"I cannot say I have made any deep reflections on the subject; I only know men may play deep, and yet preserve their honour."

"Yes, by always losing. I do not say merely by ruining themselves, for that is the common destiny of the lucky and unlucky gamester; the only difference is, the fate of the one is a little longer in suspense than that of the other. Neither is your bare ruin sufficient; to preserve your character unsuspected, you must never win any considerable sum."

"Do you suppose then a lucky gamester cannot be thought an honourable one?"

"He will be disputed the title at least. A crowd of enemies will rise against him; a mother, in des-

pair, will accuse him of having ruined the heir and hope of her family, and publicly call him rascal, and no father will ever mention his name in his children's presence but with contempt. He will be pursued by hatred, overwhelmed by calumny, and condemned by reason and humanity; and who, amidst this universal outcry, shall dare to take his part? His friends? Can a gamester have friends? He, who every day risks the ruin of those to whom he gives that sacred title?"

"What, Sinclair, have you never met a gamester worthy your esteem?"

"I have, I own; and yet, had not experience convinced me of it, reason never could have conceived their existence. Men, who are occupied only by dreams of enriching themselves, think all delicacy the prejudice of education: it is very difficult for such persons to preserve noble sentiments; their probity is strictly reduced to not steal, and such kind of probity can never confer a desirable reputation. Such is the general opinion (admitting many exceptions) concerning a certain class called monied men, who yet use none but legitimate means and calculations, which often imply great genius to get rapidly rich; and, if such a prejudice exists against these men, what must be thought of gamesters? men who constantly seek happiness in the destruction of others! Those who dedicate their lives to this most tiresome, as well as disgraceful traffic, prompted by cupidity alone, sufficiently prove the desire of winning will induce them to make any sacrifice; and that such, who will submit to any meanness for sordid interest, think little of fame and emulation."

"Well, let me counsel you in my turn, Sinclair, not to be so very intolerant to gamesters; it may breed you many enemies in the present age."

"That fear shall never hinder me from speaking wholesome truths," said he; and so ended our dialogue.

Sinclair's reasoning made some impression on my mind; but, led away by fashion and example, I forgot his advice, and weakness and idleness continued me a gamester. But, added M. de la Palinière, it is past

ten o'clock, and therefore high time, that, for the present, I break off this history of the follies of my youth. To-morrow you shall have the continuation. And, accordingly on the morrow, he began the eleventh evening in the following manner:—

My propensity to play soon brought on many new connexions; I visited all those which are called open houses, because at such I was sure to find a large assembly of gamblers.

One night, after supper, at the — ambassador's, I won three thousand guineas of a young man called the Marquis de Clainville. I was not acquainted with him, but his person and manners interested me in his behalf; I saw his despair at the loss of so considerable a sum, and, as I was not yet gambler enough to remain insensible to every thing but money, I had a great desire he should win his guineas again; he saw my design, and through delicacy would play no more; but whispered me, with great emotion, I should be paid the next day. He quitted the company, and left an impression of anxiety on my mind, which was increased by the ill fortune that attended my play the rest of the evening; during which I lost two thousand guineas, and went home at six in the morning fatigued, exhausted, and out of humour with myself, and the way in which I had spent my evening.

I received the three thousand guineas I had won on the morrow, and four days after my uncle entered my room betimes in the morning, telling me he was come to speak to me concerning a very important affair. We retired to an inner apartment, and I asked my uncle what were his commands.

“ You see me grieved to the soul,” said he, “ and you are the cause.”

“ I!—Which way? How?”

“ You know d'Elbèuc has been my most intimate friend for these thirty years; he has an only daughter, whom he adores, who was on the point of marriage. Authorized by the consent of her father, she loved the Marquis de Clainville, her destined husband, and each party had given their promise.”

“ Well!”

“ The marquis lost three thousand guineas at play with you, and d'Elbène has withdrawn his consent; he will not give his daughter to a gamester. But that is not all; the father of the unfortunate young man, irritated at this adventure, has obtained a *lettre de cachet*, and poor Clainville is this day departed for Saumur, where, it is said, he is to be confined for two years.”

“ Oh heavens! Unhappy youth! To lose at once his father's affection, his mistress, and his liberty! And am I the cause, the innocent cause of all his misery! But how could I divine his situation? How might I prevent his folly?”

“ When we have only a slight knowledge of who we play high with, and cannot tell whether they can pay their debts of *honour*, without their own destruction, such horrid consequences must often follow; and thus it is, that gamesters always unite inhumanity to extravagance. To play high against a person who cannot pay is madness, and it is savage barbarity when the payment must ruin himself and family. Seldom does a gamester reflect, except in the moment of loss; he has then some glimmerings of reason; he reproaches himself, foresees his destruction, and the misery of those who depend on him, and the dreadful picture inspires a short remorse: but, did not avarice exclude all generous sentiments from his bosom, what a multitude of cutting reflections would rise to his imagination when he wins. He would then say—‘ What is the situation of the person who pays me this money? Perhaps he has sold his estates, reduced his children to beggary, and sacrificed all the feelings of nature to honour. Perhaps this sum, which is destined by me to my pleasures, is his all! Perhaps, induced by despair, he is now meditating some terrible stroke against his own life! Perhaps, ——’ ”

“ Hold! hold! my dear uncle! you freeze my blood with horror! The three thousand guineas lie on that table: I cannot bear to look on them! And yet am I to blame, for being the indirect means of this young

man's affliction? I did not press him to play, and how could I refuse to take his money?"

"But do you know that, by becoming a gamester, you must necessarily be the cause of a thousand similar events; and must not a thought like this render such a character detestable to all thinking people? Can we be said to be the *indirect means* of misery, when that misery is the inevitable consequence of our conduct. Saint-Albin, always idle, yet always busy, a useless citizen, an insignificant courtier, driving from place to place, to fly from his own thoughts, and breaking his horses' wind to give them air; Saint-Albin the other day ran over a man in his way to Versailles, who died on the morrow. You know the noise this affair, you know the public outcry it excited. And wherefore? Because this tragic accident was occasioned by his want of care; because he drives full speed, and because such carelessness implies as little prudence as humanity."

"I am convinced, my dear uncle, you have opened my eyes; I have been a gamester for a moment, because I had not made these reflections; should I continue one, I am now totally inexcusable."

In fact, the misfortune of Clairville, and the expostulations of my uncle, made an impression on my mind which was not to be effaced.

I instantly went to Clairville's father, and tendered the three thousand guineas I had the unhappiness to win of his son; informing him, he might take whatever method he pleased for the payment, and protesting I was in no immediate want of the money. But my proposition was refused with disdain; I was even given to understand, he was well persuaded I affected a generosity I did not feel, and that I should never have made the offer, had I not been assured it would not be accepted.

Stung by an insinuation so unjust, I rose with some warmth, and said, "Well, sir, since nothing can prevail with you to revoke the cruel order that deprives your son of liberty, do not suppose I will put the money I detest to my own private use. I will

carry it to the Conciergerie, get a list of the debtors, and since it has thrown one man in prison it shall make many free."

So saying, I hastily left the room, went to the Conciergerie, did as I had said, and with the three thousand guineas gave liberty to forty prisoners.

When I renounced play, I necessarily renounced most of the new connexions I had formed within the last three months. I had neglected my wife; I returned to her with transport, and she received me with tenderness, and an indulgence that made her a thousand times dearer to my heart than ever. During the first effusions of my reconciliation, I acknowledged all my wrongs, all my caprices, nor did I hide the injustice I had been guilty of in suspecting Sinclair.

Julia seemed both astonished and afflicted at this strange confession; and, dreading lest I should again relapse into the same weakness, begged of me not to bring Sinclair so often to the house as formerly; for during the last three or four months I had seldom seen him, and he had, of his own accord, been much less frequent in his visits.

This was very prudent advice, but I did not follow it; I supposed myself cured, and would prove I was; I haunted Sinclair, and made him every kind of advance: he loved me, and was easily persuaded I had at length become reasonable; and, though he had too much penetration not to have perceived my jealousy, yet he had no certain proof of it, nor could suppose it more than a slight and momentary distemper.

In this renewal of our friendship, however, he thought it prudent to confide a secret to me, which unhappily produced an effect entirely opposite to what he intended. He owned he had long been in love: "The person I love," said he, "made me promise not to trust the secret to any one; family reasons of the utmost importance occasion this mystery. It is only within these three days, though I have a thousand times this year past, endeavoured the same thing, that I could obtain merely her permission to inform



you of the situation of my heart, and she still obstinately insists that her name shall be concealed.

Had Sinclair told me all this with a natural and open air, he, perhaps, would for ever have re-established tranquillity in my soul: but, besides his wish to give me a proof of his confidence, he likewise desired to inspire me with a perfect security respecting himself; and, as he was unwilling I should discover he had ever divined my jealousy, this dissimulation gave him an air of constraint and embarrassment, which did not escape my observation; and which, by being attributed to a wrong motive, again produced all my former fears.

Had he openly told me the truth, had he acknowledged he had seen my injurious suspicions, and added, that to prevent their return, had informed me of this his secret tie, he would have spoken without embarrassment, and I should have thought he spoke truth. But from a friendly, though false delicacy, he wished to spare my shame; he feigned ignorance of my ever being capable of suspecting him; his behaviour was constrained, and his words had neither the manner nor tone of truth; his eyes avoided mine; he seemed to fear I should read his thoughts in his looks; he appeared confused, and I supposed myself deceived. Thus, by an awkward and ill-timed precaution, did he rekindle the jealousy he wished for ever to extinguish.

Criminal or not criminal, artifice is always dangerous, and frequently fatal; dissimulation can hardly in any case be innocent, and plain sincerity ever was and ever will be the best policy. It is the natural system of capacious souls, and a certain indication of the superiority of mind and genius of those who adopt it.

I endeavoured, however, to hide what passed in my heart; but this heart was mortally wounded; and I determined strictly to observe in future the motions and conduct of Sinclair. Vexation, and the necessity of deploring my misfortunes, made me guilty of a thousand follies; I discovered my jealousy to more

than one person, and the world is apt enough to believe, that a husband has always his reasons for his suspicions, and that he knows more than he reveals.

Thus did I injuriously wound my wife's reputation, and give scandal a plausible pretext to take away her character. Silly, unreasonable, and unjust, I heaped ridicule on my own head.

As I observed Sinclair with a jaundiced eye, I daily confirmed my own suspicion. Unable to overcome the chagrin that devoured me, and knowing Sinclair's affairs would detain him some time at Paris, I took Julia to a country-house I had near Marli. My uncle went with us, and her friend Felinda followed.

So entirely was my mind occupied by passion, and so much was I altered, that I was become almost insensible to things the most interesting. I had been ardently desirous of children, and though my wife was five months advanced in her pregnancy, I scarcely felt any joy at the event; though Julia dwelt on it with rapture, and was constantly forming projects for the happiness of her child, whom she intended to suckle, and bring up herself.

When we had been in the country a fortnight, I went one morning into Julia's apartment, intending to come to an explanation with her. Unfortunately she was gone with her friend Felinda into the garden. Determined to wait for her I went into her bed-chamber, sat down on a couch, and fell into a melancholy reverie. Tired of waiting, in about a quarter of an hour I got up hastily, and as I rose overturned the pillow, under which lay a pocket-book. I had never seen this pocket-book in Julia's possession, and yet it was not new. This was enough to incite my curiosity, and raise a thousand confused suspicions. I seized it, put it into my pocket, and instantly retired, or rather skulked to my own room.

As soon as I was there I locked and bolted myself in, and sunk down in an arm-chair to take breath; I was almost suffocated, a heavy oppression lay upon my breast, and the power of respiration was nearly lost. My hands trembled, and unable to hold the

pocket-book, I laid it upon the table, looked earnestly at it, and the tears started in my eyes.

“What am I doing!” cried I—“An act I could not excuse in another!—Is not a wafer upon a piece of paper an impenetrable wall to a man of honour or honesty; and shall I break a lock!—Oh heavens! Fraud and violence are not more horrible! What have my passions brought me to!—”

The reflections made me shudder; I considered a moment, if I should not carry it back to where I found it; but passion was too powerful, I gave way to despair, took up the pocket book with a kind of frenzy, gave the lock a wrench, and it flew open.

“Heavens!” said I, “what is this? A picture! A portrait!”

My blood ran cold, my heart sunk within me, my head became giddy, and a universal trembling came over me. My eyes were fixed on the fatal picture! It was Sinclair himself!—“Wretch! Woman! perfidious woman!” I cried, “thou diest!”—

“I am sure she was innocent,” interrupted Pulcheria with great emotion—“I am sure she was—And so, sir—if—if you were—were so wicked as to kill her, I beg you—you—wont tell us any more of your story.”—

M. de la Palinière wiped a tear from his cheek, and replied—“Do not be alarmed, my dear girl! Heaven protected the innocent, and punished me, who was guilty.”—

In the first transport of my rage I quite lost all reason and recollection; I thought Julia a monster that scarcely belonged to the same species. I burnt with a desire to dishonour, to defame her, and publish to the world her shame and my misfortunes. I began by writing a note to Sinclair: it contained the following words:—

“At length I am convinced you are the falsest and vilest of men, neither suppose you ever deceived me; 'tis above a year since I learnt your perfidy. Meet me this evening behind the Chartreux: charge

your pistols. I claim the choice of weapons, you have that of seconds."

I signed it, and flew from my chamber, at the door of which I met a servant: astonished at my wild and distracted air he stopped, I gave him the note I had just written, and ordered him to send a man and horse away with it instantly to Paris; "after which," added I, with the voice of fury, "go to your mistress, tell her I am about to depart, that I will never see her more, and that a convent henceforth shall be her eternal residence."

I then ordered my horses, and ran to my uncle's apartment; he was alone, and drew back with terror when he saw me. I related my story in two words; and added, that before this discovery, I had long been well assured of Julia's falsehood.

My uncle was willing still to doubt, begged of me to say nothing of the matter, nor take any step till after mature reflection: he added, "all resolutions made in the moment of anger are imprudent, and ever incur repentance and regret; that besides, the strongest appearances are often false; and that the longer we live, and the more experience we have, the less do we take things upon trust." But my uncle talked to the deaf: possessed by despair, and solely occupied by projects of terrible vengeance, I heard him not.

I was lost in a profound and dreadful reverie, when all at once the door opened, and Julia entered!—"Audacious creature!" cried I, "begone, or dread my fury?"—My uncle terrified, threw himself before me, seized me in his arms, and held me with little trouble, for passion had deprived me of strength.

Julia advanced, and addressing herself to my uncle—"Let him go," said she—"I have nothing to fear."

It is impossible to describe the impression these few words made on my heart; the sound of her heavenly voice pierced my very soul, and filled me with doubt and remorse; my fury was gone; I looked at her and trembled; there was a majestic confidence, an undecipherable dignity in her form and behaviour, that

gave additional power to her beauty, while the tranquillity of her countenance enforced the timidity I began to feel. Fixed in astonishment and distrust I looked at her, but the power of speech was fled.

This was a moment of fearful silence.—At last Julia looked around, and saw the pocket-book open, and the lock forced, which I had thrown upon the floor. She stooped, and taking it deliberately up, said—"I now see the cause of your present situation, and the outrage you have committed."

"Ah! Julia!" cried I—"Is it possible you may be innocent! Yet why do I doubt it: your very looks have justified you!"

"Why then, cruel man, have you condemned me unheard?"

"And yet is not that the portrait of Sinclair?"

"Yes! but it is not mine."

"May I believe it!"

"Sinclair has been married these six months; the pocket-book is his wife's, and that wife is Belinda."

\* \* \* \* \*

A justification so short, so clear, so precise, left me without a doubt; it took from jealousy all possibility of remaining or returning, but it covered me with confusion so durable, and guilt so palpable, I was no longer capable of happiness; I could not taste the joy of finding a wife so lovely and so virtuous, while I felt myself so very unworthy of her.

While my uncle wept over Julia, and clasped her in his arms, humbled and confounded, I remained standing immovable in the same place. My repentance was without tenderness, for it was without hope of pardon. Julia returned the tenderness of my uncle, wiped the tears from her eyes, and, coming to me with a cold and serious aspect, began to relate Belinda's story.

She informed me that Belinda had loved Sinclair above two years, but, having little fortune, and great expectations from her uncle, who had conceived a project of marrying her to a man of his own name, she had determined to keep her inclinations for Sin-

clair secret; but being her own mistress, and strongly importuned by Sinclair, she had at last consented to marry him, on condition the marriage should remain private, till such time as she could bring her uncle to her opinion, which, with a little patience, she was certain of effecting.

"In fact," continued Julia, still addressing herself to me, "her uncle has within these two years insensibly been inclining towards the wishes of Belinda; and she was determined in about two months to inform him of every thing; that is, as soon as the man who governs her uncle, and who wishes to have Belinda himself, should be gone out of town; but the public breach of to-day has entirely broken her measures. She had left her pocket-book in my chamber, not finding it on her return, and hearing the message you sent by the servant, she easily guessed the truth. 'I know my uncle,' said she, 'and am certain that the discovery just at this moment will be fatal; but I will not hesitate an instant, to sacrifice fortune to the honour and ease of my friend. Go, justify yourself to your husband; I will seek mine, and inform him of this event.'"

Julia's last sentence instantly recalled to my mind the note I had written to Sinclair. It was above an hour since I had been so occupied by my passions and Julia, that I had forgot the whole universe: at length, recollecting the mortal offence I had given Sinclair, I cried out, in a sudden burst of exclamation, "Oh, heaven! Sinclair has by this time received my note!"

The thought drove me half-distracted; all the injurious expressions of this note came to my mind, and the remembrance heightened my confusion and remorse. I wrote to him, however, instantly; implored his indulgence, his pity; and conjured him to forgive the sins which repentance and despair in vain endeavoured to expiate.

I received no answer that night, but the next morning a letter from Sinclair was brought to my bed; I trembled while I opened it, and read as follows:—

"It is true I was your friend, but you never were

ruine : you ! who openly avow you have long suspected me of the basest of all perfidy ; you ! who have believed me *the vilest of men* ; were you ever my friend ? Oh no ! I own I saw your jealousy, but imagined your heart disavowed the mean suspicion, and ultimately trusted me : I thought you supposed it an involuntary passion, and believed I deceived myself in my own feelings ; therefore, I concluded your jealousy extravagant only and capricious, but that you could not for a moment doubt the probity of your friend. Such was the opinion I had of you ; in destroying this belief, you have for ever destroyed the friendship of which it was the basis. Appearances, you allege, were so strong in this last instance. But have not you accensed me in your heart a thousand times previous to this event ? Besides, when the honour of a wife and a friend is in question, ought we to judge from appearances ?

“ Being determined never to see you again, it is my duty here, to clear up whatever may appear mysterious in the conduct of your wife. Her prudence would never suffer her to hear a secret from a person of my age ; her friend Belinda was sufficiently acquainted with her to be certain of this ; therefore, in confiding her own to Julia, she was assured I should remain a stranger to that confidence, so long as it was necessary you should be so too. On the other hand, Belinda, doubtful of your discretion, and mortally fearing I should open my heart to you, exacted a promise that I absolutely would not ; and to engage me more readily and firmly, protested she was irrevocably resolved not to confide the secret to any one person ; no, not even to Julia ; neither was it till yesterday that I discovered this artifice.

“ After this explanation, when you will understand the excess of your injustice, it is to be hoped you will feel, at the same time, how terrible it is, never to see our mistakes till they are past reparation. The reasonings and counsels of friendship have been all ineffectual ; experience, I hope, will bring conviction. Remember, that to distrust, without ceasing, those that

are dearest to you; to cherish improbable and dreadful suspicions against them; is an insupportable self-punishment, and the torment of the wicked and the weak.

“Farewell! You have lost a faithful friend; I an illusion! Put that illusion was too dear to me not to be for ever regretted! What social moments have you forgone! what ties have you dissolved! Unhappy man! I bewail your fate. However, a new source of felicity presents itself; you will soon be a father; may you be a happy one!”—

As I ended the letter, my uncle entered hastily into my chamber. “Rise, instantly,” said he; “Julia asks for you; she has passed a shocking night; yesterday’s business has had an effect, which, in her situation, may be fatal.”

“An effect! what effect? Good God!” cried I, “send to Paris for help instantly.”

“I have done that already,” said my uncle; “but, in addition to her trouble, she has received news from Paris, which she has scarcely strength to support. Belinda has written her a note, which contains nothing very interesting; but Julia, hearing this note was brought by the valet de chambre, she would speak to him, and learnt that Belinda has seen her uncle, declared her marriage, and he has determined never to look upon her again. The relation has mortally afflicted Julia; and the more so, for that you alone have been the cause.”

During this explanation, I dressed myself with a bleeding heart, and flew to my wife. I found her in a fever, and suffering the pangs of labour. The physician arrived, and foretold the consequences—for the same evening she miscarried. Inconsolable for the loss of her child, she could not dissemble her grief: “See,” said she, bitterly weeping, “see what you have cost me.”

This cutting reproach, the first she ever made me, completed my distress. I hid myself in horror! supposed myself detested! and, far from endeavouring to redress the wrongs I had done, I aggravated them by a gloomy despair.



As soon as my wife was capable, we returned to Paris. In vain did she endeavour to conceal her grief; she mourned over her late loss, and wept for her friend; for Sinclair, inflexible and determined to see me no more, had taken his wife into the farthest part of Poitou; add to which, Julia had still another subject of affliction, not less severe than the former.

All Paris was acquainted with my jealousy; and the history of the pocket-book and my behaviour, had been told a thousand different ways. The avowal of Sinclair's marriage had not justified Julia in the eyes of the multitude, who had been deceived too by false recitals; they concluded from my fury and my rupture with Sinclair, it was impossible she should be innocent. Julia immediately saw, by the manner in which she was received in the world, she had lost that consideration and respect which, till then, had ever been paid to her virtues.

With feelings too acute for consolation, and too proud to complain, she cherished in her heart a secret and cruel chagrin. I saw the injustice she suffered; I imagined her grief; I felt stronger than ever how much reason she had to hate me, for being the sole author of all her troubles; concluding myself, therefore, the object of her resentment and aversion, I endeavoured not to console her, and attributed the gentleness with which she treated me, to principle only, not love. Such reiterated fancies, by increasing my despondency, soured my impetuous temper to that degree, that I became, each day, more and more sullen, savage, and insupportable.

Several months passed thus, till, at last, perceiving Julia's health daily decline, and that she was ready to sink under her woes, I suddenly took a resolution to part from her and give her back her liberty. I informed her of my determination, assuring her, at the same time, it was irrevocable. I confess, however, notwithstanding my certitude, at moments, of her hatred, I secretly flattered myself that this declaration would astonish, and produce a most lively emotion in Julia; and it is certain, had I discovered the least signs

of regret on her part, I should have cast myself at her feet, and abjured a resolution which pierced my very soul.

I was deceived in supposing myself hated; I was equally wrong in imagining my conduct could inspire even momentary love. Great minds are incapable of hatred; but a continued improper and bad conduct will produce indifference, as it did with Julia. I had lost her heart past recall. She heard me with tranquillity; without surprise, and without emotion. "My reputation," said she, "is already injured, and this will confirm the unjust suspicions of the public; but if my presence is an obstacle to your happiness, I am ready to depart; my innocence is still my own, and I shall have sufficient strength to submit to my fate."

"Cruel woman!" cried I, shedding a torrent of tears, "with what ease do you speak of parting!"

"Is it not your own proposal?"

"And is it not I who adore you, and you who hate me?"

"Of what benefit is your love to me; or what injury is what you call my hatred of to you?"

"I have made you unhappy; I am unjust, capricious, mad: and yet, if you *do* hate me, Julia, your revenge is too severe: there is no misery can equal your hatred."

"I do not hate you."

The manner in which she pronounced this, said so positively *I do not love you*, that I was transported beyond all bounds of patience; I became furious; yet, the next instant, imagining I saw terror in the eyes of Julia, I fell at her feet. A tear, a sigh, at that moment, had changed my future fate; but she still preserved her cold tranquillity. I got hastily up; went to the door, and stopped. "*Farewell, for ever!*" said I, half suffocated with passion. Julia turned pale, and rose, as if to come to me; I advanced towards her, and she fell back into her chair—ready, almost, to faint. I interpreted this violent agitation into terror. "What, am I become a subject of horror!" cried I: "well, I will deliver you from this odious

object." So saying, I darted from the chamber in an agony of despair.

My uncle was absent; I no longer had a friend; no one to advise or counteract the rashness of the moment. Distracted, totally beside myself, I ran to the parents of Julia—declared my intention; added, Julia herself was desirous of a separation, and that I would give back all her fortune.

They endeavoured to reason with me—but in vain; I informed them I should go directly into the country, where I should stay three days, and, when I came back, I expected to find myself alone in my own house. I next writ to Julia, to inform her of my proceedings, and departed, as I had said I would, the same evening for the country.

My passions were too much agitated, to let me perceive the extent of misery to which I condemned myself; and, what seems now inconceivable, was, that though I loved my wife dearer than ever, and was inwardly persuaded I might yet regain her affections, I found a kind of satisfaction in making our rupture thus ridiculously public. I never could have determined on a separation with Julia with that coolness and propriety, which such things, when absolutely necessary, demand. I wanted to astonish, to agitate, to rouse her from her state of indifference, which, to me, was more dreadful even than her hatred. I flattered myself that, hearing me, she had doubted my sincerity, and supposed me incapable of finally parting from her.

I likewise imagined that event would rekindle in her heart all her former affection; and this hope alone was enough to confirm me in the execution of my project. I took pleasure in supposing her incertitude, astonishment, and distress: my fancy represented her when reading my letter; beheld her, conducted by her relations, pale and trembling, descend the stairs; saw her stop and sigh, as she passed the door of my apartment, and weep, as she stepped into the carriage.

I had left a trusty person at Paris, with orders to

observe her as carefully as possible; to watch her, follow her, question her women, and inform me of all she said or did at this critical moment; but the relation was not long. Julia continued secluded in her chamber, received her friends without a witness, and departed by a private stair-case unseen of any one.—

M. de la Paliniere had proceeded thus far in his recital, when the clock struck ten, and the young auditors retired to rest: the day following he thus continued his tale:—

I left off at the dreadful period of my parting with Julia. The same afternoon that she left my house she wrote me a note, which contained nearly these words:—

“I have followed your orders, and departed from a place whither I shall always be ready to return, whenever your heart shall recall me. As to your proposal of giving back a fortune too considerable for my present situation, I dare expect, as a proof of your esteem, it will not be insisted upon: so to do, is now the only remaining thing that can add to my uneasiness. Condescend, therefore, to accept the half of an income, which can give me no pleasure if you do not partake it with me.”

This billet, which I washed with my tears, gave birth to a crowd of reflections. The contrast of behaviour, between me and Julia, forcibly struck me; and I saw, by the effects, how much affection, founded upon duty, is preferable to passion. “I adore Julia,” said I, “and yet am become her tormentor—have determined to proceed even to a separation; she loved me without passion, and was constantly endeavouring to make me happy; ever ready to sacrifice her opinions, wishes, and will, and continually pardoning real offences, while I have been imputing to her imaginary ones: and at last, when my excessive folly and injustice have lost her heart, her forgiveness and generosity have yet survived her tenderness, and she thinks and acts the most noble and affecting duties towards an object she once loved. Oh, yes! I now perceive true affection to be that which reason approves, and virtue strengthens.”

Overwhelmed by such-like reflections, the most bitter repentance widened every wound of my bleeding heart. I shuddered, when I remembered the public manner in which I had put away my wife; and, in this fearful state of mind, I had doubtless gone and cast myself at Julia's feet, acknowledged all my wrongs, and declared I could not live without her, had I not been prevented by scruples, which, for once, were but too well founded.

I had been a prodigal and a gamester; and, what was still worse, had a steward who possessed, in a superior degree, the art of confusing his accounts; which indubitably proves such a person to want either honesty or capacity. Instead of at first discharging him, I only begged he would not trouble me with his bills and papers; which order with him wanted no repetition, for it was not unintentionally that he had been so obscure and diffuse.

About six months, however, before the period I at present speak of, he had several times demanded an audience, to shew me the declining state of my affairs. At the moment this made little impression upon me; but, after reading Julia's note, it came into my mind, and before I would think of obtaining my pardon, I resolved to learn my real situation.

Unhappily for me, my conduct had been such I had no right to depend on my wife's esteem; and if ruined, how could I ask her to return, and forget what was past? Would not she ascribe that to interest, which love alone had inspired? The idea was insupportable, and I would rather even never behold Julia more, than be liable to be so suspected.

With such fears, I returned hastily to Paris. But what were my sensations at entering a house which Julia no longer inhabited, and whence I myself had had the madness and folly to banish her! Attacked by a thousand afflicting thoughts; overwhelmed with grief and regret; I had one only hope, which was, that, by economy and care, I might again re-establish my affairs, and afterwards obtain forgiveness, and be reconciled to Julia.

I sent for my steward, and began by declaring, the first step I should take would be to return my wife's fortune. He seemed astonished at this, and wanted to dissuade me, by saying, he did not think it possible I could make this restitution, without absolute ruin being the consequence. I saw by this, my affairs were even much worse than I had imagined.

This discovery threw me into the most dreadful despair; for, to lose my fortune, was, according to my principles, to lose Julia eternally!

Before I searched my situation to the bottom, I restored Julia's whole portion: I then paid my debts; and, these affairs finished, I found myself so completely ruined, that, in order to live, I was obliged to purchase a trilling life annuity with what remained of a large fortune. My estates, horses, houses, all were sold; and I hired a small apartment near the Luxembourg, about three months after my separation from my wife. My uncle was not rich; he had little to live on except a pension from government, though he offered me assistance, which I refused.

Julia, in the mean time, had retired to a convent. On the very day I had quitted my house, I received a letter from her in the following terms:—

“ Since you have forced me to receive what you call mine; since you treat me like a stranger, I think myself justified in doing the same. When I left your house, the fear of offending you, in appearing to despise your gifts, occasioned me to take with me the diamonds and jewels which you had presented to me: it was your request, your command that I should do so, and I held obedience my duty. But, since you shew me you will not act with the same delicacy, I have determined to part with these useless ornaments, which never were valuable but as coming from you. I have found a favourable opportunity of selling them advantageously for twenty-four thousand livres, (a thousand pounds,) which I have sent to your attorney, as a sum I was indebted to you, and which you cannot oblige me to take back, since it is not mine.

“ I have been in the convent of ——— for these two

months past, where I intend to remain for some weeks at least, unless you take me hence.—*We* have a fine estate in Flanders; they say it is a charming country. Speak but a word, and I am ready to go with you, to live with you, to die with you."

How shall I describe my feelings at reading this letter? "Oh Julia!" cried I; "lovely, adorable woman! Is it possible? Oh God! Can it be that I have accused you of perfidy? have done every thing in my power to dishonour you? have abandoned you? What! a heart so delicate, so noble, did I once possess—and have I lost it? Oh misery! I might have been the happiest of men—I am the most wretched. And can I, in my present circumstances, accept the generous pardon thou offerest? Oh no! Better die than so debase myself! No, Julia; though thou mayest truly accuse me of extravagance and injustice, thou never shalt have reason to suspect me of meanness."

Streams of tears ran down my **cheeks**, while I reasoned thus. I wrote twenty answers, and tore them all; at last I sent the following:—

"I admire the noble manner of your proceeding, the sublimity of your mind; and yet, this excess of generosity is not incomprehensible *to me*. Yes, I conceive all the self-satisfaction of saying, *All which the most tender love can inspire, virtue alone shall make me perform.*—But I will not take advantage of its empire over you—Live free, be happy, forget me—Adieu, Julia.—You have, indisputably, all the superiority of reason over passion.—And yet I have a heart, perhaps, not unworthy of you's."

With this letter I returned the twenty-four thousand livres, ordering it to be told her, that the diamonds, having been given at her marriage, were undoubtedly her's; and having once received, she had no right to force them back upon me.

I had now made a sacrifice the most painful: Julia had offered to consecrate her life to me, and I had renounced a happiness, without which there was neither happiness nor peace on earth for me. My grief, however, was rather profound than violent; I had offered

up felicity at the altar of honour, and that idea, in some measure, supported me. Besides, I did not doubt but my letter would prove to Julia, that, notwithstanding all my errors, I yet was worthy her esteem. The hope of exciting her pity, and especially her regret at parting from me, again animated my heart. I supposed her relenting, and grieved, and the supposition gave me a little ease.

I had lived about a fortnight retired in my lodging near the Luxembourg, when I received an order to depart immediately, and join my regiment. Peace had been declared near a year, and my regiment was in garrison two hundred leagues from Paris. I was one of the most ignorant colonels in Europe; besides that, I still secretly cherished the fond hope Julia was not lost to me for ever; though I perfectly felt I could not recede, nor could she make any further advances, yet, still I flattered myself, some unforeseen event would again confer a blessing on me, which I had never sincerely renounced.

In fact, I could not resolve to quit Paris, and put the intolerable space of two hundred leagues between me and Julia; I writ, therefore, to the minister, to obtain leave of absence, which was refused me, and I instantly threw up my commission.

Thus did I quit the service at five-and-twenty, and thus did passion and folly direct my conduct in all the most important events of life.

This last act of extravagance was the cause of great vexation to me; it increased and completed the difference between me and my uncle, who was previously very angry with me for rashly separating from my wife: so that I now found myself absolutely forsaken by every person in the world whom most I loved.

At first, indeed, I did not feel all the horror of my situation, being solely occupied by one idea, which swallowed up all the rest. I wished to see Julia once more. I imagined, if I could but find any means of appearing suddenly and unexpectedly before her, I should revive some part of the affection she formerly had for me. But I could not ask for her at the cou-



vent; for what had I to say? She never went out, and her apartment was in the interior part of the house: how then could I come to the sight of her?

I had a valet, who happened to be acquainted with a cousin of one of the *touriers*;\* I spoke to this man, and got him to give me a letter for his cousin the *touriere*, in which I was announced as one of his friends, and steward to a country lady, who wanted to send her daughter to a convent.

Accordingly, at twilight, I wrapped myself up in a great coat, put on an old slouched hat, and went to the convent. The *touriere* was exactly such a person as I wished; that is, she was exceedingly talkative and communicative. At first I put some vague questions to her, and afterwards said, my mistress was not absolutely determined to send her daughter to a convent, whence I took occasion to ask if they had many boarders.

“Oh yes,” replied she, “and married women too, I assure you.” Here my heart beat violently, and she, with a whisper, a smile, and an air of secrecy, added—“You must know, sir, that it is this very convent that incloses the beautiful Madame de le Palimière, of whom you have certainly heard so much.”

“Yes—Yes—I have—she is a charming woman.”

“Charming! Oh beautiful to a degree! It is a great pity!—but it is to be hoped God will grant her the gift of repentance.”

“Repent! of what?”

“Sir!—Yes, yes, sir, it is plain enough you are just come from the country, or you could not ask such a question. So you don’t know?”

“I have heard she had a capricious, unjust husband, but —”

“Oh yes! that to be sure she had: every body talks of his folly and brutality, but that will not excuse her conduct. I hear every thing, and can assure you she is ~~here~~ much against her inclination; nay, she

\* A kind of female runner, or tinker to a convent.

would not have come, had she not dreaded an order for imprisonment."

"Imprisonment! Oh heavens!

"Not for her good behaviour, as you may suppose. Why she is neither suffered to go out, nor see any person whatever, except her nearest relations. Oh! she leads a very melancholy life! You may well think our nuns woud have any communication with a wife false to her husband's bed. The very boarders will not look at her: every body avoids her as they would infection. God forgive her! she must do penance yet; but, instead of that, she is playing upon the harpsichord all day long, —is as fresh as a rose, and looks better every day; she must be stubborn in sin."

"And does not she seem sorrowful?"

"Not at all; her woman says, she never saw her so contented; for my own part, I am charitable, and hope she may yet be reclaimed, for she has not a bad heart; she is generous and charitable; and yet she has insisted upon having all her fortune restored, and has left her husband in absolute want. You will tell me he is mad and foolish, has ruined himself nobody knows how, and has just suffered the disgrace of being degraded in the army. I own they have taken away his commission: yes, he has lost his regiment; but yet I say, a husband is a husband. The poor man writ to her about a month since to beg her assistance, but no! she told him plainly, no. Its very hard though!—I have all these things from the best authority, I don't talk by hearway: I have been fifteen years in this house, and, I thank my God, nobody could ever say I was a tattler, or a vender of scandal."

The *fouriere* continued at her own ease praising herself; I had not the power of interruption left. She was loudly called for, kept talking all the way she went, and, in a few minutes returned.

"It was the relation of a young novice, who takes the veil to-morrow, that wanted me," said she. "Ah! now: there, there is a true convert! A call of grace! Gives fifty thousand francs (2083l.) to the convent! You ought to see the ceremony; our boarders will all

be there, and you can take a peep through the church window."

"At what o'clock will it begin?"

"Three in the afternoon. The novice is as beautiful as an angel, and is only twenty. Had she not lost her lover and her father in the same year, she would never have attended to the blessed inspiration of the Spirit. How good Providence is to us! Her father died first, and her lover, who was imprisoned at Saumur, about five months after; of a broken heart, as it is thought."

"What was his name?" cried I, in an agony not to be described.

"The Marquis de Clairville," replied the *touriere*, "and our novice is called Mademoiselle d'Elbène."

This last sentence went with inexpressible torture to my heart. I rose suddenly, and ran out, with an exclamation that threw the *touriere* into astonishment and terror.

Arrived at my lodgings, I threw myself upon the sofa, penetrated, torn, and comounded at all I had heard. The veil was rent away, the illusion past, I knew at length the extent of my misery,—saw to what a point my extravagant conduct had stained my wife's reputation; felt how impossible it was for this innocent victim of my distraction truly to pardon the injury I had done her, by destroying the most precious thing a woman possesses; and owned the unjust contempt with which the world treated her, ought incessantly to re-animate her resentment against me, its author. To her virtue alone could I now attribute her generous manner of acting.

In fact, from the account given by the *touriere*, it was evident that Julia, consoled by the testimony of a good conscience, was resigned to her fate, and lived at peace; which she could not continue to do, but by burying my memory in eternal oblivion.

"God of mercies!" cried I, "into what frightful abyss have my passions plunged me! Had I subdued jealousy, had I overcome my natural impetuosity, my idleness and inclination for play, I should have enjoy-

ed a considerable fortune; should not have borne the inward and dreadful reproach of effecting the death of a worthy young man, nor of being the primary cause of the sacrifice which his unhappy mistress will make to-morrow: I should have been the delight of a benefactor, an uncle, who at present justly thinks me ungrateful and incorrigible; and should not cowardly, at five-and-twenty, renounced the duty of serving my king and country. Far from being an object of contempt and public censure, I should have been universally beloved, and in possession of the gentlest, most charming, and most virtuous of women; should have had the most faithful and amiable of friends, and moreover should have been a father! Wretch, of what inestimable treasures hast thou deprived thyself! Now thou mayest wander, for ever, lonely and desolate over the peopled earth!" So saying, I cast my despairing eyes around, terrified as it were at my own comfortless and solitary situation.

Luried in these reflections, my attention was roused by the sound of hasty footsteps upon the stairs. My door suddenly opened, a man appeared and ran towards me; I rose instinctively, advanced, and in an instant found myself in the arms of Sinclair!

While he pressed me to his bosom I could not restrain my tears: his flowed plentifully. A thousand contending emotions were struggling in my heart; but excessive confusion and shame were most prevalent, and kept me silent.

"I was at the farther part of Poitou, my friend," said Sinclair, "and knew not till lately how necessary the consolations of friendship were become; besides, I wanted six months for my own affairs, that I might afterwards devote myself to you. I am just come from Fontainebleau, have obtained leave of absence, and you may now dispose of me as you please."

"Oh Sinclair!" cried I, "unworthy the title of your friend, I no longer deserve, no more can enjoy the precious consolations, which friendship so pure thus generously offers: I am past help, past hope."

"Not so," said he, again embracing me; "I know

thy heart, thy native sensibility and noble mind; had I nothing but compassion to offer, certain I could not comfort, I should have wept for, and assisted thee in secret; but thou wouldst not have seen me here. No; friendship inspires and brings me hither, with a happy assurance I shall soften thy anguish."

Sinclair's discourse not only awakened the most lively gratitude, but raised me in my own esteem. In giving me back his friendship, he gave me hopes of myself. I immediately opened my whole heart to him, and found a satisfaction, of which I had long been deprived—that of speaking without disguise of all my faults, and all my sorrows. The melancholy tale was often interrupted by my tears; and Sinclair, after hearing me with as much attention and tenderness, raised his eyes to heaven, and gave a deep sigh.

"Of what use," said he, "are wit, sensibility of soul, or virtuous dispositions, without those solid, those invariable principles, which education or experience alone can give. He, who has never profited by the lessons of others, can never grow wise but at his own expense, and is only to be taught by his errors and misfortunes."

Sinclair then conjured me to leave Paris for a time, and travel; adding, that he would go with me, and pressed me to depart without delay for Italy. "I give myself up entirely to your guidance," said I; "dispose of a wretch, who, without your aid, must sink beneath his load of misery." Profiting, accordingly, by the temper in which he found me, he made me give my word to set off in two days.

The evening before my departure, I wished once more to revisit the place where I had first beheld my Julia. It was in the gardens of the Palais-Royal; but, ashamed of appearing in public, I waited till it was dark. There was music there that evening, and a great concourse of people; so, hiding myself in the most obscure part of the great alley, I sat down beneath a large tree.

I had not sat long before two men came and placed themselves on the other side of the tree. I instantly

knew one of them, by the sound of his voice, to be Dainval, a young coxcomb, without wit, breeding, or principles, joining to a ridiculous affectation of perpetual irony, a pretension to think philosophically; laughing at every thing; deciding with self-sufficiency; at once pedantic and superficial; speaking with contempt of the best men and the most virtuous actions, and believing himself profound by calumniating goodness.

Such was Dainval, a man whom I had believed my friend till the moment of my ruin, and whose pernicious example and advice I had too often followed. I was going to rise and remove, when the sound of my own name awakened my curiosity, and I heard the following dialogue began by Dainval:—

“ Oh yes, it is very certain he sets off to-morrow morning with Sinclair for Italy.”

“ How! Is he reconciled to Sinclair!”

“ The best friends on earth! generosity on one side, repentance on the other; mutual tenderness, tears, and tortures; prayers, pardons, and pacifications. The scene was truly pathetic.”

“ So there is not a word of truth in all the late town-talk.”

“ What of their being rivals? Why should you think so?”

“ Why, how is it possible that Sinclair should be so interested about a man he had betrayed?”

“ Ha! ha!—I do not pique myself much for finding reasons for other men’s actions, though I do a little for the faculty of seeing things as they are. Sinclair, still fond of Julia, would reconcile her to her husband, in order to get her out of a convent again. The thing is evident enough.”

“ But wherefore then go to Italy?”

“ To give the town time to forget the history of the picture and the pocket-book.”

“ And yet there are many people who pretend the pocket-book was Belinda’s.”

“ A fable invented at leisure! The fact is, poor La Palinière knew well enough, previous to that disco-

very, how matters went, and had told what he knew above a year before to whoever would listen."

"Is he amiable, pray? What sort of a man is he?"

"Who? La Palinière?—A poor creature; talents excessively confined; half stupid; no imagination; no resource; no character. At his first coming into life he threw himself in my way, and I took him under my tuition; but I soon saw it was labour in vain: could never make any figure; a head ill turned; gothic notions; trifling view; scarce common sense; a prodigal, that gaped with confusion at the sight of a creditor; a gamester, that prided himself on generosity and greatness of soul with a dice box in his hand; any man's dupe; ruining himself without enjoyment, and without eclat."

"Have you seen him since his crash?"

"No; but I have burnt all our accounts—he'll never hear of them more."

"Did he owe you many play debts?"

"Numberless. I have destroyed his notes; not that I brag of such things, nor should I mention this to any body else. 'Tis a thing of course you know with a man of spirit, though I would not have you speak of it."

I could contain myself no longer at this last falsehood. "Liar," cried I, "behold me ready to pay all I owe you; retire from this place, and I hope to acquit myself."

"Faith," said Dainval, with a forced smile, "I did not expect you just now I must confess. As to your cut-throat proposal, it is natural enough from you; you have nothing to lose, but I must take another year to complete my ruin: therefore, when you return from Italy, or thereabouts, why we shall fight on equal terms."

So saying, he ran off without waiting for a reply, and left me with too much contempt for his cowardice to think of pursuit.

"This then is the man," said I to myself, "whom I once thought amiable, by whose councils I have been often guided! What a depth of depravity! What

a vile and corrupted heart! Oh how hideous is vice when seen without a veil! It never seduces but when concealed, and having ever a greater proportion of impudence than of artifice, it soon or late will break the brittle mask with which its true face is covered."

This last adventure furnished me with more than one subject for reflection; it taught me how carefully those who prize their reputation ought to avoid making themselves the topic of public conversation, in which the sarcasms of scandal are always most prevalent. The malicious add and invent, and the foolish and the idle hear and repeat; truth is obscured, and the deceived public condemn without appeal.

In the midst of these thoughts, there was one more afflicting than all the rest: I was arrived to that height of misery, that my greatest misfortune was not that of being for ever separated from Julia; no, I had another still more insupportable. The most virtuous and innocent of women, the ornament and glory of her sex, groaned beneath the opprobrious burthen of the world's contempt, and I alone was the cause of this cruel injustice; the remembrance of this distracted me, and made me almost insensible to the consolations of friendship. "Yes," said Sinclair, "I could suffer singly for my errors, and support my punishment perhaps with fortitude. Time I know destroys passion and regret, but it never can enfeeble the remorse of a feeling heart born to the practice of virtue. The day may come, when Julia will no longer live in my imagination with all those seductive charms I now continually behold; but she will ever remain there the innocent sacrifice of folly and distraction, and the remembrance of that will be the torment of life."

In effect, neither the tender cares of Sinclair, nor the dissipation of a long voyage, could weaken my chagrin. When we returned to Paris, Sinclair was obliged to leave me and rejoin his regiment, and I departed, almost immediately, for Holland; where, six months after, Sinclair came to me. He suggested an idea of my undertaking some kind of commerce, and lent me money necessary to make a beginning.



Fortune seconded this new project, and I foresaw the possibility of regaining the happiness I had lost : the desire of laying the fruits of my travels at the feet of my Julia, gave me as much industry as perseverance ; I vanquished my natural indolence, and the tiresome disgust with which this new species of employment at first inspired me, and read and reflected during the time that business did not call my attention.

Study soon ceased to appear painful ; I acquired a passionate love for reading ; my mind was insensibly enlightened, my ideas enlarged, and my heart became calm. Industry, reading, and thinking, recovered me, by degrees, from the soporiferous draught of indolence ; religion likewise gave fortitude to reason, elevated my soul, and released me from the tyrannical empire of passion.

This revolution in my temper and sentiments did not at all change my projects. 'Tis true, I had no longer that excessive and silly passion for Julia, which had made us both so unhappy. I loved with less violence, with less self-interest, but with more certainty. Passion is always blind, selfish, and seeking its own satisfaction : friendship is founded upon esteem, owes all its power to virtue, is more affectionate, and the more affectionate it is, the more it is equitable and generous.

I passed five years in Holland, during which time I was constantly fortunate in the business in which I was engaged ; and, at length, by extreme economy and unwearied assiduity, entirely re-established my fortune. I then thought of nothing but of once more visiting my own country. I imagined, with the most tender delight, the happiness I was going to regain, when falling at the feet of Julia, I might say to her, " I return worthy of you—I return to consecrate my life to your happiness."

Thus occupied by the most delightful of ideas, I departed from Holland, far, alas ! from suspecting the blow I was about to receive.

I had written to Sinclair, desiring him to inform

Julia of my journey, and received an answer at Brussels; by which I learnt Julia had had a fever, but at the same time the letter assured me she had not been dangerously ill, and was almost recovered. The explanations which accompanied that letter prevented all uneasiness, and I continued my route with no other fear, than that of seeing Julia more surprised than affected at my resolutions and return.

I drew nearer and nearer to Paris, and at last, when within twenty leagues, I met Sinclair, who stopt my carriage, and descended from his own: I opened my door, and flew to embrace him; but as soon as my eyes met his I shuddered: astonishment and terror rendered me speechless! Sinclair opened his arms to me, but his face was bathed in tears! I durst not ask the reason, and he had not the power to tell me. I expected the worst, and from that moment, faithless fleeting joys for ever forsook my heart!

Sinclair dragged me towards my carriage without speaking a single word, and the postillions instantly quitted the road to Paris. "Whither are you taking me?" cried I distractedly; "tell me—I will know."

"Ah, unhappy man!"

"Go on! continue! strike me to the heart!"

Sinclair answered not, but wept and embraced me. "Tell me," continued I, "what is my fate? Is it her hatred, or her loss thou wouldst announce?"

Sinclair's lips opened to answer, and my heart sunk within me; I wanted the courage to hear him pronounce my sentence. "Oh my friend!" added I, "my life this moment is in thy hands."

The supplicating tone with which I spoke these words sufficiently expressed my feelings. Sinclair looked at me with compassion in his eyes. "I can be silent," said he, "but dare not deceive:" he stopt; I asked no more; and the rest of the route we both kept a profound silence, which was only interrupted by my sobs and sighs.

Sinclair conducted me to a country house, where I at length received a confirmation of my misery:

alas! all was lost; Julia existed no more; her death, not only deprived me of all felicity, but took from me the means of repairing my faults; of expiating my past errors, except by regret, repentance, and grief.

The remainder of my history has nothing interesting; consoled by time and religion, I consecrated the rest of my career to friendship, study, and the offices of humanity; I obtained my uncle's pardon, and the care of making him happy became my greatest delight; and I fulfilled, without effort, and in their whole extent, those sacred duties which nature and gratitude required. Though my uncle was far advanced in years, Heaven still permitted him to remain with me ten years, after which I had the misfortune to lose him; I purchased his estate, and retired thither for the rest of my days. Sinclair promised to come and see me once a year; and, though fifteen are now past since that event, we have never been eighteen months without seeing each other.

Sinclair, at present in his fifty-eighth year, has ran a career the most brilliant and the most fortunate; a happy husband, a happy father, a successful warrior, covered with glory, loaded with fortune's favours, he enjoys a felicity and fate the more transcendent, in that they only could be procured by virtue united to genius.

As for me, I in my obscure mediocrity might yet find happiness, were it not for the mournful, the bitter remembrance of the evils which others have suffered, through the errors of my youth.—

So saying, M. de la Palinière fetched a deep sigh, and ceased to speak: a short silence followed; after which the baroness and her daughter returned him thanks for his complaisance, rose, and with their children retired to rest.

As soon as Madame de Clémire found herself alone with her children, she demanded what instruction they had reaped from the history of M. de la Palinière? "Has it proved to you," said she, "how dangerous a thing passion is?"

"Oh yes," said Caesar; "and, as you have often told us, we must never be passionately fond of any thing but fame."

"True; that is to say, whatever is virtuous, whatever is great, whatever is heroic."

"But what is an heroic action, mamma?"

"Something useful, something generous, which yet duty does not exact: but as the duties of a good man are exceedingly extensive, there are few actions which a noble mind can truly consider as heroic: when an action demands some great sacrifice, when we cannot perform it without making ourselves contemptible, then, for example, it becomes heroic. A wealthy person who gives alms only does a good, and not an heroic action: he would indeed do ill, were he to spend his money in superfluities. A man, who in battle discovers nothing more than coolness and courage, is not a hero; he dishonours himself if he be not cool and courageous. To judge, therefore, properly of an action, consider first, if it wound neither humanity nor justice, for true grandeur is inseparable from equity; think next how far it may affect the mind and fortune, and lastly, the reputation."

"Oh, I understand, mamma; if an action be equitable, if it demand some great sacrifice, and if it cannot be performed, without rendering him who performs it contemptible, it is then certainly heroic."

"The definition is exceedingly just; do not forget it; especially when you read history, where you will find a multitude of errors on that subject: many historians, for want of reflecting, misplace both their censure and their praise; a judicious reader will never judge blindly after them, but will coolly examine the things they approve, and the things they condemn."

"Do you often find heroic actions recorded in history, mamma?"

"Yes; but they are seldom those which historians praise the most."

"Pray, mamma, recount to us an heroic anecdote."

"Willingly; and I will take it from the Turkish History."—

The Emperor Achmet I. succeeded Mahomet III. and mounted the throne in the year 1602.\* He was only fifteen years old, and was the first prince so youthful who had ever reigned in Turkey. He had not enjoyed his dignity many months, before the grand vizir died. Achmet chose not a successor to this important place among those by whom he was environed; Murad, Bashaw of Cairo, was an old, a wise, and experienced man; in the midst of the troubles of the last reign, he had kept all the African States in the most profound peace, and exactly collected all the public taxes, without distressing the people or enriching himself. Having never seen his new master, he was far from expecting this preference, and did not imagine, that with so young a monarch the abilities of a faithful subject would vanquish the intrigues of a court.

He received, however, in distant Egypt, the seals, and a command to come to Constantinople; and the choice of Achmet, announced to the empire a prince desirous of the public good, and a lover of his people.

Some years after, war was declared against Persia, contrary to the advice of Murad, who had the command of the army, and who chose Nasuf for his lieutenant; an active enterprising man, in the prime of life, who had acquired great riches in the different governments he had enjoyed. The grand vizir departed at the head of his troops, but, instead of hastening their march, his operations were all slow and dilatory.

This want of activity, suggested to the perfidious Nasuf, the idea of supplanting his benefactor and friend; he secretly writ to the Porte, and offered the emperor sixty thousand sequins, to defray in part the expenses of war, if his highness would make him grand vizir instead of Murad.

The sultan, full of esteem and gratitude for his minister, and enraged at Nasuf's ingratitude, returned the letter to Murad; giving him, at the same time,

\* 1010 of the Hegira.

an absolute power over his lieutenant; and leaving it in his option to either preserve, degrade, or strangle the offender.

Murad immediately ordered Nasuf before him, and shewed him the emperor's mandate, in which he imagined he read the irrevocable sentence of death; willing, however, to undertake his own justification, or rather descending to intercession, Murad interrupted him thus:—"You have been perfidious, but you have great talents; in fact, I think you capable of commanding the army; I therefore commit it to your charge, and with it the seals of the empire, now become too weighty for my age: be faithful to the emperor, and may your arms be victorious."

Murad then assembled the troops, and proclaimed him his successor; after which he retired to a private station, and ended his days in tranquillity. But Providence did not long permit Nasuf to enjoy the fruits of his treason; become grand vizir, he married a daughter of the emperor; but, having unworthily misused her favour, he was strangled by the order of Achmet.—

"How I love this Murad," says Cæsar, "mamma; that was surely an heroic action."

"Examine it according to the rules that I have given you."

"First, It wounded neither humanity nor justice."

"No; Nasuf deserved to be punished; but he had offended Murad only, who therefore had a power to pardon."

"It next must have cost Murad much to have overcome resentment so well founded; he could neither, without rendering himself contemptible, give up his place, nor deprive Nasuf, of his employ; knowing, therefore, that Nasuf, from years and abilities, was better adapted to the command of armies, he sacrificed, without hesitation, his own wrongs to the public good, and stript himself to reward ingratitude. Thus you see this action was truly heroic."

"I am quite delighted, mamma, that you have given me such certain rules to judge of actions; one

is flattered to think, that after a moment's reflection, one can determine oneself whether an act be heroic or not."

"Pray, mamma," said Caroline, "permit me to ask you one question, relative to the history of M. de la Palinière, in which there is a thing that gives me great pain. I allow that M. de la Palinière, whose temper was so violent and extravagant, ought to be punished; but surely that charming Julia, who was so gentle and so prudent, ought to have been happy."

"You think then that virtue and perfect prudence, when united, ought to preserve us from all the distress which she experienced."

"Oh yes, mamma, that would only be just."

"And so in fact it does."

"Yet, mamma, Julia is a proof to the contrary."

"Not at all; first, you may well suppose she never suffered so much as her husband."

"O! certainly: she had no remorse."

"Innocence easily inspires resignation, and Julia found in the purity of her own heart, the consolation she stood so much in need of. This is the tribute of virtue, and this tribute is great riches. She, however, underwent many troubles, of which her want of experience was the sole cause."

"And yet, mamma, her conduct was irreproachable."

"Not entirely; she had her defects, her imprudences."

"Julia! imprudent!"

"You remember she had received a perfect education under a tender mother, whom she did not lose till she was sixteen; at seventeen she was married, and the principles she had received were too deeply written in her heart ever to be erased; she had, besides, the best of tempers, and as far as she knew her duty, she always followed it; was always virtuous: but I repeat, she wanted experience; she had lost her guide, was guilty of error, and her misfortunes were almost inevitable."

"Dear! mamma! you astonish me! Of what errors was Julia guilty?"

"In the first place, being young, and having a violent and jealous husband, she should not have heard any thing which must be kept a secret from such a man: but that was not her greatest fault; she had two others still more considerable: as soon as she was convinced that M. de la Palinière had conceived an aversion for Belinda, she should have ceased all intercourse with her till her marriage was publicly declared. This was not sacrificing her friend, but merely depriving herself of the pleasure of seeing her for a few months: and such a procedure, by penetrating M. de la Palinière with the most lively gratitude, would have for ever destroyed his doubts of not being beloved."

"'Tis true, mamma; had Julia done so, the incident of the pocket-book and the picture would never have happened, and Julia would have preserved her reputation and her happiness; but you know she offered, if M. de la Palinière pleased, never to see Belinda again."

"Yes; she offered, but that was not enough; it was only an offering of politeness which she knew would not be accepted; she should have come to a firm and positive resolution, which she should have kept; and the more so, because such a sacrifice was not a very painful one—it was nothing more than a short absence, and not a rupture."

"Very true, mamma, I see that was a fault, and I wonder how Julia could commit it; but what was the other?"

"Of the same kind, but still more inexcusable;—that of not positively breaking off all intercourse with Sinclair, after M. de la Palinière had openly avowed his jealousy. It is true, he pretended he was cured; but did not Julia know his character?—his inconsistency, caprice, and suspicion? Besides, how could she suppose a cure so sudden? How could she be ignorant of the wound a wife gives to decency and duty, in admitting an intimacy with a man, of whom her



husband has been jealous—more especially when that jealousy is recent? Julia, without doubt, was induced to receive Sinclair's visits by the certitude she had, that all her husband's suspicions would vanish, the moment he should be informed of the marriage of his friend; but why did she not wait till then? Had she refused to see Sinclair, till his marriage was openly avowed, she had redoubled the esteem and tenderness of her husband; while, by a contrary conduct, every thing was at risk; her husband's repose annihilated; herself exposed to ridiculous and vexatious scenes, and at last every thing was lost."

"Yes, it is very true, I see she was guilty of great imprudence."

"And observe, I beg, what dreadful consequences may follow from imprudence."

"I tremble to think of it."

"Especially when you remember, it is almost impossible to find a young person of Julia's age more rational."

"But then, mamma, it is impossible that young people should not be guilty of imprudence."

"If they have not an enlightened guide, a friend, whose experience may afford salutary advice, and preserve them from the accidents which are almost always the result of a single false step, and a want of knowledge of the world."

"Ah!" cried Fulcheria, "had poor Julia had her mamma, she would never have been imprudent; that loss was her real misfortune, and brought on all the rest."

"You are very right," answered Madame de Clémire; "Julia, whose mind was so rational, so superior, would always have asked, and always have followed her mother's advice; and what advice can be more sage, or have the interest of the object more at heart, than that of a good mother?"

"Oh, mamma, we shall never be imprudent; we shall be always happy!" So saying, the three children ran to their mamma, clung about her, and affec-

tionately kissed her; and thus it was that their conversations generally terminated.

Madame de Clémire remained two days longer on her visit to M. de la Falinière, and then returned to Champcercy. The abbé, not having been satisfied with Cæsar in the morning, would not permit him to be present at the evening's amusement. Cæsar, being greatly vexed at this punishment, became a little sullen, and went to bed without making an apology to the abbé; he wished him only good night!

He had been in bed about half an hour, when Madame de Clémire entered his chamber. "Are you asleep, my son?" said she, in a low voice.

"Not yet, mamma," answered Cæsar, in a sorrowful tone.

"I should be surprised if you were," replied Madame de Clémire; "for if it be true, that you have a good heart, of which I cannot doubt, it is impossible you should pass a peaceful night. What! my son! have you laid your head upon your pillow with sullenness and rancour in your bosom, against a man you ought to love? Have you permitted him to leave your chamber, without an endeavour to be reconciled to him, and left him thus for twelve hours? Oh, Cæsar!—listen, my child, to an anecdote I read this morning:—

"The Duke of Burgundy, father to the late king, was one day angry with one of his valets de chambre; but, as soon as he was in bed, he said to the same man, who lay in his room, '*Pray forgive what I said to you this evening, that I may go to sleep.*'" Judge, my son, if he had been capable of going to bed without being reconciled to his governor! And yet, this young prince was then but seven years old—you are almost ten."

"I assure you, mamma, I could not go to sleep thus; permit me to rise and ask M. Frémont's pardon."

\* *Vie de Dauphin, Père de Louis XV. par M. l'Abbé Proyart. Tom. I.*

## TUS TALES OF THE CASTLE.

“Instantly! Come, my son.”

So saying, Madame de Clémire gave a robe de chambre to Cæsar, which he hastily slipped on, and, conducted by his mother, went to M. Frémont's apartment. He knocked gently at the door, and M. Frémont, who had already put on his night-cap, seemed much surprised at the sight of Cæsar; the latter advanced, and, with his eyes swimming in tears, made the most humble and affectionate excuses. When he had finished speaking, the abbé, instead of answering him, turned coolly towards Madame de Clémire, and said, “You are very good, madam; and, since it is your desire, I will endeavour to forgive what is past.” Cæsar seemed astonished that the abbé had not addressed himself to him: the abbé added, “As to you, sir, I have no answer to make; it is to your mamma alone I am indebted for this visit and this apology.”

“I assure you, dear M. Frémont, mamma did not bid me get up and come here.”

“But, sir, had you been at present in my chamber, if madam, your mother, had not made you sensible of the cruelty of your behaviour to me? (Cæsar here cast his eyes upon the ground, and began to weep.) Be certain, sir,” continued the abbé, “if, of your own proper motion, without being either counselled or excited, you had come to me—be certain, I say, I should have received you with friendship; though you would still have been guilty of a very great error—that of permitting me to leave your room without testifying regret for your fault: I, therefore, repeat, sir, out of respect to your excellent mamma, I shall willingly pardon you; that is to say, I shall not inflict any punishment on you for the sullenness you have discovered.”

“Well, sir,” said Cæsar, “then I will inflict one on myself:—I give you my word of honour, to deprive myself, during a fortnight, of attending our evening stories, which is the greatest sacrifice I can make; but, dear sir, do not treat me with this severe coolness, and I shall then support my punishment with courage.”

As he spoke thus, the abbé, with an affectionate air, held out his arms, into which Cæsar leapt, weeping for joy that he had obtained his pardon; and, more especially, that he had performed an action which had reconciled him to himself.

"You see, my son," said Madame de Clémire, "how much it costs us when we defer to make reparation for our errors; this is to aggravate them, and nothing but extraordinary actions and painful sacrifices can then obtain forgiveness. Had you, in going to rest, made a proper apology to M. Frémont, you would have been pardoned, and not for a fortnight deprived of your greatest pleasure."

As all the three children had mutually made a law to renounce their evening entertainments, whenever any one was excluded, Caroline and Pulcheria discovered that Cæsar had imposed too long a penance upon himself, read him various lessons upon the inconveniences of refractory tempers, and gave excellent advice upon that head, which he promised to profit by in future.

Spring now approached—the month of March was almost ended—the violet and the lily of the valley began to appear; Augustin, who was perfectly acquainted with all the environs of Champcery, led them every day through the woods and meadows, whence they continually brought herbs and flowers; the trees did not yet afford any shade, and they enjoyed in the forest, as well as in the field, the mild warmth of April, while the want of verdure still recalled the rigour of December; though the clear sky, and the budding earth, proclaimed the return of spring time and pleasure.

Cæsar and his sisters possessed in common a small garden, which was their delight; it was in two divisions, the one was the kitchen, and the other the flower-garden; at the bottom they had a well, that is to say, a barrel sunk in the earth, but yet with balustrades, like a real well, to preserve them from falling in, and a windlass and bucket. The children, with the help of Augustin, drew their water, and cultivated

their ground themselves, and had spades, hoes, and other utensils, adapted to their strength; the gardener, Mr. Steven, instructed, and furnished them with seeds, roots, and plants. "Ah!" Caroline would say, while watering a tulip, "I wish it was blown; how glad I should be to pluck it, and carry it to mamma!"—"Yes," Pulcheria would reply, "but that will not be before I shall have a nosegay ready for her of pinks and carnations!"—"I shall give her a salad first," said Cæsar.

The twelfth of April was a fine day; Cæsar's penance was ended, and the children rose, recollecting that the Tales of the Castle were to begin again that evening. They ransacked their garden, and found salading, hyacinths, primroses, snow-drops, and violets, enough to fill a hand-basket; this they ornamented with ribands, and it was carried in pomp by the whole party, each lending a hand, to Madame de Clémire, and their grandmamma. The flowers were disposed of with care in beau-pots, and the salad was eat at dinner; and never was salad so be-praised.

In the evening, the baroness informed them she had a history ready; and, supper over, she began, after the following manner, her narrative;—

## LEONTINE AND EUGENIA;

OR, THE

## MASQUERADE HABIT.



MADAME de Palmena, yet young, though long a widow, dedicated her days to the education of an only daughter, the beloved object of all her tenderness and all her attention. Her husband, dying, left her deeply in debt, and Madame de Palmena had no other means of paying his debts, but by quitting Paris, and retiring to an estate she possessed in Touraine, a short league from Loches;\* her château was vast and antique; its draw-bridge, moat, and towers, recalled the memorable ages of Duguesclin and the Chevalier Bayard; those days of chivalry which ought to be regretted, if the valour and loyalty of good knighthood could compensate for the want of police and laws.

The inside of the castle answered to the out; every thing there retraced the noble simplicity of our ancestors; no gilding, no porcelain vases, no bawbles, such as load our modern houses; but beautiful tapestries, representing some interesting point of history, and long

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

galleries, ornamented with family portraits, where the owner walked in the midst of his ancestors, and meditated on their past deeds; and whence he might discover, through the windows, a large forest on the one side, and, on the other, the pleasant banks of the Ind e.

There it was that Eugenia, the daughter of Palmena, passed her infancy, and the first years of her youth; there it was she acquired her taste for country amusements, and a peaceable and retired life. During the fine days of spring-time and summer, she took long walks with her mamma; and, when the heat of the meridian sun made it necessary, sought a cool shelter in the forest's shade.

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

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

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

When Eugenia was sixteen years of age, her character was as stable as her heart was affectionate; the gaiety and simplicity of youth, a cultivated mind, and unalterable sweetness, and the most perfect equality of temper, were all in her united. Her love and gratitude to her mamma were unbounded: ever thinking of, and taking every opportunity to oblige her, there was no employment, no occupation in which she

did not find the means. Had she verses to learn by heart? she would say to herself, "How happy my mamma will be to find me so perfect! how much she will praise me for my memory and industry!"—"Did she study English or Italian?"—"How satisfied my mamma will be," said she, "when she shall see, that instead of one page I have translated two!" Writing, designing, playing the harp, the harpsicord, or the guitar, still she made the same reflections. "This drawing will be placed in the cabinet of my mamma: every time she looks at it, she will think of her Eugenia. This sonata, which I only thrum at present, will delight my mamma when I can play it perfectly." Such ideas, which she applied to every thing she did, gave an inexpressible charm to study, smoothed each difficulty, and changed her duties to delights.

In order to finish the education of Eugenia, Madame de Palmena resolved to let her pass two years at Paris. She tore her from her agreeable solitude towards the end of September, and arrived in town, where she hired a house, in which Eugenia often regretted the enchanting banks of the Indre and the Loire.

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

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



Madame de Palmena listened with transport to the praises of Eugenia; she heard not without emotion the name of Leontine so often pronounced, and, in this delightful converse, time was frequently forgot; they frequently exclaimed with surprise, "*Could you think it! it's past three o'clock!*"

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

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

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

The count and his son staid supper; Leontine spoke little, but he looked much; his eyes were continually turned to Eugenia, and every word he *did* say, demonstrated an earnest desire of pleasing Madame de Palmena.

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

“ Sir! What do you mean?”

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

This was at last speaking to be understood, and Madame de Palmena testified all the gratitude which the count's declaration had inspired. She would not, however, enter into any positive engagement, till she had first consulted Eugenia, and inquired more particularly into the temper and disposition of Leontine. All she learnt, only redoubled the desire she had to have him for a son; and the count again pressing her to give him a decisive answer, she hesitated no longer. Every thing being agreed upon, the contract was signed, and next day Leontine received the hand of the lovely Eugenia with transport. The day after the marriage, the young couple went down to a delightful country-seat, belonging to the count, ten leagues distant from Paris, whence it was determined they should not return till the end of autumn.

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

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

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

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

One evening Eugenia observed, among her rustic auditors, an old man whom she had never seen before; his figure was venerable, his hairs were white, and his age upwards of seventy-five. Eugenia inquired his name, and was answered Jerome; she learnt, likewise, that his sister was paralytic, and that he was grandfather to five young orphans, all of whom were maintained by his labour.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Come!" said Eugenia, "come! I have the purse,

that my father-in-law has given me, in my pocket, let us take him the ten guineas instantly."

She waited not for an answer, but took Valentina by the arm; told Leontine, who was sat down with a party at whist, he would find her by and by at the walk of the willows, and away she went.

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

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

The poor old man was in a sound sleep; a sweet little girl, of eight or nine years old, lightly spread her apron over the wild rose branches that surrounded her grandfather's head, to keep the heat of the sun from his face; one of her brothers was helping her, while the other two, with branches in their hands, were occupied in chasing away the flies and wasps whenever they approached. The careful little girl, as soon as she saw Eugenia, made a sign with her hand not to make a noise and disturb her grandfather. Eugenia smiled, and, advancing on tip-toe, kissed the dear little creature, and told her in her ear, she wanted to speak with her grandfather as soon as he awoke; therefore desired she would go and play with her brothers, and come back when she called her.

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

This bargain being made, Eugenia took their branches, and sitting down with Valentina upon the

bank beside their charge, the little family soon fell to their youthful gambols, and disappeared.

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

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

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

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

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

"I confess, madam, I should be delighted to see you in a rich habit."

"Look at that poor old man, Valentina, look at him, and I am sure such vain ideas will vanish from thy

mind : delighted to see me richly dressed, sayest thou ? Think of the delight—think of the transports of my heart, when I shall have rescued such a man, and such a family, from misery. Oh, Valentina, with what raptures will he sup this evening, surrounded by his children ! With what pure joy will he kiss them, and receive their innocent caresses ; and what shall I feel to-morrow, when I write an account of all this to my mamma ! Oh how happy will she be ; what pleasure, what transport will she feel at reading such a letter !”

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

“ True, Valentina ; I must at least consult Leontine ; I must do nothing without my husband’s consent. But come, let us remove hence ; the very sight of this good old man is too powerful to be resisted. Come, let us look for Leontine, we will soon return ;—come, come.”

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

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

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

Leontine was speaking thus, when Jerome awoke ; Eugenia immediately disengaged herself from the arms

of her husband, and drew near to the old man; he looked at her with astonishment, and, out of respect, was going to rise; Eugenia desired him to sit still, but he excused himself, by saying he must go to his labour. "No," said Eugenia, "rest yourself to-day."

"But my day's work, madam ——"

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

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

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

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

Eugenia, from a very natural delicacy, did not wish that her father-in-law should be informed of this affair before she had been at the masquerade, lest he should give her another habit. The day at length arrived, the count remained in the country, and confided Eugenia



to the care of one of his relations, and of Leontine, who went with her to Paris.

At the ball every eye was fixed upon Eugenia, not only by the charms of her person, which were very superior, but also by the elegant simplicity of her dress, which distinguished her from every other woman; nor gold, nor pearls, nor diamonds loaded her habit; nothing impeded her natural celerity, and she carried off the prize of dancing, as well as beauty; the sweet remembrance of Jerome was often present to her imagination, and redoubled her gaiety; often did she say to herself, as she beheld the excessive and mad magnificence of young women of her own age, how much do I pity them; alas! they know not peace, they know not pleasure.

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

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

“ It is, my children, impossible, at your age, to conceive the impression, which a letter like this must make on the heart of a tender mother; the affectionate, the feeling, the charming Eugenia, was shortly after in the arms of Madame de Palmena, who passed the rest of her days with a daughter so worthy of all her tenderness; yes, Eugenia was the delight of her husband, of

her mother, of her father, of her family; she found in her own heart, and in the world's respect, a just recompense for her conduct and her virtues; and, to crown her felicity, Heaven, attentive to the prayers of the good old Jerome, gave her children, *like herself*, in whom she found all the happiness she had occasioned to Madame de Palmena.—

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

“ Oh yes, mamma, and I hope I shall one day resemble the amiable Eugenia.”

“ And I too, because she made her mamma happy.”

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

“ No; and I love to see this delicacy, Cæsar, because it is well founded. Leontine, it is true, was well convinced Eugenia would only speak of Jerome; and that, besides, she had no secrets which she would conceal from him; but that does not excuse the action: whatever may be our motive, nothing should ever tempt us to become listeners. It is my wish, my children, to teach you to distinguish good from ill; and, I am well assured, when you shall have acquired this precious knowledge, you will detest vice and love virtue, because nothing on earth is so lovely; therefore if you would be happy, if you will be respected, say to yourselves, I will never be guilty of the least unjustifiable action, whatever may be my situation, motive, or excuse.”

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

formed her the two armies were met, and that a battle was inevitable.

When her children heard this cruel news, they partook of the chagrin and inquietude of their mother;—play was suspended, pleasure forgot, and the hours of recreation were spent in grief and tears. This continued a fortnight: at last, on the eve of the first of May, they were listening with attention to the abbé, who was reading aloud a chapter in the Testament, when suddenly they heard loud, yet broken accents and confused cries; among others, they plainly distinguished the voice of their mamma: trembling, terrified, they all ran at once to the door, and at the same instant found themselves in the arms of their mother, who, with a shriek of joy, cried—“*The battle is fought!—the battle is won! and your father is safe!*”

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

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

Happiness and tranquillity returned to the castle, and with them the sports and the pleasures. This interesting day was precisely that on which they were to plant the May; this was to be performed in the castle-yard, and they waited with impatience for the hour when this rustic feast was to commence. Scarcely was dinner over, ere they heard the sound of hautboys, bagpipes, and flutes; they all flew to the court, which was already filled by the minstrels, and all the young people of the village; the lads in white waistcoats, decorated with ribands, surrounded the May-pole that lay extended on the ground, and held cords in their hands to raise it at the appointed moment.

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

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

Then it was that they immediately reared the May-pole, and hand in hand the lads and lasses danced around it, singing a roundelay in praise of the pleasant merry month of May. Cæsar, Caroline, and Pulcheria mingled in the dance, and repeated the chorus with all their might; the *sautsucs*\* succeeded the roundelay, and the feast finished by a good game at prison-bars in the gardens.

Cæsar was astonishingly agile and strong for his age, and distinguished himself in this last game; in which agility may be discovered, quickness of foot, address in putting the change on one's antagonist; sincerity, or delicacy in condemning oneself in doubtful cases, and valour and generosity in exposing one's liberty for the delivery of the prisoners of one's own party.

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

\* A village dance in Burgundy.

After about an hour's walk, the children began to find they had not breakfasted: they were two miles from the castle, and, being pressed by hunger, they determined to look for a cottage where they might get some milk. Morel shewed them one, and they followed eagerly the road he directed: they arrived in less than half an hour at the cottage, where they were surprised to hear a great noise, much laughing, and a numerous assembly of peasants, all in their Sunday clothes, except such as had nuptial habits.

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

Manette, delighted at this proposition, and impatient to shew the company her cross of gold, ran immediately, forgetting even to thank Caroline; she soon returned with her father, and, after many simple, but sincere thanks and apologies, they both went back into the cottage.

"I am like you, mamma," said Caroline, "I am exceedingly fond of country people. How genteel Manette is! what sweetness, what satisfaction in her countenance! how charming when she blushes, and what excellent cream, and bread, and milk, she has given us! I am sure you have made all these good people very happy, by inviting them to come to dine

at the Castle; they will long talk of the chance that brought us to-day to their cottage."

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

"Dear, dear mamma, do tell it us."

"With all my heart."—The Czar Iwan\* sometimes went about disguised, in order that he might the better discover what the people thought of his government. One day as he was walking alone in the country, near Moscow, he came to a village, and, feigning to be spent by fatigue, asked relief. His dress was ragged, his appearance miserable, and, what ought to have excited the compassion of the hearers, and insured his reception, produced denial only.

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

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

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

\* About the year 1850. This anecdote has been taken from a work entitled *Fastes de Pologne et de Russie*. Tom. II, p. 40.

in the adjoining room, and whose plaints and groans were distinctly heard.

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

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

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

"Would that make you happy?"

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

"And does your father and mother live with you?"

"Certainly! They are within, with my wife."

"But your cabin is so very small."

"Oh! it's large enough, since it holds us all."

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

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

The peasant smiled.

At this moment the two little girls came to kiss their new-born brother, which their grandmother was come to take back: the little ones followed her, and the peasant, laying himself down on his bed of straw, invited the stranger to do the same. In a moment the peasant was in a peaceful and sound sleep, and

the czar, sitting up, looked around, and beheld, with tender emotion, the sleeping children and the sleeping father. The most profound silence reigned in the cottage. "What calm! what tranquillity!" said the emperor; "virtuous, happy man; how peaceable he sleeps on this straw; ambitious cares, suspicion and remorse, trouble not his repose: how delicious is the sleep of innocence!"

In such-like reflections the emperor passed the night. The peasant awaked at the break of day, and the czar, taking leave of him, said, "I must return to Moscow, my friend, I am acquainted there with a benevolent man, to whom I will speak concerning you; I am certain I can prevail on him to stand godfather to your child; promise me, therefore, that you will wait for me to come to the baptism; I shall be back in three hours at the farthest."

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

“A bad heart,” my dear, “stifes the natural lights of reason. The wicked are much to be pitied; it was

therefore that the Persian sage made the following prayer: 'Have mercy, O God, upon the wicked. As for the good, when you made them good, you made them happy.'

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

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

"And upon your goodnature too, mamma."

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

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

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

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

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

"Mademoiselle Julienne! is she capable of directing you in the choice of books? And, besides, ought you to borrow books without informing me?"

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

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

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

"A fairy tale!" said the baroness.

"How can you be pleased with such a book?"

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

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

"To be sure, mamma. They are fairy tales."

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

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

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

"How so, mamma?"

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

"Is it possible, mamma?"

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

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

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

"Well, that now appears incredible."

"But I am sure of one thing, mamma; which is, that you will have no crystal palaces, with pillars of diamond, in your tale."

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

"What, without the assistance of magic, fairies, and necromancers!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I will employ no technical terms, and only relate the effects, without explaining their causes; so that if you had not been told it should be all truth, you would have supposed it absolutely a fairy tale; but you must wait three weeks, during which time our evening and morning stories shall all be suspended."

"O dear, O dear!—three weeks!"

"Do yourself justice, Caroline and Pulcheria; have I not forbid you ever looking in a book that was not given you, either by me or your grand mamma."

"That is very true, and we deserve a longer penance."

To console themselves as much as possible, the children passed their time in the garden every even

ing, and Madame de Clémire with them. "Look, mamma," said Pulcheria, "at that bed of hyacinths: it is all mine," cried she, with rapture; "how happy, dear mamma, have you made your dear Pulcheria, by giving her that bit of ground: if I could but remember always to follow your instructions, and never disobey you, nothing would be wanting to my happiness. Ah! mamma, I am sure you are as good as the sage who prayed for the wicked; do pray that I may be not so forgetful, nor so inquisitive, and that none of my hyacinths may die."

"Then you are not tired of your garden."

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

"That is not at all surprising; simple and innocent pleasures alone are durable; the palace and the throne soon become tiresome; a garden, cultivated by our own hands, never. Dioclesian, when solicited by his former colleague, Maximian, again to take the imperial crown, which they had both long abdicated, only writ as follows in answer: 'Come, my friend, and see the fine lettuces I have planted in my garden at Salona.'<sup>o</sup>"

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

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

"Why, mamma, can one's fondness for flowers become a passion?"

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

"Three hundred guineas!"

"I have seen several hyacinths, at Haerlem in Holland, which have cost such sums.†

<sup>o</sup> Histoire de Charlemagne, par M. Gaillard. Tom. I. p. 287.

† A famous florist in Holland, told me he had given

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

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

"Lord! mamma; amateurs are greater children than I am; their flowers of three hundred guineas do not smell better than mine, nor look better, in my opinion; and so, I would as lief have my little bed of hyacinths as any bed at Haerlem."

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

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

M. de Luzanne was about forty, and rather hand-

6800 livres (263l.) for a root; adding, that he had seen others far dearer. Many amateurs will not allow there are more than six species of flowers worthy the care of cultivation: these are, the hyacinth, the tulip, the auricula, the ranunculus, and the anemomy: the hyacinth is one of the most beautiful, but least various colours; it is less common, too, than the others. The ranunculus is said to have been brought from Syria, during the time of the crusades; the anemomy was transported from America, in the last century, by M. Bachelier; and they pretend that the hyacinth is a native of the Cape of Good Hope. The most beautiful hyacinth is the ophir; it is yellow, intersected with purple spots on the inside.

some, of which, and having in his youth been two or three times at Paris, he was very vain. He had a profound contempt for every body bred in the country, and treated his wife with disdain, and his daughter with indifference, supposing himself utterly superior to all such petty people; and consoling himself for the misfortune of living with none but his inferiors, by imagining that his superiority was too evident not to be generally felt.

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

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

Their daughter, Sidonia, was mild, modest, ingenuous, and sensible; spoke little, answered with timidity, and blushed often; but there was nothing awkward in her embarrassment, nothing austere in her reserve, and there was no company in which her behaviour, her person, and her discourse, would have appeared misplaced.

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

with the hope of having you in our neighbourhood next winter."

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

"You are in expectation, madam! What a polite phrase!"

"I am delighted with the country."

"I hope, however, you will allow, madam, that when one has once lived in the capital, the country is no longer supportable. 'Life is at Paris! Vegetation, only, is here.' But à-propos, ma'mma, how does Ver-glan do?"

"Do you mean my brother, sir?"

"Yes, madam, he was once one of my intimates; many a delightful evening have we spent together; a little elevated, I own, sometimes; his adventure with Bleinville made a noise; he is married since, and marriage is an excellent cooler for the brain."

"He has an amiable wife, sir, and is very happy."

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

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

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

"You mean my uncle, sir, I presume."

"The very same, madam."

"Upon my word I don't know."

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



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

“What age is your daughter, pray sir?” said Madame de Clémire.

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

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

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

Returning home, Madame de Luzanne and her daughter said, they thought Madame de Clémire exceedingly amiable; but M. de Luzanne, with a dry and discontented air, silenced them by answering,

Madame de Clémire was absolutely deficient in wit, judgment, and good breeding.

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

"Which way, Cæsar?"

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

"But what do you mean by an affected manner?"

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

"Your simile is a little hardy, Cæsar, but very just."

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

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

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

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

at present speak of Madame de Luzanne, and her daughter, Sidonia: what do you think of them?"

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

"You are very right; she is obliging, modest, and natural; and those are qualities which will please every person, and all nations."

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

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

"Why, mamma—ours."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No, mamma, I perceive she has not."

"I am glad you do; I would have you understand, that a brilliant, is not a good education. I have a thousand times repeated to you, that you ought not to place too high a value on things, which, in their own

nature, are of no importance. A well-accomplished person is possessed of a thousand attractions, a thousand graces, a thousand resources of pleasure, both to themselves and others. But can graces and attractions make us happy without virtue?"

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

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

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

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

"And what must we think of instructive studies, mamma?"

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

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

"That cannot be disputed; nor, indeed, is there any thing superior to erudition, except the qualities of the heart. And now tell me,—suppose you were to meet a young woman totally unaccomplished, ignorant of every language but her own, without the elements of any one art—yet a lover of work and reading, never idle, always modest, of an equal, obliging disposition, fearful of doing wrong, desirous of instruction; in fine, joining frankness to prudence,—answer me, I say, Pulcheria, would not you allow such a person had received a good education?"

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

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

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

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

"Well, mamma, I hope I shall never forget this conversation. I hope I shall always remember, that we ought not to place a great value on any but essential things, and that I shall never again confound brilliant with good educations; that is to say, with those which render us virtuous."

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

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

"O dear, mamma!"

"It is natural and necessary you should consult me, and tell me your opinions; acquaint me with the impressions you receive, in order that I may know if you judge well or ill. I, therefore, think it very proper you should tell me, with frankness and sincerity, what you think of such persons as visit here, provided your observations don't turn upon frivolous points. Thus, if in conversation, something should be said which you think contrary to good manners or good sense, I authorize you to acquaint me with your remarks; this liberty is nothing more than a proof of your confidence in me; but the same liberty, taken in the presence of others, is malicious, or, at least, indiscreet."

"Dear mamma, we have done very wrong."

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

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

"For how long, mamma?" cried they, mournfully.

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

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

"No; not till a fortnight after."

"Dear, that will be very long."

“It is occasioned by your own error, for which you ought to be sorry: murmuring, you know, would only prolong the penance.”

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

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

Madame de Clémire, however, continued busily to employ herself in writing the tale she had promised them; and the fifteenth of June, she informed them it was finished and copied. Their joy would have been very great, had they not sighed to remember they must yet wait another fortnight, before they should hear it read. The sweet and varied pleasures of the most delightful of all the seasons, rendered this privation, however, much less painful than it would have been during the long evenings of winter: the cherries began to redden, and the woods already produced wild strawberries: Cæsar had learnt from Augustin how to climb trees, and had several times brought home, in triumph, nests of linnets or chaffinches, with half-fledged young. Happy was the sister, to whom such precious gifts were destined! What joy, what gratitude did they excite! And yet, in receiving them, they remembered, with pity, the poor mother, deprived of her young; but they treasured up the nests, and bought cages for the birds.

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

One morning, while Madame de Clémire was walking with the abbé and her little family, near the children's garden, Pulcheria asked permission to pay a visit to her rose trees. Leave given, away she ran, entered the garden, and there unexpectedly found a

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Mamma!"

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

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



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

"It is certain," said the abbé, "that Mademoiselle Pulcheria has a natural frankness, which cannot be too much admired; but it is much to be wished, she should be as courageous as she is sincere."

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

"It is true," replied the abbé, "that a woman, not having the strength of a man, cannot have his valour; she is not intended to wield the sword, nor command armies; therefore may, without dishonour, be deficient in courage: if, however, she is absolutely destitute of that quality, she is much to be pitied, and indeed cannot be perfectly esteemed: it is not required she should be a heroine, but absolute puillanimity is unpardonable."

"Besides," added Madame de Clémire, "if you wept at the wound of a thorn, what would you do at the drawing of a tooth? How will you support numerous other ills, inseparable from humanity, such as a violent head-ache, cholic, or nervous attack?"

"I wish, mamma, I was more courageous."

"It depends entirely on yourself, my dear."

"On me, mamma! how?"

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

"But that is very difficult, mamma."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"O, that will be charming!"

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

“But what, mamma, must we continually believe what we cannot comprehend!”

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

“Well, mamma, you have told us, that every thing in your tale is well proved; therefore we may blindly believe and take the facts for granted, and that is as much as I desire.”

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


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

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

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

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

ALPHONSO AND DALINDA;  
OR,  
THE MAGIC OF ART AND NATURE.  
A MORAL TALE.



Ce n'est point en se promenant dans nos campagnes cultivées, ni même en parcourant toutes les terres du domaine de l'homme, que l'on peut connoître les grands effets des variétés de la nature : c'est en se transportant des sables burlans de la Torride aux glacières des Poles, &c. \*—*M. de Buffon.*

ALPHONSO, the hero of our history, was born in Portugal. His father, Don Ramirez, enjoyed riches and preferment because he was a favourite. Born of an obscure family, but with a subtle, intriguing, and ambitious character, he introduced himself at court, found protectors, formed partisans, and became at last the idol of his sovereign. The young Alphonso was educated at Lisbon, in the sumptuous palace of his father: an only son to the richest and

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

most powerful man in the kingdom, adulation kneel-  
ed at his cradle, accompanied and corrupted his  
youth.

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

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

He not only supposed himself the most distinguish-  
ed young man at court, by his talents, beauty, and  
knowledge, but he likewise believed his birth to be  
as illustrious as his fortune. Don Ramirez, during  
his leisure moments, had invented a list of his forefa-  
thers, as far back as the fabulous times of Lusus;\*  
which genealogy, every body but his son laughed at:  
the world is not apt to credit old titles, never heard of  
till the pretended owner is become rich. Alphonso,  
however, too vain not to be credulous on such a sub-  
ject, saw no one superior to his father, except his so-  
vereign, and the branches of the royal family; and  
yet Alphonso, inebriated with pride, full of ignorance,  
folly, and presumption, spoilt by pomp, flattery, and

\* The Portuguese were anciently called Lusitanians,  
from Lusus or Lysas, one of their kings, who, accord-  
ing to the fable, was either the son or companion of  
Bacchus.

fortune's favours; Alphonso, I say, was yet not lost past retrieving, he was possessed of courage, a feeling heart, and a good understanding; and the inconstancy of fortune was preparing a lesson, that should teach him to know himself.

As Don Ramirez owed his elevation only to intrigue, so a new intrigue unexpectedly changed his destiny; he was disgraced and stripped of all his employments, just as Alphonso was seventeen. This unforeseen revolution not only deprived Don Ramirez of titles that flattered his pride, but also of a great part of his wealth; and he was one of those little ambitious people, who equally regret titles and riches: besides he was in debt, and his disgrace made his creditors as pressing and importunate, as they had been formerly moderate and forbearing; in fine, Don Ramirez saved nothing of all his fortune, except his magnificent palace at Lisbon.

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

As soon as they were alone, "Tell me, Alphonso," said Don Ramirez, "what effect has my disgrace and the loss of my fortune had upon you?"—"I have always thought, my father," said Don Alphonso, "from having always heard, during your prosperity, that never ministry was so glorious as your's, nor ever minister so loved and respected by a nation: the love of the people, therefore, and the glory you have acquired, ought to console you for your unjust disgrace. Besides, you have so many friends, who, no doubt, will all return as usual, the moment you shall wish them to do. Don Nugnez, Don Alvarez, and many

others whom I have met, have all protested as much to me; several of them have even told me, that they have only seemed to absent themselves, the better to serve you in secret: add to which, you still have an immense fortune, and an illustrious birth; and, in spite of the snares of envy, will ever remain the first peer of the realm."

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

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

Don Ramirez listened and sighed; he had had the ridiculous vanity to purchase a genealogy, and never sufficiently felt, till his disgrace, how superfluous, unworthy, and contemptible is such deceit. At last he saw what flattery till then had hidden, which was, that, except his son, every body knew his birth, and laughed at his silly pretensions. He wished to undeceive Alphonso, but could not resolve to confess a falsity which must make him appear so mean.

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

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

Alphonso had the good fortune, however, to be only slightly wounded; he rose, and found himself in his father's cabinet: amongst the rubbish which surrounded him were two caskets, one containing the jewels

of his father, the other, the so much vaunted genealogy. Alphonso did not hesitate; willing to save, amidst this dreadful disaster, that which appeared to him most precious, he seized the box of titles, and fled into the garden; but, recollecting the danger of his father, was determined, at the hazard of his life, again to enter the house, when he heard Don Ramirez calling him at the other end of the garden.

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

Often, when he imagined himself within a step of his father, a new shock threw them at a distance; the sweat ran down his face, his clothes and hair were covered with sand and dust: yet, amidst the scene of horrors, he never abandoned his dear casket; he imagined Don Ramirez would receive it with transport: that idea sustained his courage and his strength. At last he rejoined his father, who received him with open arms, though with an aching heart. "Oh my father!" cried Alphonso, "look, I have saved the casket."

"The jewels!" hastily replied Don Ramirez.

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

Don Ramirez, in dreadful consternation, raised his eyes to heaven: "I am justly punished," said he, "for my ridiculous vanity." He could say no more, his tears interrupted his speech. Alphonso, too much



prepossessed and agitated to comprehend the meaning of these words, continued in his former error, and thought only of saving his father. A moment's calm left them time to consider the mournful object that surrounded them.

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

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

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

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

\* The earthquake which happened in Sicily 1692-3; the history of which is given by Mr. Hartop, Father

So saying, he arose, and at the same instant a new and dreadful shock extended him again upon the

Alessandro Burgos, and Vin Bonajutus, is one of the most terrible ones in all history: it shook the whole island; and not only that, but Naples and Malta shared in the shock. It was of the second kind mentioned by Aristotle and Pliny, viz. a perpendicular pulsation or succession. "It was impossible," said the noble Bonajutus, "for any body in this country to keep on their legs on the dancing earth; nay, those that lay on the ground were tossed from side to side, as on a rolling billow, and high walls leaped from their foundations several paces, &c. *Phil. Trans.* No. 207.—The mischief it did is amazing; almost all the buildings in the countries were thrown down; fifty-four cities and towns, besides an incredible number of villages, were either destroyed or greatly damaged. We shall only instance the fate of Catania, one of the most famous, ancient, and flourishing cities in the kingdom, the residence of several monarchs, and an university. This once famous, now unhappy Catania, to use the words of Fa. Burgos, had the greatest share in the tragedy. F. Anton. Serrovita, being on his way thither, and at the distance of a few miles, observed a black cloud, like night, hovering over the city; and there arose from the mouth of Montgibello great spires of flame, which spread all around; the sea, all of a sudden, began to roar and rise in billows; and there was a noise, as if all the artillery in the world had been at once discharged; the birds flew about astonished; the cattle in the fields ran crying, &c. His, and his companions horses stopped short, trembling, so that they were forced to alight. They were no sooner off, but they were lifted from the ground above two palms; when, casting his eyes towards Catania, he, with amazement, saw nothing but a thick cloud of dust in the air. This was the scene of their calamity; for, of the magnificent Catania, there was not the least footstep to be seen. S. Bonajutus assures

ground: the remaining walls tumbled, the rubbish was engulfed, and the palace disappeared; a whirlwind, and cloud of smoke and dust rose as it were at his feet; yet, amidst this scene of desolation, Don Ramirez perceived a moment after a band of hardened wretches, bearing lighted torches, and creeping towards the ruins of the palace, with an intent, before the last shock, to pillage.†

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

Alphonso lent one arm to his father, held the casket in the other, left the garden, and entered one of the public squares; the houses were all in ruins, overthrown, or consumed, by the flames of a general conflagration. After a thousand fearful risks, Don Ramirez and the young Alphonso, at last, found protection on board a vessel, commanded by the brave and generous Fernandes. The same Fernandes, who for-

us, that of 18,911 inhabitants, 18,000 perished there. The same author, from a computation of the inhabitants before and after the earthquake, in the several cities and towns, finds that near 60,000 perished out of 254,900.

† The greatest part of Lisbon was, in fact, destroyed by incendiaries; who, during this dreadful disaster, set fire to the houses that they might pillage them with more impunity. The unfortunate inhabitants, who were the victims of this unheard of wickedness, found relief in the humanity of a generous nation. No sooner were the English informed of this terrible event, than they hastened to send them every succour of which they stood in need. This benevolent act cost the English six millions, but it gave them new claims to the esteem of all Europe.

merly had so much cause to complain of Don Ramirez, but who, in this time of public calamity, saw only in an ancient enemy an unhappy man, to whom his assistance was become necessary. He ran to Don Ramirez, embraced and consoled him; for compassion in great minds is so forcible and so delicate, that it can soften woes the most cruel. In the mean time, as Fernandes did not once bewail his own situation, Don Ramirez questioned him concerning it. "You had," said he, "a great fortune, is it not all lost in this dreadful day?"

"My house at Lisbon is consumed."

"The loss is, no doubt, considerable."

"No; the building was small and simple."

"Your jewels and diamonds; are they saved?"

"I had none."

"You had a garden."

"Yes; but far removed from Lisbon, where I passed the greatest part of my time: it is in Alentejo.†

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

"No; but is convenient."

"Have not you formed some advantageous establishments there?"

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

"Is your manufactory profitable?"

"Yes; it gives subsistence to a number of workmen, and defrays in part the expenses at the hospital."

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

"One should find consolation in the remembrance of the good one had formerly done."

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

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

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

Alphonso, devoted to ambition, and nothing abated in presumption and pride, consoled himself for the loss of fortune by the hope, that in time he should establish a more brilliant, and far more solid one than what his father's had been. He formed a thousand extravagant and chimerical projects, the absurdity of which his ignorance and vanity did not suffer him to perceive: incapable of reflecting and employing his time in a useful and rational manner, he passed a great part of it in reading romances; these frivolous and dangerous books heated his imagination, and gave him false ideas of men and things.

Not far from the retreat he inhabited was the famous Fountain of Love; a name it owed to two unfortunate lovers, who, in ancient times, often met on its brink, drawn thither by an imprudent passion. There it was that Don Pedro, and the beautiful, the tender Ines, a thousand times discoursed of their secret loves.† Two antique palm-trees\* overshadowed the fountain, united to each other by a flexible garland of vine branches and ivy. The water rises impetuously

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

from a majestic rock, returns in a cascade, and forms upon a bed of shells, a large rivulet, which slowly winds, and gently murmurs among eternal verdures, shrubs of myrtle, of citron, and the laurel rose.

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

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

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

The beautiful hearer ran to the arms of the stranger, with all the expression of the strongest feeling; then

turned her glistening eyes towards that fountain which had formerly been a witness of the indiscreet vows of love: she sighed, fell on her knees, raised her clasped and eager hands to heaven, and seemed to promise the author of her days an eternal obedience; her beauty in that attitude had something celestial and angelic.

Alphonso could not contain his extatic transports; an exclamation escaped aloud, and, fearing to be discovered, he hastily fled from his hiding place, full of the idea of what he had seen. He followed the first path he found, but, presently awaking from his dream, again returned towards the fountain. The beauteous stranger was gone, and Alphonso contemplated with grief the place where she had sat, and thought he still saw her on her knees before her father. The next moment he remembers her absence, his heart is oppressed, his eyes filled with tears, he is plunged into a profound and melancholy meditation, when suddenly he hears a cry of terror, which pierces him to the very heart.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yes, my dear, it is very true.”

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

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

“Was it very long, mamma?”

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

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

“Assuredly.”

“That will be very curious.”

“Oh, I have many more things, far more astonishing, to tell you yet.”

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

Alphonso, declared Madame de Clémire, was not less surprised than you are at the sudden death of the bull; amazement rendered him motionless, while the stranger ascended the rock, and took his daughter in his arms, just as she began to recover the use of her senses and look round. Alphonso was not an unfeeling witness of the pure joy testified by the father and



daughter; the latter did not understand Portuguese, therefore could not thank Alphonso; but she related to her father, in a few words, the dreadful danger from which she had been delivered.

The stranger testified a lively sense of gratitude towards the generous protector of his dear Dalinda, for that was the name of his lovely daughter; and, while he spoke, Dalinda cast a tender glance at Alphonso, still more expressive than the thanks of her father. Alphonso, penetrated and enraptured, endeavoured to prolong a conversation so sweet, by questioning the stranger concerning the manner in which he had been separated from his daughter: he replied, that he had been culling simples; that Dalinda, occupied after the same manner, was at some distance from him, but not out of sight; that, lifting up his head, he had seen her running with incredible swiftness; that she had already got about six hundred yards from him, and that at the same moment he perceived the bull pursuing her; that he ran after her with all his power, but had stumbled over the trunk of an old tree and fallen.

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

Alphonso remained some time petrified, and scarcely seeming to breathe; at last, coming to himself, he flung impetuously from the fountain, and flew to find the stranger once again, to ask him a thousand questions, and especially to enquire what was his name, and what his country. He wondered how it was possible he could have let him depart, without first gaining such interesting information. He ran here and there, like a madman, but all his searches were in vain.

Overcome with fatigue and despair, he returned once

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

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

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

Thus did Alphonso consume his days, in vain regrets, upon the dangerous brink of this fatal spring. Such does fable paint the wretched Narcissus, a feeble victim of insensate love; and so did Alphonso, pale, dejected, without force, without courage, fix his eyes,

drowned with tears, upon the Fountain of Love. The echoes of this solitary place, which anciently so often resounded with the name of Ines, repeat at present only that of Dalinda. Dalinda is carved upon every tree, even on the very palm-trees, on which formerly Ines alone was read. Alphonso sung to his guitar the verses he had written on Dalinda, and engraved upon the rocks the rhymes that love and melaucholy dictated.

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

Don Ramirez observed the alteration of body and mind which had happened to his son; he questioned him, and Alphonso confessed himself dissatisfied, and consumed with *ennui*. He had not forgot that the stranger told him he should remain some time in Spain; and Alphonso added, he ardently desired to travel through, and become acquainted with that country. Don Ramirez, who, for his own part, had none of those resources in himself which make men fond of solitude, gladly seizes this proposition, and two days after they departed for Spain. After traversing the province of Tralos-Montes, they entered Spain by Galicia; they then travelled through the northern part of Spain, the Asturias, Biscaye, Navarre, Arragon, and arrived at last in Catalonia.\*

I find in an English work, as instructive as entertaining, a singular anecdote, little known, relative to Catalonia:—

“From that period, the Emperors, Kings of France, governed Catalonia, by appointing counts, or vicegerents; removeable at pleasure, till the government was rendered hereditary in the family of Wilfred the Hairy: whether this happened by a concession of Charles the

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

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

Bald, or by usurpation, remains a doubt among the learned. It continued in his posterity for many generations. This prince having been grievously wounded, in a battle against the Normans, received a visit from the emperor, who dipping his finger in the blood that trickled from the wound, drew four lines down the gilt shield of Wilfred, saying—‘Earl, be these thy armorial ensign.’ Four pallets, gules, on a field, remained from that time the coat of arms of Catalonia, and afterwards of Arragon, when Raymund the Fifth married Petronilla, only daughter and heiress of Ramiro, the second King of Arragon.” *Travels through Spain, in the Years 1775 and 1776, by Henry Swinburn, Esq.*

\* It is said you may see the Islands of Majorca and Minorca from this place, which are more than sixty leagues distant.—See *Nouveau Voyage en Espagne*, Tom. I.

† Saint Ignatius there devoted himself to penance, and there formed the design of founding the Society of Jesuits.

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

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

See the work last cited, Tom. I.

† The following is what a French traveller says on the subject of the cascades I mention:—

“ One is astonished, while traversing these threatening rocks, to meet delicious vallies and fine verdure, and trees in the bosom of sterility; to see natural cascades precipitate themselves from their rude pinnacles, and trouble the silence, which reigns in that asylum, only to render it more interesting.” — *Essais sur l'Espagne, Tom. I. page 35.*

And here follows what an English traveller says on the same subject:—

“ The greatest hardship here, is a scarcity of good water. Except one spring in the parish, and another at the convent, they have no other than cistern water, and that bad enough. This, in summer, is a terrible inconvenience, and gives the lie to the florid descriptions I have read, of the purling streams, and beautiful cascades, tumbling down, on every side, from the broken rocks. The want of water is so great, that neither wolf, bear, or other wild beast is ever seen

Don Ramirez, in entering the desert, met one of these hermits reading as he walked. He was struck by his noble and venerable figure; he passed near them, and as Don Ramirez was speaking with his son, the hermit, hearing the Portuguese tongue, took his eyes from his book, and approached the strangers. He told Don Ramirez how happy he was once more to meet a countryman, and invited them both to rest awhile in his hermitage. The proposition was gratefully accepted, and the venerable recluse brought them vegetables and fruits.

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

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

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

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

on the mountain."—*Travels through Spain, by Henry Swinburn, Esq. London, 4to. Page 58.*

This quotation is striking enough, and, were pains taken to compare the accounts of travellers, I believe many such like may be found. For my own part, I have taken a liberty which many historians have likewise taken, that of choosing the most agreeable; however, I do not dissemble my motives of preference, and readily confess, that the name, reputation, and works of the English traveller, ought to inspire the greatest confidence.

“It imports you but little,” said he, “to know my name: I have been twelve years an inhabitant of this mountain. By this time, they believe in Portugal that I am dead. I have devoted myself to oblivion, therefore I will not speak of my family; but, in as few words as possible, relate my deplorable story.”—

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

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

“My family is one of the most ancient in all Portugal. I received a good education, inherited a tolerable fortune, and, by my success in war, obtained the esteem and benefactions of my sovereign, married a woman whom I loved, became a father, and, of course, perfectly happy.

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

“As soon as he was of an age proper to appear at court, I entrusted him to the care of a relation, sent him to Lisbon, and remained in my country solitude. I was now, for the first time, separated from my son, and yet, never was happier. I imagined his future success, and indulged the fondest hopes of his future fame.—Hope, though the most uncertain, the most deceitful, is yet, perhaps, the greatest of blessings, and which the heart of a father only can properly estimate. When our own interest produces the flattering illusion, it is moderated, enfeebled, or, perhaps, dispelled by fear; but what father ever yet prescribed bounds to

the hopes he conceived of his son? Alas! I thought to have beheld some of mine realized!

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

“He saw a young lady at Lisbon, who, in addition to personal attraction, talents, and virtue, was of a noble family and large fortune. My son aspired to her hand, I approved his choice, and this attachment, authorized by my approbation, fixed the short destiny of his life. Her parents consented to a union, by which his happiness would be ensured, but on condition that he obtained a place at court. My son asked a place, and he was promised one in three months; it was only required he should keep his success a secret, for reasons assigned, till the moment of actual possession; with permission, however, to inform the parents of his mistress of the event, which he instantly did.

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

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

“My son’s natural candour prevented him from suspecting the probity of a traitor, who only wished his confidence, that he might ruin him with greater certainty. This wretch, who had been dragged from obscurity by the caprice of his sovereign, imagined



he beheld in him a dangerous rival ; but, dissembling his jealousy, he sought, and soon obtained the friendship of the unsuspecting youth."

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

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

" ' You have most unworthily deceived us ; we know, from the best authority, the place, now disposed of, was never promised you ; forget, therefore, the name of one, who will never forgive herself for having once esteemed you.'

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

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

“Condemned to live, I supported life only by the hope of vengeance. ‘Oh thou!’ cried I, ‘Sovereign Arbitrator of the fate of miserable mortals! Being Supreme! whose heavy hand has fallen upon me! deign, at least, from the bottom of that abyss, in which thy wrath has plunged me, deign to hear the cries of my despair! The voice of the oppressed can reach thee, and never hast thou rejected his prayer. I aspire not to happiness—that is for ever lost; ’tis vengeance I ask, ’tis justice I implore. May the perfidious wretch, whose infernal arts have robbed me of my wife and son, lose at once fortune and favour! He is a father; let him weep bitterness, like me, and may he, above all, be unhappy in his son!’”

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

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

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

“This persecutor! this barbarian! this monster!—was Ramirez!”

“It was, sir, I confess it; he was the author of all my misery.”

“This Ramirez! this——”

“Repeat not that dreadful name, sir; I shudder when I hear it.”

“Unhappy Alvarez! Learn, at least, Heaven has punished your enemy.”

“What say you? Does he no longer govern Portugal?”

“Ruined, stripped, without relations, without friends,

he has little left but vain regret, and never-ending remorse."

"Does he suffer? I am sorry!"

"Sorry! Is it possible?"

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

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

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

"Oh, greatness of soul, which confounds me!" exclaimed Don Ramirez; "can man, then, raise self to so sublime a degree of virtue?"

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

Thus saying, he held out his arms, and advanced to embrace Don Ramirez, whose tears bedewed the bo-

som of the virtuous old man; that bosom, which formerly he had so cruelly torn.

A quarter of an hour after this reconciliation, Alphonso returned to the hermitage. Don Ramirez took his leave of the hermit, and quitted the mountain, bearing with him remorse the most grievous, and apprehensions the most fearful; he could not remove from his mind the malediction so solemnly pronounced against him by Alvarez; he saw its effects already in the loss of his fortune; and, notwithstanding the generous pardon he had received, he felt himself too guilty not to dread the wrath of Heaven, and its justice towards the injured Alvarez. "Alas!" cried Ramirez, in his height of anguish, "he remitted vengeance to the arm of God! Such vengeance must be terrible! Oh, my son! thou art to become the instrument of my punishment; Alphonso must chastise his father; he is the avenger of Alvarez!"

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

They left Catalonia, after having visited Tarragona and Tortosa,\* and went to Madrid, where Alphonso

\* Among the combats between the Spaniards and the Moors, was one, in which the women of Tortosa gained great renown. They exposed themselves on the ramparts of the town, and performed such prodigious acts of valour, that Raymond Berenger, the last Count of Barcelona, instituted in 1170 the military order of La Hacha, or the Torch. They obtained many other honourable privileges, which now no longer exist, except that of taking the right-hand of the men, be their rank what it will, in their marriage ceremonies.

The history of Germany affords a similar anecdote. In the year 1015, the Poles besieged the town of Meisau, which must have been taken, had it not been for

vainly hoped once more to meet Dalinda. He learnt, however, from the description he gave of her she had been there; that her father was a Swede, his name Thelismar; that he intended to remain some time in Spain, and that he had taken the route to Grenada.

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

They went first to Toledo, where they saw the Alcazar, or ancient Moorish palace;\* the architecture of which is a mixture of the Roman, Gothic and Mo-

the heroism of the women, who partook all the labours of the siege. The emperor, Henry II. to perpetuate the memory of the women of Meissin, who had, on that occasion, shewn greater courage than their husbands, ordained an anniversary festival for the deliverance of the town, and that the women alone should go in procession to the church, as a testimony that Meissin owed its safety to them. This procession was continued with great pomp till the sixteenth century, when the Lutherans abolished the Romish religion.—*Hist. Gener. d'Allemagne, by M. Montigny, Tom. IV.*

During the war between John I. King of Castile, and John I. King of Portugal, the English having besieged Valancia, in the kingdom of Leon, which was then without men, the nobility having all followed the prince to the field, the ladies defended the town, repelled the assault of the enemy, harassed them by sallies, and obliged them to retire. John, in recompense of their valour, permitted them to wear a scarf of gold, and granted them all the privileges of the Knights of the Scarf. The date of this order is uncertain, but is said to be between 1383 and 1390.—*Encyclopédie, at the word Écharpe.*

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

riscan. What they most admired in this palace, was an hospital for the poor of the city and its environs, established by the Archbishop of Toledo. This hospital contains manufactories and drawing-schools. They educate about two hundred children, to whom they give a habit of labour, and a love of virtue. Old men and women likewise find an asylum in this ancient palace, thus consecrated by religion to suffering humanity.\*

After a short stay at Toledo, our travellers went to Cordova, in their route to which they crossed the Sierra-Morena,† a wild and uncultivated tract of land, which the active and beneficent genius of a single individual‡ has since metamorphosed into an habitable and agreeable country.

\* The town-house of Toledo, near the archbishop's palace, is still admired; the colonadeal architecture is very beautiful. On one of the walls of the stair-case are Spanish verses, of which the following is a translation:—

“Noble and judicious men of Toledo, leave your passions on this stair-case; here leave love, fear, and covetousness; forget private and public good; and since God has made you the pillars of this august palace, remain always firm, upright, and unshaken.”—*Essais sur l'Espagne, Tom. I.*

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

‡ These mountains, absolutely desert, served many ages as an asylum to robbers and wolves. In vain had some patriots proposed to grub and clear them. M. Olavides, however, after having peopled the deserts of Andalusia, covered the Sierra-Morena with colonists and labourers. Government favoured the establishment, and it prospered; but, notwithstanding the attentions, benefactions, and repeated exemptions of government, there are many discontented spirits among these people; their complaints, generally ill-founded, are the consequence of man's inquietude, who wishes

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

Don Ramirez staid three days at Cordova, and continued his journey. Alphonso saw not the walls of Grenada without emotion;† he flattered himself he

for ease and independence without making use of the means by which they are procured.—*Essais sur l'Espagne, Tom. I.*

The chief place in the colony is called Carolina; both the French and English traveller have given charming descriptions of this establishment. Those of the latter are delightful.

\* In the days of the Mussulmen, this mosque was a square building, with a flat roof, upon arches. It wanted proportion, for it was only thirty-five feet high, while its breadth was four hundred and twenty, and its length five hundred and ten. The roof was borne up by near a thousand columns, and by seven hundred and eighty, according to others. The mosque had twenty-four gates, and 4700 lamps were lighted in it every night, which annually consumed near 26,000 pounds of oil.

At present, a part of the mosque only exists, which is turned into a church that has seventeen gates, and is 510 feet long, and 240 broad;‡ and in one part of it stand a vast number of columns, marble, but of various species, forming a vast quincunx.—*Travels through Spain, by Henry Swinburne, Esq. p. 297.*

† Grenada is situated at the foot of Sierra-Nevada, or mountain of snow, and is built on each side of the Cauro. The Xenil bathes its walls, and these two

‡ The French traveller says, 600 long, and 250 broad.—*Essais sur l'Espagne, Tom. I. p. 266.*

should find Dalinda in that city, but he did not long preserve that hope. Notwithstanding the cares of love, he was forcibly struck with the delightful situation of Grenada, the beauty of its buildings,\* and the antique and curious monuments, the remains of which, at every step, recal the remembrance of Moorish magnificence. Alphonso visited with rapture the Alhambra and Generalif, and amused himself in places full of inscriptions and verses, which retraced to his memory the ancient gallantry of Grenada's kings, the misfortunes of the Abencerages, the persecution and triumph of a virtuous queen,† and all the marvellous adventures with which history and romance abound.

rivers are formed from the melting of the snows, with which the Sierra is always covered.—*Essais sur l'Espagne, Tom. I.*

\* The most remarkable monument of Grenada is the Castle of the Alhambra, an ancient Moorish palace, in the centre of which is seen one more modern, built by Charles V. which yet is in ruins, with only four walls remaining. Its extent was not great, the better to preserve the Moorish palace, which was destined to be a summer habitation. In the alhambra are found remains of prodigious magnificence, — colonades of marble, fountains, bass reliefs, a prodigious number of inscriptions, &c. Among others the superb court, called the Court of the Lions, is greatly admired: the Generalif is another Moorish palace, which communicates with the Alhambra. It is built on a great elevation, and watered from every part. The gardens are in the form of an amphitheatre; the situation is charming, and preferable to that of the Alhambra.—*Essais sur l'Espagne, Tom. I.*

† In the days of Boabdil, or Abouabdoulah, the last King of Grenada, the Alabeces, Abencerages, Zegrís, and Gomeles, were the most powerful families in that city; they filled most of the great employments about court, and scarce a brilliant achievement in war was heard of, that was not performed by the arm of some



Alphonso, however, more and more uneasy about Dalinda and her father, soon learnt they had left Gre-

---

knight of these four houses. High above the rest towered the Abencerages, unequalled in gallantry, magnificence, and chivalry. None among the Abencerages were more accomplished, more distinguished, than Albin Hamet, who for his great wisdom and valour stood deservedly foremost in the list of the king's favourites. His power rose to such a pitch, that it excited the most violent envy in the breast of the Zegris and Gomeles, who determined to pull him down from his post of superior eminence. After concerting many schemes for his destruction, none appeared to them more effectual than one proposed by a consummate villain of the Zegri family. He seized an opportunity of being alone with the king, whose character was as yet frank and unsuspecting: assuming an air of extreme anguish of mind, he observed to the prince how very weak his conduct appeared to all wise men, by reposing such unbounded confidence in, and trusting his person with, such traitors as the Abencerages, who were well known to be laying a scheme for a general revolt, thereby to deprive Abouabdoulah of his life and crown. Nay, more; he, and the three men of honour, had seen the queen in wanton dalliance with Albin Hamet Abencerage behind the lofty cypresses in the gardens of the Generalif, from whence Hamet had returned insolently crowned with a garland of roses. These calumnies roused all the furies of jealousy in the breast of the credulous monarch, and the destruction of the whole lineage of Abencerage was planned in the bloody junto. The principal men of the devoted family were, under some pretence or other, summoned one by one to attend the king at the Court of Lions. No sooner was each unhappy victim admitted within the walls, than he was seized by the Zegris, lead to a large alabaster basin in one of the adjoining halls, and there beheaded. Thirty-six of the noblest of the race had already perished before

nada almost a fortnight, and were gone to Cadiz; and that they talked of staying there six weeks,

---

the treachery was discovered. A page, belonging to one of those noblemen, having found means to follow his master in, and to get out again unseen, divulged the secret of this bloody transaction. The treason once known, all Grenada was in an instant up in arms, and many desperate combats ensued, which, by the great havoc made amongst the most valiant of its chieftains, brought the state to the very brink of ruin. The tumults being appeased by the wisdom of Musa, a bastard brother to the king, a grand council was held, in which Abouabdoulah declared his reasons for the punishment inflicted on the Abencerages, viz. their conspiracy, and the adultery of the queen. He then solemnly pronounced her sentence, which was, to be burnt alive, if within thirty days she did not produce four knights to defend her cause against the four accusers. The queen's relations were upon the point of drawing their scimitars in the audience-chamber, and rescuing her from the danger that threatened her; but their fury was checked by the eloquence of Muza, who observed to them, they might by violence save the life of the sultana, but by no means clear her reputation in the eyes of the world; which would certainly look upon that cause as unjust, which refused to submit to the customary trial. The queen was immediately shut up in the tower, or comares. Many grenadine warriors were ambitious of having the honour of exposing their lives in her quarrel, but none were so happy as to prove the object of her choice. She had conceived so high an idea of Christians, from the valour she had seen them display in a great tournament lately held at Grenada, and the treachery of Zegrís had inflamed her with so despicable an opinion of Moorish honour, that she was determined to rest her defence upon the gallantry of the Spanish knights. In hopes of rousing their noble spirits to action, she dispatched a trusty messenger with a letter

and afterwards of embarking for the coast of Africa. This news afflicted him much; he endeavoured not to

---

to Don Juan de Chacon, Lord of Carthagená, entreating him to espouse her cause; and, like a true knight, bring with him three brave warriors, to stand her friends on the day appointed. Chacon returned for answer, that he set too high a price upon that honour, not to be punctual to the hour of trial. The fatal day arrived, and all Grenada was buried in the deepest affliction, to find that their beloved queen had been so remiss as not to have named one of her defenders. Musa, Azarque, and Almoradi, the judges of the combat, pressed her, in vain, to accept of their swords, or those of several other warriors willing to assert the justness of her cause. The sultana, relying on the Spanish faith, persisted in her refusal; upon which the judges conducted her down from the alhambra to a scaffold in the great square, hung with black, where they seated themselves on one side. At the sight of this beauty in distress, the whole place resounded with loud cries and lamentations; and it was with difficulty that the spectators could be restrained from attacking her enemies, and rescuing her by main force. Scarce were the judges seated, when twenty trumpets announced the approach of the four accusers, who advanced armed *cap-à-piè*, mounted on the finest coursers of Andalusia. Over their armour they wore loose vests, with plumes and sashes of a tawny colour. On their shields were painted two bloody swords, and these words:—"For the truth we draw them."—All their kinsmen and adherents accompanied them to their posts within the lists. In vain did the crowd cast a longing eye towards the gate, through which the champions of injured innocence were to enter; none appeared from eight in the morning to two in the afternoon. The sultana's courage began to fail her; and, when four valiant Moors presented themselves to sue for the honour of drawing their swords to vindicate her innocence, she promised to trust her

persuade his father to go thither, for Don Ramirez had declared Grenada should be the last place he

---

life in their hands, if, within two hours, the persons she expected should not appear. At that instant a great noise was heard, and four Turkish horsemen came prancing into the square. One of them addressed the judges, requesting the favour of speaking to the queen; which, being granted, he knelt down, and told her aloud, that he and his companions were Turks, come to Spain with the design of trying their strength against the heroes of Ferdinand's army; but that hearing of this solemn trial, they had changed their resolution, and were now arrived at Grenada to devote their first essay of arms in Spain to her service, and hoped she would approve of them for her champions. As he spoke, he let drop into her lap the letter she had written to Don Juan; by the sight of which, she discovered this feigned Turk to be no other than the Lord of Carthage, who had brought with him, as companions in this dangerous conflict, the Duke of Arcos, Don Alonzo de Aguilar, and Don Ferdinand de Cordova. The queen accepted of their proposal; and the judges, having solemnly declared her voice, gave orders for the charge to sound. The onset was fierce, and the fight long doubtful. At length Don Juan overthrew Mahandon Gamel, and the duke slew Alihamet Zegri; Mahandon Gamel fell by the sword of Aguilar; and the last of all, the arch-traitor, Mahomed Zegri, disabled by repeated wounds, and fainting with loss of blood, sunk at the feet of Don Ferdinand; who, setting his knee on the infidel's breast, and holding his dagger to his throat, summoned him to confess the truth, or die that instant. "Thou needest not add another wound," said Mahomed, "for the last will prove sufficient to rid the world of such a monster. Know then, that to revenge myself of the Abencrages, I invented a lie that caused their destruction, and the persecution of the sultana; whom I here declare free from all stain or reproach whatsoever, and with my dying breath im-

would wander to, and that he would afterwards return to Portugal.

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

“My father,” said he, “has lost his fortune; he has only a small pension, not sufficient for both of us; in taking half his expense away, I shall double his income. I feel I am a charge to him; I even perceive my company is not so agreeable to him as formerly; he is become pensive and silent, my conversation fatigues, and my presence lays him under restraint. Besides, in seeking to distinguish myself and emerge from obscurity, is it not for him I labour; if I can

---

plore her forgiveness.” The judges came down to receive this deposition of the expiring Zegri, and it was afterwards announced to the people, who expressed their joy by the loudest acclamations. The day ended in festivity and rejoicing. The queen was escorted back in triumph to the palace, where the penitent Abouabdoulah fell at her feet, and with floods of tears endeavoured to atone for his crime, but to no purpose: for the queen remained inflexible, and, retiring to the house of her nearest of kin, refused to have any further intercourse with him. The four knights left Grenada, without discovering themselves to any other person; and, soon after, the numerous friends and adherents of the Abencerages abandoned the city, and, by their secession into Castile or Africa, left Abouabdoulah destitute of able officers, and entirely at the mercy of his enemies, who, in the course of a few months, deprived him of his kingdom.

procure wealth, to him shall it be dedicated. My absence may give him some uneasiness for a time, but my return will ensure his felicity."

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

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

Alphonso had no money. Certain jewels, which he happened to have about him on the day of the earthquake had been saved, all of which his father had sold, except two diamond rings, which he had given his son. One of these Alphonso privately sold for four hundred piastres (about seventy guineas) which he thought a sum sufficient to make the tour of the world if he pleased.

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

Bathed in tears, he writ to his father, to inform him of the motives of his flight, without mentioning what route he should take, or his passion for Dalinda. He sealed the letter, and left it on the table, that his father might find it on the morrow; then wrapping himself in a countryman's cloak, he put on thick-soled clouted shoes, took a staff in his hand, with his purse, and a pocket-book that contained his other ring, and Dalinda's sash properly concealed, opened a window,

leaped into a court-yard, and went out of a private door, of which he had procured the key. He passed hastily along the streets, got through the city gate by means of his country disguise, found his servant waiting a little way out of town, mounted his horse, followed his guide, and proceeded toward Cadiz.

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

He had quitted Grenada about two hours, when he was awakened from his gloomy reverie by a most surprising phenomenon: surrounded as it were by the deep, the profound obscurity of night, darkness in an instant disappeared, and light the most radiant dazzled the astonished eyes of Alphonso. He raised his head amazed, and beheld a globe of brightest fire in the heavens, precipitating itself somewhat horizontally towards earth, and augmenting as it fell. It exhibited a thousand dazzling colours, and left a long train of light that marked its path in the atmosphere. Having traversed a part of the horizon, it began to rise again by degrees, and shot forth on all sides sparks, and blazing sheaves, that seemed like vast artificial fire works. At length the enormous ball opened, and sent forth two kinds of volcanos, which formed into two prodigious rainbows; the one of which vanished in the north, the other in the south; the fiery globe became extinct, and the most impenetrable darkness instantly succeeded to day-light the most fervent.\*

\* This globe of fire was a meteor, and similar appearances have been observed in the remotest ages. It was this kind of meteor which formerly spread terror in Rome, which Aristotle, Seneca, and Pliny have described. It was anciently called, and is so still by the vulgar, flaming sword, and fiery dragon. I have not invented any circumstances relative to this

Alphonso was forcibly and irresistibly alarmed by this prodigy. All uncommon accidents are ill omens

---

phenomenon in my tale, as may be seen by the following account:—

“The globe of fire, which was the subject of the Memoire of M. le Roy, was observed the 17th of July, 1771, about half-past ten in the evening.—There suddenly appeared in the north-west a fire like to a great falling star, which, augmenting as it approached, soon took the form of a globe, that afterwards had a tail, which entrained all after it. This globe having traversed a part of the heavens, became slower in its motion, and took the form of Batavian Tears, when it shed a most powerful light; its head appeared enveloped in sparks of fire, and its tail, edged with red, contained all the colours of the rainbow. At length it burst, shedding a vast number of luminous particles like the brilliance in fire-works.

“The 12th of November, 1761, M. le Baron des Adretz, one league from Ville Franche, in Beaujolois, saw a bright globe of fire, which seemed swiftly falling and increasing in size as it fell. A train of fire marked its route; after it had traversed nearly an eighth of the horizon, it seemed as large as an exceedingly large tun, cut horizontally in half.—It turned upside down, and out of it came a prodigious quantity of flaming sparks, like the largest of those seen in fire-works.

“In the town of Beaune this meteor gave a light equal to that of noon-day.

“The 3d of November, 1771, at half-past nine in the evening, a very extraordinary meteor was seen at Sarlat.\* The heavens became so light, that they thought day again was going to break. A most luminous globe of fire appeared, from which came large

---

\* A small town of Perigord, 120 leagues from Paris.



to a troubled conscience. This was highly so to him; his grief and doubts were doubled, he increased his pace to get rid of his fears, and galloped the rest of the night without stopping.

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

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

Scarcely had Alphonso proceeded twenty paces upon the rock he meant to ascend, when he felt his feet fixed to the stone! he could not lift! he could not stir them! and his staff, too heavy to move, stood upright, and seemed to take root on this fatal rock!\*

sparks, like artificial stars, and the circle by which it was surrounded was formed of differently-coloured rays.—When this enormous globe was about six fathoms high, two species of volcano came from it, which took the form of two large rainbows, one of which lost itself towards the north, and the other towards the south.”—*Dictionnaire des Merveilles de la Nature, Tom. II.*

\* It must be remembered, that Alphonso's shoes were nailed, and that his staff had an iron ferrule.

“The ancients,” says M. deBomare, “knew the load-stone would attract iron; and if Pliny may be believed, it was found out by a shepherd, who felt that the nails of his shoes, and the ferrule of his staff, stuck to a rock of load-stone over which he passed; but they knew not its polar direction.”

Alphonso, full of ignorance and remorse, and already terrified at the meteor he had seen, feeling him-

"Oh, my father!" cried he, "Heaven has undertaken to punish my ingratitude by a new, and unheard-of miracle."

---

self fixed to the rock, believed it proceeded from the wrath of Heaven as a punishment for his flight. This idea redoubled his terror, rendered him motionless, and aided the effects of nature.

"The load-stone is ferruginous, and is found in iron mines; its colour varies with the country where it is found; it has five remarkable properties—1. That of attracting iron, called *attraction*. 2. That of transmitting its virtue, *communication*. 3. That of turning towards the poles of the earth, *direction*. 4. Its variation, called *declination*. 5. Its dipping as it approaches either pole, *inclination*. All these singular properties, the effects of the nature of the load-stone, are produced by some general property hitherto unknown. It is supposed there is a kind of atmosphere round the load-stone, which forms an active vortex, and is sensibly discovered by its contrary effects; the one of attracting, the other of repelling iron. The attractive force of the load-stone, just taken from the mine, is not great, for which reason it is obliged to be armed to augment its power.—It may be remarked, that the rust of iron has sometimes the effect of the load-stone.

"Among the curiosities of the English Royal Society, is a load-stone, weighing sixty pounds, which does not lift weight in proportion to its size, but which attracts a needle at nine feet distance. *L'Histoire de l'Académie des Sciences*, speaks of a load-stone which weighed eleven ounces, and raised twenty-eight pounds of iron; that is to say, more than forty times its weight." *Dict. d'Hist. Nat. par M. de Bore*. Magnetism is the general name for the different qualities of the load-stone. I have placed the adventure of the load-stone rock in Spain, because it would have the most effect in the first moments of Alphonso's flight; and there is sufficient probability

He could say no more. Remorse, astonishment, and terror, overwhelmed him; took away what little strength he had left, made him immoveable and mute, caused his hair to stand erect, and spread a death-like paleness upon his cheeks.

“Oh dear, mamma!” cried Pulcheria, “is he changed to a statue?”

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

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

“However, my dear, that invisible power was not supernatural. You remember I told you, the seeming marvellous in my story should all be true.”

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

“He remained petrified with terror in the situation I have described, when the sky became covered with clouds, the winds howled in the air, and the rain began to shower. But how was the terror, how was the horror of Alphonso increased, when he beheld that dreadful rain! When he saw, what he thought millions of huge round drops of blood, instantly cover the white rocks that surrounded him; felt them run in streams from his face, hands, and all parts of his body, and viewed rivers of blood descend on all sides to the green vallies!\*

for a tale like this, in so doing, since in fact, the environs of Loxe are full of rocks, and Spain contains many mines.

\* “The pretended rain of blood happens only during a storm, and more especially in summer. It is not astonishing, that the most part of insects which feed on trees, are swept off by winds and torn in pieces, so that in falling they seem bloody, and it rains the blood of insects.—*Dict. d'Hist. Nat. par M. de Bomare, au mot Pluie.*

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

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

Arrived at Loxe, he staid two or three hours to recover, then ordered mules and a guide, and pursued his journey. He crossed Mount Orespeda,\* passed

---

I confess this explanation does not satisfy me; for were it necessary only to produce this phenomenon, to have a high wind or rain in the months of July or August, every person must have seen it rain blood more than once, which they certainly have not seen.

“The waters of the Lake of Zurich, in 1703,” says M. de Bomare, “suddenly became red like blood; and, on examination, it was found to proceed from currents of bituminous waters, full of red ochre, which currents fell into the lake.

“There is also what they call sulphur rain, which is so named, from yellow grains that seem to fall from the clouds, mingled with the water. This is nothing but the yellow dust from various species of plants in bloom, and which is the cause of this pretended sulphur rain, that so frequently falls in the neighbourhood of mountains. This phenomenon often happens at Bourdeaux in the month of April, when the pine is in flower.”—*Dict. d'Hist. Nat. par M. de Bomare.*

\* Quitting Loxe, travellers cross Mount Orespeda; and, in the neighbourhood of Archidona, a city built in the very midst of rocks, on the frontiers of Andalusia, is seen *la Pena de Los Enamorados*, (the lover's punishment) a rock which this tragic adventure has rendered famous. A young French knight was made prisoner by the Moors, when they were in possession

the ancient city of Antequerra, and did not stop till he came to Malaga. He arrived without any remarkable accident at Cadiz,\* and put up at the first inn he came to.

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

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

In the afternoon he sent for a guitar, and, in the evening, after supper, planting himself under Dalin-

---

of Grenada. The Moorish king gave him his liberty, heaped favours upon him, and retained him at his court. In return, the Frenchman seduced the king's daughter, and prevailed on her to fly secretly from her father's palace. They made their escape in the night; but Heaven pursued an ungrateful and vile ravisher, and a criminal and unnatural daughter. At day-break they saw a company of Moors chasing them, and they clambered up a prodigiously high rock. They were soon surrounded, and, torn by remorse, reduced to despair, they flung themselves from the summit of the precipice, which still bears the name of the Lover's Rock—*Essais sur l'Espagne, Tom. I. page 225.*

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

da's window, with a trembling hand he ventured to strike a few arpeggios. The window opened, and, fearing to be overheard by Thelismar, who understood Portuguese, Alphonso durst not sing the verses he had written on Dalinda at the Fountain of Love; but, in timid accents, and an irresolute voice, he sung the Torments of Absence.

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

Alphonso formed a thousand projects relative to his passion, and executed none of them. He ardently longed once more to see Dalinda, but never could determine to present himself as an adventurer. His intention, when he left his father, was to offer himself as a companion to Thelismar during his travels, not doubting but his knowledge and talents would make this proposition very acceptable; and, supposing likewise, that gratitude, for having saved the life of Dalinda, would put his reception out of doubt.

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

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

This intelligence determined the irresolute Alphonso; he sold his remaining ring, went to the captain of

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

the ship, obtained his passage, got on board before day-break, and took possession of his little cabin. He had not been there a quarter of an hour, before he heard the voice of Thelismar, and presently afterwards the anchor was weighed, and the vessel set sail.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"But," continued Thelismar, "my travels will not end in less than three or four years at soonest, how do you know your father will consent to this long absence?"

“ Oh I am very certain ——”

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

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

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

“ Of consolation! Are you then unhappy?”

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

“ From Dalinda! ——”

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

“ Oh Heaven!” cried Alphonso in anguish; “ Africa and Sweden! What immense! what dreadful distance between her and —— you? How I pity you!”

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

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

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

“ Do you know any thing of geometry?”

“ I had a mathematical master ten years.”

“ Have you any acquaintance with natural history and philosophy?”

“ Every thing of that kind is familiar to me; besides,



I am passionately fond of the arts, understand music, and delight in drawing. I draw flowers charmingly."

"Flowers! Do you love reading?"

"Very much."

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

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

"And I warrant you left mathematics also soon after?"

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

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

"My poetry was very successful."

"Among your friends, I suppose."

"Oh universally."

"How do you know?"

"Every body that visited my father told me so."

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

Thelismar replied, he had that very day received from an old friend, just returned from America, a poison, so powerful and subtle, as to produce the effect of which he had been witness; that this friend had given him a case, which enclosed the fatal pin that had been dipped in the poison, and, designing to make an experiment of its power, he happened to have it in his pocket.\*

\* Poison known to some kind of savages, mountaineers of Peru, was brought to Europe in 1746 by

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

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

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

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

---

M. de la Condamine, which was most subtle and mortal. Its effect is so prompt, that a monkey or parrot pricked to the quick by small arrows, which the savages shoot from Sarba canes, immediately drop. M. de Reaumur had a bear of two years old, who, becoming mischievous, he determined to kill. The effect of the poison was tried on this animal; the point of a dart, proper to shoot from a Sarba cane, was steeped in it, and the bear received the first dart above the shoulder, but without being apparently wounded; a second was shot, and the animal made a bound, was convulsed, trembled, foamed, and fell dead in about a minute and a half. It must be remarked, that the monkeys and parrots killed by this poison, which are eaten in Peru without any precaution, contract no pernicious quality. Sugar is the most certain antidote to this powerful venom, and which given to dogs and cats a quarter of an hour before they have been wounded, has prevented all its effects.

This note was given the author, by a person, who was a witness of the above experiments.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And can you then observe her emotion?" added Thelismar.

“ Oh very plainly; she can hardly breathe, though her bosom heaves.”

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

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

“ Come,” said he, “ now let us see the boy draw—stand there, behind him, and then you will overlook his work with more ease.” Alphonso followed his directions, and remarked, it was odd enough the child should keep his gloves on, and surprising enough that he should design from his own invention, without any drawing to copy from.

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

“ Wonderful!” cried Alphonso; “ astonishingly correct! Courage, my little fellow! There—shade that outline a little; that’s it! The little angel! I declare, I could not do better myself!”

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

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

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

“ Good Heaven! It’s a doll! a figure!”

“ It is an automaton.”\*

\* Every body at Paris, in 1783, saw the automatons, of which this is a description. Another has since been shewn, still more remarkable, for it plays at chess with any person.

“ And the musician, what is she ? ”

“ Own sister to the designer. ”

“ But did I not see her breathe ? ”

“ You thought so ; and you really saw her play with her fingers upon the harpsichord. Hence you may learn, Alphonso, that it is unreasonable to place too high a value upon accomplishments which automatons may possess. ”

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

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

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

Thelismar was ready to depart from Centa, yet Alphonso had received no letters from his father : imagining, therefore, that Don Ramirez approved his projects, by his not being in any haste to recal him home, he determined to proceed with Thelismar.

Some days previous to their departure for the Azore Islands, Alphonso, who had observed workmen busy about raising a kind of machine in the garden, the use of which he did not comprehend, learnt that it was done by the order, and under the direction, of Thelismar, of whom he therefore inquired its use. “ The proprietor of this house has told me, ” said Thelismar, “ that the lightning has twice, within these twenty years, fallen upon and damaged the building, and I have promised him it shall do so no more. ”

“ And which way can you prevent it ? ”

“ By means of the thing you have seen. ”

“ I confess I do not comprehend. ”

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

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

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

"You see them assembled," said Thelismar, "and now they shall descend, and the lightning shall fall not thirty feet from yonder spot." Scarcely had he spoken, but the thunder began to roar, and its bolts were discharged exactly as Thelismar prescribed;\* who then shut his window and went out of his room, leaving Alphonso petrified with astonishment.

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

\* Every body knows this experiment on electricity was first made by Dr. Franklin.

and that knowledge fixed for ever in the bosom of Alphonso the most inconstant of all the passions.

Alphonso was very desirous of having the letter in his own possession, and seeing Dalinda's writing; but Thelismar, after having read, put it in the drawer of his bureau. Alphonso, with his eyes fixed upon this drawer, heard no longer the discourse of Thelismar, but fell into a profound musing; Thelismar, therefore, took up a book, and Alphonso, recollecting himself, left the room.

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

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

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

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

† The key was electrified.

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

"Oh, sir!" replied Alphonso, "you, whose supernatural art produces so many prodigies, you surely have the power to penetrate my most secret thoughts. Read them at the bottom of my heart."

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

Alphonso advanced, as he was desired, towards the bureau; opened the drawer, and cried, "Yes, Thelismar, I see that nothing is impossible to you; your discourse is full of wisdom, and your actions of astonishment: deign, sir, ever to be my guide, my tutelary genius! My submission, affection, and gratitude, will, I hope, render me worthy of your cares." So saying, Alphonso, with a tender and respectful air, drew near to Thelismar, who only answered him by holding out his arms, and embracing him with affection.

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

Thelismar lodged in a small house, the aspect of which pleased him; the owner was a Swede, who had been six years in the island. As they had only one agreeable apartment, Thelismar partook his bed-chamber with Alphonso, and had a bed made up for him beside his own. One night, as Alphonso and Thelismar were in a sound sleep, they both awaked, and leaped up at the same moment; they imagined they

\* Twelve leagues from Angra.



felt the violent shock of an earthquake, and fled into a small garden, whither the master of the house, and several servants, who had likewise experienced the same sensation, ran for refuge; the latter brought flambeaux, for the darkness of the night was extreme; and, in expectation of a disaster, like that of Lisbon, they remained there in great anxiety for the space of three hours; not having, however, felt the least motion during this whole time, they determined then to return again to the house. Thelismar and Alphonso did not go to bed again, but conversed till day-break.

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

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

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

particular esteem, and I come to beg you will give me letters of recommendation for my son."

" You intend to return into your own country then ?"

" Yes, sir."

" What accident first brought you out of it ?"

" I was born in a humble condition ; but, notwithstanding the smallness of my income, I found the means to give my son a good education much superior to my rank and life. This son answered my expectations and cares so well, that he obtained by his merit, at five-and-twenty, an honourable and lucrative employment. Some time after he fell in love with an amiable, rich young woman, and was upon the point of marrying her, when a dreadful accident obliged me to quit my country. There was a rich merchant, who lodged in my house : this unhappy man was found one morning murdered in his bed, and his coffers broke open and robbed ; all his servants were taken into custody, and I, of my own accord, delivered myself into the hands of justice. The wretch who had committed the crime was my accuser ; I had enemies, and the affair took an ill turn. Thanks, however, to the cares and protectors of my son, as they had not sufficient proof, I obtained my liberty ; but I could not recover my character, I could not endure to live with ignominy, in a land where I had been generally beloved, and determined to become a voluntary exile ; I endeavoured to conceal my intentions from my son ; but he guessed them too certainly from my preparations. I sold the little I possessed, and secretly departed by night ; I regretted only the loss of my son. I left him, however, in possession of a good post ; and knew that, notwithstanding our misfortunes, the young woman whom he loved still preserved her first affection. Consoled by such ideas, I endeavoured to support the excess of my misfortunes. I travelled in a post-chaise, and at day-break perceived myself escorted, as it were, by a stranger galloping on horseback at some distance from my carriage ; I looked out—but what was my surprise at the sight of my son ; it is impossible to express what I felt ; I stopt, jumped out of my carriage, and was in-

stantly in my son's arms. "What hast thou done?" cried I.

"My duty," answered he.

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

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

"But thy post, thy future fortune."

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

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

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

"And dost thou not complain of thy own fate?"

"My own fate! can it be happier! have not I now an opportunity to prove my gratitude and filial affection? To comfort my father in distress? Shall not my hand dry his tears? Shall not my zeal and tenderness stop its source? Oh, yes, my father; suffer the love and reverence of a son to drive from your memory an unjust country, ungrateful relations, and faithless friends. Heaven has destined me to fulfil the sacred duties of nature in all their extent; and should I—should you, complain of my fate? No; you, my father, who are a model for parents, you should enjoy the solid glory, the sweet happiness of having formed, by your own instructions, and your own example, a son worthy of yourself."

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

“ It was my intention here to have ended my days ; but the intelligence, which I received about two months since, has made me change this resolution. My innocence at length is fully acknowledged; the monster, who had been guilty of the murder, having committed new crimes, was apprehended and condemned. Before his death he publicly acquitted me, by confessing himself to be the murderer. We learnt, at the same time, the young lady my son loved was still unmarried. This has made me wish once more to return to my native land. We intended to have departed in half a year; but the disaster of last night, and the loss of my house, which, though not destroyed, is no longer habitable, must hasten my departure. It is therefore I come to ask recommendatory letters of you, sir.”

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

“ Oh, sir!” cried the old man, with tears of joy in his eyes, “ permit me to bring him hither that he may thank you himself.”

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

Thelismar was mistaken; he attributed those tears to compassion, which repentance and bitter remorse made flow. How criminal did Alphonso feel, when he compared his own conduct with that of the young man's, whose history he had just heard. This touching recital had torn his very heart, and made painful and afflictive the sweetest of all sensations—the admiration of virtue.

The old man returned, leading his son by the hand; Thelismar clasped the young man to his breast, renew-

eril the promises he had made his father, and dismissed them, penetrated with gratitude and joy.

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

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

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

After having coasted along some of these islands Thelismar landed, and was received in a house where Zulaski came to rejoin him the same evening. As Zulaski embarked on board a vessel bound for Lisbon, in his return to Sweden, Alphonso committed two let-

\* "In the year 1755, when Lisbon suffered so much, the Azore Islands were wonderfully agitated. In the Island of St. George, twelve leagues from Angra, the earth shook so violently, that most of the inhabitants were buried in the ruins of their houses. Their terror was next morning redoubled, when from the same parts were seen eighteen islands newly risen from the sea. On the other side a shock was felt, which threw portions of earth into the sea. On one of these was a house, surrounded by trees, the inhabitants of which did not, till the next morning, perceive their change of place."—*Dict. d'Hist. Nat. par M. de Bomare, au mot Tremblement de Terre.*

ters to his care; the one for his father, in which was set down their route, and the places they meant to stop at, earnestly conjuring him to write, and inform Alphonso of his will and pleasure; the other for a young man, who lived in the province of Beira, whom Alphonso entreated to write him news of his father, and to whom Alphonso likewise sent an exact itinerary of his travels.

Zulaski, after receiving these letters and those of Thelismar, departed without delay; and, a few days after, Thelismar and Alphonso embarked for the Canary Islands.\* Thelismar made a long stay at Teneriff; his first object was to go and admire the delightful district that lies between Ratava† and Rialejo: Nature seems there to have assembled all she has of pleasant, useful, and majestic. Mountains covered with verdure; rocks which cast forth pure water; fertile meadows, fields of sugar-cane, vineyards, woods, and shades for ever-green.‡ Thelismar and Alphonso knew not how to tear themselves from the enchanting spot; they passed an entire day there, sometimes walk-

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

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

‡ See *Abrégé de l'Historie Générale des Voyages*, par M. de la Harpe, Tom. I.

ing, sometimes sitting beneath the shade of the plantain-tree, reading passages from Ovid, or Camoëu's *Lusiad*.

Alphonso's imagination, full of the agreeable ideas of fables, wished, before he quitted that charming place, to carve four verses he had just written upon the bark of a tree: he, for this purpose, went to one much like the pine in appearance, drew his knife, began to cut, and saw the blood follow the wound;\* tempted to suppose he had wounded a nymph, metamorphosed to a tree, he recoiled with terror, and the murderous weapon dropt from his hand. Thelismar smiled, and encouraged him, by protesting there was nothing miraculous, nothing wonderful, in this seeming prodigy.

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

Thelismar passed through several other towns, till he came at last to one called Guimar, where are still found many families, the descendants of the Guanches, the ancient inhabitants of these isles. These people, though they have renounced the idolatry of their

\* "This is vulgarly called the dragon-tree, and by botanists is divided into four species. That of the Canary Islands resembles the pine at a distance. Its fruit is round, as large as fine peas, yellow, and a little acid. Its trunk, which is rugged, opens in many places, and sheds, during the dog-days, a liquor like blood, which condenses to a red drop, soft at first, but afterwards dry, and capable of being reduced to powder. This is the dragon's-blood of the shops. When an incision is made in the trunk of one of those trees, the liquor begins to run."—*M. de Bomare, au mot sang de Dragon.*

savage ancestors, have yet preserved much of their wild superstition, and many of their old customs.

One day, as Alphonso was walking alone in the environs of Guimar, he strayed thoughtlessly into an unfrequented wood, in which he was soon lost. In searching his way out, he got entangled in a thicket, which he could scarcely make his way through, and which led to a kind of desert, without trees, shrubs, or verdure, a dry plain, covered with shells, and bounded by a mountain. As he beheld this dismal place he recollected that Thelismar had more than once advised him never to walk in strange places without a guide, but this recollection came too late.

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

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

“Into what place of death has my temerity brought me?” cried Alphonso: “it seems to be the cave of



Polyphemus, or perhaps a robber, still more inhuman; and the dead here, have no doubt been victims of his monstrous cruelty. Well, if I have not the prudence of Ulysses, at least I have his valour."

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

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

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

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

Once more alone in the cavern, Alphonso tore his handkerchief, applied it to, and bound it on his

wounds with his garter; then cutting with his sword the thong by which one of the lamps was suspended, he took that lamp, and returned without delay; he again followed the dark alley, arrived at the stair-case, hastily ascended, found the cavity, and leapt from this frightful gulph with transport.

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

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

On the summit of the mountain he beheld an enormous pillar rise, the colour of which seemed gold towards the base, and at the top a beautiful deep violet. This pillar descended with impetuosity from the mountain, breaking and overturning the trees that stood in its way, attracting and engulfing leaves and branches, and tearing up some by the roots: at the bottom of the mountain it passed over a ditch, which

it filled with stones and earth; its passage was marked by deep furrows, and, during its dreadful and rapid course, it made a noise like the bellowing of a bull.

The formidable column directed its way towards the lake, pumping up the water, and leaving the vast basin dry; then turning towards the north, it was lost in a neighbouring forest.\*

To this phenomenon succeeded a destructive hail,

\* This pillar, or water-spout, is only a thick cloud, compressed and reduced to a small space by contrary and opposing winds, which meeting, give the cloud the form of a cylindrical whirlwind, and thus occasions the water to fall all at once under this cylindrical form. The quantity of water is so great, and the fall so sudden, that if it happens on a ship at-sea, it sinks it instantly. In the month of July, 1755, a stroke of thunder beat down a cloud in Bavaria, which directed itself perpendicularly, and formed a kind of marine water-spout. Passing over a pond, it drew up all the water, raised it to a prodigious height, and afterwards dispersed it with such force, that it resembled a thick smoke. The cloud overturned in its passage several houses and trees.

Another singular phenomenon happened near the Baltic, on the 17th of August, 1750. This was a column of water, attached to a thick cloud, which the wind carried along the earth. It attracted every thing it met with, corn, bushes, and branches of trees, raised them about thirty feet high, entwined them, and let them fall into small parcels.—Some pretend, that firing a cannon will break and dissipate these water-spouts.

There is yet another species, called typhon, which does not descend from the clouds, but raises water from the sea to the sky. These typhons are caused by subterranean fires; for the sea is seen to boil on such occasions, and the air is full of sulphureous exhalations.—*M. de Bomare, au mot Vents.*

In the *Memoires de l'Academie de Stockholm*, we read, that on the 17th of August, 1748, one of

. the stones of which were enormously large; they seemed cut in the form of a star, and were accompanied with long splinters of ice, like the sharp blades of poniards.\* Alphonso took refuge under a tree, and preserved himself as well as possible with

---

these columns was seen near Nystad, which attracted stubble and wheat-sheafs, and tore up small bushes by the roots.

There was another more singular in 1727, at Beziers, of something like a violet colour, which took up a quantity of young olive shoots, tore up trees, transported a large walnut-tree forty or fifty paces, and marked its route by a well-beaten track, on which three coaches might pass a-breast; it was accompanied by a thick smoke, and made a noise like the roaring of a troubled sea.

Another appeared in the same year in la Bric, which, passing over a ditch, filled it with earth and stones, and marked its passage by such kind of furrows as a harrow might make.

A column of a considerable height was seen at Carcassona, in the year 1776. It seemed to descend from a neighbouring mountain, of a deep maigold colour, from the bottom half way, while the rest appeared inflamed. The noise of this meteor resembled the bellowing of a herd of oxen. It threw itself into the river Aude, which it dried up for a considerable space.—*Dict. des Merv. de la Nat. Tome II. mot Trombe.*

\* In 1740, hail-stones fell at Rome as large as eggs. In Thuringia, a province of Germany, there fell hail-stones, in 1738, as large as geese eggs.

Vallade assures us, in the description of the Orcade Islands, that in the month of June, 1680, there fell pieces of ice a foot thick, during a storm. Morton observed at Northampton, in 1693, blades of ice which fell in a storm, that were two inches long, and one inch thick. Besides which, he observed spherical lamps an inch in diameter, on which were seen

his hat, which he held at some distance from his head, though he received several wounds on his hands.

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

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

After sleeping three or four hours, he awoke, rose, and dressed himself; the first person he met, at leav-

five different coloured rays, which formed a kind of star.

In 1720, hail fell at Crembs, some of the stones of which weighed six pounds.—*Dict. des Merv. de la Nat. Tome I. mot Grêle.*

Hail is a kind of rain condensed and crystallized by the cold, as it passes through the middle region of the air, before it reaches the earth.—Nicephorus-Calistus reports, after the taking of Rome by Alaric, hail-stones fell in many places of eight pounds weight. In 824, there fell near Autan, in Burgundy, among the hail, pieces of ice sixteen feet long, seven wide, and two feet thick.—In 1723, there were hail-stones fell at Leicester of five inches.—In the famous storm that happened in Picardy, August, 1722, the least hail that fell, accompanied with thunder and lightning, weighed a pound, and the largest eight.—Many of the stones were forked and pointed, &c.—*M. de Romare, au mot Grêle.*

ing the chamber, was Thelismar; he ran to his arms. Thelismar received him with a tenderness as sincere as his heart could wish. He was going to begin the recital of his adventures, when Thelismar interrupted him, by telling him he would hear nothing then; but must think only of his cure. "A carriage waits for us," said he; "come, let us take leave of the generous and hospitable Spaniard, and return to Guimar."

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

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

"Dear Alphonso," said Thelismar, "had you a little more thought, and a little less vanity, you had not in the first place ran the terrible risk you speak of, and in the next it would cease to surprise you."

"I can easily imagine," answered Alphonso, "had I been more prudent I had followed your advice, and not have wandered in a strange country without a

guide; but which way has my vanity contributed to my astonishment?"

"Were it not for that, I repeat, you would not have been in any danger. In every place you have come to yet, I have seen you occupied by one sole idea, that of being very desirous to inform and astonish all the world by the recital of the wonderful things you have seen. We have met with many men of merit, botanists, astronomers, mathematicians, and mechanics, to whom you have spoken a great deal, and listened very little. When you come to a strange country, if you find any person to whom you can make yourself understood, you are careful not to ask them a single question, but very anxious they should learn all you can teach them. This kind of folly gives no one an opinion of your great capacity, but deprives you of the fruits of all your travels. If, for example, since you have been here, instead of amusing yourself so repeatedly by telling what happened to you at the Azores, you had asked the people concerning the curious things in their own country, and its ancient inhabitants, you would have known your cavern had nothing miraculous about it, and that to enter it must be at the hazard of your life."

"Which way, sir?"

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

\* "Edens, an English traveller, relates, that having, as a physician, rendered considerable services to the inhabitants of the Canary Islands, he obtained of them the liberty to visit the sepulchral caverns; a favour they grant to no one, and which cannot be obtained against their will, without life being exposed to the greatest danger.

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

---

"They have an extreme veneration for the bodies of their ancestors, and the curiosity of strangers is to them profanation. These caves are places anciently dug out of the rocks, or formed by nature. A corpse is sewed in goats-skins, with thongs of the same, and the seams are so equal and close, as to become very admirable; but what astonishes most, is, that the bodies are almost all entire; and in both sexes are equally found the eyes, (closed) the hair, ears, nose, lips, teeth, and beard. One day, when the author of this account was taking rabbits by a ferret, this little animal, which had a bell round its neck, was lost in a burrow, and disappeared, without their being able to know how. One of the hunters, to whom he belonged, seeking for him in the midst of rocks and brambles, discovered the entrance to a sepulchral cave of the Guanches, he descended, &c.

"If the account of the oldest of the Guanches may be believed, there was a particular tribe amongst their ancestors, who knew the art of embalming, and preserved it as a sacred mystery. This tribe composed the priesthood, and did not intermarry with the others; but, after the conquest of the island, most of them were destroyed, and their secret perished with them. Tradition has only taught us a part of the ingredients necessary to that operation."—*Abrégé de l'Hist. Gen. des Voy. Tom. I. Per M. de la Harpe.*

Among the ancients, the Egyptians, more than any others, practised embalming; and bodies have been preserved above two thousand years. In the breast of one of these corpse, a branch of rosemary was found, scarcely dried. This art has only been known in Europe during these latter ages; formerly they made deep incisions in the corpse, salted it, and enclosed it in a tanned ox's hide.—*Encyclopedie.*



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

"Have you! How did you get admittance?"

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

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

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

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

"After drinking the water of the lake, you gathered some wild fruits, laid down on the grass, and a dreadful tempest arose."

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

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

"What do I hear!" exclaimed Alphonso: "con- descend, sir, to explain this new miracle; who can have told you these things?"

"No one; I beheld them all."

"Beheld them! where were you?"

"Here, at Guimar, upon my terrace."

"That was three leagues distant from me!"

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

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

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

“ Explain then this strange enigma !”

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

“ It is what I wish ; instruction such as your’s, which can make me comprehend your actions.”

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

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

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

Thelismar then took Alphonso to his closet, and gave him a few books. “ When you have read those,” said he, “ I will communicate a treasure to you which will finish the work of instruction. Look at that chest ; it contains the treasure I talk of.”

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

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

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

“ Correct yourself of a thousand defects, and espe-

cially of your ridiculous vanity; rid yourself of ignorance, and acquire useful knowledge."

"Every thing will be easy to me."

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

"Never! Oh Heaven!—Nor of the object of——"

"Never pronounce her name."

"Dreadful sentence!"

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

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

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

"I obey; happily you have not forbid me to think."

"No; I permit you sometimes to think of her."

"Sometimes! Ever; not a moment of my life, but——"

"What, retracting already?"

"Which way?"

"Have not you promised me seriously to follow your studies?"

"Most certainly."

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

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

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

"Not mention her! not think of her! how is it possible?"

"Every thing is possible to reason."

"But the effort will be so painful, so cruel: however, I will endeavour; my submission to you is unbounded, for there is nothing you have not the right to exact, and the power to obtain."—

Here Madame de Clémire broke off for the evening,

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

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

Thelismar did not leave the Canary Islands, without first visiting the famous Peak of Teneriff;\* after which he embarked for the Cape de Verd Islands. During the voyage, Alphonso followed with ardour the plan Thelismar had prescribed for his studies; but he had great difficulty to suppress his continual inclination to speak of his passion; he was prevented only by the fear of offending Thelismar; and still he would occasionally hazard some indirect allusions, the true sense of which Thelismar would not understand.

At last, Alphonso, unable longer to endure this constraint, imagined a means to break silence, which appeared to him sublime. He preserved the sash of Dalinda, as a thing the most precious in his possession :

\* This mountain rises in the form of a sugar-loaf, in the middle of the Island of Teneriff; its height is so prodigious, that the length of the road, which winds along the mountain, to attain its summit, is said to be 15 leagues; and yet they say, the mountain called Chimbo-Rico, one of the Cordilleries in Peru is much higher.

this, notwithstanding the greatness of the sacrifice, he determined to give back to Thelismar; the supposition that he should thus enjoy the pleasure of speaking of his passion, and of Dalinda, the hope that Thelismar would consider this act as proceeding from an estimable delicacy, and the possibility that he might therefore refuse the sash, were his inducements. Full of these ideas, Alphonso entered one morning, with a triumphant air, the apartment of Thelismar. "I come," said he, "to make a confession, which must be followed by a painful sacrifice."

"Of what nature?"

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

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

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

"Come to the point; what have you to tell me?"

"You know to what excess I love Dalinda."

"Your preface displeases me, Alphonso."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Artifice!"

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

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

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

"I was deceived; convinced by false reasoning."

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

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

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

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

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

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

\* The French called this tree calabassier, and its fruit baboon's-bread. It grows at Senegal, and the natives call it *gocee*, and its fruit *booe*; its real name is *boabab*. Its first branches, which project almost horizontally, are commonly sixty feet long, and its trunk about seventy-eight feet round; though many travellers have seen them larger. Ray says, that between the Nigar and the Gambia, some have been measured so monstrous, that seventeen men, with extended arms, scarcely could embrace them. According to which, these trees must be about eighty-five feet in circumference. The *boabab*, adds M. de Bomare, is probably the largest of known vegetables; though there are accounts, in the works of different naturalists, of well known trees so prodigious, as to be reckoned vegetable monsters. Itay cites the ac-

After having admired this astonishing production of nature, our travellers continued their route. A few paces from the tree they beheld a lion extended on the ground, and seemingly dead. Alphonso was determined to examine the animal nearer, and Thelismar followed. When they came up to him, they found he still breathed, but was without power and motion, and apparently expiring; his jaws were open, full of pismires, and bloody.

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

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

---

count of travellers, who have seen a tree in Brazil 120 feet round; and there are still trees more marvellous mentioned in late histories of China; one of which is in the province of Suchu, near the town of Kian; it is called Liennich, that is to say, the tree of a thousand years; and is so vast, that one of its branches only will afford shelter to 200 sheep. Another tree, in the province of Chekianga, is nearly 400 feet in circumference.

\* There is a serpent, called the serpent of Damel,



least twenty feet long, in the pit, with head erect, making towards Thelismar, who, after an effort to rise, fell helpless again among the grass.

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

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

"Broken!" cried Alphonso; "good God!"

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

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

---

which is very common in that westerly province of Africa. The negroes, when bit, put powder on the wound, and apply fire; and, if this operation is but a little while deferred, the poison gains ground, and death soon follows.—The Sererics, a negro nation, take and eat them. Some of them are fifteen, some twenty feet long, and six inches in diameter. There are some green, others black spotted, and striped with beauteous colours.

On the slave coast, in the kingdom of Juida and Benin, all the savages adore a kind of serpent, which they call the Fetiche. These serpents are very gentle, not venomous, and extremely familiar. It is death to kill them. The negroes look upon them as benevolent gods, and have particular rites for them; though they destroy, with great care, those serpents which are poisonous.

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

"Oh my father!" replied Alphonso, "I want the courage to see you suffer; come, let us join our company. He then raised Thelismar gently on his shoulders; and, in spite of all he could say, carried him, without stopping, to where their companions were waiting.

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

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

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

Alphonso now forgot the orders of the king; he darted like lightning, thinking him in danger, and flew to his succour: he had drawn his sword, and galloping with incredible swiftness, passed near a tree, against which, by accident, his sword struck, and snapped short in two. Alphonso himself, shaken by the violence of the shock, could hardly keep his seat: his horse fell, and the same instant, the lion seeing a new enemy coming armed, had abandoned the siratick, and rushed towards him; his dreadful claws were instantly buried in the sides of the horse, and Alphonso, disarmed, and without defence, thought his death inevitable. The negroes, fearing to kill him, durst not shoot at the animal.

Thelismar, the same moment that Alphonso had

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

But, oh! what surprise! Oh! joy unhopéd!

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

Alphonso shuddered, and, remembering the adventure of the dying lion, cried, "Oh, noble animal! I recollect thee; may thy example ever confound ingratitude, and bring to shame those who would erase from their memory the good which others have done them. Yes! since thou hast so nobly granted me my life I will save thine in my turn, and defend thee, be the consequence what it will."

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

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

\* "The French of Fort St. Louis had a lioness, which they kept chained. The animal had a disease in the jaw, that reduced it to extremity; and the people of the fort, taking off the chains, threw the body into a neighbouring field. In this state it was found by M Compagnon, author of the voyages of Bamuck, as

Theismar, after having pressed Alphonso to his bosom; after having embraced him with the dear af-

---

he returned from the chase. The eyes were closed, the jaw open, and already swarming with ants. Compagnon took pity on the poor animal, washed the gullet with water, and poured some milk down the throat. The effects of this simple remedy were wonderful. The lioness was brought back to the fort, recovered by degrees, but, far from forgetting the service done her, took such an affection for her benefactor, that she would receive food only from him; and, when cured, followed him about the island, with a cord about her neck, like the most familiar dog.

“A lion, having escaped from the menagerie of the great Duke of Tuscany, entered the city of Florence, every where spreading terror. Among the fugitives was a woman with a child in her arms, whom she let fall. The lion seized, and seemed ready to devour it; when the mother, transported by the tender affections of nature, ran back, threw herself before the lion; and by her gestures demanded her child. The lion looked at her steadfastly; her cries and tears seemed to affect him, till at last he laid the child down without doing it the least injury.—Misery and despair, then, have expressions intelligible to the most savage monsters; but what is yet more to be admired, is the resistless and sublime emotion, which can make a mother offer herself a prey to a ferocious animal, before which all fly: that loss of reason, so superior to reason's self, which can make a despairing woman recur to the pity of a beast breathing only death and carnage. This is the instinct of supreme grief, which always would persuade itself it is not possible to remain inflexible to its feelings.—*Abrégé, &c. par M. de la Harpe, Tom. II.*

“It is very certain,” says M. de Buffon, “that the lion, when taken young, and brought up among domestic animals, may easily be brought to live, and

fection of a father, reproached him for his temerity and imprudence. "Had you," said he, "asked the nature of this chase, or rather, had you listened to the account which others gave of it, you would have known the siratick was in no danger; but that, used to these kind of combats, he waited for the lion to bury his javelin in his throat; that he would have afterwards leaped off his horse, and ended him with his sabre."

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

"Yea," replied Thelismar, "but the siratick is little pleased with your disregard of his orders; and, though your motive was his preservation, he will not pardon

even play harmless among them; that he is gentle to his masters, caresses them, especially in the former part of life, and that though his natural ferocity may sometimes break forth, it seldom is turned against those who do him good."

"I might cite a number of particular facts, in which I own I have found some exaggeration; but which are sufficiently established to prove, at least by their union, that his anger is noble, his courage magnanimous, and his heart feeling. Often has he been seen to disdain weak enemies, despise their insults, and pardon their offensive liberties. When reduced to captivity, though weary he is not peevish; but, on the contrary, becomes habitually gentle, obeys his master, flatters the hand that feeds him; sometimes grants life to animals given him as prey, and, as if attached to them by this generous act, continues afterwards the same protection; lives peaceably with them, gives them part of his subsistence, lets them sometimes take it all, and would rather suffer hunger than lose the fruit of his first benefit."

These circumstances, relative to the chase of the lion, are taken from l'Histoire des Voyages.

you, for having robbed him of the honour of the victory; it will be therefore prudent, not to stay long in his territories.”\*

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

Here it was that Alphonso met with a thing which surprised them exceedingly. As he was walking through the wood with Thelismar, their conversation turned on the immortality of the soul. “Would you believe,” said Thelismar, “that there are men so deprived of sense, as to maintain we have no other advantage over inferior animals, than that of a more perfect conformation; and who have said, in plain terms, that if the horse (that intelligent animal) had, instead of a hoof, a hand like us, he would perform whatever we do.”‡

“What! would he draw? would he design?”

“What think you?”

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

“The parrot, the pie, the jay, and various other birds, have the faculty of speech; that is, can learn a few words, but can neither comprehend their meaning, nor, consequently, apply them justly: besides, there are many existing animals, the conformation of which, both interior and exterior, is perfectly

\* See *L'Abrégé de l'Histoire des Voyages*, Tom. II.

† Or Saint Domingue.

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

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

similar to that of man; they walk like him, have hands like his, and yet they neither build palaces nor huts; nay, they are even less industrious than many other animals."

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

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

"And yet he does not speak."

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

"The brain in the same proportion, how can that be? The monkey is so small!"

"Do you think yourself acquainted with all the species?"

"Why—yes."

"Those you have seen were restless and turbulent."

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

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

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

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

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

† See M. de Buffon on Quadrupeds, Tom. XVI. Edition in 12mo.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And you take it for a man?"

"Certainly I do."

"It is a monkey."

"A monkey! what of that size! he is higher than I am; he walks upright like us, and his legs have the form of ours."

"Notwithstanding all which, it is a beast;\* 'but an exceedingly singular one, and which man cannot see without looking at, without knowing himself, without being convinced, his body is the least essential part of himself.' †"

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

"No; 'his walk is grave, his actions circumspect, his temper gentle, and very different from that of

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

† M. de Buffon.



other monkeys;’\*—he has not the hoof of a horse, he is higher than we are, formed as we are.—‘The Creator would not form the body of man absolutely different from all other animals; but at the same time that he has given him a material body, a form similar to that of the monkey, he has breathed his divine spirit into this body; had he done the same favour, I do not say to the monkey, but to that species of beast which seems to us the most ill organized, such species would soon have become the rival of man; quickened by his spirit it had excelled others, had thought, had spoken. Whatever resemblance there may be then between the Hottentot and the monkey, the interval which divides them is immense; since the Hottentot within is filled with thought, and without by speech.’ †

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

“They do not know the animal that we have just seen, nor many other species nearly like him, described by all travellers; yet their works are modern, and, as I have said, these are facts known to all the world.”

Thelismar here sat down near a lake surrounded by rocks; their guide proposed they should wait for the rest of the company, whom they had left at a considerable distance. He had seated himself under the shade of some trees, and, taking two books from his pocket, gave one of them to Alphonso, pointing out a chapter which he desired him to read with great attention.

Alphonso promised he would; adding, that he would go farther off and sit down, to be free from all disturbance. This he accordingly did, and sat down at

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

† M. de Buffon.

about two hundred yards distance on the banks of the lake.

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

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

Thelismar heard the name of Dalinda as he approached, and his astonishment was excessive, when he found it was not Alphonso who was singing. As soon as the air was ended, he was going to question Thelismar concerning this prodigy, when another voice began the same couplet; scarce had this second voice ceased singing, but a third from the opposite side again repeated the same words, and the same sounds: silence then succeeded, and the concert ended.\*

\* There is a remarkable echo near Rosneath, a fine country-seat in Scotland, situated to the west of a salt-water lake that runs into the Clyde, seventeen miles below Glasgow. The lake is surrounded by hills, some of which are barren rocks, others are covered with trees. A good trumpeter, standing on a point of land that gives an opening to the water towards the north, has played an air and stopped; the echo repeated the air faithfully and distinctly, but not so loud; this echo having ceased, another has done the same, and a third, as exactly as the two former, with no difference but that of becoming more feeble. The same experiment, several times repeated, had still the same success.

There was formerly in the château de Simonette a

"What enchantment is this?" cried Alphonso.

"We must confess," said Thelismar smiling, "the fawns and sylvans of these rocks are dangerous confidants; the nymphs of the Fountain of Love were more discreet; but come, give me my book, and tell me if you are satisfied with the chapter I desired you to read." Alphonso blushed, and answered only with a sigh; and Thelismar, changing the conversation, rejoined the rest of the company.

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

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

---

windowed wall, whence what was said was forty times repeated. Addison and others, who have travelled in Italy, mention an echo which would repeat the report of a pistol fifty-six times, even when the air was foggy.

In the Memoires of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, for the year 1692, mention is made of the echo at Genetay, two leagues from Rouen, which has this peculiarity, that the person who sings does not hear the echo, but his voice only; and, on the contrary, those who listen do not hear the voice, but the echo, but with surprising variations; for the echo seems sometimes to approach, and sometimes to retire; sometimes the voice is heard distinctly, at others not at all; some hear only a single voice, others several; one hears to the right, another to the left, &c.—This echo still exists, but is not what it was, because the environs have been planted with trees, which have greatly hurt the effect.

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

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

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

Alphonso had a gun, and being desirous of taking one of these extraordinary birds to Thelismar, he fired at the flock and killed one. Several negroes, on hearing the firing, immediately came out of their huts which stood by the pond, hastily running. As soon as they saw Alphonso dragging away the bird he had killed, they sent forth the most horrible cries, when instantly all the other negroes left their habitations, and came in crowds to attack Alphonso, who saw himself assaulted on all sides by a shower of stones and darts.

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

Alphonso learnt also from Thelismar, that the noise which he had compared to the sound of trumpets, was nothing but the cry of the birds, which is so strong and

loud, that it is heard at more than a quarter of a league distance.\*

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

\* This bird is called flamingo, or phenicoptera, or becharu; which second name, among the Greeks, signified the bird of flaming wing, because when it flies against the sun it appears like a firebrand. The plumage, when young, is rose-coloured, and at ten months old the colour of fire. "Its beak," says M. de Buffon, "is of a very extraordinary form, its legs excessively high, its neck long and dented; its body stands higher, though it is less than a stork's; and its form, somewhat odd, makes it distinguishable from that of every other fishing bird.

"This bird is found on the old continent, from the coasts of the Mediterranean, to the southern part of Africa; flamingos are plentiful to the west of Africa, at Angola and Congo; where, out of superstitious respect, the negroes will not suffer one of them to be killed."

The flamingo is certainly a bird of passage, and are numerous at St. Domingo and the Antilles; they fly in society, and naturally form themselves into a line; so that at a certain distance they resemble a brick-wall, and, somewhat nearer, soldiers arraged in rank and file. They place sentinels, which give the alarm by a very shrill cry, like the sound of a trumpet, at which they all take flight. Their flesh is much admired as food, and ancient epicures were very fond of their tongues.

L'Abbrégé de l'Histoire Générale des Voyages,  
Tom. III.

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

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

"I am certain," said Thelismar, "I can find my way; but, before we walk any farther, let us rest a little under the shade of these trees." They sat down on the grass, and Alphonso continued to complain of having a great way to go, and nothing to eat, when Thelismar cried "Silence, let us listen." Alphonso presently heard a very shrill cry, which, to his great astonishment, Thelismar answered in a graver tone; then rising, said—"Since you are so very hungry, Alphonso, come with me, and I'll give you a dinner."

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

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

\* See the work and volume last mentioned.

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

While our travellers were eating the honey, the bird having fled to a neighbouring bush, appeared greatly interested at all that had passed: “It is but just,” said Thelismar, “to give him his share of the booty.” Alphonso, therefore, left a spoonful of honey upon a leaf, which, as soon as they were gone from the tree, the bird came and eat. In the course of half an hour, the bird shewed them two other hives; and Alphonso, satiated with honey, merrily continued his route.\*

\* “This bird, called *cucullus indicator*,” says M. de Buffon, “is found in the interior parts of Africa, at some distance from the Cape of Good Hope, and is famous for indicating where wild bee-hives may be found; twice a day its shrill cry is heard sounding *cherr, cherr*; which seems to call the honey-hunters, who answer by a soft whistle, still approaching. When it is seen, it flies and hovers over a hollow-tree, that contains a hive; and, if the hunters do not come, it redoubles its cries, flies back, returns to the tree, and points out the prey in the most marked manner; forgetting nothing to excite them to profit by the treasure it has discovered, and which probably it could not enjoy without the aid of man; either because the entrance to the hive is too small, or from other circumstances which the relation has not told us. While the honey is procuring, it flies to some distance, interestingly observing all that passes, and waiting for its part of the spoil; which the hunters never forget to leave, though not enough to satiate the bird, consequently not to destroy his ardour for this kind of chase.

“This is not the tale of a traveller, but the observations of an enlightened man, who himself assisted at the destruction of many bee-hives, betrayed by this little spy, to the Royal Society of London. He procured two of these birds that had been killed, to the

Thelismar quitted the country of the Hottentots, and embarked for the Island of Madagascar; afterwards he journied through all the Eastern Coast of Africa; then quitted that part of the world, and, after a short stay in the Island of Socotora, landed in Arabia Felix. He visited Mecca\* and Medina,† traversed a part of the desert, entered Africa again by the Isthmus of Suez, and came to Cairo;‡ here he ad-

great scandal of the Hottentots; for in all countries the existence of a useful being is precious."

M. de Buffon adds, in a note, "that the honey-hunter is sometimes devoured by wild beasts; whence it has been said, that they and the bird understand each other, and that it allures their prey."—*Hist. Nat. des Oiseaux, Tom. XII. Edit. in 12mo.*

\* Mecca is a town of Arabia Felix, about as large as Marseilles. The magnificence of its mosque draws a prodigious concourse of all the Mahometan sects, who go thither on pilgrimages. It is the birth-place of Mahomet.

† Medina is a city of Arabia Felix, the name of which signifies, in Arabic, a city in general; and here the city, by way of excellence; for here it was that Mahomet fixed the seat of the empire of the Mussulmans, and here he died. It was before time called Lotred. In the midst of Medina is the famous mosque, to which the Mahometans go in pilgrimage; and in this mosque are the tombs of Mahomet, Abubecker, and Omer. Medina is governed by a scherif, who says he is of the race of Mahomet, and who is an independent sovereign.—*Encyclopedie.*

‡ Cairo is the capital of Egypt; the Sultan Selim took it from the Maluks in 1517; since which time it has been subject to the Turks. Old Cairo is three quarters of a league distant from it, on the borders of the Nile; the Cophets have a magnificent church there.\*

\* A Christian set of Jacobites, or Monophysites.



mired the famous pyramids of Egypt,\* from thence he went to Alexandria, where he found a vessel ready to set sail for the Island of Thera.†

Thelismar, within the last two months, had several times read over with Alphonso translations of the Iliad and Odyssey. Alphonso, joyfully leaving the

\* The pyramids of Egypt were built to serve as tombs for their constructors. The Egyptians of lower rank, instead of building pyramids, dug caves, in which every day mummies are discovered. Each pyramid has an opening into a long low alley, which led to a chamber, where the ancient Egyptians deposited the bodies for which the pyramids were built. Their construction is very regular: each of the three remaining large ones is placed at the head of others, smaller and difficult to distinguish, they are so much covered with sand. All are built on one sole rock, hid under white sand.

In all the pyramids there are deep pits, cut square in the rock; on the walls of some are hieroglyphics, cut also in the rock. The three principal pyramids known to travellers are about nine miles from Cairo; and the finest of all is upon a rock, in a sandy desert of Africa, a quarter of a league distant, towards the west, from the plains of Egypt. This rock rises about 100 feet above the level of the plains, but with an easy ascent, and contributes much to the majesty of the building.

The pyramid contains chambers, galleries, &c. and those who ascend on the outside rest occasionally to take breath. There is a square chamber, about half way up, which serves only for a resting-place. When arrived at the top, a platform is found, whence a most agreeable landscape is seen. This platform is sixteen or seventeen feet square, yet the pyramid seems to end in a point; the descent, which is on the outside, must be very dangerous.

† An island of the Archipelago, to the north of Candia; it is a part of the islands called Santorin, or Santorini, from Saint Irene, the patron of them.

burning and barbarous climates of Africa, was delighted to find himself once more in Europe, beneath the azure skies of Greece, in places where all the pleasant fictions of fable may be traced, and among people whose manners Homer had described.

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

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

"Let us return," said Thelismar.

Scarce had he spoken, before a horrible noise was heard; and, as they turned their heads to look, while flying towards the sea-coast, they saw the mountain all on fire, covered with flames, which rose to the clouds, and casting forth on all sides volumes of red hot stones, and blazing matter. The terrified guide, losing all recollection, led them astray, and took them a road which brought them back towards the volcano.

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

At the same time vast clouds of hot ashes and cin-

ders, burnt white, obscured the air, and fell like rain upon the earth, breaking the branches, rooting up trees, and rolling with horrid din from the mountain to the plains, echoing far and near among the resounding rocks.

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

They were considering this phenomenon with an astonishment which was soon redoubled. Suddenly there appeared in the middle of the waves incredible volumes of flames, which, instantly spreading and dissipating in the air, were succeeded by an innumerable quantity of burning rocks, that were projected from the deep abyss of the ocean, and raised above the waters.\*

\* "The Island of Thera, in the Archipelago, which is twelve great leagues of France in circumference, was thrown from the bottom of the sea by the violence of a volcano, which has since produced six other islands. This volcano is not yet extinguished; for, in 1707, it broke out with redoubled fury, and sent forth a new island, six miles in circumference. The sea, at that time, appeared greatly agitated, and covered with flames, and from it rose, with dreadful noise, several burning rocks. The earth has been so rent and torn in these latitudes, that vessels can no longer find anchorage there.

"One of the most violent eruptions of Vesuvius, (the twenty-second) happened on the 20th of May, 1737; the mountain vomited, from several mouths, huge torrents of burning, melted, metallic matter, which overspread the country, and took its course towards the sea. M. de Montcalégre, who communicated the account to the Academy at Paris, observed with horror one of these rivers of fire. Its course

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

From hence they went to the Island of Policandro,\* where they found a Swedish traveller, a former friend of Thelismar's, who offered to accompany and guide them in their walks through the island. He brought them to his house, which he would partake with them; and, after supper addressing himself to Alphonso, said, "My dwelling yon see is simple, devoid of orna-

was six or seven miles before it reached the sea; its breadth was fifty or sixty paces; its depth twenty-five or thirty French palms; and, in certain bottoms or valleys, 120," &c.—*M. de Bomare*.

"The eruptions of volcanoes are usually announced by subterranean noises like thunder; by dreadful hissings, and interior strife. History informs us, that during two eruptions of Vesuvius, the volcano cast up so great a quantity of ashes, that they flew as far as Egypt, Lybia, and Syria. In 1600, at Arequina, in Peru, was an eruption of a volcano, which covered all the neighbouring lands, for thirty or forty leagues round, with calcined sand and ashes, which lay in some places two yards deep. The lava vomited by Mount Ætna has sometimes formed streams that ran 18,000 paces.

"Volcanoes often have been known to cast from their entrails boiling water, fish, shells, and other marine bodies. In 1681, during an eruption of Vesuvius, the sea in part became dry; it seemed absorbed by the volcano, which soon after overflowed the country with salt water. Volcanoes are found in hot as well as cold countries."—*Encyclopedie*.

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

ment; but, if you love magnificence, I have the means of satisfying your taste. I am so happy to see my old friend once more, that I have formed the project of giving him an entertainment in a palace, the richness and brilliancy of which may well surprise you."

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

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

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

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

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

\* The entrance to the cavern of Policandro (or Policando) is grand; the bottom is covered with congelations formed from drops of water, which distil from the summit, but of a feruginous nature, pointed and hard enough to wound the feet. The ceiling affords vastness and great beauties. These congelations, though exceedingly elegant, are not the only ornaments the grotto has received from nature; for here is plentifully found a species of iron ore, in the form of stars, and

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

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

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

“ It exists still.”

“ Oh dear, still !”

“ Yes; in the Island of Policandro.”

“ Oh the charming island! Will you shew it us to-morrow, mamma, in the map ?”

“ Yes; willingly.”

“ Mamma, if you will permit me, my next geographical lesson shall be to trace upon the maps all the travels of Alphonso; for I can remember them all perfectly, and so I can all the extraordinary things he has seen.”

“ So be it; but, in the mean time, let us continue our tale.”—

Frederic shewed Alphonso how extensive this superb palace was; and, after having passed more than two hours in examining and contemplating the wonders before them, they once more returned to the house of their host. Alphonso learnt from Thelismar, that the pretended palace of Frederic was all the

shining like polished steel. The pieces in some places have a red cast, and as brilliant as diamonds.

In another part of the vault are seen large masses of round bodies, pendent like grapes; some red, others of a deep black, but perfectly bright and shining. The greatest ornament of the ceiling consists in the same species of congelation in the form of crystals; several are brought to a point, as if purposely so laboured; and, what is more remarkable, some of them are naturally gilded, in as regular a manner as if they had just come from the hands of an able artist.—

*Merv. de la Nat. Tom. I.*

VOL. I.

Q

work of nature; and the knowledge of this increased his admiration.

Thelismar, having formerly made the tour of Italy, had no intention of returning thither; but his friend Frederic, who was going to Reggio, entreated his company; to which Thelismar the more readily consented, because it was the only part of Italy he had not seen.

Frederic, Alphonso, and Thelismar left Policandro, and sailed for the Morea.\* Here they beheld the ruins of Epidaurus and Iacelæmon. From the Morea they went to the Island of Cephalonia, whence, once more embarking, they sailed for Reggio.† The day after their arrival in that city, our three travellers breakfasted in the chamber of Thelismar, the windows of which looked towards the sea; their conversation was interrupted by a thousand shouts of joy, heard from every part. Alphonso ran out instantly, to know what was the reason of such noisy and animated acclamations: he asked several passengers, who all answered, still running as they spoke, "We are going to the sea-side to see the castles of the Fairy Morgana."

Alphonso returned, and gave an account of this strange answer: our travellers, therefore, opened their windows, and beheld a sight, the beauty and singularity of which surpassed every thing they had hitherto seen.

"The sea which bathes the coast of Sicily began to swell and rise by degrees; in a little while, the huge waves formed a perfect representation of an immense and dark chain of mountains; while the surges, which washed the coasts of Calabria, remained with a tranquil and smooth surface, like to a vast and shining mirror, gently inclining towards the walls of Reggio. This prodigious looking-glass soon reflected

\* The large peninsula of ancient Attica.

† Appertaining to the kingdom of Naples, in Calabria Ulterior; there is another city of the same name in Italy, in Modena.

a most miraculous picture; millions of pilasters, of the most elegant proportion, and ranged with the utmost symmetry, were distinctly seen, reflecting all the bright and varied colours of the rainbow: scarcely did they retain this form a moment, before these superb pilasters were bent and changed into majestic arcades, which likewise soon vanished, and gave place to an innumerable multitude of magnificent castles, all perfectly alike; while these palaces were succeeded by towers, colonades, and afterwards by trees and immense forests of the cypress and palm.”\*

After this last decoration, the magic picture disappeared, the sea resumed its ordinary aspect, and the people who stood upon the strand clapped their hands in transport, a thousand times repeating, with joyous shouts, the name of the Fairy Morgana.—

\* Mr. Swinburne, an excellent author already cited, has written another very interesting work, entitled *Travels through the Two Sicilies*, where I have found a description of the phenomenon, called by the country people, *La Fate Morgana*; which name, Mr. Swinburne says, is derived from an opinion established among the vulgar, that this spectacle is produced by a fairy, or a magician. The populace are enchanted at the sight of the phenomenon, and run through the streets to behold and invite others to behold it, with shouts and acclamations of joy. It seldom appears at Reggio: Mr. Swinburne did not see it, but says, its causes are learnedly explained by Kircher, Minazi, and other authors. Mr. Swinburne gives an exact description of it, taken from the account of Father Angelucci, who was an eye-witness of the phenomenon; and it is from this same description, by Father Angelucci, cited by Mr. Swinburne, that I have made a literal translation, without embellishment, for my tale.

This phenomenon is mentioned, but very superficially, in a French work, entitled *Tableau de l'Univers*.



“ And so, mamma,” interrupted Pulcheria, “ we are at length come to our fairy tales again ?”

“ Indeed we are not : this last phenomenon, as well as all the others, is taken from nature.”

“ But there is a fairy called Morgana, you know, mamma.”

“ I have only told you what the people of Reggio say, who are generally ignorant and credulous, are fond of fables, and easily adopt them.”

“ But these magic pictures—”

“ Are produced by natural causes.”

“ I cannot conceive, at present, why every body do not pass their lives in travelling, reading, and acquiring knowledge, in order to understand and see things so curious and interesting ; but, dear mamma, be pleased to continue your recital.”—

Alphonso began to think like you ; the astonishment which so many extraordinary events continually raised, excited an ardent curiosity and strong desire of obtaining knowledge ; his trifling amusements no longer pleased ; he became thoughtful, spoke with reserve, and listened with attention ; but, in proportion as his mind became enlightened, he discovered faults in his past conduct, every recollection of which made him bitterly repent.

He could not now comprehend, how it was possible he should have forsaken his father. The obstinate silence of Don Ramirez grievously afflicted him ; he ardently desired to arrive at Constantinople, where he expected to find letters from Portugal ; and, though he had a passionate attachment to Thelismar, though he had almost a certainty of obtaining the hand of Dalinda, he yet determined to quit the former in Turkey, and return to Europe, there to sacrifice his hopes and happiness to filial duty, if he received no intelligence of his father.

This resolution plunged him into a state of melancholy, of which Thelismar searched in vain the cause ; which he even augmented, in wishing to dissipate it by marks of the most tender affection. He often spoke to Frederic, in his presence, of Dalinda, to drive away

his dejection; while these conversations, far from softening the secret pangs of Alphonso, but embittered them the more. Thelismar at last took leave of Frederic, quitted Reggio, and returned to Greece; and, travelling through it, came to Constantinople towards the end of April.

Alphonso found a letter at Constantinople from Portugal, which he received with inexpressible anxiety; it was not from Don Ramirez, but informed Alphonso his father had returned to Portugal, had passed some time at Lisbon, had left that city, declaring he was going to undertake a voyage of eighteen months. The letter added, that nobody doubted Don Ramirez had had several private conversations with the king, and that the purpose of his voyage was some secret negotiations; that they were in great expectations of seeing him once more in office, because his successor and enemy had been disgraced eight days after his departure.

The gentleman, who wrote an account of all this, ended his letter by saying, he had not seen Don Ramirez, as Alphonso had desired him to do, because, being on a tour to France, he had not returned to Lisbon till three weeks after his departure.

From the date of this letter, Alphonso calculated, that his father could not be in Portugal in less than fifteen or sixteen months; he therefore abandoned his project of returning thither immediately: in fact, having no money, he had no means of subsistence in the absence of Don Ramirez; and he was pretty certain his travels would be ended, and he should return to Europe, in less than a year. The silence of his father deeply afflicted him; but the assurances of his health and safety were great consolations, and he did not doubt but time, and his future conduct, might again regain the affections of his father.

Alphonso now, less sorrowful, less absent, conversed with Thelismar as formerly; who appeared so satisfied with the change he had remarked in him, that Alphonso thought he might venture to speak of Dalinda. At first, Thelismar was satisfied with gently reminding

him of his promise; and Alphonso, emboldened by this indulgence, several times fell into the same error; till, at last, Thelismar was displeas'd, and Alphonso was oblig'd to be silent, though he still sought occasions to speak his sentiments indirectly, and to complain of the restraint impos'd upon him.

Frederic had given Thelismar letters of recommendation to one of his friends, a Greek, who possess'd a charming house on the canal of the Black Sea: this Greek, whose name was Nicandor, was not then at Constantinople. Alphonso and Thelismar, therefore, in about a fortnight went to Buyuk-Dairai, a village eight miles from Constantinople,\* where Nicandor and his family pass'd a part of the summer.

It was the first of May, and ten in the morning, when our two travellers arriv'd at Buyuk-Dairai. As they enter'd, they saw the streets full of young people, elegantly clothed, and crown'd with garlands, singing and playing on various instruments; every house was decorat'd with flowers, festoons, and roses, and adorn'd by a multitude of young Grecian beauties, surround'd by slaves magnificently clothed.

This spectacle delight'd Alphonso; and Thelismar, acquaint'd with the customs of Greece, inform'd him, that it was thus they celebrat'd every first of May; that on this solemn day young lovers fix'd coronets of roses over the doors where their mistresses dwelt, and sang their praises under their windows.†

\* The scite of this village is very pleasant. Ambassadors, and various others, have country-houses there. *Voyage literalre de la Grece*, by M. Guys, Tom. I.

† "Lovers," says Athencus, an ancient Greek author, "decorate with flowers the doors of their mistresses, like as they ornament the gates of a temple; whence, no doubt, the present custom of the Greeks to adorn their doors, and those of the persons they love, on the first of May, is deriv'd. They sing and walk before the houses of their fair mistresses, to draw them to their windows; and such were the gallantries they practis'd in the days of Horace.—The young

“Alas!” said Alphonso, “they are happy; for they are heard.”—“That favour,” replied Thelismar, “is no proof of their happiness.”

“But what happens when two rivals meet under the same window, or at the same door?”

“They fasten their coronets on each side, and sing alternately.”

After our travellers had stopped some time in the first street they continued their way; and Alphonso, perceiving at a distance a house more ornamented with flowers than the rest, said, “Certainly that is the habitation of some celebrated beauty:” he was confirmed in this opinion when, coming nearer, he beheld two charming young virgins standing in a large balcony.

The guide informed them this was the house of Nicandor, and they entered; the master came immediately to receive them, and, after having read the letter of Frederic, embraced them both affectionately, and testified the liveliest hopes that they would remain with him some time. Nicandor, and all his family, spoke French tolerably well: Thelismar understood that language perfectly, and Alphonso knew something of it.

Nicandor called his slaves, who conducted the travellers into a spacious hall, the walls of which were Parian marble, where a bath was prepared.\*

---

maidens dressed their heads with natural flowers, with which too they made themselves garlands; and the young men, who wished to be thought gallant, did the same.”—*Voy. Lit. de la Grèce, 3d edit. Tom. I. par M. Guys.*

\* “There was anciently a feast instituted in honour of Hecate, who had hospitably entertained Theseus, and who had likewise offered up victims and vows for his victory and safe return; hence she obtained her rank among the goddesses.

“In ancient Greece, when a stranger arrived, the master of the house took him by the hand, in token of confidence, and his first duty was to lead him to the

After bathing, Nicandor came and conducted them into the apartment of his wife Glaphira : she was seated upon a sofa, with her two daughters, Glycera and Zoë, and an old and venerable woman, the nurse of Nicandor, who, according to the customs of the modern Greeks, the family called *paramana*, a gentle epithet, expressive of gratitude, and signifying *second mother*.\*

---

bath, and present a change of raiment.—Among the moderns, when a stranger arrives, the master of the house meets and embraces him, then conducts him to his most commodious apartment, and interrogates him concerning his travels, while the slaves prepare the bath; where he finds linen and clothes to change, and those he has left off are taken by the slaves, washed and repaired while he stays.”—*M. Guys, Tom. I.*

\* “ Now, as anciently, the nurse of the master or mistress, in all respectable Grecian houses, is considered as one of the family. Of old, a woman who had nursed a child never quitted it, not even after marriage; and, among the moderns, as well as the ancients, the nurse is usually a slave, purchased when the time of delivery draws near.

“ The attachment of nurses to the children they have suckled is so strongly interwoven with their manners, that the modern name for nurse is *paramana*, a most kind word, and even more expressive than the ancient appellation, since it signifies *second mother*. The nurse is always lodged in the house, when she has suckled a child, and from that moment is, in a manner, incorporated in the family.

“ Female slaves now, as well as anciently, are treated with much kindness and humanity by the Greeks, and, after a certain time, are freed; some are adopted while young, and these are called *daughters of their souls*.

“ The maids and slaves work, as formerly, at embroidery with their mistresses, and do all household duties. When their mistresses go abroad, they follow as they did of old.—The legislator, Zaleucus, to re-

The daughters were superbly dressed, both had long floating robes, white veils, decorated with gold fringe, and girdles richly embroidered, fastened with buckles of emeralds.\*

Glaphira and Nicandor questioned Thelismar concerning his travels, and prevailed on him to recount some of his adventures. After which, they sat down to table, and, their repast being ended, Zoë brought her lyre, and accompanied several duets which she sung with her sister.†

press the vanity and luxury of his time, ordained that no free woman should go abroad attended by more than one maid, *at least unless she was drunk.*"—*M. Guys, Tom. I.*

\* "The Grecian ladies have always delighted to adorn themselves with jewels; they enrich their girdles, necklaces, and bracelets, with them; and, while their heads are decked with the most beautiful flowers of the spring, the diamond is seen sparkling beside the jasmine and rose: they dress themselves thus when not going abroad, or without an intention of being seen.

"These ornaments are only sacrificed to some strong cause for grief. Almost all the Grecian women forbear to wear them in the absence of their husbands. At present, when they go any distance, unwilling to walk through the streets with their jewels, they have them carried, put them on before they enter the house they are going to, and take them off when they return: this likewise is a very ancient custom.

"The use of the veil is very old; and now, as formerly, is an essential part of dress, by which rank is distinguished. The veil of the mistress and the maid, the free woman and the slave, all are different. The origin of the veil is attributed by the Greeks to modesty and bashfulness, equally timid.

"The veil of the Grecian ladies of modern times is muslin fringed with gold."—*M. Guys, Tom. I.*

† "The repast of the Greeks, however little ani-

This agreeable music being over, Nicandor proposed a walk to his guests, which they readily accepted.

He led them into the meadows, in one of which they beheld a multitude of shepherds and shepherdesses clothed in white, and adorned with garlands of flowers, almost all holding in their hands branches of the green palm, the myrtle, and the orange-tree; some danced to the sound of the lyre, while others gathered flowers, and sang the praises and the return of spring.

“Look,” said Nicandor, “at that young virgin crowned with roses, and finer than her companions; she is their queen; she represents the goddess of flowers; and, while called by the charming name of Flora, receives the homages of all the village throng; but, her reign is short; it is the empire only of youth and beauty, and ends before the decline of day.”

While Nicandor was speaking, the young queen gave a signal, and all the shepherds assembled round her; one of her virgin companions then sang a hymn in honour of Flora and the spring; at the end of each couplet of which, the shepherds repeated in chorns this burthen:—

“Welcome, sweet nymph! blest goddess of the May!”

After which they continued their dances.\*

mated, finished always by songs. The modern lyre of the Greeks resembles that of Orpheus, according to the description of Virgil, and is sometimes nipped with fingers, and sometimes touched with a bow.† The guitar and the lyre are the principal instruments in use among the modern Greeks. The shepherd plays indifferently the musette, the flute, or the lyre.”—*M. Guys, Tom. I.*

\* The modern Greeks have preserved dances in ho-

† I cannot conceive how they can play the lyre with a bow.

After having, at times, walked round the meadows, Nicandor re-conducted his guests back to his house, where they found Glaphira and her daughters surrounded by their slaves, employed at embroidering; each, in turn, relating short stories and moral fables.\* Though Alphonso did not understand Greek, he was charmed with the picture he beheld. The youthful

---

nour of Flora; the wives and maidens of the village gather and scatter flowers, and bedeck themselves from head to foot. She who leads the dance, more ornamented than the others, represents Flora and the Spring, which the hymn they sing announces the return of; and one of them sings,

“Welcome, sweet nymph! goddess of the month of May?”

In the Grecian villages, and among the Bulgarians, they still observe the feast of Ceres. When harvest is almost ripe, they go dancing to the sound of the lyre, and visit the fields, whence they return with their heads ornamented with wheat-ears, interwoven with the hair.

\* “Embroidering is the occupation of the Grecian women; to the Greeks we owe the art, which is exceedingly ancient among them, and has been carried to the highest degree of perfection. Enter the chamber of a Grecian girl, and you will see blinds at the windows, and no other furniture than a sofa and a chest inlaid with ivory, where are kept silks, needles, and their embroidery.

“Apologues, tales, romances, owe their origin to Greece. The modern Greeks love tales and fables, and have received them, from the Orientals and Arabs, with as much eagerness as they formerly adopted them from the Egyptians. The old women love always to relate, and the young pique themselves on repeating those they have learnt, or can make, from such incidents as happen within their knowledge.”—*M. Guys, Tom. I.*



Zoë was speaking, and Thelismar conjured her to continue her recital; she accordingly began again, with a grace which augmented the bloom of her cheeks, and her modest diffidence.

Zoë related the history of a young virgin, on the eve of her marriage, quitting the paternal mansion. She told her tale with equal truth and feeling, and painted the interesting and deep grief of a tender and grateful daughter tearing herself from the arms of her beloved family. Glycera listened to the detail with extreme emotion; involuntary tears then bathed her downcast eyes, and watered the flowers she embroidered: her mother, who observed her, called her with a broken voice, and held out her arms. Glycera rose, ran, and threw herself at her mother's knees, melted in tenderness.

The history is interrupted; Nicandor approaches Glycera, kisses her affectionately, clasps her to his bosom; the lovely Zoë quits her work, and flies to her sister's arms; the slaves testify their feelings at this touching scene; and Nicandor, in a few moments, taking Alphonso and Thelismar into another apartment, explained the cause of what they saw, by first telling them the subject of Zoë's fable, and then informing them, that Glycera was herself at the eve of marriage.

The very same evening the young man, chosen to be the spouse of Glycera, sent large baskets magnificently embellished, containing ornaments and nuptial presents for Glycera and the family. The next day the young Greek came, attended by his parents and friends, to the house of Nicandor; the beautiful and affecting Glycera appeared; she had on a silver robe, embroidered with gold and pearls, and fastened with a girdle of diamonds; her tresses floated upon her shoulders, and a hymeneal crown adorned her head while she wept, and hid herself in her mother's arms.

Glycera received the parental benediction kneeling, which Nicandor pronounced with great tenderness, but with a solemn and firm tone; while the feeling mother, incapable of articulating a word, raised her

swimming eyes to heaven, and pressed between her trembling hands the hands of her daughter. After this moving ceremony, the two families united, followed by all their slaves, walked to church; this superb train was preceded by a band of vocal and instrumental music: after them came the young virgin, supported by her father and mother; her pace was slow, timid, and trembling; her downcast eyes were evidently wet with tears, that she vainly endeavoured to retain. According to the ancient usage of Greece, the torch of Hymen was carried before her, and her slaves, husband, parents, and friends, closed the procession, in which order they arrived at church.

After the ceremony, the bride and bridegroom were re-conducted in pomp to their house, the front of which was illuminated, and ornamented with flowers and foliage; cups of wine were given to all the guests, and the young people received nosegays bound with threads of gold, the person who presented them saying, "Go you and marry also." These words roused the attention of Alphonso, who looked at Thelismar. A banquet succeeded, and the dancing continued till midnight.\*

\* "The Greeks, at present, have not a fixed time for the celebration of marriages, like the ancients, among whom the ceremony was performed in the month of January. Formerly the bride was bought by real services done the father. This was afterwards reduced to presents, and, to this time, that custom is continued, though the presents are arbitrary. The man is not obliged to purchase the woman he marries, but, on the contrary, receives a portion with her equal to her condition.

"It was on the famous shield of Achilles, that Homer has described a marriage procession:—

"Here sacred pomp, and genial feast, delight,  
And solemn dance, and hymeneal right.  
Along the streets the new-made brides are led,  
With torches flaming to the nuptial bed:

Nicandor explained, in a low voice, to the strangers, the subjects of the tales related by these young Greeks; and when Zoë spoke, Alphonso became particularly attentive: he often would change places with Nicandor and Thelismar, the better to see them embroider, and he remained longest always at the frame of Zoë; he praised all their performances, but he only looked at that of Zoë; he began once more to design flowers, and offered every day a new pattern to Zoë for her embroidery; at last he began to be continually vaunting of the manners and customs of Greece, and thought Buyuk-Dairai the most delightful place he had ever seen.

One morning when he was alone with Thelismar, the latter began to praise him highly for his conduct. "I am quite enchanted with you," continued he, "dear Alphonso; I see you begin to acquire a command over yourself."

"Do I?" .

"Yes; and I cannot conceal my satisfaction; for these three weeks past you have learnt to hide and overcome that melancholy, at which I was so uneasy; you are obliging, amiable, and attentive in company; and, what must have cost you more than all the rest, you speak no longer of Dalinda; be assured I feel the value of this effort."

So saying, Thelismar embraced Alphonso, who suffered his embrace with a cold and mournful air, without making any reply; a moment's silence succeeded. Alphonso walked thoughtfully about his chamber, then suddenly turning—"No, Thelismar," said he, "I must not deceive you; I should be unworthy of your kindness, were I to leave you in an error:"—he stopped and blushed.

"What would you say?" answered Thelismar.

"Perhaps," exclaimed Alphonso, "I am going to ruin myself."

"Ruin yourself! what, by being sincere? and to me, Alphonso? Can you suppose it?"

"Know then, that though my heart is always the same; though Dalinda alone has touched it; and though,

were it not for the hope of becoming your son, life would be a burthen;—yet, if I have ceased to speak of her, if I have seemed cheerful, do not attribute this conduct to the efforts of reason, but on the contrary to —”

“Come to my arms,” interrupted Thelismar; “come noble and dear Alphonso, this proof of thy candour and confidence justifies my affection for thee.”

“Oh, my father! Oh, my indulgent friend!” cried Alphonso.

“See,” continued Thelismar, “how fleeting a sensation love is, dear Alphonso, when not confirmed by an affectionate and solid friendship: two large black eyes, an ingenuous countenance, a sweet smile, and five or six stories which you did not understand, have made you, in three weeks, forget the object of that passion which you pretended was so violent.”

“It is true that the young Zoë amused and interested me; it is true, she banished my sorrows from my mind, and that Dalinda was less frequently present to my imagination—but she was ever in my heart.”

“Do not deceive yourself, Alphonso, you have yet no real attachment to Dalinda; because, at present, you know nothing of her but her form.”

“But that form proclaims a soul so pure, so superior! Besides, I know Dalinda by her letters, her acquirements, her tenderness for you; in a word, Dalinda is the daughter of Thelismar, and is not that enough to make her passionately beloved?”

“All that is not a sufficient foundation for a deep and durable attachment, which cannot exist without mutual confidence and friendship; but let me ask you a question concerning Zoë: how has it happened, that you have not perceived the impression she has made upon you?”

“It must certainly be a want of reflection.”

“Imagine then, for a moment, the consequence of wanting such reflection. I have more than once observed, that Nicandor and Glaphira do not approve our excessive respect for Zoë; so many attentions, preference so marked, must soon injure the reputa-

tion of the young virgin to whom they are paid. You have risked troubling the repose of, and bringing sorrow into a house, where their treatment demands all our gratitude."

"Heavens! you make me shudder; but henceforth I will think, I will each day severely examine my actions, my sensations, and, what may be more effectual, I will every day consult you, and never more will I conceal my thoughts from you."

"And now," said Thelismar, "I must quit myself of a promise which I have not forgotten." So saying, he opened a casket, took out the sash of Dalinda, and gave it Alphonso. "It belongs to you," said he, "you have a right to it, since I promised it to you on the very first proof of your sincerity."

"Oh Thelismar," said Alphonso, greatly affected, "what a moment have you chosen! And am I permitted to receive a pledge so dear in this house!"

"Yes; if it still continues dear to you; if you have still the same sentiments."

"Then I dare accept it." Alphonso then threw himself at Thelismar's feet, received the sash of Dalinda kneeling, and kissed with transport the hand that gave it.

"Remember, Alphonso," said Thelismar, "this, from a father, is no light, no trifling gift; from this moment our engagement is mutually sacred. I have adopted you as a son; I promise you an amiable and virtuous companion for life; of whom you must become worthy, not by a romantic passion, but by a stable and uniform virtue. Continue to inform your mind, and improve your temper and understanding; it is thus you must prove your love for Dalinda, and shew your gratitude for my affection."

Nicandor came and interrupted their conversation, and Alphonso, too much moved to support the presence of a third person, retired: he wished for solitude, that he might indulge, without constraint, the transports of his heart. It is needless to observe, that from that day forward he designed no more patterns for Zoë, paid her no other attentions than such as good

breeding demanded, and avoided going into the embroidering room.

The family of Nicandor, however, met an unexpected affliction; one of their friends, lately returned from the Isle of Calki,\* to which he had made a short voyage, fell ill, and died in four days time. Nicandor related many interesting particulars of the friend he had lost; and told how he had renounced the riches and honours which he had a right to expect, that he might yield himself, without controul, to the delights of friendship and study.

"Thissage," continued Nicandor, "who had retired to a pleasant house† near mine, distributed the greater part of his income to the unfortunate; he consecrated the rest to the embellishment of his habitation: his heart was virtuous, and his temper simple; he cultivated his garden himself, watered his flowers, and bred birds, for which he made an extensive aviary: such were his innocent amusements. Beloved by his friends, adored by his slaves, he had a sister worthy of himself, who lived with him, went with him every where, and who never can forget his loss. To-morrow," continued Nicandor, "we shall perform the last duties of friendship; his sister will conduct the funeral rites."

"But how will she have the courage," said Thelismar?

"You are a man," answered Nicandor, "who wish to know our manners, to study nature; come and see this sorrowful ceremony; you will there behold the workings of despair. Grief among us is never re-

\* It is the ninth of the Propontidæ Islands, anciently called Dæmoneri, or the Isles of the Genii. M. d'Anville mistakenly calls them Les Isles du Prince, which name is given by the inhabitants only to the fourth. This note is by M. Guys.

† "The Grecian houses are divided into two parts by a great hall, which takes up the centre and whole width. In this hall they give feasts, and perform all ceremonies that require room," &c. — *M. Guys, Tom. I.*

pressed, it is seen in all its energy. Among a people who are slaves to appearances and custom, sorrow is mournful and mute, but here it is eloquent and sublime."

This conversation excited the curiosity of Thelismar, who did not fail, with Alphonso, to follow Nicandor to the funeral of his friend. They went first to the house of Euphrosine, the name of the sister above-mentioned, and entered a chamber hung with black, where the corpse, magnificently clothed, and with the face uncovered, was laid in his coffin; the slaves were kneeling round, and venting their grief by tears and groans. Among them Thelismar distinguished an old man still more profoundly afflicted than the rest, to whom Nicandor went and spoke.

Thelismar questioned Nicandor concerning this old man, who answered his name was Zaphiri. "He was present at the birth of him we lament," said Nicandor; "he is almost past the use of his limbs, and the impossibility of following the burial adds to his grief: he has just told me, there is but one remaining pleasure for him on earth, the feeding of the birds, and the culture of the flowers, which once were his dear master's delight."

Nicandor was speaking, when Alphonso and Thelismar felt their blood run cold at the broken accents and dolorous cries they heard: "It is the wretched Euphrosine," said Nicandor. Immediately a woman appeared, in long mourning garments, with disordered hair, pale cheeks, and bathed in tears; she was supported by two slaves, and seemed scarcely able to drag her slow steps along; the august and affecting picture of a grief so profound, made her natural beauty more striking, more majestic; and her shrieks, her lamentable groans, were uttered in an accent so penetrating and so real, that it was impossible to hear them, and not at once feel astonishment, terror, and the most heart-rending pity.

The patriarch and his attendance soon after arrived. The corpse was taken up, and a funeral dirge began. After passing through the village, and pro-

ceeding less than a mile into the country, they came to a place over-spread with cypress-trees, tombs, and sepulchral-columns.

Euphrosine shrieked, and hid her face in her veil, as soon as she perceived at a distance the sepulchre prepared for her brother. They came at last to the grave, the procession stopped, the patriarch pronounced the burial-service, kissed the dead, and retired.

Euphrosine then raising up her veil came suddenly forward, and fell upon her knees by the side of the coffin.

“Oh my brother!” cried she, “receive the last farewell of thy unhappy sister: Oh, my dear, my affectionate friend! Do I then look upon thee for the last time?—My brother!—Is this my brother?—Alas! yes, here are his features still; but, oh, insupportable thought! While I bathe him with my tears, while I call him, while my heart is torn with despair, his countenance still preserves the same unalterable gloom, the same mournful tranquillity—Oh dreadful silence!—it is the silence of death—my brother is but a shadow; it is his image only Euphrosine kisses—what then have I for ever lost thee!—shall I never see thee more!—Never!—never!—No—I cannot submit to this—this eternal—this horrible separation. No, I will not suffer the hand of cruelty to tear thee from my arms, and plunge thee in the tomb—stop, barbarian, stop; forbear to dig his grave—pity my grief, or dread my despair.”

The patriarch again advanced to take away the body. Euphrosine sent forth a dreadful shriek; her slaves flew to her assistance, and, in spite of her struggles, held her at some distance from the grave; while she, quite beside herself, rent her garments, and tore up her hair by the roots to scatter on the coffin.

Her tears then suddenly stopped: motionless and stupid her eyes were fixed upon the coffin, as they were lowering it in the tomb. But when she saw them place the marble over it, by which it was to be for ever hid, she shuddered dreadfully, and shrunk back. “Oh God!” cried she, “is it then done!”



So saying, the colour left her lips, her eyes closed, and she fell senseless into the arms of her slaves. They bore her away from the tomb; and, as soon as she came to herself, her friends and relations, according to custom, conveyed her home.

To get to the house, it was necessary she should cross the garden; here, as soon as she entered, she met the old slave Zaphiri, holding in one hand a hoe, and in the other a watering-pot; she looked and shuddered: it was the occupation of the deceased: she ran towards the slave. "What art thou doing, Zaphiri?" cried she.

"Alas! I am tending the flowers my master loved so much."

"Miserable old man," said she, seizing the hoe, "thy master is no more; this place must be evermore the place of sorrow, of desolation; let all that embellishes it die; be its pleasures annihilated; open the nets; give liberty to those birds, whose warbling and mirth distract my heart; and these flowers, nurtured by my brother's hand, let them perish with him."

So saying, Euphrosine wildly and rapidly ran, cutting down, and trampling on all the flowers in her path.\*

\* "A Grecian woman weeps for the death of her husband, her son, &c. with her female friends for several days, who sing their praises and regrets.—Their manner of shewing grief is now, as formerly, by plucking up their hair, and tearing their garments. Fathers and mothers follow their children, when carried to the grave; and the body is now, as of old, washed before it is buried. If it is the corpse of a young virgin, they clothe it in its finest robes, crown it with flowers, and the women throw roses and scented water from their windows upon the coffin as it passes. The ancients adorned the dead with crowns of flowers, to indicate they had at length overcome the miseries and vexations of life.—The funeral repast is not neglected by the moderns

This affecting scene made a strong impression on the heart of Alphonso: "Tell me," said he to Thelis-

---

Greeks; the nearest relation undertakes the charge, and with this the ceremony ends.—Fathers and mothers in Greece wear mourning for their children,\* and this mourning is very long; which is also an ancient Grecian custom.—The Greeks have preserved the usage of dressing the dead in their best habits, and of carrying them to their grave with their faces uncovered."†

In this same work, by M. Guys, is a letter from Madame Cheniér to the author,‡ which first gave me the idea of the episode of Euphrosyne. I shall only cite such passages from this letter as I have profited by—the rest have no relation to my episode.

"A Grecian lady, equally distinguished by her rank and the beauties of her mind, and who in the charms of her sex added those of a good education, lived with a younger brother, who, from excess of virtue, had renounced honours and emoluments, to which his alliances and rank might naturally have taught him to aspire. For his sister he had all the affection of a brother, and all the friendship of a congenial mind. This dear brother was attacked by a malignant fever, and died. His sister, according to the custom of the country, accompanied the procession, preceded and followed by part of the Grecian nobility. Every thing announced the dejection of an affectionate heart; the disorder of her veil and dress, the negligence of her hair, added new traits to the grief visible in her countenance.—After the customary prayers, they performed the ceremony which the Greeks have preserved, which they call the last farewell. When the patriarch has embraced the corpse,

---

\* They do the same in Italy.

† The same custom is observed in Italy.

‡ Tom. I. page 283.

mar, when they were got home, "how does it happen, that ideas so opposite may be the result, of the

---

the relations, and those who walk in the procession, do the same. This scene, with the idea of an eternal adieu, rendered but too affecting, became more so, when the sister, with streaming eyes, attending only to her cause of grief, rent her garments, and tore her hair up by the root, to strew over the coffin of a brother, whom she was soon no more to see. Efforts were used to soften this gloomy scene, and bring back the afflicted sister to her house; she then became less agitated, and her grief more calm."

After this detail, Madame Chenier suspends her narration in order to describe the garden of the deceased.

"The sea was seen from this garden, which was ornamented by beautiful flowers, fruit-trees, and an area full of birds; there was likewise a reservoir of water, recruited by the sea, in which all sorts of fish were kept. This garden, these birds and fish, were the amusement of the sage, who had just been torn from his sister and friends.—'Where is my brother?' said this despairing sister, as her eyes wandered over the garden.—'He has gone—has passed away like a shadow—Ye flowers, which he cultivated with so much pleasure! ye have already lost the freshness his hand bestowed!—Perish with him!—Droop and wither, even to the root!—Ye fish, since ye have no longer a master nor a friend, to watch over your preservation—return ye to the great waters!—Return, and seek uncertain life!—And ye little birds! if ye may survive your grief, accompany my sighs with your plaintive songs!—Thou peaceful ocean, whose surface begins to be disturbed, art thou also sensible of my sorrows?\*'—Then turning towards her slaves she

---

\* The sea in the channel is smooth, even in the morning, and only begins to be agitated about ten o'clock and till sun-set. The time of day must justify the allegory.—*M. Guys.*

same feelings? Why does this old man delight to cultivate the flowers of his master, while Euphrosine,

said, 'Weep, my children, weep! Ye have lost one who was kinder than a father to you!—My brother is no more!—Cruel death has dragged him from us!—He has disappeared like a shadow, and we shall see him no more!—These haunts, which his presence rendered so delightful, must now become the residence of gloom and affliction.'"

"The tombs of the Greeks, like those of the Turks, and other eastern people, are situated near the highway; and, though without inclosure, are not the less sacred. The Greeks and Armenians plant cypresses round them; which tree the ancients choose, because it bears no fruit, and therefore the representative of the dead. They likewise use the cypress.—Besides the stones which cover the tomb, there are little sepulchral columns, which, as formerly, bore the name of the interred; and this custom is adopted by the Turks.

"The Grecians come occasionally and weep over the tombs.—At Easter, which the Greeks celebrate with great rejoicings, feasts, and public dances; there is one day in which they go in multitudes to visit the tombs, where they weep for their relations, their friends, and perhaps, the loss of their liberty. At present, the Grecian women are satisfied with tearing up their hair; though they formerly cut off their long tresses, and strewed them over the tombs of those they lamented."—*M. Guys, Tom. I.*

Of all the people on earth, none are more magnificent in their funerals than the Chinese.

"The idea of death ceases not to torment them; it appears, however, less cruel, if they can purchase a coffin, and erect a tomb on the side of a hill, in an agreeable situation. They expend excessive sums on their funerals, which are sometimes performed six years after death with unexampled magnificence. They hire men, and dress them in white, for mourn-

on the contrary, finds a kind of consolation in their destruction?"

"Which of these two actions do you prefer?" asked Thelismar in his turn.

"That of the old man appeared most natural, and yet the other affected me more."

"Common feelings produce only common effects, while a deep sensibility naturally begets extraordinary ideas and actions: thus, for example, if the woman, who has interested us so much; if Euphrasine had reason, taste, and discernment, as well as such strong passions, and if she were then to write, her works would certainly possess originality, energy, feeling, and truth."

"And is it not the possession of these qualities which constitutes genius?"

"Undoubtedly! If genius did not originate in the soul would it be a gift so precious, so desirable, or could it so powerfully excite envy?"

Thelismar and Alphonso passed some few more days at Buyuk-Dairai; after which they took leave of Nicandor and his amiable family, quitted Greece, and entered Asia by Natolia. They staid a little while at Bagdad\* and Bassora,† and stopped at the Island of

ing, to weep in the procession for several successive days: they carry the deceased by water to the sound of instruments, while the boat which bears the body, and those which accompany it, are so illuminated, that the different coloured lights form designs even to the mast-head."—*Voyages aux Indes Orientales et à la Chine, fait par ordre du Roi, par M. Sonnerat, Tom. II.*

\* Bagdad is a great city, on the eastern borders of the Tigris; it was taken by the Turks some where about 1638.

† Bassora is a fine city, below the confluence of the Tigris and the Euphrates; the Turks have been masters of it ever since 1668: it is 100 leagues from Bagdad.

**Bahrein**, in the Persian Gulf, where they saw the famous pearl fishery.\* From thence they departed by sea for the kingdom of Visapour.

\* There are two seasons of pearl fishery in the year; the first in March and April, the second in August and September: the more rain there falls in the year, the more plentiful are the fisheries. In the opening of the season, there appears sometimes 250 barks on the banks. In the larger barks are two divers, in the smaller one. Each bark puts off from shore before sun rise, by a land-breeze, which never fails, and returns again by a sea-breeze, that regularly succeeds it at noon.

As soon as the barks are arrived where the fish lie, and have cast anchor, each diver binds a stone, six inches thick and a foot long, under his body, which is to serve him as ballast, prevent his being driven away by the motion of the water, and enable him to walk more steady among the waves.

Besides this, they tie another very heavy stone to one foot, whereby they are soon sunk to the bottom of the sea; and as the oysters are usually strongly fastened to the rocks, they arm their fingers with leather mittens, to prevent them from being wounded, in scraping them violently off; and some even carry an iron rake for the purpose.

Lastly, each diver carries down with him a large net, in manner of a sack, tied to his neck by a long cord, the end whereof is fastened to the side of the bark. The sack is intended for the reception of the oysters gathered from the rock, and the cord is to pull up the diver when his bag is full, or when he wants air. In this equipage he precipitates himself above 60 feet under water. As he has no time to lose there, he is no sooner arrived at the bottom, than he begins to run from side to side, sometimes on sand, sometimes on a clay earth, and sometimes among the points of rocks, tearing off the oysters he meets with, and cramming them into his budget.

At whatever depth the divers be, the light is so

During this voyage Thelismar and Alphonso were, one evening walking the deck, and conversing on the

---

great, that they easily behold what passes in the sea, with the same clearness as on land; and, to their consternation, they sometimes see monstrous fishes, from which all their address in mudding the water, &c. will not always save them, but they become their prey; and, of all the perils of fishery, this is one of the greatest and most usual.

The best divers will keep under water half an hour, the rest do not stay less than a quarter; during which time they hold their breath without the use of oils, or any others liquors, only acquiring the habit by long practice. When they find themselves straitened, they pull the rope by which the bag is fastened, and hold fast by it with both hands; the people in the bark take the signal, and heave them up into the air, and unload them of their fish, which is sometimes 500 oysters, and sometimes not above 50.

Some of the divers need a moment's respite to recover their breath, others jump in again instantly, continuing this violent exercise, without intermission, for many hours. They unload their barks on shore, and lay their oysters in an infinite number of little pits, dug four or five feet square; then raise heaps of sand over them, to the height of a man, which at a distance looks like an army ranged in battle. In this condition they are left, till the rain, wind, and sun obliges them to open, which soon kills them; upon this the flesh rots and dries, and the pearls, thus disengaged, tumble into the pit, upon taking the oysters out.

After clearing the pits of the grosser filth, they sift the sand several times, to separate the pearls; but what care soever they take herein, they always lose a great many. When the pearls are cleaned and dried, the smallest are sold as seed pearls, the rest by auction to the highest bidder.

Pearls of unusual figures, that is, neither round nor

wonders of nature: "I think, at present," said Alphonso, "I know them all."

"Dear Alphonso, since you are so learned," replied Thelismar, "explain the meaning of the phenomenon which at this moment appears; look this way, on yonder waves."

Alphonso went to Thelismar, and looking as directed, beheld the vessel encircled by fire, to which the total darkness of the night gave an additional brilliancy; the surface of the sea was entirely covered with small sparkling stars, and every wave, as it broke, cast forth a shining light.

The wake of the vessel was of a luminous silver white, interspersed with dazzling azure sparks.\*

---

in the form of a pear, are called barognas, and our's Scotch pearls; those of unusual sizes are called paraugons. Such was that of Cleopatra, valued by Pliny at centies II. S. or 80,000l. sterling; that brought in 1574, to Philip II. of the size of a pigeon's egg, valued at 14,400 ducats; that of the Emperor Rudolph, mentioned by Boetius, called *la Pereguina*, or *the incomparable*, of the shape of a muscade pear, and weighing 80 carats; and that mentioned by Tavernier, in the hands of the Emperor of Persia, in 1633, bought of an Arab for 32,000 tomans, which, at 30l. 9s. the toman, amounts to 110,400l. sterling.—*Cyclopadia*.

\* The shining of the sea-water is a common phenomenon in some seas. The prow of the vessel ploughing the waves, seems, during the darkness of the night, to set them on fire; the ship rides in a circle of light, and the wake leaves a long luminous track. This happens often on the coast of Malabar, and the Maldivia Islands, where M. Godeheu observed the following appearances:

The sea seemed covered with small stars, the wake of the vessel was of a lively bright white, strewed with brilliant and azure points. He learned that the sea, where most luminous, was full of small living animalculi, which not only shone, but gave an oily



"I confess," said Alphonso, "this is a glorious sight, absolutely new to me."

"Come let us go to bed," replied Thelismar; "and, should you happen to awake in the night, I am persuaded you will make some solitary reflections on that presumption, which is but too natural to you, and which persuades you of the extent of your knowledge, when every day proves the contrary."

Alphonso made no reply, but embraced Thelismar, and went to bed.

Scarcely had he been asleep half an hour, before there was a noise in his cabin that awaked him: he had put out his light, and was frightened at opening his eyes, and perceiving fire on the partition opposite his bed; he rose hastily, and his surprise increased at beholding, in large legible letters of fire, these words written upon the boards:—

*"Learned Alphonso, your terror is ill founded; this fire burns not."\**

liquor, which swam on the surface, and afforded that lively azure light. The animalculi could not be seen without a good microscope, and the liquor they shed remained on the strainer through which the sea-water passed, which by this filtration was deprived of its luminous quality.—*M. de Bomare.*

\* Natural phosphori, are matters which become luminous at certain times, without the assistance of art or preparation. Such are the glow-worms, in our cold countries; and, in hot, lauthorn-flies, and other shining insects; rotten wood, the eyes, blood, scales, flesh, sweat, feathers, &c. of several animals; diamonds, when rubbed after a certain manner, or after having been exposed to the sun or light; sugar and sulphur, when pointed in a dark place; sea-water and some mineral waters, when briskly agitated; a cat's or horse's back, duly rubbed with the hand, &c. in, ~~the dark~~; nay, Dr. Croon tells, that, upon rubbing his ~~own~~ body briskly with a well-warmed shirt, he has frequently made both to shine; and Dr. Sloane \*

Ashamed and astonished, Alphonso put his hand upon these fiery characters, and felt no heat: "Oh Thelismar!" cried he, "what surprises me the most is, that you have the art to render the lessons which wound self-love agreeable." Thelismar immediately appeared, with a light in his hand, smiling; and, after having explained to him the nature of this seeming fire, retired, and Alphonso once more went to sleep.—

"It is also time that we should go to sleep," interrupted the baroness, "for the evening has been much longer than usual."

The next evening Madam de Clémire again continued her history of Alphonso.—

Our travellers being arrived at Visapour, visited the diamond ruins,\* and afterwards went to the court

adds, that he knew a gentleman of Bristol, and his son, both whose stockings would shine much after walking. All natural phosphori have this in common, that they do not shine always, and that they never give any heat.—*Cyclopædia*.

\* Diamond, in natural history, by the ancients called adamant, a precious stone, the first in rank, value, hardness, and lustre, of all gems.

Diamonds are found in the East Indies, principally in the kingdoms of Golconda, Visapour, Bengal, and the Island of Borneo. There are four mines, or rather two mines and two rivers, whence diamonds are drawn. The mines are, 1. That of Raolconda, in the province of Carnatica, five leagues from Golconda, and eight or nine from Visapour. It has been discovered about 250 years. 2. That of Gani, or Coulour, seven days journey from Golconda, eastwardly. It was discovered about 170 years ago by a peasant; who, digging in the ground, found a natural fragment of twenty-five carats. 3. That of Soumelpour, a large town in the kingdom of Bengal, near the diamond-mine: this is the most ancient of them all. It should rather be called that of Goual, which is the name of the river, in the sand whereof these stones are found.

of the Great Mogul. Thelismar, having obtained an audience of the emperor, was permitted with Alphonso to see the palace: they passed through many apartments, and found in all of them beautiful women in magnificent habits, armed with lances, who formed the interior guard of the palace. They came to a vast magnificent hall, hung with gold brocade, where the monarch was sitting on a throne of mother-of-pearl, entirely covered with rubies and emeralds; four columns, all bespread with diamonds, supported a canopy of silver, embroidered with sapphires, and ornamented with festoons and pearls; a superb trophy, composed of the emperor's arms, his quiver, bow, and sabre, garnished with jewels, and connected by a chain of topazes and diamonds, was suspended to one of the columns; the emperor himself was in cloth of gold, and in the centre of his turban was a diamond of prodigious brightness, and so large, that it extended almost all over his whole front: various

---

Lastly. The fourth mine, or rather the second river, is that of Succudan, in the Island of Borneo.

The most remarkable diamonds for size, now known, are, that known in France under the name of *grand sancy*, by corruption of *cent six*, which is one of the crown jewels, weighing 106 carats; Governor Pitt's diamond, purchased by the late Duke of Orleans for Louis XV. King of France, weighing 136-3qr. carats, and said to be bought for 125,000*l.* the diamond of the Great Duke of Tuscany, which weighs 139 and a half carats; that of the Great Mogul, weighing 279 & 9-16ths. carats; and one mentioned by Mr. Jeffries, in a merchant's hands, weighing 242 & 1-16th carats.

According to Mr. Jeffries's rule, that the value of diamonds is in duplicate ratio of their weights, and that a manufactured diamond of one carat is worth at a medium 8*l.* the Great Mogul's diamond must be valued at above 624,962*l.* this being the value of a diamond of 279 and a half carats. a

rows of fine pearl formed his bracelets and collar; and an infinity of precious stones, of various colours, enriched his girdle and his buskins: before him was a table of massive gold, and all the great lords of his court, in most magnificent robes, were standing ranged round his throne.

Thelismar presented to him several mathematical instruments, of which, by means of an interpreter, he explained the use. The emperor seemed pleased with the presents and conversation of Thelismar; told him, it was his birth-day; that the whole empire celebrated the festival, and invited Alphonso and Thelismar to spend the evening in his palace.

Evening came; wine was brought in vases of rock crystal; every body was seated, fruits were served in plates of gold; the musicians entered, and the hall soon resounded with cymbals and trumpets. The emperor filled a goblet of wine, and sent it to Thelismar; the goblet was of gold, enriched with the turquoise, the emerald, and the ruby. When he had drunk, the emperor desired him to keep the cup as a mark of his friendship.

When the repast was almost ended, two large basins of rubies were brought the emperor, which he threw among the courtiers, who all scrambled for them. Soon after two other basins were brought full of gold and silver almonds, which were thrown and snatched with the same avidity.

Thelismar and Alphonso, as you may well suppose, sat still, ashamed of, and condemning the covetousness and meanness of the Mogul lords.

The emperor also distributed pieces of gold stuff and rich girdles to several of the musicians, and some of the courtiers; after which the drinking began. Thelismar and Alphonso were the only people who remained sober; the emperor, unable to sit upright, hung his head and fell asleep, and then every body retired.

When Alphonso and Thelismar were alone, Thelismar said to the former, "What do you think of this court?"

"I think," replied Alphonso, "he is the richest and most magnificent sovereign upon earth."

"And the happiest and most respectable likewise?"

"I know not if he be happy, for I know not if he be beloved, if his reign be peaceable and glorious: but I confess there is nothing angust in his person, nothing which enforces reverence; there is not a single prince in Europe, who has so little the air of majesty."

"And yet there is no European sovereign, who may be any way compared to him for pomp and show. Gold, pearls, diamonds, and all the Asiatic ostentation, do not then of themselves impress any real respect. What must we think then of those frivolous Europeans, who affix so great and imaginary a value on these shining trifles? I wish the European women, who are richest in such possessions, who are sometimes properly enough, by way of derision, called queens of diamonds, I wish they could be transported here for twenty-four hours. What would one of them say, at seeing herself totally surpassed in such bright bawbles, by the very slaves of the emperor's wives?"

"For my part," answered Alphonso, blushing a little, "I shall no more mention the diamonds that my father lost during the earthquake at Lisbon. But pray tell me how it happens, that the great lords of this court, who seem so rich, are yet so covetous? How meanly did they hustle one another for the gold and jewels the emperor threw."

"Their whole emulation is that of being more superbly dressed than others; they only seek to distinguish themselves by silly outside show; and you see how much this kind of vanity, carried to excess, can make men capable of the most degrading acts. But, to return to the emperor, you say you are ignorant if he be happy; can you suppose a monarch so ignorant, so debased, happy?"

"If he be good, he may be beloved."

"We do not love whom we despise; ought he not, for the good of his people, to be well informed, just, and estimable; besides, this monarch has no subjects,"

they are only slaves, and he is a despot; he exercises a tyrannical power outwardly, while he is inwardly tormented by all the fears and terrors, which ever were the just punishments of tyrants. The homage paid him is forced; and, while adulation offers him incense, hatred is secretly conspiring his destruction; his life is passed in suspicion, or the punishment of traitors; he is in continual fear of all that approach him; and, to complete his misery, his very children are suspected."

The next day, Thelismar and Alphonso went early to the palace; the Mogul was then at war with the Sovereign of Decan, and was going to visit the camp where his troops were assembled. His wives were mounted on elephants that waited at their doors; Thelismar counted eighty of these animals all superbly equipped; the little towers they carried were plated with gold, and embellished with mother-of-pearl; the same metal too formed the bars of their grated windows; a canopy of cloth of silver, with tassels hung with rubies, covered each tower.

The emperor was carried in a palanquin of gold and mother-of-pearl, set with pearls and precious stones: many other palanquins followed that of the emperor, and a vast number of trumpets, drums, and other instruments, mixed among a crowd of officers, richly clothed, who carried rich canopies, and umbrellas of brocaded gold, hung with pearls, rubies, and diamonds, led the procession.

Our travellers, after having admired the magnificence of his camp, quitted the court of the Great Mogul,\* and went to the kingdom of Siam. Here they saw the famous white elephant so much revered in India: his apartment is magnificent, he is served kneeling, and in vessels of gold.† "These attentions,"

\* This account of the magnificence of the Great Mogul is found in many travellers.

† They have the same respect for white elephants at Laos, Pegu, &c.

says an illustrious philosopher,\* “these respects, these offerings, flatter him, but do not corrupt; he has not then a human soul; and this should be sufficient to demonstrate it to the Indians.”

There was now but one part of the world unknown to our travellers, America, for which they embarked, and came to California; from thence they went to Mexico; and as they were on their route to the town of Tlascala, Thelismar, looking at his watch, stopped his carriage, and alighted; telling his servants to wait, and carefully look to the horses—“for,” added he, “night will suddenly overtake us.”

“How!” said Alphonso, laughing, “night! not so suddenly, for it is only noon.”

Thelismar made no reply, but seeking the shade, turned towards some trees at a little distance. Alphonso, as he followed, perceived an animal, the extraordinary figure of which raised his attention; it was nineteen or twenty inches long, without reckoning the tail, which was at least twelve, and scaly, like a serpent; its ears were like those of the small owl, and its hair erect.

The animal stood still, and Alphonso wished to examine it; he observed it was waiting for its young, which were running towards it; as they came up, he put them one after another into a bag or pouch beneath its belly, then ran towards the trees.

Desirous of observing so singular an animal nearer, and finding that it could not run fast, Alphonso pursued it; he had just overtaken it when it came to the foot of a tree, up which it ran with surprising agility, and seizing the end of one of its highest branches with its tail, twisted it round, and there remained suspended, apparently motionless.†

\* M. de Buffon.

† Opossum or possum, the name of a very remarkable American animal, the *Didelphis marsupialis* of Linnæus. Its tail is round, and a foot long, and is of great service to it, as it uses it to twist round the branches of trees, hanging itself to them by that

Alphonso was going to mount the tree, when he heard on every side of him a loud crackling, which, redoubling, seemed like the discharge of artillery; at the same instant he was covered with an innumerable multitude of small black grains, darted on him from all parts.\* He hastily drew back, and hid his eyes

means; the tail is hairy, near the insertion, but naked all the other part, covered with small scales, and is partly black, partly of a brownish white; its hinder feet are considerably longer than the fore ones, and each have five toes; they much resemble hands, and the nails are white and crooked, the hinder one being, as in the monkey kind, the longest.

What distinguishes this creature from all the other animals of the world, is, that it has a bag or pouch into which it receives its young as soon as delivered; that is a sort of open uterus, and is placed under the belly, near the hinder legs; in this the young are sheltered till they are able to shift for themselves; and, when they begin to be strong enough, they frequently run out and return in again. The creature is of a stinking smell, like our fox or marten. It feeds on sugar canes and some other vegetables; but not wholly on these, for it frequently preys on birds, which it lies on the trees, and often plays the fox's trick stealing poultry.

The male opossum, as well as the female, has this kind of pouch under its belly, and takes upon himself, at times, the care of carrying and preserving the young, in case of any impending danger.

The flesh of the old animals is very good, like that of a sucking pig; the hair is dyed by the Indian women, and wove into garters and girdles, and the skin is very fœtid.—*Cyclopædia*.

\* "There is a tree, called the devil tree, which grows in America; its fruit, in a state of maturity, is elastic; and when dried by the heat of the sun, noisily splits and bursts, and darts forth its grains. To this sport of nature the tree owes its name; for, at the mo-



with his hands, which were considerably hurt by the grains that had struck them.

The pain was so great, that he was obliged to keep them shut for some minutes; at last he opened them, but no sooner had he done so, than he cried out—"Oh heaven! I am blind!—Oh Thelismar! Oh Dalinda! I shall never see you more.—Thelismar, Thelismar, where are you?—Do not abandon the unhappy Alphonso."

As he said this, he heard pretty near him a burst of laughter, and knew it was the voice of Thelismar. "What then," continued he, "does Thelismar insult my misery? No, it is not possible."

He then recollected that Thelismar, when he got out of his carriage, had told his servants that night approached; he began therefore to take courage, and doubt the truth of his blindness, notwithstanding the midnight darkness that surrounded him; he followed the sound of Thelismar's voice, till he found him in his arms.

"I cannot at present," said Thelismar, "serve you as a guide, Alphonso, for I am as blind as you are."

"Thanks be to Heaven," replied Alphonso, "that I am acquitted for the fright only: I find now, that the cause of my fear is nothing but an eclipse of the sun; but I did not think that eclipses ever produced such total darkness, nor can I conceive by what art you could foretel, with so much precision, the exact moment of this phænomenon."

While Alphonso was speaking, the sun, once more beginning to appear, dissipated the fearful obscurity

ment of bursting, the effect of small artillery is produced, the noise of which succeeds rapidly, and is heard tolerably far off. If this fruit be transported before it be ripe, to a dry place, or exposed on a chimney-piece to a gentle heat, it will have the same effect, and produce the same phænomenon."—*M. de Bomare.*

that had blackened every object; the profound silence, the midnight calm, soon ceased, and Nature seemed to revive; the birds with fresh animation, thinking they sang the return of Aurora, gave notice by their loud and lively warblings, of the birth of day.\*

Thelismar and Alphonso now regained their carriage, and the eclipse, the animal, and the strange artillery, furnished our travellers with subjects for conversation, which were not exhausted when they arrived at Tlascala.

Quitting Mexico, Thelismar and Alphonso embarked for St. Domingo; here Alphonso flattered himself he should find a letter from his father; he was mistaken, but he received news from Portugal, though such as gave him great affliction.

He learnt, that Don Ramirez had not returned to Portugal; that the public opinion was totally changed concerning his being again taken into favour, and sent on an embassy: most people even supposed him exiled, but were totally ignorant to what part of the world he was retired.

This intelligence overwhelmed Alphonso with grief: uncertain now of what might be his father's fate, his remorse became more keen than ever.

Thelismar came to seek him, just as he was in the midst of these melancholy thoughts. "I come to tell you," said Thelismar, "you will see Dalinda much

\* "Livy relates, how Sulpicius Gallus, lieutenant of Paulus Æmilius, in the war against Persia, predicted an eclipse of the moon to the soldiers, which should happen the next evening; and thus prevented the terror it would otherwise have caused.

"A total eclipse of the sun is a singular spectacle. Clavius, who saw that which happened on the 21st of August, 1560, at Coimbre, tells us, that the obscurity was, as he might say, greater, or at least more striking, than the darkness of night; people could not see where to set a foot, and the birds fell with terror to the earth."—*Encyclopædia*.

sooner than you hoped; she is at Paris with her mother; they will wait for us there: to-morrow we will depart for Sminam, from thence we will embark for France, whither we shall go directly. But, in the mean time," added Thelismar, "before you see Dalinda, I will shew you a present I have just received from her. Here, open this; do you recollect that form?"

"Heavens!" cried Alphonso, "it is the portrait of Dalinda! What a wonderful picture! What a striking likeness! How perfect is the painter's art."

"This picture will interest you more, when you know it is the work of Dalinda herself."

"Dalinda! Has she then every talent as well as every charm? Oh permit me once more to look on this precious painting.—Yes; behold her angelic features; look, there is her enchanting smile. How happy, Thelismar, are you in the possession of such a treasure!"

"And yet I desire another picture of her; I would have her paint herself once more, but with her husband by her side; and when, Alphonso, she shall give me that, I promise you shall have this."

Alphonso only replied by tenderly pressing the hands of Thelismar, and watering them with his tears."

Far from feeling a joy pure and unmixed, he looked upon it as his indispensable duty to return to Portugal, hoping there to find some sort of information concerning his father: he was unalterably determined to declare his resolution to Thelismar; but this resolution was too painful, not to cause the most violent agitations in his mind.

He had never had the courage to confess a fault, for which he justly and bitterly reproached himself; he wanted the power to tell so dear a friend he had left Spain clandestinely, without his father's consent; and this first dissimulation, had obliged him to disguise the truth in a thousand other instances: at last, however, he firmly purposed to expiate all his wrongs by his sincerity, without reserve, and, if necessary, by the

most painful sacrifices; and in this disposition left Saint Domingo. They arrived at Surinam\* about dusk, and were struck by a most brilliant spectacle at their first entering that country. The coast seemed covered with an infinity of chandeliers, hung without order at unequal distances. Thel smar and Alphonso were admiring this agreeable illumination, when they perceived many of the lights were in motion, and advancing towards them.

A moment after, they plainly distinguished eight or ten men who walked nimbly, though they seemed covered with small lighted candles; some on their bonnets, some on their shoes, and some in their hands. This vision greatly surprised Alphonso, who wanted to come near these men; but they passed hastily by, and, as Alphonso did not understand the language of his guides, he could not satisfy his curiosity.

When they came to the house where they were to lodge, they were shewn into a pretty chamber, as clear as day; but, as Alphonso remarked that the lights were placed in two small glass lanterns, he wished to see them nearer; he then discovered with astonishment, they were nothing but green flies,† of a bright emerald colour, which gave all this light.

Surinam is a Dutch colony, of about thirty leagues extent, along the river of Surinam, in Guiana.

† The acudia is a flying and luminous insect, found in America, and suspected to be the same with the cucuju, or cocojus.

“ It is of the class of scarabeus, of the bigness of the little finger, two inches long, and so luminous, that when it flies by night, it spreads great light. Some say, that if you rub the face with the humidity which issues, in shining spots or stars, from this little living phosphorus, it will appear resplendent. Before the arrival of the Spaniards, the Indians made no use of candles, but of these insects to light their houses; by one of which a person may read or write as easily as by a lighted candle.

“ When the Indians walked in the night, they fixed

“ We have now an explanation of the thing we wanted,” said Thelismar; “ the trees being in a conic

---

one of them to each toe of the foot, and others to the hand. When taken, these insects do not live above three weeks at most; while they are in good health they are very luminous, but their light decreases with their powers, and after they are dead they shine no more. They are doubly useful; for they fly about the houses and devour the gnats.

“ It is uncertain whether the acudia is not the same insect as the lanthorn-fly; so called, because the fore part of the head, whence the light issues, has been called a lanthorn.—Mademoiselle Merian,\* who observed this sort of insect at Surinam, says—their light is so strong, that one alone was sufficient, at each sitting, to paint the figures of the insects of the country, which are engraved in her work.

“ There are shining flies found in Italy, or rather a species of scarabens, about the size of a bee, the belly of which is so luminous, that three of them, inclosed in a tube of white glass, will light a chamber. M. l'Abbé Nollet has proved, that the light of the insect ex-

---

\* Maria Sybilla Merian, daughter of Matthew Merian, a famous engraver and geographer, was born in Germany in 1647; and learnt from Abraham Minion to paint flowers, fruits, plants, and insects, in which she excelled. She understood Latin perfectly, and made natural history her particular study. She passed two years at Surinam, painting the insects of the country; and composed a work in German, called—“ A History of the Insects of Europe, with Designs after Nature; and an Account of the different Metamorphosis of Insects, and of the Plants on which they feed.” She died at Amsterdam, aged 70, leaving two daughters, whom she had taught to paint. One of them, especially, named Dorothea, was eminent for her knowledge and abilities.—*Vies de Peintres, Tom. II.*

form, are covered with these flies, and resemble at a distance, girandoles and chandeliers hung in the air; the men we met had fastened these shining insects on their bonnets and feet, and carried them in glass tubes in their hands."

The very same evening, Alphonso learnt these beautiful flies were more than one way useful. When he was in bed, they were taken from their little lanterns and let fly about the room, in which he was informed they would kill the gnats, which might otherwise disturb his rest.

Alphonso, however, a prey to inward grief and chagrin, could not close his eyes the whole night; he rose before day-break, determined no longer to defer opening his heart to Thelismar, but to inform him of all his faults and all his sorrows.

He went to walk upon the sea-shore till Thelismar should rise; and, after straying a considerable time, sat down at the foot of a tree, where he fell into a vague and painful reverie; presently his eyes became heavy,

tends over the place where it has been crushed."\*—*M. de Bomarc.*

The most singular scarabeus is that described by M. Rolander. "The first time M. Rolander picked up this insect, which is phosphoric, there came a noise from its body like that of fire-arms, and a clear blue smoke. Another time he pricked the insect with a pin, and it went off as many as twenty times successively.—M. Rolander opened the insect, and found a vacant bladder in its body, but could not discover if this was its reservoir for air, or some intestine. This insect may be called the bombardier."—*Dict. de Merv. de la Nat. Tom. II.*

\* The ditches of Mantua are full of these insects, and the grass and trees are covered with them, which, by night, produces a most agreeable effect.

he began to doze, and in a few moments was asleep. He was awakened by a piercing and sorrowful cry, and opening his eyes, saw himself in the arms of Thelismar, who was bearing him away.

Alphonso endeavoured to speak, but could only utter some broken and plaintive sounds; pale and fainting he could not support himself, he wanted even the power of thought. Thelismar laid him down on the grass, ran towards the sea, filled his hat with salt water, and made Alphonso drink it; after which, with the help of some servants, he raised, and took him home.

Alphonso came to himself by degrees. "Where am I?" said he, as he felt his strength returning.

"Oh my son," said Thelismar, "have I not spoken to you of this fatal tree? Have I not told you, that to sleep beneath its perfidious shade is to die?"\*

\* *Machineel*, hypomane, in botany, a genus of the *monoclea adelphia* class.

"The wood of this tree is much esteemed for cabinet-work, being very durable, taking a fine polish, and, as it is said, not being eaten by worms; but, the tree abounding with a milky caustic juice, before it is felled, they make fires around the trunk to burn out the juice, otherwise those who fell it would be in danger of losing their sight, by this juice flying into their eyes. Wherever the juice touches the skin it raises blisters; and, if it fall on linen, it turns it black, and it washes into holes. The like danger to the eyes is to be apprehended from the saw-dust: the workmen, therefore, generally cover their faces with fine lawn.

"The tree produces fruit, somewhat like a golden pippin, which, if ignorantly eaten, inflames the mouth and throat to a great degree, and is very dangerous to the stomach, unless timely medicines are applied. Dr. Peyssonel, in his observations on this fruit, informs us, that the savages use the juice of it to poison their arms, the wounds of which are thereby rendered mortal; that the sap which washes off the leaves, causes blisters to rise like boiling oil; and that even the shade of the

"It is true," cried Alphonso, with a languishing voice, "I recollect it now."

"Providence be praised, you are out of danger; but, had not my fears for you brought me were you lay, the very instant they did, I should have lost you, Alphonso."

"And do you weep for me, my father? For me! Oh most affectionate of friends! best of benefactors! wherefore have you snatched me from the arms of death? I had then been regretted by you. Thelismar, while weeping for the miserable Alphonso, would then have been ignorant of his worst errors."

"What do you mean, Alphonso?"

"I am overpowered by your favours, penetrated by your bounties; my affection for you is the reigning sentiment of my heart, and yet I am the most unfortunate of men."

"Heavens! Which way? how?"

"A single word, Thelismar, may make you judge of my situation; I cannot follow you to France!"

"And why not?"

"Sacred duty dictates my return to Portugal:—(Oh! that by this painful sacrifice I could expiate my fault!"

"What fearful remorse is it that overwhelms you?—But—no—thou art incapable of wickedness or mean—

tree is fatal to those who sit under it. Timely evacuations, however, by purges and emetics, have prevented their ill effects."—*Cyclopaedia*.

"The cassada, or cassava, is also a remarkable American shrub, from the root of which bread is made, though the juice, expressed from the root to prepare it for bread, will kill any animal that drinks it crude, as will the root eaten with its juice; yet this juice may be boiled over the fire till a great part is evaporated, and the remainder, if it be far evaporated, will be sweet, and serve in the place of honey. If less evaporated, and set by to ferment, it will make a very good and wholesome vinegar."—*Ibid*.



ness;—speak, be confident—open thy heart to thy friend.”

Alphonso shed tears of gratitude and joy at hearing this, was silent a few moments; then, taking courage, owned, without reserve, how he had deceived Thelismar, when he assured him that Don Ramirez approved his travels. related the circumstances of his flight, and painted, in the most moving manner, his remorse and uninterrupted inquietude concerning the fate of his father.

When he had finished his recital, Thelismar, with a softened heart, looked at him, and said—“ No, I will not abandon thee; I myself will conduct thee to Portugal.”

These words inspired Alphonso with gratitude so strong, so passionate, he could only express it by falling at the feet of his generous friend.

“ Yes,” continued Thelismar, “ we will find this unhappy father; I will enjoy the pleasure of giving thee again to his arms; for I dare assure him, thou now wilt make him happy. We shall arrive somewhat later in France, but Dalinda will see thee reconciled to Heaven and thyself, and honoured with thy paternal benediction. Don Ramirez will certainly consent, without scruple, to your union with Dalinda. My fortune is not immense, but it is more than sufficient; the ties, which attached Don Ramirez to Portugal, are all broken; it will be no difficult thing to engage him to look on Sweden as his country, and my house as his own.”

“ This is too much,” said Alphonso. “ Oh Thelismar! let me breathe; my heart cannot express its feelings towards a benefactor such as you; gratitude becomes a passion; words are weak; I cannot tell what I think.”

This conversation delivered Alphonso from one part of his troubles; the indulgence and tenderness of Thelismar assuaged the bitterness of remorse, and gave birth to the sweetest hopes.

Before they quitted Surinam, Thelismar and Alphonso were invited on a fishing party, and rose, on

the day appointed, early in the morning. In their way to the sea-side, they crossed a marsh full of extraordinary trees; from their flexible branches, bundles of filaments hung down, lay upon the ground, took root, grew, and formed other trees, as beautiful as those to which they were united, and of which they were only shoots, which again multiplied after the same manner; insomuch, that a single tree might become the parent stock of a whole forest.

But what most surprised Alphonso was, that these trees were covered with shell-fish! A multitude of oysters were fixed to their branches.\*

\* The mangle, or manglier, is a tree that grows in the West Indies, and chiefly in the Antillies, towards the mouths of rivers.

“Bunches of filaments part from its flexible branches, and hang to the earth, where they take root, and grow into new trees, as large as those to which they originally belonged, which again multiply in the same manner; so that a single tree may become a forest. In the Isle of Cayenne the marshes are covered with them; and oysters attach themselves to the foot and pendant branches, by depositing their spawn on them, which adheres, grows, and, as the tide ebbs and flows, are sometimes in water, and sometimes in air.

“There is another very singular tree, called the *fromager*, or *saamona*, which grows in the Antillies as high as the pine. The top and bottom of the trunk are of the thickness of common trees, while the middle is more than twice as thick. The roots, which are very thick, shoot out of the earth seven or eight feet high, and form a kind of buttresses around the trunk. It is called *fromager*, because its wood greatly resembles cheese: its fruit, when ripe, contains seed of a dark red colour, as large as small peas, and garnished with a kind of pearl-grey cotton, extremely fine, shining, and silky to the touch; but, the filaments are so short, it is very difficult to spin. The Indians use it as we do down, for their ears and feet.”—*M. de Bomare*. \*

Thelismar was explaining the cause of these singular things, when they arrived on the strand; they went on board; the fishing began, the net was thrown, and the haul was a good one.

Alphonso seeing an exceedingly large fish, very like an eel, went and touched it with a little switch that he had in his hand; no sooner had he done so, than he felt so great a pain in his arm and hand, that he gave a loud cry before he could recollect himself. The fishermen all began to laugh; and Alphonso, piqued and astonished, remained motionless awhile.

Recovering himself, he went again to the fish, and said, "I do not know how the touching this fish can cause so violent a shock; but I will shew you, at least, that though I may be surprised, I am not to be intimidated."

So saying, he stooped down, and touched the fish with his hand. He did not cry out this time; but he received so terrible a shock, that if Thelismar had not stepped forward, and caught him in his arms, he would have fallen; and was so stunned by the violence of the stroke, that he almost lost the use of his senses.

As soon as he was perfectly recovered, "I will shew you," said Thelismar, "a still more astonishing effect produced by this fish. We are fourteen people in all—let us form a circle, and each hold the other by the hand; I will stand first, and you last; I will touch the fish with a stick, and, although separated from me by twelve people, you shall yet feel the same shock as I."

The experiment was made, and confirmed all that Thelismar had predicted.\*

\* The gymnotus, or electrical eel, a kind of torpedo, is a fish well known at Surinam. The common size is from three to four feet in length, and from ten to fourteen inches in circumference. Some, however, it is said, have been seen in the river Surinam upwards of twenty feet long; and the stroke, or shock of which is instant death.

The day after this adventure, our travellers quitted Surinam and America, and embarked for Portugal. During the voyage, Thelismar, in return for the confidence Alphonso had placed in him, satisfied a curiosity he had long entertained. Alphonso could not conceive, how Thelismar might resolve to quit his country for four years, and tear himself from a family so dear to him, for so long a time.

Thelismar informed him that his sovereign, being the protector of literati and learned men, had engaged him to make this sacrifice: "The favours of my king," continued he, "my love of science, and the particular delight I take in natural history, have determined me to undertake an enterprise, the fatigues of which my friendship for you has made me cheerfully support: the care of forming your heart, and enlightening your mind, together with the affection you have inspired me with, alone could soften the uneasiness and chagrin I have often felt, and which are inseparable from the feeling mind absent from its native home.

After a favourable voyage, our travellers landed in Portugal, where all the information that Alphonso could procure, relative to Don Ramirez, was very feeble and insufficient. They assured him, that his father had not been seen there during the last two years, and, after an infinity of researches, Alphonso was persuaded Don Ramirez was either in England, or in Russia. The interests of his family required Thelismar should go to England; this Alphonso knew: therefore, in quitting Portugal, he had the consolation to think he should not stay in France, but follow Thelismar and Dalinda to a land in which he hoped to find his father.

Thelismar, as they drew near to France, thought proper to make his young pupil promise carefully to conceal his love from Dalinda. "You will travel with her," said he; "I have told you it is the wish of my heart to unite, by the most holy ties, two persons who are now almost equally dear to me; but, you cannot, Alphonso, dispose of yourself without a father's consent: I have no doubt his consent will be

granted; yet, there is a possibility it may be refused."

"Oh, Heavens!—refused!"

"Were I to present you to Dalinda as her future husband, she would look upon you, beyond dispute, with the eyes of affection; and, uncertain as we are, would it be right to hazard troubling the repose of her life?"

"I trouble her repose, or trouble yours! though but for a moment? No: let me rather never behold her!—But, we are so certain of my father's consent."

"And yet, suppose, through some unaccountable caprice, he should refuse?"

"What! my father pronounce sentence of death upon me?"

"Either, Alphonso, I have lost the fruits of all my cares, or you will support this misfortune with fortitude. Is it in the power of fate to make us miserable while we are virtuous, and while we possess a faithful friend?"

"Oh, Thelismar! you shall for ever be the sovereign arbiter of my destiny. Do you not dispose of my actions, my opinions, my feelings, as you please? Oh yes: and the ascendancy you have acquired, you can never lose; reason, virtue, gratitude, and friendship, confirm your power. I will faithfully follow the law you impose—I will see Dalinda, and be silent.—Yet, what an effort! But, shall I doubt my power to perform what you command?"

Our travellers came to Bourdeaux, whence they immediately departed; and, their carriage breaking down, at the distance of thirty leagues from Paris, they were obliged to stop where the accident happened. Thelismar wrote from this place to his wife, informing her he should certainly be with her the next day, by five in the afternoon at latest, and delivered the letter to a courier, who departed immediately. Thelismar and his pupil rose before day-break, got into their carriage, and departed for Paris.

"What a charming morning!" said Alphonso, transported, and embracing Thelismar, as he beheld the

rising sun; "what a fine day! Before it is ended, I shall see Dalinda!"

"Remember your promise," replied Thelismar; "I dread lest you should betray your feelings at this first interview."

"Oh, I am certain of myself."

"Do not be too sure: take my advice; from this moment, moderate those transports; those joys which, in a few hours must be totally concealed; let us speak of something else."

"How is it possible?"

"If you wish to acquire a command over your passions, accustom yourself to regulate your imagination at your pleasure, and to banish any certain train of thoughts when you wish so to do."

"But, provided my conduct be always rational, will it matter what my thoughts are?"

"How is it possible to give any marked proofs of fortitude, if we are habitually feeble? He who suffers his imagination to have dominion over him, can neither drive from his memory what is dangerous to recollect, nor reject thoughts he ought not to entertain; and, can such a person always be supposed rational? The faculty of thinking should be turned to the improvement of the heart and mind; but we pervert this noble faculty, when we suffer our imagination to dwell upon objects beneath, unworthy of, or derogatory to, ourselves; therefore, there is no doubt but the most secret thoughts of a wise man are far more pure and sublime than his words."

Alphonso sighed, and, for a few moments, remained silent; then, by an effort over himself, entered again into conversation. Thelismar spoke of their travels, and recapitulated whatever they had seen most remarkable; discoursed on the arts, chymistry, botany, and various subjects of natural history, while Alphonso was insensibly drawn to listen with pleasure.

"How happy you are," said Alphonso to Thelismar; "how extensive your knowledge! Nothing can astonish, nothing is new to you."

"How mistaken you are," replied Thelismar:

"the heavens and earth, the universe, all we see, all that environs us, is the work of an infinite Being; an eternal book, in which man, to the end of time, shall find secrets that are impenetrable, objects for ever new, and discover, through each succeeding age, mysteries the most sublime, without ever knowing them all."

Thus conversing, they drew near to Paris, when our travellers, almost equally moved, became thoughtful and silent: they remained so a considerable time. At last, Alphonso said to Thelismar, "Will you not own that, at present, you do not choose your thoughts, but that you are obliged to accept those which so forcibly, so naturally, present themselves?"

As Alphonso was speaking, the postillion told Thelismar he saw something which very much surprised him in the air. Thelismar looked out, and discovered, above the clouds, towards Paris, a small round body, opaque and dark, which appeared in motion, and slowly approaching, as it were to meet them.

Thelismar, astonished, looked very attentively at this phenomenon, and his astonishment increased at beholding the body become larger and luminous. He determined to descend, the better to examine it, and the terrified postillion had already stopped his horses. They alighted in a charming meadow, adjoining to Arpajon, six leagues from Paris; the luminous globe, however, seemed still to increase in size.

"It is a meteor," said Alphonso; "and much such a one as I saw in Spain, when I was travelling to Loxe."

"It is no meteor," said Thelismar.

"What is it then?"

"I cannot conceive: it approaches still, and still becomes brighter. Have you your pocket telescope about you?"

"Yes."

"Lend it me."—Thelismar took the telescope that Alphonso presented him, and, having adjusted it, looked and cried, "It is incredible! I can perceive underneath this globe a kind of vessel, a small ship, fast

ened to it; this is certainly an illusion.—Here, take your turn to look.”

Alphonso took the telescope, and presently exclaimed, “Good God! I see a man!”

Thelismar began to laugh: “You have hit it,” said he; “it is Abaris the Scythian.”\*

“I am not surprised at your incredulity,” said Alphonso; “for, though I am certain I see it, I do not believe it.—And yet—why what enchantment is this?—Heavens!—I now see two people distinctly!”

Alphonso rubbed his eyes, and the telescope dropped from his hands; he looked at Thelismar, who, motionless and fixed in amazement, said not a word. The globe still kept approaching, and at last appeared almost over their heads. “I can doubt no longer!” cried Thelismar; “this globe of purple and gold contains living beings!—I see them!—Oh, inconceivable prodigy! Oh, happy triumph of audacious genius!”

While Thelismar was speaking, the globe hovered over his head, majestically descended, and they saw in the vessel, suspended to the globe, two celestial figures; they were females: the one had the dignity and beauty of Juno or Minerva; the other, clothed in white, and crowned with roses, resembled Aurora, or the charming goddess of spring-time and flowers.

Alphonso flew towards the globe; he was stopped by a violent palpitation of the heart. “No,” cried he, “these ravishing creatures cannot be mortal!—They approach!—They come hand in hand!—Surely it is Innocence and Virtue descending from heaven to give back the golden age!—But—good God!—Is it a new delusion?—Yes, Dalinda! this young divinity, the more to charm us, has taken thy form!—I dare not believe my eyes, and yet, my heart cannot deceive me!—It is! ’Tis she! ’Tis Dalinda herself!”

Alphonso wildly called Thelismar, just as the globe and its car touched the earth; while the latter, pale, trembling, petrified with surprise and doubt, looked

\* Abaris was said to have received an arrow from Apollo, on which he flew through the air.



on it, uttered a loud exclamation, and, transported with joy, ran, or rather fled, towards them.

The two divinities were not less eager; they sprang, they wept, they sunk in his arms.

Alphonso, quite beside himself, durst not follow the dictates of his heart; he stopped, and the excess of his feelings obliged him to lean against a tree, for his trembling legs were unable to support his body.

In the first moments of joy, the magic globe, the car, the miracle, were totally forgotten. Thelismar beheld nothing but his wife and daughter, and curiosity was held suspended by feelings superior to the power of all enchantment. Alphonso, a witness of this happy meeting, did not taste a joy unmixed: he contemplated Dalinda with ravishment; he enjoyed, with transport, the sweet pleasure of understanding her in her native language, while she spoke every thing that filial affection could inspire to a dear and tender father. But this interesting scene brought to memory Don Ramirez, and all his wrongs; and thus was one single subject of remorse sufficient to poison all his pleasure.

Reflection, after a time, having again given birth to wonder and curiosity, Dalinda and her mother were questioned concerning the miracle they had seen. They replied, they had not ventured themselves passengers in an *air-balloon*, had they not first seen experiments which had assured them of its safety; that, knowing the day and hour when Thelismar would arrive, and having a favourable wind, they could not resist their desire of thus surprising him, especially when it would bring them sooner to his arms; that, living in the same house with a philosopher, who had a globe ready prepared, they had seized so favourable an opportunity of flying to meet a husband and father so dear; they added, as they were hovering over the meadow of Arpajon, they had distinguished a carriage and horses with their telescopes, and consequently had descended.

Thelismar, after this, went to examine the globe, and his wife gave a short account of the experiments which had been made at the Muette, and the Thuil-

leries. Thelismar felt himself greatly moved, while she described the general enthusiasm which these sublime experiments had excited, and the universal admiration with which the whole nation beheld the immortal author of that discovery, and the two illustrious philosophers, whose heroic daring had procured to France a spectacle so pompous and so new.

Thelismar likewise heard, with pleasure, that all the truly learned partook in this well-founded national enthusiasm; and Alphonso was astonished to find, that envy wanted power to poison the triumph of the author of this famous discovery.

"A little reflection," said Thelismar, "will rob you of your surprise; such lights as may serve to guide men to the things they wish are always received with transport. Suppose a chymist, by making a discovery, should open a new career to the learned, and furnish materials for an infinity of interesting speculations, and a multitude of new ideas; would he not thus afford them new means of distinguishing themselves, and acquiring glory? From one discovery a thousand others may arise, while each philosopher is only busied in bringing it to perfection, and thence deducing new lights and further fame: thus, far from endeavouring to diminish the merit of the first invention, each employs his talents and his genius to make it more useful, —consequently, more glorious."

"You give me infinite pleasure," says Alphonso; "there exists, then, a path, in which men may run towards the same goal, may overtake and outstrip, yet not hate, each other. Oh, noble triumph! in which the victor is crowned by the vanquished; where the excellence of the individual is the delight of the whole, and becomes to them an inexhaustible source of fame and fresh success! Oh that men of wit would follow this sublime example!"

"You wish a thing impossible," answered Thelismar; facts cannot be denied; discovery, proved by experiment, is beyond criticism, above censure; but, so are not works of imagination. An author who writes to the faucey may ardently desire to prove his

work is good, but cannot do it geometrically; it is in vain that he may affirm it a hundred different ways in his preface, when whosoever pleases can affirm to the contrary: thus, when he has composed a *chef-d'œuvre*, ill taste and malignity may deny his merit. Hence arise disputes, unjust criticisms, and enmities, which disgrace literature. The philosopher can write nothing which describes new facts that is not useful to all other philosophers; while the wit and talents of the man of polite literature are subservient only to his own individual fame."

After this conversation, they took a turn in the meadows, then entered their carriages, and went for Paris, where they arrived in the evening.

Thelismar made no stay in this city, but departed with his family and Alphonso for England. They passed some time at London; but, not being to learn any tidings of Don Ramirez, they left it and went to Buxton, in Derbyshire.

"I will conduct you," said Thelismar, as they were walking out, "to a fountain, which, from the fabulous virtues attributed to it, would be much better placed in Sicily, or Greece, than England. It is pretended, that the spring only flows for constant hearts; and, that any lover, capable of the least infidelity, cannot drink of its waters, because they stop at his approach. It is long since I heard this old tale," added Thelismar, "the gallantry of which recalls to memory the fountain Acadine, and the story of Argyra.\*"

\* The fountain Acadine is in Sicily, and is consecrated to the Palicii. A miraculous property is attributed to this fountain. To know the sincerity of oaths, they are written on tablets; if the tablets do not swim, the inference is, the oaths are all false.

Argyra was a nymph of Thessaly. Celenus, her husband, seeing her ready to die, fell himself into a kind of mortal languor. Venus, affected by their tenderness, metamorphosed the one to a river, and the other to a fountain; which, like Alphens and Arethusa, were re-united by mingling their waters. Celenus,

The guides now spoke to Thelismar in English, which language Alphonso did not understand; "They tell me," said Thelismar, "we are not a hundred yards from the fountain; but, as the road is full of

at length, however, forgot Argyra; since when, if lovers drink of and bathe in his streams, they forget their love.—*Dict. de la Fable*.

"Buxton Spring, in the county of Derby, is intermittent, as Childrey says, in his *Curiosities of England*, running only every quarter of an hour."—*Dict. des Merv. de la Nat. Tom. I. p. 339*.

It must be supposed, Thelismar knew the phenomenon, and attentively counted the minutes on his watch, without being perceived by Alphonso.

There are many other intermittent springs.

"In Provence is a spring which runs and stops eight times in an hour. The spring of Frouganches, in the diocese of Nismes, runs and stops regularly twice in twenty-four hours. The springs near Paderborn, called Bullerbares, are said to run twelve hours, and stop twelve. That of Hantecombe, in Savoy, runs and stops twice in the hour."—*Dict. des Merv. de la Nat. Tom. I.*

"At Bosely, near Wenlock, in Shropshire, there is a famous boiling well, which was discovered in June, 1711, by an uncommon noise in the night; so great, that it awakened several people, who, being desirous to find what it was owing to, at length found a boggy place, under a little hill, not far from the Severn; and, perceiving a great shaking in the earth, and a little boiling up of water through the grass, they took a spade, and digging up some part of the earth, the water flew to a great height, and was set on fire by a candle. This water was, for some time afterwards, constantly found to take fire, and burn like spirits of wine; and, after it was set on fire, it would boil the water in a vessel sooner than any artificial fire, and yet the spring itself was as cold as any whatever."—*Cyclopædia*.

stones and brambles, they and our servants will go before, and clear the way. Let us sit down under these trees a moment, till they call." So saying, Thelismar seated himself between his wife and daughter, where they had not sat long before the guides returned, and conducted them to the fountain.

"I am going," said Thelismar, smiling, to his wife, "to prove a fidelity, of which I hope you have never doubted; besides, this clear and abundant spring invites me to drink: I therefore willingly consent to submit to this proof of perfect constancy."

So saying, he approached the spring, and drank two or three times. "Who," continued he, "will, after this, pretend that men are inconstant? You see—but come, Alphonso, are not you thirsty?"

"No," replied Alphonso, laughing; "however, I will drink."

Alphonso drew near, but Thelismar stopped him as he was going to stoop, and whispered, "What, have you the audacity to expose yourself to this proof? Have you forgot Greece, and the black-eyed youthful Zoë?"

"Nay, Thelismar, now you are cruel."

"Well, well, since you have engaged with so much temerity, you must stand the trial now; therefore, drink."

While this dialogue was passing, Dalinda drew near, and Alphonso, fearing she might overhear Thelismar's jokes, stooped towards the fountain; but, as his lips drew near the stream, it instantly ceased to flow. Alphonso, abashed and astonished, felt his heart violently beat, and stood like the statue of surprise. Dalinda blushed and smiled, though with an air of some constraint, while Thelismar silently, with mischievous pleasure, looked on: at last, "Away! profane mortal!" said he, in an heroic tone, "depart from these sacred haunts!"

"Certainly," said Alphonso, "this cannot be a real fountain."

"I protest," said Thelismar, "it is."

"I own it has all the appearance of one. And can . . .

you, who possess so many other wonderful secrets, forbid the fountain to flow?"

"That would indeed be a wonderful secret."

"Yet I have seen you do things as surprising."

"This, however, surpasses my power; I assure you, I have no influence over this fountain; the prodigy, at which you seem so much astonished, is entirely the work of nature. I will endeavour this evening to explain the phenomenon; in the mean time, Alphonso, cede your place to me; for, as I have a clear conscience, I dare supply it, unterrified by your disgrace; look, and you shall see the stream flow once more."

As Thelismar approached the spring, it began again impetuously to bubble forth its waters; and, when he had enjoyed his triumph for a moment, Thelismar took Alphonso under his arm, and quitted this miraculous fountain.

Alphonso was not ignorant enough to believe the fountain was enchanted; and, after some reflection, he nearly divided the cause of an effect so extraordinary: but Thelismar's pleasantry had so disconcerted him, that he could not recover himself during the whole walk.

Thelismar departed from Buxton, and conducted his wife and daughter to the frontier of Scotland,\* where they left him to go to Edinburgh. The wife of Thelismar had an ancient relation and benefactor who lived in that city, and who was very desirous to see her once again; while, therefore, they went to

\* "There is a mountain in Scotland called Cork head, which has the singular property of being the highest gnomon in the universe; its perpendicular height is said to be above 400 fathoms. This mountain is split open to the very top by a crevice which faces the sun at noon; and the two summits form a kind of dial, which indicates the hour, by shadow, on the opposite rocks."—*Precis d'Hist. Nat. par M. l'Abbé Saury, Tom. I.*

Scotland, it was determined that Alphonso and Thelismar should make a tour to Iceland.

Alphonso, at parting from Dalinda, acquitted himself with a fortitude that even surpassed the hopes of Thelismar; fearing he should betray himself, he determined scarcely to look at her, and pronounced no kind of farewell but such as mere politeness required.

As soon as he was alone with his friend, he uttered his tender complaints, but the praises of Thelismar soon softened his chagrin. They embarked and arrived in Iceland, at Skalhot, whence they went to Geizer. The first thing they admired in this wild place was a cascade of prodigious height; but another, and a newer spectacle, soon drew all their attention: "Look this way," said Thelismar; "behold the superb columns of ruby, ivory, and crystal, which cover that immense plain."

Alphonso turned, and over a vast extent of ground, among rocks and gulfs, he saw, thrown up in the air, at equal heights and distances, innumerable spouts of water, as from prodigious fountains, and of various colours; some of a bright red, some of a dazzling white, others of a pure and limped water, but almost reaching to the very clouds.\*

\* The following is an extract of a letter, in which Dr. Troil gives an account of his voyage to Iceland, to examine Mount Hecla.

"The sky was clear, the water of the lake resembled a looking glass, and was thrown up in eight different parts of the lake, as from water-works. I particularly remarked one of these columns of water, which was from six to eight feet in diameter, and thrown from eighteen to twenty-four feet high. The water was extremely hot, and, in six minutes, boiled us a bit of mutton and some trout."

"Reckum afforded us a similar spectacle. Some years since, the water was thrown from sixty to seventy feet high; but the falling in of the earth has stopped up a part of the orifice; and the water does not now rise higher than from fifty-four to sixty feet."

Alphonso and Thelismar could not be tired with so beautiful, so brilliant a sight. They admired many other phænomena in the same island, equally curious; and, after having seen every thing it contained of interesting and uncommon, they re-embarked, and again returned for England, where Alphonso once more saw Dalindia, when the pains of absence were forgotten, though the necessity for hiding it considerably abated his joy.

Thelismar left England with inexpressible satisfaction, and at last embarked for Sweden. After so many travels, so many perilous voyages, to see himself in his own country, in the midst of his family and friends, was a delight not easily to be described.

Here he had the pleasure to find once more the virtuous Zulaski, with whom he had lodged at the Azore Islands, and whose house was so miraculously cast into the sea. Thelismar learnt, with joy, that the filial piety of this young man had made him the object of public admiration; that his sovereign had heaped benefits upon him; that he had found his mistress faithful, and that he was married, and the happiest of men.

Thelismar wished to contemplate him in the bosom

“When we came to Geizer, near Skalhot, we saw the water thrown, with impetuosity, from a large mouth, and forming a cascade to which those of Marly, St. Cloud, Cassal, or Herrenhausen, cannot be compared. Here we observed, in a circumference of a good league, forty or fifty *jets d'eau* boiling up; which, no doubt, came all from the same reservoir. The water of some was very limpid, of others muddy; here it was a very fine red ochre, there as white as milk. Some of the spouts were continual, others intermittent, &c. We felt the earth tremble in many places.—There was a column of water raised ninety-two feet,” &c. &c.—*Nouvelles de la République des Lettres et des Arts, Année 1783, No. 9, Mercredi, 26 Fevrier.*



of his family; he there saw Zulaski, with his father on one side of him, his wife on the other, and his child, a beautiful boy, not two years old, on his knee. "Oh Zula-ki!" said Thelismar, "where is happiness that may be compared to yours? The wife you doat on, the child you love, your wealth, your reputation, your pleasures, your felicity, your glory—all, all the effects of your virtues. And your happiness is still the more pure, since it is too interesting to incite envy. Those qualities which are only brilliant have ever more enemies than admirers; but those which are the offspring of the heart obtain the suffrages of all. You cannot outshine other men, without wounding their pride; whilst you astonish them, you often irritate; and, whenever you are personal, you are assuming. Your son, too, that tender object of your dearest hopes, what may you not expect from him? since, to make him worthy of yourself, to make him feel how extensive are all the sacred duties of nature, you have only to relate your own story."

Alphonso, more than ever a prey to disquietude concerning the fate of his father, and cherishing still the fond hope of finding him in Russia, told Thelismar he was determined to go to Petersburg. Easily imagining what Alphonso's afflictions must be, should he not find Don Ramirez there, Thelismar determined not to abandon, but go with him.

At Petersburg they found Fredric, the old friend of Thelismar, whom they had met in the Island of Polycandor. "I am destined," said Fredric, "to shew you, and see in your company, extraordinary things; follow me, and you shall behold a palace of crystal."

"We know," said Alphonso, "that you call a cavern formed by nature a palace."—"For this time however," replied Fredric, "it is no play of words, but a real palace, built by men, according to the most regular rules of architecture."

This assurance scarcely could persuade Alphonso; therefore, to cure him of his incredulity, Fredric immediately took him to the marvellous palace. As

soon as they came in sight of it, Alphonso uttered an exclamation of surprise. He saw a real transparent palace, of beautiful architecture, a arently built of various-coloured crystal.

"Go on," said Fredric, "and your amazement will be doubled; look at yonder battery."

"What do I behold?" cried Alphonso: "cannon too of crystal!"

The concert is going to begin in this enchanted castle," continued Fredric; "you must go in, if you dare enter a place which must at least be the habitation of fairies."

"I am too much accustomed to them now," said Alphonso, "to stand in fear of enchantments."

So saying, he passed beneath the brilliant porticoes of the palace; and, led by celestial harmony, came to a magnificent hall, the walls and columns of which, built of the same materials with the rest, were likewise ornamented with garlands and festoons of roses; the girandoles of crystal, which were placed in the angles of the hall, were filled with an infinite number of wax-lights, which, being reflected on ever side, produced a most dazzling brightness.

But what struck Alphonso most was the beauty of the women which he found assembled in this magic palace. He was in no danger of taking them for fairies, they were clothed nearly as Calypso, or the nymphs of Diana are painted; something like Arethusa, or the beauteous Atalanta; their robes were the spoils of animals, run down or vanquished in the chase; their mantles, made of the skins of the ermine and the fox, hung from their shoulders, fastened with diamond clasps; and in these superb habits their charms effaced the brightness of the habitation.

Quitting this palace, Alphonso was informed of the nature of the materials with which it was built; it was the ice taken from the river Neva.\*—

\* "During the severe winter in 1740, there was a palace of ice, of fifty-two feet and a half long, six-

“What, mamma,” cried Cæsar, “a palace of ice?”

“Nothing is more certain!”

“Filled with burning candles too! and yet not melt! How is it possible to find ice thick enough for such a building? Besides, you said the palace was of various colours.”

“My notes will answer all these questions.”

“Oh dear,” cried Pulcheria, “how I long to read these notes!”

“You had reason, mamma, to tell us that fairy tales are not so miraculous as yours; but pray, dear mamma, continue your story, we will not interrupt you any more.”

teen and a half wide, and twenty high, built at Petersburg, according to the most elegant rules of art. The Neva; a neighbouring river, afforded the ice, which was from two to three feet thick, and blocks of which they cut out, and embellished with various ornaments. When built up, they sprinkled them over with water of various tints.”

“Before the palace they placed six cannon, made of, and mounted with ice, with wheels of the same materials, and two bomb mortars. The calibre of the cannon was equal to that in which they usually put three pounds of powder: they only put a quarter of a pound in these, after which they made a hempen bullet, which, in the presence of the whole court, pierced a board of two inches thick, at the distance of sixty paces.”

“This renders credible what is reported by Olans Magnus, a northern historian, concerning fortifications of ice, which, he assures us, certain nations made use of in cases of necessity.”

“An English philosopher made a curious experiment in 1763. He took a circular piece of ice, two feet nine inches in diameter, and six inches thick, of which he formed a lens, exposed it to the sun beams, and set fire to gunpowder, linen, paper;” &c.—*M. de Bomare*.

"It is too late," said Madame de Clémire, "you shall hear the rest to-morrow."

The following evening Madame de Clémire thus continued the history of Alphonso:—

All the enquiries of Alphonso, relative to his father, were as fruitless in Russia as they had been in England: overwhelmed with grief, he found, in the affections of a generous benefactor the sole consolation he was capable of receiving. "Neither duty nor the laws," said Thelismar, "permit you to marry without the consent of your father; you must, therefore, dear Alphonso, submit to your fate; all that depended upon you, have you done to find him; now then you must wait with resignation till the age that you are allowed to dispose of yourself; you must henceforth be separated from Dalinda, and see her no more till you receive her hand. You shall pass this time in Sweden, in a house that appertains to me, and in which I lived before my travels: I will conduct you there, and leave you alone, while I go to Stockholm and join my family. We shall be separated, but we shall inhabit the same country, and with the certitude of being for ever united in two years."

"Alas!" said Alphonso, "how cruel an exile, how severe a separation will this be to me!—If Dalinda only knew my love—might I but hope her pity—but I submit to my fate: and, oh! may the pangs I shall suffer expiate my guilt; may Heaven, moved by my repentance, give me back a father who has caused me so many tears!"

Thelismar left Petersburg, and brought Alphonso to his destined retreat. It was an antique mansion, situated in a wild place, near Salscherist.

"Here then," said Alphonso, "is the solitude in which I must pass two long years: were it not for the cutting remembrance of my father and my faults, I might support this rigorous exile with fortitude; but remorse now will be my only companion."

"Always preserve," said Thelismar, "this just remorse; but be not vanquished by it industriously

employ yourself in bringing that knowledge, the elements of which I have given you, to perfection. I formerly promised you a treasure, the value of which you are now capable of knowing; behold those shelves, those books: behold there, my dear Alphonso, an immortal work, which will more extensively instruct you in the secrets of Nature. I will stay with you a few days, and shew you the neighbourhood; in these savage environs you will find objects worthy to excite your curiosity."

The next morning Thelismar and the melancholy Alphonso were in their carriages by day-break. Thelismar promised to shew him something curious, but Alphonso was too deeply pensive to hope that any thing might divert his sadness. After they had ridden about three miles, they came to a wild desolate place, surrounded on all sides by enormous mountains.

"Here let us stop," said Thelismar. "If I had not known your courage, Alphonso, I would not have brought you to this desert, for our enterprise will be very perilous. Look here—do you perceive various gulfs on the other side of those rocks?—Into the abyss they lead to we must descend."

As Thelismar spoke, two men of a fearful aspect approached; they were wrapped in long dismal garments, with naked arms, and lighted torches in their hands.

"These are our guides," said Thelismar; "here we must separate; we shall soon meet again."

Accordingly, he went with one of the men, and Alphonso followed the other, who walked silently before. When they had gone a little way, Alphonso found himself on the brink of a pit; he stopped, and saw, in the mouth of this abyss, a kind of small barrel, or basket, suspended in the air; into this bark the guide leaped, and Alphonso followed; after which the guide, still keeping the lighted torch in his hand, made his deep hollow voice reverberate down the gulf; and, while its sides still shook with the sound, the vehicle began to descend, and an invisible hand seemed to precipitate them into the deep bowels of the earth. Alphonso looked upwards at the infinite armament of heaven,

which was an imperceptible point; this point itself presently vanished, and he only saw his strange attendant, who seemed the very counterpart of the ferocious ferryman of hell.

After travelling thus about a quarter of an hour, Alphonso began to be astonished at the length of the way, and the immense depth they had descended; when suddenly he heard a noise, which he presently found to be impetuous torrents, dashing and roaring round him, unseen, on all sides, and recalling to his imagination the fearful and tumultuous streams of Tartarus.

At last the vehicle stopped, he jumped out; Thelismar came running again to join him, and, after walking a little way, Alphonso was surprised by the sudden appearance of light. He advanced, but not far; he stood motionless with amazement; he found himself in the midst of a vast and magnificent hall of silver, sustained by pillars of the same metal, round which were four spacious galleries; a brook of limpid water crossed this hall, and these galleries; while the sumptuous edifice was lighted by an infinity of lamps and flambeaux. All is shining, all dazzles in these subterranean regions; the lights are reflected and multiplied by the silver walls and vaults, and the crystal waters which wind along the hall.

Alphonso and Thelismar entered the galleries, where they found crowds of people variously employed: farther on Alphonso discovered houses, saw horses and carriages pass and repass; and, moreover, to his inconceivable astonishment, perceived a windmill.—“What, mamma!” interrupted Caroline, “a subterranean town of silver, and in that town horses, carriages, and a windmill?”

“The town exists at this moment exactly as I have described,—but let me finish my tale, my dear, without further interruption.”—

While Thelismar and Alphonso were beholding these wonders, Thelismar shuddered, on remarking the lights began to burn blue. He looked up, and saw above head a kind of whitish veil; he instantly took Alphonso by the arm, dragged him down, and forced him to

lie with his face upon the floor; at the same moment, a terrible and universal shriek resounded through the vaults; the lamps were all extinguished, and to an illumination the most brilliant succeeded darkness the most horrid, which was yet augmented by a profound and utter silence.

At last, in a few seconds, a noise was heard like the discharge of a cannon, when instantly every body rose, and cried, the danger is over; the lamps were re-lighted, and Thelismar, turning towards Alphonso, said—“Death has passed over our heads. Such is the fearful peril to which men are often exposed in these profound depths which avarice has dug. Alas! these unhappy people, deprived of the cheerful light of day, enjoy not the riches they wrest from the bosom of the earth; misery buries them in these tombs of terror, and, instead of participating the wealth that passes through their hands, they have scarcely enough to buy them food; their days are consecrated to the most painful labours; their health is destroyed, and their term of wretchedness is shortened.”\*

\* “The silver mine of Salseberist, in Sweden, is a most beautiful spectacle. It has three large mouths like wells, too deep to see to the bottom. The half of a barrel, sustained by a rope, serves to ascend and descend these gulfs, and is worked by a water machine; only one leg, and not half the body, are in the barrel. The person who descends has a companion, as black as Vulcan, who mournfully sings a gloomy song, holding a torch in his hand. About half way down cold is severely felt, and torrents are heard tumbling on all sides. In about half an hour they land, terror is dissipated, nothing fearful remains; but, on the contrary, all is shining in these subterranean regions. They then enter a kind of grand saloon, sustained by two columns of mine-silver. Four spacious galleries surround it. The fires by which the people work are reflected on the silver vaults, and in a brook which runs through the middle of the mine. Here are seen people of all nations; some drawing carts, others rolling stones,

“How much,” cried Alphonso, “you interest me in favour of these unfortunate victims! Poor unhappy creatures!—But, look,” added Alphonso, “what is the matter yonder, where that crowd is assembled?”

Alphonso ran towards the other end of the gallery, and Thelismar followed: they were told that one of the workmen, not having put out his light quick enough when the mephitic vapour discharged itself, was wound-

---

every body employed. It is a subterranean city: there are houses, inns, stables, horses; and, what is more singular, a windmill, worked by a current of air, that raises the waters which might otherwise incommode the miners.

“There are various exhalations which produce various effects, to which the miners give different names; that which they call wild-fire is seen much like the spider’s webs, or white threads, that are observed floating in the air towards the end of summer. When this vapour is not sufficiently thin, it takes fire at the lamps of the workmen, and produces effects similar to those of lightning, or gunpowder. To prevent this the workmen watch these white threads, which they hear and see issuing from the crevices, seize them before they reach their lamps, and crush them between their hands. When the quantity is too great, they put out their lights, fall with their bellies to the ground, and, by their cries, advertise their comrades to do the same; by which means the inflamed matter passes over them, and hurts only those who have not taken the same precautions, and who are therefore liable to be killed or wounded.

“The most singular phænomenon these mineral exhalations present, is that which the miners name balloon. This appears floating near the roof of the mines, in the form of a round pocket, made of a spider’s web. If the bag burst, its contents expand through the mines, and kill all those that breathe them.”—*M. de Bomafe.*



ed, and that they were endeavouring to give him assistance.

“ Let us run,” said Thelismar, “ I have a bottle in my pocket which may be of service to him perhaps.”

They made their way through the crowd with all the haste they could: the unfortunate man was lying senseless, extended upon the ground: “ He is dead!” said one of his comrades, seeing Thelismar advance. Alphonso, with a compassionate heart, drew near; his eyes, dimmed with tears, were cast towards the mournful object—he shuddered!—started back!—sprang again towards him!—beheld with distraction in his countenance!—his blood froze in his veins!—his hair stood on end; and, as if a thunderbolt had struck him, he fell speechless and lifeless to the earth.

Thelismar flew to the succour of Alphonso; he gave orders to the people who surrounded the supposed dead man, and then had Alphonso carried into another gallery; in about half a quarter of an hour Alphonso gave some signs of life, and some time after came more to himself.

Then it was that the most horrible despair was seen in his looks, and disfigured his features:—“ It is my father!” cried he, “ ’tis he himself! it is my father!—Barbarians, give me my father! conduct me to him! let me see him! let me die by his side!—In what place! Oh God! in what dreadful state have I found him?—But he is dead! And do I exist?—Have I enjoyed the light of heaven, while my father has uttered groans in this place of death and terrors!—Leave me,” continued he, pushing Thelismar from him, with wild ferocity in his eyes; “ fly a monster unworthy to revisit the day! I renounce happiness, the world, and the blessed sun. This cave shall be my tomb, as it is, alas! that of my most wretched father: in death at least we shall be united!”

During this scene of distraction, Alphonso in vain endeavoured to escape from the arms of his friend. “ Forbear,” cried Thelismar, “ forbear, Alphonso! Knowest thou me not? seest thou me not? hearest thou not •

"I see no one but my father: I hear no voice but the voice of Nature, whose cries rend my very heart."

"Yet be calm; yet hear me: if you are certain you are not deceived, if it be your father, you yet may hope."

"Almighty Providence! Is he—is he alive?"

"His hurt is not mortal."

"Eternal Father of mercies," cried Alphonso, "falling on his knees, and raising his clasped hands to heaven. "Oh God of boundless pity, hear me! Have compassion on my pangs, my remorse, my despair, and give me back my father!"

"Compose your spirits, Alphonso."

"Oh let us run; deign, Thelismar, to guide my steps;—let us fly."

"No; at present it is improper: such an interview might be fatal."

"But is he alive?—Do you assure me he lives?"

"I do;—I am certain that, though apparently, he is not really dead. I gave orders they should carry him out of the pits into the air, and he is gone."

"Has he revived? Has he spoken? Oh, Thelismar, do not deceive me."

"Alphonso! is not my word sacred?—I have sent him to my house, and must follow to assist."

"To your house! My father at the house of Thelismar, and alive!"

"I have ordered them to carry him in our carriage."

"Oh, let us fly!"

Thelismar and Alphonso immediately left the gallery, called their guides, and were drawn out of the pit: they were obliged to return on foot, but they were met half way by the horses and servants of Thelismar. Alphonso eagerly questioned the domestics concerning his father, but received only vague and unsatisfactory answers: his doubts and suspicions again revived, till his fears became insupportable.

At last they got home, and Alphonso in vain endeavoured to follow Thelismar into the sick man's chamber. "You are not sufficiently

said Thelismar; "if the stranger is your father, you shall see him to-morrow; but give me leave to inform him properly first, and prevent the consequences which else might succeed."

Alphonso, obliged to submit, passed the day in anxiety and trouble too violent to be described. Unable, however, any longer to support his incertitude, he resolved to hide his intentions from Thelismar, and visit his father when every body was gone to rest. Accordingly, about midnight, he went to the chamber-door of the sick person, and knowing the bed was placed so that he might enter the chamber without being seen, he softly opened the door. With trembling steps he entered the room, and, as he entered, heard the voice of Don Ramirez; his sensations were so strong he could scarcely support himself: but, alas! what were his feelings at hearing his father's discourse, who was raving in a fit of delirium!

"Alvarez! Alvarez!" cried aloud the wretched Don Ramirez, "come!—Come, Alvarez, and drag me from this abyss of terrors into which thou hast plunged me! Pity my pangs; look, behold my misery. But how may thy eyes penetrate from the heights of heaven to the bowels of the earth? How dreary is this gulf! it contains the tomb of thy wife and son.—There!—Ay, there they are! I see their pale shades! Behold how they menace.—See, see, how they pursue me!—And must it be for ever thus?—But, look; mercy, what do I see! thy son, Alvarez, arms Alphonso with a poniard; behold he is going to revenge thee; now he strikes, now he pierces my heart.—Stop, my son, is it for thee to punish a father? Wilt thou kill me first, and then abandon me? Ah, come at least and receive my last sigh, take my blessing ere I go!"

Alphonso, unable longer to contain, was going to cast himself in his father's arms; but the watchful Thelismar appeared, caught hold of him, and, in spite of his cries and resistance, tore him from the chamber.

A physician whom Thelismar had sent for came: at first he was doubtful; but in a few hours Don Ra-

mirez became more calm, his delirium was gone, and the physician pronounced him out of danger: the transports of Alphonso's joy could now be only equalled by his late excess of grief; and, as soon as his hopes for his father were confirmed, his tenderness and obedience to Thelismar returned. During the last few hours, Thelismar for the first time had found him unjust, obstinate, and headstrong; but, no sooner was he assured of his father's safety, than he became more submissive, reasonable, and tender than ever, towards his benefactor.

As soon as Don Ramirez heard he was at the house of Thelismar, he instantly asked, with an exclamation of surprise, for Alphonso; and it was now impossible any longer to defer the interview: Thelismar, therefore, sought for and brought him into the chamber of Don Ramirez. Alphonso, agitated, hoping, fearing, bathed in tears, ran and fell on his knees by his father's bed side, whose arms were extended to receive him.

"Oh my father!" cried Alphonso, "dear author of my being! are you given back to me at last? and will you receive your guilty son again? Ah! surely you read my heart, or you could not: you there behold my repentance, my remorse, my love!—Yes, my father, my life hereafter shall be consecrated to you. I wish existence only to repair my faults, to obey, to make you happy.—Oh speak to me, my father, let me hear the sound of a voice so revered; confirm my pardon with your lips; and oh! may it give me back the repose I had lost, and which I never could have enjoyed without you."

"Is it not an illusion? at last," said Don Ramirez. "Is it Alphonso? is it my son that I press to my bosom? I accuse thee not of thy errors and my wretchedness; both were equally mine: but Heaven is appeased, and we are again united; again I see thee, and all my sufferings are repaid."

The weakness of Don Ramirez would not suffer him to speak any more: he became pale, and his head, heavy and helpless, dropped on the cheek of his son. Alphonso, terrified, instantly ran for the phy-

sician, who brought Don Ramirez to himself again ; but forbade any more such conversation for the present.

This meeting did not forward the recovery of Don Ramirez. However, in a few days he was capable of sitting up, and Alphonso then related to him all his adventures. Don Ramirez gave a thousand tokens of his gratitude to Thelismar, and as soon as he was quite well he also would relate his history. He confessed all his faults without reserve, and the whole circumstance of the history of Alvarez, the virtuous Portuguese hermit, whom he had met with on Mont-Serrat.

When he came to the epocha of the flight of Alphonso, he thus continued his tale:—

“ The departure of my son grieved me so much the more, inasmuch as it was impossible not to look upon it as a just punishment inflicted by Heaven, and the effect of the imprecations before pronounced against me by a wretched father. ‘ Alas!’ said I, ‘ how equitable are the decrees of Providence! I made an ill use of power and fortune, and Heaven has deprived me of both. My detested ambition robbed the unhappy Alvarez of a wife and son; and the wrath divine has at last stripped me of the only comfort which could supply the want of the rest; my son, my sole hope, Alphonso, abandons me; and though thus arrived at the height of my misery, I have not a right even to complain. Fate has done me no wrong; it is all my own work!’

“ Thus did I weep over my destiny, and thus was I obliged to admire omnipotent justice, by which I was pursued.

“ I learnt, after diligent inquiries, my son had taken the route to Cadiz. I could not, however, follow him immediately, as was my intention and desire; detained at Grenada by a violent fever, I was obliged there to remain for six weeks.

“ Though I could not hope to find my son at Cadiz, I still persisted in my design of going there, from a supposition that I might get farther intelligence. When I came to Loxe I put up at an inn, where, after the description I gave of my son, and the answers of the inn-keeper, I could not doubt of his having passed some hours in the same place.

“ Fatherly fondness made me desirous of sleeping in his chamber; every part of which I examined with great care and anxiety. I perceived some Portuguese characters cut on the glass; I could not mistake the hand of Alphonso, and in a single couplet I saw the name of Dalinda three times repeated. The same name was written too upon the walls; the circumstance struck me, and I entered it in my tablets.

“ When I came to Cadiz, I inquired both for Alphonso and Dalinda; but they were names totally unknown to every body that heard them. At last, however, I heard a young Portuguese, who had carefully concealed his name and birth, had passed ten days at Cadiz with a young lady, whom it was suspected he had run off with, and that the two fugitives were gone to France, there, as it was supposed, to reside.

“ I did not doubt but my son was the Portuguese in question, and that the young lady was Dalinda, with whom I had discovered Alphonso was in love; I resolved, therefore, to go to France; but it was first necessary I should visit Lisbon, to receive the money due upon my pension; and I then departed for Paris.

“ After much time and many pains spent in searching, I traced, at last, the fugitives, concerning whom I had heard at Cadiz; and the result of all my cares and discoveries was, I found two persons to whom I was absolutely unknown. I had hitherto been supported by the hope of finding my son; and when I lost a hope so dear to my heart, I drooped and fell into the most melancholy state of despair. Totally detached from the world, I formed the project of quitting it, never to return, and burying myself in the same solitude which the virtuous Alvarez had chosen.

“ Arrived at Mont-Serrat, I went immediately to the grotto of Alvarez, but, alas! the venerable old man approached the term of his existence; I found him on the brink of the grave.—He received me, however, with that unalterable bounty by which his actions were characterized; I told him my misfortunes, and he listened with tenderness to the recital. ‘Mayest thou find,’ said he, ‘in this peaceful asylum, com-

forts that shall assuage thy griefs! If thou wilt remain in this grotto, thou wilt soon enjoy it without a rival; and, oh! in abandoning it to thee, would to Heaven I could leave thee also the tranquillity I enjoy!

“Such was my reception with Alvarez. With new astonishment I viewed a virtue so perfect; far from finding that his presence augmented my uneasiness and remorse, I found myself less agitated in his company, received an inexpressible delight in listening to, looking at, and assisting him; my affection for him was every instant redoubled, and I would willingly have prolonged his life at the expense of my own.

“I had not at first related to him the particulars of my misfortunes; I had only told him, that my son had run from me; that I knew not what was become of him; and that, from some mistaken informations, I had vainly sought for him in France. Alvarez afterwards begged me to be more precise; and I then mentioned, among other things, the two Portuguese verses I had found on the window of the inn at Loxe.

“Scarcely had I pronounced the name of Dalinda, before I was interrupted by Alvarez. ‘Go,’ said he, “and look in that chest of drawers, for the book in which, during the last ten years, I have written the names of such strangers as have come to visit the hermitage. I knew as directed, brought the book, and Alvarez found the following memorandum:

“‘The twentieth of June, I have received a visit from a Swedish family; the father speaks tolerable Portuguese, has charmed me by his knowledge and simplicity of manners; he is going to Spain, embarks at Cadiz for Africa, and his name is Thelismar; his daughter is remarkable for her beauty and modesty. Her father desired her to shew me some landscapes of her own drawing, and she took a book from her pocket, in which were several, all designed after nature, except one, which she had done from memory, and which was certainly the best and prettiest among them; it was a representation of the Fountain of Love, in the province of Beira. The name of this young lady is Dalinda.’

" This note cleared up all my doubts, and gave me the first joyous sensation I had felt since I returned from France; for, though I had still cause enough to be very uneasy, I now had discovered some certain intelligence, by the help of which I might hope to find my son.

" Alvarez farther informed me Thelismar had said he intended to travel four years before he returned to Sweden; ' For which reason,' said Alvarez, ' if your son is with him, it will be two years longer ere you see him again; nor can you hope to hear any thing of Alphonso, except by going to Sweden.'

" ' No, Alvarez,' said I, ' I will not now abandon you in helpless age; you offered an asylum to your persecutor, advised him, consoled, and deigned to accept his little services; such magnanimity, while it doubles my repentance, diminishes the dreadful terrors of my guilt; when Alvarez is no longer angry with me, I hope the avenging God, who pursues me, will be appeased. And yet, alas! I am indebted to religion only for this forgiveness: could your heart be reconciled, and become a part of mine, I should then hope for Heaven's protection.'

" My eyes were filled with tears as I spoke; and Alvarez, with a look of most affectionate tenderness, answered, ' And is it possible that my friendship should soften thy chagrin, and calm the cruel agitation of thy soul?—Well!—be satisfied—I accept thy hand, thy friendly succours; yes, the hand of Don Ramirez shall close the eyes of Alvarez.'

" The virtuous old man could no longer retain his tears; while I but too forcibly felt what the cutting remembrance must be which then offered itself to his imagination; at the very moment he assured me of his friendship, the unfortunate old man wept for his son.

" The night after this conversation, Alvarez, feeling himself more oppressed than usual, wished to rise; he leaned on my arm, and went into his garden: he sat down; the moon's rays shone upon his countenance; and, while their silver light increased his paleness, they gave him a mild, an affecting, an august so-



renity; he raised his eyes and hands to heaven, and for a few moments seemed absorbed in a kind of trance; then, afterwards, turning towards me—

“‘Oh thou,’ said he, ‘who for three months past has paid me every attention, performed every office of filial piety, receive, in these my last moments, the little I have to leave—receive the paternal benediction of Alvarez.’

“‘Oh my father!’ cried I, bowing at his feet, ‘my revered, venerable father, what is it you announce?’

“‘Yes,’ replied Alvarez, with a feeble voice, ‘thou soon shalt lose a father whom religion hath given thee; in an instant, my son, I shall appear in the presence of that eternal Being, in whom clemency and benevolence are the sublimest attributes—Oh God!’ continued Alvarez, dropping on his feeble knees beside me, ‘God, my Creator and my Judge! the awful moment approaches, in which the most virtuous of men ought to dread thy justice—yet I dare rely upon thy mercy—I have a heart to pardon—behold in whose arms I expire—behold for whom my tears now flow, for whom I implore thy pity: hear, oh God! the groans of Don Ramirez; his soul is not hardened in sin, it feels, it repents, it is able to elevate itself even to thee—finish the purification of his heart, remove the film from his eyes, give back his son, restore him to happiness and peace—Oh deign to hear the last prayer of Alvarez!’—As he ended, his head gently reclined upon my bosom, while my tears bathed his placid face. Alas! his parting breath was spent in prayer—Alvarez was no more!

“All the grief which the loss of a beloved and respectable parent could give, I experienced in losing Alvarez. I tasted, however, already the fruits of the solemn and affecting benediction he had bestowed; for, when I remembered his last words, I no longer supposed myself a devoted victim to the wrath divine, and the sweetest hopes succeeded to the black forebodings of remorse.

“Within the small circumference of the humble retreat of Alvarez, by the side of a fountain, and de-

neath a shade of olives, I raised, with my own hands, the rustic tomb, in which are deposited the precious remains of the most virtuous of men.

“This duty fulfilled, my first wish was to depart for Sweden; but money was necessary to undertake so long a voyage; and I wrote to Portugal to inform them I was still in existence, and was obliged to travel to the north; begging they would so far favour me as to pay my pension two years in advance; my petition was accordingly granted. I went for the last time to the shade of olives, where slept the peaceful bones of Alvarez; watered the grass with my tears, and wept over the flowers that grew around his tomb. After which I quitted Mont-Serrat and Spain, and took the route to Sweden.

“As soon as I came to Stockholm, my first inquiry was to know if Thelismar had returned; I learnt he was not expected in less than a year, that his wife and daughter were not with him, and that they resided at a country-house near Salseberist. I was preparing to go thither, when I was informed a person named Frederic, an intimate friend of Thelismar’s, who had travelled with him, was every day expected at Stockholm.

“Determined, as soon as I heard this, to see the person thus described, I continued some few months longer at Stockholm: at last he arrived; I saw him, spoke to him without making myself known, questioned him concerning Thelismar, and learnt beyond a doubt Alphonso still existed, and that Providence had placed him under the safeguard of religion and virtue.

“Convinced my son was still alive, I felt more forcibly than ever the unhappiness of having been thus abandoned; alas! I knew not his repentance, his grief; I was ignorant of his having written to me. Having been only a moment, as it were, at Lisbon, since his departure, and not having once returned to the province of Beira, I had received none of his letters, which are now most probably lost.

“Frederic not being able to tell me where Thelismar then was, I determined to go to Salseberist; but I found neither the charming Dalinda, whom I de-

stred so much to see, nor her mother there: I was informed they were gone abroad, and were to return to Salseberist with Thelismar. I went to the house, and inquired of the servants, who assured me Thelismar had always inhabited that solitary mansion; that they were in expectation of his arrival, which they supposed would be some time within three months. I therefore determined to remain at Salseberist.

“ I lived here entirely unknown, my project being to wait my son’s arrival, throw myself unexpectedly in his way, and see what effect this first interview would produce. If his heart was not in sympathy with mine, it was my resolution entirely to leave him, and end my sorrowful days at the tomb of Alvarez.

“ Thelismar, however, did not arrive; above a year glided away in expectations which every day became more and more insupportable. I intended to write to Portugal, and make known the place to which I was retired, as well as to ask payment of my pension, when I fell ill; a burning fever deprived me for several days of the use of reason, during which time a dishonest servant robbed me, and carried off all the money and clothes I possessed.

“ The man where I lodged had the humanity to conceal this affair from me till such time as my health was entirely re-established; he then informed me of my misfortune. I submitted without a murmur to my destiny, and considered this as a means which Heaven offered to complete the expiation of my crimes.

“ This idea called up all my fortitude, and I learnt that a peaceable and quiet resignation could better sustain misfortunes than even hope itself. I wrote to Li-bon, and whilst I waited for an answer, which I have not yet received, I determined to support myself, by asking employment in the silver mines, which was granted, and in which abyss I have been buried three months.”

Don Ramirez ended; and Alphonso, whose tear, had more than once interrupted the sorrowful tale, threw himself at his father’s feet with every expression, every mark of repentance, gratitude, and affection, which the best and noblest mind could feel. Don Ra-

mirez, at the height of happiness, clasped his son in his arms, and bathed him with his tears; while Thelismar, in a rapture of silence, beheld the moving scene.

At last Alphonso, Don Ramirez, and Thelismar, departed for Stockholm. Alphonso now saw the lovely Dalinda, and made himself large amends for the painful silence to which he had been so long condemned; and Dalinda, in learning that she had been five years beloved, learnt also the power which honour and gratitude had over her lover. Then it was that Alphonso applauded himself for having so faithfully kept his word: by this virtuous effort he had entirely gained the friendship and heart of Dalinda.

The happy Alphonso received the hand of Dalinda, and by his virtue and conduct justified the choice and affection of the generous Thelismar; the wrongs he had done his father he expiated by an unbounded attachment and submission, and the most tender attentions. They lived always in the same house; and it became his glory and felicity to fulfil the extensive duties of nature, gratitude, and friendship. Thus did he constitute the happiness of his father, his benefactor, and his dear Dalinda.—

“What, mamma,” said Caroline, “is the story of Alphonso finished.”

“And the conversation of this evening, as well as the story,” answered Madame de Clémire, as she rose from her seat.

“Oh! what a pity!—but the notes?”

“We will begin to read them to-morrow.”

“How I do long to see these notes!”

“Well you may, they are more interesting than my tale; but at present bed is the properest place.”

The next day Madame de Clémire asked her children whether they thought she had fulfilled her promise, to write a story as miraculous as a fairy tale, the marvellous of which should yet be true.

“O yes, mamma,” replied Caroline; “and, since there are so many extraordinary and curious things in nature, you may be certain we shall not seek the miracles we delight to hear of in fairy tales any more.”

“By reading books which shall instruct you,” said Madame de Clénire, “you will learn many other things as surprising as those I have selected. Had I used all the extracts I have made, the history of Alphonso would have been in two volumes, and a better work; for, in order to abridge it, I was obliged to omit incidents which would have better connected the different parts, as well as an infinity of curious phenomena. Yet my extracts contain nothing but well-avouched facts. I have rejected not only such as appeared fabulous, but even doubtful. Had I been less scrupulous, I should have told you of a village where all the inhabitants became idiots at eighteen; of a Virginian apple, which may not be eaten without the loss of reason for a certain space of time; of a tree, the boughs of which, though green, give as much light as a flambeau;\* of an animal half a league long,† &c.

\* Géographie Physique, by M. l'Abbé Sauri, t. i.

† Kraken, a most amazing large sea animal, seemingly of a crab-like form; the credit of whose existence rests upon the evidence produced by Bishop Pontopiddon, in his Natural History of Norway, published some few years since; and, though the reality of it cannot be denied, the relation will be thought to require good authentication.

As a full-grown kraken has never been seen in all its parts and dimensions, an accurate survey of which must employ some time, and not a little motion, it is impossible to give a complete description of one. Nevertheless, we shall submit the probability of its existence on the best information our author could collect, which seems to have fixed his own belief of it; though, at the same time, he acknowledges the account is very defective, and supposes a further information concerning the creature may be reserved for posterity.

Our fishermen, says the author, unanimously and invariably affirm, that when they are several miles from the land, particularly in the hot summer days, and, by their distance, and the bearings of some points of land, expect from eighty to a hundred fathoms,

I might have described a thing much better attested,

---

deep, and do not find but from twenty to thirty, and more especially, if they find a more than usual quantity of cod and ling, they judge that the kraken is at the bottom; but, if they find, by their lines, that the water, in the same place, still shallows on them, they know he is rising to the surface, and row off with the greatest expedition, till they come into the usual soundings of the place; when, lying on their oars, in a few minutes the monster emerges, and shews himself sufficiently, though his whole body does not appear. Its back, or upper part, which seems an English mile and a half in circumference, (some have affirmed more,) looks at first like a number of small islands, surrounded with something that floats like sea-weed. At last, several bright points, or horns, appear, which grow thicker the higher they emerge, and sometimes stand up as high and large as the masts of middle-sized vessels. In a short time it slowly sinks, which is thought as dangerous as its rising, as it causes such a swell and whirlpool as draws every thing down with it, like that of *Malestrom*. The bishop justly regrets the omission of, probably, the only opportunity that ever has or may be presented of surveying it alive, or seeing it entire when dead. This, he informs us, once did occur, on the credit of the reverend Mr. Frils, minister at Norrland, and vicar of the College for promoting Christian Knowledge; who informed him, that, in 1680, a kraken, (perhaps a young and careless one, as they generally keep several leagues from land,) came into the waters that run between the rock and cliffs near *Alstahoug*; where, in turning about, some of its long horns caught hold of some adjoining trees, which it might easily have torn up, but that it was also entangled in some cliffs of the rocks, whence it could not extricate itself, but putrified on the spot. Our author has heard of no person destroyed by this monster, but relates a report of the danger of two fishermen, who came upon a part of the water full of the creature's thick slimy excrements, (which he voids

and much less fabulous, such as Thelismar on the

for some months, as he feeds for some others;) they immediately rowed off, but were not quick enough, in turning, to save the boat from one of the kraken's horns, which so crushed the head of it, that it was with difficulty they saved their lives on the wreck, though the weather was perfectly calm; the monster never appearing at other times. His excrement is said to be attractive of other fish, on which he feeds; which expedient was probably necessary, on account of his slow unwieldy motion to his subsistence; as this slow motion again may be necessary to the security of ships of the greatest force and burthen, which must be overwhelmed on encountering such an immense animal, if his velocity was equal to his weight; the Norwegians supposing, that if his arms, on which he moves, and with which he takes his food, were to lay hold of the largest man of war, they would pull it down to the bottom.

In confirmation of the reality of this animal, our learned author cites Debe's Description of Faroe, for the existence of certain islands, which suddenly appear, and as suddenly vanish. Many seafaring men, he adds, give accounts of such, particularly in the North Sea: which their superstition has either attributed to the delusion of the devils, or considered as inhabited by evil spirits. But our honest historian, who is not for wronging the devil himself, supposes such mistaken islands to be nothing but the kraken, called by some the *sea trolden*, or *sea mischief*; in which opinion he was greatly confirmed by the following quotation of Dr. Hierne, a learned Swede, from Baron Grippenhielm; and which is certainly a very remarkable passage, viz.—“Among the rocks about Stockholm, there is sometimes seen a tract of land, which at other times disappears, and is seen again in another place. Buræus has placed it as an island in his map. The peasants, who call it *gummar ore*, say that it is not always seen, and that it lies out in the open sea, but I could never find it. One Sunday, when I was out amongst the rocks, soundin' the coasts,

troubled ocean, commanding the elements, and calm-

it happened that in one place I saw something like three points of land in the sea, which surprised me a little, and I thought I had inadvertently passed them over before. Upon this I called to a peasant to inquire for gummars ore; but, when he came we could see nothing of it; upon which the peasant said, all was well, and that this prognosticated a storm, or a great quantity of fish." To which our author subjoins,—"Who cannot discover that this gummars ore, with its points, and prognostications of fish, was the kraken, mistaken by Burgens for an island, who may keep himself about that spot where he rises?" He takes the kraken, doubtless from his numerous *tentaculi*, which serve him as feet, to be of the polype kind; and the contemplation of its enormous bulk led him to adopt a passage from Eccles. xliii. 31, 32, to it. Whether it may be intended the dragon that is in the sea, mentioned Isaiah xxvii. 1, we refer to the conjecture of the reader. After paying but a just respect to the moral character, the reverend function, and diligent investigations of our author, we must admit the possibility of its existence, as it implies no contradiction; though it seems to encounter a general prepossession of the whale's being the largest animal on, or in, our globe; and the eradication of any long prepossession is attended with something irksome to us. But, were we to suppose a salmon, or a sturgeon, the largest fish any number of persons had seen or heard of, and the whale had discovered himself as seldom, and but in part, as the kraken, it is easy to conceive that the existence of the whale had been as indigestible to such persons then, as that of the kraken may be to others now. Some may incline to think, such an extensive monster would encroach on the symmetry of nature, and be over proportionate to the size of the globe itself; as a little retrospection will inform us, that the breadth of what is seen of him, supposing him nearly round, must be full 2000 feet (if more oval, or crab-like, full 2000); and his thickness, which may rather



ing the tempest.\* But I had no need to adopt any

---

be called altitude, at least 800; our author declaring, he has chosen the least circumference mentioned of this animal for the greater certainty. These immense dimensions, nevertheless, we apprehend, will not argue conclusively against the existence of the animal, though considerably against a numerous increase or propagation of it. In fact, the great scarcity of the kraken, his confinement to the North Sea, and perhaps to equal latitudes of the South; the small number propagated by the whale, who is viviparous; and by the largest land animals, of which the elephant is said to go near two years with young, all induce us to conclude, from analogy, that this creature is not numerous; which coincides with a passage in a manuscript, ascribed to Svere, King of Norway, as it is cited by Ol. Wormies, in his Museum, p. 280, in Latin, which we shall exactly translate. "There remains one kind, which they called hafguse, whose magnitude is unknown, as it is seldom seen. Those who affirm they have seen its body, declare, it is more like an island than a beast, and that its carcase was never found; whence some imagine, there are but two of the kind in nature." Whether the vanishing island, Lemair, of which Captain Rodney went in search, was a kraken, we submit to the fancy of our readers. In fine, if the existence of the creature is admitted, it will seem a fair inference that he is the scarcest, as well as the largest, in our world; and that, if there are larger in the universe, they probably inhabit some sphere or planet more extended than our own. Such we have no pretence to limit; and that fiction can devise a much greater than this, is evident from the cock of Mahomet, and the whale in the Bava Bathra of the Talmud, which were intended to be credited; and to either of which our kraken is a very shrimp in dimensions.—*Cyclopædia*.

\* Pliny has mentioned an extraordinary effect of oil, in stilling the surface of the water, when it is agi-

thing doubtful, since I have been obliged to leave out a multitude of the miracles of nature, all incontesti-

---

tated with waves; and the use made of it by the divers for that purpose.

Dr. Franklin was led, by an accidental observation made at sea, in 1757, to attend particularly to Pliny's account; and the various information which he afterwards received relating to it, induced him to try some experiments on the subject. Standing on the windward side of a large pond, the surface of which was rendered very rough with the wind, he poured a tea-spoonful of oil on the water. This small quantity produced an instant calm over a space of several yards square, which spread amazingly, and extended itself gradually, till it reached the lee-side, making all that quarter of the pond, perhaps half an acre, as smooth as a looking-glass. On repeating this experiment, which constantly succeeded, one circumstance struck him with particular surprise; this was the sudden, wide, and forcibly spreading of a drop of oil on the face of the water, which, he adds, "I do not know that any body has considered."

When a drop of oil is put on a looking-glass, or polished marble, it spreads very little; but on water it instantly expands into a circle, extending several feet in diameter, becoming so thin as to produce the prismatic colours for a considerable space, and beyond them so much thinner as to be invisible, except in its effects of smoothing the waves at a much greater distance. "It seems," says Dr. Franklin, "as if a mutual repulsion between its particles took place as soon as it touched the water, and a repulsion so strong as to act on other bodies swimming on the surface, as straws, leaves, &c. forcing them to recede every way from the drop, as from a centre, leaving a large clear space." The quantity of this force, and the distance to which it will operate, the author says, he has not yet ascertained; but he thinks it is a curious inquiry, and wishes to understand whence it arises.

ble: add to which, there is yet a multitude of which I am ignorant. Judge, therefore, what pleasure a tale of this kind would have given, had it been written by a very learned person."

"It seems, for example," said the abbé to Madame de Clémire, "you might have made something more of the phænomena electricity affords, either in the course of the story or in the notes."

"I could do nothing better in that respect, I assure you," answered Madame de Clémire; "and that for a very good reason: I am ignorant of experimental philosophy, a course of which I have gone through, like many others, and, like many others, am not much the wiser."

"But," replied the abbé, "had you judged me capable, I should have undertaken this part of the notes with pleasure."

"My dear abbé," answered Madame de Clémire, "a woman ought never to suffer a man to add a single word to her writings: if she does, the man she consults, let him be who he may, will always pass for the original inventor, and she will be accused of putting her name to the works of others. One may be a very good woman, yet a very bad writer; but not were one to take the credit of other people's labours:

Upon the whole, there is great room to suppose (notwithstanding the partial failure of an experiment made at Portsmouth, by Dr. Franklin and others,) that sea-faring people may derive advantages from using oil, on particular occasions, in order to moderate the violence of the waves, or to lessen the surf, which sometimes renders the landing on a lee-shore dangerous or impracticable.

To this purpose we are informed, that the captain of a Dutch East India ship, being overtaken by a storm, found himself obliged, for greater safety in wearing the ship, to pour oil into the sea, to prevent the waves breaking over her; which had an excellent effect, and succeeded in preserving her.—*Cyclopædia*.

one ought, therefore, carefully to avoid whatever might give room to so injurious an accusation. Scarcely has there been one woman successful in her writings, and not accused of this kind of baseness. Mademoiselle de Lussan had three assisting friends—Lasserre,\* the Abbé de Bois-Morand, and Baudot de Jully. It has been said, been written, and is still believed, that Lasserre wrote *l'Histoire de la Comtesse de Gondex*; the Abbé de Bois-Morand, *Les Anecdotes de la Cour de Philippe Auguste*; and Baudot de Jully, *Les Histoires de Charles VI. de Louis XI.* and *La Revolution de Naples.*† The works of Madame de la Fayette are given to Segrais; those of Madame de Tencin‡ to M. de Pont-de-Veyle, her nephew. The tragedies of Mademoiselle Bernard, which were played with success, are attributed to M. de Fontenelle, her friend; and those of Mademoiselle Barbier are supposed to be the productions of the Abbé Pellegrin.§

\* He has written several operas.

† Mademoiselle Lussan has written many other works. This celebrated lady was generally thought to be the natural daughter of Prince Thomas, of Savoy, Count de Soissons, and brother to the famous Prince Eugene. She died in 1758, aged seventy-five years and six months.

‡ Madame de Tencin, Canoness of Neuville, and sister to Cardinal Tencin, was five years a nun in the convent of Montfleuri, in Dauphiny; but she recanted her vows, and left the convent. She died at Paris in 1749, aged sixty-eight.

§ What is most remarkable, men of letters have, by their writings, given weight to these accusations. I find celebrated women, of all ages, falsely accused, and no one ready to defend them. It is, nevertheless, very true, that many authors owe their success to ideas and subjects taken from the works of women. Not to mention Louise l'Abbé, to whom La Fontaine is indebted for one of his most beautiful fables (*La Fu-*

“These, and many other similar examples, ought, in my opinion, to prevent women from consulting men concerning their works, and from forming any intimate connexions with men of letters.”

This conclusion hurt the self-love of the abbé. “And so, madam,” said he, with a forced smile, “if ever you should become an author, and print your work, you would not consult any person.”

“Pardon me,” replied Madame de Clémire, “I should seek to know the truth, and not vain compli-

*lie et l'Amour*), and which this good man stole, without scruple, or without saying a word of the theft; the works of Mademoiselle Scuderi, Mademoiselle de Lussan, Madame de Gomez, Mademoiselle de la Force, and many others, have given birth to a multitude of operas, comedies, and even tragedies. Nay more, it is from the work of a female that M. de Voltaire has taken the subject of his tragedy of *Tancrède*; a romance, entitled *La Comtesse de Savoie*, written by Madame La Comtesse de Fontaine. At the time this work appeared, M. de Voltaire addressed some verses to Madame de Fontaine, among which are the following:—

Quel Dieu vous a donné ce langage enchanteur ?  
 La force, et la délicate-se,  
 La simplicité, la noblesse,  
 Que Fénelon seul-avoit joint, &c.\*

He would have been more just not to have equalled Madame de Fontaine to Fenelon, but have acknowledged, in the preface to his tragedy, he had taken the plot from *La Comtesse de Savoie*.—Madame de Fontaine died in 1748.

\* What God has given such enchantment to your words?

The delicate, the strong,  
 The simple, and sublime,  
 Which Fenelon alone could unite,\* &c.

ments or flattery. I should read them, not to a company of wits or strangers, but to my own family; and, were they to give signs of sleepiness, or being weary, I should wisely profit by this criticism, which, in my apprehension, is more certain than any other."

The abbé was piqued, and made no reply; Madame de Clémire, therefore, changed the conversation, and the children returned to the tale they had just heard.

"How happy was Alphonso, mamma," said Cæsar, "to have an opportunity of seeing so many extraordinary things; when I am old enough, I shall travel, too, with my father, and see strange trees and singular animals."

"A-propos of singular animals," interrupted Madame de Clémire, "I have a number of them in my extracts which are not mentioned in my tale; one of them I just now recollect:—do you wish to hear it described?"

"O dear, yes mamma, if you please."

"Imagine, then, a hairy monster, of a yellow cast, with eight legs, each of which is armed with two large claws, and each containing a moist sponge; besides these eight legs, this monster has something like two hands, with which it seizes its prey. Argus-like, its head is covered with eyes, for it has eight, which are circularly ranged in front, while two pair of horrible pincers, armed with sharp claws, seem to issue from its mouth!"

"Oh! what a hideous and extraordinary monster that is!"

"There are many others still more singular; would you believe nature produces creatures which are increased by cutting them? that the same creature cut into eight, ten, twenty, thirty, or forty parts, is so many times multiplied?"

"Mamma, is that possible?"

"The name of that creature is not difficult to divine," said the abbé.

"But what is the other," added Pulcheria; "can you tell that?"

"I confess," said the abbé, "that the description

your mamma has given of it is absolutely enigmatical to me."

"It is not the less exact," answered Madame de Clémire; "I may have suppressed some of its characteristics, equally necessary to be known, but those I have given are sufficiently striking to make such as have read its natural history recollect what I mean."

"In what country is this monster found, mamma?"

"It is very common in France; aye, and Burgundy. You have seen it here a thousand times at Champcery."

"Nay, mamma, I assure you I have never seen any such thing—Pray tell us what it is called."

"A spider."\*

\* A domestic spider.

Spider, a genus of the *aptera* order of insects. The characters of which are, that they have eight feet and eight eyes; the mouth is furnished with two claws; the two palpi are articulated; and the anus is provided with papillæ, or nipples, for weaving. Linnæus enumerates forty-seven species.

Of the spider, we have a great number of species common among us, which all agree in the general marks and characters.

They all have weapons issuing out of the month; but these are of two kinds, according to the two principal distinctions of the spiders. They consist, in some, of two spicula in the manner of a forked hook: this is their structure in all the kinds which have eight eyes. In others they are composed of two forcipated arms, or are divided into two claws, in the manner of the legs of a crab: these are the weapons of all those spiders which have only two eyes.

The belly of the spider is remarkably divided from the head and shoulders, so as to adhere only by a thread: this is the case in all, except the two-eyed kinds; and in the different species of the body is variously painted.

Spiders frequently cast their skins, which may be found in the webs, perfectly dry and transparent;

"A spider! I should never have thought of a spider. How can a spider have eight eyes, a moist sponge between its claws and pincers at the side of its mouth!"

"Had you ever examined a spider with the microscope, you would have perfectly distinguished all these particulars, and you may see them even with the naked eye on a large spider."

"I will ask Augustin to bring me large spiders, for I must see their sponges, pincers, and eight eyes."

"And I will read you the natural history of spiders, which I am sure will very much amuse you,

and from such skins the forceps, or claws, for they are always shed with the skins, may easier be separated, and examined with much greater exactness, than in the common spider while living.

The spider's manner of weaving its web is very wonderful. The creature has five little teats, or nipples, near the extremity of the tail: from these there proceeds a gummy liquor, which adheres to every thing it is pressed against; and being drawn out, hardens instantly in the air, and becomes a string, or thread, strong enough to bear five or six times the weight of the spider's body. This thread is composed of several finer ones, which are drawn out separately, but unite together at two or three hair breadths distance from the creature's body. These threads are finer or coarser, according to the bigness of the spider that spins them. Mr. Leuwenhoeck has computed, that a hundred of the single threads of a full-grown spider are not equal to the diameter of a hair of his beard; and, consequently, if the threads and hair be both round, ten thousand such threads are not larger than such a hair. He calculates further, that when young spiders first begin to spin, four hundred of them are not larger than one which is of a full growth; allowing which, four millions of a young spider's threads are not so big as a single hair of a man's beard. *Cyclopædia.*



and in which you will find many extraordinary circumstances."

"And what is the name of the other creature, mamma, which multiplies by being divided?"

"The fresh water polypus."\*

\* Polype, or polypus, a fresh-water insect, belonging to the genus *hydra*, in the class of worms, and order of *zoophytes*, in the Linnæan system; which, when cut into a number of separate pieces, becomes, in a day or two, so many distinct and separate animals; each piece having the surprising property of producing a head and tail, and the other organs necessary for life, and all the animal functions.

The productions of its young is, indeed, different from the common course of nature in other animals; for the young one issues from the sides of its parent, in the form of a small pimple or protuberance, which, lengthening and enlarging every hour, becomes, in about two days, a perfect animal, and drops from its parent to shift for itself; but before it does this, it has often another growing from its own side; and sometimes a third from it, even before the first is separated from its parent.

If the method of this little animal's producing its young be very amazing, its production of the several parts, when cut off, is much more so. The discovery of this was perfectly accidental; for M. Trembley, who had often met with the creature in the water, and from its fixed residence in one place, and some other observations, not being able to determine whether it were an animal or a vegetable, made the trial by cutting it asunder, when to his amazement, he found that, in a few days, each of those pieces was become a perfect animal, the head part having shot forth a tail, and the tail a head.

A thousand other trials, by cutting the animal in different manners, first by M. Trembley, and afterwards, at his request by M. Reaumur, and Bernard de Jussieu, at Paris, and Mr. Folkes, Mr. Baker, and the other naturalists in England, were the result of

"Oh! I do not know that; it is not to be found in this country; and I think it is much more curious than the spider."

"Since you are so desirous to see this prodigy I will procure you that pleasure."

"What, mamma, will you send for them from abroad? I am sure you are very good."

"You shall have them to-morrow—the ponds of Champcery are full of them."

"Why, is it possible? And we not know the name of so extraordinary a creature?"

"Nature every where abounds with most surprising phenomena; ignorance is deprived of the pleasure of knowing, of admiring them, while the philosopher finds, at every step, objects worthy to excite and to satisfy his curiosity."

"Oh dear mamma! we will ask, we will read, we

this; and all succeeded in the same manner by those who repeated them.

The several strange properties recorded in this animal, though very surprising, are, however, none of them peculiar to it alone. The Surinam toad is well known to produce its young, not in the ordinary way, but in cells upon its back. Mr. Sherwood has, very lately, discovered the small cells in sour paste to be each, without exception, full of living young ones. And as to the most amazing of all its properties, the reproduction of its parts, we know the crab and lobster, if a leg be broken off, always produce a new one: and M. Bonet, M. Lyonet, M. de Reaumur, and Mr. Folkes, have all found, on experiment, that several earth and water worms have the same property, some of them even when cut into thirty pieces. The *urtica marina*, or sea-nettle, has been also found to have the same: and the sea star-fish, of which the polypus is truly a species, though it had long escaped the researches of naturalists, was always well known by the fishermen to have it also.—  
*Cyclopædia.*

will buy microscopes and examine all the insects of Champcery, and at least become acquainted with the curious things around us."

The abbé, who had been a little vexed with himself for not knowing the spider, at last broke silence. "As your mamma has judiciously observed," said he, "the tale of Alphonso contains but a small part of the phænomena of nature; thus, for example, she has neither mentioned beavers nor elephants."

"Perhaps that is because mamma knew we were acquainted with the history of those animals," said Cæsar.

"But, continued Madame de Clémire, I have said nothing of numerous other animals as singular, and much less known, such as the toucan,\* the kamichi,† bats,‡ &c."

\* The toucan is a very singular bird, particularly for the largeness and disproportionate length of its beak, which, far from being a useful instrument, "is only," says M. de Buffon, "a mass to lift which hinders the flight of the bird. This excessive and useless beak encloses a tongue more useless, not fleshy or cartilaginous, but a real feather, and certainly very ill placed. Its name, toucan, signifies feather, in the Brazilian tongue."

The toucans are spread through all the hot climates of southern America: its plumage is very beautiful.

† The kamichi is a large black bird of America, "very remarkable," says M. de Buffon, "for the strength of its cry, and of its weapons. It carries on each wing two powerful spurs, and on its head a pointed crown, three or four inches long, and two or three lines in diameter at its base," &c.—*M. de Buffon*.

‡ Bat, a genus of quadrupeds, of the order of *ferræ*, the characters of which are these. The fore-teeth of the upper jaw are six in number, acute, and distant from each other; the fore teeth of the lower jaw are also six, and acute, but contiguous; the canine teeth,

The Abbé, who was ransacking his memory to find something miraculous, which Madame de Clémire had forgot in her tale, proceeded thus:—"It is certain," said he, "that, besides animals, the vegetable and mineral regions present a crowd of phenomena, concerning which your mamma could not speak in so short a work. I think, however, she might have found an advantageous opportunity of mentioning the wax tree,\* the sensitive-plant, fraxinella, and amiantus."

---

are two, both above and below, on each side; the feet have each five toes; the fore-feet have the toes connected by a membrane, and expanded into a kind of wings, whereby it flies; whence this animal has been generally, but with the utmost impropriety, ranged among birds.

The bat, called also by us lapwing, and flitter-mouse, by the Latins *vespertilio*, seems a medium between the quadruped and the feathered kind; but it partakes most of the former tribe. In reality, it only appears to be a bird by its flying. They lay themselves up in winter in the driest apartments of caves; where, planting their talons to the roof, they cover their bodies with their wings, and so hanging perpendicularly, in great numbers, but so as not to touch each other, they sleep for some months.

Travellers speak of a sort of bats in Golconda bigger than hens.

In Brasil there is a large species of this animal, which if men lie asleep with their legs naked, will, it is said, make a wound in them so gently as not to wake them, but so deep that they will suck the blood at it, and leave the person in some danger of bleeding to death.—*Cyclopædia*.

\* "The wax tree is a shrub of which there are two species; the one grows in Louisiana, and the other in Carolina. This shrub has the appearance of myrtle, and its leaves are nearly of the same colour. Its berries, about the bigness of coriander-seed, contain

After having run over this catalogue with great gravity, the Abbé rose, and left the room, exceed-

---

kernels covered with a kind of resin: this has some resemblance to wax, and the inhabitants make it into caniles."—*M. de Bomare.*

**Sensitive-plant,** in botany. The structure of which is this; from the large stems, or main branches of the whole, there part off several other lesser ones, and from these there grow off several other still less, which, by way of distinction, may be called the ribs of the leaves as they serve to support a number of leaves arranged on each side, and standing on short pedicles in pairs over against one another. Several other plants have this sort of compound leaves, as the cassia, colutca, and the like; and all these shut their leaves together at night, and open them again in the morning, in the same manner as the sensitive-plant does. The periodical opening and shutting of the leaves are therefore common to many plants, not peculiar to the sensitive-plant; but the marvel in this is, that, beside having the motion periodical and regular, it is to be brought on at other times, and by accidents, there requiring no more than the touching the plant to make it close its leaves at any time of the day, which it soon afterwards naturally opens again. This is peculiar to this plant, and resembles the action of an animal which has been injured or frightened.

Mr. Ellis has lately described a sensitive-plant, which is a native of the swamps of North Carolina, called *Dionea muscipula*, or *Venus's fly-trap*; and which, from his account of it, appears to be the most animated of the whole sensitive tribe of vegetables. Its sensibility exists in its leaves, each of which exhibits, in miniature, the figure of a rat trap, with teeth closing on every fly, or other insect, that is tempted to taste the sweet liquor which is supposed to be secreted in certain minute red glands that cover its inner surface; but before it has time to taste it, the lobes of the leaves rise up to inclose and grasp,

ingly well satisfied with his memory. Pulcheria began to laugh. "It is my opinion," said she, "mamma, M. Frémont is a little vexed with you."

---

the invader; and he is soon deprived of his life, by the action of three small erect spines, fixed near the middle of each lobe; nor do the leaves open again while the dead animal continues there. The same is produced by a straw or pin.

Mr. Ellis conjectures that, in the construction and motive powers of this plant, nature may have had some view to its nourishment, by forming the upper joint of each leaf, a machine to catch food; and, by having laid a bait upon the middle of it, to entice the unhappy insect that becomes its prey. But, perhaps, it may be equally probable that nature has armed and animated this plant, for the preservation of its juices against the depredation of insects.—*Cyclopædia*.

"Fraxinella, or white dittany, is a plant which grows spontaneously in the woods of Languedoc, Province, Italy, and Germany. The extremities of the stalks, and petals of the flowers, produce a quantity of essential oil, as may easily be shown by the microscope. Morning and evening, during the summer, it sends forth ethereal inflammable vapours in such abundance, that, were a lighted candle put at the foot of the plant, it would suddenly be all in a flame, and from a very curious kind of burning bush."—*M. de Bomare*.

"The amiantus is a fossile substance, composed of very fine threads, and is found of various colours. From these threads a cloth is made, which fire will not consume; on the contrary, it is thrown into the fire to be purified from any dirty or extraneous matter, though it loses a little of its weight each time it is thus washed. Among the ancient Greeks and Romans, they bound the bodies of their kings in cloth made of the amiantus, to prevent the ashes mingling with the materials of the funeral fire. It is very

“And if he be,” replied Madame de Clémire, “why should you remind me of it: though he may be too susceptible, too liable to be out of humour, he is the more excusable, because he has never lived among the great; where, while people acquire a supple temper, and a refinement which teaches them to hide their own pretensions, and the little ridiculous excesses of self-love, they often lose sincerity, the first of virtues. I have more than once reminded you of what you owe to the preceptor of your brother. I have often repeated too, that we are not only forbidden to make (even confidentially) malignant observations on those with whom we live in intimacy, but that we ought also to banish the remembrance of their defects, and reject such thoughts as would make us recollect their errors.”

Pulcheria was greatly affected by this lesson; but as she had only said a rash word for want of reflection, as she wept without sullenness, and as she truly repented of her fault, she soon obtained her pardon, and resumed her gaiety.

Eight or ten evenings were spent in reading the notes to the history of Alphonso. When they were ended, Cæsar observed there was one of the prodigies yet unexplained. “In the Canary Islands,” continued he, “after the adventure of the cavern and the Gaunches, Alphonso wandered to the borders of the lake, where he saw the miraculous pillar, and the strange hail-storm, but what was more strange, when he returned home, he found Thelismar knew every thing that had happened to him at the lake; nay, that he saw him there, though he was on his own terrace, at two leagues distance.”

“True,” replied Madame de Clémire, “I have not explained this latter miracle in my notes; but come and breakfast to-morrow morning in the little belvi-

---

proper for wicks to burn in oil, because it is not liable to any change which might impede the light. The Pagans used it in their secret lamps.”—*M. de Bomare.*

here at the high end of the meadow, and I will show you Theliamar's secret."

This proposition was joyfully accepted by the young family, and the next morning every body assembled at the place appointed before eight o'clock. Here the children found a large machine, which greatly excited their curiosity; they asked its name, and were told it was a telescope.

"Sit down on that chair, Caroline," said Madame de Clémire, "and look into this end of the instrument, through that glass."

"Dear! dear! what do I see!" cried Caroline; "a large house, not two steps off!"

"And yet it is a league distant," said Madame de Clémire; "it is the château of M. de Lusanne."

"Well, that seems incredible! I can perfectly distinguish all the people who pass and re-pass in the court-yard. There! now I see a servant feeding the fowls—and now a cow leading to grass—and now a poor woman begging—and now ——"

"Nay, nay," interrupted Pulcheria, impatiently, "you must let me see a little too, my dear sister."

Scarcely had Pulcheria taken her seat, before a joyous exclamation broke forth. "O mamma," said she, "I see Sidonia; I am sure it is her, she speaks to the servants—I will warrant she has the charge of the court-yard, for she seems to give orders. Oh! that is charming at her age; I wish I was as old that I might do the same!—There! now she stoops—now she rises—now she stoops again—Oh! she is surely collecting the eggs—aye, it is so, for somebody gives her a basket—and now she turns towards the poor beggar-woman—Pray, Cæsar," continued Pulcheria, "permit me to look a little longer—Sidonia goes to the old woman—speaks to her—makes her come into the court-yard, and sit down on the bench—Sidonia leaves her basket with her, and runs—"

"Every one in their turn, sister," said Cæsar.

"Nay, one moment, brother—Sidonia comes back, but very gently—she holds a large bowl in her hands—I fancy it is milk—There! she gives it the old woman!—Oh how I love that good Sidonia!"



So saying, Pulcheria rose, and Cæsar took her place. Sidonia had left the court-yard, and nothing interesting was going forward; but he comprehended which way Thelismar might distinctly see Alphonso from his terrace, notwithstanding the distance by which they were separated.

They spoke of nothing all day but the telescope and Sidonia. Pulcheria admired the singular manner in which she had discovered the benevolent character of that young lady. She did not suppose, continued Pulcheria, that we could see all that was passing in the court-yard.

"Chance," added Madame de Clémire, and an infinity of unforeseen circumstances every day discover actions much more secretly performed. The best way, therefore, is to act as if all the world looked on; for not only does the Almighty see and judge every incident of our lives, but accident, curiosity, the indiscretion of servants, and the treachery of false friends, unobtrusively expose to open day our most hidden secrets."

After dinner, Mad. de Clémire asked her son what he thought of the first volume of *La Vie de Dauphin, Pere de Louis XV.*\* which she had lent him.

"I am delighted with the work," replied Cæsar; "and the more so, because there is an account of the infancy of that prince; whereas, other historians speak of men only, not of children."

"But, as you have read very few historians, this judgment can only be founded on supposition,"

"I suppose a child must be a prodigy to merit the attention of history; and, as there are few prodigies, I imagine history does not often mention children."

"What do you understand by a prodigy?"

"The Duke of Burgundy, for instance, in his infancy: he loved poetry, mathematics, and wrote fables and dissertations."

"There is nothing miraculous in all that; he was a remarkable, but not marvellous child."

"If he was not a miracle, what am I?"

\* By the Abbé Proyart.

“ You are nothing uncommon, but that is your own fault; you only want a little more industry, patience, and emulation.”

“ I could never write dissertations, mamma.”

“ Why not?”

“ I am afraid they would be very bad ones.”

“ You were satisfied with the head you drew yesterday.”

“ Yes, mamma, because every body said it was well done.”

“ Do you think it equals the original?”

“ Oh no, mamma.”

“ Yet at your age it is a master-piece; so might your dissertations be.”

“ You have given me a great desire to write dissertations, mamma: it is a great pity I have no time.”

“ When you take a walk, or when you are at work in your garden, do you think of nothing but trees and flowers?”

“ Oh, I think of a thousand things.”

“ Well then, during this time, let your mind be occupied on some interesting subject; think with ardour, and fix your ideas in a train. It is thus people compose.”

“ Will you give me a subject every morning, mamma?”

“ Yes, on condition that every evening, before supper, you render me an account of your meditations.”

“ You will be kind enough to give me sometimes the subject of a fable, mamma; and sometimes of a dissertation. I will arrange them in my mind, and by that means rid myself of that tiresome vacancy of thought which I often feel when alone.”

“ And which is certainly the most insupportable kind of weariness. When our thoughts are vague and unconnected, our ideas become as troublesome to ourselves as they would be to others, were we to vent these vague thoughts in conversation: while on the contrary, we amuse ourselves when the imagination is not idle: but, instead of common and frivolous

things, is employed on interesting subjects. But to return to the book I lent you, what particular remarks have you made on this first volume?"

"The thing which gave me the most pleasure is a fable, written by the Duke of Burgundy himself, while yet a boy: it is entitled, *The Traveller and his Dogs.*"

"What is the subject of it?"

"Licas is the traveller: he has three dogs for his companions, and four loaves for his provisions. He comes to a very gloomy forest, where he is assaulted by a wild beast: the dogs combat and vanquish the wild beast. Hereupon Licas gives a loaf to Vorax, the name of one of his dogs, and Vorax disappears; Cerberus receives another loaf, and flies likewise; Gargos, the remaining dog, comes in his turn, hoping to receive the like reward; but Licas becomes prudent, and finding that each loaf had cost him a dog, gave Gargos only a little bit, and Gargos remained to eat the rest—that is all, mamma."

"And pray what is the moral of this fable?"

"The moral, mamma, is—hold, I have the book in my pocket, I will read you the moral as it is placed at the end of the fable."

"'Princes, ye who have found guides capable of directing your steps, and defending your persons through the forest of this world, be careful not to make them independent, till you have no longer any occasion for their services.'"

"I am well persuaded," said Madame de Clémire, "you do not understand the tendency of this reasoning: I will make it clearer. This is its signification:—

"'Princes, ye who have found able ministers, victorious generals, and faithful friends, beware of giving them their due; beware of rewarding them according to their merits and zeal in your service, lest after they have obtained what is their right, they should abandon you. Be unjust, princes, be ungrateful, that you may make men love you.'"

"Can this be the sense of the fable?"

"Yes; literally. Think a little, and you will find it is."

"I do; how could it escape me at first? How could I possibly like this tale?"

"In a work every way worthy and well written, you have selected the only reprehensible passage. When you read with less rapidity, and more attention, you will not be liable to commit such gross mistakes."

In the evening, the baroness said, "You were complaining this morning, Cæsar, of the little attention historians paid to childhood, and I mean to shew you how unjust was your accusation. This evening we will relate traits of history, and all our heroes shall be children."

"That will be delightful!"

"You shall be convinced that extraordinary children are not so uncommon as you suppose. Your mamma, M. Frémont, and I, will relate, by turns, such anecdotes as our memory can supply, which will certainly be enough to furnish conversation for a long evening. I will begin."—

Chan-chi, Emperor of China, had three sons. The two eldest discovered no marks of extraordinary abilities; but Kang-hi, the youngest, was the darling of his father and his governors. He was gentle, sincere, industrious, lively, and full of sensibility. He had a command over his passions, his promises might be depended on, and his word was inviolable. Whenever he made a rational and useful resolution, nothing could divert his perseverance. Ardently desirous of instruction, of being distinguished, of meriting the affection of his father, and obtaining universal approbation, he made every person who had any charge or interest in his education, happy; his praises were repeated at every lesson; he was beloved, and every one was pleased to contribute to his satisfaction or amusement: all the indulgence to which so many virtues and good conduct have an undoubted claim was his; and if, by chance he fell into an error, every body was sorry to see his affliction, but nobody scolded.

The emperor, however, fell sick: his eldest son was

then twelve years old, and Kang-hi not yet nine. The emperor, finding his disease mortal, sent for his sons; and, after informing them of his approaching end, asked which of them thought himself capable of supporting the weight of a crown newly acquired.\*

The eldest excused himself on account of his youth, and begged the emperor would dispose of the succession as he pleased. Kang-hi then kneeled by his father's bed side, bathed the dying emperor's hand with tears, and, after a moment's silence, said: "As for me, my father, I hope, I think, I am capable of imitating your virtues; I love glory more than ease and pleasure; and should Heaven snatch you from your children, and your choice fall upon me, I would make my people happy, by taking you for my model."

This answer made such an impression upon Chan-chi that he immediately named the young prince his successor, under a regency of four grandees.† Kang-hi justified the affection and choice of his father, by his future thirst of knowledge, and the extent of his capacity; he banished from his court the flatterer and the factions; rewarded merit, genius, and virtue; was just, good, and peaceable; and became the benefactor and idol of his people.‡

\* Chan-chi was the son of Tfun-te, the founder of the new Tartarian Chinese Dynasty, which took place in the empire of Gathay about the middle of the last century.

† Kang-hi mounted the throne in 1661.

‡ See *Abrégé de l'Histoire des Voyages*, Tom. vii. Page 188.

Chinois indebted to this prince for abolishing a custom equally barbarous and irrational. "It was common enough among the Tartars, when a man died, for one of his wives to hang herself. In 1668, a Tartar of distinction died at K. kin: a young wife of seventeen was preparing to give this proof of her affection; but her parents presented a request to the emperor, supplicating him to abolish a usage so odious. This prince ordained it should be abandoned, as an ancient remain

The baroness having ended, "I cannot, my children," said Madame de Clénaire, "cite you any thing

---

of barbarism. The same custom had been established among the Chinese, but was practised less frequently; and their philosopher † denied it his sanction.

"The character of the Chinese, in general, is mild and tractable; they have great affability in their manners, without the least mixture of harshness, passion, or pettishness, which moderation is remarkable among the common people. Europeans who have any business to transact with the Chinese, ought carefully to forbear all kinds of vivacity, tending towards passion; such excesses being held in China, vices contrary to humanity. Not that the Chinese are not as lively as we are, but they learn betimes to vanquish the defects of temper.

"The modesty of Chinese women is extreme: they live constantly retired, and cover their bodies with such attention, that the ends of their fingers are hid by their sleeves; and, if they present any thing to their nearest relations, they lay it on a table, for fear their hand might be touched.

"The following are the most remarkable causes of dis-voice among the Chinese.—1. A babbling wife, who makes herself disagreeable, is subject, for this defect, to be repudiated, though she has long been married, and borne her husband several children. 2. A woman who falls in submission to her father or mother-in-law. 3. Sterility. 4. Jealousy, &c.—On the nuptial night, the young bride is led into her husband's apartment, where she finds scissars, thread, cotton, and other working materials, laid upon the table; by which she is given to understand she must love labour, and avoid indolence.

"The respect which children pay to their parents, and scholars to their masters, is incomparable: they

---

† Confucius.

more singular than the anecdote your grand-mamma has just related ; for it is difficult to find any thing more

---

speak little, and stand always in their presence. Custom obliges them, especially on the first day of the year, the day of their birth, and other occasions, to salute them kneeling, and several times bow the forehead to the ground.

“ Although an eldest son inherits nothing from his father, he is still obliged to educate his brothers, marry them, and perform the duties of a father they have lost. Those who have no male heir, adopt the son of their brother, or some other relation—sometimes even a stranger. The adopted son is invested with every legitimate privilege, takes the name of the adopter and becomes his heir. Should another son happen to be born in the same family, the succession is divided between them. The Chinese are permitted to take more than one wife ; the second ranks after the first ; the law, however, does not grant this privilege, till the first is forty years of age without any mark of fecundity.

“ Colours are not all worn indifferently in China ; yellow appertains only to the emperor, and the princes of the blood ; satin with a red ground, belongs to a certain class of the mandarins, on days of ceremony ; the rest usually wear black, blue, or violet ; the people commonly wear blue or black ; the shirt is of different sorts of stuff, according to the seasons. It is common enough, during the great heats, to wear silk next the skin, that the sweat may not stain their habits ; the colour of the women is either red, blue, or green ; few of them wear black or violet, till they are old.

“ Mourning for a father or mother continues three years in China ; which custom, as they pretend, is founded on the gratitude a child owes its parents, for their trouble and care during their first three years of infancy. White is the colour of mourning ; but, during the first month after the death of a father or mother, children wear hempen sackcloth of a bright red,

extraordinary, than a child, not nine years old, who knew the means to obtain the throne of the largest em-

---

not finer than a common sack. The Chinese are permitted to keep a corpse as long as they please in their houses; and they sometimes do not remove dead bodies for three or four years, during all which time their seat is a stool, and their bed a mat of reeds, placed near the coffin. They forbear the use of wine and certain meats; they do not assist at feasts nor frequent public assemblies. At last, however, the body must be buried; for it is the indispensable duty of a son, carefully to deposit a parent in the tomb of his ancestors.

“ The Chinese have two famous feasts: the first, of the new year: the other, of the lanthorns.—During the latter, China is so illuminated that it might be thought on fire. All the inhabitants of the empire, in town or country, light up different coloured lanthorns, and hang them up in their courts, at their windows, and in their apartments. The rich, on this occasion, go to a prodigious expense; their lanthorns are of various forms, and most of them gilded and magnificently ornamented; though nothing gives so much brilliancy to the rejoicings as the fire-works, which are seen in every part of their cities—This feast continues five days. The common opinion, concerning its origin is, that it was established soon after the foundation of the empire, by a mandarin, who, having lost his daughter on the banks of a river, went in search of her, though without success, with torches and lanthorns, accompanied by a crowd of people, who loved him for his virtues. The learned, however, give another origin to the feast of the lanthorns: they pretend that the emperor Kye, last monarch of the family of Hya, complained of the division of nights and days, which rendered one half of life useless. He therefore built a palace without windows, in which he assembled a certain number of persons; and, that he might totally banish darkness, established a continual illumination by lanthorns, which gave rise to this feast.



pire in the universe, by his sentiments, conduct, and superior qualities; but I am going to speak of a young

---

“ The magnificence of the Chinese is conspicuous in their public works, fortifications, temples, bridges, towers, triumphal arches, highways, canals, &c. There are about 3000 towers on their great wall, in the building of which one third of the inhabitants of the empire were employed. This famous work is at present as perfect as the first day it was erected. Their most famous edifice is the grand or porcelain tower at Nankin: it is an octagon, of about forty feet in diameter, each side presenting a face of fifteen feet; it is nine stories high; the wall of the first story is not less than twelve feet thick, and eight and a half high; it is faced with porcelain, which porcelain is in fine preservation, though it is three hundred years old. This tower is said to be about two hundred feet high. China contains 1100 triumphal arches, built in honour of princes, illustrious men and women, and persons renowned for their knowledge and virtue.

“ Agriculture is highly honoured in China: a seasonable rain gives occasion to the mandarins to visit and compliment each other. In the spring, according to ancient custom, the emperor fails not, with great solemnity, to hold the plough, and sow different sorts of grain. Twelve lords are selected to assist in his labours; besides which, he is accompanied by fifty respectable and aged farmers, on whom he himself bestows various presents. The mandarins observe the same ceremony in every town. The emperor Yongchin commanded the governors of towns, every year, to send him the name of a peasant of their district, distinguished for his application to agriculture, his irreproachable conduct, his family union, his frugality, prudence, or peace-making among his neighbours. The emperor, on the governor's testimony, raises this man to the degree of a mandarin of the eighth order, and sends him honorary patents of his rank, by which he is qualified to wear a mandarin's habit, visit the

prince of the same age, who became, afterwards, one of the greatest monarchs of his time."

Duke Uladislau, who reigned in Poland, † had a son named Boleslaus, † whose activity, love of learning, gentleness, patience, and goodness of heart, were unequalled. Bohemia had lately declared war against Poland. One day, as Uladislau, in presence of his son, was giving orders to the general of his army, young Boleslaus, who had listened with the most profound attention to their conversation, cast himself at his father's feet, and earnestly besought permission to make the campaign under the care of the general: his entreaties were so strong, so energetic, and accompanied with observations so just and so singular at his age, that the duke, equally affected and astonished, could not refuse his request, but confided him, as he desired, to the care of the general.

The arrival of the young prince at the army occasioned universal admiration; he was attentive to every thing that passed, yet discovered an understanding so extraordinary that nothing could be called new to him; he might rather be said to recollect than learn all that he beheld. Liberal to the soldiers, and affable to the officers, he gained all men's hearts; his magnificence was only seen in his gifts, known by his generosity; his food was frugal, his bed the cold ground, and he cheerfully submitted to every intemperance of the seasons. Ever most forward at what was most painful, and always discovering a fortitude which seemed as natural as it was astonishing, he rather appeared formed to command fortune's favours than live in hopes of them.

Every thing, in fact, predicted that his virtues and exploits should one day make him a perfect model for princes. The Polanders, having such an example

governor, and sit and drink tea in his presence."—  
*Abrégé de l'Hist. Gen. des Voy. par M. de la Harpe.*

† In 1094.

‡ He was afterwards Boleslaus III.

before their eyes, redoubled their ardour, the Bohemians were every where defeated; Uladislaus enjoyed the inexpressible happiness of owing to a son, only nine years old, a great part of the success of the campaign.

The remainder of the life of Boleslaus was answerable to the beginning—he became a hero; yet, though a warrior and a conqueror, he was feeling and humane, and employed his conquests for the good of his people: he knew how to merit their love by making them happy.

This prince possessed too many virtues not to be distinguished by his filial piety: all historians dwell with pleasure on the interesting details of his affection for his father, whose death more fully demonstrated the goodness of his heart, and rendered him more dear to his people. Boleslaus wore mourning five years for a father whom he regretted all his life, and would have an image, which could never be erased from his heart, ever present to his eyes: he wore a medal round his neck, on which was engraved the portrait of Uladislaus; he looked at it continually, in order, as he said, to remind him of the virtues of a father so worthy to be regretted; and, still the oftener to retrace his beloved memory, he called a son whom he most passionately loved by the name of Uladislaus.\*

“It is now your turn, M. Flémont,” added Madame de Clémire.

“I cannot, at this instance,” replied the abbé, “relate such remarkable anecdotes, for I do not recollect any, except two facts absolutely void of ornament.

“Master Cæsar is now ten years old, and when his drawing-master told him that had he, for these two years past, been more industrious, he would now have been able to draw likenesses, he thought he had done much in being capable of copying well. It will not, therefore, be useless to inform him that Peter Mignard†

\* See *Histoire Générale de Pologne*, by M. le Chevalier de Solignac, Tom. i. page 313, and ii. page 9.

† Born at Troye, in Champagne, in 1600; died at

was destined by his parents to the profession of physic; that, while at his studies, during the hour of recreation, he amused himself with learning to draw; he had no master, but he had good taste and industry; and thus, at eleven years of age, had learnt to draw portraits, equally striking for being perfect likenesses and correct designs; his parents then put him to a painter, he dedicated himself to the art, and became one of the best painters of the French school.

“Another painter, named John Baptiste Vanloo, began to paint agreeably at eight years of age.\* I do not require all this of master Cæsar; I wish to see him emulative; I wish him to acquire the noble ambition of not remaining confounded in the numerous class of common boys.”

The abbé's citations were not very successful with the children: Cæsar, personally attacked, durst not speak his opinion; but Pulcheria, with more candour than politeness, bluntly declared she did not find them so amusing as the anecdotes of Kang-hi and Boleslaus.

“I perceive, mademoiselle,” replied the abbé, “you are not fond of plain direct lessons; in which respect you are like those tyrants who cannot endure to hear the truth, except when disguised under some ingenious apologue.”

“No, indeed, M. Frémont,” interrupted Pulcheria, “I am not in this respect like tyrants, for I assure you I always like the plain truth—but I feel I have been

Paris in 1615, rich, and loaded with honours. There is a marble monument in the church des St. Jacobins, Rue St. Honore, erected to his memory by his daughter, La Comtesse de Fenquière, who is seen kneeling to her father's bust, done by Desjardins. The monument is by Le Moine the son.—See *Extraits des différents Ouvrages sur la Vie des Peintres*, by M. P. O. L. F. Tom. ii.

\* Many similar examples will be found among the notes.

wrong; pray pardon me, and do not entertain a bad opinion of me, M. Frémont."

"My opinion, mademoiselle, is a thing of so little importance ——"

"But, to prove you are not vexed with me, pray be so good as to give me a plain direct lesson."

"When truth is asked with so good a grace, it ought not to be denied: give me leave to observe to you then, mademoiselle, that for these three weeks past, ever since the excessive heat has obliged us to leave your brother's chamber, and take our lessons in the hall, where you sit at work with your gouvernante, I have more than once thought you might profit better by the things which you here repeated by, and to your brother.—The following is a remark which I should never have dared openly to make, had I not received your positive request so to do:—

"Mademoiselle Le Fevre, who was afterwards the celebrated Madame Dacier, only learnt, during her infancy, to read, write, and work—such was her education till the age of eleven. Her father, M. Le Fevre, had a son, on whose education he bestowed the greatest pains: his sister used to be present at her work while he received his lessons. One day, when the young scholar could not reply to the questions put to him, his sister suggested, in a whisper, every answer necessary to make; the father listened with surprise and joy, and from that moment undertook with a dour the education of a child so worthy his attention.\*

"You will allow, mademoiselle," continued the abbé, that had this young lady, instead of listening to her brother's lessons, amused herself by making mouths at him, and playing him tricks, she would never certainly have so agreeably surprised her father."

"I do not remember," said Pulcheria, blushing, "to have played my brother many tricks."

"I," replied the abbé, "very well remember, that last Monday you slyly stitched his coat to the chair;

\* Histoire Littéraire des Femmes Françaises, by a society of men of Letters, Tome II.

that Tuesday you twice pricked him with your needle, to awaken his attention, as you said; and, that yesterday you made him commit a thousand blunders, by your various grimaces, and by making what you call a rabbit-mouth; at which your sister laughed so much she was obliged to leave the room."

Pulcheria, now, with the tears in her eyes, and a confused and suppliant air, looked at her mamma.

"Fear nothing, Pulcheria," said Madame de Clémire, "I shall not punish you; because I should not have known this had not you desired a plain direct lesson; and you ought not surely to be scolded for desiring people to tell you the truth without disguise: I shall only observe to you, that there is nothing amiable in such pranks; that our reason for laughing at them is because they are excessively ridiculous; that a character of this kind is very unbecoming in a female, because it destroys all that gentleness and modesty which are the chief ornaments of her sex; and that, lastly, a child like this may make a stranger laugh for a moment, but must necessarily become insupportable to parents, friends, and servants.

"I have another little complaint against you, which is, you have promised me your friendship, your confidence, and, that you would every day make a sincere avowal of your errors; yet you have never mentioned a word of the disturbance you gave your brother during his lessons."

"Indeed, my dear mamma," replied Pulcheria, "it was not want of confidence that made me not tell you, but because I did not till now feel how wrong such things are; and to shew you I would not hide any thing from you, mamma, I confess that M. Frémont has not told you all.-- He has forgotten that, about eight days ago, I pretended to sneeze, every now and then, all the while my brother was at his lesson, and dropped a low curtsy every time."

"And I," said Caroline, with a sorrowful countenance, "sneezed and curtsied a little too, mamma."

"And I made at least a dozen bows," said the abbé, "for I very sincerely supposed these young ladies had

caught colds in their heads; for which reason, as I was completely their dupe, I did not mention this ingenious prauk."

"Fray, mamma, pardon me," said Pulcheria.

"Willingly," replied Madamé de Clémire, kissing her; "but, since you now see the consequences and the absurdity of such little malicious tricks, you will be henceforth inexcusable, should you be guilty of them again."

"And now," said the baroness, "let us return to our anecdotes of infancy—it is your turn to speak, my daughter."

"I shall relate an anecdote of a child of only five years old; you must not, therefore, expect that I should be minute or copious: this child, however, was Gustavus Adolphus, afterwards one of the greatest kings that ever reigned in Sweden.—

He was one day walking in a meadow, with his nursery maid, near Nicoping:—the child got away, and ran among the brambles; and the woman, in order to frighten him back, told him there were a great many serpents in that place that would sting him. "Aye!" said Gustavus; "give me a stick, and I will kill them." In vain did they endeavour to divert him from that resolution; like Hercules with his club, felling the monsters of the Nemean forest, the little prince, armed with a switch, entered the copse to exterminate every serpent he could find; but his researches were fruitless, no monster appeared, and his labours were that day ended by a long fatiguing walk.\*

"This is a charming anecdote," said the Baroness, "and proves that courage is a quality of the soul; not a conviction of superior strength, or the consequence of reflexion. We expect none of those properties from children which are commonly the fruits of experience. Thus, for example, we think it natural enough that they should sometimes be inconsistent, wild, or idle: but, we expect they should occasionally give indications of all the virtues that originate in the heart, are

\* *Histoire de Gustave Adolphe*, Tom. i. Page 50.

natural to it, born with it, and only require cultivation. A child, therefore, who should give proofs of cowardice, cruelty, or ingratitude, might be thought a monster, if its vices were not the consequences of a bad education."

"But then, grandmamma, there are many children born monsters; for there are many ungrateful and cruel people."

"That is to say, there are many depraved people. Nature rarely produces monsters—education makes many."

"It is then the fault of their parents when people are wicked, mamma?"

"Yes, generally speaking. A child, however, not born with a bad heart may become depraved, and yet receive an excellent education."

"Which way, mamma?"

"If he is not docile, if he is not sincere, the most enlightened and vigilant parents cannot preserve him from a crowd of errors to which he will insensibly become habituated.—Do you remember poor Brunet, the valet of your father?"

"Yes, mamma, he died two years ago."

"The wound in his leg was not mortal; it was dressed by the best surgeon in Paris; he had a nurse who never left him night or day; and when it was perceived he pulled the dressings off from his leg, I gave him an additional nurse, and even had his hands tied during the night: but all the precautions were fruitless; he rubbed his legs against each other, and tore away with his foot, what should have cured the wound. At last, a mortification came on, and neither the skill of the surgeon, the vigilance of his nurses, nor even the goodness of his constitution, could save his life.—This poor creature is a perfect image of an untractable and disobedient child. What can the assiduities of a parent do with one who does not understand their value; who does not feel that nothing is forbidden him which would not render him vicious, consequently odious and unhappy; nor any thing required of him that would not contribute to his felicity?"



“ But surely, mamma, a child must be an idiot not to understand that whenever we are disobedient it is only through wildness, forgetfulness, or want of thought; and, as soon as we know it, we are very angry with ourselves.”

“ That is not sufficient; you should own your faults, and tell me of them, like as you would consult a physician when you have been guilty of some imprudence that may endanger your health. I am well convinced that an antipathy to physic often makes people neglect to take advice; but this is precisely the imbecility, the idiotism, of which Cæsar has just spoken. Stupidity alone would rather be ill than cured: nay, even when the cure would be as gentle as salutary.

“ And are you not certain, my children, that, when you confess a fault of which I was ignorant, your candour must naturally excite my indulgence, and at the same time redouble my affection? For which reason, you know, if it be not a very serious crime, you are always forgiven, as a reward for having confessed it; and, if it be, the penance you undergo is much more gentle than it would have been, had I myself made the discovery; it is therefore every way your interest to be entirely open and sincere.

“ Besides, you should recollect that, though you may hide your faults for a while, it is impossible you should do so always; for as we yesterday said of the telescope, time discovers all things: and will it not be much more advantageous to you that I should learn those things from your friendship which accident and my own vigilance must at last bring to light? Again, when I am told your errors, it immediately gives me an opportunity of instructing you, of enlightening and enlarging your minds, and of shewing you the consequences of them; and, as you are naturally good, you then become more fearful of falling into them again; whereas, if I do not hear of them till they have been some time committed, I find habits already formed and rooted in you, which can only be erased by penance and punishment.

“ Thus, for example, I always recommended order

and economy, and yet, Caroline and Pulcheria, during the long illness of your *gouvernante*, you had got a habit, of never putting any thing in its place; and your *kandkerchiefs*, gloves, and garters, were continually lost. I came to the knowledge of it at last, but too late, for this habit was become a defect very difficult to eradicate; had you told me at the beginning of your carelessness, the history of Eglantine alone would have been sufficient to render you active and provident."

The truth of these reflexions was unanimously allowed, and the three children promised never in future to be guilty of the least fault, without immediately and sincerely confessing it to their *mamma*.

"I must remind you, *madam*," said the abbé, "if you have any other anecdote to relate, it is time you should begin, for it is almost half past nine o'clock."

"What I have to say," replied the baroness, "will not take us long. I have just recollected that the battle of Leucosofé was remarkable by a circumstance perhaps unique in its kind; there were three kings at it, all in person, commanding their armies; the eldest of whom was twelve, the second ten, and the youngest only nine years of age."\*

"I will also cite you," said Madame de Clémire, "a trait from the history of France. The unfortunate Charles VI., whom a cruel disease had deprived of reason, would, had it not been for that misfortune, have proved a good king. His father, Charles V., took a particular pleasure in forming his heart, and discovering his youthful sensations.

One day, having desired him to come into his cabinet, he gave him permission to take whatever jewel he pleased out of his treasury. The young prince, neglecting every thing rich and precious, stopped, like Achilles, at a sword that was hanging in a corner of the room. Another time the king presented him a

\* Clothaire, Théodebert, and Theodoric; the two latter were brothers.—*Histoire de Charlemagne*, by M. Gallard.

golden crown with one hand, and a helmet with the other. The prince chose the helmet, and said to his father, may you preserve your crown for ever. These trifling incidents were indications of a good heart, and gave great pleasure to this wise monarch, who was a tender father and a virtuous politician.\*

\* Histoire de la Querelle de Philippe de Valois et d'Edouard III., by M. Gaillard, Tome II. Charles VI. was only twelve years old when he came to the throne.

END OF VOL. I.





