









*Arms of Honour*

THE KNIGHTS:

TALES

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

THE MARVELLOUS.

BY R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone—  
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,  
And like a rat without a tail,  
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

SHAKSPEARE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE  
KNIGHTS ERRANT.

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CHAP. VII.

An Aisthesian theatre.—The play, players, and poets.—Dress and accomplishments of the beaux and belles of Aisthesis.—Musical Entertainments.—Theatrical suggesters.—Death of a poet.

**B**ENVOLIO and his friend were punctual to their engagement, and entered the theatre a few minutes before the drawing up of the curtain. Krites conducted the knight to the middle of the house in front, and when they were seated asked his opinion of the *coup d'œil*. “ It is

“ elegant, tasteful, and spacious,” said Benvolio, “ but I fear all this will be  
 “ destroyed by defect in the *coup d’oreille*.  
 “ The principal end in the construction  
 “ of a theatre should be the distinct con-  
 “ veyance of the dialogue from the stage  
 “ to every part of the house, and no colla-  
 “ teral beauty can atone for the failure  
 “ of that. This spacious area menaces  
 “ a deprivation of the sense of the piece  
 “ to be performed, of that which is to  
 “ support the showy appearance.”—  
 “ You forget, seigneur,” replied Krites,  
 “ that you are at Neuron, where  
 “ show supports the drama, not this the  
 “ show ; consequently the first consider-  
 “ ation in the construction of an Aisthe-  
 “ sian theatre is justly that which affords  
 “ room for *spectacle*.”—“ I understand  
 “ you,” said Benvolio, “ this theatre is  
 “ devoted to pantomime and dance.”—  
 “ Pardon me,” replied Krites, “ the  
 “ most

“ most regular pieces of the Noufaisthesian  
 “ poets are frequently represented here.”  
 —“ To what purpose ? ” —“ That the  
 “ Aisthesians may say they have seen  
 “ them ; the first piece this evening is a  
 “ very celebrated one, written by  
 “ Ywato.” —“ Then,” cried Benvolio,  
 “ I beg we may move within hearing :  
 “ yonder are some vacant places near  
 “ the stage.” —“ But you will lose much  
 “ of the splendour of the after-piece.” —  
 “ I readily consent to that,” said the  
 knight, at the same time accompanying  
 his friend to the vacant seats.

The curtain drew up, and the play  
 began. The story of the piece was an  
 interesting one. A young man of rare  
 endowments, without fortune but of a  
 haughty spirit, after saving from death  
 the beautiful daughter of a rich noble-  
 man, had married her against the con-  
 sent of her father, and they were both

in consequence deserted by him. In a short time they were reduced to the most urgent want and distress : fruitless applications were made to the unrelenting father, who was one of the highest magistrates of the state. In despair, the youth yields to the persuasion of his dearest friend to join in a conspiracy against the government, and is sworn to secrecy. Unable to conceal from his wife the new emotions of his soul excited by the engagement he has entered into against the state, of which her father is one of the chief rulers, he appears to labour with the secret : she works upon his heart, obtains a full knowledge of the secret, and prevails upon him to go with her and disclose it to the magistrates. His bosom friend and the other conspirators are seized and condemned to die. The situations to which this simple tale gives rise are of the most impressive and moving kind.

kind. The warm effusions of love in the hour of distress, so much more felt by a spectator than the most ardent in the hours of joy, the upbraidings of a lost friend for treachery, remorse for betraying a friend holding out his hand to save his betrayer, the bitter reproaches heaped on the beloved and lovely instigator of the treachery, and the well-wrought struggle between rage and love are master pieces of poetic action.

The part of the heroine was performed by a Noufaisthesian actress of unrivalled powers: every tone, look, and gesture was addressed both to the heart of the untaught Aisthesian and to the judgment of the Noufaisthesian critic, of whom there were many in the house. The knight himself was enchanted. She had all but realized those scenes in which she was upon the stage, and had so inspired the actor who played her husband, that, not-

withstanding an evident deficiency of countenance and person, he seemed to be the very character he personated: he loved, raged, soothed, menaced, forgave, grieved, and submitted in the truth of nature. Benvolio observed it to Krites. "That man," said the latter, "possesses but indifferent talents, nor " was he ever before trusted with a chief " character. He is positively inspired " by the actresses, to the astonishment of " all the critics: and the Aisthesian ladies " who turned up their noses at him " last season, now admire him beyond " every thing. The fluctuation of opi- " nion is not always so reasonable. " Have you heard of the theatrical phe- " nomenon which has appeared in the " remote parts of Aisthesis?"—"I have " not," said Benvolio. "A young boy " unanimously pronounced by every " audience before whom he has appeared, " to

“ to have the powers of charming in a  
 “ very superior degree. He has been  
 “ so highly extolled in the country, that  
 “ the Neuronites have sent for him,  
 “ and the whole town are on tiptoe ex-  
 “ pectation to see him. He is to be  
 “ here to-morrow, and plays in the  
 “ course of a few days. Every seat in  
 “ the house has been engaged for a long  
 “ time past. Should you like to be pre-  
 “ sent at his first appearance?”—“ Cer-  
 “ tainly,” said the knight. “ I have a  
 “ seat then at your service,” said Kri-  
 “ tes, “ you will dine with me on the  
 “ appointed day, and we will come  
 “ together.”

This engagement was made at the  
 conclusion of the play, between which  
 and the subsequent piece Benvolio had  
 time to look round and examine the  
 house. The *tout ensemble* was brilliant,  
 the building displayed much taste so far

as it related to a showy architecture, and it was well lighted. The company was of the first rank and fortune, the monarch was in a private box, the princes of Aisthesis were seen in different parts, and every thing confirmed the information given to Benvolio by the *enpassant* friend of Krites in the school of science that it was one of the *beaux jours* of the theatre.

However dazzling the general appearance, the knight was not blinded to the minuter objects within his ken, and the first thing that struck him was the indecacy, not to say indecency, of the manner in which the ladies were dressed. He was inclined to think that they studied at the painter's, where he had blushed in the morning, more how to expose a quantity of nakedness than to ornament their persons with becoming apparel. Those who had prominent  
bosoms





clumsily together for the purpose of giving some songs in the form of a drama, a species of composition, if not peculiar to Aisthesis, at least the only one attempted by the Aisthesians; and they were more enamoured of it than of the best dramatic works of their neighbours.

The scenery and decorations were splendid beyond description, and viewed by the spectators with extasies. If the applause bestowed on the play and inimitable actresses who supported it was great, what expression can speak the degree of that conferred on the music and magnificence of the entertainment? “ You see the difference,” said Krites to Benvolio, “ between judgment and passion, between the heart and the senses. Sight and sound the Aisthesians are formed to value, but the objects of the imagination and the operations  
“ of

“ of sentiment are foreign to their ideas.  
 “ These raptures flow naturally and  
 “ universally, whereas the plaudits given  
 “ to the play were but the echoes of a  
 “ suggester.”—“ A suggester of emo-  
 “ tion !” exclaimed Benvolio. “ They  
 “ who travel in unknown regions,” said  
 Krites, “ require to be led. To avoid  
 “ the shame of erring, two Noufais-  
 “ fian poets are appointed suggesters to  
 “ the theatre, with seats on different  
 “ sides of the house ; not that the  
 “ Aisthesians abdicate entirely their right,  
 “ for they not unfrequently are induced  
 “ by some look or attitude of an actor  
 “ to break out of their own accord. But  
 “ it often happens that the suggesters  
 “ differ in opinion, when it is through-  
 “ ly ridiculous to hear the audience cease  
 “ from clapping to his, till they observe  
 “ the difference between the suggesters,  
 “ and it then becomes the fashion to  
 B 6 “ divide,

“ divide, and to clap and hiss together.”  
—“ And are these suggesters,” asked Benvolio, “ likewise the instruments of rank ?” — “ No,” replied Krites, “ the Prince does not think proper to interfere with the theatre when he is not present ; and when he is, the suggesters watch his motions, and pay him the greatest deference.” — “ It is he then who has led the applauses of to-night ?” — “ With respect to the play,” replied Krites, “ both the piece and the actresses have long been favourites of the town from habit ; and as to the second piece, its merits being addressed to the eye and the ear, the Aisthesians are competent judges, and feel themselves independent of the suggesters. Nay, they have been known in works of fancy and mind to give way to an impulse against the direction of the suggesters in which I  
5 “ think

“ think thy would have been supported  
 “ by a judicious critic. On these occa-  
 “ sions the suggesters are extremely en-  
 “ raged, and sometimes avenge them-  
 “ selves at the moment, by repeated ex-  
 “ clamations of *Beasts! Brutes!* which  
 “ the Aisthesians bear with coolness.”

The company having now nearly all left  
 the theatre, Benvolio and his friend like-  
 wise withdrew, continuing however to  
 talk of theatres, actors and authors. Ben-  
 volio asked if the players were liberally  
 supported by those who seem to owe so  
 much of the enjoyment of their existence  
 to them. “ No profession or art is half  
 “ so sumptuously rewarded at Neuron,”  
 replied Krites. “ As for the foreign  
 “ players, (and the principal ones all  
 “ come from Noufaiisthesis) they make  
 “ their own terms, they know they must  
 “ be had. Indeed most of them can  
 “ afford to live, and do live in a sumptu-  
 “ ous

“ous manner, and are admitted into the  
“society of the highest ranks of the  
“country.”—“The authors of course,”  
said Benvolio, “are still more highly  
“estimated and rewarded?”—“It is but  
“natural to suppose,” replied Krites,  
“that the inventor should be preferred  
“to the displayer of the invention; but  
“that is not the case in Aisthesis. The  
“poet is not seen, or heard personally,  
“the actor studies to be seen and heard  
“to advantage; the poet produces  
“thoughts and pictures in solitude; but  
“it is the actor, that gives them effect  
“and grace. The Aisthesians must  
“have actors, but they have no need of  
“poets except for their actors. The  
“reward of an author, therefore is of  
“secondary consideration: not but that  
“if he possess entertaining powers and  
“will condescend to pipe at a feast, he  
“will be admitted through courtesy.  
“This

“ This they have in general too much  
“ pride to do, and are therefore too  
“ often personally neglected while their  
“ works are charming thousands.”

As Krites said this, he led Benvolio into a public place of refreshment, whither it was the fashion to resort after the play. Here they found various groups of company, all of whom were expressing their rapture at the entertainments of the evening, and extolling the poet Ywato.

Krites had just ordered some refreshment when a person in ragged clothes entered the room and begged of Benvolio to give him a *lodo*, a small Aisthefian coin. The knight, surprisid, looked at Krites, who instantly drew out a *gopa*, a piece of twenty times the value of that which the stranger had asked, and gave it to him with a look of solicitude. The stranger went immediately to the board on which refreshments were displayed,

displayed, and laying down the *gopa* took up a small simple cake. "It is he," said Krites to Benvolio, "it is he." Before he could utter the name, the stranger made a convulsive struggle; and fell backward. Benvolio, whose eyes had followed him from the moment his friend had said, "*it is he*," and who was now at no great distance from him, sprung forward, and caught him in his arms. The company crowded round him, the face of the stranger was recognized, and there was a cry of, "It is Ywato, it is Ywato." He continued convulsed till he died upon the spot. The person with whom he lodged, a poor Noufaisthesian, lately set up as a manufacturer at Neuron, was sent for, and declared that he had long been without sustenance. His emaciated figure corroborated the declaration, and the poet with whose numbers nations had been charmed,

and



and whose genius had that very night afforded the general entertainment to the city of Neuron, had been left to starve in an obscure corner, and was absolutely choaked in his eagerness to swallow a morsel of food.

It was no sooner known that Ywato was dead than that munificence which might have preserved his life and yielded him a happy existence, broke forth in innumerable streams to honour his obsequies. His corpse was not allowed to be carried back to his naked room, but borne to the house of one of the grandees of Aisthesis. Benvolio was all amazement: "How inconsistent," cried he, "to have no feeling for him while he had feeling himself, and power to manifest a sense of generosity, but to lavish regard and distinctions upon him the moment he becomes a lifeless clod."—"You are mistaken," replied Krites;

Krites; "it is very consistent in Aisthesis,  
 " where the regard and distinctions  
 " bestowed on such occasions are but  
 " the price for the gratification of a  
 " species of pride which the Aisthesians  
 " conceive to be very honourable to  
 " them. As I said before, those merits  
 " which are personal are recommenda-  
 " tions in life, but they cease with life  
 " and often much sooner: whereas  
 " those of the genuine poet, which are  
 " independent of his frame, are over-  
 " looked in Aisthesis while he lives, but  
 " render his name immortal after his  
 " death, and the honour bestowed on  
 " the name is considered as reflected."  
 — "Then Ywato," said Benvolio,  
 " will have a monument erected to his  
 " memory."

## CHAP. VIII.

Honours paid to the poet.—The Temple of the Dead.—The difference of those of Phreen.—A theatrical phenomenon.

IT was the fashion to visit the dead body of the poet Ywato at the house of the grandee where it lay previous to interment. Benvolio and Krites went through the ceremony, it being understood that it was a compliment expected from all persons of distinction. They likewise followed it to the *Temple of the Dead*, whither it was conveyed with the greatest funeral pomp, and where a magnificent monument was shortly after erected to his memory by the grandee, at whose house his corpse had lain.

Benvolio observed that of the immense  
retinue

retinue that had followed the bier to the Temple, a very small number entered, and of those who did, he lost sight the moment the body was deposited. He and Krites, were left by themselves at one corner of the Temple. "The Aisthesians," said Krites, "hold death in abhorrence, and not the less that the term of life seems fixed at a shorter period than in Noufaisthefis."—"Fixed by nature?" asked Benvolio. "So they generally believe," replied Krites, "and indeed it may be allowed; for the modes of existence which shorten life are now become thoroughly their nature. They have no future hope, and dread death, yet cannot resist those indulgences which accelerate it. They never enter this Temple but with the greatest reluctance, and shuddering at the gloomy appearance of the interior, remain not an instant longer than

“ than is requisite for the office to be per-  
“ formed.”—“ To what purpose erect  
“ these monuments with inscriptions,”  
said Benvolio, “ if they never visit these  
“ regions of their departed friends and  
“ relations ?” —“ It is,” replied Krites,  
“ a useless species of immortality which  
“ they think it incumbent upon them to  
“ bestow on those who have no other.  
“ The magnificence of the Temple at-  
“ tracts the curiosity of strangers, and  
“ they are only persons who look at these  
“ memorials.” —“ There is something  
“ awful and grand in this scene ;” said  
Benvolio. “ It would be truly so,” re-  
plied Krites, “ if it were considered as  
“ the repository of the records of de-  
“ parted worth gone to its reward. Let  
“ us take a view of the monuments.” —  
“ Here is a master-piece,” said Benvolio.  
“ It is very fine,” replied Krites, “ I  
“ am acquainted with the artist, who  
“ lives

“ lives at Phreen, the capital of Noufa-  
 “ isthesis, where he ranks very high.  
 “ The design is grand and the execution  
 “ worthy of the design : but on whom is  
 “ it bestowed ? ” — “ It should seem by the  
 “ inscription,” replied Benvolio, “ on  
 “ one that richly merited it.” — “ Read  
 “ the next inscription,” said Krites,  
 “ and the next to that, and proceed  
 “ with as many as you please.” The  
 knight perused a great number : “ In  
 “ deed,” said he smiling, “ the tenor of  
 “ them is much alike.” — “ It would  
 “ spare much trouble,” said Krites,  
 “ if one general inscription were en-  
 “ graven on a tablet, at the entrance of  
 “ the Temple, ascribing all that was good  
 “ and lovely to the tenants of it : ad-  
 “ ding according to the Aisthesian belief,  
 “ that though so good and lovely, they  
 “ were now annihilated for ever.” — “ Is  
 “ not the number of temples in Neuron,”  
 said

said Benvolio, “ inconsistent with the  
“ renunciation of futurity by the Aisthe-  
“ sians ? ” — “ By no means,” replied  
Krites, “ pleasure is the deity to which  
“ these temples are erected ; it is the ob-  
“ ject of their adoration, and they have  
“ not a wish beyond the gratification of  
“ the present hour.”

As Benvolio and Krites were about  
to go out, the former turned to admire  
once more the magnificence of the sur-  
rounding pile, and observed to his friend  
the solemn stillness that reigned. “ How  
“ very different,” said Krites, “ from  
“ the temples at Phreen, which are dedi-  
“ cated to departed spirits. Convinced  
“ that our friends, though gone before  
“ us, are capable of looking back and  
“ being delighted with our remembrance,  
“ we regularly frequent the spots in  
“ which their remains are deposited, we  
“ recal past scenes of affection, we com-  
“ memorate

“ memorate the virtues we witnessed,  
“ we chant praises, and pray that we  
“ may be worthy of joining their society  
“ beyond the limits of Dokimasia. The  
“ buildings in general are not so superb  
“ as this, but are upon a very different  
“ plan : they are light and airy though  
“ solemn, nor do we conceive it neces-  
“ sary to unite gloom with solemnity.”

Benvolio concurred in this opinion, paid a tribute to the superiority of the Nou-faisthesian principle, and declared that he was impatient to visit Noufaisthesis.

The day after the funeral of Ywato was the day on which the young actor, mentioned by Krites, was to make his first appearance. The friends, according to their engagement, dined together and set out at an early hour for the theatre. As they approached it, long lines of carriages prevented their proceeding but very slowly, and they therefore chose to walk.



On foot they found the crowd so great, that it was with the utmost difficulty they reached the door of the theatre, and thence they had to make their way through groups of screaming and fainting Aistheseans—some lamenting the difficulties and labour they had fruitlessly encountered, others making the most extravagant offers for places.

Arrived at their seats, Benvolio and Krites found most of the company already assembled, and others pouring in at every avenue. Never was expectation exalted to so high a pitch. Those who had seen the child, for such he was, in the remote parts of Aisthesis, seemed proud of the accidental priority of gratification, and spent the time previous to the rising of the curtain, in rapturous descriptions of the astonishing excellence of the boy, and of various passages in the well known plays, which he had

conceived in a different light from every other actor, and executed in a style far beyond them. The generality, who were yet to see him, were wondering to one another, whether he could possibly deserve the fame he had gained; and many, particularly Noufaisthesians, for it was a principle of the Noufaisthesian to be on his guard against his impulses, came, resolved not to be duped by the force of artful applauses. A universal agitation pervaded the house, and as the curtain rose, it broke forth into a long preparatory greeting.

The play proceeded a considerable time, before the course of the action brought the hero upon the stage. No attention was paid to the actors, scarcely a word they uttered was heard. The audience continued conversing on the coming prodigy, and the buz of their voices confounded the articulation of those on the

the

the stage. At length he entered—the Aisthesians, without waiting for their suggesters, yielded to their impulse; the Noufaiisthesians to the beauty, grace, and nature, that appeared in the young candidate. All that can be conceived expressive of rapture, was now poured forth: clapping of the hands was inadequate to the feelings excited—it was presently lost in the thunder of huzzaing, and caps were thrown into the air. It was a considerable time before silence could be obtained, but when attention became fixed, the silence was profound, all eagerly listening to catch the first accents of the little hero. The admiration that followed them was beyond description, and applause was redoubled at every speech he uttered; and at the end of the play, the clapping and huzzaing continued till the beginning of the

entertainment by those who remained; for many, fully satisfied with the high treat they had received, withdrew upon the dropping of the curtain; and what was very extraordinary, they who remained hissed the entertainment, though an old one, off the stage.

Benvolio and Krites joined in the general admiration; the latter particularly declared, that he had long given up all idea of ever seeing nature again upon the stage, but that now it seemed likely to be restored. “How comes “it,” said Benvolio, “that this boy “has not been secured for the capital “of Noufaissthefis, his own country?” —“For this reason,” replied Krites, “that plays are but of secondary consideration there, and players do not “meet the same encouragement as at “Neuron; there they are paid for “affording

“affording occasional amusement, here  
“they are munificently engaged, and  
“treated as priests and priestesses to the  
“god of the country.”

## CHAP. IX.

*Zelotypus and Agneia.*

**T**HE merits of the little Noufaisthesian were now the theme of every circle in Neuron, from the palace to the shops of the artizans and mechanics. Never were admiration and applause more general. There was not a dissenting voice, those excepted which are always looked for, and the negative of which ever enhances the value of genuine praise: many of the players, and a few conceited big boys were his enemies. So decided, however, were his deserts, that all the rank and fashion of Neuron vied in lavishing the most flattering kindness on the little fellow. It was, who should have him. Benvolio met him frequently  
in

in the best companies, among whom he appeared to be idolized. He feasted with princes and grandees, and was conveyed to the theatre in their carriages. He played almost every night, and he never played without increasing his fame.

Benvolio, who found in Neuron much to gratify his curiosity, and in Krites a pleasing companion and delightful guide, allowed himself to be so entangled in engagements, that he was under the necessity of remaining longer than he intended in the capital of Aisthesis. But Neuron and all its pleasures would have had little power to delay the knight in his journey through Dokimafia, had he not become acquainted with Zelotypus and Agneia. They were Noufaisthesisians, esteemed the most beautiful and accomplished couple in Noufaisthesis, and every happy constellation

seemed to shed its selectest influence on the hour of their nuptials. Yet had they not been married two years, when they found it *necessary* to fix their residence in Aisthesis. Benvolio, ignorant of the nature of that *necessity*, had felt himself attracted to Zelotypus by the good sense of his conversation and the suavity of his manners. Similar causes rendered the attachment reciprocal, and the knight spent most of his time at the house of his friend. At Neuron, he was of double value to Zelotypus, nor were his merits unacknowledged by the lovely Agneia. Harmony and confidence appeared to heighten the zest of their society, and had Agneia not been a wife, it might have been doubted whether she had not eclipsed the divine Felicia in the memory of the knight. Indeed it must be confessed that he felt himself rather too much delighted with his situation,



situation, than was consistent with his design of not being impeded by any pleasure in his progress through Doki-masia; but it must not be forgotten, that his delights were of a nature far superior to those of the country in which he was: they were intellectual and benevolent, they were the delights of the head and of the heart, such as were admitted to be a just excuse for loitering at Phréen, the capital of Nouf-aisthesis.

Benvolio had been a considerable time thus happy, without his ever having found himself a single moment alone with Agneia, whom he admired and esteemed. Having no thoughts which he would not equally express before her husband, this had never struck him as singular. He saw that Zelotypus was as attentive as a lover, but he also saw that Agneia had lost no charm in becoming a wife. He

would sometimes look at her a moment, think of Felicia, and sigh.

One evening, while looking at her more earnestly than usual, he was so absorbed in contemplating in imagination his own divine mistress, the lady Felicia, that Zelotypus had left the room some moments before he perceived that he was alone with the object at whom he was gazing. "Where," cried he, recovering himself, "where is my friend?"—"Lost, Benvolic," replied Agneia, with an air of sadness; "I am your friend as well as Zelotypus, and I am lost; lost to my country, lost to my husband, and now lost to you."—"What can you mean?" exclaimed the astonished knight. "Your virtue and your prudence," replied she, "have hitherto steered our friendship clear of the rock that endangered it; but this night you have unwarily dashed  
 " upon

“ upon it, and we now see each other  
 “ for the last time. Pleased with our  
 “ society, you have been kept longer in  
 “ this country than you intended; and  
 “ you will now soon pursue your journey  
 “ to a nobler, if not a happier region,  
 “ one dear to my heart, but where I  
 “ must never again be seen. When  
 “ you come there,—” as Agneia was  
 about to proceed, the door opened, and  
 a domestic informed her she was wanted.  
 “ Say, I come,” she answered, then  
 continued—“ When you are there, your  
 “ ears will be assailed with sad stories of  
 “ the unfortunate Agneia. Give no  
 “ credit to them, Benvolio; think not,  
 “ that your friendship has been cast away  
 “ upon a worthless woman, but pity  
 “ and defend me. I have not time to  
 “ say more—farewell for ever!” A  
 tear that had risen to her eye, dropped  
 from its resting place. The knight, ear-

nestly beseeching an explanation, would have detained her. She shook her head, repeated her farewell, and left the room.

Amazed and confounded at an event so unexpected, so sudden, Benvolio was at a loss what to conjecture. He had never neglected consulting his syneideesis, and being now alone and agitated, he applied to it. In the praxeis, as usual, the successive occurrences of his life appeared reflected at gradual distances, and for none had he cause to blush. The parainetes presented no object to alarm him. He remained buried in thought, contemplating in his imagination the tear that had fallen from the eye of Agneia, and her inexplicable "farewell for ever."

He was not, however, long left to himself; Agneia was but a few minutes gone, when Zelotypus returned to the  
room.

room. There was little change in his appearance, a slight degree of sadness discoverable on his countenance was all. Benvolio flew to him, and with all the candour of an ingenuous mind, requested to know why he had left the room so abruptly, and why Agneia had been sent for.

“ Benvolio,” said Zelotypus, “ I am  
 “ a Noufaisthesian, and cannot descend  
 “ to falsehood ; and to evade an explanation,  
 “ nation, would be as injurious to your  
 “ character as unworthy of mine. It  
 “ is a tale of sorrow, shame, and mortification ;  
 “ but you ask for it, and you shall hear it. In my country, the  
 “ fidelity of a wife is one of the great  
 “ sources of its happiness ; and she who  
 “ disturbs it is accounted unfit to breathe  
 “ the air of Noufaisthesis. The Queen  
 “ is ever watchful to preserve female  
 “ purity, and to remove whatever may  
 “ tend

“ tend to contaminate it. From this,  
“ and from the superior mental endow-  
“ ments of my countrywomen, infidelity  
“ is rarely, very rarely, heard of in  
“ that land of good sense and virtue:  
“ but it does sometimes occur, and then  
“ it is the province of the Queen to  
“ publish an edict, partly monitory, and  
“ partly declaratory of the punishment  
“ to be inflicted on the person who has  
“ disgraced herself. The latter consists  
“ in an alternative of banishment or  
“ death. To you who have never been  
“ in Noufaisthefis, it will be a curious  
“ paper—I have one in my pocket, and  
“ you shall read it.” “ Heaven for-  
“ bid,” cried Benvolio, with emotion,  
“ that you should mean to apply your  
“ discourse to Agneia.”—“ Have pa-  
“ tience: whatever you hear is now  
“ required by candour, friendship, and  
“ truth,” said Zelotypus, taking from  
his

his pocket-book a paper, which he presented to his friend, who read as follows :

“ Seeing that the customs of Nouf-  
 “ aisthesis, with the entire concurrence  
 “ and approbation of my royal consort,  
 “ have reposed in me the guardianship  
 “ of female manners and virtue, and do  
 “ enable me and require of me to take  
 “ proper steps for removing such fe-  
 “ males as disgrace the nature of Nouf-  
 “ aisthesians, I, Alethea, queen consort  
 “ of Noufaisthesis, publish this edict.  
 “ Soundness of intellect, mildness of  
 “ disposition, and chastity of person,  
 “ are the characteristic qualities of my  
 “ countrywomen. The first of these  
 “ may be impaired by misfortune, the  
 “ two others can never be lost but by a  
 “ baleful corruption of our nature,  
 “ which has bestowed upon our souls so  
 “ great a superiority over our bodies.  
 “ The

“ The woman who becomes an adul-  
 “ tress, or, being single, so far forgets  
 “ her duty as to swerve from our laws of  
 “ purity, does not deserve to breathe  
 “ the air of Noufaisthesis : now as  
 “ Agneia, the wife of Zelotypus, has  
 “ been declared by Geronto, the son of  
 “ Rapiros, to be guilty of the most  
 “ shameful crime of adultery, the proofs  
 “ of which have been given by him in  
 “ due form, without being denied by  
 “ any knight as the champion of the  
 “ arraigned, I do decree that Agneia,  
 “ the wife of Zelotypus, is unworthy of  
 “ the name of wife, unworthy of her  
 “ sex, unworthy of breathing the air of  
 “ Noufaisthesis ; and that if she be  
 “ found within the dominions of our  
 “ royal consort after the term of seven  
 “ days, she shall be deprived of the life  
 “ she has so shamefully disgraced : and  
 “ be it done accordingly.”

Benvolio's



Benvolio's surprize as he read was unspeakable, and as he concluded the decree, he boldly pronounced it founded on a false accusation. "It was made  
 " but too evident," said the unhappy husband; "and my mind respecting  
 " Agneia is fully settled. She has  
 " charms so captivating, that, convinced  
 " as I am of her frailty, I cannot resign  
 " her. By the laws of my country, a  
 " woman leaving Nouris in conse-  
 " quence of such an edict, is considered  
 " as completely divorced from her hus-  
 " band, who is at liberty to take another  
 " wife, if he suffers her to depart with-  
 " out him; but if he accompanies her  
 " in her flight, he loses that privilege  
 " ever after. Agneia added falsehood  
 " to infidelity; she swore she was true  
 " to her vows—she swears it still. She  
 " received the edict with the utmost  
 " calmness and indifference: ' my fame  
 " is

“ is tainted,’ said she, ‘ but my virtue  
“ is uninjured ; I shall meet death with  
“ pleasure ; I shall be found in the  
“ capital of Noufaisthefis after seven  
“ days are past.’ In spite of conviction,  
“ I was half persuaded of her innocence ;  
“ to prevail upon her to live, I assured  
“ her that she was as dear to me as ever,  
“ and to prove it, declared my resolution  
“ to accompany her in her flight, if she  
“ would consent to live. Oh ! with  
“ what ardour, and how long did I  
“ sue in vain for that consent ! Nor  
“ was it till I had sworn to die with her,  
“ that she listened to my entreaties. I  
“ forced her away from Phréen before  
“ the term limited had elapsed, and we  
“ were suffered to pass unmolested  
“ through the rest of the country. Here  
“ she is safe, for the Aisthefians are so  
“ deficient of mind, that there is no fear  
“ of her being attracted by any of them.  
“ Her

“ Her words, her looks, her air, imme-  
 “ diately confound those who dare to  
 “ discover a licentious hope. I had  
 “ been lulled by this behaviour, if not  
 “ into an oblivion of the past, into a  
 “ reliance on the present—but, alas ! no  
 “ sooner does a congeniality of mind  
 “ discover itself, than she is in danger.”  
 —“ Is Zelotypus then ignorant,” said  
 Benvolio, “ of the vows of a knight ?” —  
 “ I say not, Benvolio,” replied Zelo-  
 typus, “ that a dishonourable intention  
 “ has insinuated itself into your bosom ;  
 “ but your look this evening was too  
 “ long and too ardent not to be under-  
 “ stood : I know Agneia to be weak,  
 “ and if there is a pang keener than  
 “ another, it is that of doubting her  
 “ inclination. Be not surpris'd at this  
 “ confession ; candour is essential to a  
 “ Noufaisthesian, and though I may have  
 “ sunk in the opinion of my country-  
 “ men,

“ men, for accompanying a wife who  
 “ had disgraced herself, yet am I still  
 “ a Noufaisthesian. My sincerity will  
 “ save me many pangs, and will forward  
 “ your original design of hastening  
 “ through Aisthesis. Farewell.”

As he said this, he put out his hand in  
 token of friendship at the moment of  
 parting. Benvolio grasped, and held it.  
 “ Unhappy man !” said he, “ it is you  
 “ who are unworthy of living in Nou-  
 “ faisthesis, and not Agneia. Illicit  
 “ love is not the only passion disgraceful  
 “ to the soul ; it is indeed ignoble, but  
 “ the passion that possesses you is an  
 “ infernal one. It is not Agneia that is  
 “ impure, but Zelotypus that is jealous.  
 “ Instead of defending your virtuous  
 “ wife——” “ Had she been virtuous,  
 “ this arm, this heart, would have done  
 “ her justice,” exclaimed Zelotypus,  
 interrupting Benvolio ; “ but a Nouf-  
 “ aisthesian

“ aisthesian cannot defend what he  
“ knows to be wrong. I was not pas-  
“ sive on slight grounds: I had full  
“ conviction of her infidelity. I was  
“ placed by the friend, who afterwards  
“ became her accuser, in a situation  
“ whence I beheld her dishonourer  
“ leave her chamber at the dawn of  
“ day.”—“ Some deception practised  
“ on your temper,” said Benvolio.  
“ Geronto is an honourable man,”  
replied Zelotypus; “ oh! the fact was  
“ but too clear. But I adored her,  
“ forgave her, sacrificed myself to her,  
“ and will not be robbed of her.”  
Saying which, he drew his hand suddenly  
from Benvolio’s grasp, and repeating his  
farewell with a melancholy air, rushed  
from the room. The knight in sorrow  
turned up his eyes to Heaven, and left  
a house from which, after enjoying in it  
fo

so much rational pleasure, he now felt himself suddenly and unjustly excluded.

Returned to his apartments, Benvolio meditated on the passions of men, and regretted that even the best natures were liable to the inroads of some of the most malignant. He was more willing to build his opinion of Agneia on the judgments he had formed in his intercourse and observations, than upon the evidence of a jealous man's eyes. However fair and beautiful, however animated and warm on the subjects of discourse, never had a loose glance sullied the eye, never had a doubtful allusion disgraced the lips of Agneia. Benvolio beheld in her the counterpart of the chaste and adorable Felicia, and lamented that it was too late to offer himself as her champion.

After musing a considerable time, he was preparing to retire to bed, when

a stranger muffled in a cloak, requested admittance. The hour was late, the disguise suspicious—Benvolio instructed his servant to desire the stranger would call in the morning. The servant returned with a message, that the stranger's communication could not be deferred. The knight, whose soul never knew fear, placing his sword within reach, ordered the person to be admitted. The figure that entered was so enveloped in a loose outer garment, that, for aught Benvolio could distinguish, it might be one of the monsters of Dokimasia. The servant who opened the door, stood at it, as if suspecting some danger, and unwilling to retire. The figure advanced without uttering a syllable. "Stop where you are," said Benvolio, "and let me know your business." The stranger was still silent, but nodded towards the door, on which the knight

com-

commanded his servant to withdraw, and shut it. "Secure it," said a female voice in a whisper. Benvolio, more alarmed than he would have been at the sight of another such monster as that from which he had rescued Philochrematos, advanced to the lady, and taking her by the arm, was going to conduct her to the door, when the cloak dropped to the floor, and discovered the lovely wife of Zelotypus.

Trembling, tottering, she seized the arm of the astonished Benvolio, to prevent her falling, and faintly uttered, "I beseech you!" More and more amazed, he led her to a seat. "I in- treat you," said she, in a low voice, "to let it be your first care to prevent all risk of my being seen here." Benvolio looked irresolutely in her face. It was lovely indeed, but its loveliness bore a stamp of dignity which com- manded



manded respect. He left her seated, and went out to give orders that none should approach the apartment. When he returned, he found her composed, her tremour had left her, she rose with ineffable grace to meet him, took him by the hand, and led him to a seat by that on which he had placed her.

The knight had not forgotten, nor neglected the use of his syneideesis. Notwithstanding the history delivered by Zelotypus, he had no apprehension of any danger from Agneia; yet her arrival at his apartments disguised was extraordinary, and that he might not slight the gift and advice of the benevolent genius, he excused himself for a moment, and withdrawing to another chamber, looked at the parainetes of his syneideesis. The first object that presented itself was Agneia. Heavens! what a look! the beauty of her counte-

nance became irradiated, a celestial glow of innocence suffused her cheeks; she pointed to the skies, and vanished. He returned his syneideesis to his bosom, and flew to the injured Agneia.

“ Benvolio,” said the lovely wife of Zelotypus, “ strange as this visit must appear to you, and repugnant as it is to my own sentiments, I am persuaded that it is a wise step; that I shall not lose your esteem, and that I shall restore my husband to his country and to happiness—and shall form then withhold me? No, I come boldly: look at me, my friend: is it the boldness of infamy that my countenance displays, or that which arises from the consciousness of innocence? Benvolio, I swear I am innocent of the crime of which I have been declared guilty. Zelotypus has communicated to you the sentence against me in  
“ Nou-

“ Noufaisthefis, and his own conviction.  
“ The former I do not merit—the latter  
“ I in some degree deserve, since I con-  
“ sented to live. That consent, how-  
“ ever, he wrung from me, assisted by  
“ the affection I bear him. Zelotypus  
“ is the best of men—intelligent, gene-  
“ rous, amiable; he has but one fault,  
“ and I am the cause of it: jealousy is  
“ the bane of his peace. Distrust of a  
“ woman’s virtue is so mortifying, so  
“ odious, that it might justify contempt,  
“ and even hatred, in her mind. But a  
“ Noufaisthesian is accustomed to make  
“ a distinction between inherent vice,  
“ which springs from the heart, and  
“ failings which are the effects of reason  
“ deceived. Jealousy was sown in the  
“ heart of Zelotypus by no common  
“ hand, and matured there by no com-  
“ mon means.

“ Our attachment may be dated from  
“ our infancy : we were educated near  
“ each other. When the time arrived  
“ for him to visit the different parts of  
“ Dokimafia, the pain we felt at parting,  
“ convinced us that our hearts destined  
“ us for each other. A Noufaisthesian,  
“ at that period of life, is not allowed to  
“ enter into engagements of marriage ;  
“ but as far as the expression of the soul  
“ on the countenance could be a pledge  
“ of love, the engagement was mutually  
“ made. In his absence, Geronto, my  
“ false accuser, solicited my hand—I  
“ denied it. He used every means in  
“ his power to alter my resolution, but  
“ in vain, for Zelotypus had entire pos-  
“ session of my heart. When he found  
“ that my resolution was not to be  
“ shaken, his love changed to inveterate  
“ hatred ; ’twas unlike a Noufaisthesian,  
“ but

“ but there are some such : he desisted  
 “ from his sollicitation with a brow  
 “ clouded by the most tremendous  
 “ anger, and with these words, *you shall*  
 “ *repent, you shall suffer*, emphatically  
 “ and malignantly spoken. I have *not*  
 “ *repented*, Benvolio, for I prefer my  
 “ present fortunes with my husband, to  
 “ the unbroken fame I might have pre-  
 “ served as the wife of Geronto : but  
 “ his other denouncement has been ful-  
 “ filled—Yes, I have suffered, Heaven  
 “ knows how I have suffered ! It is not  
 “ enough to be innocent : oh ! the *re-*  
 “ *putation* of innocence is dear, infinitely  
 “ dear, to my soul. But to my  
 “ story——

“ In a short time Geronto appeared  
 “ to have recovered his ease, he was no  
 “ longer the sport of a hopeless passion ;  
 “ he seemed even to have forgotten his  
 “ resentment, and more than once, in

“ conversation with me, bantered him-  
“ self on his folly. He soon after left  
“ Noufaisthefis. Delivered from his  
“ persecutions, my happiest hours were  
“ now spent in thinking of Zelotypus,  
“ and in unwearied exertions to render  
“ myself worthy of him.

“ After an absence of two years, he  
“ returned to Phreen, and soon, with  
“ the approbation of all our friends, on  
“ both sides, declared himself my lover.  
“ In the course of the year we were  
“ married; how happily rolled on that,  
“ and the succeeding one! At the end  
“ of that time, Geronto returned to  
“ Phreen. He had met Zelotypus  
“ abroad, and had cultivated an inti-  
“ macy with him, without knowing that  
“ we were the objects of each other’s  
“ choice. He renewed his intimacy,  
“ and appeared to have lost all recol-  
“ lection of having ever addressed me

“ as

“ as a lover. Consummate hypo-  
 “ crite!

“ Among the friends of Zelotypus,  
 “ there was a youth whose name was  
 “ Cherbin, a mild, gentle, inoffensive  
 “ creature; one of those characters, that,  
 “ without making a strong impression  
 “ upon any heart, awakens a general  
 “ fondness. My husband loved him,  
 “ and bade me love him—and so I did  
 “ most innocently. This poor boy Ge-  
 “ ronto pitched upon for the instrument  
 “ of his vengeance. I soon observed in  
 “ the eyes of Zelotypus, the effects of  
 “ the poison which had been infused  
 “ into his soul, but without suspecting  
 “ the nature of the cause. I caught his  
 “ looks wandering from me to Cherbin,  
 “ and from Cherbin to me: I blushed  
 “ without knowing why. Time, in-  
 “ creasing the malady, betrayed the  
 “ nature of it. I avoided Cherbin, for-

“ getting that to do so, was showing a  
“ conscioufness of some kind. It added  
“ fuel to the flame; particularly as it  
“ sometimes happened, in spite of my  
“ caution, that he was with me alone  
“ when Zelotypus came in. At length  
“ my feelings would allow me to be  
“ silent no longer—I threw myself into  
“ my husband’s bosom, I kissed his  
“ hands, I bathed his cheeks with my  
“ tears; I besought him to banish from  
“ his bosom passions that were unworthy  
“ of it. He disclaimed any such pas-  
“ sion, and was hurt that I should enter-  
“ tain a suspicion of the kind. Still he  
“ pressed me to his heart, and we re-  
“ newed our vows of love and con-  
“ stancy.

“ We were still repeating the effu-  
“ sions of our affection, when Zelotypus  
“ received an order from court, which  
“ required his immediate absence.

“ While



“ While he was away, that I might  
 “ avoid Cherbin without appearing sin-  
 “ gular, I resolved to refuse myself to  
 “ all company, I saw none but my  
 “ nearest relations. Guess then my  
 “ astonishment and indignation, when,  
 “ ten days previous to the expected  
 “ return of my husband, an officer from  
 “ the Queen demanded to see me, and  
 “ presented her Majesty’s signature to  
 “ one of the foulest charges that can  
 “ be exhibited against a woman. Not  
 “ even innocence could enable me to  
 “ endure with resignation the horror of  
 “ such a charge. It appeared by the  
 “ tenour of the writing, that Geronto  
 “ was my accuser, and poor Cherbin  
 “ my accomplice. Accusations of this  
 “ kind seldom occur in Nouvaissthis,  
 “ not only because my countrywomen  
 “ are virtuous, but because the support  
 “ of them is dangerous, when the proof

“ is not very clear, for the accuser em-  
“ ployed must give a general challenge,  
“ and maintain his assertion by personal  
“ combat against any knight who may  
“ appear as the champion of the ac-  
“ cused. On the other hand, no Nou-  
“ sailthesian will become a champion on  
“ such an occasion, without feeling a  
“ conviction of the innocence of the  
“ unfortunate person. I bade the  
“ officer assure her Majesty, that I was  
“ guiltless, and that I should be ready  
“ to repel the accusation on the return  
“ of my husband to Phreen, and that  
“ in the mean time, I would seclude  
“ myself from the sight of her Majesty’s  
“ subjects.

“ Far from apprehending that the  
“ charge would be supported with any  
“ credible testimony, or that I should  
“ want a champion, my only fear was,  
“ that among those who should rise in  
“ my

“ my defence, Zelotypus would insist  
 “ upon his prior right. This made me  
 “ wretched, for I knew that Geronto  
 “ was more expert in arms, and I  
 “ trembled for his life even more than  
 “ for the consequences of a disastrous  
 “ issue to my fame. At length he ar-  
 “ rived—but oh! how changed! ema-  
 “ ciated, dejected, grave, but in ex-  
 “ pressions of love still ardent. He  
 “ spoke of the accusation with deep  
 “ sorrow, but with no marks of resent-  
 “ ment against the accuser. I attributed  
 “ this to the weakness of malady, for  
 “ he was evidently ill; and I even de-  
 “ rived comfort from the reflection that  
 “ he could not be my champion, per-  
 “ suaded as I was, that many would  
 “ be ready to answer the challenger’s  
 “ trumpet.

“ Zelotypus grew worse, and on the  
 “ day of the trial could not be removed

“ from the house. Oh ! that dreadful  
“ day ! Spare me the mortification,  
“ Benvolio, of a circumstantial recital :  
“ suffice it to say, that my husband had  
“ enrolled his evidence against me ; that  
“ he had been interrogated by the  
“ Queen’s examiner, and had declared,  
“ that, in company with my accuser, he  
“ had seen Cherbin leave my chamber  
“ at the dawn of day ; that he believed  
“ me faithless, and that Geronto was  
“ actuated by friendship towards him,  
“ and love of the pure laws of the  
“ country. My heart sunk, while a  
“ murmur of disapprobation ran through-  
“ out the court, but whether it was the  
“ voice of condemnation or of doubt,  
“ was not clear ; nor had it ceased,  
“ when a trumpet sounded, which at  
“ that moment was the signal that a  
“ knight desired to ask a question. An  
“ awful silence instantly took place,  
“ when

“ when a noble youth rose, and bowing  
 “ to the Queen, called upon her Ma-  
 “ jesty’s examiner to repeat himself the  
 “ testimony he had taken. This he did  
 “ just as it had been read. The knight  
 “ then bowed again to the Queen, and  
 “ said, that as a Noufaisthesian, he was  
 “ bound to abandon the intention he  
 “ had formed. He retired, and at the  
 “ same time five more distinguished  
 “ youths left the court.

“ Cherbin, for the sake of form, was  
 “ summoned to appear, and as he could  
 “ not be found after the morning men-  
 “ tioned in the charge, he was declared  
 “ to have fled his country, in dread of  
 “ merited punishment for the guilt  
 “ which he had confessed in confidence  
 “ to Geronto. My sentence followed ;  
 “ a black mantle was thrown over me,  
 “ and I was hurried home in a vehicle,  
 “ on which I sunk senseless. When I  
 “ reco-

“ recovered my senses, I found myself in  
 “ the arms of Zelotypus.

“ I came to myself by degrees, and  
 “ it was some time before the full re-  
 “ collection of my miserable state re-  
 “ turned to my mind. It was in vain  
 “ to upbraid Zelotypus, who now ac-  
 “ knowledged himself to be fully con-  
 “ vinced of what he called his misfor-  
 “ tune; and I therefore determined, as  
 “ my last refuge, to embrace the alter-  
 “ native of death given in my sentence,  
 “ by remaining at Phreen beyond the  
 “ time limited. This resolution re-  
 “ mained unshaken, till I found Zelo-  
 “ typus determined to share death with  
 “ me. Injured as I was, when I began  
 “ to reflect, I could not but be con-  
 “ vinced, that some powerful delusion  
 “ had betrayed my husband’s senses, and  
 “ that his actions, except the survival of  
 “ his love, were afterwards founded  
 “ upon

“ upon principle. I forgave him, and  
“ hoping that one day, through the  
“ means of Cherbin or some providen-  
“ tial event, my innocence might be  
“ proved, I consented to live, and to  
“ accompany him to Neuron. Here,  
“ as you know, we have lived some  
“ time in perfect harmony and affection ;  
“ but jealousy has taken such fast hold  
“ of his heart, that he cannot enjoy that  
“ peace which ought to be the reward of  
“ his virtues. The futile race that in-  
“ habit Aisthesis 'give him no pain, nor  
“ does he object to the society of those  
“ foreigners who occasionally reside  
“ here, while they show no uncommon  
“ attention to his wife, but several have  
“ been dismissed on account of some  
“ unusual compliment or look, which he  
“ has ingenuously owned to me at the  
“ time, betrayed, in his opinion, a rising  
“ inclination, which it was better to  
“ smother

“ smother in the beginning. Such,  
 “ Benvolio, is now your case. Your  
 “ words and looks have long been di-  
 “ rected undistinguishingly to both hus-  
 “ band and wife, till the reverie that  
 “ overtook you, and in which your  
 “ looks, though to me they appeared,  
 “ what they were, the effect of a tempo-  
 “ rary absence of mind, conveyed to  
 “ him the conviction of a dangerous  
 “ tendernefs.

“ I have now, my friend, as briefly as  
 “ I could, made you acquainted with  
 “ the chief circumstances of my story.  
 “ It was a necessary preface to the sub-  
 “ ject of my visit.”—“ It is a painful  
 “ story, lady,” said Benvolio; “ would  
 “ I had been at Phreen at the moment  
 “ of the charge being proclaimed!”—  
 “ Nay, you shall not wrong my coun-  
 “ trymen,” cried Agneia, “ nor your  
 “ friend Zelotypus. I had not wanted  
 “ a cham-



“ a champion, had they not believed  
“ me guilty. But you may be my  
“ champion yet, and that on the best of  
“ grounds. I have within two days  
“ unexpectedly discovered a means of  
“ tracing poor Cherbin.”—“ It would  
“ be fortunate indeed,” exclaimed Ben-  
volio, “ to find him ; but found or not,  
“ I swear, lady, if it be not now too late,  
“ I will immediately proceed to Phreen,  
“ accuse Geronto of being a false knight,  
“ and challenge him to repel my charge  
“ by a formal combat.”—“ A challenge  
“ is now too late,” said Agneia, “ un-  
“ less grounded on some striking testi-  
“ mony of falsehood. Were Cherbin  
“ discovered by my means, and con-  
“ fronted with Geronto by a knight  
“ determined to support his testimony,  
“ the villain might yet be foiled, and  
“ circumstances might appear to esta-  
“ blish truth.”—“ Tell me,” cried the  
knight,

knight, eagerly, “ where I shall seek  
“ young Cherbin, and I will instantly  
“ set out to find him.”—“ Blessed be  
“ the hour that brought you to Neu-  
“ ron !” exclaimed the enraptured Ag-  
neia ; “ a new hope springs in my soul.  
“ Oh ! Benvolio, I know the full value  
“ of your undertaking my cause ; and  
“ were your fame and prowess less than  
“ they are, I should scruple to allow  
“ your appearing in it : but expert and  
“ powerful in arms as Geronto is, a  
“ victory to you is certain.”—“ The  
“ more powerful he,” replied the knight,  
“ the prouder shall I be of that victory.”  
—“ My gratitude far exceeds expres-  
“ sion,” said Agneia.

She then took from her finger a ring,  
and showing it to Benvolio, continued  
thus : “ This ring was the gift of Zelo-  
“ typus to Cherbin, before his mind  
“ was poisoned by Geronto. The day  
“ before

“ before yesterday, while Zelotypus and  
“ I were at a jeweller’s, I observed the  
“ ring among many others. Lest it  
“ should awaken painful reflections in  
“ the mind of my husband, I drew his  
“ attention to other objects, and we soon  
“ after went away. We had not gone  
“ far, when, meeting a person whom  
“ Zelotypus wished to accompany on  
“ some affair, he left me to proceed home  
“ by myself. I seized the opportunity  
“ of returning to the jeweller’s, and,  
“ having purchased the ring, made en-  
“ quiries respecting it, by which I  
“ learned that he had bought it of an  
“ Aisthesian, who had found it as he  
“ travelled near Nariston, a small town  
“ of Noufaiisthefis, at a very great dis-  
“ tance from Phreen, but within a day’s  
“ journey of Neuron, and not much out  
“ of the direct road to the capital of  
“ Noufaiisthefis. I asked for the person  
“ of

“ of whom the ring was bought, but he  
 “ was unknown. Whether it were  
 “ really found or stolen, hope assures  
 “ me, that in placing it in your hands, it  
 “ will lead to the discovery of its mas-  
 “ ter.” So saying, she presented it to  
 Benvolio, who, putting it on his finger,  
 declared to Agneia, that it should never  
 be separated from him, until he had  
 found the owner of it, or vanquished  
 the perfidious Geronto. With the  
 warmest protestations of gratitude, Ag-  
 neia now took leave of the knight, and,  
 resuming her disguise, was fortunate  
 enough to return home undiscovered,  
 before Zelotypus’s usual hour of going to  
 bed. She had run a very great risk, but  
 the object in view was of the greatest  
 moment to her. Besides, she depended  
 upon Zelotypus waiting her summons  
 before he came to her chamber.

Benvolio, charmed with the character  
 of

of Agneia, and proud already of the adventure that awaited him, gave orders to his servant, to make preparation in the morning for his departure from Neuron. Before he retired to rest, he again examined his *fyneideefis*; the *side parainetes* presented only the unspotted mirror; in the *side praxeis* he beheld a pleasing succession of images; the recent scene with Agneia seemed starting from the frame, encompassed with a radiance which reflected a splendid light upon the mirror. A delightful glow pervaded his bosom, as he returned his *fyneideefis* to it, and retired to bed.

## CHAP. X.

The knight's progress—his fruitless search at Nariston—his journey to Phreen—the furious combat he fought there, and the issue of it.

**I**N the morning, while his servant was arranging things for their journey, Benvolio went to take leave of Philochrematos and Krites. To the Iatros he deputed the office of apologizing to the Prince, and those from whom he had received civilities, for his abrupt departure, which was the result of a duty unexpectedly imposed upon him by the laws of knighthood. With his friend Krites, he passed an hour, and took some refreshment.

“ You have been longer at Neuron than you at first intended,” said

Krites, smiling ; “ but a knowledge of  
“ the laws of chivalry no doubt tran-  
“ quillized the mind of Zelotypus re-  
“ pecting your friendship with the beau-  
“ tiful Agneia.”—“ Krites,” replied  
Benvolio, “ Zelotypus is a most un-  
“ happy being, and his wife a most  
“ injured woman. But how comes it, if  
“ you are acquainted with their story,  
“ that you have never once hinted at it  
“ in our conversations ?” —“ Because,”  
replied Krites, “ it is one of the prin-  
“ ciples of a Noufaisthesian’s conver-  
“ sation, not to report what may injure  
“ or degrade a fellow creature, unless  
“ his silence be injurious to society ; and  
“ especially if there be the slightest sus-  
“ picion on his mind, that the report is  
“ unmerited, or if he believes amend-  
“ ment to have followed sorrow. Nor  
“ should I now have led to the subject,  
“ but that I was solicitous to find whether  
“ our

“ our sentiments concurred on that un-  
“ fortunate affair : I never credited the  
“ guilt imputed to Agneia.”—“ You  
“ never manifested greater judgment,”  
replied Benvolio, “ than by your dis-  
“ credit of it : I would stake my life on  
“ her honour—” The knight, in the  
warmth of his feelings, was about to dis-  
close the cause of his sudden departure  
from Neuron ; but he checked himself,  
as it might be important to keep it secret,  
till he had found Cherbin. “ Then  
“ what a villain must Geronto be,” said  
Krites. “ Ay,” replied his friend, “ an  
“ arch-demon, though a Noufaisthesian.”  
—“ I thank you,” cried Krites, “ for  
“ the compliment of your *though* to my  
“ country ; but it was never pretended  
“ that there were not exceptions to the  
“ general character : nay, there are con-  
“ stant emigrations of Noufaisthesians,  
“ whose dispositions, by some bias re-  
“ ceived



" ceived in the course of their youth,  
 " become in time more congenial to the  
 " habits of Aisthesis, where they settle  
 " for life. These, from the very cir-  
 " cumstance of their intellectual supe-  
 " riority, refine on the vices of the  
 " country, and in the end sink to a state  
 " of indolence and sensuality even lower  
 " than that of the inhabitants. Geronto  
 " is ambitious of the pure reputation of  
 " of his country, but I know him, in  
 " spite of his best efforts to sustain its  
 " character, to be selfish, proud, and  
 " revengeful. He stands high in Phreen,  
 " where you will meet him :"—" I hope  
 " so," said Benvolio, whose feelings  
 again outran his resolution. He reco-  
 vered himself, however, by enquiring of  
 his friend how the crime that had been  
 imputed to Agneia was punished in Ais-  
 thesis. Krites smiled at the question.  
 " Adultery," said he, " is not considered

“ as a crime by the laws of this country.  
“ Any man that can afford to pay for  
“ it, is allowed to commit it.”—“ How  
“ do you mean, *pay?*” exclaimed the  
knight. “ That too,” said Krites, “ is  
“ an extraordinary custom. Though a  
“ man is not considered as committing  
“ a crime against society, and punished  
“ for the benefit of the whole commu-  
“ nity, he is held to be guilty of a pri-  
“ vate injury individually to the hus-  
“ band, and a certain number of persons  
“ are appointed to make an estimate,  
“ according to the rank and supposed  
“ feelings of the injured man, and to  
“ adjudge him a sum of money as a  
“ consolation for his wife’s prank. But  
“ this is not so absurd as the positive  
“ law in another instance of corrupt  
“ manners. If an Aisthesian is disco-  
“ vered to have tainted the mind of  
“ the daughter of his neighbour, to have  
“ seduced

“ seduced her from her duty, to have  
 “ made her swerve from virtue, the law  
 “ adjudges him to pay her father a sum  
 “ equal to his servant’s wages.”—“ I  
 “ can only say,” exclaimed Benvolio,  
 with uplifted hands and eyes, “ that the  
 “ *pneumatic plaister* itself is not so sur-  
 “ prising.”

The knight now took leave of Krites, and returned to his apartments, where he found every thing ready. He delivered the keys into the hands of the Prince’s chamberlain, whose house was contiguous to that of which he had occupied a wing, and mounting his noble courser took the road to Nariston, followed by his servant.

Smooth ground and a busy mind shortened the distance: Benvolio halted for the night at a small town on the borders of Aisthesis, which he passed next morning at sun-rise. The face of

the country on entering Noufaisthesis differed little from that which he had left; but there was a striking distinction in the nature of the cultivation. The soils of both were luxuriant, but in Aisthesis the productions were allowed to take their own course; some things grew in wild abundance, while others, for want of training and room, dwindled and spent themselves without ripening. On the contrary, in Noufaisthesis, those that were too luxuriant were checked, and the slower and scarcer plants stimulated by care and culture, so that a general plenty was secured, while the striking appearances of utility added a new pleasure to those of nature. The greatest contrast was in the strength, activity, and health of the inhabitants, and in the intelligence and skill they displayed.

As Benvolio approached Nariston he saw many persons on the road, some  
coming

coming from and others going to it. He inquired of several if they knew the name of Cherbin: it had never been heard of in the country. At Nariston his inquiry was not more successful: no person of that name had ever lived there. A hope yet remained if a claimant for the ring could be found, and the knight had it described and proclaimed through the whole town. Every body came to look at it, but still no claimant appeared. Benvolio, after spending some weeks to no purpose at Nariston, vexed and mortified at the failure of his enterprise, resolved notwithstanding to proceed to Phreen, to punish Geronto at all events, though it should not be in his power to accompany his challenge with that mode of proof which was now necessary for the restoration of Agneia.

While at Nariston he had made several acquaintances, one of whom begged to

have the pleasure of accompanying him to the next town in the way towards the capital. Benvolio was happy to have his company, and they set out together. The knight's disappointment dwelt upon his mind, and without revealing the original cause of his anxiety, he talked to his companion of Cherbin and the ring. "I know not," said the youth, "the cause of your anxiety to discover Cherbin, but you make me almost as anxious as yourself that you should find him, and who knows but he may be heard of in the town whither we are going: though perhaps he has changed his name, and may have some reason for wishing not to be known. I lately heard a story of a young man who had a warm friendship for another, for whom he would have sacrificed his life. The friendship was mutual, and for some time  
" nothing

“ nothing happened to disturb their  
“ happiness. The friend of this youth  
“ married a lovely woman, who, with  
“ the approbation of her husband,  
“ entered into their bond of friendship.  
“ Soon after, the notice bestowed by  
“ his wife upon their friend, though  
“ innocent, became painful to the hus-  
“ band, and his misery was evident.  
“ The young man resolved to remove  
“ the cause of it: he left the town  
“ where they resided, retired to a very  
“ great distance, and determined that  
“ no communication should take place  
“ on either side for a length of time.  
“ He has so completely concealed him-  
“ self that no inquiry has been able  
“ to trace him. Perhaps he may be  
“ the Cherbin you are in search of,  
“ having taken another name. If you  
“ would trust me with the cause of your  
“ wishing

“ wishing to find him, (for the resto-  
 “ ration of a ring of little value cannot  
 “ be the cause,) it is not improbable  
 “ I may assist in discovering him.”

Benvolio gazed at his companion, whom he had found a mild, amiable, inoffensive youth, and combining his story with the description Agneia had given of Cherbin, he was suddenly persuaded that he was in company with the man he sought. “ Willingly,” replied the knight. “ Have you ever heard the  
 “ names of Zelotypus and Agneia?” continued he, keeping his eyes fixed upon him. “ Where do they live?” asked the youth, without betraying any emotion. His evasion, however, of a direct answer, confirmed the suspicion of Benvolio, who replied that they once lived at Phreen. “ And do they not  
 “ still?” exclaimed the youth. “ Are  
 “ you not acquainted then with the  
 “ public



“ public events at Phreen ?” said the knight. “ The distance,” replied he, “ is great, and many things do not reach Nariston : besides, I have been out of the country, and it is not long since I returned.”—Agneia,” said Benvolio, “ has been declared, by a sentence of the Queen’s, unworthy of breathing the air of Noufaisthefis.” The youth turned pale as the knight spoke, and he asked in an agitated voice the cause. Being told on an unrepelled charge of adultery with Cherbin, he shrunk in his head and cried, “ Oh heavens ! is it possible ! unrepelled ! Who was the accuser ?”—“ You are agitated,” said Benvolio, “ you no doubt know these persons : the accuser’s name is Geronto.” The youth drew in his steed ; the knight followed his example. “ Seigneur,” said the frantic youth, dropping his bridle and clasping

his hands, "My tongue is not accuf-  
"tomed to imprecations, but I cannot  
"restrain it from blasting the villain  
"Geronto! perdition seize the wretch!  
"I will go to Phreen—I will confront  
"the villain, and spite of his skill in  
"arms I swear"—"Stop," cried Ben-  
volio, "swear not to take the honour-  
"able task which Agneia herself has  
"appointed me. But I can no longer  
"doubt that I am talking with Cher-  
"bin."—"Knight," said the youth,  
"I have no longer reason to conceal  
"myself. Zelotypus thinks, or thought,  
"me dead, and that he should continue  
"to think so till time had fully subdued  
"the only unworthy emotion of his  
"mind, has been the motive of the  
"sacrifice I have made to friendship  
"and to virtue."

Delighted with his adventure, Benvolio embraced Cherbin, and proposed that  
they

they should return to Nariston, until his friend could prepare himself for so long a journey. This was agreed to as a necessary delay. Benvolio gave Cherbin a circumstantial account of what had taken place at Phreen respecting Agneia, and of Zelotypus's prevailing upon her to live and accompany him to Neuron; of the jealousy that still tormented his soul, of the event respecting himself, of Agneia's visit, and of the ring, which he now delivered to its owner. In return Cherbin informed the knight of all that related to him. "Trifling as the loss of my ring would have been," said Cherbin, "I consider it as one of those events which the invisible powers of goodness are frequently observed to direct, for the purpose of justice and retribution. I was early an orphan, Seigneur, and was removed to Phreen while very young. I was kindly treat-

“ ed in many families and formed some  
“ pleasing friendships, none more pleas-  
“ ing than that with Zelotypus. I was  
“ perhaps too much of an idler for a  
“ Noufaisthesian : but as my idleness  
“ was accompanied with attentions to  
“ whatever could please others, and as I  
“ showed a great love of what was right  
“ and detestation of what was wrong,  
“ my want of assiduity in the severer  
“ studies was not objected against  
“ me. When Zelotypus married I was  
“ admitted to his house with all the fa-  
“ miliarity of a favorite relative. Both  
“ he and Agneia lavished kindnesses  
“ upon me. Their smiles gave a double  
“ relish to my life—I delighted to par-  
“ take in their conversation, their read-  
“ ing, walking, riding—I did every  
“ thing to make them love me, and I  
“ loved them : but if ever my love of  
“ Agneia was accompanied in my mind  
“ with

“ with impure desire, with a thought  
 “ unworthy of her or of Zelotypus, may  
 “ the self-devotion with which I banish-  
 “ ed myself from their society, and the  
 “ resolution I took to be less happy than  
 “ they might be happier, be set down  
 “ against me as acts of hypocrisy and de-  
 “ liberate wickedness ! May the invisi-  
 “ ble Genius that oversees the affairs of  
 “ Dokimasia place me on his list for the  
 “ caves of darkness and despair ! Among  
 “ the most intimate of the friends of Ze-  
 “ lotypus was Geronto, a youth highly  
 “ esteemed at Phreen, both for his vir-  
 “ tues and accomplishments. He first  
 “ pointed out to me the uneasiness that  
 “ began to disclose itself in the heart of  
 “ Zelotypus ; but I was not readily con-  
 “ vinced that I was the cause of his mi-  
 “ sery, till I found Agneia avoid me.  
 “ Geronto completed my conviction by  
 “ pointing out circumstances that had  
 “ failed

“ failed to strike me, and in fine by con-  
“ fessing to me, that Zelotypus had con-  
“ fided to him the secret of his wretch-  
“ edness. I wanted no more to resolve  
“ on the part I should take: I opened  
“ my mind to Geronto. It did not at  
“ first meet with his approbation, but he  
“ soon altered his opinion, and saw, or  
“ pretended to see, my intention in its  
“ proper light. About this time Zelo-  
“ typus was sent from Phreen on some  
“ state affairs; Agneia secluded herself;  
“ I never saw her. I arranged my affairs,  
“ and burying my motive in the bosoms  
“ of Geronto and myself, I took leave  
“ of Phreen, apparently for the purpose  
“ of travelling, but determined to fix my-  
“ self for a long time out of all communi-  
“ cation with it. With this view I jour-  
“ neyed first through Aisthesis, where I  
“ assumed a different name, and after a  
“ circuitous route, settled at Nariston;  
“ where

“ where I have formed some pleasing  
“ connections. Report makes no way  
“ in Aisthesis, so that what passed after I  
“ left Phreen did not reach me; and,  
“ as in this country facts injurious to  
“ the fame of others are soon suffered to  
“ pass into oblivion, I never heard those  
“ mentioned which I have learned from  
“ you. It was, on the other hand, agreed  
“ with Geronto, that if Zelotypus should  
“ entertain any idea of my being dead,  
“ it should be encouraged. Nay, I now  
“ believe that Geronto himself thinks me  
“ dead; and more, that he imagines me  
“ murdered by an Aisthesian assassin em-  
“ ployed by him, for to no other being  
“ in Dokimasia can I attribute such a de-  
“ sign, having offended none. On quit-  
“ ting the confines of Nouisisthesis I was  
“ accosted by a traveller who, knowing  
“ the country, rendered himself extreme-  
“ ly useful to me. We travelled to-  
“ gether

“ gether the greater part of one day.  
“ When we parted he presented me with  
“ a ring, which he said had the virtue of  
“ keeping the giver always fresh in the  
“ memory of the wearer, and he made  
“ me promise him to wear it constantly  
“ on my finger, at least while I was in  
“ Aisthesis. This I made no scruple to  
“ do, and allowed him to put it on him-  
“ self. I had not proceeded far before  
“ I was overtaken by another traveller,  
“ who had met my former companion.  
“ He seems to have been sent by the be-  
“ nign Genius of Dokimasia to preserve  
“ my life to confront the villain Geron-  
“ to. I learned from him that the per-  
“ son from whom I had parted was ge-  
“ nerally considered as one of the mon-  
“ sters of Dokimasia in the human form:  
“ and on my mentioning the gift of the  
“ ring, he charged me if I valued my  
“ life to take it off. I was then inform-  
“ ed



“ ed by him, that there existed in Aisthe-  
“ sis wretches who lived by administer-  
“ ing death in so secret a manner, that  
“ it was almost impossible to trace the  
“ cause of it : that so unlikely an instru-  
“ ment of death as a ring had been  
“ known to effect it, the metal being  
“ alloyed with a substance containing a  
“ powerful venom, which by a continued  
“ contact with the skin, infused itself into  
“ the blood in the course of a few days.  
“ I had afterwards full proof of the ring  
“ I had received being envenomed, by  
“ having it fastened to the foot of one of  
“ those little creatures which the Aisthe-  
“ sians devote as vermin to destruction.  
“ Having then no suspicion of Geronto, I  
“ could not figure to myself any one de-  
“ sirous of my death, and as for Zeloty-  
“ pus, I knew his mind to be too noble.”  
Cherbin concluded his narrative with so-  
lemnly assuring Benvolio that he had  
never

never been in Agneia's chamber, and therefore could never have been seen by Zelotypus, on whom a deception must have been successfully practised by some device of Geronto's. Benvolio embraced Cherbin, and they congratulated each other on the prospect of that genuine delight which springs from the redress of wrongs. They were soon prepared for their journey; nor, however engaging the scenes that presented themselves in Noufaisthefs, did they linger on the way: their pleasure lay at the end of it, and they suffered nothing to impede their progress.

It happened at this time that there were great rejoicings at Phreen, for the marriage of one of the royal family. The court passed the greatest part of the day in a pleasure camp: magnificent tents and awnings being pitched in the beautiful extensive meadows, about Phreen.

The

The family of Rapiros was greatly distinguished, and no one stood in higher estimation among all ranks, than the hypocrite Geronto. Tilts and tournaments formed a part of the sports on the festive occasion, in which Geronto stood unrivalled. He had repeatedly signalized his prowess, till no knight was found bold enough to encounter him. With all these advantages, and in spite of the esteem he forced both by his valour and sentiment, never could he obtain the meed of love, for he demanded it proudly as a right.

Intelligence of the camp and festivities reached Benvolio and Cherbin, long before they were near the capital. It gave them new spirits, and it was resolved that Cherbin, clad as a knight in complete armour, should by a herald, demand admittance to the presence of the Queen, and declare to her Benvolio's intention to  
accuse

accuse Geronto of infamous falsehood against Agneia, and to support his accusation by personal combat. As they approached they heard the rejoicings talked of by all they met, and the wonderful feats performed by Geronto made the burden of the song. At length they came in sight of the tented plain, the gay view of which was crowned with the domes and spires of Phreen. The beauty and activity of the scene defy description—the whole country seemed alive and in motion. Arrived at the lines, Cherbin sent forward a herald, the sound of whose trumpet drew the attention of all within hearing, and presently crowds gathered to enquire what new encounters might be expected. The herald having executed his duty returned with permission from her Majesty for the admittance of Cherbin, who immediately rode into the camp. Meanwhile, the King, with the Queen,  
the

the princes, and the whole court, assembled under the awning spread near the royal tent. Geronto stood forward in a conspicuous situation, looking with smiles of self complacency for the approaching knight. Cherbin dismounted at a little distance from the awning, and giving his horse to his servant, advanced towards the court. Disguised by the headpiece of his armour, he was not recognised. Having made obeisance in form, according to the ceremonies of knighthood, he thus addressed the Queen :

“ I appear here to beg your Majesty  
 “ will command Geronto, the son of Ra-  
 “ piros, to prepare to maintain the false  
 “ accusation he preferred against Agneia,  
 “ the wife of Zelotypus, there being arri-  
 “ ved a knight who will make him retract  
 “ what he has said before he leaves the  
 “ camp, or, in the presence of your sub-  
 “ jects, cut out his perjured tongue.”

This

This challenge in a moment spread throughout the camp and town, and already every Noufaisthesian, men and women, began to pray for the restoration of the injured Agneia. "Knight," said the Queen, addressing Cherbin, "do you know that it is now too late to depend on the issue of a combat; and that in Noufaisthesis we require strong additional proofs of innocence."—"The knight challenger brings those proofs," replied Cherbin, "but with your Majesty's permission, he hopes they may be postponed until after the combat, if the challenged knight have no objection to it." The summon to the field on this ground was so sudden and unexpected that his conscience stung him before it was shielded by his acquired boldness, and for some moments he felt tortures worse than death: however, the disgrace of appearing backward, his confidence

fidence in his own strength and skill, and above all the thought of crushing the enquiry by his victory, reanimated him, and he soon lost all remorse and all fear: when therefore the Queen, addressing him, asked: “What says Geronto?” he assumed all the ease he was master of, and, with a careless smile, replied: “Your Majesty’s subject asks but the time necessary to arm.” Saying which he bowed and retired.

Cherbin was now called upon to insert in the book of challenges the name and titles of the challenger. He simply inscribed, “BENVOLIO;”—the name immediately ran through every mouth. The fame of the knight had long reached Phreen, and his very name was of itself a strong testimony in favour of Agneia’s innocence; for he was well known to be a terror to the wicked, and it was generally presumed that he would not  
have

## THE KNIGHTS ERRANT.

have undertaken Agneia's cause without proofs of the justice of it.

The lists were already prepared, the people crowded round them, and the court, the judges, and marshals took their places. When it was told to Geronto, that Benvolio was the challenger, his heart again sunk, but it being impossible to withdraw now without disgrace, he thought of his own power and of the celebrity that would attend a victory over such a knight: resolving therefore to exert all his strength and dexterity, he repaired to the lists, where he found his adversary ready for the combat. "Traitor!" cried Benvolio, advancing to meet him, "as I am certain that the accusation thou preferredst against the wife of your friend, was invented from a most abominable and wicked motive, I maintain here, before all, that thou hast infamously traduced her, and that thou basely liedst in all that thou didst  
" advance



“ advance against her.” Geronto instantly replied with wonderful boldness :  
“ Knight, no longer noble, since thou  
“ hast become the champion of disloyal-  
“ ty in a wife, I can think of thee only  
“ as an abettor of crimes, and as a foul  
“ adulterer thyself : wherefore I main-  
“ tain that thou liest thyself, and that  
“ thou deservest to be burnt alive, or  
“ drawn in quarters, as an example for  
“ future ages to all disloyal wives and  
“ base seducers.” The herald at arms now gave the accustomed signal, upon which the knights couched their lances, and set their horses forward with such impetuosity that both lances broke short at the gauntlets ; their bucklers, coats of mail, and head-pieces met in dreadful shock, and the knights fell together to the ground ; still however grasping their bridles, and stimulated with an ardour and desire of victory which soon defeated

them on their courfers. Throwing away the broken part of the lances, they drew their swords, and a combat began, fo fierce and extraordinary, that harrowed all the feelings of the fpectators; who declared they had never feen a fingle combat fo furiously fought, or better maintained than that between Geronto and Benvolio. The former long exerted himfelf, well knowing what he had at ftake; but the latter reflecting on the juftice of his caufe, now feemed to redouble his efforts, fo that his adverfary, no longer able to endure the fury of his blows, and being wounded in feveral places, did nothing but endeavour to ward the blows which were inceffantly flowered on every part of his body. Benvolio, perceiving this, and eager to put an end to the fight, aimed a ftroke with all his force upon his helmet, by which it was cleft in two, and Geronto, flunned,

stunned, reeled from side to side, and fell from his horse. The knight, then alighting, with the handle of his sword beat off the head-piece of his enemy, and placing his foot upon his breast, turned the point of his weapon to his throat, as if with a design to put him to death, saying : “ Villain, the hour is come when  
“ thou must go and account with the  
“ Genius of Dokimasia, for the false-  
“ hood and treachery thou hast commit-  
“ ted against the innocent wife of the  
“ man whom thou pretendedst to call  
“ friend.” “ Knight !” replied Geron-  
to, “ have mercy ; and, at least, do not  
“ so hasten my death, as to deprive me  
“ of an opportunity of communing with  
“ my conscience, and of making all the  
“ reparation in my power to the injured  
“ Zelotypus and Agneia.”—“ Abandon-  
“ ed wretch !” said Benvolio, “ on con-  
“ dition of that reparation being amply

“ and publicly made in presence of her  
“ Majesty and the fair ladies of her  
“ court immediately, I consent to spare  
“ thy life, and to leave thee to the mer-  
“ cy of thy soveraign.”

The vanquished Geronto, now as abject as he had been proud, was conveyed to the foot of the throne, where he entered into a particular confession of his wickedness and treachery towards Agneia. He stated her repulse of his love as the motives of his revenge, and declared how he had played upon the weakness of her husband's heart, and made him jealous of Cherbin. At the mention of Cherbin, who was now standing near the foot of the throne, still concealed in armour, he was asked by the desire of her Majesty, whether Cherbin was not seen by the husband of Agneia coming out of her chamber at dawn of day, and what had become of him.—“ Murdered,” he replied,

replied, “ murdered by an Aisthesian,  
“ whom I employed for that purpose,  
“ and who had previously personated  
“ him in the scene I contrived, in order  
“ to impose on Zelotypus.” While he  
was making this confession, Cherbin  
had loosened the straps which fastened his  
head-piece, and took it off. The guilty  
Geronto confounded, trembled in every  
limb as his eyes surveyed the well known  
figure, and Cherbin addressing the throne,  
confirmed the confession of Geronto, and  
gave an account of what he had related to  
Benvolio; concluding with an avowal of  
having left Phreen to sacrifice his own  
happiness to that of his friend’s. This  
noble motive obtained the loud and un-  
bounded applause of all present: it  
spread from tongue to tongue, till every  
soul in the camp was loud in Cherbin’s  
praise. The triumph of the injured Ag-  
neia filled every bosom with delight.

The sentence against her was immediately abrogated, and a number of noble Noufaisthesians were appointed to repair to Neuron, in order to conduct her back to Phrén with every honour. Geronto was ordered into confinement till her arrival, to await the sentence she should herself pronounce upon him : and Benvolio was invited to reside at Phreen. It was his intention to continue some time in the capital of Noufaisthesis, to partake of the many exquisite and rational enjoyments it afforded, but his first object was to restore his friends Zelotypus and Agneia to peace, fame, and their country ; and he solicited permission to attend the deputation to Neuron.

## CHAP. XI.

The knight's return to Neuron.—The consequence of his dropping the magic leaves.—Acajou and Zirphilla.

SO eager was Benvolio to carry himself the tidings of the events at Phreen to Zelotypus and Agneia, that he resolved not to wait the movements of a deputation; and having rested a day to recover the fatigue he had suffered in the combat with Geronto, he obtained permission of their Majesties to set out immediately to announce to the injured Agneia the happy issue of the enterprize she had entrusted to him. Cherbin would gladly have accompanied him, but from motives of delicacy he resolved to return to Nariston, and not appear again at Phreen, till he

was assured by Zelotypus himself, that he had completely subdued a passion which had been attended with such unmerited misery to Agneia.

After an absence of little more than a month, Benvolio again arrived at Neuron. The surprise of Zelotypus and the gratitude of Agneia were unspeakable. Zelotypus on his knees implored forgiveness of his lovely wife, whom an artful and revengeful villain had led him to wrong in the tenderest point; and from that moment his bosom was freed from the most bitter, most corroding of the passions. Benvolio was received into the house of Zelotypus as a brother, and his admiration of Agneia, far from giving pain to his friend, became a new source of delight to him.

The knight lost no time in paying his court to the King and Prince of Aisthesis, whom he informed of the pleasure which  
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the Queen of Noufaisthefis enjoyed in the restoration of Agneia's fame, apprizing them at the same time of the honour that awaited her, of a deputation from her sovereigns, to request her return to Phreen, where she was already reinstated in the grace and favour which were her due. Neither the King nor Prince seemed to partake the ardour with which the intelligence was imparted. "Knight," said the Prince, "I think it beneath a monarch to interfere in the amours of his subjects. Mercy! what an endless labour would my father be involved in, were he bound to decide upon the intrigues of the Aisthesians." Benvolio was about to discuss the theme of virtue, when he suddenly recollected the pneumatic plaister, that admirable specific for procuring submission to the will and opinion of Aisthesian princes. He bowed in silence, and soon withdrew.

He found more sympathy in his friend Krites, who was now freely admitted to the house of Zelotypus. Indeed so convinced was the happy husband of Agneia of his wife's virtue, and so thoroughly was jealousy rooted from his breast, that while they were waiting for the deputation from Phreen, his house became the resort of all the Noufaisthesians of note at Neuron.

Benvolio now visited all his acquaintance, and among other unaccountable Aisthesian events, found that the little Noufaisthesian actor was grown out of favour among the Neuronites. His voice had been discovered to want melody, and a still more wonderful discovery had been made—that he was a boy and not a man, consequently not of a size for a hero or a lover. “How is this,” said Benvolio to Krites; “has he so suddenly  
 “ lost those graces of action and delivery  
 “ which

“ which won all hearts ?” — “ Come and judge yourself,” replied Krites ; “ we have time to get places before the play begins.” — “ Places, so late ! then the theatre is not so crowded as when we saw him.” — “ We shall get places,” said Krites, smiling. They did easily get seats, yet the house was far from being empty. There were a great many Noufaisthesians at Neuron who judged for themselves, and whose opinions a number of the Neuronites followed : these would not forsake the young actor. Many others went to the theatre from habit, or from not knowing what to do with themselves. Benvolio found no difference in the figure voice, or acting of the young Noufaisthesian. The suggesters were neuter by agreement. Some hisses were heard in one corner of the theatre, but they were overpowered by the plaudits. “ There is an evident change without a cause,”

said Benvolio. "Nay," replied Krites, "what think you of the fickleness natural to theatrical audiences in general for a sufficient, if not a good, cause? But there are other causes not half so innocent. For instance—

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Here the attention of the knight was taken off by the noise of a voice hallooing loud; and as it approached the place where he was seated, he heard himself distinctly called upon, but not by the name of Benvolio—He started up, the magic leaves dropped from his hand—"Seigneur De Joinville! Seigneur De Joinville!" cried the well known voice of Blaise, or Timanes; who having safely lodged the foal at home, returned to the little inn, where he had left the knight; and hearing that he was gone abroad had sallied forth in search of him.

It will no doubt be remembered that  
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when De Joinville sheltered himself from the sun in the hollow trunk of a tree, he took into his hands *some old leaves, unconscious of the charm they contained*; now those old leaves were nothing else than the book which Timanes had left to amuse the knight's leisure during his squire's absence. So charmed was De Joinville, that he readily associated, or rather identified himself with the character of Benvolio, and that the more easily as Felicia was also the name of the heroine. Conceiving himself to be the hero, he would have continued reading till the book or day ended, had he not been interrupted by his squire. He was notwithstanding glad to see him, as the sun now abated of its fervour, and it was time to proceed on their way. Putting the book into the hands of Timanes, and giving him strict charge to take the greatest care of it, he returned to the inn,

which he soon after left, attended by his faithful squire. The afternoon was pleasant, they were no longer incommoded by the foal, but rode leisurely along: De Joinville now thinking of Zelotypus and Agneia, and now again of his own divine Felicia; Timanes dividing his cogitations between the lovely Dinah and his supper at the next town, which was at a considerable distance from the little inn. When they had proceeded about a third of the way, De Joinville, anxious to know what passed at the restoration of Agneia at the Court of Phreen, desired Timanes to give him the book, that he might consult it as they travelled. The poor squire at this command felt his hair stand on end, as he suddenly recollected that he had put it upon the table at the inn, before his eyes, that he might not forget it, and that there he had left it. “Merciful  
“ seigneur !”

“ feigneur!” cried he, fhuddering ;  
“ proceed, proceed to the place of our  
“ deftination for the night, and I will  
“ overtake you before you arrive there,  
“ or perhaps juft as you are fitting down  
“ to an excellent fupper ; may be a  
“ trout, a fowl, and a *compote de pigeon*.”  
—“ The book, the book,” cried De  
Joinville. “ Directly feigneur,” re-  
plied the fquire, “ as foon as I can get it  
“ off the table.”—“ Out of your pocket  
“ you mean, goofe,” faid De Joinville.  
“ No feigneur, off the table,” replied  
he : “ be fo good as to ride on, and I  
“ will bring it to you.”—“ Have you  
“ then left it behind, caitiff?” exclaimed  
De Joinville. “ Out of my pocket,  
“ feigneur,” answered the fquire, with  
a piteous face : “ but I will be with you  
“ before the firft difh of the fupper is on  
“ the table, or may I not tafte trout,  
“ pullet, or pidgeon.” So faying, he  
turned

turned his horse's head. De Joinville, whose good nature would probably have prevented his ordering him back for the book, was passive at his departure; for *the charm of the old leaves* still operating magically upon him; he was anxious to return with Zelotypus and Agneia to Phreen, and to visit every part of Noufaisthefis, of which he had already formed such exalted notions. He therefore smiled at Timanes, promised him a good supper, and let him go, while he proceeded to Malot, where in due course of time he arrived, without meeting any accident on the road.

De Joinville first amused himself with enquiring into the state of the larder, and finding provisions of the nature pre-imagined by Timanes, absolutely ordered those very dishes, pleasing his fancy with rewarding the squire for his trouble, by making him partake at the same table,  
of



of the luxuries his appetite had dictated. He guessed the time of his overtaking him, and desired supper to be ready accordingly. This done, he retired to his apartment and contemplated the charms of his divine mistress, till the host interrupted him to lay the cloth. Timanes, as if by instinct, appeared at the same time; and rejoiced the heart of the knight, by news of his friends Zelotypus and Agneia. "I have it, Seigneur," cried the squire; "I found it where I left it." De Joinville, who thought of Timanes' surprise when the trout, pullet, and pigeons should appear, and being at the same time secure of his book, said smiling, "Well, well, Timanes, after supper we will have it— You must be hungry: I have ordered some cheese and onions, and you shall sit down and partake of it with me."—"I'd rather be excused, seigneur," replied

replied Timanes, with lips drawn aſlant ;  
 “ I had ſooner ſup with your mare on  
 “ oats and beans ; for cheefe and onion  
 “ are my averſion.” As he ſaid this,  
 the hoſt asked if he ſhould bring up the  
 trout——“ The—what !—trout ?” ex-  
 claimed Timanes, with a countenance  
 now changed to a broad grin——“ I will  
 “ juſt run, ſeigneur, and bid the man  
 “ take care of my beaſt, and be back  
 “ with the trout.” He was as good as  
 his word, and as the landlord brought in  
 the fiſh, he brought the fauce. Down  
 fat maſter and man, and for the greater  
 part of an hour never was ſquire happier,  
 or knight more amused with the voracious  
 happineſs of a ſquire. At length nature  
 (for nature will tire of ſuch bliſs) de-  
 manded a truce ; and now, as it was ſtill  
 early, De Joinville prepared for the en-  
 joyment of his deſert, in purſuing his  
 route through the valley of Dokimaſia.

“ There

“ There it is, seigneur,” said Timanes, with a complacent eye and a sleek skin.—De Joinville seized the volume presented by the squire, and more delighted with the thought of Agneia, than Timanes had been with the fight of the trout, opened the book about the middle, in haste to see her name, and the deputation from Phreen arrived at Neuron. “ What have we here?” cried he: “ Harpoona, Acajou, Zirphilla?” He turned more to the beginning; Harpoona and Acajou still met his eye, but he no where discovered the names of Benvolio or Ze-lotypus, and at last the title-page assured him, that though the printing and cover were very similar to the volume which had enchanted him, the contents were very different. De Joinville cast a stern look at Timanes, whose countenance, in spite of the support it had received from his good cheer, had begun falling from  
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the first founds of Harpoona, Acajou, and Zirphilla. " Seigneur, feigneur, " cried he, " if ever one pea might be taken for " another, this book might be taken for " that which has caused me a bumping " of three leagues extraordinary ; and it " lay on the very spot where I left the " other. Some of those plaguy varlets " I saw at the inn must have changed " it." He then offered to go back immediately to look for it, an offer which softened the knight. Timanes observing this, assured him that the volume in his hand was one of the best things in the world, for he had read it twenty times at home. De Joinville, though disappointed was not willing to spend the evening in repining, and therefore as soon as the cloth was removed, he opened the volume at the beginning, and read the following tale.

ACAJOU

## ACAJOU AND ZIRPHILLA.

WIT is not always worth what it is prized at ; Love is a good preceptor, and Providence knows what it is about : such is the moral of this tale, which it is proper the reader should be informed of, for fear he should mistake it. Shallow pates never suspect the intention of an author, while lively imaginations make more of it than is meant ; but neither are fond of moralizing, therefore at once to my tale.

Once upon a time, in a country situated between the kingdoms of Acacia and Minutia, there was a race of evil Genii, who were a disgrace to their own species, and a scourge to mankind. Heaven was touched with the prayers sent up against this wicked race : most of them came to a tragical end, and only the Genius Podagrambo

dagrambo and the Fairy Harpoona were now left ; but it appeared that these two inherited all the wickedness of their ancestors.

They were both deficient in understanding : the condition of Genius or of Fairy gives only power, and wickedness is oftener found with folly than with understanding. Podagrambo, though a most noble, most high, and most puissant lord, was nevertheless a most egregious ass : Harpoona was thought to have more wit, because she was more wicked : wit and wickedness are confounded to this day : but what proves, however, that she had little, is that she was tiresome even when she talked scandal. As for the Genius, he was wicked enough to desire only mischief, and fool enough to have been led to do good without being aware of it. His person was gigantic and completely misshapen. Harpoona was still  
more

more frightful; tall, lean, and black; her hair resembled snakes, and when she transformed herself, it was commonly into a spider, a bat, or some horrid insect.

These two monsters were not the less presumptuous. Harpoona piqued herself on her charms, and Podagrambo on the favours of the fair. They had a country seat elegantly furnished, where there were bronze Cariatades, lamps, classical settees, cushions, and footstools. Thither they repaired to vapour themselves, and at length they threatened the world that they would marry to perpetuate their names. *Posteromania* is a common itch among many of the great; they love their posterity, but do not care a farthing for their children. The intention was received as a declaration of war.

The affair was considered by the Genii of Fairies of sufficient importance for the convoking of a general assembly. The matter

matter was stated and discussed: there was much talking and deliberation, yet in the end something was determined.

It was resolved that Podagrambo and Harpoona should never have it in their power to marry, till they had in some instance inspired love. This decree seemed to condemn both to the state of celibacy; or, if they could become amiable their character must of course be changed, and that was all that was desired.

They consulted their love kalendar to see what house they should honour with their choice, yet as it was necessary for them to inspire love, they were sensible that they should never succeed, but by some extraordinary artifice: for, however blind self-love may be, when interest mixes with it we soon discover our defects.

Harpoona, who had a more fertile invention



vention than the Genius, addressed him nearly as follows: "My proposal is to  
 "take children quite in their infancy,  
 "before they have any ideas: we will  
 "bring them up ourselves; they shall  
 "never see any body else, and we will  
 "form their hearts to our wish; the  
 "prepossessions of childhood are hardly  
 "to be overcome. My match," added she, "is already found: the king of  
 "Acacia has an only son about two  
 "years old. I shall go and ask him to  
 "entrust his education to me, which he  
 "will not dare to refuse, for fear of my  
 "resentment: and people do more for  
 "those they fear than for those they  
 "esteem. I will take care to act in  
 "the same manner for you with the first  
 "little princess to be born."

Podagrambo approved a plan so well contrived, and the Fairy set out upon her great dragon with whiskers, arrived

at the palace of the king of Acacia, and made her demand, which the poor king did not dare to refuse.

Harpoona, delighted at having the little prince Acajou in her hands, set out on her return, and thought only of executing her project. With the waving of her wand she built him an enchanted palace, which I beg the reader to imagine according to his own taste, as I spare him a description of it for fear of tiring him : but one thing I am obliged to tell him, as he is not obliged to guess it, and that is, that Harpoona, when she destined the garden of this palace to serve the little prince to walk in, attached to it a talisman which prevented his going out of it till he was in love ; and as she was the only female whom he could see, she did not doubt that that would render beauty needless, and that as he grew up the heart of Acajou would naturally yield  
to

to love. An accident which Harpoona had not foreseen, thwarted her design at first, and obliged her to amend her plan. Acajou had received at his birth the gift of beauty, he was to be the handsomest prince of his time : this was wonderfully pleasing to the hopes of the Fairy, who besides knew well enough that the first fruits of the most amiable youth belong of right to old women : but she was vexed to find that the infant had been highly endowed with all the qualities of the mind.

Harpoona, sensible that these would encrease the difficulty of seducing him, immediately resolved to correct by art what her pupil had received by nature, and to spoil his mind, as she could not deprive him of it. She went into the laboratory where she mixed her drugs ; the most efficacious words, the most powerful charms were employed. She

made two boxes of magical sugar, in one of which there were pastils possessing a virtue to inspire bad taste, and give a false taste to the understanding; the other contained comfits of presumption and obstinacy: whoever eat of them was doomed always to judge falsely, argue absurdly, support his opinion obstinately, and to give himself up to every thing ridiculous, so that the evil Fairy had every reason to hope that if the prince eat any of them he would feel for her a passion the stronger the more extravagant it was. She now went and presented the sugar-plumbs to the child; but in coaxing him to eat some of them, she attempted to put on a smiling face, which turned into a grimace so frightful that the boy was terrified at it, and threw the boxes at her head. It would have been more easy to seduce one of those men called rational; for enlightened Nature

ture bestows on such as she has not yet given up to reason a surer instinct, which warns them of what is bad for them. The Fairy did not much regret the comfits of presumption, not doubting that Acajou's birth would give him enough of that; but she could never make him taste either the one or the other, and at length she gave them away to a traveller, as a very valuable curiosity; adding to them the virtue of multiplying themselves. The person that received them carried them to Europe, where they were attended with wonderful success. They were the first pastils and comfits of the kind seen there. Every body wanted them; they were sent in presents, carried about in little boxes, and offered in company, by way of polite attention, like a pinch of snuff; a custom that has been kept up to this day. They do not all possess the same virtue, but the old

ones are not absolutely lost. However that be, Harpoona conceived the idea of giving prince Acajou so bad an education as should be worth all the pastils and comfits in the world.

It was now known through the channel of the periodical publications that the queen of Minutia was ready to lie in, and that all the Fairies were summoned to attend the groaning. The queen was delivered of a daughter, who was, as may be easily imagined, a miracle of beauty, and named Zirphilla. Harpoona had gone to the court of Minutia determined to ask the queen to be entrusted with the education of her daughter, but the fairy Bonabella had anticipated her, and undertaken to educate the princess.

Bonabella was the declared patroness of the kingdom of Minutia. She was not more than two feet and a half high; but her little figure united every charm

and grace imaginable. Her only fault was extreme vivacity; her wit seemed to feel itself too confined in so little a body: ever thinking and ever in action, her penetration often carried her beyond objects, and prevented her discerning more accurately than those who could not reach them. Her piercing eye and quick step pictured the qualities of her mind. In order to remedy this excess of liveliness, which fools strive to imitate, and which, to console themselves for failing in their attempt, they call giddiness, the council of the Fairies had made Bonabella a present of a pair of enchanted spectacles and a crutch. The virtue of the spectacles consisted in weakening the sight, and thereby moderating the vivacity of the mind by the connection of the soul and body. This first gave rise to the invention of spectacles; which have been since put to a use directly

opposite ; and thus it is that every thing is abused. But what proves how much spectacles hurt the mind is that we see old guardians every day deceived by young unexperienced lovers, and no fault can be found but with the spectacles. As to the crutch, it served to render Bonabella's walk more steady, by slackening her pace. However, she made no use of the present of the Fairies but in managing delicate points : she was, besides, the best creature alive ; an open soul and a tender heart uniting with her vivacity rendered her adorable.

The Fairies who met at the birth of the princess now thought of endowing her, according to custom ; and, like true women, began their gifts with beauty, graces, and every external charm ; when Harpoona, whose malice was more vigilant than the benevolence of the others, grumbled between her teeth : “ Yes,  
 “ yes,



“ yes, your gifts are all in vain : you  
 “ will never make any thing more of  
 “ her than a pretty fool, I warrant you ;  
 “ for I bestow upon her stupidity the  
 “ the most complete.” With which she  
 left them. The Fairies soon became sensible of their negligence ; but Bonabella, putting on her spectacles, declared that she would supply by education the child’s deficiency of natural genius. To this the other Fairies added that, in order to remedy in part an evil which they could not absolutely remove, the princess’s imbecility should cease the moment she felt the passion of love. The woman that needs only that remedy is not altogether hopeless. Bonabella, taking Zirphilla in her arms, transported her to her palace, notwithstanding all the snares of the wicked Fairy.

Meanwhile all Harpoona’s care was to give her pupil the worst education she

could conceive, in order to smother his understanding by a vicious cultivation. As she hoped, on the one hand, that stupidity would render all the care that might be taken of Zirphilla unavailing, on the other she ordered the governors of the young prince to speak to him only about ghosts, goblins, and the great beast, and to read fairy tales to him, to fill his head with a thousand nonsensical things. What the Fairy through malice then invented, has through folly been preserved to our days.

As the prince grew older, the Fairy sent every where for masters, and as her wickedness knew no bounds, she changed the nature of their teaching. She engaged a celebrated philosopher, the Newton or Locke of that time, to teach the prince riding and fencing; a musician, dancing-master, and lyric poet, to instruct him in reasoning; and so of all  
the

the rest. They agreed to this malicious arrangement of their talents with the less difficulty, that most instructors pique themselves particularly on knowledge and skill out of their profession. What a number of persons do we see who appear to have had similar steps taken in their education !

With so many precautions, Harpoona never doubted the success of her plan ; however, in spite of the lessons of all his masters, Acajou perfected himself in all his personal exercises : it is true, he did not acquire any useful knowledge, but then error gained no empire over his mind. Happy amends ! Next to good lessons, ridiculous ones are the most useful, and those of the masters of Acajou shielded him from their precepts. He grew beautiful as Love, was a picture to look at, and all his graces unfolded themselves. Harpoona flattered herself that all this

was expanding for her : let her continue to flatter herself, and let us see what happened.

While Harpoona was labouring with all her might to make a fool of Acajou, the fairy Bonabella almost lost her own wits in striving to furnish Zirphilla with some. The court of the little Fairy was the resort of all who were amiable in the kingdom of Minutia. On the evenings that she gave parties nothing could equal the brilliancy of the conversation. It did not consist of discourse containing only common sense ; it was a constant flashing of wit : every body spoke ; none answered to the point : the company understood one another perfectly, or not at all, which among brilliant folks comes to the same thing : exaggeration was the favourite and fashionable figure ; without lively feelings or important objects the language appropriate to them was  
always

always used, a change of weather was *most dreadful*, the effect of a ribbon or a feather was *exquisite*, and in the shades of the same colour a *world of difference* was to be found: overstrained expressions were exhausted on trifles, so that if by chance some violent passion took possession of the mind the person who felt it had no words to distinguish it, and was reduced to silence, which gave occasion to the proverb—*the great passions are dumb*.

Bonabella did not doubt that the education Zirphilla received at her court would in the end triumph over her stupidity, but the charm was very powerful: she grew daily more and more beautiful, and more and more foolish. She dreamed instead of thinking, and never opened her lips but to speak nonsense. Though men are not very difficult as to the conversation of a pretty woman, and always  
think

think she speaks like an angel, they could praise her only for her beauty, and the poor girl quite abashed received their encomiums as a favour, saying that they did her much honour. This, however, was not their object, they laughed at her simplicity, and sought to betray her innocence.

To be on guard against the snares of vice it is necessary to know something of it. Zirphilla was candour itself, and candour is not the shield of virtue, but Bonabella carefully watched over her beloved ward. She placed her among her maids of honour, an appointment in which vacancies often occurred; most of the ladies quitting it after a short trial; nor was there at court a situation more difficult to recruit. Zirphilla was not spoiled by example: the young courtiers paid their attention in vain. Too great a desire of appearing amiable often prevented

vented their really being so. Zirphilla was little affected by their court, for all they said appeared to her folly and impertinence. Besides, though men allow themselves to be governed by their senses before they know any thing of the heart, most women require to be loved, and would seldom be seduced by pleasures, were they not hurried away by example. Be this as it may, no accidents happened to Zirphilla, as, for greater security, Bonabella suffered her not to be approached by any man, that her honour might receive no injury, nor even by some women, that her innocence might receive no taint.

While she lived thus at the Court of Bonabella, Acajou was passing a tiresome existence at Harpoona's palace. He was now in his fifteenth year: his understanding served only to convince him that he was not born to live in the state

in

in which he found himself. He began to form wishes which, having no determined object, sought one every where; and he already felt that he had a heart to bestow. He became subject to a pleasing kind of melancholy, which he sought to cherish in solitude, though at the same time he sighed for some one to dissipate his heaviness. He retired to the remotest parts of the grounds, where he endeavoured but with little success to clear his ideas of the cloud which enveloped them.

Harpoona well acquainted with the nature of Acajou's disorder, flattered herself that he would ere long look to her for relief; but was chagrined to see that the caresses she lavished on him only disgusted him, and put him out of humour. Caresses spontaneously offered rarely succeed, and more rarely still are they offered when they are worth seeking.

Harpoona



Harpoona was now in despair. It had been determined by the council of Fairies that the prince should remain in her hands only till the age of seventeen years, after which she should have no power over him. The kings of Acacia and Minutia were impatiently waiting that happy moment to unite their States by the marriage of their children.

The genius Podagrambo was no sooner apprized of this design, than he swore that it should never take place. He ordered a superb equipage, and repaired to the court of Bonabella, where he was received with that kind of politeness with which it is a rule to treat the great, but which implies no contract of esteem.

Not to lose time in superfluous compliments, he immediately declared his sentiments to Zirphilla, that is to say, the passion she had inspired him with. The young princess, who had not learned

to difsemble, did not make him long languish, but frankly declared the repugnance she felt to him. He was extremely surpris'd at it, but, instead of desponding, he undertook to conquer her heart, in order to obtain her hand. Accordingly, he took a great deal of pains to study all the means of pleasing : unfortunately, they are not to be acquired by study. He tried to imitate the beaux of the court ; but what only made them ridiculous rendered him disgusting. There are absurdities which do not suit all kinds of visages, and there are some not incompatible with the graces : Podagrambo had no pretensions to the latter ; the more he attempted to play the coxcomb, the more he evinc'd he was but a blockhead. At length, for I hate long stories, after wearying the court with his follies, and Zirphilla still more with his impertinent nonsense, he was no further advanced than

than on the first day: he was thought to be the most insipid Genius ever seen; an opinion repeated from the apartments to the outer hall.

Podagrambo began to suspect that he was the talk of the whole Court. This, however, was not owing to penetration, but to a habit common enough among fools, of thinking extremely well of themselves, yet suspecting that others talk ill of them. In his passion he returned home to meditate some signal vengeance, and to concert with Harpoona the means of carrying off the princess. Bonabella, having foreseen the designs which might be formed against her dear Zirphilla, had given her a scarf, the charm of which was such that she who wore it need fear no violence.

While poor Acajou was unable to shake off the melancholy that consumed him, Zirphilla laboured under a similar malady.

malady. They often walked out alone ; and when chance led them, on their respective sides, near to the palisade which separated the gardens of the two Fairies, they felt themselves attracted by an unknown force, and stopped by a secret charm. They reflected on the pleasure they enjoyed in that spot, the most neglected one on either side ; they went there every day, and the night could scarcely tear them from it.

One day when the prince was buried in thought near this palisade, a sigh escaped him : the young princess, who was on the other side in a similar state, heard it. Affected by it she collected all her attention, and listened. Acajou sighed again. Zirphilla, who had never comprehended any of the fine things that had been said to her, understood this sigh with admirable penetration, and directly answered it with another.

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These two lovers, for such they were from that moment, mutually understood each other. The language of the heart is universal; it requires only sensibility to understand and to speak it. Love at the instant shot a flaming arrow into their hearts, and a ray of light into their minds. The young lovers having heard, endeavoured to get a sight of each other to come to a better understanding. They went forward, looked about, and putting aside the boughs of the shrubs saw each other. Heavens! what transports! They remained for some time immoveable, then trembled at the novelty of the pleasure they experienced. They took each other by the hand, and after a few words stammered out, gazed in silence. They soon, however, found their tongues, and asked a thousand questions without giving or waiting a full answer: they were, however, perfectly satisfied with what was said

said on both sides, and had their doubts cleared up: they, at least, understood that without knowing it they had wished for this meeting, that they had found what they wanted, and that they sufficed for each other. Acajou, who had never seen any other than Harpoona, felt himself transported into a new world; and Zirphilla, who had not paid the slightest attention to the men at Court, thought she beheld a new being. Acajou kissed the hand of Zirphilla. The poor child, who did not think that she was granting a favour, far less committing a fault, allowed him to do as he pleased. Acajou, whose intentions were too good to suppose that caresses could offend any body, redoubled his, and Zirphilla returned them very freely: not having the least idea of vice, she could have none of shame.

These amiable children were so intoxicated

cated with their happiness, that they forgot every thing else and never thought of parting. But as they were much later than usual in returning from their walk, Harpoona and Bonabella went out to look for them, calling each on her side. Our lovers, frightened at their voices, parted reluctantly ; but the hope of returning to enjoy the same pleasures made them retire, dreading that their meeting would be prevented if it were suspected. Love, bold in its desires, is timid in its pleasures.

The image of Zirphilla, engraven on the heart of Acajou, rendered Harpoona more horrible to his sight than ever. As to Zirphilla, though she was obliged to suspend the pleasure of seeing Acajou, that which she had just enjoyed gave new lustre to her beauty, and spread an air of satisfaction over all her person. Pleasure embellishes, and love enlightens.

Nothing

Nothing could equal the surprize occasioned throughout the Court by Zirphilla's wit. It happened that very evening that Bonabella had a very great rout, where an attempt was made to play off those jokes, so common among the half-witted; who delight to show their superiority over others a little more foolish than themselves: poor Zirphilla had been frequently made the butt of them. She, from that night, replied to them so aptly, so neatly, and at the same time with such good humour, that the jesting ladies (for ladies they surely were) were astonished at the good sense of her replies, and mortified with the very looks that accompanied them; the men were charmed, and applauded; Bonabella wept for joy, and the ladies coloured with passion. They had before found it difficult to pardon the beauty of Zirphilla when balanced by her stupidity; but there



there was no longer any safety in that, and she had no other resource than to be wicked; a quality which often compels one to respect what one cannot but hate. The little princess was too well born to adopt means so vile.

However, the young lovers had profited too much by the first lesson of Love not to return to his school. What happiness to gain instruction by pleasure!

Lovers, like robbers, take at first superfluous precautions, which they gradually neglect, then forget necessary ones, and are caught: this precisely happened to our imprudent young people, who were surprised by the Genius. Fools exist only on the errors of the sensible. One evening he perceived these young lovers taking leave, which fired him with rage; but as it was one of his maxims never to do any thing without taking advice, though he always afterwards acted

according to his opinion, he resolved to consult Harpoona. The wicked Fairy on learning this news threw herself into the most violent passion, and the Genius assured her that there was no other way of revenging herself than by carrying off the princess.

Though the Fairy was as enraged as himself, she still preferred keeping her rival at a distance to seeing her in the same place with her lover ; she therefore concealed her uneasiness, and told the Genius that it behoved him to undertake that enterprise, flattering herself that he would never have sense enough to carry it into execution.

Early in the morning Podagrambo hid himself behind a tree, near the palisade, where the lovers were to meet. Acajou's masters were ordered to prolong their lessons, that he might not be at the place of rendezvous before the princess.

Acajou,

Acajou, who was naturally of a mild disposition, was, for the first time, out of temper : equanimity and passion are incompatible. While he was fretting, the tender Zirphilla went to the palisade, and was uneasy at not finding her lover there, as he usually came before her. She looked every where, and at last ventured into Harpoona's grounds, where she passed close by the Genius. At sight of him she was seized with terror, and attempted to fly, but with such little caution that she left her scarf hanging on the branch of a tree which had caught it. The Genius seized her instantly by the gown : " Ah, ah !" cried he, " my " pretty innocent, you come here in " search of a marmouset, and was it for " him you left me?" Poor Zirphilla finding herself betrayed even by her fear, through which she had lost her scarf, had recourse to dissimulation. She had

never been so clever before she was in love.

Though Zirphilla was candour itself, she undertook to deceive the Genius. “I am astonished,” said she, “that you ascribe to love a mere effect of my curiosity, for curiosity it was that brought me into this place; nor am I less surpris’d that you should have recourse to violence, you who may expect every thing from your birth, and more still from your love.

The Genius softened a little at this flattering address; but though the princess advis’d him to hope every thing from his merit, and though he was fully persuad’d of that merit, he would not let her go. “If your heart,” replied he, “be so much interested for me, you ought not to be averse to come to my palace. All those difficulties of vulgar lovers are frivolous formalities, which  
“ only

“ only delay happiness without heightening it.”—“ True,” said Zirphilla, “ and I am ready to accompany you : as a proof of my sincerity, I beg to take my scarf with me, that we may leave behind us no evidence of my flight and your compulsion.” The Genius was ready to expire with pleasure and admiration at Zirphilla’s presence of mind.

“ Now,” cried he, “ it must be allowed that love gives women a great deal of wit ; for, as to me, I should never have thought of this, and I was going away like a fool.” Saying this he disengaged the scarf from the bough by which it had been caught, and restored it to the princess, at the same time kissing her hand : but she having nothing more to fear, repulsed him with contempt : “ Off, traitor !” cried she, “ or fear the anger of the Fairies ; this scarf

“ is to me the pledge of their protection.” As she said this she went away, leaving the Genius confounded, and held back by a force to which he felt that his power was obliged to yield. He now had it in his power to admire more than he had done Zirphilla’s presence of mind ; but no doubt his thoughts were otherwise engaged. After remaining some time immovable, he retired abashed and in despair to seek Harpoona, and related to her by what charm his power had been rendered useless.

If the Fairy was vexed at hearing of the virtue of the scarf, she was a little consoled for it by the failure of the Genius’s enterprize. She concealed from him, however, the difference in their interests ; and, as these comforters are never more eloquent than when under no affliction themselves, she consoled him by promising to destroy the enchantment of  
the

the scarf, and to make him master of the princess.

The Fairy little knew the misfortune which threatened herself. While she was consulting with the Genius on the means of re-establishing their power, Acajou had hastened to the palisade : after waiting some time for Zirphilla, his impatience carried him into Bonabella's grounds, and divided between dread and desire, he had imperceptibly walked up to the very palace.

The news of his arrival was soon spread. Bonabella went to meet him, followed by her whole court. Acajou went up respectfully to the little Fairy, and kissed the hem of her garment. As soon as his eyes and Zirphilla's met, they ran up to each other, nor were they prevented by the presence of the whole Court from giving reciprocally the liveliest testimonies

of the pleasure they felt in seeing each other again. Zirphilla ingenuously related the danger she had run: and for which the prince had become the dearer to her. The more a woman has hazarded, the more she is ready to sacrifice. Bonabella, naturally indulgent, was not over-scrupulous in examining what there might be irregular in the conduct of the young lovers, it sufficed that Fortune had done all for the best.

Harpoona on being informed of the flight of Acajou fell into a most horrible passion, and flew to demand his being delivered up to her; but happily for him, he had that very day attained his seventeenth year, when he was by the decree of the Fairies freed from the power of Harpoona. She was so enraged at this that she no longer felt love, a passion little congenial to her heart; and now,  
full



full only of projects of vengeance, she set out to apply to the fairy Invidiosa to enter into a league with her.

The feasts and rejoicings occasioned by the arrival of Acajou left no time for thinking of Harpoona's resentment.

The courtiers, most assiduous to please Zirphilla, lost all their pretensions on seeing Acajou. The ladies unceasingly admired his beauty, and became all the secret rivals of his mistress. Acajou was so absorbed by his love, that he did not even perceive the batteries that were opened upon him: all the engines of coquetry were directed against him, till it was fully ascertained that the hearts of these lovers were completely shut to any love but that which they mutually inspired, when it was generally decided that Zirphilla was become even more stupid since she loved than she was before; and that Acajou's beauty wanted

expression, that it was not animated, that their love was as ridiculous as novel at Court, and was not calculated to promote society.

Accordingly, no further attention was paid to them, and they were so much engrossed with each other, that they no more perceived the neglect than they had observed the assiduities of the court.

Bonabella, who before had been so vigilant over the conduct of Zirphilla, while exposed to the temerity of the beaux of the Court, left her without fear with Acajou; for she was of opinion, that true love is always respectful, and that the more a youth loves, the less he dares attempt. The maxim is delicate, but perhaps not absolutely to be depended upon; however, in the present instance, it lost no weight by the event.

The marriage of the lovers now only waited for the kings of Acacia and Mi-

nutia ; their ambassadors were arrived, and had already settled every thing : the liveries were made and the wedding clothes finished, for which the last Paris fashions had been sent for, and displayed on dolls of the size of Bonabella. In a word, every thing material was ready, and all that remained was to regulate the business of the two States, and the interests of the nations.

Acajou and Zirphilla never left one another for a moment, and they frequently, to escape from the bustle of the Court, passed days in the most distant groves of the park, where they entertained each other with continually saying those nothings so interesting to lovers, which though incessantly repeated, are never exhausted, and are always new.

One day as they were enjoying one of these innocent and delightful conversations, the heat of the weather induced

Zirphilla to throw off her scarf to chat more at her ease. Harpoona, who had made herself invisible to surprize them, appeared before them accompanied by the fairy Invidiosa, seated on a car drawn by serpents, and surrounded by a prodigious quantity of hearts pierced with arrows, which were so many talismans, the hearts representing all those who pay homage to envy, and the arrows the merit which causes the torture of the envious.

Harpoona immediately struck Zirphilla with her wand, and took her up into a cloud, at the very moment that Acajou was kissing her hand. The unhappy prince prostrated himself before the Fairy, beseeching her to let the weight of her vengeance fall only upon him, and to spare the princefs: he addressed her in vain with all the eloquence that love and generosity inspire. The cruel Fairy, looking  
at

at him with eyes full of rage: "Dare you," cried she, "hope any favour from me? My heart now feels only hatred. I am resolved by one blow to execute my vengeance on you, and on her whom you love. I am going to bear her to the arms of your rival, whom she detests."

At these words, the car flew through the air, leaving Acajou in the deepest despair.

Bonabella was soon informed by her skill in fairy science of what had happened; but it is the misfortune of those people who know every thing never to foresee any thing. She immediately went in quest of the prince, whom she found bathing Zirphilla's scarf with his tears. The little fairy said every she could to console him, but without ever being able to make him hear her. Having led him back to the palace, almost against his will

will, she shut herself up in her cabinet, put on her spectacles, and consulted her great books to know what she should do in this misfortune.

The whole court reasoned differently on the subject : some spoke a great deal but cared little about it ; others without saying any thing felt more upon the occasion. The ladies particularly were not much affected by the loss of Zirphilla, and several of them flattered themselves that they should be able to console the prince.

All were experiencing that first bustle created by a new Court report, during which every body speaks without knowing on what, when circumstances are given in detail for want of the fact itself, and when so many words pass and so few things are said, when Bonabella herself flew in among them, and with great delight informed them that Zirphilla might easily be rescued

rescued from the hands of the Genius :  
 on which every one became eager to  
 know what means were to be employed.  
 “ Listen,” said the little Fairy : “ I have  
 “ discovered that all the power of Po-  
 “ dagrambo and Harpoona depends  
 “ upon an enchanted vase, which they  
 “ have in a secret place in their palace ;  
 “ it is guarded by an under-genius  
 “ transformed to a cat. It requires no  
 “ great efforts to get possession of it—all  
 “ that is wanted is, that the enterprize  
 “ be undertaken by a woman of unble-  
 “ mished honour, for which we can be  
 “ at no loss. She will meet with no  
 “ difficulty ; but any one of a different  
 “ character would be foiled in the at-  
 “ tempt.”

“ What a happy discovery !” exclaim-  
 ed a fop : “ I die to congratulate prince  
 “ Acajou upon it.” — “ Hold your  
 “ tongue,” replied the Fairy, “ you are  
 a rat-

“ a rattle: if a sensible man were  
“ wanted, you would not be chosen.”—  
“ I am not joking,” replied the young  
coxcomb, in an ironical tone, “ I am  
“ really afraid here of an emulation in  
“ virtue that may turn to a civil war.”—  
“ I forefaw that difficulty,” replied Bo-  
nabella, “ therefore to remove all ground  
“ of jealousy, I determine to cast lots.”  
This was immediately done, and the  
name drawn was that of Armina.

She was a young creature, rather  
pretty than handsome, lively, wild, a  
great coquet, free in her language, not  
very circumspect in her conduct, conti-  
nually ogling, and for ever followed by  
a crowd of young men.

Armina heard her name called, without  
appearing either prouder or more embar-  
rassed than usual; but a certain murmur  
ran round, which did not seem to be a  
very decided applause; from which Bo-  
nabella



nabella drew no favourable omen of success: she therefore appointed Zobeida to accompany Armina, as two virtues are better than one. Zobeida was a little older and handsomer than her companion, and was a prodigy of virtue and rigour: it was even said that she was so very strict in her own conduct, only to have a right to tear all other women to pieces unmercifully. Oh! charming privilege of virtue!

Be that as it may, they both set out, and repaired according to their instructions, to a little building separated from Harpoona's palace. Armina, ever lively, walked foremost. They found no obstacle, but passed through several doors which opened of themselves. At length they came to room where they perceived on a marble slab, a vase of no very honourable form; indeed it was not unlike a certain utensil devoted to base uses.

I am

I am forry truth admits no nobler image of comparifon. The ladies could never have imagined this the treasure which they were in fearch of, had not Bonabella defcribed it to them.

Though the fhape of the vafe was vile, its virtue was admirable; it delivered oracles, and reasoned on every thing like a philofopher, whence it was great praife to be compared to it for reasoning.

Armina and Zobeida found likewise the cat which had been mentioned to them. As they stooped to carefs him, he scratched Zobeida, but fuffered himfelf to be ftroked by Armina; he drew in his claws, put up his back, and fhook his tail in the moft gallant manner.

Armina, charmed with fo happy a beginning, took up the vafe, and was carrying it away, when Zobeida thought proper to place her hand upon it. She no fooner touched it than there arofe from  
it

it a thick smoke which filled the room ; and a dreadful noise was heard. Armina was seized with terror, she let the vase fall on the slab from whence she had taken it, and at the same instant the Genius and Harpoona appeared. They seized Armina and Zobeida, and shut them up in a dark tower.

Bonabella was soon informed, as usual, of the failure of the enterprise. She looked for the reason, and informed the whole Court that Armina, with all her coquetry, was virtuous ; whereas Zobeida had an obscure gallant, at the very time she wearied every body with the ostentation of her pretended purity.

Bonabella likewise declared, that as the vase was cracked when Armina let it fall upon the slab, the power of the Genius, without being totally destroyed, was at least very much weakened by the accident.

Acajou

Acajou now listening only to his despair, vowed to revenge himself upon the Genius's enchanted vase, by breaking every vessel like it that he could find, and immediately began with all those in the palace, making a dreadful destruction : in consequence of which the scandal became so great, that Bonabella tried to convince him of the folly of his passion against so many innocent vases ; but she could never pacify him.

In this embarrassment she had recourse to the council of Fairies. The business appeared very important, and it was decreed, that, as the power of the Genius was weakened, he could not keep Zirphilla's whole person ; and that, without losing her life, her head should be separated from her body, and transported to the country of Ideas, till it should be reunited with the body by him who should be able to go to that country, and break  
the

the enchantment. Bonabella represented that it would be safer to leave the head than the body of the princess in the power of the Genius, for fear that he might be able, while her head was lost, to make her love him, and marry him at once. The Fairies took this difficulty into consideration, and ordered that the body should remain constantly enveloped in a brisk flame that might prevent any one approaching it, him excepted who should be master of the head. The decree of the Fairies was executed as soon as enacted. The Genius undertook the adventure, without ever being able to approach the country of Ideas. There madmen easily get in, but fools never. As for Acajou, who was distractedly in love, he had no difficulty in finding the way in.

The country of Ideas is a very singular one, and the form of its government is

like no other. There are no subjects in it, every one is king, and reigns individually over the whole state, without usurping any power over the others, which are no less absolute. Among so many kings no jealousy is known, they only wear their crown in a different way. Their ambition is to offer it to every body, and to be ready to share it: in this manner it is that they make conquests.

The limits of so many kingdoms included in one are not fixed; each extends or contracts them according to his pleasure.

Acajou knew that he was in the kingdom of Ideas, by the multitude of heads which he met in his way: they came eagerly to meet him, and spoke at once in all kinds of languages, and in different tones. He looked round for Zirphilla's head, but did not see it. He met heads  
which

which after bearing adversity, were lost in prosperity ; some by fortune, others by dignities. He found heads of prodigals, many of misers, and a great number lost in war ; some author's heads lost by success, others by failures ; several by the appearance of success, and a multitude by envy and chagrin at the success of their rivals. Acajou found an infinite number of heads lost *incognito*, the names of which he would never mention, and which I cannot guess. What heads of philosophers, orators, chymists, &c. &c. ! How many lost by caprice, by indiscretion, and alternately by libertinism and superstition ! Some excited compassion ; others he brushed aside as troublesome, and he spurned with his feet all those lost by envy.

To find Zirphilla, Acajou looked for the heads which he was told were lost by love ; but when he examined them close  
he

he found only the heads of coquets, and of such as were jealous without love. The prince, tired of searching, discouraged by failure, and sick of the stupid things he heard, retired to a grove to escape from the multitude of distracted heads by which he was assailed. He threw himself along upon the grass, reflecting on his misfortune. As he cast his eyes around he perceived trees loaded with fruit. Being very faint, he felt a desire to eat a pear, and plucked one; but scarcely had he touched the peel with his knife, when a head sprang out of it, which he immediately knew to be his dear Zirphilla's. It is impossible to express the astonishment and delight of the prince. He eagerly rose to embrace so beloved a head, when it drew back a few paces, and fixed itself upon a rose-tree, to make a kind of body for itself: "Stop prince," said she, "be calm,  
" and



“ and listen to me. All the efforts you  
 “ could make to take me, would be use-  
 “ less. I would, of my own accord,  
 “ throw myself into your arms if fate  
 “ permitted; but as I am under en-  
 “ chantment, I can be taken only by  
 “ hands which are so likewise. Alas! I  
 “ fight after my body, yet do not know  
 “ whether it be still worthy of me: it re-  
 “ mains in the hands of the Genius; I  
 “ cannot think of it without shuddering,  
 “ my head turns with the thought.”—  
 “ Make yourself easy,” replied Acajou,  
 “ the Fairies, touched by our misfor-  
 “ tunes, have taken your body under  
 “ their protection.”—“ How you re-  
 “ lieve me!” said Zirphilla: “ at all  
 “ events, my dear prince, you know  
 “ my whole heart is yours, and you  
 “ would be too generous to upbraid me  
 “ with a misfortune, knowing my in-  
 “ nocence.”—“ Justly said,” replied the  
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delicate Acajou ; “ but make hafte, and  
“ let me know where I may find the en-  
“ chanted hands you fpeak of.”—“ You  
“ will find them vaulting in the park :  
“ they belong to the fairy Trafcurante,  
“ who was deprived of them becaufe  
“ fhe did not know what to do with  
“ them. I muft tell you the ftory.  
“ Once upon a time——” —“Nay, nay,”  
cried Acajou, impatiently, “ I have no  
“ time to hear fto-ries ; provided I have  
“ the hands, I do not care about their  
“ hiftory. I will go after them infantly.”  
—“ Go,” faid the princefs, “ and deliver  
“ me from the cruel enchantment un-  
“ der which I languifh. You may have  
“ obferved that all the loft heads in thefe  
“ abodes are eager to fhew themfelves,  
“ without blufhing at their ftate ; it is  
“ only I that am obliged to hide, as I do  
“ in fruits ; for, being the only head loft  
“ by love, I am an object of contempt  
“ to

“ to the others.” The head went on speaking, though the prince had left it. He had observed, that since the princess had become all head, her propensity to use her tongue had encreased.

He had not proceeded a hundred paces in the park, before he met the enchanted hands, fluttering in the air. He approached to take them, but the moment he attempted to touch them, he received fillips from them, which at first appeared to him very insolent ; however, his happiness depended upon his seizing them, and princes will sacrifice pride to interest. He used all his dexterity to catch the fated hands ; but when he thought he had them, they whisked away, giving him a slap, or throwing off his hat. The more ardent he was in pursuing them, the more rapidly they fled before him. The pursuit lasted so long, that poor Acajou was quite out of breath.

He stopped a moment, and happening to be near a vine-arbour, took a bunch of grapes to refresh himself: but scarcely had he tasted them, when he felt an extraordinary revolution in himself; his mind became more vivacious, and his heart more tranquil. His imagination becoming more and more inflamed, all objects were painted in it to the life, passed away rapidly, and effaced one another; so that not having time to compare them, he was absolutely incapable of forming any judgment of them: in a word, he was mad. The fruits of this garden, by a close affinity with the heads that inhabited it, possessed the virtue of destroying reason, but unfortunately without injuring wit. Acajou accordingly became instantly the wittiest and the maddest of princes.

The first effect of so sudden a change  
was

was the cooling of the heart. Acajou lost all his love; for true love cannot exist without reason. Instead of that tender and respectful ardour he had before felt for Zirphilla, he preserved little more than a slight remembrance of her. He did not even feel compassion for the misfortune of the princess; to have lost her head appeared to him a pleasant sort of a thing; a point of view under which minds that have no judgment often enough see the misfortunes of others. Self conceit took place of modesty in Acajou's mind, and supplied very amply with pretensions the real merit he had lost. "What a fool must I be," exclaimed he, "to run after one head, "when I might turn the heads of all the "women at the court of Minutia. "Come, come, I must fulfil my destiny, "which is to be generally loved and "admired, without losing my liberty."

Saying which, he set out on his return.

Bonabella seeing Acajou returning flew to meet him, and enquired the fate of Zirphilla. The prince informed her that she was nothing but a head, which could not be settled; that all his pains had been fruitless; and that he had taken his resolution; observing that constancy without happiness was the virtue of a fool.

He uttered a great many similar fine maxims, which soon discovered to Bonabella that a great alteration had taken place in the prince's character; but that he was extremely witty. She was at first sorry that he had not brought the princess back; however, as in lively minds the present object always prevails over the absent, she consoled herself for the loss of Zirphilla by the pleasure she had in seeing Acajou again.

All the Court pressed around him,  
more

more out of curiosity than affection. They expected to find only a prudent, modest prince, to whom they were to attribute, as usual, all that was ridiculous; but they soon formed a more favourable opinion of him. His conversation became animated and brilliant. The attentive reader no doubt remembers that the Fairy's spectacles served to shorten the sight; she had taken them off to see the prince at a greater distance, as he was returning, and not having put them on again, she reasoned blindly. Acajou never held his tongue a moment, but said a thousand extravagant things in a breath, which excited the admiration of the whole Court, and set all the women agog for him. They listened eagerly to him and exclaimed: "Ah! what wit he has!" In short he was so be-praised, that even his self-conceit obliged him

to blush at it. It seemed as if the greatest good that could happen to a prince was to lose his reason; he was universally congratulated upon it.

Acajou being now no longer subject to love, became the declared lover of every woman; a rage for intrigue is congenial enough with madness. He commenced with a woman of some beauty, a free-thinker, and superior to prejudices; but quitted her in a couple of days with contempt and disgust. His next mistress was handsome, tender, and mild, and might have deserved to be loved, had she received fewer lovers. Acajou disdained to fix her, and soon gave her several rivals. Indeed he now only thought of extending his list, on which a multitude were eager to be inscribed, who only found him amiable after he became incapable of love.

Having



Having sufficiently established his reputation by celebrated ladies, he resolved to seduce others, only to destroy the fame of virtue which they possessed. If he heard of a wife tenderly beloved by a husband whom she adored, she immediately became the object of his attentions; and such was the capricious effect of the title of a man of fashion, that he succeeded by all that should have caused him to fail.

The prince's gallantries at Court did not prevent his descending to the citizens, among whom his successes were the more rapid, from the dames imagining that they classed themselves with women of quality in imitating their follies. Even the men, instead of hating, envied him, and courted him; admiring, though they could not esteem him.

Though they who employ their time worst have least to spare, yet the prince

had many vacant moments, in consequence of slighting the favours he could command. Besides, it is the thing to appear sometimes tired of them. He therefore sought a new mode of dissipation in scientific pursuits, which was then the whim in fashion. It is true, indeed, that to avoid a certain pedantry which study often gives, a secret had been devised of being learned without study. Every lady had her chemist, botanist, or genius of some kind, just as they used formerly to have a spaniel, or a squirrel. Acajou, following this plan, plunged headlong into all the branches of science and literature. He talked of physics and geometry. He composed metaphysical dissertations, verses, tales, plays, and operas. He excited general admiration. It was said that authors by profession were not to be compared to him. We know that it is only people *of a certain fashion*, who have

what is called *good taste*, superior to all the genius in the world, and *without pretensions*.

Nothing was ever like the success of Acajou: there was even a collection made of his *bon mots*, which became the general favourite reading: it was entitled; *The Complete Jester*; a work very useful at Court, and well calculated to make a young man brilliant and insufferable.

Acajou at length found himself weary of his own successes; he had never substituted any thing but pleasure for love; to pleasures literary affectation had succeeded: disgust produced almost the effect of reason, and rendered his life insupportable to him. Without being more reasonable, he became melancholy. Besides, wit alone has the property of creating admiration at first, and then of tiring its admirers. Most of the women who had been ambitious to please

1 6

him,

him, began to blush at finding themselves on too crowded a list, and forsook him. He was accused of maliciousness, in writing lampoons and creating disturbances; of jesting on his best friends, and turning every body into ridicule. He had however no bad intention, meaning only to divert himself in amusing others: but the world is always unjust.

Bonabella, not comprehending how her dear Acajou could cease to be the fashion, put on her spectacles to judge impartially, and after examining him well, ascertained that he had in fact a great deal of wit, but that he was nevertheless mad: upon which she requested him to tell her all that he had done in the kingdom of Ideas. Acajou, not suspecting what she aimed at, gave her a very circumstantial account, being extremely fond of speaking of himself. When he came to the bunch of grapes  
2 which

which he had eat : “ Ah,” cried Bonabella, “ I no longer wonder that you  
 “ you have so much wit.”—“ And pray  
 “ why ?” asked Acajou. “ Because,”  
 replied the Fairy, “ you have not com-  
 “ mon sense.”—“ A pretty inference !”  
 said Acajou. “ I know,” replied Bonabella,  
 “ that you have too much wit to  
 “ be easily persuaded, especially when  
 “ reason is spoken to you ; but know,  
 “ this is because you have lost yours.  
 “ The fruits of the country of Ideas are  
 “ deadly poisons to reason ; we have for-  
 “ tunately a remedy for it here. I have  
 “ a vine possessed of virtue to destroy  
 “ wit : it is known only to myself ; I  
 “ sometimes give a little of it to those  
 “ about me, whose imagination is too  
 “ lively, and I wish you to taste some.”  
 —“ I see folks here,” replied Acajou,  
 “ who must certainly have eat of its grapes  
 “ to excess ; but I protest I have no incli-  
 “ nation

“ nation to try it. Besides, what a glorious  
 “ secret is that of becoming rational by  
 “ losing wit !” — “ There is not a surer,”  
 interrupted the Fairy, “ and you have  
 “ more to spare than any body.” Bonabella, on this head, said many flattering things to the prince. She knew that wit was more readily seduced by self-love, than persuaded by reason. However, Acajou, in spite of all Bonabella’s eloquence, was mad enough to resolve not to part with wit : that work was reserved for love.

The prince had never tasted real pleasure, for his desires had been always anticipated ; his fancies craved only the novelty of objects, and that is soon worn out by vivacity. He had sunk into a state of languor, from which he was at times roused by caprice, to be again plunged into it. Love, whose first darts Zirphilla had made him feel, revived the moment  
 that

that the intoxication of the senses was dissipated, and that vanity was no longer fed. He felt a void in his heart, which love alone could fill. The misfortune of those who have once loved, is to find that nothing can replace love.

Acajou confided the state of his feelings to Bonabella, and besought her to let him see Zirphilla again, as he should equally lose his wit, if he were longer deprived of her. The Fairy then took her crutch, and led Acajou into a garden, with which she alone was acquainted. In this garden there was a number of trees, loaded with the finest fruits in the world, of which each had its peculiar virtue on the mind.

Some eradicated the spirit of gaming, so fatal; others the spirit of contradiction, so inconvenient in society; these the spirit of domineering, so insupportable:

able: those the spirit of business, so useful to the possessor of it, and so oppressive to others; several, in short, the satirical spirit, so amusing and so abhorred; and its reverse, still more dangerous, the spirit of compliance and flattery. We never see any of these excellent fruits among our deserts. It is a great pity that this delicious garden is not open to all conceited wits; they would return more amiable, without being greater fools than they are. I should send thither in the first place

\* \* \* \* \*

*[Here are wanting several sheets, of greater extent than all the rest of the work.]*

Bonabella having carried Acajou up to the vine, the grapes of which eradicated the spirit of presumption, of affectation, and



and of self conceit, desired him to gather a bunch ; then putting on her spectacles, and presenting him Zirphilla's scarf ;

“ Prince,” said she, “ take this scarf :

“ when you arrive in the country of

“ Ideas, you will only have to let it fly

“ in the air, holding it by one end, and

“ the enchanted hands, which you ran

“ after in vain, will come to seize it,

“ when you may catch them ; you will

“ then make yourself master of the prin-

“ cess's head. When you want to eat

“ or drink, you need only take some of

“ these grapes, which will be enough

“ for you : you must likewise give some

“ of them to Zirphilla, in order to dispel

“ the vapours which must have a little

“ impaired her head. Without this pre-

“ caution you would find her so different

“ from herself, that after being incon-

“ stant through madness, you might

“ well become so again with reason.

“ When

“ When you have the head, we shall  
 “ soon be in possession of the body, by  
 “ that attraction, which, in women, is  
 “ the cause of the head carrying away  
 “ the body. You had best, before you  
 “ go, eat some of these grapes.”

Acajou hesitated a little; but prompted by the desire of seeing Zirphilla again, and thinking perhaps his wit proof against every thing, he put a few of the grapes into his mouth. The effect of them was sudden; he felt as if he had been enveloped in a cloud just dissipated; and as if a veil was removed from before his eyes. Objects now appeared very different to him; he blushed and ventured to speak only to express his gratitude to the Fairy. When he returned to the palace, he found on his table a collection of his works, which he read to judge of the state of his mind. He could not now conceive that he had had the folly to  
 compose

compose them : he yawned in reading his novels and comedies, and that very evening hissed one of his operas.

Acajou, having wearied the court with his extravagances, and being now, by the recovery of his reason, weary of it in his turn, set out the very next morning before day, and got into the country of Ideas as speedily, guided by love, as he would have done, had he been guided by madness. He found the same objects which he had met the first time, and followed exactly the advice of Bonabella. By the help of his scarf, he made himself master of the enchanted hands; on which he immediately went in search of Zirphilla's head, and to find her cut open a prodigious number of pears without success. He then attacked peaches and melons, and was making a terrible havock among the fruits, when he heard a loud burst of laughter. He looked round

to see whence it came, and perceived the head of the princess, who instead of coming to him, made a joke of his search and of his solicitude.

As absence weakens love, and madness is infectious, the head of Zirphilla had lost much of the liveliness of its passion, and was beginning to accommodate itself to the new country which she inhabited. This called forth a sigh from Acajou; but recollecting the virtue of the wonderful grape, a bunch of which he had with him, he threw some of them to the princess's head, which swallowed them playfully. Its discernment was instantly restored: it flew to meet the enchanted hands, with which the prince received it. Nothing could equal his transports. He let the hands go where they would, and thought only of the precious head of his dear Zirphilla, which he almost devoured with  
kisses;

kisses; kisses she had no power to prevent, though she blushed as red as vermillion through shame. It was perhaps a piece of superfluous modesty, as in the situation she was in, no great harm was to be feared from the caresses of her lover.

Acajou wrapped his scarf round the princess's head, and once more took the way to Bonabella's palace. Being surprised by night, and a terrible storm coming on, the prince was obliged to seek a place of safety: not for himself it will be readily imagined, for lovers and princes fear nothing; but he was anxious to shelter Zirphilla: besides, in the dark he might well be afraid of running the princess's head, or his own, against some tree. In this perplexity he saw a light at a distance, towards which he directed his steps. After walking some time in danger of breaking his dearest head, that  
is

is to say, the princess's, he arrived at a pavillion at the end of a garden, at the door of which he knocked. Presently there appeared an old woman with a candle in her hand, who in a growling voice asked who he was, and what he wanted? Acajou did not much care to make himself known in a situation so unbecoming his rank. He hesitated a moment what to say he was, and his head being full of the original cause of his misfortunes, and of all the pottery he had broken since a certain time, he replied, without knowing well what he said, that he was a poor lad who mended broken crockery, and came to beg for a night's lodging. On hearing this the old woman's countenance softened a little: "You are welcome," said she, "you may do me a piece of service;— I have here an earthen utensil cracked, which you shall mend for me." Saying which

which the old woman posted away to bring this precious piece of furniture, and returning with it gave it to Acajou to set to work upon. The prince, as much ashamed of the trade he had adopted, as of the first use he was called upon to make of it, took the machine from the old woman; but recollecting the terrible oath he had sworn not to spare any such base shaped vases till he had broken his princess's enchantment, he remained awhile wavering between the dread of perjury and that of violating the laws of hospitality. His oath at length prevailed, and throwing the vile utensil against the wall, he broke it into a thousand pieces.

I know not whether the reader be shocked at the rudeness of Acajou, but he will be very much astonished at the event, if he has not by a singular sagacity already foreseen it. Be that as it may,  
thofe

those who are not gifted with so much penetration will be glad to know that this base utensil was the fatal vase on which depended the power of the Genius and of the Fairy, and which they had trusted to the care of this old hag. It was scarcely broken when a clap of thunder and hideous screams were heard. The castle was destroyed, the palace thrown down. The Genius and the Fairy, a prey to their impotent rage, fled into deserts, where they came to a miserable end.

Acajou, unmoved by all the wreck and confusion, walked forward to the terrible place where the body of the princess lay enchanted. The flames by which it was defended from the approach of all others separated as he drew near, and the moment he presented its head to it, the body moved forward to meet it, and they were re-united.

The



The fairy Bonabella appeared at that instant, attended by her whole Court. The first thing she thought of was to deliver the victims of the wicked Fairy. The fluttering hands were disenchanting, and restored to the fairy Trascurante, on condition of her working with them. It is said that she afterwards devoted herself entirely to work, and was the inventress of the art of knotting.

Armina and Zobeida were released from their prison. From that time Armina was privileged to do any thing without being found fault with. Zobeida continued, probably, to live as she used to do, but she left off talking scandal.

Bonabella having attended to the unfortunate, turned all her thoughts on the marriage of the lovers. It was solemnized with every possible magnificence. They lived happy, and had a great number of children,

children, who were all prodigies of good sense, being all born with an extreme propensity to love.

\* \* \* \* \*

## CHAP. XII.

The history returns to Felicia.—The resolution she took, and the commencement of a wonderful adventure.

THOUGH in reality De Joinville had travelled but a very little distance from his Chateau, he had passed over a considerable tract of imaginary regions; we shall therefore leave him for the present excursing on fairy ground, and return to take a view of his divine mistress, the lady Felicia.

“In order to convince you, rash man,” said she to De Joinville, at their last unfortunate meeting, when her lover had been so imprudent as to throw his arm around her waist, and to kiss with indiscreet ardour her sacred lips, “in order

“ to convince you, rash man, of the  
 “ force of my resentment, I will take  
 “ the hint you give me ; I will not trust  
 “ to your determination of absence,  
 “ which want of respect, or even impu-  
 “ dence, may soon prompt you to  
 “ change ; I will myself fly from what-  
 “ ever place you are likely to be in.”

Felicia, then, justly enraged against  
 De Joinville, was resolved to put her  
 threat into execution. On quitting her  
 rash lover she meditated on removing  
 from a place where, no doubt, she would  
 be always exposed to the importunate  
 ardour of a man whom she could not  
 absolutely hate, but whom her modesty,  
 and the laws of respect which he had  
 infringed, should render hateful to her.  
 After she arrived at home, the prepara-  
 tions she was going to make for her  
 journey were at first retarded by her  
 sighs. A hundred times she exclaimed,  
 “ Oh

“ Oh Heaven! to what a lot of morti-  
 “ fication am I reserved! I loved the  
 “ audacious De Joinville; the perfidious  
 “ man, by means of pretended respects,  
 “ found the way to my heart, and I  
 “ have the shame of having betrayed  
 “ that I love, to one capable of becom-  
 “ ing unworthy of it. What! could  
 “ not my tenderness and his respect pro-  
 “ tect me from the greatest insult that  
 “ ever could be offered to an unfor-  
 “ tunate woman? Oh! ye heavenly  
 “ powers! after such an action, smother,  
 “ oh! smother, the flame that yet remains  
 “ in my heart.” These were her sad  
 reflections: in vain did Dinah exert her-  
 self to soothe her grief, De Joinville was  
 a culprit whom nothing could excuse;  
 from whom it was necessary to fly. “ Let  
 “ us depart,” said she, “ let us remove  
 “ to a distance: I must; a just anger de-  
 “ mands it, and I will nourish that anger

“ by the aid of absence :—hate should  
 “ now supersede the tender sentiments I  
 “ felt. But it is not enough to fly,  
 “ I renounce the garments of a sex that  
 “ might kindle other rash flames, and I  
 “ will deprive my fatal beauty of its pri-  
 “ vilege of charming mankind. Unhappy  
 “ Felicia ! expose yourself no longer to  
 “ the danger of making impressions  
 “ which only turn to your confusion ; be-  
 “ ware of giving birth to a love, by which  
 “ your lovers punish you so cruelly.—  
 “ Dinah ! it is resolved ; let some male  
 “ attire be brought to me. There is  
 “ plenty of different kinds in the house ;  
 “ take one for yourself : I am in haste  
 “ to throw off mine ; the very sight of  
 “ which keeps alive the remembrance of  
 “ the mortification I have received.”

Felicia being a widow, Dinah had no  
 difficulty in finding male apparel. She  
 brought several suits, from among which  
 her

her lady chose such as she thought became her most. Dinah also metamorphosed herself; and taking two of the best horses from the stable, set out, both in their disguise.

Felicia, with a thoughtful air, absorbed in a melancholy reverie, took the first road that offered. For the first three or four hours she rode through a wild kind of a country: there was nothing to interrupt her sad thoughts, save, now and then, some shepherds piping rustic airs.

Felicia, in the causes of her disguise, and in the disguise itself, too much resembled many mistresses, whose history she had read, not to feel all the pleasure of a situation which had the air of so great an adventure. She at once figured to herself all that she had read like it; strength and courage took possession of her heart; and, anxious to add another example of what a woman can sometimes

do, to those which her sex had already given, she looked forward with some degree of impatience for an occasion to distinguish a heart which common men think only fit for love.

These thoughts occupied her agreeably enough, balancing with ideas of glory the mortification the boldness of her lover had caused her, till, fatigued and sad, she felt a desire to alight from her horse to repose herself awhile. The sun, now set, was giving place to the obscurity of night. She stopped at a narrow valley between two rocks. Advancing to the foot of one of them, she perceived the entrance to a cavern: from the vast size of this entrance it might be presumed that the cavern was spacious. Examining it more nearly, she discovered by the twilight the prints of the feet of men.

It may easily be imagined that in her present courageous state of mind, thirst-  
ing



ing for adventures, Felicia could have met with nothing more charming in her opinion : and accordingly, the chance that had led her to this cavern seemed to promise something extraordinary.

She examined the avenues of it for some time : the manner in which the entrance was formed did not appear to her a simple effect of nature, and she concluded positively that wild beasts were not the tenants of this gloomy retreat. This opinion served but the more to incite her to find out what this could be. She ordered Dinah, who had now changed her name to Fabio, to tie their horses to trees, and to stay at the entrance of the cavern, while she went in to finish an adventure which seemed worthy of being the probationary essay of her courage. With her male attire Felicia had assumed likewise the masculine appellation of Theodore, by which

we will in future distinguish her. Theodore, then, determined to explore the cavern, while Fabio stood at the entrance sword in hand, with a firmness worthy the kind of life she had embraced. Theodore proceeded, having also his sword in his hand: a frightful darkness for a considerable time prevented him from examining what the place was in which he was advancing. Some piercing screams slackened his ardour a little: he shuddered, and his intrepidity yielded for some moments to the horror of such an adventure. He felt his courage waver, but animated by the noble reflection of having nothing to reproach himself with, he proceeded, cutting with his sabre to the right and left.

As he advanced, the cries he heard increased: they were dreadful cries, to which the vaults or depth of the cavern lent a sound that rendered them more shocking and dismal. A clanking of chains

chains also struck his ear, but nothing could he see for the impenetrable darkness with which he was surrounded.

Having walked on a long time, his steps and sword were at length impeded by a gate, which he conceived to be of brass. The noise he made in striking it was followed by a horrible voice, which cried : “ Wretch ! whoever thou art !  
 “ what comest thou to seek in these  
 “ abodes ? ” — “ I come,” replied Theodore, “ to prove my courage, and against  
 “ thee, if thou deservest by thy crimes  
 “ my noble rage, and against all thy  
 “ infamous companions, who appear to  
 “ cause the woes, the dreadful groans,  
 “ and pitiable screams that are heard.”

Saying this, the courage of Theodore became firmer than ever, and he added ;  
 “ open, or dread my vengeance.” —  
 “ Go, wretch ! ” replied the voice,  
 “ tremble, and take advantage of the

“ terror with which this place, this very  
“ gate, and the cries you have heard,  
“ should inspire you : return, and fly  
“ from the horrid woes which await you,  
“ if you persist in staying.”—“ I little  
“ fear the woes with which thou threat-  
“ enest me,” replied Theodore, “ I will  
“ run the risk of them ; but let the in-  
“ trepidity of my mind, and the contempt  
“ I show for what thou hast said, be as  
“ much a cause of terror to thee, as thou  
“ imaginest this adventure should be to  
“ me.”

Theodore, without waiting a further reply, knocked furiously with the hilt of his sword against the gate, which presently opened with a frightful noise, accompanied by a thousand horrid yells, and the clashing of arms. Theodore drew new courage from the novelty of the adventure : he entered, but darkness deceived his valour, concealing a danger  
that

that lay immediately before him. He had scarcely advanced, when meeting with steep descending steps, he tottered, plunged forward, fell, and rolled downwards for a long time, without letting his sword go. At the end of his fall he found himself in a gloomy place, at the top of which hung a small lamp that threw a dim light, scarcely rendering the nearest objects to it visible. The place resembled a cellar, but a putrid smell almost overpowered his senses, and he moved forward in hope of finding an issue leading out of this dismal vault. He had scarcely taken two steps when two lifeless bodies stopped him. Horrible ! but Theodore, now exalted by the romances which Felicia had read, was not to be dismayed by an adventure, the very recital of which is enough to terrify : with intrepid confidence he kicked the bodies out of his way.

His

His eyes were now caught by a door extremely low : he did not hesitate passing through it ; nothing could stop him. He came into a gallery of considerable length, lighter than the vault. Here he met nobody, and went on into another gallery, the extent of which the eye could not reach, lighted up with an infinite number of lustres. But, Heavens ! what a sight now struck his eyes ! He saw a prodigious number of extremely handsome women ; some walking to and fro in a languid manner, and with a death-like paleness in their faces ; others, sitting on chairs, and lifting to heaven their eyes bathed in tears, as if imploring to be released from the state in which they were ; and others, again, stretched on beds sobbing or groaning in sleep.

Those that were walking gave a scream of surprise at seeing Theodore enter with his sword drawn. The martial and even  
stern

stern look, which his adventure had impressed upon his countenance, at first frightened this sad troop : but observing their fear he lowered his sword, and advancing mildly, convinced them that he was not come to hurt them.

They recovered from their fears, which were even succeeded by a kind of joyful astonishment. “Fear nothing from me,” said he to them ; “the arms I carry are  
“only to be used in rescuing you from  
“the woes into which you appear to  
“me to be plunged.” He added such expressions as were suited to remove all fear, and informed them of the manner of his arrival among them. “Ah !  
“Seigneur,” cried one of the women to whom he spoke, “you are lost. Alas !  
“you will never more behold the light  
“of the sun, and in spite of all your  
“valour, you will partake of our fate.”  
—“Fear

—“Fear not for me,” replied Theodore,  
“for it is assuredly the will of Heaven  
“that I should release you from your pre-  
“sent unhappy state : but haste and ex-  
“plain the meaning of all I see ; tell me  
“where I am, and the cause of all that  
“I have met with.”—“Know,” said  
the lady——



## CHAP. XIII.

## The History of the Magician.

“**K**NOW, then, Seigneur,” said the lady, “that this is the retirement of a famous magician and his sifter. It is now almost two hundred years ago since they both retired to this frightful abode, rendered by their art inaccessible. All who are living here were their cotemporaries, and notwithstanding the youth you see painted in the faces of these unfortunate ladies, who are languishing in this apartment, and even on my own, we all entered here at the same time with the magician and his sifter.

“But to make you acquainted with the origin of our misfortune, you must know

“ know that about two centuries ago  
“ there was a Sophi of Persia, at that  
“ time in the spring of life, who was de-  
“ voted to the charms of our sex : no  
“ haram was ever fuller of beauties than  
“ his. Alas ! this unfortunate prince  
“ might well have been satisfied, did not  
“ what is in our power, however beau-  
“ tiful, however precious, lose its value  
“ the moment we possess it. One day  
“ as he was hunting, he lost sight of the  
“ hunters, and crossing alone a narrow  
“ road he saw a small house, at which  
“ stood a girl about sixteen years old,  
“ with whose beauty he was struck ; and  
“ well he might, for never was beauty  
“ worthier of his admiration. She pos-  
“ sessed charms at once simple and ma-  
“ jestic ; mildness and pride giving to  
“ the features of her face all that is  
“ noble and enchanting in those differ-  
“ ent characters. The astonished prince  
“ stopped,

stopped, gazed, and sighed : the young maid, observing his surprize, went into the house, and quickly withdrew from the looks of the enamoured prince. He wore a magnificent hunting dress, and the boldness which usually attends the rank he held, prompted him to enter the house, to enquire whom it belonged to, and to learn what sort of people were the parents of the beautiful maid who had smitten him, without meaning however to discover himself. He alighted from his horse, and went in. He was met by an old woman who asked what he wanted. ‘ I have been hunting,’ replied he, ‘ and have lost my companions : I am very thirsty, and I come to beg of you a draught of water.’—‘ You shall have it directly,’ replied the old woman, ‘ I will go and fetch you some myself.’

“ Saying

“ Saying this she left the prince, but  
 “ soon returned with a glass, and a  
 “ pitcher full of spring water. Though  
 “ he had no desire to drink, he did not  
 “ fail swallowing it as eagerly as if he  
 “ had been thirsty. While the old wo-  
 “ man was pouring out the water, the  
 “ young maid, who had gone into the  
 “ next room, prompted by the natural  
 “ curiosity of youth, came out again.  
 “ The prince was as agreeably surpris’d  
 “ at the second as he had been at the first  
 “ sight of her : he drank, however, and  
 “ returning the glass carelessly to the  
 “ old woman, said to her : ‘ You have  
 “ a sweet girl for your daughter.’—‘ I  
 “ am not her mother,’ replied the old  
 “ woman, ‘ but only her aunt ; her  
 “ father and mother are dead, and she  
 “ has only one brother, who has been  
 “ away these two years.’

“ The old aunt had scarcely said this,  
 “ when

“ when the hunters who had all affem-  
 “ bled and miffed the prince, came to-  
 “ wards the houfe where he was, and,  
 “ feeing his horfe at the door, judged  
 “ that he was not far off. Halting, one  
 “ of them went into the houfe, and, fee-  
 “ ing the prince, faluted him with fuch  
 “ refpect, that the old woman and her  
 “ niece immediately conceived that the  
 “ perfon to whom the water had been  
 “ brought was the Sophi himfelf. The  
 “ aunt threw herfelf at his feet, and be-  
 “ fought his pardon for the faults her  
 “ ignorance of his rank had no doubt  
 “ made her commit. ‘ You have com-  
 “ mitted none,’ replied the prince, raif-  
 “ ing her, ‘ and even if your reception  
 “ had been a hundred times lefs civil,  
 “ the pleasure of feeing your lovely niece  
 “ would have been enough to make me  
 “ forget it. Her charms have pierced  
 “ my heart : ſhe lives in a ſpot unworthy  
 “ of

“ of her ; so much beauty should not be  
 “ buried in a dismal retirement. Quit  
 “ this house and all you have in it ;  
 “ you shall find yourself amply repaid  
 “ by the abundance I will heap upon  
 “ you both : your niece shall in future  
 “ have my seraglio for her residence ;  
 “ yet you shall not lose her ; I will not  
 “ separate your hearts, you shall live  
 “ together.’ — ‘ Seigneur,’ replied the  
 “ aunt, ‘ you overpower us with favours  
 “ which we can never merit. You ask  
 “ for my niece Bazilla : I am persuaded  
 “ her inclination would lead her to ac-  
 “ company a prince like you, proposing  
 “ to raise her to so high a degree of  
 “ honour ; but she is not mine : her  
 “ brother Merlin left her under my  
 “ care ; I expect him back immediately,  
 “ and with him one of his friends, whom  
 “ he intends for his sister’s husband.  
 “ Have the goodness, seigneur, to delay

for a short time the honour you propose for her, that my nephew may have no reason to complain of my breach of fidelity, and the honour you heap upon our family will prompt him to refuse her to his friend, and present her to you.'

"Lovers are not fond of delays; nor did the prince relish these reasons. 'It is no breach of fidelity,' replied he, 'to obey the will of your Sophi. My love cannot restrain itself to such conditions; her brother shall have no cause to complain; come away.' The aunt would have replied, but the prince by a motion showed her she was to obey instantly. He went up at the same time and saluted Bazilla, who received him with an air, which, though accompanied with a modest timidity, had a degree of confidence worthy one more accustomed to greatness. A

"horse

“ horse was immediately prepared for  
 “ her by the Sophi, and another for her  
 “ aunt. The prince never left the side  
 “ of Bazilla : he observed in her an-  
 “ swers an understanding, if not culti-  
 “ vated, at least disposed to receive the  
 “ most refined and polished impressions.  
 “ She did not appear abashed. ‘ Is the  
 “ little violence I have done your aunt’s  
 “ inclination,’ said the prince, ‘ disagree-  
 “ able to you, fair Bazilla ? and are you  
 “ as reluctant to go with me, as she was  
 “ to let me take you ?’—‘ The honour  
 “ you do me, and your kindness,’ re-  
 “ plied Bazilla, ‘ are worthy of a dif-  
 “ ferent feeling. The reasons of my  
 “ aunt’s reluctance can have no weight  
 “ on my mind, and the husband in-  
 “ tended for me by my brother, has no-  
 “ thing so charming in him as to blot  
 “ from my heart the gratitude I owe  
 “ to you.’

“ In



“ In this manner did the prince and  
 “ Bazilla converse till they reached the  
 “ palace. I will not tire you with a  
 “ minute detail of occurrences, suffice it  
 “ to know that the prince became more  
 “ and more devoted to Bazilla, that she  
 “ returned his affection, that her good  
 “ fortune made no change in the mo-  
 “ desty of her deportment, and that the  
 “ honour to which the love of the prince  
 “ had exalted her only made her heart  
 “ more familiar with nobility and gran-  
 “ deur, without creating any vanity  
 “ in it.

“ Things were in this state when Ba-  
 “ zilla’s brother arrived, as his aunt said  
 “ he would. His friend, the proposed  
 “ husband of Bazilla, whose name was  
 “ Loran, accompanied him with the  
 “ eagerness of a man who flatters him-  
 “ self that he is about to become the  
 “ possessor of the finest woman in the  
 VOL. III. L “ world.

“ world. But what was the astonish-  
 “ ment of both, when the servant who  
 “ was left to take care of the house in-  
 “ formed them of Bazilla’s adventure,  
 “ and of the manner in which the Sophi  
 “ had carried her away to the seraglio  
 “ with her aunt. The lover turned pale  
 “ at this intelligence, and Bazilla’s bro-  
 “ ther condoled with him as well as  
 “ he could, but in his heart he was  
 “ charmed with the high rank his sister  
 “ held, and with the prospect of that  
 “ which he hoped in future to hold him-  
 “ self. ‘ I am sorry,’ said he to his  
 “ friend, ‘ that a power so superior has  
 “ snatched my sister from you : you see  
 “ I would have kept my word with you,  
 “ but what can I do with the Sophi but  
 “ submit, and thank him for the favour  
 “ he has conferred on Bazilla ? Be  
 “ comforted, my dear friend ; in all  
 “ likelihood the Sophi will heap favours  
 “ on

“ on me, and though it has not been  
 “ in my power to give you my sister,  
 “ I can share my fortune with you : I  
 “ will engage my sister to beg the prince  
 “ to make you amends for your loss,  
 “ and you will be in a situation to form  
 “ an alliance infinitely superior to that  
 “ with me.’—‘ I am very much obliged  
 “ to you for all your offers,’ replied  
 “ Loran, ‘ I have lost Bazilla, I loved  
 “ her, my longing heart must love her  
 “ ever ; the hope of making her mine  
 “ has left an impression which death  
 “ only can efface ; enjoy the honours  
 “ you reasonably expect, but leave me  
 “ to die of grief.’ Bazilla’s brother  
 “ strove in vain to moderate the effects  
 “ of his despair by the most consolatory  
 “ arguments ; all he said but augmented  
 “ the sufferings of his friend, and he  
 “ ceased to mention the cause.

“ Meanwhile the prince, who from

“ time to time had sent to enquire if  
 “ Bazilla’s brother was returned, heard  
 “ of his arrival. Merlin immediately  
 “ received an order to come with his  
 “ friend to the Sophi. The despairing  
 “ Loran was at first averse to accom-  
 “ panying his friend. ‘ No, no,’ said  
 “ he to him, ‘ go by yourself: though  
 “ he be a prince, the respect and vene-  
 “ ration imposed by his rank on other  
 “ men, have no effect on me; I hate  
 “ him, he is a rival the more hideous  
 “ on account of his power. What has  
 “ this proud Sophi to say to me? I want  
 “ nothing of him: death is the only  
 “ comfort I can think of now.’ How-  
 “ ever, in spite of these gusts of passion,  
 “ Merlin argued so reasonably with him,  
 “ that he at length prevailed upon him  
 “ to appear before the Sophi.

“ The prince received Bazilla’s bro-  
 “ ther with every mark of goodness and  
 “ sweet-

“ sweetness. To Loran he said; ‘ Ba-  
 “ zilla was to have been yours, but I  
 “ found her worthy of my affections :  
 “ if you love her truly, her elevation  
 “ will console you for the loss of her :  
 “ yet it is my intention to soften the  
 “ disappointment you must have felt by  
 “ improving your lot in life. Go to  
 “ my treasurer, he has received an  
 “ order to deliver a considerable sum of  
 “ money to you ; besides which, you  
 “ may in future expect every thing from  
 “ my favour. As for you, Merlin, whose  
 “ sister I have the happiness to call mine,  
 “ you shall in return have one of my  
 “ sisters in marriage.’ Merlin threw  
 “ himself at the feet of the Sophi to  
 “ thank him for the honour he conferred  
 “ upon him ; and his friend followed  
 “ his example, but with a bad grace and  
 “ a constrained air. The Sophi per-  
 “ ceived it, but having a great share of

“ humanity, and knowing by the hap-  
 “ piness he enjoyed with Bazilla what  
 “ the feelings of a man who had lost  
 “ her might be, he forgave Merlin’s  
 “ friend for the little gratitude he showed  
 “ for the present he had made him.  
 “ Merlin, before he left the prince,  
 “ begged to embrace his sister, to which  
 “ the Sophi consented, and bade him  
 “ return next day. This he did not  
 “ fail to do : he and his sister had an  
 “ affectionate meeting, and as he had  
 “ not seen her for a long time, he was  
 “ himself surpris’d at her beauty.

“ In a few days Merlin married the  
 “ Sophi’s sister, who, next to Bazilla,  
 “ was the handsomest woman in Persia.  
 “ Loran call’d upon the treasurer, who  
 “ deliver’d to him a sum of money  
 “ enough to make him rich for the rest  
 “ of his life. He was no sooner in pos-  
 “ session of it than he resolv’d to leave  
 “ Persia,

“ Persia, and endeavour, by travelling, to  
 “ efface the sad impressiion that remained  
 “ on his heart. He set out, after bid-  
 “ ding adieu to Merlin, who did not  
 “ forget himself or those whom birth  
 “ had made his equal because he  
 “ was brother-in-law to the Sophi. He  
 “ made use of the fortune by which he  
 “ was elevated above them only to make  
 “ them love him the more.

“ Loran set out on his travels  
 “ with a heavy heart. On the third  
 “ day, as he was riding on a rugged  
 “ road, he perceived a venerable old  
 “ man asleep on a rock : at some paces  
 “ from him he saw a woman with a  
 “ dagger in her hand stealing towards  
 “ him as softly as she could for fear of  
 “ waking him. The woman’s resolu-  
 “ tion to murder the man absorbed her  
 “ so much in the thoughts of the crime  
 “ she was going to commit, and of the

“ measures necessary to complete it suc-  
“ cessfully, that she did not observe  
“ Loran. She was now close to the old  
“ man, and was raising her hand to  
“ plunge the dagger into his heart, when  
“ Loran, excited by compassion, gave a  
“ loud cry, and spurred on his horse  
“ to prevent the woman from commit-  
“ ting the murder. At the cry he  
“ gave, and the trampling of his horse’s  
“ feet, the old man awoke, and the first  
“ object that struck his opening eyes  
“ was the woman with the dagger up-  
“ lifted to kill him. On this she at-  
“ tempted to stab herself in rage for  
“ having failed, but her despair was of  
“ no use to her, and she endeavoured in  
“ vain to plunge the dagger into her  
“ own bosom. ‘ You cannot kill your-  
“ self,’ said the old man to her, rubbing  
“ his eyes as calmly as if he had been  
“ awakened by a most agreeable adven-  
“ ture;



" ture; 'your dagger would give you too  
 " mild a death, ill suited to your perfidy :  
 " live, wretch! to be for ever dying  
 " with an eternal languor, to preserve  
 " only so much of life as is necessary to  
 " make you feel the horror of a death  
 " constantly at hand.' He then rose,  
 " leaning on a short stick, and turning  
 " towards Loran said: ' Stranger, to  
 " whom I owe my life, approach, and  
 " know that the best fortune that could  
 " have happened to you was that of ren-  
 " dering me this service. You appear  
 " to me fatigued, come and rest yourself  
 " at my abode.' Saying which, he first  
 " advanced towards Loran, whom the  
 " fruitless attempts of the woman's de-  
 " spair and the words of the old man  
 " had rendered motionless.

" ' You are, no doubt, surpris'd at all  
 " you see,' continued the old man, ' and  
 " you are alarmed by what you have ob-

“ served that is marvellous : but take  
 “ courage, you are safe, and for the pre-  
 “ sent were all the world armed against  
 “ your life, all the world could not hurt  
 “ you.’

“ On hearing the old man talk in this  
 “ manner, Loran alighted from his horse,  
 “ and hastening to meet him with the  
 “ respect due to his age, and perhaps to  
 “ the power he suspected him to be pos-  
 “ sessed of, replied : ‘ It delights me to  
 “ have saved you from death, which hav-  
 “ ing spared you so long ought not now  
 “ to take you off with such tragic vio-  
 “ lence. I will accompany you wherever  
 “ you please ; the veneration I feel for  
 “ you prevents all distrust, and I will ac-  
 “ cept, with all the sensibility my heart  
 “ is capable of, the favours you choose to  
 “ confer upon me, though I require no  
 “ more than the pleasing acknowledge-  
 “ ment

“ ment you have expressed.’ The old  
“ man embraced him, and taking him  
“ by the hand led him up to the woman  
“ who had remained fixed in the atti-  
“ tude of a person attempting to kill her-  
“ self: she was motionless in every part  
“ except her eyes, but those were suffi-  
“ cient to express all the rage she felt.  
“ Her looks were furious, full of fire,  
“ and cast now on the old man, now on  
“ Loran, in a terrible manner. Loran  
“ shuddered as he approached her.  
“ ‘Fear nothing,’ said the old man;  
“ ‘terrible as you behold her, she is  
“ less dangerous than the stick in  
“ my hand.’ Saying which, he snatched  
“ from her hand the dagger as she  
“ still held it pointed to her breast.  
“ ‘Move,’ cried he, in a voice more  
“ powerful than could be natural to him,  
“ ‘move; obey my command.’ The  
“ woman obeyed, having first darted a

“ horrible look at him. As she walked,  
“ her motion seemed as if the effect of  
“ extraordinary springs.

“ Loran, though in a situation not to  
“ be frightened by death, could not help  
“ feeling a certain shuddering at sight of  
“ such things. The old man continued  
“ to heap kindnesses upon him, and told  
“ him who the woman was that at-  
“ tempted to kill him. ‘ You see me,’  
“ said he to Loran, ‘ in a very advanced  
“ age : I have been alive two hundred  
“ years. I shall say nothing of the  
“ chance that led me to apply myself to  
“ the occult sciences and alchemy : after  
“ much travelling, many experiments,  
“ adventures, and misfortunes, I have  
“ attained an almost perfect knowledge  
“ of most of the secrets of Nature. I am  
“ acquainted with simples, I give a new  
“ youth to whom I please, I could turn  
“ a hundred mountains into gold in as  
“ little.

“ little time as it requires to measure  
“ their circumference; I restore health to  
“ to those who have lost it through age  
“ or a bad constitution, and I am now  
“ labouring to discover the secret of re-  
“ storing life, nor do I despair of pushing  
“ ing my knowledge and art even beyond  
“ death. I now command the spirits of  
“ of hell, superior intelligences are subject  
“ to me, I enslave the bad, and compel  
“ them by my invocations to obey me ;  
“ the good are eager to be useful to me ;  
“ in short, my dear preserver, there are  
“ few things that I do not know, few  
“ pleasures which I have not shared, few  
“ situations in which I have not been.  
“ I have seen almost the whole habi-  
“ table earth ; I have always travelled  
“ with safety, sometimes by land, some-  
“ times by water, sometimes in the air,  
“ sometimes visible, sometimes invisible ;  
“ in short, in whatever manner I pleased.  
“ I have

“ I have the secret of changing bodies  
 “ when mine wears out, and as the soul  
 “ never grows old, I make myself when  
 “ I please as handsome and blooming as  
 “ a youth of twenty : for this, indeed,  
 “ I must find bodies, for I cannot make  
 “ them for myself, but death that mows  
 “ down such numbers of young people,  
 “ of princes, nobles, plebeians, officers,  
 “ magistrates and others, furnishes me  
 “ with but too many opportunities when  
 “ I have a mind to lodge my soul in a  
 “ youthful body ; and I have this advan-  
 “ tage, that the body, when I take pos-  
 “ session of it, whatever may have been  
 “ its disease, whatever wound or other  
 “ violence it may have received, imme-  
 “ diately recovers its original plumpness  
 “ and health. Now to tell you how  
 “ I manage matters : when I tire of the  
 “ body I have, I transport myself by my  
 “ art to Court, the army, town, or  
 “ where

“ where I will : in those places I see who  
“ are sick, and take my measures accord-  
“ ingly. If, for example, at Court I find  
“ the son of a nobleman ill, I know infal-  
“ libly by my art whether he will die of  
“ the disease or not ; and I make it a point  
“ never to attempt to hasten the death  
“ of those that may recover : but should  
“ I find that the young nobleman must  
“ die, I render myself invisible, and take  
“ an opportunity when he opens his  
“ mouth to blow a little dust down his  
“ throat, which finishes him in about  
“ half an hour. As soon as he has given  
“ up the ghost I quit my body, which  
“ by the power of my art I cause to va-  
“ nish, or rather to be annihilated, and  
“ I enter into the body of the youth ;  
“ who is thought to be really dead for  
“ some moments. I then adroitly give  
“ some signs of life by breathing softly,  
“ not wishing to astonish by a wonderful  
“ change ;

“ change; I come to myself gradually,  
“ and speak, keeping the paleness of a  
“ sick man: the parents rejoice, and I  
“ am pronounced out of danger. I ma-  
“ nage myself in such a manner that my  
“ recovery does not seem extraordinary,  
“ and getting at length on my legs I ap-  
“ pear the nobleman’s son. In this state  
“ I live some time if the situation  
“ pleases me; for you must understand  
“ that in taking the body of the youth,  
“ I know instantly all that he knew; I  
“ have the same acquaintances, and the  
“ same mistresses: and when the fancy  
“ for living in this manner is over,  
“ I escape the shortest way, and take  
“ some other body; a woman’s if I like.—  
“ I have now given you a short detail of  
“ my knowledge and of my secrets; it  
“ remains for me to tell you, that five  
“ and twenty years ago, as I was going  
“ though a street in a town, I saw a mi-  
“ serable



“ ferable young woman going to be executed for having, it was said, poisoned her father and mother, because they prevented her marrying a young man with whom she was in love. She appeared to me at a distance exquisitely beautiful. I went near her, and saw that she was not more than eighteen, and a tender pity took possession of my heart. At that time I had the person of a rich merchant, whose wealth and good looks had made him the favoured lover of one of the most lovely women of the place : this man had died ; I loved the lady, and had in vain tried to inspire her with a reciprocal passion in the person of a handsome young man, when the merchant fell sick : I took his body, and succeeded to his good fortune.

“ “ In that state I was walking through the streets, when the young woman  
“ caught

“ caught my eyes : her youth and beau-  
“ ty as I told you melted my heart. I  
“ instantly disappeared, and rising into  
“ the air, snatched her from the hands  
“ of the executioner, who feeling her  
“ torn from him without seeing any one,  
“ fled in a fright. The moment I had  
“ her in my power, I rendered her like-  
“ wife invisible, and transported her in  
“ an instant to the place of my retire-  
“ ment. Now this young woman is no  
“ other than she who was going to stab  
“ me, and from whose treachery you pre-  
“ served me. You may imagine that  
“ she was extremely astonished on find-  
“ ing herself alone with me, at the bot-  
“ tom of a cavern where I dwelled, and  
“ where by my art I have hollowed sub-  
“ terranean apartments, which are light-  
“ ed by lamps perpetually burning, but  
“ into which the light of day never  
“ enters. To be brief, I became pas-  
“ sionately

‘ fionately in love with her. I made her  
‘ completely acquainted with what I was,  
‘ and with the power I possessed ; and,  
‘ still in the person of the dead merchant,  
‘ manifested the most ardent tenderness  
‘ for her, assuring her that I should love  
‘ her all my life, that her happiness with  
‘ me should surpass that of the greatest  
‘ princefs’s, and that her every wish  
‘ should be satisfied. In telling her all  
‘ my secrets, I had, however, concealed  
‘ my age, and the power I had of chang-  
‘ ing bodies, fearing she might be  
‘ shocked at the idea. She became ha-  
‘ bituated to my ways, and we enjoyed  
‘ for some years the pleasure of the  
‘ sweetest union : I had never been so  
‘ happy. But as there is a certain day  
‘ in the week, on which I am compelled  
‘ to wear in my face all the wrinkles  
‘ and ugliness of my age, I always  
‘ made it a point with her, that she  
‘ should

“ should leave me those days at liberty  
“ to do as I would with myself. This  
“ excited her curiosity: she pretended  
“ to grant freely what I requested, but  
“ secretly resolved to make herself ac-  
“ quainted with the cause I had for ab-  
“ senting myself on those days. In the  
“ morning of one of them I rose early;  
“ she feigned to be in a deep sleep, and  
“ I thought her so. I hastened on my  
“ clothes, time pressed, my wrinkles  
“ took possession of my face, and even as  
“ I dressed I became bent beneath the  
“ weight of years. She watched me,  
“ and perceiving my transformation,  
“ gave a scream, exclaiming at the same  
“ time, *Heavens! what do I see? what*  
“ *means this change?* I turned pale at  
“ these words, flew into a rage, and the  
“ first impulses of my passion had nearly  
“ proved fatal to her: but she had  
“ swooned, and the sight of her in that  
“ state

state dispelled my anger; I brought her to herself, and determining to make a virtue of necessity, I revealed my secret to her, and the fatality of those particular days on which I was obliged to become such as she saw me. I told her that I would always take care to keep away from her at those times, and said, that as the transformation lasted but a day, she ought not to be so much shocked. She appeared reconciled, but the traitress again feigned, and secretly resolved to get rid of me; for in the account I had given her, I had imprudently confessed that in the state in which she saw me, no charm could protect me from death, if I did not take care to swallow, on those days, a vial of the juice of a certain herb, which assisted me to go through the day till the next morning. It was from an impulse of tenderness or in-

“ discreet

“ discreet confidence, that I confessed this  
 “ fatal secret to her : she did not forget  
 “ it, and resolved to take advantage of  
 “ it, well knowing that after my death  
 “ she would have it in her power to lead  
 “ a happy life, as I had taught her  
 “ almost all my secrets. After this im-  
 “ prudent disclosure, I left her, not to  
 “ return till the next day. When I saw  
 “ her again, she appeared contented, and  
 “ I never suspected her design : no doubt  
 “ she had never found an opportunity,  
 “ till that of my falling asleep on the  
 “ rock, in the state in which you now  
 “ see me.’

“ As the old man finished this asto-  
 “ nishing story, they arrived at the en-  
 “ trance of his cavern. The woman,  
 “ who walked before, went in the first,  
 “ and the magician then showed Loran  
 “ in, and followed. It was rather dark  
 “ at the entrance, but after a few paces,  
 “ a bril-

“ a brilliant light succeeded the dark-  
 “ nefs: he found a spacious hall, whence  
 “ he passed through several apartments,  
 “ encreasing in magnificence, and enter-  
 “ ed a closet where the magician bade  
 “ him stop. From this closet the old  
 “ man went into another, in which he  
 “ locked up the woman, after loading  
 “ her with chains. He then returned  
 “ to Loran who was struck dumb at his  
 “ extraordinary adventure. ‘ Come,’  
 “ said he, ‘ it is time for you to take  
 “ some refreshment.’ As he said this  
 “ he stamped with his foot, and Loran  
 “ saw a table with a magnificent banquet  
 “ rise from the floor. The magician  
 “ stamped again, and immediately there  
 “ appeared a sideboard provided with  
 “ all kinds of wines and liquors. ‘ Come,  
 “ let us eat,’ said he to Loran, ‘ and  
 “ do not think that these dishes can hurt  
 “ you, or that they are illusions: I will

“ set you the example and eat first.  
 “ This is the usual way in which my ta-  
 “ ble is served : I have no occasion for  
 “ servants, and am not the worse serv-  
 “ ed, as you see.’ The magician then  
 “ began to eat, and Loran followed his  
 “ example.

“ Loran, indeed, obeyed through de-  
 “ ference, for these sorts of fights were  
 “ not calculated to give an appetite ; be-  
 “ sides which, the unfortunate result of  
 “ his passion was always in his mind ;  
 “ though he eat then, it was in so me-  
 “ lancholy a mood, that, after the repast,  
 “ the magician said to him : ‘ Seigneur,  
 “ you appeared to me, throughout our  
 “ repast, thoughtful and sad ; a gloomy  
 “ anxiety was painted on your brow ;  
 “ are you apprehensive that I may con-  
 “ fine you here against your will ? Speak,  
 “ and let me know if there is any thing  
 “ that makes you unhappy ; I am under



“ an obligation to you, that would  
“ prompt me to do every thing for you.’  
“ Here the Magician stopped and waited  
“ for Loran’s reply, who remained  
“ silent for some time, with his eyes fix-  
“ ed on the ground : at length, raising  
“ them ; ‘ alas ! seigneur,’ said he,  
“ ‘ you are more indebted to accident  
“ than to me, for the service I have ren-  
“ dered you : no man living but would,  
“ on such an occasion have done as  
“ much ; but were you a thousand  
“ times more grateful, were you even  
“ more desirous to serve me, my woes  
“ are of a nature that admit no remedy.  
“ I had a mistress, the sister of a friend,  
“ who had promised to give her to  
“ me in marriage, as soon as we re-  
“ turned from a long journey we had  
“ taken together. Before we left home  
“ she seemed pleased enough with my  
“ passion ; but when we returned, I was  
VOL. III. M “ informed,

“ informed, that the Sophi had taken  
 “ her from me ; having seen her by  
 “ chance, when hunting, and fallen in  
 “ love with her : and now, in the fe-  
 “ raglio, she enjoys the greatest favours  
 “ that fortune can bestow, and lavishes  
 “ hers on my powerful rival. I fled in  
 “ despair, resolving to die, or conquer a  
 “ love that undermines my health. Such,  
 “ if you can remedy them, seigneur, are  
 “ my woes.’—‘ I forgive you,’ replied  
 “ the Magician, ‘ for doubting my  
 “ power. A lover in despair can see  
 “ nothing capable of rendering him  
 “ happy :—but I take upon me to make  
 “ you as happy in love, as you are now  
 “ the reverse : it is the least I can do  
 “ for a man who has saved my life. Stay  
 “ some days here with me, and I will  
 “ teach you enough to secure you per-  
 “ fect happiness.’ This was too favour-  
 “ able an offer to be refused, and Loran  
 “ agreed

“ agreed to stay. To be brief, you must  
 “ know that the Magician instructed him  
 “ so well, that in less than a fortnight he  
 “ was acquainted with almost as many  
 “ natural and magical secrets as the old  
 “ man himself.

“ For twelve days the woman, bound  
 “ and chained in the next room, conti-  
 “ nued screaming in a dreadful manner,  
 “ and cursing the Magician, when Lo-  
 “ ran, touched with pity, conjured him  
 “ to forgive her, or at least to abate her  
 “ sufferings. Magicians are not very  
 “ tender-hearted: ‘No, no,’ said he,  
 “ ‘let her groan, let her wish for death  
 “ without being able to obtain it; she  
 “ has many more torments to endure,  
 “ —mention her no more.’ Loran  
 “ restrained himself: the screams, how-  
 “ ever; the dreadful groans, and im-  
 “ precations continued, till he could  
 “ no longer bear it, and one day when

“ the old man was absent, knowing the  
 “ the secret by which he kept her wretch-  
 “ ed and enslaved, while he preserved  
 “ her life, he destroyed the enchant-  
 “ ment and set her at liberty. She was,  
 “ however, doomed to perish : at the  
 “ moment Loran broke her chains the  
 “ Magician entered, and turned pale on  
 “ seeing what Loran had done. ‘ Seign-  
 “ eur,’ cried he, ‘ what are you about?’  
 “ — ‘ Pardon me what I have done,’ re-  
 “ plied Loran, ‘ but I could not bear  
 “ her groans any longer, and pity, which  
 “ I could not resist, is the sole motive of  
 “ my present action.’— ‘ It is an action I  
 “ am not at all pleased with,’ replied the  
 “ Magician, knitting his brow, and  
 “ speaking in a constrained manner,  
 “ which plainly indicated that he did not  
 “ say all he thought, ‘ but as this woman  
 “ excites so much pity, even let her ex-  
 “ pire, I agree to it.’

“ He

“ He had no sooner said the word  
 “ than the woman fell dead, as if she had  
 “ been struck with lightning.

“ ‘ You are now satisfied,’ said he to  
 “ Loran, ‘ and I can easily forget your  
 “ intention of setting her at liberty, as it  
 “ was the effect of a generous sentiment.’

“ After this he appeared smiling and  
 “ tranquil, but Loran observed the con-  
 “ straint he put upon himself in appear-  
 “ ing pleased, and he thought he should  
 “ be lost if he trusted to the magician’s  
 “ feigned tranquillity. He resolved, let  
 “ what would happen to him, to antici-  
 “ pate him, and to cut the thread of a  
 “ life which the Fates prolonged in spite  
 “ of themselves. The body of the wo-  
 “ man disappeared at the command of  
 “ the magician, who happened on that  
 “ day to have his wrinkles and aged  
 “ figure, in which state he was mortal  
 “ if he slept, or lay along upon the  
 “ ground.

“ ground. You will see now, in what  
“ manner chance seconded Loran in the  
“ resolution he had taken: ‘Let us leave  
“ this room,’ said the old man, taking  
“ Loran’s hand to go into another, the  
“ passage to which was narrow. As he  
“ hobbled, a crutch with which he sup-  
“ ported himself slipped away, and he  
“ fell upon the ground. Loran instantly  
“ determined to seize the opportunity ;  
“ he drew a dagger from his belt, and  
“ stooping as if to raise him, stabbed  
“ him to the heart : he bled but little,  
“ and died grinding his teeth, and dart-  
“ ing a terrible look at his murderer.  
“ The moment he expired the cavern  
“ disappeared, and Loran found himself  
“ upon a rock with the body of the old  
“ man, and with the woman’s likewise.  
“ Having fully assured himself that the  
“ magician was dead, he resolved to re-  
“ turn to the Sophi’s capital, there to  
“ put

“ put into execution all the secrets he  
 “ had learned of the magician.  
 “ He repaired once more to his friend  
 “ Merlin, who was delighted to see him  
 “ again. The first days were spent in  
 “ pleasures, and the treacherous Loran,  
 “ devoting himself in future to enchant-  
 “ ments, so well disguised beneath a show  
 “ of joy his dreadful designs, that Mer-  
 “ lin thought him entirely cured. After  
 “ a short time, he determined to execute  
 “ all that he had projected, and chance  
 “ soon gave him an opportunity. The  
 “ Sophi, more and more enamoured of  
 “ Bazilla, for whose amusement he was  
 “ constantly contriving new pleasures,  
 “ invited all his favourites to a great  
 “ feast at a pleasant villa, given in ho-  
 “ nour of his loved Bazilla, who had  
 “ expressed a wish to have her brother  
 “ to sup with her. This entertainment  
 “ was given at night, by the light of a

“ thousand flambeaux, in a beautiful and  
“ spacious grotto, through which a hun-  
“ dred rivulets murmured agreeably in  
“ every direction.

“ Loran was informed of this feast by  
“ Merlin, who assured him that, not-  
“ withstanding the honour conferred on  
“ him by the Sophi, he could not be  
“ completely happy, as his friend was  
“ not to be at the entertainment.

“ When Loran judged the feast to be  
“ at its height, he transported himself  
“ by the force of art to the grotto where  
“ the Sophi, Bazilla, and the company  
“ were enjoying the festivities of the  
“ evening. He remained some time in-  
“ visible to contemplate his mistress,  
“ whom vexation, jealousy, and the mag-  
“ nificence with which she was sur-  
“ rounded, painted to him a thousand  
“ times more beautiful and more amia-  
“ ble than ever. He yielded himself to  
“ the



“ the fury of his passions : impatient to  
“ be master of Bazilla, he approached  
“ the table just as the Sophi was offer-  
“ ing her a goblet of a delicious beve-  
“ rage with the fervour of gallantry,  
“ and became visible. Imagine the sur-  
“ prise of those who saw a man sud-  
“ denly appear, where a moment before  
“ they could distinguish nothing. Bazilla  
“ gave a dreadful cry, and hid her face  
“ in the bosom of the Sophi. Loran  
“ struck the table with a little wand he  
“ had in his hand, on which all the  
“ guests became immoveable ; nor could  
“ the slaves that waited upon them ad-  
“ vance a step : a thick cloud put out  
“ the light of the flambeaux, and enve-  
“ loped all the guests. Loran again  
“ waved his wand, when the cloud car-  
“ ried them all up into the air, and  
“ brought them to the place where we  
“ now are. You will perhaps be asto-  
“ nished,

“ nished, seigneur,” continued the lady,  
 to Theodore, “ that Loran should choose  
 “ so distant a retreat, but by means of  
 “ his art he knew, not only that this  
 “ place was very retired, but that Na-  
 “ ture had here formed a spacious ca-  
 “ vern. This cavern he afterwards  
 “ completed, disposing it into most mag-  
 “ nificent apartments, in imitation of  
 “ the magician whom he had killed.

“ I have now,” said the lady, “ to  
 “ tell you his conduct since the forcible  
 “ removal from the Sophi’s villa. Of  
 “ the cavaliers and slaves included in it  
 “ he made guards, compelling them by  
 “ his power to guard the brazen doors  
 “ with which the apartments are se-  
 “ cured.” Here Theodore informed the  
 lady that he had observed the first gate  
 he had broke open was of brass : “ and,”  
 added he, “ as in spite of Loran’s en-  
 “ chantments I was able to break open  
 “ that

“ that gate and to put the guard to  
 “ flight, I cannot but consider this out-  
 “ set as a presage that I shall completely  
 “ succeed in my adventure, and as an  
 “ indication that I have been selected to  
 “ put an end to the woes of all the cap-  
 “ tives confined here by Loran. But go  
 “ on, lady, and inform me how Loran  
 “ lives here, what is become of Bazilla  
 “ and the Sophi, and what you are all  
 “ doing in this hall.

“ I told you,” continued the lady,  
 “ that at every door there are guards  
 “ formed of the cavaliers and slaves  
 “ whom Loran carried off from the feast.  
 “ He prolongs their life, and keeps them  
 “ always in the same vigour. He brought  
 “ away, at the same time, a great many  
 “ women, whom he likewise enchanted.  
 “ But first let me tell you, that when  
 “ Loran found himself in possession of  
 “ the prince and Bazilla in this cavern,

“ he immediately chained the prince and  
 “ suspended him to the ceiling of a room,  
 “ where he has remained ever since: at  
 “ times his dreadful cries reach us even  
 “ here. Having done this in his fury,  
 “ he made Bazilla fall into a deep sleep,  
 “ during which he prepared a charm  
 “ that on her waking disposed her to  
 “ listen favourably to his abominable  
 “ love. She forgot the prince for some  
 “ days, and recollected him only to de-  
 “ sire to ill treat and insult him, and  
 “ being conducted by Loran to the place  
 “ where he was suspended, she railed  
 “ at him with the most acrimonious  
 “ expressions which contempt, rage,  
 “ and cruelty could suggest, while the  
 “ wretched prince to soften her said  
 “ every thing that grief and tenderness  
 “ in despair could imagine her feel-  
 “ ings.

“ For some days Loran sported thus

“ with the mind and heart of the unfor-  
“ tunate Bazilla. At length his love  
“ came to an end, and he condemned  
“ her to the same fate that he had al-  
“ lotted to the Sophi. He dragged her  
“ himself to the place where the prince  
“ was, and, after a thousand contempt-  
“ uous reproaches, tied her to his side,  
“ and left her suspended with him.  
“ There those unhappy lovers see each  
“ other only to feel all the wretchedness  
“ of witnessing the perpetual torments  
“ of a beloved object: a union truly  
“ barbarous, the cruelty of which ex-  
“ ceeds the bounds even of imagination.  
“ Bazilla continually implores the prince’s  
“ pardon for her vile conduct to him,  
“ and the prince never ceases invoking  
“ death for the unfortunate Bazilla. As  
“ for Merlin, Loran, considering that he  
“ was not at all to blame in the carrying  
“ away of Bazilla by the Sophi, enchanted  
“ him

“ him in such a manner that he is de-  
“ lighted with the torments endured by  
“ the prince and his sister. Loran had  
“ a great affection for him, and could  
“ not resolve on his ruin : he rendered  
“ him happy. The most beautiful wo-  
“ men in the world are at frequent in-  
“ tervals transported hither, and ren-  
“ dered victims to the passions of both  
“ the friends ; and when disgust succeeds  
“ to passion they are shut up in a room,  
“ the infected air of which poisons them.  
“ Heavens ! what a number have pe-  
“ rished in this manner ! In the adjoin-  
“ ing apartment are confined an immense  
“ number of men devoted to give new  
“ youth both to Loran and Merlin, and  
“ among them a great many children from  
“ nine to ten years old, whom the trea-  
“ cherous magician takes from their pa-  
“ rents, and who, on attaining the early  
“ period of manhood, expire by a poison  
“ blown

“ blown into their mouths, that their  
 “ bodies may be animated by the magi-  
 “ cian and his friend, whose last worn-  
 “ out bodies disappear by enchantment.  
 “ In a cave contiguous to the next apart-  
 “ ment are several wretches whom the  
 “ magician when he first came to the  
 “ cavern confined there to suffer shock-  
 “ ing torments : they were his enemies  
 “ while the Sophi reigned, and those  
 “ who while he was travelling with Mer-  
 “ lin endeavoured to prevail on the aunt  
 “ to give them Bazilla in marriage : as  
 “ for the aunt, she died soon after her  
 “ niece removed to the seraglio. Next  
 “ to that cave is a small chamber paved  
 “ with iron squares, which are always  
 “ red hot : in this cave are shut up those  
 “ whom a fatal curiosity, or a generous  
 “ intrepidity, like yours, induces to enter  
 “ this horrible cavern. They scarcely set  
 “ their foot within the first door when  
 “ they

“ they are seized by invifible enemies,  
“ who instantly tranfport them to the  
“ cave, where they fuffer all the pain that  
“ the fierceft fire can give. They run  
“ to and fro like madmen, the foles of  
“ their feet burnt, feeking relief from  
“ their running, till they fall with fa-  
“ tigue, and end their days in infupport-  
“ able torment, unable any longer to  
“ fupport themfelves. Such, feigneur,  
“ is the vengeance which the barbarous  
“ Lorán exercifes on thofe who dare to  
“ difturb his retirement. Fear a fimilar  
“ fate for yourfelf: it is true that the  
“ breaking of the brazen door and the  
“ flight of the guard are favourable  
“ prognoftics. Heaven grant that it may  
“ not deceive us, and that by a victory  
“ over our enemies you may be rewarded  
“ for a valour, the object of which is to  
“ put an end to the torments of fo many  
“ miserable creatures: but, feigneur, I  
“ cannot



“ cannot refrain from telling you one  
 “ thing, which you will probably think  
 “ a just foundation of fear ; it is this : I  
 “ know that Loran’s power over us, and  
 “ his enchantments are to be ended only  
 “ by a woman.”

At these words Theodore reddened with joy at being the chosen instrument for the destruction of these abominable enchantments. “ Cease to tremble for  
 “ me,” he replied ; “ your woes will  
 “ soon be at end, all the captives will be  
 “ set at liberty, and the wicked Loran  
 “ shall receive the punishment due to his  
 “ crimes, for nothing can save him from  
 “ my arm.” The lady, not convinced, renewed her entreaties and persuasions for Theodore’s flight : but he assured her that it was in vain to urge him, and that were he even afraid of perishing, what she had said was enough to shut his eyes to all danger. Theodore now prepared  
 to

to go into the other hall, and through all the apartments of this frightful abode, to find the cruel and barbarous Loran : but shrieks and mournful cries stopped him. He listened, when he saw the door of the next hall open, and the magician himself appear, who, trembling at the report brought to him by the guard of the brazen door which Theodore had forced, came attended by twenty armed satellites in search of the rash man whose valour had been attended with a success which surprised himself ; for it was true that his enchantments were to be destroyed only by a woman, and the guard of the door had reported that it was a cavalier who had forced it. He had no notion that this cavalier could be a woman in disguise, and, in his fright, attributed the success of the enterprise either to charms more powerful than his own, or to his want of care in renewing the strength

strength of those which he had employed for his security. With this idea he was going from place to place in quest of the rash cavalier, who had dared to make him tremble. When he perceived Theodore, who, sword in hand, advanced towards him as boldly as if he had had only an infant to fight with : “ Whence,” cried he, “ the rashness of entering here ? ” — “ If it be rashness,” replied Theodore, “ I hope that Heaven will deign to prosper it.” Saying which, and covering himself with his buckler, he went up to the magician in spite of the guard, and—

\* \* \* \* \*

It is impossible to say how the combat terminated, or even to describe the onset ; but this may be safely imagined, that the Sophi and Bazilla were relieved from their suspension ; that the torments of those who had the soles of their feet broiled were ended ; that the afflicted in  
the

the cave were set at liberty ; that the ladies in the hall were all sent home to their friends ; that the children were restored to their disconsolate parents ; the young men all dismissed, to return to their various states and vocations ; and that the cavern was destroyed, and for ever blocked up ; for the fact is, that just as Theodore was going to engage with the magician, *the lady Felicia awoke*, and all the phantoms of magic vanished from her imagination. In the valley where, in her assumed character of Theodore, she alighted from her horse, she had thrown her weary limbs on a fine turf, on which she had fallen asleep, and had dreamt all this great history.

## CHAP. XIV.

The Squire's fright and the Knight's valour. An adventure by moonlight, and how it ended.

As Theodore had slept a considerable time ; as it was late when he began his adventure ; and as day was fast declining when he closed his heavy eye-lids, it was quite night when he awoke, there being only a fine moonlight. His squire, Fabio, had also fallen asleep, and was sitting with his back against a tree, snoring with all his might, when the voice of his master unseasonably struck his ear. " Come, Fabio, let us go on," cried Theodore. " Who calls me ?" replied Fabio, in his sleep. " I," said the knight, " rise." At these words Fabio awoke ; if opening the eyes and not knowing where one is  
be

be waking, and, finding himself close to a tree, like a good Frenchman with his bottom to the ground, began crying out that the devil was running away him. At the name of the devil, Theodore, whose head was still full of necromancy, jumped up to assist his squire, if he stood in need of it. He accordingly went up to him, sword in hand, when Fabio, by the light of the moon seeing the steel glitter, awoke thoroughly through fright, but without recollecting the dress of his mistress as Theodore, at whose appearance he gave a scream which made the hollow valley ring, and then fled as if the devil himself had been at his heels. "Oh! I am dead, I am dead," cried Fabio, in a voice ill suited to his attire, and running with such precipitation that a shrub tripped him up. "Who is the enemy that you are flying from, Fabio?" said Theodore; "speak, are you afraid of me?" Fabio now  
recol-

recollected the voice of his mistress :  
 “ Oh ! my dear lady,” cried he, “ I beg  
 “ your pardon, but I took you for the  
 “ devil, on account of your sword.  
 “ Oh ! I shall die—pray look for your  
 “ bottle of Hungary water—what a  
 “ shocking place to be in at night.”  
 Theodore gave him the vial he asked for,  
 and endeavoured to dispel the terror of  
 his frightened squire, who soon after  
 rose and untied the horses.

Theodore and Fabio now mounted to  
 proceed on their way. The knight rode  
 on before, the better to indulge his fancy  
 in those ideas of love which suited the  
 proud disposition of his mind ; but Fabio,  
 whom the Hungary water had not fully  
 inspired with courage, unable to keep so  
 strict a silence as Theodore observed, rode  
 up, and begged a little chat : “ for in-  
 “ deed,” said he, “ this dead silence  
 “ puts me so much in mind of follow-  
 “ ing

“ ing a funeral that it terrifies me.”—  
 “ Leave me, Fabio,” replied Theodore  
 gravely, “ leave me to my feelings ; I  
 “ am reflecting on my unhappy fate,  
 “ and silence is necessary to my grief.”—  
 “ Nay, my lady,” replied Fabio, “ it is  
 “ a fate and a grief that will make us  
 “ break our necks some where or other,  
 “ or lead us among robbers or ruffians :  
 “ pray, my lady, let us make a vow never  
 “ to ride in the night, it is not fit for  
 “ women.”—“ Women, like me,” said  
 “ Theodore, “ are always safe, in what-  
 “ ever circumstances they may happen  
 “ to find themselves.”—“ Lord, lord !  
 “ I know women are never out in their  
 “ tongue ; if talk were all, we should  
 “ soon beat a whole army of cavaliers ;  
 “ but if some country-boors, or other  
 “ ruffians, were to come across us just  
 “ now, and by any odd chance should  
 “ suspect us not to be men, what would  
 “ become



“ become of us ? Away goes all our  
 “ money, and that perhaps not the worst  
 “ either.”—“ Take courage,” replied  
 Theodore, “ fear confounds your under-  
 “ standing : is it possible that you can be  
 “ with me, and suffer yourself to be so  
 “ alarmed ? Come on.”

Scarcely had the bold Theodore pronounced this valiant speech, when the ears of our adventurers were struck with the voices of men, who seemed approaching very quickly. “ Ah ! my lady,” said Fabio, trembling, “ it is all over  
 “ with us.” Fabio’s fear now communicated itself to the heart of the valiant Theodore, who turning pale, said ; “ You  
 “ are right, Fabio, it is not proper we  
 “ should be here. If De Joinville were  
 “ near, how gladly would I throw myself  
 “ into his arms for protection.”—  
 “ I wish with all my heart, my lady, he  
 “ was here, and Blaife with him !”

It seems that the voices proceeded from some peasants coming from work at a neighbouring villa. Several of them had come on before the others, and the noise made by the horses on which Theodore and Fabio rode, gave them a notion that their companions were close, on which they called, or rather roared out, "Come along." This roar was the death-blow to Theodore's courage; and as for Fabio, terror had stopped his tongue. The terrified knight took a cross road, to avoid the men, but missing his way fell in with a small party of the peasants. The rustics who, by the light of the moon, saw a horseman appear armed in an extraordinary manner, were frightened in their turn; they drew close to one another, and one of the boldest cried out: "Who the devil goes there?"—"A civil cavalier, who has missed his way," replied Theodore. "Well!

“Ecod! and let him find ’un again,  
“gin he ha’ lost it,” replied the clown.  
“Have the goodnefs, gentlemen,” said Theodore, “to tell me which of these  
“roads I must take.”—“The right, or  
“the left,” replied the peasant, growing bold, and observing to the others that the two men were fools: “Ecod! we  
“are fix to two,” continued he, “let’s  
“go up to ’em.” Our trembling adventurers were soon furrounded. The men observed that the cavalier had a long sword, and one of them laying hold of it, said: “by your leave, feigneur warrior, I will look at your sword: not  
“that I have any wish to rob you of it,  
“but it will lighten your poor beast.” Oh! Heaven! was it for such unworthy hands to disarm so noble a personage!—  
“It is at your service,” replied the sad knight, in a tone milder than the bleating of a lamb. “Where the dickens,”

said one of the band, "be ye trotting, in these fine feathers? Be ye going to Germany?"—"We are going wherever you please," replied the timid knight, in the hope of inducing by civility the countrymen, whom he took for robbers, to conduct themselves with decency.

While Theodore was thus engaged with one of the people, another was examining Fabio, who was every moment expecting to be found out to be a woman. "Where are you going in this trim?" said the fellow, "and what are you?"—"Alas!" replied Fabio, in a feminine voice, "I have no need to tell you what we are, for I am sure you guess."—"Zooks! do you take me for a witch?" cried the man. "No, no, not I," replied Fabio, "I have too much respect for you, to say any thing unhandsome of you."—The  
squire

squire of a valiant knight to have too much respect for a clown? dreadful!—"Keep your respect for yourself," said the peasant, "and tell me what you are."—"Nay, good worthy gentleman," replied Fabio, "I am really so frightened that I can't exactly say whether I am boy or girl."—"Dickens! I do believe ye be both girls," said the clown, whose valour rose to its full height at the idea; and imparting his discovery to his comrades, proposed to frighten them for a little fun. They all agreed; but as they seized the bridles of the horses, and were insisting that the girls should dismount, a trampling was heard at a little distance. Theodore, who thought himself already undone, made a grand effort, and cried out, with all the force he could collect, for help. Fabio joined his voice to the knight's. They screamed in concert, and drowned every word that the wondering

dering clowns attempted to speak. In a few moments two horsemen were seen riding up at full speed, on which the peasants, quitting the bridles and the dames, fled affrighted in different directions. To run the faster, he who had borrowed Theodore's sword threw it down, and the whole band darted into a wood close by, just as the new cavaliers came up to Theodore, who, unable to support his feelings any longer, fainted and fell from his horse. Fabio screamed again, and, before the cavalier, whose appearance had put the supposed ruffians to flight, could ask a question, cried, "oh! my lady! save my lady!" The astonished stranger leaped from his saddle, and running up to the insensible knight, whose fall had been a gentle one, raised the head of the disguised lady just as she was coming to herself, but who immediately recollecting her deliverer, for the moon shone upon his

his

his face, to be her lover, the unhappy De Joinville, screamed and fainted again. Fabio had alighted, and was now, with tears in his eyes, searching Felicia's pocket for her Hungary water, in which position De Joinville and he recollected each other. "Ah! seigneur, seigneur," said Dinah, "this will kill my mistress." Timanes, who heard her speak, remembering the voice of the beautiful Dinah, exclaimed: "That's Dinah that's speaking, I'm sure."—"Yes, Timanes, it is I myself," replied she; Heaven be praised, you have done penance as well as your master; and if my mistress recovers, we will none of us go scampering over the country any more." Timanes, or, to resume his own name, Blaise, blessed himself, and prayed fervently it might be so: he had had trotting enough after the foal, and longed for nothing so much as a poultry-yard,

yard, and Dinah, or rather Babet, to superintend it.

Felicia, having had her temples bathed with the Hungary water, revived, and suffered De Joinville to kiss her hand and beg her pardon, without being offended. She loved him, and being now frightened out of her folly, conceiving too that she owed him more perhaps than the clowns meant to rob her of, she not only suffered his careffes, but frankly returned them: she pressed his hand, and thanked him with a graceful smile for the service he had rendered her. De Joinville expressed his delight with the ardour natural to him, and prevailed upon her to accompany him to the country-seat of a friend of his in the neighbourhood, in order to take shelter for the night. In the way Felicia, having recovered by experience the common sense she had lost by her reading, ridiculed her own folly so unmercifully,



cifully, and rallied De Joinville on his with so much humour mixed with kindness, that before they reached their asylum for the night, he was convinced that men who deviate from the paths of reality into those of imagination are allied to lunatics.

After spending a few days with the friend of De Joinville, at whose house they had been warmly received, during which time the amiable Felicia de Belmont promised to bestow her hand on her happy lover at the end of a month after her return to Belmont, they set out together for home, attended by Blaife and Babet. At the time appointed, Felicia fulfilled her promise in bestowing her hand on De Joinville, and one of the clauses in the marriage settlement was, that none of their children should ever be allowed to read novels of any description.

Blaife

Blaise and Babet were united at the same time, but no settlements being necessary for them, they made a bonfire, on the eve of their wedding-day, of Blaise's whole library of books, to be certain that not one of them should fall into the hands of their offspring.

THE END.

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